

*Nuremberg, Salzburg, River City*

(Essay for the Chit Chat Club – 13 May 2025) - Kenneth Quandt

## FOREWORD

I must start with our new vocabulary problem. Aristotle famously accounted for the existence of homonyms – words like “organ” – by saying there are fewer words than things. I want to propose that one such word is “man.” In its first meaning it is used, as in the current translation of Genesis 1:27, for the male of the human species; but it can be used for a second entity, a very special entity, the one entity in the world that is conscious of being a social and political animal but also wonders where it came from. Men are not the only “men,” but women are “men,” in this second sense, also. On the history of the usage I append a page from Volume 6 of the OED, *sub voce* MAN.

At the same time that we are finally paying due attention to this, and perhaps for the same reasons, we are losing unanimity on a socially relevant scale as to the true essence of the entity denoted by this second sense of the homonym. In other words we are on the verge of believing that all there are is men and women.

Thinking as I do that the entity and the concept denoted by the second homonym is of utmost importance for us, and recognizing that we do not have a word for it because we do not agree on its essence, I propose that until we do, we continue using the homonymous term in its second denotation, but adopt a covenant to add air quotes when using it in the second sense, and employ this gesture sedulously as a constant reminder of the centuries we have taken the homonymity for granted, a small reparative gesture on the order of the temple garment worn by Mormon priests.

I will be using the term in its second sense tonight since my theme, inspired by Peter’s essay on Nostalgia and Memory last session, is that the dilemma and anxieties and vicissitudes this “man” suffers, the one who finds “himself” both in society and under God at the same time, can very fruitfully be explored, articulated, mediated, and even healed by the gifts of the goddess Mnemosune: Memory, the mother of all the Muses – and in tonight’s special case, the Muse of music itself.

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The advent of Donald Trump and his policies in this his second term have raised such anxieties and dilemmas all through the world. We all feel them in our several ways, and this fact has become more and more a distraction for me since the Inauguration: in the same way we say of some friend that he “happens to be Jewish” or another that he “happens to be a black,” I happen to be a supporter of those policies, and therefore, by default and along with a strong dose of guilt by association, a supporter of the man who embodies them in a way that scares even me.

Among the distractions are my communications by email and blog with friends in Europe who are almost universally beside themselves with scorn and opposition, and call for me to explain how I could support him, if I mention that I do. It has been taking about the same amount of time, at the same time of day, as Morning Prayer used to, since they are ahead of us by nine hours. Most of my friends in Old Europe have lost patience with me, with the exception of a gentleman from Munich I’ve known for thirty years, who studied with one of my teachers in the 70’s, and after several email exchanges has now decided I am a “great man of dialogue,” thanking me for continuing to answer his “provocative questions” so patiently.

I will not omit to say that he, a good Roman Catholic, wrote those kind words to me on Good Friday.

As I said I had planned to follow up on last month’s theme of Memory, but in between I made my yearly visit to what I call “my authors” in France, Germany, Austria, and the UK. Politics continued to be raised in every meeting, particularly their questions about Trump and my questions about the German election, all this to be expected. But while still in Paris – indeed sitting in my seat at the Bastille waiting for the second act of *Don Carlos* – I had the sudden shock of reading in an email from the Plato man at the Free University of Berlin, whom I was on my way to visit next, that he could no longer take seriously my ideas on Plato, given the fact that I support Trump! This was a new kind of surprise, since he and I have been having close and technical conversations for fifteen years on that favorite author of ours; as it turned out we seemed to have a very productive meeting for over ten hours – politics did not come up. I can say however that the high point of the trip came the next day, and to learn from another friend who came to visit me in Berlin the motto, *Respondeo etsi mutabor*: “I will answer even if it will change me!” – a motto of the hugely unknown Eugen Rosenstock-Huussy, who in saying it is saying that while many of us are satisfied to say what we *can* – what are qualified to say – times come when we say what we *must*, duty bound to respond, regardless of the outcome.

In the aftermath of the trip I had to think anew about American and European culture; and in particular I wanted to find some “song to sing” about the problem, rather than continuing to deal in the toxic and vitriolic back-and-forth. It has been my experience over my lifetime that beautiful and inspired music can magically make even something we had thought bad seem

good. Just so I regret that, recently, several great musicians have either been banned from the stage in the US or have themselves cancelled concerts here because of their political beliefs: maybe their musical gifts are just the balm we need.

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Looking over to “Old Europe,” we see in contemporary museology, in art and its curation, and particularly in the new movement of “*Regietheatre*” in opera, symptoms of a highly unenviable cultural crisis. The German term “Regietheatre” is a neutral term – “Director’s Theatre” – but in America we call a spade a spade and call it Eurotrash. The neutral term was adopted there, to normalize a director’s prerogative to transmogrify the original plot of an opera – characteristically a nineteenth century work – with an overlay of twentieth century political themes. The last *Meistersinger* I saw at Bayreuth, for instance, was staged in the courtroom of the Nuremberg trials; and the *Parsifal* took place in Palestine. This willful confusion of things is distinctly European and it is due, I think, to the multilayered, paradoxical, and even self-contradictory elements constituting the cultural memory of Old Europe. Central still is the phenomenon of the Nazis; deeper is the centuries old, fundamental, bloody, irreconcilable breach between the Christians on the continent, with its hundred and thirty years of war; and at present the European culture is being tasked to digest the effects of mass migration, which are saliently visible but so far show little sign of integration.

