**Workshop**  
Old Media – New (Re-)Configurations

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survival thus suggest that they most likely came into existence only through the substitution of new lyrics to the immensely popular *Crucifigat*, rather than from a new and independent text of a closing conductus cauda. With this evidence of an a priori to venture whether the two remaining conductus proulas, *Crucifigatus onmes* and *Anima iuge lacrima*, may also be his efforts, and whether he alone is responsible for the cultivation of these unusual pieces.

Table 15.1: Texts written to conductus caudae (conductus proulas)

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>a Notre Dame compositions</th>
<th>Melismatic model (final cauda)</th>
<th>Author of text</th>
</tr>
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<td>Anima iuge lacrima</td>
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<tr>
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<td>Minor natu filius</td>
<td>Austro terris influenae (a2)</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>Veste nuptiali</td>
<td>Dic Christi veritas (a3)</td>
<td>Philip</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

b Peripheral contrafacts of *Crucifigatus onmes* (unattributed)

| Mundum renovavit                                                | Curritur ad vocem               |

If the uncommon technique that produced *Crucifigat* were not enough, other details arise to support Philip’s hand in the composition of its text. Here not only does the content of the poem suggest his authorship in terms of its rhetorical flourish, but the incident for which the poem was fashioned also points to him as the probable author.

---

May a second cross of the Lord, the new wounds of Christ, crucify them all!
The tree that brings salvation is lost, a foreign people has forcibly overturned the tomb. Though once filled with people, the city sits forsaken.
The goat plundered the lamb’s covenant; the bride of Zion laments her lost dowries. Ananias is immolated; David’s horn is cast down; the innocent man is put to the lash.
He through whom the world is justly judged is denounced

O what worthy laments!
The king of all is banished;

---


*Translations of Latin texts throughout this article are my own. Because of the frequent irregularities in poetic scheme caused by the overlay of these proula texts to pre-existent music, I have frequently used the musical phrases as well as their rampant use of interlinear rhyme.*

*Further pair of contrafacts proulas surfaces with the examples of Bulla fulminante and conductus *Dic Christi veritas*. In this case, however, both of these texts as well as that of the main Notre Dame proulas model are attributed to Philip the Chancellor. Their connection to the main Notre Dame repertory is therefore much more obvious.*
baculus fidelium
sustinet opprobrium
gentis infidelis.

Cedil parti gentium
pars totalis. Iam regalis
in luto et latere
elaborat tellus. Plorat
Moyen fatiscere.
Homo, Dei miserece.
Filii, patris ius tuere.
In incerto certum quere.

Ducis
ducum dona promerere
et lucrare lucem vere
lucis

III
Quisquis es signatus
fidei caractere,
fidem factis asserere.
Rugientes contere
catulos leonum.
Miserans, intuere
corde tristi damnum
Christi.
Longus Cedric, incola,
surge. Vide, ne de fide
reproboris frivola.
Suda, martin, in agone,
spe mercedis et corone.
Derelicta babylone,
pugna!

Pro celesti regione
aqua vite te compone.
Pugna!

the staff of the faithful
endures the disgrace
of an infidel people.
The total part yields to the
gentiles' faction. Now the royal
land labours in mud and brick.
It laments that its
Moses has grown weak.
Man, have pity on God.
Son, defend your father's right.
Seek the certain among the uncertain.
Earn the gifts of the
leader of the leaders,
and gain the light
of the true light.

Whoever you are, inscribed
with the sign of the faith,
maintain that faith with deeds.
Anmihilate the lions'
roaring cubs.

Merciful one, look upon
Christ's injury
with a saddened heart.
Rise up, distant dweller in
Kedar. Take care, lest you are
chastened for your sorry faith.
Sweat, martyr, in the contest,
with the hope of reward and crown.
Now that Babylon has been abandoned,
fight!

Prepare yourself for the heavenly
realm, for the water of life.
Fight!

Other parallels with Philip's acknowledged lyrics occur in the use of paradox and
in the evocation of biblical motifs. The opening strophe of Crucifigatur brings these two
facets together in a list of indignities that demonstrate how the capture and occupation
present, but horribly distorted: Jerusalem is filled with people, but now lies desolate;
Ananias, one of the three youths who escaped the deadly furnace in the book of
Daniel, is burned to a crisp; David's horn is lowered in defeat rather than raised in

triumph; and Christ, who should be sitting on the judge's bench, is tried and punished
by criminals.11

Along with the technical and stylistic features of Crucifigatur omnes, some valuable
details from Philip's life indicate that he may have had a personal stake in the events
that occasioned the writing of this text. Though Crucifigatur omnes is often considered
as a response to the 1187 capture of Jerusalem which prompted the Third Crusade;12
Ernest Sanders suggested in an article from 1985 that it was rather the Fifth Crusade of
1217–1219 — and specifically the delay of Holy Roman Emperor Frederick II to take
up the cross — that occasioned this poem.13 Not only did this new assignment to 1219–
1220 help to clarify some rather arcane references in the poetry, but Sanders also
remarked that such a chronology put Crucifigatur temporally close to the only other
dated conductus prosula: Philip's Bulla fulminante, generally considered to hail from
1222–1223.14

With a possible later date for Crucifigatur omnes, the suggestions for Philip's
authorship are further enhanced with the knowledge that the expedition to the Fifth
authority are further enhanced with the knowledge that the expedition to the Fifth
then the chamberlain of the king of France, and the bishop of Paris, Peter of
Crusade counted two of his uncles among the campaign. These were Walter, who was

15 Peter and Walter probably arrived in the Holy Land sometime in the fall of

Anchiorcs.15 Peter and Walter probably arrived in the Holy Land sometime in the fall of

of Jerusalem and some of its surrounding lands had

(only to lose it shortly thereafter), Jerusalem and some of its surrounding lands had

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Bible echoes, see Daniel 1:6–7, 3:8–25, 3:88–97; Luke 1:69; Matthew 27:26;

and Romans 3:6.

12 The 1187 date, as well as the attribution of Crucifigatur to Philip, is defended most recently
by Trail in 'Philip the Chancellor and the Third Crusade', a paper given at the tenth Annual
conference in Tempe, Arizona, February 2004. I regret that I have not been able to see
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13 Ernest H. Sanders, 'Style and Technique in Datable Polyphonic Notre Dame Conductus',
in Fs Anderson, vol. 2, pp. 505–530. For the specific claims of the later date for Crucifigatur, see
PP. 513–518.

14 For more on Bulla fulminante see below.

15 On Philip's family see my 'Poetry, Politics, and Polyphony', pp. 36–41.

16 On these points see James M. Powell, Anatomy of a Crusade: 1213–1221 (Philadelphia,


17 Powell, Anatomy of a Crusade, p. 221, says that Walter returned home, but this is
de Nemours, 2 vols (Fontainebleau, 1907–1908), vol. 1, pp. 69–70. Walter's obit. is given as 26

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17 Powell, Anatomy of a Crusade, p. 221, says that Walter returned home, but this is
14. Ad multas mansiones
   in domo patris stables
   nummi trahit conuentio,
   nec grauet operatio:
   pondus diei preterit,
   merces perennis aderit.

15. Nouissimus fit primus
    et primus fit nouissimus;
    dispar quidem uocatio,
    sed par remuneratio,
    dum cunctis laborantibus
    uitė datur denarius.

16. Non hic mutatur sedes,
    non corrupuntur edes,
    non maior hic minori,
    non pauper ditiori,
    non obstat alter alteri,
    nec locus est obprobrii.

1. CRVICIFigat omnes
   Domini crux altera,
   nova Christi uulneral
   arbor salutifera
   perditur, sepulchrum
   gens evertit extera
   uiolente, plena gente
   sola sedet ciuitas.
   agni fedus rumpit hedus;

wird von den Hunden bestürmt.
Sie werden das Heilige nicht bekommen,
so wenig wie man Perlen vor die Säue wirft,
damit sie ihren Spott mit ihnen treiben.

Zu den vielen ewigen Wohnungen
im Hause des Vaters
führt der ausbedungene Tagessold.
Die Arbeit werde euch nicht zu schwer:
Die Last des Tages nimmt ein Ende,
und dann wird ewiger Lohn ausbezahlt.

Der Letzte wird der Erste
und der Erste der Letzte sein;
ungleich die Stunde der Berufung,
doch gleich der Lohn,
weil allen, die sich abplagen,
der Denar des ewigen Lebens gereicht wird.

Hier gibt es keinen Wohnungswechsel,
die Häuser verfallen nicht,
hier befeindet nicht der Große den Kleinen
noch der Arme den Reichen,
überhaupt keiner den anderen,
und es gibt hier keine schimpfliche Behandlung.

Kreuzesqualen bereite allen
das zweite Kreuz des Herrn,
die neuen Wunden Christi!
Der heilspendende Baum
geht verloren, das Grab
verwüstet ein fremdes Volk
mit roher Gewalt, die volkreiches
Stadt sitzt vereinsamt da.
Den Bund des Lammes bricht ein Bock;
plorat dotes perditas
sponsa Syon, immolatur
Ananias, incuratur
cornu David, flagellatur
mundus,
abdicatur ab inmundis,
per quem iste iudicatur
mundus.

2. O quam dignos luctus!
exulat rex omnium,
baculus fidelium
sustinet obprobrium
gentis infidelis;
cedit parti gentium
pars totalis, gens regalis,
in luto et latere,
et laborat cum explorat
Moysen fatiscere.
homo Dei, miserere!
fili, patris ius tuere
in incerto certum, quere
ducis
ducem dona promerere
et lucere lucem uere
lucis!

3. Quisquis es signatus
fidei charactere,
fidem factis assere,
rugientes contere
catulos leonum!
miserans intueres
corde tristi dampnum Christi!
longus Cedar incola
surge, uide, ne de fide

es weint über die verlorene Hochzeitsgabe
die Braut Zion, hingeschlagert wird
Ananias, gebeugt
das Davidshorn, gepeilt
der Reine,
von den Unreinen verworfen der,
von dem diese Welt
gerichtet werden wird.

Wie sollte man da nicht trauern!
Der König aller Menschen weilt unter Fremden,
die Stütze der Gläubigen
erleidet Schmach
durch die ungläubigen Heiden;
es front der Heidenschaft
das Volk mit dem universellen Anspruch,
das königliche Geschlecht,
mit Lehm- und Ziegelarbeit,
und es gerät in Bedrängnis, wenn es merkt,
daß Moses errettet.
Mann Gottes, hab Erbarmen!
Sohn, verteidige das unbezweifelbare Recht
deines Vaters in der Gefahr, suche dir den Lohn
des Heerführers
aller Heerführer zu verdienen
und gewinne das Licht des wahren
Lichtes!

Der du mit dem Zeichen
des Glaubens gezeichnet bist,
beweise deinen Glauben durch die Tat,
zerschmettere die brüllenden
Löwenjungen!
Blick voller Mitleid,
mit Traurig im Herzen, auf Christi Bedrängnis.
Der du allzu lange schon in Cedar weilst,
erhebe dich, sich zu, daß man dich nicht
10 reperis friuola!
suda, martir, in agone
spe mercedis et corone!
derelicta Babylon
pugna
15 pro celesti regione,
et ad uitam te compone
pugna!

4. Curritur ad uocem
nummi uel ad sonitum;
hec est uox ad placitum.
omnes ultra debitum,
1 ut exempla docent,
nitimur in uctitum.
disse morem et errorem,
fac et tu similiter!
hac in uita nihil uita,
uiue et non aliter!
cleri uias ad mensuram,
qui pro censu das censuram.
quando iacis in captura
rete,
15 messem uides iam maturam,
et tu saltem per usuram
mide!

5. Si quis in hoc artem
populo non nouerit,
per quam mundo uixerit,
omnia cum uiderit,
1 eligat hanc partem,
ut nihil decreuerit,
quod uis aude, dolo, fraud!
il uitandum credidi,
mundo gere morem! uere
mos gerendus Taydi.

für einen Kleingläubigen halten muß!
Streng dich an, Glaubenszeuge, im Kampf
in der Erwartung des Lohnes und der Krone!
Zieh aus aus Babylon und
kämpfe
für das himmlische Land,
und rüste dich zum Leben
durch Kampf!

Man rennt, wenn das Geld ruft
oder klingelt;
das ist eine Einladung, die gefällt.
Alle haben wir — anders als wir sollten,
aber nach bekanntem Muster —
eine Neigung zum Verbotenen.
Lerne, wie man's macht und die Leute irreführt,
und dann tue desgleichen!
Laß nichts aus in diesem Leben,
und lebe wie alle anderen!
Lebe nach der Richtschnur des Klerus,
wen du die Strafe nach der Höhe des
Besteckungsgeldes bemisst.
Wenn du das Netz zum Fang auslegst
und siehst, daß die Ernte schon reif ist,
dann mach auch du dich wenigstens mit
Wuchergeschäften ans Ernten!

Wer in diesem Volk die Kunstkniffe
nicht beherrscht, die ihn erst
für ein Leben in dieser Welt tauglich machen,
der soll, wenn er all dies gesehen hat,
die Rolle eines am Entscheidungsprozeß
unbeteiligten Zuschauers übernehmen.
Wage alles, und sei's mit List und Betrug!
Laß nichts aus! Das ist mein Credo.
Sei der Welt zu Willen! Man muß
fürwahr der Thais zu Willen sein.
8,1 Beati Die Schwertier sind »selig«, weil sie die Muslimen am verderblichen Götzenidienst hindern. Ähnlich 8,3 f.

9,1-6 De uis (...) Dominus Vgl. Lk. 14,23. Nachdem das auserwählte Volk Israel der Einladung zum Gattmahl nicht folgen wollte, wird das Bittervolk eingeladen, d.h. die gentes, die »Völker«, die »Heiden«. Der Sprecher ist sich dessen bewusst, daß die Christenheit zum größten Teil ex gentibus berufen wurde; deshalb kann er Christen und Muslimen in dem Wir des compellimus zusammenfassen. Nur haben manche »Völker« die Einladung schon früher angenommen; die Muslimen sollen nun nuper »neben jetzt« die (möglicherweise letzte) Gelegenheit ergreifen, zu »kosten, wie gut der Herr ist« (Psalm 33,9 [Vulg.]). Der Aufbruch zum Gattmahl ist jedoch keine einmalige Angelegenheit, die etwa mit der Taufe beendet wäre, sondern eine immer wieder zu vollziehende Loslösung von den »Lüsten Babylon« (vgl. CB 228,IV). Auch dadurch schließen sich die alten und die neuen »Heidenvölker« zu einer Einheit zusammen.

10,1-6 Nam (...) filia/ Die Berufung der Heiden wird durch eine Passage aus dem Neuen Testament bewiesen: Jesus heilte die Tochter der Syrophönikerin (Matt. 15,21-28). Der von der heidnischen Frau gebrauchte Vergleich mit den Hündlein, die die abfallenden Brossamen fressen, wird vom Dichter geschickt mit der Parabel vom Gattmahl (Str. 9) verknüpft: Die ›Tochter‹ (die muslimische Bevölkerung Palästinas) kommt jetzt der Einladung des himmlischen Hausvaters nach.


13,1 Sepulchrum (...) gloriosum/ Vgl. Jesaja 11,10.

13,3-6 inpungnatur (...) deridenda/ Vgl. Matth. 7,6.


14,3-15,6 nummi (...) denarius/ Vgl. Matth. 20,1-16.


16,3-6 non major (...) obprobrii/ Vgl. Jak. 2,1-6.

FORM: 6|7|8|7|8|7|2|2|8|2||x|2||a|x|x|b|c|d|c|e|f|


Aufbau und Thematik: Im Codex Buranus sind zwei Lieder mit gleichem Strophenbau und gleicher Melodie, aber verschiedener Zielsetzung vereinigt. Das erste (Str. 1-3) enthält den Aufruf zur Befreiung Jerusalems, das zweite (Str. 4 f.) ist eine Satire auf die moralische Gewinn- und Gußstreiben der Gegenwart. Die Zusammenstellung war einmal durch die formale Identität veranlaßt, zum anderen ergab sich ein Anknüpfungspunkt durch Str. 4,1 f. So wie die Guten, der Einladung zum Kreuzzug folgend, zu den Fahnen eilen, so sammeln sich die Bösen dort, wo die Geldglocke läutet. Durch die Verknüpfung der beiden Lieder wollte der Redaktor des Buranus wohl ein kontrastives Bild der beiden grundsätzlichen Lebenseinstellungen entwerfen: Gottesstreiter – Teufelsdiener, civitas Dei – civitas diaboli.

TEXT B: 2,13 in certo certum; 2,16 lucrare mere; 4,13 iacere; 4,14 recte; 4,17 mere; 5,13-15 editum ubi.

1,1 Crucifigat/ Vgl. Hebr. 6,6 und die Quo vadis-Legende, nach der der Christus dem vor der Neronischen Verfolgung aus Rom fliehenden Petrus erscheint und diesem erklärt, er gehe nach Rom, um »abermals gekreuzigt zu werden«.

1,2 cruix altera/ Bernt: »Der Fall Jerusalems wird als neue Kreuzigung Christi gesehen.«

1,4 arbor salutifera/ Christi Kreuz.

1,5 perditur/ Korth, S. 188: »Die Kreuze-Reliquie war der

1,7 f. plena ⟨...⟩ civitas] Vgl. Klagelieder 1,1.
1,9 agni ⟨...⟩ bedus] Vgl. Matth. 25,32 f.
1,10 f. plorat ⟨...⟩ Synon/Zion (d.h. die Kirche), die Brat Christi, hat die Hochzeitsgabe (Kreuz und Grab Christi) verloren.
1,12 Ananias] Siehe Eigennamenverzeichnis.
1,12 f. incurvat corum David] Das »Davidshorne«, das Zeichen der Kraft, das durch Christi Geburt ausgerichtet worden war (Luk. 1,69), wird durch den Fall Jerusalems gebucht.
1,13 abdicatur ab inmundis] Ursprünglich sicher: ab inmundis abdicatur.
2,5 baculus] Der »Kreuzstab«. Vgl. auch Psalm 22,4 (Vulg.).
2,7 pars totalis] Übersetzung von catholica »universella«, d.h. die Christenheit.
2,8 in luto et latere] Vgl. Exodus 1,14.
2,11 f. homo Dei ⟨...⟩ fili] Der Mensch ist »Vasalle«, »Lehenträger« Gottes (Christi); es ist daher seine Pflicht, sein Lehensherrn in der Bedrängnis beizustehen. Zugleich ist der Mensch »Kind Gottes (Christi)«; daraus leitet sich ebenfalls die Notwendigkeit ab, für die legitimen Ansprüche des Vaters die Waffen zu ergreifen, d.h., am Kreuzzug teilzunehmen. Der Ausdruck homo Dei auch 1. Tim. 6,11.

3,1 f. signatus ⟨...⟩ (karactere) Das Kreuz, mit dem der Christ bei der Taufe bezeichnet wurde, und zugleich das Kreuz, das der Kreuzfahrer auf seiner Kleidung trägt. (Vgl. die Überschrift zu CB 46.)
3,13 Babylone] Der Kreuzfahrer soll von weltlicher und gottwidriger Gesinnung (wie sie die Strophen 4 f. vorführen) ablassen.
3,16 nitem] Das eigentliche, das ewige Leben.
4,3 vox ad placitum] Entweder: »Einladung, die gefällt« (vgl. CB 42,10) oder: »Einladung zur Ratsversammlung«.
4,6 nitium in uletum] Ovid, Amores III 4,17.
4,8 fac et tu similiter] Vgl. Luk. 10,37.
3,1 f. Si quis ⟨...⟩ noverit] Vgl. Ovid, Arv I 1,1, Siquis in boc arem populo non novit amandi »Wem in unserem Volk die Kunst zu lieben noch fremd ist« (Burger).
3,5 mundo uxorit] Anspielung auf vivit Deo »wer lebt für Gott«, Röm. 6,10.
3,5 eligat hanc partem] Vgl. Luk. 10,42.
3,6 ut nihil decreuerit] Wörtlich: »daß er nichts entscheidet«. Die Formulierung ist überraschend; der Sinn ergibt sich aus dem Zusammenhang: »Wer in der Gegenwart nicht verschlagen ist, kann nicht mithalten.«
3,10 Taydi] Vgl. Eigennamenverzeichnis, Thais. (Welt gleich Hure.)
BIBLIOTHEK DES MITTELALTERS

Texte und Übersetzungen
Vierundzwanzig Bände
Mit Illustrationen
Herausgegeben von Walter Haug
Kunsthistorische Beratung:
Peter und Dorothee Diemer,
Wolfgang Walliczek

Band 13

CARMINA BURANA

Texte und Übersetzungen
Mit den Miniaturen
aus der Handschrift
und einem Aufsatz
von Peter und Dorothee Diemer
Herausgegeben von
Benedikt Konrad Vollmann

Frankfurt am Main 1987
Spirit of Song, on us descending,
Come stand by faithful love and bring
The daughter home, O Song befriending,
Unto her father and our king,
That he may clasp her with devotion
Take pity on her little one,—
And if his heart may prompt the motion,
Embrace the singer as his son.

At these words, which died away softly in the dark walks under the trees, the youth lifted her veil with a trembling hand. With tears streaming from her eyes, the princess fell at the feet of the king and held her beautiful babe up to him. The minstrel knelt at her side with bowed head. An anxious silence appeared to take everyone's breath. For a few moments the king was speechless and severe; then he took the princess up in his arms, pressed her to his bosom long, and wept aloud. Now he raised up the youth too and embraced him with heartfelt tenderness. A loud rejoicing flew through the gathering, that crowded around. The King took the child and raised it towards heaven with touching reverence; then he greeted the singer's father in a kindly manner. There flowed endless tears of joy. The bards broke forth in song, and that evening became a holy eve for the whole country whose life thereafter was only one long beautiful festival. No one knows what became of that country. Only in legends are we told that mighty floods took Atlantis from the sight of men.

Chapter IV

They traveled on for several days without the slightest interruption. The road was hard and dry, the weather clear and refreshing, and the regions they went through were fruitful, inhabited, and full of variety. The formidable Thuringian forest lay behind them. Having often taken this trip the merchants knew the people everywhere and were most hospitably received. They avoided the out-of-the-way districts known to be infested by robbers, and when they were forced to go through such a district, they took along an adequate escort. Several owners of neighboring mountain castles were in good standing with the merchants, who visited them to see whether they wanted anything from Augsburg. A friendly reception awaited them, and the wives and daughters crowded around the strangers with hearty curiosity.

Henry's mother soon won their hearts by her good-natured complaisance and interest. They were happy to see a woman from the capital as ready to tell about the latest fashions as to give directions for preparing some tasty dishes. Young Ofterdingen was praised by knights and ladies for his modesty and his easy, refined bearing; and the ladies liked to dwell on his attractive figure, for it was like the simple saying of a stranger, which one hardly notices until long after his departure, when its deep and unpretentious bud opens up more and more and finally reveals a gorgeous flower in all the glory of closely entwined leaves so that one never forgets it, never tires of repeating it, and has an inexhaustible, ever-present treasure in it. Then one recalls the stranger more clearly and ponders and ponders until all of a sudden one realizes that he is an inhabitant of the higher world.

The merchants received a great many orders and they took their leave amid mutual expressions of cordial desire to meet again soon. At one of these castles, where they arrived towards evening, there was great merrymaking. The lord of the castle was an old warrior who in peace time celebrated his
leisure and punctuated the solitude of his abode with rather frequent banquets; and besides hunting and the tumult of war he knew of no pastime except the brimming beaker.

He welcomed the new guests with brotherly cordiality in the midst of the noisy companions. Frau Ofterdingen was taken to the mistress of the castle. The merchants and Henry had to join the revelry at the table, where the beakers clinked bravely. After much pleading and in consideration of his youth, Henry was excused from some of the numerous pledges; the merchants, on the other hand, not to be found wanting, drank lustily of the old Franconian wine.

The conversation turned to former adventures in war. Henry listened very attentively to these new stories. The knights talked about the Holy Land, about the marvels of the Holy Sepulcher, about the adventures on their crusade and their journey at sea, about the Saracens into whose hands several of them had fallen, and about the jolly and wonderful life in the field and in camp. With great passion they uttered their indignation that the heavenly birthplace of Christianity was still in the impious possession of infidels. They extolled the great heroes who had earned for themselves an eternal crown by their tireless, courageous behavior towards that villainous people.

The lord of the castle displayed the costly sword which he with his own hand had taken from one of their chiefs after having stormed his castle, killed him, and taken his wife and children prisoner—exploits which the emperor permitted him to add to the heraldic devices on his escutcheon. They all looked at the splendid sword; Henry also took it in his hands and felt gripped by a war-like enthusiasm. He kissed it with fervid admiration. The knights were delighted at his interest. The old lord put his arms around him and encouraged him also to dedicate his hand forever to the liberation of the Holy Sepulcher and to have the wonder-working cross fastened on his shoulders. He was surprised and his hand appeared unable to let go of the sword.

"Think about this, my son," the old knight said. "A new crusade is at hand. The emperor himself will lead our hosts to the Holy Land. The call of the cross is resounding anew throughout all Europe, and a heroic devotion is stirring everywhere. Who knows but that in a year we shall be sitting together as joyful victors in the great world-renowned city of Jerusalem and over our native wine calling to mind our homeland. You can also see an oriental girl in my house. They look very attractive to us of the West, and if you know how to handle a sword well, you cannot want for lovely prisoners." In a loud voice the knights sang the crusade song sung at that time in all Europe:

The grave in pagandom's possession,
The Sepulcher where Jesus lay,
Must suffer mocking and transgression,
Is desecrated day by day.

Hear ye its muffled lamentation:
"O save me from this degradation!"

Where do its loyal heroes linger?
Ah, Europe's Christendom is gone.
And will no warrior raise a finger
Or to the Holy Cross be drawn?
Who comes this bondage to dissemble
And save the Sepulcher forever?

In darkest night on land and ocean
A holy tempest rages deep,
In core and castle makes commotion
To call men from their slothful sleep.
A wailing cry surrounds each tower:
"Ye languid, O how late the hour!"

Allwheres are angels, white immortals,
With voiceless lips and earnest eyes;
And pilgrims wait before their portals,
Grim faces lifted to the skies.
They wail the Saracens's dominion,
That infidel, that slaughters' minion.

A red and gloomy morn is breaking
Over all the lands of Christendom;
And hearts with holy love are shaking
And yearning toward Jerusalem.
Lo, true men hear the call of tabor
And fly from hearth to cross and saber.

The hosts are touched with zeal and burning
The Holy Sepulcher to save,
And toward the East as one are turning
To stand before the Holy Grave.
And even children haste with longing
To swell the consecrated thronging.

The banded cross on high is waving
To seasoned warriors stout and bold;
The gates of paradise are craving
The blessed heroes to enfold.
All men desire—the young, the hoary—
To shed their blood for Jesus' glory.

Christians, to arms! the hosts of heaven
March with us to the Promised Land;
The heathen might will soon be riven
By great Jehovah's awful hand.
Soon we shall wash in joyful mood
The Holy Grave with pagan blood.

The angels bear the Virgin Mary
On wings above the battle plain,
And to her mother arm they carry
Each warrior whom the sword has slain.
She bends down with transfigured graces
Toward the clang of battle places.

Henry von Ofterdingen

O haste we to the Sanctuary!
The Sepulcher is making morn!
The guilt of Christendom we carry
Our prayers and triumphs shall atone.
If once the Grave is in our power,
Then ends the heathen's reigning hour.

Henry's whole soul was in a tumult; the Sepulcher appeared to him like the form of a pale, noble youth sitting on a large stone amid a wild rabble and being horribly mistreated, as if he were gazing with sorrowful mien towards a cross which shimmered in the background with luminous outlines and was endlessly multiplied by reflections in the rocking waves of a sea.

His mother just then sent for him to present him to the mistress. The knights were so taken up by their drinking and their ideas of the coming crusade that they did not notice Henry's leaving. He found his mother chatting familiarly with the kindly old mistress of the castle, who welcomed him pleasantly. The evening was clear, the sun was beginning to sink, and Henry, yearning for solitude and allured by the golden distance, which came into the gloomy room through the deep, narrow bay windows, easily obtained permission to look around outside the castle.

He hastened out into the open; his whole soul was excited. He looked first from the top of the old cliff down into the wooded valley through which a stream plunged and turned some mill wheels, the sound of which could hardly be heard from the great depth. And then he gazed into an endless distance of mountains, woods, and valleys, and his inner unrest was allayed. The tumult of war faded away, and there remained only a clear yearning crowded with imagery. He felt the want of a lute, little as he knew how one really looked and what kind of effect it produced. The bright spectacle of the glorious evening lulled him into soothing fancies: from time to time the flower of his heart flashed upon his inward
eye like heat lightning. He was rambling through the wild thicket and clambering over mossy boulders when all at once out of a deep vale nearby the tender, affecting singing of a female voice with a wonderful, melodious accompaniment woke to life. He felt certain it was a lute; he stood there filled with amazement and listened to the following song in broken speech:

Ah, my faint heart not yet broken
Underneath this alien sky?
Is there still a sallow token
Breathing of a hope that I
May return across the water?
Tears will flow, O sweet my daughter,
Till for woe my heart must die.

Could I show you but the myrtles
And the cedar’s darksome hair!
Lead you where the maids in kirtles
Gaily dance in evening air!
Face you in embroidered dresses
Proud with gems and flowing tresses,
As of old when I was fair.

Noble swains there bow before me
Gaze on me with ardent eyes.
Tender serenadings woo me
While the evening stars arise.
There a maid may trust her lover;
Never will an eye discover
Faithless heart beneath those skies.

Here around the crystal fountains
Heaven bends in eastern mauve
And from balsam-fragrant mountains
Clings around the sacred grove,
Where amid the pleasure bowers

And amid lush fruits and flowers
Minstrels find a soft alcove.

Dreams of youth are transitory,
Distant lies my fatherland;
And my house—how old my story!—
Victim fell to firebrand.
Frightful as the stormy breakers
Came the wild invading wreckers,
And my paradise was sand.

Blazing embers darted, marging
Far and wide the azure sky,
Knights on horses wildly charging
Stormed our caravanserai.
Brothers fell to sabers’ clashing,
Father under roostree’s crashing,
We in harsh captivity.

Then my eyes grew dimmed and troubled—
O my mother’s far countree!—
And their love for thee is doubled
As they turn their tears to thee.
Were not this my child beside me,
To the grave I would have hied me,
Boldly sought eternity.

Henry heard the sobbing of a child and a comforting voice. He went down through the thicket and found a pale, care-worn girl sitting under an old oak tree. A beautiful child clung around her neck and wept; her tears flowed also, and a lute lay beside her on the grass. She was somewhat startled as she perceived the strange youth, who approached her with troubled face.

“You probably heard my song,” she said amiably. “Your face seems familiar to me; let me think—my memory is getting weak, but the sight of you calls up strange recollections of
happy times. O it seems to me you resemble one of my brothers who, before our misfortune, went to a famous poet in Persia. Perhaps he is still living and lamenting in song the misfortune of his brothers and sisters. If only I could remember some of the splendid songs he left us! He was noble and sensitive and knew no greater happiness than his lute."

The child was a girl ten or twelve years old, who attentively observed the strange youth and pressed close to the bosom of the unhappy Zulima. Henry's heart was filled with compassion; he confronted the singer with kind words and asked her to tell about her life in more detail. She appeared not unwilling. Henry sat opposite her and listened to her story, which was frequently interrupted by tears. She lingered especially on the praise of her country and her people. She depicted their magnanimity and their pure, great sensitiveness to the poetry of life and to the wonderful, mysterious charm of nature. She described the romantic beauties of the fruitful regions in Arabia, which lie like happy isles amid the pathless sand wastes, like refuges for the weary and oppressed, like colonies of paradise. She described these colonies full of fresh springs that ripple through dense grass and over sparkling stones among venerable old groves. She told how these groves are vocal with gay-colored birds of melodious throat, and attractive because of many vestiges of memorable bygone ages.

"You would be amazed," she said, "to see the strange, bright and many-colored figures and scenes on the old stone slabs there. They look so familiar, it appears to be not without reason that they are preserved so well. You meditate and meditate and guess at a meaning now and then and get all the more eager to unravel the profound connection of these primitive inscriptions. The unknown spirit of these arouses uncommon reflection; and even if one leaves without the wished-for revelation, still one has made a thousand remarkable discoveries within oneself, which give a new splendor to life and provide the mind with a long and rewarding occupation.

