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## **F.W.J. Schelling, “On the Relationship of the Plastic Arts to Nature” (1807)**

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### **Translator’s Preface**

This is Schelling’s most notable public address. Its length and difficulty prompt one to wonder how many of his audience were able to follow it, but it remains a seminal text to read and study, one that brings together in dynamic co-illumination two of the great strands of Schelling’s early thought: his *Naturphilosophie* and *Kunstphilosophie*. Along with the turn to art in the 1800 *System of Transcendental Idealism* and the Würzburg lectures on the *Philosophy of Art*, it is Schelling’s most important and memorable philosophical reflections on art. It is his most concise and unabashed defense of the genetic dynamism of art and its indispensability for human life. Although Schelling’s call for a “revival” of a “thoroughly” and “peculiarly German art” went largely unheeded in Munich until perhaps *Der Blaue Reiter* collective in the early Twentieth Century, this address’s provocative analysis of the “spiritual in art,” was not only taken up, however indirectly, by Kandinsky in his book (*Über das Geistige in der Kunst*), but it remains current and worthy of engagement.

The standard German pagination for this text was established when this address was reprinted in 1860 in division 1, volume seven of Schelling’s *Sämtliche Werke*, edited by his son, Karl F. A. Schelling. To facilitate consultation with the original German, I have interpolated the standard pagination within the text. Schelling later inserted eight footnotes, some of which are short essays in themselves. The

occasional brevity between interpolated German page numbers reflects the fact that the lengthy footnotes occupy the same pages as the address itself.

I note here the difficulty in conveying the complexity with which Schelling deploys the German term *Wesen*. In common as well as philosophical parlance, this is rightly translated as *essence*. This custom presents a critical problem in this text, one that risks obscuring key elements of Schelling's argument. We have long become accustomed to detect in the word *essence* what the *form* of something is. Essence is *what* something *is*. We may even imagine, caught in the bad habits of Platonism, that essences are another name for the forms, which inhabit some eternal ideal realm until they impress themselves in time upon receptive matter. Schelling is quite clear that the *Wesen* is not the form of a being nor do either the *Wesen* or the form shape and configure pliable matter within the vicissitudes of time (i.e., individual exemplars come and go while the forms are eternal, always ready to stamp themselves upon matter anew). Schelling rejects this entirely.

For the *Wesen* to be, however, it must exist *as something*, it must express itself as a particular being. In that sense, the *Wesen* forms the being and thereby *affirmatively* expresses itself (not negatively restricts itself). To be a being, it must be *something*, but whatever being it is, being itself is not exhausted or fossilized in whatever it is. The *Wesen* is double: pure being and a particular existent, both in terms of its haecceity and its quiddity. The *Wesen* is trifold: the soul, form, and the spiritual copula that holds them together while also leaving them to themselves. At the risk of overplaying my hand, I have translated *Wesen* as *being* (which is both pure being and a being), but consistently marked this by including the German term in brackets. I think the philosophical stakes merit such a solution.

Although German grammar requires that the pronoun for "artist" be male, when Schelling speaks of people, he uses "*Mensch*," which does not decide the gender one way or another. Nor is there an inflexible expectation that all artists have been, are, and will be men. Attempting to avoid the infelicity of a cumbersome and strained solution, I referred to "artists" rather than "the artist," which allowed me to use a more inclusive pronoun.

My comments, kept to a minimum and offered in hopes of being helpful, are always in brackets, whether briefly interpolated in the text or appearing as footnotes. Both are marked: —TR. A small selection from this translation was published previously in a dramatically reduced form and without my critical notes in Daniel Whistler and Benjamin Berger (eds.), *The Schelling Reader* (London: Bloomsbury, 2020).

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[291] Through a sublime password, festive days like the one today, which was named after the King, summon everything in unison to feelings of joy.<sup>1</sup> Because they can only be celebrated with words and speeches, they seem to lead of themselves to the contemplation of what, recalling what is most universal and worthy, connects the auditors as much in spiritual participation as they are united in patriotic feelings. Is there anything higher for which to thank the rulers of the earth than that they provide and preserve for us the calm enjoyment of everything splendid and beautiful? We cannot therefore contemplate their charitable deeds or the public fortune without being immediately led to what is universally human. Such a festival could hardly be better glorified than by the unanimous delight at his unveiling and exhibiting a veritable and great work of plastic art. No less unifying is the attempt, given that this place is consecrated exclusively to the sciences, to unveil the work of art overall in accordance with its being [*Wesen*] and to let it, so to speak, emerge before the spiritual eye.

For a long time how much has been felt, thought, and judged about art! How can this address therefore hope, in such a dignified gathering of the most enlightened connoisseurs and insightful judges, to bring new excitement to the object unless it scorned foreign embellishment and offered an account of part of the universal favor and receptivity that it enjoys? [292] For other objects have to be elevated by eloquence, or, if there is something effusive about them, they have to be made credible by exposition. Art already has the advantage from the outset that it is given as visible and that doubts regarding claims about sublime perfection, because they exceed the common level of understanding, can be met with an exposition in which the idea that was not intellectually grasped can in this region emerge incarnate before the eyes. Moreover, this lecture can avail itself of the consideration that the many doctrines formed around this object still went back far too little to the originary source of art. For most artists, even though they should imitate all of nature, nonetheless seldom obtain a concept about what the being [*Wesen*] of nature is. Connoisseurs and thinkers, however, because of the greater inaccessibility of nature, for the most part find it easier to derive their theories more from the contemplation of the soul than from a science of nature. Such doctrines are usually far too shallow. They may in general say many a good and true thing about art, but they are nonetheless ineffective for plastic artists themselves and utterly fruitless for their practice.

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<sup>1</sup> [Schelling delivered this address at the Bavarian Academy of Sciences (*Die Bayerische Akademie der Wissenschaften*) in Munich, where he was a member from 1806 until 1820. It was presented on October 12, 1807, in celebration of the name day of King Maximilian I Joseph (1756-1825; reigned from 1806) of Bavaria. Maximilian I Joseph, along with his son, the Crown Prince Ludwig I, were prodigious collectors of Greek and Roman sculpture, which are still housed in Munich's Glyptothek, commissioned by Ludwig during the following decade. This address was later included, with substantive amplifications in the form of eight footnotes, as the penultimate essay in the first and only volume of Schelling's *Philosophische Schriften* (1809), right before the first appearance of the celebrated essay on *Human Freedom*.—TR.]



