FRANK WEDEKIND'S CENSORSHIP:
A TRANSLATION AND AN EVALUATION

A Thesis
Presented in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for the Degree Master of Arts

by
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Approved by

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Department of Theatre
DEDICATION

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Chapter I

Introduction

Benjamin Franklin Wedekind (1864-1918) was a director, actor, singer, composer, journalist, poet, playwright, cabaret performer and social pariah. His plays have received a considerable amount of both scholarly attention and actual production in Germany. However, his work has been long in gaining recognition in the English-speaking world, largely because public performances of his plays were censored in Great Britain until the 1960's. Since the termination of that censorship the British stage has witnessed the presentation of a version of Wedekind's *Spring's Awakening* translated by Edward Bond (1980), the British premiere of *The Marquis of Keith* (1974), and a conflation of the two Lulu plays, *Earth Spirit* and *Pandora's Box*, by Peter Barnes (1970). In the United States, even two of Wedekind's less familiar works, *Franziska* and *King Nicolo*, managed to receive productions in New York on Off-Broadway in the 1960's. Despite this increasing interest in Wedekind, the bulk of his plays (and other
writings, for that matter) remains untranslated. Censorship is one such play.

Censorship is not among Wedekind's most frequently performed works, even on the German stage. Nevertheless, the play is a valuable source material for dramaturgs and directors of Wedekind's more popular works, as well as for scholars of Wedekind and early twentieth-century German theatre. The play was written partially as a defense of his art with the intent of terminating the heavy censorship his work had incurred. As such a defense, the play is seminal Wedekind; he explains himself. For the first time he directly addresses such integral and, for him, integrated issues as religion, God, the creative impulse, art, humanism, the sexual drive and sense perception. Unfortunately, a ready understanding of Wedekind's views of these topics cannot be gleaned from an easy reading of the play. Instead, he shrouds his views in his characteristic use of paradox. This use of paradox does not negate the fact that he directly addresses these issues, however. Indeed, it is in paradox that Wedekind's attitudes are most truly expressed.

Nevertheless, Censorship may seem almost deceptively simple on the surface. The plot concerns a writer, Walter Buridan, who finds his spirituality and intellect unsatisfied from his one-and-a-half year living relation-
ship with the young, sensual Kadidja. He yearns for some time alone; she takes this desire for a separation as a rejection. Into this domestic infelicity enters Dr. Prantl, an envoy of the censor responsible for the prohibition of Buridan's plays. Buridan pleads his case, only to be censored on the personal level by Dr. Prantl. However, Dr. Prantl's censorship serves only to further whet Buridan's appetite for the spiritual and intellectual he had been missing with Kadidja. Ultimately, Dr. Prantl remains unconvinced of Buridan's sincerity, exiting when Kadidja makes an inopportune and obstreperous entrance. Buridan, caught in his own dilemma, lashes out at Kadidja, censoring her in much the same manner that he had been censored. She reacts in the only manner natural to her. Accepting his censorship as a dissatisfaction with the genuineness of her nature, she commits suicide. Buridan is left bewailing the plight of his humanity, torn between the earthly sensuality of Kadidja and the unearthly spirituality of Dr. Prantl, neither of whom could fully solace the essential dichotomous nature of his existence. Man is neither animal nor God, but partially both.

Wedekind does not weave his paradoxical argumentation into the fabric of his plot so much as he places it directly into the dialogue of his characters. Their interchanges, and the juxtaposition of these interchanges, mount in
apparent complexity. This seeming complexity has baffled many critics who have misconstrued Wedekind's real meaning. Block and Shedd, editors of Masters of Modern Drama, summarize both the difficulty and the value of studying Wedekind, "Frank Wedekind is perhaps the least popular major dramatist of our time. . . . he was far in advance of his time . . . and . . . from a moral and psychological standpoint, in advance of our time as well."¹

Despite Wedekind's drama being "in advance of his time," Edward Bond, translator of Spring's Awakening, reports of Wedekind that before "the First World War he was the most performed playwright in Germany rivalled only by Gerhardt Hauptmann."² Stylistically, Wedekind is diametrically opposed to Hauptmann. Indeed, the only label of any significance in categorizing Wedekind is that of "anti-Naturalist." Wedekind belonged to no group of dramatists but sought out his own means of discrediting the Naturalist conventions of representing reality. Some of his methods were later adopted by Expressionists. Jethro Bithell, writer of Modern German Literature: 1880-1950, comments, "Disciples of Wedekind are Paul Kornfield, Carl Sternheim, and Georg Kaiser."³ Bertolt Brecht was also strongly influenced by Wedekind. Because of his interest in escaping the limitations of Naturalism, Wedekind has been regarded as stylistically akin to August Strindberg.
Bithell writes, "Ibsen is eclipsed by Strindberg and Wedekind." Ibsen is eclipsed by these two writers in the liberation of their imaginations, a liberation which occurred as a natural consequence of their preoccupation with the deeper, internalized reality of mankind. They were more interested in how man experiences what may be happening to him rather than what actually happens to him. This makes Strindberg and Wedekind temperamentally akin as well, a strain of paranoiac sensibility lacing itself throughout the work of both playwrights. Dr. Julius Kapp, perhaps the earliest serious critic and appreciator of Wedekind's art, was quick to realize that Wedekind's playwriting "is vividly reminiscent of Strindberg's tormented writings."\(^5\)

A point of divergence does exist between Strindberg and Wedekind, however, not merely stylistically but at the very root of their artistic sensibilities. Guenter Seehaus, whose *Wedekind und das Theater* provides the most extensive production history of all Wedekind's plays, writes of Wedekind, "He asserts his insistence of not having a conversion in the final twist as does Strindberg in his last plays."\(^6\) Wedekind is never "converted" as he does not want to settle on a single answer; an answer would conclude his learning and growing process—in other words, his life. Despite the darkness of much of
his work, Wedekind is intent on asserting and experiencing life, an intent he shares with Sean O'Casey. Indeed, when Brecht writes of Wedekind's desire to "proclaim his brazen hymn to humanity," Brecht could just as easily be writing about O'Casey.\(^7\) Wedekind is temperamentally far removed from O'Casey, however, largely because of the former's preoccupation with sex as the most concentrated expression of the life force. Paradoxically, Wedekind was often moved to represent "sexuality . . . as so great a human deprivation or distortion as to undermine the will to live."\(^8\) Thus Wedekind observed that the human assertion of life is simultaneously a drive toward death; life is consumed by its own use, leading ultimately to death.

In this observation Wedekind reveals his kinship with Freud, who considered the will to live and the will to die as the two strongest motivations in human existence; in fact, Freud considered them as two manifestations of the same impulse. Wedekind's characters are pressurized, even polarized, by a society (Wedekind began his career during the repressive Victorian era) which cannot accept the intensity of their thirst for life. This thirst for life manifests itself in the sexual drive, sometimes so convulsively that it "produces a terrible degradation and mutilation of the personality to the point of carication . . . self-destructive self-interest."\(^9\) Of course, self-interest
is always self-destructive when it becomes obsessive, allowing only an inbreeding on the psychological plane.

Because of Wedekind's interest in the human sexual drive, he has frequently been accused of being an "immoral" writer. Ray Pascal, author of From Naturalism to Expressionism: German Literature and Society 1880-1918, writes, "What is lacking in almost all Wedekind's plays is a moral perspective." Indeed, this seeming lack of any moral perspective has probably been an important factor in Wedekind's being the "least popular major dramatist of our time." His lack of popularity directly corresponds to the heavy amount of censorship his works have been forced to endure. However, Bithell reports of Wedekind that "he himself . . . claims to be a moralist, and . . . the claim has been upheld by most serious academic critics in Germany." If Wedekind is truly a moralist, then it would seem that he has in fact settled upon "an answer" of sorts-- that he has in some way been "converted." In a way, he has. His "conversion," his "answer," is to avoid conversions and answers as they have a tendency to limit growth and stifle life. He asserts life-- not as a means to a slow death-- but as an open-ended process of discovery and self-realization. Death is merely the risk entailed in living life to its fullest. In both Wedekind's first play, Spring's Awakening, and in
Censorship "the play ends not with the tragedy of the vulnerable and innocent but the challenge of the strong and intelligent."\(^{12}\)

Wedekind includes "the tragedy of the vulnerable and innocent" as a warning that self-interest, channelled improperly into either a preoccupation or denial of sex, can in fact be self-destructive. Wedekind's ultimate interest is in "the challenge of the strong and intelligent," those who dare to live life without permitting their desire to lead them to a quick death. Edward Bond writes simply, "Wedekind wanted to give life, with all its mysteries and uncertainties, priority over death."\(^{13}\) If Wedekind spurns conventional morality it is because such morality functions as a denial of life. Essentially, he is a humanist who does not want the human yearning for otherworldliness to distract humanity from gleaning the full experience of this world and this existence. Brecht described Wedekind, "His vitality was his finest characteristic."\(^{14}\) It was his vitality, his life, whichWedekind attempted to communicate in his works, giving them a life of their own, a life which causes them to still be produced. Accordingly, this thesis will trace that vitality through the production history of the play, the relationship of Wedekind's life to the play, the elevated quality of the dialogue and the play itself.
CHAPTER II
PRODUCTION HISTORY OF CENSORSHIP

Although Censorship is not one of Wedekind's major works, the play has not gone without its share of successful productions. Two years intervened between the completion of the play in 1907 and its first production in 1909, due to performance of the play being forbidden by the censor. Nevertheless, the play appeared in published form in 1908 in the magazine Morgen (Tomorrow). In that same year the play appeared in book form under the title Theodicy in One Act and was sold at Bruno Cassirer's bookstore in Berlin.

When Censorship finally premiered on July 27, 1909 at the Munich Playhouse, Frank and Tilly Wedekind portrayed Walter Buridan and Kadidja, respectively. The play received its second production in December of that same year in Vienna. Its third production occurred in February, 1910 in Duesseldorf, followed by another production in Munich the following July, making four full-scale productions of the play within one year's time. (A chart listing all known major productions can be found at the end of the chapter.) The Berlin premiere was the fifth production, occurring in October, 1910, not at Die Freie Buehne, but
at the Berlin Little Theatre. Wedekind basically worked without any support from Die Freie Buehne, no doubt largely because of his persona as a self-appointed pariah and his uncompromising nature regarding the production of his work.

The earliest reviews of the play were generally scathing. One critic comments, "A packed house was bored ... unbearably."\(^{15}\) Another had a similar reaction, claiming that "if only this had been ... a truly fresh work, it would not have been so difficult to maintain our interest."\(^{16}\) The inability of the play to incite interest in an audience can largely be attributed to the fact that it was considered incomprehensible. A reviewer of the second Munich production, Richard Echlinger, writes, "The deductions of the author that result in the convulsively pious finale leave me ... in the dark."\(^{17}\) He continues, "Despite the author's rare intellectual acumen ... as a continual escort and raisonneur at the sidelines, the spectator flounders blindly through the labyrinth of the paradoxes."\(^{18}\) In turn, this incomprehensibility was attributed to what was regarded as the distracting autobiographical quality of the work. Many of the references in the play were considered obscure to all but the Wedekind connoisseur. A reviewer of the Viennese premiere writes that "too many literary presuppositions are made for it to work as a true work of art."\(^{19}\) In fact,
not only literary and autobiographical allusions were credited with making the play confusing, but the very thrust of the work itself was regarded as something only the author could possibly retrieve from obscurity. The intricacies of the argument between Dr. Prantl and Buridan, as well as Wedekind's characteristically disconcerting mix of irony and earnestness, made production of the work seem fruitless without Wedekind in the leading role. "It is therefore not at all surprising that in Wedekind's lifetime the piece was performed exclusively by Wedekind." It was a bad risk without him.

The play went unperformed during the years of World War I until Wedekind's death in 1918 prompted commemorative productions in Zurich, Lubeck and Vienna, areas largely removed from the devastation at the front. The productions at Zurich and Lubeck, particularly, were unexpected public successes, thus asserting the value of the play as an autonomous work of art without the interpretive powers of Wedekind as performer. These productions were so successful that they inspired the productions of the play in Braunschweig in 1922 and St. Gallen in 1924. The Braunschweig production was termed "a sensation" by two of the reviewers. Such a success in such a provincial small town as Braunschweig cannot be accounted for by an interest in the private life of Wedekind on the part of
the audience. The play continued to be performed with success without Wedekind and for audiences not consisting of "Wedekind connoisseurs." Tim Klein reviewed the Munich production of 1928, "Perhaps this theodicy contains in its second part the best dialogue that Wedekind has ever written." 21

Performances of the play were disrupted by the rise of the Nazi party, as were productions of all Wedekind's works. However, after World War II Censorship was successfully revived in Bremen in 1948 in the Zimmertheater (literally "room-theatre"). By this time Wedekind's notoriety had long since subsided and the play stood solely on its own merits. The production was so well received that the Bremen Zimmertheater presented it six years later, again with considerable success, under the direction of Guenter Husters. H. J. Seekamp reviewed the production, "Not without good cause does Husters place his Zimmertheater in the service of a writer who often only stirs up controversy, lies covered with dust or is completely forgotten." 22 Helmut Goebel also reviewed the production, "One can still perform Wedekind--pure and unadulterated. The passion of the treatment of his subject carries with it a reality that transcends the temporal." 23 Censorship thus retains its viability as a performable drama not in need of either the insight of the Wedekinds
as performers or their notoriety as public figures.