This theatrical movement is tolerated by the elites, who continue to attend and support opera: In their clouded and compromised conscience they accept the scolding reminders as deserved wrist-slapping, like a weekly confession but assuredly without the outcome of atonement; and at the same time they miss no opportunity over drinks afterward to decry the scolding Directors as bratty children. By comparison, I would say, we Americans are living lives of dreamy children, and this is central to my theme.

Now I wish to observe that the Regietheatre never touches the music! This, I am sure, the audience would never tolerate: the music, the voices, the orchestra is the thing. And so I reiterate my theme: the awesome power of music to make everything right, or at least tolerable. These are the ideas in the background of my essay tonight: *Nuremberg, Salzburg, River City*.

It was in 1862 that Richard Wagner completed the composition of his *Meistersingers of Nuremberg*. Exactly 100 years later, in 1962, two movies came out in the US that likewise prove the power of music to soothe and settle and even redeem many of the troubles and foibles we suffer as “men”: it even penetrates and mediates our lives of worship and prayer, the way Dean Young’s essay earlier this year proved that visual beauty can. After all, *The Sound of Music*, though written in America, takes place in Roman Catholic Austria, emphatically so; and Wagner’s *Meistersingers* takes place, on St. John’s Day, in a very Lutheran Nuremberg. Both of these stories rely heavily upon and incorporate those ways of worship in their plots, and the difference between these ways are much of what makes the plays different. Maria’s life was

really an extension of her service within the Convent; and as I will show you Wagner turns the Lutheran Hans Sachs into a Wagnerian hero.

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The *Meistersinger* opens at church during the closing hymn, a Lutheran hymn about *Johannes der Vorlauffer*, John the Forerunner, with some young nobleman pacing back and forth in the vestibule, trying to attract the attention of a young lady seated in the pews. Immediately we recognize the ambivalent attitude of the great *Zauberer*, the musical magician, Wagner, who in his egoistic way is always needling Christianity. His Catholic friend Franz Liszt famously persuaded him to abandon his project of an opera on *Jesus of Nazareth*. In every case Christianity does come up as an explicit theme (*Tannhauser*, *Meistersingers*, *Parsifal*: only implicitly so in *Lohengrin*), his depiction of the Gospel story imposes distortion, on the one hand due to his attenuated but Nietzschean envy of Jesus, and on the other by his ardently embraced certainties about human sexual psychology (Kundry, of course, in *Parsifal*). Of these distortions, however, the least guilty among his works is the *Meistersingers*, for the good reason that in this case our brilliant egomaniac did not have to identify with the heroes of the Medieval legends (Tristan, Lohengrin, Parsifal) but with a realer hero, and a hero more akin to himself despite being a shoemaker, an historical man: the great Hans Sachs of Nuremberg. Even today there's a statue of him in the square.

I myself would crave to be among a group of "men" from all the trades, who gather in an orderly way on Sunday afternoons to discuss Song, to formulate and promote and preserve its rules – as the Mastersingers gather and do in Wagner's Act One – It is not that far a cry from our Club in its best form! And I am brought to tears just to *think* of a city in which the general populace could invest their pride and self-definition in the artwork of such a guild, on the banner of which is depicted King David with his harp. In the present case, after its well-known and stately prelude, we meet the goldsmith Pogner, the richest of the group, announcing to the guild that "to the winner of this year's song contest, tomorrow, held as always on Johannestag, in the meadow by the Pegnitz, I will give the hand of – Eva, my only child, *in marriage!* To complicate matters the Mastersingers narrowly adopt the exceptional provision that this year the contest will be adjudicated by public acclaim, for as their most respected member, Hans Sachs, argues, it is well that from time to time their puristic enclave should test whether its ideas have anything to do with what is happening in the real world. That was quite enough for a plot, but in addition Wagner adds that a new man came to town yesterday: Walther, a knight and a singer from a different school, who has already fallen in love with the same goldsmith's daughter – so that in order even to compete for her hand he must become a Meistersinger in one day!

The masters use their session to test his mettle, and his trial-song is inspired but strange to their rules: it causes a scandal among them, and the Act ends in chaos. But one of them – our

Hans Sachs – is enchanted. Later that evening, at the beginning of Act Two, under the lilac-tree outside his shop, he sings this song (please follow the words, notice how his individual conscience is his humble guide, and note the modalities of *can* and *must*):

*Wie duftet doch der Flieder* (6 min, text appended below)

The next morning Sachs contrives to teach mastersong to Walther in his shop. Again I am brought to tears, by the way that Sachs avers and proves that artistic inspiration comes not just from unrelenting study but from the love of life – I hope you had a taste of that attitude in the song we just heard him sing, and note it is an entirely Protestant sort of thing to subject the rules to private inspiration, something like the *sola fidei*: this is Wagner’s use for the Lutheran setting! But at the same time he and Sachs are defining artistic creativity. Walther has had a beautiful dream and fears he will forget it; Sachs tells him the whole reason for song is to capture the truth of dreams – and Walther succeeds to sing it! He imagines Eva in the Garden of Eden. Next, a Mastersong song must have a second stanza – because there are two of you! – and there it is, Eva the Muse of Parnassus! And then there must be an Aftersong because your love will produce a child, but now Walther tires of the unstinting rigors and vulnerability of having to say not only what he *can* say but *must* say -- and he wants a break. They adjourn their work to dress for the festival, but soon Eva shows up to get her shoes adjusted, expressing her fears Walther will not win. At this point we have a choice bit of Wagner’s roaming sexual imagination, with Sachs leaning down to fit the shoe to her foot, while (in a *good* staging at least!) Eva looks over his head to see Walther enter the room behind him and music explodes from the orchestra – She is in love with him and he with her, and Sachs devolves into nothing but a shoemaker; but then – a special moment for any man who has a daughter – Eva upbraids him, confessing that he has all along in her life been her “Wakener” – without him she would be but a girl.

