

SYMBOLIC HISTORY Through Sight and Sound

31. 19th Century: The Loaded Dream

- 1) *Double: [A] Wilkie, 1804-05, Self-portrait, National Gallery of Scotland, Edinburgh, and [B] Toulouse-Lautrec, 1880, Self, aged 16, Toulouse-Lautrec Museum, Albi; + V details of A and B, with returns to the double*

Let an opening portrait-pair span our theme: the perilous reshaping of two worlds, inner and outer. In Wilkie's 1805 Self (left), God-affirmed inwardness and Rights-of-man outwardness arise together from the hopes of Enlightenment. In Toulouse-Lautrec's 1880 Self at 16 (right), the backlash of such promise fires, in both realms, the crisis of modernity.

Where first shall we take the pulse of what was leading, in the arts, from transcendental assurance to Symbolist estrangement; in politics, from constitutional debate to Marx and the anarchists?

- a2) *A. Böcklin, 1865, Villa am Meer (2nd form), Schack Gallery, Munich (copy of CGB '59, Face and Landscape 68)*
 2) *Böcklin, 1857, Pan in Reeds, Alte Pinakothek, München; first, video, upper-spread*
 2a) *Same, Böcklin's Pan in the Reeds, lower detail 2b) Same, Böcklin's Pan, upper detail*

Music: Brahms, 1891, Clarinet Quintet, from 2nd Movement, Deutsche Grammophon, LPM 18278

If the century of Böcklin and Brahms is the Romantic century, Baudelaire's "*cimetière abhorré de la lune*," its stretch of Spleen and Ideal, "*O serments! ô parfums! ô baisers infinis*," makes it an insurgent hatching ground:

That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout?

But if "Romantic," a recurrent pole in man and art, is to designate a time, it cannot be in mere opposition to "Classical": both Hölderlin and Nietzsche were prophet-lovers

of Greece; the most daring pre-Symbolist of France, de Nerval, says the Muse has made him "*l'un des fils de la Grèce*" — and from where else did Böcklin get his "great God Pan, down in the reeds by the river"? Nor can Romantic simply oppose Realism: this swamp dappled with sun, with even its frogs and scarab could not more imitate the visual. It is that classical theme and realist body are possessed by some sensuous abandon of romantic soul. (fade Brahms)

- 3) *H Daumier, c. 1860(?), The Uprising, Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C.; + V detail*
- 3a) *Daumier, 1848-49, The Fugitives, Collection of Mrs. William van Horne, Montreal*
- 3b) *Daumier, 1854, On the Barricades, National Gallery, Prague; video: detail only*

Music: Chopin, 1841, Close of Ballade #3, A Flat Major, Op. 47,. (Casa-desus) Col .ML 4798 (or Rubinstein, RCA-V-LSC-2370)

Shift to the Revolutionary strand of the century: Daumier's realism, inspired by the Socialist outbreak and brief Republic of 1848; Chopin, part of the musical build-up (with Berlioz, Liszt, early Wagner, the firebrand Verdi); in literature, George Sand, Lamartine and the rest, culminating in Victor Hugo, with his youthful definition of the Romantic as "nothing but Liberalism in literature" — even Stendahl and Baudelaire later amazed at their 1848 intoxication — all swept on a mounting wave of surge, reversal, more radical quest to affirm — as Shelley's first poetic championing of the proletariat after the massacre of "Peterloo," points down the century:

Men of England, wherefore plough
For the lords who lay ye low?
Wherefore weave with toil and care
The rich robes your tyrants wear?

If we ask what Daumier's force shares with Böcklin's mood, it may give a clue to Romantic Soul: a tide of rising expectations, heightening touch and dream, wish, vulnerability, despair. (end Chopin)

- 1st 4) *Böcklin, c. 1846 Idyll, Neue Pinakothek, München; + V detail*
- V4a) *Böcklin, c. 1860(?), Triton and Nereid, Schack Gallery, München (detail from copy of CGB '59, Nature 10)*

It is the time-loading of all physical and psychic bases.

The romantic still carries that entire burden of articulated heart and world, as Keats bears the weight of Miltonic pentameter: from Endymion:

One faint eternal eventide of gems;

to Hyperion:

Forest on forest hung about his head
Like cloud on cloud.

And Baudelaire, even as he moves toward the modern, luxuriates in such visceral fullness:

Mère des souvenirs, maîtresse de maîtresses,
O toi, tous mes plaisirs, ô toi, tous mes devoirs!

1st 5) Henri Rousseau, 1907, The Snake Charmer, Louvre, Paris; the video having first returned to 4, Böcklin's Idyll

V5a) Same, detail

Whereas Mallarmé draws the plug which drains that voluptuous "perfume of the blood," refines the forms to a hyaline shimmer — as Böcklin's explicit "Idyll" yields to the innuendo of "Douanier" Rousseau's Snake Charmer. Huxley casts such a spell in his free translation of "The Afternoon of a Faun":

Between the reeds I saw their bodies gleam
Who cool no mortal fever in the stream
Crying to the woods the rage of their desire:
And their bright hair went down in jeweled fire
Where crystal broke and dazzled shudderingly...

Et le splendide bain de cheveux disparaît
Dans les clartés et les frissons, ô pierreries!

2nd 4) Again, Böcklin's Idyll, detail; + V return to a larger detail of V4a

Romantic had preferred the bases loaded, that we open all stops of the earth-organ — thus the tonal sob-yearnings of Brahms, even in the encroaching estrangement of the Clarinet Quintet —

Music: Brahms, 1891, earlier in the 2nd movement, Clarinet Quintet
(fade)

V2nd 5a) *Rousseau, 1910, Dream, Museum of Modern Art, NYC*
2nd 5) *Again, Rousseau's Snake Charmer, central detail (video takes its detail from 1st 5, whole*

against the dissolving tonalities of Ravel's 1903 Quartet.

Music: Ravel, 1902-3, String Quartet in F Major, close 3rd movement, Nonesuch H-1007

6) *Aelbert Cuyp, c. 1660, The Maas at Dordrecht, National Gallery, Washington, D.C.; + V details*

Of course the rhetoric of fullness the 19th century had to shed was the heritage from Baroque, with its proclaimed grandeurs of space, time, and cause — Leibnitz:

Therefore each individual substance expresses the resolves which God made in regard to the whole universe.

We grasp it in the light-flooded distances of Cuyp, the ground-bass tensities of a Viola d'Amore sonata, German about 1670.

Music: German, c. 1670, Viola d'Amore Sonata, 1st movement, opening, AS-19
(fade)

7) *Norbert Grund, c. 1670, Flat Sea Coast, National Gallery, Prague; + V detail*

Music: Haydn, 1772, from 3rd movement, opening, Quartet #1 of Opus 20, Qualiton SL PX 11 332 a

From that heroics much of the 18th century already lightens to the Berkeleian and subjective, as in the Sons of Bach and early Haydn (here from the first quartet of Opus 20), or in such landscapes of sensibility as Norbert Grund's. Though, like Rousseau and Gray ("Wanders the hoary Thames along/ His silver-winding way"), this pre-romantic respects the court manners of rococo. (fade Haydn)

a8) *C.D. Friedrich, 1828, Ships in Harbor at Evening, Gallery, Dresden*

b8) *C.D. Friedrich, 1818, Woman on the Shore near Rügen, Winterthur*

- 8) *C.D. Friedrich, c. 1916-18, Setting Sail, Morning Landesmuseum, Hannover;
+ V detail (here video returns to a detail of b8, then of a8)*

Music: Beethoven, 1807, 2nd movement, Second Rasoumovsky Quartet,
Col. ML 5596 (or Fine Arts Quartet, Everest SDBR 32)

Certainly, as far as transcendental melting goes, the Baroque vaped to a veil, it attends the Kantian fruition of that idealism Berkeley had sowed, and to which this Friedrich, with Beethoven, Coleridge, a whole 19th-century horizon are legatees: Schopenhauer, The World as Will and Idea:

No truth therefore is more certain... than that all that exists for
knowledge, and therefore this whole world, is only object in relation to
subject, perception of a perceiver, in a word, idea...

The sea across which Friedrich's morning boats set sail is rayed through with the longing which Schelling's "eternal One feels to give birth to itself." Such the ocean of Nietzsche's rapture, in whose Seventh Loneliness the silver soul-fish swims from the bark; though that timeless love, for all the miscarriage of Enlightenment and Revo-

lution, still clings to the tonal and spatial touch of earth — Romantic.

(fade Beethoven)

- a9) *Rembrandt, 1647, Night Rest on the Flight, detail, National Gallery, Dublin, Ireland (CGB '74)*
 9) *Same, whole (CGB '74)*

From the same three centuries, fix on night: — 1647, Rembrandt's Rest on the Flight, with Paul Gerhardt's "Evening Hymn." How the poem gleams in darkness, a sure life-prayer:

Nun ruhen alle Wälder...

The woods are silent now...
 The stars, golden, glow
 In the blue halls of the sky...
 God give you quiet slumber;
 His gold-bright angels render
 Armed watch at your bedside. (CGB)

Stell euch die güldnen Waffen
 Ums Bett und seiner Engel Schar.

- 10) *Joseph Wright, 1780-89, Moonlight Landscape, Art Gallery, Brighton; + V detail*

Another consciousness of ruins, lake, and moonlight broods over Wright of the 1780's, as over Claudius, whose "Abendlied" works mood-variations on Gerhardt:

Der Mond ist aufgegangen...

