

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

**1871-1883**

By

Paul Brian Heise  
2001 ½ 55<sup>th</sup> St. South  
Gulfport, FL 33707  
Home Tel: 727-343-0365  
Email: alberich00@operamail.com  
11/27/01 (Revision 7-11/06)

(alternative address c/o the author's mother Marjorie Heise: 111 Simms Dr.,  
Annapolis, MD 21401; 410-263-5628)

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.

---

**[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.**

---

**[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.**

---

**[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.**

**[1871]**

1/22/71      **(CD Vol. I; P. 325)**

[P. 325] *“That is where the drama must come in. I am no poet, and I don’t care at all if people reproach me for my choice of words, in my works the action is everything. To a certain extent it is a matter of indifference to me whether people understand my verses, since they will certainly understand my dramatic action. Poets are nonentities compared to musicians, painters, and sculptors – it is only dramatists who can compete with them.”*

2/9/71      **(CD Vol. I; P. 333)**

[P. 333] *“I thank Frau W. [Wesendonck] for sending her book; I avoid praising the book itself, but speak earnestly and warmly about its subject. R., to whom I read my letter, is utterly against it and says to me, ‘What words are left for genuine things if we treat stupidities in this way?’ When I reply that I find it impossible not to treat seriously people who have shown friendship toward him and for whom he has felt sympathy, he replies: ‘If you did it only out of consideration for me, it makes me feel downright degraded. To guard against any sentimental mistakes, I sent this lady her letters back and had mine burned, for I do not want anything to remain which might suggest it was ever a serious relationship. The fact that I once spoke in tones such as you use in this letter is something for which I have already had to pay dearly enough.”*

2/14/71      **(CD Vol. I; P. 337)**

[P. 337] *“Later R. says: ‘One could explain the whole world by saying that those who belong together are separated and are seeking one another, and those who do not belong together are united, for which there are also chemical reasons; {FEUER} if everything that belonged together were to be united, we should have the perfect harmony, but also an end of life – that would be the Nirvana of the Buddhists. There had to be a fundamental division in Nature, though of course we can no more comprehend this than the state of complete harmony which excludes life. That is the reason for the popular belief that Paradise would be a boring place.”*

3/5/71      **(CD Vol. I; P. 345-346)**

[P. 345-346] *“Will Fidi [Siegfried] be a genius? I say no, geniuses are so rare. {FEUER} R. talks about it, about the genius’s predestination – that a certain longing must be present and in the genius himself dissatisfaction with things as he finds them. {SCHOP} ‘Genius implies a huge imagination, with the strength to assimilate everything this imagination needs, hence a violent temperament, on top of that single-mindedness, no concern for life, hence in daily life impractical.’ ”*

[P. 140] “Who would ever care to step into the shoes of its librettist, and write the threadbare text for the arias of even a Gluck, unless he were prepared to give up all pretence to rank as ‘poet’? {FEUER} {SCHOP} *The incomprehensible in the thing, was the supreme ideality of an effect whose artistic factors were not discoverable by analogy with any other art soever. And the incomprehensibility increased when one passed from this particular work of Gluck’s [Iphigeneia], instinct with the nobility of a tragic subject taken from the antique, [P. 141] and found that under certain circumstances, no matter how absurd or trivial its shape, one could not deny to Opera a power unrivalled even in the most ideal sense. These circumstances arose forthwith, whenever a great dramatic artist filled a role in such an opera. We need but instance the impersonation, surely unforgettable by many yet alive, once given us by Frau Schroeder-Devrient of ‘Romeo’ in Bellini’s opera. Every fibre of the musician rebels against allowing the least artistic merit to the sickly, utterly threadbare music here hung upon an opera-poem of indigent grotesqueness; but ask anyone who witnessed it, what impression he received from the ‘Romeo’ of Frau Schroeder-Devrient as compared with the Romeo of our very best play-actor in even the great Briton’s piece? ... the effect was simply due to the dramatic power of the rendering. But that, again, could never possibly have succeeded with the selfsame Schroeder-Devrient in quite the finest spoken play; and thus the whole achievement must have issued from the element of music, transfiguring and idealising even in this most meagre form.*

{anti-FEUER} *Such an experience as this last, however, might set us on the high road to discover and estimate the veritable factor in the creation of the Dramatic Artwork. – As the Poet’s share in it was so infinitesimal, Goethe believed he must ascribe the whole authorship of Opera to the Musician; and how much of serious truth resides in that opinion, we perhaps shall see if next we turn our notice to our great poets’ second object of non-comprehension in the realm of Drama, to wit the singularity of Shakespeare and his artistic method. –*

[P. 142] (...) {FEUER} *Thus has this most bewildering of dramatists – already set down by some as an utterly irresponsible and untamed genius, without one trace of artistic culture – quite recently been credited again with the most systematic tendency of the didactic poet. Goethe, after introducing him in ‘Wilhelm Meister’ as an ‘admirable writer,’ kept returning to the problem with increasing caution, and finally decided that here the higher tendency was to be sought, not in the poet, but in the embodied characters he brought before us in immediate action. Yet the closer these figures were inspected, the greater riddle became the artist’s method: though the main plan of a piece was easy to perceive, and it was impossible to mistake the consequent development of its plot, for the most part pre-existing in the source selected, yet the marvellous ‘accidentiae’ in its working out, as also in the bearing of its dramatis personae, were inexplicable on any hypothesis of deliberate artistic scheming. Here we found such drastic individuality, that it often seemed like unaccountable caprice, whose sense we never really fathomed till we closed the book and saw the living drama move before our eyes; then stood before us life’s own image, mirrored with resistless truth to nature, and filled us with the lofty terror of a ghostly vision. But*

*how decipher in this magic spell the tokens of an 'artwork'? Was the author of these plays a poet?'*

*(...) [P. 143] Not to the poet, but to the Dramatist must we look, for light upon the Drama's nature; and he stands no nearer to the poet proper than to the mime himself, from whose heart of hearts he must issue if as poet he means to 'hold the mirror up to Nature.'*

*{FEUER} Thus undoubtedly the essence of Dramatic art, as against the Poet's method, at first seems totally irrational; it is not to be seized, without a complete reversal of the beholder's nature. In what this reversal must consist, however, should not be hard to indicate if we recall the natural process in the beginnings of all Art, as plainly shown to us in improvisation. The poet, mapping out a plan of action for the improvising mime, would stand in much the same relation to him as the author of an operatic text to the musician; his work can claim as yet no atom of artistic value; but this it will gain in the very fullest measure if the poet makes the improvising spirit of the mime his own, and develops his plan entirely in character with that improvisation, so that the mime now enters with all his individuality into the poet's higher reason. (...) At anyrate we believe we shall really expedite the solution of an extremely difficult problem, if we define the Shakespearian Drama as [P. 144] a fixed mimetic improvisation of the highest poetic worth. For this explains at once each wondrous accidental in the bearing and discourse of characters alive to but one purpose, to be at this moment all that they are meant to seem to us to be, and to whom accordingly no word can come that lies outside this conjured nature; so that it would be positively laughable to us, upon closer consideration, if one of these figures was suddenly to pose as poet. This last is silent, and remains for us a riddle, such as Shakespeare. But his work is the only veritable Drama; and what that implies, as work of Art, is shown by our rating its author the profoundest poet of all time.*

*(...) At first sight this poetic value seems determined by the dignity and grandeur of the subject-matter. Whereas not only have the French succeeded in setting every incident of modern life with speaking truth upon the stage, but even the Germans – with their infinitely smaller talent for the Theatre – have done the like for the narrower burgher province of that life, *this genuinely reproductive force has failed in measure as the scene was to picture forth events of higher life, and finally the fate of heroes of world-history and their myths, sublimely distant from the eye of everyday. For here the mime's improvisation fell too short, and needed to be wielded by the poet proper, i.e. the inventor and fashioner of Myths; and his genius had to prove its pre-election by raising the style of mimetic improvisation to the level of his own poetic aim. How Shakespeare may have succeeded [P. 145] in raising his players themselves to that level, must remain to us another riddle; the only certainty is, that our modern actors wreck their faculties at once upon the task he set.* Possibly, what we above have called the grotesque affectation peculiar to English actors of nowadays is the remains of an earlier aptitude, and, springing from an inborn national idiosyncrasy, it may once have led, in the fairest age of English folk-life and through the contagious example of the poet himself, to so unheard a climax of the player's art that Shakespeare's conceptions could be realised thereby. If we are indisposed to assume so great a miracle however, *we perhaps may explain this riddle by instancing the fate of great Sebastian Bach, whose difficult and prolific choral compositions tempt**

*us at first to assume that the master had the most unrivalled vocal forces at command for their performance; whereas, on the contrary, we have unimpeachable documents to prove his complaints of the mostly altogether pitiable condition of his schoolboy choir. Certain it is, that Shakespeare withdrew very early from his business with the stage; for which we may easily account by the immense fatigue the rehearsing of his pieces must have cost him, as also by the despair of a genius that towered high above the 'possibility' of its surroundings. Yet the whole nature of this genius is explicable by nothing but that 'possibility' itself, which assuredly existed in the nature of the mime, and was therefore very rightly presupposed by the genius, and, taking all the cultural efforts of the human spirit in one comprehensive survey, we may regard it as in a certain sense the task bequeathed to Shakespeare's aftercomers by the greatest Dramatist, to actually attain that highest possibility in the development of histrionic art. (...)*

[P. 146] {FEUER} *Here were two chief points of notice: firstly, that a great master's music lent the doings of even poor dramatic exponents an ideal charm, denied to the most admirable of actors in the spoken play; secondly, that a true dramatic talent could so enoble even entirely worthless music, as to move us with a performance inachievable by the selfsame talent in the recited drama. That this phenomenon must be accounted to nothing but the might of Music, was irrefutable. (...) Now, we have appealed to Shakespeare to give us, if possible, a glimpse into the nature, and more especially the method, of the genuine dramatist. Mysterious as we found the most part of this matter too, yet we saw that the poet was here entirely at one with the art of the mime; so that we now may call this mimetic art the life-dew wherein the poetic aim was to be steeped, to enable it, as in a magic transformation, to appear as the mirror of life. And if every action, even humblest incident of life displays itself, when reproduced by mimicry, in the transfiguring light and with the objective effect of a mirror-image (as is shown not only by Shakespeare, but by every other sterling playwright), in further course we shall have to avow that this mirror-image, again, displays [P. 147] itself in the transfiguration of purest ideality so soon as it is dipped in the magic spring of Music and held up to us as nothing but pure Form, so to say, set free from all the realism of Matter.*

*'Tis not the Form of Music, therefore, but the forms which music has evolved in history, that we should have to consider before arguing to that highest possibility in the development of the latent powers of the mimo-dramatic artwork, that possibility which has hovered before the earnest seeker as a voiceless riddle, and yet a riddle crying out aloud for answer.*

(...)

(...) [P. 148] *... we discover that what often seems to us an unaccountable caprice in the sallies given off by Shakespeare's characters, in the corresponding turns of Beethoven's motive-moulding becomes a natural occurrence of the utmost ideality, to wit a melody that takes the mind by storm. We cannot but here assume a blood-relationship, which to correctly define we must seek it, not between the musician and the poet, but between the former and the poet-mime.*

Whereas no poet of any artistic epoch can be compared with Beethoven, we find his fellowship with Shakespeare in the very fact that the latter, as poet, would forever remain to us a problem, could we not detect in him before all else the poet-



mime. The secret lies in the directness of the presentation, here by mien and gesture, there by living tone. That which both directly mould and fashion is the actual Artwork, for which the Poet merely drafts the plan, -- and that itself successfully, only when he has borrowed it from their own nature.

[P. 149] *We have found that the Shakespearean Drama was definable the most intelligibly as a 'fixed mimetic improvisation'; and as we had to suppose that this Artwork's high poetic value, resting in the first place on the elevation of its subject, must be ensured by the heightening of the style of that improvisation, we can scarcely go astray if we look for the possibility of such an utmost heightening in a mode of music which shall bear thereto the same relation as Beethoven's Music to just this Drama of Shakespeare's.*

*The very difficulty of thus applying Beethovenian Music to the Shakespearean Drama might lead, when conquered, to the utmost perfecting of musical Form, through its final liberation from each remaining fetter. What still distressed our great German poets in regard of Opera, and what still left its manifest traces on Beethoven's instrumental music, -- that scaffolding which in nowise rested on the essence of Music, but rather on that selfsame tendency which planned the operatic aria and the ballet-tune, -- this conventional four-square structure, so wondrously wreathed already with the luxuriant life of Beethovenian melody, would vanish quite away before an ideal ordering of highest freedom; so that Music now would take the ineffably vital shape of a Shakespearean drama, and its sublime irregularity, compared with the antique drama, would wellnigh give it the appearance of a nature-scene as against a work of architecture, a scene whose skilful measurement would be evinced by nothing but the unflinching sureness of the artwork's effect. And in this would lie withal the untold newness of this artwork's form: a form ideal alike and natural, and thus conceivable in no modern racial language save the German, the most developed of them all; a form, on the other hand, which could be misconstrued only for so long as the artwork was measured by a standard it had thoroughly outgrown, whereas the new and fitting standard might haply be sought in the impression received by the fortunate hearers of one of [P. 150] those unwritten impromptus of the most peerless musicians. Then would the greatest dramatist have taught us to fix that impromptu too; for in the highest conceivable Artwork the sublimest inspirations of them both should live an undying life, as the essence of the world displayed with clearness past all measure in the mirror of the world itself.*

(...) {FEUER} Taken in a very weighty sense, our great poets' prime concern was to furnish Drama with a heightened Pathos, and finally to discover the technical means of securely fixing its delivery. Markedly as Shakespeare had derived his style from the instinct of mimetic art, for the performance of his dramas he nevertheless stayed bound to the accidental greater or less degree of talent in his players, who all, in a sense, would have had to be Shakespeares, just as he was certainly at all times the whole character he personated ... . *What so chained our own great poets' hopes to Music, was its being not only purest Form, but the most complete physical presentation of that Form; the abstract cypher of Arithmetic, the figure of Geometry, here steps before us in a shape that holds the Feeling past denial, to wit as Melody; and whereas the poetic diction of the written speech falls prey to every personal caprice of its reciter, the physical reproduction of this Melody can be fixed beyond all risk of error. What to*

*Shakespeare was practically impossible, namely to be the mime of all his roles, the tone-composer achieves with fullest certainty, for from out his each executant musician he speaks to us directly. Here the transmigration of the poet's soul into the body of the player takes place by laws of surest [P. 151] technique, and the composer giving the beat to a technically correct performance of his work becomes so entirely one with the executant that the nearest comparison would be that of a plastic artist and his work achieved in stone or colour, were it possible to speak of a metempsychosis into this lifeless matter.*

If to this astounding might of the Musician we add that attribute of his art which we recognised at starting, -- namely that even indifferent music, so long as it does not positively descend to the grotesque vulgarity of certain operatic genres in vogue to-day, enables a good dramatic artist to achieve results beyond his reach without it, as also that noble music virtually extorts from even inferior actors achievements of a type unreachable elsewhere at all, -- we can scarcely doubt the reason of the utter dismay aroused in the Poet of our era who desires nobly to succeed in Drama with the only means at his disposal, that selfsame speech in which to-day the very leading-articles address us. Precisely on this side, however, our hypothesis of the perfection destined for the Musically-conceived Drama should rather prove encouraging than the reverse, for its first effect would be to purge a great and many-sided genre of art, the Drama in general, from those errors which the modern Opera alike has heightened and exposed. (...)

[P. 152] *{FEUER} {SCHOP} Coming at last to the contentment of ideal aspirations, from the working of that all-powerful dramatic Artwork itself we might see, with greater certainty than has hitherto been possible, the length to which such aspirations were justified in going. Their boundary would be found at the exact point in that Artwork where Song is thrusting toward the spoken Word. By this we in no sense imply an absolutely lowly sphere, but a sphere entirely different, distinct in kind; and we may gain an instant notion of this difference, if we call to mind certain instinctive transgressions on the part of our best dramatic singers, when in the full flow of song they have felt driven to literally speak a crucial word. To this, for example, the Schroeder-Devrient found herself impelled by the cumulative horror of a situation in the opera 'Fidelio'; in the sentence 'one further step and thou art – dead,' where she aims the pistol at the tyrant, with an awful accent of desperation she suddenly spoke the closing word. The indescribable effect upon the hearer was that of a headlong plunge from one sphere to the other, and its sublimity consisted in our being given, as by a lightning-flash, a glimpse into the nature of both spheres at once, the one the ideal, the other the real. Plainly, for one moment the ideal was unable to bear a certain load, and discharged it on the other: seeing how fond people are of ascribing to Music, particularly of the passionate and stirring type, a simply pathologic character, it may surprise them to discover through this [P. 153] very instance how delicate and purely ideal is her actual sphere, since the material terror of reality can find no place therein, albeit the soul of all things real in it alone finds pure expression. – Manifestly then, there is a side of the world, and a side that concerns us most seriously, whose terrible lessons can be brought home to our minds on none but a field of observation where Music has to hold her tongue: this field perhaps may best be measured if we allow Shakespeare, the stupendous mime, to lead us on it as far as that point we saw him*

*reach with the desperate fatigue we assumed as reason for his early withdrawal from the stage. And that field might be best defined, if not exactly as the soil, at least as the phenomena of History. To portray its material features for the benefit of human knowledge, must always remain the Poet's task.*

So weighty and clearing an influence as this that we here could only undertake to sketch in broadest outline – an influence not merely upon its nearest relatives in Drama, but upon every branch of Art whose deepest roots connect with Drama – most certainly could never be made possible to our ‘Musically-conceived-and-carried-out Dramatic Artwork’ until that Artwork could present itself to the public in an outward garb entirely corresponding with its inner nature, and thus facilitate the needful lack of bias in the judgment of its qualities. *‘Tis so closely allied to ‘Opera,’ that for our present purpose we might justly term it the fulfilment of the Opera’s destiny: not one of the said possibilities would ever have dawned on us, had it not already come to light in Opera, in general, and in the finest works of great Opera-composers in particular. Quite surely, too, it was solely the spirit of Music, whose ever ampler evolution so influenced the Opera as to enable those possibilities to arise therein.’*

6/10/71      (CD Vol. I; P. 374)

[P. 374] “R. tells me that when he was a child he made himself some cardboard clouds and fixed them to chairs, then tried to hover on them and was dreadfully annoyed when it did not work. ‘And that,’ he continues, ‘is still happening to me today: *I cannot reconcile reality with idealism.*”

6/17/71      (CD Vol. I; P. 377-378)

[P. 377-378] “Reading in the newspapers about the destruction in Paris, I am astonished to see that virtually everything of artistic value has been spared. ‘Yes,’ R. says, ‘the demon of mankind is at the same time its guardian angel; it thirsts for knowledge and, lashing out blindly (as it seems), protects the things which make this knowledge possible. Action is everything to it, in preserving as in destroying. Incidentally, the fact that the Communists really wanted to set fire to the whole of Paris is the one impressive feature; ... .

(...)

As for the Germans, they cannot imagine life without this culture; I realized that when I was planning my *Artwork of the Future*. I could see nothing developing in Germany, but I did see that the ground giving rise to all our evils was quaking, and so I began then to design a new world for myself.”

6/20/71      (CD Vol. I; P. 379)

[P. 379] “R. is girding himself for composition; his first act both pleases and dismays him: ‘Shall I continue like this?’ *The scene between Waltraute and Bruennhilde he finds ‘utterly incomprehensible,’ so completely did he forget it. He says: “I should be uneasy if I did not know that everything I do passes through a very narrow door; I*

*write nothing which is not entirely clear to me. The most difficult thing in this respect was the last act of 'Tristan,' and I made no mistakes there.'* “

6/21/71      (CD Vol. I; P. 380)

[P. 380] “... women are slaves to the Will, which dominates them. ‘Have you eyes?’ asks Hamlet, but this is not a matter of eyes, it is something darker. It is the energy of the Will, not intelligence, not beauty, which fascinates a woman. Perhaps Nature thinks this offers more protection for her and her brood. The man of intelligence is irresponsible, etc.”

7/18/71      (CD Vol. I; P. 391)

[P. 391] “ ‘How easy it would be if I could just write arias and duets! Now everything has to be a little musical portrait, but it must not interrupt the flow – I’d like to see anybody else do that.’ After lunch he plays the 3<sup>rd</sup> act of *Siegfried* to me – wonderful beyond all words; he shows me the harps sounds he has added in Bruennhilde’s greeting to Siegfried, like the harps of the skalds when they welcome a hero in Valhalla. These sounds are to be heard again at Siegfried’s death.  
*{FEUER} A profound, indescribable impression; a wooing of the utmost beauty; Siegfried’s fear, the fear of guilt through love, Bruennhilde’s fear a premonition of the approaching doom; her virginal and pure love for Siegfried truly German.*”

7/71      Introduction to The Collected Works (PW Vol. I; P. xv-xviii)

[P. xvii] “... those persons on whom stage performances of my dramatic compositions had worked with a stimulating effect, felt prompted to an earnest reading of my writings. Many of these hearers, however, have not been able to conceive why I should write essays on an art which I did best to practise as an artist. Only in quite recent times have I met several persons, and especially among the younger generation, who have understood this thing too: why I wrote about my art; for they consider that they have found in my writings a better explanation of the problems started by my artistic creations, than in the emissions of such who themselves can make nothing in the way of Art. Here one or two have come to the belief, that he who understands a thing, can also speak best about it; as, for instance, that he who himself knows how to conduct, is also the best man to show others how to conduct.

Now it would be interesting, if the verdict upon Art should fall back into the hands of those who understand Art: whereas the peculiarity of our present course of education has brought round the view, that the judgment on a thing must come from a quite different domain to that of the thing itself; forsooth, from the ‘absolute Vernunft’ or mayhaps from the ‘self-thinking Thought.’

(...)

*Often was it painful to myself, and often bitterness, to have to write about my Art, when I would so gladly have listened to others [P. xviii] on it. When finally I accustomed myself to this necessity, because I learnt to comprehend why others could not say the thing that was given to just me to say, neither could it but in time*

*grow ever clearer to me, that in the insights which had been opened up to me by my own art-doings there dwelt a wider meaning than is to be ascribed to a merely problematic seeming artistic individuality. Upon this path I have come to the view that the real question concerns an entire re-birth of Art, which we now know only as a shadow of its genuine self; since it has quite deserted actual Life, and is only to be discovered in a scanty stock of popular remains.*

Whoever will permit himself to be led by the hand of one who has become clear upon this point – not on the path of abstract speculation, but guided by the impulse of direct artistic Need, -- to be led to a hopeful outlook upon the possibilities reserved for the German spirit, I trust will not be vexed to wander with me over the path on which I reached that outlook. For his assistance, I have placed my writings of every kind so together that he can follow me on every side of my development. He will thus perceive that he has not to do with the collected-works of a Scribe, but with a record of the life-activity of an Artist who, disregarding schema, sought in his art itself for Life.

*{FEUER} {anti-FEUER} But this Life is naught else than the essence of true Music, in which I recognise the only real art of the Present, as of the Future; for it alone will give us back the laws for a genuine wider Art. So is it; and every one must recognise this fact with me, so soon as ever he compares the effect upon the souls of all, of the only living power among us, Music, with that of our literature-poesy of nowadays, or of any of the plastic arts, which now can only borrow foreign schemata, for parleying with our so deeply sunken modern life. But in Drama glorified by Music, the Folk will one day find itself and every art ennobled and embellished.”*

7/25/71      (CD Vol. I; P. 396)

[P. 396] *{anti-FEUER} “ ‘Yes, love up to the point of complete union is just suffering, yearning.’ I: ‘And complete union achieved only in death – the whole of ‘Tristan’ is saying that; this is what I constantly feel, I feel myself as an obstacle which I long to burst through. And yet I want as an individual to be united with you in death – how can one explain this?’ R.: ‘Everything that is remains, what one already has persists, freed entirely from the conditions of its occurrence.’ {anti-FEUER} R.: ‘The word ‘eternal’ is a very fine one, for it really means ‘holy’: a great feeling is eternal, for it is free from the laws of change to which everything is subject: it has nothing to do with yesterday, today, or tomorrow. Hell begins with arithmetic.’ “*

8/3/71      (CD Vol. I; P. 399)

[P. 399] *“Herr von G. and Prof. Nietzsche leave us. The latter is certainly the most gifted of our young friends, but a not quite natural reserve makes his behavior in many respects most displeasing. It is as if he were trying to resist the overwhelming effect of Wagner’s personality.”*

9/1/71 (CD Vol. I; P. 407)

[P. 407] {FEUER} “*An improviser such as an actor must belong entirely to the present moment, never think of what is to come, indeed not even know it, as it were. The peculiar thing about me as an artist, for instance, is that I look on each detail as an entirety and never say to myself, ‘Since this or that will follow, you must do such and such, modulate like this or like that.’ I think, ‘Something will turn up.’ Otherwise I would be lost; and yet I know I am unconsciously obeying a plan. The so-called genius of form, on the other hand, reflects, ‘This or that follows, so I must do such and such,’ and he does it with ease.*”

9/4/71 (CD Vol. I; P. 408)

[P. 408] {FEUER} “*Toward noon R. calls me and plays me his ‘inspiration’ – Bruennhilde’s reception by the vassals; her appearance will be characterized by the motive we heard when she becomes frightened of Siegfried, ‘when the OTHER THING overcomes her,’ as R. says.*”

9/6/71 (CD Vol. I; P. 410)

[P. 410] {FEUER} “*We talk of the love between Siegfried and Bruennhilde, which achieves no universal deed of redemption, produces no Fidi [Wagner’s son Siegfried]; Goetterdaemmerung is the most tragic work of all, but before that one sees the great happiness arising from the union of two complete beings. {FEUER} Siegfried does not know what he is guilty of; as a man, committed entirely to deeds, he knows nothing, he must fall in order that Bruennhilde may rise to the heights of perception.*”

10/5/71 (CD Vol. I; P. 420)

[P. 420] “*In the evening to the circus with the children and both nephews. R. remarks that the clown is the human being as an animal; he has no sense of honour at all, is sensitive only to physical pain.*”

11/29/71 (CD Vol. I; P. 435-436)

[P. 435-436] {FEUER} “*On his return R. says to me, ‘Prometheus’s words ‘I took knowledge away from Man’ came to my mind and gave me a profound insight; knowledge, seeing ahead is in fact a divine attribute, and Man with this divine attribute is a piteous object, he is like Brahma before the Maya spread before him the veil of ignorance, of deception; the divine privilege is the saddest thing of all.’ We are now living our lives in theory, surrounded by a gray fog.*”

[P. 266] {FEUER} *“After five years’ arrest of my musical productiveness, it was with great alacrity that I set to work on the [musical] composition of my poem, in the winter of 1853 to 1854. With the ‘Rheingold’ I was starting on the new path, where I had first to find the plastic nature-motives which, in ever more individual evolution, were to shape themselves into exponents of the various forms of Passion in the many-membered Action and its characters. The peculiar nature-freshness that seemed to breathe from hence upon me, like the higher mountain air, bore me untired over all the exertions of my work; by the spring of 1857 I had completed the music of the ‘Rheingold,’ the ‘Walkuere,’ and a large portion of the ‘Siegfried.’ But now there came the reaction against this lasting strain, which had been brought no tonic from without. Since eight long years no performance of a dramatic work of mine had exercised its quickening influence on my senses, and through them on my powers of conception; only [P. 267] under the greatest difficulty had it been possible for me, from time to time, to hear even the sound of an orchestra. Germany, where people were giving my *Lohengrin* which I myself had never heard, remained shut against me. The state to which I was reduced by such deprivations seems to have been realised by none of my German friends ... . Practical friends in Germany, on the contrary, appeared rather to take the fatal fact of my long debarment from active intercourse with the theatre as arguing that I must have lost my earlier advantages, have fallen into the unpractical, unstageable, unsingable, and thus have made my newer works not worth the being produced. This fear became at last a settled notion, nay, with all who thought they had reasons for giving up any further concern with me, a hopeful consolation. (...)*

(...)

[P. 268] {FEUER} *With the sketch of ‘Tristan und Isolde’ I felt that I was really not quitting the mythic circle opened-out to me by my Nibelungen labours (dem Kreise der durch meine Nibelungenarbeit mir erwecken dichterischen und mythischen Anschauungen). For the grand concordance of all sterling Myths, as thrust upon me by my studies, had sharpened my eyesight for the wondrous variations standing out amid this harmony. Such a one confronted me with fascinating clearness in the relation of Tristan to Isolde, as compared with that of Siegfried to Bruennhilde. Just as in languages the transmutation of a single sound forms two apparently quite diverse words from one and the same original, so here, by a similar transmutation or shifting of the Time-motive, two seemingly unlike relations had sprung from the one original mythic factor. Their intrinsic parity consists in this: both Tristan and Siegfried, in bondage to an illusion which makes this deed of theirs unfree, woo for another their own eternally-predestined bride, and in the false relation hence arising find their doom. Whereas the poet of ‘Siegfried,’ however, before all else abiding by the grand coherence of the whole Nibelungen-myth, could only take in eye the hero’s downfall through the vengeance of the wife who at like time offers up herself and him: the poet of ‘Tristan’ finds his staple matter in setting forth the love-pangs to which the pair of lovers, awakened to their true relation, have fallen victims till their death. Merely the thing is here more fully, clearly treated, which even there was spoken out beyond mistake: death through stress [P. 269] of love (Liebesnoth) – an idea which finds*

*expression in Bruennhilde, for her part conscious of the true relation. What in the one work could only come to rapid utterance at the climax, in the other becomes an entire Content, of infinite variety; and this it was, that attracted me to treat the stuff at just that time, namely as a supplementary Act of the great Nibelungen-myth, a mythos compassing the whole relations of a world.”*

[1872]

2/8/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 456)

[P. 456] {FEUER} ‘A human being should not feel pity,’ R. says. ‘Nature doesn’t want it; he should be as cruel as the animals; pity has no place in the world.’ I suggest that pity should not be expressed, just acted on. R. is very oppressed, he cannot forget the dying animal’s leap into the air. – We read Schopenhauer; then I tell Richard about the ‘barbarian advantages’ on which Goethe says we must courageously insist. ‘Yes,’ says R., ‘Faust,’ the ‘Ninth,’ Bach’s Passions are barbarian works of that kind, that is to say, works of art which cannot be compared with a Greek Apollo or a Greek tragedy; which affect the individual, do not become part of the general picture; it was this feeling which brought me to the art of the future.’

2/11/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 457)

[P. 457] {anti-FEUER} {SCHOP} “What is God, is there a God? The answer is, ‘A mighty fortress’ – that is God; and the apotheosis of Isolde is immortality. What is faith? The ‘Pilgrims’ Chorus’ from ‘Tannhaeuser.’ He works, but is not well; he finds the coal fire unpleasant, the fumes upset him. In the afternoon he corrects proofs, in the evening I read Schopenhauer to him. Of ‘Opera and Drama,’ which he is correcting, he says: ‘I know what Nietzsche didn’t like in it – it is the same thing which Kossak took up and which set Schopenhauer against me: what I said about words. At the time I didn’t dare to say that it was music which produced drama, although inside myself I knew it.’ “

2/21/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 460)

[P. 460] “R. works and completes Siegfried’s reply to the Rhinemaidens, cutting two verses, which are too reflective: ‘Siegfried is all action – though he does recognize the fate which he has taken on himself.’ He plays me what he has just completed – sublime and tragic impression!”

2/23/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 460)

[P. 460] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “R. is well and works; at lunch we talk about the Rhinemaidens’ scene: he shows me how the maidens come very close to Siegfried, then dive down again, consigning him amid laughter and rejoicing to his downfall, with all the childlike cruelty of Nature, which only indicates motives and indifferently sacrifices



*the individual – thus, in fact, demonstrating a supreme wisdom which is only transcended by the wisdom of the saint.”*

2/26/72      (CD Vol. I; P. 462)

[P. 462] “He works, I finish the 3<sup>rd</sup> act of *Siegfried*. Over coffee after lunch R. says after a short pause: ‘Where was I just now? I was on the road to Possendorf – which I so often walked in a mood of gloom. Yet those were my productive, lonely walks, and it is strange how certain things are linked in my memory with the themes which came to me then. With ‘Ich flehe um sein Heil’ in *Tannhaeuser*, for instance, I always see a fence just in front of the big garden in Dresden, where this theme occurred to me.’ – I: ‘You also once told me that a theme in *Die Walkuere* was connected with a certain walk in Zurich.’ ‘Yes – curiously enough, for these external things really have nothing to do with it; living impressions, as far as creation is concerned, are somewhat like the box on the ear which was given in earlier times to the youngest member of the community when the boundary stone was set, so that he should remember it.’ “

3/1/72      (CD Vol. I; P. 463)

[P. 463] “R. calls out to me: ‘What is the difference between Wotan and Siegfried? Wotan married Minna and Siegfried Cosima.’ “

3/8/72      (CD Vol. I; P. 465)

[P. 465] “Yesterday, when the foehn was coloring the lake, we thought of the fairy tale of Ilsebill, and R. said he had once thought of dramatising it, till he realized that everything would have to be invented, and it is a great mistake to assume that tales which are complete in themselves can be turned into drama – they can only be spoiled.”

1-3/72      Introduction to ‘Art and Revolution,’ ‘The Artwork of the Future,’ and ‘Opera and Drama’ (PW Vol. I; P. 23-26)

[P. 23] {FEUER} “Thomas Carlyle, in his ‘History of Frederick the Great,’ characterises the outbreak of the French Revolution as the First Act of the ‘Spontaneous Combustion’ of a nation ‘sunk into torpor, abeyance, and dry-rot, and admonishes his readers in the following words: --

{FEUER} ‘There is the next mile-stone for you, in the History of Mankind! That universal Burning-up, as in hell-fire, of Human Shams. The oath of twenty-five Million men, which has since become that of all men whatsoever, ‘Rather than live longer under lies, we will die!’ – that is the new New Act in World-History. New Act, -- or, we may call it New Part: Drama of World-History, Part Third. If Part Second was 1800 years ago, this I reckon will be Part Third. This is the truly celestial-infernal Event: ... . (...) For it is withal the breaking-out of universal mankind into Anarchy, into the faith and practice of No-Government, -- that is to say ... into unappeasable

*revolt against Sham-Governors and Sham-Teachers, -- which I do charitably define to be a Search, most unconscious, yet in deadly earnest, for true Governors and Teachers . ... When the Spontaneous Combustion breaks out; and, many-coloured, with loud noises, envelopes the whole world in anarchic flame for long hundreds of years: then has the Event come; there is the thing for all [P. 24] men to mark, and to study and scrutinise as the strangest thing they ever saw. Centuries of it lying ahead of us; several sad centuries, sordidly tumultuous, and good for little! Say Two Centuries yet, -- say even Ten of such a process: before the Old is completely burnt out, and the New in any state of sightliness? Millennium of Anarchies; -- abridge it, spend your heart's-blood upon abridging it, ye Heroic Wise that are to come!*

When, in the feverish excitement of the year 1849, I gave vent to an appeal such as that contained in the immediately succeeding essay: '*Art and Revolution*,' I believe that I was in complete accord with the last words of this summons of the grey-haired historian. I believed in the Revolution, and in its unrestrainable necessity, with certainly no greater immoderation than Carlyle: only, I also felt that I was called to point out to it the way of rescue. Far though it was from my intent to define the New, which should grow from the ruins of a sham-filled world, as a fresh political ordering: I felt the rather animated to draw the outlines of the Art-work which should rise from the ruins of a sham-bred Art. To hold this Art-work up to Life itself, as the prophetic mirror of its Future, appeared to me a weightiest contribution toward the work of damming the flood of Revolution within the channel of the peaceful-flowing stream of Manhood. (...)

(...) [P. 25] I will only say here that the principal cause which brought down the ridicule of our art-critics upon my seemingly paradoxical ideas, is to be found in the fervid enthusiasm which pervaded my style and gave to my remarks more a poetic than a scientific character. Moreover, the effect of an indiscriminate intercalation of philosophical maxims was prejudicial to my clearness of expression, especially in the eyes of those who could not or would not follow my line of thought and general principles. *{anti-FEUER} Actively aroused by the perusal of some of Ludwig Feuerbach's essays, I had borrowed various terms of abstract nomenclature and applied them to artistic ideas with which they could not always closely harmonise. In thus doing, I gave myself up without critical deliberation to the guidance of a brilliant writer, who approached most nearly to my reigning frame of mind, in that he bade farewell to Philosophy (in which he fancied he detected naught but masked Theology) and took refuge in a conception of man's nature in which I thought I clearly recognised my own ideal of artistic manhood. From this arose a kind of impassioned tangle of ideas, which manifested itself as precipitance and indistinctness in my attempts at philosophical system.*

*{FEUER} While on this subject, I deem it needful to make special mention of two chief 'terms,' my misunderstanding of which has since been strikingly borne in upon me.*

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} I refer in the first place to the concept Willkuer and Unwillkuer, in the use of which a great confusion had [P. 26] long preceded my own offending; for an adjectival term, unwillkuerlich, had been promoted to the rank of a substantive. Only those who have learnt from Schopenhauer the true meaning and significance of the Will, can thoroughly appreciate the abuse that had resulted from*

*this mixing up of words; he who has enjoyed this unspeakable benefit, however, knows well that that misused 'Unwillkuer' should really be named 'Der Wille' (the Will); whilst the term Willkuer (Choice or Caprice) is here employed to signify the so-called Intellectual or Brain Will, influenced by the guidance of reflection. Since the latter is more concerned with the properties of Knowledge, -- which may easily be led astray by the purely individual aim, -- it is attainted with the evil qualities with which it is charged in the following pages, under the name of Willkuer: whereas the pure Will, as the 'Thing-in-itself' that comes to consciousness in man, is credited with those true productive qualities which are here -- apparently the result of a confusion sprung from the popular misuse of the term -- assigned to the negative expression, 'Unwillkuer.'* (...)

*{FEUER} Further, I have to fear that my continual employment of the term 'Sinnlichkeit,' in a sense prompted by the same authority, may give origin, if not to positively harmful misunderstanding, at least to much perplexity. Since the idea conveyed by this term can only have the meaning, [P. 27] in my argument, of the direct antithesis to 'Gedanken' (Thought), or -- which will make my purport clearer -- to 'Gedanklichkeit' (Ideation): its absolute misunderstanding would certainly be difficult, seeing that the two opposite factors, Art and Learning, must readily be recognised herein. But since, in ordinary parlance, this word is employed in the evil sense of 'Sensualism,' or even of abandonment to Sensual Lust, it would be better to replace it by a term of less ambiguous meaning, in theoretical expositions of so warm a declamatory tone as these of mine, however wide a currency it has obtained in philosophical speech. Obviously, the question here is of the contrast between intuitive and abstract knowledge . . . . (...)*

*{FEUER} But the greatest peril of all, is that which the author would incur by his frequent use of the word Communism, should he venture into the Paris of to-day with these art-essays in his hand; for he openly proclaims his adherence to this severely scouted category, in contradistinction to Egoism. I certainly believe that the friendly German reader, to whom the meaning of this antithesis will be obvious, will have no special trouble in overcoming the doubt as to whether he must rank me among the partisans of the newest Parisian 'Commune.' Still, I cannot deny that I should not have embarked with the same energy upon the use of this word 'Communism' (employing it in [P. 28] a sense borrowed from the said writings of Feuerbach) as the opposite of Egoism; had I not also seen in this idea a socio-political ideal which I conceived as embodied in a 'Volk' (People) that should represent the incomparable productivity of antique brotherhood, while I looked forward to the perfect evolution of this principle as the very essence of the associate Manhood of the Future. (...)*

*{FEUER} But it was not only from the effects of these and similar experiences, that the quick of my ideas grew gradually back from contact with the political excitement of the day, and soon developed more and more exclusively as an artistic ideal. Hereof the sequence of the writings collected in these two volumes gives sufficient indication; and this the reader will best recognise from the insertion, in their midst, of a dramatic sketch: *Wieland der Schmied*, executed by me in the same chronological order as that in [P. 29] which it now stands. If that artistic ideal, which I have ever since held fast to as my inmost acquisition, under whatsoever form of its manifestment, -- if that ideal remained the only actual outcome of a labour which*

taxed the whole energy of my nature; and finally, if only as a creative artist could I live up to this ideal without disquietude: then my belief in the German spirit, and the trust in its predestined place amid the Council of the Nations that took an ever mightier hold upon me as time rolled on, could alone inspire me with the hopeful equanimity indispensable to the artist. (...)

*(...) For myself, I feel assured that just the same relation which my ideal of Art bears to the reality of our general conditions of existence, that relation is allotted to the German race in its destiny amid a whole political world in the throes of 'Spontaneous Combustion.'*

3/12/72      (CD Vol. I; P. 466)

[P. 466] {FEUER} *"Siegfried lives entirely in the present, he is the hero, the finest gift of the will."*

3/17/72      (CD Vol. I; P. 468)

[P. 468] {FEUER} *"R. says he is very tired of composing, he has already done so much, and on the arrival of Siegfried's corpse he could in fact just write in the score, 'see 'Tristan,' Act III."*

4/1/72      (CD Vol. I; P. 472)

[P. 472] *"R. comes frequently to my bedside and relates, among other things, how, from his very earliest childhood, the thought of becoming great had possessed him (inspired probably by his mother's declaration that his father had wished to make something of him). He said he could remember once having written to a friend, inviting him to his home so that they might together read the exploits of the great Napoleon. When he had written *Rienzi* and *Der Fliegende Hollaender* he asked himself doubtfully whether he would ever belong among the chosen few great men. This feeling had diminished with time, but he said he could imagine that in some people it persisted and induced them to try everything, even without the proper qualifications: on no account be a nobody!"*

4/4/72      (CD Vol. I; P. 473)

[P. 473] *"Rich. just goes on with his work but he cannot achieve much in this evil atmosphere. At lunch he says: 'I have cut several things, for example, 'gluecklich in Leid und Lust,' etc. I shall retain it in the reading text, but what is this maxim doing in the drama? One knows it anyway, having just gone through it all. It would seem almost childish if she were yet again to turn to the people to proclaim her wisdom."*

4/72      Introduction to 'Notices' (PW Vol. IV; P. 247-251)

[P. 250] *"The most and most heterogeneous rejoinders I drew upon me through my renewed discussion of 'Judaism in Music.' Only a very few – but by so much the more*

*reputable – voices allowed that I had maintained an eminently objective attitude towards the question. (...) The only thing I actually regretted, were the misunderstandings of certain solicitous friends: they represented to me that it was precisely the Jews who applauded most at my operas and brought, in general, the last stir of life into our public art-world; whence I had to gather that people fancied I wanted above all to make a great effect in our theatres and cherished the delusion that the Jews were against that sort of thing. From other quarters I received most positive assurances as to the destination of the Jews: the Germanic Christians were quite played out, and the future belonged to ‘Judaic Germans.’ (...) From all these signs I could only conclude that I had not overrated the situation when, in publishing my [P. 251] ‘explanations,’ I safeguarded myself against the assumption that I believed the great change which had come over our public life could now be anywise staved off, -- whereas I simply pointed to the necessity of handling the problems in question with utmost candour.”*

4/19/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 478)

[P. 478] {FEUER} *“When yesterday R. went into his workroom to fetch a book and light a fire, he spoke about this great discovery, which at once places human beings on the level of the gods, which banishes the night; and how rightly and beautifully the Greeks had distilled it all in the legend of Prometheus – the bringing of fire.”*

5/25/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 490)

[P. 490] *“R. rests a bit, we once more discuss the Jewish question, since the Israelite participation in the Berlin Wagner Society leaves us with a very bad taste. R. says he still hopes that this whole phenomenon is a sickness which will disappear; an amalgamation is impossible, and we cannot believe that the Germans will be subjugated by the Jews, our military exploits have shown us to be too strong for that.”*

6/7/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 495-496)

[P. 495-496] *“When I remark that nothing really seems to grow in Bayreuth, that they send to Bamberg for all their fruit and vegetables, and add that all Protestant places – places to which people fled, as it were – appear to be raw and infertile, {FEUER} R. says: ‘Yes, and they spur people on; in places where Nature denies him much, the human being becomes significant and greater than Nature. The Athenians had unfruitful Attica, the unproductive soil raised their intellectual powers to the highest, and the Arians, returning from the mountains, found in the rich cradle of humanity people living almost like animals, while they, already developed, created Brahmanism as they dwelt in the rich valleys.’ The conversation flowed on, and R.: ‘Yes, one can only understand one’s life when one is older; when I think what it was that impelled me to sketch *Tristan*, just at the time of your first visit with Hans to Zurich, while up till then I had been calmly completing the two acts of *Siegfried*, and when I now look back at the whole chain of events up to the production of *Tristan* in Munich! In this one can see how everything is metaphysical, and how deceptive the things of which*

one is conscious can be. How different it will look to someone who can see the whole from the way it looked as it was happening! As with Romeo, the seed of a tremendous passion was being sown, and it appeared in the consciousness as a tenderness toward Rosaline. *What is consciousness? The day following an often wretched night, and daytime ghosts! And it literally seems as if one can assume that Fate does take care of one, for, looking at my whole life, my marriage with Minna, does not everything look hopeless? And yet the miracle happened, though indeed in a different and more painful way than through annunciations and so on.*”

6/8/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 496)

[P. 496] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “We talk again about ‘Christus.’ ‘Fear of life after death places all such things as the Regnum Coelorum among the beatitudes. These people have never, either intuitively or consciously, grasped the ideality of time and space, which makes one aware that eternity and truth are always present.”

6/20/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 502)

[P. 502] {FEUER} “ ‘I shall still do ‘Parcival,’ R. says in the evening. ‘Art makes religions eternal. When they produce no art, and are thus incapable of satisfying the most educated as well as ordinary people, they are ephemeral (Mohammedanism).’ “

6/21/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 502)

[P. 502] “Regarding the strangeness of Melusina’s children R. says, ‘The urge to individualize figures caused people to depict gods and creatures of divine origin with physical defects, Wotan with one eye, etc.’ (I think in this connection of the limping devil). *That also expresses the belief that spiritual power precludes regular physical beauty; just as we know no genius of regular beauty, the women took Hephaestion to be the King, for he seemed more beautiful to them than Alexander. Wherever this thoroughbred, regular beauty appears, the brain is reduced in potency – Nature had intended something different.*” “

6/29/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 505)

[P. 505] {FEUER} “*But, alas, how is culture possible when religion has such defective roots, and even terminology is so little defined that one can talk of spirit and Nature as if they were antitheses?*”

7/2/72            (CD Vol. I; P. 506-507)

[P. 506-507] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “*Which the greater, Wotan or Siegfried? Wotan the more tragic, since he recognizes the guilt of existence and is atoning for the error of creation ... . {FEUER} {SCHOP} Darwin is giving him pleasure, and he agrees with him that, in comparison with the old world, there is moral progress in the fact that animals are now accepted as part of it.*”

7/13/72 (CD Vol. I; P. 510-511)

[P. 510-511] "... a fugue by Bach (from the 48 *Preludes and Fugues*, D-flat Major) puts us into ecstasies: 'It is as if music were really being heard for the first time,' says R. When I tell R. that this scherzando has filled me, curiously, with tremendous melancholy, R. says: 'I can understand that; it is like a restless forward striding, as if he were saying: 'Here you have everything with which you will later work, where you will lie down and rest; I know it all already, I must go on.' A sphinx – but that is German. {FEUER} *How shallow and conventional does the sonata form – that product of Italy – seem in comparison! It was only by breathing such tremendous life into the accessories of this form that Beethoven brought music back close to Bach. One hears in it the lament of Nature (animals and plants).*"

7/20/72 (CD Vol. I; P. 513)

[P. 513] {FEUER} "R. says he must now compose his verses for the end of the world, and he does indeed work without stopping."

7/23/72 (CD Vol. I; P. 515)

[P. 515] {FEUER} " 'Music has no ending,' he says. 'It is like the genesis of things, it can always start again from the beginning, go over to the opposite, but it is never really complete. Do you remember how undecided I was about the ending of the first act of *Die Meistersinger*? I am glad that I kept back *Sieglinde's* theme of praise for *Bruennhilde*, to become as it were a hymn to heroes.' "

7/24/72 (CD Vol. I; P. 515)

[P. 515] {FEUER} "So now after all I have set this whole poem to music from beginning to end; previously I never believed it, not only on account of the impossibility of performing it, but also my inability to remain so persistently in the right mood; but I did remain in it – right up to the last verse I was as moved by it as at the very first word."

8/3/72 (CD Vol. I; P. 519)

[P. 519] {FEUER} "R. gets the idea of changing the title of his *Goetterdaemmerung* to *Goettergericht*, for he has just read in a recent essay that *Ragnae Roekr* means 'judgment of the gods.' He says: ' *The Twilight of the Gods* sounds very fine if it is clear beyond a doubt what the word 'Twilight' really means – it sounds mysterious. But if the meaning is doubtful, then the title is not precise enough; *The Judgment of the Gods* would be very good, since *Bruennhilde* is in fact sitting in judgment over them.' "

8/11/72 Letter to Hermann Levi (SLRW; P. 811)

[P. 811] {FEUER} *“On the eve of the end of the world.”*

6-8/72 Actors and Singers (PW Vol. V; P. 157-220)

[P. 162] {FEUER} *“Art ceases, strictly speaking, to be Art from the moment it presents itself as Art to our reflecting consciousness. That the Artist does the right thing without knowing it, the Hellenic mind discovered when itself had lost its own creative power. Indeed it is both instructive and affecting, to see how the rebirth of the arts among modern nations issued from the rebellion of popular instinct against the traditional dogma of antique criticism. Thus we find the actor coming earlier than the poet who wrote pieces for him. Was this latter to follow the classic rules, or the form and substance of the improvisations of those actors? In Spain great Lope de Vega forwent the fame of a classical art-poet, and made for us the Modern Drama, that Drama which brought forth in Shakespeare the greatest poet of all time. Yet how hard it must have seemed to the critical understanding to comprehend this unique and genuine artwork, we see at once from its careful disintegration by the antiquarian counterthrusts of so-called art-poets. These latter held the field in France; here the drama was given an academic cut, and rules invaded the player’s art. Plainly, these rules were less and less directed toward that lofty illusion which we can but regard as the end and aim of theatric art in especial; one had determined to stay at all hours fully conscious that one here was dealing with an [P. 163] ‘art,’ an ‘art-achievement.’ To maintain this mood at all costs, was still a duty falling less to the poet than to the player, and for him was paramount ... .” (...)*

(...)

[P. 205] {FEUER} *It can only be a question of what tasks we set our mimic artists for the practice of their art. Has the actor or singer himself acquired a comprehensive culture, so much the better for him as man. Such an education, however, can have absolutely no influence upon the practice of his special art: soundness in this will only come to him through his gift of mimetic portrayal, guided and determined by the right example. By nature an imitative bent, it becomes a thing of higher art through learning to pass from imitation to interpretation. As bent-to-imitation it contents itself with the immediate appearances of daily life; here is its root, deprived of which the mimic spirit, as Stage-affectation, floats holdless through the miasms of our whole affected Culture. But to hold before this primal bent a picture of the Ideal of all realities, raised high above the common sense-life of the experiential world, and thus to point it to the interpretation of the never-seen and ne’er-experienced – is to give it the example; which example, if clearly and plainly expressed, will at once be understood of the mime, for whom imprimis it was reckoned to a nicety, and now will be copied by him in the same manner as formerly the phenomenon or incident of actual life.*

That example is the main requirement, then; and in the special case here dealt with, we mean by it the work of the dramatic musician. (...)

(...)

[P. 208] (...) *The raising of the dramatic dialogue to the real main subject of musical treatment – it being already the factor of greatest weight and interest in the drama itself*



– *must ... so affect the aggregate purely-musical structure that the vocal pieces sandwiched hitherto between would have entirely to disappear, as such, to breathe their musical essence without cease throughout the texture of the whole, nay, to be broadened to the whole itself.*

To make plainer what I mean, let us pursue this example from ‘Freischiuetz,’ and figure what a fertile use Weber would have made of the musical constituents of the preceding drinking-song and Kaspar’s closing aria, how he would have expanded and enriched them by new combinations, had he but worked them into a musical setting of the whole scene that lies between, and that without having to alter or omit one word of the dialogue for sake, we will say, of turning it into an operatic ‘arioso.’ *Let us suppose that some necessity or other had moved Weber to do this thing, and in particular to let the orchestra not merely accompany the dialogue in the fashion of Recitative, but carry it in Symphonic style, pervading it from beginning to end as the blood the veins of a man who shows himself now thus now otherwise, now passionate now tranquil, sad [P. 209] or merry, resolved or hesitating; and if from many analogies supplied us by Weber’s characterisation of musical motives – for instance, in the closing scene of the last act of Euryanthe – we may infer the telling and thrilling manner in which the orchestra would have pinned our sympathy to the situation developing in right-accented dialogue before our eyes, without ceasing for a moment to delight our artistic feeling as a well-made tissue of pure tone, -- then with this single scene we should have had to thank the glorious composer for an already fulfilled ideal of dramatic art.*

*To seek out the possibilities which here lay still concealed from Weber, was the instinctive impulse that shaped the future course of my development, and I believe I shall best denote the point I reached in their discovery by instancing the one result, that I was able in time to bring my dramatic poems to such a complexity of dialogue that those to whom I first imparted them could only express their wonder how I was ever going to set a purely interlocutory play to music; whereas, when the scores of these very poems were completed, it had to be admitted that they showed a ceaseless flow of music as yet unknown.* Every kind of contradiction found voice in the judging of this artistic phenomenon; the equality of my orchestra’s elaboration itself gave rise to wrath; folk said I now had plunged the statue in the orchestra from top to toe and left nothing but its pedestal to career about the stage, whereby I had done my ‘singer’ to death. But it so happened that our singers, and the best of them, took a great liking for the tasks I set them, and ‘sang in my operas’ with such a zest at last that their chief achievements, and those received the warmest by the public, have issued just from them. Never have I been more heartily contented with an opera-company than upon the occasion of the first performance of the ‘Meistersinger.’ (...) [P. 210] Upon taking my leave I ... could assure them of my renewed conviction that, if the Play has indeed been ruined through the Opera, it is only through Opera that it ever can be raised again.