Although Censorship is worthy of performance in its own right, because of its brevity it has sometimes been mounted in conjunction with other pieces, usually other works by Wedekind. Censorship was most frequently offered on the same bill as The Tenor. In the Duesseldorf production in 1910 and at Zurich in 1918 Death and the Devil was the accompanying work, while The Love Potion served this function at Berlin in 1910. Finally, Good at Everything was presented as the accompanying Wedekind work at Bremen in 1954.

Less frequently Censorship was presented with the work of other authors. Strindberg's Pariah, performed at Zurich in 1918, was probably the most successful companion piece. At St. Gallen in 1924 Evreinoff's Scenes of the Soul was used and Ludwig Thomas' First Class was presented with Censorship in Berlin in 1910. When Tilly Wedekind made a guest appearance in the Hamburg production of 1921, Heinrich Mann's two one-act plays, The Guiltless and The Tyrant were presented as well, only to be surpassed by Wedekind's play "in impact and power of sensation."\(^{24}\)

The early production history of Censorship is closely connected with Wedekind's performance in the title role. Although his acting was as controversial and
as unconventional as his person, it also was not without its "impact and power of sensation." The reviews he received as an actor also provide insight into the reaction to the play as a whole. These reviews of his portrayal of Buridan are representative of the reviews he received for all his various roles:

Wedekind's acting made . . . an undeniably strong impression. One received the impression that he brought with him everything that was bitterly serious to him.25

He is not, of course, an actor, and certainly will never be one, but one respectable element of his acting performance may still incite awe: his wonderfully clear articulation.26

In defining a form for his characterization and maintaining its contours, he cannot be taken seriously as a performer, but the intellect of his character receives from its creator a spiritual transparency and soul-filled resonance that the audience often interprets as the wonder of artistic creation rising before its eyes.27

Convincing in carriage and tone, packed at the same time with expressiveness.28

As an actor he remains as ungifted as he ever was, but his stammering speech has shrill tones that pierce through every fibre and nerve. Who knows where these tones come from?29

Wedekind's manner of performance is as distinctly his own as his writing. We miss in it the purity of classic delineation-- a certain brittleness in external form occasionally repels us. What intrigues us is the commentary the interpretation of the role provides on the original written work-- he fires brightly lighted flares which illuminate the dark path created by the writer.30
Wedekind wrote Tilly regarding Censorship, "I know that I have written nothing that will not cause you joy. . . . In any case . . . Kadidja will be your favorite role." Although Kadidja may not have been Tilly's favorite role, she was its sole performer during her husband's lifetime with the single exception of Jenny Valliere who portrayed Kadidja at the Wedekind Cycle at Munich in 1911. Tilly Wedekind also performed the role once after her husband's death, playing opposite Walter Gynts as Buridan in Hamburg in 1921. Suited to the bold proto-Expressionistic sensibility of Wedekind's plays, her acting style was praised for its heat and criticized for its lack of refinement. Thus, the reviews of her performance as Kadidja provide an analogue to those her husband received as Buridan:

In addition . . . Tilly Wedekind . . . deserves little praise as an actress. An alluring, graceful figure with a fine, sympathetic face.  

. . . still the same charming and touching clumsiness.

Mrs. Wedekind also should not be underrated. She commands her grace and beauty as freely as her husband commands his spirit and temperament. Spirit and temperament, beauty and grace are not so overly abundant on our stage that we should not welcome them in the married couple, even if the Wedekinds have neglected to develop certain skills to the level of most professional actors.

Mrs. Wedekind has a rough, charmless voice, but a great power for embodying matters of the soul.
One must accustom himself to her difficult, fragile art. Once one has made this adjustment, one feels (as one feels with Wedekind) what a strong life effervesces here, what a flood of sensation, what an (inner subsiding) ecstasy.  

_Censorship_ was to survive as a performed play in a number of productions without the notoriety the Wedekinds themselves brought to it as performers. Still, later performers of the role of Walter Buridan modeled their characterizations after Wedekind himself. Helmut Gmelin, who portrayed Buridan in the Braunschweig production of 1922, was especially noted for his detailed presentation of the character based on using Wedekind as a prototype. Gmelin's reviews include:

... an attempt to recreate the facade of Wedekind and imitate him in the role. This facade should prove convincing.  

Helmut Gmelin ... hits upon the burlesque minor chord of this packed theodicy, dragging the audience along with him.  

Walter Gynts, who portrayed the role in the Hamburg production of 1921, was credited with creating a "completely visually experienced Buridan." Kurt Horwitz, who performed the part in Munich in 1928, "played the convulsive schism in the soul of the writer with captivating earnestness." Carl Heidmann, who played Buridan in Lubeck in 1918, also used Wedekind as a prototype for the character.
Among the more successful actresses in portraying Kadidja are Margarete Friedmann of the Braunschweig production of 1922 and Luise Witte of the Bremen production of 1954. Both actresses stressed the heat of the character at the expense of refinement in technique, much as Tilly Wedekind herself had approached the role. Friedmann's reviews include:

- a Kadidja hunted by anxiety, excited in every fibre. 41

strongly realized, inflamed with the heat of life. She allows the peculiarity of the character to be forgotten by thoroughly penetrating to the purely human and honestly tragic in it--something only an exceedingly strong talent could succeed in doing. 42

Luise Witte's reviews read:

A small success--but one that would remain even despite an ineffectual production--was had by Luise Witte. 43

- a cooing, flitting woman-child in the Wedekind sense, made possible only by the achievement of great abandonment. 44

Notable performers of the role of Dr. Prantl include Hans Raabe, who performed the role in three different productions in Munich, including the premiere with the Wedekinds in 1909. Rolf Ziegler was also very successful in the role, portraying the character in four separate productions.

Censorship is primarily an actor's piece rather than a director's. A reviewer of the Zurich production of 1918,
Hans Trog, writes, "Rarely is the director of a Wedekind piece so seldomly mentioned as in the case of *Censorship.*" Trog maintained that the director's sole responsibility in this play was that of providing the actors with an environment conducive to a clear articulation of the formation of the dialogue. Eugen Guerster provides similar advice, recommending a stage space which encourages a verisimilitude in the formation of the dialogue. Guenter Seehaus goes so far as to claim that "the success of the piece depends upon the treatment of the dialogue." Consequently, it was no coincidence that the favorable reviews of Wedekind's performance as Buridan stressed his speech; such was also the case with his successors. Seehaus reports, "The clarity and penetrating sharpness of the diction of Richard Revy (the Zurich production of 1918) was praised accordingly." Similarly, performers of the role of Dr. Prantl also required an assured mastery of the dialogue. This "mastery" is not only one of vocal articulation but intellectual articulation as well.

Those directors who mounted *Censorship* successfully did so by emphasizing the diction. Rolf Ziegler directed the play three times with success, in Eisenach in 1919, in Muehlhausen in 1922 and in Zittau in 1928, all while portraying Dr. Prantl at the same time. Wolfgang Dohnberg simultaneously directed the play and portrayed Walter
Buridan in the 1948 production in Bremen. He made his own adaptation of the work, which included a strong emphasis on the biographical elements and inserted readings from Pandora's Box which served to expand the play into a full evening of theatre. Eugen Guerster had warned against such an emphasis upon the biographical elements. Dohnberg did, however, follow Guerster's recommendations in the type of stage space used, and it was for this that Dohnberg received his most glowing praise as director. One review reads:

Wolfgang Dohnberg ... is on the way to the realization of the 'borderless' stage, a stage which no longer functions as a 'peep show.' What Dohnberg ... encourages in the audience is a firsthand experience of a magical metamorphosis. This time the actor 'plays' in the middle of the room, the audience surrounding him, the actors turning their backs, going in and out, as in real life; one is tempted to offer them a seat during their long dialogues through which they must stand. ... A distinctive, exciting alertness of exacting voices unifies the audience and artists. This heaven and hell of thoroughly colorful speeches, these cascades of disputes, words of an effective playwright ring out true and vitalized in 'the middle of the room.'

Paradoxically enough, then, the "anti-Naturalist" Wedekind had created a work in some ways more realistic than the products of Realism. The play, requiring only one modest set, is virtually devoid of spectacle; the spectacular effects come from the intricate intellectual pyrotechnics
of the dialogue, and to this element all other parts of production should be subordinated. This is precisely what Dohnberg did. In particular, it was the specific type of theatrical facility, the Zimmertheater, which was especially suited to Censorship.

In fact, the Zimmertheater was so well suited to Censorship that Guenter Husters turned the same space to his advantage when he directed the 1954 Bremen production of the play. Husters' version was truer to the original text than Dohnberg's; Husters edited only the two songs.

The stage space of the Zimmertheater had its prototype in the Zurich production of 1918. In that production the usual "realistic" interior was discarded in favor of a theatre-in-the-round situation which proved highly beneficial to the actors. This has been the only significant scenic "embellishment" the play has ever received. As an "embellishment" this scenic innovation did not exist for the sake of its visual import, but for the sake of the diction, for the sake of the dialogue. As the play is not a director's piece, neither is it a designer's. Censorship has been an actor's play, failing or succeeding on the basis of the actors' finesse with the dialogue.
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CHAPTER III

THE ROLE OF DIDACTICISM
IN THE DIALOGUE OF CENSORSHIP

Being an "anti-Naturalist," Wedekind found the conventions of realistic dialogue too restrictive for his purposes. Indeed, it was the purposefulness of his writing that caused him to create dialogue which demanded a high degree of skill and finesse on the part of actors performing his plays. As mentioned in the previous chapter, this holds true for Censorship. Wedekind's purposefulness takes the form of a pervasive didacticism. Censorship is particularly demanding in dialogue because it is particularly didactic. L. R. Shaw, possibly the most perceptive critic of the play, calls it "one of the . . . most instructive of Wedekind's dramas." Paul Friedrich considered it to be "one of the most potent and concentrated dramatic works of Wedekind." This concentrated, potently instructive quality of the work raises the level of speech above the limits of the natural; the characters become intensely articulate. This rarefied dialogue is definitely a creation of the human mind. Wedekind was not merely selecting from reality; this method would have been too haphazard and would have mitigated his keen adherence to his instructive purposes. Instead, the dialogue is an
invention, the product of an imagination which permeated
the facade of human interaction. The work is thus something
of an abstraction, a prototype of Expressionism in
sensibility if not in form.

The abstract quality of the play makes it distinctive.
Shaw comments, "The attraction and the weakness of the
piece both rest in the attempt to compress that of great
magnitude into a small space." The result of compressing
the great into the small is an overt didacticism wherein
issues are openly addressed in the conversation of the
characters rather than in their actions, actions which
could be ambiguously interpreted and which might require
greater length in their formulation than words. Shaw
observes that "the piece is definitely a forerunner of
the thought play," but has the perceptivity to realize
that it is a thought play "wherein every thought is at the
same time an impassioned outcry." Thus, the play is not
a sterile sermon lacking in human immediacy. Instead, it
is the result of an intensification of this human immediacy.
Edward Bond reports of Wedekind, "Several of his contem-
poraries . . . pointed out that his passion came from
his brain." The harangues of Buridan and Dr. Prantl are
heartfelt harangues. If Kadidja's suicide and Buridan's
remorse at the finale seem abrupt and startling, it is
because either the director, the actors or the audience
has failed to realize that the characters are not merely talking; they are first and foremost emoting, and only secondarily are they intellectualizing their emotions. Simple emotion does not instruct. Intellectualization can instruct, if only by virtue of illustrating how the human psyche abstracts, distances or objectifies itself and what price humanity must pay for this distancing--Buridan pays dearly with the life of Kadidja.

Wedekind's didacticism, deriving from the intensity of his passionate spirit, distorts neither the form of Censorship nor its characterizations. Buridan, Dr. Prantl and Kadidja may be atypical in their intensity of experience, but they remain human, unlike the caricatured grotesques which appear in some of Wedekind's other plays, such as Oaha and Spring's Awakening. Wedekind's "anti-Naturalism" in Censorship remains solely in the intricate, intellectually absorbing dialogue.