For plastic art, in accordance with the most ancient expression, should be a mute poetry. The inventor of this declaration doubtless meant this: they should express, just like those spiritual thoughts, concepts whose origin is the soul, but not through language, but rather, like silent nature, through figure, through form, through sensuous works that are independent from the soul. Plastic art therefore manifestly stands as an active copula between the soul and nature and can only be grasped in the living intermediary between both. Indeed, because it has the relationship to the soul in common with every other art, including poetry, what remains peculiar to it alone is that which connects it to nature and that by which it has a productive force similar to nature. Only with reference to this can a theory be satisfactory to the intellect and productive and helpful to art itself.

[293] We therefore hope, in contemplating plastic art in relationship to its veritable paragon and originary source, namely, nature, to be able to contribute something not yet known to its theory and provide some more precise determinations and clarifications of its concepts. But above all we hope to let the coherence of the whole edifice of art appear in the light of a higher necessity.

But has not science always recognized this relationship? Does not all modern theory even derive from the definite principle that art should be the imitator of nature? This was probably so. But how does the artist practice this broadly general principle when the concept of nature is ambiguous and when there are almost as many representations of nature as there are lifestyles? Some think nature is nothing more than the dead aggregate of an indeterminate amount of objects, or space into which objects are put as in a container. For others it is just the land from which they draw their food and sustenance. Only to the inspired researcher is it the holy and eternally creative primordial force of the world, which generates and actively produces all things out of itself. This principle would be highly meaningful if it taught art to emulate this productive force. One can hardly doubt what sense this intends if one reflects on the general state of the sciences at the time of their initial creation. How strange it would be for those who denied all life to nature to put it forward in art for imitation! The words of the profound man would apply to them: Your mendacious philosophy has done away with nature, so why do you demand that we imitate it? So that you could renew your enjoyment by committing the same act of violence against the students of nature?<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> These are the words of J. G. Hamann from the *Kleeblatt hellenistischer Briefe* [*Cloverleaf of Hellenistic Letters*], II, p. 189, moderated in light of the present address. Here are the man's original words: "Your murderously mendacious philosophy has done away with nature, and why do you demand that we should keep imitating it? So that you could renew your enjoyment by also murdering the students of nature?"—Would that F. H. Jacobi, to whom the author is grateful for first facilitating his initial and more meticulous acquaintance with the writings of this primordially forceful spirit, himself undertake the long hoped for edition of Hamann's *Works*, or accelerate it with his word! [It would be almost two decades before the complete edition of Hamann's collected works finally appeared (edited and published over the course of six years in seven volumes and completed in 1827 by Jacobi and Schelling's colleague at the Bavarian Academy of Sciences, Friedrich Roth). Schelling imprecisely cites the source of Hamann's words. They stem from the concise and quite marvelous essay, *Aesthetica in Nuce*.—TR.]

[294] Nature for them was not just silent but a fully dead image with no inwardly native living word. It was a hollow framework of forms from which an equally hollow image should be transferred to canvas or hewn in stone. This was the right doctrine for those ancient and crude peoples who, because they saw nothing divine in nature, produced idols from out of nature. Meanwhile, for the sensuously gifted Hellenes, who felt the trace of the living and acting being [*Wesen*] everywhere, veritable gods arose out of nature.

And should the students of nature imitate everything of everything in nature without distinction? The student should only reproduce beautiful objects and within these only what is beautiful and consummate. This would seem to determine the principle more precisely but at the price of maintaining that in nature the perfect is mixed with the imperfect and the beautiful with the non-beautiful. How would the student who attributes no other relationship to nature than servile imitation distinguish one from the other? This type of imitator more likely and easily appropriates the defects of the original image than its merits because the defects present themselves as more comprehensible features to manage. And so we also see that with the imitators of nature in this sense the ugly is imitated more often and with more love than the beautiful. If we do not look at things with respect to the being [*Wesen*] within them, but rather with respect to their empty, and abstract form, then they also say nothing to our interior. We must put our own minds, our own spirits, at stake before they answer us. But what is the consummation of each thing? It is nothing other than the creative life in it, its power to be there and exist. Hence one who regards nature overall as something dead will never achieve that deep process, similar to the chemical one, through which, as if purified by fire, the pure gold of beauty and truth emerges.

Nothing changed regarding the main view of this relationship [295] even when one began more generally to feel the insufficiency of this principle. Nothing even changed with Johann Winckelmann's magnificent foundation of a new doctrine and insight. Indeed, he re-established the entire efficacy of the soul in art and elevated it from its undignified dependency to the realm of spiritual freedom. Animated by the beauty of the forms in the plastic images of antiquity, he taught that the bringing forth of an ideal nature that is elevated above actuality, along with the expression of its spiritual concepts, is the highest aim of art.

But if we examine what was for the most part understood by art's exceeding of actuality, we find, even with this doctrine, the endurance of the view that nature is a mere product and things are lifeless existents. The idea of a living, creative nature was in no way awoken by it. For these ideal forms could not be animated through a positive insight into their being [*Wesen*]. And if the forms of actuality were dead for the dead contemplators, then they were no less dead for art. If spontaneous bringing forth was not possible for the former, then it was also not possible for the latter. Although the object of imitation was altered, imitation remained. Into the stead of nature entered the elevated works of antiquity, whose external forms the students endeavored to copy, albeit bereft of the spirit that filled them. These works are just as unapproachable, nay, even more unapproachable, than the works of nature. They

leave you even colder than the latter if you do not bring the spiritual eye to them in order to penetrate their husk and feel the active force within them.

On the other hand, since then, artists inherited a certain idealist verve and represented the sublimity of beauty above matter. But these representations were like beautiful words, which do not correspond to deeds. If earlier customs of art produced bodies without soul, then this view merely taught the mystery of the soul, but not that of the body. Theory, as it customarily does, rapidly took to the other [296] side, but without finding the living intermediary.