Dressed and ready to proceed to the festival at the river, all has been put in order: Walther, *de facto* at least, has become a Mastersinger this morning, and all that remains is a wonderful pass of events, half by chance and half by Sachs's machinations, by which he will be allowed to enter the contest and sing the song he has just composed: Enough to say that in the final version he improvises a stanza that unites Eva in Paradise with Eva the Muse of Parnassus – Wagner’s own vision of Cosima. But before they adjourn to the meadow, Sachs “baptizes” the new song to save it against the hazard of the coming competition; and the whole gathering sings a most beautiful ensemble piece, all the characters proclaiming their joy at the magical outcome-to-come, beginning with Eva, then Walther, and then Sachs (please note the way they glide chromatically from key to key!):

*Selig wie die Sonne* (4 min: text below)

Wagner's plot owes its ultimacy to the Lutheran background, but he has to make something else of it. Please note that Hans is Johann, and Johann – or John – is the Baptist whose birthday is June 25 – St John's Day – the day opposite the birthday of Jesus. Without the depth of these Christian allusions the story would lack the ultimacy it enjoys, though the liturgy and the gospel is mangled in the process: As John was the great "precursor" of Jesus, according to the hymn at the beginning of the opera, whose sandals he hardly deserved to buckle, the shoemaker Sachs is the announcer of Walther, and it is his song, not him, that he baptizes. Then Walther "is" Jesus, or the song is, or something... For Wagner, in any case, it is the musical genius Hans the Baptist that is the hero. Wagner's music is infamously chromatic, gliding easily from key to key in ways that release and stimulate a great emotional response: but, if you will, he is also a chromatic *thinker*!

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It would devolve upon *The Church* to complain about this "chromatic" sort of theology, perhaps indeed upon my Roman Catholic "author" in Vienna who has been trying for years, and has partly succeeded, at turning me against Wagner. Or perhaps the complaint should issue from such a place as the Nonnbern Abbey in Salzburg, where young Maria is a postulant, near the Schloss Leopoldkron, where Captain von Trapp lives as a widower with seven children whose latest governess has failed to govern them. Maria's lively enthusiasm for the hills, because music sounds there, though somehow innocent of any pagan strain, continually distracts her from her duties at the abbey. The wise Abbess releases her to a stint of living in the world, and in particular to serve as the Captain's next governess. What Maria finds to be missing is – yes – music: ever since he lost his wife the Captain has forbidden any music in the household. But Maria didn't get the message and went and taught the children the Edelweiss anthem; they perform it for him, he cannot resist joining in, and the children flock into his embrace for the first time anybody can remember.

Wagner appropriated to his own worship of musical creativity the revolutionary truth of the Savior's advent, at the expense of transmogrifying it; but Rodgers and Hammerstein draw off the authentic truth of the holy spirit, love in action, which now melts the father von Trapp's desperate reliance on formality, into a life of hope and smiles. Songs sound throughout piece, in the manner of an American Musical, by which Maria teaches the children to sing through their troubles with the motherly lessons they have been missing, from fear over the storm, to adolescent love, the joyful play of the puppets, and the great dance through all of Salzburg honoring nothing more and nothing less than Do Re Mi, the notes of every song that will ever

be sung if one is happy enough, and lucky enough, to sing. Only after establishing the ethical dimension of motherhood, does she suddenly fall in love with Georg, while dancing the Landler of course, and with humble chastity she runs back to the Abbey. Whereas Walther just happens into Nuremberg and happens to fall in love, as comedy in general requires, the meeting of Maria and the Captain is a providential event: the Abbess sends her back, and the two of them agree that “somewhere in their youth or childhood, they must have done something right.” The sacrament of their wedding suddenly ensues on a grand scale.

Wagner’s *Meistersinger* closes with Sachs delivering one final lesson to Walther and the gathered populace of Nuremberg, at the end of the festival: Above all else we must revere the traditions of the Meistersinger’s Art, to preserve the culture and recognition of what it means to be German. It’s heard as an adumbration of Nazi nationalism, especially by those who have slept through the previous five hours of this longest opera in the standard repertoire... Only that could allow the ominous overtones of this somber moment to detract from the great, rounded, and bursting triumph of the piece. It is a sentiment commonly that leaks into current productions, including that production I saw in Bayreuth.

No less does this dark Nazi memory still loom over Old Europe today, troubling the German election with the significant advent of Alice Weidel whom many easily call a Nazi, and so also her supporters. This same darkness invades our story of the vonTrapp family in Salzburg, there in another part of Europe, which ends with their dramatic escape from the Nazis for refusing the Anschluss, fleeing into the those same Alps, where music sounds and music heals.

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What then of River City, Iowa, on the other side of the world from Old Europe, in the young United States, a country but a couple hundred years old, with a written constitution based on modern ideas, never invaded, hugely prosperous, rich in natural resources, able still to believe and insist with indignation that church and state be separate – unburdened by the past and free to move into the future. Above all, so far at least, we have no inherently insoluble religious wars, our immigration consists largely of Christians who can easily integrate – and we saved Europe from Hitler. Our cultural memory has only the flaw of racist slavery, and we have come out of that far less racist than other nations. But still – and this is the ray of hope for the world – we are just as vulnerable as the Catholic Austrians and the Protestant Germans to the Sound of Music!