The dialogue is so didactic that it has been described as being of a "tract style." Dr. Kapp writes that the dialogue is "very vivid and rich in spirit. In any case one cannot give it only a quick, cursory reading but must pay scrutinious attention. ... Almost every word is of importance and the true intention is often concealed behind the facade of a typical, day-to-day turn of phrase." The dialogue demands attention, the words functioning
simultaneously not only on various levels but also with various attitudes. The result is the seeming paradox of Wedekind, his toying with his audience between irony and earnestness, not so much vacillating between the two as maintaining both at the same time. In performing the play the distinctiveness of the dialogue remains the integral element. Seehaus writes that "the success of a production of Censorship assumes a fully developed intellectual and technical mastery of the dialogue by all performers."56

The formal, intellectually Baroque style of the dialogue is not the only cause of its seeming lack of naturalness. In addition, the "characters have a habit of speaking alone on the stage, and what the next speaker says is not necessarily connected with this self-communing."57 This violates the conventions of Realism, although it in itself is not necessarily unrealistic. The goal of Wedekind's characters is to communicate, but they get lost in their means of communication, becoming self-absorbed even as they attempt to extrapolate themselves. This self-absorption functions in accordance with Wedekind's desire to expose the characters beyond the levels easily allowable within the confines of the usual Realistic dramatic convention. The art of soliloquy is reborn while the guise of conversation is maintained. Soliloquy functions for Wedekind as a means of bearing the heart and soul with an explicitness which could not be achieved by mere activity
and bits of business. Pascal perceives in the work of Wedekind the intent "to 'explode' the inhuman reality of the socio-political nexus . . . through its anti-realistic forms, its distortions of actuality and normal grammar, to destroy the prestige of reality." The "prestige" of reality intimidates, preventing reality from being permeated and investigated. The unnatural quality of the dialogue indicates that this "prestige" is being "exploded." The interchanges between the characters in Censorship all qualify as microcosms of "socio-political nexuses."

Kadidja and Buridan politic with one another, as do Buridan and Dr. Prantl. In both cases the "inhuman reality" is not that the characters are incapable of communicating (Wedekind is no existentialist), but that their desires to communicate exceed their ability so that they must first communicate with themselves. The lag between Buridan's self-communing and his resultant capacity to communicate with Kadidja finds him censoring her, causing her suicide. Wedekind has thus invited his audience to observe the woes of a lack of self-knowledge, a theme which can be traced throughout his plays, beginning with Spring's Awakening. In that earlier play the lack of self-knowledge in society as a whole remains amorphous, in the parents it is subtly human, and in the school board it is grotesquely caricatured. In Censorship Wedekind has
streamlined his criticism of the lack of self-knowledge of society into the representative figure of Dr. Prantl, whose self-assuredness and certainty oppose the open, investigative sensibility which plunged Wedekind into notoriety.

Wedekind's didacticism is perhaps most clearly represented in the anti-Naturalist dialogue of Censorship. This didacticism is not the one of "I know" which Wedekind saw society promoting, but one of "I am trying to find out." Buridan, like Melchior in Spring's Awakening before him, suffers at the hands of society precisely because of his desire to rise above its limitations. It is this expression of concern for limitations and the desire for freedom which constitute the didactic element of Censorship and most of Wedekind's other plays.
CHAPTER IV
THE STORY BEHIND THE COMPOSITION
OF CENSORSHIP

Didacticism, the need to instruct, was only one of Wedekind's motivations in writing Censorship. Also involved was Wedekind's desire to counter the censorship his other works had suffered. In addition, the heavy autobiographical quality of the work reveals that the play may have been something of a personal catharsis as well.

Countering the effects of the censorship his plays had incurred no doubt was of high priority to Wedekind. Censorship was something with which he was personally very familiar. Arthur Kutscher, author of Wedekind: Leben und Werk, writes, "Very early on Wedekind was brought into opposition with the censor who caused no artist so much hardship... as he did Wedekind." Kutscher continues, "The censor did not only curtail his circle of activity but also darkened and constricted an entire period of his creativity... The most trying hardships for him were the opposition against Spring's Awakening, the exclusion of Pandora's Box and Dance of Death to closed individual performances, the hindrances to the stage production of Castle Wetterstein and the rampant
prohibition of *Lulu, Censorship* and *Oeha.*"\(^{60}\) Wedekind was not without a practical sense and realized that an unperformed playwright, an unread writer, was existing in a vacuum, and existing in a vacuum was anathema to his sense of humanism and didacticism. *Censorship* was thus, in part, an attempt at self-defense, a plea for freedom from the limitations of society as manifested in the powers of the censor.

In addition, Wedekind had the specific desire that *Censorship* might serve as a prologue for a production of *Pandora's Box.* Unfortunately, society was long in taking its instruction from *Censorship.* It had taken fifteen years for *Spring's Awakening,* written in 1891, to receive its first production in 1906. Despite the plea of *Censorship,* an even longer period of time transpired between the completion of *Pandora's Box* at the turn of the century and its first production in 1918, the year of Wedekind's death, under the direction of Max Reinhardt at his Kleines Schauspielhaus (Little Playhouse).

Beyond the personal level, Wedekind saw in such censorship "an unbearable disdain for intellectual and artistic powers and as a creative person he yearned for unconditional freedom."\(^{61}\) Despite this yearning, "his best plays were not performed uncensored during his lifetime, in fact not until well after World War II."\(^{62}\)

Nevertheless, Wedekind's desire to overcome such
censorship doubtlessly was an important motivation behind his diary entry for May 29, 1907 in Berlin, wherein he wrote, "On the little steps I conceived of the one-act The Costume."\(^{63}\) This is the first indication of the existence of the play which was later to be entitled Censorship when it reached completion on December 3 of that same year. The same journal entry also contains the first reaction to the idea, "The plan does not please Tilly."\(^{64}\) Tilly's apprehensions were not ungrounded, as the play generally came to be considered even "more undisguisedly autobiographical than usual."\(^{65}\)

Dr. Kapp makes the same statement with an easy matter-of-factness, "Wedekind has written here the story of his year-and-a-half old marriage with astonishing openness."\(^{66}\) Kapp considered the play to be "doubtlessly the most personal work of Wedekind."\(^{67}\) Kutscher went so far as to claim that the play was originally written in the first person; Wedekind then ostensibly attempted to diminish the influx of the intimate autobiographical element later on. Actually, Wedekind's notes regarding the composition of Censorship support Kutscher's theory. Wedekind wrote, "In Act Two I strive after the favor of the Father just as Tilly strives after my favor in Act One."\(^{68}\) Wedekind's use of the terms "Tilly" and "I" in preference to "Kadidja" and "Buridan" reveals that he
and his wife were at least the points of departure for
the fictional characters of Buridan and Kadidja. There
is still more concrete evidence of the autobiographical
nature of the work. In Censorship Buridan pleads with
Kadidja for fourteen days of solitude. Similarly,
Wedekind's letter to Tilly, dated September 17, 1907,
reads:

Dear Tilly, you write that you are of use
to me only when you are away from me. That
is senseless. First and foremost you are
of use to yourself. You cannot do anything
more for me than to be of use to yourself.
But, if you cannot allow me the fourteen
days alone I need, you would be damaging
me painfully.69

Similarly, Buridan also tries to instill a sense of
independence into Kadidja. Perhaps letters such as the
one of September 17 are what Hans-Jochen Irmer, author
of Der Theaterdichter Frank Wedekind, refers to when
he claims, "The known letters alone indicate that the
writer was attempting to overcome a threatening life
危机 in his marriage to Tilly."

The need for fourteen
days alone hardly constitutes a "threatening life crisis,"
however. In addition Wedekind's need for fourteen days'
solitude was quite distinct from Buridan's, as Wedekind
did not find his relationship with Tilly an impediment
to his intellectual creativity, as Buridan did with
Kadidja. Another letter from Wedekind to Tilly reads:
In the long years that I've lived alone I was able to complete a new work only once every three years: in the two years since we've been living together I have completed three full plays, Music, Censorship and Oaha, none of which I had worked upon previously.  

Günter Seehaus supports Wedekind in this observation by commenting, "The new manner of living was very beneficial to his dramatic productivity."  

Buridan, in contrast, was stifled. 

This latter letter would tend to discredit the autobiographical nature of the play, as do a number of other facts germane to the composition of the work. For example, L. R. Shaw reports that "the Prantl transaction is not a mirroring of Wedekind's personal life; no representative of the church or state ever visited Wedekind at his private dwelling." Instead, Wedekind himself initiated a conversation with Father Expeditus Schmidt, a Franciscan monk and literary historian at the St. Anna cloister in Munich. However, even this could not have provided the basis from which the Buridan-Prantl confrontation was developed, as Wedekind claimed of his meeting with Schmidt, "He shares the same point of view on religion as I do." Indeed, Schmidt could have more readily served as a prototype for Buridan than for Prantl. Schmidt commented on Wedekind's notion of setting up religion and reason in
opposition to one another, "Religion, faith, these are, in our view, matters of reason: this is the basis of faith . . . . Therefore you are jousting at windmills." 75 Jethro Bithell, seeing Wedekind as an anti-Naturalist, inadvertently reveals why Wedekind's art cannot be considered truly autobiographical. Bithell explains that "the characters and action of his plays are not observed, but invented; . . . the form of his plays is not analytic, but synthetic." 76 Nevertheless, structurally Censorship may be one of Wedekind's most realistic works with its use of continuous time and limited scenic demands. However, events such as Kadidja's suicide can only be regarded as synthetic and invented, particularly since Tilly outlived her husband by many years. In short, the autobiographical element in Wedekind's work should not be denied, but it should be kept in perspective. One critic writes of Censorship, "In the complexity of its form . . . the autobiographical is only the foremost stratum." 77

The intentions of Wedekind himself should not be neglected when examining the autobiographical nature of the play. He wrote with coy sarcasm, "If I had wanted to name this child properly, I would have entitled the one-act Exhibitionism or Self-Portrait. The critics have faulted me many times for my dramas' being too preoccupied with
my own person. I therefore wanted to reward their efforts by bringing my own person onto the stage."

Wedekind was not without a sense of self; he was also not without the sense of a good commercial playwright in his desire to exploit a controversial figure, even if it were himself. Shaw writes, "Without a doubt Wedekind had already calculated the interest of a sensation-hungry public for the exposition of the alleged private affairs of a famous pair of actors." The pivotal word in this quote is "alleged"; in writing Censorship Wedekind did not so much exploit himself and his wife as he exploited their public personas. Hence, concrete details such as the title of Buridan's censored play being Pandora satisfied his audience's expectations of shock value which it had learned to anticipate in his plays. However, this shock effect was gleaned from insignificant particulars, while the significant actions of the play, e.g. Kadidja's suicide, diverged greatly from actuality. Edward Bond also takes into account the distinction between the person and the persona of Wedekind. Bond writes concerning "the kind of life, based on following his instincts, which Wedekind greatly admired but which he created only in fantasy, being himself very conventional in private life." A conventional private life was foreign to the Wedekind persona, if not the
Wedekind person. If Censorship had been truly autobiographical, it might have merely bored his audience rather than meriting the prohibition of its public performance for two years. In any case, when Klaus Voelker writes that "Wedekind's biography is still more well-known today than his work," he is writing of the Wedekind persona, a mere image, in itself a work of art.\textsuperscript{81} Brecht made the observation of Wedekind, "His greatest work was his own personality."\textsuperscript{82}

However, if Wedekind's personality was a work of art then it was something existing at least partially outside himself. This realization provokes the question of the relationship of life to art and the function of creativity in transforming the one into the other. Shaw writes regarding this "transforming process" in the case of Wedekind, claiming that Wedekind "could not help but transform the most personal into the formal and abstract as a general principle for living."\textsuperscript{83} Shaw goes as far as to label Wedekind a "writer for whom the experienced and the fictive are one."\textsuperscript{84} Observations such as these are basically useless. All artists are involved with transforming the personal into the abstract and the formal; after all, art is merely a matter of objectifying a subjective reality. Some artists are found more at the objective end of the spectrum while others, such as
Wedekind, may not require such a strong degree of objectification, keeping their work more clearly tied to its source. In addition, to imply that Wedekind was incapable of distinguishing between "the experienced" and "the fictive" denies him any sense of self-awareness. In fact, Wedekind realized that even the "fictive" is "experienced," if only in the imagination. It was this emphasis on the imagination that resulted in his liberation from Naturalism, freeing his powers of synthesis and invention so that he was not tied down to autobiographical fact.

In any case, to deny a man with the calibre of intellect of Wedekind's a strong sense of self-awareness is naive at best, especially in light of the man's ability to succeed in his career in the face of overwhelming opposition. To do this required not only a sense of subject, or self, but also a sense of object, and a keen ability to distinguish between the two— not a blurring of them. Kutscher writes, "It is tragic that it had to be so, but at the same time it is awe-inspiring that he nevertheless managed to forge his way." Forging his way against censorship and opposition was only possible because of his sense of self, of his environment, and his place in his environment. These are the factors Wedekind plays most strongly upon in Censorship. The focus of the play
is thus one of artistic survival against censorship itself. Hence, the play is not so much confessional in its intent as it is pragmatic. This strain of pragmatism can be traced throughout modern German drama; it was a strong influence on Brecht, who wrote of Wedekind, "Like Tolstoy and Strindberg he was one of the great educators of modern Europe." Again, didacticism is at the root of Censorship, the play having as its pragmatic goal the instruction of its audience on the perils of censorship, both personal and artistic.