The full moon has risen,
 Gold star-points glisten
 Over heaven clear and bright;
 The silent wood is shadowed;
 Breathing from the meadows,
 The mist comes strange and white. (CGB)

Der weiße Nebel wunderbar...

- 11) *C.D. Friedrich, c. 1836, Pines, Lake, and Moon, Dr. Schäfer, Obbach bei Schweinfurt; video: detail only*
 11a) *Friedrich, 1820, Evening, Landesmuseum, Hannover*

With Friedrich, as with Eichendorff's romantic hermit, the love of nature feeds the love of death:

Comfort of earth, come, silent night...
 I weary of the blind daylight;
 The still wide ocean darkens.
 Give rest, give ease of wish and want,
 Until the dawn's eternal font
 Through the dark wood sparkles. (CGB)

Komm, Trost der Welt, du stille Nacht...
 Der Tag hat mich so müd' gemacht,
 Das weite Meer schon dunkelt;
 Lass ausruhn mich von Lust und Not,
 Bis daß das ew'ge Morgenrot
 Den stillen Wald durchfunkelt.

Novalis had turned from day to the comforting death-mother leaned over the fevered child; as Poe would vulgarize it: "Quaff, O quaff this sweet nepenthe".

Music: Schubert, 1825, *Nacht und Träume* (Fischer-Dieskau and Moore)
 LHMV-1046

- 12) *Friedrich, 1830, The Fallow Field, Kunsthalle, Hamburg (CGB '86);
 + V detail*
 12a) *Friedrich, c. 1834-35, Rest at Hay Making, Gemäldegalerie, Dresden*

Hölderlin's "Evening Fantasy" (like Friedrich's twilight landscapes, or Schubert's *Nacht und Träume*) suffuses such earth-dusk with infinite longing:

Here by his cottage quiet in the shadow sits
 The plowman, with the smoke of his hearth content.
 Near in the peaceful village the bell of
 Evening kindly calls to the wanderer.

- 13) *F. Schinkel, 1815, Gothic Church above a Cliff, Mod. Mus., Berlin*
 V13a) *Carl G. Carus, Wanderer at the City Gate at Evening, lower spread
 (Dr. Otto Frank, Munich, in 1933) [also, cf. 3rd 13]*
 136) *Friedrich, 1817, City at the Rise of the of the Full Moon, Reinhart,
 Winterthur*

13c) *Again, Schinkel, 1815, Gothic Church above a Cliff, upper detail, Mod. Mus., Berlin*

Back now the seaman turns to the harbor's home.
In far off cities gently the market shrouds
Its bustling noise, while the still arbor
Gleams with the affable meal of neighbors.

But I then, whither? Do not all mortals live
In reward and labor, with change of toil and rest
Finding their joy? Why for me only
Then does the bitter thorn not slumber? (CGB)

Wohin denn ich? Es leben die Sterblichen
Von Lohn und Arbeit; wechselnd in Müh' und Ruh'
Ist alles freudig; warum schläft denn
Nimmer nur mir in der Brust der Stachel?

(fade Schubert)

Against the dream radiance of Schinkel's Gothic,

1st 14) *French, Early Gothic, 1134-1150/1195-1210, W. Front center, Chartres Cathedral (CGB '59: video has used V14, wider variant (copy of CGB '59, Gothic II 41)*

V14a) *Delacroix, 1822, Dante and Virgil in Hell, Louvre, Paris*

V14b) *Chartres Cathedral, West Front, with Towers*

how stripped, how severe, the old Gothic of faith, which has plumed such emulation.

Music: Franconian, c. 1250(?), *Ave Virgo — Ave Gloriosa*, (Tinayre)
Lumen 32018

Heine, having been called "a dismembered man... a divided soul, a Byron," wrote in 1829:

... complain rather that the world itself is split in the middle. For since the heart of the poet is the center of the world, it must at the present time be lamentably torn apart... Once the world was whole, in antiquity and in the Middle Ages; in spite of superficial struggles there was always an inner unity and there were integrated poets. We honor these poets and we rejoice in them, but every imitation of their unity is a lie that every sound eye penetrates.

(fade Ave)

For 2nd 13) Friedrich, 1809-10, Abbey ruin in an oak grove, Schloß Charlottenburg, Berlin

So Arnold, at the monastery of the Grande Chartreuse,

"Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born," implores:
"Take me, cowl'd forms, and fence me round,
Till I possess my soul again."

2nd 12) Friedrich, 1825, Lonely House by a Forest of Pines, Walraff-Richartz Museum, Cologne; to which video adds the whole of 11, Friedrich's Pines, Lake, and Moon, and then a detail of 12, Friedrich's Fallow Field

But since Arnold's "strange disease of modern life" is in fact the fruit of Hegelian consciousness, why not celebrate its ripe introspection — what Coleridge most shares with the Germans:

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day
Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip
Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues.
Come, we will rest on this old mossy bridge...

— which Victor Hugo distills in his early plays: Hernani:

Regarde: plus de feux, plus de bruit. Tout se tait.
La lune tout à l'heure à l'horizon montait;
Tandis que tu parlais...
Je me sentais joyeuse et calme, O mon amour!
Et j'aurais bien voulu mourir en ce moment.

For 3rd 13) Carl G. Carus c. 1825, Wanderer at the City Gate at Evening, whole, which video separates to upper half and lower half, and then returns to 13c, upper detail of 13, Schinkel's Gothic Church

Les Burgraves:

True, the sun is beautiful. Its rays —
 The last — now set a crown on Taunus' brow.
 The river gleams, the forests take the fire...
 All nature is a flood of life and light! (CGB)

La nature est un flot de vie et de lumière.

Music: Schumann, 1850, Feierlich, from Symphony No.3, Rhenish

Though the cult Gothic of Coleridge's "Christabel," Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes," Schumann's Cathedral in the Rhine Symphony, in Romantic fullness and repletion,

For 2nd 14) French Gothic, esp. 1210-30, S. Portal and S.W. Tower, Chartres (CGB '59); video: lower detail only

V2nd 14a) Again, Chartres, c. 1210-20, detail of N. Portal (CGB '74)

is far from what it hungers after.

(fade Schumann)

Music: Same, c. 1250, from "Ave Virgo — Ave Gloriosa," Lumen 32018
 (close)

15) P.O. Runge, 1806-07, Christ walks on the Sea, Kunsthalle, Hamburg; + V details

15a) Blechen, before 1828, Stürmische See mit Leuchtturm, Kunsthalle, Hamburg

Renaissance, Baroque, Transcendental have intervened. Runge's 1806 Christ on the Sea of Galilee shapes the world from subjectivity, no less than Goethe's Faust or "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner":

And the coming wind did roar more loud,
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;
 And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
 The Moon was at its edge...

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
 So smoothly it was strewn!

And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

What is reached for is Schelling's Primordial Will:

The primal longing moves... like a surging billowing sea... But there is born in God himself an inward imaginative response... the first stirring of Divine Being in its still dark depths...

Schelling's "birth out of darkness into light" is no less of good from evil:

The living Word enters as a firm and enduring center in battle against chaos, and a declared state of war between good and evil continues to the present time, when God reveals himself as Spirit, that is as concrete actuality.

16) *Correggio, c. 1532, Jupiter and Ganymede, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wien;
+ V upper detail*

That revelation is not purely a life-motion. When Goethe made a poem of this Correggio Rape of Ganymede, he gave it the dithyrambs of dissolving:

I come. But where?
Upward, upward...
Clouds of the sky
Bend to me,
Me; I am here,
Seizing, seized —
All-loving Father —
Upward on your breast. (CGB)

Mir! Mir!...
Umfangend umfassen!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,
All liebender Vater!

17) *P.P. Prud'hon, 1808, Psyche, Louvre, Paris (CGB '80); + V details*

With such heart's wish Prud'hon stretches the Græco-Roman Psyche and the style of Correggio. The surface is classical; but neither the vagabond soul of Chenier's loving Neare, nor Keats' Endymion glimpsing his Goddess in dream, cave, or by plashing pool, has wagered more desperately on "a thing of beauty is a joy forever." Against the Satanic mills of actual flesh —

...a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue —

those "leaf-fringed legends" of "a Grecian Urn" ("Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness"), that "draught of vintage" of "a Nightingale" ("Thou wast not born for death immortal bird"), beat urgent wings.

18) *J.M.W. Turner, 1829, Ulysses deriding Polyphemus, National Gallery, London; + V details*

Music: John Field, c.1825(?), from Nocturne in A flat major, near close, MHS 4512

When Turner adds to Classical subject (here Ulysses deriding Polyphemus) not only Romantic heart but a color-play that turns whatever could be touched and seen to

Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn —

then, as in those Field Nocturnes, which inspired those of Chopin,

(fade Field)

Music: Chopin, c.1830(?), from near close of Nocturne in E-flat Major, Op. 9, #2, (J. Bolet) Everest LPBR 6079

such life and hunger for life initiate a dissolving (as Turner's blind giant melts into cloud over rocks and sunset sea) which would run in art to Monet and Redon, in music to Debussy and Scriabin.