And to this bold assertion it was just the ‘Meistersinger’ that might beguile me. What I above have termed the ‘example’ to be given to our performers, I believe I set the plainest with this work: though a witty friend has compared my orchestral score to a continuous fugue transformed into an opera, my singers and choristers know that with the acquital of their so difficult musical tasks they arrived

at the mastery of a continuous dialogue, which came to them at last as easily and naturally as the commonest talk of everyday. They who before, when ‘operating’ was the word, had thought needful to fall at once into the spasms of false pathos, now found themselves led to take that dialogue sharp and crisp with the utmost truth to nature and only from this starting-point to gradually attain the pathos of emotion; which then, to their own amazement, had an effect they never could bring about with their most convulsive strainings.

*{FEUER} If I thus may claim for my musical signs the merit of having given the singer the surest guide to a natural mode of dramatic delivery, now totally lost by even the ‘reciting’ actor, I have inversely to explain the hitherto unwonted fulness of my later scores by the sheer necessity of discovering for the singer the correct indications of a thoroughly natural rendering.*

*It is to no solution of this problem, if solved I now may call it, that I owe the success of my ‘Tannhaeuser’ at [P. 211] German theatres: I must modestly admit that that success has reposed as yet on a mere pleasure in certain lyric details, whereas the performances which I have witnessed of this opera have left me with the somewhat humiliating impression that the ‘Tannhaeuser’ conceived by myself had never been performed at all, but merely this and that from my score; of which the chief part, namely the drama itself, had been discarded as superfluous. For this mishap I will not hold our operatic factors’ mindless treatment of my work exclusively responsible, but confess, as outcome of these very experiences, that I had not yet marked out the said ‘example’ sufficiently definitely and distinctly in the score. Here nothing but the purely individual genius of the performer could supply the lack; who thus would have had himself to set that ‘example’ which I henceforth felt obliged to give him.*

*{anti-FEUEr} Now, whoever may choose to think that I meant to fetter the life of a spirited performance by mechanical minutiae, is simply confounding the natural with the affected, and I have only to point him to the effect of the marks in my scores upon the rendering alike of the bandsman and singers, whose natural instinct tells them that those marks are but the picture I hold up to them to follow. Oh! It is natural enough for the uncommon shallowness of just these regions of our Criticism to take offence at the complexity of the technical apparatus employed to trace that picture, since they opine that a more superficial sketch should leave the exponent singer a seemlier freedom to indulge his personal inspirations, of which freedom I would rob him by my tiresome orders. This surely is the same opinion, dressed in different clothes at times, as that which takes offence at Antique Tragedy for its metric and choreographic wealth, and even wants to have the antique subjects set before it in the sober garment of iambic diction beloved of our modern poets. But he to whom that seeming over-wealth of choreographic apparatus has become intelligible; he who has the wit to explain what we now have merely as a literary monument by the spirit of its lost, once sounding [P. 212] music; who can form a lively notion of the tragic hero summoned by the incantations of that music, and, with his badge of mask and cothurn, now rising up before us from that pregnant distance, -- he will also comprehend that the work of the dramatic poet rested almost more upon his deeds as choreograph and choregus, than even on his purely poetical power of fiction. What the poet invents and circumstantially prescribes in that capacity, is the exactest illustration of the image he saw when conceiving, which image he thus holds before the fellowship of mimes for*

*conversion into actual represented Drama. On the contrary, it is a token of the Drama's decline, from the rise of so-called Later Attic Comedy down to our own day, for the poet to leave a vaguely drawn and flatter subject to the individual fancies of the mime, the 'histrion' proper of the Romans. That herewith mime and poet both degenerated and fell down, is equally sure as that the mime has only risen to his feet again when the true poet allied himself anew with him, and plainly marked for him the model whereof we have an instance in Shakespeare's dramas, an artwork no less incomprehensible as literature than are those antique tragedies themselves.*

Before us Germans lies an equally uncomprehended artwork, a riddle still unsolved, in Goethe's *Faust*. ... if we compare it with the greatest creations of any nation, those of Shakespeare not excepted, it reveals an idiosyncrasy exclusively its own, ranking it for the present as theatrically-speaking impracticable, for simple reason that the German Stage itself has shamefully made away the originality of its own development. Only when this shall have been recovered, when we possess a Theatre, a stage and actors who can set this Germanest of all dramas completely properly before us, will our aesthetic Criticism also be able to rightly judge this work: whereas to-day the coryphoei of that Criticism presume to crack bad jokes and parodies upon its second part. We shall then perceive [P. 213] that no stage-piece in the world has such a scenic force and directness (*Anschaulichkeit*) to show, as precisely this maligned (no matter what the pose adopted!) and un-understood second half of the tragedy. And this work, which roots in the plastic spirit of the German Theatre as ne'er another, had to be written by the poet in the air: the only signs by which he could fix its type, or the 'example' as I have called it, were rhyming metres taken chiefly from the rugged art of our old folk-poet, Hans Sachs. Yet if we want a witness to the supreme ideality whose germ lay lurking in the homeliest element of the German Folk, awaiting its development by a faithful chosen spirit, we have only to regard this wonder-building raised by Goethe on that so-called knittle-verse [*doggerel*]: he seems to never quit this basis of the most completely Popular, and yet he soars above it to the highest art of antique Metrics, filling link upon link with fresh inventions of a freedom unknown to the Greeks themselves, from smiles to grief, the wildest bluntness to the tenderest sublimity. And these verses, in a tongue the truest to our German nature, our actors cannot even speak!

Could they sing them, perchance? –

Haply with Italian 'canto'? –

*Verily there was something to discover here: namely, a singing-tongue wherein an ideal naturalism should take the place of the unnatural affectation of our actors ruined by un-German rhetoric; and to me it seems as if our great German musicians had mapped the way for us, giving into our hands a melismus pulsing with exhaustless rhythm, whereby to fix beyond all doubt an infinitely varied life of discourse. Perhaps the model founded on their art might then resemble one of those said 'scores,' which at anyrate will remain as much a riddle to our aesthetic Criticism [as *Faust* itself] until they shall have one-day fulfilled their purpose, namely to serve as technically determinate model for a finished dramatic performance.*

(...)

[P. 215] {FEUER} *If we abide by the view that the honour to which the mimetic art is elevable can only be conferred on it through a change in the model to be imitated,*

*transferring it from the common experience of physical life to the sphere of an ideal intuition, we certainly may presume that with this transference the Mime himself will also enter into a new social condition.*

*{FEUER} The latter is quite primly defined by Ed. Devrient, in his book already mentioned, when he demands of the Mime the truly Republican virtue of self-denial.*

*{FEUER} At bottom this implies a notable extension of those qualities which make out the mimetic bent itself, since that bent is chiefly to be understood as an almost daemonic passion for self-divestment (*Hang zur Selbstentaeusserung*). The question then would be, in whose favour, and for what profit, does the act of this self-divestment, so singular *per se*, take place? And here we stand before an utter [P. 216] marvel, at the brink of an abyss illumined by no consciousness of ours. Wherefore it is here that we must suppose to be set the focus whence proceeds – by the merest turn – either the most wonderful vision of Art, or the most ridiculous of Vanity.*

*{FEUER} Granted that a real putting-off of our Self is possible, we must assume that our self-consciousness, and thus our consciousness in general, has first been set out of action. In truth the thoroughly gifted, perfect mime appears in that act of self-divestment to offer up his consciousness of self to such a degree, that, in a sense, he never recovers it even in daily life, or never completely. Of this we may convince ourselves by a glimpse into the records of the life of Ludwig Devrient, from which it appears that outside that state of wondrous self-divestment the great mime spent his days in progressive unconsciousness, nay, that he violently fought off the return of self-consciousness by intoxication with alcoholic liquors. Plainly then, this extraordinary being's only happy consciousness of life was limited to that marvellous condition in which he had totally exchanged his personal self for that of the individual he impersonated, of the potency of which state one may form a notion if one reflects that here a purely immaterial imagining usurped his person, down to his body's last muscle, in such a way as commonly happens through nothing but the Will's reaction to a material stimulus.*

*'What's Hecuba to him?' – asks Hamlet, having seen the player moved to tears by the dream-image of the poem, whereas he feels himself but 'John-a-dreams' in presence of the sternest call to action.*

*{FEUER} Manifestly, we are standing before an excess of that mother-force from which springs all poetic and artistic faculty; whilst the latter's most beneficent products, the most fruitful for the weal of man, are due to wellnigh nothing but a certain diminution, or at least a moderation, in the violence of its expression. Let us therefore conclude that we owe the highest art-creations of the human mind [P. 217] to that rarest of intellectual gifts which endows this capability of total self-divestment with the clearest perspicacity (*Besonnenheit*) to boot, in power whereof the state of self-divestment itself is mirrored in that very unconsciousness which in the case of the mime is wholly dethroned.*

*{FEUER} Through that capability of self-divestment in favour of a purely visionary image the Poet thus is ure-akin to the Mime, whereas he becomes his master through this other one, of clearest perspicacity. To the mime the poet brings his self-possession and his lucid brain, and thus their intercourse acquires that incomparable gaiety known only to great masters in their comradeship with dramatic performers, whereas the usual commerce of modern singers and actors with their ostensible chiefs*

*has nothing to show for itself but the sober-sided seriousness of stupid pedantry. But this gaiety is the element withal that holds the gifted mime secure above the gulf toward which he feels his supernatural trend to self-divestment impelling him in the practice of his art. Whoso can stand with him at brink of that abyss, will shudder at the peril of this playing with one's personality, that a given moment may turn to raving madness; and here it is just that consciousness of play which saves the mime, in like manner as the consciousness of his self-divestment leads the poet to the highest creative discernment.*

*{FEUER} That saving consciousness of play it is, that lends the gifted mime the childlike nature which marks him out so lovably from all his lesser-gifted colleagues, from his whole surrounding burgher-world. (...)*

*(...)*

*[P. 220] (...) {FEUER} The art of sublime Illusion, as practised by the chosen mime, comes not by any form of lying; and this is the wall that parts the genuine mimic artist from the bad comedian whom present taste delights to load with gold and laurels. These pygmies always on the watch for gain, and therefore always puling, are quite incapable of that serenity whose godlike solace rewards the others for the tremendous sacrifice of their self-divestment. We know of a great actor who in response to a storm of applause from the audience, after a performance which his own feeling told him he had failed in, cried out 'The Lord forgive them! They know not what they do!' The Schroeder-Devrient would have died of shame, had she owed a demonstration of approval to the employment of spurious means ... . And yet the spontaneous outburst of applause was the only element upon whose waves the strain of that creative self-divestment could feel itself securely borne. This wondrous playing with the Self, wherein the player clean forgets himself, is no pastime for one's personal pleasure; 'tis a mutual game, in which all the winnings fall to you spectators. But you must gather them for yourselves: the sublime illusion, on which the mime stakes his whole personality, must search you through and through; and from you must his own relinquished soul make answer to him, or he slinks away a lifeless shadow.*

*And here, in this nature-law of the barter of his wondrous art for the enthusiasm directly manifested in the public's applause, should we have to seek the demon that so oft has cast the genius into chains and sent instead the gnomes and spectres to our modern theatre. 'Tis it that well may ask us with satanic irony: 'What is truth?' What here is truth, where all is reckoned for illusion? Who knows if vulgar love of admiration converts this feigning to its [P. 221] personal ends, or the most gifted individuality employs it for its putting-off-of-self?'*

10/72

On the Name 'Music Drama' (PW Vol. V; P. 299-303)

*[P. 300] {FEUER} {anti-FEUER} "Now the serious meaning, intended by the term ['Musikdrama'], was probably an actual 'drama set to music.' The mental emphasis would therefore fall on the 'drama,' which one regarded as differing from the former opera-libretto, and differing in that a dramatic plot was not to be simply trimmed to the needs of traditional operatic music, but the musical structure itself was to be shaped by the requirements characteristic of an actual drama. But if the 'drama' was thus the main affair, it surely ought to have been placed before the 'music' which it governed,*

*and somewhat like ‘Tanzmusik’ or ‘Tafelmusik [dance and banquet-music], we then should have had to say ‘Drama-musik.’ Into this absurdity, however, one did not care to fall; twist and turn it as one might, ‘music’ remained the real encumbrance to the naming, though everybody dimly felt that it was the chief concern in spite of all [P. 301] appearances, and the more so when that music was invited to develop and put forth its amplest powers through its association with an actual drama.*

*{FEUER} The obstacle to devising a name for this artwork was accordingly, in any event, the assumed necessity of indicating that the new whole had been formed by welding two disparate elements, music and drama, together. And certainly the greatest difficulty is to place ‘music’ in a proper position toward ‘drama,’ since it can be brought into no equality therewith ... , and must rank as either much more or much less than ‘drama.’ The reason surely lies in the fact that the word ‘music’ denotes an art, originally the whole assemblage of the arts, whilst ‘drama’ strictly denotes a deed of art. (...) The primary meaning of ‘drama’ is a deed or action: as such, displayed upon the stage, it at first formed but a portion of the Tragedy, i.e. the sacrificial choral chant, but at last invaded it from end to end and thus became the main affair. By its name one now denoted for all ages an action shown upon the stage, and, to lay stress on this being a performance to look at, the place of assembly was called the ‘theatron,’ the looking-room. Our ‘Schauspiel’ [strictly ‘look-game’ or ‘show-play’] is therefore a very sensible name for what the Greeks more naively still called ‘drama,’ for it still more definitely expresses the characteristic development of an initial part into the ultimate main object. But Music is placed in an utterly false relation to this ‘show-play,’ if she now is to form but a part of that whole; as such she is wholly superfluous and disturbing, and for this reason has at last been quite excluded from [P. 302] the stricter Play. Of a truth she is ‘the part that once was all,’ and even now she feels called to re-assume her ancient dignity, as very mother-womb of Drama. Yet in this high calling she must neither stand before nor behind the Drama: she is no rival, but its mother. She sounds, and what she sounds ye see upon the stage; for that she gathered you together: what she is, ye never can but faintly dream; so she opens your eyes to behold her through the scenic likeness, as a mother tells her children legends shadowing the mysteries of religion.*

(...) ‘Opera,’ plural of ‘opus,’ this new variety of ‘works’ was dubbed; the Italians made a female of it, the French a male, so that the variety seemed to have turned out *generis utriusque*. I believe one could find no apter criticism of ‘Opera,’ than to allow this name as legitimate an origin as that of ‘Tragedy’; in neither case was it a matter of reason (Vernunft), but a deep set instinct here expressed a thing of nameless nonsense, there a thing of sense indubitably profound.

[P. 303] (...) As for myself, with the best of will I should scarcely know what name to give the child that smiles from out my works a trifle shyly on a good part of the world we live in. Herr W. H. Riehl, as he somewhere has said, loses sight and hearing at my operas, for with some he hears, with others sees: how shall one name so inaudible, invisible a thing? I should almost have felt disposed to take my stand on its visibility, and abide by the ‘show-play,’ as *I would gladly have called my dramas deeds of Music brought to sight (ersichtlich gewordene Thaten der Musik).*”

10/23/72 Letter to Friedrich Nietzsche (SLRW; P. 812)

[P. 812] {FEUER} *“I have been thinking more and more about ‘what is German’, and, on the basis of a number of more recent studies, have succumbed to a curious scepticism which leaves me thinking of ‘Germanness’ as a purely metaphysical concept; but, as such, it is of immense interest to me, and certainly something that is unique in the history of the world, its only possible counterpart being Judaism, since Hellenism, for example, does not really fit in here.”*

11/4/72 (CD Vol. I; P. 550)

[P. 550] {FEUER} *“In the morning R. says that he has again been thinking about the birth of drama from music: ‘As the baby is nourished in the womb by the mother’s blood, so does drama emerge from music; it is a mystery; once it emerges into the world, the outward circumstances of life begin to exert their influence.”*

12/30/72 (CD Vol. I; P. 577-578)

[P. 577] {FEUER} *“R’s gaze falls on the globe: ‘There one can see what our planet is like, a little bit of earth and this monster of an ocean, against whose murderous inhabitants our armies are nothing but a joke; and on this patch of earth how many parts are as monstrous as the ocean itself – how fragile is the thing we call ideality!’”*

[1873].

2/73 Prologue to a Reading of *Twilight of the Gods* (PW Vol. V; P. 305-306)

[P. 305] *“People talk of innovations made by me in Opera: for my own part I am conscious of having, if not achieved, at least deliberately striven for this one advantage, the raising of the dramatic dialogue itself to the main subject of musical treatment; whereas in Opera proper the moments of lyrical delay, and mostly violent arrest of the action, had hitherto been deemed the only ones of possible service to the musical composition.*

*{FEUER} The longing to raise the Opera to the dignity of genuine Drama could never wake and wax in the musician, before great masters had enlarged the province of his art in that spirit which now has made our German music acknowledgedly victorious over all its rivals. Through the fullest application of this legacy of our great masters we have arrived at uniting Music so completely with the Drama’s action, that this very marriage enables the action itself to gain that ideal freedom – i.e. release from all necessity of appealing to abstract reflection – which our great poets [P. 306] sought on many a road, to fall at last a-pondering on the selfsame possibility of attaining it through Music.*

*{FEUER} By incessantly revealing to us the inmost motives of the action, in their widest ramifications, Music at like time makes it possible to display that action itself in drastic definition: as the characters no longer need to tell us of their impulses [for ‘grounds of action’ – Beweggruende] in terms of the reflecting consciousness, their*

*dialogue thereby gains that naïve pointedness (Praezision) which constitutes the very life of Drama. Again, whilst Antique Tragedy had to confine its dramatic dialogue to separate sections strewn between the choruses delivered in the Orchestra – those chants in which Music gave to the drama its higher meaning – in the Modern Orchestra, the greatest artistic achievement of our age, this archetypal element goes hand in hand with the action itself, unsevered from the dialogue, and in a profounder sense may be said to embrace all the action's motives in its mother-womb.*

*Thus, besides the restoration of its naïve pointedness, it became possible to give the dialogue an extension covering the entire drama; and it is this that enables me to read to you to-day in guise of a bare dramatic poem a work that owes its origin to nothing but the feasibility of carrying it out completely in music: for I believe I may submit it as a play in dialogue to the same judgment we are wont to invoke with a piece indited for the Spoken Play.*

*The quality I thus have claimed for my work not only emboldens me to show it you from this one side without alarm, but has also been my principal reason for the unusual steps I am taking to place it before the German public in its entirety; in the one case as in the other I wish to commend it, not to an assemblage of opera-lovers, but to a gathering of truly educated persons earnestly concerned for an original cultivation of the German Spirit.”*

2/26/73      (CD Vol. I; P. 598)

[P. 598] {anti-FEUER} “In the morning we talk about the arrogance of natural scientists, who imagine they can solve the riddle of existence and believe they are achieving positive results, though every 10 years the results are changed. R. finds my remark that for oneself one should cultivate as much philosophy as possible, but talk about it as little as possible [sentence incomplete]. {SCHOP} Talked about Hartmann, the fashionable philosopher; people’s absurd misunderstanding of Schopenhauer, their assumption that his teaching leads to suicide.”

3/14/73      (CD Vol. I; P. 606)

[P. 606] “He tells me that Prof. Fries – probably only in order to reply to a privately expressed objection by Councilor K. – asked him whether he did not feel the general public would be shocked by the ending of the first act of *Die Walkuere*, where incest is proclaimed. R. at first replied jokingly, saying the experience in Munich had belied this, since the audience had broken out in enthusiastic cheers at the end of the first act, whereas subsequently, when the morality of the thing was being discussed, it had become bored. Then, becoming more serious, he said that this union of Siegm(und) and Siegl(inde) looks like an act of nature, and it does in fact bring about everyone’s downfall, so that nothing immoral has been suggested. I tell R. I cannot understand how people can think of things like that, and particularly how they can put them into words. He says: ‘Where understanding is lacking, words immediately take its place ... .’



3/22/73 (CD Vol. I; P. 612-613)

[P. 612] "... R. says, 'I should like quite deliberately to put him' (Fidi) 'out of the reach of my influence, so that he is free of me, as Siegfried was of Wotan – he might even stand up to me as an opponent!'"

4/7/73 (CD Vol. I; P. 620)

[P. 620] *"Dispute between him and Wagner over the Jews; the dean feels that intermarriage is the solution to the problem, but R. maintains that the Germans would then cease to exist, since the fair German blood is not strong enough to withstand this 'alkali.' We can see, he says, how the Franks and the Normans were turned into Frenchmen, and Jewish blood is far more corrosive than Latin blood. R. goes on to say that his only hope is that 'these fellows' will become so arrogant that they will no longer form misalliances with us; they might even give up speaking German – we should then learn Hebrew, in order to keep things running smoothly, but we should still remain Germans."*

4/19/73 (CD Vol. I; P. 624)

[P. 624] "... a great statesman is one who recognizes the prevailing influence of unreason and guides it as best he can without the use of maxims. {anti-FEUER} *But only religion and art can educate a nation – what use is science, which analyzes everything and explains nothing?*"

7/4/73 (CD Vol. I; P. 653)

[P. 653] {FEUER} "... after lunch conversation about Siegfried and Bruennhilde, the former not a tragic figure, since he does not become conscious of his position, there is a veil over him since winning Bruennhilde for Gunther, he is quite unaware, though the audience knows. Wotan and Bruennhilde are tragic figures."

8/11/73 Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 823)

[P. 823] "Indeed, my exalted friend, I too have often had serious thoughts about my 'Parzival'. It will be the pinnacle of all my achievements. How sweetly familiar is the feeling that overcomes me when I think that you yourself share directly in the knowledge of this profound secret, that you are its co-creator! {FEUER} {anti-FEUER} *It is as though I am inspired to write this work in order to preserve the world's profoundest secret, the truest Christian faith, nay, to awaken that faith anew. And for the sake of this immense task that it is reserved for me to accomplish, I have felt obliged to use my Nibelung drama to build a Castle of the Grail devoted to art, far removed from the common byways of human activity: for only there, in Monsalvat, can the longed-for deed be revealed to the people, to those who are initiated into its rites, not in those places where God may not show Himself beside the idols of day without His being blasphemed.*

Thus, my glorious King, do I proclaim the thoughts that I cherish for our ‘Parzival’! – “

9/15/73      (CD Vol. I; P. 676)

[P. 676] “R. plays the third act of *Tristan*, the bliss of melancholy, the desolation of the sea, profound calm, Nature’s sorrow, Nature’s consolation – all, all here in this most wonderful of poems! When I speak of it to R., he says, {anti-FEUER} ‘*In my other works the motives serve the action: in this, one might say that the action arises out of the motives.*’ When I tell him I should like to die to these strains, he says, ‘But better to the strains with which Siegfried dies.’

10/4/73      (CD Vol. I; P. 682)

[P. 682] {SCHOP} “*While we are talking about the old Nordic sagas, R. says he knows what Odin whispered in Baldur’s ear, that insoluble riddle; resignation, the breaking of the will – the ethical theme of ‘Der Ring des Nibelungen.’* R. works, and during his work comes to the following conclusion: ‘There are two ways of looking at the orchestra: as a homophonous body, in which one instrument stands in for another; or my way, where every instrument is regarded as an individual standing by itself; that is why I am so annoyed when an instrument does not possess a particular note.’”

11/18/73      (CD Vol. I; P. 699)

[P. 699] “In the evening Luther’s marriage, very fine; R. returns again and again to his idea of a comedy on the subject. ‘One must have seen Durer’s women (in Bamberg) to understand these marriages. Certainly there is nothing in them of the searing love which devours the man, as in *Tristan*, or in *Antony and Cleopatra*, where we have the additional knowledge that the woman is bad. *It is this love* [‘searing love’] *which Bruennhilde exalts, and it was very remarkable that in the middle of my work on the ‘Nibelungen’ I felt the need to deal exhaustively with this one aspect, which could not be dealt with fully in my huge poem, and so I worked out ‘Tristan.’ All of it subconscious, just always driven on.* {FEUER} *Among the Rhinemaidens love is just a phenomenon of Nature, to which it returns in the end, after, however, having been turned through Bruennhilde into a world-destroying, world-redeeming force.*”

11/25/73      (CD Vol. I; P. 702)

[P. 702] {FEUER} “*Once more talked with R. about the Indians. The idea in Scandinavian mythology of a new world to follow the downfall of the gods is maybe a stray offshoot of the Indian religion.* {FEUER} *The governing of all actions by rites – this is true religion, and what distinguishes human from animal existence. The natural tendency of Germans toward corporate bodies, which restrict individual freedom. Came back once again to the acknowledgment that the human spirit needs barriers, a formula.*”

12/22/73 (CD Vol. I; P. 712)

[P. 712] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “At lunch today R. spoke about history – how it can be summed up in the exertions and sufferings of great individuals: ‘What else is the history of the Reformation but the sufferings of Luther? What became of the Reformation after him?’”

[1874]

5/2/74 (CD Vol. I; P. 753)

[P. 753] “*Only '48, the spring of the people, had constant fine weather from March onward; and in spite of all the stupidities, the foundations of German unity were then laid. I believe I myself should never have conceived the ‘Ring’ but for that movement.*”

7/1/74 (CD Vol. I; P. 770)

[P. 770] {FEUER} “*R. spoke recently of the heresy of the Marcionites, which consisted in recognizing a primal being who was neither completely good nor completely evil; admiration for this sensible form of cognition.*”

7/24/74 (CD Vol. I; P. 776-777)

[P. 776-777] {FEUER} “... he tells me how once, on an outing with Dr. Wille and Herwegh to [place name left blank], he became so tired that he asked the two men to leave him at a certain point and to go on without him; Dr. Wille, believing in his insensitivity that it was simple idleness, had then given him a shove in the back and told him to get moving; R.’s rage had vented itself in a vulgar expletive, and during this scene the whole of Loge’s address to the Rhinemaidens (words and music), which he had not originally had in mind, came to him. ‘The way it just flies into one’s mind – impossible to say how it happens! When I sit down at the piano, it is just to refresh my memory! Nothing new comes to me there, I am just trying to find the things which occurred to me now and then during the most exasperating situations. This used to upset Minna, my first wife --- the way I would keep calm during the terrible scenes she was making, because something had occurred to me for *Tristan* or *Walkuere*.’ He feels that, because in anger a person’s powers are stretched, his true nature is also goaded into activity in spite of all the incongruities; only for working out one’s ideas are tranquility and a certain bodily well-being necessary, artistic work demands these things, but inspiration laughs at all difficulties as well as all comfort. He reminds me that he had not been satisfied with the quintet in *Die Meistersinger* and I, coming in while he was composing, had begged him to retain it. His dissatisfaction had been due to his feeling that the original inspiration had been a different one, and then he also found that it had been as it was. Composition is a search for things which come into one’s mind God knows how, where, or when.”

9/22/74 (CD Vol. I; P. 788)

[P. 788] “Regarding his score, R. tells me that during Siegfried’s narration in the forest, the ‘Forest Murmurs’ from *Siegfried* would only be hinted at in the orchestra, for here it is Siegfried’s fate which must make an impact, and a natural phenomenon must not be allowed to obscure it; there was a difference, he said, between then, when he wanted the rustling of the forest itself to make an impression, and now; and anyway he could never just repeat anything, in such cases he could not even find the right notes for the transcription.”

11/18/74 (CD Vol. I; P. 805)

[P. 805] “I find R. reading *Oedipus* in the evening, after his work, comparing the translation with the text. ‘It is like a Persian carpet,’ he says, ‘a torrent of beauty – now vanished forever: we are barbarians.’ We then come to the *Oresteia*, the scene of Cassandra with the chorus, and R. declares it to be the most perfect thing mortal man has ever produced.”

12/22/74 (CD Vol. I; P. 812)

[P. 812] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “We talk about ‘*Der Ring des Nibelungen*,’ and R. remarks how curious it was that he designed it as he did without knowing the philosophy of Schopenhauer: ‘If I had known it, I should have been less uninhibited in my choice of expressive means.’ He says, ‘When I first read Schopenhauer, I did not understand him at all, because I was no longer armed with the strength with which I wrote the poem.’”

[1875]

1/6/75 (CD Vol. I; P. 817)

[P. 817] {SCHOP} {FEUER} “R. tells me a lot more about what he is reading in Gfroerer’s book, which he finds of endless interest; among other things, for example, the definition of the Trinity made shortly before Christ’s birth – God the Father, masculine; The Holy Ghost, feminine; the Redeemer as the world stemming from them; will, idea, and world, the world emerging from the division of the sexes.”

6/26/75 Letter to Johannes Brahms (SLRW; P. 848-849)

[P. 848] “I have sometimes been told that my music is like theatrical scenery: the *Rhingold* must suffer grievously under the weight of this reproach. None the less, it may not be without interest for you to follow the remaining scores of the *Ring of the Nibelung* and see how I have been [P. 849] able to base all kinds of musical themes upon the foundations of the theatrical scenery that has been set up here. In this sense the *Rhingold* may perhaps be found worthy of your kind attention.”

9/6/75 (CD Vol. I; P. 861)

[P. 861] {FEUER} {SCHOP} *“R. takes a long walk, comes upon a laborer sieving sand on to lime; R. reflects: lime, houses, furnishings, luxury – the way in which all things must proliferate, pile up, before a work of art emerges, and how can one speak of a national work of art? What does a stonemason like that get from the Ring Des Nibelungen? ... only individuals, the chosen few, can enjoy art.”*

10/8/75 (CD Vol. I; P. 868)

[P. 868] {FEUER} *“After lunch thoughts on the lamentable end of all relationships – ‘mark how it will end.’ R. says that what is genuine, like our love and our belonging together, will prevail in the end, and also what is true – not because of Man’s goodness, but because that which is untrue is also unfruitful, it bears within itself a seed of decay – like certain marriages which produce no children.”*

11-12/75 Reminiscences of Angelo Neumann of Wagner’s rehearsals of Tannhaeuser and Lohengrin in 11-12/75 (WR; P. 230-231)

*“What an inspiring director he was! How well he understood the art of spurring on his men, of getting his best work out of each one, of making every gesture, each expression tell! These rehearsals convinced me that Richard Wagner was not only the greatest dramatist of all time, but also the greatest of directors, and a marvellous actor as well. Now at the end of these long thirty years I can still distinctly recall certain incidents of his wonderful mimetic powers.”*

[1876]

1/26/76 Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 852-853)

[P. 852] *“(...) He who wishes to know his age and the spirit of that age should make the same demands upon it as I myself made when I undertook my work! I have recognized our age for what it is, and at the same time have lost all my illusions as to its worth. For how is it possible to go on deluding ourselves as to the shameless wretchedness that lies all around us when every attempt [P. 853] to point out the way to salvation is met by open and undisguised abuse? We want to be worthless: this has been our motto ever since the Jesuits handed over this world of ours to the Jews. Everything is lost here! The Emperor and his Reich may take as much pleasure as they like in their military regulations: what they are protecting is not worth a straw! –*

*Yes! My King! I shall complete what I have begun. Had I been a rich man, I should willingly have staked my whole fortune on it; for ultimately it is a question of the material levers that are used to wrest some spirituality from this world. One day my work will exist, in order no longer to exist. For I am not thinking of any lasting influence; in the eyes of the world, those who think of my work as a whim are not mistaken. For, really and truthfully, my work lacks a sure foundation: there is noth-*

*ing that exists already to which it can attach itself. What we once strove to achieve in Munich has now – like everything else – passed into Jewish hands: I suffer grief upon grief at the utterly degenerate spirit that now informs performances of my work – in the very place where they once flourished to the point of being models of their kind.”*

2/9/76            Reminiscences by Hermann Ritter of a visit to Wagner on 2/9/76  
(WR; P. 240)

*“The large salon at Wahnfried looks out over the garden and houses Wagner’s library. I inspected its contents and, prompted by my high opinion of Ludwig Nohl, asked the Master whether he had Nohl’s writings among his collection of books. ‘Nohl?’ he said curtly. ‘Listen, I find him a strange person.’ ‘Why?’ I asked. ‘Because he writes so much about my work. He should stop. Far too much is written and said about it. People should just come and see it and hear it. A single bowstroke is worth more than all this useless twaddle.’ (...) I considered it my duty to befriend my teacher, Professor Nohl, and responded to Wagner’s outburst by saying that Nohl was one of his chief admirers and supporters and that he championed his artistic ideals even in the lecture theatre at the university. Wagner exploded in anger: ‘That’s just what I don’t want,’ he cried, ‘it does me more harm than good. I need an audience that understands none of all this and that doesn’t adopt a critical response. The people I like best are those who don’t even know that we write music on five lines.”*

5/15/76            From Richard Fricke’s diary of Wagner’s rehearsals of the *Ring* for  
Bayreuth on 5/15/76 (WR; P. 244-245)

**“Before we parted, I could not resist drawing Wagner’s attention to the difficulty of the Norns’ scene with the throwing of the rope. I said: ‘When you read a scene of such seriousness and essential sombreness, your imagination is fully engaged; but as soon as something like this is presented visually, when all our other senses are alert, the image created risks being absurdly diminished. In the case of this particular scene, which we have to present both to the eye and to the senses in order for us to stage it, I see a very real problem! The rope must be long, golden and light but, at the same time, heavy enough to be thrown, and I am afraid that the three ladies will not be able to master it.’ ‘Then they must practice until they do,’ he interjected. ‘And if they don’t learn how to do it? I’ve been thinking about this scene all winter: here’s what I suggest! How would it be if we operated the rope mechanically, by means of wires invisible to the audience, and if that doesn’t work, I suggest not having a rope at all but expressing it all by mime.’ He stopped in his tracks. ‘No, never- not by mime – well, we’ll see.’ ‘Yes,’ I retorted, ‘if all my performers were like Frau Jachmann-Wagner (she is playing the first Norn), we’d get by not just with my suggestion for operating the rope mechanically, we’d also be able to arrange for the rope to be thrown in the way that you yourself imagined it.’ I was on the point of drawing his attention to other difficulties, some of them almost harder to solve, things which our imagination transforms into the most beautiful images but which, as noted, are in fact going to call the whole staging into question: we realize**

how impossible it is to stage them, and the curse of absurdity destroys the illusion. But I was satisfied for the present that I had succeeded in saying this one thing to him, volatile as he is.”

5/30/76 (CD Vol. I; P. 909)

[P. 909] {FEUER} “After lunch R. reflects on whether, in ‘Das Rheingold,’ he should not make Wotan, as he greets Valhalla (‘So nenne ich die Burg’), flourish a sword, which Fafner has contemptuously thrown out of the Nibelung hoard because it is not made of gold. This becomes the sword which Wotan plunges into the ash tree; Alberich has had it forged for his fight against the giants and the gods.”

1-8/76 Reminiscences of Julius Hey (BLRW; P. 214-215)

[P. 214] “Hey, in his ‘Reminiscences,’ writes that:

‘The sixty-two-year-old Wagner not only made clear to Unger every passage of the ‘Siegfried’ score, in regard to meaning, mood, vocal technique, and plasticity in the treatment of the text, but also endeavoured to influence his entire character, so as to bring Unger into closer harmony with that of the ‘hero without fear.’ “

Wagner, according to the testimony of his artists, had a marvellous gift of vitalizing the music, and as a singer without a voice he made the dramatic situation so vivid as to create an indelible impression upon all present. Hey relates a little anecdote from the ‘Siegfried’ [P. 675] rehearsal, where at the point where Mime utters his second distressed cry of ‘Fafner!’ Wagner’s voice broke on the high A, producing an irresistibly comical effect. He laughed immoderately, as did everyone else, and cried: ‘Where shall I hide myself! There is no anvil here!’

To quote Hey further: ‘How did this voice, which in reality was no voice at all, succeed in producing such moving tone nuances, so as to present in the clearest manner every varying phase of emotion! And in addition a dramatic declamation which penetrated to the very bottom of the listener’s soul!’”

7/8/76 From Richard Fricke’s diary of Wagner’s rehearsals of the Ring from 7/8/76 (WR; P. 246)

“Rehearsal this morning at eleven o’clock for all the singers – male and female – involved in Scene Two of *Das Rheingold*. Wagner wanted to see them to work out positions, gestures, etc., but the same thing happened as with Unger: they are getting discouraged since he wants it one way today and another way tomorrow. It’s completely impossible to agree on the scene with all these changes. He keeps interrupting and making altogether comical demands which the performers (who are not, after all, completely untried on stage) find thoroughly confusing. For example, he demands that when the two giants enter over the mountains, they should adopt a particular way of walking. He showed them how to do it, but it was so absurdly comical that I intervened and said to him (in confidence), ‘Master, it won’t work like that, it’s unnatural, let me show you how I imaged it’ (lumbering gait in time with the motif). ‘Very good, very good,’ said Wagner, ‘my way of

walking was useless.’ In much the same way he demanded wholly unnatural gestures from Eilers (Fasolt), which I had to correct.

6-8.30 stage rehearsal of Scenes Two and Three of *Das Rheingold* with orchestra and sets but still no props. Still the same interruptions, the same tendency to jump in and alter the staging. It really is enough to drive one to distraction.”

7/11/76 From Felix Mottl’s diary recording his impression of Wagner’s rehearsals of the *Ring* for Bayreuth on 7/11/76 (WR; P. 243)

*“After one of the final piano rehearsals, Wagner tries to thank Joseph Rubinstein for the work he has done. He starts off very amiably and then says something along the lines of: ‘If we never really drew any closer on a human level, the fault is not mine but yours. You are a member of a foreign race with which we have no sympathy.’ (Jewish). By the end he gets quite worked up, so that his planned speech of thanks turns into an expression of anger and ill-feeling.”*

8/13/76 From Richard Fricke’s diary of Wagner’s rehearsals of the *Ring* from 8/13/76 (WR; P. 248)

“Rehearsal in the Wagner Theater at six o’clock. The dragon has arrived. As soon as I saw it, I whispered to Doepler, ‘Hide the thing away where no one will find it! Get rid of it! This dragon will be the death of us!’ (...)

In the evening, first performance of *Das Rheingold*. Many of the scene changes went wrong and I can truthfully say that none of these mistakes had been made at any of the rehearsals. For half an hour or more at the end, the audience went on calling for Wagner to come out on stage – but he didn’t. He sat in his room, beside himself with fury, hurling abuse at all the performers with the exception of Hill and me, who were both with him. There was no consoling him.”

6-8/76 (WRR; P. 4-145)

[P. 4] *“Fully to understand his achievement ... one must realize that what he was striving to convey was the essence of the nature of the world, the essence underlying external realities perceived by the senses. The characteristic which stamps the style of ‘The Ring of the Nibelung’ is that here an undreamt-of super-reality (Ueberwirklichkeit) is given life and shape, and this characterized everything the composer did when his work was being rehearsed. Thus we can conclude these general considerations by affirming that through the performance of the ‘Ring’ the goal was achieved of combining the realistic style of Shakespeare with the idealistic style of antique tragedy; of bringing about an organic union between a [P. 5] highly stylized art, striving for a direct embodiment of the ideal, with an art rooted in fidelity to nature (Naturwahrheit). An ideal naturalness and an ideality made wholly true to nature – this is the direction in which Wagner was endeavouring to guide his performers.*

(...)



[P. 7] *The Rhinegold**Scene One*

*{FEUER} (...) Regarding the orchestral prelude as a whole, built on a single E flat major triad, Wagner insisted that its huge crescendo should throughout create the impression of a phenomenon of nature developing quite of its own accord – so to say, an impersonal impression. Nothing must be forced; there must be no sense of a conscious purpose imposing itself. Thus the goal will be achieved. It will be as though we were experiencing the magical effects of an ideal presence; as though, no [P. 8] longer conscious of the music, we had become immersed in the primal feelings of all living things and were peering directly into the inner workings of natural forces.*

*(...)*

[P. 9] *{FEUER} The passage indicating most clearly how Alberich should be characterized is his lament after Flosshilde has deceived him so humiliatingly: [P. 10] ‘Wehe! Ach wehe! O Schmerz! O Schmerz! Die dritte so traut, betrog sie mich auch!’ The genuineness of the outburst could easily lead the singer to endow it with a quality of noble pathos; but here, and in every other such passage revealing the core of Alberich’s mentality, the revelation should be that of an uncontrollable yet base and common greed. This is the fundamental trait of this child of the night, half animal, half sprite.*

*(...)*

[P. 12] *Scene Two*

*{FEUER} The rendering of the Valhalla theme should convey a feeling of sublime calm. The tempo throughout should be a broad adagio – which does not mean that the span of the phrasing should be wide: on the contrary, accents should demarcate the two-bar sections of the longer periods. The accents, together with a proper grading of the different dynamic levels, bring out the inner dramatic development of this monumental tonal image which we must regard as the principal musical theme of the whole ‘Ring.’ (...)*

*(...) {FEUER} We must never be allowed [P. 13] to forget that we are attending a dramatic performance which seeks to imitate reality; we are not listening to a purely symphonic work. From which it follows that symphonic passages during which words are being sung should never become excessively loud. This was a recurring problem during the rehearsals. Wagner declared that the orchestra should support the singer as the sea does a boat, rocking but never upsetting or swamping – he employed that image over and over again. (...)*

[P. 21] *(...) {FEUER} Wagner was particularly anxious that the tone of irony, which conceals Loge’s true nature, should contain no trace of affectation or mannerism. For it is he who embodies the bad conscience of the world of the gods presented to us in all its glitter and glory. However, this moral side of his character – likewise his daemonic lust for destruction – should only break out now and then, suddenly and involuntarily, and then immediately disappear beneath the surface.*

[P. 23] (...) *{FEUER}* When Loge adds that this ring can only be forged by one who renounces love – ‘sel’ger Lieb’ entsagt’ – he must draw close to Wotan as the latter turns angrily away. The cellos’ delivery of the lament for love (Melodie der Liebesklage): ... must not be too loud and must bear no trace of sentimentality. *Loge’s vindication of Alberich: ‘Gerathen ist ihm der Ring!’ must be sung with a harshness verging on the shrill. Wagner attached great importance to this passage: it should sound like a lament for a lost paradise and yet a lament that is being mocked. He himself sang the words several times articulated in such a way as to make his meaning crystal clear; he remarked that here the daemonic element in Loge is breaking through, that in a flash he reveals his true self, then at once reverts to his former apparent good humour. (...)*

[P. 25] (...) I have already remarked on the pains Wagner took to ensure that those not actually participating in the dialogue should indicate their involvement by characteristic gestures and motions. His underlying principle was that stage action (mimische Aktion) should have the quality of living sculpture. (...)

[P. 27] *Scene Three*

*{FEUER}* The powerful orchestral piece, depicting the descent from the mountain heights to gloomy, cavernous Nibelheim, was played with a tremendous weight and energy. The Valhalla theme creates an atmosphere of grandiose calm appropriate to the spirit of law and order, but now a daemonic force erupts revelling in its power to destroy the realm of freedom and love. The performance not only should be but must be carried to the extreme of loudness for here symphonic art is sovereign since this alone has the power to represent the life-and-death struggle of supra-personal forces. From which it does not follow that it is enough to sketch the themes in broad strokes: the many and varied expression-marks, every accent, all the phrasing must be scrupulously observed, since only in this way can these conceptions, the product of a monumental art, be made to imprint upon us the features of their individual physiognomy. Wagner was particularly concerned that each entry should be made with the utmost precision and clarity. After the Loge motive rises to a gigantic power, imbued with a fury of destructive lust and yet at the same time inwardly cold, it is as though an eternal lament for the destruction of love were reaching our ears. (...)

[P. 28] *{FEUER}* The performance of the whole period should combine frightening power and painful agitation – as though the spirit of love in the grip of the powers of darkness were uttering a cry of anguish. The total effect of the passage I can describe only by saying that it was as though we were being plunged into a hell on earth. The scenery contributed to this: the enormous rocky ravines stretching so far into the distance that the eye could hardly follow them aroused in the spectator feelings of fear and dread completely in harmony with the atmosphere created by the music. It was as though we were facing cosmic forces of nature which mercilessly wipe out the lives of [P. 29] individuals. (...) In this scene what he wanted above all was a continuous tense energy; nothing must break the flow – no hesitation, no lingering – which was not motivated by the situation. In this context I must point out that this was one of the essential aspects of the expressive style for which Wagner strove in music and drama: everything arbitrary and individual, however inspired, was foreign to it. His most

*startling inspirations seemed as though drawn from some hidden deep layer; often it was as though a veil were removed and one had the sudden glimpse of a self-sufficient ideal world beyond the influence of any human will.*

*(...) He took great care over the Tarnhelm theme: ... . It should not be unduly drawn out; nevertheless it must have the character of a melody conceived as an adagio. In those twilit harmonies one felt the presence of a mysterious spirit-world; it was as though for a moment the eternal silence of the very basis of existence was beginning to resound of its own volition – all the more appalling therefore the fiendish and vehement energy which infuses Alberich's mockery (in a general way and in the accentuation) – the mockery of a malignant and at the same time base and common nature consumed by lust for power. (...)*

*[P. 31] (...) It is not possible to find a more striking way of expressing the difference between Alberich's and Wotan's characters than through the latter's delivery of the speech: 'Von Nibelheim's naecht'gem Land vernahmen wir neue Maehr' ...' The calm self-control of the ruler of the gods forms a doubly effective contrast to the savage passion of the prince of the Nibelungs. One must guard here against the temptation to drag, created by the double basses' and cellos' bare triads. The ensuing great dialogue between Loge and Alberich, in which Wotan only occasionally intervenes, is a verbal duel between enemies, each conscious of his own strength and aware of the other's purpose. The contrast between the two must be brought out in every detail of the musical declamation and stage action. Alberich's facial expression should at times reveal the threat of annihilation, welling up, as it were, from the depths of the night; Loge's features, on the other hand, should express the cheerful mockery of a superior intellect pursuing a goal within certain reach. (...)*

*(...)*

*[P. 37] Scene Four*

*... how easily the emotional significance of a passage can tempt singers – and also instrumentalists – to linger; such lingering is really a form of self-indulgence, utterly unstylistic, the death of genuinely dramatic dialogue. (...)*

*Something completely new and unheard-of now takes place. That craving for power which has seized Wotan and fascinated him with its compulsive force awakens a hidden subterranean power whose workings have hitherto been wrapped in mystery. (...) The last words of the passage, which seems to be closely related in mood to that of the scene of the 'Mothers' in the second part of 'Faust': 'Meide den Ring' were sung in the most piercing and horrifying tones. (...) [P. 38] {FEUER} One small point which had a symbolic importance later must not be passed over: Wagner instructed Fafner, while he was gathering up the treasure, to leave behind a worthless-looking, worn-out old sword. (...) [P. 39] {FEUER} As the new theme is sounded, signifying a new deed to be accomplished in the future: ... Wotan, seized by a great thought, picks up the sword left by Fafner and, pointing to the castle, cries, 'So gruess ich die Burg, sicher vor Bang' und Grau'n!' (...)*

[P. 65] *The Valkyrie**Act Three**Scene One*

*Wagner was especially insistent that after the B major fortissimo every detail of the Valkyries' rapid exchanges should be absolutely clear – there was nothing he hated so much as blurred, indistinct words, notes or gestures. (...) [P. 66] The stage action should avoid any suggestion of routine; on the other hand freedom and spontaneity should not lead to unmotivated running hither and thither: every change of position and indeed bodily movement must be dictated by the events. One thing especially Wagner would not tolerate was that the Valkyries should huddle together in a group -- he gave repeated warnings against this, spiced with sarcastic humour. Supervising everything, he staged a scene of turmoil quite unprecedented in the theatre. The secret of the total effect – one was caught up in a whirlwind of tremendous excitement and yet able to retain one's freedom of intellectual judgment – was the perfect co-ordination of spectacle, drama, orchestra and song. (...)*

*[P. 69] (...) Into her ecstatic outcry: 'O hehrstes Wunder!' Sieglinde must put all the intensity of which she is capable, she must release a great flood of emotion, enraptured and enrapturing. [\* Porges' Footnote: "It is well known that this supremely lovely melody, banishing the terror of death, is employed at the close of Goetterdaemmerung as the song of redemption that overcomes the power of fate." ] (...)*

[P. 81] *Siegfried**Act One**Scene One*

*Siegfried should not create the impression of a character drawn with the conscious intention of violating the standards of civilized society; everything he says and does – even the rather crude aspects of his genuine boyishness – must be presented as the natural expression of an essentially heroic personality who has not yet found an object in life worthy of his superabundant strength. If heroic energy is brought out as Siegfried's predominant trait – which is not to say that it lacks a corresponding depth of sensibility – then, even at moments when apparently quite ordinary events are being enacted, we shall always feel ourselves in the presence of elevated art. This is the soil from which springs that new style, in which the ideal is permeated by fidelity to nature – that new style which constitutes the originality of the Nibelung trilogy in the history of art.*

*[P. 86] (...) The symphonic piece that accompanies Mime's soliloquy is a masterpiece of psychological characterization in the way that the mood of what has just been experienced is dissolved and the transition made to the entry of the Wanderer; its performance demands a penetrating understanding of every tiny detail. Everything here is significant and important. One must feel both the confusion of Mime's mind, plagued by uncontrollable forces, and the dwarf's degraded lust for power. The gradual quickening of the tempo must have the effect*

of a frenetic agitation, and the motive of world-tragedy, first heard from Wotan in *Die Walkuere*, and now repeated three times with a broad ritardando, should be delivered with the utmost power and grandeur while Mime desperately wails: ‘des Nibelungen Neid, Noth und Schweiss nietet mir Nothung nicht!’

(...)

[P. 90] *Act One*

*Scene Three*

*{FEUER}* Great care must be taken over the accompaniment to Mime’s soliloquy, which opens this scene. Here the composer is expressing something which music has never before expressed so specifically: [P. 91] an overwhelming dread of daylight. Mime is frightened by the mysterious, incessant rustling in the sunlit depths of the forest. Above all it is important that this music, based on Loge’s motives, should not be taken too fast; the characteristic profile of the motives should not be obscured in the colour and glitter of the orchestration. (...)

(...)

*Act Two*

*Scene One*

(...) The powerful piece (combining the Wanderer’s theme with the accompanying figure of the Ride of the Valkyries) that depicts Wotan’s stormy departure: ... should be played in a strict tempo which, even during the melody from ‘Die Walkuere’: ... must not be relaxed, so that we have the feeling that Wotan’s memory of Bruennhilde is a purely inner psychic event (*ein rein innerlicher Seelenvorgang*). (...)

[P. 97] *Act Two*

*Scene Two*

When Siegfried is lying alone under the tree amid the mysterious murmurings of the forest the melody that accompanies his awakening thoughts of his mother: ... should reach us ‘as though from a distance’. But that effect will be created only if the crescendos are merely hinted at and their expression impersonal. (...)

[P. 101] *Act Three*

*Scene One*

*{FEUER}* Wagner said of the powerful orchestral piece opening the third act that here we have ‘Wotan’s last ride, which is yet another descent to the underworld’. (...)