One of our most infamous weaknesses is the unsophisticated complacency of our basket of deplorables living in fly-over country, like the Iowa folks who can “stand bumpin’ noses for a week-and-a-half and never see eye to eye.” Such a benighted place is vulnerable also to “an out of town Jasper in a pinch-backed suit” warning the parents their children are idling away their time at the new pool hall, reading the latest issue of *Captain Willy’s Whiz Bang*, and

“rebuckling their knickerbockers *below* the knee.” They need to get a boys’ band going to keep them out of trouble, which “starts with T and rhymes with P and stands for Pool.” With his “song and dance” Harold Hill stirs the populace to a frenzy, puffing up the vanity of each person he meets, how beautiful their step, their embouchure the likes of the great Gilmore, flattering the matrons into thinking they have a classic sensibility, hearing in the murmurs of tone-deaf children the echoes of John Handy, reconciling between four lifetime enemies by turning them into a barbershop quartet, and maybe even seducing the frozen-over ice-cap of the one true-blue intellectual in the town, Marian the Librarian.

But as to the denouement, it consists in a great reversal: the people do buy into his spiel that the boys will be able to play their music through the Think Method once the instruments and uniforms do arrive, for which the parents have already paid him in cash. His plan was to skip town with the proceeds but he falls in love with Marian, who had merely been his prey, and cannot leave; and she falls in love with him, seeing the hope he brings with his music and his dance, and how it has taken the city in an upward whirl, and seeing also the proud futility of her own protective prudery – the female counterpart, by the way, to vonTrapp’s military way – and so for the first time in their lives he *won’t* do the wrong thing and she *will*.

He’s arrested as a fraud, the uniforms arrive, the parents have dragged him into the gym to lead the band, and what happens? This is America – do I need to tell you? She forces the baton into his hand, He sets the beat: “Think, boys, *think!*” One of them squeezes a toot out of his trumpet and his dad leaps up and calls out “That’s my Billy!” – One after another of the parents pop up, the dream becomes truer and true–r, and then something actually inexplicable occurs. There were no miracles but only providence in the Catholic story, and wonderful human creativity in the Lutheran story, but here, absent trace of reference to Protestants, Catholics, or Jews, a miracle occurs: The paltry uniforms suddenly pop into high bright red with white trim and gold buttons, the band emerges from the gym ten times its size and parades through the square lined with cheering persons: nobody in River City is surprised, nor even are we. It’s just that our dreams came true, as though the thing we knew in their hearts just *had* to happen, *did* happen.

Of our three pieces of music and stories there is in this last one not even an allusion to Christianity, and yet of all three this is the only one with a “real miracle” – a resurrection of hope typical of America’s self-interpretation, pregnant with a spontaneous faith that seems to rely upon no rubric here and there, with hardly a trace of liturgy or worship in our sunny cultural memory. The *Music Man* could never be a European work!

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When I was a Wagnerian I had the same problem I now have with Trump, approving the works despite the foibles of the man; but when I finally stopped listening to most of Wagner it



was because of his ideas, not his personal behavior. I look forward to similar a release from Trump, the man, assuming I still *can* and still *must* think.

Thank you for your attention and for our Chit Chat Club!



(Jan. 1523-4) of Max. Transylvanus De Moluccis, where the Rome edition of Nov. 1523 has the more correct Manucodiata: see MANUCODIATA.] A fabulous bird, the description of which is founded on erroneous accounts of the Bird of Paradise.

1591 SYLVESTER Du Bartas l. v. 803 But note we now, towards the rich Moluques, Those passing strange and wondrous (birds) Manuques. Food-less they live; for th' Aire alone feeds them: Wing-less they fly. 1606 Ibid. n. iv. n. Magnificence 288 To th' ever-Bowers her oft adolt advance, The light Manuques winglesse wings she has.

† Mamzer. Obs. [a. late L. mamzer, a Heb. word (ממזר) adopted by the Vulgate in Deut. xxiii. 2 (where it appears with the gloss 'id est de scorto natus'), and hence frequently used in the Middle Ages.] A bastard.

1564 WINZET Cert. Tractates Wks. 1888 I. 43 Their suld nocht be sa many..scabbit Moabites, Amonites, and sclanderous Mamzers..maid preists. 1612 BR. HALL Sermon. v. 60 Whatever become of these Mamzers, which do thus exclude themselves from the congregation of God [etc.]. 1865 KINGSLEY Herew. II. iv. 73 The only power that is, whom I see in England. is William the Mamzer.