(fade Chopin Nocturne)

- 19) *L. Richter, 1837, Rhine-crossing at Schreckenstein, Staatsgalerie, Dresden*
- 19a) *Same, detail of boat*
- 19b) *Joh. G. v. Dillis, 1817-1831, Quirinal, Neue Pinakothek, Munich (CGB '59)*
- 19c) *Friedrich, 1810, Greifswald Harbor, Staatliche Museen, Berlin*
- 19d) *Again, 19, Rhine-crossing, somewhat nearer; video: detail only*
- 19e) *M. von Schwind, 1804, Waldkapelle, Schack Galerie, Munich*

Music: Schumann, 1850, from slow movement of Symphony #3, the "Rhenish," Angel S.36689

What is the aim, on Richter's Rhine-crossing (or Schumann's Rhine) but to take as one the riches of earth and spirit, to foster both nostalgias, of the finite and infinite — as with Mignon and the harper in Goethe's Wilhelm Meister:

Do you know the land where lemon trees bloom? —

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn...?

...Dahin, dahin,

Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter ziehn —

(fade Schumann)

a point of departure for Eichendorf's posthorn, and wanderers singing of the South, of statues and fountains, by moonlight, in summer gardens. Always the orchestrations of "Todeslust":

Die Sonne, Funken sprühend im Versinken
Gibt noch einmal der Erde Glut zu trinken...

Always the soul-flight of "Mondnacht":

And my soul spread her pinions
Wide in the kindred gloom,
Flew through the silent regions,
As if she flew toward home — (CGB)

Als flöge sie nach Haus.

Lamartine would suspend time's flight by returning alone to the lake where the two, boating in silence, had heard, far off, oars and the harmonious waves:

Un soir, t'en souvient-il? nous voguions en silence;
On n'entendait au loin, sur l'onde et sous les cieux,

Que le bruit des rameurs qui frappaient en cadence
 Tes flots harmonieux.

In Italy Leopardi rears such earth loves over "the infinite vanity of all" — "*E l'infinita vanità del tutto.*"

- 20) *M. von Schwind, c. 1860(?)*, *Midday, Schack Galerie, Munich (CGB '59);*
 + *V details*

Never in history had soul and the ideal so seized on world and flesh. As Jung said, when Freud took off the psychic lid of Europe, he found the whole landscape flooded with sex — Moritz von Schwind's rock-pooled mystery of Midday, queer as Anderson's fairy tales: The Red Slippers, The Snow Queen. Those fish (like a Shakespearean pun: "The bawdy hand of the dial... upon the very prick of noon") around the hair-curtained form and reflection, dream-overcharge the pubic mandala. So in Schumann's "*Frauenliebe und Leben.*"

Music: Schumann, 1840, from Süsser Freund, *Frauenliebe und Leben*,
 Decca CL 9971

- 21) *Adolph von Menzel, 1847, Artist's Sister, Neue Pinakothek, Munich; first,*
video detail (fade Schumann)

Though what Adler would find was Will to Power; Jung, will to myth. As in Menzel's 1847 study of his sister (like "Fräulein von Kulp/ Who turned in the hall," "Madame de Tornquist.../ Shifting the candles"), all the bases of desire are loaded.

- 22) *Julia Margaret Cameron, 1869, Double: [A] Sir J.F.W. Herschel, and*
[B] Mae Prinseps as Beatrice
 22a) *Right half of double, Mae Prinseps as Beatrice*
 22b) *Left half of double, Sir J.F.W. Herschel, detail; video adds closer details of*
22a and 22b

Even the photographs — Julia Margaret Cameron's old Faust men and tender Gretchen girls — voice it no less than the sonnet Victor Hugo, past eighty, wrote to Judith Gautier: "*La mort et la beauté sont deux choses profondes*":

Death and beauty are too somber loves,
 As deep in blue and shade as if to say:

Two sisters, alike fecund and destructive,
Bearing the burden of one mystery.

Loves, voices, looks, tresses dark and fair,
Be radiant; for I die. Hold light, warmth, solace —
You pearls the sea rolls in waves up the shore,
You birds that nestle, luminous, in the forest.

Judith, our destinies are nearer kin
Than one might think to see your face and mine.
The abyss of all opens in your eyes —

The same starred gulf I harbor in my soul.
We are neighbors of the sky, and for this cause,
That you are beautiful and I am old. (CGB)

Judith, nos deux destins sont plus près l'un de l'autre
Qu'on ne croirait, à voir mon visage et le vôtre;
Tout le divin abîme apparaît dans vos yeux,

Et moi, je sens le gouffre étoilé dans mon âme;
Nous sommes tous les deux voisins du ciel, madame, Puisque vous
êtes belle et puisque je suis vieux.

- 23) *Egypt, New Kingdom XVIII Dynasty, c. 1370 B.C., Blind Harper, from Mortuary Chapel of Patenemheb, Mus. Ant., Leyden*

Has such romantic soul appeared before? No doubt in all ripe civilizations, there is some filling in of conscious touch and longing — the blind harper from an Egyptian tomb of the time of Ikhnaton.

- 24) *Graeco-Roman. 1st cent. A.D. (from 3rd cent. B.C. original?), Spring, from Stabiae, Nat. Mus., Naples*

Or there are those frescoes, 1500 years later, from the Bay of Naples, a pleasure seat of Imperial Rome, its Euripidean and Hellenistic refinements already centuries old.

- 25) *Chinese (Ming), 1470, Shen Chou reading in Autumn, Peking Museum; + V detail and return to whole*

What civilization could be riper than Ming Chinese? — 1470, Shen Chou reading out of doors — the poem:

The big trees exposed to the west wind are losing their leaves;
 To be comfortable I've unfastened the collar of my robe;
 Sitting here, I'm letting the time go by.
 Doing nothing, I've turned my back on encroaching autumn.
 I've not finished my book.
 My spirit has gone wandering in the sky...
 Who can fathom it?

Yet personality, in these anticipations, seems contained in ancient traditions of philosophic and religious lore.

26) *Franz von Lenbach, 1860, Shepherd Boy, Schack Galerie, Munich; + V detail*

Music: Smetana, 1874-9, from *Ma Vlast* 4, Col. ML 4785, A, band 2

It had hardly ventured on the blossom-and-tear-bearing branch of Lenbach's 1860 Shepherd Boy, or Smetana's Bohemian Fields and Groves — all those Intimations of Immortality from Wordsworth's:

...all the earth is gay;
 Land and sea
 Give themselves up to jollity...
 Thou Child of Joy,
 Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou
 happy Shepherd-boy!

to Longfellow's:

A boy's will is the wind's will
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

(fade Smetana)

27) *French, 1316, Roman de Fauvel, Charivari sports, Bibliotheque Nationale, fr. 146 f. 34r, Paris; + V detail*

Music: French, early 14th century, from Fauvel, Motet, *Quant je le voi*, ARCHIV 2723045 (2 b)

Startling, that a civilization which would go so far in temporal deification, should, in its Gothic phase, have reduced earthly delights to the mumming foibles of religious feasts, under cowed disapprobation; while in that music the major and minor chords essential to romantic joy and grief are passing tones; they melt with the dissonances of

earth into bare fifths and octaves, beyond the vanity of our moods.

(fade Fauvel)

- 28) *Petrus Christus, 1446-47(?), Portrait of a Girl, Staatliche Museen, Berlin; + V detail*

Music: Dufay, c. 1429(?), *La belle se siet*, opening, (Munrow) Seraphim SIC-6092

How often we have traced, in that faith-ground, the ripening of what would become romantic personality — how archly tempting here, in Dufay and Petrus Christus, to the time-tree of consciousness.

(fade Dufay)

- 29) *Vermeer, 1660-65, Head of a Girl, Mauritshuis, The Hague; first, video detail*

Music: Bach, c. 1725, *Bist du bei mir*, close, (Schwartzkopf) Angel 35023

A fruit Vermeer's Girl with the Pearl Earring has gloriously eaten, and what is it but wholesome and good to the taste, sustaining the earth-loves, to which Bach, for Anna Magdalena, gave pre-romantic voice.

(end Bach)

- 30) *Geo. F. Watts, c. 1863, Ellen Terry (his wife), Kerrison Preston, Esq.; + V detail*

V30a) *H. Marees, 1863, Bath of Diana, detail only, Neue Staatsgalerie, Munich (CGB '59)*

V30b) *Marees, c. 1870(?), Horse Leader and Nymph, Neue Pinakothek, Munich (CGB '59)*

30c) *Moreau, c. 1865(?), Leda, detail, Moreau Museum, Paris*

30d) *Dante Gabriel Rossetti, 1864-70, Beata Beatrix, Tate Gallery, London; video: close detail only*

Music: Duparc, c. 1870, *L'Invitation au Voyage*, 2nd stage, (Simoneau) Westminster W 9604

In the 46 year old Watts' painting of his 16 year old wife, the actress Ellen Terry (to leave him in a year), love, fevered as voluptuous, pants for the specter of a rose, Petronius' "harbor for a stilled desire," "*Luxe, calme et volupte*," as in Baudelaire's

"Invitation to the Voyage" — supremely, as set, about 1870, by Duparc. But here we should read a sheaf of Baudelaire, closing perhaps with the condemned "Jet d'eau," erotic fountain: "*Tes beaux yeux sont las, pauvre amante*" — "Your beautiful eyes are tired... Let them close" —

You, whom night so beautifies
That it is sweet, bent to your breast,
To hear the sad eternal cries
Weep to the bowl from the water's crest.
Moon, sounding drops, night serene,
The melancholy of your mien,
Is the mirror of my love.