"Life has a special charm on land inhabited for ages and glorified by former diligence, activity, and affection. Nature appears to have become more human and intelligible there. An obscure recollection amid the transparent present reflects the images of the world in sharp outlines, and thus one enjoys a double world which in that very way sloughs off its crude and violent nature and turns into the magical poesy and fables of our senses. Who knows whether an incomprehensible influence of former, now invisible inhabitants does not also play a part, and perhaps it is this obscure drive which with such destructive impatience urges people from new homes back to the land of their forefathers as soon as a certain time of their awakening comes and spurs them to risk goods and blood for the possession of these lands."

After a pause she continued: "By no means believe the stories they tell you about the cruelty of my countrymen. Nowhere were prisoners treated more magnanimously, and your pilgrims to Jerusalem were hospitably received; only they were seldom worthy of it. Most of them were good-for-nothing wicked men, who disgraced their pilgrimages with knavish deeds and hence, to be sure, often fell into the hands of righteous vengeance. How tranquilly the Christians could have visited the Holy Sepulcher without the need of starting a terrible, useless war which has embittered everything, spread endless wretchedness, and separated the East from Europe forever. What importance did the name of the possessor have? Our sovereigns reverently honored the Sepulcher of your Holy One, whom we also regard as a divine prophet; and how splendidly could his Holy Sepulcher have become the cradle of a happy mutual understanding and the occasion of everlastingly beneficial alliances!"

While they were talking dusk had come. Night began to fall, and the moon rose out of the damp woods with calming
radiance. They climbed slowly toward the castle. Henry was full of thoughts; his martial enthusiasm had completely vanished. He observed an odd confusion in the world; the moon presented to him the picture of a comforting guardian and exalted him above the roughnesses of the earth's surface, which from on high appeared as inconsiderable as they seemed wild and insurmountable to the wayfarer. Zulima walked silent at his side, leading her daughter. Henry carried the lute. He was trying to revive Zulima's sinking hopes of seeing her country again, while inwardly feeling a strong call to rescue her without knowing how it could be done. A special power seemed to lie in his simple words, for Zulima was comforted into unusual tranquility and thanked him for his consolation in the most affective manner.

The knights were still at their cups and his mother deep in domestic discussions. Henry had no desire to return to the noisy hall. He felt tired and soon went with his mother to the bedchamber assigned to them. Before he went to sleep he told his mother what he had encountered and soon fell asleep and into pleasant dreams. The merchants had also retired betimes and were up again bright and early. As they rode away, the knights were still sound asleep; the mistress however bade them an affectionate farewell.

Zulima had not slept much; an inner joy had kept her awake. She appeared at the departure and waited upon the travelers diligently and humbly. When they bade farewell, Zulima brought her lute to Henry with many tears and asked him in a quivering voice to take it as a remembrance of her. "It was my brother's lute," she said; "he gave it to me when he left. It is the only possession I rescued. It seemed to please you yesterday, and you are leaving me an inestimable gift, sweet hope. Take this small token of my gratitude and let it be a pledge of your remembering poor Zulima. We shall certainly meet again, and then I may be more fortunate."

Henry wept; he refused to take the lute so indispensable to her. He said, "Give me the ribbon with the unknown letters you have in your hair, if it is not a keepsake from your parents or brothers and sisters, and receive in exchange a veil my mother will gladly give me." She finally yielded to his persuasion, gave him the ribbon, and said, "It is my name in the letters of my mother's tongue, which I myself in happier times embroidered on the ribbon. Look at it with pleasure and remember that it bound my hair for a long, sad time and that it faded along with its possessor." Henry's mother drew forth the veil and gave it to her, drawing the girl close and embracing her with tears.
NOVALIS

HENRY VON
OFTERDINGEN

A Novel
Translated from the German by
PALMER HILTY

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Der Liebe weicht und dem Gesange
Auch auf dem Thron ein Vaterherz,
Und wandelt bald in süßem Orange
Zu ewger Lust den tiefen Schmerz.
Die Liebe gibt, was sie entrissen,
Mit reichem Wucher bald zurück,
Und unter den Versöhnungskühen
Entfaltet sich ein himmlisch Glück.

Geist des Gesangs, komm du hernieder,
Und steh auch jetzt der Liebe bei;
Bring die verlorne Tochter wieder,
Daß ihr der König Vater sei!
Daß er mit Freuden sie umschließet,
Und seines Enkels sich erbarmt,
Und wenn das Herz ihm überfließet,
Den Sänger auch als Sohn umarmt.

Der Jungling hob mit bebender Hand bei diesen Worten, die
sanft in den dunklen Gängen verhallten, den Schleier. Die Prinzessin
fiel mit einem Strom von Tränen zu den Füßen des Königs, und
hielt ihm das schöne Kind hin. Der Sänger kniete mit gebeugtem
Haupte an ihrer Seite. Eine ängstliche Stille schien jeden Atem festzuhalten. Der König war einige Augenblicke sprachlos und ernst;
dann zog er die Prinzessin an seine Brust, drückte sie lange fest an
sich und weinte laut. Er hob nun auch den Jungling zu sich auf, und
umschloß ihn mit herzlicher Zärtlichkeit. Ein helles Jauchzen flog
durch die Versammlung, die sich dicht zudrängte. Der König
nahm das Kind und reichte es mit rührender Andacht gen Himmel;
dann begrüßte er freundlich den Alten. Unendliche Freundschaft
trännten flossen. In Gesänge brachen die Dichter aus, und der Abend
ward ein heiliger Vorabend dem ganzen Lande, dessen Leben fortan
nur Ein schönes Fest war. Kein Mensch weiß, wo das Land hingekommen ist. Nur in Sagen heißt es, daß Atlantis von mächtigen
Fluten den Augen entzogen worden sei.»

Einige Tagereisen waren ohne die mindeste Unterbrechung geendet.
Der Weg war fest und trocken, die Witterung erquickend und
heiter, und die Gegenden, durch die sie kamen, fruchtbar, bewohnt
und mannigfaltig. Der furchtbare Thüringer Wald lag im Rücken; die Kaufleute hatten den Weg öfterer gemacht, waren
überall mit den Leuten bekannt, und erfuhren die gastfreiste Aufnahme.
Sie vermieden die abgelegenen und durch Räubereien bekannten
Gegenden, und nahmen, wenn sie ja gezwungen waren, solche zu durchreisen, ein hinlängliches Geleite mit. Einige Besitzer
benachbarter Bergschlösser standen mit den Kaufleuten in gutem
Vernehmen. Sie wurden besucht und bei ihnen nachgefragt, ob sie
Bestellungen nach Augsburg zu machen hätten. Eine freundliche
Bewirtung ward ihnen zuteil, und die Frauen und Töchter drängten
sich mit herzlicher Neugier um die Fremdlinge. Heinrichs Mutter
gewann sie bald durch ihre gutmütige Bereitschaft und Teilnahme. Man war erfreut eine Frau aus der Residenzstadt zu
sehen, die eben so willig die Neigkeiten der Mode, als die Zubereitung einiger schmackhafter Speisen mitteilte. Der junge Of-
terdingen ward von Rittern und Frauen wegen seiner Bescheiden-
heit und seines ungewöhnlichen milden Betragens gepriesen, und
die letztern verweilten gern auf seiner einschmeichelnden Gestalt, die
wie das einfache Wort eines Unbekannten war, das man fast über-
hört, bis längst nach seinem Abschiede es seine tiefe unscheinbare
Knospe immer mehr auftut, und endlich eine herrliche Blume in
allem Farbenglanze dichtverschlingener Blätter zeigt, so daß man
es nie vergißt, nicht müde wird es zu wiederholen, und einen un-
versieglichen immer gegenwärtigen Schatz daran hat. Man be-
sinnt sich nun genauer auf den Unbekannten, und ahndet und ahndet,
bis es auf einmal klar wird, daß es ein Bewohner der höhern
Welt gewesen sei. — Die Kaufleute erhielten eine große Menge Be-
stellungen, und man trennte sich gegenseitig mit herzlichen Wünschen,
einander bald wieder zu sehen. Auf einem dieser Schlösser, wo sie gegen Abend hinkamen, ging es fröhlich zu. Der Herr des
Schlosses war ein alter Kriegsmann, der die Muße des Friedens, und die Einsamkeit seines Aufenthalts mit öftern Gelagen feierte und unterbrach, und außer dem Kriegsgetümmel und der Jagd keinen andern Zeitvertreib kannte, als den gefüllten Becher.


Erster Teil. Die Erwartung

Das Grab steht unter wilden Heiden;
Das Grab, worin der Heiland lag,
Muß Frevel und Verspottung leiden
Und wird entheiligt jeden Tag.
Es klagt heraus mit dumpfer Stimme:
«Wer rettet mich von diesem Grimme!»

Wo bleiben seine Heldenjünger?
Verschwunden ist die Christenheit!
Wer ist des Glaubens Wiederbringer?
Wer nimmt das Kreuz in dieser Zeit?
Wer bricht die schimpflichsten der Ketten,
Und wird das Heilige Grab erretten?

Gewaltig geht auf Land und Meeren
In tiefer Nacht ein heiliger Sturm;
Die trägen Schläfer aufzustören,
Umbräust er Lager, Stadt und Turm,
Ein Klagegeschrei um alle Zinnen:
«Auf, träge Christen, zieht von hinnen.»

Es lassen Engel aller Orten
Mit ernstem Antlitz stumm sich sehn,
Und Pilger sucht man vor den Pforten
Heinrich von Ofterdingen

Mit kummervollen Wangen stehn;
Sie klagen mit den bängsten Tönen
Die Grausamkeit der Sarazen.

Es bricht ein Morgen, rot und trübe,
Im weiten Land der Christen an.
Der Schmerz der Wehmut und der Liebe
Verkündet sich bei jedermann.
Ein jeder greift nach Kreuz und Schwerte
Und zieht entflamm't von seinem Herde.

Ein Feuereifer tobt im Heere,
Das Grab des Heilands zu befrein.
Sie eilen fröhlich nach dem Meere,
Um bald auf heiligem Grund zu sein.
Auch Kinder kommen noch gelaufen
Und mehren den geweihten Haufen.

Hoch weht das Kreuz im Segespaniere,
Und alte Helden stehn voran.
Des Paradieses selge Türe
Wird frommen Kriegen aufgetan;
Ein jeder will das Glück genießen
Sein Blut für Christus zu vergießen.

Zum Kampf ihr Christen! Gottes Scharen
Zicht mit in das Gelobte Land.
Bald wird der Heiden Grimm erfahren
Des Christengottes Schreckenshand.
Wir waschen bald in frohem Mute
Das Heilige Grab mit Heidenblute.

Die heilge Jungfrau schwebt, getragen
Von Engeln, ob der wilden Schlacht,
Wo jeder, den das Schwert geschlagen,
Sehnsucht zurück. Er fühlte, daß ihm eine Laute mangelt, so wenig er auch wüßte, wie sie eigentlich gebaut sei, und welche Wirkung sie hervorbringe. Das heitere Schauspiel des herrlichen Abends wies ihn in sanfte Phantasien: die Blume seines Herzens ließ sich zuweilen, wie ein Wetterleuchten in ihm sehns. Es schweifte durch das wilde Gebüsch und kletterte über bemoooste Felsenstücke, als auf einmal aus einer nahen Tiefe ein zarter ein- dringender Gesang einer weiblichen Stimme von wunderbaren Tönen begleitet, erwachte. Es war ihm gewiß, daß es eine Laute sei; er blieb verwunderungsvoll stehen, und hörte in gebrochener deutscher Aussprache folgendes Lied:

Bricht das matte Herz noch immer
Unter fremdem Himmel nicht?
Kommt der Hoffnung bleicher Schimmer
Immer mir noch zu Gesicht?
Kann ich wohl noch Rückkehr wahren?
Stromweis stürzen meine Tränen,
Bis mein Herz in Kummer bricht.

Könnt ich dir die Myrten zeigen
Und der Zeder dunkles Haar!
Führen dich zum frohen Reigen
Der geschwisterlichen Schar!
Sähest du im gestickten Kleide,
Stolz im köstlichen Geschmeide
Deine Freundin, wie sie war.

Edle Jünglinge verneigen
Sich mit heißem Blick vor ihr;
Zärtliche Gesänge steigen
Mit dem Abendstern zu mir.
Dem Geliebten darf man trauen;
Ewge Lieb und Treue den Frauen,
Ist der Männer Lösung hier.

Erster Teil. Die Erwartung

Hier, wo um kristallne Quellen
Liebend sich der Himmel legt,
Und mit heißen Balsamwellen
Um den Hain zusammenschlägt,
Der in seinen Lustgebieten,
Unter Früchten, unter Blüten
Tausend bunte Sänger hegt.

Fern sind jene Jugendträume!
Abwärts liegt das Vaterland!
Längst gefällt sind jene Bäume,
Und das alte Schloß verbrannt.
Fürchterlich, wie Meereswogen
Kam ein rauhes Heer gezogen,
Und das Paradies verschwand.

Fürchterliche Glutens flossen
In die blaue Luft empor,
Und es drang auf stolzen Rossen
Eine wilde Schar ins Tor.
Säbel klirrten, unsre Brüder,
Unser Vater kam nicht wieder,
Und man riß uns wild hervor.

Meine Augen wurden trübe;
Fernes, mütterliches Land,
Ach! sie bleiben dir voll Liebe
Und voll Sehnsucht zugewandt!
Wäre nicht dies Kind vorhanden,
Längst hättest ich des Lebens Banden
Aufgelöst mit kühner Hand.

Heinrich hörte das Schluchzen eines Kindes und eine tröstende Stimme. Er stieg tiefer durch das Gebüsch hinab, und fand ein bleicher, abgehärmtes Mädchen unter einer alten Eiche sitzen. Ein
schönes Kind hing weinend an ihrem Halse, auch ihre Tränen flossen, und eine Laute lag neben ihr auf dem Rasen. Sie erschrak ein wenig, als sie den fremden Jüngling erblickte, der mit wehmütigem Gesicht sich ihr näherte.

lichen Einverständnisses, der Anlaß ewiger wohltätiger Bündnisse werden können!"

Der Abend war unter ihren Gesprächen herbeigekommen. Es fing an Nacht zu werden, und der Mond hob sich aus dem feuchten Walde mit beruhigendem Glanze herauf. Sie stiegen langsam nach dem Schlosse; Heinrich war voll Gedanken, die kriegerische Begleiterin war gänzlich verschwunden. Er merkte eine wunderliche Verwirrung in der Welt; der Mond zeigte ihm das Bild eines tröstenden Zuschauers und erhob ihn über die Unannehmlichkeiten der Erdoberfläche, die in der Höhe so unbeträchtlich erschienen, so wild und unerwecklich sie auch dem Wanderer vorkamen. Zulima ging still neben ihm her, und führte das Kind. Heinrich trug die Laute. Er suchte die sickende Hoffnung seiner Begleiterin, ihr Vaterland dereinst wieder zu sehn, zu beleben, indem er innerlich einen heftigen Beruf fühlte, ihr Retter zu sein, ohne zu wissen, auf welche Art es geschahen könne. Eine besondere Kraft schien in seinen einfachen Worten zu liegen, denn Zulima empfand eine ungewohnte Beruhigung und dankte ihm für seine Ausrede auf die rührendste Weise. Die Ritter waren noch bei ihren Bechern und die Mutter in häuslichen Gesprächen. Heinrich hatte keine Lust in den lärrenden Saal zurückzugehn. Er fühlte sich müde, und begab sich bald mit seiner Mutter in das angewiesene Schlafgemach. Er erzählte ihr vor dem Schlafengehn, was ihm begegnet sei, und schlief bald zu unterhaltenden Träumen ein. Die Kauflute hatten sich auch zeitig fortbegeben, und waren früh wieder munter. Die Ritter lagen in tiefer Ruhe, als sie abreisten; die Hausfrau aber nahm zärtlichen Abschied. Zulima hatte wenig geschlafen, eine innere Freude hatte sie wach erhalten; sie erschien beim Abschiede, und bediente die Reisenden demütig und emsig. Als sie Abschied nahmen brachte sie mit vielen Tränen ihre Laute zu Heinrich, und bat mit rührender Stimme, sie zu Zulimas Andenken mitzunehmen. «Es war meines Bruders Laute», sagte sie, «der sie mir beim Abschied schenkte; es ist das einzige Besitztum, was ich gerettet habe. Sie schen Euch gestern zu gefallen, und Ihr laßt mir ein unschätzensbares Geschenk zurück, süße Hoffnung. Nehmt dieses geringe Zei-

Fünftes Kapitel

Nach einigen Tagereisen kamen sie an ein Dorf, an Füße einiger spitzen Hügel, die von tiefen Schluchten unterbrochen waren. Die Gegend war übrigens fruchtbar und angenehm, ohnegleichen die Rüden der Hügel ein totes, abschreckendes Ansehn hatten. Das Wirtshaus war reichlich, die Leute bereitwillig, und eine Menge Menschen, teils Reisende, teils bloße Trinkgäste, saßen in der Stube, und unterhielten sich von allerhand Dingen. Unre Reisenden gesellten sich zu ihnen, und mischten sich in die Gespräche. Die Aufmerksamkeit der Gesellschaft war vorzüglich auf einen alten Mann gerichtet, der in fremder Tracht an einem Tische saß, und freundlich die neugierigen Fragen beantwortete, die an ihn geschahen. Er kam aus fremden Landen, hatte sich heute früh die Gegend umher genau betrachtet, und erzählte nun von seinem Gewerbe und seinen heutigen Entdeckungen. Die Leute nannten ihn einen Schatzgräber. Er sprach aber sehr bescheiden von seinen Kenntnissen und seiner Macht, doch trugen seine Er-
Novalis Werke

Herausgegeben und kommentiert
von Gerhard Schulz

Dritte Auflage

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Quod pertinet ad eucharistiam et ad corpus Domini, quia dignum est ut cum summa reverentia et diligentia geratur, expedit ut ipse modus gerendi non taceatur. Primo quotiescumque fieri hostias necesse fuerit, praecipue tamen ante Domini Natalem, vel sanctae Resurrectionis diem fieri solent. Cum enim brumali in tempore prolixiores sint noctes, licet ante prandium fratribus operari amplius; nam post prandium hujusmodi opus gerere non licet. Frumentum, de quo facienda sunt hostiae, quantumlibet bonum sit naturaliter et purum, tamen granatim eligitur, et lavatur studiose, nec per alias personas quam per ipsos fratres. Colligitur deinde in saccum non qualem cuncte, sed qui ad hoc solum de bono panno consutus est et reservatus; in quo colligatum commendatur uni famulo non lascivo; qui portans illud ad molendinum, molam lavat utramque, operitque sursum et deorsum cortinis, se ipsum induit alba, et super caput mittit, et alligat superhumerale, id est amictum, ut nihil de facie praeter oculos possit apparere. Ita ergo molit, ita farinam cribrat, primo cribro quoque diligenter abluto. Major ecclesiae custos, si non est sacerdos vel diaconus, vicarium sibi quaerit ad hoc opus perficiendum. Duo etiam alios de his ordinibus hujus rei gnaros perquirit, accepta licentia a priore, et unum conversum. Hi quatuor finitis nocturnis, se calceant, facies manusque lavant, et capita pexunt. Secedunt deinde ad altare S. Benedicti, et ibi cantant matutinas laudes; primam quoque simul, et septem psalmos cum litania, reliqua psalmodia interim dilata. Deinde illi tres qui sunt alcius ordinis, induunt se albis et humeralibus, ut supra dictum est de famulo (sunt enim albae et amictus quidam huic solo negotio deputati), quorum unus farinam conspergit et vehementissime compinguit (sic) super tabulam nitidissimam habentem limbum in circuitu, aliquantulum superficiem altiorem, ne aqua effluere possit. Conspurgunt cum aqua frigida, quia inde fiunt hostiae candidiores. A duobus vero hostiae formantur; aqua vero non in alio vase defertur quam in quo solet ad missas deferri. Ferramentum, in quo sunt coquentiae, charactetatum tenet conversus, manusque induit chirothecis. In ferramento possunt simul hostiae VI poni; unde inter bajulum ferramenti et formаторum hostiarum ponitur tabula, et super hanc duo sunt pali infixi super quo lignum habitur transversum, super quo ponitur ferramentum ad hostias imponendas. Quae non fuerunt coctae, cultello abraduntur, et eadunt [sic; for cadunt] in disco deorsum in tabula imposito, et lindeo jugiter cooperto, nisi quando hostiae abraduntur. Canunt psalmiam quae remansit, et, si voluerint, horas de S. Maria. Ad alias omnino horas tenent silentium, et sumnopere cavent ut non modo saliva, sed nec flatus eorum aliquo modo ad hostias pertingere possit. Solus conversus, si quid opus fuerit, breviter famulis innotescit, qui faciunt focum non nisi de aridis lignis, et ad hoc de industria praeparatis. Ipsi autem hostiarum operarii eo die non cum fratribus, sed potius cum servitoribus reficiunt; et pro tanti laboris levamine habent de apocrisia ad prandium pitantium et pigmentum.
Because it pertains to the eucharist and to the body of Christ, since it is [so] worthy that it ought to be handled with great reverence and care, it is useful that that very mode of handling should not be passed over in silence. First, whenever it is necessary that hosts [communion wafers] should be made, and chiefly they ought to be made before Christmas or Easter day. Since in winter time the nights are longer, it is permitted to the brothers to work more before lunch, for after lunch it is not permitted to do work of this kind. The grain, from which the hosts ought to be made, no matter how naturally good and pure it may be, is, nevertheless, selected grain by grain and diligently washed, and not by anyone other than by those very brothers [who are to make the hosts]. Next it is gathered in a sack, not any sack, but one that has been stitched together from good cloth and set aside. Collected in this sack, the sack is entrusted to a servant who is not lewd/weak. He, carrying it to the mill/mill-house, washes each millstone, and encloses [the milling area?]—in front and behind—with curtains, dressing himself in an alb and placing and tying about his head a superhumeral, that is an amice, so that nothing [of him] shows except his eyes. Thus he mills, and thus he sifts the grain, first having diligently washed the sieve. The elder custos [sacristan?] of the church, if he is not a priest or deacon, should seek a substitute for the accomplishment of this work. With permission from the prior, let him seek out two others from these orders [priests & deacons], experienced in this matter, and one servant/lay brother. These four, having finished matins, should put on shoes, wash their faces and hands, and comb their hair. Next they withdraw to the altar of St. Benedict and there they sing lauds and prime at the same time, and seven psalms with the litany, with the remaining psalmody deferred. Next, the three men who are in [holy] orders of some kind, dress themselves in albs and humerals, as was mentioned above concerning the servant (and these are certain albs and amices designated exclusively for this undertaking). One of them sprinkles the flour [with water] and most vigorously kneads it upon a most immaculate table with an edge/belt all around it, some slightly higher surface around its perimeter, so that the water is not able to flow off it. They should sprinkle [the flour] with cold water, for thence are made whiter hosts. The hosts are formed by the two remaining men. And the water is brought in no other vessel than the one in which it is brought to Mass. The servant holds the incised press in which the hosts are to be cooked with his hands covered by gloves. Six hosts are able to placed in the press at once. Whence a table is placed between the operator of the press and the formers of the hosts and upon this [table] are affixed two stakes and upon them there is a transverse piece of wood upon which the press is placed for the placing of hosts, which if they shall not have been cooked are scraped off with a knife and they fall onto the disc placed on the table below that is always covered with a linen cloth except when the hosts are scraped off. They sing the psalmody that remains, and, if they wish, the hours of the Virgin. At all other hours let them remain entirely silent and, above all, let them take care that their saliva, or even their breath, cannot, in any fashion, come into contact with the hosts. Only the lay brother, if needed, shall briefly signal to the servants who kindle the fire with exclusively dry wood, diligently prepared for this work. And on that day, those makers of the hosts shall dine not with brother, but rather with the servants; and as a solace/concession for such great effort, from the apocrisiaria they have to eat a pittance [a measure of food] and spiced wine.
Three examples of host presses (ferramenta, fers à hosties, hostieneisen, ube iron)


Host Press, ca. 1375-1400. HG. 888.004.0002; musée de l'Hôtel Goüin, Tours. Photo: Courtesy of the Société Archéologique de Touraine.
Host Press, 15th century. MEV 8117; Museu Episcopal de Vic. Photo ©Museu Episcopal de Vic; photographer: Joan M. Díaz.
From the selections from the Tertia pars of Thomas Aquinas's *Summa theologiae* that follow I hope we can discuss only the following:

Question 74, articles 3 & 5  
Question 75, articles 3-6
ST THOMAS AQUINAS
SUMMA THEOLOGIAE
VOLUME 58
THE EUCHARISTIC PRESENCE
(3a. 73-78)

Latin text. English translation, Introduction, Notes, Appendices & Glossary

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esse verum. Quia in omnibus habentibus materiam, ratio determinationis materie sumitur ex ordine ad finem; sicut materia serae est ferrum ut sit apta sectione. Finis autem hujus sacramenti est usus fidei mill. Unde oportet quod quantitas materie hujus sacramenti determinetur per comparationem ad usum fidei mill. Non autem potest esse quod determinetur per comparationem ad usum fidei mill qui nunc occurrit: aliquem sacravit habens paucos parochianos non possit consecrare multos hostias. Unde rei quidquid quod materia hujus sacramenti determinetur per comparationem ad usum fidei mill absolute. Numerus autem fidei mill est indeterminatus. Unde non potest dici quod quantitas materia hujus sacramenti sit determinata.

1. Ad primum ergo dicendum quod cujuslibet rei naturalis materia accipit determinatum quantitatum secundum comparationem ad formam determinatam. Sed numerus fidei mill, ad quorum usum ordinatur hoc sacramentum, est indeterminatus. Unde non est simile.

2. Ad secundum dicendum quod potestas ministratorum ecclesiae ad duum ordinatur; primo quidem, ad effectum proprium, secundo, ad finem effectus. Secundum autem non tollit primum. Unde, si sacerdos intendat consecrare corpus Christi propter aliquem malum finem, putat ut irriDET vel veneficia faciat, proper tantum non mali finis peccat, nihilominus tamen, proper potestatem sibi datam, perficit sacramentum.

3. Ad tertium dicendum quod baptismi sacramentum perficitur in usu materia. Et ideo per formam baptismi non plus de aqua sanctificat quam quantum venit in usu. Sed hoc sacramentum perficitur in consecratione materiae. Et ideo non est simile.

articulus 3. utrum requiratur ad materiam hujus sacramenti quod sit panis triticeus

AD TERTIUM sic proceditur. 1. Videtur quod non requiratur ad materiam hujus sacramenti quod sit panis triticeus. Hoc enim sacramentum est reminoratium Dominicae pasionis. Sed magis videtur esse conosum Dominice passionis panis sordaceus, qui est asperior, et de quo etiam turba psvit in monte, ut cicitur Joan. vi, quam panis triticeus. Ergo non est propria materia hujus sacramenti panis triticeus.

2. Praeterea, figura est signum speciei in rebus naturalibus. Sed quaedam frumenta sunt que habent similem figuram grano tritici, sicut far et spelta: de qua etiam in quibusdam locis panis conficitur ad usum hujus sacramenti. Ergo panis triticeus non est propria materia hujus sacramenti.

3. Praeterea, permixto speciei solvit. Sed vix invenitur farina triticea que alterius frumenti permixtionem non habeat: nisi forte electis granis

of matter the criterion which determines the material is its fitness for the purpose envisaged; for example, a saw is made of steel which is good for cutting. The purpose of this sacrament is its use by the faithful. Its matter is not reckoned with reference to the use of those faithful present then and there: otherwise a priest who had only a few parishioners could not consecrate many hosts. It remains, then, that the matter of this sacrament is to be reckoned in terms of its use by the faithful without restriction. Their number is not fixed. Hence it should not be affirmed that the amount of the matter of this sacrament is fixed.

Hence: 1. The matter of any natural thing has quantity determinate by relation to a defined form. But the number of the faithful for whose use this sacrament is ordained is indefinite. Therefore there is no parity.

2. The power of Church ministers has two purposes: the first is the immediate effect, the second is what can follow on the immediate effect. The second purpose does not invalidate the first. Hence if a priest intends to consecrate the body of Christ for some ulterior evil motive, as, for example, to make a mockery or to administer poison, his sacramental act is valid.

3. The sacrament of Baptism is completed when the matter is actually being used. Hence by the form of Baptism only that amount of water is sanctified which is actually being used. But this sacrament is established in the prior consecration of the matter. Hence there is no parity.

article 3. is wheaten bread required for the matter of this sacrament?

THE THIRD POINT: 1. It seems that the matter of this sacrament does not require that the bread should be wheaten bread. This sacrament is a memorial of our Lord's passion. Yet barley bread seems more in keeping with the passion of our Lord than wheaten bread; in the first place, it is rougher; and then it was with barley bread that our Lord fed the crowds on the mountain, as we read in John. 2 Therefore, the proper matter of this sacrament is not wheaten bread.

2. Again, in natural things the shape is the sign of the specific nature. But some cereals have the same shape as wheat, thus maize and spelt, from which in certain regions altar bread is made. Therefore, wheaten bread is not the only matter for this sacrament.

3. Furthermore, if you mix a thing with something else you no longer have one specific nature. But it is scarcely possible to have pure wheaten flour without some admixture of some other meal, unless one most

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SUMMA THEOLOGIAE, 38, 74, 3

studioso fat. Non ergo videtur quod panis triticeus sit propria materia hujus sacramenti.

4. Præterea, illud quod est corruptum, videtur esse alterius speciei. Sed aliquid conficiunt ex pane corrupto, qui jam non videtur esse panis triticeus. Ergo videtur quod talis panis non sit propria materia hujus sacramenti.

SED CONTRA est quod in hoc sacramento continentur Christus, qui se grano frumenti comparat, Joan. xii, Nisi grumum frumenti, cadens in terram, mortuam fuerit, ipsum solum manet. Ergo panis frumentinus, sive triticeus, est materia hujus sacramenti.

RESPONSIO: Dicendum quod, sicut dictum est, ad usum sacramentorum assumitur talis materia quæ communius apud homines in talem usum venit. Inter alios autem panes communius homines utuntur pane triticeo: nam aliis panes videntur esse introducti in hujus panis defectum. Et ideo Christus creditur in hujus panis specie hoc sacramentum instituisset. Qui etiam panis confortat hominem, et ita convenientius significat effectum hujus sacramenti. Et ideo propria materia hujus sacramenti est panis triticeus.


2. Ad secundum dicendum quod generans generat sibi simile in specie: fit tamen aliquando aliqua dissimilitudo generaetis ad genitum quantum ad accidentia, vel propter materia vel propter debilitatem virtutis generativa. Et ideo, si qua frumenta sunt quæ ex semine tritici generari possunt, sicut ex grano serinato in malis terris nascitur siligo, ex tali frumento panis confectus postest essæ materia hujus sacramenti. Quod tamen non videtur habere ilium neque in hordeo, neque in spelta, neque etiam in farre, quod inter omnia est grano tritici simulius. Similiter autem figura in talibus magis videtur significare propinquitate quam identitate speciei: sicut ex similitudine figuræ manifestatur quod canis et lupus sunt propinque speciei, non autem ejusdem. Unde ex talibus frumentis, quæ

THE MATTER OF THE EUCHARIST

carefully selects the grains. It does not seem then that wheaten bread is the proper matter for this sacrament.

4. Besides, when a thing becomes corrupt its nature is changed. Now, there are some who consecrate with bread that has become corrupted, which would then no longer seem to be wheaten bread. Hence it would appear that such bread is not the necessary matter of this sacrament.

ON THE OTHER HAND, in this sacrament Christ is contained who compares himself to a grain of wheat, unless a grain of wheat falls into the earth and dies it remains alone. Therefore wheaten bread is the matter of this sacrament.

REPLY: As we have already said, in the sacraments that kind of matter is employed which men commonly use for like purposes. Of all kinds of bread men most commonly use wheaten bread; other breads seem to be only a substitute for it. Hence we believe that Christ used this bread when he instituted this sacrament. This bread is also the more strengthening, and for this reason it more suitably signifies the effect of this sacrament. Therefore, its proper matter is wheaten bread.