Man (mæn), sb. f. Forms: Nom. (Acc.) Sing. 1-4 mann, (1 monn, manna), 1-5, 8-9 dial. mon, 4-6 manne, Sc. mane, (5 moon), 1- man. Nom. (Acc.) Plural. 1-4 menn, 2 mæn(n), 3 mannes, mannen, 4-5 Sc. mene, (5 menne, 6 mon), 1- men. Genitive sing. a. 1-5 monnes, 1-6 mannes, 4 monnis, -ys, mannus, manes, mones, 4-6 manis, mannys, 4-7 mannis, mans, 6- man's. B. uninflected (north.) 4 5 man, 5 mane. Genitive plural. a. 1-2 manna, monna, 2 monnan, 2 3 manne(n), monne(n). B. 3-6 monnes, 4 menes, -ys, 4-6 mennis, -ys, 6 menis, 4-8 mens, 8-9 men's. 7. 2 monnen, 4 mennene, menne. 8. uninflected (north.) 4 men. Dative sing. 1-3 men, (1 menne), 3-4 manne, monno. Dative plural. a. 1-2 mannun, monnun, 2 mannann, monnan, 2-3 manne(n), monne(n). B. 3 monnen, 3-4 menne. [Com. Teut.: OE. man(n), mon(n) (pl. and dat. sing. mæn(n)), also rarely manna wk. masc., corresponds to Ofris. man, man, OS. man (inflected mann-, pl. man), Du. man (pl. in MDu. manne, man, in mod.Du. mannen, rarely mans), OHG. man sing. and pl. (MHG. mann sing. and pl., mod.G. mannu, pl. männer), ON. mað-r, rarely mannr-, accus. mann, genitive manns, pl. menn, rarely meðr, maðr (Sw. man, pl. män, Da. mand, pl. mænd), Goth. manna, accus. mannan, genit. mans, pl. mans, mannan.] The forms in the various Teut. langs. belong to two declensional stems, the OTeut. forms of which would be \*mann- and \*mannon-. (The ON. man str. neut., slave, may possibly be related, but the connexion is doubtful.) The OE. plural mæn(n) is the regular descendant of OTeut. \*mannun- and the dative mæn(n) of OTeut. \*manni-, from the cons.-stem \*manni-.

It was formerly regarded as certain (on the ground of the supposed correspondence with Skr. manu man) that the nu of \*mann- was derived from an original nu. The now prevailing view is that the second n represents the zero-grade of the suffix of a stem of which the Gothic form would be \*mannan-. This hypothesis accounts for the otherwise obscure form mana- which the word assumes in Gothic compounds if it be correct, the Teut. word and the Skr. manu cannot have any nearer relation than that of independent derivatives of a common root. They have been usually referred to the Indogermanic \*men-, \*mon-, to think (see MIND sb.), so that the primary meaning of the sb. would refer to intelligence as the distinctive characteristic of human beings as contrasted with brutes. Many scholars, however, regard this as intrinsically unlikely to have been the original sense, though no plausible alternative explanation has been suggested.

In all the Teut. langs. the word had the twofold sense of 'human being' and 'adult male human being', though exact in Eng. it has been mainly superseded in the former sense by a derivative (Ger. Du. mensch, Sw. menniska, Da. menneske: cf. MANNISH sb.).

I. 1. A human being (irrespective of sex or age); = L. homo. In OE. the prevailing sense.

† a. In many OE. instances, and in a few of later date, used explicitly as a designation equally applicable to either sex. Obs.

In OE. the words distinctive of sex were wer and wif, wæþman and wifman.

971 Blichl. Hom. 9 Heofonrices dux . belocen standep þurh þa ærestan men. c1000 ÆLFRIC Gram. IX. (L.) 36 Hic et hæc homo . æzder is man se wer ge wif. c1000 - Saints Lives viii. 185 (St. Agatha says) Eala þu min drihten þe me to menn gesceop. c1000 Sax. Leachl. II. 132 xif wite to swiþe oflowe siu monaþ gecyrd, genia min horses tord [etc.]. þ se mon swiþe swiþe. c1721 O. E. Chron. an. 629 (Laud MS.) þe dohter wes zehatan Ercಂಗota ballifenne & wondorlic man. c1725 Nehal. Hom. 155 And yef thate (the husband and wife) riht riche men were. Ibid. 156 Wit tua men (Simon and Anna), that bim comly grette. 1597 J. KING On Jonas (1618) 480 The Lord had but one pure of men in Paradise. 1752 HUMF. Pol. Disc. x. 159 There is in all men, both male and female, a desire and power of generation more active than is ever universally exerted. 1793 BURKE Lett. to Comte de Mercy (1844) IV. 144 Such a deplorable havoc is made in the minds of men (both sexes) in France, . . . that [etc.].

b. In the surviving use, the sense 'person' occurs only in general or indefinite applications (e.g. with adjs. like every, any, no, and often in the plural, esp. with all, any, some, many, few, etc.); in modern apprehension man as thus used primarily denotes the male sex, though by implication referring also to women.

The gradual development of the use of the unambiguous synonyms body, person, one, and (for the plural) folks, people, has greatly narrowed the currency of man in this sense; it is now literary and proverbial rather than colloquial.

c825 Vesp. Hymnus i. 8 in O. E. Texts 401 Ic utede ongen fremdes cynnes men [L. exivi obitum alienigenae]. c950 Lindisf. Gosp. Matt. xii. 19 Ne zeheres ænig mon [c1000 Ags. Gosp. man man] in wurdum stefn his. Ibid. xvi. 13 Huelne cuedas menn sie suna monnes? c1000 ÆLFRIC Suttus Lives X. 191 Hwæt ic me cianna þæt ic mihte god forbeodan? c1175 Lamb. Hom. 3 xif onman sead eawlit. Ibid. 39 We forzeden þan monne þe us to aguted. Ibid. 127 He wes imaced to monne lillesse. c1200 Trin. Coll. Hom. 139 He turnde ut of þe burh into wilderne and for monnes wunigunge to wilde deores. c1290 S. Eng. Leg. I. 291/112 Ich habbe isonegut manne mest. a1300 Cursor M. 108 Scho prais is for sinful men. 1377 LANGL. P. Pl. B. ProL. 197 For many mannis malt we mys wolde destruye. 1390 GOWER Conf. I. 2 That of the lasse or of the more Som man ma lyk of that I wryte. 1393 LANGL. P. Pl. C. xiv. 46 Ac yf þe marchant nake hus way oute monne corne. c1450 Merlin 262 A company of younge Gentilmen that both high memnes sones. c1460 FORLESSE Abs. & Lim. Mon. vii. (1835) 125 Off somme man is highes schal have more thanke for money then for lande. c1475 Rauf Colyzeur 46 Men callis me Rauf Colyzeur. 1577 B. GOOGE Heresbach's Husb. i. (1586) 15 We must remember that seruantes be men. 1592 SHAKS. Rom. & Jul. iii. i. 59. 1632 SANDERSON Sermon. 14 Measuring other mens actions and consciences. 1634 BR. HALL Contempl. N. T. IV. iii. 1 regard not the body; the soul is the man. 1764 Reid Inquiry vi. 8 7 Wks. I. 142/2 No man can be sure. . . that it has the same appearance to him as it has to another man. 1855 TENNYSON Brook 33 For men may come and men may go; But I go on for ever.