[P. 102] (...) In Wagner the manifold interweaving of motives of reminiscence or premonition should always be treated as subordinate to the events actually happening: this indeed is the fundamental stylistic principle that alone makes possible an effective interaction of drama and music. Such moments – calling for restraint, not ecstasy – are the test of whether or not the players have the secret of that style in their blood. The principle applies not only to passages of veiled and twilight emotion but to those of power and grandeur; thus the deeply sad, tender reminiscence of Bruennhilde: ... must sound

*'absolutely ghostly'. The way Erda's terrible questioning brings home to Wotan the contradictions of his behaviour was very impressive: 'Der den trotz lehrte, straft den Trotz? Der die That entzuendet zuernt um die That? Der die Rechte wahr, der die Eide huetet, wehret dem Recht, herrscht durch Meineid?' [P. 103] Although he compels her with his magic ('she can only withdraw when he allows her to', Wagner said) she is his superior in that it is from her lips that he hears the inexorable voice of his conscience which nothing can silence. So the expression here must reach an extreme pitch of intensity demanding the utmost exertion. Under Wagner's direction the demand was completely met. The same applies to the dagger-thrust of Erda's hasty, stammered outburst, 'Du bist nicht, der du dich nennst! Was kamst du, stoerrischer Wilder, zu stoeren der Wala Schlaf?', in which the words 'stoerrischer Wilder' must be highlighted by incisive accents: ... . {FEUER} Wagner expressly demanded that the Redemption theme [Dunning's Motif #134; Millington's Motif #49] as it enters after Wotan's words, 'Was in des Zwiespalt's wildem Schmerze verzweifelnnd eins ich beschloss, froh und freudig fuehre, frei ich nun aus' [from Stewart Spencer's translation of the Ring, P. 247-248: "Wotan: What I once resolved in despair, in the searing smart of inner turmoil, (#134:) I now perform freely, in gladness and joy ... "]: ... should be taken 'slightly faster' than the preceding bars and that it should be 'very brought out (sehr heraus)', as he tersely put it. He once characterized the spiritual significance of this theme (whilst going through the work at the piano) by the statement: 'It must sound like the proclamation of a new religion.' (...)*

[P. 104] *Act Three*  
*Scene Two*

*'Without any passion': this was Wagner's instruction for the performance of the scene between the Wanderer and Siegfried. Every trace of pathos must be eliminated. In this dialogue we have Richard Wagner demonstrating to perfection his art of naturalistic representation in drama as well as in music. But his realism is of a very special kind. Like Goethe's and Shakespeare's its basis is a hidden metaphysical background. Thereby he rises far above common reality; we perpetually inhabit the sphere of elevated style. (...) [P. 105] In the powerful symphonic fresco, which depicts Siegfried striding through the sea of flames encircling Bruennhilde's rock and transports us by the vividness of its imagery, it is not the brilliant tone-painting that [P. 106] should predominate, but – as the structure of the piece makes clear – the thematic material, which must be strongly emphasized throughout. (...)*

[P. 107] *Act Three*  
*Scene Three*

*During the melody, here transformed into an expression of passion (it was first heard from Fricka in 'Das Rheingold) [\* Translator's Footnote: "At 'herrliche Wohnung, wonniger Hausrat'. "]: ... Siegfried gesticulates wildly. Before singing the words, 'Wem ruf' ich zum Heil, dass er mir helfe?', he draws away somewhat from Bruennhilde. He should not look at her as he cries, 'Wie weck' ich die Maid, dass sie Auge mir oeffne?' 'Siegfried is frightened by the [P. 108] thought of all he is about to undergo', Wagner*

*explained. The orchestral rendering of his radical change of heart requires deep understanding. An al fresco representation will not do: rather, the breadth and compelling momentum of the performance must be combined with a detailed elucidation of the smallest particles of the motivic structure. (...)*

[P. 109] When Bruennhilde, awakened by Siegfried's kiss, slowly rises to a sitting position, ceremonially greeting the earth and the heavens, Siegfried, overawed, draws back somewhat. (...) As Wagner put it, 'it is as though Bruennhilde were saying to herself: 'Now you are given to the world again!' In her first utterance, solemn, grand and marked by an exceptional firmness, 'Heil dir Sonne! Heil der Licht!', the word 'Licht' must be emphasized. At the conclusion of her speech: 'Zu End' ist nun mein Schlaf; erwacht, seh' ich: Siegfried ist es, der mich erweckt!', Siegfried is deeply moved and the expression on his face must show this. *His display of feeling serves as a transition to the exultant outburst: 'O Heil der Mutter, die mich gebar!'* which leads to the one and only duet in which love and heroism interpenetrate. While they sing, each contemplates the other in deep astonishment. Interpreting the significance of this, Wagner said: 'It is as though a prophecy were being fulfilled.' (...) [P. 111] ... and then the violins': ... should be played in a manner which Wagner liked to convey by the direction: 'as though without any feeling'. The initiated will know that he wanted the expression lifted to that sphere of which Schiller wrote: 'Extinguished every trace of earthly need.' But the lines, 'O wuessedt du, Lust der Welt, wie ich dich je geliebt', and those that follow, must be intimately tender; Wagner characterized them very clearly by the pronouncement: 'Bruennhilde here is speaking like a mother to her child.' (...) The psychological turning-point of the scene, after Siegfried's comment, 'Wie Wunder toent, was wonnig du singst, doch dunkel duenkt mich der Sinn', Wagner defined by the statement: 'Up to this point Siegfried and Bruennhilde have been carried away, as though in the realm of the gods; now they begin to face each other as two persons.' Bruennhilde is still 'sublimely innocent', but in Siegfried the blood of the Waelsungs is stirring; at the orchestral figure: ... [P. 112] his passion awakens and this must manifest itself in his gestures.

*In the same way the tone of Siegfried's utterances must alter: he no longer exudes a high-spirited freedom, for now he is under the compulsion of an unknown, irresistible force of nature. This is what he is experiencing when, at the orchestra's cadential figure: ... he is seized by a sudden anguish. Bruennhilde, too, is beginning to feel this; it is as though during the short interlude before her reply, 'Dort seh' ich Grane ... ': ... she were seeking a pretext for deterring him. The motive: ... must be somewhat stressed, and the subsequent quietly joyful melody: ... should revert immediately to the former piano. Bruennhilde appears not to understand Siegfried; sadly she looks back on her former life – 'thinks of her little household', as Wagner humorously put it. But when she again attempts to evade Siegfried's mounting passion, 'now she knows what she is dealing with', and at her words, 'ich bin ohne Schutz und Schirm, ohne Trutz ein trauriges Weib!', we feel that her resistance is broken. Siegfried must deliver his 'Noch bist du mir die traemende Maid' 'in the trembling voice of one who is suffering', and lean against a rock as though in need of support. (...) [P. 113] Every stage direction must of course be scrupulously observed; a small supplement is the demand that Siegfried should draw back somewhat from Bruennhilde as he delivers his exhortation, 'Tauch' aus dem Dunkel und sieh':*

*sonnenhall leuchter der Tag!* It is, as Wagner said, a ‘terrible moment’ when Bruennhilde, at the height of her agitation, cries back: ‘Sonnenhall leuchtet der Tag meiner Schmach!’ He recited the words himself with the intensity he always displayed at such moments, the intensity of a flash of lightning, thrilling the spectator to the marrow. The final word, ‘Schmach’ (‘this is the main point’, Wagner said) is the one to be emphasized. Bruennhilde is now overwhelmed by dread; while the bass clarinet delivers its recitative after her outcry, ‘O Siegfried! Siegfried! Sieh’ meine Angst!’: ... she sinks to the ground, and bending forward rests her hands on her knees. It is then that she experiences a vision of her former life, ideally free and happy. The orchestral prelude that expresses this: ... should be as *pianissimo* as possible and so transcendently ideal that it should sound as though coming from another world. The tempo should not be slow; special care should be taken to give a calm statement of the lightly flowing yet not insignificant triplet figure.

When Bruennhilde takes up the same melody in E minor (‘Ewig war ich, ewig bin ich ... ‘), she gradually raises herself from the ground. The phrase: ‘so beruehre mich nicht.’ [p. 114] must be heavily accented. *Very significant to my mind is Wagner’s remark that, at the words: ‘O Siegfried, leuchtender Spross! Liebe dich und lasse von mir, vernichte dein Eigen nicht!’*, Bruennhilde must ignore the real Siegfried standing before her: ‘she has an ideal in her mind and sings as though she were addressing the whole world (singt wie in die Welt hinaus)’. Emotion must reach a pitch of terrifying violence at Siegfried’s vibrant outcry, ‘Dich lieb’ ich, O liebtest mich du!’ And then the flood of his passion carries Bruennhilde away. During her speech, ‘Fasst dich mein Arm, umschling ich dich fest ... ‘, he should not actually embrace her, but give the impression of wanting to and yet being restrained by inner timidity. ‘Here everything is symbolic’, Wagner said. (...) At the words, ‘Wie mein Arm dich presst, entbrennst du mir nicht?’ Bruennhilde now really seizes hold of Siegfried. At the beginning of their final, heroic hymn of praise the lovers should not be looking at each other: ‘they are addressing the whole world’. Although the score gives minute directions for the performance of the horn theme: ... it is not all that easy to fulfil the composer’s intention. Only intuitive feeling – the conductor’s as well as the singers’ – can achieve the desired result. To find the right tempo one must understand the whole; above all one should consider the passage where Siegfried and Bruennhilde, one after the other, sing the same melody (he at ‘Sie ist mir ewig ...’ and she at ‘Er ist mir immer ...’). {FEUER} The predominating element throughout should be the expression of a sublime joy. The effect should be that of a celebration of life – a celebration in the face of which death and destruction appear to have lost their power.

[P. 117] Goetterdaemmerung

*Prelude*

{FEUER} The performance of the Norns’ scene was characterized by a sense of grand objectivity. Here, where personified types, not individuals, are being portrayed, the basic expressive element must be one of sublime calm. The calm may be disturbed in places, but nothing should ever disrupt the continuously developing flow of melody and



*harmony. In this scene – the counterpart to that of the Rhinemaidens in that here it is the ‘dark side of nature’ that is being revealed – the fate motive, which is the tragic motive of Goetterdaemmerung, is often sounded: ... . (...)*

**[P. 119] Act One**  
*Scene One*

*We now enter a new world, pass from the boundless realms of nature into a settled, ordered society governed by strict laws of [P. 120] custom. This has a bearing upon both the performance of the music and the acting. (...) When Gunther angrily asks: ‘Was weckst du Zweifel und Zwist’ he rises from his seat and paces up and down the hall. As though by chance he approaches Hagen, who arrests his attention by a mysterious sign; at this moment the Magic Drink motive makes its first appearance, significantly preceded by a reminder of the Tarnhelm motive: ... . (...)*

**[P. 122] Act One**  
*Scene Two*

*Siegfried’s declaration of loyalty to Bruennhilde: ‘Vergass’ ich alles, was du mir gabst, von einer Lehre lass’ ich doch nicht’ is not a lyrical outburst but an important psychological – ethical event; it must be sung without sentimentality and with the quaver triplets significantly emphasized. (...) [P. 123] Regarding the transformation Siegfried has undergone, Wagner said it could be explained only if one assumes he has taken a poison which has thrown him, as though by magic, into a kind of fever whose first effects are enormously powerful. In the last line of Gunther’s reply to Siegfried’s semi-conscious questioning: ‘darf Bruennhilde’s Freier sein,’ the name Bruennhilde must be accented and the voice die away as the phrase ends. {FEUER} The delivery of the Magic Drink motive before Gunther’s ‘Nie darf ich den Fels erklimmen, dar Feuer Verglimmt mir nie!’: ... must be very slow and drawn out: it should sound as though ‘out of the void into the void’. The accompaniment of Hagen’s preparation for the ‘Blood-brotherhood’ calls for a particularly vigorous performance; the sequence based on the Guttrune motive: ... should have a powerful forward drive. Special attention must be paid to the moment when we have the feeling that Siegfried’s sudden passion for Guttrune is a force of destiny impelling him. (...)*

*(...)*

**[P. 129] Act Two**  
*Scene Two*

*The wonderful canonic piece, depicting nature’s rebirth at the dawn of a new day, built on the bass clarinet melody and developed by eight horns: ... was intoned and phrased with a delightful smoothness and captivating poetry. The conversation that ensues between Guttrune, Hagen and the returned Siegfried must be performed with the greatest possible ease and facility. ‘A very detailed dialogue’ – ‘a kind of lively conversation on the stage to be kept wholly in the style of comic opera’: these were the clues Wagner gave and only if they are strictly followed can the right effect be created: the feeling*

*of exuberant joy expressed in Siegfried's coloratura-like effusions. (...) When she is putting her jealous questions, Gutrune must be careful to preserve her individual tone of voice; she will succeed only if she has an instinctive feeling for the harmonic structure of her short melodic phrases. For the notation of melody linked to words presents only the surface of emotion; it is the harmony that reveals the underlying roots of thought and feeling. (...)*

(...)

[P. 132] *Act Two*

*Scene Three*

*Bruennhilde's appearance is rigidly calm – then her fury breaks out and, in a loud voice for all to hear, she cries: 'Ha! – Dieser war's, der mit den Ring entriss: Siegfried der trugvolle Dieb!' Siegfried, absorbed in thoughts of the past, answers this terrible indictment as if in a dream: 'Von keinem Weib kam mir der Reif, noch war's ein Weib, dem ich ihn abgewann!' (...) As she counters Siegfried's vigorous denial with her accusation, 'Du listiger Held, sieh' wie du luegst, wie auf dein Schwert du schlecht dich berufst', she must be standing close beside him. The final words of the passage: Wohl kenn' ich seine Schaerfe, darin so wonnig ruht an der Wand Nothung, der treue Freund, als die Traute sein Herr sich gewann' in which she voices her seething emotions in tones of biting irony fused with unutterable tenderness, should be veiled: she is referring to a secret known only to Siegfried and herself. (...)*

(...)

[P. 136] *Act Two*

*Scene Five*

*{FEUER} In this passage the great demands made upon the singer reach their culmination. Only by straining her physical and mental faculties to the limit did the Bruennhilde eventually succeed in realizing Wagner's intention. The psychology at this point is exceedingly complex: she is swept by a craving for revenge and at the same time an almost devilish jubilation. She must reach the extreme of ecstasy. The rise of the voice from E flat to B flat at the word 'Zauber' must be made with a crescendo ringing with wild destructive joy: the effect will be positively blood-curdling. The orchestral accompaniment, with its characteristic canonic imitation of the Gutrune motive, must be rhythmically precise but not too loud; in the last phrase, where the first violins are in unison with the voice, Wagner asked the players to put their backs into the task of supporting the singer's voice and her expression. The decision to destroy Siegfried having been agreed by all three, the force of expression sweeps to a climax of tense, propulsive rhythm, rigidly phrased. The close of the act with its sudden yet inseparable contradictions – the fearful threat of destruction and the overflowing joie de vivre – is unparalleled.*

(...)

[P. 140] *Act Three*  
*Scene Two*

*{FEUER} ... one of the vassals hands Siegfried the drinking-horn he asks for. At the passage: ‘Der Mutter Erde lass’ das ein Labsal sein!’ Siegfried’s vivacity causes us to feel all the more strongly the harsh contrast between his unsuspecting high spirits and his impending doom. It is at a moment such as this that Richard Wagner displays the gift he shares with Shakespeare and Goethe of presenting the tragic with a frightening objectivity bearing no trace of sentimentality. (...)*  
 (...)

[P. 143] *Act Three*  
*Scene Three*

The brothers’ struggle for the ring – ‘the giants’ struggle in ‘Das Rheingold’ is repeating itself’, Wagner remarked – and Gunther’s death quickly follow. When Hagen is on the point of drawing the ring from Siegfried’s finger to the searing delivery of the World Mastery motive: ... and the corpse threateningly raises its hand to the Sword motive, the women standing by utter a shriek of horror. Bruennhilde has heard this shriek, the culminating expression of all the horrors that have been heaped upon us. The ‘Significantly slower’ tempo direction must not be exaggerated; the tempo should be treated as a broad *andante alla breve*, typical of the older Church music and employed by Beethoven in the Kyrie of the *Missa Solemnis*. *{FEUER} As Bruennhilde ceremonially strides forward, Hagen picks up his shield from the ground. The scene has the grandeur of antique tragedy; Bruennhilde resembles, as Wagner put it, ‘an ancient German prophetess’. All human passions extinguished, she is now a pure eye of knowledge – and the spirit of love that has taken possession of her, a world-conquering, redeeming love, carries her beyond all fear of death. There is no bitterness in her speech to Guttrune, ‘Armsel’ge schweig’, sein Ehrgemahl warst du nie ...’ ‘She regards her as a poor deceived creature.’ (...)*

[P. 144] *The World Mastery motive: ... and the ensuing Curse motive must be as pianissimo as possible. Bruennhilde is now inspired as never before; she is swept by a sublime joy reducing all worldly cares to nothing. For all their heartfelt warmth, the bars: ... [P. 145] should be delivered with great calm by both singer and orchestra. The performance of the symphonic conclusion, ‘saying everything’, of this cosmic drama, in which the spirit of antique tragedy and that of Shakespeare seem to have joined hands, demands of the conductor a grip of iron; like a Cyclopean wall the themes and melodies must pile themselves up before us.”*

8/20/76

From a letter by Berthold Kellermann to his parents, reporting on the final performance of the RING and the subsequent celebrations (WR; P. 250)

[P. 250] *{FEUER} “A certain Count Apponyi from Hungary spoke next. He spoke in the form of a parable, taking his text from Wagner’s Nibelungs: ‘Bruennhilde (the new national art) lay asleep upon a rock surrounded by a great fire. The god Wotan had lit*

*this fire, and only the victorious and finest hero, a hero who did not know fear, was to win her as his bride. Around the rock were mountains of ash and clinker (the miscegenation of our own music with non-German elements). Along came a hero, the like of whom had never been seen before, Richard Wagner, who forged a weapon from the shards of the sword of his fathers (the classical German masters), and with this he penetrated the fire and with his kiss awoke the sleeping Bruennhilde.”*

9/9/76            (CD Vol. I; P. 921-922)

[P. 921] “In the evening a long discussion about the performances and the experiences gained during them. R. no longer wants the matadors Betz and Niemann; the former, in his rage at not being called before the curtain, made a downright mockery of his role! Brandt’s achievements far short of what one might have expected! Richter not sure of a single tempo – dismal experiences indeed! I mention the scene between Waltraute and Bruennhilde and observe that – wonderful as it is – it does prove tiring, because already too much music had been heard before it; R. agrees with me and decides to divide up the 1<sup>st</sup> act, to make a long pause after the introduction and begin the act with the orchestral ‘Siegfried’s Journey.’ In this way *Goetterdaemmerung* would be a repetition of the whole, an introduction and 3 parts. – *Costumes, scenery, everything must be done anew for the repeat performances. R. is very sad, says he wishes he could die!* He very comically calls Betz and N. theater parasites!”

12/24/76        (CD Vol. I; P. 938)

[P. 938] “Nice letter from Prof. Nietzsche, though informing us that he now rejects Schopenhauer’s teachings!”

[1877]

4/19/77        PARSIFAL (earlier versions 4/57; 8/65)

9/26/77        (CD Vol. I; P. 984)

*{FEUER} “He plays me the Prelude [to “Parsifal” act I], from the orchestral sketch! My emotion lasts long – then he speaks to me about this feature, in the mystery of the Grail, of blood turning into wine, which permits us to turn our gaze refreshed back to earth, whereas the conversion of wine into blood draws us away from the earth. Wonderful mingling in the Prelude of mysticism and chivalry. The D major modulation is for him like the spreading of the tender revelation across the whole world. {FEUER} But in order to impart the spiritual quality of Christ’s words, their detachment from all material things, he intends to use a mixture of voices: ‘A baritone voice, for example, would make it all sound material; it must be neither man nor woman, but neuter in the highest sense of the word.”*

10/23/77 Letter to Otto Eiser (SLRW; P. 873)

[P. 873] “In the fateful question that concerns the health of our friend N. [Nietzsche] I feel an urgent need to inform you, briefly and decisively, of both my opinion and my anxiety – but also of my hope. In my attempts to assess N.’s condition, I have been thinking for some time of identical and very similar experiences which I recall having had with certain young men of great intellectual ability. I saw them being destroyed by similar symptoms, and discovered only too clearly that these symptoms were the result of masturbation. Guided by these experiences, I observed N. more closely and, on the strength of his traits and characteristic habits, this fear of mine became a conviction. (...) One thing that struck me as being of great importance was the news that I recently received to the effect that the doctor whom N. had consulted in Naples some time ago advised him first and foremost – to get married. –

I believe I have said enough to enable you to make a serious diagnosis along the lines that I have indicated. It would ill become me to suggest that you should re-examine the symptoms of N.’s illness: it is, after all, clear that the only remedy is to take the greatest possible care of him. But the need to strengthen and regenerate his nerves and his spinal cord seems to me far too important for me to conceal from you my very real wish that something positive be done here.”

11/22/77 Letter to Judith Gautier (SLRW; P. 877)

[P. 877] “*This [Parsifal] is an Arabian name. The old troubadours no longer understood what it meant. ‘Parsi fal’ means: ‘parisi’ – think of the fire-loving Parsees – ‘pure’; ‘fal’ means ‘mad’ in a higher sense, in other words a man without erudition, but one of genius (‘Fellow’, in English, seems to be related to this Oriental root). – You will see (sorry, learn) why this naïve man bore an Arabian name!*”

12/77 Reminiscence of Ludwig Schemann (WR; P. 263)

*“In December 1877 I myself was once party to one of Wagner’s most embittered attacks on Bismarck, when he complained that he had, to say the least, done nothing to prevent the Jews from breeding within the body of the German nation, a complaint that welled up within him with elemental force. His complaints at the miserable misery that the Jews had brought down on our nation culminated in his description of the fate of the German peasant who would soon no longer possess a single clod of earth on which to eat his breakfast. ‘And all this happens under the eyes of that Teuton Bismarck!’ “*

12/21/77 (CD Vol I; P. 1007)

[P. 1007] {FEUER} “*R. has survived his rhythmical battle and tells me when he comes from his work, ‘Today I have set a philosophical precept to music: ‘Hence space becomes time.’ He says he is now about to start on something in which ‘bits of dramatic nonsense’ will be of no help to him!*”

[1878]

78-82? Notes of uncertain date, presumably from 1878-1882 (PW Vol. VIII; P. 390-395)

[P. 390] {SCHOP} *“The organ for eventual knowledge of one’s self, as Thing-in-itself, did not reach perfection at the outset, even in the human organism; the Intellect the earliest medium, as organ for an individual’s preservation. Here lies perhaps the ground of Individuality itself, which – just as it is present only to the intellect – exists for no other end than production of the intellect. By enhancement and abnormal straining of this organ the Will next seeks to arrive at knowledge of the Idea of the species, and finally of itself; which ultimately brings it to the goal, a goal whereat it wills no longer, because it willed no other thing than what it has attained. – Its recognition through the individual intellect of its internecine conflict and dissension is just the moral step toward that enhancement, because it now first feels its misery – its sin.*

{SCHOP} {FEUER} *What utters itself in the Individual, and shows itself to us as Will, is characterised by just the fashion of the individual’s intellect. It does not manifest the Thing-in-itself in its purity, but tainted with the individual’s mode of apprehension, as Individual Will, which latter – prisoned in principio individuationis – comports itself as the Will-to-live precisely because it feels that this its broken, fugitive appearance is menaced and curtailed at every point by its [P. 391] own counterparts. The purer essence of this Thing-in-itself first shows forth in the genial intuition, where the error of the individuality is thrust aside, and pure perception enters; and then we see that this Will is something other than mere Will-to-live, namely the Will-to-know, i.e. to know itself. Hence the high, ecstatic, blessed satisfaction. Accordingly the Intellect is what it can be, and to fit the Will it should be, only in the genius. {SCHOP} {FEUER} – But the sage (or ‘Wiser, however’) – morally – Love, Holiness (more instinctive, with decreasing intellectuality).*

(...)

{anti-FEUER} *Reality surely to be explained by Ideality, not the other way round. A religious dogma may embrace the whole real world: let anyone try, on the contrary, to illustrate Religion from the real world.*

{anti-FEUER} *At last the Savant remains alone, entirely for himself, a worthy figure as close of the world-tragedy; but the State, which takes upon itself the general good, is really paying too much for this enjoyment of the unit’s.*

[P. 392] {FEUER} *By God, speaking strictly, man seeks to figure to himself a being not subject to the sorrows of existence (of the world), and consequently above the world – now this is Jesus (Buddha), who overcomes the world. – The world-creator has never been truly currently believed in.*

{FEUER} *Affinities between Religion and Art begin exactly where Religion ceases to be artificial; but if one needs a science for it, then Art is useless.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Religion, and Art too ere long – mere rudiments of earlier culture: like the os coccyx on the human body.*

(...)

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} All in the long run is done with; even Voltaire's Tragedie could not hold on, and the thing capsized. What has Science not pinned its faith to, and not so very long ago, that to-day lies on the dust-heap? The contrary with works of Art; alter, transform your views and sciences as ye will – there still stands Shakespeare, there Goethe's Faust, there the Beethoven Symphony, with undiminished power!*

(...)

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Physics etc. bring truths to light against which there is nothing to say, but which also say nothing to us.*

[P. 393] *{anti-FEUER/NIET} The most crying proof how little the sciences help us, is that the Copernican system has not yet dislodged dear God from heaven, for the great majority of men: here an attempt might haply be made from some other side, to which the God Within might lend his aid! To Him, however, it is quite indifferent how the Church may fret about Copernicus.*

(...)

The Disciples understood the Lord almost as little as a faithful dog ourselves; yet – they loved him, obeyed (without understanding) and – founded a new religion.

[P. 394] (...)

*{SCHOP} {anti-FEUER/NIET} Dogma of pity towards the beasts can but repose on a feeling of guilt: that self-preservation obliges us to destroy beasts, albeit we must recognise them as so akin to ourselves, only innocent, -- should teach us the guilt of our existence; a guilt which nothing save Pity on the vastest scale can mitigate.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Very well, existence is no sin; but how if we feel it be such?*

(...)

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Erroneous to seek the fault in the religion, when it lies in the fall of mankind. –*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} The theory of a degeneration of the human race, however opposed it seems to that of constant progress, might yet be the only one, in earnestness, to lead us to some hope.*

*If we go in search – and so gladly – of every possibility of an ennoblement of the human race, and so forth – we always light upon fresh obstacles. (Blood)*

[P. 395] From Hero-dom we have inherited nothing save bloodshed and slaughter – without all heroism – but all with discipline.

*Two roads for the hero –  
Despot, with slavery:  
Martyr, with freedom.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Every sheer force finds a force still stronger: therefore it cannot be that it is an end in itself (Jede blossse Kraft findet eine noch staerkere Kraft: sie selbst an sich kann es also nicht sein, worauf es ankommt)."*

2/78

Modern (PW Vol. VI; P. 41-49)

[P. 43] *"In a pamphlet lately sent to me an 'important Jewish voice' is cited, its words being given as follows: --*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} 'The modern world must gain the victory, since it wields incomparably better weapons than the old world of orthodoxy. The power of the pen has become the world-power, without which one can hold one's ground on no domain, and of that power you orthodox are almost wholly bare. Your men of learning write finely, intellectually, it's true, but simply for their fellows; whereas the Popular is the shibboleth of our time. Modern Journalism and romance have been captured entire by the free-thinking Jew-and-Christian world. I say, the free-thinking Jewish world – for it is the fact that German Judaism now works so forcibly, so giant-like and so untiredly at the new culture and science, that the greater part of Christendom is led by the spirit of modern Judaism either consciously or unconsciously. To-day, for example, there is scarcely a newspaper or magazine that is not directly or indirectly conducted by Jews.'*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Too true! – A thing like that I had never read before and thought our Jewish fellow-citizens were none too pleased to hear such matters talked of. But now that we are met with such plain-speaking, we perhaps may insert an equally candid word ourselves without the instant fear of being variously maltreated as ridiculous and yet most hateful persecutors of the Jews, and tumultuously hissed upon occasion. Perchance we may even be allowed to make clear a few fundamental terms to our Culture-purveyors – whose world-power we don't for a moment question; certain terms they may not employ in quite the proper sense, and upon whose explanation, if they really [P. 44] mean honestly by us, their 'gigantic exertions' might have a good result for all.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} To begin with 'the modern world.' (...) In truth this world must now appear a wholly new, unprecedented world to the Jews, who – as a national body – still stood remote from all our cultural efforts just half a century ago; this world on which they entered so suddenly, and have appropriated with such increasing force. Correctly speaking, they should consider themselves the only novelty in this old world,; avowal of that, however, they seem only too keen to avoid, and to want to make themselves believe that this old world of ours has suddenly become*



*brand-new through their mere entry on it. To us this seems an error, which they really ought to diligently rectify, -- always assuming that they mean honourably by us, and truly wish to help us in our decay, merely used and aggravated by them hitherto. Let us assume this unconditionally. –*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Taken strictly, then, our world was new to the Jews; and all they undertook, to set them straight therein, consisted in the appropriation of our ancient heritage. This applies before all to our language – for it would be rude to refer to our money. Never yet has it happened to me, to hear Jews employing their pristine tongue among themselves; on the contrary, it has been a perpetual surprise to me to find in every land of Europe that the Jews understood German, though alas! they mostly spoke it in a jargon manufactured by themselves. I fancy this crude and illegitimate acquaintance with the German tongue – which some inexplicable destiny must have [P. 45] brought to them – may have been a peculiar obstacle to their proper understanding and true adoption of the German world upon their legitimation therein. The French Protestants who settled in Germany after being driven from their home, in their descendents have become completely German ... . It is astonishing, how difficult this appears to be to the Jews. One might believe they went too hastily to work in the adoption of the wholly-alien, betrayed by just that unripe knowledge of our speech, their jargon. It belongs to another inquiry, to clear up the character of that falsification of speech which we owe to the commingling of the ‘modern’ in our cultural evolution, particularly under the form of Jewish journalism; for to-day’s theme we have merely to point to the many trials our language long had suffered, and how the brightest instincts of our great poets and sages had only just succeeded in restoring it to its productive individuality, when – in conjunction with the remarkable process of linguistic and literary development above denoted – it occurred to the flippancy of a consciously unproductive set of Epigones to cast adrift the irksome earnestness of their forerunners, and proclaim themselves as ‘Moderns.’*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Awaiting the original creations of our new Jewish fellow-citizens, we must protest that even the ‘Modern’ is not their own invention. They found it as a weed upon the field of German literature. I myself beheld the early flowering of the plant. At that time it called itself ‘Young Germany.’ Its cultivators began with a war against all literary ‘Orthodoxy,’ by which was meant the belief in our great poets and sages of the previous century; attacked the so-called ‘Romanticism’ that followed these (not to be confounded with the ‘journalism and romance’ -- ! – of the ‘important Jewish voice’ adduced above); went to Paris, studied Scribe and E. Sue, rendered them into slipshod-showy German, and ended in part as [P. 46] Theatre-directors, in part as journalists for the popular fireside.*

*That was a good commencement, and on such a groundwork, if only well supported by the power of the purse, with little trouble and no further ingenuity the ‘Modern’ might be trimmed into a ‘modern world,’ to be victoriously set against an ‘old world of orthodoxy.’*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} But to explain what this ‘modern’ really is, is not so easy as the Moderns imagine; unless they will admit that it stands for a very shady thing, most perilous to us Germans in particular. That we will not suppose, however, as we are assuming that our Jewish fellow-citizens mean well by us. (...) ... enough, that we have learnt the influence of ‘Mode’ in development of the French nation’s spirit. The*

*Frenchman can call himself 'modern' with a peculiar pride, for he makes the Mode, and thereby rules the whole world's exterior. Should the Jews push their 'gigantic exertions in common with liberal Christendom' to the length of likewise making a Mode for us, then – may the god of their fathers reward them for conferring such a boon on us poor German slaves of French fashions! Meanwhile the outlook is altogether different: for, spite of all their power, they have no approach to Originality, especially in the application of that force they vaunt as irresistible, the 'power of the quill.' (...) [P. 47] 'Liberal Judaism' has ... a 'giant's work' before it, ere all the original parts of its German co-citizens shall have been entirely ruined, ere the plumes that have grown on our skin shall write nothing but plays on un-understood words, falsely rendered 'bons mots' and the like, or even ere all our musicians acquire the strange art of composing without inspiration.*

*It is possible the Jews' originality will then reveal itself upon the field of German intellectual life to us as well, namely when no man understands his own words more. Among the lower classes, our peasants for instance, the care of giant-working Liberal Judaism has already brought things almost so far that the erewhile most intelligent can no longer utter a sensible word, 'self-talkingly,' and thinks he understands the purest nonsense.*

*Candidly, it would be difficult to anticipate much help for ourselves from the modern Jew-world's victory. I have become acquainted with earnest and gifted individuals of Jewish descent who, in the endeavour to draw closer to their German fellow-citizens, have really devoted much labour to thoroughly understanding us Germans, our speech and history; but these have turned entirely away from the modern world-conquerings of their former co-religionists, nay, have even made quite serious friends with myself, for example. These few are thus excepted [P. 48] from the 'Moderns,' with whom the journalist and essayist alone find full acclamation.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} What reality may lurk behind that 'orthodoxy' which the 'important voice' expects to vanquish under convoy of the 'Moderns,' is not so easy to discover: I suspect that this word as well, so plumped upon our extant world of mind, is somewhat dimly understood, and used at random. If applied to Jewish orthodoxy, one perhaps might take it to mean the teachings of the Talmud, departure from which might not seem inadvisable to our Jewish fellow-citizens; for, as much as we know thereof, observance of those teachings must make a hearty companionship with us uncommonly hard to them. But it would not profoundly concern the German Folk, which liberal Judaism wants to help; and that sort of thing, well, the Jews must arrange with themselves. Christian orthodoxy, on the other hand, can really be no business of the liberal Jews, -- provided their excess of Liberalism has not had them baptised in an hour of weakness. So they probably mean more the orthodoxy of the German spirit in general, -- a kind of right-belief in our stock of German science, art and philosophy. But this right-belief, again, is hard of comprehension, and certainly not easy to define. Some folk believe, while others doubt; even without the Jews a deal is criticised, disputed, and, broadly speaking, nothing right produced. The German, too, has his love and joy: he rejoices at the harm of others, and 'loves to blacken the shining.' We are not perfect. Let us therefore treat this as a fateful theme, which we had better leave untouched to-day; the same with 'Popularity,' which the 'important voice' upholds as Shibboleth of our time. Indeed I pass this by with the greater*

*pleasure, as 'Shibboleth' inspires me with terror: for upon closer investigation of the meaning of this word I have learnt that, of no particular importance in itself, it was employed by the ancient Jews in a certain battle as means of detecting the tribesmen of a race they proposed, as usual, to root quite out; who pronounced the 'Sch' without a hiss, as a soft 'S,' was [P. 49] slaughtered. A decidedly fatal 'mot d'ordre' in the fight for Popularity, especially with us Germans, to whom the lack of Semitic sibilants might be most disastrous if it ever came to an actual battle delivered by the Liberal-modern Jews."*

2/19/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 29)

[P. 29] "Then he works, and tells me he has reached the 'Hoellenrose' ('rose of hell'). '... who is Titurel?' he asks me. I reflect. 'Wotan,' he says. 'After his renunciation of the world he is granted salvation, the greatest of possessions is entrusted to his care, and now he is guarding it like a mortal god.' – a lovely thought. I say that Wotan's name ought to be reflected in the name Titurel, and he replies, 'Titurel, the little Titus, Titus the symbol of royal standing and power. Wotan the God-King.'

3/2/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 33)

[P. 33] {FEUER} "Comparison between Alberich and Klingsor; R. tells me that he once felt every sympathy for Alberich, who represents the ugly person's longing for beauty. In Alberich the naivete of the non-Christian world, in Klingsor the peculiar quality which Christianity brought into the world; just like the Jesuits, he does not believe in goodness, and this is his strength but at the same time his downfall, for through the ages one good man does occasionally emerge!"

3/15/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 40-41)

[P. 40-41] "After lunch he says he is nervous about the great scene between Kundry and Pars.; he has already done several things in this style, among others the Venus scene; Mozart only once did a scene such as the appearance of the Commendatore, and it is impossible to imagine that he would have done something similar a second time."

3/21/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 46)

[P. 46] "He laughs at the term 'reformer' being applied to him: 'I have reformed nothing. The expression fits Luther, but I have just cultivated seeds already there.'"

3/24/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 49)

[P. 49] {FEUER} "... R. says: 'Creation is everything; fame is like an oyster shell. I find no pleasure in my things except in the moment of creation. Take the scene between Klingsor and Kundry, for instance – I have no wish to go through it again, it is all strange to me already.' {FEUER} In parting I tell R. that Schopenhauer was after

all not entirely right about happiness: there is such a thing. ‘Yes,’ says R. with a smile, ‘but we are just a very small exception and almost unique – you can’t build universal rules on that.’

3/29/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 52)

[P. 52] {SCHOP} {FEUER} *“It does not say much for Schopenhauer that he did not pay more attention to my ‘Ring des Nibelungen.’ I know no other work in which the breaking of a will (and what a will, which delighted in the creation of a world!) is shown as being WITHOUT THE INTERVENTION OF A HIGHER GRACE, as it is in Wotan. Almost obliterated by the separation from Bruennhilde, this will rears up once again, bursts into flame in the meeting with Siegfried, flickers in the dispatching of Waltraute, until we see it entirely extinguished at the end in Valhalla.’ At supper he returns to this and says: ‘I am convinced Sch. would have been annoyed that I discovered this before I knew about his philosophy – I, a political refugee, the indefensibility of whose theories had been proved by his disciple Kossak on the basis of his philosophy, since my music is supposed to have no melody. But it was not very nice. It’s the way Goethe treated Kleist, whom he should have acclaimed, as Schumann acclaimed Brahms – but that only seems to happen among donkeys.”*

4/7/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 59)

[P. 59] {FEUER} *“I did not need the hypothesis of Christianity, ‘ he adds after a while, ‘as Laplace did not need the hypothesis of God, to express the negation of the will in the ‘Ring.’*

4/11/78           (CD Vol. II; P. 61)

[P. 61] *“At lunch R. gets indignant, because a Colonel S. describes Balzac as superficial, Gutzkow as deep and fundamental. Afterward he is annoyed with his indignation: ‘I never consider the people with whom I am talking, I see everything sub species aeterni.”*

4/17/78           (CD Vol. II; P. 62)

[P. 62] *“In the morning R. recalls the circumstances that surrounded Fidi’s birth and, continuing from that, says how curious it is that the births of extraordinary people were always connected with torments – Parsifal, Tristan, Apollo, Perseus – it was as if divine grace always found expression in anger, like Wotan’s behavior toward the Waelsingen. – When he releases me, he says: ‘Now I must go to my dear old primeval woman.’*

4/25/78           (CD Vol. II; P. 65)

[P. 65] {anti-FEUER/NIET} *“At noon arrival of a new book by friend Nietzsche [presumably ‘Human – All Too Human’] – feelings of apprehension after a short*

*glance through it; R. feels he would be doing the author a favor, for which the latter would one day thank him, if he did not read it. It seems to me to contain much inner rage and sullenness, and R. laughs heartily when I say that Voltaire, here so acclaimed, would less than any other man have understood ‘The Birth of Tragedy.’*

4/29/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 65)

[P. 65] “... he says he wants to make some alterations in the 3<sup>rd</sup> act [of *Tristan*], also in the 2<sup>nd</sup>: ‘I don’t know what devil it was that drove me to produce such stuff – it was the music, which came welling like that out of the subject.’ *How little words contributed to the drama, he told us recently, he saw from the fact that in London he had understood hardly any of Jefferson’s words but had been able to follow everything, had not been bored for an instant. ‘It’s characters one wants, not speeches.’* “

5/24/78 Letter to Franz Overbeck (SLRW; P. 884)

[P. 884] {*anti-FEUER/NIET*} “I gather from your brief allusions that our old friend Nietzsche has been holding himself aloof from you as well. There is no doubt that very striking changes have taken place in him; but anyone who observed him and his psychic spasms years ago could almost be justified in saying that a long-dreaded and not entirely unpredictable catastrophe had now overtaken him. I have retained sufficient friendship for him not to read his book – which I glanced through as I was cutting the pages – and can only wish and hope that he will thank me for it some day.”

5/30/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 80)

[P. 80] {*anti-FEUER/NIET*} “*Over coffee he comes back to Prof. Nietzsche and his book, which seems to him so insignificant, whereas the feelings which gave rise to it are so evil.*”

6/4/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 84)

[P. 84] {*SCHOP*} {*anti-FEUER*} “*Cheerful breakfast, with memories of Sch.’s letters. R. says: ‘I appear quite early on. Kossak turned him against me by applying his philosophy against my principles, and on top of that my democratic outlook.’ I: ‘And the dedication to Feuerbach.’ – R.: ‘That never meant anything to me, or led me astray.’ I discover a resemblance between Sch. and Beethoven. ‘Yes,’ says R., the belief in himself, the sharpness.’ {FEUER} At lunch on Sunday R. again praised ‘La Juive’ highly; then he spoke about Schumann and said, ‘No dedicated artist or poet goes mad, and it is no credit to Kleist that he committed suicide, for it is precisely this which marks out the artist – that through all torments he retains the serene capacity to observe.’* “

6/4/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 85)

[P. 85] “R. sends for me: ‘I’m about to start.’ The scene between Parsifal and Kundry, up to the cry of the former: ‘Amfortas!’ Indescribably moving! ‘A moment of daemonic absorption,’ R. calls the bars which accompany Kundry’s kiss and in which the fatal motive of love’s longing, creeping like poison through the blood, makes a shattering effect. This, along with the tenderly sorrowful sounds of Herzeleide, the majestic way in which Kundry proclaims her liberation from the pressure of remorse – all these things, so richly and variously laid out, so ravishing and so painful, form a whole of unfathomable beauty and nobility. Oh, the wonderful man! – {FEUER} R. sees a resemblance between Wotan and Kundry; both long for salvation and both rebel against it, Kundry in the scene with P., Wotan with Siegfried.”

6/11/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 91-92)

*{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “Conversation about the Schopenhauer letters, Wagner deploras the mistaken ideas about the dissemination of his philosophy: these donkeys who don’t believe in God and who think such figures as Jesus or a great creative genius move according to the ordinary processes of nature! They can’t understand that what prevails here is a special urge, a noble need which in the end produces something good. But one mustn’t think in this connection of the old Jewish God.

Wagner reads some fine pages in Renan about the unification of Jesus with God. Wagner calls this God who dwells within us ‘the inborn antidote to the will’, not at all the Faustian God, who can set nothing in motion outwardly; with our God one doesn’t sell oneself to the Devil.

6/12/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 92)

[P. 92] *{anti-FEUER} {SCHOP}* “Wagner’s got as far as the ‘O Qual der Liebe’, and talks about the subject which occupies him, how through this God characters such as the Maid of Orleans and Parsifal were deprived forever of sensual urges by the great impression made on them in adolescence. Wagner believes in this way Christianity could be preached to the world with renewed purity and truth; all the material for its elucidation can be found in Schopenhauer.

6/12/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 93)

[P. 93] *{Anti-Nietzsche}* “A visit in the evening from our poor friend Hagen, who, in reply to my calm questioning, seriously maintains that a 4<sup>th</sup> dimensional being is upsetting his mind. R. tries to convince him that everything happens inside us and there are no attacks from outside, but I fear it is in vain. ‘I have nice supporters,’ R. says with a laugh. ‘I should have liked to see Hagen and Nietzsche going for a walk together!’”

6/22/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 98)

[P. 98] *“One must assume that Kundry’s curse loses its power when she awakes, and this awakening attracts Parsifal, all kinds of mysterious relationships like that.”* To which I: *‘The wicked world was the Kundry’s curse which lured you into the labyrinth.’*

6/24/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 100)

[P. 100] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* *“R. reads some of Nietzsche’s latest book and is astonished by its pretentious ordinariness. ‘I can understand why Ree’s company is more congenial to him than mine.’ And when I remark that to judge by this book N’s earlier ones were just reflections of something else, they did not come from within, he says, ‘And now they are Ree-flections!’ “*

6/25/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 101)

[P. 101] *{FEUER}* *“(Over coffee in the summerhouse R. quotes ‘Nimm den Eid’ (‘Take my oath’) and recalls the feeling of satisfaction which then imbues Fricka with dignity; no one, he says, has ever said a word to him about Wotan’s inner resolve, and how this is brought about by his having to acknowledge that everything is his own work, all are his creatures, and he can no longer deceive himself about it.)”*

6/27/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 103)

[P. 103] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* *“N.’s book provokes R. into saying playfully, ‘Oh, art and religion are just what is left in human beings of the monkey’s tail, the remains of an ancient culture!’* He also talks about the patience of a genius, which others notice only when now and again it turns into impatience; and about teasing, which R. explains as a kindhearted wish to conceal one’s superiority and thus to teach. *‘Actually,’ R. adds with a laugh, ‘genius is simply envy.’*

3-7/78 Public and Popularity (PW Vol. VI; P. 51-81)

[P. 65] *“(…) It is truly dispiriting to have to remark that even our best-educated do not really know the difference between a good and a bad performance, or detect the details that have here succeeded, there miserably failed. Were I, for instance, intent on bare appearance, I might [P. 66] almost rejoice at this sad experience; compelled to hand the pieces of my ‘Ring des Nibelungen’ to the theatres for further representation, I might find a curious comfort in the thought that the pains I took with the Bayreuth festival-performances of my work, to bring it to portrayal as correctly and authoritatively as possible in every respect, are there not missed at all, on the contrary that gross exaggerations of subtle scenic hints (e.g. the so-called Fire-magic – Feuerzauber) are deemed far more effective than as carried out by my directions.*

*Therefore he who must turn to the German public, can count on nothing save its widely varying susceptibility to emotional, rather than artistic, impressions; and, however its judgment may be warped by raging journalism, this public is still to be regarded as a purely naïve receiver, which one has only to seize by its true element of soul, to completely rid it of that read-up prejudice.*

*{FEUER} But how is a man to proceed, who feels bound to appeal to this naïve receptivity, when experience tells him that it is the very thing the majority of playwrights also count on and exploit in favour of the Bad? With them prevails the maxim ‘mundus vult decipi,’ which my great friend Franz Liszt once playfully turned into ‘mundus vult schundus.’ [\* Translator’s Footnote: ‘Schund’ – ‘garbage’] Who abjures that maxim, having neither an interest nor a pleasure in duping the public, would therefore probably do better – for so long as he is granted the leisure to belong entirely to himself – to leave the public altogether out of view; the less he thinks of this, and devotes himself entirely to his work, as from the depths of his own soul will there arise for him an Ideal Public: and though this too will not know much of art and art-forms, the more will he himself grow versed in Art and its true Form, that form which shuns remark and whose employment he merely needs for clearly and distinctly conveying his multiform inner vision to the toil-less sensibility of breathing souls outside him.*

*{FEUER} Thus is born ... what alone we can [P. 67] term the Good in art. ‘Tis exactly like the Morally good, for this, as well, can spring from no intention, no concern. On the contrary, we might define the Bad as the sheer aim-to-please both summoning up the picture and governing its execution. As we have had to accord our public no developed sense of artistic form, and hardly anything beyond a highly varying receptivity, aroused by the very desire of entertainment, so we must recognise the work that merely aims at exploiting this desire as certainly bare of any value in itself, and closely approaching the category of the morally-bad in so far as it makes for profit from the most questionable attributes of the crowd. Here comes into full play the rule of life: ‘the world desires to be deceived, and we’ll deceive it.*

*(...)*

*[P. 73] {anti-FEUER/NIET} “So much for the utilitarian round of our Academic officialdom. Close by, however, there runs another, with claims to quite an ideal use, from whose correct accomplishment the academician promises the healing of all the world: here reign pure Science and its eternal Progress. Both are committed to the ‘Philosophic faculty,’ in which Philology and Natural Science are included. Indeed that ‘progress’ on which our governments expend so much, is furnished almost solely by the various sections of Natural Science; and here, if we mistake not, stands Chemistry at top. (...) On Philosophy proper, however, the accumulating discoveries of Physics, above all of the same Chemistry, react as veritable charms, from which every poor Philology may draw her ample share of profit. For in this last department there is absolutely nothing new to drag to light, save when the archaeologic excavator chances on a buried tablet, of Latin antiquity in particular, enabling some break-neck philologist to amend certain hitherto-accepted modes of spelling; an undreamt ‘progress’ which assists the great professor to astounding fame. From Physical Science, however, especially when they foregather on the field of Aesthetics, both philologists and philosophists obtain peculiar encouragement, nay obligation, to an as*



*yet illimitable progress in the art of criticising all things human and inhuman. [\* Translator's Footnote: 'Alluding to F. Nietzsche's 'Menschliches, Allzumenschliches' – 'Human, All-too-human' – first published in May 1878; the two immediately succeeding sentences, and the last of this paragraph, are peculiarly applicable to the 'case of' Nietzsche.'] It seems, to wit, that from that science's [P. 74] experiments they derive profound authority for an altogether special skepsis that sends them spinning in a constant whirl, now flying from accepted views, then flying back again in some confusion – which ensures them their appointed share in the general everlasting Progress. The less the notice paid these scientific saturnalia, the more boldly and relentlessly are noblest victims slain and sacrificed on the altar of Skepsis. Every German professor is bound to at one time have written a book that makes him famous: now it is not given to everyone to discover a positive novelty; to arouse the needful stir one therefore has recourse to branding predecessor's views as fundamentally false; and the more considerable, and for the most part misunderstood the author now derided, the greater the affect. In lesser cases such a thing may become amusing, for instance when one Aesthete forbids the creation of types, and the next re-grants that privilege to poets. 'Tis graver where all Greatness in general, and the so highly objectionable 'genius' in particular, is dubbed pernicious, nay, the entire idea of Genius cast overboard as a radical error.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} This is the outcome of the newest scientific method, which dubs itself in general the 'historical school.' (...) But the dauntless judge of all things human and divine, the latest product of the Historical school of applied philosophy, will never touch an archive not first subjected to the tests of Chemistry or [P. 75] Physics in general. Here all necessity for a metaphysical explanation of those phenomena in the life of the universe which remain a little unintelligible to purely physical apprehension is rejected with the bitterest scorn. So far as I can understand the doctrines of the pundits, the upright, cautious Darwin, who pretended to little more than an hypothesis, would seem to have given the most decisive impetus to the reckless claims of that historical school by the results of his researches in the province of biology. To me it also seems that this has chiefly come about through great misunderstandings, and especially through much superficiality of judgment in the all-too-hasty application of the lights there won to the region of Philosophy. The gravest defects I deem the banishment from the new world-system of the term spontaneous, of spontaneity itself, with a peculiarly overbearing zeal, and at least a thought too early. For we now are told that, as no change has ever taken place without sufficient ground, so the most astonishing phenomena – of which the work of 'genius' forms the most important instance – result from various causes, very many and not quite ascertained as yet, 'tis true, but which we shall find it uncommonly easy to get at when Chemistry has once laid hold on Logic. Meanwhile however, the chain of logical deductions not stretching quite so far as an explanation of the work of Genius, inferior nature-forces generally regarded as faults of temperament, such as impetuosity of will, one-sided energy and stubbornness, are called in to keep the thing as much as possible upon the realm of Physics.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} As the progress of the Natural Sciences thus involves the exposure of every mystery of Being as mere imaginary secrets after all, the sole concern must henceforth be the act of knowing; but intuitive knowledge appears to be*

*entirely excluded, since it might lead to metaphysical vagaries, namely to the cognisance of relations which are rightly withheld from abstract scientific comprehension until such time as Logic shall have settled them upon the evidence of Chemistry.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Though we have only superficially described the issue of the newer, so-called ‘historical’ method of Science (as is unavoidable by men outside the esoteric pale), I believe we are justified in concluding that the purely comprehending Subject, enthroned on the cathedra, is left with sole right to existence. A worthy close to the world-tragedy! How this solitary Comprehender may feel in his exclusive grandeur, it is not easy to conceive; we only hope that, arrived at the end of his career, he may not have to repeat the cries of Faust at the beginning of Goethe’s tragedy. In any case, we fear not many can share with him his joy of knowing; and to us it seems that the State, so careful else of the common benefit, may be spending too much money on this unit’s private happiness, should the latter even prove a fact. That common benefit indeed must be in sorry case, were it only since we find it difficult to regard this unadulterated Comprehender as a man among men. His course is from before the lectern to behind it; a wider scope for learning life, than this change of seat allows, is not at his command. The beholding of the things he thinks, is mostly denied him from youth up, and his contact with the so-called actuality of Being is a fumbling without feeling. Assuredly were there no universities or professorships, in whose support our pedant-proud State is so studiously lavish, not a soul would really notice him. With his colleagues and other ‘culture-philistines’ he may form a public of his own, joined here and there by bookworm princelets and princesses for academic junketings; to Art – which the Goliath of Knowledge more and more regards as a mere rudiment from the earliest stage of human reason, not unlike the os coccyx we still retain from the animal tail – he only pays attention when it offers archaeologic prospects of his launching some Historical thesis: thus he prizes Mendelssohn’s [P. 77] *Antigone* and pictures about which he may read without seeing them: but influence on art he only exerts when obliged to be present at the founding of Academies, High-schools and the like; and then he does his righteous best to stop all productivity arising; since it easily might lead to a relapse into the Inspiration swoon of exploded civilisations. The very last thing to occur to him, would be to address the people, which for its part never troubles its head with scholars; so that it certainly is hard to say upon what path the Folk is ever to arrive at a little comprehension. And yet ‘twere no unworthy task, to earnestly work out this latter problem. For the Folk gets its learning on a diametrically opposite path to that of the historic-scientific Comprehender, i.e. in his sense it learns nothing. Thought it does not reason (*erkennt*), still it knows (*kennt*): it knows the great men, and loves the Genius those others hate; and finally, to them an abomination, it honours the Divine. To act upon the Folk, then, of all the academic faculties there would remain but that of Theology. Let us examine that, to see if the State’s extravagant outlay on higher educational establishments can afford a single hope of beneficial influence on the Folk itself. –*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} Christianity still endures; its oldest churchly institutions stand even with a firmness that makes desperate cowards of many toilers for State-culture. That a heartfelt, truly blest relation to Christ’s precepts exists among the generality of present Christians, is certainly not so easy to aver. The educated*

*doubts, the common man despairs. Science makes God the Creator more impossible each day; but from the beginning of the Church the God revealed to us by Jesus has been converted by Theologians from a most sublime reality into an ever less intelligible problem. That the God of our Saviour should have been identified with the tribal god of Israel, is one of the most terrible confusions in all world-history; it has avenged itself in every age, and avenges itself to-day by the more and more outspoken atheism of the coarsest, as the finest minds. We have lived to see the Christian God [P. 78] condemned to empty churches, while ever more imposing temples are reared among us to Jehova. And it almost seems right that Jehova at last should quite suppress the God so monstrously mistakenly derived from him. If Jesus is proclaimed Jehova's son, then every Jewish rabbi can triumphantly confute all Christian theology, as has happened indeed in every age. What a melancholy, what a discreditable plight, is that of our whole Theology, maintained to give our doctors of the church and popular preachers little else than the guidance to an insincere interpretation of the truths contained in our priceless Gospels! To what is the preacher bound fast in the pulpit, but to compromises between the utmost contradictions, whose subtleties must necessarily confound our very faith itself and make us ask: Who now knows Jesus? – Historical criticism, perchance? It casts in its lot with Judaism, and, just like every Jew, it wonders that the bells on Sunday morn should still be ringing for a Jew once crucified two thousand years ago. [\* Translator's Footnote: "Nietzsche begins his 113<sup>th</sup> aphorism of 'Menschliches, Allzumenschliches' with these very words: -- 'On a Sunday morning, when we hear the old bells booming, we ask ourselves: Is it possible that this should be for a Jew, crucified two thousand years ago, who said he was the son of God? The proof of such an assertion is wanting.' – In the next paragraph the reference to 'free minds' applies again to Nietzsche, who gave himself (apparently himself alone) that title, and dedicated his work just named to the memory of Voltaire."]* *How often and minutely have the Gospels been critically searched, their origin and compilation exposed beyond a doubt; so that one might have thought the very evidence for the spuriousness and irrelevance of their contradictory matter would at last have opened the eyes of Criticism to the lofty figure of the Redeemer and his work. But the God whom Jesus revealed to us; the God no god, no sage or hero of the world, had known before; the God who, amid Pharisees, Scribes and sacrificial Priests, made himself known to poor Galilean shepherds and fishermen with such soul-compelling power and simplicity that whoso once had recognised him, beheld the world and all its goods as null; this God who never more can be revealed, since this first [P. 79] time was He revealed to us for ever: -- this God the critic always views with fresh distrust, because he feels obliged to take Him for the maker of the Jewish world, Jehova!*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} We may console ourselves that after all there are two varieties of the critical mind, two methods of the science of comprehension. The great critic Voltaire, that idol of all 'free minds,' judged the Maid of Orleans on testimony of the historical documents of his day, and accordingly felt justified in the view set forth in his filthy poem on the 'Pucelle.' Before Schiller there lay no other documents: but whether it was another, presumably a faulty mode of criticism, or that Inspiration so decried by our free-spirits, that led him to recognise in this maid of France 'humanity's all-noble type' – not only did his poetic canonisation of the heroine bestow upon the Folk an infinitely touching and e'er loved work, but it also anticipated Historical*

*criticism, hobbling after, which a lucky find has at last put in possession of the rightful documents for judging a marvellous phenomenon. This Jeanne D'Arc was virgin, and necessarily, because in her all natural instinct, miraculously reversed, had become the heroic bent to save her country. Behold the infant Christ on the arms of the Sistine Madonna. What our Schiller was given to recognise in the wondrous freer of her fatherland, had here been shown to Raphael in the theologically defaced and travestied Redeemer of the world. See there the babe, with eyes that stream on you the sunrays of determinate and sorely-lacked redemption; and far beyond you, to the world itself; and farther still, beyond all worlds yet known: then ask yourselves if this 'means' or 'is'? –*

*{FEUER} Is it so utterly impossible to Theology, to take the great step that would grant to Science its irrefutable truths through surrender of Jehova, and to the Christian world its pure God revealed in Jesus the only?*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} A hard question, and undoubtedly a still harder demand. Yet both might take a more menacing form if the problems still soluble upon the basis of a noble Science should one day be propounded by the Folk itself, and solved in its [P. 80] wonted fashion. As I already have hinted, the doubting and the despairing sections of mankind may finally combine in the so trivial confession of Atheism. We are already witnessing it. Nothing else seems expressed in the confession, as yet, than great dissatisfaction. Whither that may lead, however, is food for reflection. The politician handles a capital in which a large part of the nation has no share. Never, since the abolition of slavery, has the world been more conspicuously divided into those who own and those who do not. Perhaps it was imprudent to admit the unpropertied to a voice in legislation intended solely for possessors. The consequent entanglements have not been slow to arise; to face them, it might reward wise statesmen to give the non-possessors at least an interest in the maintenance of Property. Much shows that such an act of wisdom is improbable, whereas repression is deemed easier and more swiftly efficacious. Indisputably the instinct of preservation is stronger than one commonly supposes: the Roman Empire maintained itself in a state of dissolution for half a thousand years. The period of two-thousand years, which great historic civilisations have hitherto covered in their evolution from barbarism back to barbarism, would carry ourselves to somewhere about the middle of the next millennium. Can one imagine the state of barbarism at which we shall have arrived, if our social system continues for another six-hundred years or so in the footsteps of the declining Roman world-dominion? I believe that the Saviour's second advent, expected by the earliest Christians in their lifetime, and later cherished as a mystic dogma, might have a meaning for that future date, and perchance amid occurrences not totally unlike those sketched in the Apocalypse. For, in the conceivable event of a relapse of our whole Culture into barbarism, we may take one thing for granted: namely, that our Historical science, our criticism and chemistry of knowledge would also have come to an end; whilst it may be hoped, on the contrary, that Theology would by then have come to a final agreement with the Gospels, and the free [P. 81] understanding of Revelation be opened to us without Jehovaistic subtleties – for which event the Saviour promised us his coming back.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} And this would inaugurate a genuine popularisation of the deepest Knowledge. In this or that way to prepare the ground for cure of ills inevitable in the evolution of the human race – much as Schiller's conception of the*

*Maid of Orleans foreran its confirmation by historical documents – might fitly be the mission of a true Art appealing to the Folk itself, to the Folk in its noblest, and at present its ideal sense. Again, to even now prepare the ground for such an Art, sublimely popular, and at all times so to prepare it that the links of oldest and of noblest art shall never wholly sunder, our instant efforts may not seem altogether futile. In any case, to such works of art alone can we ascribe ennobling Popularity; and none save this dreamt-of Popularity can react on the creations of the present, uplifting them above the commonness of what is known to-day as popular favour.”*

7/2/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 105)

[P. 105] {FEUER} “... visit from Herr Levi (who touches R. by saying that, as a Jew, he is a walking anachronism). R. tells him that, if the Catholics consider themselves superior to the Protestants, the Jews are the most superior of all, being the eldest.”