The fountain fills the night
With flower-spheres,
That in the pale light
Of the moon's spears,
Fall from the height
Like a burst of tears. (CGB)

Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

(end Duparc)

31) *Japan, Kamakura, late 13th cent. Burning of the Sanjo Palace (1160), detail of paper scroll, Fine Arts Museum, Boston*

Have West and East converged toward modern consciousness? The burning of the Sanjo Palace, as painted (a hundred years after) in thirteenth century Japan, is, like Gothic, mytho-symbolic.

32) *Japan, Edo later 17th C., Gay Quarters of Kyoto, detail, Fine Arts, Boston*

But this Edo screen of the pleasure quarters of Kyoto has the social irony and wit of Molière and the English Restoration, with which it is contemporary.

33) *Japan, Hiroshige, 1857, Sudden Rain at Ohashi, Woodblock print; video: detail only*

While the Hiroshige woodblock of 1857 — A Sudden Rain at Ohashi — is abreast with the realism and mood-drama of 19th-century Europe. If the world-community attests such concurrence,

- 34) *Franco-Flemish, Tapestry, c. 1385, detail of Arthur, Nine Worthies, Cloisters, NYC; first, video closer detail*

what has arisen in the West, to revolutionize everything, is the assertive consciousness of person. Here it just shows itself, in the time of Wyclif and the first people's wars. As this Arthur takes up the banner, under the angular asperities of creed-invalidation, Gawain, flower of chivalry, returns from the Green Knight bearing about his neck the snaky belt of his temptation and fall, symbolic frailty "of this crabbed flesh."

- 35) *Dürer, 1526, Joh. Kleberger, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wien (CGB '59)*
 35a) *G. Romano, 1532-34, Cupola with Olympus, Palazzo Te, Mantova*
 35b) *Cranach, 1546, The Fountain of Youth, Berlin-Dahlem Museen, Berlin; video: detail only*
 V35c) *Giorgione, c. 1506, The Three Philosophers (section to the right), Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wien*
 35d) *Same, close detail of the bearded old Philosopher*
 35e) *Dürer, 1508, Martyrdom of 10,000, detail, upper left, Kunsthistorisches Museum, Wien*
 V35f) *Huber, 1522, Portrait of a Man in a Cap, Staatliche Museen, Berlin*

In Dürer's 1526 portrait of that dubious operator Kleberger, ego seems to express once and for all its earth-mastery. The same years, Vives, riding the wave that spread with Pico's "Dignity of Man," describes a feast of the gods:

The universe was the amphitheater, in the skies the divine spectators; the earth was a stage for the actors. ...They saw man, the mime of Jupiter, take the mask of a plant, of a thousand wild beasts, then his own: prudent, just, friendly, a political and social being.

The gods were not expecting to see him in more shapes, when behold, he appeared as one of their own race. He had transcended man and the lower gods, and was piercing into that inaccessible light-in-dark where Jupiter dwells, king of kings and of gods...

While Fugger launched modern capitalism, and Geismayr, leader of the Peasant's Revolt, wrote his bill of reform:

All privileges shall be done away with, as they are contrary to the word of God...

All city walls, castles, fortresses shall be demolished...

No profit is to be made, as all things are to be sold at cost...

36) *Rembrandt, c. 1655, The Polish Rider, Frick Collection, NYC; first, video detail*

We have witnessed over Europe and America (that pioneer soil for Protestant and free humanist dreams) how the complex of thrust and counterthrust builds a transformational current, whose eddies and regressive whirls gather head and jet again into the main stream, altering and darkening its course — as under the shades of Rembrandt's Polish Rider, the deepened reality of Leonardo's Horseman strides into the century of brooding Baroque and Milton's Commonwealth.

37) *Andreas Schlüter, 1698-1700, The Great Elector (Equestrian), Berlin; + V detail*

Music: J.K.F.Fischer, 1695, Fugato of Overture, Suite from *Le Journal du Printemps*, AS 52

How even when that confidence hardens to a wigged pomp of state, (Schlüter's Prussian Elector, Fischer's Overture in the style of Lully) such blatant mutants of the humanist claim, hung as it were between Newton's synthesis and a Dryden heroic play, carry the force that would drive through the ironic whirls of Rococo, to break out in the inalienable Rights of Man — and what right, if not to Vives' enactment of the gods?

(end Overture)

38) *J.E. Liotard, 1765-70, in his garden near Geneva, Reichsmuseum, Amsterdam; with video details*

And already in the 1760's of Rousseau's éclat, Liotard had pastelled himself in his own garden. in the mountain canton of Geneva, a way-mark to every Connecticut Yankee in those dogmatic courts. So, on the Easter morning of Goethe's Faust, the people crowd from stone gateways, mills, and vaulted churches, to the natural Resurrection of the Lord ("Sind sie alle ans Licht gebracht"). Had not even Pope said "An honest man's the noblest work of God" — to be taken up by Burns: "A man's a man for a' that"?

39) *J.L. David, 1793, Marat Dead, Musée des Beaux Arts, Brussels*

39a) *Same, detail*

And the world of inertia, oversurge, and backlash being what it is, what could come of that plea but that Marat, champion of the people, murdered first by the intemperance of his aims, should be stabbed by Charlotte Corday in the bath? Were the dying words as she reported, "they shall all be guillotined"? David painted him, his truest picture, art climax of Revolution turning on itself. Let it be stressed again that the Romantic century — Schelling, Friedrich, Hölderlin, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Austen, Beethoven, Schubert, Byron, Keats, Lamartine. Hugo — all varieties of Transcendental immersion and socialist attack, work in the known shadow of that populist tailspin into terror.

- a40) *J.L. David 1805-07, Coronation of Napoleon, Louvre, Paris (CGB '80); video: detail only of Napoleon (cf. Va40)*
 40) *J.L. David, 1824, Mars Disarmed by Venus and the Graces, Beaux-Arts, Brussels; + V detail*

As for David, he slid through the Coronations of Napoleon and of Josephine to the slickness (in Brussels exile) of this Mars disarmed by Venus, with her aids. The 19th century had to face that degradation too — Revolution gone as vapid as in Von Weber's Freischütz.

Music: C.M. von Weber, 1820, Der Freischütz, Overture, close, (Toscanini) old RCA Victor 11-9172

- 41) *Austrian Rococo, c. 1750(?), Millionenzimmer, Schloss Schönbrunn, Vienna*
 41a) *G. Tiepolo, 1725-26, Angel appears to old Sara, detail, Archiepiscopal Palace, Udine*

Music: Telemann, c. 1737(?), Concerto for 3 trumpets, etc., from 2nd movement, Nonesuch H-1017 (oboe)

So it was the 18th-century rococo, Telemann, and the Millionenzimmer at Schönbrunn, which the royalist regimes of post-revolution would espouse. And why not? Had not rococo shared in Enlightenment, its melodies everywhere beckoning to the heart, its chords loaded with supposititious good? **(fade Telemann)**

- 42) *French (Vautier), c. 1855, Queen Victoria and Albert greeted by Napoleon III, Windsor Castle; video: details only*
 42a) *Friedrich, c. 1818, Woman at Sunset, Essen Museum; video: detail only*

Music: Berlioz, 1830, *Symphonie Fantastique*, from 2nd movement, dance, London CM 9227

And what good could be greater than Napoleon III's entertainment of Queen Victoria and Albert in a Paris showy as Berlioz' waltz in the *Fantastique* — but a show gone hectic, like all the Vanity Fairs of Stendahl, Balzac, Flaubert, de Maupassant, driven to a drugged frenzy — those death-wish Kuragins of War and Peace. Anatole, Ippolit, white-armed Ellen, and through them "The Harlot's House" of Wilde:

The dead are dancing with the dead,
 The dust is whirling with the dust —

into which from time to time yearning Emmas and Natashas are drawn.

(Berlioz cont., tender phrase, skip to fast)

- a43) *Viollet-le-Duc, 1858, Napoleon III and the Empress, owned by Madame Viollet-le Duc*
 43) *Thomas Lawrence, 1819, Portrait of George IV, Vatican, Rome; first, video detail; cf. V43*

"My dearest Clough," Arnold would write:

these are damned times — everything is against one — the height to which knowledge is come, the spread of luxury, our physical enervation, the absence of great natures, the unavoidable contact with millions of small ones, newspapers, cities, light profligate friends, moral desperadoes like Carlyle, our own selves, and the sickening consciousness of our difficulties...

Great qualities are trodden down
 And littleness united is become invincible...

(end Berlioz)

In a depiction of the century, put Sir Thomas Lawrence's 1819 George IV, nine and a half feet high (and in the Vatican), on Byron's sinister side, counter-revolutionary background of whatever he wrote and did.

- 44) *William Blake, 1804-18, Rinder Jerusalem, p. 51, Vala's Lifeless Court (with Hyde and Scofeld); + V details*

And on his creative right the continuing fierce vision of William Blake, an eternal doctrine of revolution against any crowned Vala's court of Submission and Death, whether of Rights of Man or Socialist Manifesto — a radical Judgment, for which the musical likeness seems always and only Beethoven's Great Fugue.