c. Used indefinitely without article. Chiefly in negative contexts, also in proverbial collocations, as in the traditional inn sign 'Entertainment for man and beast'.

138a WYCLIF John vii. 46 Neuer man spak so, as this spekih. [Similarly in all later versions.] c1450 Mirror Saluacioni 1363 Out of a hille a stone with out mans hande was kytted. 1523 CROMWELL Sp. in Merham Life & Lett. (1922) I. 31 Yf yt had bene possible by manny's industry. 1530 PALSGR. 710/1 He deserveth it as lytell as ever dyd man. 1596 DALRYMPLE tr. Ledlie's Hist. Scot. I. 41 Be any slautchir, or only scheding of manis blude. 1600 J. PORY tr. Led's Africa 41 They have shambles of mans-flesh as wee haue of beenes and muttuns. 1754 RICHARDSON Grandison II. iv. 48, I never fear'd man, since I could write man. 1847 TENNYSON Princess II. 178, I was courteous, every phrase well-oild, As man's could be. Prov. The wind that blows from the east is neither good for man nor beast.

d. Used predicatively without article in phr. to be, become, be made man: to have or assume human nature.

c1357 Lay Folks' Catech. (T.) 26 Jesu crist . . . toke flesh and blode, and become man. 1377 LANGL. P. Pl. B. 493 þi some . . . bicom man of a mayde. 1413 Pilgr. Soule ii. xlii. (1859) 48 Thon man bycome this self, for mannes nede. 1549 Bk. Com. Prayer, Athan. Creed. 1574 WHITFET Sermon. 66. lita. (1714) 11 Whether the Pope be God or man or a meane betwixt both? 1605 SHAKS. Lear iii. ii. 45 Since I was man. . . Such groanes of roaring Winde, and Raine, I neuer Remember to haue heard. 1649 J. ECCLESSTON tr. Behmen's Epist. ii. § 57. 30 It was for the soules sake that God became man. 1898 A. G. MORTIMER Cath. Faith & Practice ii. vii. 186 The theologians . . . have taught that our Lord as Man had three kinds of knowledge.

2. In abstract or generic sense, without article: The human creature regarded abstractly, and personified as an individual; human beings collectively; the human race or species; mankind. In Zoology: The human creature or race viewed as a genus (Homo: in the present classification consisting of only one species, H. sapiens) of animals.

In OE. a few examples occur with the definite article. The Eng. use of the word as a quasi-proper name, without article, differs from the practice of most of the modern European langs. (cf. F. l'homme, G. der mensch), and from the usage of Eng. itself with regard to other generic names of animals; cf. the anatomical structure of man and that of the lion.

c825 Vesp. Psalter viii. 5 Hwæt is mon [Thorpe se mann] ðæt zemyndig ðu sie his? c1000 Ags. Gosp. Mark ii. 27 Ræste-dæg was zeworht for þa men, næs se man for ðam ræste-dæge. c1175 Lamb. Hom. 59 Hit was for monnes bing he made. c1250 Gen. & Ex. 753 For mannes sinne ðus it went. a1300 Cursor M. 552 Man es clepid þe lesse werld. c1380 WYCLIF Ser. Wks. 111. 376 Po principal poynt and ende of cristis dnyng . . . was to save monnis soule. c1440 York Myst. xii. 84 Kynde of man is freele. c1450 tr. De Imitatione i. xix. For man purposiþ & god disposiþ. 1577 VATTROUILLIET tr. Luther on Ep. Gal. 2 Mans weakenes and miserie is so great, that [etc.]. 1619 PURCHAS Microcosm. viii. 90 This Centre is enuironed with a Circle, called Iris, of many colours in Manonely. 1732 POPE Ess. Man ii. 2 The proper study of Mankind is Man. 1774 GOLDSM. Nat. Hist. (1776) II. 132 Man is said to live without food for seven days. 1799 Encycl. Brit. (ed. 3) X. 507/2 In the Systema Naturæ, Man (Homo) is ranked as a distinct genus of the Primates. 1829 CARLVE Misc. (1837) I. 266 Man is not only a working but a talking animal. 1845 R. CHAMBERS Vestiges (ed. 4) 234 The brain of Man. 1859 LOWELL Villa Franca 14 Men are weak; but Man is strong.