Who can say that Winckelmann had not realized the highest beauty? But it appeared to him only in disparate elements. On the one hand, it appeared as beauty, which is conceptual and flows out of the soul. On the other hand, it appeared as the beauty of forms. But what active and effective copula binds them together? Or through what force was the soul along with the body simultaneously created as if with a single breath? If this does not lie within the capacity of art, as in nature, then nothing whatsoever is capable of creation. Winckelmann did not define this living intermediary. He did not teach how the forms can be produced from out of the concept. Hence art transitioned to that method that we might dub the “retrograde” because it strives to go from the form to the being [*Wesen*]. But the unconditioned cannot be attained in this fashion. It is not found by intensifying conditions. Hence such works, which originated in form, despite all their cultivation, display as a trait of their origin an insatiable vacuity precisely in the place where we expect the consummate, essential [*Wesentliche*], and ultimate. The miracle through which the conditioned is elevated to the unconditioned, and humanity becomes divine, is missing. The magic circle is drawn, but the spirit that should be apprehended within it does not appear. The spirit does not acquiesce to the call of the one who holds that creation is only possible through mere form.

Far be it for us thereby to want to find fault with the spirit of the consummate man himself. His eternal doctrine and revelation of the beautiful were more the occasioning cause than the efficient cause of this direction in art! Holy be his memory to us, just as with the commemoration of all universal benefactors! He stood in sublime solitude like a mountain range through his whole age. No responsive tone, no sentiment of life, no pulsation in the whole wide realm of science, accommodated his endeavors.<sup>3</sup> Just as his true contemporaries arrived, [297] the life of this splendid

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<sup>3</sup> Winckelmann’s objectivity is singular for his entire age, not only in terms of his style, but also of his entire manner of contemplation. There is a cast of mind, which thinks *about* things, and another that wants to know them in themselves in accordance with their pure necessity. Winckelmann’s *History of Art* [*Geschichte der Kunst des Alterthums, History of the Art of Antiquity* (1764)—TR.] is the first example of the latter. This spirit later exhibited itself in other sciences, with the same great resistance from those otherwise accustomed. The first cast of mind is easier.—Winckelmann’s own age only knew this latter type of master, although one would also have to make an exception for *Hamann*, whom we cited earlier. But is Hamann to be counted as part of his age, in which he remained incomprehensible and without effect? *Lessing*, the only one to be cited along with Winckelmann from that age, is thereby great in that, amid the whole subjectivity of that time, and, although he developed the highest mastery in thinking about things, he nevertheless tended yearningly, even if unconsciously, toward another way of thinking. This is not only evident in his recognition of Spinozism, but also in many other proposals, especially the

man was cut down.<sup>4</sup> And yet he had such a great effect! His sensibility and spirit did not belong to his time, but rather [298] either to antiquity or to the present that he created. His doctrine provided the first foundation of the general structure of the knowledge and science of antiquity, which later times have begun to execute. To him first belonged the idea of contemplating the works of art according to the manner and laws of eternal works of nature. Before him, and even after him, all things human were regarded as the work of lawless arbitrariness and were treated accordingly. His spirit was among us like an air blowing from gentle climes, clearing the skies that obscured the art of ancient times, so that we could now behold these stars with clear eyes, unobstructed by fog. How he felt the vacuity of his age! Indeed, if we had no other reason than his eternal feeling of friendship and his inextinguishable longing for its enjoyment, this would be justification enough to confirm the spiritual love of this consummate man, classical in both life and work. And if he still felt another insatiable longing beyond that, it was for an intimate insight into nature. In the last years of his

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education of humankind. But the author must always dismiss as a prejudice the view that Lessing and Winckelmann were of one and the same mind and viewpoint regarding the aim of art.—Listen to the following fragment by Lessing: “The actual definition of a fine art can only be what it is capable of bringing forth with the assistance of another art. In painting, it is corporeal beauty . . . In order to be able to bring together corporeal beauties of more than one kind, one fell upon historical painting . . . The expression and representation of history was not the painter’s final intention. History was merely a means. Their final intention was to achieve manifold beauty . . . The new painters manifestly make the means into the intention. They paint histories in order to paint histories and do not consider that they are thereby making their art just an auxiliary to other arts and sciences, or at least making the assistance of other arts and sciences so indispensable that their art entirely loses its value as a basic art . . . The expression of corporeal beauty is the definition of painting . . . The supreme corporeal beauty is therefore its supreme definition, etc.” (From *Lessings Gedanken und Meinungen*, ed. Friedrich Schlegel, book one, 292 [Leipzig, 1804]). One can understand well how Lessing, with his sharp distinctions, could think and insist upon the concept of a purely *corporeal* beauty. If need be, one can also understand how he could be persuaded that, after thinking away its aim of presenting manifold corporeal beauty, nothing else would be left over for historical painting than just—*the representation of history*. But if one were to reconcile Winckelmann’s doctrine, especially as it is included in the *History of Art* (the *Monumenti inediti* [*Monumenti antichi inediti* (1767–1768)—TR.] were written for Italians and do not have the same documentary value as the former) with Lessing’s assertions, especially if Winckelmann’s view can be proved that the presentation of actions and passions, in short, the supreme genre of painting, was just invented in order to indicate an alteration of corporeal beauty in it, then the author has understood nothing, nothing at all, of Winckelmann. The comparison, with respect to the inner and outer style of both writers, of Lessing’s *Laocoön* [*Laokoön oder Über die Grenzen der Malerei und Poesie*, 1767] as the most intellectually provocative sense of art in the above sense, with Winckelmann’s work, remains salient. The utter difference between the two kinds of spiritual treatment of an object should be clear to everyone. [The renowned Greek sculpture, *Laocoön and His Sons* (aka *The Laocoön Group*), was rediscovered in Rome in 1506 and now sits in the Museo Pio-Clementino in the Vatican Museums. It depicts the death throes of the Trojan priest Laocoön and his two sons as they are constricted by serpents. Winckelmann discusses the paradoxical nobility, beauty, and sublimity of the sculpture, despite its gruesome subject matter and the agony it depicts. Schelling in his own way in this address engages the paradox of beauty within pain and death (see especially, pp. 213–214 in the German pagination). Lessing for his part, however, pushed back, arguing that its beauty was a restriction of its medium and that poetry (e.g., Virgil’s depiction of Laocoön’s demise) was better able to capture their pain.—TR.]

