

Ein Video von
Stephan Dilleuth
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Ein Film über Richard Wagner und seinen Kreis mit Kiron Khosla, Timothy Quake, H.C. Dany, Roman Linke, Markus Summerer, Lore, Christian und Amadeus Dilleuth. Mit den Gästen: Richard Burton, Eva Mattes, Winifred Wagner, Marthe Keller, Vanessa Redgrave, Kirsten Flagstad, Gottlob Frick, Sir Solti u.v.a.m. Vielen Dank an Josephine Pryde, Eva Linke und B.O.A. Video

"Gesetzt nämlich,
dies wäre wahr,
wäre es damit auch schon
wünschenswert?"

**Assuming
then, this would be
true,
would that
make it
desirable also?**

- A film about Richard Wagner and his circle -

PRELUDE Rheingold, scene one

At the bottom of the Rhine. Greenish twilight, lighter above, darker below. The upper part of the scene is filled with moving water, which restlessly streams from right to left. Nearer the bottom the waters resolve themselves into a fine mist, so that the space to a man's height from the stage, seems free from the water, which floats like a train of clouds over the gloomy depths.

Screen text only:

Richard Wagner
was an
ingenious despot,
a genius at borrowing money,
an anti-semitic,
an anti-feminist
and a
racist

Voice-over, almost inaudible: So much should have been made clear, but now it is I who will dive for the Rhine gold.

Steep points of rock jut from the depths all around and enclose the whole stage; all the ground is broken into a wild confusion of jagged pieces, so that there is no level place. On all sides darkness indicates other deeper fissures.

Waters in motion. One of the Rhine daughters circles with graceful swimming motions around the central rock.

Woglinde: Weia! Waga! Wandering waters,
swing ye our cradle! Wagala weia!
walala, weiala weia!

Wellgunde: Woglinde, watchest alone?

Woglinde: If Wellgunde came we were two.

Wellgunde: How safe is thy watch?

Woglinde: Safe from thy wiles!

They playfully chase one another.

Flosshilde: Heiaha weia! heedless wild watchers!

Wellgunde: Flosshilde swim! Woglinde flies:
help me to hinder her flying!

Flosshilde: The sleeping gold badly ye guard!
Better beset the slumberer's bed,
or both will pay for your sport!

*Fade-out, bells ringing. Slowly the camera emerges
from the depths of the Rhine and pans to the Cologne
Cathedral.*

White on-screen text TITLE:

**Assuming
then, this would be
true,
would that
make it
desirable also?**

*The bells of Cologne Cathedral keep ringing. Pan left
and zoom in on the Deutzer side, onto a miniature
stage.*



*Cross-fade to a smithy: Siegfried and Mime are
forging a sword. 'Left' is written on one side of the
blade, 'right' on the other. Cross-fade to a scene set in
an octagonal meeting hall, crowds are cheering from
the tiers. Voice from off.*

The working man has to lead the coming social
struggles! Free people, artists, all of us here! The
struggle we are fighting today is the destiny of
mankind!

It overcomes national borders. Our patriotism and
fatherland-socialism are only part of a whole. It
knows no bounds! It will be up to us whether we free
the human spirit or condemn it forever to perpetual
economic slavery.

*Cheers and shouts "Wagner...Wagner.". Now the
speaker becomes visible, it is Richard Burton as
Richard Wagner and he's standing behind a desk, a
black-yellow-red flag in the background, candles in
the foreground.*

We are not liveried lackeys, nor slaves who obey
whims, we are freely elected. Everyone has his vote.
Our mind is strengthened because we understand our
damnation ...

*(The next sentences are incomprehensible amid
increasing background noise)*

...As Christ said: if your right hand offends you, chop
it off! Chop it off!! Chop it off!!

*Cut to a living-room scene. A boy sits next to a child
(who is dressed up as Werner von Delmont) on a
couch.*

The narrator reads from a book:

When Richard Wagner was 7 years old and still
handicapped he could not even tell the simplest story
on the flute. When he was 10, his mother died, then
his father.

At the charity school he learned to read musical
notation. At the age of 15 he composed his first
Allegro con tutto.

At 17 he gave his first audition, playing the third act
of Tannhäuser.

*Cut to images of a passing steam train, Minna with
soldiers.*

Narrator from off: The libretto of the Meistersinger
came into being during a five month stay at the lung
sanatorium. There he also met Minna, the actress.
Through her he sought redemption. This is where our
story begins:



Street in London at night.