Hence: 1. Barley bread serves to signify the hardness of the Old Law. First, because of its harshness. Then again, because, as Augustine says, the pith of the barley grain which has a shell most difficult to remove, signifies either the Law itself, which was so given that in it the vital nourishment of the soul was covered over by corporeal signs; or the people itself, which had not yet been freed from fleshly desire, which like a shell stuck close to its heart. But this sacrament pertains to the easy yoke of Christ and to the truth which is already made manifest and to a spiritual people. Hence barley bread would not be suitable matter for this sacrament.

2. A living thing, in reproducing, reproduces something specifically the same as itself; occasionally, however, there is an unlikeness between them with regard to accidental qualities owing to the material or to some weakness in generative power. Hence, if there are cereals which can grow from wheat seed, as for example wild wheat from seed sown in poor land, the bread made from such wheat can be the matter of this sacrament. This, however, does not seem to be the case with barley or spelt or even maize, which of all seeds is most like wheat. Their resemblance in shape seems to spell closeness rather than identity of species; just as this in the case of the dog and the wolf goes to show they are of allied but not the

3 John 12, 24-5
4 3a. 74, 3; 60, 7 ad 2
5 Ostog. Tria Quest. 61. PL 40, 48
6 As so often, the thought of the 'sed contra' is meant merely to give us pause. It is not offered as an argument, but merely as a suggestion.
nulla modo possunt ex seninace grani generari, non potest confici panis qui sit debita materia hujus sacramenti.

3. Ad tertium dicendum quod modica permixtio non solvit speciem; quia id quod est modicum, quodammodo assumitur a plurimo. Et ideo, si sit modica admixtio alterius frumenti ad multo majorem quantitatem tritici, poterit exinde confici panis qui est materia hujus sacramenti. Si vero sit magna permixtio, yuta ex aquo vel quasi, talis commixtio speciem mutat. Unde panis inde confectus non erit materia debita hujus sacramenti.


Et quia amidum est ex tritico corrupto, non videtur quod panis ex eo confectus potest fieri corpus Christi: quamvis quidam a contrario dicant.  

articulus 4. utrum hoc sacramentum debeat confici ex pane azymo

AD QUARTUM sic proceditur: 1. Videtur quod hoc sacramentum non debeat confici ex pane azymo. Debenus enim in hoc sacramento imitari institutionem Christi. Sed Christus videtur hoc sacramentum instituisse in pane fermentato: quia, sicut legitur Exod. xii, 4, Judaei secundum legem incipiebant uti azymis in die Paschae, quod celebratur quadraginta die luna; Christus autem instituit hoc sacramentum in Cena, quam celebravit ante diem Paschae, ut habetur Joan. xiii. Ergo et nos debemus hoc sacramentum celebrare in pane fermentato.


3. Fratres, sicut supra dictum est, Eucharistia est 'sacramentum caritatis', sicut baptismus fidel. Sed fervor caritatis significatur per fermentum: ut patet in glossa, super illud Matth. xiii, simile est regnum colorum fermento, etc. Ergo hoc sacramentum debeat confici de pane fermentato.

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same species. Hence from cereals which cannot be grown from wheat grain bread cannot be baked which would be the right matter for this sacrament.

3. A light mixture does not change the species; because that which is of a little quantity is, as it were, absorbed by that of a greater. Hence if a slight amount of some other cereal be added to a much larger part of wheat, bread can be made of the type required for this sacrament; however, if the amount added is considerable, so that the mixture is half-and-half or thereabouts, then the type of bread is changed, and it will not be the right matter for this sacrament.

4. Sometimes the corruption is such that the specific nature of bread is no longer there, as when the consistency, the taste, the colour and other accidents are changed. Hence from such matter the body of Christ cannot be made. Sometimes, however, the corruption is not such as to change the specific nature, but is only beginning, as the slight change in taste shows. From such bread the body of Christ can be made, but it would be a sin to use such bread, as it would show irreverence for the sacrament.

And because starch comes from wheat that has become corrupt, it does not seem that from bread made from it the body of Christ could be made, although some hold the contrary.

article 4. should this sacrament be made from unleavened bread?

THE FOURTH POINT: 1. It would seem that it should not. In this sacrament we should follow the example of what Christ did when he instituted it. But he seems to have instituted this sacrament with leavened bread. We read in Exodus that the Jews according to the Law began to use unleavened bread only on the paschal feast itself which is kept on the fourteenth day of the month. But Christ instituted this sacrament at the Last Supper, which he celebrated on the day before the paschal feast, as we have from John. Therefore we also should celebrate this sacrament with leavened bread.

2. Moreover, we who live in the time of grace should not keep the Old Law observances. But the use of unfermented bread was an Old Law prescription, as is clear from Exodus. Therefore in this time of grace it is not right to use unleavened bread.

3. Besides, as we have said earlier, the Eucharist is the sacrament of charity just as Baptism is the sacrament of faith. But the fervour of charity is signified by leaven, as we read in a gloss on Matthew, the kingdom of heaven is like unto leaven. Therefore this sacrament should be made with leavened bread.

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6This way of stating the Eucharistic change is not the happiest. St Thomas later in 75, 8 will explain in what sense it can be justified.
1. Ad primum ergo dicendum quod, sicut legitur Exod. xii., 14 solemnitas paschalis incipiecbat a vesperis quattuordecimae lune. Et tunc Christus, post immersionem agni paschalis, hoc sacramentum instituit. Unde hic dies a Joanne dictur precedere sequentem diem paschae, et a tribus alis Evangelistarum dictur prima die azymorum, quando fermentatum in domibus Judaeorum non inveniatur, ut dictum est. Et de hoc supra 16 notatum est plenius in tractatu Dominicae passionis.


4. Ad quartum dicendum quod, quia fermentum habet aliquem corruptionis, et ex pane corrupto non potest confici hoc sacramentum, ut dictum est; 16 ideo magis attenditur circa panem differentia azymi et fermentati quam circa aquam baptismi differentia calidi et frigidi. Posset enim tanta esse corruptione fermenti quod ex eo non posset fieri sacramentum.

articularis 5. utrum sit propria materia hujus sacramenti vinum vitis


2. Praeterea, acetur est quaedam species vini quod de vite sumitur, ut Isidorus dicit. 5 Sed de aeterno non potest confici hoc sacramentum. Ergo videtur quod vinum vitis non sit propria materia hujus sacramenti.


1 Exod. 12, 7, 18
2 Is. 46, 9 ad 1
3 Isaiam, 74, 3 ad 4
4 cf IV Sent. II, 2, 3. CG IV, 69
5 Etymologies 20, 3. PL 82, 712
6 Didicius quod. Richter-Friedberg 1, 1315
7 In fact the Concilium in Trullo, A.D. 692. Mansi xi, 955 cf Gratian, Decretum 3, 26
8 Didicius quod. Richter-Friedberg 1, 1315
Et Julius Papa reprehendit quodam qui expressum vinum in sacramento Dominici calici offerant. Ergo videtur quod vinum vitis non sit propria materia hujus sacramenti.

Sic contra est quod, sicut Dominus comparavit se grano frumenti, etiam se comparavit viti, dicens, "Ioan. xv, Figo sum vitis vero." Sed solus panis de frumento est materia hujus sacramenti, ut dictum est. Ergo solum vinum de vite est propria materia hujus sacramenti.

Responsio: Dicendum quod de solo vino vitis potest confici hoc sacramentum. Primo quidem, propter institutionem Christi qui in vino vitis hoc sacramentum instituit: ut patet ex eo quod ipse dicit, "Luc. xxxi, circa institutionem hujus sacramenti, Amo non bibam de hoc geninime vitis." Secundo quia, sicut dictum est, ad materiam sacramentorum assumitur id quod proprie et communiter habet talen speciem. Proprie autem vinum dictur quod de vitis sumitur; ali autem liquores vinum dicuntur secundum quandam similitudinem ad vinum vitis.

Tertio, quia vinum vitis magis competet ad effectum hujus sacramenti, qui est spiritualis laetitia: quia scriptum est quod vinum laetificat cor hominis.

1. Ad primum ergo dicendum quod illi liquores non dicuntur proprie vinum, sed secundum similitudinem. Potest autem verum vinum ad terras illas defcriri in quibus vites non crescant, quantum sufficit ad hoc sacramentum.

2. Ad secundum dicendum quod vinum fit acetum per corruptionem: unde non fit reductus de aceto in vitum, ut dicitur "Mata." Et ideo, sic est de pane totaliter corrupto non potest confici hoc sacramentum, ita nec de aceto potest confici. Potest tamen confici de vino acescenti, sic de pane qui est in via ad corruptionem, licet pecce conficiens: ut prius dictum est.

3. Ad tertium dicendum quod agresta est in via generationis, et ideo nondum habet speciem viri. Et propter hoc de ea non potest confici hoc sacramentum.

Mustum autem jam habet speciem vini: nam ejus dulcedo attestatur digestioni, que est completo a naturali calore, ut dicitur in Meteor." Et ideo de musto potest confici hoc sacramentum.

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THE MATTER OF THE EUCHARIST

has just been pressed from the grape in the sacrament of the chalice of the Lord. Hence it seems that grape-wine is not the proper matter for this sacrament.

On the other hand, just as our Lord compared himself to a grain of wheat, so we also compared himself to a vine, saying I am the true vine.5 But we have said that only wheaten bread is the matter for this sacrament. Therefore only wine of the grape is the proper matter for this sacrament.

Reply: This sacrament can be consecrated with wine of the grape only. First, because of the way Christ instituted it; he instituted it with grape-wine, as is clear from the words he used in regard to its institution, from now on I shall not drink of the fruit of the vine.

Secondly, as I have said, for the material element used in the sacraments we employ the proper and commonly received type of that specific element. Wine of the grape is properly called wine; other liquids are called wine only because of their similarity to wine of the grape.

Thirdly, wine of the grape is more in keeping with the effect of this sacrament which is spiritual joy; as Scripture has it, "wine to gladden the heart of man." Hence: 1. These liquids are not called wine in the strict sense of the term, but only because of a certain resemblance. As much real wine as is required for the celebration of this sacrament can always be transported to those regions where vines do not grow.

2. Wine is changed into vinegar by a process of fermentation; hence there is no possibility of the vinegar becoming wine, as Aristotle points out. And, therefore, just as the sacrament cannot be consecrated with bread that has gone bad, so it cannot be consecrated with vinegar. It can however be made with wine that is on the turn, though it would be sinful to do so, as we said earlier.

3. The juice of the unripe grape is on the way to becoming wine; it has not yet the specific nature of wine and therefore it cannot be used to consecrate this sacrament. But the unfermented juice of the ripe grape already has the nature of wine; the sweetness shows that the process of generation due to the natural heat is complete, as Aristotle says. But entire grapes ought not to be used in this sacrament; you would then have some-

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4cf ibid 3, 2, 7 Cum omne. Ricster-Friedberg 1, 1376. cf Mansi xi, 155
5John 15, 1
6Luke 22, 18
7Joan 74, 3
8Est 103, 15
9Metaphysics vii, 5, 3. 1044b34
10Htna. 74, 3 ad 4
11Meteorology iv, 2, 4. 379b12

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4This is a further instance of the scandal of particularity which we first meet in the Incarnation itself. God became man, not some sort of universal, undifferentiated man, but a man of a certain race, place, time and culture. Our Lord was a Jew, a man of the Mediterranean world. In the Eucharist he used wheaten bread and wine, the normal food and drink of his time and place. Doubtless, had he been Chinese, he might have used rice and tea.
SUMMA THEOLOGIAE, 38. 74. 6

Non tamen debent uve integrae huic sacramento misceri: quia jam esset ibi aliquid praeter vinum.

Prohibetur etiam ne mastum statim expressum de uva in calicie offeratur: quia hoc est indecens, propter impuritatem musti. Potest tamen in necessitate fieri: dicitur enim ab eodem Julio Papa, Si necesse fuerit, botrus in calicem prematur.10

ARTICULUS 6. UTRUM AQUA SIT VINO PERMISCENDA

Ad Sextum sic proceditur.1 1. Videtur quod aqua non sit vino permiscenda. Sacrificium enim Christi figuratum fuit per oblationem Melchisedech, qui, Gen. xiv, non legitur obtulisse nisi panem et vinum.2 Ergo videtur quod in hoc sacramento non debet adjungiri aqua.


Sed contra est quod Alexander Papa scribit, In sacramentorum oblationibus quae inter missarum solemnias Domino offeruntur, panis tantum et vinum aqua permixtum in sacrificio offeratur.3

Responsio: Dicendum quod vino quod offeritur in hoc sacramento debet aqua misceri. Primo quidem, propter institutionem. Probabilius enim creditur quod Dominus hoc sacramentum instituisset in vino aqua permixto, secundum conceptum iis: unde et Proverb. ix dicitur, Bibite vinum quod miscuit eos.4

Secundo, quia hoc convenit representationi Dominice passionis. Unde dicit Alexander Papa, Non debet in calice Domini aut vinum solum, aut aqua sola offeri, sed utrumque permixtum: quia utrumque ex lateri Christi in passione sua praefixisse legiatur.5

Tertio, quia hoc convenit ad significandum effectum hujus sacramenti, qui est unio populi Christiani ad Christum, quia, ut Julius Papa dicit, videtur in aqua populum intelligi, in vino vero ostendi sanguinem Christi. Ergo, cum in calice vino aqua miscetur, Christo populus admatur.6

Quarto, quia hoc competit ad ultimum effectum hujus sacramenti, qui

1See note 4
2of iv Sent. 11. 2, 4; i. In Matt. 26. In i Cor. xi, lect. 6
3Genesis 14. 18
4cf Gratian, Decretum 3, 2, 1. In sacramentorum. Richter-Friedberg 1, 1314

THE MATTER OF THE EUCHARIST

thing else as well as wine. Moreover, it is not allowed to offer in the chalice juice which has just been pressed from ripe grapes; this would not be fitting as the must is not yet purified. But in case of necessity it could be used. As Pope Julius also says, *in case of necessity one may press a grape in the chalice.*

Article 6. Should water be mixed with the wine?

The Sixth Point: 1. It would seem that water should not be mixed with the wine. The sacrifice of Christ was prefigured by the offering of Melchizedek and the book of Genesis does not mention that he offered else except bread and wine. Therefore it seems that water should not be added to the wine in this sacrament.

2. Again, the different sacraments employ different material elements. But water is the matter for the sacrament of Baptism. Therefore it should not be used as the matter for this sacrament.

3. Moreover, bread and wine are the matter for this sacrament. But we add nothing to the bread. Therefore, we should add nothing to the wine.

On the Other Hand, we have Pope Alexander saying, *in the sacramental oblations made at mass only bread and wine mixed with water is to be offered in sacrifice.*

Reply: Water should be added to the wine which is offered in this sacrifice. First of all, because that is how the Eucharist was instituted. It is most probable that our Lord in instituting this sacrament used wine mixed with water, as was customary in that country. Hence we read in Proverbs, *drink of the wine I have mixed.*

Then again, this fits in well with representing our Lord’s passion. For this reason Pope Alexander writes, *neither wine alone nor water alone should be offered in the chalice of the Lord, but the two mixed together, because we read that both flowed from Christ’s side in his passion.*

Thirdly, it helps to bring out the effect of this sacrament which is the union of the Christian people to Christ, because, as Pope Julius says, *in the water we see the people signified and in the wine we see the blood of Christ. Therefore, when water is added in the chalice to the wine, Christ’s people are united to him.*

Finally, it harmonizes with the last effect of this sacrament which is our

4Proverbs 9, 5
5See note 3
6cf Gratian, Decretum 3, 2, 7 Cum omne. Richter-Friedberg 1, 1316

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aliquem locum nisi deserat priorem. Secundo, quia omne corpus localiter
motum pertransit omnia media, quod hic dici non potest. Tertio, quia
impossible est quod unus motus ejusdem corporis localiter moti terminat-
tur simul ad diversa loca; cum tamen in pluribus locis corpus Christi
sub hoc sacramento simul esse incipiat. Et propter hoc reliquitur quod
non possit aliter corpus Christi incipere esse de novo in hoc sacramento
nisi per conversionem substantiae panis in ipsum. Quod autem convertitur
in aliquod, facta conversicone, non manet. Unde reliquitur quod, salva
veritate hujus sacramenti, substantia panis post consecrationem remanere
non possit.

Secundo, quia haec positio contrariatur fomae hujus sacramenti, in qua
dicitur, 'Hoc est corpus meum'. Quod non est esse verum si substantia panis
ibi remaneret: non quam enim substantia est corpus Christi. Sed potius
esset dicendum, 'Hic est corpus meum'.

Tertio, quia contrarietur venerationi hujus sacramenti, si aliqua
substantia esset ibi qua non posset adorari adoratione latrise.

Quarto, quia contrarietur ritui Ecclesiae, secundum quem post cor-
poralem cibum non licet sumere corpus Christi: cum tamen post unam
hostiam consecratam leseat sumere alien.

Unde haec positio vienda est tanquam heretica.

1. Ad primum dicendum quod Deus conjugavit divinitatem suam,
id est divinam virtutem, panis et vino, non ut remanent in hoc sacramento,
sed ut faciat inde corpus et sanguinem suum.

2. Ad secundum dicendum quod in aliís sacramentis non est ipse
Christus realiter, sicut in hoc sacramento. Et ideo in sacramentis aliís
manet substantia materiae, non autem in isto.

3. Ad tertium dicendum quod specie remanet in hoc sacramento,
ut infra dicetur, 6 sufficient ad significacionem hujus sacramenti: nam per
accidentia cognoscitur ratio substantiae.

articulos 3. utrum substantia panis post consecrationem hujus sacramenti, annihiltur, aut in pristinam materiam resolvatur

AD TERTIUM sic proceditur: 1. Videretur quod substantia panis, post conse-
crationsem hujus sacramenti, annihiletur, aut in pristinam materiam
resolvatur. Quod enim es: aliquid corporale operatione alibi esse. Sed

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since anything that is locally moved begins to be somewhere only by leaving
where it was. Second, every bodily thing that is moved from place to place
must pass through all the intermediate places, and there is no question of
that in the present case. Third, it is impossible that the one movement of a
bodily thing that is being locally moved should end up at the same time in
different places; now the body of Christ in this sacrament begins simul-
taneously to be in different places. 6 For these reasons it remains that there
is no other way in which the body of Christ can begin to be in this sacra-
ment except through the substance of the bread being changed into it.
Now, what is changed into something else is no longer there after the
change. The reality of Christ's body in this sacrament demands, then, that
the substance of the bread be no longer there after the consecration.

Secondly, this position contradicts the form of this sacrament which
says, 'This is my body'. 6 This would not be true if the substance of the
bread was still there, as the substance of bread is not Christ's body. One
would rather have to say, 'Here is my body'.

Thirdly, it would go against the reverence which is accorded to this
sacrament if there were another substance present there which ought not
to be given the worship of latrise.

Fourthly, it would not correspond to the rite of the Church which forbids
us to receive the body of Christ after taking bodily food but allows us to
take one consecrated host after another.

This position should, then, be avoided as being heretical.

Hence: 1. God joined his godhead, that is, the power of his godhead, to
the bread and wine, not to leave them to remain, but to make from them
his body and his blood.

2. In the other sacraments we have not got Christ himself really, as we
have in this sacrament. Hence in the others the substance of the material
element remains, but not in this one.

3. The appearances which remain in this sacrament, as we shall say
later on, 6 are enough to bring out what the sacrament signifies; it is actually
through the accidents that the nature of any substance is discerned.

article 3. is the substance of the bread annihilated when this sacrament is consecrated,
or is it perhaps reduced to a more elementary kind of matter

THE THIRD POINT: 1. It seems that when this sacrament is consecrated, the
substance of the bread is annihilated, or at least reduced to a more ele-
mental kind of matter. Whatever has a bodily nature must be somewhere.

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6'This' means this thing, this reality, this substance, underlying the visible ap-
pearances, the accidental qualities which are the object of sight and of the other senses.
SUMMA THEOLOGIAE, 34. 75, 3

substantia panis, quæ est quidquid corporale, non manet in hoc sacramento, ut dictum est: nec etsi est dare aliquem locum ubi sit. Ergo non est aliquod post consecrationem. Igitur aut est annihiultur, aut in praecentem materiam resoluta.

2. Praeterea, illud quod est terminus a quo in qualibet mutatione non remanet, nisi forte in potentia materie; sic, quando ex aere fit ignis, forma aëris non manet nisi in potentia materie; et similiter quando ex albo fit nigrum. Sed in hoc sacramento substantia panis et vini se habet sicut terminus a quo, corpus autem vel sanguis Christi sicut terminus ad quem: dicit enim Ambrosius, *Aste beneficitionem alia specie minorum, post beneficitionem corporis significationem.* Ergo, facta consecratione, substantia panis vel vini non manet, nisi forte resoluta in suam materiam.

3. Praeterea, opto tertium contradicitorium esse verum. Sed haec est falsa, 'Facta consecratione, substantia panis vel vini est aliquid'. Ergo haec est vera, 'Substantia panis vel vini est nihil'.

**Sed contra** est quod Augustinus dicit, *Deus non est causa tendendi in non esse.* Sed hoc sacramentum divina virtute perfectur. Ergo in hoc sacramento non annihiultur substantia panis aut vini.

**Responsio:** Dicendum quod, quia substantia panis vel vini non manet in hoc sacramento, quidam, impossibile reputantes quod substantia panis vel vini in corpus vel sanguinem Christi convertatur, posuerunt quod per consecrationem substantia panis vel vini vel resolvitur in praecentem materiam, vel quod annihiultur.

Praecancum autem materia in quam corpora mixta resolvit possunt, sunt quatuor elementa: non enim potest fieri resoluto in materiam primam ita quod sine forma existat, quia materia sine forma esse non potest. Cum autem post consecrationem nihil sub speciebus sacramentis remanet nisi corpus et sanguis, oportet dicere quod elementa in que resoluta est

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**Transsubstantiation**

Now the substance of the bread is of a bodily nature, and it no longer remains in this sacrament, as we have just seen. But there is no place for it to go. Therefore, it can no longer exist. It must then be reduced to nothing or at least to a more elementary kind of matter.

2. Moreover, the *terminus a quo* of any change does not remain, except to the extent that it is now in the potentiality of the subject of the change: for example, when fire is made from air, the form of air does not remain, except in the potentiality of matter; and it is the same when something black is made from something white. Now, in this sacrament the substance of the bread and wine is the *terminus a quo* and the body and blood of Christ is the *terminus ad quem*. As Ambrose in his *De Officiis* says, before the consecration it is called by the name of another nature, after the consecration it is called the body. Hence, when the consecration has taken place, the substance of the bread and wine no longer remains. It may be that they are reduced into a more elementary kind of matter.

3. Again, one or other of two contradictories must be true. Now it is untrue to say, 'After the consecration the substance of the bread and wine is something'. Therefore, it must be true to say, 'The substance of the bread and wine is nothing'.

**On the Other Hand,** Augustine says in his *Eighty-three Questions*, *God is not the cause that anything should tend towards non-existence.* But this sacrament is a work of divine power. Therefore, the substance of the bread and wine is not annihiulted.

**Reply:** The substance of the bread and wine does not remain in this sacrament. Some theologians thought it was impossible that they should be changed into the body and blood of Christ. They held then that at the consecration the substance of the bread and wine is either reduced to its underlying material constituents or annihiulted.

These underlying material constituents, into which mixed bodily natures can be resolved, are the four elements. There is no question of a resolution into prival matter, leaving it without any form at all, because prival matter cannot be without a form. Now, since after the consecration nothing remains under the sacramental appearances but the body and the blood, we shall have to say that the elements into which the substance of the

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*The reference is to William of Paris (De Sacramento Eucharistia, I) and Roland Baudinelli (see the Master of the Sentences, Book 4, 11: 2 *Quidam vero*). But the later theologians of the Scotist tradition, although they use the term *conversio*, are really in agreement with William of Paris, and hold with him that the substance of the bread and wine is annihiulted. Roland thought it was reduced to more elemental constituents.*

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SUMMA THEOLOGIAE, 3a. 75, 3

substantia panis et vini, inde discedant per motum locum. Quod sensu percipere tur. Similiter etiam substantia panis vel vini manet usque ad ultimum instans consecrationis. In ultimo autem instans consecrationis jam est ibi substantia vel corporis vel sanguinis Christi: sicut in ultimo instantis generationis jam inest forma. Unde non erit dare aliquod instans in quo sit ibi praecens materia.

Non enim potest dici quod paulatim substantia panis vel vini resolvatur in praecentem materiam, vel successive egrediatur de loco specierum. Quia, si hoc incipieret fieri in ultimo instans consecrationis, simul sub aliqua parte hostiae esset corpus Christi cum substantia panis: quod est contra predicta. Si vero incipiat fieri ante consecrationem, erit dare aliquod tempus in quo sub aliqua parte hostiae neque erit substantia panis, neque erit corpus Christi: quod est inconveniens.

Et hoc ipsum et perpendisse videntur. Unde posuerunt alid sub disjunctione, scilicet quod arnihiletur. Sed nec hoc potest esse. Quia non erit dare aliquem modum quo corpus Christi verum incipiat esse in hoc sacramento nisi per conversionem substantiae panis in ipsum: quod quidem conversio pollitur, posita vel annihilationis panis vel resolvente in praecentem materiam. Similiter etiam non est dare unde talis resolutio vel annihilation in hoc sacramento causeatur: cum effectus sacramenti significetur per formam; neutrum autem horum significatur per haec verba formae, 'Hoc est corpus meum'.

Unde patet predictam positionem esse falsam.
1. Ad primum ergo dicendum quod substantia panis vel vini, facta consecratione, neque sub speciebus sacramenti manet, neque alibi. Non tamen sequitur quod annihiletur: convertitur enim in corpus Christi. Sicut non sequitur, si aet ex quo generatus est ignis, non sit ibi vel alibi, quod sit annihilitus.

2. Ad secundum dicendum quod forma quae est terminus a quo non convertitur in aliis formam, sed una forma supeditatur ita tenui et ideo prima forma non remainet nisi in potentia materiae. Sed hic substantia panis convertitur in corpus Christi, ut supra dicitum est. Unde ratio non sequitur.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

bread and wine has been resolved have departed, and this by local motion. But our senses would have perceived this. And, again, the substance of the bread or wine remain until the last instant of the consecration. In the last instant of the consecration we already have the substance of the body or of the blood of Christ, just as in the last instant of generation the new form is present. There could then be no instant in which the underlying material elements could be present.

Nor could we say that the substance of the bread and wine is gradually reduced to its underlying material elements or that it gradually departs from the place occupied by the sacramental appearances. Because, if this were to begin to happen in the last instant of the consecration of the host, under a part of the host you would have the body of Christ along with the substance of bread. But this has been already ruled out. If this were to begin to happen before the instant of consecration, there would be some time during which under a part of the host you would have neither the substance of bread nor the body of Christ. This would be a most undesirable situation.

These theologians were aware of these difficulties. Accordingly they postulated an alternative, namely annihilation. But this also is impossible. There is absolutely no other way in which the real body of Christ can begin to exist in this sacrament, except by the changing of the substance of the bread into it. But there is no room for this change, if you say that the bread is annihilated or that it is reduced to its underlying elementary kinds of matter. It is also impossible to find a cause for such a reduction or annihilation in this sacrament. In a sacrament the effect should be signified by the form of the sacrament. But neither reduction nor annihilation is signified by the words of the form, 'This is my body'.

The position, then, of these theologians is clearly false.

Hence: 1. After the consecration the substance of the bread and wine is neither under the sacramental appearances nor anywhere else. But it does not follow that it is annihilated; for it is changed into the body of Christ. Likewise, if the air from which fire has been made is no longer here or there, it does not follow that it has been annihilated.

2. The form which is the terminus a quo is not changed into the other form, but one form succeeds to another in the same subject; hence the first form does not remain except in so far as it is in the potentiality of the matter. But here the very substance of the bread is changed into the body of Christ, as we have said. Therefore, the objection does not conclude.

Footnote g continued on page 68

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4The idea that the substance of the bread could leave at the very instant the body of Christ is present is ruled out by the fact that bodily movement takes place and is not instantaneous.

5This is the key-principle of St Thomas. Scotist theologians do not agree. They think of the body of Christ as being brought into in without. This is called the addition-theory. They think of annihilating the bread and of doing something to Christ's body, analogous to local motion. St Thomas thinks of doing something only to the bread—changing it into Christ's body.

6Note that St Thomas qualifies the annihilation theory (and implicitly the addition theory) as false, not as heretical.
3. Although it is untrue to say, after the consecration, ‘The substance of the bread is something real’, nevertheless that into which the substance of the bread has been changed is something real. Thus, the substance of the bread is not annihilated.

**article 4. can the bread be turned into the body of Christ?**

**THE FOURTH POINT:** This does not seem possible for the bread to be turned into the body of Christ. This conversion would have to obey the general law of change. But the general law of change is that there is a subject which is first of all in potentiality to it, and then actualised by the final actuation. As Aristotle puts it, *change is the actuation of that which is still in potentiality* to the final actuation. But there is no subject underlying the substance of the bread and the substance of the body of Christ, because it is of the nature of substance *not to be in a subject*, as Aristotle says. The whole substance of the bread cannot then be turned into the body of Christ.

2. Moreover, the form of that into which a thing is changed begins to exist in the matter of that which is changed into it; thus when air is turned into fire, which did not previously exist, the form of the fire begins to be in the matter of the air; and likewise, when food is changed into a man who already exists, the form of that man begins now to exist in the matter of the food. If then the bread is changed into the body of Christ, you will have to say that the form of Christ’s body is now beginning to be in the primal matter of the bread. But this is not true. We cannot then say that the bread is converted into the body of Christ.

3. Furthermore, when two realities are essentially opposed, one of them never becomes the other; thus whiteness never becomes blackness, although the subject of whiteness may become the subject of blackness, as Aristotle remarks. Now just as two contrary forms are essentially opposed as being the very sources of formal difference, so also two individuated parts of matter are essentially opposed as being the very sources of

* See Art. 8 below.

† *Physica:* principia

‡ *Quod. IV*: 1, 3, 1, 63. *Quod. IV*: 1, 22.

§ *Contra Gentiles et Armenios 8.*

∥ *Physics* 1, 6. 201a10.

+= *Categories* 3, 2a13 & 3a7.

*In the homomorphic theory, form *passer into* form—blackness, for example, into whiteness—by going down into the potentiality of the subject and allowing the new
materialis divisionis existentes. Ergo non potest esse quod haec materia panis sit haec materia qua individuat corpus Christi. Et etsi non potest esse quod substantia hujus panis convertatur in substantiam corporis Christi.

SED CONTRA est quod Eusebius Emesenus dicit, Novum tibi et impossibile esse non debet quod in Christi substantiam terrena et mortalitatem convertatur.  

RESPONSO: Dicendum quod, sicut supra dixit est, cum in hoc sacramento sit verum corpus Christi, nec incipiat iti esse de novo per motum locum; cum enim nec corpus Christi sit ibi sicut in loco, ut ex dictis patet, necesse est dicere quod ibi incipiat esse per conversionem substantiae panis in ipsum.

Haec tamen conversio non est siallis conversionibus naturalibus, sed est omnino supernaturalis, sola Dei virtute effecta. Unde Ambrosius dicit, in libro de Sacramentis, Lignet quod praeor nature ordinem Virgo generavit. Et hoc quod conficimus, corpus ex Virgine est. Quod igitur quae nature ordine in Christi corpore: sum praeor naturam sit ipse Dominus Jesus partus ex Virgine? Et super illud Joan., vi, Verba que ego locutus sum nobis scilicet de hoc sacramente, spiritus et vita sunt, dicit Chrysostomus, Id est: spiritualia sunt, nihil habentia carnale neque consequentiam naturalia, sed erita sunt ab omni tali necessitate quae in terra, et a legibus quae hic posita sunt.

