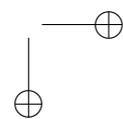
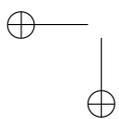
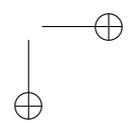
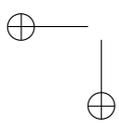
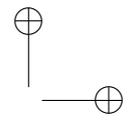
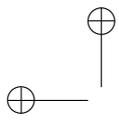
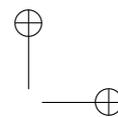
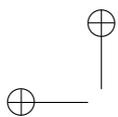


The Magic Flute



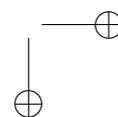
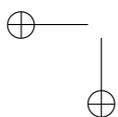


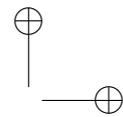
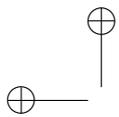


The Magic Flute
A Fantasia

G. Lowes Dickinson

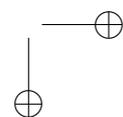
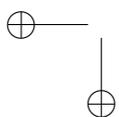
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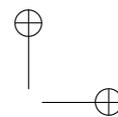
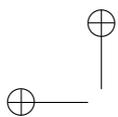




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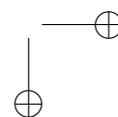
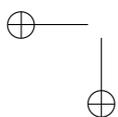
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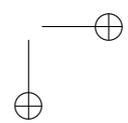
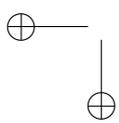
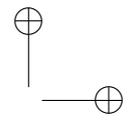
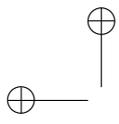


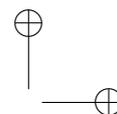
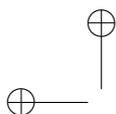


CONTENTS

The Quest	1
The Fire	23
The Water	51
The Hall of Sarastro	89





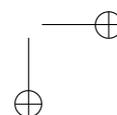
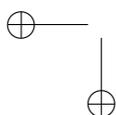


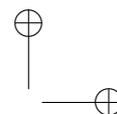
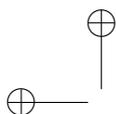
THE QUEST



When Tamino left his companions and began his quest, the Queen of Night was at feud with Sarastro. It was an old feud, almost as old as Time, and it concerned Pamina. Pamina was their daughter. Long ago she had been conceived, though she was always young. As a child she had lived with the Queen, but when she came to the age of reason she chose her father, Sarastro. That was the cause of the quarrel. For Pamina was so beautiful that all the youths who saw her wooed her; and though she would never wed them she won them over to follow Sarastro. But it was for the souls of young men that the Queen and Sarastro contended, and the Queen thought that, if she recovered Pamina, the young men too would come to her, and so, in time, she would re-assume the sole rule of the world which he now divided with her. So whenever a youth set out on the quest, she waylaid him to enlist him on her side, and persuade him to bring Pamina back to her, by love, if he could, or, if not, by force.

But the Queen dwelt on the other side of Mind, in the dark, creating as she slept. She could not therefore





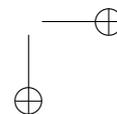
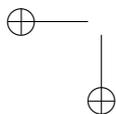
THE MAGIC FLUTE

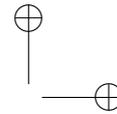
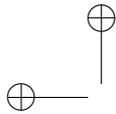
keep watch herself. So she left on guard her servant Monostatos, bidding him summon her when there should be need. And for this she had taught him an incantation. For she was romantic, and loved mysteries and magic. Monostatos, on the other hand, despised such childishness, nor did he at all approve either the purpose or the methods of the Queen. But he was enamoured of her body, and she had promised to reward him if he helped her to her will. So he served her, against his judgment, in a business he thought absurd.

When therefore he saw Tamino, and knew what he was seeking, he ordered his followers to meet him at the place appointed by the Queen. It was a high mountain, rugged and remote, and the hour assigned was midnight. The men arrived before Monostatos. They were terrified at what they saw and what they had to expect, for they knew the Queen was to be summoned. And as he came up, he heard them chanting in scared voices:

“This is the place. Nor bush nor grass!
No sheep may graze, no reindeer pass.
From wall to wall the torrents fall,
A roaring gulf entombs them all.
Over the crags the red moon lags.
The stars are still; they wait Her will.
What’s that that howls and scares the owls?
Whose are the bones? Or are they stones?
Monostatos! He must be near.
Monostatos! Hist! he is here.”

Monostatos was out of temper. He thought his men sillier than children to be disturbed by the time and the place, and he disliked saying the incantation, which seemed to him mere nonsense. However, there was no





THE QUEST

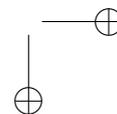
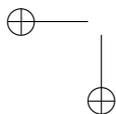
help for it. So he told his men not to be fools, and to go down on their knees, and then spoke the spell, which ran as follows:

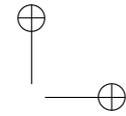
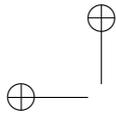
“Goddess, shall I call thee Night
Thou who wast before the light?
Shall I call thee Chaos old,
Womb of all the heavens hold?
Thou who, throning in the abyss,
Underminest all that is,
Yet that ruin, evermore,
Recreatest as before.
Thou the stuff of every breath,
Death in life, and life in death,
Passion’s most authentic voice,
Foe of reason and of choice,
Secret urge behind the will,
Now to gender, now to kill!
Thou who, in the heart of man,
Dost preserve the ancient plan,
Bidding him to keep who may,
Him who can to take away!
In such form as we may bear
Rise upon the upper air!
We, thy servants, wait thy word.”

And at that moment there was a clap of thunder from the clear sky, and the company, throwing themselves on their faces, cried:

“Hark! Oh Terror! She has heard!”

And in fact, with the thunder, the Queen appeared. She had the form of a woman, and one marvellously beautiful. Her robe was blue like the night, but it was not star-inwrought, nor did she bear on her head the crescent moon. For, though she was the Queen of Night, she was





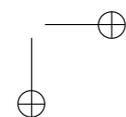
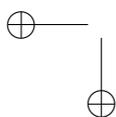
THE MAGIC FLUTE

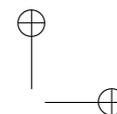
not the Queen of the heavenly bodies. She had indeed created them in the beginning, but only that she might destroy them again. For she blew worlds as boys blow bubbles, and if she could have had her will there would have been nothing enduring anywhere. But since she had lain with Sarastro he had had his part in her world; and he had set in the heavens an order which she could not break. So she looked with perplexity and anger at the heavenly host, and resolved, since she could not destroy it, to cover it up from her sight. And she said:

“This world of sense disquiets me. True, my womb
Has been its cradle and will be its tomb.
Yet is an alien element intermixed,
Shaped in the formless, in the flowing fixed.
Most do the stars offend me. How they march
Like golden troops through a triumphal arch!
Could I but jar the smallest of their train
Measure would end and chaos come again.
It may not be! But this at least is mine,
This tiny centre of the circles nine.
I’ll draw my veils across the shining foor
And what I cannot end at least ignore.”

And then she began to chant:

Hear and obey
Foes of the day!
Down from the fountains
Of snow piled mountains
Vapour and cloud
Creep like a shroud!
Blot from the sky
All that is high!
Cover in night
The last glimmer of light!
Then from confusion





THE QUEST

Gender illusion!
Blind lead the blind!
Kind murder kind!
Reason be dumb!
Rage overcome!
Vapour and cloud
Spread like a shroud!
Descend! descend! descend!

And as she chanted the mist came down and hid the sky. It became dark and cold, and began to rain; and the Queen felt more at home. But Monostatos only grew the angrier. For he didn't like the cold and the wet, and thought them unnecessary. So when the Queen began:

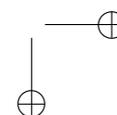
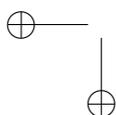
“Who calls me through the portals of the mind
From my dark genderings in the place behind?”

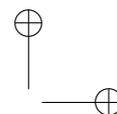
he answered sharply:

“Who should it be but I?”

“Speak,” said the Queen majestically, without attending to his tone of voice. And he told her of the coming of Tamino. They then arranged together that the Queen should lay wait for the young man, in the guise of a mourning mother, and prompt him to the action she desired, while Monostatos should be ready with his men to use force, if the need and the opportunity should arise. The Queen then dispersed the mist (for it was now dawn and the stars would no longer be visible) and went down to a valley where she knew that Tamino must pass.

Meantime, Sarastro too had seen Tamino and observed the summoning of the Queen. And he felt a great desire to speak with her. For though they were enemies, yet





THE MAGIC FLUTE

he loved her, and it was by reason, not by force, that he hoped to subdue her. So he went down to the valley where she was, and she saw him coming. He had the appearance of a man in the prime of life. If he had not worn a beard, it would have been seen that his mouth was beautiful; and his eyes were sad and humorous by turns, so that light and shadow followed one another across his face. The Queen had not seen him for so long that her memory had transformed his features. What she remembered she had thought she hated; but what she saw she knew that she loved. Yet she could not forgive herself for having yielded to him, and she summoned her Queen's pride to defend her against her woman's heart. Sarastro, who knew everything, knew this. And he smiled and said:

“Welcome to my kingdom.”

“Not yours but mine,” said the Queen.

“Yours when you can rule it,” Sarastro replied, still smiling. And then he asked whether he could be of service to her.

“You can restore me Pamina,” said the Queen.

“She is not mine to give.”

“Nor yours to keep.”

“True! She is her own.”

“The man comes,” said the Queen, “who will win her for me.”

“If he will, he will.”

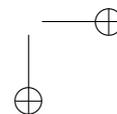
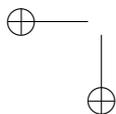
“Will he have access to her?”

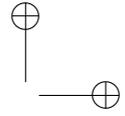
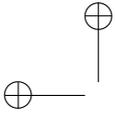
“If she chooses.”

“Shall you use force?”

“When have I done so?”

But at that moment Sarastro's calm, which was not,





THE QUEST

like hers, a pretence, and his smile, and the old feeling she had thought dead welling up in her, suddenly overcame the Queen. She remembered her ruined world and its freedom and peace of mind; how, all her creatures, even Man himself, had moved without forethought to the music of instinct, and death, unforeseen, had been no bitterer than life, and there had been no sin and no remorse and no need for repentance. And she broke out:

“Oh, why did you beget, and why did I bear her? She has curdled the blood of man with the rennet of conscience, till his wry face blasphemes the Universe.”

The smile faded from Sarastro’s eyes, and he said gravely:

“She is a symptom, not a cause. The cause is you and I.”

“Not I,” said the Queen.

“Yes, you! You against me!”

“But whence came you? Once I was alone.”

“And whence came you, when you were alone? I am, by the same right that you are. For I grew upon you, as the flower on the leaf, or the seed on the flower.”

“Why did you woo me?”

“Because I loved and love you.”

But the Queen thereupon broke out, “I hated you and hate you,” and she believed, at that moment, that it was true.

Sarastro said:

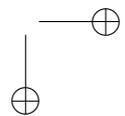
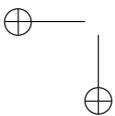
“That hate must turn to love before our conflict ends.”

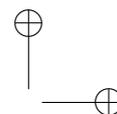
“Never, till I win Pamina!”

“Or till she win you.”

“Her beauty is mine,” said the Queen.

“Her wisdom mine.”





THE MAGIC FLUTE

“Her allurement is mine.”

“Her evasions mine.”

“Her joy was mine.”

“Till my sorrow clouded it.”

“I will have her,” cried the Queen. And Sarastro said:

“Take her, if you can.”

But just then the Queen saw Tamino coming, and she said:

“Here is the youth who will win her for me.”

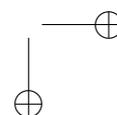
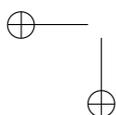
Sarastro turned and looked at Tamino, and tenderness came into his eyes.

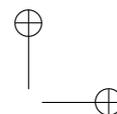
“Let him take her,” he said, “if he can win her.”

“Shall you play fair?” said the Queen.

“I do not play. The cards are there. They play themselves.” And saying that, Sarastro disappeared.

Tamino was coming slowly along the shore of the lake, among the flowers. He had a tangle of gold hair, his eyes were blue, and he was tall and straight and strong. He was not thinking of Pamina, for though he was enamoured of her he did not know it. He only knew that he wanted something he had not found, and that he did not care for what he possessed. This made him fitful and moody and, often, a bad companion. Sometimes he would wander alone making verses to himself. Then he would have a bout of feasting and drinking. One moment he would be sentimental, the next satirical and bitter. He hurt his friends more than he comforted them, and the more he hurt them the more they loved him. Most of them, some time or other, quarrelled with him, and some said he had no heart. But nevertheless, they could not break with him. He had left them now, without a word, and gone upon his quest, though he did not know



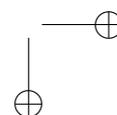
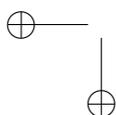


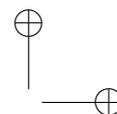
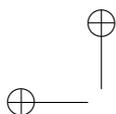
THE QUEST

what the quest was. And as he walked beside the lake he was feeling very lonely. It seemed as though everything could speak, yet nothing communicate with him. The water signalled to the sky, and the sky flashed an answer. The dew whispered the tale to the flowers, the flowers passed it on to the rills, and the rills bore it with them as they bubbled across the meadows. Tamino knew there was something going on more than he could comprehend. And that he too might have something to speak to, he put his flute to his lips.

Now this flute was magic. In the far past an ancestor of Tamino's had brought it from the castle of Sarastro. He had been admitted there, but later, as some do, had left that company and joined another. Since then, the flute had lain neglected in a lumber room, until one day Tamino had come across it. He had blown into it, without knowing how, but it had played of itself; and as it played, there had rushed over the boy a flood of memories and desires that made the life he was living seem no more than an empty dream. That first strain he had never recaptured, and, often enough, what came when he played was meaningless to him or unwelcome. For, though he did not know it, the flute breathed the spirit of Sarastro, and to that Tamino's was not yet attuned. This flute, then, he put to his lips, and what it sang to him was this:

“If, as I love my friend,
Even so, enveloping air,
Larches uprising stilly, blue lake and blue sky,
If so I could love you;
If you were a bright spirit
With a love that could answer mine;





THE MAGIC FLUTE

O, sweet enveloping air,
O larches green and still,
O lake, O sky,
What a world, what a world were this!"

He was so busy with the flute that he did not see Sarastro come and go. But, looking up when he had finished, he saw the Queen.

She had posed herself in his path, looking distraught and sad, and pretending she did not know he was coming. And Tamino, who was always looking for adventures, but hitherto had found none, wondered whether this time romance was really waiting for him. He came up slowly, wondering what he should say; till the Queen, pretending to start, raised her eyes and looked at him. Then she said, in a voice that was all motherliness and self-abnegation:

"So young, so fair, and wandering all alone."

Tamino, who had read all the romances, and knew his cue, instantly replied:

"So gracious, so imperial, so forlorn."

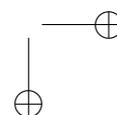
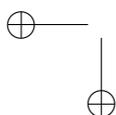
And the Queen went on:

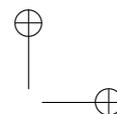
"Whom do you seek so far from homes of men?"

And Tamino said:

"I know not whom, know only that I seek."

Then the Queen, dropping a tear, sobbed as though she could not help herself.





THE QUEST

Queen. "I seek in vain, who know what I have lost."

Tamino. "What lady, what? O let me aid the search!"

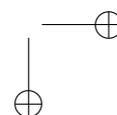
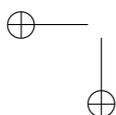
Queen. "He finds who loves. No other may avail."

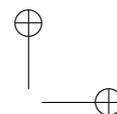
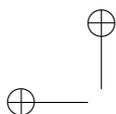
Tamino. "How may one love what he has never seen?"

Then the Queen, who loved the old forms and the old stories, and was delighted that Tamino so well understood them, put into his hand a crystal ball and bade him look into it. Tamino looked and saw. And if, till then, he had not known whether he was playing or in earnest, now there flamed up in him a fire he had not kindled. For all his dreams and all his hopes and every creature of his loves, that had floated before him and escaped in the forms of nature or of art, ran together in the vision of Pamina. And he broke out, forgetting the Queen, and forgetting himself:

"Known and unknown, remembered and forgot,
Loved before birth, and yet encountered not,
Lost architect of nature's empty shell,
Music that wanders in the sky's blue bell,
Gleam on the sea, echo on haunted shore,
Fugitive, fitful, ever on before,
At last I find thee, stretch my arms and fold!"

And he dropped the crystal, and there was the lake and the meadows and the flowers, and all the light gone out of them. He cried-out: "Who is she? Who is she?" And the Queen said: "She is my daughter Pamina." And then she prepared to tell the story, a thing she always enjoyed. She began majestically: "I am the Queen of Night," and then stopped and looked at Tamino, to see how he would be impressed. But he had never heard of the Queen of Night, and was thinking of Pamina, so

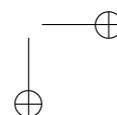
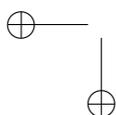


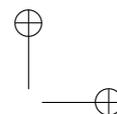


THE MAGIC FLUTE

he said nothing and waited. And the Queen went on to tell him how Pamina had grown up in her garden, unfolding quietly like a flower, and drawing her life from all the elements, so that she became sweet as the earth, musical as the water, bright as the fire, and as the air serene. But while she was still a child – for so the Queen chose to say, and so indeed she believed – Sarastro had stolen her. And since then, her nature was changed. For whereas, before, every thought of hers had been followed by action, as a body is attended by its shadow, now she sat brooding and desponding, and played no more, nor sang, nor danced. And if any youth came to woo her, she would neither take nor refuse him, but holding him enamoured, yet would not satisfy his desires. “And now,” said the Queen concluding, “there is but one way to save her. Against her will, she must be carried off from the power of that enchanter. And him who delivers her I will reward with her hand. But as for her love, that is for him to win.”