Nevertheless, when the play was first performed its lessons were largely ignored in favor of its sensation-alistic pseudo-autobiographical nature. One Berlin critic commented, "I want to say that the sensation is not entirely appetizing. Sophocles, Shakespeare and Moliere are all represented in their pieces, but they did not use the stage as a confessional." Apparently this critic was unacquainted with the work of Strindberg. Another critic of the same production wrote that "the sole intention of the playwright was to put on self-indulgent airs representing himself as a completely misunderstood, comprehended genius." To ascribe a single motivation to Wedekind's composition process would be naive. However, representing himself as a misunderstood genius might have been one of his intentions, as he knew
his audience would expect him (or more accurately, his persona) to portray himself with such self-importance. Such playing upon his public persona allowed him to "forge" his career, despite the censorship he incurred.

Censorship is not a chapter from Wedekind's autobiography. The autobiographical similarities to Wedekind's life were placed in the work not only consciously, but intentionally, in a calculated manner. This autobiographical quality fed into Wedekind's notoriety, which, in turn, aided him in furthering the cause of his plays despite their controversial content. Their content was controversial because it was not benign or docile; it was instructive, didactic, and thus challenging, even threatening to the status quo.
CHAPTER V

THE THEODICY
OF AN AESTHETE AND A HUMANIST

One manner in which Wedekind was threatening to the status quo was in his insistence on providing humanistic and aesthetic responses to religious questions. Webster defines "theodicy" as a "defense of God's goodness and omnipotence in view of the existence of evil." Wedekind's defense is not a simple one; it does not provide answers but a disavowal of answers. Wedekind recognized that answers to such transcendent questions were beyond the scope of his limited human perception. However, he saw the power and goodness of God manifested in both art and humanity. Consequently, these are the topics he more directly addresses.

He addresses these topics so didactically in Censorship Richard Lemp considered Wedekind's true purpose in the play to be "to hold a lecture." To achieve this purpose he "created a polar opposite in Dr. Prantl." Through the use of such polar opposition Wedekind "reveals the disunity of his standpoints dialectically through the course of the battle of words." This is a method he used previously in Spring's Awakening, with the characters
of Melchior and Moritz, and in The Marquis of Keith, with the characters of Keith and Scholz. However, Prantl is not really in diametrical opposition to Buridan, but to Kadidja. Prantl represents the spiritual realm and Kadidja represents the sensual. Buridan is, rather, the battleground of these two realms. In another sense, Prantl is the diametric opposition to Wedekind himself. Wedekind saw the role of "the writer as a seeker of truth." In contrast, Prantl does not "seek" the truth but assumes he already has it. In short, Wedekind is open-minded while Prantl is close-minded.

Being a "seeker of truth," Wedekind oddly enough did not focus upon religious issues with any explicitness in any of his plays prior to Censorship. Dr. Kapp writes regarding religion, "In any case it is quite noticeable that he almost never touched upon the question in all his earlier works." Nevertheless, the subtitle readily indicates Wedekind's intentions of touching upon the question in Censorship. Ferdinand Hardekopf writes of Wedekind, "He denuded and dissected himself in front of all the people and indicated who he was: a holy man." Such is the self-conception Hardekopf ascribes to Wedekind. However, this conception is far from being the conception the general populace had of the controversial Frank Wedekind; it saw him as a sinner rather than a holy man.
In fact, one critic went so far as to claim that guilt was the motivating force behind Wedekind's composing Censorship. The critic writes, "Doubtlessly in it he sees himself ... face to face with the criminal court of God for his blasphemous lies regarding the spiritual."\(^9^5\) However, as a "seeker of truth" Wedekind was far from letting guilt or fear intimidate him in his search or motivate him in his writing. Instead, Censorship is a piece of exploration and discovery unencumbered by any of the pat, predetermined answers of Dr. Prantl. After all, if the answers are predetermined, why make the search? This indeterminate quality of the play has disquieted many of Wedekind's critics, finding themselves incapable of distinguishing his true intent. Dr. Kapp writes, "It is difficult, as always with him, and especially here, to distinguish earnestness from mockery."\(^9^6\) A realization of this difficulty would have cleared up many misconceptions of the work. Fortunately, some critics have been aware of their unsureness. Golo Gangi, a member of the circle of Berlin Expressionists and writer for the magazine Der Demokrat (The Democrat), writes, "If Buridan wrenches himself from God at the end, he is no holy man, but remains a genius who, by virtue of such behavior, becomes a cretin."\(^9^7\) The "if" is the important word, addressing, as it does, a conclusion as inconclusive as Melchior's
acceptance of the challenge of life in *Spring's Awakening*, or Nora's acceptance of the same challenge at the end of *A Doll's House*. Wedekind, too, accepts life, and wants to transmit this acceptance to his audience.

In fact, the acceptance of life is, in a sense, the religion Wedekind promotes in his work. By emphasizing the importance of life Wedekind is in conflict with most of the world's major religions. Hans-Jochen Irmer writes, "The censor remains a despot who consents to only one happiness for humanity: belief in a better afterlife. The artist defends the right of humanity for a better life in this world; he struggles for the worthiness of humanity and its earthly happiness." 98 Wedekind attacks traditional religion because it distracts humanity from allaying human suffering in this life by preoccupying its followers with otherworldliness. In essence, then, he is a humanist concerned with alleviating human suffering. A number of critics have realized this, if only incidentally. Helmut Goebel writes of Wedekind's desire to "cry out . . . his indictment against the pain of others." 99 Indeed, many of Wedekind's works, especially *Spring's Awakening* and the two Lulu plays, are virtual lamentations of human suffering. L. R. Shaw writes of Wedekind that "for him evil exists only in misery." 100 This also places Wedekind at odds with traditional religion wherein misery
may very well be regarded as punishment from God.

The playwright is also very far from any religion of self-denial; his preoccupation is with the mechanics of self-assertion. Self-assertion is the basis of humanism, as humanism relies upon humanity rather than God. Paul Friedrich writes that Wedekind "celebrated above all other beliefs the belief in the power of mankind and the strength of the instincts and senses created by God."101 Thus, Wedekind does not truly deny God. Instead, his pragmatic sense leads him to assert God's existence, not as some amorphous abstraction, but indirectly through the concrete, workable form of mankind. It is this same focus upon man and his instincts as a manifestation of God that prompts Buridan to emphasize reason as a basis for religious belief.

However, this emphasis on reason as the potential whereby man's lot may be improved also illuminates the limited nature of the human faculties. In other words, "reason . . . man does not possess in an adequate degree to be able to overcome without exception the greatest enemy of his ideals, chance."102 The concept of chance is dependent upon the acknowledgement of an unknown. Wedekind was wise enough to acknowledge his own ignorance and saw in such an acknowledgement far less potential for danger than in an assumption of knowledge which one did not
actually possess. An assumption of knowledge is the type of faith promoted by Dr. Prantl. In contrast to Prantl, when "the outcome of the finale ... speaks neither for nor against the existence of God," Wedekind is merely (and even modestly) admitting his own ignorance on the issue. ¹⁰³

Simply because Wedekind was not privy to a knowledge of God does not discount his capacity to believe in something he perceived as God. Friedrich writes, "He is in no way a pessimist or falsifier of life." ¹⁰⁴ Again, it was in life where Wedekind perceived God's existence, particularly human life, misery being the only evil. Thus, to him his theodicy was "nothing more than ... an answer to the question: how did misery come into the world?" ¹⁰⁵ Paradoxically and controversially enough, one of the answers Wedekind perceived in response to this question was religion itself--the religion of guilt, self-denial, punishment and asceticism. Wedekind writes, "Religion is the art of misery, art is the religion of joy." ¹⁰⁶

In formulating his "religion of joy," Wedekind, as a humanist, was naturally preoccupied with life. His tragic sensibility (again, in contrast to O'Casey) led him to his obsession with the limitations of humanity. Man exists as a sensual mechanism, his senses simultaneously providing and limiting the scope of his perception. Wedekind was
attracted to this paradoxical view of the nature of human existence, usually embodying it in a female character. Irmer writes of Kadidja, "The content of her life is pure sensuality." In one sense, that is the sole content of all human existence. However, it is more obviously the case with Kadidja, as with her predecessor, Lulu. They are more natural, less removed from their essential humanity, than characters such as Dr. Prantl and Buridan. Kadidja remains somewhat pathetically distinct from her predecessor, however, in that in Censorship "the 'wild, beautiful animal' has been led into the circus ring, dressed in convention and confession." Alfred Kerr went so far as to reduce the crisis of Censorship to a mere matter of hormones. He writes, "The whole, as it appears to me, Frank, however, is not a basic matter of existence, but a matter of chance of the different ages of Buridan and Kadidja. 'The' woman is not so sensual, 'the' man is not so unsensual. If both were young both would be sensual. Nevertheless, this older Buridan is not sensual enough for the younger Kadidja." Kerr thus changes the perspective of the play, claiming that Buridan is not sensual enough for Kadidja rather than Kadidja not being intellectual enough for Buridan. An age difference may not be a "basic matter of existence," but to Wedekind sensuality was such a
"basic matter." In fact, it is the means of human existence and, physiologically, the cause. Shaw observes that Wedekind sees in "religion . . . that which binds men to God . . . and eros . . . that which binds man to man." In addition, the binding of man to man is an indirect manifestation of the binding of man to God; they are essentially one and the same. Wedekind's preference for the binding of man to man rests upon its easier comprehensibility and more practical effectiveness in combating sin, i.e. misery, in the world. If a man is a manifestation of God, his sensuality is a manifestation of his spirit. Golo Gangi writes of Wedekind, "His spirit swells from joy of the senses; his sensuousness is crushed before the spirit: who can understand this?"

The best answer is L. R. Shaw. Shaw reads Censorship as an analogue of Wedekind's aesthetics of the genesis and formulation of a work of art, writing, "A work of art springs from one sphere and is created for the other; the artist tries to form his work of art from the sensual and prepare it for assumption into the realm of the spiritual." A work of art is thus both idea and form. Idea without form is only thought; form without idea is only mass, communicating nothing. Buridan, like Wedekind, needs both idea and form, spirit and sensuality, Prantl and Kadidja, to create an art work. Spirit or sensuality
alone are fruitless in an aesthetic sense. Neither Kadidja nor Prantl are artists. Neither understand Buridan's artistic sensibility. Kadidja's reply to Buridan's yearning for intellectual pursuits and creativity is to suggest that he make another children's toy; similarly, Prantl views Buridan's art as a toy and is surprised that the writer takes his work so seriously. Prantl's incapacity to comprehend Buridan's earnestness is indicative of the former's failure to recognize art as something divine. In the act of creating the artist imitates God; both combine spirit and form, resulting in a new entity. Irmer writes, "Making the spiritual sensual and making the sensual spiritual are in the broadest sense of their meaning the social emancipation of humanity."\textsuperscript{113} Wedekind's creative process thus relates to his religion of humanism; traditional religion is seen as sterile (even infertile) because it does not render the spiritual as something sensual. In this Wedekind saw a denial of God and His creative process. Censorship is the form this denial take and, as such, is a sacrilegious activity. Shaw writes, "Censorship in the realm of the spiritual is much more than merely questionable; it is at the core anti-conceptual because it fails to recognize the true function art."\textsuperscript{114} Irmer considered this function to be for Wedekind the "emancipation of humanity," and what
function could possibly be of a more religious nature to a humanist?

A work of art is also an extension of its creator so that, in censoring Buridan's play, Prantl indirectly censors Buridan. As a human, however, Buridan is a creation of God--Prantl censors a creation of God. Censorship has become "anti-conceptual" on a more traditional religious plane as well. Art is creation; creation is life. If censorship is anti-conceptual, then it is anti-creative--it is, in fact, a form of death or nonexistence. As an artist, Wedekind is conceptual, concerned with life, with the assertion of existence which comes from creation. Paul Fechter writes of Wedekind, "He points out . . . the abyss on which his own existence as a person occurs, being based on a 'so-and-no-other-way' ability to be."115 Life is indeed precarious. Wedekind can exist in only one way, as Wedekind. Inasmuch as he accepts censorship, conforms himself or distorts himself, he ceases to exist and approaches death. Although not physiological, this death is perhaps more profound, as it is a death of the spirit. Wedekind conceived as the ultimate danger "the possibility of becoming . . . made into something entirely different from that which is natural to one."116 In other words, the truest death is the death of the spirit, the seat of the procreative drive in the aesthetic realm.
However, when the artist creates he gives rise to an entity separate and distinct from himself. Irmer writes, "The creator is no longer related to his creation. The creation has self-knowledge."¹¹⁷ The analogy here is to the relationship of God and man, the latter gaining self-knowledge from the fruit of paradise. Paradoxically, the separateness of the nature of every being, every created entity, would not permit of any interaction if the integrity of every distinct creation were to be maintained in the ultimate sense. Golo Gangi writes, "If I want to see you, I must falsify myself. If I want to see you correctly, I must obliterate myself. Censorship is the junction of two people."¹¹⁸ Censorship, conformity, self-distortion are prerequisite to a common ground, a meeting place, for communication and understanding. A world of people so vehement in their individuality that they cannot go beyond themselves is no society. Buridan, then, is confronted not only with the dilemma of welding the spiritual and the sensual, but also, as an artist, is torn between his need to maintain his personal integrity in his art and his need for his art to communicate to others. A work of art requires both a cause, the artist, and an effect, those who appreciate it.