Manifestum est enim quod omne agens agit inquantum est actu. Quodlibet autem agens creatum est determinatum in suo actu: cum sit determinati generis et speciei. Et ideo cujuslibet agentis creati actio fertur super aliquem determinatum actum. Determinatio autem cujuslibet rei in esse actuali est per eunum formam. Unde nullam agens naturale vel creatum potest agere nisi ad immutacionem formae. Et propter hoc omnis conversio quae fit secundum leges nature, est formalis. Sed Deus est infinitus actus, ut in Prima Parte habuimus. Unde ejus actio se extendit ad totam

individual distinction. Therefore, it cannot be that the individuated matter of this bread should become the matter which gives its individuation to the body of Christ. Thus it is impossible for the substance of this piece of bread to be changed into the substance of the body of Christ.

ON THE OTHER HAND, Eusebius of Emesa says, do not think of it as surprising and impossible that earthly and corruptible elements should be changed into the substance of Christ.  

REPLY: As we said earlier on, since in this sacrament we have the reality of Christ's body, and since it did not begin to be there by local motion (indeed, it is not there as in place, as we saw), nothing remains but to say that it begins to be there because the substance of the bread and wine is turned into it.

This conversion, however, is not like any natural change, but it is entirely beyond the powers of nature and is brought about purely by God's power. It is for this reason that Ambrose says, it is clear that for the virgin to conceive was beyond the powers of nature. But what we consecrate is that body which was born of the virgin. Why then do you look for natural laws where the body of Christ is concerned, seeing that the Lord Jesus was born of the virgin in a way that transcends the natural order? And commenting on the text of John, the words that I have spoken to you concerning this sacrament are spirit and life, Chrysostom says, they are spiritual, not to be taken in a carnal sense or according to the laws of nature, but they have been lifted above all earthly necessity and natural laws.

Now it is clear that every agent is effective to the extent that it is in act. But every created agent is limited in its actuality since it is found within the limitations of a genus and of a species. Hence, the action of every created agent has a definite and limited range. Now what limits everything in its actual existence is its form. Hence, no natural or created agent can act except to change a form. For this reason every change that takes place according to the laws of nature is a changing of form. But God is unlimited actuality as we saw in the first part of this work. Hence, his conceived, to exist demands the exercise of causality. Agere sequitur esse, action follows on existing.

The limiting shadow of potentiality falls across every created thing. The lower a thing is in the order of being, the darker this shadow is. All created substances, no matter how high, are potential to their existence, and potential also to accidental perfections. And in bodily things the very substance is a composition of potentiality and act.

To be limited, defined, in the logical order of intelligibility or essence corresponds to, and is a sign of being limited or contracted, in the order of realness or existence.
naturam entis. Non igitur solum potest perficere conversionem formalem, ut scilicet diverse formas sibi in eodem subiecto succedant: sed conversionem totius entis, ut scilicet tota substantia hujus convertatur in totam substantiam illius.

Et hoc agitur divina virtute in hoc sacramento. Nam tota substantia panis convertitur in totam substantiam corporis Christi, et tota substantia vini in totam substantiam sanguinis Christi. Unde haec conversion non est formalis, sed substantialis. Nec continetur inter species motus naturalis, sed proprio nomine potest dici ‘transsubstantiatio’.

1. Ad primum igitur dicendum quod objectio illa procedit de mutatione formali; quia forma proprium est in materia vel subiecto esse. Non autem habet locum in conversione totius substantiae. Unde, cum haec conversionis substantialis importet quendam ordinem substantiarum quarum una convertitur in alteram, est sicur in subjecto in utraque substantia, sicur ordo et numerus.

2. Ad secundum dicendum quod etiam illa objectio procedit de conversione formalis, seu mutaione; quia oportet, sicur dictum est, formam esse in materia vel subjecto. Non autem habet locum in conversione totius substantiae, cuius non est accipere aliquod subjectum.

3. Ad tertium dicendum quod virtute agentis finitri non potest forma in formam mutari, nec materia in materiam. Sed virtute agentis infiniti, quod habet actionem in totum ens, potest talis conversione fieri; quia utrique formae et utrique materiae est communis natura entis; et id quod est entitas in una, potest auctor entis convertere ad id quod est entitas in altera, sublato eo per quod ab illa distinguendatur.

articulus 5. utrum in hoc sacramento remaneant accidentia panis et vini

AD QUINTUM sic proceditur: 2

1. Videtur quod in hoc sacramento non remaneant accidentia panis et vini. Remoto enim priori, removetur posterior. Sed substantia est naturaliter prior accidente, ut probatur Meta. 3 Cum ergo, facta consecratione, non remaneat substantia panis in hoc sacramento, videtur quod non possint remanerc accidentia eis.

2. Preterea, in sacramento veritatis non debet esse aliqua deceptio. Sed per accidentia judicamus de substantia. Videtur ergo quod decipiatur

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action reaches out to the whole extent of the being of a thing. He is then able to bring about not merely a changing of forra, so that different forms follow after one another in the same subject, but the changing of the whole being of a thing, so that the complete substance of this is changed into the complete substance of that.

And this actually happens by divine power in this sacrament. The complete substance of the bread is converted into the complete substance of Christ's body, and the complete substance of the wine into the complete substance of Christ's blood. Hence this change is not a formal change, but a substantial one. It does not belong to the natural kinds of change, and it can be called by a name proper to itself—'transsubstantiation'.

Hence: 1. This objection is concerned with formal change, 4 because it is a property of all forms to be in matter or in a subject. It does not apply here where it is a question of the complete substance. But since this substantial conversion involves a certain order of substances, one being converted into the other, you could say that the subject is to be found in both substances, in the same way as order and number are.

2. This objection also is thinking of a formal conversion or change, because as we have just said, form must have matter or a subject. But it is wide of the mark where it is a question of changing the complete substance and where there is consequently no subject.

3. Form cannot pass into form nor matter into matter by the power of a created agent. But the power of an infinite agent which bears on the whole being of a thing can bring about such a change. To the form of each thing and to the matter of each thing the nature being is common; and the author of being is able to change that which is being in the one into that which is being in the other, by taking away what kept this from being that. 1

article 5, do the accidents of the bread and wine remain in this sacrament?

THE FIFTH POINT: 1. It would seem that the accidents cannot remain in this sacrament. Take away that which is first and you remove that which follows on it. But substance naturally comes before accident, as Aristotle shows. 8 Since then, when the consecration is over, the substance of bread no longer remains in this sacrament, it seems that the accidents cannot possibly remain.

2. Moreover, in this sacrament of truth there should be no deception. Now it is through the accidents that we judge of the substance. It seems that

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1 M.-T. Penido, in Le rôle de l'analogie en théologie dogmatique, Paris, 1931, p. 437, says that the words of this reply are the most profound words ever said on the possibility and nature of the Eucharistic conversion.
humanum judicium sii... non remaneant. Non ergo hoc est conveniens huic sacramento.


4. Praebera, illud quod manet, conversione facta, videtur esse subjectum mutandum. Si ergo accidentia panis manent conversiones facta, videtur quod ipsa accidentia sint conversionis subjectum. Quod est impossibile: nam accidentis non est accidens. Non ergo in hoc sacramento debent remanere accidentia panis et vini.

Sed contra est quod Augustinus dicit, in libro Sententiarum Prosperi, *Nos in specie panis et vini, quam videmus, res invisibles, id est carnem et sanguinem homonaram.*

**Responsio:** Dicendum quod sensu appareat, facta consecratione, omnia accidentia panis et vini remanere. Quod quidem rationabiliter per divinam providentiam fit. Primo quidem, quia non est consecutum hominibus, sed horribile, carnum hominis comedere et sanguinem bibere, proponitur nobis caro et sanguis Christi sumenda sub speciebus illorum qua frequentius in usum hominis veniant, sicutet panis et vini.

Secundo, ne hoc sacramentum ab infidelibus irradieretur, si sub specie propria Domini nostrum manducemus.

Tertio ut, dum invisibiliter corpus et sanguinem Domini nostrum summam, hoc proficiat ad meritum fidei.

1. Ad primum ergo dicendum quod, sicut dictum in libro *De Causis.*

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ON THE OTHER HAND, Augustine says, in Prosper's *Book of Sentences,* under the appearances of bread and wine which we see we honour the invisible realities of the flesh and blood.

**Reply** It is obvious to our senses that, after the consecration, all the accidents of the bread and wine remain. Divine providence very wisely arranged for this. First of all, men have not the custom of eating human flesh and drinking human blood; indeed, the thought revolts them. And so the flesh and blood of Christ are given to us to be taken under the appearances of things in common human use, namely bread and wine.

Secondly, lest this sacrament should be an object of contempt for unbelievers, if we were to eat our Lord under his human appearances.

Thirdly, in taking the body and blood of our Lord in their invisible presence, we increase the merit of our faith.

Hence: I. As it is said in the *De Causis,* every effect depends more on the person (the substance) who thinks. All change is existential as well as essential; the existential subject is substance only, or in the case of change which affects the very depths of a bodily substance it is *materia prima,* which is something substantial (real substantial potentiality). In this sense, *accidentis non est accidentem,* accident is not the subject of accident, and is not the subject of accidental change. The point of the objection is then that accident could not be the subject of this more than accidental, or trans-substantial, change.

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34a. 1, 6 ad 2; 1, 8
34b. Lanfrancus, *De Corpore et Sanguine Domini* 13. PL. 150, 423. Gratian, *Decretum* 3, 2, 41 *Nos autem.* Richter-Friedberg 1, 1238
34c. *De Causis,* prop. 1
34d. *Causis,* i.e. quantity, quality and all the other extra-substantial forms that affect a substance and are real only because they inhine in a substance that exists, have the substance as the subject which they affect (essentially) and in which they inhine (existentially). Accidents cannot be the subject in which other accidents inhine, in the sense of deriving their reality from the subject of the inhere; they may be the immediate subject which is affected (essentially), as, for example, the mind is affected and enriched by an act of thought. But the subject in which this act of thinking ultimately inhere and from which it derives its reality is the existing
effectus plus dependent a causa prima quam a causa secunda. Et ideo virtute Dei, qui est causa prima omnium, fieri potest ut remaneat posteriora, sublatis prioribus.

2. Ad secundum dicendum quod in hoc sacramento nulla est deception: sunt enim insecundum reiteratum accidentia, quae sensibus dudicuntur. Intellectus autem, cujus est proprium objectum substantiae, ut dicitur in De Anima, per fidem a deceptione preservatur.

3. Sic et sic patet responsio ad tertium. Nam fides non est contra sensum, sed est de eo ad quod sensus non attingit.


articulus 6. utrum, facta consecratione, remanant in hoc sacramento forma substantialis panis


SED CONTRA, forma substantialis panis est de substantia panis. Sed substantia panis convertitur in corpus Christi, sicut dictum est. Ergo forma substantialis panis non minet.

\[6\] Aristotelis, De Anima 11, 6. 430b28
\[1\] 3a. 75, 4 ad 1
\[2\] tr. Sent. 11, 1, 1, ill. In 1 Cor. 11, lect. 4
\[3\] 3a. 75, 5
\[4\] Aristotelis, De Anima, 2, 1, 5. 412a27
\[5\] 3a. 75, 2–4

\[6\] Existential occurrence, accidenta depend upon the substance in which they are. But the accidenta—and the substance—depend upon God—from whom they are.

\[5\] The point of the objection is that the form of the bread, what makes it to be bread, its breadness, is not really a substantial form at all, but a quality or other accidental form affecting a more fundamental substance. The objector thinks that 'are', or man's power of making, is only concerned with changes on the superficial level of

first cause than it does on secondary causes. Hence it is that by the power of God, who is the first cause of all things, it can come about that that which naturally follows on something else can still remain when that which is prior to it has been taken away.

2. There is no deception in this sacrament: the accidents, which are the proper object for our senses to deal with, are genuinely there. Our intellect, which is properly concerned with the substance of a thing, as Aristotle says, is kept by faith from being led into error.

3. And the reply to the third objection emerges from this. Our faith is not in opposition to what our senses tell us, but is concerned with something to which our senses do not reach.

4. Strictly speaking, there is no subject in this change, as we have said above. All the same, the accidents which remain do bear a certain resemblance to a subject.

article 6. does the substantial form of the bread remain in this sacrament after the consecration?

THE SIXTH POINT: 1. It seems that in this sacrament when the consecration is over the substantial form of the bread remains. We have just said that the accidents remain after the consecration. Now, seeing that the bread is something produced by man's power of making, its form must be an accident. But it still remains then after the consecration.

2. Again, the form of Christ's body is his soul; as Aristotle says, the soul is what makes a physical body to be such and also makes it fundamentally alive. But you could not say that the substantial form of the bread is converted into a soul. It follows then that it still remains after the consecration.

3. Moreover, a thing's characteristic operations derive from its substantial form. But whatever it is that remains in this sacrament nourishes and does everything that bread would do if it were there. Therefore, the substantial form of the bread still remains in this sacrament after the consecration.

ON THE OTHER HAND, the substantial form of the bread is part of the substance of the bread. But, as we have seen, the substance of the bread is changed into the body of Christ. Therefore, the substantial form of the bread does not remain.

accidental form. Human art makes a house, for example, because it puts prior substantial elements, steel, cement, wood, etc., in a certain order or arrangement, the houseliness, which makes the house to be such.
RESPONSO: Dicendum quod quidam posuerant quod, facta consecratione, non solum remanent accidentia panis, sed etiam forma substantialis ejus. Sed hoc esse non potest. Primo quidem quia, si forma substantialis remaneret, nihil de pane converteretur in corpus Christi nisi sola materia. Et ita sequeretur quod non converteretur in corpus Christi totum, sed in ejus materia. Quod repugnat forma sacramenti, qua dicitur, 'hoc est corpus meum'.

Secundo, quia, si forma substantialis panis remaneret, aut remaneret in materia aut in materia separata. Primum autem esse non potest. Quia, si remaneret in materia panis, tunc tota substantia panis remaneret: quod est contra predicata.² In alia autem materia remanere non posset: quia propria forma non est nisi in propria materia. Si autem remaneret in materia separata, jam esset forma intelligibilis actu, et etiam intellectus: nam omnes formas a materia separata sunt tales.

Tertio, esset invenientes huic sacramento. Nam accidentia panis in hoc sacramento remanent ut sub eis videatur corpus Christi, non autem sub propria specie, sicut supra dictum est.⁶

Et ideo dicendum est quod forma substantialis panis non manet.

1. Ad primum ergo dicendum quod nihil prohibet arte fieri aliquid cujus forma non est accidentia, sed forma substantialis: sicut arte possunt producere rane et serpentem. Tale enim formam non producit ars virtute propria, sed virtute naturalium principiorum. Et hoc modo producit formam substantiam panis, virtute ignis decoquentis materiam ex farina et aqua confectam.

2. Ad secundum dicendum quod anima est forma corporis dans ei totum ordinem esse perfectum, scilicet esse, et esse corporeum, et esse animatum, et sic de alis. Convertatur igitur forma panis in formam corporis Christi secundum quod dar esse corporeum: non autem secundum quod dat esse animatum tali anima.

3. Ad tertium dicendum quod operationum panis quaedam consequuntur ipsum rationem accidentium, sicut immutare sensum. Et tales operationes inveniuntur in speciebus panis post consecrationem, propter ipsa accidentia, quae remanent.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

REPLY: Some theologians have held that not merely do the accidents of the bread remain after the consecration, but also the substantial form. But this is an impossible position. First of all, if the substantial form were to remain, the only part of the bread that would be changed into Christ’s body would be the primal matter. Consequently, this conversion would have for its term, not the complete body of Christ, but its matter. But that would go against the form of this sacrament which is, “This is my body”.

Secondly, were the substantial form of the bread to remain, it would do so either as informing primal matter or as separate from it. Now the first alternative is ruled out. Because, were it to remain as informing primal matter, then the complete substance of the bread would remain; but we have already seen the opposite.⁶ Nor could it remain in some other piece of matter, because each piece of matter is exclusively acted by the form it has. Were it to remain as separate from matter, it would now be an intelligible form, indeed it would be an intelligence, because all forms separate from matter are such.

Thirdly, it would be out of keeping with the purpose of this sacrament. The appearances of bread remain in this sacrament in order that under them the body of Christ may be seen, and not under his natural appearances, as has been said.⁴ For those reasons we conclude that the substantial form of the bread no longer remains.

Hence: 1. There is no reason why human art should not produce something of which the form is not an accidental one, but a substantial one; for example, frogs and serpents were produced by art. But art does not produce such a form by its own power, but by exploiting the powers of nature. In this way man’s artistic powers can produce the substantial form of bread, by using fire which cooks the matter composed of flour and water.

2. The soul is the form of the body and gives it the complete range of its perfect being, namely its being, its being a body, its being alive and so on. The form of the bread is changed into the form of the body of Christ precisely in so far as it is the principle of its being a body, and not in so far as it is the principle of its being alive in the precise way that it is.⁶

3. Some of the things that bread does, it does because of its accidents, as, for example, the impression it makes on our senses. We can observe activities of this kind in the appearances of bread after the consecration; they derive from the accidents themselves, which are still there.

³Plato: intelligens, and actively understanding
⁴3a. 75, 2
⁵3a. 75, 5
⁶An allusion to what the magicians of Egypt did by their secret arts, see Exodus 7, 11 & 8, 7.
⁷The form of the body of Christ at the Last Supper was his soul. The form of the body of the glorious Christ in heaven is his soul. The form of the body of Christ in the tomb was not his soul. Had a consecration taken place then the form of the bread would have been changed, not into his soul, but into whatever was then the form of his body. See 76, 1 ad 1.
SUMMA THEOLOGIAE, 3a. 75, 7

Quedam autem operationes consequuntur panem vel ratione materiae, sicut quod convertitur in aliquid; vel ratione formae substantialis, sicut est operatio consequens speciem ejus, puta quod confirmatur cor hominis. Et tales operationes inveniuntur in hoc sacramento, non propter formam vel materiam quae remaneat, sed quia miraculose conferuntur ipsam accidentibus, ut infra dictum.

articulo 7. utrum ista conversio fiat in instanti, vel fiat successive


2. Praterea, in omnibus conversione est fieri et factum esse. Sed haec duo non sunt simul: quia quod fit, non est; quod autem factum est, jam est. Ergo in hac conversione est: prius et posterius. Et ita oportet quod non sit instantanea, sed successiva.


SED CONTRA est quod haec conversio perfectur virtute infinita, cujus est subito operari.

RESPONSIO: Dicendum quod aliqua mutatio est instantanea triplex ratione. Uno quidem modo, ex parte formae, quae est terminus mutationis. Si enim sit aliqua forma que recipiat magis aut minus, successive aquiritur subjecto, sicut sanitas. Et ideo, quia forma substantialis non recipit magis et minus, inde est quod suito fit ejus introduction in materia. Allo modo, ex parte subjecti, quod quandoque successive preparatur ad suspensionem formae: et ideo aqua successive calebit. Quando vero ipsum subjectum est in ultima dispositione ad formam, subito recipit ipsam: sicut diaphanum subito illuminatur. Tertio, ex parte agentis, quod est infinita virtutis: unde statim potest materiam ad formam disponere. Sicut dicitur Marc. vii, quod, cum Christus dixisset, Ephatha, quod est adeptur; statim open et sunt aures hominis, et solutum est vinculum linguae ejus.

TRANSUBSTANTIATION

But there are other things that bread does, either because of the primal matter, as when it changes into something else, or because of the substantial form, when it exercises its specific causality, as when it strengthens the heart of man. Such operations can be observed in this sacrament, not because of any still remaining form or matter, but because the accidents have been miraculously allowed to produce them, as we shall see later on.

article 7. is this change an instantaneous one?

THE SEVENTH POINT: 1. It would seem that this change does not take place instantaneously but that it is a successive one. In this change there is first the substance of the bread and then the substance of Christ's body. You have not both in the same instant, but in two distinct instants. But between every two instants there is an intervening time. Therefore, this change must take place in the flow of time between the last instant when the bread is there and the first instant when the body of Christ is there.

2. Besides, in every change we can distinguish the becoming and the having become. These two do not coincide, because what is in the process of becoming does not yet exist, but what has actually become now exists. Therefore, there is a first and after in this change. It must then be successive and not instantaneous.

3. Moreover, Ambrose says that this sacrament is consecrated by the utterance of Christ's words. But the words of Christ are uttered one after the other. Therefore this change takes place successively.

ON THE OTHER HAND, this change is wrought by an infinite power which produces its effects instantaneously.

REPLY: There are three reasons why a particular change should be an instantaneous one. First, the kind of form which is the term of the change, may demand this. If it is the kind of form which admits of degrees, as, for example, health, the subject can acquire it by degrees. But since substantial form does not admit of degrees, its being acquired by its subject is a sudden affair.

Again, it may be that a subject is gradually prepared to receive a form, as water is gradually heated. But when it is completely ready to receive the form, it does so instantaneously, as, for example, when a transparent body is suddenly filled with light. Finally, the agent may be one of infinite power, which in one instant can make the matter ready to receive the form. We read in Mark that when Christ had said Ephatha, that is, Be opened. And immediately his ears were opened, his tongue was released.

8a. 77, 3 ad 2, 31; 5, 6
2cf iv Sent. 11, 1, 3, 2. Quodl. vii, 4, 2

8a. 75, 7

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Novella

The heavy mist of an autumn morning veiled the spacious courts of the Prince’s castle; but gradually, through the rising haze, the hunting party could more or less clearly be discerned, moving about on horseback and on foot. One could distinguish the hurried activities of those near by: stirrups were lengthened or shortened, guns and ammunition were handed up, game bags were arranged, while the dogs, impatiently straining at their leashes, threatened to drag their handlers along with them. Here and there, too, a horse pranced, driven by its own fiery nature or excited by the spur of its rider, who, even in the half light of dawn, could not resist showing off. All were waiting for the Prince, who tarried too long in taking leave of his young wife.

Married only a short while before, they already knew the happiness of congenial dispositions; both were active and energetic, each liked to share the interests and pursuits of the other. The Prince’s father had lived to see the time when it became common conviction that all members of the commonwealth should pass their days in equal industry and, each in his own way, produce, earn, and enjoy.

How far this had been realized could be observed during these very days, when the main market was about to be held, an event which might almost be considered a fair. The day before, the Prince had led his wife on horseback through the busy display of wares and had shown her how here the products of the mountain region and those of the plains were exchanged to mutual profit; with all this bustle before them he could demonstrate to her the industriousness of his people.

Although during these days the Prince conferred almost exclusively with his advisers about such pressing matters and worked especially closely with his Minister of Finance, his Huntsmaster too would have his right: upon his pleading and in this favorable autumn weather the temptation to go on a long-postponed hunt was irresistible. It would be a rare and special occasion for the household itself, as well as for the many strangers who had come to the fair.

The Princess reluctantly stayed at home; it had been planned to push
far into the mountains in order to stir up the peaceful animals in those distant forests with an unexpected foray.

In parting, her husband suggested that she should go on a ride with Friedrich, the Prince's uncle. "I shall leave you our Honorio too," he said, "as equerry and page. He will attend to everything." Saying this as he descended the stairs, he gave the necessary orders to a handsome youth and soon left with guests and train.

The Princess, who had waved her handkerchief to her husband as long as he was still in the courtyard, now retired to the rooms at the back of the castle which commanded a free view towards the mountains, so much the lovelier as the castle itself stood on a height above the river, and on all sides afforded splendid and varied prospects. She found the fine telescope still in the position in which it had been left on the previous evening, when they had entertained themselves by looking across the rich hilly country to the height of the forest and the tall ruins of the ancient family castle, which stood out conspicuously in the evening light. At that hour the great masses of light and shadow conveyed most vividly the grandeur of this impressive and venerable building. This morning, the sharp glass strikingly revealed the fall colors of those many kinds of trees which had struggled up between the stones, unhindered and undisturbed through many long years. But the Princess now tipped the telescope in the direction of a barren, stony area, across which the hunting party could be expected to pass. She waited patiently for the moment when they were to come into view, and was not disappointed: for with the help of the powerful magnifying instrument, her eyes could distinctly recognize the Prince and his chief equerry. Indeed, she waved once again with her handkerchief, as she noticed, or rather thought she noticed, that they halted for a moment and looked back toward the castle.

Friedrich, the Prince's uncle, was announced and came in, attended by an artist who carried a large portfolio under his arm. "Dear Cousin," said the vigorous old gentleman, "we have brought you some views of the old castle. They were sketched from various points and show how those strong battlements have, throughout many long years, resisted time and the elements; you will see how here and there the walls had to yield, and have crashed down in ruins. As a matter of fact, we only needed to make this wilderness accessible; it takes little more to surprise and delight any visitor."

As the old Prince pointed out the various drawings he continued, "Here, as you advance along the narrow path through the outer ring to the fortress proper, one of the most massive rocks of the whole mountain rises before you. A tower has been built upon it, yet no one would be able to say where nature ends and art and craftsmanship begin. Further on you notice adjoining sidewalks and dungeons, steeply terraced. But I am not quite accurate; this ancient summit is in reality almost completely surrounded by a forest. For one hundred and fifty

years, no axe has sounded here, and everywhere huge trees have grown. Wherever you keep close to the walls, the trunks and roots of the smooth maple, the rough oak, and the slender pine will make it difficult for you to move. You must twist your way round them and carefully plot your footsteps. See how well our artist has expressed the character of all this, with how much accuracy he has drawn the various kinds of trunks and roots, twisting among the masonry, and the huge boughs thrusting through the openings in the walls. It is a wilderness unlike any other, a unique place, where you can see traces of the long-vanished power of man in tenacious struggle with the ever-living, ever-working power of nature."

He put another sketch before her and continued: "What do you say to the castle yard? The collapse of the old gate tower has made it inaccessible and no one had entered it for countless years. We tried to reach it from the side, and finally provided a convenient but hidden way by breaking through walls and blasting vaults. Once we were inside, there was no need for further clearing. Here you will notice a flat rock smoothed by nature; in some places enormous trees found a chance to strike roots. They have grown slowly but vigorously, and now their branches reach up into the galleries on which the knights used to walk; indeed, they even penetrate through doors and windows into the arched halls. We shall not drive them away—they have become the masters, and may remain so. By clearing away deep piles of dried leaves we found the most extraordinary place, perfectly leveled, the like of which may perhaps not be found anywhere else in the world.

"On the steps leading up to the main tower—it is quite remarkable and must be seen—a maple tree has taken root, and has grown so big that you can hardly get past it to ascend the highest tower from which you can enjoy an unlimited view. Yet up there, too, you are pleasantly in the shade: the same tree rises wonderfully high into the air and spreads over the whole area.

"Let us be grateful to this able artist who, in these sketches, conveys everything to us so admirably, as if we were actually on the spot. He has spent the best hours of the day and of the season on them, and has for weeks actually lived there. In this corner we have set up a small but pleasant dwelling for him and the warder we assigned to him. You cannot believe, my dear, what a wonderful view into the country, the castle and the ruins he has created for himself there. But now, having sketched everything so neatly and expressively, he will finish his drawings down here at his ease. We intend to decorate our garden hall with these pictures, and no one shall look at them so near to our civilized flower beds, arbors, and shady walkways without wishing in contrast to contemplate up there all the evidence of the old and the new, the stubborn, inflexible and indestructible, but also the fresh, plan and irresistible."

Honorio entered and announced that the horses were ready; the Prin-
cess turned to the uncle: "Why don't we ride up, and actually look at what you have shown me in these sketches. Ever since I have been here, I have heard about this project, and I am now all the more eager to see with my own eyes what seemed impossible in all accounts of it, and remains even now a little improbable in the pictures."

"Not yet, my dear," replied the Prince. "You saw in these pictures what eventually it can and will become; for the present many things are as yet only begun, and a work of art requires completion if it is not to be put to shame by nature."

"Well then, let us at least ride towards it, if only to the lower parts. Today I feel like being where I can look far out into the world."

"As you will," replied the Prince.

"But let us go through the town," continued the lady, "across the great market square with its countless booths that have made it look like a little city, or an army camp. It is as if the wants and occupations of all the families in the land were there spread out, focused in this one spot, and brought into the light of day. If you observe carefully, you can see there everything man produces and needs. For a moment you imagine that money is not necessary, that all business could be conducted by barter, and of course, basically, that is true enough. The Prince started me on this trend of thought last night, and now I have become doubly aware that here, where mountains and plain meet, both can clearly indicate their needs and their wishes. The Highlander can process the timber of his forests in a thousand different shapes, and mold his iron for all kinds of uses, and the others from below come to meet him with a variety of products in which, often enough, you can hardly discover the original material or immediately recognize the purpose."

"I know," said the Prince, "that my nephew devotes much of his attention to these problems. What matters most at this particular season is that more should be received than spent. To achieve this is, after all, the sum total of all national economy, as well as of the smallest household. Still, forgive me, my dear, I have never liked to ride through a market or fair: one is hindered and delayed at every step, and the memory of that monstrous disaster always flares up in my mind. I burned itself, as it were, into my eyes. I was present on one occasion where just such a mass of goods was destroyed by flames. I had scarcely--"

"We must not waste these bright hours of daylight," interrupted the Princess, since the Prince had on several occasions frightened her with a minute description of the catastrophe. On one of his journeys, he had gone to bed in the best inn on the market place, which was just then swarming with the noise and bustle of a fair. He had been exceedingly tired, and suddenly in the dead of night, was awakened by screams, and by flames billowing towards his lodging.

The Princess hastened to mount her favorite horse, and led her half-reluctant, half-eager companion, instead of through the rear gate up the mountain, by the front gate down the hill. For who would not have enjoyed riding at her side and following her wherever she led? Even Horatio had willingly forsaken the very great pleasure of a hunt in order to devote himself to her.

As anticipated, they could ride across the market place only step by step. But with her singular charm the Princess made any delay entertaining by her spirited comments. "I seem to be repeating yesterday's lesson," she said, "since we are unavoidably slowed down. The crowd pressed so closely around them that they could continue only at the slowest pace. The people liked to see the young princess, and by their pleased smiles indicated their satisfaction that the first lady of the land should also be the loveliest and the most graceful. It was a motley crowd: mountain people, who lived quietly among their rocks, fires and spruces, lowlanders from the hills, plains and fields, and small-town tradesmen—all were assembled here. The Princess looked at the people for a while, then turned to her companions, and told them how she was struck by the fact that wherever they came from, these country people used far more material for their clothes than necessary, more cloth and linen, more ribbons for trimming. "It really seems as if the women could not be bedecked enough and the men not puffed out enough to please themselves."

"Let us allow them that," replied the uncle, "spend their extra money where they will, the people are happy doing it, and happiest when they spend it on dressing up." The Princess nodded in agreement.

They had finally reached an open space which led to the outskirts of the town. There at the end of the line of booths and stalls they noticed a fairly large wooden structure, from which there came a sudden Stampin' roar. It was feeding time for the wild animals which were exhibited there. They heard the powerful voice of the lion, more natural in the forest or desert; the horses galloped and neighed, and everybody left the terrible force with which the king of the wilderness drew attention to himself amid the innocent pursuits of a civilized community. As they approached the building they could not miss seeing huge, garish posters representing those exotic animals in the crudest and most violent colors. In these pictures, by which the peaceful citizen was to be irresistibly tempted, a tremendous, fierce tiger attacked a Negro, and was about to tear him to pieces; a lion stood in solemn majesty, as if he could find no prey worthy of him; compared to these two powerful animals, the others, equally striking and uncommon, attracted less attention.

"Let us stop here on our way back," said the Princess, "and look at these rare creatures." "It is a strange thing," replied the Prince, "that people want forever to be excited by something terrible. In his cage, I
am sure, the tiger lies perfectly calm, but here it has to pounce wildly upon a Negro, so that we should believe the same thing may be seen inside. Is there not enough murder and violent death in the world, enough burning and destruction? Must the ballad singers repeat it at every corner? People want to be frightened, so that they may afterwards feel all the more vividly how pleasant and delightful it is to breathe freely."

But no matter how many anxious thoughts these fearful pictures produced in their minds, all were swept aside as the group passed through the gate and entered a most cheerful scene. The river along which they rode was narrow here and could take only light boats, but as it grew was eventually to enrich the life of distant lands. The group moved on through well-tended fruit and pleasure gardens, coming gradually into the open and more thickly settled countryside. They passed through an occasional thicket or small wood and were delighted by a view here and there of charming villages. Soon they entered a sloping meadow valley, recently mowed for the second time, smooth as velvet, watered by a stream that rushed towards them from a spring higher up. The woods were left behind and after a steep climb they reached a higher and even more open spot. Some distance ahead, beyond clumps of trees, the old castle, the goal of their journey, rose like wooded peaks. One could not reach the place without occasionally turning around, and behind them to the left, through a clearing, they saw the Prince's castle bathed in the light of the morning sun. The upper part of the town lay half hidden in a light mist of smoke and down farther to the right they recognized the lower town and a few bends of the river with its meadows and mills. On the other side there extended a wide and fertile stretch of land.