Tamino listened to all this with eager attention, and was more than willing to try the adventure. He was indeed indignant at the notion of doing violence to the lady; but then he did not believe it would be necessary. “For,” he thought, “as I, all my life, have been seeking her, so surely has she been waiting for me. If she has refused others, it is because they were not destined for her. But with me it will be otherwise.” So he did not listen very much when the Queen directed him to call on her servant Monostatos if he should need armed help. But, he asked, how was he to find the way to Pamina? “I will send Papageno to guide you,” said the Queen. Now Papageno was Pamina’s foster-brother. His parentage





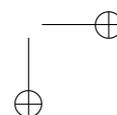
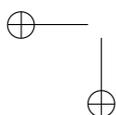
THE QUEST

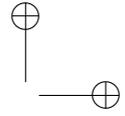
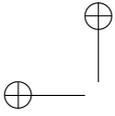
was unknown, but it was certain that the Queen had given him suck, and some said that he was her son. He did not, however, live like a prince, but like a vagabond, wandering over the country, catching birds. His dress was of feathers and he played on a pipe so delightfully that none could resist him when they heard him. And every one liked him, though every one laughed at him, and he had access wherever he would go. Him then the Queen promised to send Tamino for a guide. And she went to seek him, vanishing so suddenly that Tamino wondered whether he had been dreaming. He had had so many dreams, and why should not this be another? The Queen was gone. Perhaps she had never been there. And Pamina? Alas! even in the dream he had but seen her in a vision. Was there any Pamina at all? Was there anywhere any reality? And he stood long, in pensive doubt, till suddenly he heard a pipe. The Queen had told Papageno that he would find a new kind of bird in the valley, and he had come dancing down to look. Seeing Tamino he was delighted, and began to sing:

“Save us! What a lovely fellow!
Long-legged, blue-eyed, crest of yellow!
Hullo brother, brother bird!
Looks as if he hadn’t heard.
If I caught him in my net?
But I daren’t be cheeky yet!
Better try him with the pipe.”

And he played:

“Cherry ripe, cherry ripe!
Do re mi, Fa la la!
Now he listens! Ha ha ha!”





THE MAGIC FLUTE

Tamino looked round when he heard the pipe and said:

“Hallo! Are you a man or a bird?”

“That depends on the man and the bird. I’m not a vulture, nor yet a soldier.”

“What then?”

“A cuckoo. For I have no nest of my own.”

“That for a bird. And for a man?”

“A tramp for ever.”

“Will you tramp with me, then?”

“You’re no tramp,” said Papageno. And then, as he looked at him, he added: “But one way you’re like a tramp.”

“What way?”

“You never did a day’s work in your life. I like that.”

Tamino was rather nettled, for he considered that he worked hard at poetry. So he said:

“I catch words, just as you catch birds.”

“What do you catch them with?”

“With my wits.”

“And what do you do when you’ve caught them?”

“Shut them up in a cage.”

“That’s a pity,” said Papageno. “I let the birds go again.”

“Can you catch men, as well as birds?” Tamino asked.

“Sometimes.”

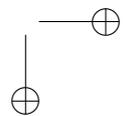
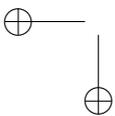
“And women too?”

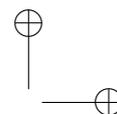
“Yes.”

Then Tamino – for now he began to believe in his vision – broke out:

“Will you come with me, then, and help me to catch Pamina?”

“I’ll go with you,” said Papageno, “but you must catch





THE QUEST

her yourself, if you can. She isn't a bird, and she isn't a woman."

"What is she then?"

"I don't know. She used to be my playmate."

"And now?"

"Now she sits and thinks. And when I pipe to her, instead of dancing, she smiles at me and strokes my head."

Tamino thought he would not get much more out of Papageno, who seemed to him half-witted. So he told him to lead on, and Papageno danced away piping. For some distance Tamino followed him, then suddenly found that he could go no further. There was no barrier to be seen, and Papageno had found no obstacle, yet to him the way forward was barred. And while he stood amazed he saw, advancing towards him, a tall man with a beard, dressed in robes that appeared to be those of some religious Order.

"Who are you?" said the stranger.

"Tamino."

"Whom do you seek?"

"Pamina."

"For what purpose?"

"My own."

"Have you a passport?"

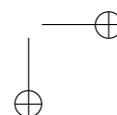
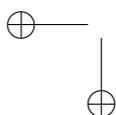
"The passport of youth."

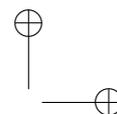
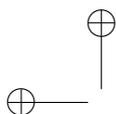
"It is not enough."

"Then I offer love."

"Which love?"

And Tamino, who had discoursed, in the past, so eloquently of love, and sung so many songs about it, found himself dumb before the question. So, not knowing





THE MAGIC FLUTE

what to say, he began to bluster, and cried: “Enough of talk! let me in, or I will show you the passport of force.”

“You have a better than that,” replied the other, “my master’s will.”

“Why then do you delay me?”

“That I may warn you. It is easy to go in, but hard to come out.”

“I shall take my chance.”

“It is easy to woo Pamina, but hard to win her.”

“I shall take my chance.”

“If you miss her, you will miss all.”

“I shall take my chance.”

“Pass then, at your peril.”

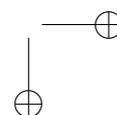
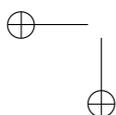
“At my peril, I pass.”

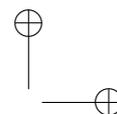
And Tamino went on and through.

There was nothing particular to see on the other side. The country was the same as before, and the light and the air. Yet Tamino was seized with panic, and suddenly felt he must escape. He turned back, expecting to find the invisible wall. But he could move any way, and every way he felt fear. And he turned to Papageno, who was waiting for him, and said: “Do you feel nothing?” “I feel the sun,” said Papageno. And Tamino felt ashamed of his fear, and told him to lead on.

So they went on till they came to a pavilion, and Papageno, pointing to it, said: “She is there.”

Tamino stood looking at the pavilion. It was very simple, yet he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. It was built of wood and roofed with purple tiles. The cornice, curiously fretted, was painted in green and blue; and along the front ran a row of tall pillars. Slowly Tamino approached, his heart beating fast. And





THE QUEST

there in very truth, seated within, was the lady he had seen in the crystal ball. She was deep in meditation and did not seem to be aware of him. But he, seeing her, saw also all that legend had told him of beauty – the splendour of Helen when she shone out, like a sun, on the walls of Troy; the solemn eyes of Diotima who taught young men the way that leads from the love of earth to the love of heaven; and (as he saw with sorrow) that exquisite grief of tear-worn Psyche when, by disobedience, she had forfeited the embraces of her winged lover. These and such-like images came, like a flight of doves, hovering about Pamina as he looked at her. Yet lovelier even than they was she herself. And half afraid to call her back from her celestial wanderings, he went softly into the pavilion, and, scarce above his breath, whispered:

“Lady!”

Then Pamina, as though she were returning from a far country, let her eyes fall on him and said, without moving:

“Sir.”

“Do I not see Pamina?” he cried.

And she said: “That is my name.”

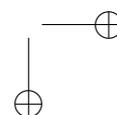
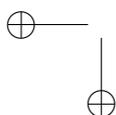
Then Tamino fell on his knees and broke out:

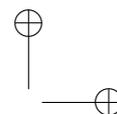
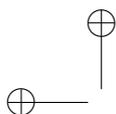
“Long sought, late found, O lady let me kneel,
That act not voice may tell you what I feel.”

But she signed to him to rise, and asked:

“What is it you would with me?”

And when Tamino saw her so cold, as though he were a stranger, bitter disappointment came upon him, and he said piteously:





THE MAGIC FLUTE

“Years and years I have waited for this moment! And now...” and his voice failed him.

But Pamina said sadly: “What can I do? You are in one world, and I in another.”

When she said this there came back to Tamino’s mind all that the Queen had told him about enchantment, and now he thought it must be true. So he said:

“I have come to deliver you from that other world. Come with me, come! And I will take you back in safety to the Queen, your mother.”

When he spoke of her mother Pamina’s eyes filled with tears. But she shook her head and said: “I cannot.”

“Cannot!” cried Tamino; “what prevents? If it be force, I have force to meet it! Trust me! Only trust me!”

But she said: “My will prevents me.”

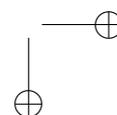
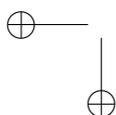
Then a kind of rage came over Tamino to be so baffled. He said to himself: “It is unnatural!” for naturally, he thought, she would have loved him, as he loved her. So he began to speak firmly and said:

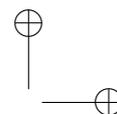
“If your will prevents you, lose your will in mine! In this place you are not yourself. Sarastro has enchanted you. Let me break the spell.”

She smiled through her tears and said: “How will you break it?” And he said: “If need be by force.”

She shook her head and replied: “Sarastro does not yield to force.” And when she spoke Sarastro’s name, a beauty so exquisite came into her face that Tamino could not contain himself. And he forgot all about enchantments and arguments, and cried, simply, like a child: “Come with me then because I love you!”

But Pamina said sadly: “You do not love me. And beware lest you should. For those who love me are unhappy men.”





THE QUEST

“What matter?” he cried, “Unhappy or happy, I love you, and always must, and always shall.”

But she said: “It is not love, but passion that speaks in you.”

Then Tamino, growing madder and madder, cried: “What if it is? And what is the difference?” For, indeed, by now, there was no difference to him. For his senses had risen like a flood to drown his soul, and his soul floated like phosphorus on the waves, and fire was water and water fire, and both altogether music. And he broke out:

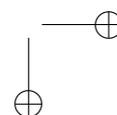
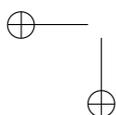
“Love! Passion! What distinction fine is here?
I say I love you! And I mean I must,
I will possess you! Soul and body, both!
I love you! And I mean that I desire you!
I love you! and I’ll take you if I must!
I did not know until I saw you; now
I know that passion is the name of love!”

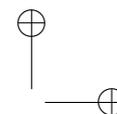
Then Pamina, rising to her feet, cried in a voice of anguish:

“Oh take your passion where it has its end!
I cannot be your mistress nor your friend,
Nor wife, nor mother of your children! No!
If you would save your passion, go, go, go!”

But Tamino answered:

“You do not know yourself, nor me, nor life,
You are enchanted. And you’ll hang for ever,
Like that famed apple, on the topmost bough,
Dancing in vain, unless I break the spell.
I break it now, and with a firm-set mind
And conscience clear, am cruel to be kind!”





THE MAGIC FLUTE

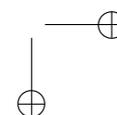
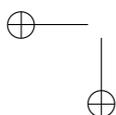
And hardly knowing what he did he called “Monostatos!” And thereupon the pavilion was full of armed men, with Monostatos at their head. They advanced upon Pamina. But she, without moving or changing colour, called: “Papageno!” And immediately there was heard the sound of a pipe so ravishing and so gay that no anger and no folly could hear it and abide. And Papageno came dancing in, and sang what follows:

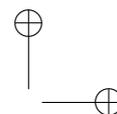
“What a rumpus! What’s the matter?
Chatter, chatter, chatter, chatter!
Silly birds! Have you forgot
Singing is your proper lot?”

And turning now to one, now to another, he went on:

“Come my blackbird! Lead the way,
Whistle-in the month of May!
Cuckoo be a hidden voice
Bidding happy fields rejoice!
Shake your notes, you merry larks,
In a shower of golden sparks!
Rooks in some more friendly way
Caw away, caw away!
Drop your worms, you greedy thrushes!
Warble, warblers, in the rushes!
Wail, wail, nightingale!
Do not wait for evening pale!
There, that’s something like a song!
Come along! Come along!”

For by this time he had them all singing and dancing in front of him, he forwards and they backwards, out of the pavilion. Monostatos only did not dance, but neither could he act, and so, with a gesture of contempt, he strode out and away. But as for Tamino, half angry and half amused, he took out his flute, saying:





THE QUEST

“Silly fellows! Off they go,
Dancing backwards in a row.
Never mind! If he can play,
So can I, and make them stay.”

And he put his flute to his lips and sang:

“Magic flute, it’s up to you,
Let us see what you can do.”

But the flute said:

“Follow on, follow on,
That’s the stop to play upon”

Tamino. “But you fool, I want to stay!”

The flute. “Come away! Come away!”

Tamino. “Leave Pamina? Never, never!”

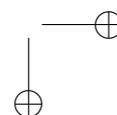
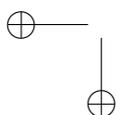
The flute. “Leave her now or lose for ever!”

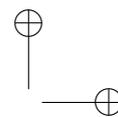
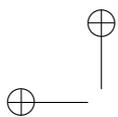
Tamino. “Double voices, false and true!
Which is I and which is you?”

The flute. “You the sense and I the soul!
Follow to the hidden goal!”

And thereupon Tamino had no choice but to dance
off too, playing his flute in accompaniment to Papageno,
who went on singing:

“Breaking through the spotted egg,
Opening scissor-bills to beg;
Turning worms, with all their rings,
Into lovely feather-things;
Staggering in your early flight,
Learning quick to do it right;
Billing, mating, nesting, then
Coming to the start again,
Bird to egg and egg to bird,
Most delightful, most absurd!

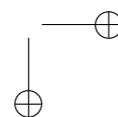
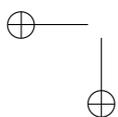


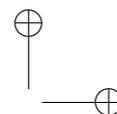


THE MAGIC FLUTE

Which is which, and what is what
Never known, or else forgot!
Come, my darlings, that's the way!
Now we're learning how to play!
There! that's something like a song!
Come along! Come along!"

So they danced and danced, until Tamino lost all sense of anything but the dance, and, at last, of the dance itself. He danced till he was all alone, and then fell down exhausted, and a deep sleep came over him.



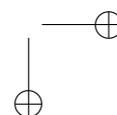
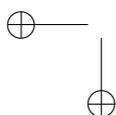


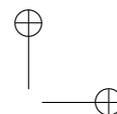
THE FIRE



Meantime Monostatos was reporting to the Queen what had occurred. He began by complaining of Papageno, as he had often done before. But on that point the Queen was obdurate. She said that she liked Papageno and that was the long and short of it, and if he misbehaved himself, it couldn't be helped. So Monostatos shrugged his shoulders and went on to more important matters. Being an able and ambitious man, he was impatient of all this business of love, in which he was expected to mix himself up. Power was his aim, and, as he well knew, the surest way to power was war. He proposed therefore to the Queen that he should take up arms against Sarastro, pretending that, in this way, he could compel him to give up Pamina. Since he was an intelligent man he knew that this was nonsense; for that Sarastro would not fight, in that way, nor could Pamina so be won. But he knew also that the Queen, being romantic, loved war; that she would believe that the right cause must triumph; and that she would be sure her own cause must be right.

And so it proved. The Queen was enthusiastic for the

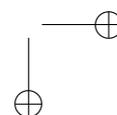
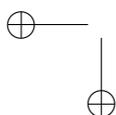


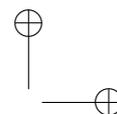


THE MAGIC FLUTE

idea. Visions of marching soldiers, battles and victories, stirred her blood, and already she saw Sarastro dragged in triumph to her feet. Then, she thought, she would forgive him, there would be a scene of reconciliation, magnanimity on her part and repentance on his, Pamina restored to her mother, and every one living happily ever after. So she named Monostatos commander-in-chief and gave him full powers to enlist armies and conduct the campaign; while she herself would be active in the rear to encourage those at home. This being agreed, Monostatos left her on the mountain, while he went down to prepare the war. And in that he had no difficulty. He did not, indeed, even attempt to entangle Sarastro in the enterprise, for he knew that would be vain; but it was easy enough to entangle others. For, as always, the fuel was lying ready and waiting only the spark to kindle it. It only remained, then, to trump up a cause of quarrel and give it the name of Pamina. To one, the name meant empire, to another, honour, to another, Right, to another ambition or pride or revenge; but all were agreed, whatever it was, that if one had it, another could not, and therefore it must be fought for. Quickly then the whole country was astir with the motions of war. And Sarastro from his castle saw it. Then, with him, it was as though he had been struck a mortal blow. The light faded from his eyes, and he stood long dumb and blind, a statue of pain and consternation. But slowly at last he gathered himself together – how often had he done so before! – and went to seek the Queen. For he thought “It is possible she may have grown accessible to reason; and what is possible must be attempted.”

When the Queen saw him coming, so heavy of step





THE FIRE

and so slow, she felt a savage joy. And she began:

“Well, have you come to beg for peace?”

And Sarastro answered “Yes.”

“You know my terms, Pamina and my kingdom.”

“They are not mine to give.”

“Then I will take them.”

“They cannot be taken by force.”

“Why, then, do you hold them by force?”

“I do not.”

“Who fights me then?”

“Force provokes force. It is you who call, and it is you who answer.”

The Queen laughed. “What! I fight against myself?”

“Even so.”

“Why, then, should you be disturbed?”

And Sarastro said: “Because I have part in you, and you in me. And your servants, who fight and kill, are those who will be mine.”

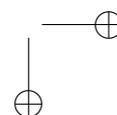
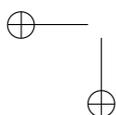
“Wait till they are!” the Queen replied.

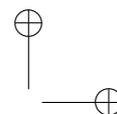
“I wait! and the time is long.”

“It will be longer yet, and longer and longer.”

And Sarastro saw that she was right, and that he was wasting words. So he said gravely: “What must be, must be,” and moved away. The Queen watched him go and said nothing. She had neither understood nor believed what he had said, and she supposed that he had gone to set his battle in order. But he knew that no soldier of his would go into this war, though one might come to him out of it. And he said: “At least I shall win Tamino. But at what a cost!” And so saying he went back to his castle till his hour should come.