7/12/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 112)

[P. 112] “Discussing at lunch the performance in Leipzig and the division of Goetterdam. into an introduction and three acts, he decides after all to leave it as it is and just to make some cuts – almost the whole of the Norns’ scene and a large part of the scene between Waltraute and Bruennhilde. He does this because he knows that, when badly performed, they are bound to be incomprehensible, and he would rather not sacrifice the transition to the ‘Journey to the Rhine,’ which he knows to be effective; he would have to do this if the introduction were to be separated from the first act. Even here (in Bayreuth) the Norns’ scene and the Br.-Walt. scene proved unsuccessful, he says, so how much more likely are they to fail in an ordinary theater. [\* Translator’s Footnote: ‘Added in margin of the following page, but presumably with reference to the foregoing: “Indescribable melancholy about this scene! The work also now cast aside and disfigured – and he himself has to take a hand in it!””]

7/17/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 115)

[P. 115] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “ ‘How little one is conscious of one’s individuality!’ he exclaims. ‘How could one otherwise feel at home in the universe? If one tells oneself that in a few years all this will end, how can one delight in it? Yet one does delight in it, because individuality means nothing.’ “

7/19/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 117)

[P. 117] {FEUER} “... we hear sounds of ‘Das Rheingold’ being played by the military band. I: ‘What happiness to hear these sounds, if only in this form!’ ‘They are very heathen sounds, as direct as Nature, no sensibility, no hypocrisy in them.’ I: ‘Yes , it was religion which introduced hypocrisy.’ He: ‘Say, rather, the –isms, Catholicism, Judaism, etc.’ “ (...) He reads Strauss’s ‘Life of Jesus’ and finds it on the whole better than he expected, except that ‘by God they always mean the Jewish creator of the world, and do not admit that here it is a manifestation of the divine principle.’ “

7/25/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 120)

[P. 120] *“We decide to take no account of party affiliations on condition that no party views are expressed by party members in articles written for us. A poem attacking the Jews, written in a very repulsive form, pleases R. only to the extent that it suggests the emergence of some sort of popular feeling in this direction. He says, ‘Better barbaric than this present attitude.’ “*

7/31/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 126)

[P. 126] *“This leads us to *Die Msinger*, he is pleased with the poem, the invention it reveals. {SCHOP} Music and religion are directed at the will, but since compassion is aroused, the individual is raised above himself to the species level, and to this extent the world is equivalent to God.”*

7/31/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 126)

[P. 126] {FEUER} *“Profound discussion with R. about original sin, the transgression of love which Sieglinde is made to realise ... .”*

8/2/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 127)

[P. 127] *“I say goodbye to Herr Levi, whose feelings toward us arouse complete sympathy. Speaking of the B. Bl., R. said to Herr Levi, ‘I am interested only in complete truthfulness, I seek no quarrel with anybody, but I shall state my opinion of everything that comes into my mind, sparing nobody.’ {FEUER} {SCHOP} We talk a lot with R. about the attitude of the Israelites to mystical matters, closed doors; then, talking about his own relations with his contemporaries, R. says, ‘I admit that I no longer wish to sit in an attic and starve – history is not worth that much to me.’ “*

8/2/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 128)

[P. 128] {FEUER} *“We speak also about my last conversation with Herr Levi. He does not seem to fully understand ‘Parsifal,’ and I tell him that R.’s article theoretically bears almost the same relationship to the poem as his words on music (the loving woman) and on drama (the man) in ‘Opera and Drama’ bear to Bruennhilde and Siegfried. {anti-FEUER/NIET} Through this R. comes to Nietzsche, of whom he says: ‘That bad person has taken everything from me, even the weapons with which he now attacks me. How sad that he should be so perverse – so clever, yet at the same time so shallow!’ “*

8/8/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 131-132)

[P. 131-132] *“In the evening R. says to me regarding *Parsifal*: ‘I sometimes have my doubts about the whole thing, whether it is not nonsense, a complete failure; but I can see the coming and going (during Gurnemanz’s narration) and know how it*

ought to be.’ ‘Whatever you do, don’t think about the production’ is then his constant exhortation.”

8/28/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 140)

[P. 140] “After lunch R. tells me he has found a melody which pleased him very much, but it was too broad for Kundry’s voice; he was considering writing new words for it when suddenly a counter-melody occurred to him, and thus he now has what he wanted: the orchestra would get the broad melody, which here expresses the emotions, while she has the theme for her hurried words.”

9/2/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 142)

[P. 142] “At supper R. declares how necessary it is for him to be absolutely alone when he is working, he does not want even those dearest to him near him, though he much likes to gaze, for example, at my portrait.”

9/18/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 152)

[P. 152] “*It is very remarkable, I have never before gone so far; my ‘ein andres ist’s’ almost goes beyond what is permissible as far as didacticism is concerned, but you will see!*” ‘

9/78      The Public In Time And Space (PW Vol. VI; P. 83-94)

[P. 85] {FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} “... either public and artist fit each other, or they absolutely do not. In the latter case the Historic-scientific critic will always lay the blame upon the artist, and pronounce him unfit for anything; for it thinks it has proofs that no pre-eminent individual can ever be aught save the product of his spatial and temporal surroundings, of his day in fact, that historic period of the human race’s evolution into which he happens to be thrown. The correctness of such an assertion seems undeniable; merely it fails to explain why, the more considerable that individual, in the greater contradiction has he stood with his time. And this cannot be so lightly disposed of. To cite the sublimest of all examples, the cotemporary world most certainly did not comport itself toward Jesus Christ as though it had nursed him at its breast and delighted in acknowledging him its fittest product. Plainly, Time and Space prepare us great perplexities. If it indeed is impossible to conceive a more fitting place and time for Christ’s appearance, than Galilee and the years of his mission; and if it is obvious that a German university of the ‘now-time,’ for instance, would have offered our Redeemer no particular facilitation: on the other hand we may recall the cry of Schopenhauer at Giordano Bruno’s fate, that stupid monks of the blessed Renaissance era should have brought to the stake in fair Italy a man who on the Ganges, at the selfsame date, would have been honoured as wise and holy.

{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} Without going into the trials and sufferings of great [P. 86] minds in every age and country, too plainly visible, and consequently without touching on their deeper cause, we here will only note that their relation to

*their surroundings has always been of tragic nature; and the human race will have to recognise this, if it is ever to come to knowledge of itself. True religion may already have enabled it to do so; whence the eternal eagerness of the generality to rid itself of such belief.*

*{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} For us, our first concern must be to trace the tragedy of that relation to the individual's subjection to the rules of time and place; whereby we may find those two factors assuming so strong a semblance of reality as almost to upset the 'Criticism of Pure Reason,' which ascribes to Time and Space no existence but in our brain. In truth it is this pair of tyrants that give great minds the look of sheer anomalies, nay, solecisms, at which the generality may jeer with a certain right, as if to please the Time and Space it serves.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} If in a review of the course of history we go by nothing but its ruling laws of gravity, that pressure and counter-pressure which bring forth shapes akin to those the surface of the earth presents, the wellnigh sudden outcrop of over-topping mental heights must often make us ask upon what plan these minds were moulded. And then we are bound to presuppose a law quite other, concealed from eyes historical, ordaining the mysterious sequence of a spiritual life whose acts are guided by denial of the world and all its history. For we observe that the very points at which these minds make contact with their era and surroundings, become the starting points of errors and embarrassments in their own utterance: so that it is just the influences of Time, which involve them in a fate so tragical that precisely where the work of intellectual giants appears unintelligible to their era, it proves of no account for the higher mental life; and only a later generation, arrived at knowledge through the very lead that remained unintelligible to the contemporaneous world, can seize the import of their [P. 87] revelations. Thus the seasonable, in the works of a great spirit, would also be the questionable.*

Instances will make this clear. Plato's surrounding world was eminently political; entirely apart therefrom did he conceive his theory of Ideas, which has only been properly appreciated and scientifically matured in quite recent times: applied to the spirit of his day and world, however, he bent this theory into a political system of such amazing monstrosity that it caused the greatest stir, indeed, but at like time the greatest confusion as to the real substance of his major doctrine. On the Ganges he would never have fallen into this particular error about the nature of the State; in Sicily, in fact, it served him badly. What his epoch and surrounding did for the manifestation of this rare spirit was therefore not exactly to his advantage; so that it would be absurd to view his genuine teaching, the theory of Ideas, as a product of his time and world.

*A second case is that of Dante. In so far as his great poem was a product of his time, to us it seems almost repulsive; but it was simply through the realism wherewith it painted the superstitious fancies of the Middle Ages, that it roused the notice of the cotemporary world. Emancipated from the fancies of that world, and yet attracted by the matchless power of their portrayal, we feel a wellnigh painful wrench at having to overcome it before the lofty spirit of the poet can freely act upon us as a world-judge of the purest ideality, -- an effect as to which it is most uncertain that even posterity has rightly grasped it. Wherefore Dante appears to us a giant condemned by the influences of his time to awe-compelling solitude.*



To call to mind one further instance, let us take great Calderon, whom we assuredly should judge quite wrongly if we regarded him as product of the Jesuit tenets prevailing in the Catholicism of his day. Yet it is manifest that, although the master's profundity of insight leaves the Jesuit world-view far behind, that view so strongly [P. 88] influences the outward texture of his works that we have first to overcome this impression, to clearly seize the majesty of his ideas. An expression as pure as the ideas themselves was impossible to the poet who had to set his dramas before a public that could only be led to their deeper import by use of the Jesuitic precepts in which it had been brought up.

*Admitting that the great Greek Tragedians were so fortunate in their surroundings that the latter rather helped to create, than hindered their works, we can only call it an exceptional phenomenon, and one which to many a recent critic already appears a fable. For our eyes this harmonious conjunction has fallen just as much into the rut of things condemned by Space and Time to insufficiency, as every other product of the creative human mind. (...) And here we touch the crux of our inquiry. For we now perceive that the same temporal surrounding which was injurious to a great spirit's manifestation, on the other hand supplied the sole conditions for the physical presentment of its product; so that, removed from its time and surroundings, that product is robbed of the weightiest part of its effect. (...)*

But the nearer we approach affairs within our own [P. 89] experience, especially in the province of Art, the smaller grows the prospect of harmonious relations even distantly akin. (...)

In this respect we notice that, the more seasonably a producer trimmed his work, the better did he fare. Till this day it never occurs to a Frenchman to draft a play for which theatre, public and performers, are not on hand already. (...)

(...)

[P. 92] (...) *{FEUER}* *This time it was a fresh hearing of Liszt's Dante Symphony that revived the problem, what place in our art-world should be allotted to a creation as brilliant as it is masterly. Shortly before I had been busy reading the Divine Comedy, and again had revolved all the difficulties in judging this work which I have mentioned above; to me that tone-poem of Liszt's now appeared the creative act of a redeeming genius, freeing Dante's unspeakably pregnant intention from the [P. 93] inferno of his superstitions by the purifying fire of musical Ideality, and setting it in the paradise of sure and blissful feeling. Here the soul of Dante's poem is shown in purest radiance. Such redeeming service even Michael Angelo could not render to his great poetic master; only after Bach and Beethoven had taught our music to wield the brush and chisel of the mighty Florentine, could Dante's true redemption be achieved.*

This work has remained as good as unknown to our age and its public. One of the most astounding deeds of music, not even the dullest admiration has as yet been accorded it. ... who knows the German concert-world with its heroes from General to Corporal, knows also with what a mutual insurance-company for the talentless he here has to do. (...) We simply ask how conceptions like Liszt's could arise amid such circumstances of time and place. Assuredly in something each great mind is influenced by those conditions of time and place; nay, we have seen them even confuse the greatest. In the present case I at last have traced these active influences to the remarkable advance of leading minds in France during the two

decads enclosing the year 1830. Parisian society at that time offered such definite and characteristic instigations to its [P. 94] statesmen, scholars, writers, poets, painters, sculptors and musicians, that a lively fancy might easily imagine it condensed into an audience before whom a Faust- or Dante- Symphony might be set without fear of paltry misconstructions. (...)

To take a last look back upon the picture afforded us by the Public astir in Time and Space, we might compare it with a river, as to which we must decide whether we will swim against or with its stream. Who swims with it, may imagine he belongs to constant progress; 'tis so easy to be borne along, and he never notes that he is being swallowed in the ocean of vulgarity. To swim against the stream, must seem ridiculous to those not driven by an irresistible force to the immense exertions that it costs. Yet we cannot stem the rushing stream of life, save by steering toward the river's source. We shall have our fears of perishing; but in our times of direst stress we are rescued by a leap to daylight: the waves obey our call, and wondering the flood stands still a moment, as when for once a mighty spirit speaks unawaited to the world. Again the dauntless swimmer dives below; not life, but life's true fount, is what he thrusts for. Who, once that source attained, could wish to plunge again into the stream? From sunny heights he gazes down upon the distant world-sea with its monsters all destroying one another. What there destroys itself, shall we blame him if he now disowns it?"

9/23/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 154)

[P. 154] “ ‘Oh, I hate the thought of all those costumes and grease paint! When I think that characters like Kundry will now have to be dressed up, those dreadful artists’ balls immediately spring into my mind. *Having created the invisible orchestra, I now feel like inventing the invisible theater! And the inaudible orchestra,*’ he adds, concluding his dismal reflections in humorous vein.”

9/25/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 156)

[P. 156] “*Herr Loeffler ... very unsuccessful with the ‘world inheritance’; this lack of simplicity in grasping even the smallest things! Now the ‘Ring’ is supposed to represent downfall through materialism! Herr Kulke the Wagnerian argues like Herr Lipiner the Schopenhauerian, accusing the poet of making a mistake!*”

9/28/78            (CD Vol. II; P. 158)

[P. 158] “*In the evening he plays the third act of Tristan. When I voice my wonder that he could have completed this miracle in a hotel room, with not a soul to look after or care for him, he says: ‘Yes, people have no idea how divorced from experience and reality these things happen, and how long one is nourished by one’s youth! It is true I sometimes felt inclined in my disgust to throw everything into the gutter, and in fact I eventually did so, unwilling as I was to do any more work; but when the German Emperor exclaims, ‘How deeply Wagner must have been in love at that time,’ it is really quite ridiculous. – If that were so, I should now be writing ‘Parsifal’ on account*

*of my connections with the Christian church, and you would be Kundry! No, I just felt the need to go to the very limit musically, as if I had been writing a symphony.”*

9/29/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 159)

[P. 159] “R. says he allows no outsider the right to condemn the (*Ring*) production, which as a whole was so beautiful and beyond compare: ‘But among ourselves we must acknowledge that much was not as it should have been; for example, the meadow of the gods before Valhalla not free enough, too restricted by the steps; Erda’s cave reminiscent of a door in the usual sort of fantastic comedy show; the steam transformation to Nibelheim – there should have been shafts in it, a backcloth which could have been drawn up lengthways, showing these shafts and now and again a fiery glow; then the mountaintop was too high – I shall alter that one day, when I produce *Die Walkuere* in heaven at the right hand of God, and the old fellow and I are watching it – the acting area too narrow, so that the fight was spoiled and Wotan’s storming in a failure; in *Siegfried*, steps again, and not enough room for the fight; and steps also hindering Bruennhilde’s struggles, too little room for the Rhinemaidens, and the water sweeping over the funeral pyre, and the hall of the Gibichungs not impressive enough. Then the costumes bad, almost all of them. And so it turned out that this production, as far as the conception was concerned, was on the whole extraordinary, wrong only in a few details.’ R. talks of his suffering at the time, the patience with which he kept silent about it all!”

10/1/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 160)

[P. 160] “*Talking of Haeckel’s theories, R. is led to Kant’s and Laplace’s theories of the origin of the world, and he also speaks about the Indian ‘breath’ (an image he much admires), which would form with the ending of the world and is the same thing as what humans understand by desire. Compared with such a myth the whole Jewish mythology is just hack work. ‘The more I examine history,’ he says, ‘the worse I find it,’ meaning this world.*”

10/1/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 161)

[P. 164] “*Then ‘Tristan’, and R. talks again of his need at that time to push himself to the limit musically, since in the ‘Nibelungen’ the requirements of the drama frequently forced him to restrict the musical expression.*”

10/6/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 164)

[P. 164] “*Over coffee he speaks about the curiousness of the musical profession and how he has been reproached for the eternal 4/4 time in ‘Lohengrin’: ‘I have in fact used ¾ time in both ‘Tannhaeuser’ and ‘L.’, but only where it is needed, in the ‘Pilgrim’s Chorus,’ in the prayer before the duel; but otherwise the art lies in one’s ability to stick to Oratio Directa and not to tell oneself: now I must make a change, just for change’s sake. Musicians are in fact very petty people who don’t know what is*

*important, he says, but then, on the other hand, someone like Mozart comes along, who was like a child but never did anything silly.”*

10/7/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 166)

[P. 166] *“When the three of us are alone, he takes up Othello and reads aloud the scene with Iago – ‘Ha, I like not that’ – with shattering effect. ‘Yes,’ says R., ‘and what gave him that idea? He had read the mandate, and now he can see it in no other way but that. There one sees how stupid it is to assume that a writer creates out of his own life – one cannot describe a passion in which one is or has been involved.”*

10/8/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 167)

[P. 167] *“R. recalls King Henry IV’s words on the book of fate: ‘What philosophical maxims Sh. illuminates just through his observation and vividness of expression! Like, for instance, Othello’s remark that we ‘can call these delicate creatures ours, and not their appetites.’ Othello’s ‘O misery!’ as Iago goes on talking, which shows that he is becoming aware of a cruel world hitherto unimagined ....”*

10/10/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 168)

[P. 168] *{FEUER} “He reads me a splendid extract from a letter by Seneca about death (quoted by Lecky) and says how much to be preferred are the ideas of the ancient world to those of the church today, whose power is rooted in the fear of death, or, rather, the life after death.”*

10/15/78      Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 885-886)

[P. 885] *“It was a beautiful day, the eleventh of October. Your heavenly letter arrived, and – the second act of Parsifal was completed right down to the very last note. It was a cause for jubilation and tears of joy in Wahnfried. And I had good reason to celebrate finishing this particular act as though it were some festival. Before I began it, I was afraid of the terrible excitement which the great catastrophe between Parsifal and Kundry would have to offer. In Tristan I had to portray the all-consuming anguish of love’s longing, inconceivably intensified to a pitch of the most painful desire for death; the Ring of the Nibelung is replete with raging passion, and Venus and Tannhaeuser – in the later revision – know what the terrors of love are. But for Parsifal and Kundry all this is completely new; here are two worlds locked in a struggle for final redemption. How often I told myself that, having lost myself so often before in these various spheres, I could have spared myself that torment on this occasion. But as the common saying goes, it was a question of ‘you’ve made your bed, now you must lie on it!’ – I have already complained to my understanding friend that I was disappointed in last summer’s expectations concerning my health: it was because of my cure that I interrupted my work at the fatal ‘kiss’; and now I was supposed to start up again at the very point where only the most high-spirited mood could produce what I need to tend mankind’s most critical sufferings with the tenderest*

*possible care. (...) Well, I plunged into purgatory, and have re-emerged from it safely. I know – this work, too, has turned out to be worthy of us. – I intend going straight on without a break to the third act, which promises me a blessed harvest after the labours of the second act. But I must first introduce it with an orchestral prelude to accompany Parsifal’s effortful wanderings up to the point where he rediscovers the realm of the Grail. {FEUER} But this in turn leads to the Good Friday meadow, -- and I shall be happy to linger there. Here, my uniquely beloved prince, my protector and friend whose radiance illumines me with ever – and ever – greater splendour, here you have the true import of my life. All other events that take place in the world, and , more especially, fate’s dallying sport with me and my works, affect me only as much as they would affect a man who was dead and whose spirit gazed down – as though from a cloud – to see what the world would make of all that he had bequeathed to [P. 886] it. I can only shake my head: there is nothing more that can persuade me to feel any interest in such activity. After all, I have my King and my wife!”*

10/18/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 174)

[P. 174] *“He goes to his work, and when he calls me to lunch he says he knows exactly how things should be, he must not introduce anything isolatedly, it must all be in context; and so his prelude to the 3<sup>RD</sup> act will introduce the theme of Titurel’s funeral, just as in the prelude to the 1<sup>st</sup> act he brought in the song of the Knights of the Grail. There is no place, he says, for a big, ‘independent affair’ depicting Parsifal’s wanderings.”*

10/19/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 175)

[P. 175] *“ ‘You know I never force myself to work; if it comes, then that’s all right.’ At lunch he tells me, ‘Perhaps I shall end by gobbling up the whole *Romeo and Juliet* march [by Hector Berlioz] for Titurel.’ He says with a laugh: ‘I am now composing nothing but funeral marches! People will say, ‘Is Amfortas dead?’ ‘No, Titurel!’ ‘Oh, yes, that fellow back there in the alcove.’ ‘ We laugh over the triviality of the public, and R. says, ‘They must have it in black and white – whatever happens, no surprise!’ “*

10/20/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 176)

[P. 176] *{anti-FEUER} “ ‘Christ and the Gospels will live forever,’ R. says, but with the founding of the church and the interpolations in the Gospels everything was spoiled, for the first Christians saw the second coming of Christ as an abolition of the world, an end to earthly existence.’ “*

10/20/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 177)

[P. 177] {FEUER} "... Wolzogen, whose article , 'The Stage Dedication Play,' pleases R. very much, though he remarks to me that W. goes too far in calling Parsifal a reflection of the Redeemer: 'I didn't give the Redeemer a thought when I wrote it.' "

11/3/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 188)

[P. 188] {FEUER} "... at breakfast continuation of the conversation about the chapter in Lecky; we decide that the excesses to which the insistence on chastity led constituted a terrible feature; they were due to the impossibility of realizing something felt to lie deep within the human character, the desire to set oneself outside nature and yet to go on living."

11/5/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 190)

[P. 190] {FEUER} "When the children have gone he discusses the similarity between the present world situation and the fall of the Roman Empire, when national virtues also ceased to flourish, Christianity having torn down the national barriers; now the Jews are completing this work. 'At best,' says R., 'I anticipate a return to a kind of state of Nature, for the Jews will also meet their doom' "

11/22/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 207)

[P. 207] "... Israelite bothers (R. said yesterday, 'If ever I were to write again about the Jews, I should say I have nothing against them, it is just that they descended on us Germans too soon, we were not yet steady enough to absorb them.')."

11/27/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 211-212)

[P. 211-212] {FEUER} {SCHOP} "Coming back to Dis(raeli), he says, 'What we read yesterday interested me far less than that single conversation,' then he gets heated about the assumption that Jesus was Jew; it has not been proved, he says, and Jesus spoke Syriac-Chaldaean: 'Not until all churches have vanished will we find the Redeemer, from whom we are separated by Judaism. But his ideas are not easy to grasp; God as the ending of the universe – that does not allow for a cult, though perhaps monasteries, in which people of similar beliefs could find a refuge and from which they could influence the world, from the solitary state – but within the world itself it is not possible.' We have to laugh over Disraeli's glorification of the Jews: 'I have an idea what he is getting at,' says R., 'racial purity and great men; that ruling genius I dreamed about – only the Jews could produce him.' "

11/29/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 214)

[P. 214] "Sometimes it is just a few bars which hold one up terribly, till one can introduce the key one needs in such a way that it is not noticeable. For more and

more I shy away from anything with a startling or blatant effect; then at least four or five possibilities occur to me before I find the one which makes the transition smoothly; I set traps for myself, commit all sorts of stupidities before I discover it.' I say it must be something like the way great painters such as Titian and Leonardo (da Vinci) chose colors to avoid crude contrasts. 'Oh,' he says, 'painters are fortunate, they have so much time, but you are right, it is something like Titian's coloring I am seeking.'

11/30/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 216)

[P. 216] "*R. is pleased by the sublime and mysterious fact that he has not had to rearrange or alter a single word in 'P(arsifal)', melody and words fit throughout – what he wrote down in the prelude contains all he needs, and it all unfolds like a flower from its bud. When he tells me this, I say nobody would ever believe that the melody in Die Msinger was invented, not for the words 'scheint mir nicht der Rechte,' but at first for the Overture. 'Yes,' he says, 'that Overture was one of my most remarkable inspirations.'*"

12/1/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 216)

[P. 216] " 'When *Parsifal* is finished, I shall cast an eye over the world and see what its attitude is likely to be to such a work. But now I don't want to think of it.' *He complains what little attention is paid to a sense of beauty, 'in which I regard myself as Mozart's successor' – for example, the way Bruennhilde talks of Siegfried to Wotan in Die Walkuere. When I point out that the emotional feelings of the listener at this point prevent his having much regard for the consummate form: 'That's what the works are fore, they are there and can be studied.'* *R. stresses the fact that the Jews have been amalgamated with us at least 50 years too soon: 'We must first be something ourselves. The damage now is frightful.'*"

12/9/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 222)

[P. 222] {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} "*In the morning R. comes to the subject of original sin, saying, with reference to Nietzsche's assertion that all are innocent, that this is correct as regards operare, but the sin lies in existence itself, the will to live, and the God without sin is the one for whom life is a sacrifice, and his life in consequence becomes a revelation.*"

12/26/78      (CD Vol. II; P. 240)

[P. 240] "*Then R. says that Fidi, to whom he had each time thrown his cap for safekeeping, had looked magnificent, resembling his father Geyer. I: 'Father Geyer must surely have been your father.' R.: 'I don't believe that.' 'Then why the resemblance?' R.: My mother loved him at the time – elective affinities.'*"

12/27/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 240-241)

[P. 240-241] *“Our conversation ends with a very animated description of the evils the Jews have brought on us Germans. R. says that he personally has had some very good friends among the Jews, but their emancipation and equality, granted before we Germans had come to anything, had been ruinous. He considers Germany to be finished. And this worries him, for there were signs to suggest this might happen. The Germans have been exploited and ridiculed by the Jews, and abroad they are hated. So they have become indolent, besotted, wanting to do everything as the Jews do; their faith and loyalty have been undermined. Certainly much of the blame lay with the governments. But it was all ordained by Fate. He, R., has no hope left. – Before that we talked about the influence of impressions on the senses – of music, for instance, on hearing – and, arising out of that, the remark Prof. Haeckel is supposed to have made that R.’s music has changed the hearing of the present generation. R. plays ‘Lass mich sterben’ from ‘Tristan’ and says that many people were perplexed when they heard this for the first time. Most of them could hear no melody – but if melody were to be grasped through the intellect, then he (R.) was willing to admit that the senses might change accordingly. The body says, ‘I look after all the functions, but the perceptions I leave to you, the intellect.’ “*

[1879]

1/11/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 252)

[P. 252] *{FEUER}* *“He writes down another theme for a symphony. In the evening, when he fetches me for supper, he comes back to ‘But I will,’ then says, ‘I will not, but I must.’ ‘A human being must acknowledge necessity,’ he says, ‘that’s what makes him divine.’ At our last parting in the evening, after countless other partings, he says to me, ‘When Parsifal falls in a faint – that is when it begins (the meadow will not be a separate thing in itself); it will be the loveliest moment – I already have much of it in the sketches.’ “*

1/13/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 254)

[P. 254] *“Friend Levi stays behind after our other friends have gone, and when he tells us that his father is a rabbi, our conversation comes back to the Israelites – the feeling that they intervened too early in our cultural condition, that the human qualities the German character might have developed from within itself and then passed on to the Jewish character have been stunted by their premature interference in our affairs, before we have become fully aware of ourselves. The conductor speaks of a great movement against the Jews in all spheres of life; in Munich there are attempts to remove them from the town council. He hopes that in 20 years they will be extirpated root and branch, and the audience for the ‘Ring’ will be another kind of public – we ‘know differently’! Alone together again, R. and I discuss the curious attachment individual Jews have for him; he says Wahnfried will soon turn into a synagogue!”*



1/14/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 254)

[P. 254] *“Lunch with the children, much fun regarding our pet Israelites. R. thinks the only feeling they have in regard to his compositions is how well he does things.”*

1/19/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 257)

[P. 257] *“(At supper yesterday he talked about an article in the ‘Illustrierte Zeitung’, ‘The Elk Fighting the Wolves,’ and said it had taught him some very curious things – how in Nature even the most heroic must perish, men as well as animals, ‘and what remain are the rats and mice – the Jews.’ I told him that I had seen friend Wolz.’s two sisters-in-law in the mental hospital, and he talks with horror of the maintenance of such poor creatures, ‘which uses up the energies of the healthy and the good.’ “*

1/23/79 (CD Vol. II; P 258-259)

[P. 258-259] *{FEUER} “I read ‘The Nibelung Myth’ and ‘Siegfried’s Tod’ and talk to R. about them. Later he tells me that he originally designed this more in the mode of antiquity; then, during his secluded life in Zurich, he became interested in Wotan’s downfall; in this work he was more a kind of Flying Dutchman. I am surprised by the increased inspiration in the revised treatment of the subject and its ever-growing feeling and intensity. When I tell R. of my great pleasure in the Valkyries’ scene (up to Bruennhilde), he says, ‘It gave me my Valkyries’ theme.’ “*

1/28/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 261)

[P. 261] *{anti-FEUER/NIET} “Later a nice letter from E. Nietzsche brings the conversation around to her brother’s dismal book, and R. remarks that, when respect vanishes, everything else vanishes, too: ‘That is the true definition of religion; unlike Jesus Christ, I cannot be without sin, but I can respect the sinless state, can beg pardon of my ideal when I am disloyal to it. But our times have no feeling for greatness, they cannot recognize a great character. There can be no bond with it.’ “*

2/3/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 265)

[P. 265] *{FEUER} “But he works and says to me, ‘Do not expect too much from the meadow – it must of course be short, and it cannot express delight in nonexistence, as in ‘Tristan.’ Then he laughs and says, ‘Rubinstein will ask, ‘How does it happen that Parsifal recognizes Kundry?’ – if indeed he does recognize her.’ And he continues: ‘It is all unspoken ecstasy, as Parsifal returns home and gazes upon this poor woman.’ Oh, if I could only reproduce the expression on his face and the sound of his voice as he describes the state of Parsifal’s soul!”*

2/3/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 265-266)

[P. 265-266] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “ *I have come upstairs to tell you that the entry of the kettledrum in G is the finest thing I have ever done!*’ I accompany him downstairs and he plays to me the annointment of Parsifal by Gurnemanz, with its wonderful canon, and the baptism of Kundry with the annihilating sound of the kettle-drum: *‘Obliteration of the whole being, of all earthly desire,’* says R. – *In the evening we come back to a declaration by Herr R. [Rubinstein] which yesterday astonished us – that on his first encounter with them (when he was a student at the Vienna Conservatoire) ‘Tannhaeuser’ and ‘Lohengrin’ made no impression on him at all! – It is intellect which has brought this poor man to his feeling for these works ... . Later R. discusses with me the inner loneliness of such a piteous character, and says this makes Rubinstein interesting in his eyes, he has found his way back to him in spite of the gulf which divides one from such a person. At the end of the conversation R. says to him gently, ‘We are trying to explain a phenomenon to ourselves; it is not dislike but liking that sets us on this path.’ And he concludes jokingly, ‘You’ll probably take that again as an affront.’* “

2/4/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 266)

[P. 266] “*Then yesterday’s pitiful impression leads us to Beethoven’s symphonies, and R. remarks on Beethoven’s splendid instinct in avoiding all plaintiveness or other forms of excess; he departed from his usual rule only in the Ninth and in the first movement of the C minor (full of defiance), but this is something quite different; these works depict Nature before the emergence of human life, he says: everything was struggle and destruction at that time, too, but in a different way. I hate pathos,’* he exclaims. *‘People will be amazed, when I publish my symphonies, to see how simple they are, though they have already had examples of that in the marches and the ‘Idyll.’* “

2/17/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 268)

[P. 268] “*Then R. joyfully informs me that he has words enough – he had overlooked one verse (‘der liess sie so Gedeihen’). He takes pride in not having had to alter his words: yesterday he recalled the melody of the ‘Prize Song,’ which came to him before the words, and was pleased with it; today he recalls Sachs’s last speech and asks if any other composer could have done it better (as far as voice leading is concerned). – Referring to what he is doing now, he says he is taking care not to put in too many figurations – something he has sometimes done, as when Bruennhilde pleads to Wotan in Siegmund’s behalf; I remark that this was just because Frau Materna did not have the personality to act it – she was overshadowed by the music, as it were. – Recently he spoke of his absent-mindedness, the way his head is always full of his work, and he mentioned the example of Archimedes, whom the servants had to remove bodily from his work in order to bathe and anoint him, and how he continued to draw figures on his leg with the ointment; in the same way, he himself is constantly making notes on scraps of paper.’*”

2/18/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 269)

[P. 269] *“This morning he said he would like to compare his works with those of other composers and see whether his do not contain ten times as much music – that is something which has never been acknowledged. And for this reason he was willing to believe that his works would have a great future.”*

3/20/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 279)

[P. 279] *“At lunch R. said that he would allow himself plenty of time to complete Parsifal, this final realization of a series of images which had arisen in his mind. He says he does not believe he will presume to create anything more that is new; the symphonies are different, but he wants to complete everything in peace and contentment. Before supper he comes up to my room, talks to me about the ‘elegy,’ and says he would like to play it to me; and he does so – this unique elegy, the process within Parsifal’s soul when he becomes once again ‘an ordinary mortal’ before he becomes a king ... . ‘You have no idea of all the things in it,’ he says. I: ‘I believe I have.’ He: ‘Yes, of course.’ “*

3/22/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 280-281)

[P. 280-281] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* *“Yesterday, before we began to play cards, the vision of Nietzsche’s behavior rose once more in his mind. He said, ‘N. wrote his thoughts out of season, thus acknowledging that what he admires does not belong in our time but goes beyond it, and now he uses the fact that my enterprise is out of season to criticize it! Can one imagine anything worse than that?’ “*

3/23/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 281)

[P. 281] *{FEUER} {SCHOP}* *“R. relates to me the biography of the Zulu King, the killing of the cows when his mother died, so that the animals might know what it means to lose a mother, and he ends with the words: ‘No animal is as cruel as a human being, it is only the human being who takes pleasure in tormenting; the cat playing with a mouse does not know what this means to the mouse, but a human being does know.’ “*

4/12/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 291)

[P. 291] *“After lunch he speaks to me about the strange compulsion exerted by a poetic conception, which restricts all one’s freedom, and he says one cannot create many such dramatic works, or work on other things at the same time.”*

4/79 Shall We Hope? (PW Vol. VI; P. 111-124)

[P. 117] *{FEUER} {SCHOP}* *As their first and weightiest exercise the Jesuits set the pupils who enter their school the task of imagining with all their might and main the*

*pains of eternal damnation, and expedite it by the most ingenious devices. A Paris workman, on the contrary, after my threatening him with Hell because he had broken his word, replied: 'O monsieur, l'enfer est sur la terre.' Our great Schopenhauer was of the same opinion, and found our world of life quite strikingly depicted in Dante's 'Inferno.' In truth a man of insight might deem that our religious teachers would do better to first make plain our world and life with Christian pity to their scholars, and thus awake the youthful heart to love of the redeemer from this world, instead of making – as the Jesuits – the fear of a devil-hangman the fount of all true virtue.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} For an answer to the question whether we shall hope, in my sense, I certainly need my reader's inclination to follow me through the mazes of our present life, with no too sanguine optimism: for him who here finds everything in order, Art does not exist, simply because he has no need of it. What higher guidance should he need, who founds his judgment of the things of this world on the comfortable theory of Constant Human Progress. Do or omit what he will, he is sure of always marching forward: if he sees high endeavours left resultless, in his eyes they were unserviceable to 'constant progress'; for instance, if folk prefer to take their 'Nibelungenring' in comfort at the theatre in their place of business, instead of facing the somewhat tiresome visit to Bayreuth, it is regarded as a sign of progress, since one no longer has to undertake a pilgrimage to something extraordinary, but the extraordinary is turned into the usual and brought to one's own door.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} An eye for the Great is gladly dispensed with by the Progress-believer; the only question is whether he has replaced it by a proper eye for the Small. It is much to be feared that he no longer even rightly sees the smallest, since his loss of every ideal gauge deprives him of all power [P. 118] of judgment. How correctly the Greeks beheld the smallest, because they first had rightly judged the great! But the theory of Constant Progress takes refuge in the 'infinitely broader horizon' of the modern world, as compared with the narrow field of vision of the old. Admirably has the poet Leopardi recognised this very widening of man's horizon as the cause of mankind's loss of power to rightly apprehend the Great. To us, who stand at the centre of this infinitely extended horizon, the grandeurs that sprang from the narrower vision of the antique world are of far more crushing greatness, when once they suddenly confront us from the bowels of the earth, than ever they were to that world which saw them rise unnumbered. (...) But the ancient world had also religion. Who derides antique religiousness, let him read in Plutarch's writings how this classically cultured philosopher of the later, ill-reputed era of the Romo-Grecian world expresses himself on heresy and unbelief, and he will admit that we scarce could get its equal from our theologians of the Church, to say nothing of anything better. Our world, on the contrary, is irreligious. How should a Highest dwell in us, when we no longer are capable of honouring, of even recognising the Great? And if perchance we recognise it, we are taught by our barbarous civilisation to hate and persecute it, for it stands in the way of general progress. But the Highest – what should this world have to traffic with that? How can it be asked to venerate the sorrows of the Saviour? (...) ... what 'educated' person gladly goes to church? – Before all, 'Away with the Great!'*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} If the Great is disliked in our so-called wider field of vision, the Small grows more and more unknowable ... , since smaller day by day; as our constantly-progressive Science shows by splitting up the [P. 119] atoms till she can*

*see nothing at all, which she imagines to be lighting on the Great; so that it is precisely she who feeds the silliest superstition, through the philosophisms in her train. If our Science, the idol of the modern world, could yield our State-machinery but so much healthy human reason as to find a means against the starving of fellow-citizens out of work, for example, we might end by taking her as good exchange for a church-religion sunk to impotence. But she can do nothing. And the State with its 'social order' stands stock-still in the 'widened circle' like a lost child, its only care to prevent its being stirred. For that it pulls itself together, makes laws and swells its armies: valour is drilled and disciplined, to guard injustice against ill-consequences should need arise. (...)*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} But what need have we of throwing further light upon this modern world, to discover that there is nothing to be hoped of it? Ever, and under every form, will it be hostile to such wishes as we cherish for the nurture of a noble art, because the very thing we will it wills not. (...)*

*(...)*

[P. 122] *{FEUER} (...)* ... what must be will show itself when everybody must-s for once; though, to be sure, it then will appear as an outward obligation, whereas the inner Must can only dawn on a very great mind and sympathetically productive heart, such as our world brings forth no longer. Under the spur of this fully conscious inner Must, a man so equipped would gain a power no so-called Free-will – no choice of Free-trade or Protection, let us say – could possibly withstand. (...)

*{FEUER} I believe I may say without presumption that the thought worked out in that essay on 'German Art and German Policy' was no idle caprice of a self-deluding fancy: it took shape within me from an ever plainer recognition of the powers and qualities peculiar to the German spirit, as witnessed by a lengthy roll of German masters all striving – in my way of feeling – for that spirit's highest manifestation in an Artwork national to the human race. The importance of such an Artwork for the very highest culture of this and all other nations, once it were tended as [P. 123] a living, ever new possession of our people, must strike the mind of him who has ceased to expect aught beneficial from the working of our modern State and Church machinery. (...)*

[P. 124] *{FEUER} Beside the polish of these latinised nations of Europe, and suffering under the un-German-ness of all his higher social system (Lebensverfassung), is the German already tottering to his fall; or dwells there in him still a faculty of infinite importance for the redemption of Nature, but therefore only cultivable by endless patience, and ripening toward full consciousness amid most wearisome delays – a faculty whose full development might recompense a new and broader world for the fall of this old world that overshadows us to-day?*

*{FEUER} That is the question; and in its answer must we seek the 'Must.' To us it seems as if the unity and European power the Germans lost in their fights for Reformation had to be given up that they might keep the idiosyncracies which mark them, not for rulers, but for betterers of the world. What we must not, neither can we be. With the aid of all related branches of the German stock, we might steep the whole world in art-creations peculiar to ourselves, without ever becoming world-rulers. The use made of our late victories over the French proves this: Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Switzerland – not one of them shows dread of our predominance, albeit after such*

successes a Napoleon I. would easily have yoked them to the 'Reich.' But unfortunately we also omitted to knit these neighbours to [P. 125] us by fraternal ties, and recently an English Jew [Disraeli] has laid us down the law. Great politicians, so it seems, we shall never be; but haply something far greater if we rightly gauge our faculties, and make the 'must' of their employment a noble master to ourselves. Where our un-German barbarians sit, we know: as the elect of '*suffrage universel*' we find them in a Parliament which knows everything but the seat of German power. Who seeks it in our armies, may be deceived by the appearance they present at this instant: in any case he would be nearer the mark to seek it in that force which feeds these armies; and this undoubtedly is German Labour. Who cares for it? England and America are busy showing us what German Labour is: the Americans confess that German workmen are their best mechanics. It put new life into me, to hear this lately from the minute and personal experience of an educated American of English descent. What is our 'Suffrage-universel Parliament' doing with these German workmen? It compels the ablest hands to emigrate, and leaves the rest to rot in squalor, vice and senseless crime. We are not wise; and when some day we must be, things perhaps will not look nice with us, since we did not 'must' from our inner heart at the proper season, but let our Free-will lead our work and play."

4/17/79      (CD Vol. II; P. 293)

[P. 293] "When we withdraw upstairs, he talks about his *Parsifal*, saying it has not been possible to avoid a certain restriction of feeling; this does not mean that it is churchlike in tone, he says, indeed there is even a divine wildness in it, but such affecting emotions as in *Tristan* or even the *Nibelungen* would be entirely out of place. 'You will see – diminished sevenths were just not possible!' I remind him that all his divine works are gloriously unique and different from one another. He can be pleased with them!"

4/25/79      (CD Vol. II; P. 296)

[P. 296] "When I return around noon, R. greets me with the news that 'Parsifal' is finished, he has been working very strenuously! ... He says that never before has he been permitted to work so uninterruptedly."

4/27/79      (CD Vol. II; P. 297-298)

[P. 297-298] "We go through *Parsifal*, from the 2<sup>nd</sup> entrance into the Temple up to the end; R. said yesterday what he has said before: that the orchestration would be completely different from that of the *Ring*, no figurations of that kind; it would be like cloud layers, dispersing and then forming again. *The naivete which had kept sentimentality at bay in the 'Forest Murmurs' would also keep it at bay in Parsifal; in the former it was the naivete of Nature, here it would be the naivete of holiness, 'which is free of the dross of sentimentality.'* He plays certain intervals to us, saying, 'That would be absolutely impossible in *Parsifal*.' 'And so that you can see what a foolish fellow I am,' he tells Wolzogen, 'I'll show you what I intend to alter in the first act.' He looks for the chord in the first act, but cannot find it: 'Yes, of course, it is in the

Prelude; when I heard it, I said to myself, ‘Not bad on the whole, but this chord must go.’ He thinks it is too sentimental. Discussions of the final, wordless scene. R. says he will cut some of the music if the action on stage is insufficient, but it gave him pleasure to be able to show that he was not wearied. Talk of Amfortas, his weakness, his exhaustion, and just the one terrible moment when he tries to force them to kill him. Perhaps the most wonderful thing about the work is its divine simplicity, comparable to the Gospels – ‘The pure fool’ who dominates everything .... As R. himself said, ‘It is all so direct!’ “

4/29/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 299)

[P. 299] {FEUER} “Wagner told Cosima that in fact Siegfried ought to have turned into Parsifal and redeemed Wotan, he should have come upon Wotan (instead of Amfortas) in the course of his wanderings, but there was no antecedent for it, so it would have to remain as it was.”

5/7/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 304)

[P. 304] “R. first of all looks through the 2<sup>nd</sup> act of *Parsifal* in the arrangement by Seidl and Rub.; he finds this act ‘completely strange’ to him.”

5/17/79           (CD Vol. II; P. 310)

[P. 310] {FEUER} “Afterward I recall that some days ago R. told me that Kundry was his most original female character; when he had realized that the servant of the Grail was the same woman who seduced Amfortas, he said, everything fell into place, and after that, however many years might elapse, he knew how it would turn out.”

5/20/79           (CD Vol. II; P. 311)

[P. 311] {FEUER} “At breakfast we talk about ‘Parsifal,’ and he feels I am not entirely wrong when I tell him that each of us bears within his soul a fellow feeling for the tragedy of Tristan and Isolde as well as of Parsifal – the power of love; each of us feels at one time the death wish within it. And the power of sin, of sensuality, I think, too, and its longing for salvation. Wotan’s experiences, on the other hand – his feelings toward Siegfried and Siegmund – people do not feel those inside themselves, the man of genius lays them bare, people look and are overwhelmed.”