Music: Beethoven, 1825, *Grosse Fuge*, from mid-section, Columbia M 5 S 677

Between those embattled extremes,

- a45) *G.F. Kersting, c. 1815(?)*, *Lady Making Wreaths*, *National Gallery, Berlin*
- 645) *G.F. Kersting, 1827*, *Girl at a Mirror*, *Kunsthalle, Kiel*; + *V detail*
- 45) *G.F. Kersting, 1817*, *A Couple at a Window*, *G. Schäfer, Obbach*; + *V detail*

Music: Schubert, 1815, 2nd Symphony, 2nd movement, opening, Nonesuch H-71230

the neo-classic, all over Europe, crossing into the new century, took the quiet glow of Transcendental and early Romantic, as in Kersting of the Friedrich circle, or the delight of Schubert's early symphonies. Here the Faust and fire forms leave a space of calm for the balancing of the leaf. Thus through all nature water counters fire, plant animal, grazer hunter; and if there is truth in Goethe's extending the ratio to woman against man —

Women consider more how things are linked in life... since their fate and the fate of their families depends on this continuity —

then it is fit that the ultimate perfection in art of the vegetable weft should be in the novels of a woman, Jane Austen. (**fade Schubert**) Thus the Baronet, in Mansfield Park, of his son and the poor cousin Fanny:

Sick of ambitious and mercenary connections, prizing more and more the sterling good of principle and temper... he had pondered with genuine satisfaction on the more than possibility of the two young friends finding their mutual consolation in each other for all that had occurred of disappointment to either... Fanny was indeed the daughter that he wanted... With so much true merit and true love, and no want of fortune and friends, the happiness of the married cousins must appear as secure as earthly happiness can be.

- 46) *J.A.D. Ingres, double: [A] 1806*, *Mlle. Rivière*, *Louvre, Paris*; and *[B] 1851*, *Madame Inès Moitessier*, *National Gallery, Washington, D.C.*

- 46a) *Ingres, 1806, Mlle, Rivière, Louvre, Paris (CGB '80); video: detail only*
 46b) *Ingres, 1851, Madame Inès Moitessier, National Gallery, Washington, D.C.; video: details only*

Music: Chopin, c. 1845(?), Waltz in C-Sharp Minor, Op. 64, No.2 (Lipatti)
 Odyssey St. 32 16 0058

Ingres had begun in that vein (left), this 1806 Mlle. Rivière, in the studied dress and pose of the cult of nature. But if one leaps forty-five years, to a portrait from Ingres' age (right), it is not just that the sitter is heavier and older, or the dress changed from naive white to black Carmen and Cleopatra; what speaks through that is social — the stuffy hardening of the Third Empire.

Against the dreams of Emma Rouault's youth — her futile wish for romance in marriage:

Ah! if in the freshness of her beauty, before the soiling of marriage and the disillusion of adultery, she could have anchored her life upon some great strong heart... she would never have fallen from so high a happiness —

comes the fate (as in a Chopin waltz) to which Emma Bovary is bound: that town circle of hideous trade, the draper tempting her with money, the eternal monotony even of clandestine passion, down to the blind man's song mocking her as she dies:

Maids in the warmth of a summer day
 Dream of love and of love away...

- 47) *Attributed to T. Gericault, c. 1818, Portrait of Delacroix, Musée des Beaux Arts, Rouen; first, video detail (cf. V47)*

Music: Berlioz, 1834, Harold in Italy, 4th movement, beginning RCA Victor
 LSC-2228

The focus on self as affirming center (Gericault's likeness) of his young friend Delacroix) bares, under the flesh-claim, those "fallings from us" and "blank misgivings" of Wordsworth's "Intimations"; Coleridge "Plucking the poisons of self-harm"; Berlioz' Childe Harold. Since behind the romantic as Promethean,

- 48) *T. Gericault, c. 1818, Guillotined Heads, National Museum, Stockholm; first, video detail*

48a) *T. Gericault, 1824, Mad Woman, Musée des Beaux Arts, Lyons*

lie Gericault's later studies of corpses, guillotined heads, the criminally insane — wave-of-terror reminders of Poe's macabre obsession, to be turned to sex by Baudelaire ("*Une Charogne*"):

(viola)

Remember, my love... by the roadway, a hideous carrion... With legs flexed in the air like a courtesan... The flies swarmed on that putrid vulva... maggots... Over those rags that lived and seemed to breathe,

As if the romantic self were haunted — like Emma Bovary by the blind beggar:

She saw the hideous face of the poor wretch standing out against the eternal night like a menace... She fell back upon the mattress in a convulsion. They all drew near. She was dead.

(forte)

As Dostoievsky's egoists would be haunted by dreams of horses beat down and children tortured.

49) *John Martin, 1812, Sadak in Search of the Waters of Oblivion, Art Gallery, Southampton; first, three video details*

What flowed from "Kubla Khan" —

A savage place, as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon lover --

to Poe's "Ulalume" —

Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber —
This misty mid region of Weir —
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir —

is reflected in the English painter Martin, with whom Heine compared Berlioz — here the wanderings of Sadak in search of the Waters of Oblivion. (fade Berlioz) Yet Martin's slick art of nightmare stems from the same years

50) *Constable, 1816 ff., Weymouth Bay, National Gallery, London; + V details*

as Constable's daytime celebration of the actual earth, which, like Jane Austen's peopled scene, smiled through wars and rumors of wars. The radiant is Transcendental, as in early Wordsworth:

...the sky
Never before so beautiful, sank down
Into my heart, and held me like a dream —

an almost German mystic presence:

...laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul;

but it gathers a fabric of descriptive color and feel ("Give me a Constable," they used to say, "with the dew on it") — a vibrance later Wordsworth could bring off now and then:

There was a roaring in the wind all night;
The rain came heavily and fell in floods;
But now the sun is rising calm and bright;

- a51) *Constable, 1830-36, River Scene, with a farmhouse near the water's edge, Victoria and Albert Museum, London*
51) *Constable, c. 1830(?), On the River Stour, Phillips Collection, Washington, D.C.; first, video detail, to the right*

The birds are singing in the distant woods;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

But Constable too had his polarity of peace and storm. What woke up the French at the Paris show of 1824 (so that Delacroix took his Massacre at Chios from the Salon wall to give it the brushwork of broken color), was late Constable's clare-obscure and fury of palette, rooted in the Baroque crisis of Magnasco and reaching for the crisis of Expressionism. As the painter said after the death of his wife: "Tempest on tempest rolls. Still the darkness is majestic."

Some would limit "Romantic" to such Storm and Stress of body; but its core is deeper: man and nature one incarnate godhead. "Malgré moi," de Musset protested, "l'infini me tourmente."

- 52) *Diaz de la Peña, 1871, The Storm, National Gallery, London; + V details*
 52a) *Theo. Rousseau, c. 1850(?), Sunset at Arbonne, Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City*

Where soul becomes world-flesh, art-violence is a measure of spirit's war on itself. So with the earth and clouds Diaz de la Peña learned from Constable and fomented for half a century (here from 1871). But through calm or fury runs the pantheist thread of de Nerval's "*Vers dorés*" (Duncan):

Man, free thinker! do you believe yourself the one alone thinking.
 In this world where life bursts forth in everything?...

— Un mystère d'amour dans le métal repose —
 A mystery of love lies concealed in the metal...

Beware in the blind wall a gaze that watches you... Often in the
 obscure being dwells a hidden God;
 And like a nascent eye covered by its lids
 A pure spirit grows beneath the skin of stones.

How Victor Hugo would spill that earth-soul through his early poems: "Tonight the sun has set in a sky of clouds" — "Le soleil s'est couché ce soir dans les nuées..."

- a53) *Corot, c. 1826-28, Roman Campagna with Claudian Aqueduct, National Gallery, London*
 53) *Corot, 1855-60, Bathing Nymphs and a Child, Art Institute, Chicago*

In such a field each artist shapes his own path, under relational probabilities. Corot, beginning about 1826 with luminous scenes of Rome, both classic and early romantic, would blur the dark of mid-century to a kind of salon Arcadia — a Greek cult to metastasize in Bougereau, Puvis de Chavanne, Swiss Böcklin, as in academic sculpture everywhere — reaching in poetry through Tennyson, Arnold, Swinburne, to the last gentleman of the columned American south, William Alexander Percy, dreaming of Sappho on the levee over the Mississippi.

- a54) *Hans Thoma, 1875, Valley of the Main, Neue Pinakothek, Munich (CGB '59)*
 54) *Delacroix, c. 1849(?), Sunset Sky, Pastel, Louvre, Paris; first, video detail*

Music: Chopin, 1839, Sonata in B-Flat Minor, Op.35, from 3rd movement (Funeral March), tender mid-section, with trill (Horowitz) V-LM-1235

Men still thought of themselves as fleeting and nature as eternal — "the immense and radiant world": *"Je m'en irai... Sans que rien ne manque au monde immense et radieux."* Yet as man's power mounts iron, coal, and steam, the infinite drowning has the feel of mutual death: — with Chopin's Funeral March Sonata, Delacroix and Leopardi ("Sempre caro mi fu quest'ermo colle"):

This lonely hill was always dear to me,
And this hedgerow, that from so wide a part
Of the ultimate horizon shuts the view.
But as I look beyond it, I conceive
A space which has no measure, a quiet not
Of man, a hush and void that draw the heart
Almost to the brink of fear. And as the wind
Noises in the leaves, I set that voice
Against the silence of the infinite,
And call to mind the eternal, and lost time,
And this that lives and sounds; and so it comes
In that immensity my thought is drowned,
And sweet to me is shipwreck in that sea. (CGB)
(heavy tolling of Funeral March)
E il naufragar m'è dolce in questo mare.