3. a. In Biblical and Theol. use, with inner, inward, outer, † utier, outward, used to denote

the spiritual and material parts (respectively) of a human person; also with old, new, to denote the spiritual condition of those who are unregenerate and those who are regenerate. b. Hence inner, outer, lower man are jocularly used to denote parts of the physical frame of a person.

c1000, etc. [see INNER a. 3]. 1382 WYCLIF 1 Pet. iii. 4 The hid man of heite [1535 COVERDALE 3<sup>rd</sup> inward-man of y<sup>th</sup> hert]. 1382, etc. [see OLD MAN 2]. 1587 GOLDING De Moray xiv. 214 In the inward man there are (as ye would say) three men, the lying, the sensitive, and the reasonable. 1840 DICKENS Barn. Rudge xli, Gabriel's lower man was clothed in military gear. 1843 LK. FEVRE Life Trav. Phys. I. l. v. 83 The outer was forgotten in the inner man.

II. 4. An adult male person. a. With special reference to sex.

c1000 ÆLFRIC Saints' Lives ii. 78 He . . . se ðe we zewislic hwæt heo man ne was. c1200 ORMIN 2369 þo was hand-fest an god mann þæt Jostap was zeheten. a1225 Ancr. R. 286 Ert to so wroþ wid mon oðer wid wummon þæt [etc.]. c1375 Sc. Leg. Saints x. (Machon) 347 Marriage. to cople man & wemen. 1377 LANGL. P. Pl. B. xiv. 264 As a mayde for mannes loue her moder for-aketh. 1387 TREVISAN Higdon (Rolls) VI. 421 O mayde memene drede [CANTON mennes, I. O terror virgo virorum]. 1508 DUNBAR Tua Marut Wamen 42 Son ze war menis wyffs. 1603 Philotts lxxxii, 3our douchter. . . Anc mannis claidis hes on hir tane. 1605 SHAKS. Lear n. iv. 281 Let not womens weapons, water drops, Staine my mans cheekes. 1632 LINGWOD Trans. III. 115 They spake . . . here the Hebrew tongue, man, woman and child. 1671 LADY M. BERTIE in 12th Rep. Hist. MSS. Comm. App. v. 25 The Dutchesse . . . was very fine in . . . a short mans coat very richly laced. 1728-9 MRS. DELANY in Life & Corr. 191 Every man took the woman he liked best to dance country-dances. 1880 G. MEREDITH Fragments Com. (1882) 5 Men (the jury of householders) empelled to deliver verdicts upon the ways of women.

• contextually = 'man-child'. Obs. 1578 T. N. tr. Cong. W. India 155 Their Priests sacrificed ten children of three years of age, . . . five of these children were menne, and the other five wemen.

b. generically (without article: cf. 2). The male human being. Also predicatively (cf. 1 d).

1591 SHAKS. Two Gent. v. ii. 110 Were man But Constant, he were perfect. 1601 - All's Well i. i. 123 Man is enemy to virginity. 1832 COLLIERIE in Life Sir W. Hamilton (1882) I. 543 Mans heart must be in his head. Woman's head must be in her heart. 1847 TENNYSON Princess vii. 259 Woman is not undeveloped man, But diverse. 1859 - Vivien 630 Man! is he man at all, who knows and winks? 1897 MARY KINGSLEY W. Africa 318 As for the men, well of course they would marry any lady of any tribe, if she had a pretty face. . . that's just man's way.

c. With special reference to adult age. Sometimes: A male who has attained his majority. Man and boy (adv. phr.): from boyhood upwards. † To write man: to be entitled by years to call oneself a man. † (To grow up, etc.) to man: to man's estate, to adult age.

c1200 Moral Ode 117 Al þæt ech Mon haueð idon soððen he com to monne. c1200 ORMIN 8053 Whil þatt I was littel child Ice held o childes þawness, & son summe ice was wexenn mann, þa flech I childess costess. 1390 GOWER Conf. I. 344 He began to clepe and calle, As he which come was to manne. 1500-20 DUNBAR Poems xix. 14 Thus will thay say, bath man and lad. 1530 PALSGR. 863/2 From mans state, des aige parfaict. 1545 ASCHAM Toxoph. (Arl.) 100 In shoting both man and boye is in one opinion, that [etc.]. 1600 J. LANE Tom Thelroth (Shaks. Soc.) 43 When chest Adonis came to mans estate. 1601 SHAKS. All's Well ii. iii. 208, I must tell thee sirrah, I write Man: to which title age cannot bring thee. 1602 - Ham. v. i. 177 (1604 Q.) I have been sixteen heere man and boy thryt yeeres. 1622 MABBE tr. Aeman's Guezman d'Alf. i. 146 Albeit I did wryte man, yet I was but a young Lad to speake of. 1654 CROMWELL in Whiteholls's Mem. (1835) IV. 170 They thought it more noble to die by the hand of a man than of a stripling. 1712 ADDISON Spect. No. 453 'When all thy Mercies' vi, Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe And led me up to Man. 1729 T. COOKE Tales, Proposals, etc. 18 Their Friendship early in their Youth began, Encreasing daily as they rose to Man. 1754 [see 1 c]. 1798 SOUTHEY Eng. Eclogues i. Poet. Wks. 1838 III. 3 I've lived here, man and boy, In this same parish, well nigh the full age of man. 1802 WORNW. 'My heart leaps up', The Child is father of the Man. 1837 DICKENS Pickw. xxiv. An elderly gentleman in top-boots, who had been . . . a peace officer, man and boy, for half a century.

d. without express contrast. (The man is occasionally used for 'he', with a slight implication of depreciation, sympathy, or other feeling; similarly the good man, the poor man, etc. So also colloq. in expressions like 'the late man', 'the present man', etc., referring to the former or present holder of an office or position.)