6/79                On Poetry and Composition (PW Vol. VI; P. 131-141)

[P. 140] {anti-FEUER} {SCHOP} “We came to the conclusion that all Greek genius was but an artistic re-editing of Homer, whilst in Homer himself we refused to recognise the artist. Yet Homer knew the ‘Aoidos’ [\* Translator’s Footnote: “According to Liddell and Scott, ‘a singer, minstrel, bard ... . In the heroic age they are represented as inspired, and under divine protection.’ “]; nay, he himself perhaps was ‘singer’ also? – To the sound of heroic songs the chorus of youths approached the mazes of the

*'imitative' dance. We know the choral chants to the priestly ceremonies, the dithyrambic choral dances of the Dionysian rites. What [P. 141] there was inspiration of the blind seer, becomes here the intoxication of the open-eyed ecstatic, before whose reeling gaze the actuality of Semblance dissolves to godlike twilight. Was the 'musician' artist? I rather think he made all Art, and became its earliest lawgiver.*

*{FEUER} {anti-FEUER} {SCHOP} The shapes and deeds beheld by the blind poet-teller's second sight could not be set before the mortal eye save through ecstatic palsy of its wonted faculty of seeing but the physical appearance: the movements of the represented god or hero must be governed by other laws than those of common daily need, by laws established on the rhythmic ordering of harmonious tones. The fashioning of the tragedy belonged no more in strictness to the poet, but to the lyrical musician: not one shape, one deed in all the tragedy, but what the godlike poet had beheld before, and 'told' to his Folk; merely the choregus led them now before the mortal eye of man itself, bewitching it by music's magic to a clairvoyance like to that of the original 'Finder.' The lyric tragedian therefore was not Poet, but through mastery and employment of the highest art he materialised the world the poet had beheld, and set the Folk itself in his clairvoyant state. – Thus 'mus-ical' art became the term for all the gifts of godlike vision, for every fashioning in illustration of that vision. It was the supreme ecstasy of the Hellenic spirit. What remained when it had sobered down, were nothing but the scraps of 'Techne' – no longer Art, but the arts; among which the art of versifying was to present the strangest sight in time, retaining for the position, length or brevity of syllables the canons of the musical Lyric, without an idea of how it had sounded."*

6/17/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 325)

[P. 325] *"Today he describes to the children (Lusch) the consequences of the emancipation of the Jews, how the middle classes have been pushed to the wall by it and the lower classes led into corruption. The Revolution destroyed feudalism, he says, but introduced Mammon in its place ..."*

6/18/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 326)

[P. 326] *"... talked about Charlotte Corday, of whom he has just been reading in Carlyle. 'Through madness we express what is divine in ourselves; such deeds are akin to madness.' This morning, when I told him that through him the Germans could pull themselves together and come to despise the Jewish element which had kept him from them for so long, he said, 'Yes, the fact that men like Hanslick in Vienna, for instance, have been left in peace by young people is not a good sign – it shows that they have lost their nerve.'"*

6/20/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 327)

[P. 327] *"The lengthy linking of R.'s work to W(olfram)'s *Parzival* he describes as pedantic, saying his text has in fact no connection with it; when he read the epic, he*



first said to himself that nothing could be done with it, ‘but a few things stuck in my mind – the Good Friday, the wild appearance of Condrie. That is all it was.’

6/22/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 328)

[P. 328] “In the evening we come to talk about the death of Prince Napoleon, and R. again refers to the righteousness of history, which in this case has been directed against his mother. R. observes that she started the war with Germany, encouraged it, only in order to relieve her son of the necessity of exacting ‘vengeance for Sadowa’; now, also for the sake of glory, she sends her son out on a sort of hunt against the Zulus! Fate takes a solemn view – Zulus are also human beings like ourselves, and he dies, not gloriously, but surprised, fleeing.”

7/8/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 337)

[P. 337] {FEUER} “... he goes on to describe an artist’s vision, how completely dissociated it is from personal experience, which only clouds it. He thinks that no artist ever describes what he is experiencing at the moment, not even Dante with Beatrice – he sees all the possibilities contained in it.”

7/13/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 338-339)

[P. 338-339] {FEUER} “Then he reiterates his thought about ‘human make-believe, God as truth through compassion.’ He asks himself whether one should assume that Nature deliberately set out to produce this phenomenon, step by step. But even if one discounts time and space, he says, it has always been thus. The passages in the Bible which try to bring everything into harmony – this is bad, he remarks, but one must have something definite to hold on to! In the evening R. talks admiringly about America and the American war, the only war whose aim was humane, and we jocularly discuss the founding of a new Bayreuth.”

7/14/79 Letter to Constantin Frantz (SLRW; P. 893-895)

[P. 893] {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} “But how similar to my own position I find yours to be! Each in his own sphere, neither of us tires of presenting his ideas to his fellow men in new arrangements, without ever being deterred by the total failure of all our efforts. One ought, no doubt, to be able to identify some higher agency here, except that I fear it is not the agency that makes ‘history’. And this brings me to the one aspect of your theory which causes me misgivings. You locate the realm of history in the sphere of man’s ‘free will’, whereas I can see the [P. 894] freedom of the will only in the act of denying the world, i.e. in the advent of the ‘kingdom of grace’. If the realm of history were to offer us anything other than the workings of an arbitrary despotism – which certainly does not mean freedom of the will, but rather the will’s subjection to blind self-interest –, it would be most surprising if, for ex., ideas like yours had no influence whatsoever on the course of history. This had already become clear to me as a result of the profound doubt which I harboured as to the success of those of your writings

which appeared before 1866: that you should ever win over a powerful and capable individual to your cause – one of our princes, ministers or deputies, say, -- was bound to strike me as quite out of the question. *And how do things stand now? Everything rolls on as though into the pit of madness, and – if this happens of one's own free will – one must at least admit that it is an heroic will which is at work, since it urges the destruction of all that at present exists.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} I believe very definitely that this is the only outcome that now remains open to us, and historical analogies enable me to foresee our return to a state of barbarism around the middle of the next millennium. That man of peace whom you hold out to us presupposes too much reason on the part of the human race; unfortunately, moreover, there is no religion that can guide us along the right path, since – in my own estimation – this must first be revealed to us and Jesus Christ must first be recognized and imitated by us.*

*{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} What will give rise to misconceptions in your book is the fact that, among the factors which have contributed to the downfall of the Germans, you really number only feudalism but say nothing of the Catholic Church which has exploited that feudalism. I believe you could have spoken with greater warmth of the German nation's fight for survival at the time of the Reformation. The reasons for the Reformation's lack of achievement and its frailty could be found, with a greater feeling of regret, in Austrian politics, for ex., just as the decline or decay of Spain, Italy and, in a certain sense, even France could have been shown to derive quite clearly from the fact that the Inquisition and other forms of persecuting heretics completely wiped out the country's most talented and capable individuals (as the Huguenots certainly were in France). There is nothing I would say about the Church except that, if Christianity had already been a living part of it, the Church has utterly ruined it. (...) The fact that you are thinking of the Christian religion only in the popular guise of God the Creator and His first revelation to the Jews seems to me the result of your overall plan, which, I admit, appears to be [P. 895] designed to make your ideas more accessible; nevertheless, I believe that it is in this area that the most critical point is to be found, when it becomes a question of further developing popular awareness. If the common people were made to forget about God in the 'burning bush' and shown instead only the 'sacred head sore wounded' they would understand what Christianity is all about, and perhaps this 'head' will one day rise up, as the true creator of religion, out of the chaos towards which we are all inexorably hastening.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} Let us leave Darwinism alone: I believe little can be achieved here on the basis of feeling. Man evidently begins to exist with the entry of lying (cunning, dissimulation) into the powerful series of the development of beings; God will have revealed Himself with the entry of the most unshakeable truth into every domain of existence: the way from man to Him is compassion, and its everlasting name is Jesus."*

8/8/79

(CD Vol. II; P. 351)

[P. 351] *{FEUER} {SCHOP} "He started on the Bible today and cannot get over his astonishment that in England and elsewhere this story of the Creation is still the basis*

*of religious instruction; all the same, the sense of sin through knowledge is a fine one.*”

8/8/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 352)

[P. 352] “ ‘Love, its complete unfolding and its power – that has never before been expressed in music as it is in Bruennhilde and Isolde.’ I mention Elizabeth, whereupon he: ‘Yes, but she is only a bud, and killed off in the bud.’

8/16/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 355)

[P. 355] {FEUER} “*I read aloud a little from Nohl’s Beethoven, R. objecting to the bringing together of ‘Fidelio’ and the real-life love episode: ‘I shall have to write something one day about the manner in which the life of the spirit goes its own way and has nothing to do with actual experiences – indeed it is, rather, the things one does not find which provide the images.’* “

8/16/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 355)

[P. 355] {anti-FEUER/NIET} “*Actually a picture of the destruction of all existing things, the ravages of power of the most brutal kind, at last the emergence of a new preacher of Christianity, from whom one could get the feeling that it is all in its very earliest stages! ... It is precisely because the Gospels have come down to us from such a narrow circle, R. says, that they are so divine; just like the Chaldean shepherd in the wilderness, who saw and observed nothing except the stars above him, they cannot be compared to anything that was said before or after them.*”

8/18/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 355-356)

[P. 355-356] “*At lunch he tells me about his present reading – ‘The Old Testament,’ the story of Sarah – and he remarks that Israel has always been what it now is; the fact that Christ was born in its lands does it no credit, for, as from extreme poverty, a god must also emerge from extreme wickedness.*”

9/20/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 367)

[P. 367] {FEUER} {anti-FEUER} “*I do not believe in God, but in godliness, which is revealed in a Jesus without sin.*”

9/21/79            (CD Vol. II; P. 367)

[P. 367] “*I observe that to die well one must already have died in spirit, so that death is then hardly an event, and {FEUER} I maintain to R. that there are many things of which he understands nothing, since genius has no part in original sin. He: ‘I live like a sort of animal.’ I: Yes, in innocence.’* “

10/1/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 373-374)

[P. 373-374] {FEUER} “... he thinks of Othello and Desdemona, and I remind him of the remark he once made to me – that O. killed Desdemona because he knew she must one day be unfaithful to him. He continues by saying that natural tendencies hold sway over acts of enthusiasm, and once the image had arisen in his mind, even if put there by such a despicable rogue, life became impossible, everything was finished, and the only saving grace that D. die with her purity unsullied. Beyond words – also as drama; *Hamlet*, through the nature of its material, weakly based in comparison, R. remarks, it tends to lose itself in length; not killing (Claudius) because he is at prayer, making the journey to England – these are dramatically almost embarrassing, though entirely necessary for displaying character. I do not know why R. mentions Jaques in this connection; I tell him that what I find so remarkable about this character (among other things) is its pronounced French flavor, the curious, resigned melancholy which laughs even at profundity but is itself profound. R. agrees and wonders whether he remains in the forest. I believe one can assume that he does, and he says, ‘How superficial in comparison do all the princes seem, who return to their thrones!’ ‘Except for Prospero,’ I say, and together we reflect on this most moving of characters. As we part, R. calls me ‘Prospera.’ I: ‘You are Prospero, you have his magic and his benevolence.’ “

10/8/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 377)

[P. 377] {FEUER} “As reading material he has E. v. Hagen on the 2<sup>nd</sup> scene of *Das Rheingold*; today he tells me that he has not grasped the difference between ‘eternal’ and ‘infinite’ – ‘eternal’ simply means outside of time. Otherwise it would be nonsense to have spoken of ‘the end of the eternal gods.’ “

10/11/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 378)

[P. 378] “... I read a very good speech by the preacher Stoecker about the Jews. R. is in favor of expelling them entirely. We laugh to think that it really seems as if his article on the Jews marked the beginning of this struggle.”

10/15/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 380-381)

[P. 380-381] “... we continue talking about *Twelfth Night*, then R. says that when he first read Calderon, he was greatly moved by the delicate passion of the speeches; I observe that in them one is less conscious of the truthfulness of feeling than in Shakespeare. R. replies: ‘What is truth? It is a tremendous nervous excitation which can easily turn into the very opposite.’ More discussion about the universe – and how splendid of the philosophers to have made ideality the basis of their outlook.”

[P. 195] {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} "... mere 'feeling' has certainly been made so much of in our cause that we have given the scoffers and wittings, who almost exclusively furnish our public entertainment, a welcome opportunity of upholding the interests of 'Science.' Nevertheless the most earnest concern of humanity, in my way of thinking, has here been so strongly called in question, that the deepest knowledge is only to be gained on the path of an exact analysis of that mocked at 'feeling.' (...)

{anti-FEUER/NIET} What hitherto has kept me from joining any of the [P. 196] existing societies for the Protection of Animals, has been that I found all their arguments and appeals based wellnigh exclusively on the Utilitarian principle. (...) ... for the advocates of the time-honoured tendence of societies for the Protection of Animals can advance no valid argument against the most inhuman cruelty to beasts, now practised in our licensed vivisection-chambers, as soon as it is defended on the plea of usefulness. Almost we are restricted to calling this Utility into question; and were it proved beyond all doubt, it would be precisely that union which had given a foothold to the most man-degrading barbarism towards its proteges by its hitherto promoted tenets. According to these, nothing but a State-acknowledged demonstration of the inutility of those scientific tortures could help us to preserve our benevolent aims: let us hope that such a thing may come to pass. *But even supposing our efforts on this side were crowned with the most complete success, so long as the torturing of animals was abolished solely on the ground of inutility there would have been no lasting good accomplished for mankind, and the true idea that has prompted us to combine for the protection of animals would remain deformed and, out of cowardice, unuttered.*

{anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} *Who needs another motive for the protection of an animal from wilfully protracted sufferings, than that of pure humanity* [\* Translator's Footnote: "'Mitleid' = 'Compassion' or 'Pity.' "], *can never have felt a genuine right to stop another man's beast-torture. Everyone who revolts at the sight of an animal's torment, is prompted solely by [P. 197] compassion; and he who joins with others to protect dumb animals, is moved by naught save pity, of its very nature entirely indifferent to all calculations of utility or the reverse. But that we have not the courage to set our only motive, this of Pity, in the forefront of our appeals and admonitions to the Folk, is the curse of our Civilisation, the attestation of the un-God-ing of our established Church religions.*

{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} *In our days it required the instruction of a philosopher who fought with dogged ruthlessness against all cant and all pretence, to prove the pity deep-seated in the human breast, the only true foundation of morality. It was mocked at, nay, indignantly repudiated by the senate of a learned Academy; for virtue, where not enjoined by Revelation, was only to be based on Logic (Vernunft-Erwagung). Viewed logically, on the other hand, this Pity was pronounced a sublimated egoism: that the sight of others' sufferings caused pain to ourselves, was said to be compassion's ground-of-action, and not that foreign suffering itself, which we merely sought to do away with so as to obliterate the painful effect on our own selves. [P. 198] How ingenious we had become, in the slime of basest selfishness to guard ourselves against disturbance by the pangs of fellow-feeling! Again, this Pity*

was despised because most often met with as a quite inferior grade of human utterance, and in the very lowest classes: here one diligently confused it with that 'regret' which is so readily shown by onlookers in every case of domestic or civil misfortune, and, seeing the unmeasured frequency of such events, finds expression in a head-shake, a shrug of the shoulders, and departure, -- till haply one steps forward from the crowd, a man impelled to active help by true compassion. (...)

(...)

[P. 201] (...) *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* Unfortunately our review of human things has shown us Pity struck from off the laws of our Society, since even our medical institutes, pretending care for man, have become establishments for teaching ruthlessness, which naturally will be extended -- for sake of 'science' -- from animals to any human beings found defenceless against its experiments.

*{SCHOP}* Or may our very indignation at the shocking sufferings inflicted wilfully on animals point out to us the pathway to the kingdom of pity toward all that lives, the Paradise once lost and now to be regained with consciousness? --

*{FEUER}* *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* *{SCHOP}* When first it dawned on human wisdom that the same thing breathed in animals as in mankind, it appeared too late to avert the curse which, ranging ourselves with the beasts of prey, we seemed to have called down upon us through the taste of animal food: disease and misery of every kind, to which we did not see mere vegetable eating men exposed. The insight thus obtained led further to the consciousness of a deep-seated guilt in our earthly [P. 202] being: it moved those fully seized therewith to turn aside from all that stirs the passions, through free-willed poverty and total abstinence from animal food. To these wise men the mystery of the world unveiled itself as a restless tearing into pieces, to be restored to restful unity by nothing save compassion. His pity for each breathing creature, determining his every action, redeemed the sage from all the ceaseless change of suffering existences, which he himself must pass until his last emancipation. Thus the pitiless was mourned by him for reason of his suffering, but most of all the beast, whose pain he saw without knowing it capable of redemption through pity. This wise man could but recognise that the reasonable being gains its highest happiness through free-willed suffering, which he therefore seeks with eagerness, and ardently embraces; whereas the beast but looks on pain, so absolute and useless to it, with dread and agonised rebellion. But still more to be deplored that wise man deemed the human being who consciously could torture animals and turn a deaf ear to their pain, for he knew that such a one was infinitely farther from redemption than the wild beast itself, which should rank in comparison as sinless as a saint.

Races driven to rawer climates, and hence compelled to guard their life by animal food, preserved till quite late-times a feeling that the beasts did not belong to them, but to a deity; they knew themselves guilty of a crime with every beast they slew or slaughtered, and had to expiate it to the god: they offered up the beast, and thanked the god by giving him the fairest portions of the spoil. What here was a religious sentiment survived in later philosophers, born after the ruin of religions, as axiom of humanity: one has only to read Plutarch's splendid treatise 'On Reason in the Beasts of Land and Sea,' to return with a tingle of shame to the precepts of our men of science.

*{anti-FEUER/NIET}* Up to here, but alas! no farther, can we trace the religious

*basis of our human forbears' sympathy with animals, and it seems that the march of civilisation, by [P. 203] making him indifferent to 'the God,' turned man himself into a raging beast of prey ... (...) The monstrous guilt of all this life a divine and sinless being took upon himself, and expiated with his agony and death. Through this atonement all that breathes and lives should know itself redeemed, so soon as it was grasped as pattern and example to be followed. And this was done by all the saints and martyrs whom it drew to free-willed suffering, to bathe them in the fount of Pity till every worldly dream was washed away. [\* Translator's Footnote: "Weltenwahn – cf. 'Oh, Weltenwahn's Umnachten: in hoechsten Heiles heisser Sucht. nach der Verdammniss Quell zu schmachten!' Parsifal, act ii."]* *Legends have told us how wild beasts allied themselves in friendship with these holy ones – perchance not merely for the shelter thus ensured, but also driven by a possible first gleam of instinctive sympathy: here were wounds, and finally the kind protective hand, to lick. In these legends, as of Genoveva's doe and many another, there surely lies a sense that leaves the Old Testament far behind. –*

*Those legends now are dumb: the Pentateuch has won the day, and the prowling has become the 'calculating' beast of prey. Our creed is: 'Animals are useful; particularly if, trusting in our sanctuary, they yield themselves into our hands. Come let us therefore make of them what we deem good for human use; we have the right to martyr a thousand faithful dogs the whole day long, if we can thereby help one human creature to the cannibal well-being of five-hundred swine.'*

*(...) [P. 204] {FEUER} The wisdom of the Brahmins, nay, of every cultured pagan race, is lost to us: with the disowning of our true relation to the beasts, we see an animalised – in the worst sense – and more than an animalised, a devilised world before us. There's not a truth to which, in our self-seeking and self-interest, we are not ready to shut our eyes even when able to perceive it: herein consists our Civilisation. (...) Apart from, but almost simultaneously with the outcrop of that torturing of animals in the name of an impossible science, an honest inquirer, a careful breeder and comparer, a scientific friend of beasts, laid once more open to us men the teachings of primeval wisdom, according to which the same thing breathes in animals that lends us life ourselves; ay, showed us past all doubt that we descend from them. In the spirit of our unbelieving century, this knowledge may prove our surest guide to a correct estimate of our relation to the animals; and perhaps it is on this road alone, that we might again arrive at a real religion, as taught to us by the Redeemer and testified by his example, the religion of true Human Love. We have already touched on what has made compliance with this teaching so extremely hard to us slaves of Civilisation. As we have used dumb beasts not merely for our sustenance and service, but to show us in their art-dealt sufferings what we ourselves may haply lack when, cankered by unnatural modes of life, excess and vice of every kind, our body is seized at last with sickness, we now might fitly use them for improvement of our morals, ay, in many respects for our self-discipline, as Nature's never-lying witnesses.*

*(...)*

*[P. 206] {FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} To the beasts, who have been our schoolmasters in all the arts by which we trapped and made them subject to us, man was superior in nothing save deceit and cunning, by no means in courage or bravery; for the animal will fight to its last breath, indifferent to wounds or death ... . To base*

*man's dignity upon his pride, compared with that of animals, would be mistaken; and our victory over them, their subjugation, we can only attribute to our greater art of dissembling. That art we highly boast of; we call it 'reason' ('Vernunft') and proudly think it marks us from the animals: for look you! It can make us like to God himself – as to which, however, Mephistopheles has his private opinion, concluding that the only use man made of reason was to 'be more bestial than any beast.' In its great veracity and naiveness the animal is unable to estimate the moral meanness of the arts through which we cowed it; in any case it finds something daemonic in them, which it obeys in timid awe ... . (...) One only tie, which the saint has been able to break, still binds the animal to Nature, since it cannot be aught but sincere: [P. 207] compassion for its young. (...) {FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} This the 'free' burgher of our Civilisation calls 'houndish fidelity,' with a contemptuous accent on the 'hound.' Yet in a world from which all reverence has vanished, or tarries but as hypocritical pretence, is there no example for us to take from the affecting lesson of the animals we govern? Where devotion true till death is met between man and man, we need not be ashamed to regard it as already a noble bond of kinship with the animal kingdom, since there is good reason for believing that this virtue is purer, eh! diviner in its exercise by animals than by man: for, quite apart from their value in the eyes of the world, in his sufferings and death man is able to recognise a blessed expiation; whereas the beast, without one ulterior thought of moral advantage, sacrifices itself wholly and purely to love and lealty – though this also is explained by our physiologists as a simple chemical reaction of certain elementary substances.*

[P. 208] {anti-FEUER/NIET} *These monkeys scuttling up the tree of knowledge in dread of their lives might be recommended not to look so much into the mangled entrails of a living animal, but rather with some calm and penetration into its eye; here perchance the scientific searcher would for the first time find expressed the thing most worthy man: namely truthfulness, the impossibility of a lie; and peering deeper, he might catch the lofty accents of Nature's grief at his own deplorably sinful presumption; for the scientific jokes he cracks the poor beast takes in bitter earnest. (...)*

(...)

[P. 210] {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} *For our conclusion should be couched as follows: -- That Human dignity begins to assert itself only at the point where Man is distinguishable from the Beast by pity for it, since pity for man we ourselves may learn from the animals when treated reasonably and as becomes a human being."*

10/79

On the Application of Music to the Drama (PW Vol. VI; P. 173-191)

[P. 178] *"I believe I may aver that, with the advent of full earnestness in the conception of Tragedy and the realising of the Drama, quite new necessities arose for Music; requirements which we must accurately measure against those demanded of the Symphonist in preservation of the pureness of his art-style.*

(...) ... certain vividly-gifted instrumentalists nursed the irrepressible desire to enlarge the bounds of musical form and expression by superscribing their pieces with a dramatic incident, and endeavouring to present it to the imagination through



purely musical means. The reasons why a pure artistic style could never be attained on this path, have doubtless been discerned in course of the manifold attempts thereon; but to us it seems that the [P. 179] admirable service thus rendered by the exceptionally gifted musicians has not yet been sufficiently regarded. The excesses to which a guardian daemon drove a Berlioz were nobly tempered by the incomparably more artistic genius of Liszt to the expression of soul and world events too great for words; and to the disciples of their art it might appear that a new order of composition was placed at their immediate disposal. In any case *it was astonishing to see what boundless faculties sheer instrumental-music had acquired under guidance of a dramatic synopsis. (...) Now, though in the larger Programme works of the more recent tone-poets named above we find clear traces of the Symphony-construction proper – indelible for natural reasons, -- in the fashioning of the themes, their contrast and remodelling, there already appears a passionate and ‘eccentric’ character such as pure Symphonic instrumental-music seemed called to hold entirely aloof; indeed the Programmist felt bound to give this eccentric characterisation particularly high relief, as a poetic shape or episode was always present to his mind, and he believed he could not set it plain enough before, as it were, the eye. At last this obligation led to downright melodrama-music, with pantomime to be supposed, and quite [P. 180] consistently to instrumental recitatives – whilst horror at the pulverising formlessness filled all the critical world; so that nothing really remained, but to help the new form of Musical Drama itself to light of day from such birth-agonies. –*

This latter is as little to be compared with the older Operatic form, as the newer instrumental-music conducting to it is to be likened with the Classic Symphony, become impossible to our composers. (...)

(...)

[P. 182] *{FEUER} Pure instrumental-music, no longer content with the legalised form of the Classical Symphonic Movement, sought to extend her powers in every respect, and found them easily increased by poet’s fancies; the reactionary party was unable to fill that Classic form with life, and saw itself compelled to borrow for it from the wholly alien, thereby distorting it. Whilst the first direction led to the winning of new aptitudes, and the second merely exposed ineptitudes, it became evident that the further evaluation of those aptitudes was only to be saved from boundless follies threatening serious damage to the spirit of Music, by openly and undisguisedly turning that line itself towards the Drama. What there remained unutterable, could here be spoken definitely and plainly, and thereby ‘Opera’ redeemed withal from the curse of her unnatural descent. And it is here, in what we may call for short the ‘Musical Drama,’ that we reach sure ground for calmly reckoning the application of Music’s new-won faculties to the evolution of noble, inexhaustible artistic forms.*

*{FEUER} The science of Aesthetics has at all times laid down Unity as a chief requirement for the artwork. In the abstract this Unity is difficult to dialectically define, and its misapprehension has led to many and grave mistakes. [P. 183] It comes out the plainest in the perfect artwork itself, for it is it that moves us to unbroken interest, and keeps the broad impression ever present. Indisputably this result is the most completely attained by the living represented drama; wherefore we have no hesitation in declaring the Drama the most perfect of artworks. (...) ... to be an artwork again qua music, the new form of dramatic music must have the unity of the*

*symphonic movement; and this it attains by spreading itself over the whole drama, in the most intimate cohesion therewith, not merely over single smaller, arbitrarily selected parts. So that this Unity consists in a tissue of root-themes pervading all the drama, themes which contrast, complete, re-shape, divorce and intertwine with one another as in the symphonic movement; only that here the needs of the dramatic action dictate the laws of parting and combining, which were there originally borrowed from the motions of the dance.*

(...)

[P. 184] *... whoever till now has trained himself by listening to our newest Romantic-classical instrumental-music, and wants to try his skill with the dramatic genre, I would above all advise him not to aim at harmonic and instrumental Effects, but to await sufficient cause for any effect of the kind, as otherwise they will not come off. (...)*

[P. 185] *I have never yet made the acquaintance of a young composer who did not think to gain my sanction for 'audacities' before all things. On the other hand it has been a real surprise to me, that the restraint I have striven for with increasing vigilance in the modulation and instrumenting of my works has not met the smallest notice. {FEUER} In the instrumental introduction to 'Rheingold,' for instance, it was impossible to me to quit the fundamental note, simply because I had no reason for changing it; a great part of the not un-animated scene that follows for the Rhine-daughters and Alberich would only permit of modulation to keys the very nearest of kin, as Passion here is still in the most primitive naivety of its expression. (...)* [P. 186]

*But after in course of the drama the simple nature-motive ... had been heard at the earliest gleam of the shining Rhinegold; at the first appearance of the Gods'-burg 'Walhall,' shimmering in the morning's red, the no less simple motive ... and each of these motives had undergone mutations in closest sympathy with the rising passions of the plot, -- with the help of a digression in the harmony I could present them knit in such a way that, more than Wotan's words, this tone-figure should give to us a picture of the fearful gloom in the soul of the suffering god. Again, I am conscious of having always endeavoured to prevent the acerbity of such musical combinations from making a striking effect as such, as a special 'audacity' we will say; both by my marks of expression and by word of mouth I sought to so tone down the change, whether by a timely slackening of [P. 187] tempo or a preliminary dynamic compensation, that it should invade our willing Feeling as an artistic moment in strict accordance with the laws of nature. So that it may be imagined how nothing more enrages me, and keeps me away from strange performances of my music, than the insensibility of most of our conductors to the requirements of Rendering in such combinations in particular; needing the most delicate treatment, they are given to the ear in false and hurried tempo, without the indispensable dynamic shading, and mostly unintelligible. No wonder they are a bugbear to our 'Professors.'*

*I have dealt at some length with this example because it has an application to all my dramas, only far more extended, and shows the characteristic distinction between the Dramatic and the Symphonic use and working-out of motives. But I will take a second of like nature, and draw attention to the metamorphoses in that motive with which the Rhine-daughters greet the glancing Gold in childish glee: 'Rhinegold! Rhinegold!'*

*One would have to follow this uncommonly simple theme – recurring in manifold alliance with almost every other motive of the drama’s wide-spread movement – through all the changes it receives from the diverse character of its resummoning, to see what type of variations the Drama can engender; and how completely the character of these variations departs from that of those figured, rhythmic or harmonic alterations of a theme which our masters ranged in immediate sequence to build up pictures of an often intoxicatingly kaleidoscopic effect. This effect was destroyed at once, and with it the classic form of the Variation, so soon as motives foreign to the theme were woven in, giving something of a dramatic development to the Movement’s [P. 188] progress, and fouling the purity, or let us say self-evidence of the tone-piece. But neither a mere play of counterpoint, nor the most fantastic art of figuration and most inventive harmonising, either could or should transform a theme so characteristically, and present it with such manifold and entirely changed expression – yet leaving it always recognisable – as true dramatic art can do quite naturally. Hardly anything could afford a plainer proof of this, than a pursuit of that simple motive of the ‘Rhine-daughters’ through all the changing passions of the four-part drama down to Hagen’s Watch-song in the first act of the ‘Goetterdaemmerung,’ where it certainly takes on a form which – to me at least – makes it inconceivable as theme of a Symphonic movement, albeit it still is governed by the laws of harmony and thematism, though purely in their application to the Drama. To attempt to apply the results of such a method to the Symphony, however, must lead to the latter’s utter ruin; for here would appear as a far-fetched effect what follows there from well-found motives.*

(...)

[P. 190] It seems that already a very large portion of the public finds much, nay, almost everything in my dramatic music quite natural, and therefore pleasing, at which our ‘Professors’ still cry Fie. *Were the latter to seat me on one of their sacred chairs, however, they perhaps might be seized with even greater wonder at the prudence and moderation, especially in the use of harmonic effects, which I should [P. 191] enjoin upon their pupils; as I should have to make it their foremost rule, never to quit a key so long as what they have to say, can still be said therein.* If this rule were complied with, we possibly might again hear Symphonies that gave us something to talk about; whereas there is simply nothing at all to be said of our latest symphonies.”

10/19/79

Letter to Franz Overbeck (SLRW; P. 897-898)

[P. 897] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “ (...) How could I ever forget this friend of mine [Nietzsche] who was driven from me so forcefully? Although I [P. 898] constantly had the feeling that, at the time of his association with me, Nietzsche’s life was ruled by a mental spasm, and although it was bound to strike me as odd that this spasm could have produced so spiritually radiant and heart-warming a fire as was manifest in him to the astonishment of all, and although, finally, the ultimate decision which he reached in the inner development of his life filled me with the utmost horror when I saw how intolerable a pressure that spasm was finally causing him – I must no doubt also admit that in the case of so powerful a psychic process it is simply not possible to argue along moral lines and that one’s only response can be a shocked silence.

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} It saddens me, however, to be so completely excluded from any part in Nietzsche's life and difficulties. Would it be indiscreet of me to ask you to send me news of our friend? It was particularly anxious to beg this favour of you. (...)"*

11/14/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 395)

[P. 395] *{FEUER} "At lunch a recollection of Aeschylus's chorus (the female hare and the eagle) causes him to remark on the nobility of this outlook, and he feels it was things like this that might have led to accusations of blasphemy against Aeschylus, this connection between holiness and Nature was probably at the bottom of the Eleusinian mysteries. {FEUER} In our times, R. continues, religion should seek to influence ethics, and allow faith to be represented by art, which can transform illusion into truth."*

11/17/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 397-398)

[P. 397-398] *{anti-FEUER/NIET} "He also talks at lunch about the study of history in childhood and where one should begin, because I asked him whether one should start with specialized history. He thinks, from the beginning of mankind, the first migrations and the return to the region of the Ganges, then the figures of Semiramis, Cyrus, in order to arrive at the Greeks; and this without questioning the legendary parts, for what human beings have themselves thought out and imagined is more important than what really happened."*

11/25/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 401)

[P. 401] *{FEUER} "... R. suddenly quoted Egmont's words, 'I set you an example,' and said this was what made Egmont so significant, this was the German conception of freedom – not to want to go on living when all one could look forward to was fear and the need for circumspection. R. spoke these words with great vehemence, as if he were telling me the basic conviction of his life."*

11/26/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 402)

[P. 402] *"He prefaced these reflections with the remark that one cannot take pleasure in the life of any great man: 'Shakespeare is the only one for me – unable to put up with home, running away, writing plays, getting fed up with the theater, returning home, writing Othello and Tempest, and dying.'"*

12/1/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 407)

[P. 407] *{anti-FEUER/NIET} "At breakfast we come back to yesterday's conversation about natural laws, and R. says he will once more tell Herr v. S. that they are of no benefit, no help at all for morals and ethics – 'and if on top of that their application is despised, nothing remains of it all but idle sport.'"*

12/3/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 408)

[P. 408] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “... we then discuss what a young man of fire and intelligence should do in these times, R. expatiates on the theme of science, the physical truths ‘against which there is nothing to be said, but which also have nothing to say to us,’ and points in the direction of ideality. He says he does not deny that these things are excellent as a method, but what really matters is the soul.”

12/12/79 (CD Vol. II; P. 411)

[P. 411] “... started on a book about the Talmudic Jews ... . R. wishes all Jews would drop off of him, ‘like warts,’ for which there is no known remedy; one should not try to check them, just ignore them.”

12/25/79 Introduction to the Year 1880 (PW Vol. VI; P. 31-35)

[P. 34] *{FEUER}* *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “Yet another Hope might quicken once more in me, if only I could see it stirring in the breasts of others. It comes not from without. Men of science persuade us that Copernicus reduced the ancient Church-belief to ruins with his planetary system, since it robbed God Almighty of his heavenly seat. The Church however, as all may see, has not felt materially embarrassed by that discovery: for it, and all believers, God dwelleth still in Heaven, or – as Schiller sings – ‘above the starry tent.’ The god within the human breast, of whose transcendent being our great Mystics were so certain sure, that god who needs no heavenly-home demonstrable by science, has given the parsons more ado. For us Germans had he become our inmost own: but our Professors have done him many a harm ... . Yet this approachless god of ours had begotten much within us, and when at last he had to vanish, he left us – in eternal memory of him – Music. He taught us, too, us poor Cimmerians, to build, to paint and poetise: but the Devil has turned it all to printing, and now gives it us at Christmas for our book-desks.

*{FEUER}* *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* *Our Music he shall not thus deal with; for still it is the living god within our bosom. Let us guard it therefore, and ward off all profaning hands. For us it shall become no ‘literature’; in it resides our final hope of life itself.*

*{FEUER}* *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* *There is something special in our German Music, ay, something divine. It makes its acolytes all martyrs, and instructs by them the heathen. What else is Music to all other culture-nations, since the decaying of the Church, than an accompaniment to dance or vocal virtuosity? We alone know ‘Music’ as herself, and to us she gives the power of all regeneration and new-birth; but only while we hold her holy. Were we to lose the sense of genuineness in this one art, we had lost our last possession. May [P. 35] it therefore not mislead our friends, if precisely on this field, of Music, we show a front implacable to whatsoever we rate as spurious. Indeed it wakes in us no little pain, to see the downfall of our musical affairs so utterly unheeded; for so our last religion melts away in jugglery. Let our painters and poets run riot as they please; at least they don’t disturb one if one neither looks nor reads: but music – who can shut his ears to it, when it pierces through the*

thickest walls? *And where and when, with us, is music not made? Announce the end of the world, and a grand Extra-concert will be arranged for the event! (...) And then the Concert-establishments, the Musical Academies and Oratorio-unions, the soirees and matinees of Chamber-music! Who composes for all these music-making conventicles, and – how can they ever be composed for? We know quite well: not one true word does their music say. And we, who have to hear it, put out thereby the last light the German God had left in us to find our way back to him! – “*

12/28/79      (CD Vol. II; P. 418)

[P. 418] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “Yesterday evening he read to me some passages from poor Nietzsche’s new book [presumably *Daybreak*], and E. Schure’s saying about ‘Nihilisme Ecoeurant’ (‘nauseating nihilism’) came into his mind. ‘To feel nothing but scorn for such a noble and compelling figure as Jesus Christ!’ R. exclaims indignantly. He continues with it today and reads several more things (about ‘Faust,’ for instance) which are horrifying.”

[1880]

1/7/80      (CD Vol. II; P. 421)

[P. 421] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “... all he regrets is that G. [Goethe] never managed to rid himself of the idea of God as a part of Nature concealed by Nature, whom one should not seek, although he is there; in consequence of this, one is obliged to look upon Christ, God’s son, as a problematical being. ‘It would be well worth the trouble to define what we mean by God, but who can do that?’ “

1/13/80      (CD Vol. II; P. 424)

[P. 424] *{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET}* “Then our conversation turns to the Moravian Brothers and their way of life, and when Herr v. Stein expresses the opinion that, having shed transcendental faith, philanthropy will one day become even more powerful, R. flies into a rage; it is always the same, he says, people think only of the church and confuse this with Christianity – the true task is to glorify the pure figure of Christ, so that his example provides an outward bond. Humanity runs in two parallel lines, he continues; the one is concerned with nothing but plunder and murder, the other can be regarded as a reaction against that: no figure is more sublimely moving than that of Christ, and all the rest who affect us have been his imitators. He speaks very agitatedly and without all his usual clarity, and when – as is his habit after speaking at length – he goes out and then returns, he looks very pale, his hands are cold and damp, and he is coughing. He tells me the thought he has written down: ‘The path from religion to art bad, from art to religion good.’ “

1/15/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 426)

[P. 426] “Regarding poets, he says a poet is a visionary, and he tells me how Herwegh always needed a framework for his thoughts: ‘He grew lazy and, like all idle people, sought refuge in science, dissecting frogs. {FEUER} *I wanted to get him producing again and suggested the subject of reincarnation, 9 cantos, three figures with 3 cantos for each, the same type recurring at different times – what I mean by God, who runs parallel with Nature up to the point where the parallels meet.*”

1/17/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 429)

[P. 429] “When I tell him in the morning that I cannot get Brangaene’s theme in the first act out of my mind (‘wo lebte der Mann’), and sing it to him, *he says, ‘This work has now been published, yet nobody really – no musician – has recognized what kind of music it is.’ I observe that musicians are too limited in outlook for that , but in their place ‘Tristan’ has won many fanatic admirers.*”

1/17/80 Letter to Hans von Wolzogen (SLRW; P. 898-899)

[P. 898] {FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} “I should be sorry if we were to lose Dr. Foerster because of some displeasure on his part. None the less I must concede that you were right to want to see certain remarks of his removed from so meritorious an essay as the one he wrote for the Bayreuther Blaetter. *I am almost afraid that we shall have difficulty in reaching an understanding with our friends and patrons on the future meaning and significance of the incomparably and sublimely simple and true redeemer who appears to us in the historically intelligible figure of Jesus of Nazareth, but who must first be cleansed and redeemed of the distortion that has been caused by Alexandrine, Judaic and Roman despotism. Nevertheless, although we are merciless in abandoning the Church and the [P. 899] priesthood and, indeed, the whole historical phenomenon of Christianity, our friends must always know that we do so for the sake of that same Christ whom -- -- because of His utter incomparability and recognizability – we wish to preserve in His total purity, so that – like all the other sublime products of man’s artistic and scientific spirit – we can take Him with us into those terrible times which may very well follow the necessary destruction of all that at present exists. –*

*{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} In other words, what we are happy to abandon to the most pitiless destruction is all that impairs and distorts this saviour of ours: that is why we ask for sensitivity and care in the way we express ourselves, lest we end up working with the Jews and for the Jews. –*

*(...)”*

2/8/80 Letter to Newell Sill Jenkins (SLRW; P. 899)

[P. 899] “It is not impossible that I may yet decide to emigrate to America with the whole of my family, and take my latest work with me. Since I am no longer young, I should need a very substantial concession from the other side of the ocean. An association would have to be formed that would place a lump sum of one million

dollars at my disposal, thus enabling me to settle there and repaying me for all the trouble involved, half of the sum being used to pay for my settlement in some climatically beneficial state of the Union, the other half being deposited in a state bank as a capital investment at 5 per cent. In doing this, America would secure my services for all time. In addition the association would have to raise the funds necessary to enable an annual festival to be held at which I should present all my works by easy stages in model performances: we would make an immediate start with the first performance of my latest work, ‘Parsifal’, which I would not allow to be performed elsewhere until that time. Whatever I do in the future, whether as performance manager or as a creative artist, would belong to the American nation, free of charge and for all time, on the basis of the sum that had already been transferred to me.”

2/21/80            (CD Vol. II; P. 441)

[P. 441] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “(Yesterday R. spoke of the Empress’s curious habit of persecuting people about whom she once raved, just like Nietzsche. He said, ‘One can give up mistaken allegiances, as, for example, mine with Feuerbach, but one should not then abuse them.’)”

2/22/80            (CD Vol. II; P. 442)

[P. 442] “In the evening R. gets very heated about the nihilists; our friend Joukowsky observed that a picture by Raphael is worth more than whole generations of human beings, to which R. replied that his art stems from a state of rottenness which these people feel an urge to terminate, and once blood has flowed, the desire to protect pictures is despicable and false. ‘I shall not burn them’ – with these words he goes off, leaving our friend deeply affected.”

3/6/80            (CD Vol. II; P. 446-447)

[P. 446-447] “... R. reads some scenes from the conclusion of *Henry IV, Part I*; at lunch, talking of Goethe and Shakespeare, he had already said, ‘In the former one sees the great poet, how he arranges his material, how he shapes it; in the latter one sees none of that, he remains unfathomable; the only one like him is Homer, and that is why people have the idea that neither Homer nor Shakespeare ever existed.’”

3/10/80            (CD Vol. II; P. 448)

[P. 448] *{FEUER}* *{SCHOP}* “... we once more attempt to reconcile Gleizes’s optimism with Schopenhauer’s view of the world; R. thinks that degeneracy set in during a period of change on earth, but it is not absolutely necessary for the Will just to consume itself; Nature is injudicious, he says, but it has no wish to be sheerly destructive; how otherwise to explain the Will’s delight in genius, in which it sees itself reflected? The possibility exists for a gentler kind of tolerance, for desire not utterly uncontrolled; in India, for example, human beings during a period of adversity could calmly starve along with their domestic animals, without ever thinking of consuming them.”



3/18/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 452-453)

[P. 452-453] “I have lost all my illusions now. When we left Switzerland, I thought it a remarkable coincidence, the victories and the culmination of my work. I asked whether there were not 1,000 people in Germany who would be prepared to give 300 marks for such an undertaking. How miserable was the reply! I have coincided with the most miserable time Germany has ever known, with this beastly agitator at its head [presumably Bismarck]. But all the same I brought it off. No one else in the whole history of art has ever succeeded as I did in building a big theater, bringing together through the strength of my personality the best artists we have and staging such performances. And what was my reward for it all? Baa baa! I thought they would simply make up the deficit for me – oh, yes, they came along, the women with their trains, the men with their moustaches, enjoyed themselves, and, since emperors and kings were also there, people ask: My God, what more does Wagner want? Does he want something else? – I believe that 25 years ago I could have done it better.”

3/22/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 456)

[P. 456] *“He goes into the next room and plays something from the 3<sup>rd</sup> act of ‘Parsifal’! – When he sees how moved our friends are, he observes that this is not possible unless one sees the action and follows every word. ‘It is different when I am telling you everything at once – then we are working together.’”*

3/23/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 456)

[P. 456] {FEUER?} *“A vegetarian pamphlet leads R. to that subject over coffee, he describes what things would be like if we stopped murdering animals: ‘Perhaps we should have no more art, but if we were morally more secure, that would be no hardship. But he does not wish to have anything to do with the vegetarians, since they always have the utility principle in mind. When Herr v. St. says they are mostly lacking in compassion for the poor, R. replies, ‘It is very difficult to preserve one’s compassion for other people, even for the poor, since the thought must always be in one’s mind that, given the chance, they would be just as cruel as the more fortunate ones.’ ‘The only thing that still remains fascinating about the human race and is responsible for the poets’ not withdrawing their attention entirely from it, is its occasional heroism, instances of which, though in a confused enough way, come to us like glimpses into a lost paradise – Alfonso’s behavior in Gaeta, for example, when he spared his enemies simply because he felt sorry for the wretched people. – Otherwise history is a wilderness.’”*

3/27/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 458)

[P. 458] {anti-FEUER/NIET} *“Progress stretched from the birth of the human race up to the invention of a Sanskrit language. Progress is prehistoric, and when men lose*

*the instincts which have Brought forth languages, these then decline. Great men such as Pythagoras and Plato were not really progressive people – they went in search of a lost paradise, they looked back and yearned.’ – {FEUER} When, referring to the ‘Iliad’ and the ‘Nibelungenlied,’ I say to R. how sad it is that, since our old legends are not connected with our religion, we are constantly dependent on foreign influences, he replies, “That is why music is the only thing.”*

3/30/80            (CD Vol. II; P. 460)

[P. 460] {FEUER} {SCHOP} *“Nature is blind, possesses only the will to know; in its blindness it was unable to measure the convulsions which were so to change things that animals and human beings, designed to live on mild nourishment, became fierce, meat-eating creatures. Now it is the task of human beings to attempt through reason to recognize the urges and instincts of Nature and to live according to them; to do in all spheres what, as Sch. put it, developed reason had to do with language.’ ‘Human decadence stems from the fact that blind Nature was unable to foresee the effect of certain convulsions.”*

4/2/80            (CD Vol. II; P. 461)

[P. 461] *“After lunch conversation comes to the superior beauty of the male over the female in the animal world, and R. says: ‘The females resist, the males have to dazzle them with their beauty. This shyness led to the female virtue of modesty.’ I ask him whether some connection might not be found between the resistance of the female and the idea of redemption. R.: ‘If one probes very deep, yes.’* “

4/6/80            (CD Vol. II; P. 462-463)

[P. 462-463] {anti-FEUER/NIET} *“R. is reminded in this connection of Nietzsche, who for him represents French fashions: ‘Just to liberate himself from me, he succumbs to all available platitudes!’* “

4/27/80           (CD Vol. II; P. 470)

[P. 470] {FEUER} *“Much talk about Dante in the past few days, R. is put off by his receding forehead, and the rigid dogmatism in his poems is disturbing. He says there are certain things human beings have been able to express only in symbols, and the church has committed the crime of consolidating these and forcing them on us as realities through persecution; it is permissible for art to use these symbols, but in a free spirit and not in the rigid forms imposed by the church; since art is a profound form of play, it frees these symbols of all the accretions the human craving for power has attached to them. But Dante did not follow this method. And even the appearance of St. Francis has proved an embarrassment, he says, since it was wrongly used to gain support for the church at the very time the most genuine Christians, the Waldenses, were being persecuted.”*

4/28/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 471)

[P. 471] “... a letter from the conductor Levi evokes the remark: ‘I cannot allow him to conduct ‘Parsifal’ unbaptized, but I shall baptize them both, and we shall all take Communion together.’ {FEUER} ... when I tell him that I was deeply upset by a passage in L.’s letter about Lenbach, who was painting a still life of a freshly slaughtered chicken: ‘Painters are like that, to them all things are there to be looked at, to feast their eyes on; poets too are cruel – Homer, for example; they depict heroism in all its cruelty and heartlessness, and then someone comes along like Jesus, who is all heart. He is at his greatest when he is bitter, when all his fury breaks out, he will separate the father from the son, everything will wither – then he shows his divinity. Of all the arts, music alone is entirely detached from all that, pure and redeeming.’”

5/7/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 474)

[P. 474] “Yesterday evening brings back to R. the idea of making some cuts in *Tristan*: he says it demands too much of the audience as well as the singers, and he would do this in both the second and third act, reserving the full work for performances in Bayreuth, for he wishes *Tristan* to be staged there, too. “

5/9/78 (CD Vol. II; P. 475)

[P. 475] “R. recalls the way he was abandoned and says in a certain sense this is what has made him so cold and utterly unable to make allowances for individual qualities.”

5/9/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 475)

[P. 475] {FEUER} “In the morning we talked at length about religion and art. R. describes how art works in metaphors and allegories as such but at the same time conveys to the emotions the truth behind the dogmas. Aeschylus’s ‘Oresteia’, he says, is undoubtedly more profound than all the Eleusinian mysteries. He also speaks of the godlike qualities manifest in Christ and says it is understandable that the birth of such a being should be presented as a miracle – the Immaculate Conception repulsive as dogma, but wonderful as legend and in art (painting).”

6/18/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 489)

[P. 489] “He is invited to sign a petition to the Reich Chancellor demanding emergency laws against the Jews. He does not sign it: he says (1) he has already done what he can; (2) he dislikes appealing to Bismarck, whom he now sees as irresponsible, just following his own caprices; (3) nothing more can be done in the matter.”

6/19/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 491)

[P. 491] {FEUER} *“When I came home, I felt tired and depressed until I drank a sip of coffee and used the nasal spray, and then I thought to myself, ‘What a stupid substance it is, the brain, which can be so revived by external means, and the human being, everything in him constructed just to look outward and discover himself anew!’ When I tell R. that materialism seems to me to owe its origin to similar considerations, he says, ‘They leave out of account the Will inherent in every one, something which strives to avoid pain and to find well-being, until it perceives and becomes compassionate.’ Thus approximately and according to the sense, for unfortunately the actual words at times elude me, because I am too fascinated by his meaning, and I myself am usually engaged in thinking and talking at the same time. When I go to R. for dictation, he says, ‘It is after all a good thing that materialism has evolved from similar observations, for they show that feeling is everything.’ “*

6/24/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 495)

[P. 495] *“R. says, ‘I declare that [the *Oresteia*] to be the most perfect thing in every way, religious, philosophic, poetic, artistic.’ – ‘One can put Shakespeare’s histories beside it, but he had no Athenian state, no Areopagus as final resort.’ – I say I would put only the *Ring* beside it. R. says, ‘But that stands outside time, it is something thought up by an individual, only to be made a mess of immediately, as happened with newly established religions.’ – We recall many single features, he mentions Clytemnestra’s weariness, her contempt for the chorus, which has indeed condoned the murder of Iphigenia. ‘Those are these individual, unfathomable features; and all so bloody, drenched in blood. {FEUER} *If Thyestes had been a vegetarian,*’ he adds jokingly, *‘none of it would have happened.’ Then, becoming serious, ‘It fits in with my work.’ “**

6/25/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 496)

[P. 496] {FEUER} *“R. slept well, he walks in the garden with the children, again sees a lizard catching a glowworm, but the children rescue it. ‘If it were not for the assumption that the world was made by a good God, one would find it all easy to understand. But none of them, not even my good Gleizes, can free himself from the idea that once all was Paradise, and then they relapse into sophisms.’ “*

6/25/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 497)

[P. 497] *“In the evening the *Eumenides*; a glorious conclusion to the day, arousing wide-ranging thoughts and comparisons. I exclaim to R., ‘Do you know in which work I see a link between the ideal and the real world, reminding me of the institution of the Areopagus? In *Die Meistersinger* – Sachs’s address at the end.’ ‘I was just about to say the same thing,’ R. replies ... .”*

6/26/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 497)

[P. 497] “Much at breakfast about his work, he is pleased with the curious relevance of *Parsifal* – that his conception of sanctity, which makes seduction, conflicts, etc., impossible.”

6/27/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 498-499)

[P. 498-499] {FEUER} “He then plays the first theme of ‘*Parsifal*’ to himself and, returning, says that he gave the words to a chorus so that the effect would be neither masculine nor feminine, Christ must be entirely sexless, neither man nor woman; Leonardo, too, in the ‘*Cena*’, attempted that, depicting an almost feminine face adorned with a beard. He must appear neither young nor old, he says, the god within the human being.”

7/6/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 506)

[P. 506] “A lampoon addressed to him – ‘To the pseudo-poet R. Wagner’ – he does not read, but he is annoyed by a renewed request to sign a petition against the Jews addressed to Prince Bismarck. He reads aloud the ridiculously servile phrases and the dubiously expressed concern: ‘And I am supposed to sign that!’ he exclaims. He writes to Dr. Foerster, saying that in view of what happened to the petition regarding vivisection he has resolved never again to sign a petition.”