On a stormy crossing to London Wagner met Herr Schnabelewopski. As the wind whistled along, Schnabelewopski told Wagner the story of the Flying Dutchman. A ghost ship, the Cöllen, is endlessly crossing the seven seas. The crew are dead and the captain nailed to the mast. They call him the Flying Dutchman.

SD in front of a painting of the "Flying Dutchman"

SD to an older man with walking stick and moustache: Der Fliegende Holländer, oder?

Schnabelewopski: Beg your pardon?

SD: I said "The Flying Dutchman".

Schnabelewopski: Ah, yes! **So they say...**
Oh Senta, Senta! If this is redemption I'd rather be damned!

SD: Wie? Sind Sie Richard Wagner, oder was? Are you Richard Wagner?

Schnabelewopski: **Vatt?!**
Gets a business card from his coat pocket
That's my name, can you read it?
Schnabelewopski.

SD: Monsieur Schnabelewopski.

Schnabelewopski: My name.

SD: A very fine name, indeed!

Schnabelewopski: Don't **wear it out!**

SD: But do you know where Richard Wagner is?

Schnabelewopski: How should I know such a thing?

SD: Then please, enjoy the imagery.

Schnabelewopski: Thank you.

SD: Good night, Sir!

Schnabelewopski: I surely will.

Cut back to the living-room with the narrator and the young Delmont.

Narrator continues reading: But Wagner is still not redeemed. In 1947 he met Bakunin and Röckel, the revolutionaries. Power shall be taken from the aristocrats. They want to fight for a parliamentary democracy. No more absolute rulers, the citizens shall govern themselves.

Cut to the blaze of the Semper opera house in Dresden. Citizens, barricades, fighting, Wagner, Bakunin, Semper. Soldiers, civil war, burning houses.

Voice from off: Where is Richard?! It was unavoidable! The king has dared to dissolve the parliament!

Wagner's voice: These flames! This is the theatre we need! Amphitheatres made of fire! Buildings as settings for this, where this is possible! This!! This is our theatre!!

Bakunin from off: Destroy everything!! Destroy, and build anew!

Marx from off: In bourgeois society, capital is independent and has individuality, while the living person is dependent and has no individuality. And the abolition of this state of things is called by the bourgeois, abolition of individuality and freedom!

(During this last sentence Marx steps in front of the scene and continues reading the text from a book)

And rightly so. The abolition of bourgeois individuality, bourgeois independence, and bourgeois freedom is undoubtedly aimed at.

(Marx does the human beatbox and teaches the states of things to dance. Destruction, chaos, fire, backed by the "Ride of the Valkyries")

Bakunin by the coach addresses the fleeing Wagner: Even the artists leave the sinking ship! You've failed! *(coach leaves)* You have failed! I am sure it will be more use to you than to me.

The vapour thickens. A black cloud rises from below, continuing to rise so that the theatre seems to be slowly sinking into the earth. Alberich, who has removed the Tarnhelm from his head and hung it on his girdle, drives before him, with brandished whip, a host of Nibelungs from the caverns below. They are laden with gold and silver handiwork, which they heap together so as to form a large pile, under Alberich's continuous abuse and scolding.

Narrator from off: During this time Karl Marx was writing "Capital". He wants a revolution of those exploited by the aristocracy and the coin and capital of the bourgeoisie. The workers shall bear no more Gods above them. They shall leave the mines and forge a ring of the workers of all countries. They shall appropriate the means of production and keep the treasures they produce.

The same Marx comes back into the picture; a red, square block on the ground next to him.

Marx: They merely express, in general terms, actual relations springing from an existing class struggle, from a historical movement going on under our very eyes. *(clears his throat)* The abolition of existing property relations is not at all a distinctive feature of communism.

(Brief interruption by the singing section of the opera playing in the background)

Alberich: Are you still hesitating? Dithering even?



Marx: All property relations in the past have continually been subject to historical change consequent upon the change in historical conditions. The French Revolution, for example, abolished *(clears his throat)* feudal property in favor of bourgeois property. The distinguishing feature of communism is

not.... is not.... is not... is not the abolition of property generally, but the abolition of bourgeois property.

Cut: coach in the forest

Narrator from off: The workers' revolution is not taking place. The revolution for a self-determined bourgeois state fails in its beginnings. Wagner is still unhappy. He is still a suspect revolutionary. Like the Dutchman his ship is drifting on the waves of life. It goes up and down.

Male voice from off: I hear your Dresden friends have been sentenced to death for their participation in the uprising.

(Cut to the source of the conversation. Two men and two women at a festively laden plate.)