<sup>4</sup> [Winckelmann was stabbed by Francesco Arcangeli on June 7, 1768, in a hotel in Trieste and died the next day.—TR.]



life, he repeatedly expressed to his trusted friends that his final contemplations would go from art to nature.<sup>5</sup> It was as if he had a presentiment of what he lacked and that what he missed was to glimpse the highest beauty, which he found in God, also in the harmony of the universe.

[299] Nature everywhere at first opposes us in more or less hard form and taciturnity. It is like the sincere and quiet beauty that does not excite attention through screaming signs and does not attract the common eye. How can we spiritually melt, so to speak, that seemingly hard form so that the pure force of things flows together with the force of our spirit in a single stream? We must go through and beyond form to win it back as comprehensible, living, and truly felt. If we contemplate the most beautiful forms, what is left over once we have excised in thought the acting principle within it? Nothing but purely inessential qualities such as extension and spatial relationships. If a part of the matter is near and external to another, does it contribute to its inner quiddity [*Wesenheit*] or does it make no difference whatsoever? Obviously the latter. The proximity of the parts does not make the form but rather the manner in which they are so. Only a positive force determines the latter, a force, which is apart from, and even counteracts, the being in proximity of the parts. It subjugates the variegation of the parts into the unity of a concept, from the force acting in the crystal to that which in human cultivation, like a mild magnetic current, endows the material parts with such a reciprocal position and location that their essential unity and beauty can become visible in the concept.

But just the acting principle in general, as spirit and active science, is insufficient to make the being [*Wesen*] appear in the form so that we can grasp it as living. Indeed, all unity can only be spiritual in kind and origin. And toward what does any investigation of nature strive if not toward finding science itself in this? For that in which there would be nothing to understand could also not be subject to the understanding; that which is without knowledge cannot itself be known. The science through which nature acts is certainly not the same as the human one, which would be tied to itself through reflection. In the former the concept is not distinguished from the deed or the design from its execution. Hence raw matter blindly strives, so to speak, toward [300] orderly form, and unknowingly adapts purely stereometric forms, which nonetheless certainly belong to the realm of concepts and are something spiritual in the material. The most sublime art of number and measure is native to the stars and is performed in their movements without the stars having any concept of it. This more clearly appears in the living knowledge of animals, although they themselves cannot grasp this knowledge. We therefore see them perform countless acts as they unconsciously wander along, acts that are far more magnificent than the animals themselves: the bird, intoxicated by music, which surpasses itself with soulful tones or the tiny artistic creature that executes simple works of architecture without either practice or instruction. But an overpowering spirit leads all of them. It shines

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<sup>5</sup> See for example, *Die Daßdorfsche Briefsammlung*, volume 2, p. 235 [*Winckelmanns Briefe an seine Freunde*, ed. C. W. Daßdorf, two volumes (1777-1780)—TR.].



forth in individual flashes of insight, but it does not emerge anywhere as the full sun as it does with humans.

In nature and art, this active science is the copula between concept and form and between body and soul. An eternal concept, devised in an infinite intellect, manages each thing. But through what means does this concept transition to actuality and embodiment? Solely through the creative science, which is just as necessarily bound to the infinite intellect as the being [*Wesen*], which grasps non-sensuous beauty, is connected in the artist to sensual presentation. If the artist is to be called propitious and praiseworthy above all others, and upon whom the gods have bestowed this creative spirit, then the work of art appears splendid to the degree to which it displays to us this unfalsified force of nature's creation and efficacy in a design.

It has long been appreciated that in art not everything is accomplished consciously, and that an unconscious force must be bound up with conscious activity, and that the consummate concord and reciprocal interpenetration of both produce the highest art. Works, which are missing this seal of unconscious science, are recognizable by a palpable lack of the life that is self-sufficient and independent of the one who brought it forth. To the contrary, where this life is in effect, art simultaneously grants to its work, with the highest clarity of the intellect, [301] that inscrutable reality through which it appears similar to a work of nature.

The position of artists with regard to nature is often clarified by the dictum that art, in order to be art, would have to first distance itself from nature and only in its ultimate consummation turn back to it. It seems to us that the true meaning of this dictum can be no other than the following. In all natural beings [*Naturwesen*], the living concept only displays itself by acting blindly. But were it the same way in artists, they would be altogether indistinguishable from nature. If artists consciously wanted to subordinate themselves entirely to the actual, and reproduce present existence with obsequious fidelity, they would bring forth masks, but not artworks. Artists must therefore distance themselves from the product or from the creature, but only to elevate themselves to the creative force and grasp it spiritually. Through this they are carried up to the realm of pure concepts. They abandon the creaturely, only to win it back with a thousand-fold profit, and at least in this sense they turn back to nature. Artists should at least emulate the spirit of nature, which acts within things, and which only speaks through form and figure as if they were symbols. Only insofar as they grasp this in living imitation have they created something true. For works that originated in an assemblage of residually beautiful forms would nonetheless be bereft of any beauty because that which actually makes the work or the whole beautiful can no longer be form. What makes it beautiful is beyond form. It is being [*Wesen*], the universal, the look and expression of the spirit of nature dwelling within.