Meantime Tamino had come to himself, and remem-





THE MAGIC FLUTE

bering what had happened, remembered also that he was angry. He was angry with Pamina, angry with Papageno, angry above all with himself. To begin with, he had made himself ridiculous, and that was the worst of all. Then, he had failed, and he felt his manhood outraged. He no longer seemed to love Pamina. He thought her cold, heartless, inhuman. But all the more he wanted to possess her, if only for the sake of possession, that he might recover his self-esteem. As he was revolving these feelings, he saw Monostatos beside him. And that gave a new direction to his thoughts. He began to wonder whether all this pursuit of love were, after all, really, the proper business of life. Surely it was not that that had built up this handsome, soldierly man in the prime of life. Suddenly he felt young and inexperienced. And wishing to make a good impression, he said roughly:

“Where is that fool Papageno? I’ll teach him a lesson!”

“Better leave him alone,” replied Monostatos, in a bluff kindly voice. “It’s never worth while to waste time over fools.”

“I suppose not,” said Tamino carelessly, feeling that he was being treated as a man. And he added:

“You’re a soldier, I suppose.”

“Yes.”

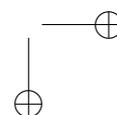
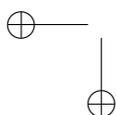
“A fine life!”

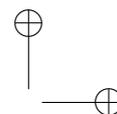
“Why not try it?” Monostatos replied.

“Is there a war?”

“Yes.”

And then, adapting himself to Tamino’s situation, Monostatos explained that the object of the war was Pamina, that she could only be had by the conquest of Sarastro, and that, after the victory, the Queen, as she





THE FIRE

had promised, would confer her as a reward on the young hero who had fought for her.

Tamino was ready enough to believe all this. It flattered his vanity; it flattered his revenge; it flattered his ambition. And as the Queen had had her vision of a reconciliation with Sarastro, so had he his of one with Pamina. He would enter her pavilion, a victorious general, dazzle her with his splendid manhood, forgive the past, admit that he too had been young and foolish, and receive her as his bride from the hands of her grateful mother. All this went on in the back of his mind, and how serious it was he himself perhaps did not know. But in any case here was war, and the active life. He felt as though he had lived hitherto in a dream. But now his career was opening and surely the noblest of all. And he cried to Monostatos:

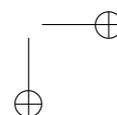
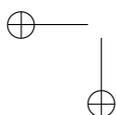
“I will raise a troop.”

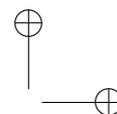
Monostatos clapped him on the shoulder and said, “Well done,” and Tamino put his flute to his lips and blew. But from the flute came nothing but a wail, and the sense of the wail was:

“Beware! Beware!
This is all a snare.”

Tamino blushed red with shame and anger, and tried again. But try as he might he could obtain no other sound. So at last he flung the flute away and snatched a drum from a soldier standing by. Fiercely he began to beat, and the drum called:

“Awake, boys! Boys, awake, awake!”





THE MAGIC FLUTE

Hark! You are sleeping! Hark! The hour has come!
Do you not hear it gallop upon the drum?"

And far away the boys heard and started. One was practising rhythms and rhymes. And when he heard the call he sang:

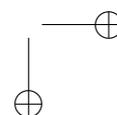
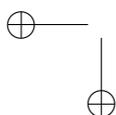
"I follow verse!
I am wandering in the mazes
Of a dream-no-dream, of a truth-told dream,
Woven out of music and the colour of the words,
Where their white light breaks in the rhythm as it
shakes
Rainbowy drops in a chorussing of birds,
And those birds words!
What is this that amazes
Me wandering in the mazes?"

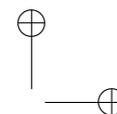
But the drum called back:

"Awake, boys, arise,
Unseal your eyes."

Another was lost in fancies of love. And he, too, heard the call, and said:

"I follow love.
And still he dodges me. Here he was, and here!
Behind the bush? ah, no! In the echo? Alas!
The echo never the voice! In the eyes? Yes, there
was a spark!
It is quenched! In the bodies of boys and girls? Ah,
me,
Like a breath breathed in, breathed out, and off to
the sea!
In one, in another, in all, in none!
He is a cheat, this masquerading One!
Yet after him I must run.
Do not stop me till I am done!"





THE FIRE

But the drum clamoured:

“Not love! Hate!
That is the hour’s call!
Follow it, one and all!”

Another was pursuing science. And he began to protest:

“I follow truth!
Fugal fact, same in other, ever a stranger and ever
brother,
With a thread that runs through – oh, if I but knew!
Stringing Man to behind and beyond Man – Oh
That I must find! Don’t hurry me! I must know.”

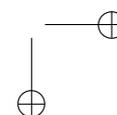
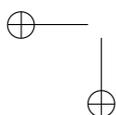
But without pity the drum beat and beat:

“No time for that!
Only this fact,
The hour holds – Act!”

Another was discoursing of Art, and he, when he heard,
called back:

“I follow art!
Truth of sense, not mind,
If but I could, I would find.
No, not find, make it, or out of the matrix take it,
The gold from the ore, that is there and not there,
Form, significance, emphasis – what there,
What is it? Oh
I must know!
Know by making,
Predatory taking,
Yet not for myself, for all!
Be still! Why do you call?”

But the drum insisted:

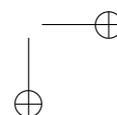
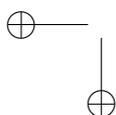


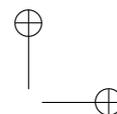


THE MAGIC FLUTE

“Not such taking
Nor such making,
Now for you, but marring, marring!
Listen, the wheels of the world are jarring!
Your blood must oil them,
Your flesh soil them!
Wake up from your dreaming!
All this is seeming, seeming!”

And so it was with one after another. They shrunk; they were startled, horrified, incredulous, amazed; they answered back; they protested; but it was all in vain. The drum called and called, and they must follow. And as they came together and marched, a new mood took hold of them. Something there was of adventure, for they were young; something of consecration, for they were generous; some vanity, for the women and old men praised them for their courage and their looks; for the weaker, much relief, that they had put themselves under direction; for the worser, much delight, that they could give the rein to their passions. None of them troubled much to ask what they were fighting about. But all accepted the word given to them, which was Pamina, and in and by that word they lived. So they marched and marched, following the drum, till they came to Tamino. And when he saw them, how gallant they were, and how handsome and strong, his heart beat higher than ever. Monostatos too praised him and them. And he gave them a rousing address and marched off at their head. And by now all the countryside was marching, bands playing, bells ringing, and, in all the churches, priests intoning day and night. And what they intoned was the same thing over and over again:





THE FIRE

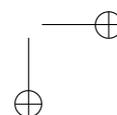
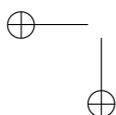
“We are right;
They are wrong.”

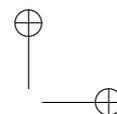
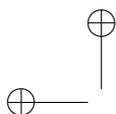
And the congregations answered:

“They are wrong;
We are right.”

For many days the army marched; and Tamino shared a tent with Monostatos, and learned much from him of the art of war. But the last night before they came into touch with the enemy, waking before the dawn he saw Monostatos looking into a curious mirror. He asked what it was, and Monostatos told him that it was Virgil’s mirror, which once belonged to the King of Naples, and that it had the property of reflecting the armies of the enemy, who they were and what their disposition. Tamino asked to look in it. But when he looked, he saw only the faces of his own friends. And he said to Monostatos: “You must be mistaken. This is our army that I see.” “Nonsense,” said Monostatos, “you use it wrong.” And he gave it a turn and said, “Look again.” But still Tamino saw the faces of friends. And the more he looked, the more perturbed he grew, till Monostatos, with an oath, snatched the mirror from him and said, “You will never make a soldier!” The two men looked at one another, for a moment, with hate in their eyes. Then Monostatos laughed and apologized, and they made it up. But it was with a heavy heart and in great perplexity that Tamino took his station in the field.

Quickly, however, the needs of the hour blew that mood away. He had too much to learn and to do to have

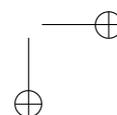
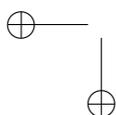


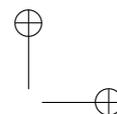


THE MAGIC FLUTE

time to think, and he learned quickly and did well. His new life pleased him. It was indeed, he felt, the only real life he had known. Fatigue, danger, exposure, all had their charm. And though he daily risked his life, by that very fact he had ceased to be a slave to it. Thus, for some time, his soul dwelt secure and at peace, within the shelter of her new experience. But as that grew familiar, so did it wear thin, and she began to look out and through it. And Tamino saw what he was doing. But as soon as he saw that, there was an end to all his peace. For what he was doing, plainly, was bad. He was killing men. Every one there was killing men. That was the truth, and the whole truth. It was in vain that he told himself it was all for the sake of Pamina. For, he saw too well, such work could neither please nor win her. And seeing that, all the joy of battle left him. He could not endure now to kill, though willing enough to be killed. But death did not come his way, and he thought it would be cowardly to seek him. So for many months he fought on, with no heart for fighting, no hope, no faith, no comfort, but a growing and intolerable disgust. Till at last Sarastro saw that his hour had come, and went down to the field of battle.

There was a lull just then in the place where Tamino was, and his men lay huddled together plunged in sleep. But he was awake and standing alone, looking out over the plain. And what he saw under the glimmering moon was a desolation – ruined houses, stumps of trees, black pits and hummocks, where once had been houses and orchards and waving corn. And all the scene was dotted with corpses, some fresh and bleeding, some blown into bladders, some with the flesh half rotted from their bones.





THE FIRE

Here was a head sticking out, with the dried skin black upon it; here a hand; there a foot. The still air reeked with putrefaction. And somewhere close at hand was the moaning of a wounded man. And Tamino said to himself:

“All this have I done. Why?”

And a voice beside him echoed – “Why?”

Tamino started and cried, “Who is there?” But he saw nothing, for Sarastro chose to remain unseen. But to the question “Who is there?” came the answer:

“You yourself.”

“What do you want?” cried Tamino. And the voice said again:

“Yourself.”

“Well, I am here,” Tamino said. And the voice asked:

“Why are you here?”

Now in the past Tamino would have answered, confidently enough, “To win Pamina.” But that answer he could no longer make. Yet answer he must, so like a child he blurted out:

“I don’t know why.”

“If you do not know why you are fighting,” said the voice, “tell me at least for whom.”

And half-heartedly, and not believing himself, Tamino faltered:

“For my friends.”

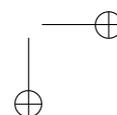
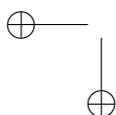
But as he spoke he heard again the moaning of the wounded man. And the voice said:

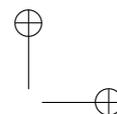
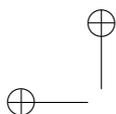
“Go then and look at your friend.” Tamino replied:

“That is an enemy.”

But the voice repeated:

“Go and look,” and Tamino had to go. And gazing at





THE MAGIC FLUTE

him out of a face that had lost all its features, he saw the eyes of an enemy, and they were the eyes of a friend. He gave a cry and fell senseless to the ground. And Sarastro watched beside him till the dawn.

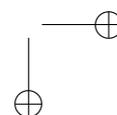
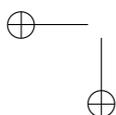
By dawn Tamino's mind was clear. He knew now that he must leave the field of battle and carry the truth to those at home. For, he thought, if they knew the truth, they could not prolong the war. Sarastro cast a mist about him and he passed through the army unseen, and made his way toward the fields and towns and cities.

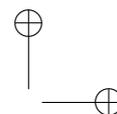
But during his absence much had happened of which he was not aware. For the Queen of Night had been at work among the minds of men, filling them with delusions which they thought to be truths and passions which they supposed to be reasons. So that they lived in a world of appearance, believing it to be real; and Tamino, who now saw reality, was at cross purposes with them from the beginning.

The first person he met was his friend Eugenio, who, because he was intelligent and well born, had not been sent to the war, but was kept back to order it at home. When Tamino saw him, there came over his heart something he had forgotten he could feel, so long was it since he had spoken with a friend. Eugenio, too, was moved, but differently. He was ashamed that he had not been fighting, though that was no fault of his, and not knowing how Tamino would regard him was anxious to justify himself. So after a voluble greeting (Tamino could not speak) he went on:

“You are a lucky man. Pity me!”

At that Tamino felt a shock. He looked again at Eugenio and said: “You are – yes, you are Eugenio.”





THE FIRE

But in truth he was not sure. For behind the face he saw there seemed to peer at him another, from which youth and beauty had departed leaving only vanity, ambition and pretence.

“Of course I am Eugenio.” And he poured out a flood of talk, how harassed he was night and day, what responsibilities lay upon him, what anxiety, what a load of labour, “And yet,” he added with a laugh, “I was never so happy in my life.”

“Happy!” Tamino repeated, staring at him.

“Well, you know what I mean,” and then, looking at Tamino for the first time, he added:

“You look tired, and no wonder.”

But Tamino did not hear him. Gazing at the face beyond the face he said, in a toneless voice:

“You must stop this war.”

Eugenio laughed nervously.

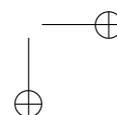
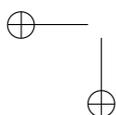
“Yes,” he repeated, “you are tired; come home with me.” But Tamino said again:

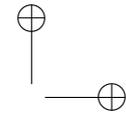
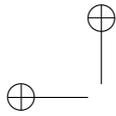
“You must stop this war.”

Eugenio took him by the arm and led him away. And as they went, Tamino grew more and more perplexed. Everything was familiar, yet everything was different. There were the people in the streets busy, cheerful, loquacious. Yes, there they were. Yet they did not seem real. Something else was real, of which they were shadows, some hard, dark, impenetrable core. And following up his thought he said aloud:

“But that must be what used to be their heart.”

Eugenio said nothing, but hurried on the faster, till they reached his home. There they found within his father and a company of old men, talking, as always,





THE MAGIC FLUTE

about the war. Most of them had sons, and of these some had perished, others lay wounded and sick. They were proud of them, and proud of themselves for being their fathers. And they would not have ended the war without victory to spare the life of any son. All that Tamino felt, as he came into the room. And as he sat and listened, the talk of the old men ran into a ridiculous lilt, of which the sense was this:

The sword that's drawn
We will not sheathe
Till every foe
Has ceased to breathe.

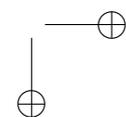
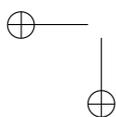
Where honour calls
The brave must go,
And he who falls
Is better so.

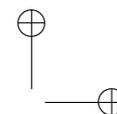
“What sons have you?”
“Not have – I had!
The boy's in heaven.”
“Oh, happy lad!”

“My four yet live.
But were they dead,
I'd give the rest.”
“Oh nobly said.”

“Rather than yield
To such a foe
I'd take the field
Myself and go.”

“And so would I.”
“And I,” “And I.”
“We'd take the field
Ourselves and die.”





THE FIRE

Hearing this, or thinking that he heard it, Tamino burst out laughing. The old men looked at him with surprise and Eugenio with anxiety.

“What’s the matter,” he whispered. But Tamino, recovering himself, said doggedly:

“You must stop this war.”

“What! Without victory?” And there arose a babel of argument and protest. Tamino tried to hold his own. But suddenly the old men, hobbling on their sticks, turned into a pack of curs, and instead of what they were actually saying, he heard words like these:

“Wow, wow, wow! Here we come!
We’re the old men, fee fo fum!
Stump and dot, we’re the lot.
Young men die but we do not.
Fee fum fo, Fo fum fee!
Never-never-never-never-endians we!”

Hearing this, Tamino was overcome with rage, and hit out at them right and left shouting:

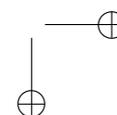
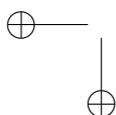
“You devils! You devils!”

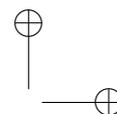
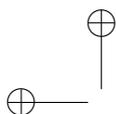
And everything was noise and confusion, till Eugenio got him away, and brought him to a private chamber, where he fell exhausted on a couch.

When he came to himself, there was seated beside him the mother of Eugenio. Tamino lay and looked at her. She had a kind face, only curiously still. And thinking she would understand, he began talking to her, and telling her what it really was that soldiers had to bear and do. Presently, he turned, and said:

“Well?” But she said nothing and looked at him.

“We must stop the war,” he said.





THE MAGIC FLUTE

But she said nothing and looked at him.

“Why do you not speak?” he asked, beginning to feel strange.

But she said nothing and looked at him.

At that panic took him. He sat up and stared at her. And then he saw that her face was made of stone.

He leapt up, shrieking, and ran out of the house. But in the streets it was worse than ever. For by now he could no longer see appearance, even as a shadow; but reality, instead, projected upon his senses a symbol of itself. He saw, passing and passing, not men but wild beasts. And to escape them he turned into a building which was a temple of the god Yahve. But Tamino saw it as a parrot-cage, and the preacher as a macaw. And instead of the words of the discourse, he heard a foolish lilt, conveying to his mind a sense like this:

“Dearly beloved brethren, we
Are bidden redress iniquity.
There’s murder done, and its only fit,
That we should murder to punish it.

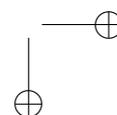
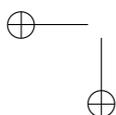
The Lord our god is a man of war,
You know it now, if you didn’t before,
And I am the prophet of his will,
To bid you kill, to bid you kill.”

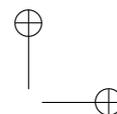
So it went on and on, and round and round, till Tamino could bear it no longer, and jumping up cried out:

“Pretty poll! Pretty poll!”

Whereupon the whole cageful burst into a scream, and fearing for his eyes, Tamino ran out again into the street.

But there again was the endless procession of wild beasts; and seized once more with panic, he took refuge





THE FIRE

through the open door of a great hall. But there he was worse off than ever. For the whole place was full of hyenas, leaping and bounding about a huge idol. The idol had a hundred hands, and with each pair of these it was kneading with a pestle in a mortar. It had also a hundred heads, without eyes, but each with an open mouth. And from the mouths, as from a mechanical organ, roared a deafening cacophony. The noise was inarticulate. Yet, to Tamino's mind, from the howling and growling came a sense, of which the words were these:

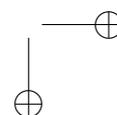
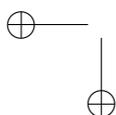
“Rah rah rah, Rah rah rah!
Pound and pash them, ha ha ha!