Having satisfied themselves with so magnificent a view, or rather, as often happens when we look out from a high place, doubly eager to find an even wider view, they rode along a broad, stony stretch until they saw before them the green-crowned summit of the castle ruins, a few old trees at its foot. They passed through these, and soon found themselves at the steepest, least accessible side. Giant rocks lay there untouched by change since the beginning of time, solid, towering high. What had fallen among them was irregularly piled up in huge slabs and broken pieces—as if to bar even the boldest from any attempt to scale it. But the sheerest and most precipitous incline seems to challenge youth, and to try to master and conquer is for them the greatest delight. The Princess was ready to make an attempt, Honorio was at hand, and the Prince, a little more concerned with comfort, but unwilling to appear weak, agreed. The horses were left there under the trees, and the party hoped to reach the point where an enormous projecting rock offered a level place from which they would have a view not only as vast as that of a bird's eye, but at the same time most picturesque.

The sun, nearly at its height, lent its clearest light; the Prince's residence with all its ramified buildings, wings, cupolas and towers stood out magnificently. The upper town spread before them, even the lower could now easily be seen; indeed, through the telescope they could distinguish the individual booths on the market square. Honorio was in the habit of always carrying this useful instrument on his rides. You could look up and down the river and follow on one side the terraced land and on the other the slowly rising, rolling, and fertile slopes. There were innumerable villages—as a matter of fact, it had long been a subject of contention, how many one might be able to count from up here.

A serene stillness lay over the wide expanse—as it so often does at noon when, as the ancients said, Pan is asleep and all nature holds her breath, lest he be awakened.

"It is not the first time," said the Princess, "that standing on such a high and commanding spot, I realize how simple and peaceful nature can look, and how it gives you the impression that there is nothing disagreeable in the whole world; but when you return to the dwellings of men, whether they be rich or poor, comfortable or cramped, there is always something to fight or quarrel about, to settle or to straighten out."

Honorio, who had meanwhile looked through his telescope towards the town, suddenly called out, "Look, look, there is a fire in the market square!" They could see a little smoke, but the daylight dimmed the brightness of the flames. "The fire is spreading!" cried Honorio, still looking through the instrument. The Princess could now see the configuration with the naked eye. From time to time a red flame shot up and smoke rose.

"Let us turn back," said the Prince. "I don't like this; I have always been afraid of having to go through such a disaster again."

When they had reached the foot of the castle where the horses had been left, the Princess said to the old Prince: "You ride ahead, quickly, and take the groom along; leave Honorio with me, we will follow." The uncle accepted this reasonable and prudent suggestion, and rode, as fast as the ground permitted, down the rough, stony slope.

When the Princess mounted her horse, Honorio said: "Do ride slowly, Your Highness, all fire equipment in the town and in the castle is in the best order; not even such an extraordinary and unexpected emergency will cause confusion. But here where we are, the ground is bad, there are small stones and stubby grass, and it is not safe to ride too fast; anyhow, by the time we reach the town, the fire will be extinguished." The Princess did not believe that; she saw the smoke spreading and even thought she had noticed a shooting flame and heard an explosion. She remembered all the terrifying pictures which her uncle's oft-repeated story of the fire that he had once witnessed had so vividly impressed upon her.
That catastrophe, in its striking suddenness, had been frightful enough to leave behind it for life a horror of its recurrence. At night a furious fire had seized booth after booth on the wide and crowded market square; long before the people sleeping in and near these buildings could have been shaken out of their deep dreams. The old Prince, a stranger in the town, had just fallen asleep after a weary journey. He had leapt to the window and seen everything fearfully illuminated; flames darting in all directions, from right and left, rolled towards him. The houses on the square, reddened by the reflection, seemed to glow, about to burst into flames at any moment. Below him the fire raged relentlessly; boards cracked, beams cracked, canvas flew up and the dusty, tattered burning ends wafted about in the air as if evil spirits in their own element, forever changing shape, were engaged in a wild dance, consuming themselves, only here and there emerging from the glowing heat. Everybody screamed and howled, and tried to save what they could; servants and their masters made every effort to drag away bales that the fire had already seized, and to tear away from the burning scaffolding this or that in order to throw into boxes what they would in the end have to leave to the flames. How many of them wished for only a moment’s respite from the encroaching fire, and as they looked about for a chance of a breathing spell, all their belongings were swallowed by the flames. What lay still in darkness on one side was smoldering on the other. A few determined, stubborn people grimly resisted the enemy and managed to save some of their belongings, though at a loss of eyebrows and hair. All these scenes of mad confusion now rose again before the Prince’s mind; the clear view of the morning was overclouded, her eyes darkened, wood and field had assumed a look of strangeness and anguish.

As they entered the peaceful valley, hardly aware of its refreshing coolness, they had gone only a few paces beyond the source of the brook when the Princess noticed far down in the thicket something strange. She recognized it immediately as the tiger, coming towards them as she had seen him in the poster only a short time ago. This sight, together with the picture that had just been in her mind, gave her the strangest feeling. “Get away! Princess!” cried Honorio, “get away!” She turned her horse towards the steep hill from which they had just come. The young man drew his pistol and, approaching the animal, fired when he seemed near enough. But he missed, the tiger sprang to the side, the horse was startled, and the provoked beast pursued his course straight towards the Princess. She rode as fast as her horse would go, up the steep, rocky slope, forgetting for a moment that so delicate a creature, unused to such exertion, might not be able to stand it for long. Driven on by the Princess in her terror, it did overextend itself, stumbling again and again on the loose gravel, and finally fell exhausted to the ground.

after one last violent effort. The lady, resolute and skillful, was instantly on her feet; the horse, too, rose. The tiger came nearer, though not rapidly—the uneven ground, the sharp stones, seemed to hinder his progress. Honorio rode immediately behind him, and slowed down as he came alongside the beast. This seemed to give him new strength and, at the same moment, both reached the place where the Princess stood by her horse. Honorio bent down and with his second pistol shot the animal through the head. It fell, and as it lay stretched out in full length it seemed to reveal the might and terror of which now only the physical form was left. Honorio had leapt from his horse and knelt on the tiger, restraining its last movements and holding his drawn hunting knife in his hand. He was a handsome sight as he sprang forward, very much as the Princess had seen him before in ring and lance tournaments. Just so in the riding course would his bullet, as he darted by, hit the brow of the Turk’s head on the pole, right under the turban. Just so, elegantly prancing up, would he pick the Moor’s head off the ground with his naked saber. He was dexterous and lucky in all such arts, and this now stood him in good stead.

“Do kill him,” said the Princess. “I am afraid he will hurt you with his claws.”

“No,” replied the young man, “he is dead enough and I do not want to spoil this skin which next winter shall shine on your slippers.”

“Don’t speak lightly. A moment like this calls forth our most solemn feelings.”

“I was never more solemn in my life,” said Honorio. “But for that very reason, I think only of what is most joyous—I look at this tiger’s skin as it accompanies you in your pleasures.”

“It would always remind me of this terrible moment,” she replied.

“Still, it is a less pretentious sign of triumph,” replied the young man, his cheeks glowing, “than the weapons of slain enemies displayed in proud procession before the victor.”

“I shall always remember your courage and skill when I see it,” replied the Princess, “and I need not add that you can depend on my gratitude and the Prince’s lifelong favor. But rise, the animal is dead, let us see what should be done next. Do rise now.” “Since I am already kneeling before you,” replied Honorio, “which I know I dare not do under any other circumstance, let me beg you to assure me at this moment of your favor and grace. I have often asked the Prince for permission to travel. Surely he who is fortunate enough to sit at your table, whom you honor with the privilege of entertaining your company, should have seen something of the world. Travelers come to us from all parts, and when the conversation turns to some city, some important place anywhere in the world, the question is certain to be asked of us whether we have been there. None are credited with any wisdom except
those who have seen such sights; it is as if we had to inform ourselves mainly for the benefit of others."

"Do rise," insisted the Princess, "I should not like to ask a favor or make a request of my husband which I know would go against his convictions; but I am sure that it would be easy to remove the cause for his keeping you here. He wanted to see you develop into an independent, self-reliant nobleman, to do yourself and him credit abroad one day, as you have done hitherto at court. I should think that today's courageous act will be as good a recommendation as any young man could hope to have for his travels."

The Princess did not have time to notice that sadness, rather than pleasure, crossed his face. Nor did Honorio have an opportunity to express his feelings, for a woman with a boy at her hand came running up the hill in great haste, straight towards the two. Honorio collected himself and rose. The woman, crying loudly, threw herself on the body of the tiger. This action, as well as her gaudy and strange, yet neat, costume, left no doubt that she was the owner and keeper of the animal. The boy had dark eyes and jet black hair, and held a flute in his hand. He knelt next to his mother, deeply moved and, like her, cried, though a little less violently.

The intense outbursts of this woman's passion were like a stream plunging from one rock to the next. She used a sort of natural language, brief and abrupt, yet at the same time compelling and pathetic. It would be impossible to translate it into our kind of speech; its general meaning was this: "They have murdered you, poor creature, murdered you needlessly! You were tame and would certainly have lain down to wait for us. Your feet were tender and your claws had lost their power. You missed the hot sun that would have given them strength. You were the most beautiful among your kind. Whoever saw such a regal tiger magnificently stretched out in sleep as you now lie here, dead, never to rise again? When you awoke early in the morning and opened your jaws and showed your red tongue, it seemed as if you were smiling. And even though you roared, you still took your food—almost playfully—from the hands of a woman, from the fingers of a child. For how long now have we accompanied you on your journeys, how long has your company meant everything to us? In truth, for us, out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness. It will be so no more! Woel! Woe!"

She had not finished her lamentations, when a group of riders came galloping along the side of the castle mountain. They were soon recognized as the hunting party, the Prince himself in the lead. They had pursued their game in the hills beyond, and had noticed the clouds of smoke. Racing across valleys and ravines as if in fierce chase, they had taken the most direct way towards that awful sign. As they rode along the rocky slope, they stopped short and seemed startled by the unexpected sight of the group which stood out prominently in the wide empty space. After the first recognition they were silent, then, recovering their presence of mind, what was not obvious was explained in a few words. There stood the Prince, contemplating this strange and unheard-of incident, about him a circle of riders and those who had followed him hurriedly on foot. It was clear what had to be done next, and the Prince was busy giving the necessary orders when suddenly a man forced his way into the circle. He was tall and dressed in the same curiously gaudy manner as the woman and the child. The whole family now joined in sorrow and dismay. The man composed himself and, standing at a respectful distance from the Prince, said, "This is no time for lamentation. My Lord, the lion, too, is loose; he is coming this way towards the mountains; but, pray, spare him, have mercy, so that he may not die like this poor beast."

"The lion?" asked the Prince, "have you found his track?"

"Yes, sir! One of the peasants down there who had quite needlessly taken refuge in a tree directed me up this way, a little farther to the left. But I saw this crowd of people and horses, and came here to get more information and perhaps help."

"Very well, then," ordered the Prince, "let the hunting party move up in this direction. Load your guns and proceed cautiously; it does not matter if you drive him into the deep woods. But I am afraid that in the end we may not be able to spare your lion. Why were you careless enough to let the animals escape?"

"When the fire broke out," replied the man, "we remained quiet and watchful; it spread fast, but at some distance from us; we had water enough to protect ourselves, but an explosion threw the fire in our direction, indeed, beyond us. We were suddenly too rushed, and now we are ruined."

The Prince was still busy giving orders; but for a moment everything seemed to halt as a man came running down from the old castle—it was the warden who was in charge of the artist's workshop and who lived there and supervised the workmen. He was out of breath, but managed to report briefly that the lion was lying perfectly quiet in the sun behind the upper ring-wall at the foot of a century-old beech tree. He seemed almost annoyed as he concluded—"Why did I take my gun into town yesterday to have it cleaned? If I had had it with me, he would never have got up again. His skin would have belonged to me, and I would have boasted about it all my life, and rightly, too."

The Prince, whose military experience stood him in good stead and who was used to finding himself in a situation where unavoidable danger..."
threatened from several sides, said to the man, "What guarantee can you give me that if we spare your lion, he might not cause a good deal of harm among the people?"

"This woman and child," answered the father hastily, "are willing to keep him tame and quiet until I can bring up a cage, and we can carry him back harmless and unharmed."

At that moment the boy put his flute to his lips—an instrument that used to be called the soft or sweet flute. It was short-stemmed like a pipe, and anyone who played it well could produce the most delicious tones. Meanwhile the Prince inquired of the warder how the lion had come up. "By the narrow path, which is walled in on both sides and which has always been and will always be the only real road of access. Two footpaths that used to lead up have been so obstructed that there is now only that one way by which one can reach the magic castle which the place is to become through Prince Friedrich's taste and talent."

After some reflection, while looking at the child who had continued to play softly as if precluding, the Prince turned to Honorio and said, "You have done much today; now complete the day's work. Guard that narrow road; keep your rifles ready, but do not shoot unless the animal cannot be driven back in any other way. If necessary, make a fire which will frighten him if he should want to come down. The man and woman must assume responsibility for everything else." Honorio hurried to execute the orders.

The child continued to play, not really a tune, but an irregular sequence of tones, and, possibly for that reason, it was especially moving. Everyone seemed enchanted by these melodious passages, when the father began to speak in a curiously dignified and exalted manner.

"God has given wisdom to the Prince and also the knowledge to recognize that all God's works are wise, each in its own way. Behold the rock, standing fast and motionless, defying the weather and the sunshine. Primeval trees crown its summit, and thus enhanced, it commands a wide view; but if any part of it should fail, it would not remain what it was: it will crumble in many pieces and cover the slope of the mountain. But they will not stay there, either; they will tumble on down, the brook will receive them and carry them to the river. They cannot resist, they are no longer stubborn and rough; smooth and rounded they travel even faster from river to river and on to the ocean where giants march and dwarfs abound in the depths.

"But who shall praise the glory of the Lord, Whom the stars praise through all Eternity? Why look afar? Behold the bce, how it gathers hastily in the fall, building its house true and level, architect and workman at once. See the ant, it knows its way and loses it not. It builds its dwelling of grass and earth and pine needles. It piles it high and

arches it in; but its work has been in vain—the horse stamps and scrapes it to pieces; look, he has trodden down those delicate beams and scattered the planks, impatiently he snorts and cannot rest; for the Lord has made the horse the comrade of the wind and the companion of the storm, that he may carry man where he wills, and woman where she desires. But in the forest of palms there appeared the lion; proudly he roams the desert ruling over all animals and nothing can resist him. Yet man knows how to tame him, and the fiercest of living creatures has reverence for the image of God, in which, too, the angels are made, who serve the Lord and His servants. For to the den of lions Daniel was not afraid; he remained steadfast and faithful, and the wild roaring did not interrupt his song of praise."

These words were spoken with a kind of natural enthusiasm and accompanied here and there by the child's sweet music. When the father had ended, the boy began to sing with much skill in a clear, melodious voice. The father in turn took the flute and accompanied the child as he sang:

From the dews, in this direction,
Prophet's song of praise I hear;
Angels lead him their protection,
What has the good man to fear?

Lion, lioness, againg,
Mildly pressing round him came;
Yea, that humble, holy praising,
It hath made them tame.

The father continued playing the flute, while the mother occasionally joined in as second voice.

The effect was especially striking when the child began to rearrange the lines of the song in a different sequence and thereby produced, not a new meaning but a far greater intensity of feeling.

Angel-host around doth hover,
Us in heavenly tones to cheer;
In the dews our head doth cover,--
What has the poor child to fear?

For that humble, holy praising
Will permit no evil night:
Angels hover, watching, gazung;
Who so safe is?  

All three now joined with force and conviction.
For th' Eternal rules above us,
Lands and oceans rules His will;
Lions even as lambs shall love us,
And the proudest waves be still.

Whetted sword to scabbard cleaving,
Faith and Hope victorious see:
Strong who, loving and believing,
Prays, O Lord, to Thee.

The others were silent and listened intently. Only when the music ceased could one observe the impression it had made. They all seemed calmed and each was moved in his own way. The Prince, as if only now fully aware of the danger that had threatened earlier, looked at his wife who, holding his arm, covered her eyes with an embroidered handkerchief. She was relived that the oppressive feeling with which her heart had been filled only a few moments before had now gone from her. Complete silence reigned over the crowd—they appeared to have forgotten the terror of the fire below and of the lion above them who might arise at any moment.

The Prince stirred the group with a sign to bring the horses. He turned to the woman and said, "Do you really think that you can calm the lion when you find him, by your song, the singing of this child, and the music of this flute? And that you can take him back to his cage, harmless and unharmed?" They assured him that this was so. The warder was given to them as a guide. The Prince and a few of his attendants left hurriedly while the Princess, accompanied by the rest, followed more leisurely. Mother and son and the warder, who had meanwhile armed himself with a rifle, proceeded to climb towards the mountain.

Before they entered the narrow pass which gave them access to the castle, they found the huntsmen busy heaping up dry brushwood to light a fire if it were required. "There is no need for that," said the woman. "All will go well and peacefully."

Farther on, sitting on a part of the wall, they found Honorio on guard, his double-barreled rifle in his lap, as if prepared for any eventuality. He hardly seemed to notice the approaching group, but sat, lost in deep thought, looking about absently. The woman asked him not to allow the fire to be lit, but Honorio appeared not to pay any attention to her words. She spoke again, more urgently, and said: "Young man, you have slain my tiger—but I do not bear you any ill will. Now spare my lion and I will bless you."

Honorio looked straight ahead at the setting sun. "You are looking towards the west," continued the woman, "and you are right—there is much to do there. Hurry, do not delay, you will conquer. But first of all conquer yourself!" At this he seemed to smile; the woman went on her way and only turned once more to look back on him. The sun cast a glowing light over his face—she thought that she had never seen a more beautiful youth.

"If your child," said the warder, "can, as you are convinced, entice the lion and pacify him with his flute and his singing, we shall get hold of him very easily. He lies close to the broken walls through which we have made a passageway into the castle yard since the main gate is blocked by rubble. When the child leads him inside, I can close the opening without much trouble. And at the right moment the boy can slip away by one of the small winding staircases in the corner. We must hide, but I shall place myself so that I can have a bullet ready if the child should need help."

"All these precautions are unnecessary; God and our own skill, our faith and fortune are our best aid." "That may be," replied the warder, "but I know my duties. Let me lead you first by a rather difficult path to the top of the wall, immediately opposite the opening I have mentioned. Let the lad then descend into the arena and lead away the animal if it will follow him." This was done. Warder and mother saw from their hiding place above how the child descended the winding stairs, showed himself in the open space of the courtyard and disappeared again in the dark opening on the other side. They could hear the tone of his flute, which gradually grew fainter, and at last ceased altogether. The pause was ominous enough; the old hunter, accustomed to every kind of peril, felt the oppressive suspense in this extraordinary incident. He would have preferred to engage the dangerous beast himself. But the mother, cheerful and assured, and bending over to listen, did not betray the slightest apprehension.

At last the flute could be heard again, the child, his eyes bright and pleased, emerged from the dark cavern, and behind him the lions, walking slowly and, as it seemed, with some difficulty. Now and then the animal tried to lie down, but the boy led him in a half circle through the autumn-tinged trees. Eventually, in the last rays of the sun pouring in through a break in the ruined walls, he sat down as if transfigured. Once again he began his soothing song which we cannot refrain from repeating:

From the dens, in this direction,
Prophet's song of praise I hear;
Angels lend him their protection,
What has the good man to fear?

Lion, lioness, agaizing,
Mildly pressing round him came;
Yea, that humble, holy praising,
It hath made them tame.

Meanwhile the lion had lain down close to the child and lifted his heavy right paw into his lap. The boy, as he sang, stroked it and soon noticed that a sharp thorn had caught between the balls of the animal's foot. He carefully extracted it, and with a smile took the silken handkerchief from his neck to bind up the forbidding foot of the huge beast. His mother was overjoyed and, bending back with her arms outstretched, would have shouted and clapped her hands as she was accustomed, had not a rough grip of the warden reminded her that the danger was not yet over.

The child sang on triumphantly, having first introduced the tune with a few notes on the flute.

For th' Eternal rules above us,
Lands and oceans rules He will;
Lions even as lambs shall love us,
And the proudest waves be still.

Whetted sword to scabbard cleaving,
Faith and Hope victorious see:
Strong who, loving and believing,
Pray, O Lord, to Thee.

Were it possible to imagine that the features of so fierce a monster, the tyrant of the forest and the despot of the animal kingdom, could display an expression of friendliness, of grateful contentment, it might have been witnessed on this occasion. The child, with his exalted look, seemed now like a mighty victorious conqueror. The lion, on the other hand, was not so much vanquished—for his strength though concealed was still in him—as tamed and surrendered to his own peaceful will. The child fluted and sang on, transposing the lines in his fashion and adding to them:

And so blessed angel bringest
To good children help in need;
Fetters o'er the cruel fingereth,
Worthy act with wings doth speed.

So have tamed, and firmly iron'd
To a poor child's feeble knee,
Him, the forest's lordly tyrant,
Pious Thought and Melody.

The Sorrows of Young Werther

P. 5, Bateaux, Wood, de Piles, Winkelmann, Sulzer, Heyne. Theoricians of art and literature whose works were current in the late eighteenth century. Charles Bateaux (1715–1780) was author of the highly influential Cours de belles lettres ou Principes de la litterature (5 vols., 1747–50). Robert Wood's (1715–1771) Essay on the Original Genius and Writings of Homer appeared in 1768. Roger de Piles (1635–1709) published treatises on painting which were still much discussed in the eighteenth century. Johann Joachim Winckelmann (1717–1768), the founder of the modern discipline of art history, published his Gedanken über die Nachahmung der griechischen Werke (Thoughts on the Imitation of Greek Works) in 1755. Johann Georg Sulzer (1720–1779) systematized Enlightenment theory of the arts in his Allgemeine Theorie der Schönen Künste (General Theory of the Fine Arts), the first volume of which appeared in 1771. Christian Gottlob Heyne (1729–1812) reformed the study of classical Gottlob Heyne (1729–1812) reformed the study of classical philology and his lectures at the University of Göttingen were widely known.

P. 19, Klopstock. Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock (1724–1803) was the leading sentimental poet of the eighteenth century, best known for his Oden and for his Christian epic Messiah. The poem alluded to here is undoubtedly his ode "Die Frühlingsfeier" ("Celebration of Spring"), first published in 1759 and reprinted in the 1771 edition of the poet's Oden.

P. 23, Lavater. Johann Caspar Lavater (1741–1801) was best known for his highly emotional sermons, a collection of which from the year 1773 is alluded to here. Goethe entertained a long and important relationship with Lavater and collaborated with him in the latter's physiognomic studies. (See also Poetry and Truth, vol. 4 and 5 of this series.)

P. 26, Ossian. Legendary Celtic bard of the third century. In 1765 the Scotsman James Macpherson (1736–1796) published The Works of Ossian, one of the most influential forgeries of the eighteenth century. Goethe as well as his mentor Johann Gottfried Herder (1744–1803) were initially convinced of the authenticity of the work.
Johann Wolfgang von
GOETHE

The Sorrows of Young Werther
Elective Affinities
Novella

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ihre Begleiter erschienen in dem dämmernen Gewölbe des Tempels, von einem himmlischen Glanze erleuchtet und alles Volk fiel auf sein Angesicht. Als die Menge sich wieder erholt hatte und aufstand, war der König mit den Seinigen in den Altar hineingestiegen, um durch verborgene Hallen nach seinem Palaste zu gehen, und das Volk zerstreute sich in dem Tempel, seine Neugierde zu befriedigen. Es betrachtete die drei aufrecht stehenden Könige mit Staunen und Ehrfurcht, aber es war desto begieriger zu wissen, was unter dem Teppiche in der vierten Nische für ein Klumpen verborgen sein möchte, denn, wer es auch mochte gewesen sein, wohlmeintende Bescheidenheit hatte eine prächtige Decke über den zusammen gesunkenen König hingehängt, die kein Auge zu durchdringen vermochte und keine Hand wegzuehen wagen darf.

Das Volk hatte kein Ende seines Schausens und seiner Bewunderung gefunden, und die zudringende Menge hätte sich in dem Tempel selbst erdrückt, wäre ihre Aufmerksamkeit nicht wieder auf den großen Platz gelenkt worden.

Unvermutet fielen Goldstücke, wie aus der Luft, klingend auf die marmornen Platten, die nächsten Wanderer stürzten darüber her, um sich ihrer zu bemächtigen, einzeln wiederholte sich dieser Wunder, und zwar bald hier und bald da. Man begreift wohl, daß die abziehenden Irlandern sich hier nochmals eine Lust machten und das Geld aus den Gliedern des zusammengesunkenen Königs auf eine lustige Weise vergötterten. Begierig lief das Volk noch eine Zeitlang hin und wider, drängte und zertrümmerte sich, auch noch da keine Goldstücke mehr herabsangen. Endlich verließ es sich allmählich, zog seine Straße und bis auf den heutigen Tag wimmelt die Brücke von Wändern, und der Tempel ist der besuchtesten auf der ganzen Erde.

Ein anderes Blatt aber vorliegend führ er fort: Was sagt Ihr nun zum Schloßhofe, der, durch das Zusammenstürzen des alten Torturmes unzugänglich, seit unendlichen Jahren von niemand betreten ward. Wir suchten ihm von der Seite beizukommen, haben Mauern durchbrochen, Gewölbe gesprengt und so einen bequemen aber geheimen Weg bereitet. Inwendig bedürft e es Auffrauens, hier findet sich ein flacher Felsgipfel von der Natur geplättet, aber doch haben mächtige Bäume hie und da zu Wurzeln Glück und
Gelegenheit gefunden; sie sind sachte aber entschieden aufgewachsen, nun erstrecken sie ihre Äste bis in die Galerien hinein, auf denen der Ritter sonst auf und ab schritt; ja durch Türen durch und Fenster in die gewölbten Säle, aus denen wir sie nicht vertreiben wollen, sie sind eben Herr geworden und mögen bleiben. Tiefe Blätterschichten wegräumend haben wir den merkwürdigsten Platz gehebt gefunden, dessen Gleichheit in der Welt vielleicht nicht wieder zu sehen ist.

Nach allem ist es immer noch bemerkenswert und an Ort und Stelle zu beschauen, daß auf den Stufen, die in den Hauptturm hinaufführen ein Ahorn wurzel geschlagen und sich zu einem so tüchtigen Baume gebildet hat, daß man nur mit Not daran vorbeidringen kann um die Zimme, der unbegrenzten Aussicht wegen, zu bestiegen. Aber auch hier verweilt man bequem im Schatten, denn dieser Baum ist es der sich über das Ganze wunderbar hoch in die Luft hebt.


Honoria trat ein und meldete die Pferde seien vorgeführt, da sagte die Fürstin, zum Oheim gewendet: reiten wir hinauf und lassen Sie mich in der Wirklichkeit sehen was Sie mir hier im Bilde zeigten. Säit ich hier bin hört ich von diesem Unternehmen und werde jetzt erst recht verlangend mit Augen zu sehen was mir in der Erzählung unmöglich schien und in der Nachbildung unwahr- scheinlich bleibt – Noch nicht, meine Liebe, versetzte der Fürst: was Sie hier sahen ist was es werden kann und wird; jetzt stockt noch manches im Beginnen; die Kunst muß erst vollenden, wenn sie sich vor der Natur nicht schämen soll – Und so wie sie jetzt in der Natur hinaufwärts, und wird es nur bis an den Fuß; ich habe große Lust mich heute weit in der Welt umzusehen. – Ganz nach Ihrem Willen, versetzte der Fürst – Lassen Sie uns aber durch die Stadt reiten, fahr die Dame fort, über den großen Markt Platz, wo eine zahllose Menge von Buden die Gestalt einer kleinen Stadt, eines Feldlagers angenommen hat. Es ist als wären die Bedürfnisse und Beschäftigungen sämtlicher Familien des Landes umher, nach außen geklebt, in diesem Mittelpunkt versammelt, an das Tageslicht gebracht worden. Denn hier sicht der aufmerksame Beobachter alles was der Mensch leistet und bedarf, man bildet sich einen Augenblick ein, es sei kein Geld nötig, jedes Geschäft könne hier durch Tausch abgehalten werden. und so ist es auch im Grunde. Seitdem der Fürst gestern mir Anlaß zu diesen Übersichten gegeben, ist es mir gar angenehm zu denken, wie hier, wo Gebirg und flaches Land aneinander grenzen, beide so deutlich auszusprechen was sie brauchen und was sie wünschen. Wie nun der Hochländer das Holz seiner Wälder in bunten Formen umzubilden weiß, das Eiben zu einem jeden Gebrauch zu vermeißelfalten, so kommen seine dritte und vierte und alles mit den vielfältigsten Wälen ihm entgegen, auf denen man den Stoff kaum zu unterscheiden und den Zweck oft nicht erkennen mag.

Ich weiß, versetzte der Fürst, daß mein Neffe hierauf die große Aufmerksamkeit wendet; denn gerade zu dieser Jahreszeit kommt es hauptsächlich darauf an, daß man mehr empange als gebe; dies zu bewirken ist an Ende die Summe des ganzen Staatsbaus, so wie der kleinsten bäuerlichen Wirtschaft. Verziehen Sie aber, meine Beste, ich reite niemals gern durch Markt und Messe, bei jedem Schritt ist man gehindert und aufgehalten und damit stimmt mir das ungeheure Englich wieder die Einbildungs kraft, das sich mit gleichsam in die Augen eingeschraubt, als ich eine solche Güter- und Warenreise in Feuer aufgehen sah. Ich hatte mich kaum –

Lassen Sie uns die schönen Stunden nicht versäumen, fahm ich die Fürstin ein, der würdige Mann sie schon einigermals mit ausführlicher Beschreibung jenes Unheils geästigt hatte, wie er sich näm- lich, auf einer großen Reise begriffen, Abends im besten Wirtshaus auf dem Markte, der eben von einer Hauptmesse wimmelte, höchst ermutigt zu Bette gelegt, und Nachts durch Geschrei und Flammen, die sich gegen seine Wohnung wälzten, gräßlich aufgeweckt worden.
Die Fürstin eilte das Lieblingspferd zu besteigen, und führte, statt zum Hintertore bergauf, zum Vordertore bergunter ihren widerswiligen Begleiter; denn wer wäre nicht gern an ihrer Seite geritten, wer wäre ihr nicht gern gefolgt. Und so war auch Honorio von der sonst so ersehnten Jagd willig zurückgeblieben, um ihr ausschließlich dienstbar zu sein.

Wie voraus zu sehen durften sie auf dem Markte nur Schritt vor Schritt reiten; aber die schöne Liebenswürdige erheiternte jeden Augenblick durch eine geistreiche Bemerkung. Ich wiederholte, sagte sie, meine gestrige Lektion, da denn doch die Notwendigkeit unsere Geduld prüfen will. Und wirklich drängte sich die ganze Menschenmasse dergestalt an die Reitenden heran, daß sie ihren Weg nur langsam fortsetzen konnten. Das Volk schaute mit Freuden die junge Dame und auf so viel lächelnden Gesichtern zeigte sich das entschiedene Behagen, zu sehen, daß die erste Frau im Lande auch die schönste und anmutigste sei.

Untereinander gemischt standen Bergbewohner, die zwischen Felsen, Fichten und Föhren ihre stillen Wohnsitze hegt, Flachländer von Mügeln, Auen und Wiesen her, Gewerbeleute der kleinen Städte und was sich alles verzammelt hatte. Nach einem ruhigen Überblick bemerkte die Fürstin ihrem Begleiter, wie alle diese, woher sie auch seien, mehr Streff als nötig zu ihren Kleidern genommen, mehr Tuch und Leinwand, mehr das zum Besatz. Es ist doch als ob die Weiber nicht brauchig und die Männer nicht pauschig genug sich gefallen könnten.