55) *G. Courbet, 1865, Stormy Sea, Louvre, Paris; + V details*

To Delacroix's pastel Courbet adds mass and volume — a cloud-gathering reached for in Tennyson:

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas...

That mood-space stretches out in Arnold's "Dover Beach":

...on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

In some Meredith "the largeness of the evening earth" clots round us like the blood of Modern Love —

Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force...
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore.

But it is Victor Hugo who most summons the storm — sailors gone down in "Oceano Nox,"

Dans une mere sans fond, par une nuit sans lune —

until the creation he entered as a realm of light rounds to "A great wheel,/ Which cannot move without crushing someone":

Que la création est une grande roue
Qui ne peut se mouvoir sans écraser quelqu'un.

- 56) *Victor Hugo, 1858, Fantastic Landscape, Bibl. Nat., Paris*
56a) *Hugo, 1859, The Hanged Man, drawing, Maison de Victor Hugo, Paris (here video returns to 56)*

Though when Hugo took to ink-wash and watercolor in the late 1850's, he cut through space as Blake had done, reaching back to Bosch and ahead to the surreal — a road he would parallel, with more knowing defiance of the forms, in his last poems: so "The Trumpet of Judgment":

I saw a monstrous trumpet in the clouds...
Forged out of justice condensed into brass...
It lay on a mist that trembled, unfathomable,
Out of the world...
Oh, what night; nothing there has contour nor age,
And the cloud is specter and the specter cloud.

Et le nuage est spectre, et le spectre est nuage.

Revealing sea-mark for the youth who had declared: "Romanticism... is nothing but liberalism in literature."

- 57) *Turner, c, 1843, Eve of the Deluge, National Gallery, Washington, D.C.*
V57a) *Same, detail, Sky with Birds (from V57a & c)*
57b) *Same, detail with Alligator*
V57c) *Same, closer view of Flocking Birds (also from V57a & c)*
57d,e,f) *Triple: [d] Constable, 1820-23, Pond in Branchhill, Hamstead, Evening, Victoria and Albert Museum, London; [e] Pissaro, 1887, Woman in Field, Louvre, Paris; and [f] Cezanne, 1900-06, Trees and Rocks, Museum of Modern Art, NYC (slide show combines three vertical cuts from these pictures; while the video shows them separately, substituting for the second: Monet, 1888, Antibes, detail, Courtauld Institute, London (see V57e))*

Music: Same Chopin Sonata, to last movement

The continuing optimism of the century seemed to be science. How the old Turner's theory and practice of light gives his most pessimistic "apocalypse of heaven"

(this Eve of the Deluge) the élan of an electrical discovery by Faraday or Maxwell. Or pain-racked Darwin's Origin of Species:

to contemplate a tangled bank...plants of many kinds... birds singing... insects flitting... worms crawling... and to reflect that these elaborately constructed forms have all been produced by...Variability... the Struggle for Life...Natural Selection...Thus from the war of nature... the production of the higher animals directly follows. There is grandeur in this view...

Was the art-cognate of science not the realism of the century, but the search beyond realism? What gave Constable such headway against his moods but the pursuit of painting as "scientific and mechanical"? Later the technique of pure color would rescue Impressionists from the bogs of Baudelaire; while that, combined with geometric analysis, would turn the splenetic solitudes of Cezanne to clarity. As he would say: "I have only painted all my life to escape the ennui."

(final forte and close of Chopin)

a58) Anselm Feuerbach, 1870, Medea, formerly: National Gallery, Berlin

58) Feuerbach, c. 1865, Medea, Neue Pinakothek, Munich (CGB '59); + V detail

58a) Same, Munich Medea, detail of beach and waves (CGB '59); here video adds another detail of 58

Music: Wagner, 1857-9, Tristan and Isolde, from Overture, Stokowsky, Victor LM 1174

Though the ambiguity which stretches the Wagnerian ocean of Feuerbach's Medea broodings, also had its center in science. As late as 1847 Helmholtz could celebrate the First Law of Thermodynamics:

The universe possesses, once for all, a store of energy which is not altered by any change of phenomena, can neither be increased nor diminished, and which maintains any change which takes place on it.

Yet Carnot had already proved the motive power of heat fixed solely by the always equalizing temperature gradient — an insight clinched in Clausius' 1850 formulation of the spent energy in any system: "The entropy of the universe tends toward a maximum" — which Kelvin's Second Law would give apocalyptic irreversibility:

Within a finite period of time past, the earth must have been, and within a finite period of time to come the earth must again be, unfit for

the habitation of man as at present constituted, unless operations have been, or are to be performed, which are impossible under the laws to which the known operations going on at present in the material world are subject.

- 59) *George Stubbs, 1770, White Horse Frightened by a Lion, Walker Gal., Liverpool; + V detail*

Music: Haydn, 1772, from 4th movement, A Major Quartet, Opus 20, #6, fugue, near close, Qualiton SLPX 11 332-b

Since Rubens, art-power had seized on the beast — horse, pitted sometimes against lion or tiger, in Blake's Bible of Revolution: "the tigers of wrath... wiser than the horses of instruction." So Stubbs had painted them in that England (time of Haydn's Opus 20 Quartets), island cognate for the Storm and Stress of the Continent — bold as mad Christopher Smart's "Jubilate Agno": "For a Lion roars himself compleat from head to tail" — (close of Haydn) and so freshly painted,

- 60) *Gericault, 1817, Horses Held by Slaves, Musée des Beaux Arts, Rouen; first, video detail*

they changed the art of Gericault when he came to England.

Music: Beethoven, 1812, opening of 4th movement, 7th Symphony, Columbia ML 5405

Though Gericault had already ventured on the horses, at the Corso in Rome, and with an elevation of Classic and Romantic like Beethoven's in the Seventh Symphony.

(fade Beethoven)

- 61) *Delacroix, 1860, Horses Coming from the Sea, Phillips Gallery, Washington, D.C.*

- 61a) *Delacroix, c. 1843, Head of Lion Roaring, Cabinet des Dessins, Louvre, Paris*

Music: Wagner, 1869-74, Close of the Götterdämmerung (forte) 6-London 1604

By the event of Delacroix' 1860 Horses Emerging from the Sea, Wagner had written Tannhäuser, Lohengrin, Tristan. and much of The Ring. The cult of exotic savagery (Delacroix' splendid tigers, as Clark says, his best self-portraits) was crudening

toward Lesconte de Lisle's 1869 primeval earth of beast-death and volcanic blood, where "the Creator panted in his creation" —

a62) Böcklin, 1878, Battle of the Centaurs, 2nd version, central detail, Meiner Collection, Leipzig

62) Same, Centaurs, whole

setting for his sinister superman, Cain:

But beyond the lava heights of Gelboë-hor,
Charged with a boiling mist of savage smells,
Which bears and roaring lions spewed and fumed,
Sounded, like seas outraged by cyclone winds,
Death-rattles rising from those livid shades.

By 1874, Wagner had completed the *Götterdämmerung*, and Böcklin was midway in his series of battling Centaurs. But what — in the fire-fall of Valhalla, when flames and Rhine flood close the Twilight of the Gods — (**music to melting**) what is the import of that rippling death-by-water, coming in like a tide of sensuous good?

For 63) Monet, 1873, Autumn at Argenteuil, Courtauld Institute, London; first, video detail

What the relation of Impressionism's poignant and shimmering dream to the contemporary deep-rooted and wide-spread tree of Romantic and Symbolist pain? — Count Axel's death persuasion:

2nd 62) Again 62, Centaurs, lower detail

"Our existence is full, and its cup is running over."

Is it, as in the nether abyss of The Marriage of Heaven and Hell, when, from the cataract of fire and serpent-folds, the tiger-striped head of Leviathan rears,

tinging the black deep with beams of blood, advancing toward us with
all the fury of a spiritual existence —

and the frightened cherub flees,

2nd 63) Monet, 1868, Along the Seine, Art Institute, Chicago; + V detail (for which the slide show substitutes 63a: Monet, 1866-67, Women in a Garden, Jeu de Paume, Paris)

and Blake finds himself

sitting on a pleasant bank beside a river by moonlight hearing a harper
who sung to the harp...

(close of Wagner)

Are Monet's bright visions outward or within?

In any case, it was at the heart of Wagner's Zarathustran and chromatic longing that the tonal dissolutions of musical "Impressionism" (beginning with Saint-Saens) would appear.

Music: Saint-Saens, 1868, Concerto No. 2 in G Minor, Op. 22, from 1st Movement, (Rubinstein and Ormandy) RCA-LSC 3165

64) J.B. Carpeaux, 1869, The Dance, façade of the Opera, Paris; + V details

Sculpture, denied the levitating science of color, hardly got the dance of delight off the ground. Carpeaux' Opera nymphs may hint at a flaw in Romantic joy, even in the greatest — those inadequate allegros, finales of works too searching to be rondo-resolved — from Mozart's G Minor Quintet:

Music: Mozart, 1787, a phrase, last movement, G Minor Quintet, Columbia ML 5192 (now Columbia D3S 747)

through the dry-leaf whirl after Beethoven's A Minor Adagio:

Music: Beethoven, 1825, from closing Allegro, A Minor Quartet, Columbia M5S 677

to the hectic flush closing Schubert's great string Quintet:

Music: Schubert, 1828, from last movement, near close, C Major Quintet, Columbia MS 6536

No wonder Beethoven tried radical finales: the choral of the Ninth, the visionary variations of the last Piano Sonata, the Quartet *Grosse Fuge*.