Wedekind's keen sense that any individual's awareness of his internal life and external world is limited
by his powers of perception keeps Buridan's dilemma in perspective. Richard Lemp writes of Buridan, "He censures, that is, he destroys Kadidja. In the act of destruction he realizes that Kadidja's existence was not unguenuine, but that his own consciousness of his life and his environment was . . . restricted." Buridan is a distinct and separate entity from Wedekind; the play is not an autobiography. Instead, like an omniscient god, Wedekind knows the limits of the perceptions of all his characters. Buridan, however, cannot know his own limits; life is his journey of discovery of these limits, a discovery which will never be completed but only terminated by his mortality. The play ends with Kadidja asserting herself, her life, and paradoxically thereby dying. Buridan, on the other hand, denies himself in an attempt to assume the identity of Prantl, the censor. In imitating Prantl, Buridan censors himself, i.e. he brings his spirit toward death while maintaining physiological life. His action is the opposite of Kadidja's, whose assertion of spirit results in her physiological death.

Hans Wagener writes, "With the name of Buridan Wedekind plays upon the French philosopher Jean Buridan (ca. 1300-1358) who concocted the alleged anecdote concerning an ass who could not choose between two comparably attractive bales of hay and therefore starved."
Wedekind had more sense than this, even if Buridan did not. Wedekind's sense of perspective permitted him to realize that striving after a specific answer would result in no real answer but only an assumed one such as the one Prantl had adopted. Wedekind realized both the spiritual and the sensual, both individual integrity and conformity were essential to human existence. Contemplating one should not lead to the neglect of the other.

Wedekind's theodicy may not be his best play, as its comparatively meagre production history would indicate. His attempt to defend God's omnipotence and goodness led him into humanistic and aesthetic concerns. Arthur Kutscher observes of Censorship, "The dramatist has evolved into a man of letters and discusses his own creativity." In discussing his own creativity, Wedekind was providing an analogy to the creativity of God as manifested in man. The theodicy remains a discussion even at the end; it is never a statement. After all, Wedekind realized his theodicy was limited by his own perception. Despite his similarities to God, Wedekind is only "the least popular major dramatist of our time." Wedekind may be both unpopular and a major dramatist by virtue of the sensibility which caused him to disavow pat answers. Irmer writes:

Alone, Buridan's end is not Wedekind's.
Wedekind pulls back from the figure behind whom he has been concealed. He proves himself to be a superior humorist here. What he has to say does not rest in the words of one character but in the overall handling of the plot, which remains distinctly separate from the character. The public is not sent home with a pat answer. He is much more obliged to maintain a balance. Wedekind disavows his theodicy.122
CHAPTER VI
THE TRANSLATION

CENSORSHIP,
A THEODICY IN ONE ACT^123

"If Wedekind imagines that we will release his play Pandora's Box on account of his play Censorship, then he is greatly deceiving himself."

--Administrative Adviser von Glasenapp to Director Barnowsky on the occasion of the Berlin production of Censorship
TIME: In the year 1907

CHARACTERS: DR. CAJETAN PRANTL, Secretary to the Father Confessor of His Majesty
WALTER BURIDAN, a writer
KADIDJA, his beloved
A LADY'S-MAID

SETTING: Walter Buridan's workroom with a writing desk, bookcase, divan, easy chair, a tall mirror reaching down to the carpet, a folding screen, a thick carpet, a polar bear pelt and musical instruments. On the side wall, stage left, is a door. In the background is a very broad balcony door through which the balcony itself is visible. It is evening. The lamps burn. Outside is a clear, starry sky.

Scene One

Kadidja is unseen. Walter Buridan sits behind his writing desk.

Buridan: What are you doing out there on the balcony for so long? -- Kadidja, why don't you answer me? (He gets up.) She has been out on that balcony for quite a while. (He calls.) Kadidja! (He rushes out onto the balcony.) Thank God! (He leads Kadidja back into the room.) How can you torture me so!

Kadidja: I just wanted to see how you would react to the idea that I might be dead.

Buridan: Yes, yes.-- Despite all the love I feel for you I cannot seem to make you happy.

Kadidja: Yes, yes. I am a discontented, ungrateful creature. How can I change?

Buridan: I want to make a suggestion, Kadidja, and I want you to consider it calmly. We have been together for a full year-and-a-half without being separated from one another more than five days of that
whole time. I know that I am no longer the person I used to be. I am frequently in a bad mood; my resiliency fails me. I need time alone to recover myself.

Kadidja: In other words, you want to leave me?

Buridan: Only for fourteen days . . .

Kadidja: Then we might as well have already said goodbye.

Buridan: Am I worth so little to you?

Kadidja: And what am I worth to you then? From childhood on I was always the joy of all those around me. But at last I am no longer any joy to you, although I do everything I can think of to please you. But that's exactly where I've failed--through my compliance and selflessness I've become a totally different person from the one you fell in love with.

Buridan (in the easy chair): I don't think you've lost any of your charms from living with me. But you refuse to allow me any time to myself to rediscover my own sense of self-satisfaction.

Kadidja: I have never been accustomed to being alone. There were eight children in my family. When I went into the theatre there was always a vast array of actors, directors, stage hands and dramaturgs, and still more again with each new city. In fact, I've often been told I didn't go onto the stage for the sake of the art so much as for the sake of the amusing acquaintances I made.

Buridan: Do you think I went into playwriting for any other reason than for the amusement I found in writing plays?--Many times I've asked myself whether I drink so much in order to write plays, or if I write plays in order to have an excuse for drinking so much.--But my telling you this doesn't make you any happier.

Kadidja: When you went out the night before last I had the two maids fetch my two costume trunks down from the loft. I unpacked the costumes and showed them to the girls. The entire room, the writing table, the divan, the chair, everything
was covered with my costumes. Then I put on one after another, walked across the carpet and looked at myself in the mirror. (She looks in the mirror.) The girls must have thought I had lost my mind.

Buridan (getting up): Poor Kadidja. (He kisses her.) How deeply you lower yourself in order to endure living with me.

Kadidja: I would be happy in lowering myself so if I could only see that I was of some use to you! But the more I change myself to suit you the less I mean to you. Many times you don't even see me anymore when I'm standing right in front of you.

Buridan (startled): Kadidja!

Kadidja: Naturally you can know nothing of such moments. When the winter began you at least still rehearsed me in your songs once in a while. Have you completely forgotten that? You would use the horsewhip on me to rehearse me so that as soon as I appeared on the platform I overwhelmed the audience I was in such a passion. The paper where you noted down what songs I could sing hangs attached to the bookcase there. You haven't even looked at that list for the last six months. The winter has long since come to an end and singing your songs is now only a memory. And the horsewhip is used by the houseboy for beating rugs in the yard.

Buridan (taking the lute from the wall): Would you like to sing a song for me?

Kadidja: If I still can.


Kadidja: "The Weather-vane."

Buridan (seating himself on the armrest of the easy chair and crossing his legs): But I don't have the
horsewhip. Could you work yourself up into the necessary fervor without it?

Kadidja: I want to try.

Buridan (playing the opening chord): There's the key.--Up!

Kadidja (singing): You on the highest roof!
    Me on the one beside!
    Perhaps even a true love
    Sways dizzy at such height!
    Me with my illusions blind--
    Your heart can feel no pain--
    Twisting, turning, in the wind,
    Beautiful weather-vane!

Winds rush into our ears--
    We've all of Heaven's joy;
    Never knowing sorrowful tears,
    Our world is but our toy!
    You think I see hearts entwined,
    But loving you is vain!
    Twisting, turning, in the wind,
    Beautiful weather-vane!

On your tower spinning fast
    You're always bright and gay--
    But with winter's first cold blast
    You're hurled so far away.
    Are you taking flight to find
    Those heights I can't attain?
    Twisting, turning, in the wind,
    Beautiful weather-vane!

Buridan: And now do the dance, "Young Blood." (He sings, accompanying himself on the lute while Kadidja performs her dance.)
    Dance, my darling, dance as wildly
    As you could ever dance!
    Dance, my darling, with such passion
    That virtue has no chance!
    Fling your skirt above your head!
    No, no, just throw it off instead!
    Dance, my darling, dance, my darling,
    Dance 'til passion's dead!

    Swing your leg until it breaks!
    Dance until the fervor slakes!
Kick your knees!
Just to please!
Accelerated all the more,
Quiver, shake, until you're sore!
Then once more with heat and speed,
Dance until you fear you'll bleed!

Kadidja (throwing herself in Buridan's arms and resting her head on his chest): I have done it all so horribly bad!

Buridan (kissing her): You danced more wildly than I've ever seen you.-- Won't you allow me just the little time I need to revive myself so that I might again enjoy myself more wholeheartedly?

Kadidja (excited): But who could guarantee me that it was in fact your work and intellectual questions that you busied yourself with when you've left me alone for the entire day and evening, not bothering to come home until almost dawn, with nothing left for me but discontentment and disinterest? (She goes down on her knees.) For the first two hours I can believe that you've left me for your intellectual questions. For the third hour I can believe it. But by the fourth hour I find myself asking myself who I think I am? Hundreds and hundreds of women have beguiled the time away with you by telling you of all their love adventures. Perhaps I am so miserable that I would find nothing to tell you even if I had had the opportunity to experience something? I would still have to contend with the whole conglomerated group of all the conceivable women who were able to stir, affect and excite with the consummate freedom I lacked-- all for you!

Buridan: You are jealous of my past. You won't forgive me the fact that I had experienced more of life than you before we met one another.

Kadidja: Just the opposite! It was your past that I fell in love with when we first met each other. But I must be of use to you in the present only! Thank you very much! I must make my usefulness apparent at home with those domestic skills I never developed, for when we go out together my appearance serves only to distress you. If someone looks at me because he finds me appealing, your words come forth in torrents. That is no fun for him, it is no fun for me, and it certainly cannot be any fun for you either. Was
that what God created me for?

Buridan: When we first met, you were as secure as a
goddess of your conquest, darling! You
couldn't conceive of even the slightest
difficulty in our living together, while I,
in all seriousness, was afraid of the sacrilege
of living together without benefit of marriage--
but my fears you've transformed into the
greatest happiness. And now you're discouraged
that even with the greatest love attaining
simple happiness is still a tiresome matter.
And everyday I find myself saying that I've
made attaining it a thousand thousand times
more difficult for myself!

Kadidja: You have no grounds to say that! I anxiously
clear every nuisance out of your way. I cover
the heels of my boots with gum so my footsteps
won't disturb you.-- Or do I cost you too much?--
If I see a piece of jewelry I would like to have
in a shop window, I refuse to put out the money
for it; instead, I go to the window every day
and look at it, looking at it every single day
until it is spoiled for me. And then I have
saved the money.

Buridan (in the easy chair): That's exactly what happens
to me with my rough drafts.

Kadidja: What do you mean?

Buridan: If a draft I would really like to complete
intrigues me, and I don't have the time I'd
need for developing it, I'll look at the draft
every day from all perspectives, and I look at
it so long each day that it eventually becomes
completely spoiled for me. Thus I have saved
the time that I would have needed for completing
the draft.

Kadidja (sitting on his knee, kissing him and saying to
him jokingly): Couldn't you just give up your
writing for the next ten years? Certainly you've
written enough to suffice for the next ten years
already. Besides, you have your plays now--
your acting appearances with me. And then you
have your music, your songs that you rehearse
with me with the horsewhip! And to top it all
off you have your children's toys you've invented! I almost forgot them. The German discus, the bicycle swing, the children's wire-ropes, the running drum. If you still yearn for intellectual activity, couldn't it be to invent another children's toy? First of all, it would require less time away from me, and secondly, it would provide us with incomparably more fun than your writing. Watch me go around the room once on the running drum. (She gets up.) Where is the running drum? (She retrieves the running drum from behind the folding screen and slides it into the room and onto its resting position.) There it is. Already I can go about the room on it pretty well without even having to use the support leg. Do you want me to try it?

Buridan does not answer.

Kadidja (pushing the running drum back against the wall): That doesn't seem to amuse you anymore.

Buridan: You have no audience!

Kadidja: I have no audience. Good enough! Then I am not worth anything to you if I don't have an audience to please?—I am just an exhibitionist, then?

Buridan (getting up): Dear Kadidja, we have to build our union on a somewhat more refined, more solid basis. Happiness is impossible if both of us are continually trembling at the thought of losing one another. We must be able to trust each other! We have an essential spiritual bond between us which will hold us together even if we spend fourteen days without living with each other under the same roof!