Wir wollen ihnen das ja lassen, versetzte der Oheim, wo auch der Mensch seinen Überfluß hinwende, ihn ist wohl dabei, am wohlsten wenn er sich damit schmückt und aufpurt. Die schöne Dame winkte Beifall.

So waren sie nach und nach auf einen freien Platz gelangt, der zur Vorstadt hinaufführte, wo am Ende viel kleineren Buden und Kramstände ein größeres Brettgebäude in die Augen fiel, das sie kaum erblicken als ein ohnezerreißendes Gebrüll ihnen entgegen rönte. Die Füllungenstude der dort zur Schau stehenden wilden Tiere schien herzukommen; der Löwe ließ seine Wäld und Wüstenstimme auf kräftige hören, die Pferde schauerten und man konnte der Bemerkung nicht entgehen, wie in dem friedlichen Weinen und Wirren der gebildeten Welt der König der Einöde sich so furchtbar verkündige. Zur Bude näher gelangt durften sie die bunten kolossaligen Gemälde nicht überschauen, die mit heftigen Farben und kräftigen Bildern jene fremden Tiere darstellten, welche der friedliche Staatsbürger zu schauen unüberwindliche Lust empfanden sollte. Der grimmig unruherige Tiger sprang auf einen Moohren los, im Begriff ihn zu verfolzen, ein Löwe stand ernsthaft majestätisch, als wenn er keine Beute seiner würdig vor sich sahe; andere wunderliche bunte Geschöpfe verdienten neben diesen mächtigen weniger Aufmerksamkeit.

Wir wollen, sagte die Fürstin bei unserer Rückkehr doch absteigen und die seltenen Gäste näher betrachten – Es ist wunderbar, versetzte der Fürst, daß der Mensch durch Schreckliche immer aufgeregt sein will. Drinnen liegt der Tiger ganz ruhig in seinem Kerker, und hier muß er grimmig auf einen Mohren losfahren, damit man glaube dergleichen inwendig ebenfalls zu sehen; es ist am Mord und Totschlag noch nicht genug, an Brand und Untergang, die Bänkelsänger müssen es an jeder Ecke wiederholen. Die guten Menschen wollen eingeschüchtert sein, um hinterdrein erst recht zu fühlen wie schön und lüblisch es sei frei Atem zu bollen.

Was denn aber auch bängliches von solchen Schreckensbildern mochte übrig geblieben sein, alles und jedes war sogleich ausgelöscht, als man, zum Tore hinausgelangt, in die heitere Gegend eintrat. Der Weg führte zuerst am Flusse hinauf, einem zwar noch schmalen, nur leichte Kähne tragenden Wasser, das aber nach und nach als größer Strom seinen Namen behalten und ferne Länder behelen sollte. Dann ging es weiter durch wohlersegte Fruchtwälder und Lustgärten, das aufwärts, und man sah sich nach und nach in der aufgetanen wohlwollenden Gegend um, bis erst ein Busch, sodann ein Waldchen die Gesellschaft aufnahmen, und die anmutigsten Örtlichkeiten ihren Blick begrenzten und erquickten. Ein aufwärts leitendes Wiesental, erst vor kurzem zum zweitenmal gemäht, samtähnlich anzusehen, von einer oberwärts, lebhaft auf einmal reich entsprängenden Quelle gewässert, empfing sie freundlich und so zogen sie einem höheren, freieren Standpunkt entgegen, den sie, aus dem Walde sich bewegend, nach einem lebhaften Stieg erreichten, als dann aber vor sich noch in bedeutender Entfernung über neuen Baumgruppen das alte Schloß, den Zielpunkt ihrer Wallfahrt, als Fels- und Waldgipfel hervorragend sahen. Rückwärts aber – denn niemals gelangte man hierher ohne sich umzukehren – erblickten sie durch zutödliche Lücken der hohen Bäume, das fürstliche Schloß links, von der Morgensonne beleuchtet, den wohlgebauten höheren Teil der Stadt von leichten Rauch-
Es ist nicht das erstmal, sagte die Fürstin, daß ich auf so hoher weitsichtenden Stelle die Betrachtung mache, wie doch die klare Natur so reizlich und friedlich aussieht, und den Eindruck verleihst, als wenn gar nichts Widersprüchiges in der Welt sein könne; und wenn man dann wieder in die Menschenvorhaut zurückkehrt, sei sie hoch oder niedrig, weit oder eng, so gibt's immer etwas zu kämpfen, zu streiten, zu schichten und zurecht zu legen.


Als die Fürstin aufstraff, sagte Honorio, reiten Ew: Durchlaucht, ich bitte, langsam! in der Stadt wie auf dem Schloß sind die Feueranstalten in bester Ordnung, man wird sich durch einen so unerwartet außerordentlichen Fall nicht erreichen lassen. Hier aber ist eiserne Boden, kleine Steine und dünnes Gras, schnelles Reiten ist unsicher; ohnehin, bis wir hineinkommen, wird das Feuer schon nieder sein. Die Fürstin glaubte nicht daran, sie sah auf den Rauch sich verbreiten, sie galt es einen aufflammenden Blitz gesehen, ein Schlag gehört zu haben und nun bewegten sich in ihrer Einbildungsraft alle die Schreckbilder, welche dem treulichen Oheim wiederholte Erzählung von dem erlebten Jahrmarkts-Brand leidet nur zu tief eingesenkt hätte.

Fürchterlich wohl war jener Fall, überraschend und eindringlich genug, um zeitweise eine Ahnung und Vorstellung wiederkehrenden Unglücks ängstlich zurückzulassen, als zur Nachtzeit auf dem großen bodenreichen Marktraum ein plötzlicher Brand Laden auf Laden ergriffen hatte, ehe noch die in und an diesen lebten Höfen Schlaflenden aus tiefen Träumen geschüttelt wurden; der Fürst

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sprengte das Pferd vermochte die steile, steinige Strecke hinauf, kaum fürchtend, daß ein zartes Geschöpf, solcher Anstrengung ungewohnt, sie nicht aushalten werde. Es übernahm sich, von der bestränkten Reiterin angeregt, statt am kleinen Geröll des Hanges an und wieder an, und stürzte zuletzt nach heftigem Bestreben kraftlos zu Boden. Die schöne Dame, entschlossen und gewandt, verfehlte nicht sich strack auf ihre Füße zu stellen, auch das Pferd richtete sich auf, aber der Tiger haltete schon, obgleich nicht mit heftiger Schnelle; der ungleiche Boden, die scharfen Steine schießen seinen Antrieb zu hindern und nur daß Honorio unmittelbar hinter ihm herflog, neben ihm gemäßigt herauftritt, schon seine Kraft auf neue anzuspornen und zu reizen. Beide Renner erreichen zugleich den Ort wo die Fürstin am Pferde stand, der Ritter beugte sich herab, schoß und traf mit der zweiten Pistolet das Ungeheuer durch den Kopf, daß es sogleich niederspritzte, und ausgebreitet in seiner Länge erst recht die Macht und Furchtbarkeit sehen ließ, von der nur noch das Körperliche übrig geblieben da lag. Honorio war vom Pferde gesprungen und kniete schon auf dem Tiere, dämpfte seine letzten Bewegungen und hielt den gesogenen Hirschfänger in der rechten Hand. Der Jüngling war schon, er war herangesprungen, wie ihn die Fürstin oft im Läufen- und Ringenspiel gesehen hatte. Eben so traf er in der Reitbahn seine Kugel im Vorbeispuren des Türkentopf auf dem Pfahl, gerade unter dem Turban in die Stirne, eben so spielte er, flüchtig heransprengend, mit dem blanken Säbel das Mohrenhaupt vom Boden auf. In allen solchen Künsten war er gewandt und glücklich, hier kam beides zu stehen.

Gehe ihm den Rest, sagte die Fürstin, ich fürchte er beschädigt Buch noch mit den Krallen. — Verzeih! erwidernte der Jüngling, er ist schon tot genug, und ich mag das Fell nicht verderben, das nächsten Winter auf Eurem Schlitten glänzen soll. — Frevelt nicht! sagte die Fürstin; alles was von Frömmigkeit im tiefen Herzen wohnt, entfaltet sich in solchem Augenblick. — Auch ich, rief Honorio, war nicht frömmer als jetzt eben, deshalb aber denke ich an's freundigte, ich blicke dieses Fell nur an wie es Euch zur Lust beileiten kann. — Es würde mich immer an diesen schönen Augenblick erinnern, versetzte sie. — Ist es doch, erwidernte der Jüngling mit glühender Wange, ein unschuldiger Triumphzeichen, als wenn die Waffen erschlagenen Feinde vor dem Sieger hier zur Schau genommen wurden — Ich werde mich an Eure Gültigkeit und Ge-

Steht auf! wiederholte die Fürstin, ich möchte nicht gern gegen die Überzeugung meines Gemahls irgend etwas wünschen und bitten; allein wenn ich nicht irre, so ist die Ursache warum er Euch bisher zurückhielt bald gehoben. Seine Absicht war, Euch zum selbständigen Edelmann herangereift zu sehen, der sich und ihm auch auswärt Eure Ehre machte, wie bisher am Hofe, und ich dachte Eure Tät wäre eine solche befriedigende Reise in einem junger Mann nur in die Welt mitnehmen kann.

Daß anstarr einer jugendlichen Freude eine gewisse Trauer über sein Geschick zog, hatte die Fürstin nicht Zeit zu bemerkem, noch er seiner Erfindung Raum zu geben, denn hastig den Berg hinauf, einen Knaben an der Hand, kam eine Frau, geradezu auf die Gruppe los, die wir kennen, und kam war Honorio sich besinnt aufgestanden, als sie sich heulend und schreiend über den Leichnam her warf, und an dieser Handlung, so wie an einer, obgleich reinlich anständigen, doch bunten und seltsamen Kleidung sogleich errannt lebte, sie sei die Meisterin und Wärterin dieses dahingestreckten Geschöpfes, wie denn der schwanzzügige, schwarzlockige Knabe, der eine Flöte in der Hand hielt, gleich der Mutter weinend, weniger heftig, aber tief ergriffen, neben ihr kniete.


Sie hatte nicht ausgeklagt, als über die mittlere Höhe des Bergs am Schloß herab Reiter heransprengten, die alsbald für das Jagdgefolge des Fürsten erkannten wurden, er selbst voran. Sie hatten, in den hinteren Gebirgen jagend, die Brandweilen aufsuchen sehen und durch Tüler und Schluchten, wie auf gewaltsam hetzender Jagd, den geraden Weg nach diesem traurigen Zeichen genommen. Über die steinige Blöße einhersprengend stürzten und starren sie, an die unterwasserte Gruppe gewahr werdend, die sich auf der freien Fläche heranwachsend zeigte. Nach dem ersten Erkennen versammelte man, und nach einigem Erholen ward, was der Anblick nicht selbst erglüht, mit wenigen Worten erläutert. So stand der Fürst vor dem seltsamen unerhörten Ereignis, einen Kreis umher von Reitern und Nachhelfenden zu Füsse. Unschlüssig war man nicht was zu tun sei; anzuordnen, auszuführen war der Fürst beschäftigt, als ein Mann sich in den Kreis drängte, groß von Gestalt, bunt und wunderlich gekleidet wie Frau und Kind. Und nun gab die Familie zusammen Schmerz und Überraschung zu erkennen. Der Mann aber gefällig, stand in Ehrfurchtsvoller Entfernung vor dem Fürsten und sagte: Es ist nicht Klageszeit; ach, mein Herr und mächtiger Jäger, auch der Löwe ist los, auch hier nach der Geburt ist er hin, aber schon ihn, habt Barmherzigkeit, daß er nicht umkomme, wie dies gute Tier.
Der Löwe? sagte der Fürst, hast du seine Spur? — Ja Herr! Ein Bauer dort unten, der sich ohne Not auf einen Baum gerettet hatte, wies mich weiter hier hinauf, aber ich sah den großen Trupp Menschen und Pferde vor mir, neugierig und hülselbärfürtig eilt ich hierher. «Also, beorderte der Fürst — muß die Jagd sich auf diese Seite ziehen; ihr lasset Eure Weihrauch, geht zu, es ist kein Unglück, wenn ihr ihn in die tiefen Wälder treibt; aber am Ende, guter Mann, werden wir Euer Geschöpf nicht schonen können; warum wart ihr unvorsichtig genug sie entkommen zu lassen? — Das Feuer brach aus, versetzte jener, wir hielten uns still und gespannt es verbrannte sich schnell aber fern von uns, wir hatten Wassertropfen genug zu unserer Verteidigung, aber ein Pulverstich flöt auf, und war die Brände bis an uns heran; über uns weg; wir überdöberte uns und sind nun unglückliche Leute.

Noch war der Fürst mit Anordnungen beschäftigt, aber einen Augenblick schien alles zu stocken, als obm von alten Schloß herab, eilig ein Mann heran springend gesehen ward, den man bald für den angestellten Wächter erkannte, der die Werkstatt des Mannes bewachte. Indem er darin seine Wohnung nahm und die Arbeiter beleuchtete. Er kam außer Atem springend, doch hatte er bald mit wenigen Worten angezeigt: oben hinter der höheren Ringmauer habe sich der Löwe im Sonnenschein gelagert, am Fuße einer hundertjährigen Buche, und verhalte sich ganz ruhig. Ärgerlicher aber schloß der Mann: warum habe ich gestern meine Büchse in die Stadt getragen um sie auszusuchen zu lassen, er war nicht wieder aufgestanden, das Fell währe doch mein gewesen, und ich hätte mich dessen, wie billig, zeitlich gebürtet.

Der Fürst, dem seine militärischen Erfahrungen auch hier zu statten kamen, da er sich wohl schon in Fällen gefunden hatte, wo von mehreren Seiten unvermeidlich Übel herandrohte, sagte hierauf: welche Bürgschaft geht ihr mir, daß wenn wir eures Löwen schonen, er nicht im Lande unter den Minigsten Verderben anrichtet!

Hier diese Frau und dieses Kind, erwiderte der Vater hastig, erbieten sich ihn zu zähmen, ihn ruhig zu erhalten, bis ich den beschlagenen Kasten herausmache, da wir ihn denn unzähmlich und unbeschlüchtig wieder zurückbringen werden.

Der Kräme schien seine Flöße versuchen zu wollen, ein Instrument von der Art, das man sonst die sanfte, stürze Flöße zu nennen pflegte, sie war kurz geschäumelt wie die Pfeifen; wer es verstand wußte die ammutigsten Töne daraus hervorzulocken. Indes hatte der Fürst den Wirt gefragt, wie der Löwe hinaufgekommen. Dieser aber versetzte: Durch den Hofweg, die, auf einem Tannenbaum, von jeher der einzige Zugang war, der einzige bleiben soll; zwei Fußpfade die noch hinaufgeführt haben dergestalt entstellt daß niemand als durch jenen ersten engen Anzug, zu dem Zaubererschloß gelangen könne, wozu es Fürst Friedrichs Geist und Geschmack ausgeben will.

Nach einigen Nachdenken, wobei sich der Fürst nach dem Kinde umsah, das immer sanft gleichsam zu prüflich den ersten Handlungen hatte, wandte er sich zu Honorio und sagte: du hast heute viel geleistet, vollendet das Tagwerk. Besetze den schmalen Weg, haltet Eure Büchsen bereit, aber schiedt nicht eher als bis ihr das Geschöpf nicht sonst zurückziehen könnt; allenfalls macht ein Feuer an, vor dem er sich fürchtet wenn er herunter will. Mann und Frau möge für das Gebirge stehen. Eilig schickte Honorio sich an die Befehle zu vollführen.

Das Kind verfolgte seine Melodie, die keine war, eine Tonfolge ohne Gesetze, und vielleicht eben derwegen so herzzerreißend; die Umstehenden schienen sie zu brauchen von der Bewegung einer lederigen Weise, als der Vater mit anständigem Entschluß zu reden anfing und fortführ:

Gott hat dem Fürsten Weisheit gegeben, und zugleich die Erkenntnis, daß alle Gotteswerke seien, jedes nach seiner Art. Seht den Felsen wie er fest steht und sich nicht rührt, der Witterung trotzt und dem Sonnenschein, uralte Bäume zieren sein Haupt und so gekrönt schaut er, weit umher; stürzt aber ein Teil herunter, so will es nicht bleiben was es war, es fällt zerrüttet in viele Stücke und bedeckt die Seite des Hanges. Aber auch du wollen sie nicht verharren, mutwillig springen sie tief hinab, der Bach nimmt sie auf, zum Fluss trägt er sie. Nicht widerstehend, nicht widerstandes-echt, nein, glatt und abgerundet gewinnen sie schneller ihren Weg und gelangen von Fluß zu Fluß, endlich zum Ozean, wo die Riesen in Scharen daher ziehen und in der Tiefe die Zwerge wimmeln.

Doch wer preist den Ruhm des Herrn, den die Sterne loben von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit! Warum seht ihr aber im Fernen umher? betrachtet hier die Biene, noch spät im Herbst sammelt sie emsig und baut sich ein Haus, winkel- und waagerecht, als Meister und Geselle; schaut die Ameise da sie kennt ihren Weg und verliert ihn
Lassen Unglück nicht heran;
Engel schweben hin und wieder
Und so ist es schon getan.

Hierauf mit Kraft und Erhebung begannen alle drei:
Denn der Ewige herrscht auf Erden,
Über Meere herrscht sein Blick;
Löwen sollen Lämmer werden,
Und die Welle schwankt zurück.
Blankes Schwert erstarrt im Hiebe;
Glaub' und Hoffnung sind erfüllt;
Wundertätig ist die Liebe,
Die sich im Gebet enthält.

Alles war still, hörte, hörchte und nur erst als die Töne verhallten
konnte man den Eindruck bemerken und allenfalls beobachten.
Alles war wie beschwichtig't; jeder in seiner Art gerührt. Der Fürst,
as wenn er erst jetzt das Unheil überäste das ihn vor Kurzem
bedroht hatte, blickte nieder auf seine Gemahlin, die, an ihn
gelehnt, sich nicht versagte das gestickte Tüchlein hervorzuziehen
und die Augen damit zu bedecken. Es tat ihr wohl die jugendliche
Brust; von dem Druck erlüftet zu fühlen mit dem die vorherge-
enden Minuten sie belastet hatten. Eine vollkommen Stille be-
herrschte die Menge, man schien die Gefahren vergessen zu haben,
unten den Brand und von oben das Erstehen eines bedenklich ru-
henden Löwens.

Durch einen Wink, die Pferde nahe herbei zu führen, brachte
der Fürst zuerst wieder in die Gruppe Bewegung, dann wendete er
sich zu dem Weibe und sagte: Ihr glaubt also, daß ihr den ents-
prungenden Löwen, wo ihr ihn antreffe durch euren Gesang, durch
den Gesang dieses Kindes, mit Hilfe dieser Flötentöne beschwic-
tigen und ihn sodann unschädlich, so wie unbeschädigt in seinen
Verschluß wieder zurückbringen könntet? Sie bejahten es, veri-
chernd und beteuend; der Kastellan wurde ihnen als Wegweiser
zugegeben. Nun entfernte der Fürst mit Wenigen sich eiligst, die
Fürstin folgte langsamer mit dem übrigen Gefolge; Mutter aber
und Sohn stiegen, von dem Wärtel, der sich eines Gewehrs bemäch-
tigt hatte, (begleitet), steiler gegen den Berg hinan.

Vor dem Eintritt in den Höhlweg, der den Zugang zu dem
Schloß eröffnete, fanden sie die Jäger beschäftigt durres Reisig zu
häufen, damit sie auf jeden Fall ein großes Feuer anzünden kön-
ten. – Es ist nicht Not, sagte die Frau, es wird ohne das alles in Güte
geschehen.

Honorio schaute grad vor sich hin, dorthin wo die Sonne auf ihrer Bahn sich zu senken begann – Du schaust nach Abend, rief die Frau, du tust wohl daran dort gibt's viel zu tun; eile nur, säume nicht, du wirst überwinden. Aber zuerst überwinde dich selbst. Hierauf schien er zu lecheln, die Frau stieg seither, konnte sich aber nicht enthalten nach dem Zurückbleibenden nochmals umzublick-
ken; eine törichte Sonne überschien sein Gesicht, sie glaubte nie ein schöneren Jungling gesehen zu haben.

"Wenn Euer Kind, sagte nunmehr der Wärtel, flüstend und singend, wie ihr überzeugt seid, den Löwen ansreffen und beruhigen kann, so werden wir uns desselben sehr leicht bemühen, da sich das gewaltige Tier ganz nah an die durchbrochenen Gewölbe hangelgt und, durch die wir, da das Haupttor verschüttet ist, hat rings den Schloßhof gewonnen haben. Lockt ihn das Kind dahinein, so kann ich die Öffnung mit leichten Muhe schließen und der Knabe wenn er ihn gut deucht, durch eine der kleinen Wandelstreifen, die er in der Ecke sieht, dem Tier in entschlüpft. Wir wollen uns verbergen, aber ich werde mich so stellen, daß meine Kugel jeden Augenblick dem Kinde zu Hilfe kommen kann.


Endlich hörte man die Flöte wieder, das Kind trat aus der Höhle hervor mit glänzend befeuertigen Augen, der Löwe hinter ihm drein, aber langsam und wie es schien mit einiger Beschwerde. Er zeigte hie und da Lust sich niederzulegen, doch der Knabe führte ihn im Halbkreise durch die wenig entblätterten, buntheblauhen Bäume, bis er sich endlich in den letzten Strahlen der Sonne, die in durch eine Ruinenlücke hereinsandte, wie verklärt niedersetzte und sein beschwichtigendes Lied abermals begann, dessen Wiederholung wir uns auch nicht entziehen können.

Aus den Gruben, hier im Gruben
Hör' ich des Propheten Sang;
Engel schweben ihn zu laden.
Wäre da dem Guten bang?
Löw' und Löwin hin und wieder,
Schmiegen sich um ihn herum;
Ja, die sanften fremden Lieder
Haben's ihnen angetan.

Indessen harrte sich der Löwe ganz knapp an das Kind hingesetzt und ihm die schwere rechte Vorderzunge auf den Schoß gelegt, die der Knabe fortschlingend anmutig streichelte, aber gar bald bemerkte, daß ein scharfer Dornzapfen zwischen die Ballen eingestoßen war. Sorgfältig zog er die verletzende Spitze heft, nach lächelnd sein buntesilbernes Halstuch vom Nacken, und verband die getroffene Tatze des Untiers, so daß die Mutter sich vor Freuden mit ausge- streckten Armen zurückbog und vielleicht angewohnter Weise Beifall gerufen und geklärt hätte, wäre sie nicht durch einen derben Faustgriff des Wärtels erinnert worden, daß die Gefahr nicht vorüber sei.

Glorreich sang das Kind weiter, nachdem es mit wenigen Tönen vorgespiele:

Denn der Ewige hernach auf Erden,
Über Meere herrschte sein Blick;
Löwen sollen Lämmer werden,
Und die Wale schwankt zurück.
Blankes Schwert errichtet im Hiebe,
Glaub' und Hoffnung sind erfüllt;  
Wundertätig ist die Liebe,  
Die sich im Gebet enthüllt.  

Ist es möglich zu denken, daß man in den Zügen eines so grimmgigen Geschöpfes, des Tyrannen der Wälder, des Despoten des Tierreiches einen Ausdruck von Freundlichkeit von dankbarer Zu- 
friedenheit, habe später können so geschah es hier, und wirklich 
sah das Kind in seiner Verklärung aus wie ein mächtiger siegreicher 
Überwincer, jener zwar nicht wie der Überwundene, denn seine 
Kraft blieb in ihm verborgen, aber doch wie der Gezähmte, wie der 
dem eigenen friedlichen Willen anheimgegebene. Das Kind flöte 
und sang so weiter, nach seiner Art die Zeilen verschränkend und 
neue hinzufügend:  

Und so geht mit guten Kindern  
Seliger Engel gern zu Rat,  
Böses Wollen zu verhindern,  
Zu befördern schöne Tat.  
So beschwören, fest zu bannen  
Lieberm Sohn an's zarte Knie  
ihn des Wuldes Hochnerven  
Frommer Sinn und Melodie.  

---

DER MANN VON FUNFZIG JAHREN  

Der Major war in den Gutshof hineingetreten und Hilarie, seine 
Nichte, stand schon, um ihn zu empfangen, außen auf der Treppe, 
die zum Schloß hinauf führte. Kaum erkannte er sie; denn schon 
war sie wieder größer und schöner geworden. Sie flog ihm entge- 
gen, er drückte sie an seine Brust mit dem Sinn eines Vaters und sie 
eilten hinauf zu ihrer Mutter.  

Der Baronin, seiner Schwester, war er gleichfalls willkommen, 
und als Hilarie schnell hinwegging das Frühstück zu bereiten, sagte 
der Major freudig: »Diesmal kann ich mich kurz fassen und sagen, 
dafs unser Geschäft beendet ist. Unser Bruder, der Obermarschall, 
sieht wohl ein, daβ er weder mit Pächtern noch Verwaltern zurecht 
kommt. Er tritt bei seinen Leibwachen die Güter uns und unseren 
Kindern ab; das Jahrgefühl, das er sich ausbedingt, ist freilich stark; 
aber wir können es ihm immer geben: wir gewinnen doch noch für 
die Gegenwart viel und für die Zukunft alles. Die neue Einrichtung 
soll bald in Ordnung sein. Da ich zunächst meinen Abschied er- 
warte, so sehe ich doch wieder ein tätiges Leben vor mir, das uns 
und den Unzügigen einen entschiedenen Vorteil bringt.« Wir 
sehen ruhig zu, wie unsere Kinder emporwachsen und es höhnt von 
uns, von ihnen ab, ihre Verbindung zu beschleunigen.«  

»Das wäre alles recht gut,« sagte die Baronin, »wenn ich dir nur 
ich ein Geheimnis zu entdecken hätte, das ich selbst erst gewahr 
worden bin. Hilariens Herz ist nicht mehr frei; von der Seite hat 
dein Sohn wenig oder nichts zu hoffen.«  

»Was sagst du? rief der Major; ist's möglich? indessen wir uns 
alle Mühe geben uns ökonomisch vorzusuchen, so spielt uns die 
Neigung einen solchen Streich! Sag' mir, Liebe, sag' mir ge- 
schwind, wer ist es, der das Herz Hilariens fesseln konnte? Oder ist 
es denn auch schon so arg? Ist es nicht vielleicht ein flüchtiger 
Eindruck, den man wieder auszulöschen hoffen kann?«  

»Du mußt erst einmal wissen, rief er. Verzerrte die Baronin 
und vermehrte dadurch seine Ungeduld. Sie war schon aufs höch- 
ste gestiegen, als Hilarie, mit den Bedien ten, welche das Frühstück 
trugen, heruntretend, eine schnelle Auflösung des Rätsels unmög- 
lisch machte.
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The Ruin

Georg Simmel

Architecture is the only art in which the great struggle between the will of the spirit and the necessity of nature issues into real peace, in which the soul in its upward striving and nature in its gravity are held in balance. In poetry, painting, and music, the laws governing the materials must be made dumbly submissive to the artistic conception which, in the perfect work, wholly and invisibly absorbs them. Even in sculpture the tangible piece of marble is not the work of art; what stone or bronze of themselves contribute to the work has its effect only as a means of expressing spirit. Although architecture, too, uses and distributes the weight and carrying power of matter according to a plan conceivable only in the human soul, within this plan the matter works by means of its own nature, carrying out the plan, as it were, with its own forces. This is the most sublime victory of the spirit over nature--a situation like that which obtains when we know how to guide a person so that he realizes our will through his own. His will has not been overpowered; rather, the very tendency of his own nature is made to execute our plan.

This unique balance--between mechanical, inert matter which passively resists pressure, and informing spirituality which pushes upward--breaks, however, the instant a building crumbles. For this means nothing else than that merely natural forces begin to become master over the work of man: the balance between nature and spirit, which the building manifested, shifts in favor of nature. This shift becomes a cosmic tragedy which, so we feel, makes every ruin an object infused with our nostalgia; for now the decay appears as nature's revenge for the spirit's having violated it by making a form in its own image. The whole history of mankind is a gradual rise of the spirit to mastery over the nature which it finds outside, but in a certain sense also within, itself. If in the other arts the spirit bends the forms and events of this nature to its command, in architecture it shapes nature's masses and inherent forces until, as if of their own accord, they yield, and the artistic conception is made visible. But the necessities of matter submit to the freedom of the spirit, and its vitality is expressed without residue in nature's merely weighing and carrying forces, only so long as the building remains perfect. The moment its decay destroys the unity of the form, nature and spirit separate again and reveal their world-pervading original enmity--as if the artistic formation had only been an act of violence committed by the spirit to which the stone unwillingly submitted; as if it now gradually shook off this yoke and returned once more into the independent, lawful order of its own forces.

But this makes the ruin a more meaningful, more significant phenomenon than are the fragments of other destroyed works of art. A painting from which particles of paint have fallen off, a statue with mutilated limbs, an ancient text of poetry from which words or lines are lost--all of these have effect only according to what is still left in them of artistic formation or what the imagination can construe of it from remnants. Their immediate appearance is no artistic unity; it offers us nothing but a work of art imperfect through the reductions it has undergone. The ruin of a building, however, means that where the work of art is dying, other forces and forms, those of nature, have grown; and that out of what of art still lives in the ruin and what of nature already lives in it, there has emerged a new whole, a characteristic unity. To be sure, from the standpoint of that purpose which the spirit has embodied in palace and church, castle and hall, aqueduct and memorial column, the form in which they appear when decayed is a meaningless incident. Yet a new meaning seizes on this incident, comprehending it and its spiritual form in a unity which is no longer grounded in human purposiveness but in that depth where human purposiveness and the working of non-conscious natural forces grow from their common root. For this reason, a good many Roman ruins, however interesting they may be otherwise, lack the specific fascination of the ruin--to the extent, that is, to which one notices in them the destruction by man; for this contradicts the contrast between human work and the effect of nature on which rests the significance of the ruin as such.
Such a contradiction is engendered not only by man's positive action but also by his passivity when (and because) he strikes us as an element of mere nature. This characterizes a good many urban ruins, like those, still inhabited, often found in Italy off the main road. In these cases, what strikes us is not, to be sure, that human beings destroy the work of man--this indeed is achieved by nature--but that men let it decay. From the standpoint of the idea of man, such indifference is, so to speak, a positive passivity, whereby man makes himself the accomplice of nature and of that one of its inherent tendencies which is dramatically opposed to his own essential interests. Here the inhabited ruin loses for us that sensuous-suprasensuous balance of the conflicting tendencies of existence which we see in the abandoned one. This balance, indeed, gives it its problematical, unsettling, often unbearable character. Such places, sinking from life, still strike us as settings of a life.

In other words, it is the fascination of the ruin that here the work of man appears to us entirely as a product of nature. The same forces which give a mountain its shape through weathering, erosion, faulting, and the growth of vegetation, here do their work on old walls. Even the charm of alpine forms--which are, after all, for the most part, clumsy, accidental, artistically insipid--rests on the felt counterplay of two cosmic tendencies: volcanic eruptions or gradual stratification have built the mountain upward; rain and snow, weathering and landslides, chemical dissolution, and the effect of gradually intruding vegetation have sawed apart and hollowed out the upper ledge, have cast downward parts of what had been raised up, thus giving the contour its form. In this form, we feel the vitality of those opposing tendencies, and--instinctively sensing these antitheses in ourselves--we notice, beyond everything merely formal and aesthetic, the significance of the configuration in whose serene unity they have their synthesis. In the ruin, these antitheses are distributed over even more widely separated segments of existence. What has led the building upward is human will; what gives it its present appearance is the brute, downward-dragging, corroding, crumbling power of nature. Still, so long as we can speak of a ruin at all and not of a mere heap of stones, this power does not sink the work of man into the formlessness of mere matter. There rises a new form which, from the standpoint of nature, is entirely meaningful, comprehensible, differentiated. Nature has transformed the work of art into material for her own expression, as she had previously served as material for art.