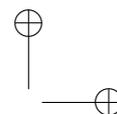
We take the people, high and low,
And braise them in our mortar, so,
Till every nation's kneaded up,
A bloody pulp, for us to sup.
Rah rah rah, Rah rah rah!
Pash and pound them, ha ha ha!

We teach them what to think and feel,
And when to cheer and when to squeal,
And whom to hate and whom to love,
In earth beneath or heaven above.
Tra la la la, and that's the way,
To keep them at it night and day.

When dogs delight to bark and bite
They may be wrong, they may be right,
But right or wrong, the ginger's hate,
We sell it here, and up to date.
Tra la la la, and more and more,
That's the way to win the War.

We seek no gain – now watch me wink –
Of land or money – I don't think!
Or have you met a victor yet





THE MAGIC FLUTE

Who did not take what he could get?
Tra la la la, Tra la la lee!
Wait till we win, and we shall see!

The boys are dying? Let them die!
We all die some day, even I.
And they'll be happy where they go,
The parson says, and ought to know.
So tra la la la, and ho ho ho!
Over the corpses, on we go."

As he was listening to this Tamino felt a hand laid on his shoulder and looking round saw Eugenio. It was Eugenio, yes, certainly it was. But why had he the face of a fox?

"What's going on here?" Tamino asked.

"They're crying the news."

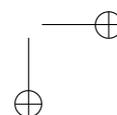
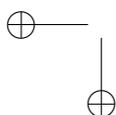
"The news? What do you mean? Who are the hyenas? What is the idol."

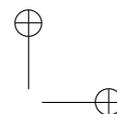
"Come away," Eugenio replied, taking him by the arm. "You are not well." He led him out, Tamino following quietly enough, and would have brought him back to his house. But on the way they had to cross a great square, and there Tamino stopped.

"What is this?" he asked.

"The mart, where all our merchants come to trade."

But what Tamino saw was this. In the middle of the space, raised high on a platform, was a golden calf, and on either side of it an altar and ministering priests. At the one they were sacrificing wine and meat, at the other sheaves of corn. And as they offered, they chanted alternate verses, moving solemnly in a ring. But the priests had the faces and gestures, not of men, but of apes. And the sense of their chanting, as it came to Tamino's mind, was this:





THE FIRE

First chorus. Golden calf, golden calf,
Blood we offer, come and quaff!
Lo the cup lifted up,
Red and foaming! Come and sup!

Second chorus. Pile amain heaps of slain,
Winnow out the golden grain!
More and more heap the store
On the thundering threshing floor!

First chorus. Golden king, hear us sing!
Dainty morsels we do bring,
Meat to wine, fat and fine,
Take and eat it, it is thine!

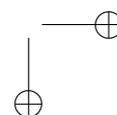
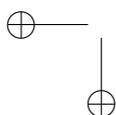
Second chorus. Human flesh thresh and thresh,
Pile the corpses fresh and fresh!
Low be laid man and maid!
'Tis the currency of trade.

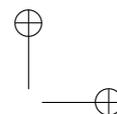
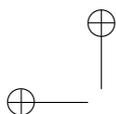
Both choruses. Flail be fleet, beat and beat!
Blood to drink and flesh to eat.
Ours the grain, and his the chaff!
Fill him full, the golden calf!

As he listened to this Tamino lost his last grip upon himself. In vain Eugenio tried to hold him. He forced his way to the front, leapt upon the stage where the calf stood, and hurled it to the ground, shouting: "Behold your god! Behold your god!" Then arose about him such a din as surely never was heard on earth before. Dogs barked, parrots screamed, hyenas howled, and a troop of apes flung themselves on Tamino, chattering all at once:

"Who is this that's interfering, overbearing us and jeering, with his insolence of peering at and criticizing us?"

What is he that he should question, with his worrying suggestion, and imperil our digestion with his fiddle-faddle fuss?





THE MAGIC FLUTE

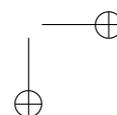
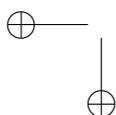
Pray what better has he brought us than the things
our fathers taught us? And what fortune has he
wrought us like the fortune of the calf?
Do we serve the Lord for pleasure, does he think,
or take the measure of a spiritual treasure? It's
enough to make one laugh!"

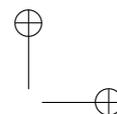
And hustling him along, they screamed:

"Run then run,
You figure of fun
Pinch him, bite him, every one!
Hustle him there,
Pull at his hair,
Till his head, like his buttock, is rosy and fair!"

And so screaming, they brought him, more dead than
alive, to the prison, and shut him up without trial or
judgment.

So there Tamino sat alone, with scanty food and drink,
no sight of the sky, and no company but his own thoughts.
These were confused enough. For, besides all he had felt
and seen, at the war and after, he had been hurt by the
mob in that last tumult, and no physician came to aid
him. He grew weaker and weaker and more and more
confused. His thoughts became more actual than the
walls of his cell, but they had no order, nor could he
impose one on them. One moment he would be fighting
and killing, the next, a child among the haycocks, then
drinking with his friends, till they turned into snarling
curs or screaming parrots. So it went on, till at last all
images fused in a dark flood, that bore him along through
passages underground. On and on, for immeasurable
time, uniform, colourless, it flowed, and then, at last,
began to turn. He was in a whirlpool, falling faster and





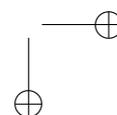
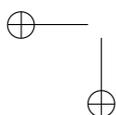
THE FIRE

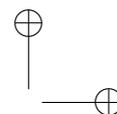
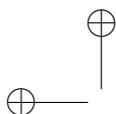
faster, deeper and deeper. Till suddenly, turning with him, he saw the featureless face, whence the eyes of an enemy-friend had looked out at him on the battlefield. He screamed and put out his hands to keep it off him. And something in him, not himself, and deeper than himself, cried through his lips the name "Pamina."

Ah then, if ever, after toil, there has been rest; if ever after torture, recreation; if ever after quarrel, friends have met in reconciliation; if ever lovers mingled after absence; such rest, such recreation, such reconciliation sweet dropped like a balm, blew like a breeze, and like a perfume distilled, over Tamino's worn and broken spirit. There he was, back in his cell, and there indeed, beside him, hovered in her loveliness, her tenderness, her plenitude of consoling beauty, that long lost, long loved, late forgotten lady. What she ministered to him he knew not; but that proceeded from her eyes which restored his mind and body to themselves. He gazed upon her with no desire, but with love for a lovely thing, that draws the soul because it has its principle of being in itself, and would please no more if it came into the power of another. And he stood on his feet, young again, and beautiful and strong, and Pamina put his flute into his hand and said "Play." And he played, and the flute sang what follows:

"Fade like a wraith, dissolve and pass away,
Unsolid wall, the image of his fear;
And thou, bright spirit, the barrier and the way,
Appear! Appear!

Thee let him see, who dost his prison make,
Only by acquiescence of his soul,
Whom he escapes, when he his flesh shall take,





THE MAGIC FLUTE

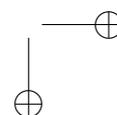
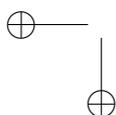
And cast it in thee whole.

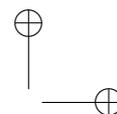
Before him passes, through the grove of fire,
What he must follow, though he never find,
Or, shrinking, feed a perishing desire,
And sacrifice the mind.

What drives within, deeper than all he wills,
What draws without, fairer than aught he knows,
Than choice more strong, more cunning than all
skills,
Shall keep him where he goes?"

And as the flute thus sang, the wall of his cell went up in fire. And Pamina looked at him and smiled, and saying "Follow me," passed through. And, still playing, he followed, though he was full of fear. And fearful indeed it was! For he felt the heat, though it did not consume him, and his flesh would fain have drawn back. But the soul was merciless and drove the body on. And as he passed through, to comfort him, the flute thus answered the fire:

Fire. "I crackle and blaze!
Bear me who can!
Who cannot I craze —"
Flute. "But I am a man."
Fire. "What most you cherish
I burn away.
Be purged, or perish!"
Flute. "I pass and pay."
Fire. "No gain I offer
For all that's lost,
No prizes proffer —"
Flute. "I know the cost."
Fire. "What I take, I hold,
The rest resign.
And the tested gold —"
Flute. "Ah, that is mine!"





THE FIRE

So Tamino came through the fire. And as soon as he was through, the first sound he heard was Papageno's pipe. There he was, dancing and playing, just as if nothing had happened.

"Hullo," cried Tamino delighted; "how did you get here?"

"Not through the fire," said Papageno. "What round-about ways you take!"

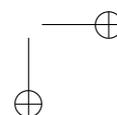
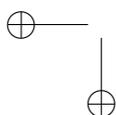
"But what are you doing, and where are you going?"

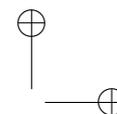
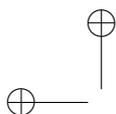
"I'm going to stop the war."

"So am I. Let us go together."

So together they went, Pamina leading them, till they came to the battlefield and the tent of Monostatos. And there Pamina vanished, and Papageno danced away, but Tamino went into the tent, and took his seat unseen.

Now, as it happened, there was a council of war proceeding, and there were present, beside Monostatos and the other generals, the first minister and the archbishop. For both of these were amateurs of war, and loved to discuss strategy and to watch the battle from a distance. Tamino listened for some time to their talk; and it was what he had heard so often before – new plans, new guesses, new hopes, and fears, and yet all so old, so old! He could not bear it. And suddenly, leaping to his feet, he shouted out: "There is only one good counsel – make peace." And as he shouted they saw him, with his flute in his hand, beautiful as he had never been before, with his flashing eyes and golden hair. They all stood up in a hubbub, and Monostatos made a grab at him, but he put his flute to his lips and began to play. And they stood like stone, while the flute sang:





THE MAGIC FLUTE

“Lift, mist of blood!
Man-swallowing cataract of battle, cease!
Flesh stamped in mud,
Emancipate the soul to her last peace.

Love undismayed,
Comradeship shining far, and courage high,
Fail not nor fade!
Burn on, bright fires, up to eternity!

All else was vain,
Child of the brute unfathered by the soul.
All sinks again
Back, whence it came, to Mother Night’s control.

Kind genders kind,
Murder from murder springs, and hate from hate.
Who close the mind,
Precipitate run back to the beast’s estate.

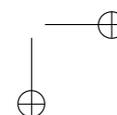
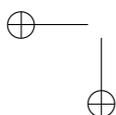
Who will may learn;
Who will not in their children’s children pay
Take now the turn
That sets your feet on the celestial way.”

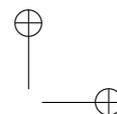
Thus sang the flute and finished; and for a while they kept silence, motionless as under a spell. Then softly the Archbishop began:

“A pagan song I fear.
It jars my lofty mood.
The meaning is not clear,
And cannot well be good.

Yet creeping in and out
Some magic in the song
Makes even a bishop doubt –
What if I should be wrong?”

So said the Archbishop. Then the commander-in-chief spoke:





THE FIRE

“It’s worse than printer’s ink,
This musical appeal.
It’s bad enough to think,
But even worse to feel.

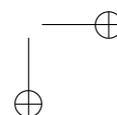
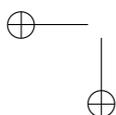
The victory’s secure,
’Twill cost a million men.
We’ll win it, kill or cure.
But when it’s won, what then?”

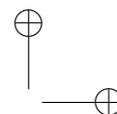
So said the commander-in-chief. And then the minister
took it up:

“By clamour undeterred
How prudently I wrought,
By censoring every word
To stifle every thought.

For let one error free
Such melodies as these,
And even old men like me
Begin to dream of peace.”

But when Monostatos saw what harm Tamino’s flute had wrought, fear and rage seized him. “What are you thinking of, gentlemen?” he cried. “This man is a deserter and a traitor.” When he heard these words, the archbishop shuddered, and Monostatos called in the guard to arrest Tamino, who stood still in the tumult, making no resistance. But just as they laid hands on him, there was heard the sound of a pipe and a great noise of feet and voices. They threw open the door of the tent, and lo! there was Papageno, dancing along and playing, and behind him both armies, their own and the enemy’s, fraternizing, embracing, laughing, weeping, and dancing all the time, while high above all the pipe sang:

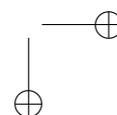
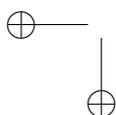


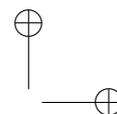


THE MAGIC FLUTE

“What are you doing, silly boys,
Where are all your summer joys?
Have you forgotten mother earth,
And her sweet and friendly mirth?
Far away, far away,
Hear it call, the happy day!
Over the downs, a silver stream,
The sheep are drifting like a dream;
The mowers cut the lushy grass,
Their scythes go swishing as they pass;
The wild rose flutters on the briar;
The cows are quelching in the byre;
The milk along the happy vales
Is ringing in a thousand pails;
And every evening, in the shade,
The boy goes out to meet the maid.
Oh, 'tis the very month of June!
Listen, listen to her tune!
Far away, far away,
Hear it call, the happy day!”

So he sang, and they all took it up, and went dancing away, friend with enemy and enemy with friend, over the scarred earth, past the ruined walls and towers, away, away, in a wavering farandole, to the sweet country and their homes long lost. Hour after hour they passed, and Tamino stood and watched, until, as evening fell, the last had vanished into the dusk, and shadow and silence fell upon the plain. Then began the deluge. It descended, not in drops, but in a sheer mass, as though a sluice had been suddenly drawn that held it up in the sky. But Tamino stood dry and unharmed on his hill. Quickly the plain became a lake, and the trenches torrents. The corpses and all the middens of sordid refuse, accumulated in the months of war, went sweeping away down to the cleansing sea; and dawn broke grey on a shining level of





THE FIRE

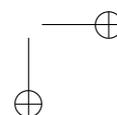
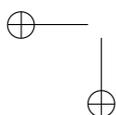
bare soil. But hardly had this become visible, when it flushed into tender colour. Garden and glebe, fallow and orchard and pasture, grew into green and golden life, and flourished fair and distinct, under the beams of the risen sun. From village and homestead, newly-built, the happy labourers streamed. Dogs barked, cocks crowed, and all the jocund life that had been on the earth from the beginning returned once more to run its ancient course. Then there came over Tamino that old doubt, what was real, this or that? Had there indeed ever been a war? Had all that horror happened? And, for the very relief of it, he was inclined to think he had been dreaming. But as that thought came into his mind, the air round him seemed to turn into music; and a chorus of male voices, so sweet and solemn that his mortal sense could hardly bear it, chanted the words that here follows:

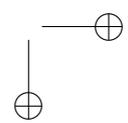
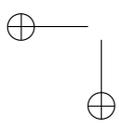
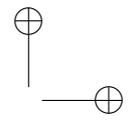
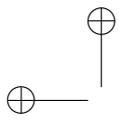
“Be not deceived. What once hath been
Abides in that tremendous scene.
From pain that stung the cries were wrung.
The dead are dead, their flesh is dung.

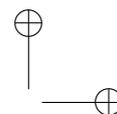
Evil and Good their place assume
Irreparably on earth’s great loom.
The moving pattern who would trace,
Sees the reflection of his face.

What hath been is. But human fate
Needs not to bow beneath the weight
The moment’s yours. O use it well!
There you will find your heaven or hell.”

But though he heard the voices, Tamino could not see the singers. And revolving perplexedly in his mind all he had seen and done and felt, he made his way across the shining fields and back to the city.





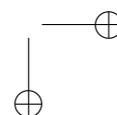
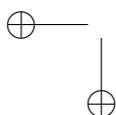


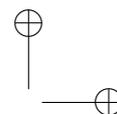
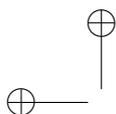
THE WATER



Now when the war ended Tamino had dreamed of a society of friends, over whom Pamina should reign as queen. For he desired her, now, not for himself, but for all the world. But because what the people had listened to was the pipe, not the flute, their innocence was but a passing mood, and Monostatos found it easy enough to recreate among them the old hate and suspicion and fear. Tamino watched, and saw, to his dismay, the masks of wild beasts peering again behind the countenances of men. He played his flute, but no one would listen to him. And full of discouragement he said, "I do no good. Perhaps it is because I have not found truth." And he left the abodes of men and went out into the wilderness, seeking consolation and wisdom.

After wandering many days he came to the verge of the desert. And there was a house set in a garden, and, standing at the gate, an elderly man, with an ironical mouth and kindly eyes. He greeted Tamino and asked him to come in and rest, which he was glad to do. Inside the garden he found an extravagance of flowers and trees, with many kinds of coloured birds and grazing animals,



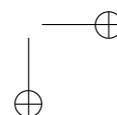
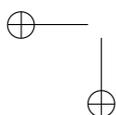


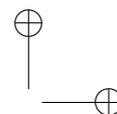
THE MAGIC FLUTE

the whole watered by a fountain that sprung there and flowed away into the desert. When he had offered Tamino food and drink, the old man asked him his name and history. And Tamino told him in full; except that he said nothing about Pamina. The other listened attentively, and when the story was finished said: "Mankind, I see, have not changed since I knew them. How fortunate I am to live with animals, and to meet nothing more savage and cruel than hyenas and wolves." "You think then," said Tamino, "that the masks I saw on men really did express their true nature?" "They were not fair to the beasts," his host replied. "For my part, the most terrible experience I have, here in the wilderness, is when, for a moment, I see in some brute an expression like that of a man." As he spoke a wolf leapt out among some goats that were grazing outside the garden fence, and carried one of them off in its mouth. "You see," said Tamino, "the beasts too kill." "They do," replied the other, "but not for the sake of killing. They kill to eat, which is a law of their nature."

"A cruel law."