Woman 1: Well, we...we...are all deeply moved at the thought of what the world would have lost if Herr Wagner had been arrested and treated like the others at the events in Dresden.

Wagner: Yes, although it is widely known that I was only a spectator during those events. An innocent eye-witness...a spectator.

Narrator from off: Röckel, who loved freedom so much, is incarcerated for years. Now he only wants one thing: out of jail! Bakunin wants an idealist anarchy without hierarchies. He is sent to Siberia.

Cut to a swimming-pool. Seven people are in the water up to their chests and wade around in circles. Two men are reading from books.

Narrator from off: Wagner is in Switzerland. He has a nervous disease. He is trying to compose, he is trying to write poetry.

Man 1: And you hear...but you must hear it in...er...in your head!

Wagner: No, no...not necessarily! That is not necessary.

Man 1: Are you still hoping for a change?

Wagner: No, I hope for no change. There is no hope for it. The world only has a physical, not a moral meaning. Why then should we change it?

They all submerge in the water, holding their books over their heads to keep them dry.

Wagner reads: Suicide as the highest affirmation of will! The final negation of the will to life ...(to the others:) You all stay down!!

...But I must continue to live and continue to suffer.

Boy (first from off, then cross-fade to the familiar living-room): Wagner is safe now. He is trying to compose, he is trying to write poetry. He travels a lot. He wants to conquer Paris but his opera flops.

Cut to a festive scene with Frau Wesendonk.

Boy (now from off): He needs money, a lot of money. And he finds Isolde Wesendonk. Now he is looking for redemption as Tristan. She adores him, consecrates herself to his ideas. Here is one, after all, who brings new ideas into opera, a genius.

Opera rehearsals at the grand piano, singing. Night. Afterwards back to the festive salon scene.

Wagner: For years I have been concerned with a young man, a boy of great charm. Full of charm and beauty. There is nothing without beauty and my Siegfried outshines it all. He is incredibly beautiful and does not know fear. Too simple-minded to learn to be afraid.

Woman: Whenever I get the chance to hear the master play I realise what talents God has given him.

Wagner: You are too kind.

Frau: We should pray thanks to God the creator for allowing us ...

Wagner:...His head is huge! A big bald head with small, piercing, sparkling eyes, that penetrate one's soul. Draped with a grey beard.

Woman: I have heard that there are plans for a great music festival in Weimar. Operas, concerts, beautiful arts for the edification of the whole German people. And also for the cultivated of course.

Man: We must surely hope so.

Wagner: New paths must be walked in music. But what is needed most is a revolution of the theatre... Listen to me, damn it!!
Damn it!! Listen to me!!

Ball guests flee. Cut to Wagner's room.

Wagner from off: I am not a fraud.

There follows night footage. Wagner with a lantern through the dark streets..

Wagner from off: I cannot live like this. I cannot live from an abject organist's position, like Master Bach! I am differently organised, I have brittle nerves. I must have beauty, radiance and light. The world owes me what I need.

Is it really a ridiculous demand if I believe I should be granted what little luxury I can stand? I, who give joyfulness to the world a thousand times?



A man comes running up behind Wagner with a lantern in his hand, excitedly calling out his name.

SD: Wagner! Wagner! Hey, Wagner!! Wait, Wagner! Wagner! Wagner...

Wagner turns around, recognition

SD (shocked): Mother, it is you!!!

Mother: Nietzsche, it is you?!

Cut to scene set against a blue background. Nietzsche reads from a book:

How can art survive in the sinister social insecurity of our present? How can one stem the flood of the seemingly unavoidable revolutions everywhere, so that this Wagnerian art will not be washed away along with all those things that are doomed?

Cut to exterior shots of the Büdinger castle. Night. Several servants call out for Wagner.

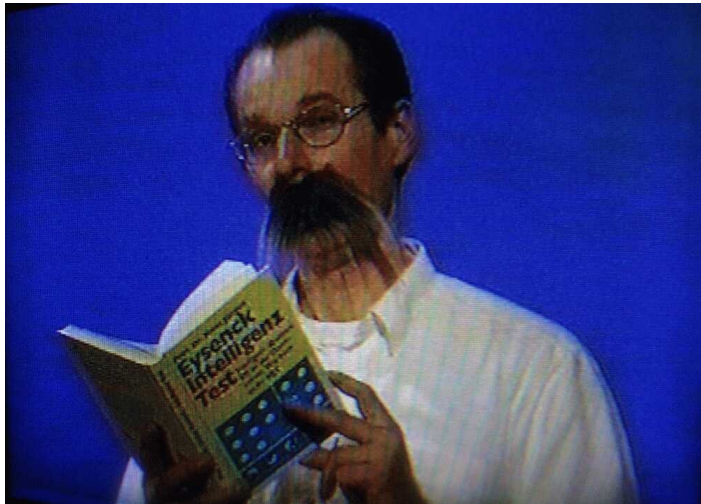
Servant: Herr Wagner, Herr Wagner! Hurry up! The king is waiting!