Kadidja: You actually do find satisfaction by busying yourself with intellectual matters. But why should I preoccupy myself with philosophy and such? I already do it, simply because it doesn't suit me. Nevertheless— if I once start to show you things that aren't actually there, what's to keep me from meddling in truly important matters as well?

Buridan: Every time the soul takes flight someone immediately drags it back down into the insipidness of reality.
Kadidja (with tears in her eyes): That’s unfair! From all your travelling back and forth to the five corners of the world you have lost every feeling for naturalness. Merely because I behave in a manner I find natural to me am I to be held accountable for "the insipidness of reality"? On the contrary, if I wanted to lead the great world in matters of literature and art without giving the slightest hint of it, as women do by the hundreds, then I would indeed be "the insipidness of reality" for you! You fail to truly experience me. Before I would misuse those gifts which heaven bestowed on me by putting on such a "refined" manner I would put myself out on the open market in the natural way I was created.

Buridan: Kadidja!— I believe, as truly as I am standing here, that you could in fact do such a thing!

Kadidja: You don’t find that surprising?— Then my meaning is unclear to you.— (She nears him.) I want only this pure pearl on this hand, (she kisses the hand) on this charmed hand, not because it still holds our interest, but in order to avoid exchanging it for a fake diamond.

Buridan (returning to her): I cannot succeed in finding myself again for even a minute. You constantly prove you are a creature of unlimited possibilities, causing me to feel terror in my limbs over losing you with every breath I take!

Kadidja: And you still wail that you are without intellectual stimulation!

Buridan: It is myself I have to thank for being a stimulus. I have not struggled for my personal freedom for a full twenty years merely to pass through the rest of my life in fear and anguish.

Kadidja: If things as natural as that fill you with fear than you yourself belong to those timid masses at whose blind fear you are always jeering.

Buridan: I cannot listen to this; I am exhausted! Allow me just fourteen days' time and then I will
again look reality in the face with the greatest fearlessness.

Kadidja: There was a time when I prayed that your behavior was merely a test to discover how strong I was.

Buridan (on the divan): I did not open your letter. Or if I did, I did not read it to the end.

Kadidja (without doing anything but simply exciting herself by the speech): One evening when you read your satire of "The Weather-vane" I thought it was merely a test you wanted to put me to. I was afraid I would not be able to pass your test when you mocked the poem because the poem appeals to me so much. But when I read it alone a thunderous howling arose in my head that wouldn't let me hear or see anything else. Thoughts flashed round about me like lightning in all directions. They flashed so rapidly one after the other that I didn't have a second to think about any of them. An hour later you came in to me. I was in such a rage over your mockery of the poem I didn't know who I was anymore--you had made such a pitiable wretch of me that I bit your cheeks with such force that you screamed. Then, without saying a word, you suddenly reached for the pictures of me that were on your writing desk and the mantle in your room and ripped them up one after another, trampling the pieces under your feet; then a feeling seized me such as I had never known. As I ran down the steps the farthest thing from my mind was that this was a test of my love. (She smiles.) Do you know what forced me over the balcony railing and down into the water?--Simply the realization that the pictures that were tattered beneath your feet had been my favorites ever since I was a child.

Buridan (astonished): You jumped down because of that?

Kadidja: I cannot claim that it was me who was doing it. I can propel myself into nothing beyond my own insipid reality.

Buridan: I became a tyrant in your eyes because I refused to punish you for biting me. I tore up your pictures only in order to bring you back to your senses from your rage.
Kadidja: You don't need to defend your love to me. I know only too well that no other man in all the world could care for me as deeply as you. That's why there is no choice for me between you and any other man. For me there is only a choice of a life with you and a life of unlimited frivolity.

Buridan (getting up): Kadidja, please allow me just fourteen days away. Only fourteen days without having to worry about your possessiveness, then I will have enough desire for any excess of frivolity!

Kadidja: I believe that you really do long for yourself! But if you live without me for fourteen days I will lose you. I don't overestimate my powers of attraction.

Buridan: Kadidja! I have such ambitious thoughts in my head! It's never been my habit to brag about my plans and projects but you force me to do so in order for me to make you understand my ideas. I have already worked far too long on a single work solely to avoid one of those senseless conflicts with you, the kind I've considered as useless since I was a child. For years I have not been able to figure out why we preserve our respect for the eternal laws of the world, why our feelings are eternally at odds with themselves! It was different in ancient times when the adoration of the spirit was found together under the same temple roof with the veneration of physical human beauty. Why can't it be that way again? The conflict comes from the fact that we are as unworthy of the elevated beauty of spiritual laws as we are incapable of exploring the inexorable laws of physical attraction. The spirit is a strict taskmaster for us and the world of appearances is an unfettered jester. The joys of the spirit and the desire to be desirable in this ephemeral world-- these are the two forces which I want to reconcile to one another before I die . . . (There is a knock.) Come in!

A lady's-maid brings in a cardboard box which she places on the divan.

Lady's-maid: The fantasy-costume for the honorable lady, with the compliments of the master tailor, Mr. Mueck.
Buridan (to Kadidja): What kind of costume is it?

Kadidja: It's my fantasy-costume for the wedding ballet in the third act.

Buridan: Oh yes! We have a performance tomorrow night. (To the lady's-maid) Did master tailor Mueck send a bill with it?

Lady's-maid: He said that you would settle it later, Sir.

Buridan (giving her money): Please give this to the delivery boy.

Lady's-maid: Very good. (She exits.)

Buridan: Why don't you try on the costume?

Kadidja: But who can say whether or not I will ever get a chance to appear in it.

Buridan: But you ought to at least make sure that it fits you.

Kadidja: All right, then I'll go and try it on. (She takes the box, putting her arm around Buridan's neck and kissing him.) Please don't be angry with me for having aggravated you.

Buridan: I will await with great eagerness for your appearance in it. (Kadidja leaves with the box.-- Buridan sits at the writing desk, picks up a manuscript and writes.)

Scene Two

The lady's-maid brings in a tray with a card.

Lady's-maid: The gentleman wants to know if Mr. Buridan is in.

Buridan (reading the card): Dr. Cajetan Prantl.-- Show him in. (He goes out with the maid and returns with Dr. Prantl.) To what do I owe the distinction of this visit from Your Reverence?

Dr. Prantl (who has a youthful appearance of a flawless debutant): I beg your pardon. Evidently I climbed the stairs too quickly.
Buridan: Of course. I live very high up as it offers an unimpeded view. Would you care to sit down?

Prantl (seating himself): You paid me a visit earlier this afternoon. (He gasps for a breath.) Excuse me. I suffer from a heart condition.

Buridan (seating himself on the divan): Please, we have time.

Prantl: You left a very pressing note on your card stating that you desired to speak with me about some very serious matters. Therefore I felt it my duty to visit you.

Buridan: Your Reverence knows what this concerns.

Prantl: I remember two matters which you confided in me. The first was your desire to marry with the blessings of the Church the woman with whom you are living. Naturally I assumed this was the reason why you were looking for me today.

Buridan: Of course, it mostly has to do with the Church wedding. Perhaps you would allow me, however, to acquaint you with the other matter that has been preying at my heart so much that it caused me to look for you this afternoon.

Prantl: Never in my life would I have come to you to discuss that other issue.

Buridan: That goes without saying!

Prantl: You already asked in your letter of the twenty-ninth of last month upon what grounds His Excellency von Sporck objected to the performance of your play Pandora. In the reply we long since have sent you it was clearly explained that as Confessor to His Majesty, His Excellency had to raise an objection to its performance and that it was impossible for His Excellency to retract his objection. The grounds which we felt necessitated such an objection were made privy to you in writing as we did not think that they were of an insignificant nature.

Buridan: It pains me deeply, Doctor, that you address me today in a tone so different from the tone of warm sincerity with which you welcomed me at our first meeting.
Prantl: That is easily explained, as our first meeting dealt with your desire for the sacrament of marriage, something with which I can sympathize infinitely more than with your literary arguments. Besides, at that time I was still unfamiliar with the contents of your play Pandora.

Buridan: In everything I have written and published up until now, there is not a single word which could possibly have given you any real grounds for anger.

Prantl: Since our first meeting I have read your collected writings. Our views do not have anything to do with the effect of your ideas upon us, but with the effect they may have on a naive public attending such performances and leaving without suspecting even the slightest damage done to its moral sense as it returns home.

Buridan: Then you maintain that a performance should impart heavy instruction in spiritual and moral lessons to an audience on its way home.

Prantl: We maintain so whenever we have a doubtful case.

Buridan: That is absolutely denigrating to the artist!

Prantl (simply): Humanity is our ward, not artists!

Buridan: But can the Church then subject all of the arts to its service alone—music, painting, poetry, sculpture, plays; I am thinking of the mystery plays of the Middle Ages, of the Latin theatrical productions of the Jesuits—can the Church fight art as its enemy?

Prantl: It is our duty to do so if art endangers the good of humanity.

Buridan (getting up): To my knowledge not a single soul in all of northern Germany was led to the devil by the production of my play Pandora. I assume you do not know how an official in northern Germany deals with the matter of censoring a theatrical production for public performance. After graciously granting me a short audience he was convinced that my play had not a single derisive word, nor did he detect any derision
or mockery in the portrayal of relationships, but only a deeply sensed earnestness. Consequently, he did not have to doubt his decision in retrospect by wondering if he had allowed himself to form an opinion based solely on the heresy of the uneducated rabble. With the perceptive pride that comes only from the power of authority he told me that my play was easily comprehensible without any alterations whatsoever. It was precisely for this reason that he wanted my play to reach the public for its judgment as soon as possible as Prussians had never been afraid of "pure reason."

Prantl: In Prussia our view of the world order is taken for pretentiousness. But we are concerned with the well-being of the souls of the people in our charge. We are not about to concede to your unreasonable expectations as your works have unrighteous effects. You are without any purity of soul, without the anima candida. You are living without those sacraments of marriage that even the poorest pauper would demand in order to avoid being cast into deepest hell.

Buridan: That's the very reason why I long to fly free from this earthly existence! The convictions I assert with the utmost earnestness are taken for blasphemy! Should I deny my own beliefs merely because of that? Should I then become impure, insincere and untrue to myself with a clear conscience only in order to convince other people of my sincerity? To do so I would have to become the very blasphemer those people think I am!

Prantl (getting up, with a firm voice): I did not come here to provoke your temper but your sense of decency! Calm yourself!

Buridan: What help can love be to decency if decency refuses to allow love free rein. I have never regretted the infamy my life has accrued through the prevalent misconception of who I am; instead, I turn this infamy to my advantage by using it to clarify the eternal laws that thereby reveal themselves. But there again I appear merely as a jester!

Prantl (more forcefully): You have your deceitful profession to thank for that! Who could trust
a man who serves up for all the world to see for the price of admission what he should be fighting out in the privacy of his own home! Every day in my profession as censor I see how the writers fail to recognize the wickedness in the very essence of their profession. Why must they continually drag out onto the stage what does not belong on the stage?! Stay within your own domain! Your work should deal with mere fashions! Your business is frivolity!

Buridan (more peacefully): Could you please quote me something from my writings which does not have as its final purpose the goal of giving artistic form to the eternal laws of moderation before which we all must bow on our knees?

Prantl: What do you call the eternal laws of moderation?

Buridan: I understand the eternal laws of moderation to be that same essence which most of Christendom worships as the Holy Ghost. In none of my works have I portrayed good as evil or evil as good. I have never falsified the results that evolve from the actions of mankind. Instead I have presented those results in all their undesired urgency.

Prantl: Let me think over your works for a moment. At no time during my reading did I ever have the idea that those works were the product of a writer who took life so seriously.

Buridan (very cautiously): What possible amusement could prepare us for life if we did not take that amusement seriously? A player who does not take his game seriously is a traitor to his game! I want to take my life as seriously as some of my acquaintances take their bowling. Neither myself nor my acquaintances want our greatest pleasure to be a false one. As soon as we abolish the rules of play all the joy of playing is over. Misunderstandings, insults, fighting, confused superstitions and hollow doubts are all the results of not valuing life.

Prantl: Perhaps I have allowed myself to take you too seriously for a moment.
Buridan: Your Reverence, do not allow our discussion today to be fruitless! Leave word with His Excellency recommending the public performance of my play Pandora! No other current art work in the world so confirms the spirit whose envoy you are. No truth, no matter how unexpectedly it comes, nor how startling it may seem, can deny the spirit of the work. Precisely the same divinity stands in it that is enthroned in your religion as eternal sovereign of the unattainable heavens above all the temporal vacillations of mankind. True, this divinity naturally does not exist alone in the play. You need not tell me this. Religion is, above all else, the most helpful comforter in distress. No one has realized that fact through the course of his life so well as I. Religion teaches us that whatever misfortune befalls us, it has been predestined, in spite of our efforts to prevent it. Religion has tied down in a chair the greatest and most singular enemy of mankind—chance. Religion somersaults brilliantly over our pitiable impotence—without it we would be sacrificed to freewill and the discretion of fate. Only he who knows of God's omnipotence can say with the calm peace of the spirit, Death, where is thy sting! Hell, where is thy victory!