"No doubt. Nature of course is cruel. But man has added a refinement to her cruelty. He does for pleasure what the brutes do of necessity. If he confined himself to butchering animals it would be foolish to complain of him, for he cannot well live otherwise. But butchering men is a luxury. Man is the only creature that destroys his own kind, and that without even the excuse that he wants to eat them. In this respect, cannibals are more rational than men called civilized. But indeed I have observed that the less reason a creature has the more reasonable is its behaviour. And I should infer that





THE WATER

reason is most perfect in things inanimate.”

“You too, like myself,” said Tamino, looking at him curiously, “must have had a bitter experience.”

“None more so,” he replied, “I have been impressed, flogged, bastinadoed, imprisoned, shipwrecked, married, cuckolded. I have been a lover, a soldier, a traveller, a slave, a millionaire, a pauper, a gardener. If there is anything more to be done or suffered, I would be glad to hear of it. But I hope to be excused from any further experience. For I have learnt that the first and last word of wisdom is to cultivate one’s garden.”

“What!” cried Tamino. “Is it possible that you are that famous Candide?”

“None other.”

“You are then no longer a disciple of Pangloss? You do not think this the best of all possible worlds?”

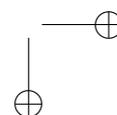
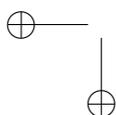
“Since you have read my history, you will remember that I was always in doubt on that point. It was only when I hoped to possess Cunégonde that I was able to believe in Pangloss.”

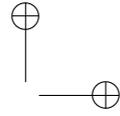
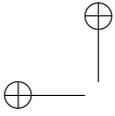
“But you did possess her, in the end.”

“I did, or rather she possessed me. I found her at last, when she was old and ugly, washing dishes on the Bosphorus. She married me. And from that moment I lost all faith in Pangloss.”

“And now, if I may ask, does she live with you here?”

“No. She soon grew tired of our interminable discussions. And as she did the work, while we did the talking, that was perhaps not unnatural. I gave her a small pension, and when last I heard of her she was keeping a house of ill fame at Constantinople. It was her vocation. She was always in the arms of some man or other. And





THE MAGIC FLUTE

now that she is past work herself she caters for others. I miss her nevertheless. She was a good cook.”

“And Pangloss himself, and Martin? Are they still with you?”

“No. Pangloss is a professor in Germany. He took the name of Hegel and has a great success, for he flatters all the prejudices of men, and defends all their institutions. And they, in return, are quite content not to understand a word he says.”

“And Martin?”

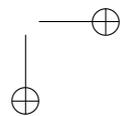
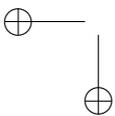
“He has been less fortunate. He moved to the Left in philosophy, and, from a Manichean, became a pessimist. That, as you know, is an unpopular doctrine, for it discourages even criminals and diplomats. Moreover Martin wrote an intelligible style, and that is an unpardonable offence in universities; since if what is taught there were to be understood, it would be seen to be ridiculous. Consequently, he never became a professor. But he enjoys writing out his contempt for life, and is, I think, except myself, the least miserable man I know.”

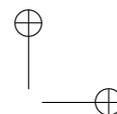
“And you yourself? What is now your philosophy?”

“I have none, for I have no longer hopes or fears. Formerly, when I hoped for Cunégonde I was an optimist, and when I despaired of her a pessimist. But now that I have no pains, no pleasures, and no desires, I have also no philosophy. I cultivate my garden.”

“You do not believe then in truth?”

“I do not know what the word means. Nor, so far as I have been able to learn, do the philosophers. For they are still disputing about the nature of truth. But one thing is certain, that men’s opinions about what is true are always changing, whether in religion, or morals,





THE WATER

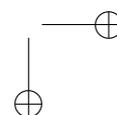
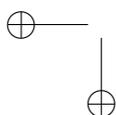
or science. On the other hand, they continue to live always in the same way. From which I conclude that their opinions about truth do not influence their lives, which are determined, like those of other animals, by their passions. Recently indeed, if I am not misinformed, they have discovered this fact themselves, and openly boast that, though they seem to have reason, reason has no effect upon their conduct. But here, I think, they go a little too far.”

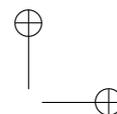
“You believe that, in fact, they are influenced by reason?”

“Yes, up to a point. They use it to cover up their passions by words and theories, so that what they do may seem to them less repulsive than it otherwise might. What they want to do they call good and true, and excuse themselves, on that ground, for doing it. The animals have not this resource, and perhaps it is for that reason that their behaviour is less abominable. No doubt, if they knew how to call murder war, when millions are murdered at once, and theft conquest, when whole countries are stolen, they too would indulge in war and conquest. Language is the chief work of reason. And its principal use is to soothe the minds of men with abstract terms while, in the concrete, they are performing the most atrocious acts. The discovery of the notions of Good and Evil might have been a great advance had it not early become the fashion to call Evil Good and Good Evil. But the fashion is inveterate, and is not likely to change.”

“You do not think then that man improves with time?”

“Why should he? The other animals do not, and history does not suggest that man does. He does, indeed,





THE MAGIC FLUTE

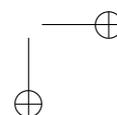
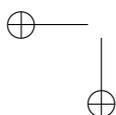
acquire new arts and instruments, but whatever his tools, he is always, where we come upon his traces, what we find him now, a liar, a traitor, a coward, a bully, a drunkard, a thief, a hypocrite, a fanatic and a fool.”

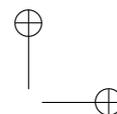
“There is indeed little enough sign that he improves morally. But at least his knowledge increases. You say there is no truth. But there is certainly science.”

“There is; and you have seen to what purpose men put it. But I am becoming tedious, and, after all, how does all this concern you and me? Since we have both seen the world, and seen through it, stay here with me and cultivate the garden.”

Tamino stayed and found it a pleasant life. Candide, he discovered, was a companion not only more charming and gay, but more profound than most men reputed serious; and he had always interesting tales to relate from his past history. The life was healthy, the work in the garden was hard enough to occupy mind and body, but not so hard as to hebetate and exhaust. And it was a never-ending amusement to watch the ways of the animals and birds who found in the enclosure a refuge from desert enemies.

Nevertheless, Tamino was not content. Although he had reason to think badly of life, yet he was young and adventurous, and it was irksome to him to contemplate spending the rest of his days in a garden. Yet perhaps that motive might not have prevailed with him, had it not been for the thought of Pamina. At his work, indeed, and in his talks with Candide, he forgot her. But when the stars came out over the desert and he walked alone at midnight in the pure air, listening to the breathing of the earth, unrest and longing took hold of him. He





THE WATER

thought there must be some significance in a world so vast, so mysterious, and so beautiful, and some goal even for mankind, lamentably though they had gone astray. And then the memory of Pamina would come over him, and he felt he must continue to pursue her, even though he were convinced he could never attain her. And all this yearning and discontent by degrees so took possession of him that at last he spoke to Candide and told him he must leave him.

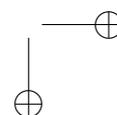
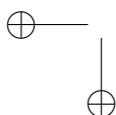
“You must do as you please,” said Candide, “it is contrary to my habits to endeavour to persuade any one to anything. Nevertheless, you will regret your choice. I myself once, and once only, in my past life, found myself well off. It was in El Dorado. But the thought of Cunégonde and the desire to make a figure in the world drove me out; and until I came to this garden, I did not know another happy moment. You will return to me, I hope. But I am sorry that you will go, to no purpose.”

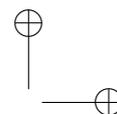
He then asked Tamino which way he proposed to take. And Tamino said he was bound for the castle of Sarastro, and asked to be put in the way for it. But he said nothing about Pamina, for he felt sure that Candide would suppose her to be some Cunégonde.

“I have heard of this Sarastro,” said Candide, “and have sometimes thought of visiting him. For he appears to be a charlatan, and that is the kind of man I have always found most amusing.”

“Why not come with me then?” said Tamino.

“It would take me too far from my garden. But I am inclined to accompany you part of the way. For you have to pass by the hermitage of Jesus, which I have some curiosity to visit.”





THE MAGIC FLUTE

“What hermitage is that?”

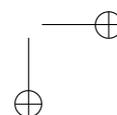
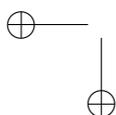
“It stands, so tradition says, on the spot where Jesus was tempted by Satan. That, however, would not in itself excite my curiosity, for I have no interest in antiquities. But I heard yesterday, from a goatherd passing by with his flock, a curious story which I should like to test. He said that Jesus had returned. A strange wild figure has been seen wandering in the neighbourhood of the hermitage, muttering to himself or to some invisible companion. Some said even that they had seen this companion, and that he had horns and hoofs.”

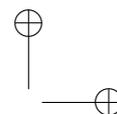
“But you don’t believe all this?” Tamino exclaimed, rather surprised.

“No! I don’t believe it, but neither do I disbelieve it. One thing is as likely as another in this irrational world. And if Jesus were to be seen I should certainly wish to see him, if only to acquaint him with what men have made of the religion he founded, and to dissuade him from any further attempts to humanize Man. I should not despair even of inducing him to retire with me to my garden. He is one of the few people whose companionship I should value. For he lacked only experience of the world to be that rarest of beings, a good man.”

“I too,” said Tamino, “should like to see Jesus.” And though he did not believe that to be possible, yet he was aware of an absurd hope. In any case he was glad of Candide’s company for part of his journey. And they set out together across the desert.

After riding some days they were overtaken by another traveller, mounted on a thoroughbred Arab horse. He was a man in the prime of life, with an intelligent and handsome face, and a very agreeable address. After the





THE WATER

exchange of the usual greetings he informed them that he too was bound for the hermitage, having also heard the rumour that Jesus had returned. “And,” he added, “I have a special interest in this matter, for I met Jesus there once before.”

“How so?” asked Candide. And the stranger replied: “My name is Satan.”

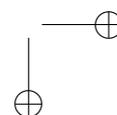
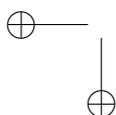
“Ah!” cried Candide delighted. “So you are revisiting the scene of your discomfiture?”

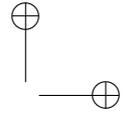
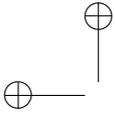
“Say rather,” he replied, smiling, “of my triumph. For such it was, though it has been misrepresented in the popular story.”

“How is that?” Candide asked.

“It is very simple,” Satan replied. “I offered Jesus the three things which alone could have made his mission a success – imposture, science, and empire. He rejected them all, and so doomed himself to failure, as I intended he should. The maxim *Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes* does not always apply. And on that occasion a little less suspicion would have served Jesus better.” Candide chuckled. But Tamino begged Satan to explain himself further. He consented, willingly enough, and began:

“In what is called the Temptation I spoke, of course, in symbols; but that was also the method of Jesus, and he understood me well enough. When I invited him to cast himself down from the Temple, he knew that I was offering him miracles, that is (since miracles do not occur), the power to deceive by the appearance of them. And that is imposture, always one of the great instruments of power. By its use Muhammad achieved dominion, and many another less famous than he. But Jesus rejected my gift, and he failed.”





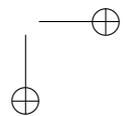
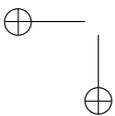
THE MAGIC FLUTE

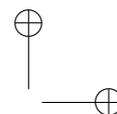
“But,” Tamino urged, “in fact he did work miracles.”
“Some healing powers he had, almost against his will. But there was nothing miraculous about them, though they are uncommon and even yet but little understood. Other miracles, too, were credited to him, though plainly untrue, like the conversion of water into wine. But you will remember that he discouraged such beliefs, and sometimes seemed unwilling even to exercise his healing power, just because it was thought to be miraculous. When asked for a sign, he indignantly refused, and, quite clearly, his endeavour was that his gospel should be received on its own merits, because it was true, and not on those of its author, because he was a wonder-worker. In this, as in other respects, his Church has been more intelligent than himself; and, in consequence, where he failed it has succeeded.”

Tamino reflected on the credulity of men, as he had observed it during the war, and recognized that those who had played upon them thus had in fact governed them. He nodded his head slowly and said:

“But cannot then truth prevail by its own power?”

“It does not look like it,” replied Satan, smiling at his earnestness; “at any rate, all the centuries I have lived, I have never observed it to be so. I speak, of course, of moral and spiritual truth. It is otherwise with truths of fact, for there, in time, men yield to demonstration. And that was my next victory over Jesus. As he rejected imposture, so he rejected science. For that is what I offered him when I asked him to turn stones into bread. It could be done. Things as remarkable have been done already. And any one who really means to improve the lot of mankind would certainly endeavour to master science.”





THE WATER

“Why then did not Jesus?” Tamino asked. Satan shrugged his shoulders, but Candide observed with a laugh:

“Perhaps he foresaw what men would do with science.”

Satan reflected: “He may have done so, it is true. But if he had accepted my other offers, imposture and empire, he might have created an authority that would have directed science to Good. On the third temptation, so-called, of empire, I need not now dwell. It must be clear, to every one who thinks, that if men are to attain any good they must be driven to it under authority. But Jesus was a democrat, I might say an anarchist. He believed in freedom. And here again his Church was wiser than he. It laid stress on the few passages in the record where Jesus, who was not interested in politics, recommends his disciples to obey the powers that be; and in this way it has managed to discredit his whole gospel.”

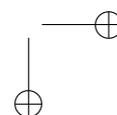
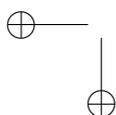
Tamino listened to all this with discomfort and distress. He did not feel inclined to argue with this accomplished man, and his ideas were too confused for him to have been able to do so with success. He would not however pretend acquiescence, so he said, flushing a little, but as politely as he could:

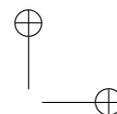
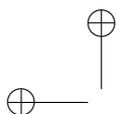
“I believe, nevertheless, that Jesus was right.”

Satan laughed pleasantly, and said: “Well, he may have been. At any rate, I have no cause to complain of his decision, for up to now it has preserved the world for me.”

“Is it so surely yours?” Tamino wondered half aloud. Satan looked at him curiously and said:

“It is, until you can win it back for Jesus.”





THE MAGIC FLUTE

There was a moment's silence which Candide broke by asking:

“How is it that you ever made these offers if you did not desire Jesus to accept them?”

“I acted under orders,” Satan replied. “And I do not profess to understand why those orders were given. The Being to whom I allude has never been comprehensible to me, and I doubt whether he is to himself. It is one of the strangest ironies of life that a person apparently so confused about his own purposes should exercise such enormous power. He has power even over me. But while I serve him in the letter, I generally manage to serve myself in the spirit. I did so in the case we are discussing, and, apparently, the result has been satisfactory to my employer, for he is sending me again on the same errand.”

“To tempt Jesus?”

“Yes, if he should be here.”

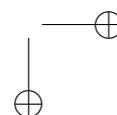
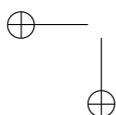
“But is it not known, even above, for certain, whether he is here or no?”

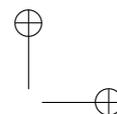
“I believe not. Since his return to heaven Jesus has taken a very independent line. He goes his own way, and, if report is true, is not on the best of terms with his father. It is thought he may have slipped down to earth on some errand of his own, and I am sent to observe and if need be take action.”

“But do you really expect to find him here?”

“It is possible. At any rate there are signs of habitation at the old place.” As he spoke he pointed to some figures moving near a small ruinous building, and a column of smoke rising from a fire kindled on the sand.

“I will go on,” he said, “and see who is there.” And he spurred his horse and galloped forward.





THE WATER

Tamino and Candide followed more slowly on their camels, and when they came up were informed by Satan, who had been making his inquiries, that the company consisted of a Spanish Jesuit, a French Abbé, a minister of the Scottish Presbyterian Church, and a Russian priest, with their various attendants.

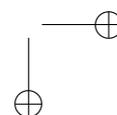
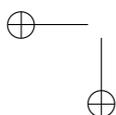
“They too,” he said, “have heard the rumour and are here in the hope of seeing Jesus.”

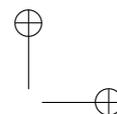
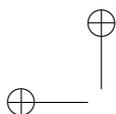
“On the same errand as yourself?” Candide suggested mischievously.

“Not very different, I believe. But the trouble, of course, is that each of them wants to convert Jesus to a different position; so that, naturally, during the days they have spent here together, their relations have become rather difficult. I hope, nevertheless, that we may be able to draw them out. Meantime, may I ask you not to mention my name? It would hardly ingratiate me with these gentlemen.”

This was agreed to, and presently the whole party were seated round the fire. It was not long before the tact and charm of Satan and Candide had established a pleasant and friendly atmosphere, even among elements so mutually uncongenial. And when he saw that this had been accomplished, Satan ventured to approach the topic of interest.

“I have gathered, gentlemen,” he began, “that you are brought here, like my friends and myself, by the rumour that Jesus has been seen. But, from your calling, I judge that your purpose must be, if I may say so, more professional than ours. I should not wish to be importunate, but if it were possible for you to explain to us the bearing of this startling event, if indeed it has





THE MAGIC FLUTE

occurred, on the future of the churches you represent, it would be a matter of the greatest interest for us to be informed.”

There was an awkward pause and then the Jesuit, an ascetic-looking man with an intellectual countenance, said:

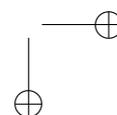
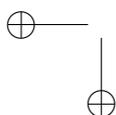
“We belong to different organizations, and we take different views of what the world immediately needs from Jesus. But in one point we are agreed: the object of each of us is to put him into touch with the present state of the world, so different from that in which he first appeared.”

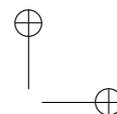
“You think, then, that he would require such instruction?”

“We cannot but suppose that, if he again assumes humanity, he will be subject, as before, to its limitations. Perfect though he be in moral and spiritual wisdom, his knowledge of the affairs of the world he will have to acquire, like other men, through perception and report. And here we venture to believe that we could help him, by instructing him briefly in the past history and present position of mankind.”