For 1st 65) Rodin, 1882, from the Gates of Hell, lower left, Ugolino Group, Rodin Museum, Paris

V1st 65a) Rodin, 1882, separate Ugolino group, bronze, detail, Rodin Museum, Paris (or video can work from 2nd 65)

Melville: "The truest of all men was the Man of Sorrows." Let Rodin's Ugolino from the Gates of Hell, against Carpeaux's Dance, twist the intolerable theme of Ibsen's Ghosts. As Oswald tells his mother of the inherited syphilis eating at his brain, he contrasts the old view of life, "a state of wretchedness" under "punishment for sin,"

For 2nd 64) Rodin, 1886, The Kiss, Tate Gallery, London

2nd 64a) Rodin, 1877, The Age of Bronze, detail, Louvre, Paris

with the awakening of Impressionist Paris (Goethe's Easter again, the souls come up from vaults and cellars):

Oswald:

the mere fact of being alive is thought to be a matter for exultant happiness. Mother, have you noticed that everything I have painted has turned upon the joy of life?

And it is just this beaming happiness and presumptive good which is denied when, as the mother pulling the curtains on the sunrise, com-

forts her son, "Look, Oswald, what a lovely day we are going to have," the attack falls.

2nd 65) Again, Rodin, separate Ugolino group, whole; first, video detail of Ugolino only

Oswald:

(who has been sitting motionless in the armchair, with his back to the scene outside, suddenly says): Mother, give me the sun... (Oswald seems to shrink up in the chair; all his muscles relax; his face loses its expression, and his eyes stare stupidly. Mrs. Alving is trembling with terror)

Mrs. Alving:

What is it? (Screams) Oswald! What is the matter with you? (Throws herself on her knees beside him and shakes him) Oswald, Oswald! Look at me! Don't you know me?

Oswald:

(in an expressionless voice...): The sun — the sun.

a66) Double: [A] P.O. Runge, c. 1802, Self-Portrait, Hamburg, and [B] Cezanne, c. 1875, Portrait of M. Choquet, Cambridge, England

66) Delacroix, c. 1824, Self-Portrait as Ravenswood, Louvre, Paris; video: upper half only

66a) Moritz von Schwind, c. 1850, Knight and Water Siren, Staatsgemälde Galerie, Munich

Around the middle of the century Gerard de Nerval wrote the transforming symbolist poem, "El Desdichado," from which Eliot quotes one line in The Waste Land and paraphrases another in "Prufrock". But from Poe through Baudelaire to Mallarmé and Rimbaud, Symbolism was abstracting itself from Romantic by a motion of estrangement. In Delacroix' early portrait of himself as Ravenswood, hero-suicide of Scott's Bride of Lamermoor, we grope toward de Nerval's "Disinherited": (CGB)

Music: Wagner, 1857-9, Tristan, Act III, shepherd's pipe, RCA-Victor 6700 (5)

Je suis le ténébreux — le veuf, — l'inconsolé,
Le prince d'Aquitaine a la tour abolie...

I am the darkness, widowed, unconsolated,
The Prince of Aquitaine of the ruined tower;

My one *star* is dead; my lute, star-scrolled,
Burns with the black *sun* of an old *despair*.

- 67) *Böcklin, 1875, Triton and Nereid, 3rd form, old National Gallery, Berlin;
+ V details*

Böcklin, 1875, still holds the intolerable Wagnerian longing, "Empty and waste the sea," which in de Nerval (and even in Wagner's lonely pipe) begins to escape from the causal fabric:

You who healed me in the night of the tomb,
Give me Posilipo and the Gulf again;

Rends-moi le Pausilippe et la mer d'Italie

You who fed my life with your bloom,
Give me the trellis of the rose and the vine.

...la treille où le pampre à la rose s'allie.

- For 2nd 66) Delacroix, 1826, Study for Baron Schwiter, detail, Springfield, Mass.*

Am I Phoebus or Love, Byron or Lusignan?
My forehead is red with the kiss of the Queen.

Mon front est rouge encor du baiser de la reine;

- V2nd 67) Böcklin, detail from Sport of the Waves (CGB '59)
2nd 67) Again, Böcklin, Triton and Nereid, detail of Nereid, Berlin*

I have dreamed in caves where sea-sirens rise.

J'ai rêvé dans la grotte où nage la sirène...

(fade Wagner)

- a68) G. Courbet, 1845-46, Self with a Pipe, detail, Musée, Montpellier (or Va68)
V668) M. von Schwind, c. 1845(?), Luring Wood-fay, Schack Galerie, München
68) Cezanne, 1866-68, Achille Empereur, Private Collection; + V detail
68a) Cezanne, c. 1870, Self-Portrait, Tate Gallery, London
V686) Cezanne, 1866, Sorrow (Mary Magdalene), Louvre, Paris*

Music: Mussorgsky, 1868 and '71, Boris Godounov, from Prologue, Angel S-3633

Conqueror twice, I have crossed the Acheron,
Singing by turns to the Orphic lyre, the moans
Of the saint, the fay Melusina's cries. (CGB)

Les soupirs de la sainte et les cris de la fée.

With the 1860's, as in Cezanne's portrait of the painter Achille Empereire, the monstrous egg of longing begins to crack to the radical and elemental — Mussorgsky and Dostoevsky also beginning what would culminate in Boris and The Brothers. But in that revolt of "The Disinherited," who can tell whether the attack is religious, social, aesthetic? Estranged from what Flaubert called society's "brutal course", Cezanne and Marx meet in Kierkegaard's Knight of Faith, who

knows that it is glorious to belong to the universal... but that higher than this there winds a solitary path; he knows that it is terrible to be born outside the universal, to walk without meeting a single traveller... Humanly speaking, he is crazy and cannot make himself intelligible to anyone.

(cut Mussorgsky on dissonance)

Va69) *Goya, 1810-20 (published 1863), Los Desastres de la Guerra, first etching: sad presentiments...*

69) *Goya, 1813-16, The Forge, Frick Collection, NYC; video: central portion only*

The poles of day and night, outward and inward, had shadowed Rousseau's Enlightenment with his melancholy. And as Storm and Stress struck through Revolution toward Romantic, the schemes of head, the dreams of heart, meet in repeated transformations, but hardening, from the liberal bourgeois to socialist labor; darkening, from Transcendental to Symbolist. In the first decades of the century, Goya's message of The Forge is contemporary with his black mythologies, Saturn Devouring his Children, a Dog Buried in the Sand.

At the storm-center of the French Revolution, Babeuf knowing the rich had let them down, gave his life in conspiracy for a "Society of Equals". His followers were the link between Robespierre and the Manifesto.

a70) *M. van Raymerswaele, c. 1540, Two Tax Gatherers, National Gallery, London*

70) *P. Brueghel Jr., 1620, Commodity Finance, Museum, Bruges*

70a) *Same, Commodity Finance, detail*

The sin which in Dante sets the Usurers clutching their pouches on the hot sand and under flames at the edge of lower hell, had sprinkled the arts of Renaissance and rising capital with satanic extortioners, as in this Peter Breughel the Younger, or about the same time, Sir Giles Overreach in Massinger's Play:

[His agent Marrall speaks]

The... justice did his part, returning... the certificate,
Against his conscience, and his knowledge, too... to the utter ruin
Of the poor farmer.

Overreach:

Twas for these good ends
I made him justice... So he serve
My purposes, let him hang or damn, I care not;
Friendship is but a word.

71) *Daumier, 1834, The Legislative Belly, Lithograph; + V detail*

71a) *Same, The Legislative Belly, another detail; + V closer detail*

With Daumier, as everywhere in the 19th century, the attack is no longer religious but social. And where the abuse had seemed exceptional, what is caricatured here is the monthly assembly of ruling property, as Daumier titles it, "The Legislative Belly." So Lesconte de Lisle, "To the Moderns": (Neff)

Murderers of Gods! the time is near
When, sprawled on a great heap of hoarded gold,
Having gnawed down to bare rock the nourishing soil,
Not knowing what to do with the days and the nights,
Drowned in the nothingness of utter boredom.
You will die stupidly, cramming your pockets.

This is the ubiquitous "Money-Bags" of Marx's Labour Process, who tries to justify his existence: "Have I myself not worked... not performed the labour of superintendence?" — While "His overlooker and his manager try to hide their smiles." [p.215, Modern Library Giant]

72) *English Gothic Revival (Barry and Pugin), 1840-52, Houses of Parliament, London; + V details*

The hard-fought sin of Usury has become the baptized fabric of Christian society
— Marx:

The sphere within whose boundaries the sale and purchase of labor goes on, is in fact the very Eden of the innate rights of man.
[p. 195]

The English Houses of Parliament, built after the fire Turner painted, are a windowed shell before the operations of imperial banking, manufacture and trade. Ironic inversion — "the religious world is but the reflex of the real world" — that such a shell should take the ancient sacred form of Perpendicular Gothic. But Marx's irony yielded to such a rage
—

The Pharisee of a capitalist denounces this brutality which he himself creates, perpetuates, and exploits —

[p. 432]

that he perhaps undervalued the reform Christianity of those "fish-blooded" bourgeoisie.