Cut to a man in a forest who is attaching an artificial moustache to his face with the help of a mirror and glue.

Afterwards he attaches black oval pieces of cloth to a white fur coat whilst narrating:

King Ludwig II: Most of all I can tell from your letter that pondering our current state of art and view of life always pains you. And you are right! But let's take courage!

The awareness of having a great and noble purpose before our eyes shall strengthen us. After a dark night the lighter day often rises even brighter. After night and hard struggle, victory will be enduring and magnificent.



Back to Nietzsche.

Ah, this old magician, all the things he tried to fool us with! The first thing his art offers is a magnifying glass; One looks inside, does not believe one's eyes! Everything turns large! Even he! What a smart rattlesnake.

Back to King Ludwig II.

Hah, how glad I was when you wrote that it is your greatest wish to become a Bavarian! You ask me whether it would please me for you to come here, to the high, beautiful Hohenschwangau and to me. I can assure you, no greater pleasure could be mine than to see my beloved friend here! Then it will be light and bright inside my soul. Then noble nature will appear in twice its glory.

Back to Nietzsche.

Interspersed with many jokes, I bring up a matter that is no joke. To turn my back on Wagner was my fate; to like anything at all again after that, my triumph. A long story.

(Zoom in on the Monopteros in Linderhof)

What does an artist demand of himself first and last? To overcome his time in himself, to become "timeless."

(camera back to Nietzsche)

Against what must he therefore struggle hardest? Against whatever marks him as the child of his time. Well then! I, no less than Wagner, am a *décadent*: but I comprehended this, I resisted it. The artist in me resisted.

Back to Ludwig II, who has put on his coat and is strolling past circling the Monopteros.



King Ludwig II: I hate this city! I love the mountains, the fresh forest air, the horses, Richard Wagner, Karl Philipp Moritz, the writer. The night. The mystical, the inexplicable. The immortality of the soul. And against the pollution of the landscape by the Confederation of German Industry, against cultural patronage! And for a revolutionary uprising against capital! And against the nationalism and socialism of Schwabing, the gathering of so many people. And now I shall go riding! The young princes' wild shooting in my forests must be forbidden! I don't love gunshots. I want quiet.

Back to Nietzsche.

We know the masses, we know theatre! Wagnerians need the grand, the deep, the overwhelming. It is all of the same logic.

(image of a man with pipe. Camera zooms away, a sign with the inscription "Syberberg" becomes visible)

...he who overwhelms is strong! He who elevates us is divine! He who stirs prescience is deep! And this is where our term "style" originates. Most of all not a thought. Nothing is more compromised than a thought! But the state before thoughts, the crowding

rush of thoughts not yet born, the promise of future thoughts, the world as it was before God created it!

Nietzsche visible again: Dark coils! Art informel!
...from chaos comes prescience. From chaos comes prescience!

Back to Ludwig II, driving through the wood on a sledge.

King Ludwig II: When I wrote to you recently I had seen the majestic Rhine only from afar. Imagine my joy when I saw it up close on a journey to old, dignified Cologne. Such picturesque banks. How proud and noble the grey walls of the medieval castles arise. The enjoyment of such beauty was redoubled by a book of the Rhine sagas which accompanied me. And now the noble Cologne cathedral! An archetype of gothic architecture. I would call it a magnificent work of art. Yet when one sees such a sign of human art, how much more love should one have for the perfect work of art where poetry and music melt deeply into one. It shall become even clearer to mankind that architecture is nothing for itself but a means for the one, great purpose.

Back to Nietzsche (faded in are shots of various paintings from Neuschwanstein, film material from Siegfried's death and images of the emperor's visit to Valhalla)

SD: But it is only in the invention of the smallest things, the poetry of details, that he is admirable. One of the greatest miniaturists in art, who presses infinite meaning and sweetness into the smallest space. He is an actor, a tyrant! His pathos defeats all resistance. Who else has such persuasiveness of gesture, who else can see so decisively, so fundamentally, that gesture, suggestion, the psychic picturesque are first? He wants effect, nothing but effect. And he recognises what he must have an effect on.