“I understand. And I can easily conceive that the instruction you would thus convey would differ according to your various points of view. It is precisely those differences that interest me, as a humble student of life. And nothing would please me more (and here I know that I speak also for my friends) than to hear each of you in turn explain his position.”

“We have already had much discussion among ourselves,” the Jesuit replied, “and for my part I should be glad of the opportunity to have our differences clearly



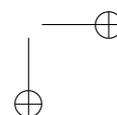
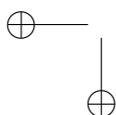


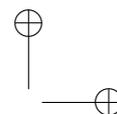
THE WATER

set forth. For that is the first step towards union. And if, indeed, Jesus has returned, his principal task will be to unite his Church.”

The others consented, and Satan, assuming naturally the position of a moderator, requested the Jesuit to speak first.

“I will begin,” he said, “with the distinction I drew just now between Jesus the divine vehicle of eternal truth and Jesus the human being, subject to time and place. What was revealed by the first Jesus was absolute and final. He spoke, we are told, with authority; he did not argue, syllogize and prove. And thus he supplied what we most need, certainty in fundamentals. About many things men may and must doubt; but not about the existence of God and their relations to him. On that point they cannot long endure uncertainty; for uncertainty destroys them. That Jesus knew. And he assured them, once for all, that God is, and that he punishes sin and rewards virtue. But there was in Jesus, besides the Son of God, a Son of Man, and that Jesus was subject to human limitations. He preached two thousand years ago, in Palestine, and to Jews. And in that age, and in those conditions, he needed to be a revolutionary. He had to destroy before he could create. And accordingly every one of his sayings is a blow at the social order of his time. But he died before he could begin to build. That task was left to his followers, and so well did they perform it that, in three short centuries, an obscure and execrated sect had become the established church of a world-empire. The Church took up the truth revealed by Jesus, interpreted it to the intelligence of mankind, and applied it to their institutions. Jesus had said ‘God is.’ The Church explained that he consists

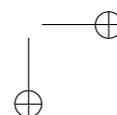
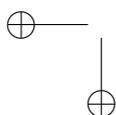


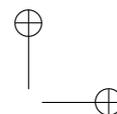


THE MAGIC FLUTE

of three persons, who are also one, and that one of the three is also two. Jesus had said 'Love one another.' The Church expanded the command, showing that, while we are to love all men, it is nevertheless necessary to treat most of them much as we should do if we hated them. Jesus had said 'Render unto Cesar the things that are Caesar's.' The Church defined these things as all those rights and powers of the individual which have not been handed over to herself. Thus received into the bosom of the Church, the seed sown by Jesus grew up and multiplied in laws, institutions, customs, moralities. But against these, in course of time, the pride of man rebelled, and the rebels found support in the very words of the Master. Of these every man presumed to be his own interpreter. And that process, once started, could find no arrest, except in the last bottom, anarchy. What began by an attack on ecclesiastical abuses went on to question the divinity of Jesus and the existence of God. What began by disputing the authority of the Holy See proceeded to deny that of the Church, the King, the State itself. What began by a revolt against papal exactions ended by an attack on the very institution of property. And for this, authority could be, and was, found in the very words of Jesus. For the Jesus in time was a rebel. Only the eternal Jesus is conservative; and of him the Church is the sole interpreter and revealer.

"It is then the rejection of the Church that has led mankind to the verge of the abyss. But the very extremity of the danger has evoked the remedy, and everywhere the supporters of authority begin to rally back to us. But just at this critical moment we hear the rumour that Jesus has returned. Jesus! But which Jesus? Of

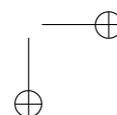
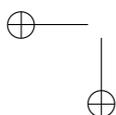


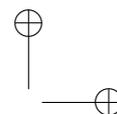


THE WATER

necessity, the Jesus of time. Oh, peril immense! What may he not do, what may he not say, if he be left to himself? The rebels will gather round him. They will confront him with his own words and deeds. Ignorant of the intervening history, he will be as wax in their hands. He will confuse the Christian Church with the pharisees and scribes, the modern state with the kingdom of Judaea, the social order of the contemporary west with that of the ancient east. It is to save him and the world from that, that I am here. And what I have to say to him is this: 'Lord, in two thousand years, the whole face of the world has changed. The government, the priests, the rich men, all whom you opposed before, are now on your side. Your foes are those who were then your friends, the poor, the simple-hearted, the weak, the outcast and rejected. Do not then be misled by the record of your own past. You must live and teach now in exactly the opposite way to that which you then took. You must dwell in palaces, you who had nowhere to lay your head. You must dress in fine raiment, you who praised the lilies of the field. You must consort no longer with cripples, beggars, women of the town, for that would give offence to those who are now your disciples, to cardinals, bishops, princes, financiers, generals. And better were it for you and for us that a millstone were hung about your neck, and you were cast into the sea, than that you should offend the least of these great ones.' That is what I, for my part, am here to say to Jesus. But as for these other gentlemen, they will speak for themselves."

So the Jesuit concluded. And as his voice ceased, the sights and sounds of the place came back upon Tamino's consciousness; the little circle of firelight, the vast dim





THE MAGIC FLUTE

space beyond, the blazing stars, the stirring of the light breeze and the howling of jackals in the distance. And in all this he became aware of one new thing – a ragged figure, perhaps a goatherd, who had appeared at the edge of the company, and seemed to fix him with his eyes. Satan meantime was thanking the Jesuit for his exposition, and commenting very pleasantly upon it. “In one point at any rate,” he said, “I am in complete agreement with you – the danger of the present anarchy of ideas. And perhaps you are right in your conviction that it can only be stemmed by revealed truth entrusted to an infallible Church.”

That brought Tamino back to what it had been in his mind to say. And though he felt very young and shy and ignorant, yet he summoned up courage to ask:

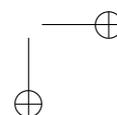
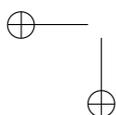
“Why revealed? What is revelation?” And then immediately he was aware that he had said something very embarrassing. However, the Abbé, a man of exquisite urbanity, intervened, his face all wrinkled with smiles.

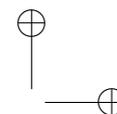
“Ah, revelation!” he said. “Yes! what is it? We know that it exists, for we could not do without it. Yet we differ about its nature. My friend, for instance, who has just charmed us with his eloquent harangue, would perhaps say that revelation was completed by the first Councils of the Church. I venture myself to take a different view. I think that it is always growing, always changing.”

“A heresy!” the Jesuit interrupted, rather harshly.

“Perhaps, perhaps,” replied the other, turning out his hands with a deprecatory gesture. “But the heresies of one generation are the orthodoxies of the next.”

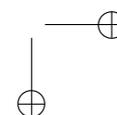
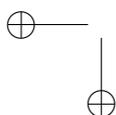
“This is very interesting,” Satan interposed; “do please explain your view.”

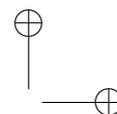




THE WATER

“I shall be delighted to do so, if it will not give offence. My notion of revelation is this. Just as man has outer senses which give him the premises for science so he has an inner sense which gives him the premises for religion. And as the outer senses have developed in a long course of evolution, so, most probably, has the inner sense. I would even hazard the conjecture that animals have such a sense, in rudimentary form. But let that pass for the moment. As science is built up by logic, experiment and induction on the deliverances of the outer senses, so is religion on those of the inner sense. Now, what was peculiar about Jesus, was the acuteness in him of this inner sense. It is that which gives such inestimable value to his sayings. He was, in this region, a man of genius, a creator, a discoverer. But his work could not be final, any more than that of any other artist. He gave the impetus. It was taken up and continued by his school. And that school is the Church. Revelation is thus the joint product of Jesus and his Church. Already, as our friend has shown, it has discovered much that he did not know. It has taught us that he is God. It has taught us that God is a Trinity. It has taught us the existence of heaven and hell and purgatory. Yet even these truths are provisional, as are those of all science. The Church, which discovered them, may also undiscover. And that is what I would venture to hint to Jesus, if I could be so fortunate as to meet him. I would say – forgive my unstudied language – something of this kind: ‘Lord, this is where we are now, a long way, you see, from where we were when you came before. You are God now. But who knows? You may become Man again. Truth is constantly changing. You gave it, before, a tremendous impetus.





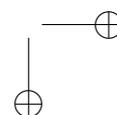
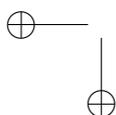
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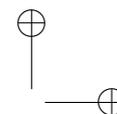
You will, no doubt, do so again. But start where we are – go gradually, if I may suggest. And of course you will see’ – (he will see I am sure) – ‘that, as things are, the role of anarchist is quite unsuited to you.’ In all that I agree with my friend. Indeed, really, our differences are of detail rather than substance. A little more elasticity, perhaps, a little more play in my scheme. But on the essential point we agree. There is revelation and the Church is its vehicle. Only I have tried to explain a little what revelation is, for the benefit of our young friend who asked the question. I don’t know whether I have satisfied him. If not, I would gladly try to remove any further difficulties.”

“What do you say?” Satan asked, turning to Tamino; and Tamino jumped, for during the latter part of the Abbé’s discourse he had been fixed once more by those eyes, now, as it seemed, drawing closer into the circle. Yet he could not make out the face or the figure. Only, seeing the eyes, he saw them set in the night and the stars and the great solitude lying beyond the fire, and he lost the thread of what was being spoken. However, after a moment’s embarrassment, recollecting himself, he managed to bring out:

“I don’t seem to know whether this religious sense exists or not. And if it does, I don’t quite understand why the Christian Church should be its interpreter more than any other.”

“Precisely,” Candide intervened; “what I myself was about to observe. For after all, there are other churches. There is a Buddhist Church, or rather many. There is a Mahomedan Church, or rather many. For all I know to the contrary, there is a Hottentot church, a Veddah



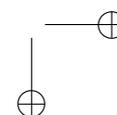
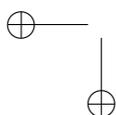


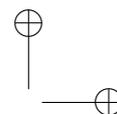
THE WATER

church, a Papuan church, an Andaman church. And then there are academies, guilds, parliaments, clubs, councils, courts, colleges. All these ingredients, and how many more, are in the broth stirred by Time, and all surely must contribute to the ultimate flavour.”

“My dear Sir!” Satan began, in a tone of amiable expostulation, for he saw that Candide’s tone had caused annoyance. But the Russian priest, a venerable man with a white beard, took up the challenge.

“There is a reason,” he said, “why the Christian Church is, in a special sense, the vehicle of revelation. Among all the teachers and prophets, of Jesus only is it said that he died and was buried and rose again from the dead. And that is the great truth of Christianity. I am a simple and ignorant man compared to these gentlemen who have been speaking. Much that they have said I do not understand, and much of what I understand I do not approve. They seem to want to make Jesus the friend of the rich and powerful. But I live among poor men and I want him to be, and remain, their friend. Much has been said of the Church. It may be all true, but my parishioners would never understand it. They go to church to pray, to be christened, to be married, to be buried. They understand all that and it comforts them. But if I were to preach to them the kind of things these gentlemen have been saying, they would not even know what I was talking about. What I do preach is something quite different. I tell them about heaven. And that helps them. It helps them to be good, for they want to go to heaven. And it comforts them in their miserable lives – you do not know how miserably they live – to be assured of a happier life hereafter. And why are they assured?

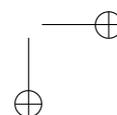
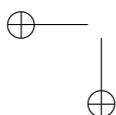


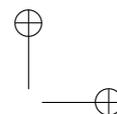


THE MAGIC FLUTE

Because Jesus himself rose from the dead. That miracle is his hold upon the poor and simple. And it is for them that I care first, as he did and does. But even for the wise, is not that the best he has to give them? Perhaps there are other teachers – I do not know – as tender and pure and wise as Jesus. But is there any other that can give us what we most need, an assurance that the love, the knowledge and the happiness we hunger for here, we shall receive hereafter? For who does not so hunger? Who, even the best and most fortunate, does not fall short of what he desires? Nay, it is just those who have most that lack most, for they can best imagine what they miss. Ah, my friends, believe me, unless there is another life, there is no sense in this one. And it is to that other life that Christianity testifies. It stands and falls by the resurrection. I, for my part, am not here to teach the Lord what he should do. But I have come to pray him to do as he did before, to suffer even unto death, that he may rise to triumph over death. For men are forgetting. They are losing their great hope. And not words, but only a deed will restore it to them. ‘O Lord,’ I would say if I dared, ‘die again! die that you may rise! For that good news men are waiting. Repeat it to them Lord, if thou wilt! Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done.’”

There was a moment’s silence after the old man finished, so moving was his earnestness. And in the silence the desert noises broke in once more on Tamino and he was fixed by those wonderful eyes under the stars. They seemed to be larger, nearer, more intense. And a thought came into his mind which he dared not entertain, but could not drive away. Then Candide’s voice was heard:





THE WATER

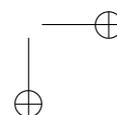
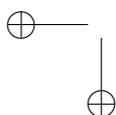
“The belief in another life,” he said, “will surely be consolatory or the reverse according to the way the life is conceived. To me, who has seen this world, the belief in another would only add the last touch of horror. For I see no reason why this one should be thought an exceptionally bad specimen. And, indeed, even those who allow full play to their imaginations, allow it on both sides. They believe in hell as well as in heaven. Some even say that they require hell to make heaven heaven.”

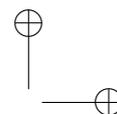
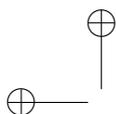
“We do not say much of hell,” the priest replied, rather embarrassed. “We trust in the mercy of the Lord and the efficacy of the sacraments.”

“Even if that trust be well founded,” replied Candide, “which I do not for a moment dispute, yet is the case much better? Every one, in that case, or almost every one, is secure of heaven. Do they not then become indifferent to what happens on earth? How many, during these last few years, have consoled themselves for consigning young men by millions to a premature and painful death by the notion that they were only sending them a little earlier to eternal bliss?”

But at this point the Presbyterian broke silence for the first time.

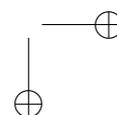
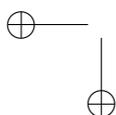
“I have not liked, Sir,” he began, “the tone of your remarks from the beginning, and I do not like it now. But there is truth in what you say. Give the devil his due! The belief that all men go to heaven by some rose-water process is a demoralizing one. What is worse, it is false. We know that there is hell. But the age has grown too soft to face the truth. For my own part, I have never ceased to preach it, though I stand almost alone,

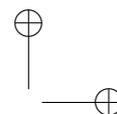




THE MAGIC FLUTE

even in my own Church. There may be mercy in this universe. Pray God there be, for we need it! But that there is justice, retributory justice, admits no manner of doubt. God hates sin, that is the fundament of our creed and sooner or later a man's sin finds him out. Even the pagans knew that. The Jews knew it, of course, for they speak and talk of little else. And Jesus knew it too, or he would not have told us about the millstone hung round a man's neck. Jesus wasn't the mild man some people suppose. When I think of him I see him with the scourge of cords driving the money-changers out of the temple; or I hear him denouncing the pharisees and scribes. And I think there are plenty of people he would denounce now, if he appeared. I name no names. But I very well understand the anxiety of some people here about what he might be doing and saying if he returned to earth. There are churches that he might find it hard to recognize for his own. There are people he might mistake for pharisees and scribes, yes, and for Laodiceans. We have heard of a changing and growing truth. But in my country we don't think that truth changes with the fashions. We think it is written once for all, in the word of the Lord. And we think that word can be read and understood by plain men. If Jesus is come back to earth – mind, I don't say I believe he is, I suspend my judgment – but if he is, I think he will be the same Jesus that he was before, and I think he'll have some very hard things to say to some of us. It's not only our enemies in the late war that he'll have to denounce. They lie crushed on the ground, and there let them lie! Their sin has found them out. But ours has not found us out; and our case is the worse. I would not put myself forward to





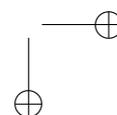
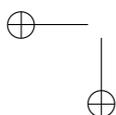
THE WATER

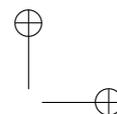
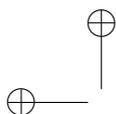
give advice to Jesus, as some people have done. No! But I would expect certain things of him. I would expect him to speak more than he did before of sin, and the punishment of sin in hell; for he has to deal now with a worse generation, lighter, more godless, more insincere than any he knew then. And I would say, not to him, but in my own heart 'Lord, be hard! That is what men need. They are not fit for the sermon on the mount. Give them the bit and the spur, for they have not listened to the caressing voice. They are kittle cattle, Lord, and you will need to know them better than you did and to treat them with more severity, if you are to turn them from their evil ways.' That is what I would think, though I would not presume to dictate. And as for you, young man, I would give you a piece of advice. Don't you go about searching for Truth, for Truth is found, and has been these nineteen hundred years. You're a nice laddie, and I wish you well. And I would say to you 'Get back to your work, accept the teaching of your own Church, and expect to find it true when you are old enough to understand it.'"

But this appeal Tamino did not hear. For the call of the eyes that had fixed him had grown more and more insistent, till he had lost all sense of anything else. He gazed and gazed into them till the thought he had not dared to entertain became a certainty. And then, as the speaker finished, there began, between his eyes and those, a kind of dialogue without words. And the form of it, so far as Tamino could afterwards put it into speech, was this:

"Lord, was your gospel true or false?"

"True and false."





THE MAGIC FLUTE

“What was true in it?”

“Love one another. Forgive your enemies.”

“What was false?”

“The scourge of small cords, and the coming on clouds
to judge the world.”

“Is there another life?”

“The life of the spirit.”

“Is there heaven or hell?”

“Both – here.”

“Are any of the Churches your Church?”

“None of them are mine.”

“Have you a Church?”

“Where two or three are gathered in my name.”

“Do I belong to your Church?”

“You may.”

“How?”

“By following me.”

“How shall I follow you?”

“By following Truth in Love.”

“How shall I find Truth?”