- 73) *Photograph, 1870, Steam Hammer of 1861 in the Krupp Works, Germany; + V detail*
- 73a) *John F. Weir, 1886, The Gun Foundry, from sketches made near West Point, Civil War, Putnam County Historical Society, NY (here the video returns to 73, the Krupp steam hammer)*
- 73b) *U.S. Industry c. 1880, Rails in a Steel Works, National Archives, Washington, D.C.*
- 73c) *T. Anschutz, 1880's, Steelworks, left detail, Kennedy Galleries, Inc.*
- 73d) *Great Witley (ruined mansion), c. 1860, near Stourport Works, Worcester (CGB '66)*

Not so their Faustian power. That capitalist drone, who did not seem to labor or even superintend, becomes the driving force of a process as staggering as the Krupp steam hammer of 1861, apparent model in Chaplin's Modern Times:

In Industry [Marx writes] man succeeded for the first time in making the product of his past labour work on a large scale gratuitously, like the forces of nature.

[p.424]

Now "the work of directing, superintending, and adjusting" [p. 363], required by "all combined labour on a large scale," "becomes one of the functions of Capital". The result is an industrialization labor could never have achieved on its own:

a mechanical monster whose body fills whole factories, and whose demon power, at first veiled under the slow and measured motions of his giant limbs, at length breaks out into the fast and furious whirl of his countless working organs. [p.416]

Here the Capitalist steps forth in giant boots — such a Faust of accumulations as dwarfs Dickens' Hard Times Bounderby:

he ruthlessly forces the human race to produce... those material conditions, which alone can form the real basis of a higher form of society, a society in which the full and free development of every individual is the ruling principle. [p. 649]

Self-indulgent Money-bags is almost lost in this devotee. Yet "Two souls, alas, dwell in his breast" —

A Faustian conflict between the passion for accumulation and the desire for enjoyment. [p. 651]

- 74) *Blake, 1789-94 (1826 copy), The Chimney Sweeper, Songs of Innocence and Experience, Rosenwald, Library of Congress; + V details*
 74a) *Blake, 1794, Europe: A Prophecy, title page, detail, with Serpent of Materialism, Privately owned (Dover)*

The predictable fall of that Faust-ambivalence distinguishes dialectic materialism from the poetic cry against the same abuses: Blake's "Chimney Sweeper" —

A little black thing among the snow,
 Crying "weep! weep!" in notes of woe!
 "Where are thy father and mother, say?"
 "They are both gone up to the Church to pray."

Compare Marx:

Previously the workman sold his own labour power... Now he sells his wife and child. He has become a slave dealer... In spite of legislation the number of boys sold in Great Britain by their parents to act as live chimney sweeping machines... exceeds 2000... [p. 432-3]

But to forge that outrage, on the model of Newton's causality (which Darwin also stretched by metaphor), to an equational science of value — Marx, in the face of an organic unfolding of power-riches self-created, reverting to the old a priori "nothing can come of nothing"

- a75) *Blake, 1793-94 (copy 1799 ff), America: A Prophecy, detail of Plate 5: Flame erupts unde the snake-spiral of materialism*
- 675) *Again, Blake, 1794, Europe, detail of Plate 2: Social and racial oppression*
- 75) *H. Daumier, c. 1850(?), Third Class Carriage, Metropolitan Museum of Art, NYC; + V details (the last video detail overflows into the a76 section)*

and so deriving from the quantified ground of labor all productive machinery and accumulations; where the organizing capitalist supplies nothing, nature costs nothing, cooperation nothing, past labor, congealed in machines, works gratuitously, and that "live monster that is fruitful and multiplies" must be distrained from the only postulated source:

The ownership of past unpaid labour is therefore the sole condition for the appropriation of living unpaid labour on a constantly increasing scale (p.638) —

to hammer outrage into the axiomatic net of Das Kapital, Blake might have thought a Urizenic task.

Though the rhetoric glows like Luvah — like the dark oils of Daumier's Third Class Carriage:

all means for the development of production transform themselves into means of domination over, and exploitation of, the producers; they mutilate the labourer into a fragment of a man, degrade him to the level of an appendage of a machine, destroy every remnant of charm in his work and turn it into a hated toil; they estrange him from the intellectual potentialities of the labour-process...turn his life-time into working-time, and drag his wife and child beneath the wheels of the Juggernaut of capital. [p. 708]

- a76) *van Gogh, 1885, The Potato Eaters, whole, V.V.G. Foundation, Amsterdam (video places the whole after the 76 details)*
- 76) *Same, The Potato Eaters, detail; + V closer detail, then the whole*

But all methods for the production of surplus value are at the same time methods of accumulation; and every extension of accumulation becomes again a means for the development of those methods. It follows therefore that in proportion as capital accumulates, the lot of the labourer, be his payment high or low, must grow worse.
[p. 708-9]

(So Van Gogh's Potato Eaters have sunk from Daumier's Third Class to The Lowest Depths.) Marx:

Capital is dead labour, that vampire-like, only lives by sucking living labour, and lives the more the more labour it can suck.
[p. 257]

In Van Gogh, who had preached in the mining region of Mons, evangelical Christianity, socialist sympathy, and Symbolist art all meet in an Expressionist break and "transvaluation of value".

- 77) *Russian Traditional, 1714, Domes, Church of the Transfiguration, Lake Onega (or V77 horizontal variant)*
- 77a) *F. Alexeyev, 1794, St. Petersburg, view of the Palace Embankment from Peter and Paul Fortress, Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow*
- 77b) *Russian (Renaissance-Byzantine), 1555-60, Cathedral of St. Basil, Moscow*

Russia, battleground of Christian, Symbolist, and Socialist extremes, was a land so bedded in the past that folk building of the 18th century combines the domes of Byzantine and Tartar with the timbering of the Viking north — a land which now at the style-surface telescopes French Rococo, English Liberalism and German Romantic, surging toward the 1900's like Gogol's troika in Dead Souls:

And Russia, art thou not too flying onward like a spirited troika that nothing can overtake... What terrifying onrush... What mysterious force... never seen before. Ah, horses — what horses! Is the wind hidden under your manes?... Russia, whither?... She gives no answer. The ringing of the bells melts into music... everything on earth is flying by, and the other states and nations, with looks askance, make way and draw aside.

- a78) *A. Ivanov, c. 1850, Boys Basking in the Sun, Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow*

- 78) *A. Ivanov, c. 1850, Head of St. John the Baptist, Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow (video returns to a detail of Boys Basking in the Sun and thereafter to a detail of John the Baptist)*

The troika is our clue to Gogol's plan, that Dead Souls, study of Russia in social decay, should be the first of a regenerative trilogy. He is said to have written the second, a Purgatory of Transition, but burned it dissatisfied, and again, after painful rewriting, by mistake. The third, the Paradiso, was not attempted. This painter Ivanov spent the same thirty years working toward a religious masterpiece, The Appearance of Christ before the Multitudes, of which yearning sketches remain the best fruit. Dostoevsky too, who shifted Crime and Punishment from suicide-course to salvation, intended a trilogy, of which the present Brothers, centered in Ivan, would be the Inferno of a Pan-Slavic ascent of Russia tried and saved. As Father Paissy says:

The Church is not to be transformed into the State. That is Rome and its dream... On the contrary, the State is transformed into the Church, will ascend and become a Church over the whole world — which is the opposite of... Rome... and is only the glorious destiny ordained for the Orthodox Church. This star will arise in the east!

- 79) *I.E. Repin, 1901, Portrait of Tolstoy, State Russian Museum, St. Petersburg; + V details*
- 79a) *Serov, 1937, Lenin's arrival in Petrograd in 1917, USSR (video adds, from 79, a detail of Tolstoy's head)*

That destiny was spiritual, but it has come to pass by material-ism, anathema to the great men of the '40's — this Tolstoi, painted in age by Repin — a hint at the reversals of the organizing play. Thus Le Maistre, Tolstoi's Napoleonic source, Catholic and Royalist counterpole to the Liberal ferment, had become a feature of the court of the Czars. In absorbing that skeptic absolutism, Tolstoi turns it to an intuitive surrender to the divinity of the peasant mass, the prompting of Russian soul. So his Platon Karataev ("The Plato who cannot speak well") mediates Pierre's life-acceptance — with the barefoot search in which Tolstoi would close his life. But for Kutuzov's enactment of the Slavic will, already wrenched from Le Maistre's Machiavellian power-politics, to incorporate itself by a further antinomy, the proletarian iconoclasm of Marx, for an actualization the converse of Father Paissy's dream — is a dialectic the aristocrats of Russian soul could hardly have anticipated.

80) *M. Vrubel, 1890., Sitting Demon, Tretyakov Gallery, Moscow; + V details*

Music: Scriabin, 1903, Etude, Opus 42, No. 5, close, (Horowitz) Columbia M 31620

Vrubel's 1890 brooding Demon or Genie, its Symbolist forms breaking into the abstract, closes the century. Let it stand with Scriabin, who made his life a medley of visions extolling three things, the new Art, the new Gospel, the new Left: "There must be no more money and no more poor." All his music was in preparation for a great tone poem Mystery, for which he had invented a language of cries and ejaculations; it was to be performed in a hemispherical temple in a lake in India (the reflection completing the perfect sphere), and at its climax Nietzsche's leap to the Superman would occur, and revolution be fulfilled in an ecstasy of Spirit.

Though he had bought a cork helmet to explore the site, the World War (as with Thomas Mann, Hesse, and so many) intervened, turning The Poem of Fire to a baptism grosser than those post-Romantics had conceived.

(end Scriabin)