There can be no doubt as to how to regard the general demand for a so-called idealization of nature in art. This demand seems to originate in a manner of thinking according to which the actual is not truth, beauty, and the Good, but rather the opposite of all of these. If the actual were indeed opposed to truth and beauty, artists would not have to uplift or idealize it. They would rather have to sublimate [*aufheben*] or annihilate it [302] in order to create something true and beautiful. Yet how could

anything except the true be actual, and what is beauty if it is not being [*Sein*] wholly without lack? What higher aim could art have than to present a being [*Seiende*] that is indeed in nature? Or how would art undertake an exceeding of so-called actual nature if it would always have to remain behind it? For does art endow its works with sensuous and actual life? This statue does not breathe, has no pulse, and is not warmed by blood. As soon as we merely posit that the aim of art is the presentation of a true being, then both of these, the former allegedly exceeding the actual and the latter apparent lagging behind the actual, turn out to be consequences of one and the same principle. Their works only seem to be superficially animated. In nature life seems to penetrate deeper and wholly to marry itself to matter. But do not the constant alterations of matter and the dissolution, which is the fate of all finite beings, teach us the inessentiality of this connection, and that this could not be an intimate fusion? Therefore art, in the merely superficial animation of its works, indeed only presents what does not have being as not having being [*das Nichtseiende als nichtseiend*]. How is it that to anyone with a somewhat cultivated sensibility, the imitation of so-called actual nature, driven to the point of illusion, appears untrue to the highest degree, even giving off the impression of ghosts, whereas in a work where the concept prevails, it grips them with the full force of the truth and even first transplants them into the genuinely actual world? From where does this originate if not out of the more or less dark feeling, which tells them that the concept is solely what is living in things and that everything else is but vain shadows without being [*wesenlos*]? The same principle explains all the opposed cases, which are cited as examples of art exceeding nature. If art arrests the rapid course of human years, if it combines the force of developed masculinity with the mild charm of earlier youth, or shows a mother of grown sons and daughters in full possession of her forceful beauty, what else is it doing other than sublating what is inessential, namely, [303] time? If, according to the remark of the splendid connoisseur, each wine of nature has only a single moment of truly consummate beauty, then we may say that it also only has a single moment in which it is fully present. In this moment it is what it is for the whole of eternity: beyond this only becoming and perishing are in store for it. When art presents the being [*Wesen*] in that moment, it lifts it out of time. Art lets it appear in its pure being [*Sein*], in the eternity of its life.

Once everything positive and essential is thought away from form, it would have to appear restrictive and, so to speak, inimical to the being [*Wesen*]. The same theory, which had conjured this false and impotent ideal, necessarily and simultaneously works towards the formless in art. Of course, if the form had to be restrictive for the being [*Wesen*], it would exist independently from it. But if form is with and through the being [*Wesen*], how could the being [*Wesen*] feel restricted by what it itself created? Violence would certainly occur if form were forced on it, but never when form flows out of the being [*Wesen*] itself. Rather it must rest satisfied in the latter and feel its existence as self-sustained and self-secluded. The determination of form in nature is never a negation, but rather always an affirmation. Admittedly, you usually think of the figure of a body as a restriction that it bears. But if you looked at the creative force, it would be evident to you that the figure is a measure that the

creative force imposes on itself within which it appears as a veritably ingenious force. For the capacity to set one's own bounds is everywhere regarded as a virtue, even as one of the highest. In a similar fashion, most people consider the particular as negating, namely, as what is not the whole or the all. But no particular exists by virtue of its limitation, but rather by virtue of its indwelling force with which it asserts itself as its own whole in the face of the whole itself.

Since this force of particularity, and hence also of individuality, presents itself as living character, the concept of particularity as negating [304] has, as a necessary consequence, an insufficient and false view of the characteristic in art. Art that wanted to present the empty shell or limitation of the individual would be dead and unbearably severe. We clearly do not demand the individual. We demand to see more, namely, the living concept of the individual. But if artists realize the look and being [*Wesen*] of the creative idea within themselves and lift it out, they form the individual into a world of their own, into a genus and an eternal archetype or primordial image. And whoever has grasped the being [*Wesen*] need not fear severity and strictness, for these are the conditions of life. We see nature, which appears in its consummation as the highest mildness, in all particulars as determination, even first and foremost as working toward the severity and taciturnity of life. Just as all of creation is a work of the highest renunciation,<sup>6</sup> artists must first disown themselves and descend into the particular, not shying away from detachment<sup>7</sup> or from the pain, indeed the agony, of form. From its first works onwards, nature is thoroughly characteristic. Nature seals up the force of fire and the flash of light in hard stone and the sweet soul of sound in harsh metal. Even at the threshold of life, and already tending toward organic figure, nature, overwhelmed by the force of form, relapses into petrification. The life of plants exists in silent receptivity, but in what precise and severe contours is this patient life restrained? The conflict between life and form really seems to begin in the realm of animals: it conceals its first works in hard shells, and where these were eliminated, the animate world, through the art drive, rejoined the realm of crystallization. It finally emerged bolder and freer with the appearance of active and living characters, whose genera were the same throughout. Indeed, art cannot begin as profoundly as nature. If beauty is dispersed equally everywhere, there are still different degrees of the appearance and explication of the being [*Wesen*] and thereby with beauty. But art demands a certain fullness of beauty. It does not want to play a particular sound or tone or even an isolated [305] chord, but rather right away the full-toned melody of beauty. Hence art most prefers to reach immediately for the highest and most evolved, namely, the human figure. Since it is not granted to art to embrace the immeasurable whole and since only particular fulgurations appear in all other creatures, the whole and complete being [*Sein*] without division only appears in the human. Hence art is

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<sup>6</sup> [*Entäußerung* is relinquishment and renunciation, but in Schelling's sense would belie a lopsided emphasis on the initiatory aspect of a double movement. It is a renunciation of oneself in order also to go outside of oneself, emptying oneself of oneself in order to go beyond oneself, much like the Greek κένωσις denotes.—TR.]

<sup>7</sup> [*Abgeschiedenheit* is a key term for Meister Eckhart, a seminal figure for Schelling. See Eckhart's treatise, *Von der Abgeschiedenheit*.—TR.]



not only permitted, but also summoned, to see the whole of nature only in the human. Because nature collects everything into a single point, it also repeats its entire diversity, and takes the same path that it had run through in its broad scope a second time in a narrower scope. Here the demand originates that the artist first be faithful and true regarding the limited in order to appear consummate and beautiful in the whole. What matters here is to struggle, not in slack and weak, but in strong and courageous, battle with the creative spirit of nature, which also distributes character and peculiarity in unfathomable diversity to the human world. Before artists may dare want to attain, through ever-higher combinations and the finite fusion of manifold forms, the extreme beauty in sculpture of the highest simplicity and with infinite content, they must first exercise restraint in the realization of that through which the peculiarity of things is something positive. This will preserve them from vacuity, softness, and inner nullity.