7/14/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 511)

[P. 511] “ ‘Oh, that I can never feel free except in moments of ecstasy!’ R. complains, ‘and that I always have to think of some enterprise, and always as if at the beginning of Creation!’ “

6-8/80 Religion and Art (PW Vol. VI; P. 211-252)

[P. 213] {FEUER} “One might say that where Religion becomes artificial, it is reserved for Art to save the spirit of religion by recognising the figurative value of the mythic symbols which the former would have us believe in their literal sense, and revealing their deep and hidden truth through an ideal presentation. Whilst the priest stakes everything on the religious allegories being accepted as matters of fact, the artist has no concern at all with such a thing, since he freely and openly gives out his work as his own invention. But Religion has sunk into an artificial life, when she finds herself compelled to keep on adding to the edifice of her dogmatic symbols, and thus conceals the one divinely True in her beneath an ever growing heap of incredibilities commended to belief. Feeling this, she has always sought the aid of Art; who on her side has remained incapable of higher evolution so long as she must present that alleged reality of the symbol to the senses of the worshipper in the form of fetishes and idols, -- whereas she could only fulfil her true vocation when, by an ideal presentment

*of the allegoric figure, she led to apprehension of its inner kernel, the truth ineffably divine.*

**{FEUER} {SCHOP}** To see our way clear in this, we should have most carefully to test the origin of religions. These we must certainly deem the more divine, the simpler proves to be their inmost kernel. *Now the deepest basis of every true religion we find in recognition of the frailty of this world, and the consequent charge to free ourselves therefrom. It is manifest that at all times it needed a superhuman effort to disclose this knowledge to men in a raw state of nature, the Folk in fact, and accordingly the most successful work of the religious Founder consisted in the invention of [P. 214] mythic allegories, by which the people might be led along the path of faith to practical observance of the lessons flowing from that root-knowledge. In this respect we can but regard it as a sublime distinction of the Christian religion, that it expressly claims to bare the deepest truth to the ‘poor in spirit,’ for their comfort and salvation; whereas the doctrine of the Brahmins was the exclusive property of ‘those who know’ – for which reason the ‘rich in spirit’ viewed the nature-ridden multitude as shut from possibility of knowledge and only arriving at insight into the nullity of the world by means of numberless rebirths. That there was a shorter road to salvation, the most enlightened of the ‘Reborn’ himself disclosed to the poor blind Folk: but the sublime example of renunciation and unruffled meekness, which the Buddha set, did not suffice his fervid followers; his last great doctrine, of the unity of all things living, was only to be made accessible to his disciples through a mythic explanation of the world whose wealth of imagery and allegoric comprehensiveness was taken bodily from the storehouse of Brahminic teachings, so astounding in their proofs of fertility and culture of mind. Here too, in all the course of time and progress of their transformation, true Art could never be invoked to paint and clarify these myths and allegories; Philosophy supplied her place, coming to the succour of the religious dogmas with the greatest refinements of intellectual exposition.*

**{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET}** It was otherwise with the Christian religion. *Its founder was not wise, but divine; his teaching was the deed of free-willed suffering. To believe in him, meant to emulate him; to hope for redemption, to strive for union with him. To the ‘poor in spirit’ no metaphysical explanation of the [P. 215] world was necessary; the knowledge of its suffering lay open to their feeling; and not to shut the doors of that, was the sole divine injunction to believers. Now we may assume that if the belief in Jesus had remained the possession of these ‘poor’ alone, the Christian dogma would have passed to us as the simplest of religions. But it was too simple for the ‘rich in mind,’ and the unparalleled intricacies of the sectarian spirit in the first three centuries of Christianity show us the ceaseless struggle of the intellectually rich to rob the poor in spirit of their faith, to twist and model it anew to suit their own abstractions. The Church proscribed all philosophical expounding of this creed, designed by her to instigate a blind obedience; only – whatever she needed to give her parentage a superhuman rank she appropriated from the leavings of the battles of the sects, thus gradually garnering that harvest of most complicated myths, belief in which as quite material verities she demanded with unbending rigour.*

**{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP}** Our best guide to an estimate of the belief in miracles will be the demand addressed to natural man that he should change his previous mode of viewing the world and its appearances as the most absolute of

*realities; for he now was to know this world as null, an optical delusion, and to seek the only Truth beyond it. If by a miracle we mean an incident that sets aside the laws of Nature; and if, after ripe deliberation, we recognise these laws as founded on our own power of perception, and bound inextricably with the functions of our brain: then belief in miracles must be comprehensible to us as an almost necessary consequence of the reversal of the 'will to live,' in defiance of all Nature. To the natural man this reversal of the Will is certainly itself the greatest miracle, for it implies an abrogation of the laws of Nature; that which has effected it must consequently be far above Nature, and of superhuman power, since he finds that union with It is longed for as the only object worth endeavour. It is this Other that Jesus told his poor of, as the 'Kingdom of [P. 216] God,' in opposition to the 'kingdom of the world.' (...)*

(...)

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} What we understand in general by the artistic province, we might define as Evaluation of the Pictorial (Ausbildung des Bildlichen); that is to say, Art grasps the Figurative of an idea, that outer form in which it shows itself to the imagination, and by developing the likeness – before employed but allegorically – into a picture embracing in itself the whole idea, she lifts the latter high above itself into the realm of revelation. Speaking of the ideal shape of the Greek statue, our great philosopher [Schopenhauer] finely says: It is as if the artist were showing Nature what she would, but never completely could; wherefore the artistic Ideal surpasses Nature. (...) {FEUER} ... the Divine itself the Greeks called God ... . Never did it occur to them to think of 'God' as a Person, or give to him artistic shape as to their named gods; he remained [P. 217] an idea, to be defined by philosophers, though the Hellenic spirit strove in vain to clearly fix it – till the wondrous inspiration of poor people spread abroad the incredible tidings that the 'Son of God' had offered himself on the cross to redeem the world from deceit and sin.*

*{FEUER} {anti-FEUER} {SCHOP} We have nothing to do with the astoundingly varied attempts of speculative human reason to explain the nature of this Son of the God, who walked on earth and suffered shame: where the greater miracle had been revealed in train of that manifestation, the reversal of the will-to-live which all believers experienced in themselves, it already embraced that other marvel, the divinity of the herald of salvation. The very shape of the Divine had presented itself in anthropomorphic guise; it was the body of the quintessence of all pitying Love, stretched out upon the cross of pain and suffering. A – symbol? – beckoning to the highest pity, to worship of suffering, to imitation of this breaking of all self-seeking Will: nay, a picture, a very effigy! In this and its effect upon the human heart, lies all the spell whereby the Church soon made the Graeco-Roman world her own. But what was bound to prove her ruin, and lead at last to the very louder 'Atheism' of our day, was the tyrant-prompted thought of tracing back this Godliness upon the cross to the Jewish 'Creator of heaven and earth,' a wrathful God of Punishment who seemed to promise greater power than the self-offering, all-loving Saviour of the Poor. That God was doomed by Art: Jehova in the fiery bush, or even the reverend Father with the snow-white beard who looked down from out the clouds in blessing of his Son, could say but little to the believing soul, however masterly the artist's hand; whereas the suffering god upon the cross, 'the Head with wounds all bleeding,' still fills us with ecstatic throes, in the rudest reproduction.*

*{FEUER} As though impelled by an artistic need, leaving Jehova the 'Father' to shift for himself, Belief devised the necessary miracle of the Saviour's birth by a Mother who, [P. 218] not herself a goddess, became divine through her virginal conception of a son without human contact, against the laws of Nature. A thought of infinite depth, expressed in form of miracle. In the history of Christianity we certainly meet repeated instances of miraculous powers conferred by pure virginity, where a metaphysical concurs very well with a physiologic explanation, in the sense of a *causa finalis* with a *causa efficiens*; but the mystery of motherhood without natural fecundation can only be traced to the greater miracle, the birth of the God himself: for in this the Denial-of-the-world is revealed by a life pre-figuratively offered up for its redemption. As the saviour himself was recognised as sinless, nay, incapable of sin, it followed that in him the Will must have been completely broken ere ever he was born, so that he could no more suffer, but only feel for others' sufferings; and the root hereof was necessarily to be found in a birth that issued, not from the Will-to-live, but from the Will-to-redeem. (...)*

*[P. 219] {FEUER} Yet another dogma was to offer itself to the artist's phantasy, and one on which the Church at last seemed to set more store than on that of Redemption through Love. The World-overcomer was called to be World-judge,. From the arm of his virgin mother the divine child had bent his searching gaze upon the world, and, piercing all its tempting show, had recognised its true estate as [P. 220] death-avoiding, death-accurst. Under the redeemer's sway, this world of greed and hate durst not abide; to the downtrod poor, whom he called to free themselves through suffering and compassion, to meet him in his Father's kingdom, he must show this world in the scales of justice, its own weight dragging it down to the slough of sin. From the sun-drenched heights of those fair hills on which he loved to preach salvation to the multitude in images and parables, whereby alone could he gain the understanding of his 'poor,' he pointed to the gruesome death-vale of 'Gehenna'; thither, upon the day of judgment, should avarice and murder be condemned, to flee at one another in despair. Tartarus, Inferno, Hela, all places of post-mortem punishment of wicked men and cowards, were found again in this 'Gehenna'; and to our day the threat of 'Hell' has remained the Church's vital hold upon men's souls, from whom the 'Kingdom of Heaven' has moved farther and farther away. The Last Judgment: a prophecy here big with solace, there terrible! No element of ghastly hatefulness and loathly awe, but was pressed into the service of the Church with sickening artifice, to give the terrified imagination a foretaste of that place of everlasting doom where the myths of each religion besmirched with belief in the torments of Hell were assembled in most hideous parody. (...)*

*(...)*

*[P. 221] Betwixt those sublimest revelations of religious art, in the godlike birth of the Redeemer and the last fulfilment of the work of the Judge of the world, the saddest of all pictures, that of the Saviour, suffering on the cross, had likewise attained to its height of perfection; and this remained the archetype of the countless representations of martyred saints, their agonies illumined by the bliss of transport. Here the portrayal of bodily pain, with the instruments of torture and their wielders, already led the artists down to [P. 222] the common actual world, whose types of human wickedness and cruelty surrounded them beyond escape. (...)*



(...)

*{FEUER} While it was possible for Painting to reveal the ideal content of a dogma, couched in allegoric terms, and, without throwing doubt on the figure's claim to absolute credence, to take that allegory itself as object of ideal portrayal, we have had to see that Poetry was forced to leave its kindred power of imagery unexercised upon the dogmas of the Christian Church; employing concepts [P. 223] as its vehicle (durch Begriffe darstellend), it must retain the conceptual form of the dogma inviolate in every point. It therefore was solely in the lyrical expression of rapturous worship that poetry could be approached, and as the religious concept must still be phrased in forms of words canonically fixed, the lyric necessarily poured itself into a purely musical expression, un-needing any mould of abstract terms. Through the art of Tone did the Christian Lyric thus first become itself an art: the music of the Church was sung to the words of the abstract dogma; in its effect however, it dissolved those words and the ideas they fixed, to the point of their vanishing out of sight; and hence it rendered nothing to the enraptured Feeling save their pure emotional content.*

*{FEUER} Speaking strictly, the only art that fully corresponds with the Christian belief is Music; even as the only music which, now at least, we can place on the same footing as the other arts, is an exclusive product of Christianity. In its development, alone among the fine arts, no share was borne by re-awaking Antique Art, whose tone-effects have almost passed beyond our ken: wherefore also we regard it as the youngest of the arts, and the most capable of endless evolution and appliance. (...) In this sense, having seen the Lyric compelled to resolve the form of words to a shape of tones, we must recognise that Music reveals the inmost essence of the Christian religion with definition unapproached; wherefore we may figure it as bearing the same relation to Religion which that picture of Raphael's has shown us borne by the Child-of-god to the virgin Mother: for, as pure Form of a divine Content freed from all abstractions, we may regard it as a world-redeeming incarnation of the divine dogma of the nullity of the phenomenal world itself. Even the painter's most ideal shape remains conditioned by the dogma's terms, and when we gaze upon her likeness, that sublimely virginal Mother of God lifts us up above the miracle's [P. 224] irrationality only by making it appear as wellnigh impossible. Here we have: 'That signifies.' But Music says: 'That is,' – for she stops all strife between reason and feeling, and that by a tone-shape completely removed from the world of appearances, not to be compared with anything physical, but usurping our heart as by act of Grace.*

*{FEUER} This lofty property of Music's enabled her at last to quite divorce herself from the reasoned word; and the noblest music completed this divorce in measure as religious Dogma became the toy of Jesuitic casuistry or rationalistic pettifogging. The total worldlifying of the Church dragged after it a worldly change in Music: where both still work in unison, as in modern Italy for instance, neither in the one's displays nor the other's accompaniment can we detect any difference from every other parade of pomp. Only her final severance from the decaying Church could enable the art of Tone to save the noblest heritage of the Christian idea in its purity of over-worldly reformation; and the object of the remainder of our essay shall be, to foreshadow the affinities of a Beethovenian Symphony with a purest of religions once to blossom from the Christian revelation.*

*{FEUER} To reach that possibility, however, we first must tread the stony path on which may be found the cause of downfall even of the most exalted religions, and therewith the ground of decadence of all the culture they called forth, above all of the arts they fructified. However terrible may be the scenes the journey must unfold to us, yet this alone can be the road conducting to the shore of a new hope for the human race.*

[P. 225] *{FEUER} If we follow up that phase in the evolution of the human race which we call the Historic, as based on sure tradition, it is easier to comprehend why the religions arising in course of this period fell deeper and deeper in their inward spirit, the longer was their outward rule. The two sublimest of religions, Brahminism with its off-shoot Buddhism, and Christianity, teach alienation from the world and its passions, thus steering straight against the flow of the world-tide without being able in truth to stem it. Hence their outward continuance seems explicable only by their having brought to the world the knowledge of Sin on the one hand, and used that knowledge, on the other, to found beside the temporal dominion over man's body a spiritual dominion over his soul which fouled the purity of the religion in measure with the general deterioration of the human race.*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} This doctrine of man's sinfulness, which forms the starting-point of each of these sublime religions, is unintelligible to the so-called 'Free-thinker,' who will neither allow to existing Churches a right to the adjudgment of sin, nor to the State a warrant to declare certain actions as criminal. Though both rights may be open to question, it would none the less be wrong to extend that doubt to the core of Religion itself; since it surely must be admitted in general that, not the religions themselves are to be blamed for their fall, but rather the fall of mankind, as traceable in history, has brought their ruin in its train; for we see this Fall of Man proceeding with so marked a nature-necessity, that it could but carry with itself each effort to arrest it.*

*And precisely by that misappropriated doctrine of Sin itself, can this shocking progress of events be shown most plainly; for proof whereof we think best to commence with the Brahminic doctrine of the sinfulness of killing living creatures, or feeding on the carcasses of murdered beasts.*

[P. 226] *{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} Upon probing the sense of this doctrine, with its resultant dissuasion, we light at once on the root of all true religious conviction, and at like time the deepest outcome of all knowledge of the world, both in essence and manifestation. For that teaching had its origin in recognition of the unity of all that lives, and of the illusion of our physical senses which dress this unity in guise of infinitely complex multitude and absolute diversity. It was thus the result of a profound metaphysical insight, and when the Brahmin pointed to the manifold appearances of the animate world, and said 'This is thyself!' there woke in us the consciousness that in sacrificing one of our fellow-creatures we mangled and devoured ourselves. That the beasts are only distinguished from man by the grade of their mental faculties; that what precedes all intellectual equipment, what desires and suffers, is the same Will-to-live in them as in the most reason-gifted man; that this one Will it is, which strives for peace and freedom amid our world of changing forms and transitory semblances; and finally, that this assuagement of tumultuous longing can only be won by the most scrupulous practice of gentleness and sympathy toward all that lives, --*

*upon this the religious conscience of the Brahmin and Buddhist has stood firm as a rock till this day. (...)*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} If on the other hand we look a little closer at the human race in its stamp upon History, we can only ascribe its deplorable infirmity to the same mad Wahn that prompts the savage animal to fall upon his prey when no [P. 227] longer driven by hunger – sheer pleasure in its raging strength. Though physiologists are still divided as to whether Man was meant by Nature to feed exclusively on fruits, or also upon flesh-meat, from its first faint glimmerings History shows Man’s constant progress as a beast of prey. As such he conquers every land, subdues the fruit-fed races, founds mighty realms by subjugating other subjugators, forms states and sets up civilisations, to enjoy his prey at rest.*

*{FEUER} Insufficient as are all our scientific data as to the first starting-point of this historic evolution, we may take it for granted that the birth and earliest dwelling-place of the human species may be set in countries warm and clad with ample vegetation. (...)*

[P. 228] But in the selfsame valleys of the Indus we think we see at work the cleavage which parted the cognate races from those returning southwards to their ancient home, and drove them westwards to the broad expanse of hither Asia, where in course of time we find them as conquerors and founders of mighty dynasties, erecting ever more explicit monuments to History. These peoples had wandered through the wastes that separate the outmost Asiatic confines from the land of Indus; ravenous beasts of prey had taught them here to seek their food no longer from the milk of herds, but from their flesh; till blood at last, and blood alone, seemed fitted to sustain the conqueror’s courage. Stretching northwards from the Indian highlands, the wild steppes of Asia – whither the aborigines of milder climates once had fled from huge disturbances of Nature – had already nursed the human beast of prey. From there, throughout all earlier and later times, have poured the floods destroying every recommencement of a gentler manhood; the very oldest sagas of the Iranian race recount a constant warfare with the Turanian peoples of these steppes. *Attack and defence, want and war, victory and defeat, lordship and thralldom, all sealed with the seal of blood: this from henceforth is the History of Man. The victory of the stronger is followed close by enervation through a culture taught them by their conquered thralls; whereon, uprooting of the degenerate by fresh raw forces, of blood-thirst still unslaked. Then, falling lower and yet lower, the only worthy food for the world-conqueror appears to be human blood and corpses: the Feast of Thyestes would have been impossible among the Indians ... . (...)* [P. 229] Even those nations which had thrust as conquerors into hither-Asia could still express their consternation at the depths to which they had sunk, and we find them evolving such earnest religious ideas as lie at root of the Parsee creed of Zoroaster. Good and Evil, Light and Darkness, Ormuzd and Ahriman, Strife and Work, Creation and Destruction: -- ‘Sons of the Light, have fear of the Shadow, propitiate the Evil and follow the Good!’ – We here perceive a spirit still akin to the old Indus-people, but caught in the toils of sin, and doubting as to the issue of a never quite decisive fight.

*{FEUER} “But yet another issue from the degradation of its innate nobleness was sought by the baffled will of the human race, becoming conscious of its sinfulness through pain and suffering; to highly-gifted stocks, though the Good fell hard, the Beautiful was easy. In full avowal of the Will-to-live, the Greek mind did not indeed*

*avoid the awful side of life, but turned this very knowledge to a matter of artistic contemplation: it saw the terrible with wholest truth, but this truth itself became the spur to a re-presentment whose very truthfulness was beautiful. In the workings of the Grecian spirit we thus are made spectators of a kind of pastime, a play in whose vicissitudes the joy of Shaping seeks to counteract the awe of Knowing. Content with this, rejoicing in the semblance, since it has banned therein its truthfulness of knowledge, it asks not after the goal of Being, and like the Parsee creed it leaves the fight of Good and Evil undecided; willing to pay for a lovely life by death, it merely strives to beautify death also.*

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} We have called this a pastime, in a higher sense, namely a play of the Intellect in its release from the Will, which [P. 230] now only serves for self-mirroring, -- the pastime of the over-rich in spirit. But the trouble of the constitution of the World is this: all steps in evolution of the utterances of the Will, from the reaction of primary elements, through all the lower organisations, right up to the richest human intellect, stand side by side in space and time, and consequently the highest organism cannot but recognise itself and all its works as founded on the Will's most brutal of manifestations. Even the flower of the Grecian spirit was rooted to the conditions of this complex existence, which has for base a ball of earth revolving after laws immutable, with all its swarm of lives the rawer and more inexorable, the deeper the scale descends. {FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} As manhood's fairest dream that flower filled the world for long with its illusive fragrance, though to none but minds set free from the Will's sore want was it granted to bathe therein; and what but a mummery at last could such delight well be, when we find that blood and massacre, untamed and ever slipped afresh, still rage throughout the human race; that violence is master, and freedom of mind seems only buyable at price of serfdom of the world? But a heartless mummery must the concernment with Art ever be, and all enjoyment of the freedom thereby sought from the Will's distress, so long as nothing more was to be found in art: the Ideal was the aim of the single genius, and what survived its work was merely the trick of technical dexterity; and so we see Greek art without the Grecian genius pervading all the Roman Empire, without drying one tear of the poor, or drawing one sob from the withered heart of the rich. Though a broader patch of sunshine might deceive us, as spread in peace above the kingdom of the Antonines, we could only style it a short-lived triumph of the artistic-philosophic spirit over the brutal movement of the restless self-destroying forces of the Will of History. Yet even here 'tis but the surface that could cheat us, making us take a lethargy for healthy calm. {anti-FEUER} On the other hand, it was folly to think that violence could be restrained by howsoever prudent steps of violence. Even [P. 231] that world-truce was based on the Right of the Stronger, and never, since the human race first fell a-hungering for bloody spoil, has it ceased to found its claim to tenure and enjoyment on that same 'right' alone. To the art-creative Greek, no less than the rudest Barbarian, it was the one sole law that shaped the world. There's no blood-guiltiness which even this fair-fashioning race did not incur in rabid hate against its neighbor; till the Stronger came upon it too, that Stronger fell in turn before a yet more violent, and so the centuries have ever brought fresh grosser forces into play, and thrown ourselves at last to-day behind a fence of yearly waxing giant-guns and bastions.*

*From of old, amid the rage of robbery and blood-lust, it came to wise men's consciousness that the human race was suffering from a malady which necessarily kept it in progressive deterioration. Many a hint from observation of the natural man, as also dim half-legendary memories, had made them guess the primal nature of this man, and that his present state is therefore a degeneration. A mystery enwrapped Pythagoras, the preacher of vegetarianism; no philosopher since him has pondered on the essence of the world, without recurring to his teaching. Silent fellowships were founded, remote from turmoil of the world, to carry out this doctrine as a sanctification from sin and misery. Among the poorest and most distant from the world appeared the Saviour, no more to teach redemption's path by precept, but example; his own flesh and blood he gave as last and highest expiation for all the sin of outpoured blood and slaughtered flesh, and offered his disciples wine and blood for each day's meal: -- 'Taste such alone, in memory of me.' This the unique sacrament of the Christian faith; with its observance all the teaching of the Redeemer is fulfilled. As if with haunting pangs of conscience the Christian Church pursues this teaching, without ever being able to get it followed in its purity, although it very seriously should form the most intelligible core of Christianity. She has transformed it to a symbolic office of her priests, while its proper meaning [P. 232] is only expressed in the ordinance of periodic fasts ...*

*Perhaps the one impossibility, of getting all professors to continually observe this ordinance of the Redeemer's, and abstain entirely from animal food, may be taken for the essential cause of the early decay of the Christian religion as Christian Church. But to admit that impossibility, is as much as to confess the uncontrollable downfall of the human race itself. {FEUER} {SCHOP} Called to upheave a State built-up on violence and rapine, the Church must deem her surest means the attainment of dominion over states and empires, in accordance with all the spirit of History. To subject decaying races to herself she needed the help of terror; and the singular circumstance that Christianity might be regarded as sprung from Judaism, placed the requisite bugbear in her hands. The tribal God of a petty nation had promised his people eventual rulership of the whole world and all that lives and moves therein, if only they adhered to laws whose strictest following would keep them barred against all other nations of the earth. Despised and hated equally by every race in answer to this segregation, without inherent productivity and only battenning on the general downfall, in course of violent revolutions this folk would very probably have been extinguished as completely as the greatest and noblest stems before them; Islam in particular seemed called to carry out the work of total extirpation, for it took to itself the Jewish God, as Creator of heaven and earth, to raise him up by fire and sword as one and only god of all that breathes. But the Jews, so it seems, could fling away all share in this world-rulership of their Jehova, for they had won a share in a development of the Christian religion well fitted to deliver it itself into their hands in time, with all its increment of culture, sovereignty and civilisation. The departure-point of all this strange exploit lay ready in the historical fact – that Jesus of Nazareth was born in a corner of their little [P. 233] land, Judaea. Instead of seeing in so incomparably humble an origin a proof that among the ruling and highly-cultured nations of that historic period no birthplace could be found for the Redeemer of the poor; that for very reason of its utmost lowliness this Galilee, distinguished by the contempt of the Jews themselves, could*

*alone be chosen for cradle of the new belief, -- to the first believers, poor shepherds and husbandmen in dull subjection to the Jewish law, it seemed imperative to trace the descent of their Saviour from the royal house of David, as if to exculpate his bold attack on all that Jewish law. Though it was more than doubtful if Jesus himself was of Jewish extraction, since the dwellers in Galilee were despised by the Jews on express account of their impure origin, we may gladly leave this point with all that concerns the history of the Redeemer to the Historian, who for his part declares that 'he can make nothing of a sinless Jesus.' For us it is sufficient to derive the ruin of the Christian religion from its drawing upon Judaism for the elaboration of its dogmas. As we before have suggested, however, it is precisely hence that the Church obtained her source of might and mastery; for wherever Christian hosts fared forth to robbery and bloodshed, even beneath the banner of the Cross it was not the All-Sufferer whose name was invoked, but Moses, Joshua, Gideon, and all the other captains of Jehova who fought for the people of Israel, were the names in request to fire the heart of slaughter; whereof the history of England at time of the Puritan wars supplies a main example, throwing a light on the whole Old-Testament evolution of the English Church. Without this intrusion of the ancient Jewish spirit, and its raising to an equal rank with the purely Christian evangel, how were it possible for the Church till this day to claim for her own a 'civilised world' whose peoples all stand armed to the teeth for mutual extermination at the first summons of the Lord of War to squander every fruit of peace in methodically falling on each other's throats? Manifestly it is not Jesus Christ, the Redeemer, whose [P. 234] pattern our army-chaplains commend to their battalions ere going into action; though they call on him, they can but mean Jehova, Jahve, or one of the Elohim, who hated all other gods beside himself, and wished them subjugated to his faithful people.*

(...)

[P. 235] {FEUER} *If thus we see that even our complex Civilisation cannot succeed in veiling our utterly unchristian origin; and if the Gospel, to which we nevertheless are sworn in tenderest youth, cannot be summoned to explain, to say nothing of justifying it, -- we can only recognise our present state as a triumph of the foes of the Christian faith.*

{FEUER} *Whoever has made this clear to himself, will have no difficulty in discovering why an equal and ever deeper decline is manifest in the sphere of mental culture: violence may civilise, but Culture must sprout from the soil of peace, as it draws its very name from tillage of the fields. From this soil alone, belonging only to the busily creative Folk, have sprung in every age all knowledge, sciences and arts, nursed by religions in harmony with the people's spirit for the time being. But the conqueror's brute force draws near these sciences and arts of peace, and tells them, 'What of you may serve for war, shall prosper; what not, shall perish.' Thus the law of Mahomet has become the fundamental law of all our civilisations, and we have but to glance at our sciences and arts, to see how it suits them. Let there anywhere arise a man of brains, whose heart means honestly, the sciences and arts of Civilisation soon show him how the land lies. Their question is: 'Art thou of use, or not, to a heartless and sordid civilisation?'*

[P. 236] *of Chemistry and Physics, our War-offices have been taught the possibility of their discovering any number of new destructive substances and forces, though alas!*

*no means be yet forthcoming of stopping frost or hailstorms. These sciences are therefore petted. The dishonouring diseases of our culture invite our Physiologists to man-degrading experiments in speculative vivisection; the State and Reich protect them, on the 'scientific standpoint.' {anti-FEUER/NIET} The ruin which a Latin renaissance of Grecian art once wrought on all sound evolution of a Christian culture for the people, is aggravated year by year by a lumbering Philology, which fawns upon the guardians of the ancient law of the Right of the Stronger. And every art is coaxed and pampered, so soon as it appears of service to blind us to our misery. Distraction! Dissipation! But no Collection – except at best a monetary one for sufferers by fire and flood, for whom our war-chests have nothing to spare.*

(...)

[P. 237] *{anti-FEUER/NIET} The theory of a degeneration of the human race, however much opposed it seem to Constant Progress, is yet the only one that, upon serious reflection, can afford us any solid hope. The so-called 'Pessimistic' school of thought would thus be justified in nothing but its verdict on historic man; and that must needs be vastly modified were the natural attributes of pre-historic man so clearly ascertained that we could argue to a later degeneration not unconditionally inherent in his nature. If, that is, we found proofs that this degeneration had been caused by overpowering outward influences, against which pre-historic man could not defend himself through inexperience, then the hitherto accepted history of the human race would rank for us as the painful period of evolution of its consciousness, in order that the knowledge thus acquired might be applied to combating those harmful influences.*

*Indefinite though be the results of our Scientific Research, -- and often contradicted in so brief a time that they rather fog, than enlighten us, -- yet one hypothesis of our geologists appears established past all cavil: namely that the youngest offspring of the animal population of this earth, the human race to which we still belong, has survived, or at least a great portion of it, a violent transformation of the surface of our planet. (...)*

(...)

[P. 241] *(...) ... at bottom of even the mutterings of our workman, who makes each object of utility without drawing the smallest particle of use from it himself, there lies a knowledge of the profound immorality of our civilisation, whose champions can in truth reply by naught but shameful sophisms; for, granted that it can be easily proved that wealth in itself cannot make men happy, yet none but the most heartless wretch would think of denying that poverty makes them wretched. To explain this sorry constitution of all human things our Old-testament Christian Church reverts to the fall of the earliest pair, which Jewish tradition derives – most strange to say – by no means from a forbidden taste of animal flesh, but from that of the fruit of a tree; wherewith we may couple the no less striking fact that the Jewish God found Abel's fatted lamb more [P. 242] savoury than Cain's offering of the produce of the field. From such suspicious evidence of the character of the Jewish tribal god we see a religion arise against whose direct employment for regeneration of the human race we fancy that a convinced vegetarian of nowadays might have serious complaints to lodge. (...)*

(...)

[P. 243] *(...) ... all real bent, and all effective power to bring about the great Regeneration, can spring from nothing save the deep soil of a true Religion. (...)*

[P. 244] (...) {FEUER} {SCHOP} *Whoever rightly weighs these aptitudes of the human race, -- so astounding to us in our present decline, --- must come to the conclusion that the giant force which shaped the world by testing every means of self-appeasement, from destruction to re-fashioning, had reached its goal in bringing forth this Man; for in him it became conscious of itself as Will, and, with that knowledge, could henceforth rule its destiny. To feel that horror at himself so needful for his last redemption, this Man was qualified by just that knowledge, to wit the recognition of himself in every manifestation of the one great Will; and the guide to evolution of this faculty was given him by Suffering, since he alone can feel it in the requisite degree. If we involuntarily conceive of the Divine as a sphere where Suffering is impossible, that conception ever rests on the desire of something for which we can find no positive, but merely a negative expression. {SCHOP} So long as we have to fulfil the work of the Will, that Will which is ourselves, there in truth is nothing for us but the spirit of Negation, the spirit of our own will that, blind and hungering, can only plainly see itself in its un-will toward whatsoever crosses it as obstacle or disappointment. Yet that which crosses it, is but itself again; so that its rage expresses nothing save its self-negation: and this self-knowledge can be gained at last by Pity born of suffering – which, cancelling the Will, [P. 245] expresses the negation of a negative; and that, by every rule of logic, amounts to affirmation.*

{FEUER} {SCHOP} *If we take this great thought of our philosopher [Schopenhauer] as guide to the inexorable metaphysical problem of the purpose of the human race, we shall have to acknowledge that what we have termed the decline of the race, as known to us by its historic deeds, is really the stern school of Suffering which the Will imposed on its blind self for sake of gaining sight, somewhat in the sense of the power ‘that ever willeth ill, and ever doeth good.’ According to what we have learnt of the gradual formation of our globe, it has once already brought forth races like to man, and, by a fresh upheaval of its crust, destroyed them; as regards their successor, the present human race, we know that at least a great portion thereof was driven from its primal birthplace by some mighty transformation of the surface of the Earth, the last till now. {FEUER} {SCHOP} No paradisiac ease can therefore be the final answer to the riddle of this violent stress, whose every utterance remains a source of fear and horror to our minds. Before us still will lie the same old possibilities of havoc and destruction, whereby it manifests its actual essence; our own descent from the germs of life we see the ocean's depth bring forth anew in hideous shapes, can never more be hidden from our awe-struck thought. And this human race, endowed with faculty of knowledge and of meditation, and thus of laying the Will's tumultuous storm, -- is it not founded still, itself, on all the lower grades where incomplete attempts to gain a higher step, obstructed by mad hindrances in their own will, have stayed immutable for us to see, abhorrent or with pity?*

*If this outlook filled with sorrow and dismay the noblest races of mankind, brought up to gentleness and lapped in a tender Nature's mother-bosom, what grief must seize them at the dreaded sight of their own fall, their degeneration to the lowest foregoers of the human race, with no defence but patience? The history of this falling off – already broadly outlined – should teach us, when regarded [P. 246] as the human race's school of suffering, in consciousness to remedy an evil springing from the headstrong blindness of the world-creative Will, and ruinous to all attainment of its*



*own unconscious goal; to rebuild, as it were, the storm-wrecked house, and ensure against its fresh destruction.*

That all our machines are of no avail for this, might soon be brought home to the present race; for those alone can master Nature, who understand and place themselves in line with her; and this would first be effected by a more reasonable distribution of the people of the earth upon its surface. (...)

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} And to guard against all re-subjection to the blindfold Will, must a new religion first be founded? Already in our daily meal should we not be celebrating the Redeemer? Could we need the huge array of allegories wherewith all religions hitherto, and in particular the deep Brahminical, have been distorted to a mummery? (...) With the Redeemer in heart, let us recognise that not their actions, but their sufferings bring near to us the men of bygone days, and make them worth our memory; that our sympathy belongs not to the victor, but the vanquished hero. However great may be the peace of mind resulting from [P. 247] regeneration of the human race, yet in the Nature that surrounds us, the violence of ure-elements, the unchanged emanations of the Will beneath us and on either hand in sea or desert – ay, even in the insect, in the worm we tread upon unheeding, shall we ever feel the awful tragedy of this World-being, and daily have to lift our eyes to the Redeemer on the cross as last and loftiest refuge.*

*{FEUER} Well for us if then, in conscience of pure living, we keep our senses open to the mediator of the crushingly Sublime, and let ourselves be gently led to reconciliation with this mortal life by the artistic teller of the great World-tragedy. This Poet priest, the only one who never lied, was ever sent to humankind at epochs of its direst error, as mediating friend: us, too, will he lead over to that reborn life, to set before us there in ideal truth the ‘likeness’ of this passing show, when the Historian’s realistic lie shall have long since been interred beneath the mouldering archives of our Civilisation. Those allegorical accessories which hitherto have overlaid the noblest kernel of Religion to such a point that, now that their literal credibility is conclusively refuted, this kernel itself is found corroded; that theatrical hocus-pocus by which the so easily gullible fancy of the poor, especially in southern lands, is turned from true religiousness to a frivolous playing with things divine, -- no more shall we need these proved debasers of religious cults. We began by showing how Art’s greatest genius had been able to save for us the old exalted meaning of those allegories themselves, by moulding them to the Ideal; and how the selfsame art, then turning to the material side of life as if sated with fulfilment of that ideal mission, had been dragged to its own downfall by the worthlessness of this reality. But now we have a new reality before us, a race imbued with deep religious consciousness of the reason of its fall, and raising up itself therefrom to new development; and in that race’s hand the truthful book of a true history, from which to draw its knowledge of itself without all self-deception. What their great Tragedians showed the decadent Athenians once in sublimely shaped [P. 248] examples, without being able to arrest the frenzied downfall of their nation; what Shakespeare held before a world that vainly thought itself the renaissance of art and man’s free intellect, -- its heartless blindness striving for a beauty all unfelt, -- the wondrous mirror of those dramatic improvisations in which he showed that world its utter emptiness, its violence and horror, without the bitter undeception being even heeded in his time: these works of the Sufferers shall now be ever present with us,*

*whilst the deeds of the 'makers of history' shall in them alone live on. So would the hour of redemption of the great Cassandra of world-history have sounded, of redemption from the curse of finding no one to believe her prophecies. To us shall all those poet-sages once have spoken; to us will they speak afresh.*

*{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} If hitherto has been a commonplace of heartless and thoughtless minds alike, that so soon as the human race were freed from the common sufferings of a sinful life, its state would be one of dull indifference, -- whereon it is to be remarked that they consider a mere freedom from the very lowest troubles of the Will as lending life its varied charm, whilst the labours of great thinkers, poets and seers, they have always densely set aside. We on the contrary, have learnt that the life essential to us in the future can only be freed from those cares and sufferings by a conscious impulse, whereto the fearful riddle of the world is ever present. That which, as simplest and most touching of religious symbols, unites us in the common practising of our belief; that which, ever newly living in the tragic teachings of great spirits, uplifts us to the altitudes of pity, -- is the knowledge, given in infinite [P. 249] variety of forms, of the Need of Redemption. In solemn hours when all the world's appearances dissolve away as in a prophet's dream, we seem already to partake of this redemption in advance: no more then tortures us the memory of that yawning gulf, the gruesome monsters of the deep, the reeking litter of the self-devouring Will, which Day – alas! the history of mankind, had forced upon us: then pure and peace-desiring sounds to us the cry of Nature, fearless, hopeful, all-assuaging, world-redeeming. United in this cry, by it made conscious of its own high office of Redemption of the whole like suffering Nature, the soul of Manhood soars from the abyss of semblance, and, loosed from all that awful chain of rise and fall, the restless Will feels fettered by itself alone, but from itself set free.*

(...)

*{FEUER} But what have even the divinest works of music said to our modern world? What can these sounding revelations from the redeeming dream-world of purest knowledge tell to a concert-public of to-day? To whom the unspeakable bliss has been vouchsafed of taking one of the last [P. 250] four symphonies of Beethoven into his heart and soul without alloy, let him conceive the constitution of a whole great audience prepared to receive an effect from any of these works in perfect correspondence with their nature: perhaps he might be assisted by an analogy from the remarkable devotions of the Shakers in America, who, after solemn attestation of their heartfelt vow of abstinence, all join in song and dance within the temple. If this is but expression of a childlike joy at innocence regained, for our part, after celebrating in our daily meal the Will's sure triumph over itself through knowledge wrung from mankind's fall, we might view the plunge into the waves of those symphonic revelations as a religious act of hallowed cleansing. Glad shouts ascending to divinest rapture. 'Divin'st thou thy Creator, World?' – so cries the Poet, obliged to hazard an anthropomorphic metaphor for That which words can ne'er convey. But, above all possibility of concrete thought, the Tone-poet Seer reveals to us the inexpressible: we divine, nay, feel and see that this insistent World of Will is also but a state that vanishes before the One: 'I know that my Redeemer liveth!'*

*{FEUER} 'Have you ever had to rule a state?' asked Mendelssohn Bartholdy once of Berthold Auerbach, who had been indulging in reflections on the Prussian*

Government, apparently distasteful to the famed composer. ‘Do you want to found a new religion?’ – the author of the present essay might be asked. As that person, I should freely admit that it would be just as impossible as that Herr Auerbach could have deftly ruled a State, if Mendelssohn had managed to procure one for him. My thoughts have come to me as to a working artist in his intercourse with public life: in that contact it must seem to me that I [P. 251] should light upon the proper road if I weighed the reasons why even considerable and envied successes have left me uncontented with the public. Upon this road I grew convinced that Art can only prosper on the basis of true Morals, and thus could but ascribe to it a mission all the higher when I found it altogether one with true Religion. (...) As on my path I had felt a wholesome shudder at this drilling of mankind to barren aims, a last it dawned on me that another, better state of future man – conceived by others as a hideous chaos – might well arise in comely order, if Religion and Art not only were retained therein, but for the first time gained their right acceptance. From this path all violence is quite shut out, for it merely needs the strengthening of those seeds of Peace which all around have taken root, though scant as yet and feeble.

{anti- FEUER} But things may turn out otherwise, should Wisdom more and more recede from rampant violence. (...) ... it can but rouse our apprehension, to see the progress of the art-of-war departing from the springs of moral force, and turning more and more to the mechanical: here the rawest forces of the lower Nature-powers are brought into an artificial play, in which, for all arithmetic and [P. 252] mathematics, the blind Will might one day break its leash and take an elemental share. Already a grim and ghostly sight is offered by the armoured Monitors, against which the stately sailing-ship avails no more: dumb serving-men, no longer with the looks of men, attend these monsters, nor even from their awful furnace-holds will they desert: but just as in Nature everything has its destroying foe, so Art invents torpedoes for the sea, and dynamite cartouches, or the like, for everywhere else. ‘Twere thinkable that all of this, with art and science, valour, point-of-honour, life and chattels, should one day fly into the air through some incalculable accident. When every pledge of peace was thus exploded in the grandest style, it would only need the outbreak of a general famine – already slowly, but infallibly prepared: then should we stand once more where world-Historical development began, and it really might look ‘as if God had made the world that the Devil might take it,’ as our great philosopher found stated in the Judaeo-Christian dogma.

So reign the Will there in its full brutality. Happy we, if we have turned us to the fields of hoary eld!”

9/6/80

(CD Vol. II; P. 534)

[P. 534] “R. is amused at Rothschild’s request for an audience with the Emperor in order to explain to him to what extent the Jews in Germany are endangered, and he says with a certain satisfaction, ‘I have played some part in that.’ However, he does not see much significance in the movement.”

9/8/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 536)

[P. 536] "... one can only visualize redemption as a negation."

9/12/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 539)

[P. 539] "*When we are talking about the attachment of certain Jews to R., he says, 'Yes, they are like flies – the more one drives them away, the more they come.'*"

9/28/80 Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 903)

[P. 903] "A number of considerations and – I may say so quite openly – questions of conscience have persuaded me of late to show serious restraint with regard to this final work of mine. *Although conceived in ideal terms, I have had to surrender all of my works to a kind of audience and theatrical practice which I recognize to be deeply immoral, so that I must ask myself in all seriousness whether I should not at least rescue this latest and most sacred of my works from a similar fate, namely that of a common operatic career. I was finally no longer able to deny that the purity of content and subject-matter of my 'Parsifal' was the decisive factor here. How, indeed, might it be possible or permissible for a drama in which the most sublime mysteries of the Christian faith are openly presented on stage to be performed in theatres such as ours, side by side with an operatic repertoire and before an audience such as ours? I should certainly not blame our Church authorities if they were to raise an entirely legitimate protest against representations of the most sacred mysteries upon the selfsame boards on which, yesterday and tomorrow, frivolity sprawls in luxuriant ease before an audience attracted solely by such frivolity. I was entirely right in feeling that I should entitle 'Parsifal' a 'Sacred Stage Festival'. And so I must now try to consecrate a stage for it, and this can only be my solitary festival theatre in Bayreuth. There, and there alone, may 'Parsifal' be presented now and always: never shall 'Parsifal' be offered in any other theatre as an amusement for its audience: and it is to ensure that this happens that I am uniquely concerned at present and persuaded to consider how and by what means I may safeguard the destiny of this work. (...)*"

10/7/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 548)

[P. 548] {FEUER} "*This morning, when I quoted 'She who kept silent pledges me to silence,' R. said, 'That is the realm of poetry, where everything has to be wrapped in cotton wool; the other, where it all bursts out, is music.'*"

10/10/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 549)

[P. 549] {anti-FEUER/NIET} "... *I show him a head of the Virgin Mary; it moves us both to tears. I say 'Isolde.'* He says no, this shows much of the rapture of suffering, which Isolde was spared. Recently he said that ecstasies of this kind were based on sensuality, that is to say, sensuality was one grade, saintliness another, of a sort which gratified sensuality could never provide."

11/11/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 557)

[P. 557] {FEUER} *“He works out the program for ‘Parsifal,’ and we talk a lot about the tragic element in ‘Lohengrin,’ which offers no reconciliation. – Love produces faith, life produces doubt, which is punished unatoned. The lovingly faithful Elsa has to die, since the living Elsa must put the question to him. And all the scenic splendor, all the glory of the music, seem to be built up to throw light on the unique value of this one heart.”*

11/12/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 558)

[P. 558] *“Altogether very agitated, he says in a conversation with Levi that he – as a Jew – has merely to learn to die, but Levi shows understanding.”*

11/80 What Boots This Knowledge – First Supplement to ‘Religion and Art’  
(PW Vol. VI; P. 253-262)

[P. 253] *“Should ye ask, ‘Of what use is the knowledge of man’s historic fall, since it is just through his historic evolution that we all have become what we are?’ one first might waive your question somewhat thus: ‘Ask those who from all time have made that knowledge wholly theirs, and learn from them to inwardly digest it. ‘Tis no new thing, for all great spirits have been led by it alone. Ask the real great poets of every age; ask the founders of true religions.’ Willingly would we refer you also to the mighty chiefs of States, if among the very greatest of them we could presuppose a full acquaintance with it; that is impossible, however, because their trade has ever pointed them to mere experiments with given historic conditions, but never allowed a free glance past those conditions to their primal state. It therefore is the helmsman of the State himself, by whose miscarriages we may the plainest prove the ill results of non-obtainal of that knowledge. Even a Marcus Aurelius could only attain to knowledge of the world’s nullity, but never to the idea of an actual downfall of a world that might have been so different, -- to say nothing of the cause of this fall. That worthlessness has ever been the base of absolute Pessimism; by which despotic Statesmen, and rulers in general, have but too gladly let themselves be led, were it only for convenience. On the contrary, a more thorough-going knowledge of the cause of our decline leads forthwith to the possibility of a just as radical regeneration; again without all reference to [P. 254] Statesmen, since such a knowledge passes far beyond the sphere of their violent, but always fruitless action.*

(...)

[P. 256] (...) {anti-FEUER/NIET} *Luther’s main revolt was against the Roman Church’s shameless Absolution, which went so far as to accept deliberate prepayment for sins not yet committed: his anger came too late; the world soon managed to abolish Sin entirely, and believers now look for redemption from evil to Physics and Chemistry.*

We will admit that it is no easy task, to persuade the world of the use of this our knowledge, even though it leave the uselessness of its mean knowledge ungainsaid. But let us not therefore refrain from a closer search into that use. For this we must turn, not to the dull-brained throng, but to those better minds whose

own prevailing cloudiness as yet prevents the freedom-bearing rays of rightful knowledge from piercing to that multitude. This cloud is still so dense, that it is truly astounding to see the highest minds of every age since the rise of the Bible enveloped in it, and thereby led to shallowness of judgment. *{anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} Take Goethe, who held Christ for problematical, but the good God for wholly proven, albeit retaining the liberty to discover the latter in Nature after his own fashion; which led to all manner of physical assays and experiments, whose continued pursuit was bound, in turn, to lead the present reigning human intellect to the result that there's no God whatever, but only 'Force and Matter.' It was reserved for a master-mind – how late alas! – to light this more than thousand-years' confusion in which the Jewish God-idea had plunged the whole of Christendom: that the unsatisfied thinker at last can set firm foot again on a soil of genuine Ethics, we owe to Kant's continuator, large-hearted Arthur Schopenhauer.*

*{SCHOP} Who would gain an idea of the confusion of modern thought, the maiming of the intellect of to-day, let him consider the untold difficulty that impedes a proper understanding of the most lucid of all philosophical systems – that of Schopenhauer. The reason is simple enough, when we recognise that the perfect understanding of this [P. 257] philosophy would effect as radical a revolution in our hitherto established modes of thought, as that demanded of the heathen by their conversion to Christianity. Nevertheless, it is quite appalling to find this philosophy, based as it is on the most perfect of ethics, described as shorn of hope; from which it follows, that we wish to be of good hope without the consciousness of true morality. That upon this very depravation of men's hearts rests Schopenhauer's relentless condemnation of the world – in its only aspect shown to us by history, -- affrights all those who take no pains to track the paths so plainly traced by Schopenhauer for turning the misguided Will. (...)*

*{SCHOP} In this sense, and as guide to an independent treading of the path of surest hope, nothing better can be recommended in our present state than to make Schopenhauer's philosophy, in its every bearing, the basis of all further mental and moral culture ... . we see to what mental and moral unfitness the lack of a right, all-permeating knowledge of the world's root-essence has now debased us.*

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} The Pope's knew well what they were doing, when they withdrew the Bible from the Folk; for the Old Testament in particular, so bound up with the New, might distort the pure idea of Christ to such a point that any nonsense and every deed of violence could claim its sanction; and such a use they deemed more prudent to reserve for the Church herself. Wellnigh we must view it as a grave misfortune, that Luther had no other weapon of authority against the degenerate Roman Church, than just this Bible; from [P. 258] whose full text he durst drop nothing, without disarming. (...)*

*{FEUER} From this fair picture let us cast one glance upon the Ten Commandments of the Mosaic tables of the Law – which even Luther found needful to take as first instruction to a people both mentally and morally brutalised under rule of the Roman Church and Germanic fist-right – and we there shall discover no faintest trace of a truly Christian thought; taken strictly, they are mere forbiddals, to most of which the character of commands was first assigned by Luther's running commentary. (...)*

[P. 259] {FEUER} {SCHOP} *If we leave these edicts on one side, as fairly well safeguarded, we come at once to the Christian command – if so we may term it – in the setting-up of the three so-called Theologic Virtues. These are commonly arranged in an order that appears to us not quite the right one for development of the Christian spirit; we should like to see ‘Faith, Hope, and Charity’ transposed into ‘Love, Faith, and Hope.’ It may seem a contradiction to uphold this sole redeeming and englightening trinity as the essence of all virtue, and its exercise as a commandment, seeing that its units, on the other hand, are claimed as grants of Grace. What a merit lies in their attainment, however, we soon shall see if first we weigh the almost exorbitant demand on the natural man conveyed by the injunction of ‘Love,’ in its exalted Christian sense. Through what is it, that our whole civilisation is going to ground, if not through lack of Love? The heart of youth, to which the world of nowadays unveils itself with waxing plainness, how can it love this world when it is recommended naught save caution and suspicion in its dealings with it? Surely there can be but one right way of guidance for that heart, the path whereon the world’s great lovelessness should be accounted as its suffering: then would the young man’s roused compassion incite him to withdraw himself from the causes of that Suffering of the world’s, to flee with knowledge from the greed of passions, to lessen and avert the woes of others. But how to wake this needful knowledge in the natural man, since the first and most un-understandable to him is his fellow-man himself? Impossible, that commandments here should bring about a knowledge only to be woken in the natural man by proper guidance to an understanding of the natural descent of all that lives. – The surest, nay, in our opinion almost the only thing to lead to this, would be a wise employment of the Schopenhauerian philosophy, whose outcome, to the shame of every earlier philosophic system, is the recognition of a moral meaning of the world; which crown of all Knowledge might then be practically realised [P. 260] through Schopenhauer’s Ethics. Only the love that springs from pity, and carries its compassion to the utmost breaking of self-will, is the redeeming Christian Love, in which Faith and Hope are both included of themselves, -- Faith as the unwavering consciousness of that moral meaning of the world, confirmed by the most divine exemplar; Hope as the blessed sense of the impossibility of any cheating of this consciousness.*

{anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} *And whence could we derive a clearer guidance for the heart afflicted by the cheat of this world’s material semblance, than from our philosopher, if only we could bring that understanding within the natural powers of unlearned men? In such a sense we fain would see an attempt to draft a popular version of his matchless treatise ‘On apparent Design in the Fate of the Individual’: how surely were the term ‘eternal Providence’ – so frequently employed for very sake of its equivocation – then justified in its true sense; whereas the contradiction thus expressed now drives despairing souls to flattest atheism. To people harassed by the arrogance of our chemists and physicists, and who begin to hold themselves for weak of brain if they shrink from accepting a resolution of the world into ‘force and matter,’ – to them it were no less an act of charity, could we show them from the works of our philosopher what clumsy things are those same ‘molecules and atoms.’ {FEUER} {SCHOP} But what an untold boon could we bring to men affrighted on the one hand by the thunders of the Church, and driven to desperation by our physicists on the other, could we fit into the lofty edifice of ‘Love, Faith, and Hope’ a vivid knowledge of the ideality of that*

*world our only present mode of apperception maps out by laws of Time and Space; then would each question of the troubled spirit after the ‘when’ and ‘where’ of the ‘other world’ be recognised as answerable by nothing but a blissful smile. For if there be an answer to these so infinitely weighty-seeming questions, our philosopher has given it with unsurpassable beauty and precision in that phrase which [P. 261] he merely meant, in a measure, to define the ideality of Space and Time: ‘Peace, rest and happiness dwell there alone there is no When, no Where.*

*{FEUER} {SCHOP} Yet the Folk – from whom we stand so lamentably far, alas! – demands a realistic notion of divine eternity in the affirmative sense, such as Theology herself can only give it in the negative ‘world without end.’ Religion, too, could ease this craving by naught but allegoric myths and images, from which the Church then built that storeyed dogma whose collapse has become notorious. How these crumbling blocks were turned to the foundation of an art unknown to the ancient world, I have endeavoured to show in my preceding article on ‘Religion and Art’; of what import to the ‘Folk’ itself this art might become through its full emancipation from unseemly service, and upon the soil of a new moral order, we should set ourselves in earnest to discover. Here again our philosopher would lead us to a boundless outlook on the realm of possibilities, if we sought out all the wealth contained in the following pregnant sentences: -- ‘Complete contentment, the truly acceptable state, never present themselves to us but in an image, in the Artwork, the Poem, in Music. From which one surely might derive the confidence that somewhere they exist in sooth.’ (...) The perfect ‘likeness’ of the noblest artwork would so transport our heart, that we should plainly find the archetype, whose ‘somewhere’ must perforce reside within our inner self [\* Translator’s Footnote: “Cf. Luke, xvii. 21: ‘Neither shall they say, Lo here! or, lo there! for behold, the kingdom of God is within you.’ “] filled with time-less, space-less Love and Faith and Hope.*

*{FEUER} But not even the highest art can gain the force for such a revelation while it lacks the support of a religious symbol of the most perfect moral ordering of the world, through which alone can it be truly understood of the people: [P. 262] only by borrowing from life’s exercise itself the likeness of the Divine, can the artwork hold this up to life, and holding, lead us out beyond this life to pure contentment and redemption.*

*(...)*

*We recognise the cause of the fall of Historic Man, and the necessity of his regeneration; we believe in the possibility of such Regeneration, and devote ourselves to its carrying-through in every sense.”*

11/6/80

(CD Vol. II; P. 559)

*[P. 559] Before supper R. goes through ‘Lohengrin’ with the conductor, and at table he talks about the dismal influence of the Jews on our present conditions, and warns Levi against the implications for him, which Levi accepts good-humoredly but nevertheless with some melancholy.” (Added in margin: “A few days ago he told him that he fusses too much about his soul!”)*



11/24/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 562)

[P. 562] “A new volume by C. Frantz about Schelling annoys R. very much, he says, ‘As long as he (Sch.) believes he has got hold of God Almighty, then everything is all right.’ He says he once thought Schopenhauer was too harsh in treating these people as charlatans, but he had been quite right – it is sheer windbaggery. – After lunch he talks of his indifference toward the performance of his works, and says what he finds most painful about it is that he has to pretend it is important to him. – He is disturbed about *Parsifal*, says he would like to compose the whole thing anew ... . R. expresses his indignation with Schelling and reads us a truly incredible passage, proving the existence of God by its impossibility! Then he indicates some cuts for *Tristan* (2<sup>nd</sup> act).”