c1175 Lamb. Hom. 31 Bludeliche þe mon wile gan to scrifte and segge þe preoste þæt he haueð ireaued and istolen. c1200 Vices & Virtues 45 Priestes and munikes and þese hadede mannen. c1290 Beket 302 in S. Eng. Leg. I. 115 Þe guode Man seint thomas. a1300 Cursor M. 4828 (Cott.) We ar all a man [w. vr. an monnes, a manes, oon monnes] barn-teme. c1375 Sc. Leg. Statutes i. (Petrs) 114 To theophil sanct paulc askyt þane, quhy þæt he þæt wrocht mane held swa in presone. a1400 Pastil of Sussex 27 He was borlich and bigge. . . More might mon þen we hit maistris to make. 1449 Rolls of Parli. V. 247/2 A man horsed, and armed in brigdangers. a1574 CLARENDON Hist. Reb. xv. § 38 And there is no question the man [sc. Cromwell] was in great agony, and in his own mind he had chiefly desired to be king. 1735 BOLINGBROKE On Parties Ded. 47 You may pass . . . for a man of extreme good Parts, and for a Minister of much Experience. 1760-7a H. BAOORE Fool of Qual. (1800) I. 24 The man in gibbets who hung by the road. 1837 O. A.



# WIE DUFTET DOCH DER FLIEDER

So mild, so strong and full  
is the scent of the elder tree!  
It relaxes my limbs gently,  
wants me to say something.  
What is the good of anything I can say to  
you?  
I'm but a poor, simple man.  
If work is not to my taste,  
you might, friend, rather release me;  
I would do better to stretch leather  
and give up all poetry.

He tries again to get down  
the work, with much noise.  
He leaves off, leans back once more  
and reflects

And yet it just won't go.  
I feel it, and cannot understand it;  
I cannot hold on to it,  
nor yet forget it;  
and if I grasp it wholly, I cannot measure it!  
But then, how should I grasp  
what seemed to me immeasurable?  
No rule seemed to fit it,  
and yet there was no fault in it.  
It sounded so old, and yet was so new,  
like birdsong who heard a bird singing  
and, carried away by madness,  
imitated its song,  
would earn derision and disgrace!  
Spring's command,  
sweet necessity  
placed it in his breast:  
then he sang as he had to;  
and as he had to, so he could:  
I noticed that particularly.  
The bird that sang today  
had a finely-formed break;  
if he made the Masters uneasy,  
he certainly pleased Hans Sachs well!

Was duftet doch der Flieder  
so mild, so stark und voll!  
Mir löst es weich die Glieder,  
will, dass ich was sagen soll.  
Was gilt's, was ich dir sagen kann?  
Bin gar ein arm einfältig' Mann!  
Soll mir die Arbeit nicht schmecken,  
gäbst, Freund, lieber mich frei,  
tät' besser, das Leder zu strecken  
und liess' alle Poeterei!

Er nimmt heftig und geräuschvoll  
die Schusterarbeit vor.  
Er lässt wieder ab, lehnt sich  
von Neuem zurück und sinnt nach

Und doch, 's will halt nicht geh'n:  
Ich fühl's und kann's nicht versteh'n: -  
kann's nicht behalten, - doch auch nicht vergessen:  
und fass' ich es ganz, kann ich's nicht messen!  
Doch wie wollt' ich auch fassen,  
was unermesslich mir schien?  
Kein' Regel wollte da passen,  
und war doch kein Fehler drin.  
Es klang so alt und war doch so neu,  
wie Vogelsang im süßen Mai!  
Wer ihn hört,  
und wahnbetört  
säunge dem Vogel nach,  
dem brächt' es Spott und Schmach:  
Lenzes Gebot,  
die süsse Not,  
die legt' es ihm in die Brust:  
nun sang er, wie er musst',  
und wie er musst', so konnt' er's, -  
das merkt' ich ganz besonders.  
Dem Vogel, der heute sang,  
dem war der Schnabel bald gewachsen;  
macht' er den Meistern bang,  
gar wohl gefiel er doch Hans Sachsen!

## SELIG WIE DIE SONNE

EVA:

As blissfully as the sun  
of my happiness laughs,  
a morning full of joy  
blessedly awakens for me;  
dream of highest favours,  
heavenly morning glow:  
interpretation to owe you,  
blessedly sweet task!

Selig, wie die Sonne  
meines Glückes lacht,  
Morgen voller Wonne,  
selig mir erwacht!  
Traum der höchsten Hulden,  
himmlisch Morgenglüh'n:  
Deutung euch zu schulden,  
selig süß Bemüh'n!

WALTHER

Your love made me succeed  
in interpreting and subduing  
my heart's sweet burden.  
Is it still the morning-dream?  
In my bliss, I can scarcely  
interpret it myself.

Deine Liebe liess mir es gelingen,  
meines Herzens süß Beschwer'  
deutend zu bezwingen.  
Ob es noch der Morgentraum?  
Selig deut' ich mir es kaum!

SACHS

To the child, so charming and fair,  
I would fain sing out:  
but the heart's sweet burden  
had to be subdued.  
It was a beautiful morning-dream;  
I scarcely dare think of it.

Vor dem Kinde, lieblich hold,  
mocht' ich gern wohl singen;  
doch des Herzens süß' Beschwer'  
galt es zu bezwingen.  
's war ein schöner Abendtraum;  
d'ran zu denken wag' ich kaum.