Only through the consummation of form can form be annihilated and this in the characteristic is indeed the ultimate goal of art. But just as apparent accord is more easily achieved in shallow souls than in others but is inwardly hollow, so it is in art with rapidly attained external harmony without the fullness of content. And if doctrine and instruction must counteract the spiritless imitation of beautiful forms, then they must first of all counteract the inclination toward a mollycoddled and characterless art whose fancy names just cover over its incapacity to fulfill the basic conditions of art.

Sublime beauty, where the fullness of form sublates form itself, [306] was accepted by the modern doctrine of art after Winckelmann as not only the highest, but also the only, measure. But because one overlooks the deep ground upon which it rests, it so happened that, regarding the paragon of everything affirmative, a negative concept was grasped instead. Winckelmann compares beauty to the water that was scooped out of the womb of the source. The less taste that it has, the more it is esteemed as healthy. It is true that the highest beauty is characterless. But it is characterless in the way that we say that the universe has no determinate dimensions. It has neither length nor breadth nor depth because everything is contained in the same infinity. Or that the art of creative nature is formless because it itself is not subjugated by any form. In this and in no other understanding can we say that Hellenic art in its supreme sculpture ascended to the characterless. But it did not strive after this immediately. They first turned upward toward divine freedom from out of the bonds of nature. It could not have been lightly seeded grain, only a deeply dormant seed, out of which this heroic formation sprouted. Only powerful movements of feeling, only profound tremors of fantasy through the imprint of omni-animating and ubiquitously working nature, could impress art with insuperable force. With this, from the stiffly reserved solemnity of the sculpture of earlier times until the works of overflowing sensuous charm, it always remained faithful to the truth and spiritually engendered the highest reality that mortals are granted to behold. Just as their tragedy commences with the greatest ethical character, their sculpture began with the solemnity of nature, and the severe goddess Athena is the first and only muse of plastic art. This epoch is characterized by the style that Winckelmann described as

abidingly austere and severe. The next or higher style, solely through the intensification of these characteristics to the point of sublimity and simplicity, was able to develop out of this. In images of the most consummate and divine natures, it is not only necessary to unite the fullness of forms, of which the human nature is eminently capable. The union must also be of the type that [307] we can commemorate in the universe itself, namely, that the lower qualities, or the ones that relate to more modest qualities, were taken up by higher qualities, and finally by the single highest quality, in which they are reciprocally extinguished as particulars but still exist as being [*Wesen*] and force. If we cannot call this elevated and self-sufficient beauty “characteristic” in the sense of the limitation or conditionality of appearance, it nonetheless continues to be indistinguishably in effect, just like in the crystal, which is utterly transparent even though its texture endures. Every characteristic element carries its weight, however gently, and helps bring about the sublime indifference of beauty.

The external face or basis of all beauty is the beauty of form. But since there can be no form without being [*Wesen*], it follows that wherever there is form, there is also character in visible, or at least in sensible, presence. Characteristic beauty is therefore beauty at its root, out of which beauty can then first emerge as fruit. Of course, the being [*Wesen*] outgrows form, but the characteristic nonetheless remains the always-acting foundation of the beautiful.

The most dignified connoisseur,<sup>8</sup> upon whose kingdom the gods bestowed nature as well as art, compared the characteristic in its relationship to beauty with the skeleton in its relationship to the living form. If we interpret this splendid simile in our sense, then we would say that in nature the skeleton is not, as we customarily think, cut off from the living whole. The firm and the soft, the determining and the determined, reciprocally presuppose each other and can only be because of each other. For that very reason, the vital characteristic is already the whole figure, which originated out of the reciprocal effect of bones and flesh and of the active and the passive. But if art, like nature, at higher levels represses inwardly the initially visible skeletal structure, then it can never be opposed to the figure and beauty because it does not cease to cooperatively determine the latter as well as the former.

Given that high and indifferent beauty counts as the supreme measure of art, the question remains if it should also count as the only [308] measure of art. This must seemingly depend on the degree of extension and fullness with which a specific art can operate. Yet nature in its broad range always presents the higher simultaneously with the lower. Creating the divine in the human, it acts upon the mere matter and ground of all the remaining products, which must be so that the being [*Wesen*] as such can appear in contrast to them. Indeed, in the higher world of humans, the great masses again become the basis upon which the divine, purely embraced by the few, manifests through legislation, dominion, and the founding of faiths. Where art therefore operates more with the manifold of nature, it may and must also indicate again, along with the highest measure of beauty, its foundation and, so to speak, the

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<sup>8</sup> [King Maximilian I Joseph—TR.]

matter of the foundation, in its own formations. It is significant that here the nature of the various art forms originally unfolds. Sculpture [*die Plastik*], in the more precise meaning of the word, refuses to give space to its object externally. It bears the space internally. But it is precisely this that prohibits its greater extension. Indeed, sculpture is necessitated to indicate the beauty of the universe almost in a single point. It must therefore immediately strive toward the highest, and it can only reach diversity separately and through the most severe segregation of what is reciprocally opposed. By separating the purely animal from the human nature, sculpture also succeeds in fashioning vulgar creations as agreeable, even beautiful, as the beauty of the many satyrs preserved from antiquity teaches us. Indeed, like the cheerful spirit of nature parodying itself, sculpture can reverse its own ideal, and by treating it with play and jest, as exemplified by the excess found in the statues of Silenus, it appears liberated anew from the duress of matter. But it is always necessary utterly to segregate its work in order to make it concur with itself and to make it into a world unto itself, because there is no higher unity into which it can resolve the dissonance of the particulars. In contrast, the scope of painting is better able to match the world and poeticize in epic proportions. In a work like the *Iliad* there is even space for a Thersites. Does not everything find [309] a place in the great epic poem of nature and history? Here the particular hardly counts for itself. The whole takes up its stead and what would not be beautiful for itself becomes so through the harmony of the whole. If, in an expansive work of painting, which connects its figures through the assignment of space and through light, shading, and reflection, the highest measure of beauty was ubiquitously applied, the most unnatural monotony would emerge because, as Winckelmann says, the highest concept of beauty is here everywhere one and the same, permitting few deviations. To avoid this, the particular must be favored over the whole instead of subjugating it to the whole wherever the whole emerges out of a multiplicity. Consequently, in such a work, gradations of beauty must be respected whereby the full beauty, concentrated in the center, first becomes visible, and equilibrium in the whole emerges out of an overweighing of the particular. Here the restricted characteristic also finds its place, and theory should at least not so much point painters toward that tight space that concentrically gathers everything beautiful, but rather more toward the characteristic diversity of nature, through which they alone can grant the full weight of living contents to a great work. This is what the splendid Leonardo, among the founders of the new art, thought. So too Raphael, the master of high beauty, who did not shy away from presenting beauty in its inferior measure so it did not appear monotonous and without life and actuality. He understood not only how to bring forth beauty, but also how to interrupt its uniformity through the variability of expression.