Above all, German youth understood him. The two words "infinite" and "meaning" were really enough: they induced a state of incomparable well-being in them!

But the content of his art, its mythical content, its mythological, its eternal content?

Question: How to test that content, this eternal content?

The chemist answers, one translates it into reality, into modernity, let's be even crueller, into the bourgeois. At Wagner's funeral a wreath was laid on his grave by the First German Wagner Club from Munich, whose inscription immediately became famous:

It said: "Redemption for the Redeemer".

Everyone admired the high inspiration which had dictated such an inscription, everyone admired a taste which is the privilege of Wagner's adherents. Many others made a small correction:

"Redemption from the Redeemer"

There was a sigh of relief. The one thing that must be resisted is the falseness, the deceitfulness of instinct, which does not want to perceive oppositions as oppositions. With a furtive eye to master morals, noble morals, it speaks the opposed teachings of the gospel of the lower classes, the need for redemption. In the midst of all this we should not allow living in the reaction within the reaction to confuse us.

Boy from off: Marx is dead and the workers are still victims of a bourgeois economy. Röckel is still in jail. He is still looking for freedom.

Delmont as Röckel, tied up in the bourgeois jail (sobbing and crying):...not always the same, not always the same! Let me out, I have ...I haven't done anything!! I was only ... I was only sneering a little bit, 200 years ago... let me out! LET ME OUT, YOU BLOODY...!!! Let me, let me... How I hate you, ever since my birth! Ever since birth imprisoned by you!! Let me out, leave me... leave me my remaining years! Let me be, let me be! I can't stand to see you any more! I can't stand to see you any more! Ever since my birth...I had to experience you...you have surrounded city and country...everywhere you've made all the land your property!...put in prison!..into this flickering box! Let me out...I hate you!...let me out, let me at last, at last...I beg you! Please, I beg you, I will glorify you! I will glorify you in my pictures! In my pictures, I will paint the most beautiful paintings for you! ... just let me go...I'll paint you the most beautiful pictures! I will paint you so beautiful...I will make you beautiful videos, I'll make you good advertising videos...the most beautiful ads you've ever seen!

...just let me go, I can't stand this hole anymore!

...we are the first generation you've put in chains!

...the first one that had to ingest all these images with its Milupa baby food! Let us go, just a little. Just a little. Just a little.

To see something else, anything, something you haven't already occupied with your images...

...LET ME OUT, YOU SHITHEADS!!! LET ME OUT!!! JUST LET ME OUT!!!

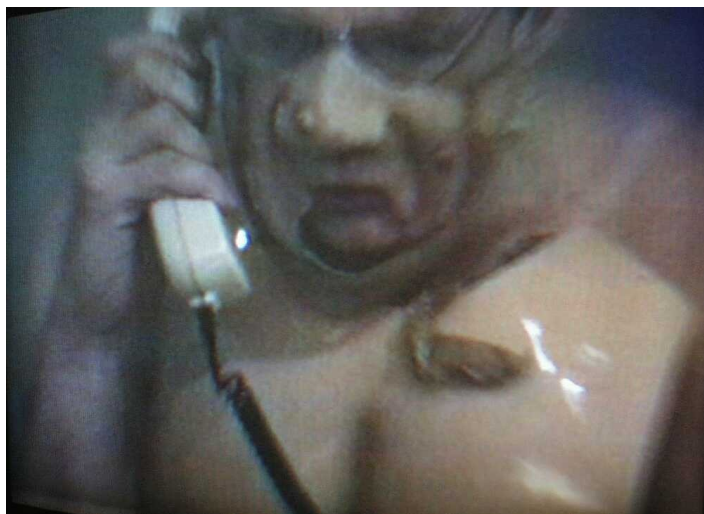
40 years in your dungeon must be enough!...just let me out...20 years and another 20 years...in your dungeon, that must somehow be enough! My pictures, buy me, buy me, buy me! Buy my pictures...why?...And everyone has to work for you

and still you don't pay...you've put everyone in chains...old Marx already said so and wrote it down... surely you read books, no? You've got to get a little smarter! You can make smarter ads. Communist ads! Anything...

Let me out, let me out!!!

Now you shitheads, the first thing is achieved! The chains...40 years in your chains...but the shit wasn't enough...and always only at the lowest rim of existence. Always just a little bit of money, only a little bit...and the ideas...into your damned machinery...

...Yes, I am still surrounded by your walls. I am surrounded by your walls. But my hands are free... and my thoughts... a little bit must surely still be left...