11/30/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 564)

[P. 564] “*In the morning he talks to me about the present debate on the Jewish question, saying that the government has been pushed into a curious corner, for if it were to come out in support of the Jews, it would be identifying itself entirely with the Progressive party, with which, however, it wants nothing to do. He then goes on to discuss the present state of the stock exchange, saying that the power of the Jews could be dealt with only if all that ceased to be. He thinks it a great stroke of genius on Goethe’s part to have set the ball rolling in the Emperor’s Court with paper money. – Now nothing can be done, R. says, but he himself would ban Jewish holidays, on which they will not sell merchandise to Christians, and also the boastful synagogues. ‘What then will be the significance of our feast days?’* “

11-12/80 Explanatory Program: Prelude to ‘Parsifal’ (PW Vol. VIII; P. 388-389)

[P. 388] “ ‘Love – Faith – Hope?’

First theme: ‘Love.’

‘Take ye my body, take my blood, in token of our love!’

(Repeated in faint whispers by angel-voices.)

‘Take ye my blood, my body take, in memory of me!’ –

(Again repeated in whispers.) –

Second theme: ‘Faith.’

Promise of redemption through faith. (...)

[P. 389] But once more, from out the awe of solitude, throbs forth the cry of loving pity: the agony, the holy sweat of Olivet, the divine death-throes of Golgotha the body pales, the blood flows forth, and glows now in the chalice with the heavenly glow of blessing, shedding on all that lives and languishes the grace of ransom won by Love.”

12/7/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 569)

[P. 569] *{SCHOP}* “One has what one Wills (not what one desires). – He says that Will had required him to persevere, and that is why it had given him a good little wife and a king ... .”

12/8/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 570)

[P. 570] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “It was today that we talked about the justice of life, and R. keeps coming back to his belief that this world has a moral significance and that the important thing is resignation, that is to say, a recognition of the tragedy of existence.”

12/9/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 571)

[P. 571] *{FEUER}* “ ... ‘Yes,’ he exclaims, ‘we wander over the face of this earth like the gods in Valhalla and never think of all this night and horror beneath us.’ “

12/9/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 571)

[P. 571] “At supper he tells us that he had conceived all his works by the time he was 36, from then on he just carried them out.”

12/9/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 571-572)

[P. 571-572] *{FEUER}* “About Kundry’s kiss R. said recently, ‘What he cannot learn from any doctor or armorer, a woman teaches him.’ Recently, too, when it was suggested that R. had carried on the Beethoven type of melody, he denied it emphatically, saying that had been something complete in itself: ‘I could not have composed in the way I have done if Beethoven had never existed, but what I have used and developed are isolated strokes of genius in my dramatic predecessors, including even Auber, allowing myself to be led by something other than opera.’ “

12/9/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 572)

[P. 572] “(A Jew, R. said, can only be demanding, greedy, cunning – if he were not those things, he would have to look very touching and worthy of pity. -- )”

12/22/80 (CD Vol. II; P. 580)

[P. 580] “After lunch he reads to us the debate on the Jewish question and then remarks that all talk and all measures are useless as long as property exists. World peace might certainly have helped in this matter, but as long as nations are arming against one another, the Jews will retain their power. They are the only free people, ‘for it is only through money that I can keep my son from becoming a slave to the state.’”

12/30/80

Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 905)

[P. 905] *“If this gossip of mine does not weary my sweet and exalted one, I shall continue and speak of another man who is, however, merely something of a curiosity. He is the opera director of the Leipzig Municipal Theatre, Angelo Neumann, a man of Jewish extraction, and strangely energetic and extremely devoted to me, in a way which – oddly enough! – I find even today is true of the Jews whom I know. He was the first person to put on a complete performance of the ‘Ring of the Nibelung’ in Leipzig, which he did with lasting success; proud of his achievements, he now intends to win the highest renown for himself. (...) Angelo Neumann is now planning to give four performances of the complete cycle next May in Berlin’s large Victoria Theatre: he sought my permission to do so, and I did not refuse it to him since, of his own accord, he has formally agreed to engage only the very best singers: Materna, Jaeger, the Vogls (husband and wife), Reichmann (Munich) etc. will perform the work under the direction of a conductor whom I myself have trained [Anton Seidl]. (...) But Angelo is now growing even bolder, and he has asked my permission to visit Petersburg, London and the whole of North America with his army of Nibelungs, and for this purpose – in order to avoid all competition – he has requested exclusive worldwide performing rights for three years. He will pay me one tenth of all receipts, and thereby seek to spare me my own trip to America, which I had considered as being necessary. It is quite likely that something will come of this, and – in silence, as it were, – I can observe the wondrous workings of a fate which, having brought the King of Bavaria into my life, cannot decently withdraw now, lest it compromise itself, but which must arrange other circumstances, too, in my favour. Yes, indeed! This has all come about – and much more is to follow –.”*

[1881]

1881

Reminiscences of Winkelmann (BLRW; P. 354-356)

[P. 354] *“Winkelmann, the creator of the Parsifal, who has just died in Vienna at the age of sixty-three, in some rather recent reminiscences of the ‘Parsifal’ period, creates a very vivid picture of Wagner’s magnetic influence upon his artists:*

*‘Anton Seidl, who was at that time (1881) musical director in Leipzig, brought about a meeting between Wagner and myself. Once when I was singing in Leipzig, he asked if I would have the courage to sing Parsifal in Bayreuth. The Festival was then in course of preparation. After some consideration I said I would, and we travelled together to the Mecca of the Prophet.*

*‘Wagner immediately exercised an overpowering effect upon me. I can see him standing before me, can see every gesture, his facial expression, his tremendous enthusiasm for the cause which he believed to be a holy one. I can hear [P. 355] his voice as he spoke to me long and convincingly, and asked me if ‘on my word of honour’ I really felt that I possessed the strength necessary for the Parsifal.*

*‘And then he explained to me, for hours at a time, the content of his work, the significance of each character, of every scene, and showed me the connection between it all.*

*‘Richard Wagner was of a truth a genuine revelation for the artists who at that time had not yet been able to emancipate themselves from the ‘farce’ of expressing themselves by meaningless poses and musical violence.*

*‘How entirely different was Wagner’s authority over us; he was not contented to be merely our musical director and stage manager, but was our advisor and teacher! Wagner hated every pose on the stage, any straining after effect, every disturbing movement.*

*‘He used to say: ‘the acting must be controlled by the intelligence!’ ‘Everything must be genuine, sincere, on the stage.’*

[P. 356] *‘Do you think you are in a theatre!’ he cried to a singer who was making the most impossible gesticulations. ‘Those are swimming exercises, no human gestures! Anyone who is unnatural, I consider as my enemy!’ These were some of his dicta from the ‘Parsifal’ rehearsals ... . What iron nerves, what incredible energy, what burning enthusiasm! That was a glorious period!’ “*

1/6/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 592)

[P. 592] *“I say that the women cannot be held responsible for everything, but he exclaims: ‘Oh, yes, they can. The men are just wretched soldiers, the women are the only ones to whom one can turn in idealistic matters; and if all one finds there is leather, it is really appalling.’ – When, referring to religious statements, I say, ‘I hope for eternal peace after our death,’ he replies, ‘Those are all secrets – we should not run around as we do with our five senses if we knew the answers.’ “*

1/12/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 596)

[P. 596] *“Recently, when somebody said Jesus was a Jew, he replied that this was more or less like saying Mozart was a credit to the people of Salzburg.”*

1/16/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 598)

[P. 598] *{FEUER} “Reflections on history and the development of mankind’s predatory activities lead me to ask in the morning whether these have not brought about art. ‘Certainly,’ says R., ‘and that is why it is an evasion and a dismal substitute; it becomes something worthwhile only when it is religion, but not when robber chiefs set themselves up as judges over the art of their dagger thrusts.’ “*

1/17/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 600)

[P. 600] *{FEUER} {SCHOP} “But then Rub. plays us the first part of the (Opus) 106 Sonata [Beethoven], and our delight is boundless! ... R: ‘It is like being taken into the workshop of the Will, one sees everything moving and stirring as if in the bowels of the earth.’ – ‘Anyone who could translate this into words would have the key to the enigma of the world.’ ‘Cries of passion to which the workshop opens its doors.’ – ‘Not even Shakespeare can be compared to it, for what he has created is too closely connected with the world’s misery.’ – ‘In the symphony Beeth. lets others play, here he himself*

is playing.’ ‘And all that in the form of a sonata – what a sonata!’ “

1/19/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 601-602)

[P. 601-602] “Then he announces to Herr Levi, to his astonishment, that he is to conduct ‘Parsifal’: ‘Beforehand, we shall go through a ceremonial act with you. I hope I shall succeed in finding a formula which will make you feel completely one of us.’ – the veiled expression on our friend’s face induces R. to change the subject, but when we are alone, we discuss this question further. I tell R. that what seems to me to be the difficulty here is that the community into which the Israelite would be accepted has itself abandoned Christ, though it might write about him, whereas previously blood was shed and everything sacrificed in his behalf. R. says he himself has certainly remained true to him, and in his last essay he more or less outlined what the formula would be. {anti-FEUER} ‘The trouble is,’ he exclaims, ‘that all great personalities reveal themselves to us in time and space, and are thus subject to change.’ When we have our first parting, he exclaims jokingly, ‘What an accursed subject you have brought up here!’ and when we come together again, he raises it once more, and we agree that this alien race can never be wholly absorbed into our own. R. tells me (and I write it down here, for he has repeatedly said it to me, with very great earnestness and not a trace of mockery), that when our friend modestly approached him and kissed his hand, R. embraced him with great inner warmth, and from what emanated between them, he came to feel with extraordinary precision what a difference of race and separateness really mean. And thus the good Jew always suffers a melancholy lot in our midst.”

1/20/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 602)

[P. 602] “We talk about Saint Augustine, whom friend Levi carries around with him, into whom I glanced and who does not please me on account of the God Creator he is always praising. R. criticizes the conductor’s gloominess and says: ‘I should think that being taken up in such a friendly way by people like us would be enough to make anyone cheerful. Or are you superstitious, having trouble with your souls?’ He then speaks of Rub., how he is always preoccupied with himself, and in spite of his good qualities can never throw this off. He compares him with Levi, who is much more fortunate, since he has his own field of activity. He advises a carefree expansiveness.”

1/29/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 603)

[P. 603] “I have the joy of being able to tell him that, since for me he so completely is and represents the divine principle, I am constantly becoming more and more religious and able to follow the mystics with ever-increasing understanding, learning thereby to despise the world and accept the blessings of peace. – Perhaps this is why my greatest sacrifice is keeping in touch, for his sake, with a world in which there is no choice but to suffer! ... {FEUER} And, turning to his nature and the way in which it finds expression, I tell him that he is the only person I know whose speech and language are what color is to the leaf and scent to the flower – something involuntary, devoid of ulterior motive and in consequence very often made to look inconsiderate.”

*erate; when he then notices that he has offended someone with an involuntary remark, he tries with every means to put it right, even to the point of denying his own feelings. Many people without understanding have taken him to be insincere because of this! Nothing any longer disturbs me, I see it all.”*

1/22/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 605)

[P. 605] “R. tells Wolz. that he has been thinking about the meaning of the word ‘free’ and has gladly adopted the Swiss sense as he once heard it used: in the canton of Appenzell a guide was recommended to him with the words ‘He is a free man.’ {FEUER} ‘Free’ means ‘true,’ someone who has no need to lie – otherwise ‘free’ would always have something negative about it; ‘freedom,’ free of this or that person – but in this case, he says, it is the lie which is negative.”

1/23/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 605-606)

[P. 605-606] “*In the morning conversation he talks profoundly and at length about the mother’s womb, the life within it, the sacredness of it, and he ends with praise of Goethe, who recognized the divinity in these manifestations of Nature. {FEUER} {SCHOP} But how could one ever have visualized a personal God who created all these things! {anti-FEUER?} He also says he can well understand why Goethe, out of his sense of the sacredness of Nature, felt the urge to examine things individually, for one can never pay too much attention to the individual element – to pursue Nature as a whole, to see it as a cosmos, is foolishness.*”

1/29/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 610)

[P. 610] {FEUER} {anti-FEUER} {SCHOP} “*Returning to the subject of guilt, he says: ‘Perception and idea, however, are free of sin, except when they are guided by the will. But it is terrible how this will exists in a constant state of desire; from the moment a child leaves the womb, it desires, with all the violence of Genghis Khan laying claim to the world.’ – Reverting to the question of interrelationships, he says, ‘Nobody dies before he must, and this produces the interrelationship, the link to everything else – also the incurred guilt.’* “

1/30/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 610)

[P. 610] {FEUER} “*Our morning conversation turns to perception and its freedom from sin; yesterday R. told Jouk. that the best thing one could do was to occupy oneself with art, but not in the service of any great power; he comes back to this and says that art is the transfiguration of perception, just as religion is the transfiguration of the Will. {FEUER} At lunch, too, in connection with the fish, he says how terrible it is that the human being, the only creature to whom Nature has given feelings of sympathy, should then stifle them.*”

1/31/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 612)

[P. 612] {FEUER} "... 'Hamlet.' R. ... says that everything in this is agitation, dawning madness, Hamlet the modern man, disintegrated and incapable of action, seeing the world for what it is."

1-2/81 Know Thyself – 2<sup>nd</sup> Supplement to 'Religion and Art' (PW Vol. VI; P. 264-274)

[P. 264] {anti-FEUER} {SCHOP} "Great Kant taught us to postpone the wish for knowledge of the world to criticism of man's power of knowledge; if we thus arrived at the most complete uncertainty about the reality of the world, Schopenhauer next taught us to draw the most infallible conclusions as to the world's in-itself from a farther-reaching criticism, no longer of our mental faculties, but of that Will in us which goes before all knowledge. 'Know thyself, and thou hast read the world' – the Pythia said; 'Look round thee, all of this art thou' – the Brahmin..

How totally these lessons of ancestral wisdom had been lost to us, we may judge by their having to be re-discovered after tens of centuries by Schopenhauer treading in the shining wake of Kant. (...)

{SCHOP} *Who ever finds that 'Know Thyself' applied to any rating of the world? Not one Historic action do we know, that betrays that doctrine's influence on the transactors. We strike away at what we know not, and should we haply hit ourselves, we think another struck us. Who has not witnessed this once more in the present stir against the Jews, let us say, when looked at in light of that doctrine? What has given the Jews their now so dreaded power [P. 265] among and over us, not one man seems to stop and ponder ... : nowhere can we trace as yet an inclination to a deeper search into ourselves, in this case to a thorough criticism of the will and spirit of all that conglomerate of nature and civilisation which we, for instance, call the 'German.'*

{FEUER} {SCHOP} *Yet the movement here alluded to perhaps is more adapted than any other to set us marvelling at ourselves: in it we seem to see the late reawakening of an instinct that appeared extinct. A man who some thirty years ago drew notice to the Jews' inaptitude for taking a productive share in our Art, and felt impelled to renew that attempt just eighteen years thereafter [\* Translator's Footnote: "See Judaism in Music, Vol. III. of the present series."], was met by the utmost indignation of Jews alike and Germans; it became quite dangerous to breathe the word 'Jew' with a doubtful accent. But what once roused the bitterest ill-will when spoken on the field of ethical Aesthetics, we suddenly hear cried in vulgar brutal tones upon the field of civic intercourse and party politics. That fact that lies between these two expressions is the bestowal of full right upon the Jews to regard themselves in all conceivable respects as Germans – much as a blanket authorised the blacks in Mexico to hold themselves for whites. Whoever weighs this matter well, even if its real absurdity escapes him, must at least be highly astonished at the levity – nay, the frivolity of our State-authorities, who could decree so vast, so incomputable a transformation of our national system without the smallest sense of what they were doing.*

*The formula ran as 'Equalisation of the rights of all German citizens, without*

regard to difference of 'Confession.'

{FEUER} {SCHOP} How was it possible for there to be Germans, at any time, who could conceive of all that keeps the Jewish stem so wide apart from us under the idea of a religious [P. 266] 'confession,' seeing it was first and solely in German history that divisions arose in the Christian Church which led to the State-acknowledgment of various confessions? However, if only we will turn that 'Know Thyself' with ruthless energy upon ourselves, this curiously perverted formula may afford us one of the principal clues to explanation of the seemingly inexplicable. The first thing then to strike us, will be the recent experience that our clerics feel lamed at once in their agitation against the Jews when Judaism itself is seized by the root, and the patriarchs for instance, great Abraham in particular, are submitted to a criticism involving the actual text of the Mosaic books. At once the groundwork of the Christian Church, its 'positive' religion, seems to reel beneath their feet; a 'Mosaic Confession' is recognised; and its adherents are accorded the right to take their place beside us, to examine the credentials of a second revelation through Jesus Christ – whom even in the opinion of the late English Prime Minister they regard as one of their countless minor prophets, of whom we have made by far too much ado. To tell the truth, it will fall hard to prove by the aspect of the Christian world, and the character of the Culture shed upon it by a Church so soon decayed, the superiority of the revelation through Jesus Christ to that through Abraham and Moses: {FEUER} in spite of its dispersion, the Jewish stock has remained one whole with the Mosaic laws to this very day, whereas our culture and civilisation stand in the most crying contradiction to Christ's teaching. To the Jew who works the sum out, the outcome of this culture is simply the necessity of waging wars, together with the still greater one, of having money for them. Accordingly he sees our State society divided into a military and a civil class: as it is a couple of thousand years since he did anything in the military line, he devotes his knowledge and experience with great gusto to the civil class, for he observes that this must find [P. 267] the money for the military, and in that affair his talents have been trained in highest virtuosity.

Now the astounding success of our resident Jews in the gaining and amassing of huge stores of money has always filled our Military State authorities with nothing but respect and joyful admiration: so that the present campaign against the Jews seems to point to a wish to draw the attention of those authorities to the question, Where do the Jews get it from? The bottom of the whole dispute, as it appears to us, is Property, Ownership, which we suddenly perceive to be in jeopardy, notwithstanding that each outlay of the State has the look of aiming more at the insurance of possession than anything else.

{FEUER} {SCHOP} If the application of 'Know Thyself' to our Church's religious descent would turn our poorly for our case against the Jews, the result will be no less unfavourable if we investigate the nature of the only thing our State systems understand by possession, before endeavouring to secure it from the Jews' encroachments.

{FEUER} 'Property' has acquired an almost greater sacredness in our social conscience than religion; for offence against the latter there is lenience, for damage to the former no forgiveness. Since Property is deemed the base of all stability, the more's the pity that not all are owners, that in fact the greater proportion of Society comes



*disinherited into the world. Society is manifestly thus reduced by its own principle to such a perilous inquietude, that it is compelled to reckon all its laws for an impossible adjustment of this conflict; and protection of property – for which in its widest international sense the weaponed host is specially maintained – can truly mean no else than a defence of the possessors against the non-possessors. (...)*

[P. 268] (...) ...we have merely to point out the patent metamorphosis of the original idea of Property by the legal hallowing of usurpation, and to say that right by purchase nowadays has taken the place of right by earning, between which two came right by violence of seizure.

{FEUER} *Clever though be the many thoughts expressed by mouth or pen about the invention of money and its enormous value as a civiliser, against such praises should be set the curse to which it has always been doomed in song and legend. If gold here figures as the demon strangling manhood's innocence, our greatest poet shows at last the goblin's game of paper money. The Nibelung's fateful ring become a pocket-book, might well complete the eerie picture of the spectral world-controller. By the advocates of our Progressive Civilisation this rulership is indeed regarded as a spiritual, nay, a moral power: for vanished Faith is now replaced by 'Credit,' that fiction of our mutual honesty kept upright by the most elaborate safeguards against loss and trickery. What comes to pass beneath the benedictions of this Credit we now are witnessing, and seem inclined to lay all blame upon the Jews. They certainly are virtuosi in an art which we but bungle: only the coinage of money out of nil was invented by our Civilisation itself; or if the Jews are blamable for that, it is because our entire civilisation is a barbaro-Judaic medley, in nowise a Christian creation. [P. 269]*

{FEUER} *A little self-knowledge on this point, methinks, would not come amiss to the representatives of the Church themselves, particularly when combating the seed of Abraham in whose name they still go on to claim fulfilment of certain promises of his Jehova. A Christianity which has accommodated itself to the brute violence of every ruling power in the world might find itself, when turning from the raging to the reckoning beast of prey, outmatched in cleverness and cunning by its foe; wherefore there is little present hope of special welfare from the support of either our Church or State authorities.*

{FEUER} {SCHOP} *However, an inner motive plainly lies at bottom of the present movement, little as it may be evinced by the behaviour of its leaders so far. We expressed our belief above that this motive was the re-awakening of an instinct lost to the German nation. People speak of an antagonism of races. In this sense we should have fresh cause for self-inspection, as it would necessitate our defining the relation of certain given breeds of man to one another. Here it would probably have to be recognised at the outset that in talking of a German 'race,' it would be very difficult, nay, wellnigh impossible to compare it with a race so strongly pronounced, and still unaltered, as the Jewish. When learned men debate the relative value of mixed or pure-bred races, for the evolution of mankind, the decision must surely hinge on what we mean by man's development progress. The so-called Romanic nations, and the English too, are praised as hybrid stocks that obviously surpass in Culture-progress the peoples of a haply pure German breed. On the other hand, if one declines to be blinded by the glamour of this culture and civilisation, and seeks the welfare of mankind in its bringing-to-birth of great characters, one finds that these far rather come to light –*

*nay, almost solely – in pure-bred races; where it seems that the still unbroken nature-force of Race at first makes up for every higher human virtue yet unformed, and only to be won through life's sore trials, by that of pride. This peculiar pride of race, that still gave us in the [P. 270] Middle Ages such towering characters as Princes, Kings and Kaisers, may be met even to-day in the old nobility of German origin, though in unmistakable degeneration; and that degeneration we should have to take seriously into account if we wished to explain the fall of the German Folk, now exposed defenceless to the inroads of the Jews. For this, the proper course might be to first recall the unexampled devastation which Germany suffered through the Thirty Years War: after by far the greatest part of the male population had been rooted out of town and country, while the female had been violated to no less a degree by Walloons, Croats, Spaniards, French and Swedes, the relatively little-injured nobles may scarcely have felt themselves one racial body with the remnant of this decimated people. (...)*

[P. 271] (...) *Our nation, one may say, has not the natural instinct for that which suits it, for what becomes it, helps and furthers it; estranged from itself, it dabbles in foreign manners. On none other have great and original spirits been bestowed, as on it, without its having known in time to treasure them: yet if the silliest news-writer or political cheap-jack but brazens out his lying phrases, it chooses him to represent its weightiest interests; whilst if the Jew comes tinkling with his bell of paper, it throws its savings at his feet, and makes him in one night a millionaire.*

{FEUER} *The Jew, on the contrary, is the most astounding instance of racial congruence ever offered by world-history. Without a fatherland, a mother-tongue, midst every people's land and tongue he finds himself again, in virtue of the unfailing instinct of his absolute and indelible idiosyncrasy: even commixture of blood does not hurt him; let Jew or Jewess intermarry with the most distinct of races, a Jew will always come to birth. {FEUER} Not into the remotest contact is he brought with the religion of any of the civilised (gesittete) nation; for in truth he has no religion at all – merely the belief in certain promises of his god which in nowise extend to a life beyond this temporal life of his, as in every true religion, but simply to this present life on earth, whereon his race is certainly ensured dominion over all that lives and lives not. Thus the Jew has need to neither think nor chatter, not ever to calculate, for the hardest calculation lies all cut and dried for him in an instinct shut against all ideality. A wonderful, unparalleled phenomenon: the plastic daemon of man's [P. 272] downfall in triumphant surety; and German citizen of State, to boot, with a Mosaic confession; the darling of Liberal princes, and warrant of our national unity! –*

{FEUER} *Despite the enormous disadvantage at which the German race (if so we still may call it) appears to stand against the Jewish, we yet have ventured to suggest the re-awakening of a German instinct as one factor in the present agitation. As, however, we have been obliged to discard all idea of its being a purely racial instinct, we perhaps might search for something higher: a bent that, merely vaguely (wahnvoll) felt by the Folk of to-day, would at first appear indeed as instinct, though really of far nobler origin and loftier aim, and which might haply be defined as the spirit of the purely-Human.*

From the cosmopolitan proper, if such a man exists in fact, we probably should have little to expect for the solution of our problem. 'Tis no small thing, to

run through the history of the world and yet preserve love for the human species. Here nothing but a rooted feeling of kinship with the immediate nation whence we sprang, can serve to re-knit the strand dissevered by a survey of the whole: here operates the thing we feel ourselves to be; we pity, and strive our best to hope, as for the future of our nearer family. *Fatherland, mother-tongue: woe to the man bereft of these! But what unmeasured happiness, to recognise in one's mother-tongue the speech of one's ure-fathers! Through such a tongue our feelings and beholdings stretch right back to early Man himself; no fence and pale there hedge our nobles in, and far beyond the fatherland at last assigned us, beyond the landmarks of historic knowledge and all our outer trappings thence derived, we feel ourselves kin with pristine Man's creative beauty. Such is our German language, the only heritage retained intact from our forefathers. Do we feel our breath quitting us, beneath the pressure of an alien civilisation; do we fall into uncertainty about ourselves: we have only to dig to the roots in the true father-soil of our language, to reap at once a reassuring [P. 273] answer on ourselves, nay, on the truly Human. And this possibility, of always drawing from the pristine fount of our own nature, that makes us feel ourselves no more a race, no mere variety of man, but one of Manhood's primal branches, -- 'tis this that ever has bestowed on us great men and spiritual heroes, as to whom we have no need to trouble whether fashioners of foreign fatherless civilisations are able to understand and prize them; whilst we again, inspired by the deeds and gifts of our forefathers, and gazing with unclouded eye, are able rightly to estimate those foreigners, and value them according to the spirit of pure Humanity indwelling in their work. For the sterling German instinct asks and seeks for nothing but this Purely-Human, and through that search alone can it be helpful – not merely to itself, but to all that shows the pure and genuine under never so great disguise.*

Whom could it escape, that, suffering from the inability to truly manifest itself in either national or church-religious life, this noble instinct could but lead a feeble, indistinct, misunderstandable and scamped existence hitherto? In not one of those parties which aspire to guide the movement of our political or our intellectual national life, especially at the present day, does it seem to us, alas! to find a voice; even the names they take proclaim them not of German origin, still less inspired by German instinct. *'What 'Conservatives,' 'Liberals' and 'Conservative-liberals,' and finally 'Democrats,' 'Socialists,' or even 'Social-democrats' etc., have lately uttered on the Jewish question, must seem to us a trifle foolish; for none of these parties would think of testing that 'Know thyself' upon themselves, not even the most indefinite and therefore the only one that styles itself in German, the 'Progress'-party.* There we see nothing but a clash of interests, whose object is common to all the disputants, common and ignoble: plainly the side most strongly organised, i.e. the most unscrupulous, will bear away the prize. With all our comprehensive State-and National-Economy, it would seem that we are victims to a dream [P. 274] now flattering, no terrifying, and finally asphyxiating: all are panting to awake therefrom; but it is the dream's peculiarity that, so long as it enmeshes us, we take it for real life, and fight against our wakening as though we fought with death. At last one crowning horror gives the tortured wretch the needful strength: he wakes, and what he held most real was but the figment of the daemon of distraught mankind.

*We who belong to none of all those parties, but seek our welfare solely in man's*

*wakening to his simple hallowed dignity; we who are excluded from these parties as useless persons, and yet are sympathetically troubled for them, -- we can only stand and watch the spasms of the dreamer, since no cry of ours can pierce to him. So let us save and tend and brace our best of forces, to bear a noble cordial to the sleeper when he wakes, as of himself he must at last. But only when the fiend, who keeps those ravers in the mania of their party-strife, no more can find a where or when to lurk among us, will there also be no longer any Jews.*

*And the very stimulus of the present movement – conceivable among ourselves alone – might bring this great solution within reach of us Germans, rather than of any other nation, if only we would boldly take that ‘Know thyself’ and apply it to the inmost quick of our existence. That we have naught to fear from ultimate knowledge, if but we conquer all false shame and quarry deep enough, we hope the anxious may have culled from the above.”*

2/6/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 616)

[P. 616] *“I have always been fated to carry out in prose (in life), what I have put into my poetry – that scene with the swan, people will think it came from my view on vivisection!”*

2/7/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 616-617)

[P. 616-617] *“In the evening he writes his score, though he keeps saying how much he would rather be writing symphonies: ‘All the time I am putting aside themes for the sake of the drama – I cannot do things as, for example, even Weber did, when he introduced his hermit with a dance tune because it happened to occur to him just at that moment.”*

2/9/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 618)

[P. 618] *“He says once again that he is longing to do some instrumental compositions, adding that it was a similar mood which gave rise to ‘Tristan.’ He enjoys writing, but feels it will be some time before he writes another text: ‘I have posed enough riddles,’ he adds.”*

2/10/81           (CD Vol. II; P. 618-619)

[P. 618-619] *{FEUER} (anti-FEUER/NIET) “Toward lunchtime he calls me and reads to me his new article, ‘Know Thyself.’ – Whether the Jews can ever be redeemed is the question which, in connection with it, occupies our thoughts – their nature condemns them to the world’s reality. They have profaned Christianity, that is to say, adapted it to this world, and from our art, which can only be a refuge from prevailing conditions, they also expect world conquest.”*

2/11/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 620)

[P. 620] “When we finished reading, he thought of the sad music which the shahs of Persia ordered played to them before going to sleep. ‘You could do that better than anyone – it would be something like ‘O sink hernieder, Nacht der Liebe.’ – ‘Oh, no, that is happy, not sad, a luxuriating after their wild discussion of their predicament.’ *‘I still find it incomprehensible that an audience can follow all that with interest, as in Munich.’ I: And yet it is the favorite work of the Barbarians in particular – Lenbach, for example.’ R.: ‘I gladly admit that there is something intoxicating about its big musical complexes.’ “*

2/14/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 622)

[P. 622] {FEUER} “*Our conversation starts with the article and touches on all subjects, including Gobineau’s theory, to which R. links the remark that it is by no means impossible that humanity should cease to exist, but if one looks at things without regard to time and space, one knows that what really matters is something different from racial strength – see the Gospels. And he adds jokingly: ‘If our civilisation comes to an end, what does it matter? But if it comes to an end through the Jews, that is a disgrace.’ He talks of starting a new article, ‘Herodom and Christianity.’ “*

2/15/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 623)

[P. 623] {SCHOP} “*... he is increasingly attracted to Gobineau’s idea, and when I say, ‘If we disregard time and space, there is surely no such thing as decay,’ R. replies, ‘The thought I am occupied with is whether morality should not be preserved as being that to which everything tends – survival is then a matter of complete indifference.’ “*

2/15/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 623-624)

[P. 623-624] {SCHOP} {FEUER} “*But we soon go back to the topics that concern us and to Schopenhauer, who, in R.’s estimation, would probably have gone along with him as far as LOH. And T., But certainly not from then on. Regarding his errors in the application of his theories, so right in themselves, R. says, ‘It makes one feel that an artist can be a philosopher, but not a philosopher an artist.’ “*

2/15/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 624)

[P. 624] “*Recently R. expressed his pleasure at having provided in ‘Der Ring des Nibelungen’ a complete picture of the curse of greed for money, and the disaster it brings about.”*

2/19/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 627)

[P. 627] *“Taking off from an article about Vienna and its Israelites, he enlarges upon the subject of how terrible it is to have this foreign Jewish element in our midst, and how we have lost everything.”*

2/23/81 Letter to Angelo Neumann (SLRW; P. 906)

[P. 906] *“I have absolutely no connection with the present ‘anti-Semitic’ movement: an article of mine which is shortly to appear in the Bayreuther Blaetter [‘Know Thyself’] will prove this so conclusively that it will be impossible for anyone of intelligence to associate me with that movement.*

None the less, my advice to you is to give up Berlin and go to London in May & June. How you bring this about is or course your own affair. – It would be a fine thing if your – and our – enterprise were to be diverted from its rightful purpose by follies of the kind that now flourish in Berlin.

*Our Nibelungs are not made to be hounded by courtiers and Jews – and that because of some totally absurd misunderstandings.  
(...)”*

2/24/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 631)

[P. 631] *“In the evening friend Wolz. visits us; R. tells him that we cannot champion a special cause such as vegetarianism in our Blaetter, but must always confine ourselves to defining and demonstrating the ideal, leaving those outside to fight for their special cause; for the same reason we cannot join in the anti-Jewish agitation.”*

3/3/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 635)

[P. 635] {FEUER} *“Yesterday R. talked about the symbolism in his works, saying that there is nothing of that kind in Shakespeare, for it lies in the nature of music; the fact that Calderon made use of symbols is a bad thing, for it brings him nearer to Opera.”*

3/8/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 637)

[P. 637] *“ ‘I have parted company with the German Reich, I am very willing to part company with the world order.’ Over coffee discussed with Dr. Landgraf the question of the Boers, the German Reich’s attitude toward them when they asked for protection: ‘Then I will join in, and at the same time put my signature to your anti-Jewish campaign.’”*

3/14/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 640)

[P. 640] *“He replies on a postcard to an appeal from an anti-Jewish newspaper – does not wish to have anything to do with this affair, or indeed with the German Reich at all, after its behavior in the vivisection matter.”*

3/20/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 643)

[P. 643] {FEUER} *“And he pictures to himself the birth of the universe, some central sun which begins to revolve, out of desire, no, out of fear, and how this agitation born of fear was everywhere, and everything a matter of indifference until one gave things a moral significance.”*

3/21/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 644)

[P. 644] *“He regrets that his texts have not been discussed from a somewhat wider point of view – the ‘Ring,’ for example, in relation to the significance of gold and the downfall of a race caused by it; ‘Die Msinger’ for the German type as depicted by Sachs, rather crude, if you like, but something distinct from the Latin type.”*

3/23/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 646)

[P. 646] {FEUER} {SCHOP} *“When we are alone, R. talks about ‘To be or not to be,’ and remarks how free these reflections are of any churchly ideas. Hamlet stands there like the first man ever to confront death and feels the fear of awakening from the dream of life, awakening to the sleep which will perhaps contain dreams – reincarnations.”*

5/3/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 662)

[P. 662] *“First act ‘Siegfried.’ Mime ‘a Jewish dwarf,’ R. says, but excellent, Vogl also very good, clear and assured.”*

5/16/81 Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 914)

[P. 914] *“My gracious friend knows the reasons for my – merely superficial – involvement in that expedition, which, to a certain extent, could be seen as the starting-point for Angelo Neumann’s audacious venture. As a result I attended the dress rehearsals and the first performance of the whole cycle of the Nibelung’s Ring: I had set off for Berlin with a very real sense of dread, but was able to return fairly reassured, and even with a certain – relative – satisfaction. *The final words which I felt moved to address to the audience there were the truth: I was astonished to witness this success, just as I was astonished at my work. The most extraordinary part about it was that a work which has made such great claims on my life now appeared so completely new to me: I had let it unfold in front of me, in total objectivity, allowing everything to pass before me, pure and clear, as though reflected in the mirror of my soul, and my reaction was one of great satisfaction, mixed with some surprise that such a work could have been written today and – finally – that it could have been presented to the theatre audience of a large city without provoking their actual displeasure and rejection. It is without doubt the Aryan race’s most characteristic work of art: no nation on earth could be so clearly conscious of its origins and predisposition than this**

*one tribe from Upper Asia, a tribe which was the last to enter European culture and which until that time had retained its purity better than all the other white races. One could well feel hope on witnessing the success of such a work in our midst! – “*

6/18/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 678)

[P. 678] {anti-FEUER/NIET} *“Over coffee our conversation turns to the saints, and R. gets heated about the idea, so common nowadays, that they are virtuous in the hope, as it were, of future profit.”*

6-8/81            Herodom and Christendom – 3<sup>rd</sup> Supplement to ‘Religion and Art’  
(PW Vol. VI; P. 275-284)

[P. 275] *“After recognising the necessity of a regeneration of the human race, if we follow up the possibilities of its ennoblement we light on little else than obstacles. In our attempt to explain its downfall by a physical perversion we had the support of the noblest sages of all time, who believed they found the cause of degeneration in the substituting of animal for vegetable food; thus we necessarily were led to the assumption of a change in the fundamental substance of our body, and to a corrupted blood we traced the depravation of temperaments and of moral qualities proceeding from them.*

*Quite apart from such an explanation, one of the cleverest men of our day has also proved this fall to have been caused by a corruption of blood, though, leaving that change of diet wholly out of sight, he has derived it solely from the crossing of races, whereby the noblest lost more than the less noble of them gained. The uncommonly circumstantial picture of this process supplied us by Count Gobineau in his ‘Essai sur l’inegalite des races humaines’ appeals to us with most terrible force of conviction. We cannot withhold our acknowledgment that the human family consists of irremediably disparate races, whereof the noblest well might rule the more ignoble, yet never raise them to their level by commixture, but simply sink [P. 276] to theirs. Indeed this one relation might suffice to explain our fall; even its cheerlessness should not blind us to it: {FEUER} if it is reasonable to assume that the dissolution of our earthly globe is purely a question of time, we probably shall have to accustom ourselves to the idea of the human species dying out. {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} On the other hand there is such a matter as life beyond all time and space, and the question whether the world has a moral meaning we here will try to answer by asking ourselves if we mean to go to ground as beasts or gods.*

*The first point will be, to examine the special attributes of those noblest races, through whose enfeeblement they lost themselves among ignoble races. {anti-FEUER/NIET} The more definitely has recent science inclined us to accept the natural descent of man’s lower races from the animal species most resembling them, the harder it is to assent to a derivation of the so-called white race from those black and yellow: as to the explanation of the white tint itself our physiologists are still at variance. Whilst yellow races have viewed themselves as sprung from monkeys, the white race traced back their origin to gods, and deemed themselves marked out for rulership. It has been made quite clear that we should have no History of Man at all,*



*had there been no movements, creations and achievements of the white men; and we may fitly take world-history as the consequence of these white men mixing with the black and yellow, and bringing them in so far into history as that mixture altered them and made them less unlike the white. Incomparably fewer in individual numbers than the lower races, the ruin of the white races may be referred to their having been obliged to mix with them; whereby, as remarked already, they suffered more from the loss of their purity than the others could gain by the ennobling of their blood.*

Without touching on the endless varieties produced by ever-fresh inarchings of scions from the old root-stocks, our object merely bids us linger with the purest and noblest, to realise its overwhelming difference from the less. {FEUER} {SCHOP} *If a review of all the races makes it impossible to deny the [P. 277] oneness of the human species; and if that common factor may be defined, in its noblest sense, as the capacity for conscious suffering, -- we shall have to seek for what distinguishes the white race, if we are actually to rank it high above the others. With fine acumen Gobineau discovers it, not in an exceptional development of moral qualities, but in a larger store of the temperamental attributes from which those morals flow. These we should have to look for in that keener and withal more delicate sensibility of Will which shows itself in a complex organism, united with the requisite intensity of Intellect: the point being that, in answer to the cravings of the will, the Intellect shall rise to that clear-sightedness which casts its own light back upon the will, and, taming it, becomes a moral prompting; whereas the overpowering of the intellect by the blindly craving will denotes the lower nature, since here we cannot class the stimuli as motives lit as yet by light of intellect, but simply as common promptings of the senses. However passionate may be the signs of Suffering in these lower natures, its conscious record in the downtrod intellect will be comparatively feeble; on the contrary it is just the strength of consciousness of Suffering, that can raise the intellect of higher natures to knowledge of the meaning of the world. Those natures in which the completion of this lofty process is evidenced by a corresponding deed, we call Heroic. –*

*The plainnest type of heroism is that evolved by the Hellenic sagas in their Herakles. Labours put upon him to destroy him, he executes in proud obedience, and frees the world thereby from direst plagues. Seldom, in fact scarcely ever, do we find the hero otherwise than in a state of suffering prepared for him by fate: Herakles is persecuted by Hera out of jealousy of his divine begetter, and kept in menial subjection. In this main trait we surely should not do wrong to recognise an allusion to [P. 278] that school of arduous labours in which the noblest Aryan stems and races throve to grandeur of demigods: the by no means mildest climates whence they enter history at last, as men matured, supply us with a clue to the fortunes of their ancestry. Here we find the fruit of suffering and deprivations vanquished by heroic toil, that proud self-consciousness whereby these stocks are once for all distinguished from the others throughout our whole world-history. Like Herakles and Siegfried, they were conscious of divine descent: a lie to them was inconceivable, and a free man meant a truthful man. Nowhere in history do these root-qualities of the Aryan race show forth more plainly than in the contact of the last pure-bred Germanic branches with the falling Roman world. Here history repeats the one great feature of their mythic heroes: with bloody hands they serve the Romans, and – rate them infinitely lower than themselves, much as Herakles despised Eurystheus. The accident of their becoming*

*masters of the great Latino-Semite realm was fatal to them. Pride is a delicate virtue and brooks no compromise, such as crossing of breed: but the Germanic race without this virtue has – naught to tell us. For this Pride is the soul of the truthful, of the free though serving. He knows no fear (Furcht), but respect (Ehrfurcht) – a virtue whose very name, in its proper sense, is known to none save those oldest Aryan peoples; whilst honour (Ehre) itself is the sum of all personal worth, and therefore can neither be given nor received, as is our practice to-day, but a witness of divine descent, it keeps the hero unashamed even in his most shameful of sufferings. From Pride and Honour sprang the rule that, not property ennobles man, but man this property; which, again, was expressed in the custom that excessive possessions were speedily shared out, for very shame, by him to whom they haply fell.*

*{SCHOP} Upon looking back to these characteristics and the inviolable noble code that flowed therefrom we certainly are justified in seeking the cause of their loss and its [P. 279] decay in a depravation of those races' blood, since we see the fall undoubtedly accompany their hybridising. (...) ... we now must seek the Hero where he turns against the ruin of his race, the downfall of its code of honour, and girds his erring will to horror: the hero wondrously become divine – the Saint!*

*{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} It was a weighty feature of the Christian Church, that none but sound and healthy persons were admitted to the vow of total world-renunciation; any bodily defect, not to say mutilation, unfitted them. [\* Translator's Footnote: "Cf. 'Doch buessen wollt er [Klingsor] nun, ja heilig werden. Ohnmaechtig in sich selbst die Suende zu ertoedten, an sich legt er die Frevlerhand, die nun, dem Grale zugewandt, verachtungsvoll dess' Hueter von sich stuess' – Parsifal, act i."]* *Manifestly this vow was to be regarded as issuing from the most heroic of all possible resolves, and he who sees in it a 'cowardly self-surrender' – as someone [Nietzsche in 'Daybreak'] recently suggested, -- may bravely exult in his own self-retention, but had best not meddle any further with things that don't concern him. Granted that different causes moved different men to so completely turn their will from life, yet the act itself is always characterised by utmost energy of will; was it the look, the likeness or the mental picture of the Saviour suffering upon the cross, the influence of a pity overcoming all self-will was invariably united with the deepest horror at the attributes of this world-shaping Will, and to such a point that the will exerted all its strength in revolt against itself. From that point we see the saint outvie the hero in his endurance of suffering, his self-offering for others; almost more unshakable than the hero's pride is [P. 280] the saint's humility, and his truthfulness becomes the martyr's joy.*

*{FEUER} Now what part can 'Blood,' the quality of Race, have played in fitting for the exercise of so holy a heroism? The last, the Christian dispensation had its origin in that intensely complex blend of races white and black which, dating from the rise of the Chaldaeo-Assyrian empire, supplied the basic character of the nations of the later Roman empire. The author of the great work now before us calls this character the Semitic, after one of those main stocks transplanted from North-eastern parts to the Assyrian plains; he proves to demonstration its transforming influence on Hellenism and Romanism, and finds its essential features still preserved in the self-styled 'Latin' race despite all fresh cross-breeding. This race's property is the Roman Catholic Church; its patron-spirits are the saints that Church has canonised, nor should their value*

be diminished in our eyes by their now being upheld to the people's veneration in nothing but un-Christian pomp. *But after centuries of huge perversion of the Semite-Latin Church we see no longer any genuine Saints, no Hero-martyrs of the Truth, arise therefrom; and if the falsehood of our whole Civilisation bears witness to corrupted blood in its supporters, 'twould be no stretch for us to say that the blood of Christendom itself is curdled. And what a blood? None other than the blood of the Redeemer's self, which erewhile poured its hallowing stream into the veins of his true heroes.*

{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} {SCHOP} *The blood of the Saviour, the issue from his head, his wounds upon the cross, -- who impiously would ask its race, if white or other? Divine we call it, and its source might dimly be approached in what we termed the human species' bond of union, its aptitude for Conscious Suffering. This faculty we can only regard as the last step reached by Nature in the ascending series of her fashionings; thenceforth she brings no new, no higher species to light, for in it she herself attains her unique freedom, the annulling of the internecine warfare of the Will. The hidden background [P. 281] of this Will, inscrutable in Time and Space, is nowhere manifest to us but in that abrogation; and there it shows itself divine, the willing of Redemption. Thus, if we found the faculty of conscious suffering peculiarly developed in the so-called white race, in the Saviour's blood we now must recognise the quintessence of free-willed suffering itself (des bewusst wollenden Leiden's selbst), that godlike Pity which streams through all the human species, its fount and origin.*

{FEUER} (...) *How high the most advanced white race could raise itself in weightiest matters of the world through keenness of that faculty which we have called the human species' bond of union, we see in its religions. The Brahminic religion we surely must rank as the most astounding evidence of the breadth of view and faultless mental accuracy of those earliest Aryan branches; on a groundwork of profoundest knowledge of the world they built a religious structure that has weathered all these thousand years unshaken, a dogma still obeyed by many million men as habit of all life and thought, high arbiter of death and suffering. It had only one fault: it was a race religion. The deepest explanations of the world, the loftiest injunctions for redemption from it, to-day are taught, believed and followed by a vastly hybrid populace wherein no trace of true morality can be detected. Without tarrying by this sight, or even seeking out the grounds of this phenomenon, let us merely remember that a race of conquerors and subjugators, appraising the enormous gulf between themselves and inferior races, founded at once a religion and a civilisation, whose mutual support and interaction were to ensure the permanence of a dominion based on careful calculation of existing natural factors. A masterpiece without its equal: binding the cruelly oppressed to their oppressors by so firm a metaphysical condordat, that any mutiny was made unthinkable; for even the Buddha's [P. 282] broad endeavour for the human species must break against the stubborn racial veto of the white dictators, and become a superstition freshly palsyng the yellow race.*

{SCHOP} *From what blood, then, could the ever more consciously suffering genius of mankind bring forth a saviour, seeing that the blood of the white race was manifestly paling and congealing? – For the origin of natural Man our Schopenhauer propounds a hypothesis of wellnigh convincing power: going back to the physical law [Mariotti's] of increase of force under compression, he explains the unusual frequency of births of twins after abnormal periods of mortality as if the*

vital force were doubling its exertions under pressure of a pestilence that threatened to exterminate the species; which leads him to the theory, that the procreative force in a given type of animals, threatened with extinction by opposing forces through some inherent defect in its organism, may have become so abnormally augmented in one mated pair that not merely does a more highly organised individual issue from the mother's womb, but in that individual a quite new species. *The blood in the Redeemer's veins might thus have flowed, as divine sublimate of the species itself, from the redemptive Will's supreme endeavour to save mankind at death-throes in its noblest races.*

{FEUER} Though we must regard this as the extreme limit of a speculation hovering between Physics and Metaphysics, and eschew all further pursuit of a path that has betrayed so many of our able minds into the most nonsensical farragos – especially under guidance of the Old Testament – yet from this hypothesis concerning the Redeemer's blood we may derive a second and the weightiest distinction of his work, namely the simplicity of his teaching, which consisted almost solely in Example. *The blood [P. 283] of suffering Mankind, as sublimated in that wondrous birth, could never flow in the interest of howsoever favoured a single race.; no, it shed itself on all the human family for noblest cleansing of Man's blood from every stain. Hence the sublime simplicity of the pure Christian religion, whereas the Brahminic, for instance, applying its knowledge of the world to the ensurance of supremacy for one advantaged race, became lost in artificiality and sank to the extreme of the absurd. Thus, notwithstanding that we have seen the blood of noblest races vitiated by admixture, the partaking of the blood of Jesus, as symbolised in the only genuine sacrament of the Christian religion, might raise the very lowest races to the purity of gods. This would have been the antidote to the decline of races through comingling, and perhaps our earth-ball brought forth breathing life for no other purpose than that ministrance of healing.*

*Let us not mistake, however, the enormity of the assumption that the human species is destined to attain a uniform equality; and let us admit that such equality is unimaginable in any but a horrifying picture, like that which Gobineau feels bound to hold before us in his closing words. Yet is only through our being obliged to look at it through the reek of our Civilisation and Culture, that this picture gains its full repulsion: and to recognise these as themselves the lying offspring of the human race's misdirection, is the task of that spirit which left us when we lost our nobleness of blood and at like time found the Christian martyrs' antidote employed for binding us to all the lies and humbug of Church-rule. [284]* Assuredly no task can be more cheerless, than to review the human races journeyed westward from their central-Asiatic home, and find that all their civilisation and religion has never yet enabled them to take concerted steps for so distributing themselves over the kindest regions of the earth that by far the largest portion of the obstacles to a free and healthy evolution of pacific polities (friedfertiger Gemeinde-Zustände) should disappear through mere abandonment of the forbidding wastes which now so long have lodged their greatest numbers. *It certainly may be right to charge this purblind dulness of our public spirit to a vitiation of our blood – not only by departure from the natural food of man, but above all by the tainting of the hero-blood of noblest races with that of former cannibals now trained to be the business-agents of Society, -- {FEUER} provided one*

*does not overlook the further fact, that no blaze of orders can hide the withered heart whose halting beat bewrays its issue from a union pledged without the seal of love, be it never so consanguineous.*

*However, if we mean to seek a gladdening outlook on the future of the human race past all these horrors, nothing can be of greater urgency than to follow up each vestige of surviving qualities, and count the possibilities of their enhancement. Here we shall have to bear in mind that, if the noblest race's rulership and exploitation of the lower races – quite justified in a natural sense – has founded a sheer immoral system throughout the world, any equalising of them all by flat commixture decidedly would not conduct to an aesthetic state of things. To us Equality is only thinkable as based upon a universal moral concord, such as we can but deem true Christianity elect to bring about; and that only on the subsoil of a true, but no mere 'rational' Morality (as I lately saw desired by a philologist [Nietzsche]), can a true aesthetic Art bear fruit, the life and sufferings of all great seers and artists of the past proclaim aloud."*

7/1/81            Letter to Hermann Levi (SLRW; P. 914-915)

[P. 914] *"Much as I respect all your feelings, you are not making things easy either for yourself or for us! What could so easily inhibit us in our dealings with you is the fact that you are always so gloomily introspective! We are entirely at one in thinking that the whole world should be told about this shit* [\* Translators' Footnote: "Wagner had received an anonymous letter on 29 June, accusing Levi of having an affair with Cosima, and demanding that another conductor be found for *Parsifal*. Wagner showed the letter to Levi."] *but what this means is that you must stop running away from us, thereby allowing such stupid suspicions to arise. For God's sake come back at once, and get to know us properly! You do not need to lose any of your faith, but merely to acquire the courage of your convictions!*

[P. 915] *Perhaps some great change is about to take place in your life* [Wagner had insisted the Levi be baptised a Christian before conducting *Parsifal*] *– but at all events – you are my Parsifal conductor!*

*So, come on! Come on!"*

7/31/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 696)

*"Discussion about the relationship of animals to humans; about Nature's cruelty, which does, however, allow for the possibility of good. It's our task to conform to this possibility, and from all else arises the sorrow which afflicts us and the significance of religion."*

8/1/81            (CD Vol. II; P. 697)

[P. 697] *"I play excerpts from Goetterdaemmerung, arranged for piano duet, with Loldi [Wagner's daughter by Cosima, Isolde]. R. says he is pleased with the work. Unfortunately in this edition there are a lot of markings such as 'wanderlust motive,' 'disaster motive,' etc. R. says, 'And perhaps people will think all this nonsense is done at my request!' "*

8/2/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 698-699)

[P. 698-699] *“In ‘Wer nie sein Brot’ he points out to us how impossible it is for music to illumine a word like Brot (bread), and he declares that the whole of lyric poetry is an absurdity, and no poem can be set to music; it is the task of music to enter at the point where words at their most expansive become action.”*

8/11/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 703)

[P. 703] *“An article about anti-Jewish demonstrations makes him remark, ‘That is the only way it can be done – by throwing these fellows out and giving them a thrashing.’ “*

8/25/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 710)

[P. 710] *“He talks of cuts he intends to make in ‘Tristan,’ including the third act, since it goes beyond the permissible ... .”*

9/20/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 710)

[P. 710] *“Over coffee, when our conversation turns to Eros and Anteros, scorned love, R. says that Anteros is Parsifal. He says the Greeks did not know love in our sense.”*

9/26/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 723)

[P. 723] *“All I care for now is tranquility. Tristan came storming along and gave rise to Siegfried, too, but now I find emotional scenes repugnant, and it is something which disturbs me in Parsifal as well; all I want to do now are things like the scene in Die Walkuere where she goes to fetch the water, or the scene in the 3<sup>rd</sup> act of Parsifal (anointing and baptism).”*

9/29/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 724)

[P. 724] *“R. reads in the newspaper that the discovery of a diamond mine in America has led to the building of a complete town in the shortest possible time: ‘That shows what people are – when metal, which was intended only as a symbol, a means of facilitating barter, becomes eo ipso a means of creating life.’ “*

10/14/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 731)

[P. 731] *“... he receives a letter from the King, in which only one passage, in favor of tolerance toward the Jews, somewhat displeases him, though it seems to me that princes can hardly feel otherwise.”*

10/23/81      **(BB; P. 199-202)**

[Thoughts on the regeneration of mankind and of culture]

*“Strictly speaking, we all come disinherited into the world: possession is chance; no one has a right to it, except land-owning aristocracy – from conquest; but even this has become blurred, and what the Jew covets, he can have, - he has only to pass the appropriate laws, which, as we see of course, he manages to do so easily, especially in the German Reichstag.*

*What kind of greater intellectual equality amongst people is to be hoped for, is uncertain: genius will always be rare. Against that, greater moral equality is to be expected, and this is what matters, even if to ease the genius’s work for him.*

(...)