Character can certainly also be expressed in rest and equilibrium, but it is only in activity that it is first actually alive. We mean by character a unity of plural forces, which constantly works toward a kind of equilibrium and determinate measure and which, if undisturbed, corresponds to a similar equilibrium in the regularity of forms. But this living unity can indicate itself in action and activity, [310] only when the forces

are aroused into insurrection by some kind of cause and step out of their equilibrium. Everyone recognizes that this is the case with the passions.

Here that well-known theoretical prescription presents itself to us, namely, the demand that the passions in their actual outbreak be moderated as much as possible so as not to injure the beauty of form. On the contrary, we believe in inverting this prescription so that we would have to say that it is precisely through beauty itself that we should moderate the passions. We are right to fear that this requisite moderation will be understood negatively. The true demand is rather that a positive force counters passion. Just as virtue does not consist of the absence of the passions but rather of the dominion of the spirit over them, so too is beauty proved not through the expulsion or diminution of the passions, but rather through the dominion of beauty over them. The forces of the passions must actually be indicated. The possibility of their complete insurrection must be visible, but also that they were suppressed through the dominion of character. The passions break against the forms of fortified beauty just as waves of a torrent, which, although filled to the banks, cannot overflow them. Otherwise, this undertaking of moderation would just be the same as vapid moralists, who, exhausted by humanity, prefer to mutilate the nature in them and have so utterly taken away anything positive from action, that these folks revel in the spectacle of great crimes to reinvigorate themselves with the sight of at least something positive.

In nature and art, the being [*Wesen*] first of all strives toward the actualization and presentation of itself in the particular. The greatest severity of form therefore indicates itself in the beginnings of both. For without limitations, the unlimited could not appear. If there were no harshness, there could be no softness, and making the unity tangible can only happen through ipseity, segregation, and antagonism. Hence, in the beginning, the creative spirit appears utterly lost in form, inaccessible, taciturn, and austere, even writ large. But the [311] more it succeeds in uniting its entire fullness in a single creature, the more its severity gradually subsides. Where it fully develops form so that it rests satisfied in it and grasps itself, it cheers up, so to speak, and starts to move in soft lines. This is the state of the most beautiful ripeness and flowering, where the pure receptacle stands there consummated, and the spirit of nature is freed from its ties and feels its affinity with the soul. As through a mild dawn ascending over the whole figure, it heralds the advent of the soul. It is not yet there, but everything readies for its reception with the mild play of delicate movements. The stiff contours melt, becoming soft and gentle. A lovely being [*Wesen*] that is neither sensuous nor spiritual, but rather ungraspable, diffuses itself over the figure and nestles into all the figures and to each oscillation of the extremities. This being [*Wesen*], which, as we said, is ungraspable yet perceptible to everyone, is what the Greek language calls *χάρις* [*charis*] and we call grace [*Anmut*].

Where grace appears in fully effected form, it is from the side of nature consummate. It is not lacking anything, and every requirement is satisfied. Here the soul and the body are also already in consummate consonance. The body is form, and grace is the soul, albeit not the soul in itself, but rather the soul of form, or the soul of nature.

Art can tarry and remain at this point, since its entire task has been completed, at least from one side. The pure image of beauty brought to rest at this stage is the goddess of love. But the beauty of the soul in itself, fused with sensuous grace, is the supreme apotheosis of nature.

The spirit of nature only seems opposed to the soul. But in itself, it is the implement of the soul's revelation. It certainly acts as the contradiction of things, but only to be able thereby to bring forth the singular being [*Wesen*] as the supreme mildness and reconciliation of all the forces. All other creatures are driven by the mere spirit of nature and through it assert their individuality. Only in humans, as in the central point, does the soul arise, without which the world, like nature, would be without the sun.

[312] The soul in humans is therefore not the principle of individuality, but rather that through which they elevate themselves above all ipseity and thereby become capable of sacrificing themselves. It is non-egoistic love and supremely the contemplation and realization of the being [*Wesen*] of things and, precisely thereby, of art. The soul is no longer occupied with matter, nor does it immediately associate with it, but rather only with the spirit as the life of things. Also appearing in the body, the soul is nonetheless free from it. The consciousness of the body is in the soul, and, in the most beautiful formations, it floats like a light dream that does not disturb the soul. The soul is not a quality, or a faculty, or any such thing of the kind. It does not know, but rather is knowledge. It is not good, but rather the Good. It is not beautiful, as bodies can be, but rather beauty itself.

Of course, at first or proximately, the soul of the artist is indicated in the artwork by invention in the particular and in the whole when the soul as unity hovers above the particular in peaceful silence. But the soul should become visible in what is presented. It becomes visible as the primordial force of thought when human beings, utterly consumed with a concept, are lost in worthy contemplation. Or it becomes visible as the indwelling and essential [*wesentlich*] Good. Both are also clearly expressed in the most peaceful state, but notwithstanding, they are more alive when the soul can reveal itself actively and by way of contrast. And because it is principally the passions, which interrupt the peace of life, it is generally accepted that the beauty of the soul first and foremost indicates itself through peaceful dominion in the storm of the passions.