(Bell ringing)

...Ok, I can hear the phone...the phone...

(runs outside to the phone)

Hello?

>Hello<

Yes, Dillemath. We just finished shooting something, that's why ...

>This is the 21st century speaking. You left me a message earlier, about your film.<

That's right...

>But obviously I can't help you to get out of there, out of that old time! You'll have to serve the rest of your sentence.<

Yes...

>I am so sorry...<

Oh really...

>But you can always take another look at the whole history. Then you'll see.<

Yes...yes the story is always just about to collapse...

>You won't have to repeat the mistakes if you want to get out of the old century.<

Yes...

>You can see how hard it is, because after all we are all parts of a system. There is no opponent. The adversary, like the friend, is also a part of us. And

with these parts one has to try to organise the breakout. And even if we fail ... (laughs)... just take it like a good sport...<

uh-huh...

>In order to change the prison conditions...here, listen...<

Man watches TV. Camera zooms backward, showing a sign with the inscription "Schlingensief", which stands in front of him on a table. From inside the TV (voice from off initially, then later from on visible screen): Eva Mattes as Fassbinder in a staged dialogue with herself

Eva Mattes: In this boring culture, this hypocrites' culture, thank God I am here. The people should raise a monument to me!

>Kneel down!...<

To thank me for ...

>Kneel down!<

...dispelling their boredom and scaring them a little...

>Now, lie on the floor. On the floor!<

My art is an art of power!

>Stretch your arms forward. And now you must crawl!<

...Power over people.

>CRAWL!!<

Over their souls and their bodies. In this game for power ...

>And now say after me: I love you...<

Wedding scene.

...there is no compassion, no freedom and no longing.

(To double of El Hedi Ben Salem:) You are beautiful!

But that doesn't matter! Beauty ... whom does that suffice? Shit, I can't get that off! ALI!!

Cut to the living-room with narrator and Delmont.

Later fade into images of a performance of Wagner's piece.

Narrator: Now everything will be fine. A new woman has entered his life: Cosima von Bülow, daughter of his best friend Chopin and wife of his best friend Bülow. She loves him and adores him.

Soon Cosima ends the scandalous love triangle and becomes his wife. She bears him several offspring.

Wagner has made it: Cosima loves him, the king adores him, the powerful rave about him, the rich idolise him. Now he will live forever. Wagner is redeemed.

Cut to black & white footage of a TV gala, hosted by Bob Hope.



Bob Hope: My ladies and gentlemen, it is not often that I have the privilege to introduce such a distinguished artist as Madame Kirsten Flagstad, star of the Metropolitan Opera Company.

Audience applause. The orchestra is playing Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries", the curtain rises: Wild rocky mountains. A chasm appears in the background, opening out onto a high crag. Brünnhilde springs shouting from rock to rock up the height on the right. Madame Kirsten Flagstad starts to sing:

Hojotoho! hojotoho!
heiaha! heiaha! hojotoho! heiaha!

Cut back to the man with the Nietzsche moustache sitting on the sofa. This time the sign in front of him on the table says "Nietzsche". The opera music continues from off.

Take warning, Father, look to thyself;
storm and strife must thou withstand.
Fricka comes to thee here
drawn hither in her car by her rams.
Hei! how she swings the golden scourge!
The wretched beasts are groaning with fear;
wheels furiously rattle;
fierce she fares to the fray!

Cut back to the opera.

In strife like this I take no delight,
sweet though to me are the fights of men;
then take now thy stand for the storm:
I leave thee with mirth to thy fate.
Hojotoho! hojotoho!
heiaha! heiaha!
heiahaha!

Madame Flagstad finishes the song, the curtain closes.

Cut to a black & white interview with Winifred Wagner. Frau Wagner appears and sits down:

Frau Wagner: To get back briefly to what was said yesterday, to be a bit more specific ...

Journalist with microphone and pipe: Wagner was a revolutionary once. People say his operas are political fairy tales. Does that create problems for you?

Frau Wagner: You know, we really used to have far fewer problems here. You know...well...everything ran much more smoothly and I mean there just wasn't so much discussion. And I think Wagner's commands were simply followed.

Journalist: Was the content of the operas in Bayreuth ever discussed or open to discussion?