*Negro slave owners etc. as extreme consequence of the conqueror’s becoming far more savage than the animals. (...)*

**Questions as to how this or that shall be altered or eliminated, e.g. what to do with animals, how to distribute property, order sexual unions etc., are not to be answered in advance by speculative guidance; they answer themselves of their own accord through the consequences of the act, when this proceeds out of a great religious awareness.**

(...)

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} The questions are what is metaphysical, the answers can only be allegorical, i.e., in accord with the natural conception.*

(...)

**Our human race has really completely and utterly forfeited the right to be shown the way to salvation: just see how things look in that respect!**

(...)

*{FEUER} Not the light which illumines the world from without is God, but the light which we cast upon it from within us: i.e., perception through sympathy.*

*Jesus could foresee nothing but the end of this world: we no less. Materially and empirically composed, we await the destructive forces which, even for the Roman world, did not fail to appear.*

If property and its inviolable possession is to be reckoned the condition for the continuance of a moral society, then it becomes obvious that this can only be the case if no one is excluded from and everyone included in possessing it. (...)

(...)

*{FEUER} Hamlet – ‘Hamlet’ – we, as perceiving and not-able.*

(...)

*{SCHOP} Schopenhauer – Providence – Answer to question of what use this knowledge of decline is if the decline is past remedying.*

(...)

*If people cannot understand how to guard against the old (barbaric) abuses – such as unequal possession etc., history will have to begin from the beginning again in order to teach us anew and still more forcibly.*

*(...) Any who, in observing and judging the modern world, take a penetrating look, see that all these commandments get circumvented and broken, and that they therefore probably cannot be divine but profane: whilst Jesus’ one commandment: love your neighbor as yourself, surely abrogates all those commandments? – But, - that goes on and on in such Jewishly-stupid fashion. – What we need is another quite different catechism!*

*{FEUER} If Christ for us is in the end even still merely a most noble poetic fiction, then it is at the same time more realizable than any other poetic ideal, - in the daily communion with wine and bread.*

(...)

*{FEUER} In the mingling of races the blood of the nobler males is ruined by the baser feminine element: the masculine element suffers, character founders, whilst the women gain as much as to take the men’s place. (Renaissance). The feminine thus remains owing deliverance: here art – as there in religion: the immaculate Virgin gives birth to the Saviour.*

11/14/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 747)

[P. 747] “Then he comes to the subject of the firmament, how curious our understanding of its nature. ‘Though indeed,’ he adds, ‘even when the law is discovered, it still has to be applied,’ and suddenly, ‘*What a stiff beggar a human being is, when he can think of nothing better than straight lines to get at the secrets of Nature, whereas Nature itself has none, until the artist comes along and takes his wavy lines from nature.*’ “



11/14/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 748)

[P. 748] “... *R spoke of the 2 pages he has written and mentions how much he dislikes harsh effects, how he always tries to anticipate them, to make them understandable, prevent their sounding abrupt; and he points to the Gurnemanz passage, ‘kalt und starr,’ pleased that today he has given it an accompaniment of muted horns. He says this is what pleased him when he heard the ‘Nibelungen’ – that even the very boldest of the sounds to which he had had to resort did not come in unanticipated. With subjects such as his, he says, it is necessary to make use of eccentric colors, ‘notte e giorno faticar’ would not be enough, but the art lies in not allowing them to sound like eccentricities.*”

11/14/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 748)

[P. 748] “... *our reading of Sismondi, which I am now studying with the girls, leads our conversation to heretics and their views, so deep and so similar to ours. ‘I believe,’ says R., ‘that it is conscious suffering which has brought us so close to the heart of things.’* “

11/21/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 751)

[P. 751] “... *in the evening we read the 2<sup>nd</sup> act and the beginning of the 3<sup>rd</sup> act of H. VI. In the face of that, silence! When I jokingly remarked at lunch that things had been easier for Aeschylus with his few characters, R. says, ‘That is the difference between myth and history,’ and, after a moment of silence, ‘One thing Shakespeare always shows us – the terrible state of the world. In that sense one could regard him as the greatest pessimist of all.’* “

11/22/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 751)

[P. 751] “*This morning he ends his letter to the King and tells me that he has dealt particularly with the subject of the Jews, told him that they have preserved a feeling for genuineness which the Germans have entirely lost, and that is why many of them cling to him.*”

11/22/81 Letter to King Ludwig II of Bavaria (SLRW; P. 918)

[P. 918] “(...) *By a curious quirk of fate I also met here the man who is preparing the vocal score of ‘Parsifal,’ since considerations of climate had persuaded him, too, to winter in the south. As a result I am, so to speak, playing into his hands, which means that I am making excellent progress on the work. The man in question is the curious figure of Joseph Rubinstein, who first approached me ten years ago while I was at Tribschen, begging me to save him from the Jewishness of which he was a part. I allowed him to have personal dealings with me – he is, in any case, an outstanding musician – although it must be said that he – no less than the good Levi – has caused me a good deal of trouble. What both these unhappy men lack is the basis of a*

*Christian education which instinctively enables the rest of us to appear similar in kind – however different we may in fact be – and the result, for them, is the most painful mental anguish. Faced with these circumstances – and very often having to combat their tendency towards suicide – I have had to exercise the most extreme patience, and if it is a question of being humane towards the Jews, I for one can confidently lay claim to praise. But I simply cannot get rid of them: the director Angelo Neumann sees it as his calling in life to ensure that I am recognized through the world [\* Wagner’s Footnote: “Because of their dealings in paintings, jewelry and furniture, the Jews have an instinct for what is genuine and what can be turned to lasting value, an instinct which the Germans have lost so completely as to give the Jews what is genuine in exchange for what is not.”]. There is no longer anything I can say to all this, but simply have to put up with energetic Jewish patronage, however curious I feel in doing so, for – I can explain my exalted friend’s favourable view of the Jews only in terms of the fact that these people never impinge upon his royal circle: for him they are simply a concept, whereas for us they are an empirical fact. {anti-FEUER/NIET} If I have friendly and sympathetic dealings with many of these people, it is only because I consider the Jewish race the born enemy of pure humanity and all that is noble in man: there is no doubt that we Germans especially will be destroyed by them, and I may well be the last remaining German who, as an artist, has known how to hold his ground in the face of a Judaism which is now all-powerful. –  
(...)”*

11/24/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 753)

[P. 753] {FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} “Today R. said he was convinced that modern scientific studies were making people completely heartless.”

12/5/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 762)

[P. 762] “... R. relates that he has been working. ‘Oh, music!’ he exclaims. ‘Here one will be able to see for the first time what potentialities it contains for conveying sorrow in bliss! That is something in the Adagio of the 9<sup>th</sup> Symphony which I do not like, that rousing of oneself for a sort of triumphal song, a self-mastery which is quite unnecessary, since it is already there *eo ipso* in the music.’ “

12/7/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 764)

[P. 764] “... Nobody takes ‘Tristan’ as seriously as I do, neither poets nor musicians,’ and he feels he is really unclassifiable.”

12/8/81      (CD Vol. II; P. 764-765)

[P. 764-765] {FEUER} {SCHOP} “... when I tell him about an episode in Pisan history (the Battle of Meloria and its consequences), he says what happened there is just as in Nature, the same naïve cruelty, and so it was everywhere up to the moment which he calls Jesus; for a sensitive person, he says, the impulses of Nature are horrible!”

12/11/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 767)

[P. 767] “I tell him that I can well understand what he said yesterday, that in *Pars.* he will have none of the ‘polyphonic playing about’ which he used in the *Nibel.* – the ‘Forest Murmurs,’ for instance. It is all too solemn, he says, too concentrated, there is none of the luxuriating in suffering that there is in *Tristan.* He continues: ‘God, when one thinks how I started, a Madgeburg conductor with 4 first violins, what a joy it is to write for 12 and to do oneself justice! I went furthest in the *Ring,* in order to reproduce effects of Nature.’ The news of the success also of the 2<sup>nd</sup> *Tristan* performance astonishes him: ‘This must really have changed a lot there if that pleases them.’ But he would like to make some cuts in it, and recently he said he felt his orchestration was too heavy (2<sup>nd</sup> act). – he still complains a lot about his work: ‘If only I could write something like the A Major Symph.! I should not have Beeth.’s lovely ideas, but the work involved would be nowhere near as much as I am now doing.’ “

12/12/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 768)

[P. 768] {FEUER} “*At supper he again became absorbed in reflections as to whether the sum of existence, which has already developed so nobly in some heads and even in some hearts, might not in fact have an ethical purpose, as has indeed been finely surmised. ‘Or are we really just here to eat grass? It’s possible.’ “*

12/15/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 769-770)

[P. 769-770] “*Today he again complains that nobody understands his aims, that there is nobody to whom he can entrust the realization of his works after his death. He says he does not wish to bring up Siegfried for that purpose.*”

12/16/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 770-771)

[P. 771] {FEUER} “*He again talks about the island of Ceylon and Orientals in general, who have gone furthest in recognizing the necessity of evil, who have accepted absolutism as the best form of government and bear with a series of bad rulers for the immeasurable happiness of occasionally getting a good one.*”

12/17/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 771)

[P. 771] “... he can embark on a detailed discussion of the passage in Kant concerning ‘seeds.’ ‘I can very easily imagine how a Laplander, for instance, evolves out of a Norman, however farfetched it sounds, and this idea opens many doors. *The seeds of the widest variety are in Nature itself* – for example, man’s carnivorous tendencies are indicated by his canine teeth, and it all depends on the way things evolve. In Germany everything is in the process of dying out – for me a dismal realization, since I am addressing myself to the still-existent seeds. *But one thing is*

*certain: races are done for, and all that can now make an impact is – as I have ventured to express it – the blood of Christ.’ “*

12/18/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 772-773)

[P. 772-773] *Then he tells me about a recent performance of ‘Nathan (Der Weise)’ at which, when the line asserting that Christ was also a Jew was spoken, an Israelite in the audience cried ‘Bravo.’ He reproaches Lessing for this piece of insipidity, and when I reply that the play seems to me to contain a peculiarly German kind of humanity, he says, ‘But not a trace of profundity.’ ... ‘One adds fuel to these fellows’ arrogance by having anything at all to do with them, and we, for example, do not talk of our feelings about those Jews in the theater in front of Rub., 400 unbaptized and probably 500 baptized ones.’ He makes a drastic joke to the effect that all Jews should be burned at a performance of ‘Nathan.’ – At lunch he talks about the story of the blessing Jacob won by trickery, saying that this is just how things are. I: ‘More or less: ‘le ciel souppre la violence (‘the heavens tolerate violence’).’ He: ‘And ‘La devocion de la cruz’ – Calderon’s – the magnificent result of it.’ “*

12/18/81 (CD Vol. II; P. 773)

[P. 773] *“He persists in maintaining that he orchestrated too heavily in Tristan. When I say that we had certainly not noticed that with Schnorr: ‘At that time my mind was on other things.’ – When we are alone, I says to him, ‘Tristan and Parsifal, one dies because of his will to live, the other lives because of his dying will.’ R: ‘You must always have a Mot,’ then, after a pause, ‘Parsifal sees Tristan’ (in Amfortas), and, after another pause, ‘Something has come between them – the blood of Christ.’ “*

[1882]

1/5/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 784)

[P. 784] *“When I tell him I have just been thinking of ‘Parsifal’ and am pleased that this last work of his is also his masterpiece, he replies, or, rather, interrupts me very excitedly, ‘No, no, I was telling myself today that it is quite remarkable that I held this work back for my fullest maturity; I know what I know and what is in it; and the new school, Wolz. and the others, can take their lead from it.’ He then hints at, rather than expresses, the content of this work, ‘salvation to the saviour’ – and we are silent after he has added, ‘Good that we are alone.’ “*

1/8/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 786)

[P. 786] *{FEUER} “After a good night R. and I have breakfast in the conservatory, and he says, ‘It has occurred to me that we now seem to concern ourselves only with dead things; everything around us seems lifeless, whereas previously our existence was concerned with living things, with plants, animals; Wotan carved his spear from the*

*growing ash tree.’ When I say that it is perhaps this life within life that has given later generations a feeling for divinity, and that Siegfried and Bruennhilde give the appearance of sacred, living Nature, whereas the Gibichungs are already among the dead, he agrees with me.”*

1/14/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 790)

[P. 790] “There is talk of portraits, and he says merrily that somebody should depict him with me offering him the apple of vegetarianism. I tell him that, since I heard him get so angry with Nietzsche over this subject, I have no longer had the courage to turn vegetarian, R. relates: ‘Yes, when he came to our house, ate nothing, said, ‘I am a vegetarian,’ I said to him, ‘You are an ass!’ – *Recently, though I do not remember in what connection, we agreed that it is only people with a limited outlook who, by not knowing or by ignoring many things, can set up a system.*”

1/26/82      (BB; P. 202)

{FEUER} {SCHOP} “*The first form of Christianity did not worry about the improvement of society as the philosophically instructed jurists of Roman rule did, and as nowadays seems incumbent on wise rulers: it believed in the complete destruction of this whole civilization as founded on unkindness and injustice, which, on the other hand, every law-giver, however wise, must leave intact in its original stock. Anyone to whom it suddenly occurs how all that came about, can also have nothing more to do with this which has come about: he is obliged wholly to abandon seeking out on the way of improvement that which may lead to a new genesis.*”

1/28/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 798)

[P. 798] “*In the evening friend Rub. plays the ‘Tannhaeuser’ Overture to us, but R. does not enjoy it, and we are filled with regret that a person so excellent in his own way should seem so alien to us; R. even goes so far as to say that he would prefer it if he were no longer with us, though he has the highest opinion of him.*”

2/9/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 805)

[P. 805] “*Then an article by Herr Hiller about my father’s remarks on the Jews brings us to this subject, and R. says it is becoming more and more clear to him what damage they represent, rather than cause: ‘In a wound on a poor horse or some other animal one at once sees a swarm of flies.’* “

2/9/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 805)

[P. 805] {anti-FEUER/NIET} “ ‘*The character of our present society,*’ he says, ‘*is easily discernible in the fact that it assumes there is no life after death . . . .*’ “

2/27/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 815)

[P. 815] “R. pays tribute to what he calls my courage and my sufferings, and when I tell him that it is only because of him that I was able to do it, he denies that and says no, he is not even permitted to advise me, for in matters of love the woman must take precedence; when I still maintain that it was him inside me and not myself, he exclaims: ‘Oh, no! *to have any sense of himself, a man must be loved – the life-giving power is female. – And things began to work again when you were with me – people had been saying that I would never do anything more, and then it all started again. One can live for a while on one’s inner resources, but then one must be shown a picture of oneself in a mirror to know what one really is.*’ “

3/4/82 (BB; P. 203)

“Renan: *‘La funeste terreur repandue sur toute la societe du moyen age par le pretendu crime d’usure fut l’obstacle qui s’opposa, durant plus de six siecles, au progres de la civilisation.’ – That really is naïve!*

*{anti-FEUER/NIET} The difference between you and us is that you for your knowledge of the world are determined only by physiological interest, and we – by moral. The poet is presented with the moral world order, the scientist with the mechanical.”*

3/5/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 819-820)

[P. 819-820] “... *he complains how little has been learned about the execution of his works. {FEUER} {SCHOP} When we are alone together, he remarks how right Schopenhauer was to say that anyone who could reproduce music in words would solve the secret of the world ... .”*

3/5/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 820)

[P. 820] “*At supper he told us very emphatically that he would have to make cuts in the third act of ‘Tristan,’ since no one will ever again do it in the way Schnorr did, and even then it was so shattering that it went beyond what one should be allowed to experience on stage. Also, in the 2<sup>nd</sup> act, where the ‘artificial metaphysical wit,’ though always full of emotion, cannot be followed by a large audience. ‘I permitted myself that in Lucerne, at a time when I had nothing.’ “*

3/7/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 821)

[P. 821] “*When I tell R. that I much prefer it [‘Die Trommel geruehret’] to ‘Freudvoll und leidvoll,’ R. says: ‘Yes, because poems like that cannot be set to music, music cannot convey concepts. Lyric poetry!’ he exclaims; ‘only drama exists.’ ‘And absolute music,’ I say. ‘Which is a kind of drama – I really believe that – a theme and counter-theme, which combine in a dance. Joyful, sorrowful, thoughtful – there is no music to*

*be found for those words: at the most a repetition.’ – Our friend Levi’s remark that only bad poems can be set to music is in this sense correct, he feels.”*

3/28/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 832)

[P. 832] {FEUER} *“R. talks to me about ‘The Tempest’; during the afternoon he had already expressed his astonishment and admiration for Prospero’s words as he breaks his magic staff. ‘He gives up everything, the miracle of knowledge – I have the feeling that I can understand that to mean the achievements of our modern world – for music!’ – Then he reads to me what Gonzalo has to say about the natural condition when he sees the island, views which lead to his being scoffed at by the shallow nobleman – but what he says is exactly what R. himself also believes.”*

4/5/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 839)

[P. 839] *“Support for his works comes only from Jews and young people, he said recently . . . R. concluded our evening conversation with the remark that ‘Parsifal’ ought certainly to be his final work, since in these Knights of the Grail he has given expression to his idea of a community. ‘Die Sieger’ could only repeat this in a weak and insignificant way.”*

4/6/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 839-840)

[P. 839-840] *“... visit from Marquis Giuliano. Since, talking of the Semitic problem, he pointed out Italy’s advantage in having absorbed them, R. becomes greatly agitated, and he then, through Herr Gilio, sends the Marquis a copy of ‘Know Thyself.’ He jokes with me about it and says that the only way to treat such people is to make them mad, as Roeckel once said about his brother Albert, to whom he had described the extreme consequences of the revolution as unavoidable necessities.”*

4/13/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 844)

[P. 844] {FEUER} *“... he points out how much superior this poem [‘Faust’] is, on account of its freedom, to that of Dante, who was free only in his personal judgment, but otherwise completely bound by church doctrine. I ask whether it was not the time he lived in that worked to G.’s advantage, and R. replies, ‘Of course, as I remarked in ‘The Public in Time and Space’ – there has never been a greater poet than Dante. He also said, before this, ‘G. could die in peace after having given us this portrait of the world’s triviality and this glorification of love and the Christian idea.’ ‘He worked on it long enough,’ he replies jokingly when I say that without apparently ever having thought much about it, he had absorbed everything down to the smallest detail of Christian symbolism. ‘And one does not need to search for long – what one needs comes into one’s mind of its own accord, one doesn’t quite know how. I know something of that from experience.”*

3/21/82 – 4/9/82 (BB; P. 204)

{FEUER}                    “On Male and Female  
In Culture and Art

(...) {FEUER} *Culture and art, too, could only be perfect if a product of the act of that suspension of the divided unity of male and female.*

(...)

{FEUER} *However, the bad experience of historically propagated humanity stands as a constant warning to us as racial decline through wrong marriage: physical decline combined with moral. Plato’s fall into error must not deter us from the problem he saw so clearly; accordingly it is our task to recognize as infallibly certain that marriage without mutual affection for the human race has been more pernicious than anything else.*

{FEUER} {SCHOP} *Gobineau: definition of the reasons for the superiority of the white race: trend towards beneficial through recognition of the pernicious in unbridledness of will. To be precise: cautious exploitation of power of violence for enjoyment of possession. (Male). Apparently: correction of ... purposelessly formative nature; at same time, however, incomprehension of nature’s true purpose which aims at deliverance from within itself: (Feminine).”*

4/20/82                    (CD Vol. II; P. 847-848)

[P. 847-848] {FEUER} *“He enlarges upon the chapter on marriage with which he is now much occupied, this urge of Nature: ‘At any rate,’ he concludes, ‘it is always wrong to do anything against it.’ {FEUER} ... he feels the weather will get worse and worse, since everything is moving toward the end of the world.”*

4/25/82                    (CD Vol. II; P. 851)

[P. 851] {FEUER} *“Over coffee R. talks about his future work, his greatest, in which he will loudly state what will become of a race which uses the most important, most powerful force of all, the sexual urge, merely as a basis for marriages of rank!”*

5/10/82                    (CD Vol. II; P. 855)

[P. 855] {FEUER} {SCHOP} *“At lunch he talked about ‘T. und Isolde’ in connection with his idea that Nature has a craving to produce something great and redeeming. ‘Tristan’ is the greatest of tragedies, R. says, for here Nature is thwarted in its finest work. ... He said much more about ‘Tristan’ – how absurd to perform a work like this for money!”*



5/28/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 860-861)

[P. 860-861] *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* “At lunch he says that, if one wishes to describe our times, all one needs to say is, ‘Whereas all others respected their ancestors above all, we consider ourselves superior to everyone else.’ *{FEUER}* Then he talks about love and what can happen to a generation in which civilization thwarts Nature’s most serious purpose. For example, he says, Romeo loves Juliet, she him, but civilization makes him marry Rosaline and Juliet Paris – what stock can come out of that? It is for this reason, he adds, that ‘Tristan’ is his most tragic subject, since in it Nature is hindered in its highest work.”

5/30/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 861-862)

[P. 861-862] “In the afternoon we go to Jouk.’s to see the cover of the Grail, which has turned out too opulent-looking. R. expresses his dislike for all Israelite pomp and says that, if people even begin to observe details such as the shrine, etc., then his aim as a dramatist is lost.”

6/2/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 863-864)

[P. 863-864] *{FEUER}* “R. says, half in German, half in French, ‘that reminds me of the King of Prussia, who once, in connection with ‘Tr. und Is.’, said Wagner must have been very much in love when he wrote it. Yet anyone familiar with my life well knows how insipid and trivial it was, and it is quite impossible to write a work like that in a state of infatuation. Yet probably it was due to my longing to escape from my wretched existence into a sea of love. It is this kind of unfulfilled longing which inspires a work, not experience.’ “

6/2/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 864)

[P. 864] “Also about the attitude of the superior to the inferior races, the Negroes, for instance, R. says the greatest triumph for the intellectually superior person is to win the love and devotion of those beneath him, whereupon the Count says such love can be found among Negroes, but not mulattoes.”

6/11/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 870)

[P. 870] *{FEUER}* *{anti-FEUER/NIET}* *{SCHOP}* “ ‘But music is finished,’ he exclaims sorrowfully, ‘and I don’t know whether my dramatic explosions can postpone the end. It has lasted only a very short time. Yet these things have nothing to do with time and space.’ He recalls how in times of deepest trouble the German people discovered this refuge, this other world. Then he adds gaily how nice it is that one’s precursors always mean the most to one – it is always the works of others which come into his mind, never his own.”

6/16/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 873)

[P. 873] *“(Yesterday R. was emphatically in agreement with Jean Paul’s statement that the artistic temperament is rooted in intelligence; he says it is true that intelligence does not provide inspiration – ‘all our present-day gentlemen compose intelligently’ – but it is necessary in recapturing the inspiration. -- )”*

6/19/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 875-876)

[P. 875-876] *“Around 4 o’clock R. and I drive up to the theater in the *Strapontin*, which always pleases him; costume session, which can be divided into three stages: (1) horror; (2) absurd comicality of the figures demonstrating the things to us; (3) earnest and worried efforts to alter them! However, in the end I feel we shall be able to save the day. But, oh, our feelings of having been let down! On our return home, when R. and I are alone, he has much to say on the subject!”*

6/26/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 880-881)

[P. 880-881] *“... ‘Music is the youngest of the arts, and it is a question of how it is applied, and whether one will just go on eternally producing for concert use that form of it which originated in dance!’ – *The G Minor Symphony*, played by the children, yesterday brought him almost to the point of despair on account of all the padding between its ‘divine inspirations.’ ‘Nobody would be more surprised than Mozart to see things he wrote just for an ‘academy’ or a concert evening proclaimed as eternal masterpieces. Mozart had yet to show us what he was – had he reached the point of being able to work without worrying about his living.’ “*

7/24/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 893)

[P. 893] *“To me he makes the remark that as a member of the orchestra he would not like to be conducted by a Jew!”*

8/16/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 899-900)

[P. 899-900] *“When the countess says to him that he must be pleased to see what an uplifting effect his work has on everybody, he declares that he has no feelings at all with regard to it.”*

8/17/82      (CD Vol. II; P. 900)

[P. 900] *{FEUER} “... R. lays down the main points to be observed in the scene in the 2<sup>nd</sup> act. He divides up the character of Kundry: first the temptress, who has no recollection of what has gone before; then, after ‘so flatterten die Locken,’ remembering in wild horror, and desiring loving pity from her redeemer; and finally, blazing with fury.”*

8/31/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 905)

[P. 905] *“Afterward he talks to me about ‘Parsifal’ and ‘Tristan’; in the introduction to the 3<sup>rd</sup> act of ‘Tristan’ there is the melancholy of longing, it is ‘like a fish out of water’; but in the introduction to the 3<sup>rd</sup> act of ‘P.’ the depression is complete, no longing at all.”*

9/5/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 907)

[P. 907] {FEUER} *“He then plays Siegfried’s awakening of Bruennhilde, is pleased with the character of this work, its trueness to Nature: ‘Like two animals,’ he says of Br. and Sieg. ‘Here there is no doubt, no sin,’ he continues, and in his Wotan he recognises the true god of the Aryans.”*

9/14/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 910)

[P. 910] {FEUER} *“When there is mention on the train of the Wagnerites’ preference for ‘T. und I.’ even over ‘Parsifal,’ R. says: “Oh, what do they know? One might say that Kundry already experienced Isolde’s Liebestod a hundred times in her various reincarnations.’ “*

9/16/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 911)

[P. 911] {SCHOP} *“... over coffee he reflects on Nature’s production of great individualities at a time when it is worried over the collapse of a generic idea. He compares this to the birth of twins following periods of war.”*

9/28/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 916)

[P. 916] *“Then we read parts of the Anti-Semitic Society’s manifesto, which seems to us both sad and comical, and R. makes jokes about the German passion for ‘committees’ in particular! Then, more seriously, he remarks that nobody has paid any attention at all to what he wrote in ‘Know Thyself’ about our own blame for our situation.”*

10/13/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 928)

[P. 928] *“We then talk again about Gretchen and about Shakespeare’s female characters; when I somewhat obscurely observe that the latter stand in the normal relationship of woman to man, whereas Gretchen absorbs our complete sympathy, R. says, ‘The motive of Nature’s naivete in conflict with Bourgeois society did not exist then.’ “*

10/13/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 929)

[P. 929] {FEUER} *“Our conversation concerns the ‘Ring’; R. says he cannot blame Gobineau for clinging to this depiction of the downfall of a species and caring nothing for ‘Parsifal’: he has no need for Christianity in the pride of annihilation through love.”*

10/17/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 932)

[P. 932] {FEUER} *“... in the evening the 3<sup>rd</sup> act of Siegfried, very well played by Herr Rubinstein, pleases both him and us. ‘That is Gobineau music,’ R. says as he comes in, ‘that is race. Where else will you find two beings who burst into rejoicing when merely looking at each other? The whole world exists just to ensure that two such beings look at each other!’ ‘Here is just forest and rocks and water and nothing rotten in it.’ ‘Here is a couple who rejoice in their happiness, immerse themselves in the happiness of being together – how different from Tristan!’ He deploras the foolishness of the public, which cares only for ‘Die Walkuere,’ but praises Herr Neumann, who is disseminating the whole work abroad. ‘How curious that it should have to be a Jew!’ he says.”*

10/22/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 935)

[P. 935] {FEUER} *“ ‘One cannot paint Christ, but one can portray him in music.’ – I say that I see it as evidence of his great and so significant artistic sagacity that he abandoned the figure of Christ and created Parsifal instead: ‘To have Chr. Sung by a tenor – what a disgusting idea!’ he says.”*

11/15/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 952)

[P. 952] {SCHOP} {FEUER} *“He asked himself how the Jews had ever come to assume such importance in our country, where there are still some tough and talented tribes to be found! R. answers himself: Because of the Old Testament, because we have accepted it.”*

11/15/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 952-953)

[P. 952-953] {FEUER} {SCHOP} *“In the salon he talked to me about character and said it was foolish to praise it, for either it was meaningless, or a person could not act otherwise than he had done. (‘For example, when I did not wish to compose a ballet for ‘Tannhaeuser’: I could not have acted differently.’) I ask him whether he does not admit struggles inside a noble person. ‘Yes, but the decision is preordained. And the actions are what matter.’ “*

11/82 ‘Parsifal’ at Bayreuth, 1882 (PW Vol. VI; P. 301-312)

[P. 304] [re Klingsor’s Flower-maidens] *“They were foremost in fulfilling one of the*

weightiest requirements, which I had to make the pivot of a proper rendering: that passionate accent which modern stage singers have acquired from the operatic music of our day, breaking every melodic line without distinction, was to be interdicted here. *I was understood at once by our fair friends, and soon their coaxing strains took on an air of childlike naivete that, touching through a matchless intonation, was utterly opposed to that idea of sensual seduction which certain people had presupposed as the composer's aim.* I do not believe that so magical a maiden grace has ever been displayed by song and gesture, as our fair lady artists gave us in this scene of 'Parsifal.'

To turn this Magic to a *Consecration* imbuing the whole stage-festival, soon became the earnest care of all engaged in the rehearsals and performances; and what unwonted demands were thus made upon Style, will be evident if we reflect that the strongly passionate, the fierce, nay savage, had to be expressed according to its natural character in single portions of the drama. The difficulty of the task thereby imposed on the leading actors was ever more apparent to us. *Before all else we had to adhere to the greatest distinctness, especially of speech: a passionate phrase must have a confusing, and may have a forbidding effect, if its logical tenour remains unseized; but to seize it [P. 305] without effort, we must be enabled to plainly understand the smallest link in the chain of words at once: an elided prefix, a swallowed suffix, or a slurred connecting syllable, destroys that due intelligibility forthwith. And this selfsame negligence directly extends to the melody, reducing it through disappearance of the musical particles to a mere trail of isolated accents, which, the more passionate the phrase, at last become sheer interjections; the weird, nay the ridiculous effect whereof we feel at once when they strike on our ear from some distance, without a vestige left of the connecting links. If in our study of the Nibelungen-pieces six years back the singers already were urged to give precedence to the 'little' notes, before the 'big,' it was solely for sake of that distinctness; without which both drama and music, speech and melody, remain equally un-understandable, and are sacrificed to that trivial Operatic effect whose employment on my own dramatic melody has called forth such confusion in our musical so-called 'public opinion' that nothing but this indispensable distinctness can clear it up. But that involves complete abandonment of the false pathos fostered by the mode of rendering condemned.*

*Violent outbursts of poignant passion, the natural vents of a deeply tragical subject, can only produce their harrowing effect when the standard of emotional expression which they exceed is observed in general.* Now we deemed this moderation best ensured by a wise economy in the use of breath and plastic movement. In our practices we became aware of the clumsy waste of breath, in the first place, committed in most of our opera-singing; for we soon discovered what a single well-placed breath could do toward giving a whole sequence of tones its proper sense, both melodic and logical. Simply by a wise restraint and distribution of force we – naturally – found it so much easier to render justice to what I have termed the 'little' notes, which, lying lower for the most part, yet form important links in speech and melody; and just because the advantage of rounding off the entire phrase in one [P. 306] respiration forbade us to squander too much breath on the higher notes, which stand forth of themselves. So we were able to keep long lines of melody unbroken, however great the play of colour in their feeling accents, -- eloquent instances whereof I may recall

to our hearers with *Kundry's* lengthy narration of *Herzeleide's* fate, in the second act, and *Gurnemanz's* description of *Good Friday's* magic in the third.

*In close connection with the advantage of a wise economy in the expenditure of breath, for the effectual understanding of the dramatic melody, we recognised the need of ennobling the plastic movements by a most conscientious moderation. Those screams, which are almost the only thing heard of the tune in our common operatic style, have always been accompanied by violent movements of the arms, employed at last so uniformly that they have lost all meaning and can but give the innocent spectator the absurd impression of a marionette. By all means, the conventional deportment of our well-bred classes would be out of place in a dramatic portrayal, especially when it is raised by music to the sphere of ideal pathos: here we no longer want etiquette, but the natural grace of sublimity. With the great distance often unavoidable in our theatres, the modern actor is precluded from depending on a mere play of features for his desired effect, and the mask of paint with which he combats the bleaching glare of the footlights allows him little but an indication of the general character, not of the hidden movements of the inner soul. In Musical Drama, however, the all-explaining eloquence of the harmonic tone-play affords an incomparably surer and more convincing means of effect than possibly can stand at service of the mere mimic; and dramatic melody intelligibly delivered, as set forth above, makes a nobler and more distinct impression than the most studied discourse of the best-skilled physiognomist, when it is least impeded by those artifices which alone can help the latter.*

*On the other hand the singer seems more directed, than [P. 307] the mime, to plastic movements of the body itself, and particularly of those vehicles of feeling, the arms: yet in the use of these we had to abide by the selfsame law that kept the stronger accents of the melody in union with its particles. Whereas in operatic pathos we had accustomed ourselves to throw wide our arms as if calling for help, we found that a half-uplifting of one arm, nay, a characteristic movement of the hand, the head, was quite enough to emphasize a somewhat heightened feeling, since a powerful gesture can only have a truly staggering effect when emotion bursts at last its barriers like a nature-force full long held back.*

*The singer's laws for shifting place is commonly an inconsiderate routine, as his most strenuous attention is claimed by the frequently serious difficulties of his purely-musical task; but we soon discovered how much was accomplished toward raising our dramatic performance above the operatic level by a careful ordering of his paces and his standing still. As the main affair of older Opera was the monologic aria, which the singer was almost compelled to fire into the face of the audience, so to say, the notion arose that even in duets, trios, nay, whole general musters, the so-called ensembles, everyone must discharge his part into the auditorium from a similar position. As walking was altogether precluded, the arms were set in that almost continuous motion of whose impropriety, nay absurdity, we had already grown aware. Now, if in the genuine Musical Drama the dialogue, with all its amplifications, becomes the unique basis of dramatic life; and therefore if the singer no longer has aught to address to the audience, but all to his interlocutor, -- we could but see that the usual alignment of a pair of duettists robbed their impassioned talk of all dramatic truth: for they either had to tell the audience at large what was meant for one another, or to show it nothing but their profile, with the resulting indistinctness both of speech and acting. To vary the*

*monotony, one generally had made the two singers cross each other and change places, during an [P. 308] orchestral interlude. But the alertness of the dialogue itself supplied us with the aptest change of posture; for we had found that the sharper accents at close of a phrase or speech occasioned a movement of the singer, which had only to take him about one step forward and he was placed with his back half-turned to the audience but his face was shown full to his partner, as if in expectation of an answer; whilst the other need merely take about one step back, to begin his reply, and he was in the position to address his colleague – who now stood diagonally in front of him – without being turned from the audience.*

*By this and similar devices we were able to save the stage-picture from ever standing stock-still, and to win from all the changeeful motives, offered alike by solemn earnestness and graceful mirth, that animation which alone can give a drama its due import of an action true to life.*

(...) As regards the scenery in its widest sense, the first thing to claim our solicitude was a fitness in the costumes and decorations. Here much had to be invented, needless as it might seem to those accustomed to cater for the love of pomp and entertainment by a skilful combination of all the tried effects of Opera. *As soon as it came to the question of a costume for Klingsor's magic Flower-maidens, we found nothing but models from ballet or masquerade: the now so favourite Court-carnivals, in particular, had betrayed our most talented artists into a certain conventional lavishness of ornament that proved quite futile for our object, which was only to be attained on lines of ideal naturalness. These costumes must completely harmonise with Klingsor's magic garden itself, and we had to be quite sure that, after many attempts, we had found the right motive for this floral majesty, unknown to [P. 309] physical experience, before we could introduce it into living female forms that seemed to spring quite naturally from out its wizard wealth.* Then with two of those giant flower-bells, that decked the garden in their rich profusion, we had the costume for our magic-maiden; to give the last touch to her attire, she had only to snatch up one of the glowing flower-cups all strewn around, to tilt it childlike on her head – and, forgetting each convention of the opera-ballet, we might take the thing as done.

Though our utmost diligence was spent on giving the height of solemn dignity to the ideal temple of the Grail, whose model could only be taken from the noblest monuments of Christian architecture, yet the splendour of this sanctuary of a divinest halidom was by no means to be extended to the costume of its knights themselves: a noble templar-like (klosterritterliche) simplicity arrayed their figures with a picturesque severity, yet human grace. *The significance of the kingship of this brotherhood we sought in the original meaning of the word 'King' itself, as head of the race, a race here chosen to protect the Grail: nothing was to distinguish him from the other knights, save the mystic import of the lofty office reserved for him alone, and his sufferings understood by none.*

For the funeral of the first king, Titurel, a pompous catafalque had been suggested, with black velvet drapery suspended from on high, whilst the corpse itself was to be laid out in costly robes of state with crown and sceptre, somewhat as the King of Thule had often been depicted to us at his farewell drink. We resigned this grandiose effect to a future opera, and abode by our undeviating principle of reverend simplicity.

Only on one point had we to make a tiresome compromise, on this occasion. By a still inexplicable mis-reckoning, the highly-gifted man to whom I owe the whole stage-mounting of the 'Parsifal,' as formerly of the Nibelungen-pieces, -- and who was torn from us by sudden death before the full completion of his work, -- had [P. 310] calculated the speed of the so-called *Wandeldekoration* (moving-scenery) in the first and third acts at more than twice as fast as was dictated in the interest of the dramatic action. *In this interest I had never meant the passing of a changing scene to act as a decorative effect, however artistically carried out; but, at hand of the accompanying music, we were to be led quite imperceptibly, as if in dream, along the 'pathless' adits to the Gralsburg; whose legendary inaccessibility to the non-elect was thus, withal, to be brought within the bounds of dramatic portrayal.* When we discovered the mistake, it was too late to so alter the unusually complicated mechanism as to reduce the scenes to half their length; for this time I had to decide not only on repeating the orchestral interlude [Act i.] in full, but also upon introducing tedious retardations in its tempo: the painful effect was felt by us all, yet the mounting itself was so admirably executed that the entranced spectator was compelled to shut one eye to criticism. For the third act, however, -- though the moving scene had been carried out by the artists in an almost more delightful, and quite a different manner from the first, -- we all agreed that the danger of an ill effect must be obviated by complete omission; and thus we had a fine occasion to marvel at that spirit which possessed all sharers in our artwork: the amiable and talented artists who had painted these sets -- which would have formed the principal attraction in any other stage-performance -- themselves consented, without the faintest umbrage, to this second so-called *Wandeldekoration* being entirely discarded this time, and the stage concealed for a while by the curtain. Moreover they gladly undertook to reduce the first *Wandeldekoration* by one half for the performances of next year, and to alter the second so that we should neither be fatigued and distracted by a lengthy change, nor need to have the scene cut short by closure of the curtain.

(...)

[P. 312] *{FEUER} {anti-FEUER/NIET} Thus even the influence of our surrounding optic and acoustic atmosphere bore our souls away from the wonted world; and the consciousness of this was evident in our dread at the thought of going back into that world. Yes, 'Parsifal' itself had owed its origin and evolution to escape therefrom! Who can look, his lifetime long, with open eyes and unpent heart upon this world of robbery and murder organised and legalised by lying, deceit and hypocrisy, without being forced to flee from it at times in shuddering disgust? Wither turns his gaze? Too often to the pit of death. But him whose calling and his fate have fenced from that, to him the truest likeness of the world itself may well appear the herald of redemption sent us by its inmost soul. To be able to forget the actual world of fraud in this true-dream image, will seem to him the guerdon of the sorrowful sincerity with which he recognised its wretchedness. Was he to help himself with lies and cheating, in the evaluation of that picture? [to the artists] You all, my friends, found that impossible; and it was the very truthfulness of the exemplar which he offered you to work upon, that gave you too the blessed sense of world-escape; for you could but seek your own contentment in that higher truth alone."*



11/17/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 954-955)

[P. 954-955] “R. tells me about Persian history, saying how curious it is that a tragic fate was always assigned to the father of the chosen hero. He then talks about civilisation and says its greatness can be measured by the immediacy of the ensuing decline. *How swiftly Greek tragedy met its end – Spanish too (Calderon)! How soon Shakespeare was forgotten, and even though the impression Shakespeare makes – on him, for example – is greater than on the public of his own time, it is nevertheless no longer a living thing. ‘But with you one thing always seems to lead to another,’ he says, after telling me he is sure the same thing will happen with him.*”

11/23/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 959)

[P. 959] {FEUER} “As we are chatting together, talking of Fidi and his studies, R. asks himself if he had ever been diligent. He thinks he was at times, but he cannot remember ever having put anything he had learned to use. Things just came into his head. The ‘Sailors’ Song’ in *Tristan*, for example – that just came into his head; he never pondered or said to himself he must do this or that, and this is probably what gives his things their naivete and will keep them alive.”

11/23/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 959)

[P. 959] “... we open *Tristan*, and from the 2<sup>nd</sup> act he plays the ardent reproaches of the lovers! ... as R. takes out his watch as usual before undressing, he says jokingly, ‘A half-caste affair like that – of course it pleases you more than a genuinely Aryan work like *Siegfried*.’ I reply that I had just been reflecting that *T. und Is.*,’ even if also thoroughly Aryan, is capable of being understood by everybody, just as the humanity of the Russians is acknowledged by the Papuans. ‘Yes,’ he says, ‘half-castes will understand it in their own sensual way, not transcendently. It (*T. und I.*) contains what Hafiz has expressed: ‘To sin as a sinner, how wretched, how vulgar! Learn through sin to be a saint, a god!’ *Faust* also expresses that once: finding salvation by hurling himself in and becoming engulfed.’ “

12/17/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 975)

[P. 975] “Then to my father: ‘If we write symphonies, Franz, then let us stop contrasting one theme with another, a method Beeth. has exhausted. We should just spin a melodic line until it can be spun no farther; but on no account drama!’ -- {FEUER} At lunch R. told the story of a woman who threw her children to the wolves; I observed that a mother dog would have sacrificed herself first, and R. says, ‘Yes, because she has no reasoning power.’ “

12/23/82 (CD Vol. II; P. 980)

[P. 980] “When we are talking about Schumann and I point out some significant things in him, R. says, ‘I cannot be fair – to be that one must be nothing oneself, must have nothing in one’s head except weighing pros and cons.’ “

[1883]

1/5/83 (CD Vol. II; P. 986)

[P. 986] {FEUER} “ *‘It took Nature a very long time to produce passion; this is what can lead one to the heights; music is its transfiguration, is, alone among all the arts, directly connected with it.’ “*

1/11/83 (CD Vol. II; P. 988)

[P. 988] {Anti-FEUER/NIET} “*I hear R. saying in his dreams: ‘If He created me, who asked him to? And if I am made in His image, the question remains whether I am pleased about that.’ “*

1/23/83 (CD Vol. II; P. 997)

[P. 997] {SCHOP} {FEUER} “ *‘Humans are the stupidest animals of all,’ he continues sorrowfully. I take Spontini’s remark about ‘Rienzi’ and apply it to Nature, saying that it really does appear to have done more than it can do, whereupon R. says, ‘Until the appearance of the saviour on the cross.’ – I observe, ‘As recompense for all the disasters.’ He: ‘In the urge to put an end to the whole of Nature’s will to live.’ “*

1/31/83 Letter to Herr von Stein (PW Vol. VI; P. 323-332)

[P. 331] “(...) *History teaches us that new stocks alone can start new life upon the soil of older and decaying peoples, but fall into a like decay when crossed with these. And should there be a possibility of the German stocks returning to a vitality quite lost to the so-called Latin world through its total Semitising, it could only be because their natural development had been arrested by their grafting on to that world, and, led by their historic sufferings to knowledge of their imminent degeneration, they now were driven to save their purer remnant by transplanting it anew to virgin soil. To recognise this remnant, to prove it still alive in us and sound of seed, might then become our weightiest task: and, cheered by such a demonstration, could we but frame our measures on the laws of Nature – who offers us in visible mould the only proper guidance to all fashioning of both the individual and the species – we then might feel more justified in asking what may be the goal of this so enigmatic being of the world.*

*{FEUER} A difficult task indeed; all hurry must imperil the attempt at its solution: the sharper we thought to draw the outlines of the future, the less surely would they represent the natural course of things. Above all, our wisdom won in serv-*

*ice of the modern State would have to hold its peace entirely, since State and Church could have no lesson for us save the warning of their dire example. None too far from the desired attainment could we begin, to keep the purely-Human in harmonious concord with the ever-Natural. If soberly we march ahead with [P. 332] measured steps, we shall know that we are continuing the life-work of our great poet, and feel ourselves conducted on the 'rightful path' by his propitious footprints."*

2/3/83            (CD Vol. II; P. 1003)

[P. 1003] {anti-FEUER/NIET} *"There is an article about Nietzsche's 'froehliche Wissenschaft' ['Joyful Wisdom' or 'Gay Science'] in Schmeitzner's Monthly: I talk about it, and R. glances through it, only then to express his utter disgust with it. The things in it of any value, he says, have all been borrowed from Schopenhauer, and he dislikes everything about the man."*

2/4/83            (CD Vol. II; P. 1003)

[P. 1003] {anti-FEUER/NIET} *"Then R. comes back to Nietzsche, observes that the one photograph is enough to show what a fop he is, and declares him to be a complete nonentity, a true example of inability to see."*

2/5/83            (CD Vol. II; P. 1004)

[P. 1004] {FEUER} {SCHOP} *"In the gondola he spoke of the Piombi and how it must appear to many to be a sort of natural wisdom to treat individuals with indifference and to set all hopes on the species. 'But,' he says, 'Nature preserves what is best and most powerful, and human beings have at all times tried to destroy it.' "*

2/9/83            (CD Vol. II; P. 1007)

[P. 1007] *"In the evening R. talks about his supporters – how they seem to be designed to make all the ideas he expresses look ridiculous. (He excepts Stein). [\* Translator's Footnote: "In the foregoing 'his supporters' has been altered in another handwriting into 'some of his supporters,' and the words '& W[olzogen]' added after 'Stein.' "] He tells Jouk. that he never expected the Blaetter to last more than two years; he is considering what is to become of Wolz. And finally he loudly regrets having built Wahnfried, the festivals also seem to him absurd! ... we discuss the health of our poor conductor! R. observes that Jewishness is a terrible curse; no possibility, for example, of marrying a Christian woman; recently, he says, he had been thinking about Dr. Markus, an Israelite who once admitted to him amid tears that he loved R.'s sister (Caecilie) but would never be permitted to marry her, for, were he to be baptized, he would lose his practice! R. says he told this story in front of Levi, and it must have affected him deeply – the Jews, the good ones, are 'condemned to a gently resigned asceticism.' "*

2/11/83

The Human Womanly – (fragment) (PW Vol. VI; P. 333-337)

[P. 335] “ON THE WOMANLY IN THE HUMAN RACE (AS CONCLUSION OF ‘RELIGION AND ART’)

(...)

(...) “... as I lately advocated our searching for the purely-Human in its agreement with the ever-Natural, mature consideration will show us the only reasonable and luminous departure-point in the relation between man and woman, or rather, the male and female.

{FEUER} Whereas the fall of human races lies before us plain as day, we see the other animal species preserved in greatest purity, except where man has meddled in their crossing: manifestly, because they know no ‘marriage of convenience’ with a view to goods and property. In fact they know no marriage at all; and if it is Marriage that raises man so far above the animal world, to highest evolution of his moral faculties, it is the abuse of marriage, for quite other ends, that is the ground of our decline below the beasts.

Having thus been brought with almost startling [P. 336] swiftness face to face with the sin hat has dogged the progress of our civilisation, excluding us from those advantages which the beasts retain still undisfigured in their propagation, we may consider ourselves as having also reached the moral gist of our problem.

{FEUER} It is disclosed at once in the difference between the relation of the male to the female in animal, and in human life. However strongly the lust of the male in the highest types of beasts may be already directed to the individuality of the female, yet it only protects its mate until she is in the position to teach the young to help themselves, which she does till they can finally be left to go their way and forget the mother also: here Nature’s sole concern is with the species, and she keeps it all the purer by permitting no sexual intercourse save under the influence of mutual ‘heat.’ Man’s severance from the animal kingdom, on the other hand, might be said to have been completed by the conversion of his ‘heat’ into passionate affection for the Individual, where the instinct of Species, so paramount among the beasts, almost fades away before the ideal satisfaction of the being loved by this one individual: in the woman alone, the mother, does that instinct seem to retain its sovereignty; and thus, although transfigured by his ideal love towards her individuality, she preserves a greater kinship to that nature-force than the man, whose passion now mates the fettered mother-love by turning to fidelity. Love’s loyalty: marriage; here dwells Man’s power over Nature, and divine we call it. ‘Tis the fashioner of all noble races. Their emergence from the backward lower races might easily be explained by the prevalence of monogamy over polygamy; it is certain that the noblest white race is monogamic at its first appearance in saga and history, but marches toward its downfall through polygamy with the races which it conquers.

[P. 337] {FEUER} This question of Polygamy versus Monogamy thus brings us to the contact of the purely-human with the ever-natural. Superior minds have called Polygamy the more natural state, and the monogamic union a perpetual defiance of Nature. Undoubtedly, polygamous tribes stand nearer to the state of Nature, and, provided no disturbing mixtures intervene, thereby preserve their purity of type with the same success as Nature keeps her breeds of beasts unchanged. Only, a remarkable

*individuality the polygamous can not beget, save under the influence of the ideal canon of Monogamy; a force which sometimes exerts its power, through passionate affection and love's loyalty, in the very harems of the Orientals. It is here that the Woman herself is raised above the natural law of sex (das natuerliche Gattungsgesetz), to which, in the belief of even the wisest lawgivers, she remained so bound that the Buddha himself thought needful to exclude her from the possibility of saint-hood. It is a beautiful feature of the legend, that shows the Perfect Overcomer prompted to admit the Woman.*

[Wagner's marginal notes:] *Ideality of the Man – Naturality of the Woman – (Buddha) – now – degeneration of the man – etc.*

*However, the process of emancipation of the Woman takes place amid ecstatic throes. Love – Tragedy.”*

2/12/83      (CD Vol. II; P. 1009-1010)

[P. 1009-1010] “When I am already lying in bed, I hear him talking volubly and loudly; I get up and go into this room. ‘I was talking to you,’ he says, and embraces me tenderly and long. ‘Once in 5,000 years it succeeds!’ ‘I was talking about Undine, the being who longed for a soul.’ He goes to the piano, plays the mournful theme ‘Rheingold, Rheingold,’ continues with ‘False and base all those who dwell up above.’ ‘Extraordinary that I saw all this so clearly at that time!’ – And as he is lying in bed, he says, ‘I feel loving toward them, these subservient creatures of the deep, with all their yearning.’ “

## WAGNER DIED ON 2/13/83 IN VENICE

### Extract from Wagner of uncertain date and source:

*There is an extract, perhaps from Cosima's Diaries, in which Wagner calls Klingsor's Magic Garden his representation of Jewish art.*