Prantl: It seems to me that you value religion merely as an artistic device for discerning an answer to a question or a solution to a dilemma.

Buridan: Anyhow, I can think of nothing more unfortunate in this world than an idiot who does not believe in God.

Prantl: You speak about religion as a stockbroker speaks about a stock exchange list or a jockey speaks about the ride of a horse! You're without even the smallest trace of Christian humility! Religion is not a matter of reason! It is a matter of the heart!

Buridan: But only for those who cannot think through their beliefs to their conclusions! Faith accomplishes for them what has been accomplished for thousands of years by reason, which is like a sealed book to them!

Prantl: A man of any real moral sensibility cannot think through his own beliefs to their conclusions! It's
impossible! What would we need faith for if we could figure everything out with our minds! You suffer from a spiritual arrogance such as I have not seen in even the most hardened criminals who remained not the least bit disconcerted at the scaffold.

Buridan: May I now be so free as to ask you to calm yourself a little?

Prantl (more calmly): A genuine believer can speak as little about his beliefs as a chaste girl can speak about her virginity.

Buridan (very calmly): I think you're mistaken in your conception of your profession. It's as if someone once said: Where reason ends, faith begins. I perceive in that a depreciation of faith. I find that in the entire vastness of our beliefs reason never ends. On the contrary, at the highest pinnacle of this beautifully developed, eternally boundless system of belief reason can be found standing firmly in its place. I find that every shaft, every arch of this structure we call religion holds fast to its equilibrium only because reason has secured it against every cloudburst and every earthquake for thousands of years.

Prantl: It isn't exactly tactful of you to deny me my correct understanding of the matter. The views you have expressed have emerged at various times throughout history and each time they were fundamentally disproved. Let me try to focus upon the difference between your breakneck mathematics and the Almighty Himself, as you seem to confuse the two. Do you believe in the immortality of the soul?

Buridan: Believe?-- I see it demonstrated in every song that is sung. -- But I can assure you from the bottom of my heart that I bear no ill will because of any differences of opinion on the matter.

Prantl (irritated): You flatter yourself that we are afraid of you?!

Buridan (anxiously): What made you think such a thing? You have nothing to fear from me. My inner convictions
are far too holy for me to reveal them to anyone who I wasn't sure thought exactly as I do.

Prantl: I cannot possibly express to you how little your secretiveness matters to us! You persecute yourself with a miserable delusion if you refuse to admit that there is a doctrine to the Christian religion!

Buridan: Assuming that there are indeed such doctrines, how can you possibly know whether or not a person honestly believes and follows them?

Prantl: If you hope by such ambiguous admissions of faith to be able to present your theatrical production without alterations, you are greatly deceiving yourself!

Buridan: I swear to you by everything that is holy that my play is completely irrelevant to me at this moment! Already its release was virtually a matter of indifference to me when I came to you four weeks ago. And if I expressed at that time a desire for the sacrament of marriage, it too was not weighing very heavily on my heart—no more so than the release of my play Pandora—in the final analysis, even at that time these issues served me merely as a welcome means to an end, as a point of departure. The solitary reason for my talking with you about everything, all the questions I pursued you with, passionately pursued you, ravenously pursued you, was for you yourself!

Prantl: Me?!

Buridan: You! Your realm! The spirit whose warrior and herald you are! The harmony I have sought in that realm since early childhood! The understanding I have sought since earliest childhood from those initiated in the eternal truths! Your profession as a priest makes it your duty not to refuse me! You cannot imagine how fervently, how burningly my soul yearns after this realm, this realm in which you have the enviable happiness to operate and for which you struggle! What I would not give at this moment for me to be in your place and you in mine! Nevertheless, I cannot possibly exaggerate how impossible it is for me to survive without being allowed to enter this realm.
I mean this literally. What has been valued for thousands of years as the highest pleasure in life—naturally I am not speaking of sensual pleasures but of art and literature—not only do these lose their fascination for me, but they would provoke my disgust if they at any time were to deny my inner self that harmony for which it yearns, a harmony with those eternal laws of the world. This desire makes itself evident in me physically, just as it would for a person desperately in need of satisfaction of his carnal appetite. If my desires were merely carnal in nature I would kill my own hunger. I can think of nothing so dear to me in all this world that I would not sacrifice it in cold blood if it would reconcile me with that which I worship as the highest and the most eternal.

Prantl: I am not a blind zealot; I consider myself free from at least that aberration. I know the boundless grace of God and venerate this grace as one of His most glorious blessings. But I would hope that my virtuous spirit would maintain itself in front of the horrible wantonness of the fanatic, obstinate cynic you appear to be in your writings, writings which sacrifice the love of one’s fellow man for material for self-rationalizing propagandistic purposes!

Buridan: Because I portray the inevitable consequences of human foolishness I am labelled an obstinate cynic!

Prantl: Not because you portray the consequences, but because of the shocking joy you seem to take in prompting hopeless doubts in your fellow man! Because of your atrocious lack of compassion! And you want the Church to walk hand in hand with you?! The Church has the divine responsibility of guarding and protecting the life of the people! But to you a play dealing with the annihilation of human beings is the greatest pleasure in life! You come as a triumph of evil, as a venereal disease afflicting our entire generation! Ruined human lives are the hallmark of your way of life! Didn’t still another young soul die in the most ghastly manner recently, after she had only glanced through your books?

Buridan (on the divan): Don’t speak to me about that! For
the mercy of God, do not speak of that! That disaster was rooted in the peculiarities of her family. Light-hearted people go lightly into death.

Prantl: My only question is why you haven't already dragged the poor girl's misfortune onto the stage in one of your dramas?

Buridan (jumping up): If portraying someone's misfortunes gives me satisfaction, it is only because such portrayals may prove to be the way to the revival of our earthly existence in all its primordial splendour and grandeur! This is my highest point of pride, making me capable of withstanding the worst conceivable oppression far beyond the scope of the rows of naysayers and pessimists. Listen to me for a minute, Doctor! I have great plans in my head. It's not my habit to boast idly of my ideas. I feel I must justify my inner self to you. Since early in my childhood I have been concerned with reconciling the veneration inspired in us by natural beauty with the veneration which bullies us into submission to the eternal laws of the world. Our veneration for the beauty of the laws of the world is joyless. And our veneration of physical beauty is without import. I offer my life to the goal of uniting holiness and beauty as a divine idol of faithful devotion--for this I have strived since earliest childhood.

Prantl: It is already impossible to walk into a house of God without finding beauty and holiness deeply united with one another. But in your words their combination sounds agitatedly displaced. What you term beauty is a mere circus game, tightrope walking, low debauchery! On your altar you have glorified as beauty the slaughter of the children of humanity, a slaughter you have long been forcing into your sinful plays.

Buridan: I will not accept this blame! I know of nothing holier in this world than humanity! As truly as I know of no higher godliness than the development of our reason-- the loftiest, most honorable consequence of our open use of reason is solely human good, while you, with all your possible goodness of heart, can never achieve what can be gained by fighting with reason.
Prantl (smiling): Your human goodness was incapable of preventing your reason from using that unfortunate girl who now lies buried under your feet merely so you could write a play! This is the atrocity of your productions— that everything in them is an actual living reality! Instead of creating a play you create a disaster! If a person you know dies his life is plastered on the stage! Without so much as a clue of the spiritual realm! And you praise such atrocities whenever possible! A man sits before your art like Caesar's Rome before a battle of gladiators and Christians!

Buridan (in the easy chair): A blasphemy of God!— I have lived half the length of my life without art. Without religion I could not survive a minute.

Prantl: Then I suppose the promise of the reunification of the Church and the brothel in the socialistic state of the future did not originate with you? Is this not, perchance, a blasphemy of God?

Buridan: Such a promise, Doctor, is not mine! (He gets up.) I have never written such a promise! I have never said such a thing! How can I convince you of this fact as quickly as possible?! Search my writings from the first to the last letter. You will never find such a promise. Find so much as one witness who has ever heard my lips utter such a promise. That statement is but one of the countless slanders that newspaper critics have invented over the years in order to have me taken to prison! How much more passionately, how much more respectfully could I possibly stand in opposition to the conflict between the power of the spirit and the flesh than I did in my "Introduction to the Conquest of the Horror Of Death"? (He takes a book from the bookcase, opens it to a page and points it out to Dr. Prantl.) I beg Your Reverence to read even only the first ten pages of this "Introduction."

Prantl (reading aloud, slowly and attentively): "The fear of death is a failure of thought.— Many misfortunes are more painful than dying.— All suffering is more painful than death.— Our only fear should exist in our being born.— Everyone brings with him into this world his most
treacherous enemy.-- With gaping wounds we 
fight him half the length of our lives, 
hoping in the end we have flung him upon the 
floor, then . . . "

In the meantime Kadidja, dressed in an attractively 
stylish fantasy-costume, enters through the side door. 
She has gotten the running drum out from behind the folding 
screen, has climbed onto it and rolls it underneath her 
feet to the front. As she is afraid to fall she props 
herself up fleetingly on the shoulders of Dr. Prantl on 
the word "then."

Kadidja: Oh, excuse me, please!

Dr. Prantl quickly turns around to her, raises his hands 
to his heart in astonishment, but quickly composes himself, 
examining Kadidja with a serene smile.

Kadidja rolls the drum backwards a few steps under her 
feet.

Kadidja: Excuse me for having startled you.

Prantl (laying the book aside with a smile): There he is 
already-- the enemy!-- The tempter!-- The snake 
in paradise!-- (To Buridan) Do you still claim 
that such a promise did not originate with you?-- 
(looking at Kadidja) Appearances do not lie!-- 
Don't be afraid of anything, my child. It was 
ever my intention to insult you. I am here only 
on account of this gentleman here who has 
attempted to dazzle me with his inner desire for 
the blessing of the Church, hoping that we would 
permit the public performance of his-- 
questionable play. (Very peacefully to Buridan) 
You must satisfy yourself that we will have 
nothing to do with adventurous bartering as you 
propose. We will not be prevailed upon. But I 
am deeply affected by the magical juggling 
tricks and the medeival knowledge of mankind 
you have fostered in yourself in an attempt to 
prevent your pernicious urges to allow you to 
deteriorate into the lowest degradation.

Buridan: I ask Your Reverence with the greatest humility 
for forebearance. Only a few words, if you 
would graciously consent to hear them, could 
clear up this unforeseen disruption of our 
conversation.
Kadidja: Should I leave you two alone?

Prantl: Please stay, my child. (To Buridan) An unforeseen disruption, you call it? Why not admit the ineffectuality of your attempts to sway the Church? This enchanting fairy tale apparition put her white hands on my shoulders at the very moment I read the appropriate incantation for her appearance! (Surveying Kadidja) You have lured me into your house precisely for this confrontation! (Shaking his head) No! I am definitely not suited for the realization of your little plottings!

Buridan: I patiently accept the ridicule.

Prantl (remaining still until the end of the speech): It appeals as little to me as it does to allow myself to be lured into taking you seriously. And you would destroy the first who would dare to ridicule even if he were sleeping! But perhaps you are already familiar with the precept that you should not try to be God! You need to be convinced well only once that nobody, no mortal, regardless of what authority he may possess in this world, puts God to the test and goes unpunished. (He leaves.)

Scene Three

Kadidja is still standing on the running drum.

Kadidja: What did the gentleman want?

Buridan (on the divan): The gentleman wanted to be away from me for eternity. (He picks the book up from the floor and leafs through the pages.)

Kadidja: His leaving seems to have upset you. I wish I could be a bit more light-hearted. -- Are the endless rows of coffins you've drawn in your notebooks still haunting your memory?

Buridan (without looking at her): Yes, I am remembering the coffins.

Kadidja: On every coffin you wrote, "Alone in the end."

Buridan: Alone in the end.
Kadidja: And if I would ever let you go?

Buridan: You cannot know how burningly my soul desires such a state!

Kadidja: Mostly the words allude to the two people who found themselves alone with each other in the bridal chamber?

Buridan (without looking up): The words will change their meaning for the couple yet once more.

Kadidja: Won't you please look at me? (Buridan does not answer.)-- I am standing here on the running drum. I am standing here in the costume I am supposed to wear in the performance of your play tomorrow.

Buridan: It would be a vain search to find a phrase that would express how little the performance of my play tomorrow matters to me.

Kadidja: Poor Buridan!-- (She jumps off of the running drum.) What can I possibly do to please you when not even your own play pleases you anymore. (She sits on his knee.) Please don't frighten yourself anymore. I came in basically to say goodbye.-- I am going to set out again on that wild sea from which you seized me a year-and-a-half ago--a sea that can be navigated only by using my own powers, my own independence. Even with all my weaknesses I can still navigate those waters.