According to its cosmic order, the hierarchy of nature and spirit usually shows nature as the substructure, so to speak, the raw material, or semifinished product; the spirit, as the definitely formative and crowning element. The ruin reverses this order: what was raised by the spirit becomes the object of the same forces which form the contour of the mountain and the bank of the river. If in this way there emerges an aesthetic significance, it ramifies into a metaphysical one in the manner revealed by patina on metal and wood, ivory and marble. In the formation of patina, too, a natural process takes place on the surface of a human product and produces a growth of skin which completely covers up the original one. That the product becomes more beautiful by chemical and physical means; that what has been willed becomes, without intention or force, something obviously new, often more beautiful, and once more selfconsistent--this is the mysterious harmony which is the fantastic fascination of patina; and it cannot be wholly accounted for by analyzing our perception of it. This is the fascination of the ruin, too; but the ruin has an additional fascination which is of the same order: the destruction of the spiritual form by the effect of natural forces, that reversal of the typical order, is felt as a return to the "good mother," as Goethe calls nature. Here, the saying that all that is human "is taken from earth and to earth shall return" rises above its sad nihilism. Between the not-yet and the no-longer lies an affirmation of the spirit whose path, it is true, now no longer ascends to its peak but, satiated by the peak's riches, descends to its home. This is, as it were, the counterpart of that "fruitful moment" for which those riches which the ruin has in retrospect are still in prospect. That the overwhelming of a work of the human will by the power of nature can have an aesthetic effect at all suggests that nature has a never completely extinguished, rightful claim to this work, however much it may be formed by the spirit. In its material, its given state, it has always remained nature; and if now nature becomes once more completely master over it, she is merely exercising a right which until now has remained latent but which she has never, so to speak, renounced. For this reason, the ruin strikes us so often as tragic--but not as sad--because destruction here is not something senselessly coming from the outside but rather the realization of a tendency inherent in the deepest layer of existence of the destroyed. For this reason, too, the aesthetically satisfying impression, which is associated with the tragedy or secret justice of destruction, is so often lacking when we describe a person as a "ruin." For even when we mean by this that the psychic layers we designate as natural in the narrower sense--the drives or inhibitions connected with the body, the inert, the accidental, that which points toward death-
-have become master over the specifically human, rationally valuable ones, we still do not feel that a latent right is being realized through these tendencies. Rather, such a right does not exist at all. We believe—rightly or wrongly—that such derogations, inimical to the spirit, do not inhere in the nature of man in its deepest sense: they have a right to everything external that is born with him, but not to man himself. Reflections and complexities in other contexts aside, man as a ruin, therefore, is so often more sad than tragic, lacking that metaphysical calm which attaches to the decay of a material work as by virtue of a profound a priori.

When we speak of "returning home," we mean to characterize the peace whose mood surrounds the ruin. And we must characterize something else: our sense that these two world potencies—the striving upward and the sinking downward—are working serenely together, as we envisage in their working a picture of purely natural existence. Expressing this peace for us, the ruin orders itself into the surrounding landscape without a break, growing together with it like tree and stone—whereas a palace, a villa, or a peasant house, even where they fit perfectly into the mood of the landscape, always stem from another order of things and blend with that of nature only as if in afterthought. Very old buildings in open country, and particularly ruins, often show a peculiar similarity of color to the tones of the soil around them. The cause of this phenomenon must be somehow analogous to that which gives charm to old fabrics: however heterogeneous their colors may have been when new, the long common destinies—dryness and moisture, heat and cold, outer wear and inner disintegration—which they have encountered through the centuries, produce a unity of tint, a reduction to the same common denominator of color which no new fabric can imitate. In a similar way, the influences of rain and sunshine, the incursion of vegetation, heat, and cold must have assimilated the building abandoned to them into the color tone of the ground which has been abandoned to the same destinies. They have reduced its once conspicuous contrast to the peaceful unity of belonging.

The ruin conveys the impression of peace from yet another perspective. On the one side of that typical conflict stood the purely external form or symbolism of peace: the contour of the mountain as defined by the building-up and the breaking-down. But in respect to the other pole of existence, peace lives entirely within the human soul—that battlefield between nature, which the soul is itself, and spirit, which the soul is itself. The forces which one can designate only by the spatial simile of upwardstriving are at work continuously in our soul, continuously interrupted, deflected, overcome by other forces which work in us as what is dull, mean, "merely natural." The manner in which, and the extent to which, these two variously mingle, yield, at every moment, the form of our soul. But neither by the most decisive victory of one of these two parties nor by their compromise does it ever arrive at a definitive state. For not only does the restless rhythm of the soul not tolerate such a state, but, more important, behind every single event, every single impulse that comes from one or the other of these two directions, there is something which lives on, and there are claims which the decision just made does not put to rest. This gives the antagonism between the two principles something unfinished and formless, which breaks every frame. The unending demands of both principles impose on the soul an interminability of the moral process, a profound absence of well-rounded organization, palpably at rest. In this lies perhaps the ultimate formal ground of the animosity between aesthetic and ethical natures. Wherever we perceive aesthetically, we demand that the contradictory forces of existence be somehow in equilibrium, that the struggle between above and below come to a standstill. But the form which yields only a perception is rejected by the ethical-psychic process with its incessant moving up and down, its constant shifting of boundaries, and the playing of the inexhaustible forces in it, one against the other. By contrast, the profound peace, which, like a holy charmed circle, surrounds the ruin, conveys a sense of this constellation, of the obscure antagonism which determines the form of all existence, now acting among merely natural forces, now occurring only within psychic life, and now, as in the present case, taking place between nature and matter. This antagonism—although here too it is in dis-equilibrium in that it lets one side preponderate as the other sinks into annihilation—nevertheless offers us a quietly abiding image, secure in its form. The aesthetic value of the ruin combines the disharmony, the eternal becoming of the soul struggling against itself, with the satisfaction of form, the firm limitedness, of the work of art. For this reason, the metaphysical-aesthetic charm of the ruin disappears when not enough remains of it to let us feel the upward-leading tendency. The stumps of the pillars of the Forum Romanum are simply ugly and nothing else, while a pillar crumbled—say, halfway down—can generate a maximum of charm.

To be sure, we may well be inclined to ascribe this peacefulness to another motif: the character of the ruin as past. It is the site of life from which life has departed—but this is nothing merely negative,
added to it only by thought, as it is for the countless things which, once immersed in life and accidentally cast on its bank, are by their very nature capable of being easily caught again by its current. In the case of the ruin, the fact that life with its wealth and its changes once dwelled here constitutes an immediately perceived presence. The ruin creates the present form of a past life, not according to the contents or remnants of that life, but according to its past as such. This also is the charm of antiquities, of which only a narrowminded logic can assert that an absolutely exact imitation equals them in aesthetic value. No matter if we are deceived in an individual case: with this piece which we are holding in our hand, we command in spirit the entire span of time since its inception; the past with its destinies and transformations has been gathered into this instant of an aesthetically perceptible present. Here, as in the case of the ruin, with its extreme intensification and fulfillment of the present form of the past, such profound and comprehensive energies of our soul are brought into play that there is no longer any sharp division between perception and thought. Here psychic wholeness is at work-seizing, in the same way that its object fuses the contrast of present and past into one united form, on the whole span of physical and spiritual vision in the unity of aesthetic enjoyment, which, after all, is always rooted in a deeper than merely aesthetic unity.

Thus purpose and accident, nature and spirit, past and present here resolve the tension of their contrasts—or, rather, preserving this tension, they yet lead to a unity of external image and internal effect. It is as though a segment of existence must collapse before it can become unresistant to all currents and powers coming from all corners of reality. Perhaps this is the reason for our general fascination with decay and decadence, a fascination which goes beyond what is merely negative and degrading. The rich and many-sided culture, the unlimited impressionability, and the understanding open to everything, which are characteristic of decadent epochs, do signify this coming together of all contradictory strivings. An equalizing justice connects the uninhibited unity of all things that grow apart and against one another with the decay of those men and works of men which now can only yield, but can no longer create and maintain their own forms out of their own strength.

Translated by David Kettler
Die Ruine


Diese einzigartige Balance zwischen der mechanischen, laufenden, dem Druck passiv widerstrebenden Materie und der formenden, aufwärts drängenden Geistigkeit zurichtet aber in dem Augenblick, in dem das Gebäude verfällt. Denn dies bedeutet nichts anderes, als daß die bloß natürlichen Kräfte über das Menschenwerk Herr zu werden beginnen: die Gleichung zwischen Natur und Geist, die das Bauwerk darstellte, verschiebt sich zugunsten der Natur. Diese Verschiebung schlägt in eine kosmische Tragik aus, die für unser Empfinden jede Ruine in den Schatten der Wehmut rückt; denn jetzt erscheint der Verfall als die Rache der Natur für die Vergewaltigung, die der Geist ihr durch die Formung nach seinem Bilde angehie...
hat. Der ganze geschichtliche Prozeß der Menschheit ist ein allmähliches Herrwerden des Geistes über die Natur, die er außer sich – aber in gewissem Sinne auch in sich – verführt. Hat er in den anderen Künsten die Formen und Ereignisse dieser Natur seinem Gedichte gebeugt, so formt die Architektur deren Massen und unmittelbar eignen Kräfte, bis sie wie von sich aus die Sichtbarkeit der Idee hergeben. Aber nur solange das Werk in seiner Vollendung besteht, fügen sich die Notwendigkeiten der Materie in die Freiheit des Geistes, drückt die Lebendigkeit des Geistes sich in den bloß lastingenden und tragenden Kräften jener resolut aus. In dem Augenblick aber, wo der Verfall des Gebäudes die Geschlossenheit der Form zerstört, treten die Teile wieder auseinander und offenbaren ihre weltähnliche Ursprünge; als sei die künstlerische Form nur eine Gewalttat des Geistes gewesen, der sich der Stein widerwillig unterworfen hat, als schüttete er diesen Schöpfer nun allmählich ab und kehre wieder in die selbständige Gesetzlichkeit seiner Kräfte zurück.

Aber damit wird dennoch die Ruine zu einer sinnvolleren, bedeutungsvolleren Erscheinung, als es die Fragmente einer zerstörten Kunstwerke sind. Ein Gemälde, von dem Farbenteilen abgefallen sind, eine Statue mit verstümmelten Gliedern, ein antiker Dichterfuss, aus dem Worte und Zeilen verloren sind – alle diese wirken nur nach dem, was noch an künstlerischer Formung an ihnen vorhanden ist oder was sich von ihr, auf diese Reste hin, die Phantasie konstruieren kann: ihr unmögliches Anblick ist keine ästhetische Einheit, er bietet nichts als eine um bestimmte Teile vermindertes Kunstwerk. Die Ruine des Bauwerks aber bedeutet, daß in das Verschwundene und Zerstörte des Kunstwerks andere Kräfte und Formen, die der Natur, nachgewachsen sind und so aus dem, was noch von Kunst in ihr lebt und dem, was schon von Natur in ihr lebt, ein neues Ganzes, eine charakteristische Einheit geworden ist. Gewiß ist vom Standpunkt des Zweckes aus, dem der Geist: in dem Palast und der Kirche, der Burg und der Halle, dem Aquädukt und der Denksäule verkörpert hat, ihre Verfallsgestalt ein sinnloser Zufall; allein ein neuer Sinn nimmt diesen Zufall auf, ihn und die geistige Gestaltung in eins umfassend, nicht mehr in menschlicher Zweckmäßigkeit, sondern in der Tiefe gegründet, wo diese und das Weben der unbewußt-ten Naturkräfte ihrer gemeinsamen Wurzel entspringt. Darum fehlt man römischen Ruinen, so interessant sie im übrigen seien, der spezifische Reiz der Ruine: insoweit man nämlich an ihnen die Zerstörung durch den Menschen wahrnimmt; denn dies widerspricht dem Gegensatz zwischen Men-schenwerk und Naturwirkung, auf dem die Bedeutung der Ruine als solcher beruht.


ist, aber an den Menschen nicht. Darum ist der Mensch als Ruine, abgesehen von Betrachtungen aus anderen Reihen und Komplikationen her – so oft mehr traurig als tragisch und entbehrt jener metaphysischen Beruhigung, die an dem Verfall des materiellen Werkes wie von einem tiefen A priori her haf-

ung gewährgebende Form wehrt sich der sittlich-seelische Prozeß mit seinem unaufhörlichen Auf und Nieder, seinen steten Grenzverschiebungen, mit der Unerschöpflichkeit der in ihm gegenspielenden Kräfte. Den tiefen Frieden aber, der wie ein heiliger Banakreis die Ruine umgibt, trägt diese Konstellation: daß der dunkle Antagonismus, der die Form alles Daseins bedingt, – einmal innerhalb der bloßen Naturkräfte wirksam, ein anderes Mal innerhalb des seelischen Lebens für sich allein, ein drittes Mal, wie an unserem Gegenstand, zwischen Natur und Materie sich abspielend – daß dieser Antagonismus hier
gleichfalls nicht zum Gleichgewicht versöhnt ist, sondern die eine Seite überwiegt, die andere in Vernichtung sinken läßt und dabei dennoch ein formsicheres, ruhig verharrendes Bild bietet. Der ästhetische Wert der Ruine vereint die Unausgeschärfenheit, das ewige Werden der gegen sich selbst ringenden Seele mit der formalen Befriedigkeit, der festen Umgrenztheit des Kunstwerks. Deshalb fällt, wo von der Ruine nicht mehr genug übrig ist, um die aufwärts führende Tendenz fühlbar zu machen, ihr metaphysisch-ästhetischer Reiz fort. Die Säulen- stümpe des Forum Romanum sind einfach häßlich und weiter nichts, während eine etwa bis zur Hälfte abgebrochene Säule ein Maximum von Reiz entwickeln mag.


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Gian Lorenzo Bernini

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THE IMPRESARIO

II. iv.

ZANNE: Hey, hey! As if Messer Cinzio weren't capable of a trick or two. Well, if it's for the Prince's own amusement, Cinzio's in for a hard time. 59

ANGELICA: It's too late now, the wheels are turning.

ZANNE: I'm sorry for your Ladyship.

ANGELICA: If you wanted, I could help you handle my father.

ZANNE: This is how to act, then: when you hear Cinzio's name, or when you see him together with your father, make a face, be rude. Pretend you hate him, so that Messer Graziano won't suspect the truth — and let this old weasel take care of the rest. [Exit Angelica] Damn me if you can trust anybody nowadays. Good thing I was under the table and didn't miss a word. From under a table in certain other rooms, I know, one would see the ins and outs of many a colourful affair. All right, I got what I wanted, and just as I thought. To outwit them, I'll need to make friends with this gentleman who's giving the 1,000 scudi. Cinzio says he wants to see how the sets are made, so I'm bound to meet him. Ah, here he is! [Zanni sees Aldoro crossing the stage and follows him out]

SCENE IV

IACACCIA, MORETTO, COVIELLO, ALIDORO, GRAZIANO, SEPIO, ROSETTA,
[CINZIO]

IACACCIA: Hey, Moretto, stop clowning around! Get the sky down here! 60

MORETTO: Hold on a second. Anyone down there?

IACACCIA: Just a pile of planks. Set a match to them for all I care.—We're working as hard as we can, sir. 61 Some light over here! I want to see who these people are. 62 Now where the devil do they come from? — Your servant.

COVIELLO: We're looking for Messer Graziano.

IACACCIA: No such person. 63 And no time to talk.

COVIELLO: One moment. Wait!

ALIDORO: Nevermind, sir. Don't go to any trouble for my sake. These are nobodies, they'll be of no help to us, so I'll be going. You know my wishes.

COVIELLO: All right, sir, you go ahead. I'll do the talking where it's needed. Your servant. — There's a piazza 64 in tips you've lost already.

IACACCIA: Listen, creep, get your balls out of here. 65

COVIELLO: Who, me?

IACACCIA: Yes, you, unless you want to sing soprano for the rest of your life. (Picks up a ruler)

COVIELLO: Now, now, now — Now you'll see who Covielio really is! Don't try to get away. Even running in circles I'll catch you. Now, now, Covielio, let's rise above all this shit. Either we wear a sword for ballast or it's there to be used in case of need. Now well just have to kill this fellow. I'm talking to you as if I were talking to my own self. Either you're a man or a mouse. If you're a man, act like one, not like a coward. Now, the greatest action a man can perform — what is it? To restrain his passions, overcome himself — who doesn't know that? My passion, now, tells me to kill this man — but no, I don't do it. This is the moment to win a finer battle, to perform a truly heroic action. The moment to demonstrate before all the world your innate superiority. Strange this passion. Gain a victory over yourself. — You there, kneel down and lick the ground where my feet are planted. If I were anybody else, you'd be a dead man by now. 66

IACACCIA: (Makes a farting noise with his mouth) GRAZIANO: Why, you ungrateful wretch! A man spares your life — and look how you thank him. Disgusting! And Messer Covielio, what a great human being! Thank heaven I've lived to see a man master his passions. There he stands, wisdom incarnate!

COVIELLO: I was on the level, Messer Graziano. I wasn't playing a part — that's my real nature. 67

SEPIO: Messer Graziano, the men are wasting time up there. Can they bring it down?

GRAZIANO: Yes.

SEPIO: But, sir . . .

GRAZIANO: Don't worry, Messer Covielio can watch.

SEPIO: All right. Let it down. Keep your mind on your work! No talking!

COVIELLO: Stop, stop, stop!

GRAZIANO: What's the matter?

SEPIO: Did a rope break?

COVIELLO: What's this? What am I seeing! Damn my eyes, what is it? A piece of paradise brought down to earth! Oh my God, let me call Cinzio. Messer Cinzio, come downstairs, run, fast, fast!

ROSETTA: Oh, oh! Lady Angelica, come to the window, hurry! The whole sky's come down, it is right here!

CINZIO: What's going on?
COVIELLO: A sword! A sword!
CINZIO: What on earth for?
COVIELLO: Time for a sword.88 Hold everything! Oh you angel, you genius! How ugly the real world looks to me now! Pah! What a marvelous thing is human ingenuity! Messer Grazzano, let me kiss you! Ah, now I can call myself a happy man!

ROSSETTA: Saints above! What a difference between this and those cheap gauze clouds the butcher hangs up to display the giant sausages at Lent89

IACACCIA: I told you this master craftsman here would do the job right. It is not the first time either — I’ve done it plenty of times, right here in town. Truth is, when people first saw them, they fell all over each other, laughing so hard.70

GRAZIANO: You don’t say.
SEPIO: You don’t hear me saying any old thing just because I did it myself.71 There it stands. No need to yap about it. The work speaks for itself.

CINZIO: Messer Grazzano, I’m overjoyed. Imagine the applause on opening night when they see this marvelous effect.

GRAZIANO: Those audiences we call the Prince’s blinders, Messer Cinzio, because they watch the play with their ears.72 Hear what I mean? And now, if you would graciously consent to take your leave . . .

CINZIO: Yes, yes. We’re on our way. Much obliged to your Lordship. [Exit with others]

GRAZIANO: All right now, take it up again, right up to the pulley. Easy does it. Now bring it down, then up, three times at least.73 Come on!

SEPIO: What for?

GRAZIANO: Because it takes at least three turns of the [inquisitorial] rope to make the offending parts confess. Damn you all, stage machines aren’t to make people laugh, but to make them gaze in wonder. Who the hell’s going to marvel at this contraption? You don’t have to be brilliant to see it’s only good for a laugh.

IACACCIA: Come on boss. They won’t all see it the way you do. Not everybody’s a Grazzano.

GRAZIANO: Most of them do.

SEPIO: You take the wind right out of me. You heard the man say, “I’ve already done one here in town, just like this.” I can tell you, at the end, everyone was amazed. All right, let’s quit nattering. Tell me straight out, how do you want it done?

GRAZIANO: I want it to appear completely natural.74

SEPIO: How do you mean, natural?

GRAZIANO: By natural I don’t mean a cloud stuck in place up there. I want my cloud standing out, detached against the blue, and visible in all its dimensions like a real cloud up in the air.

SEPIO: Up in the air, eh? That’s nothing but doubletalk.75 Detach it from up there, you’ll more likely see a cloud on the floor than in the air — unless you suspend it by magic.

GRAZIANO: Ingenuity and design constitute the Magic Art by whose means you deceive the eye and make your audience gaze in wonder, make a cloud stand out against the horizon, then float downstage, still free, with a natural motion. Gradually approaching the viewer, it will seem to dilate, to grow larger and larger. The wind will seem to waft it, waivingly, here and there, then up, higher and higher — not just haul it in place, bang, with a counterweight.

SEPIO: Well, Messer Grazzano, you can do these things with words but not with hands.

GRAZIANO: Now look here. Before we’re through, I’d like you to see what the hand can accomplish. Follow me, I’ll explain how to go about it.

[Exeunt]
of themselves are given the conditions which allow the stilling of the necessary need of man in the teeming overflow of Nature and of his own productive human faculties, in unimaginably rich but ever-fitting measure. And yet once more,—are the conditions of the tyranny of Fashion heaved away: then of themselves are the conditions of True Art at hand; and with one waive of the enchanter’s wand, will holy, glorious Art, the daughter of the noblest Manhood, blossom in like fulness and perfection with Mother Nature, the conditions of whose now completed harmony of form have issued from the birth-pangs of the elements. Like to this blissful harmony of Nature, will she endure and ever show her fruitfulness, as the purest and most perfect satisfaction of the truest, noblest need of perfected mankind; i.e. of men who are all that which of their essence they can be, and therefore should and shall be.

5.

The Art-antagonistic shape of Present Life, under the sway of Abstract Thought and Fashion.

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

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

If we take the end for the beginning, the assuagement for the need, satiety for hunger; then is all movement, all advance, not even conceivable except in line with a concocted need, a hunger brought about by stimulation; and this, in very truth, is the life-spring of our whole Culture of to-day, and its utterance is—Fashion.

Fashion is the artificial stimulus that rouses an unnatural need where the natural is not to hand; but whatsoever does not originate in a real need, is arbitrary, uncalled-for, and tyrannical. Fashion is therefore the maddest, most unheard-of tyranny that has ever issued from man's perversity; it demands from Nature an absolute obedience; it dictates to real need a thorough self-disownment in favour of an artificial; it compels man's natural sense of beauty to worship at the shrine of what is hateful; it kills his health, to bring him to delight in sickness; it breaks his strength and all his force, to let him find content in weakness. Where the absurdest Fashion reigns, there must Nature be regarded as the height of absurdity; where the most criminal un-Nature reigns, there must the utterance of Nature appear the fellest crime; where craziness usurps the place of truth, there must Truth herself be imprisoned under lock and bar, as crazy.

The soul of Fashion is the most absolute uniformity, and its god an egoistic, sexless, barren god. Its motive force is therefore arbitrary alteration, unnecessary change, confused and restless striving after the opposite of its essential uniformity. Its might is the might of habit. But Habit is the invincible despot that rules all weaklings, cowards, and those bereft of veritable need. Habit is the communism of egotism, the tough, unyielding swathe of mutual, free-from-want self-interest; its artificial life-pulse is even that of Fashion.

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

Fashion's invention is therefore mechanical. But the mechanical is herein distinguished from the artistic: that it fares from derivative to derivative, from means to means, to finally bring forth but one more mean, the Machine. Whereas the artistic strikes the very opposite path: throws means on means behind it, pierces through derivative after derivative, to arrive at last at the source of every derivation, of every mean, in Nature's self, and there to slake its need in understanding.

Thus the Machine is the cold and heartless ally of luxury-craving men. Through the machine have they at last made even human reason their liege subject; for, led astray from Art's discovery, dishonoured and disowned, it consumes itself at last in mechanical refinements, in absorption into the Machine, instead of in absorption into Nature in the Art-work.

The need of Fashion is thus the diametrical antithesis of the need of Art; for the artistic need cannot possibly be present where Fashion is the lawgiver of Life. In truth, the endeavour of many an enthusiastic artist of our times could only be directed to rousing first that necessary Need, from the standpoint and by the means of Art; yet we
must look on all such efforts as vain and fruitless. The one impossibility for Mind is, to awaken a real need—to answer to an actual present need, man always has the speedy means to hand, but never to evoke it where Nature has withheld it, where its conditions are not contained in her economy. But if the craving for art-work does not exist, then art-work is itself impossible and only the Future can call it forth for us, and that by the natural begettal of its conditions from out of Life.

Only from Life, from which alone can even the need for her grow up, can Art obtain her matter and her form; but where Life is modelled upon Fashion, Art can never fashion aught from Life. Straying far away from the necessity of Nature, Mind wilfully—and even in the so-called ‘common’ life, involuntarily—exercises its disfiguring influence upon the matter and the form of Life; in such a manner that Mind, at last unhappy in its separation, and longing for its healthy sustenance by Nature and its complete re-union with her, can no more find the matter and the form for its assuagement in actual present life. If, in its striving for redemption, it yearns for unreserved acknowledgment of Nature, and if it can only reconcile itself with her in her faithfulest portrayal, in the physical actuality of the Art-work: yet it sees that this reconciliation can nevermore be gained by acknowledgment and portrayal of its actual surroundings, of this Fashion-governed parody of life. Involuntarily, therefore, must it pursue an arbitrary course in its struggle for redemption by Art; it must seek for Nature—which in sound and wholesome Life would rush to meet it—amid times and places where it can recognise her in less, and finally in least, distortion. Yet everywhere and everywhen has natural man thrown on the garment, if not of Fashion, still of Custom ("Sitte") The simplest and most natural, the fairest and the noblest Custom is certainly the least disfigurement of Nature,—nay, her most fitting human garb. But the copying and reproduction of this Custom,—without which the modern artist can never manage to effect his portraiture of Nature,

—is still, in face of modern Life, an irremediably arbitrary and purpose-governed dealing; and whatsoever has been thus formed and fashioned by even the honestest striving after Nature, appears, so soon as e'er it steps before our present public life, either a thing incomprehensible, or else another freshly fangled Fashion.

In truth we have nothing for which to thank this mode of striving after nature, within the bounds of modern life and yet in contrast to it, but Mannerism and its ceaseless, restless change. The character of Fashion has once more unwittingly betrayed itself in Mannerism; without a shred of consequent coherence with actual life, it trips up to Art with just the same despotism that Fashion wields on Life; it bands itself with Fashion, and rules with equal might each separate branch of art. Beneath its serious mien it shows itself—almost as inevitably as does its colleague—in utmost ridicule. Not only the Antique, the Renaissance and Middle Ages, but the customs and the garb of savage races in new-discovered lands, the primal fashions of Japan and China, from time to time usurp as "Mannerisms," in greater or in less degree, each several department of our modern art. Nay, with no other effect than that of an insufficient stimulus, our lightly veering "manner of the day" sets before the least religiously disposed and most genteel of theatre-goers the fanaticism of religious sects;* before the luxurious un-nature of our fashionable world the nativity of Swabian peasants; before the pampered gods of commerce the want of the hungering rabble.

Here, then, does the artist whose spirit strives to be reknit with Nature see all his hopes thrust forward to the Future, or else his soul thrust back upon the mournful exercise of resignation. He recognises that his thought can only gain redemption in a physically present art-work, thus only in a truly art-demanding, i.e. an art-conditioning Present that shall bring forth Art from its own native truth and beauty; he therefore sets his hopes upon the Future,

* The slap at Meyerbeer's "L'inganno," Sophistes, etc., is obvious.—Tr.
his trust upon the power of Necessity, for which this Work of the Future is reserved. But in face of the actual Present, he renounces all appearing of the Art-work upon the surface of this present, i.e. in public show; and consequently he quits publicity itself, so far as it is ruled by fashion. The great United Art-work, which must gather up each branch of art to use it as a mean, and in some sense to undo it for the common aim of all, for the unconditioned, absolute portrayal of perfected human nature,—this great United Art-work he cannot picture as depending on the arbitrary purpose of some human unit, but can only conceive it as the instinctive and associate product of the Manhood of the Future. The instinct that recognises itself as one that can only be satisfied in fellowship, abandons modern fellowship—that conglomerate of self-seeking caprice—and turns to find its satisfaction in solitary fellowship with itself and with the manhood of the Future,—so well as the lonely unit can.

6.

Standard for the Art-work of the Future.

It is not the lonely spirit, striving by Art for redemption into Nature, that can frame the Art-work of the Future; only the spirit of Fellowship, fulfilled by Life, can bring this work to pass. But yet the lonely one can prefigure it to himself; and the thing that saves his preconception from becoming a mere idle fancy, is the very character of his striving,—his striving after Nature. The mind that casts back longing eyes to Nature, and therefore goes a-hungering in the modern Present, sees not alone in Nature's great sum-total, but also in the human nature that history lays before it, the types by whose observing it may reconcile itself with life in general. It recognises in this nature a type for all the Future, already shown in narrower bounds; to widen out these bounds to broadest compass, rests on the imaginative faculty of its nature-craving instinct.

Two cardinal moments of his development lie clear before us in the history of Man: the generic national, and the un-national universal. If we still look forward to the Future for the completion of the second evolutionary step, yet in the Past, we have the rounded-off conclusion of the first set clear as day before our eyes. To what a pitch man once—so far as, governed by generic ancestry, by community of mother-tongue, by similarity of climate, and the natural surroundings of a common fatherland, he yielded himself unconsciously to the influence of Nature—to what a pitch man once was able to unfold himself beneath these wellnigh directly moulding influences, we have certainly full reason to acknowledge with most heartfelt thanks. It is in the natural customs of all peoples, so far as they embrace the normal man, and even of those decreed as most uncultured, that we first learn the truth of human nature in its full nobility, and in its real beauty. Not one true virtue has any Religion soever taken into itself as its god's command, but it was already self-included in these natural customs; not one genuine idea of human right has the later civilised State developed—though, alas, to the point of complete distortion!—but it already found its sure expression in them; not one veritable discovery for the common weal has later Culture made her own—with arrogant ingratitude!—but she derived it from the fruits of the homely understanding of the stewards of those customs.

But that Art is not an artificial product,—that the need of Art is not an arbitrary issue, but an inbred craving of the natural, genuine, and uncorrupted man,—who proves this in more striking manner than just these Peoples? Nay, whence shall our uneasy "spirit" derive its proofs of Art's necessity, if not from the testimony of this artistic instinct and its glorious fruits afforded by these nature-fostered peoples, by the great Folk itself? Before what phenomenon do we stand with more humiliating sense of the impotence of our frivolous culture, than before the art of the Hellenes? To this, to the art of the darlings of all-loving Nature, of those fairest children whom the great
THE ART-WORK OF THE FUTURE

AND OTHER WORKS

By Richard Wagner

TRANSLATED BY
William Ashton Ellis

University of Nebraska Press
Lincoln and London
PLATO

LAWS

BOOKS I–VI

WITH AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION BY

R. G. BURY

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παρά τις τῶν πολιτῶν μὴν αὐτοῖς, ὅπως ἄμφοτέρων τικτόντων τοιαῦτα ἄμφοτερα· μὴν ὅρον δὲ τούτων ἐκατέρω τῶν νομοθετῶν φραζέων, ἦστω δὴ πενίος μὲν ὅρος ἢ τοῦ κλήρου

Εὐτυχῶς, δὲ δεῖ μένειν καὶ ἐν ἀρχαίοις οὐδεὶς οὐδεὶς ποτέ περισσεύεται ἐλάττων γεγονόν, τῶν τε ἄλλων κατὰ ταύτα οὐδεὶς ὅσις φιλότιμος ἐπ' ἀρετῇ, μέτρον δὲ αὐτῶν θέμενος ὁ νομοθέτης διπλάσιον ἔασε τούτου κτάσθαι καὶ τριπλάσιον καὶ μέχρι τετραπλάσιου· πλείονα δὲ ἢ τὰς κτάσεις τούτων εὐρών ἢ δοθέντων ποθὲν ἢ χρησιμοθάμνους ἢ τινα τυχεῖ τοιαύτα κτήσαμενοι.

745 ἀλλὰ τὰ περιγνωσμένα τοῦ μέτρου, τῇ πολε ἃν αὐτὰ καὶ τοὺς τὴν πόλιν ἔχουσι θεοὺς ἀπονέμονες εὐδοκήμος τε καὶ ἄξιοις ἄν εἰπῇ· ἐὰν δὲ τις ἢ ἀπειθῇ τούτῳ τῷ νόμῳ, φανεῖ μὲν οἱ βουλήμενοι ἐπὶ τοῖς ἡμίσεαι, ὁ δὲ ὀφλὲς ἄλλο τοσοῦτον μέρος ἀποτίσει τῆς αὐτοῦ κτήσεως, τὰ δ' ἡμίσει τῶν θεῶν. ἦ δὲ κτήσις χωρίς τοῦ κλήρου πάντων πάσα ἐν τῷ φαινόμενο γεγράφῳ παρά φύλαξιν ἀρχουσιν, οἷς ἃν ὁ νόμος προστατήσῃ, ἀπὸς ἃν αὐτῷ ἢ τῇ δικαί πάντων ὅσα ἡ ἐς χρήσιμαι μίδιαί τε ὁσί καὶ σφόδρα σαφεῖς.