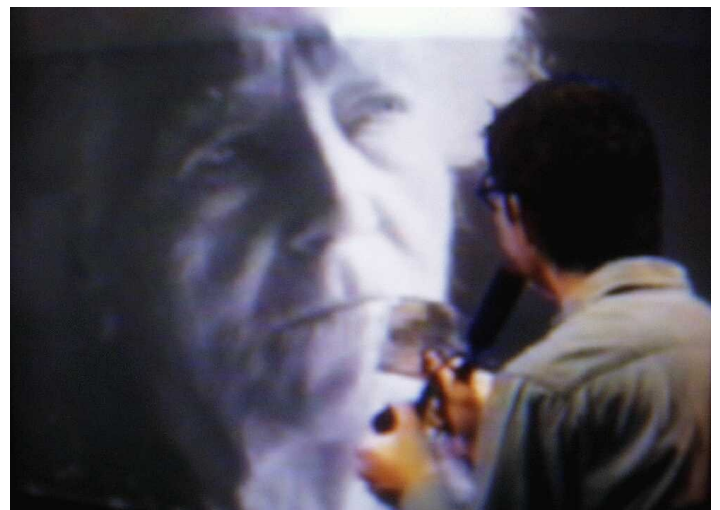
Frau Wagner: You know, in the old days, we had ... we had the work of art and took it as it was and didn't try to put any social-political or historical problems or anything like that into it.

Journalist: Wagner was once a revolutionary, as is well known. Did... so his plays must have some political meaning. Have you already noticed this?

Frau Wagner: Well you know, one didn't know about such things in the old days, one did not do it that way back then. That only started since the second world war. You know, for people to approach things intellectually.

Journalist: People probably got a bit smarter after the war.

Frau Wagner: We had no idea of these things.



Journalist: Frau Wagner, the Wagner operas are full of mythical and political content. Did you refer that to the Third Reich?

Frau Wagner: That is pure nonsense, of course. We arranged Bayreuth, I mean our performances, from a purely artistic perspective. We may have made a little joke from time to time ...I know for example that in the second scene of the Twilight of the Gods, with the vassals' choir, we put in some of the prominent people of the time. So we had a Göbbels for example and a Göring, but that was our own little personal joke. No-one really noticed that.

Journalist: Frau Wagner, do you think culture can be used as propaganda?

Frau Wagner: Erm... (laughs embarrassedly) ... let's see what's coming next...

Journalist: Hitler sometimes identified with Wagner or something like that, no?

Frau Wagner: Yes, there was a purely human, personal and intimate relationship between us, based on the adoration of and love for Richard Wagner.

Journalist: There are some rumours!

Frau Wagner: To us, he was not at all *the* Führer, you know? Rather, I mean, he was just, how to say it, well, one side of him was of course the captivating, interesting person ...

Journalist: Did he captivate you?!

Frau Wagner: Absolutely!

Journalist: You don't really believe that, do you?!

Frau Wagner: I have ... I have never experienced anything repulsive coming from him. That's odd, isn't it? You know, he had this ... Austrian, absolute ... tact of heart and warmth and...

In the 22 years he never caused me any disappointment, in a human sense. I mean, of course, apart from the things going on *outside*.

Journalist: What world are you living in that ... uh... (searching for words)

Frau Wagner: Well, all these things, you know, like *degenerate art* and all that, they never reached us here.

Journalist: Frau Wagner, you don't really believe that, do you?!

Frau Wagner: All that doesn't concern me, it has nothing to do with Bayreuth!

Journalist: What world are you living in that the world outside ...

Frau Wagner: ...didn't concern me, is that it? For me it was only Hitler who came to Bayreuth because he loved Wagner and ... as a family friend, you know?

Journalist: The way you describe it the wolf must have been a real sweet, peaceful little wolfling! Did you not want to marry him?

Frau Wagner: We got along as friends and...we both knew that...after Siegfried's death he always said that I ought to ... well, remain unmarried, I ought to remain queen, he said. His actual words were *remain queen*.

Journalist: Was your relationship not strained by politics?

Frau Wagner: Well, he was just such a unique personality that I wouldn't want to miss that experience.

Journalist: Politicians and celebrities still come to Bayreuth and meet for the festival ... do they get special treatment?

Frau Wagner: There used to be three separated ... I would almost call them VIP booths. They used to be reserved for the titled members who came to Bayreuth and ...later ... for example, Hitler and his entourage sat in the centre booth of course. And now even though the federal government and the Bavarian ministers and so on sit there, they are surrounded by the masses there.

Journalist: Do you even know **Überberg's** first name?

Frau Wagner: Well, after the war we old National Socialists invented a new cover name, because one could not talk about him in public and if we wanted to talk about him we called him "U.S.A.". In German that means "*Our Saintly Adolf*".