Now up to this point Tamino had spoken without speech. But the last words he said aloud. And Jesus vanished and he heard his own voice and then the Scotchman’s, answering rather tartly:

“I have already told you that Truth is found.”

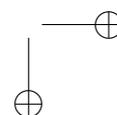
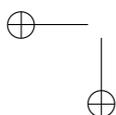
Tamino was dazed. And before he could think, he said:

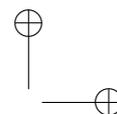
“Did you not see him? Did you not hear him?”

“We saw and heard no one,” they said. And Satan added:

“It must have been some hallucination.”

But Tamino knew from the look on his face that he too





THE WATER

had seen and heard. And when the others had retired he went up to him and said:

“You saw him?”

“Yes.”

“You heard him?”

“Yes.” And he added, shrugging his shoulders:

“He is more impracticable than ever. There is nothing to be feared and nothing to be hoped from him. I shall not even trouble to tempt him. And as to these gentlemen, they are wasting their time. They would no more be able to influence him than I could. Fortunately, they have me to direct them, and between us, I daresay, we shall build a tolerable church, strong enough to stem the anarchy.”

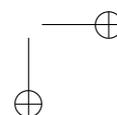
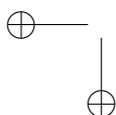
Now Tamino had been from the beginning in perplexity about Satan, whether he liked him or no. But now he knew that he hated him. And also he seemed to recognize him. Where had he seen that face before, the same but different? Then the name Monostatos flashed into his mind. Yes. Those two were the same essence, Force and Fraud. And then he knew what kind of church Satan was thinking to organize, for he remembered the worship of the Calf. And he turned, without a word, to Candide and said:

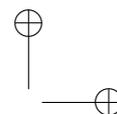
“Did you see him?”

“No. What did he say to you?”

“Something,” Tamino replied, “which sends me on, not back.”

“I am sorry,” Candide replied with real regret, “but I know it would be vain to dissuade you. If ever you come back to me you will be welcome. Meantime, if you are still bound for the castle of Sarastro, go due east.”

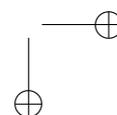
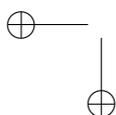


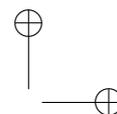


THE MAGIC FLUTE

With that they parted, Candide westward and Tamino eastward, leaving the company at the hermitage still disputing.

After some days' journeying, Tamino saw in the distance a range of mountains, and before very long the desert ended, and near its fringe, in a lonely spot surrounded by green hills, he came upon a little wood. Advancing into it, the path led him to a gate-house. There was no porter to be seen, only a solitary bell was swinging fitfully in the breeze. The gate being open he went in, and then was startled to see, glooming out at him from either side of the lodge, huge bearded figures, highly-coloured and fierce and armed with swords. For a moment he thought them real, but presently perceived that they were idols set to guard the way. He went on into a courtyard, in which were a number of wooden buildings curiously carved and painted. But still he saw no one. And hearing a sound of running water he directed his steps that way, and followed a clear swift stream to the shore of a lake. The lake was covered with lotus-leaves, and in the centre was an island, approached by four high-arched bridges. On the island a stone building rose, in terraces of diminishing size, to a little pyramid that crowned the whole. Tamino crossed over and began to examine the building. He found that the inner wall of every terrace was sculptured with scenes from some strange and tender history, and fringed, along the top, with a row of figures, carved in a seated position, the legs crossed, the feet turned up, and one hand raised as in blessing. The solemnity of these images, the solitude of the place, the murmuring water and the rustling trees





THE WATER

filled Tamino with a sense of awe and peace. He slowly climbed the terraces, circling each as he went, till he reached the summit; and there he found a young monk, seated in the attitude of the statues, and so deeply absorbed in meditation that he did not see Tamino until he was close beside him and addressed him. He then seemed to start into life and Tamino asked him whether this was the castle of Sarastro.

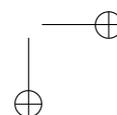
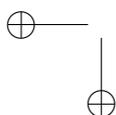
“No,” replied the monk. “It is the lotus-lake of Gautama.”

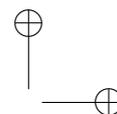
Tamino was disappointed, for he had hoped that this might be his journey’s end. But he asked for a night’s lodging and this was courteously granted.

In the morning the young monk appeared and offered to be his guide about the monastery. He showed him a series of courts and gardens and then a long row of cells, open on one side to the day and looking out on trees and water, in each of which sat a monk in silent meditation. Tamino began to question his companion about the purpose of this, but he replied that on all such points he must inquire of the abbot. And presently he took him to the abbot’s chamber. An old man with a calm and dignified countenance welcomed him, and asked him whence he had come and whither he was bent. And Tamino, moved to confidence by his gracious demeanour, ended by telling him all his history, and how he was bent for the castle of Sarastro where he hoped to find Pamina. “But,” he added, “now I am here, I have a strange longing to stay. Perhaps, after all, it is in this place that I am to find what I seek.”

The abbot looked at him thoughtfully and said:

“Those who have seen Pamina do not often cease from the quest of her.”





THE MAGIC FLUTE

“Can she be attained?” Tamino asked. And the abbot replied:

“I do not know. We follow here a different quest.”

“What quest is that?”

“The quest of Eternity.”

“And what is Eternity?”

“Escape from Life.”

Tamino wondered, and asked: “But is not Death that?”

“Death,” was the reply, “means rebirth, so long as desire for life is not extinguished.”

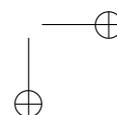
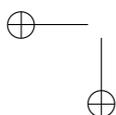
“But surely it is extinguished in those who kill themselves?”

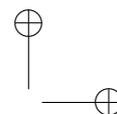
“In them least of all, for they kill themselves from desire for what they do not possess. If a man has ceased from desire he will not desire even death. And only then is he set free from the wheel of life.”

“I understand,” said Tamino. And there came over him a great longing for that escape. He thought of his own experience and of Candide’s. He thought, how, for countless generations, through all changing forms, the essence of human life had been the same, the questions asked the same, and the answers given, though varying, always alike in this, that they were no answers at all. He thought of the religions of the world, all palpably false, and all misused to serve Evil instead of Good. “And I myself,” he thought, “what do I follow? A dream.” “But then,” he considered “escape, too, perhaps is a dream.” And he said to the abbot:

“How do you know that escape is possible?”

And the abbot said: “By tradition and experience. We have the doctrine of our Lord Gautama. And though,





THE WATER

of necessity, none can know that he can attain Eternity until he attains it, and then he could not return to tell us, yet, finding by practice that we can reach some of the stages on the road, as our master has described them to us, we think it reasonable to believe also in the final deliverance.”

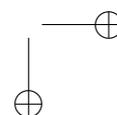
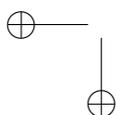
To Tamino, too, it appeared reasonable. And a great desire came over him to try that adventure. He asked the abbot if he might join the brotherhood. But the abbot looked at him doubtfully.

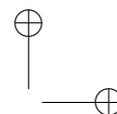
“You say you follow Pamina,” he said; “that is, you are a child of Time. This way is the opposite of that. Think well before you choose it.”

“I have thought,” said Tamino. “I am weary of the old way. I want to escape. Do not forbid me.” “Enter then this way, but at your own risk. And if you find it, for you, a false one, do not blame me.”

So Tamino was received as a novice, and threw himself passionately into the new life. None practised more rigidly than he the prescribed austerities, none with more determination closed the senses and opened the mind. So that he attained, one after another, the stages of the road.

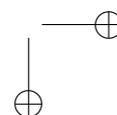
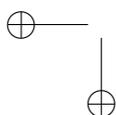
First, there were opened to him the problems of metaphysics, as whether the world is one or many, whether there is a soul, and how mind is related to matter. And he was taught to examine the various doctrines, which among them were possibly true, which self-contradictory, and which plainly contrary to experience. And while he was thus being trained to think, he was clarifying the instrument of thought by a diet and way of life long studied and practised in the monastery. And his soul

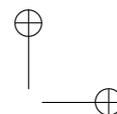
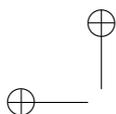




THE MAGIC FLUTE

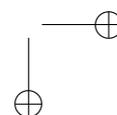
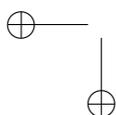
became like a pool of fresh water, continually replenished by rain from heaven; and so delightful was that state that he would have been glad to remain in it for ever. But the abbot said: "This is but the first stage. You must pass out and enter the second." And Tamino persevered, and entered the second stage. And there, in a moment of intuition, he possessed without discursive thought, the results of thinking. And his soul became like a pool of water replenishing itself from hidden springs; and so delightful was that state, that he would have been glad to remain in it for ever. But the abbot said: "This is but the second stage. You must pass out and enter the third." And Tamino persevered, and entered the third stage. And there he was aware of all that came before him, whether pleasure or pain, or image or idea, as detached from himself and flowing in and out, without disturbing that which perceived and felt. And his soul became like a lotus-flower floating on the water of a pool, drawing it in and exhaling it again; and so delightful was that state that he would have been glad to remain in it for ever. But the abbot said: "This is but the third stage. You must pass out and enter the fourth." And Tamino persevered, and entered the fourth stage. And there his own sensations and his own thoughts were no more his than were those of others. And all that exists was presented to him without disturbing that which perceived. And his soul became like a golden string, on which were hung the jewels of all the world; and so delightful was that state that he would have been glad to remain in it for ever. But the abbot said: "This is but the fourth stage. You must pass out and enter the fifth." And Tamino persevered, and entered the fifth stage. And there he

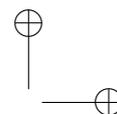
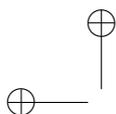




THE WATER

perceived nothing but the infinity of space. And his soul became like a transparent sphere. And this state was beyond delight, but full of such peace, that he would have been glad to remain in it forever. But the abbot said: "This is but the fifth stage. You must pass out and enter the sixth." And Tamino persevered, and entered the sixth stage. And there he perceived that space and thought were the same thing. And his soul became like a point of light that was also infinity. And so full of peace was that state, with a peace that passes understanding, that he would have been glad to remain in it for ever. But the abbot said: "This is but the sixth stage. You must pass out and enter the seventh." And Tamino persevered, and entered the seventh stage. And there he was aware of nothing, and his soul was like nothing. And this state was beyond even peace, and he would have been glad to remain in it for ever. But as it so happened, on that day, he had gone out to meditate in the little wood that surrounded the monastery. And as he sat there by the way, lost in meditation, there passed a traveller. And thieves leapt out upon him and wounded and robbed him and left him for dead. He cried for aid to Tamino, but Tamino sat there unconscious, seeing and hearing nothing. And so the man lay bleeding on the ground, and there he was when Tamino returned to earth. Tamino was dazed and for a long time did not understand what he saw nor know what he had to do. But presently, as the current of his life in the flesh set in again, he went up to the man and bound up his wounds as best he could. But the man's blood had flowed too long. He looked at Tamino and died. And in his eyes, before he died, Tamino saw the look he had seen once





THE MAGIC FLUTE

on the battle field. And all his peace, so painfully won, fled from him. And he went back to the monastery, and passed over on to the island, and mounted to the topmost terrace, and there sat down beside one of the images of Gautama. It was evening, and the setting sun shone on the stone face, till it seemed to flush into life. And Tamino, looking into the eyes of the face, said:

“Lord Buddha, was your gospel true?”

And the image answered back:

“True and false.”

“What was true in it?”

“Selflessness and Love.”

“What false?”

“Flight from Life.”

“Must I go back to Life?”

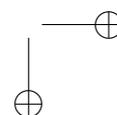
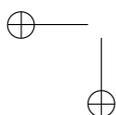
But the light had faded from the face and it turned to stone again.

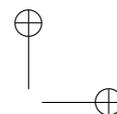
Tamino looked down at the lake. The lotus was in bud, and the buds burned red in the after glow. Redder and redder they burned till they were flames on a sea of fire. Then they opened, and flowered each into a human face. And the face was the face of Pamina. And Tamino, who had forgotten her for so long, felt the old yearning, and he cried: “I have been on the wrong way. I must go back.” And he went to seek the abbot. “I have reached the seventh stage,” he said. And the abbot replied: “You must pass out and enter the eighth.” But Tamino said: “I do not desire it. I am going back.”

“I thought,” said the abbot, “you were not for our company.”

“You were right. I am for the castle of Sarastro.”

“Go then, and leave your peace behind you.”





THE WATER

“I desire not peace, but Pamina.”

“Go then. The castle lies due east. But be not too sure to find Pamina there. What I promised I gave you, the road to deliverance, and you know by experience that it is there. No such certainty will you find with Sarastro.”

And Tamino said: “Then I must rest in uncertainty.”

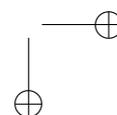
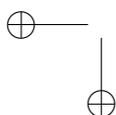
And he knelt for the abbot’s blessing, but the abbot said: “My blessing would not help, since you are on a quest I do not know.”

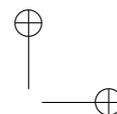
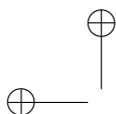
“Then give me your love.”

“My love you have.”

And Tamino took his way into the mountains.

Many days he wandered and the cliffs grew higher and the gorges deeper. Water was everywhere, rushing below, tumbling from above; and it rained and rained, and rained and rained. And day by day Tamino’s mind grew darker and more perturbed. As he wandered in the flesh, so did he in the spirit; and as water hemmed in his footsteps, so did doubt and despair his mind. He looked back upon his life, and it seemed as though all the ways he had tried had ended in a closed door. Romance had led him to Pamina, but he had lost her as he stretched out his hand to take her. War had led him to action, place and fame, but also to remorse, to prison, and to madness. Since then, he had pursued Truth; but what had he found better than the wisdom of Candide, that all is vanity? The Christian Churches did not follow Christ. The Buddhists followed Buddha, but on a road that he had found false. And the road he was following himself? Was it one at all? said Tamino. Did the castle of Sarastro exist? And if so, would he find there what





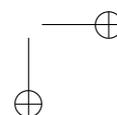
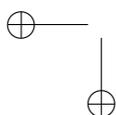
THE MAGIC FLUTE

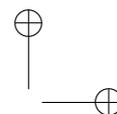
he sought? And so it went on, hour after hour, day after day, till at last he summoned all his strength, stood still, and said:

“Where all else is doubtful, this one thing is sure, the impulse that drives me on to Truth. Though I deny all else, I cannot deny that. Though I betray all else, I cannot betray that. I may never find, but I must always seek. To that bottom my wanderings have led me, and it is firm.”

And as he reached this point in his thought, he looked round, and saw nothing but precipices. The way by which he had come he could not find, and there was no way forward. On all sides he was shut in by cliffs; and the rain fell and the torrents roared. And panic seized Tamino. Was he to die thus meanly in a trap, he who had faced battle? Was he to die all alone, and so utterly thwarted of his quest? And as once before in the prison, so now, his mind began to fail, and losing grip on reality swept once more away on that current down to that whirlpool and the face he had seen at the bottom of it. But just then, when he was, as it seemed, at the last gasp, something in him, not himself and deeper than himself, cried through his lips the name “Pamina.”

Ah then, if ever after toil there has been rest; if ever after torture recreation; if ever after quarrel friends have met in reconciliation; if ever lovers mingled after absence; such rest, such recreation, such reconciliation sweet, dropped like a balm, blew like a breeze, and like a perfume distilled over Tamino’s worn and broken spirit. For there indeed hovered beside him, in her loveliness, her tenderness, the plentitude of her consoling beauty, that long loved, long lost, late forgotten lady. And he





THE WATER

looked upon her with no desire, but with love for a lovely thing, that draws the soul because it has its principle of being in itself, and would please no man if it came into the power of another. And he stood up in the tumult, young and beautiful and strong, and Pamina said "Play."

And Tamino took his flute and played, and the flute sang:

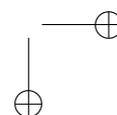
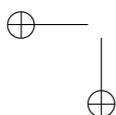
"Fade like a wraith, dissolve and pass away,
Unsolid walls, the image of his fear;
And thou, cold spirit, the barrier and the way,
Appear, appear!

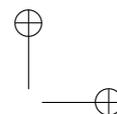
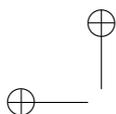
Thee let him see, who dost his prison make,
Only by acquiescence of his soul,
Whom he escapes, when he his flesh shall take
And cast it in thee whole.

Before him passes, through the thundering veil,
What he must follow, though he never find,
Or, shrinking, feed a perishing desire,
And sacrifice the mind.

What drives within, deeper than all he wills,
What draws without, fairer than aught he knows,
Than choice more strong, more cunning than all
skills,
Shall keep him where he goes."

And as he played, the cliffs around him dissolved: into water, and he stood on an island of rock, encircled by a roaring cataract falling from an unseen height into an unseen gulf. One wavering plank led from where he was across the ravine right into the tremendous waterfall. And across that plank Pamina sped, calling to him "Follow me."

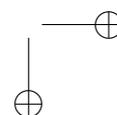
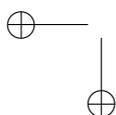


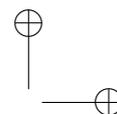
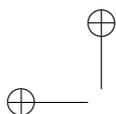


THE MAGIC FLUTE

Tamino took his flute and followed though his heart was full of fear. And fearful it was, for the weight of the water was on him, and the cold, and the falling spray, and a noise that stunned his senses. But through that noise, to comfort him, the flute answered the water.

The water. "I shatter and stun
Bear me who can!
Who cannot is done."
The flute. "But I am a man."
The water. "The doubt you cherish
I wash away.
Be purged or perish!"
The flute. "I pass and pay."
The water. "No dreams I offer
For old dreams lost,
No prizes proffer."
The flute. "I know the cost!"
The water. "What I take I hold,
The rest resign.
And the tested gold —"
The flute. "Ah, that is mine."