Buridan: For a very long time I have contemplated naming a brothel as an institution of moral instruction in life. A place where the pupils would eventually become so satiated that for the rest of their lives they would consider hardship and grief as the greatest pleasures.

Kadidja (getting up and bending down next to him on the divan): You actually seem commissioned by heaven to ruin the most beautiful things your fellow human beings can find in existence.

Buridan: You don't understand that a person becomes an object of his own contempt if he eats, drinks and loves only for himself.

Kadidja: If such self-contempt could be overcome,
wouldn't pleasure be enough to satisfy man?

Buridan: Why don't wild animals appreciate being caged?-- Because they are without the freedom of chasing their prey.

Kadidja: I miss my freedom most of all-- that's why I love you.

Buridan: Your feeling of love is as free as my chained-up energy! -- What am I! -- What am I!

Kadidja: What? (She goes to the mirror.) It didn't take you very long to find the appropriate phrase.-- It seems you are again incapable-- (She looks in the mirror.)-- of looking the "insipidness of reality" in the eye.

Buridan: An animal!

Kadidja (examining herself in the mirror): And am I supposed to be an angel!

Buridan: An animal!

Kadidja (kissing her reflection in the mirror): I am still too immature to be an angel.

Buridan: An animal!

Kadidja: But an unusual animal! An exotic animal!

Buridan (jumping up): Kadidja! You exhibit yourself before me as bewitchingly as ever. But such an exhibition must be kept in perspective as must all human virtues!

Kadidja: Don't I do that?

Buridan (placing the running drum on its side): Get up on this pedestal! And I will be your censor!

Kadidja: You want to be my censor?-- But I'm not a play.

Buridan: I will not practice any harsher censorship on you than that which I've subjected myself to endure daily, hourly, for years on end. With God as my judge, may you find my censorship as unfair and arbitrary as I find mine!
Kadidja (getting on top of the running drum): Speak! Please!

Buridan: Kadidja! Only if you wear a long dress can the censor endure you doing so much as crossing the street. As no danger threatens your life he forbids your endangering the lives of others. If, however, you rode in the circus as a horseback-rider without falling from the horse and breaking your limbs, then the censor would gladly permit you the use of all the charms of your body. And if you danced upon the tightrope from church spire to church spire, then the censor would be unconcerned with your dress. Then you could stretch a mere cobweb over your entire naked body. But there you cannot take so much as one false step without becoming an unrecognizable mass that would have to be scoured from the trough of the marketplace below.

Kadidja (smiling): Are the other censors as zealously iconoclastic as you?

Buridan: Kadidja! I saw a tightrope walker once in Palermo. She danced on an elastic rope. Below the middle of the rope was a four-cornered board with foot-long, painted knives standing on it upright. Dancing above these knives, the girl undressed, all the while spinning from left to right. Then she set the rope into a swinging motion, bending down to propel it faster and faster until it whirled under her knees like a bow-string, and when it had returned to a peaceful state, she sprang up onto her feet, somersaulted into the air three times and then stood on the rope over the sharpened knives smiling as sweetly and calmly as— as you stand here before me now.

Kadidja: Well? And?— You actually doubt that I am unworthy of this bridal gown?

Buridan (gasping, with eyes closed): And after that she wrapped herself up in a long coat, crossed to the end of the rope with closed eyes and climbed down, disappearing behind the curtain. (Losing his hold) Kadidja, your vanity torments me! Put on some decent clothing, Kadidja! Put on some decent clothing! I die of thirst from such tastelessness, from my own unfathomable depth
of soul crawling away from these displays of sensuality! Have pity on yourself for your beauty has as much effect on me as a colorful handkerchief fluttering on the end of a walking stick.

Kadidja (very calmly): Was it I who created me?

Buridan: I created you according to my desires; I will transform you according to my desires!

Kadidja (very calmly): Don't touch me!

Buridan (threatening to physically grab her): I want to look at ugliness! Ugliness! Nothing but ugliness!

Kadidja (freeing herself): I will not be insulted like this! (She hurries out onto the balcony and leans her back against the railing.)

Buridan: Kadidja!

Kadidja (seating herself on the railing and flinging over one leg): If you come one step closer I'll throw myself over!

Buridan (gasping): I've come back to my senses, Kadidja! It was only a fit of madness. For a moment I completely forgot who you were.

Kadidja (standing upright on the railing): Not one step--or else I'll lie below!

Buridan (whimpering): Come here! Kadidja! Come here!

Kadidja: You don't love me anymore. And I can't live without you.

Buridan: Come here to me! How could I not love you! I want to be your slave my entire life!

Kadidja (who has climbed down onto the outer side of the railing and holds herself fast with her hands on the rim of the inner side): Not one step!--I have kept you from your world of ideas; I want you to have that world back! (As Buridan comes toward her, she raises her right hand aloft and leans backward.) One more step and I'll let go of the railing!
Buridan (howling): Most deeply beloved, dearest creature! 
Most beloved Kadidja!-- Stay! Stay!-- Everything, everything is yours!

Kadidja (who has just let herself lean so far back that 
only her head can be seen above the railing):
I am giving you back your freedom! -- Don't come 
any nearer, happy Buridan! Or else you are a 
murderer! (The head disappears. The hand which 
holds her fast can still be seen.)

Buridan (falling upon his knees, begging, wringing his 
hands, without daring to take another glance at 
the balcony): God! God! Father of Heaven and 
Earth! Help us! Help me! Help! If she falls 
another human life is finished! What sort of 
life is this! I have made a mockery of it! God 
in Heaven, is this your vengeance?! Be merciful, 
Father in Heaven! You alone can help! I will 
serve you and proclaim your power as long as I 
live!-- Help my poor Kadidja! She is the most 
beautiful creature, the dearest soul alive in 
all creation . . .

Kadidja (lifting her head once more above the railing):
Should I send your greetings to sister Charlotta 
. . .? (She throws her hands into the air and 
disappears.)

Buridan (who has not looked up): Oh! Oh!-- That is her 
voice! Dear God in Heaven, I implore you! Should 
I get up? Will I still be able to grab hold of 
her hand?! -- Kadidja!-- Beloved!-- (He listens 
but then calls out in a shaken voice.) Kadidja . . .! Kadidja . . .! (A convulsion flings him 
forward after a moment.) He will not be mocked! 
He will not be tested!-- 0 God!-- 0 God!-- 0 
God, how unfathomable you are . . .

Curtain.
CHAPTER VII
CONCLUSION

Frank Wedekind has been a relatively unpopular dramatist and Censorship has been a relatively unpopular play. Nevertheless, Wedekind is a major dramatist who is currently gaining a following on the English-speaking stage and Censorship is one of his most integral works, if not one of his most playable. The play is the tenth of Wedekind's works to be rendered into English. The play's popularity on the English-speaking stage may never rival the growing popularity of Wedekind's other works, but it may provide seminal material for the dramaturg or director mounting Wedekind's other more playable pieces. He saw himself as censored because he believed he was misunderstood. This translation may provide insight into his other works so that he will no longer be misunderstood.

Beyond this, Censorship holds a special place within Wedekind's body of work. It has been regarded as an important pivotal work in the development of his art. Friedrich Rothe, author of Frank Wedekinds Dramen: Jugendstil und Lebensphilosophie, writes, "Following the very private ... Censorship, Wedekind attempted to establish his
dramatic technique on new grounds." Arthur Kutscher claims of Censorship that "whoever views Wedekind's work in its entirety can distinguish in the play the culmination of a trend which began with Hidalgo." This trend is one of a more overt didacticism than that found in his earlier plays. Wedekind's intellect permeates the play freely, moreso than in his other works. In contrast, the form of the play is relatively conservative, especially when compared to the vehement anti-Naturalism of the early Spring's Awakening.

Chronologically Censorship belongs to middle years of Wedekind's productivity, the years between 1901 and 1911. Although those plays most familiar to English-speaking audiences date from his early years between 1891 and 1901, five of the plays from the middle period are now translated. The middle years from 1901 to 1911 saw Wedekind complete the plays King Nicolo, Death and Devil, Music, Censorship, Franziska (a version of the Faust theme with a female protagonist), The Stone of the Wise, Castle Wetterstein and Oaha, the last of which is especially with specific allusions to Wedekind and his milieu. With the exception of the obscure Oaha the middle plays have generally maintained a significant degree of success on the German stage. Music and Franziska in particular have proven to be effective in revivals, and even Censorship
has not gone without its successes.

Heretofore Wedekind's middle period has been largely neglected outside of Germany, but as he gains popularity on the English-speaking stage the secondary works of this major dramatist should rival the major work of any of the secondary dramatists now receiving production in the United States and Great Britain. Censorship may very well be such a "secondary" play. If not, the play remains important for the insights it provides on Wedekind's views on a variety of topics and on his creative process itself. As such it is a valuable tool for the theatre artist and theatre scholar as well.
Notes

4Bithell, p. 359.
5Dr. Julius Kapp, Frank Wedekind: Seine Eigenart und Seine Werke (Berlin: Herman Barsdorf Verlag, 1909) p. 95. All sources originally in German have been translated by the thesis writer, unless otherwise indicated.
9Pascal, p. 242.
10Pascal, p. 150.
11Bithell, p. 54.
12Pascal, p. 223.
Notes

13 Bond, p. xxi.
14 Brecht, p. 3.
15 Seehaus, p. 614.
16 Seehaus, p. 614.
17 Richard Echlinger, in Seehaus, p. 615.
18 Echlinger, in Seehaus, p. 615.
19 Seehaus, p. 615.
20 Seehaus, p. 616.
21 Tim Klein, in Seehaus, p. 615.
24 Seehaus, p. 616.
25 Seehaus, p. 622.
26 Seehaus, p. 622.
27 Seehaus, p. 622.
28 Seehaus, p. 622.
29 Seehaus, p. 622.
30 Seehaus, p. 622.
31 Frank Wedekind, in L. R. Shaw, "Bekenntnis und Erkenntnis in Wedekinds Die Zensur," in Frank Wedekind:
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32 Seehaus, p. 624.
33 Seehaus, p. 624.
34 Paul Schlenther, in Seehaus, p. 624.
35 Seehaus, p. 624.
36 Erich Kuehn, in Seehaus, p. 624.
37 Seehaus, p. 623.
38 Seehaus, p. 623.
40 Tim Klein, in Seehaus, p. 623.
42 Seehaus, p. 624.
43 Seehaus, p. 624.
44 Seekamp, n. pag.
45 Hans Trog, in Seehaus, p. 622.
46 Seehaus, p. 621.
47 Seehaus, p. 623.
48 C. Ulbreth, in Seehaus, p. 617.
49 Shaw, p. 20.
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51 Shaw, p. 34.
53 Bond, p. xix.
55 Kapp, p. 105
56 Seehaus, p. 623.
57 Bithell, p. 54.
58 Pascal, p. 65.
60 Kutscher, p. 270.
61 Kutscher, p. 270.
62 Bond, p. ix.
63 Frank Wedekind, in Shaw, p. 20.
64 Wedekind, in Shaw, p. 20.
66 Kapp, p. 99.
67 Kapp, p. 95.
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70 Irmer, p. 173.
71 Wedekind, in Shaw, p. 21.
73 Shaw, p. 23.
74 Wedekind, in Shaw, p. 23.
75 Father Dr. Expeditus Schmidt, in Kutscher, p. 273.
76 Bithell, p. 54.
77 Giesler and Radler, p. 11098.
78 Frank Wedekind, in Seehaus, Wedekind und das Theater, p. 613.
79 Shaw, p. 21.
80 Bond, p. xiv.
82 Brecht, p. 4.
83 Shaw, p. 25.
84 Shaw, p. 22.
85 Kutscher, p. 270.
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86 Brecht, p. 3.
88 Seehaus, Wedekind und das Theater, p. 614.
90 Kutscher, p. 273.
91 Giesler and Radler, p. 11098.
92 Seekamp, n. pag.
93 Kapp, p. 103.
95 Seehaus, Wedekind und das Theater, p. 614.
96 Kapp, p. 95.
98 Irmer, p. 176.
99 Goebel, n. pag.
100 Shaw, p. 31.
101 Friedrich, p. 45.
102 Shaw, pp. 33-34.
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104 Kapp, p. 95.
105 Wedekind, in Shaw, p. 31.
106 Wedekind, in Shaw, p. 34.
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110 Shaw, p. 31.
113 Irmer, p. 174.
114 Shaw, p. 30.
115 Paul Fechter, in Seehaus, Wedekind und das Theater, p. 620.
116 Shaw, pp. 32-33.
117 Irmer, p. 177.
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120 Hans Wagener, Frank Wedekind (Berlin: Colloquium Verlag, 1979), p. 81.
121 Kutscher, p. 275.
122 Irmer, p. 177.
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123 The play has been translated from Frank Wedekind: Ausgewählte Werke, Band 4 (Berlin: Wegweiser Verlag, GmbH., 1925), pp. 127-168.


125 Kutscher, p. 275.
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