Journalist: Frau Wagner, **Überberg** has given you five hours to explain yourself, now we must bring the old stories to an end. Thank you very much for this conversation, rest in peace!

Fade to a black & white performance of a Wagner opera.

HAGEN during the rehearsal puts his cowhorn to his lips:

Hoiho! Hoihohoho!
Ye Gibich vassals, gather ye here!
Arm ye! Arm ye! Weapons! Weapons!
Arm through the land!
Goodly weapons! Sharp for strife!
Need is here! Need! Arm ye! Arm ye!
Hoiho!Hoihohoho!

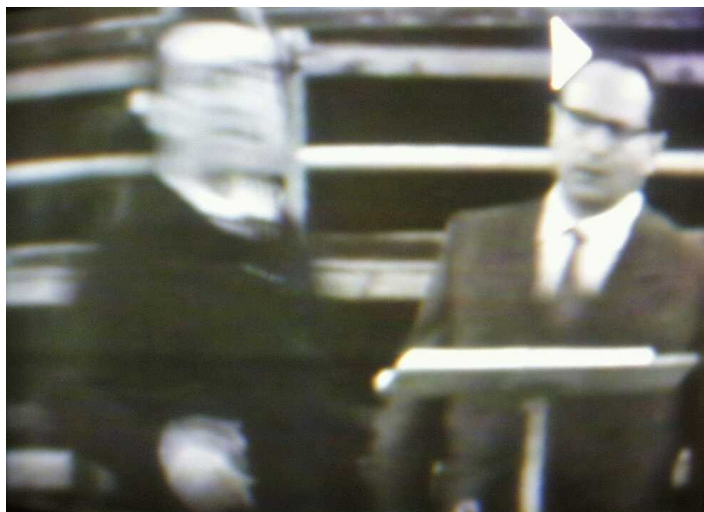
He blows again. Bugles reply from across the country. By varied paths armed vassals rush on hastily; first singly, then together in ever-increasing number. Historical footage of gala occasions in front of the Festspielhaus...

THE VASSALS first few, than ever-more arriving:

Why brays their horn?
Who calls us to arms?
We come with our arms.
We come with our weapons.
Hagen! Hagen!
Hoiho! Hoiho!
What need is there?
What foe is near?
Who brings us strife?
Is Gunther in need?
We come with weapons,
with weapons sharp.
Hoiho! Ho! Hagen!

HAGEN

still from the rock
Arm yourselves well and loiter not;
Welcome give to your lord:
A wife Gunther has won.



VASSALS

What his is need?
Who is his foe?

HAGEN

A Valkyrie wife bringeth he home.

VASSALS

Her kinsmen and vassals follow in anger?

HAGEN

Brünnhild' follows him; none beside.

VASSALS

Then his peril is past?
Then the fight has been fought?
Tell the tale!

HAGEN

The dragon-slayer brought him the bride.
Siegfried, the hero, held him safe!

A VASSAL

Why call'st thou the host then together?

TEN OTHERS

Why call'st thou then the host?



*Fade to stage workers and scenes backstage.
Melodies from Rheingold blend into Farley
Jackmaster Funk jamming "The Capital". The film's
actors dance in the historic stage sets of Bayreuth.*

**end titles:
THE END**

**Siegfried
Kiron Khosla**

**Schnabelewopski
Timothy Quake**

**Marx
H.C. Dany**

**Der Reporter Klark Kent
Roman Linke**

**Ludwig II
Markus Summerer**

**Wagner's Double
Lore Dillemath**

**Narrator
Christian Dillemath
and
Amadeus Dillemath
as the young Delmont**

Thank you:

**Josephine Pryde,
Eva Linke,**

**Elfi Adam,
Meisi Timm,
Christiane Jöckel,**

**Josef Strau,
Stefan Römer,
Erhard Schüttpelz**

**and the blacksmith's shop
of Josef Hoffzimmer,
Cologne / Widdersdorf.**

**Guests:
Richard Burton,
Eva Mattes,
Winifred Wagner,**

**Marthe Keller,
Kirsten Flagstad,
Gottlob Frick.**

**Editing
Ralph McDavid**

**Engl Subtitles
Anja Kirschner**

**Engl Translation
Anja Büchele**

**Supported by
B.O.A. Video**

**Stephan Dillemath
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*After the end credits the camera zooms backs out of
the miniature stage, which is drifting down the Rhine,
to a long shot over Cologne. By now Farley is mixing
Ian Dury&The Seven Seas Players – Spasticus
Autisticus.*