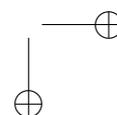
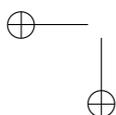


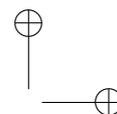
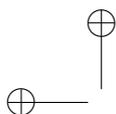
THE HALL OF SARASTRO



Thus it was that Tamino went through the water. And the cold and the spray and the weight of the fall and the slippery plank and the din went near to destroy him, even though the flute sustained him and Pamina went before. But when the stress and terror was at the height, and he was on the point of falling, he felt firm ground and unimpeded breath, the intolerable noise changed, softened harmoniously, and grew into that same music, solemn and sweet, which he had heard long ago, after the flood, on the battle field; and though he saw nothing, he was aware of light. So he stood still, while those divine numbers wrapped him round and restored him and made him better than the best he had ever been. Until, presently, the instruments not ceasing, a male voice began to speak and weave among them words. And the words were these:

“Oh thou who alone abidest sure, where sense deceives, passion deludes, knowledge fails, and will falters; thou who voyagest like a lamp through an infinite darkness, and guidest like a thread through a pathless labyrinth; thou who art the strength of the soul and the illumination





THE MAGIC FLUTE

of the mind; thou who demandest of thy servants honesty, courage and love, and wilt not have the cold and feeble and false; Oh thou, whether thou choosest to be called Imagination or Reason or Truth, be with us now to receive this youth who stands before the gate, and as thy wisdom inclineth so let our judgment determine.”

So the voice spoke, and then, the music still continuing, another voice entered into it, questioning, and the first answered. And this was their dialogue:

“Has he courage?”

“He has passed through the fire.”

“Has he faith?”

“He has passed through the water.”

“Does he love?”

“He follows Pamina.”

“Has he faced the sceptics?”

“He has visited the garden.”

“Has he encountered the sophists?”

“He has lodged at the hermitage.”

“Has he escaped the mystics?”

“He has tarried at the lotus lake.”

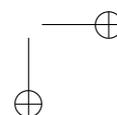
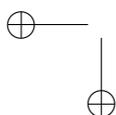
“Is it your will then that he be admitted to our ranks?”

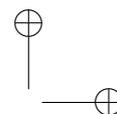
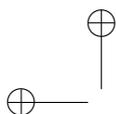
“It is our will.”

“Then give the signal.”

And at those words there blazed forth three trumpet chords, so shattering in their solemnity that they overwhelmed Tamino’s senses. When he recovered he found himself alone in an immense hall, and beside him a young man of his own age.

In the eyes of this man was the same look that Tamino had seen in those of the dying soldier and of the traveller





THE HALL OF SARASTRO

in the monastery grove. And pain and remorse and love shot through him all at once, as he said:

“Have all of you those eyes in the castle of Sarastro?”

“Have you seen them before?” said the young man.

“I have. But those who owned them are not here.”

And Tamino’s heart was heavy as he thought of his dead friends, and all that he had made them suffer in the past.

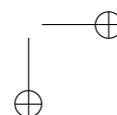
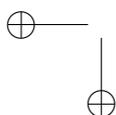
“They are here, and they are not,” his companion replied. “The essence is the same, but not the vehicle.”

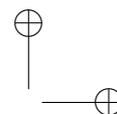
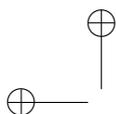
“If the essence is the same, let me ask of you the pardon that I cannot ask of them.”

Thereupon the young man smiled at him and kissed him, telling him his name, which was Aureole. And Tamino, much moved, that he might recover himself, turned to examine the hall. It was in the Greek manner, the proportions so admirably fitted and the mouldings so exquisitely cut that it made to the eye music as perfect as the other had been to the ear. At the west end was a dais, and behind it folding doors. Opposite, in the eastern wall, were the great gates, closed. On the north and south were little posterns. But there were no windows visible, the light being admitted in some cunning way from above. This lack of windows somewhat troubled Tamino, and he commented on it to his new friend.

“But what would be the use,” said Aureole, “of seeing from inside what we can see when we go out? Our windows are of a different kind. Each of us can open one, when he wants it, for himself. If it is on the north side (by which you entered) he may see anything he chooses to recall from the past. If on the south, what he pleases to imagine of the future.”

“But is what he sees real?”





THE MAGIC FLUTE

“The past is as real as his knowledge, and the future as his foresight. We do not attach a high degree of reality to either. But such visions amuse and comfort, and sometimes elevate and inspire. And so long as we do not attribute to them more Truth than they have, we are permitted and encouraged to evoke them.”

“Could I too see?” Tamino asked.

“Not yet, with your own eyes. But if you will use mine, I would like to show you some of those who have been members of our Order in the past.”

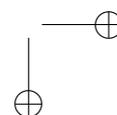
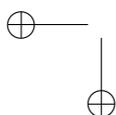
With that he led Tamino to one of the panels in the north wall, and making some passes before his eyes bade him look. The wall seemed to roll away and a vacant space appeared, across which there began to pass figures carrying with them each the symbol appropriate to his person. All of these Tamino recognized, for he was seeing and understanding with the eyes and intelligence of Aureole. First came philosophers and men of science. There was Thales in a sphere of water, Heracleitus in a pyramid of fire, Hipparchus and Ptolemy under a starry sky. Socrates passed, with naked youths shining about him in a crowd, and Aristotle pacing with his disciples. But the figure for which Tamino waited with the highest expectation did not appear, and presently he said:

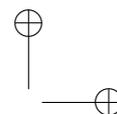
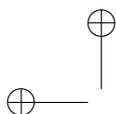
“You have not shown me Plato.”

“No,” replied Aureole, “and with reason. For though he came here and was, by all repute, the most gifted of our members, yet he fell back in the end under the dominion of the Queen of Night.”

“How so?”

“He came to prefer religion to reason, authority to liberty, and the State to the individual. And those are





THE HALL OF SARASTRO

the three great heresies which no one holding can remain a member of our Order.”

“Did you expel him then?”

“We expel no one, as we invite no one. Those come to us who belong to us, and those leave us who do not.”

The procession continued to pass, and Tamino saw Copernicus, Kepler, Newton, Lamarck, Darwin, and others too numerous to name.

“Do all men of science come here?” he said at last.

“No,” replied Aureole, “those only who follow Truth for Truth’s sake, and will not, while they make a tool of Nature, become themselves the tools of men. No man comes here who has sold his knowledge to those who will use it for evil. And much that is here discovered will never be brought to the light till men shall be fit to employ it worthily.”

“I understand. And now, may I see the poets?”

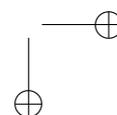
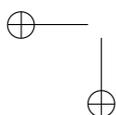
Thereupon, these in their turn began to pass before his eyes. Euripides came, with the waves at his feet; Lucretius, in a storm of atoms; Shakespeare, gazing in a mirror; Goethe, with a rainbow round his head; Byron, like a meteor; and Shelley, like the morning star. These passed, and many more, and Tamino noted well both those who were shown him and those who were not.

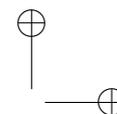
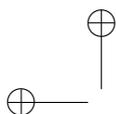
“I miss Wordsworth,” he said; “but perhaps I should not have expected to see him. His case, I suppose, is the same as Plato’s?”

“Alas, yes! All his best songs he sang while he was still with us. But he deserted, and you know the sequel.”

“I know,” said Tamino. “But,” he went on, “it is more disconcerting to miss Dante.”

“Men do not come here,” said Aureole, “because they





THE MAGIC FLUTE

are poets, but because they are followers of Sarastro. Dante was not, nor were the other great men of his time.”

“Why not?”

“Because they were not followers of Truth. For the sake of security and order, they built a wall round life, beyond which they forbade the mind, under penalties, to peep. Outside were the great winds, the darkness and the storm, across which lay the path of adventure and achievement. They denied it to men, shutting them up in their cathedral walls. And never, it must be conceded, was prison so sublime. Yet prison it was, and to the castle of Sarastro none come but freemen.”

“There are great men, then, who never join you?”

“There are, and they are our foes by the only enmity good men cherish, that of one kind of Spirit against another. The war of minds is a war for ideals, and it must be fought without hate and without violence.”

“In that war,” said Tamino, “none was a braver fighter than Voltaire.”

“Behold him,” Aureole replied. And Tamino saw the old man in his little theatre, with his mistress, indecent, brilliant, and irrepressible.

“Yes, that is he,” Tamino remarked with satisfaction. “But since he is here, why would not Candide come also?”

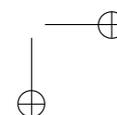
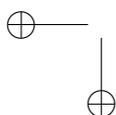
“Ah, why!” Aureole replied. “It is, I think, that he lacks the one thing needful.”

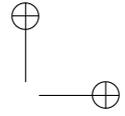
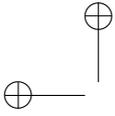
“What is that?”

“The sacred fire.”

“He is so clever and so honest,” said Tamino.

“Yes, and there are others like him. I wish they were here. But something keeps them away, and I think it is what I said.”





THE HALL OF SARASTRO

Tamino was silent for a while, thinking regretfully of Candide. Then he said:

“Will you show me more?”

“Not now. You have seen enough to understand what brings men here and what keeps them away. And you have learned into what a company you are come. You may need that assurance, when you are back in the world; for those who hate us are many, and often we feel the need to call for comfort and support on those of our brothers who have passed away.”

“You say they have passed away. But are they dead, or alive?”

“I do not know.”

“Does any one here know?”

“Some try to find out, and think there is a way to do so.”

“You have no doctrine on the matter?”

“No. The Truth is not known, and we have no doctrine but the Truth.”

“It makes no difference to your life, whether or no you live after death?”

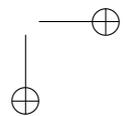
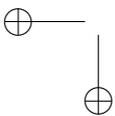
“Good is Good, and Evil is Evil, in any case.”

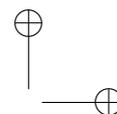
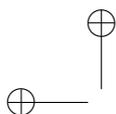
“But the hope?”

“Or the fear? We do not exclude that. Only it belongs as yet to speculation, not to Truth, and those who would indulge it look through the south wall.”

“Tell me more about that south wall.”

“It opens to us our spiritual horizon. If you will take this hall as the symbol of the known, then to the south lies the unknown. Glimpses of it are given by imagination, extending and anticipating reason. It is thus that science grows, first sketching, in the void, the plan of what it





THE MAGIC FLUTE

is afterwards to build. Thus, too, that poems grow and music. For none of these are out of relation to reality. They have the same root and follow the same laws.”

“May we look now through that wall?”

“Each must look for himself. I cannot be your guide there.”

Thereupon Aureole led the way out by the southern postern. And if Tamino had been filled with admiration for the beauty of the hall, he was yet more so for that of the gardens. For they seemed to make actual the reality of nature, so that the very essence of wood and water, hill and dell and plain, lay revealed, not to the imagination only, but to the sense. For long Tamino was lost in silent contemplation. Then suddenly he was startled by the sound of a pipe, and Papageno came dancing in.

“Why, how did you get here?” cried Tamino overjoyed.

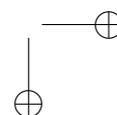
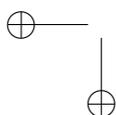
“Not through the water,” Papageno answered. “What roundabout ways you take! And after all, you end where you began.”

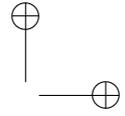
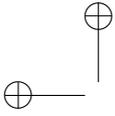
“What do you mean?” But as he spoke Tamino, to his amazement, seemed to be back in the pavilion, where he had first seen Pamina; and there she sat in contemplation as before, and once more he advanced trembling, once more whispered: “Lady.” But, even as he murmured the word, the vision vanished, and he was back at Aureole’s side, while already, far away, Papageno’s pipe was fading in the distance.

Aureole laughed. “He startled you?”

“Is he too one of us?” Tamino asked.

“He is free of every place and company, just because he belongs to none. He never grows up, never grows worse, and therefore never grows better.”





THE HALL OF SARASTRO

“And therefore,” Tamino sighed, “is always happy. Perhaps, after all, he is right and we are wrong. At any rate, he seems to arrive wherever one is, without any trouble.”

“He does not really arrive, though he crosses and greets you. He is always in the same place.”

“A better place, or worse?”

“I cannot say. Either he is at the beginning, or he is at the end of the road, while we are moving in the middle.”

“Perhaps the beginning and the end are the same?”

“Perhaps,” Aureole assented. “But that is vision, not knowledge.”

“Anyhow,” said Tamino, “I wish he would have stayed, for I love him.”

Then, for a time he was silent. The vision he had seen still haunted him, and he longed to ask a question, yet dared not. But at last, doing violence to himself, he said:

“I have not asked you yet – I suppose you know – does Pamina dwell here? For I thought just now that I saw her.”

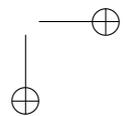
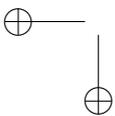
“She dwells neither here nor anywhere. She is always on before.”

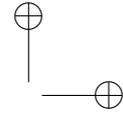
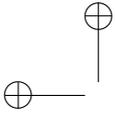
“On before she has been, with me. Yet here, I thought, I might find her.”

“She cannot be found, any more than she can be missed, by those who once have seen her. When most you need her she will appear. But she will not stay. For if she stayed, you would stay too, and there is no staying for us.”

Tamino bowed his head, as to a judgment he could not dispute. And at that moment there sounded a trumpet call.

“That is for you,” said Aureole. “You must return to





THE MAGIC FLUTE

the hall.”

“For what purpose?”

“To undergo your examination.”

“Have I then further tests to endure? I thought I was enrolled.”

“Your examination is to satisfy yourself, not us. All that is necessary you know. But you do not yet know that you know it.”

He led Tamino to the southern postern, and bade him enter, turning away himself.

Two young men received Tamino and bade him advance to the western end, and wait below the dais. Then the doors were thrown open and Sarastro entered, very majestic, in a blaze of light. Tamino stood below, afraid to look up, and feeling as empty of courage as of knowledge. But the first words of Sarastro restored him to himself, so tender and courteous was his voice, for all its dignity and depth. And to every question he found, to his own surprise, that he had his answer ready. And this was the form of their questioning and answering:

Sar. What brings you here?

Tam. The love of Truth.

Sar. What do you understand by Truth?

Tam. First, truth of fact, and, secondly, truth of value.

Sar. What is the evidence of truth of fact?

Tam. The perceptions of the outer senses, enlarged by instruments, corrected by comparison, and related by logic.

Sar. What is the evidence of truth of value?

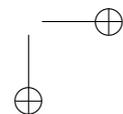
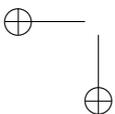
Tam. The perception of the inner sense, tested and developed by experience.

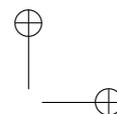
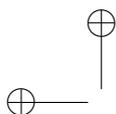
Sar. Is there any other method of Truth?

Tam. There is none.

Sar. Do you believe in the reality of Good?

Tam. I do.

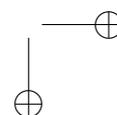
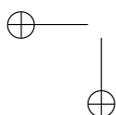


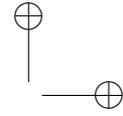
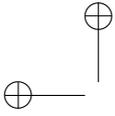


THE HALL OF SARASTRO

Sar. Do you believe in the reality of Evil?
Tam. I do.
Sar. Do you believe in the reality of Time?
Tam. I do.
Sar. Do you believe in the reality of Conflict?
Tam. I do.
Sar. What are the weapons of the Conflict?
Tam. Reason and art.
Sar. What the virtues that serve in it?
Tam. Hope, faith and love.
Sar. What do you understand by hope?
Tam. The vision of the goal.
Sar. What by faith?
Tam. The setting of the will to reach it.
Sar. What by love?
Tam. The impulse.
Sar. And the goal?
Tam. That will be known when it is achieved.
Sar. Is it your desire, with these virtues, to return to the world?
Tam. It is my desire.
Sar. Then, by the power given to me, I make you free of this place and company. Come and go as you will and need. And the blessing of Truth be with you and abide with you.

He raised his hand in blessing, and Tamino bowed his head. Then, once more, there were heard the three shattering chords. The great gates were thrown open and a troop of men came marching in, pair by pair, all robed in white. They ranged themselves along the walls, Tamino taking his place beside the last. Then they began to sing. And Tamino put his flute to his lips, and then for the first time, knew what it could do. For it rose and floated among and above the instruments and voices, so pure, so clear, so unearthly sweet, that it pierced the walls about his self, and let in the celestial light. In that light he saw Pamina, and she smiled at him. And he





THE MAGIC FLUTE

passed out, and was lost in the bliss that lies beyond consciousness.

Thus was Tamino admitted to the Order. But Sarastro went to find the Queen. She was seated on her mountain, wrapped in the mist she loved, and feeling sorer and more vexed than ever. For she had heard from Monostatos how Tamino had passed the water, and had joined Sarastro's company, and how Pamina would never be restored to her by him. So when the light of Sarastro's face broke into her clouds, and she saw him coming like the sun, she cried out;

"So you have come to triumph over me?"

"Small cause have I to triumph," he said. "Even if that were my bent."

"You have the young man. You have Pamina."

"What is that to me without you?"

"You know the price at which I may be won."

"The price is impossible. Oh, why will you not look forward, instead of always backward?"

"I am what I am, I do not change."

"You change, and for the worse, since you will not change for the better. Once you were like Papageno. What are you now?"

"What you have made me."

"Then let me make you other."

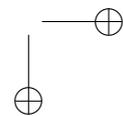
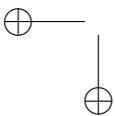
"I will be myself."

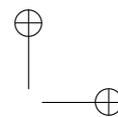
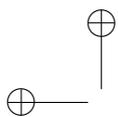
"You will be what That will make you that is behind us both. Why will you kick against the pricks?"

"Let Him make me what He can, if He has power over me. You have none."

"Yet I could give you vision."

"I want no vision. I love the night."





THE HALL OF SARASTRO

And as the Queen spoke she passed back beyond Mind to resume her gendering in the dark. But Sarastros said: "Lord, how long?" and no voice answered him. And with a heavy heart, but courage undismayed, he took his way back to the castle.