Τὸ δὲ μετὰ τοῦτο, πρῶτον μὲν τὴν πόλιν ἱδρύσατα δεὶ τῆς χώρας ἵνα μάλιστα ἐν μέσῳ, καὶ τὰλλα ὅσα πρόσφορα πόλει τῶν ὑπάρχοντων ἔχουσι τῶν ἐκλεξάμενων, ὁ νοῆσαι τε καὶ εἰπεῖν οὐδὲν χαλεπών μετὰ δὲ τάτα μέρη διόδεκα διελέσθαι, θέμενον Ἑστίας πρῶτον καὶ Δίως καὶ Ἀθηναίος ἱερόν, ἀκρόπολιν ὀνομαζόντα, κύκλον

1 οὐά Stephens, Schanz : οὐαύ MSS.

LAWS, BOOK V

be in a condition of either painful poverty or wealth, since both these conditions produce both these results; consequently the lawgiver must now declare a limit for both these conditions. The limit of poverty shall be the value of the allotment; this must remain fixed, and its diminution in any particular instance no magistrate should overlook, nor any other citizen who aspires to goodness. And having set this as the (inferior) limit, the lawgiver shall allow a man to possess twice this amount, or three times, or four times. Should anyone acquire more than this—whether by discovery or gift or money-making, or through gaining a sum exceeding the due measure by some other such piece of luck,—if he makes the surplus over to the State and the gods who keep the State, he shall be well-esteemed and free from penalty. But if anyone disobeys this law, whose wishes may get half by laying information, and the man that is convicted shall pay out an equal share of his own property, and the half shall go to the gods. All the property of every man over and above his allotment shall be publicly written out and be in the keeping of the magistrates appointed by law, so that legal rights pertaining to all matters of property may be easy to decide and perfectly clear.

In the next place, the lawgiver must first plant his city as nearly as possible in the centre of the country, choosing a spot which has all the other conveniences also which a city requires, and which it is easy enough to perceive and specify. After this, he must divide off twelve portions of land,—when he has first set apart a sacred glebe for Hestia, Zeus and Athene, to which he shall give the name "acropolis" and circle it round with a ring-wall;
starting from this he must divide up both the city itself and all the country into the twelve portions. The twelve portions must be equalised by making those consisting of good land small, and those of inferior land larger. He must mark off 5,040 allotments, and each of these he must cut in two and join two pieces to form each several allotment, so that each contains a near piece and a distant piece,—joining the piece next the city with the piece furthest off, the second nearest with the second furthest, and so on with all the rest. And in dealing with these separate portions, they must employ the device we mentioned a moment ago, about poor land and good, and secure equality by making the assigned portions of larger or smaller size. And he must divide the citizens also into twelve parts, making all the twelve parts as equal as possible in respect of the value of the rest of their property, after a census has been made of all. After this they must also appoint twelve allotments for the twelve gods, and name and consecrate the portion allotted to each god, giving it the name of “phyle.” And they must also divide the twelve sections of the city in the same manner as they divided the rest of the country; and each citizen must take as his share two dwellings, one near the centre of the country the other near the outskirts. Thus the settlement shall be completed.

But we must by all means notice this,—that all the arrangements now described will never be likely to meet with such favourable conditions that the
whole programme can be carried out according to plan. This requires that the citizens will raise no objection to such a mode of living together, and will tolerate being restricted for life to fixed and limited amounts of property and to families such as we have stated, and being deprived of gold and of the other things which the lawgiver is clearly obliged by our regulations to forbid, and will submit also to the arrangements he has defined for country and city, with the dwellings set in the centre and round the circumference,—almost as if he were telling nothing but dreams, or moulding, so to say, a city and citizens out of wax. These criticisms are not altogether unfair, and the lawgiver should reconsider the points that follow. So he that is legislating speaks to us again in this wise: "Do not suppose, my friends, that I in these my discourses fail to observe the truth of what is now set out in this criticism. But in dealing with all schemes for the future, the fairest plan, I think, is this—that the person who exhibits the pattern on which the undertaking is to be modelled should omit no detail of perfect beauty and truth; but where any of them is impossible of realisation, that particular detail he should omit and leave unexecuted, but contrive to execute instead whatever of the remaining details comes nearest to this and is by nature most closely akin to the right procedure; and he should allow the lawgiver to express his ideal completely; and when this is done, then and then only should they both consult together as to how far their proposals are expedient and how much of the legislation is impracticable. For the constructor of even the most trivial object, if he is to be
PLATO

ἀπεργάζεσθαι καὶ τὸν τοῦ φανταστοῦ δημιουργὸν

D ἄξιον ἐσόμενος λόγον.

Νῦν δὴ τοῦτ’ αὐτὸ προθυμήσαν ιδεῖν μετὰ τὴν
dόξαν τῆς τῶν δώδεκα μερῶν διανομῆς, τὸ τίνα
τρόπον [δῆλον δὴ τά δώδεκα μέρη τῶν ἑνός
αὐτοῦ πλείοτας ἔχοντα διανομᾶς] ¹ καὶ τὰ τούτων
ξυνεπόμενα καὶ ἐκ τούτων γενικῶς, μέχρι
τῶν τεττάρακον τὰ καὶ πεντακισχίλιον ² ὅθεν
φρατρίας καὶ δήμους καὶ κόμας, καὶ πρὸς γα τὰς
πολεμικὰς τάξεις τε καὶ ἁγιασματα καὶ μέτρα
ξηρά τε καὶ υγρά καὶ σταθμα.

Ε τάντα ταύτα ἐμμετρά τε καὶ ἀλλήλοις σύμφωνα
dει τὸν γα νόμον τάττειν. πρὸς δὲ τούτοις oὐδὲ
ἐκεῖνα φοβεῖται, δείκνυται τὴν δόξαν ἄν
γνωρισθαι συμπλογίαν, ἀν τις προστάτη πάντα
ὁποίαν ἄν σκευη κτώνται, μηδέν ἄμετρον αὐτῶν

747 ἐὰν εὑρη, καὶ κοινῷ λόγῳ γνώμασα πρὸς πάντα
ἐναι χρονικώς τὰς τῶν ἀριθμῶν διανομὰς καὶ
ποικίλες, ὅσα τὰ αὐτὰ ἐν ἑαυτοῖς ποικίλλονται
καὶ ὅσα ἐν μῆκος καὶ ἐν βάθειας ποικίλλονται,
καὶ δὴ καὶ ἐν θρόγγεις καὶ κυνῆσει ταῖς καὶ τᾶς
ἐνθυσίων τῆς ἄνω καὶ κάτω φοράς καὶ τῆς
κύκλῳ περιφοράς πρός γαρ τά ταύτα πάντα δεῖ
βλέπαντα τὸν γα νομοθέτην προστάτειν τοῖς
πολιτείς πάσιν εἰς δύναμιν τούτων μὴ ἀπολείπον

Β πεσάνθε τῆς συντάξεως, πρὸς τα γαὶς ὀικονομίαν
καὶ πρὸς πολιτείαν καὶ πρὸς τὰς τέχνας πάσας
ἐν οὐδὲν ὀντὸς ὡς ἐκεῖνη παῖδειν μάθημα
cαὶ μεγάλη, ὡς ἡ περὶ τοὺς ἕρωτας διατριβή: τὸ
δὲ μέγιστον, ὅτι τὸν νυστάζοντα καὶ ἀμαθῆ φύσει
ἐγείρει καὶ εὐμαθῇ καὶ μνήμονα καὶ ἀγάλλων

¹ [δῆλον . . διανομᾶς] ¹ bracket (bracketed by Hermann).

LAWs, BOOK V

of any merit, must make it in all points consistent

with itself."

So now we must endeavour to discern—after we
have decided on our division into twelve parts—in
what fashion the divisions that come next to these
and are the offspring of these, up to the ultimate
figure, 5,040, (determining as they do, the phratries
and demes ¹ and villages, as well as the military
companies and Platoons, and also the coinage-system,
dry and liquid measures, and weights)—how, I say, all
these numerations are to be fixed by the law so as to
be of the right size and consistent one with another.
Moreover, he should not hesitate, through fear of
what might appear to be peddling detail, to prescribe
that, of all the utensils which the citizens may possess,
none shall be allowed to be of undue size. He must
recognise it as a universal rule that the divisions
and variations of numbers are applicable to all
purposes—both to their own arithmetical variations
and to the geometrical variations of surfaces and
solids, and also to those of sounds, and of motions,
whether in a straight line up and down or circular.²

The lawgiver must keep all these in view and
charge all the citizens to hold fast, so far as they
can, to this organised numerical system. For in
relation to economics, to politics and to all the arts,
no single branch of educational science possesses so
great an influence as the study of numbers: its chief
advantage is that it wakes up the man who is by
nature drowsy and slow of wit, and makes him quick

¹ "Phratries" and "demes" were sub-divisions of the
"phyle" or tribe.
² i.e. the laws of arithmetic apply also to plane and solid
geometry, acoustics, and kinetics.
types of song as defined by the natural difference of the two sexes, he must also clearly declare wherein the feminine type consists. Now we may affirm that what is noble and of a manly tendency is masculine, while that which inclines rather to decorum and sedateness is to be regarded rather as feminine both in law and in discourse. Such then is our regulation of the matter. We have next to discuss the question of the teaching and imparting of these subjects—how, by whom, and when each of them should be practised. Just as a shipwright at the commencement of his building outlines the shape of his vessel by laying down her keel, so I appear to myself to be doing just the same—trying to frame, that is, the shapes of lives according to the modes of their souls, and thus literally laying down their keels, by rightly considering by what means and by what modes of living we shall best navigate our barque of life through this voyage of existence. And notwithstanding that human affairs are unworthy of earnest effort, necessity counsels us to be in earnest; and that is our misfortune. Yet, since we are where we are, it is no doubt becoming that we should show this earnestness in a suitable direction. But no doubt I may be faced—and rightly faced—with the question, "What do I mean by this?"

 Clar. Certainly.

 Ath. What I assert is this,—that a man ought to be in serious earnest about serious things, and not about trifles; and that the object really worthy of all serious and blessed effort is God, while man is contrived, as we said above,¹ to be a playing thing of God, and the best part of him is really just that; and

¹ 644 D.
thus I say that every man and woman ought to pass through life in accordance with this character, playing at the noblest of pastimes, being otherwise minded than they now are.

clin. How so?

ath. Now they imagine that serious work should be done for the sake of play; for they think that it is for the sake of peace that the serious work of war needs to be well conducted. But as a matter of fact we, it would seem, do not find in war, either as existing or likely to exist, either real play or education worthy of the name, which is what we assert to be in our eyes the most serious thing. It is the life of peace that everyone should live as much and as well as he can. What then is the right way? We should live out our lives playing at certain pastimes — sacrificing, singing and dancing — so as to be able to win Heaven's favour and to repel our foes and vanquish them in fight. By means of what kinds of song and dance both these aims may be effected, — this has been, in part, stated in outline, and the paths of procedure have been marked out, in the belief that the poet is right when he says 1 —

"Telemachus, thine own wit will in part
Instruct thee, and the rest will Heaven supply;
For to the will of Heaven thou owest birth
And all thy nurture, I would fain believe."

It behoves our nurslings also to be of this same mind, and to believe that what we have said is sufficient, and that the heavenly powers will suggest to them all

1 Odys. iii. 26 ff.
else that concerns sacrifice and the dance,—in honour of what gods and at what seasons respectively they are to play and win their favour, and thus mould their lives according to the shape of their nature, inasmuch as they are puppets\(^1\) for the most part, yet share occasionally in truth.

meg. You have a very mean opinion, Stranger, of the human race.

ath. Marvel not, Megillus, but forgive me. For when I spoke thus, I had my mind set on God, and was feeling the emotion to which I gave utterance. Let us grant, however, if you wish, that the human race is not a mean thing, but worthy of serious attention.

To pursue our subject,—we have described\(^2\) buildings for public gymnasia as well as schools in three divisions within the city, and also in three divisions round about the city training-grounds and race-courses for horses, arranged for archery and other long-distance shooting, and for the teaching and practising of the youth: if, however, our previous description of these was inadequate, let them now be described and legally regulated. In all these establishments there should reside teachers attracted by pay from abroad for each several subject, to instruct the pupils in all matters relating to war and to music; and no father shall either send his son as a pupil or keep him away from the training-school at his own sweet will, but every “man jack” of them all (as the saying goes) must, so far as possible, be compelled to be educated, inasmuch as they are children of the State even more than children of their parents. For females, too, my law will lay down the same regulations as for men, and training of an identical kind. I will unhesitatingly affirm that

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\(^1\) Cp. 644 D, E. \(^2\) 764 C, 779 D.
Marshall
McLuhan

Understanding Media

The extensions of man

London and New York
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Alcohol and gambling have very different Games meanings in different cultures. In our intensely individualist and fragmented Western world, "booze" is a social bond and a means of festive involvement. By contrast, in closely knit tribal society "booze" is destructive of all social pattern and is even used as a means to mystical experience.

In tribal societies, gambling, on the other hand, is a welcome avenue of entrepreneurial effort and individual initiative. Carried into an individualist society, the same gambling games and sweepstakes seem to threaten the whole social order. Gambling pushes individual initiative to the point of mocking the individualist social structure. The virtue is the capitalist. When the boys came home from the mud and blood baths of the Western Front in 1918 and 1919, they encountered the Volstead Prohibition Act. It was the social and political recognition
that the war had fraternalized and tribalized us to the point where alcohol was a threat to an individualist society. When we too are prepared to legalize gambling, we shall, like the English, announce to the world the end of individualist society and the trek back to tribal ways.

We think of humor as a mark of sanity for a good reason: in fun and play we recover the integral person, who in the workaday world or in professional life can use only a small sector of his being. Philip Deane, in Captive in Korea, tells a story about games in the midst of successive brain washings that is to the point.

There came a time when I had to stop reading those books, to stop practising Russian because with the study of language the absurd and constant assertion began to leave its mark, began to find an echo, and I felt my thinking processes getting tangled, my critical faculties getting blunted. . . . then they made a mistake. They gave us Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island* in English. ... I could read Marx again, and question myself honestly without fear. Robert Louis Stevenson made us lighthearted, so we started dancing lessons.

Games are popular art, collective, social reactions to the main drive or action of any culture. Games, like institutions, are extensions of social man and of the body politic, as technologies are extensions of the animal organism. Both games and technologies are counter-irritants or ways of adjusting to the stress of the specialized actions that occur in any social group. As extensions of the popular response to the workaday stress, games become faithful models of a culture. They incorporate both the action and the reaction of whole populations in a single dynamic image.

A Reuters dispatch for December 13, 1962, reported from Tokyo:
BUSINESS IS A BATTLEFIELD

Latest fashion among Japanese businessmen is the study of classical military strategy and tactics in order to apply them to business operations.... It has been reported that one of the largest advertising companies in Japan has even made these books compulsory reading for all its employees.

Long centuries of tight tribal organization now stand the Japanese in very good stead in the trade and commerce of the electric age. A few decades ago they underwent enough literacy and industrial fragmentation to release aggressive individual energies. The close teamwork and tribal loyalty now demanded by electrical intercom again puts the Japanese in positive relation to their ancient traditions. Our own tribal ways are much too remote to be of any social avail. We have begun retribalizing with the same painful groping with which a preliterate society begins to read and write, and to organize its life visually in three-dimensional space.

The search for Michael Rockefeller brought the life of a New Guinea tribe into prominent attention in Life a year ago. The editors explained the war games of these people:

The traditional enemies of the Willigiman-wallalua are the Wittaia, a people exactly like themselves in language, dress and custom. . . . Every week or two the Willigiman-Wallalua and their enemies arrange a formal battle at one of the traditional fighting grounds. In comparison with the catastrophic conflicts of "civilized" nations, these frays seem more like a dangerous field sport than true war. Each battle lasts but a single day, always stops before nightfall (because of the danger of ghosts) or if it begins to rain (no one wants to get his hair or ornaments wet). The men are very accurate with their weapons --they have all played war games since they were small boys --but they are equally adept at dodging, and hence are rarely hit by anything.
The truly lethal part of this primitive warfare is not the formal battle but the sneak raid or stealthy ambush in which not only men but women and children are mercilessly slaughtered. . . . This perpetual bloodshed is carried on for none of the usual reasons for waging war. No territory is won or lost; no goods or prisoners seized. . . . They fight because they enthusiastically enjoy it, because it is to them a vital function of the complete man, and because they feel they must satisfy the ghosts of slain companions. These people, in short, detect in these games a kind of model of the universe, in whose deadly gavotte they can participate through the ritual of war games.

Games are dramatic models of our psychological lives providing release of particular tensions. They are collective and popular art forms with strict conventions. Ancient and nonliterate societies naturally regarded games as live dramatic models of the universe or of the outer cosmic drama. The Olympic games were direct enactments of the agon, or struggle of the Sun god. The runners moved around a track adorned with the zodiacal signs in imitation of the daily circuit of the sun chariot. With games and plays that were dramatic enactments of a cosmic struggle, the spectator role was plainly religious. The participation in these rituals kept the cosmos on the right track, as well as providing a booster shot for the tribe. The tribe or the city was a dim replica of that cosmos, as much as were the games, the dances, and the icons. How art became a sort of civilized substitute for magical games and rituals is the story of the detribalization which came with literacy. Art, like games, became a mimetic echo of, and relief from, the old magic of total involvement. As the audience for the magic games and plays became more individualistic, the role of art and ritual shifted from the cosmic to the humanly psychological, as in Greek drama. Even the ritual became more verbal and less mimetic or dance like. Finally, the
verbal narrative from Homer and Ovid became a romantic literary substitute for the corporate liturgy and group participation. Much of the scholarly effort of the past century in many fields has been devoted to a minute reconstruction of the conditions of primitive art and ritual, for it has been felt that this course offers the key to understanding the mind of primitive man. The key to this understanding, however, is also available in our new electric technology that is so swiftly and profoundly recreating the conditions and attitudes of primitive tribal man in ourselves.

The wide appeal of the games of recent times --the popular sports of baseball and football and ice hockey-- seen as outer models of inner psychological life, become understandable. As models, they are collective rather than private dramatizations of inner life. Like our vernacular tongues, all games are media of interpersonal communication, and they could have neither existence nor meaning except as extensions of our immediate inner lives. If we take a tennis racket in hand, or thirteen playing cards, we consent to being a part of a dynamic mechanism in an artificially contrived situation. Is this not the reason we enjoy those games most that mimic other situations in our work and social lives? Do not our favorite games provide a release from the monopolistic tyranny of the social machine? In a word, does not Aristotle's idea of drama as a mimetic reenactment and relief from our besetting pressures apply perfectly to all kinds of games and dance and fun? For fun or games to be welcome, they must convey an echo of workaday life. On the other hand, a man or society without games is one sunk in the zombie trance of the automation. Art and games enable us to stand aside from the material pressures of routine and convention, observing and questioning. Games as popular art forms offer to all an immediate means of participation in the full life of a society, such as no single role or job can offer to any man. Hence the contradiction in "professional" sport. When the games door opening into the
free life leads into a merely specialist job, everybody senses an incongruity.
The games of a people reveal a great deal about them. Games are a sort of artificial paradise like Disneyland, or some Utopian vision by which we interpret and complete the meaning of our daily lives. In games we devise means of nonspecialized participation in the larger drama of our time. But for civilized man the idea of participation is strictly limited. Not for him the depth participation that erases the boundaries of individual awareness as in the Indian cult of *daishan*, the mystic experience of the physical presence of vast numbers of people.
A game is a machine that can get into action only if the players consent to become puppets for a time. For individualist Western man, much of his "adjustment" to society has the character of a personal surrender to the collective demands. Our games help both to teach us this kind of adjustment and also to provide a release from it. The uncertainty of the outcomes of our contests makes a rational excuse for the mechanical rigor of the rules and procedures of the game.
When the social rules change suddenly, then previously accepted social manners and rituals may suddenly assume the stark outlines and the arbitrary patterns of a game. The Gamesmanship of Stephen Potter speaks of a social revolution in England. The English are moving toward social equality and the intense personal competition that goes with equality. The older rituals of long accepted class behavior now begin to appear comic and irrational, gimmicks in a game. Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People* first appeared as a solemn manual of social wisdom, but it seemed quite ludicrous to sophisticates. What Carnegie offered as serious discoveries already seemed like a naive mechanical ritual to those beginning to move in a milieu of Freudian awareness charged with the psychopathology of everyday life. Already the Freudian patterns of perception have become an outworn code that begins to
provide the cathartic amusement of a game, rather than a guide to living.
The social practices of one generation tend to get codified into the "game" of the next. Finally, the game is passed on as a joke, like a skeleton stripped of its flesh. This is especially true of periods of suddenly altered attitudes, resulting from some radically new technology. It is the inclusive mesh of the TV image, in particular, that spells for a while, at least, the doom of baseball. For baseball is a game of one-thing-at-a-time, fixed positions and visibly delegated specialist jobs such as belonged to the now passing mechanical age, with is fragmented tasks and its staff and line in management organization. TV, as the very image of the new corporate and participant ways of electric living, fosters habits of unified awareness and social interdependence that alienate us from the peculiar style of baseball, with its specialist and positional stress. When cultures change, so do games. Baseball, that had become the elegant abstract image of an industrial society living by split-second timing, has in the new TV decade lost its psychic and social relevance for our new way of life. The ball game has been dislodged from the social center and been conveyed to the periphery of American life. In contrast, American football is nonpositional, and any or all of the players can switch to any role during play. It is, therefore, a game that at the present is supplanting baseball in general acceptance. It agrees very well with the new needs of decentralized team play in the electric age. Offhand, it might be supposed that the tight tribal unity of football would make it a game that the Russians would cultivate. Their devotion to ice hockey and soccer, two very individualist forms of game, would seem little suited to the psychic needs of a collectivist society. But Russia is still in the main an oral, tribal world that is undergoing detribalization and just now discovering individualism as a novelty. Soccer and ice hockey have for them, therefore, an exotic and Utopian quality of promise that they do not convey to the West.
This is the quality that we tend to call "snob value," and we might derive some similar "value" from owning race horses, polo ponies, or twelve-meter yachts. Games, therefore, can provide many varieties of satisfaction. Here we are looking at their role as media of communication in society as a whole. Thus, poker is a game that has often been cited as the expression of all the complex attitudes and unspoken values of a competitive society. It calls for shrewdness, aggression, trickery, and unflattering appraisals of character. It is said women cannot play poker well because it stimulates their curiosity, and curiosity is fatal in poker. Poker is intensely individualist, allowing no place for kindness or consideration, but only for the greatest good of the greatest number --the number one. It is in this perspective that it is easy to see why war has been called the sport of kings. For kingdoms are to monarchs what patrimonies and private income are to the private citizen. Kings can play poker with kingdoms, as the generals of their armies do with troops. They can bluff and deceive the opponent about their resources and their intentions. What disqualifies war from being a true game is probably what also disqualifies the stock market and business --the rules are not fully known nor accepted by all the players. Furthermore, the audience is too fully participant in war and business, just as in a native society there is no true art because everybody is engaged in making art. Art and games need rules, conventions, and spectators. They must stand forth from the over-all situation as models of it in order for the quality of play to persist. For "play," whether in life or in a wheel, implies interplay. There must be give and take, or dialogue, as between two or more persons and groups. This quality can, however, be diminished or lost in any kind of situation. Great teams often play practice games without any audience at all. This is not sport in our sense, because much of the quality of interplay, the very medium of interplay, as it were, is the feeling of the audience. Rocket Richard, the Canadian hockey player, used to comment
on the poor acoustics of some arenas. He felt that the puck off his stick rode on the roar of the crowd. Sport, as a popular art form, is not just self-expression but is deeply and necessarily a means of interplay within an entire culture.

Art is not just play but an extension of human awareness in contrived and conventional patterns. Sport as popular art is a deep reaction to the typical action of the society. But high art, on the other hand, is not a reaction but a profound reappraisal of a complex cultural state.

Jean Genet's *The Balcony* appeals to some people as a shatteringly logical appraisal of mankind's madness in its orgy of self-destruction. Genet offers a brothel enveloped by the holocaust of war and revolution as an inclusive image of human life. It would be easy to argue that Genet is hysterical, and that football offers a more serious criticism of life than he does. Seen as live models of complex social situations, games may lack moral earnestness, it has to be admitted. Perhaps there is, just for this reason, a desperate need for games in a highly specialized industrial culture, since they are the only form of art accessible to many minds. Real interplay is reduced to nothing in a specialist world of delegated tasks and fragmented jobs. Some backward or tribal societies suddenly translated into industrial and specialist forms of mechanization cannot easily devise the antidote of sports and games to create countervailing force. They bog down into grim earnest. Men without art, and men without the popular arts of games, tend toward automatism.

A comment on the different kinds of games played in the British Parliament and the French Chamber of Deputies will rally the political experience of many readers. The British had the luck to get the two-team pattern into the House benches, whereas the French, trying for centralism by seating the deputies in a semicircle facing the chair, got instead a multiplicity of teams playing a great variety of games. By trying for unity, the French got anarchy. The British, by setting up diversity, achieved, if anything, too much unity. The British representative, by playing his
"side," is not tempted into private mental effort, nor does he have to follow the debates until the ball is passed to him. As one critic said, if the benches did not face each other the British could not tell truth from falsehood, nor wisdom from folly, unless they listened to it all. And since most of the debate must be nonsense, it would be stupid to listen to all.

The form of any game is of first importance. Game theory, like information theory, has ignored this aspect of game and information movement. Both theories have dealt with the information content of systems, and have observed the "noise" and "deception" factors that divert data. This is like approaching a painting or a musical composition from the point of view of its content. In other words, it is guaranteed to miss the central structural core of the experience. For as it is the pattern of a game that gives it relevance to our inner lives, and not who is playing nor the outcome of the game, so it is with information movement. The selection of our human senses employed makes all the difference say between photo and telegraph. In the arts the particular mix of our senses in the medium employed is all-important. The ostensible program content is a lulling distraction needed to enable the structural form to get through the barriers of conscious attention.

Any game, like any medium of information, is an extension of the individual or the group. Its effect on the group or individual is a reconfiguring of the parts of the group or individual that are not so extended. A work of art has no existence or function apart from its effects on human observers. And art, like games or popular arts, and like media of communication, has the power to impose its own assumptions by setting the human community into new relationships and postures.

Art, like games, is a translator of experience. What we have already felt or seen in one situation we are suddenly given in a new kind of material. Games, likewise, shift familiar experience into new forms, giving the bleak and the blear side of things
sudden luminosity. The telephone companies make tapes of the blither of boors, who inundate defenseless telephone operators with various kinds of revolting expressions. When played back this becomes salutary fun and play, and helps the operators to maintain equilibrium.

The world of science has become quite self-conscious about the play element in its endless experiments with models of situations otherwise unobservable. Management training centers have long used games as a means of developing new business perception. John Kenneth Galbraith argues that business must now study art, for the artist makes models of problems and situations that have not yet emerged in the larger matrix of society, giving the artistically perceptive businessman a decade of leeway in his planning.

In the electric age, the closing of the gaps between art and business, or between campus and community, are part of the overall implosion that closes the ranks of specialists at all levels. Flaubert, the French novelist of the nineteenth century, felt that the Franco-Prussian War could have been avoided if people had heeded his Sentimental Education. A similar feeling has since come to be widely held by artists. They know that they are engaged in making live models of situations that have not yet matured in the society at large. In their artistic play, they discovered what is actually happening, and thus they appear to be "ahead of their time." Non-artists always look at the present through the spectacles of the preceding age. General staffs are always magnificently prepared to fight the previous war. Games, then, are contrived and controlled situations, extensions of group awareness that permit a respite from customary patterns. They are a kind of talking to itself on the part of society as a whole. And talking to oneself is a recognized form of play that is indispensable to any growth of self-confidence. The British and Americans have enjoyed during recent times an enormous self-confidence born of the playful spirit of fun and
games. When they sense the absence of this spirit in their rivals, it causes embarrassment. To take mere worldly things in dead earnest betokens a defect of awareness that is pitiable. From the first days of Christianity there grew a habit, in some quarters, of spiritual clowning, of "playing the fool in Christ," as St. Paul put it. Paul also associated this sense of spiritual confidence and Christianity play with the games and sports of his time. Play goes with an awareness of huge disproportion between the ostensible situation and the real stakes. A similar sense hovers over the game situation, as such. Since the game, like any art form, is a mere tangible model of another situation that is less accessible, there is always a tingling sense of oddity and fun in play or games that renders the very earnest and very serious person or society laughable. When the Victorian Englishman began to lean toward the pole of seriousness, Oscar Wilde and Bernard Shaw and G. K. Chesterton moved in swiftly as countervailing force. Scholars have often pointed out that Plato conceived of play dedicated to the Deity, as the loftiest reach of man's religious impulse.

Bergson's famous treatise on laughter sets forth the idea of mechanism taking over life-values as the key to the ludicrous. To see a man slip on a banana skin is to see a rationally structured system suddenly translated into a whirling machine. Since industrialism had created a similar situation in the society of his time, Bergson's idea was readily accepted. He seems not to have noticed that he had mechanically turned up a mechanical metaphor in a mechanical age in order to explain the very unmechanical thing, laughter, or "the mind sneezing," as Wyndham Lewis described it. The game spirit suffered a defeat a few years ago over the rigged TV quiz shows. For one thing, the big prize seemed to make fun of money. Money as store of power and skill, and expediter of exchange, still has for many people the ability to induce a trance of great earnestness. Movies, in a sense, are also
rigged shows. Any play or poem or novel is, also, rigged to produce an effect. So was the TV quiz show. But with the TV effect there is deep audience participation. Movie and drama do not permit as much participation as that afforded by the mosaic mesh of the TV image. So great was the audience participation in the quiz shows that the directors of the show were prosecuted as con men. Moreover press and radio ad interests, bitter about the success of the new TV medium, were delighted to lacerate the flesh of their rivals. Of course, the riggers had been blithely unaware of the nature of their medium, and had given it the movie treatment of intense realism, instead of the softer mythic focus proper to TV Charles Van Doren merely got clobbered as an innocent bystander, and the whole investigation elicited no insight into the nature or effects of the TV medium. Regrettably, it simply provided a field day for the earnest moralizers. A moral point of view too often serves as a substitute for understanding in technological matters. That games are extensions, not of our private but of our social selves, and that they are media of communication, should now be plain. If, finally, we ask, "Are games mass media?" the answer has to be "Yes." Games are situations contrived to permit simultaneous participation of many people in some significant pattern of their own corporate lives.
Virtual worlds (also called "synthetic worlds" and "Massively Multiplayer Online Games") are expansive digital environments that enable real-time interactions among thousands or even millions of users. Since the mid-1990s, a number of such graphical multi-user realms have been created, covering the spectrum from competitive game environments (e.g., World of Warcraft) to socially-oriented metaverses (e.g., There). To familiarize ourselves with the interface, affordances, interactive features, and networked possibilities of this popular contemporary form, we will explore Second Life (2003-present). While no longer at its user peak, Second Life still offers many spatial and social curiosities: meeting spaces, clubs, shopping malls, narrative roleplay simulations, models of major cities, and a host of subcultures. Even a short exploration of this world suggests the way that dominant ideologies are both translated into and challenged by the digital form of the virtual world. Although each of us will take our own path through Second Life, I hope we can all think about how core forms and concepts that structure the experience, including "game," "virtual world," "simulation," and "network" (or real-timed network connectivity) all help us think through different models of "medium" and "mediation." Moreover, how does this contemporary and popular digital media form suggest both continuities and discontinuities with earlier historical conceptions of mediation?

Entering Second Life:

1. Go to: http://secondlife.com/
2. Click on the orange tab: "Join Now."
3. Follow the instructions given on the site: Select an avatar, create a username, create account, etc.
4. Download the Second Life software when prompted and enter the virtual world to explore.