However, there is an important distinction to make here. The soul must not be summoned to moderate those passions, which are only an insurrection of the base spirits of nature. Nor can the soul be indicated as in opposition to them. For if presence of mind is still struggling with the passions, then the soul is not yet arisen. They must be moderated through the nature of humans and through the power of spirit. However, there are higher cases in which it is not a particular force but rather the levelheaded spirit itself that breaks through [313] all dams. There are indeed also cases where the soul, through the copula that combines it with sensuous existence, is subjugated by the pain that should have otherwise been foreign to its divine nature. These are cases where humans feel strafed and at the root of their lives attacked, not



by mere forces of nature, but rather by ethical powers, and where inculpable error<sup>9</sup> dislodges them into crime and thereby into misfortune, and where deepfelt injustice summons the holiest feelings of humanity to insurrection. This is the case with all the veritable and in the sublime sense, tragic, conditions that we witness in the tragedies of antiquity. When the blind forces of the passions are aroused, the levelheaded spirit is present as the guardian of beauty. But when the spirit itself is ripped away as if by an irresistible violence, what vigilant power protects holy beauty? Or when even the soul suffers with it, how does it rescue itself from pain and sacrilege?

It would sin against the meaning and aim of art arbitrarily to repress the force of both pain and factious emotion, and it would divulge a lack of feeling and soul in artists themselves. That beauty, grounded in great and solid forms, has become character, alone demonstrates how art has prepared the means to indicate the whole magnitude of feeling without violating regularity. Where beauty rests on powerful forms as if upon unshakeable pillars, we can infer the great violence that was necessary to bring about even a slight and hardly tangential modification of its relationships. Grace sanctifies pain even more. Its being [*Wesen*] consists of not knowing itself. Just as it was not arbitrarily acquired, it cannot be arbitrarily lost. When unbearable pain, even when insanity, fated by punitive gods, robs one of consciousness and self-control, grace still stands by the suffering figure as if it were a protective δαίμων [*daimōn*], who lets nothing untoward and nothing that opposes humanity come about, and when it falls, at least it falls as a pure and immaculate sacrifice. Not yet the soul, but rather its premonition [314], grace brings forth in a natural operation what the soul does through a divine force, namely, the metamorphosis of pain, ossification, and even death itself, into beauty.

However, grace, proven in the most extreme repulsion, would be dead without its transfiguration by the soul. But what expression befits it in this situation? The soul rescues itself from pain and emerges vanquishing, not vanquished, by renouncing its copula with sensuous existence. Although the spirit of nature may muster its forces for the preservation of the soul, the soul does not enter this struggle. Yet its presence pacifies the storm of painfully struggling life. Each external dominion can only steal external goods. It cannot reach the soul. It can rend a temporal bond, but it cannot dissolve the eternal bond of a veritable divine love. Not hard and without feeling or renouncing love itself, the soul, however, indicates grace in pain as the feeling that outlasts sensuous existence and so elevates itself over the debris of external life and fortune and into divine glory.

This is the expression of the soul that the creator of the image of Niobe indicates.<sup>10</sup> Every artistic means by which horror is moderated is in operation. The

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<sup>9</sup> [Schelling alludes to Aristotle's account of ἀμαρτία and the tragic flaw or error.—TR.]

<sup>10</sup> [Niobe boasted to Leda of her superiority since she had fourteen children and Leda only had two, Apollo and Artemis. Leda took revenge by sending her two divine children to murder Niobe's progeny. The Glyptothek owns a famous copy of what some have called, not without contestation, *The Dead Son of Niobe*, presumably depicting one of Niobe's fourteen slain children. It also owns a Roman sarcophagus that depicts Apollo and Artemis in the act of murdering Niobe's children, so it is evident that Schelling had an influence on King Maximilian I Joseph and his successor, King Ludwig I. Schelling later in the



mightiness of forms, sensuous grace, even the nature of the object itself, assuage the expression through which pain, surpassing all expression, sublates itself again, and beauty, which seemed impossible to rescue alive, is preserved from violation by the entrance of ossification. However, what would all of this be without the soul, and how does the latter reveal itself? In the mother's visage, we do not just see the pain over the felled blossoms of her children, nor just the fear of death as she tries to rescue the remaining ones as well as her youngest daughter taking refuge at her coattails, nor just indignation at the cruel deities, nor, least of all, as has been claimed, just cold spite. We saw all of this, but not for itself, but rather through all the pain, fear, and indignation, eternal love radiates, like a divine light, as that which alone endures. The mother is proven not as what she was, but as what she now *is*, namely, one who remains connected with her beloveds through an eternal copula.

[315] Everyone acknowledges that the greatness, purity, and goodness of the soul also have their sensuous expression. How could we think this, were not the active principle in matter also a being [*Wesen*] with an affinity for and homologous to the soul? In the presentation of the soul, there are in turn stages of art, depending on whether the soul is bound together with the merely characteristic or whether it visibly flows together with favor and grace.<sup>11</sup> Who lacks the insight that in the tragedies of Aeschylus a high ethicality holds sway that is native to the works of Sophocles? But in Aeschylus it is still sealed in an austere husk, and participates little in the whole, because it still lacks the copula of sensuous grace. The Sophoclean grace could nonetheless emerge out of the gravity and still terrible graces of this first art, and with the consummate fusion of both elements. It leaves us wondering whether it is more the ethical or the sensuous grace that enraptures us in the works of this poet. This also exactly the case for the plastic productions that are still in the stark style as compared to those in the later gentle style.

If grace, beyond being the transfiguration of the spirit of nature, is also the binding intermediary between ethical goodness and sensuous appearance, then it is self-evident that art in all its directions most operate in the direction of its midpoint. This beauty, which emerges out of the consummate pervasion of ethical goodness and sensuous grace, grips and enraptures us wherever we find it with the power of a miracle. Because the spirit of nature everywhere else indicates itself as independent from the soul, even to a certain degree striving against it, it seems here, as if through a voluntary concurrence and as if through the inner fire of divine love, to fuse with the soul. With sudden clarity, the remembrance of the original unity of the being [*Wesen*] of nature [316] with the being [*Wesen*] of the soul comes over the beholder: the certainty that all opposition is only apparent, and that love is the copula [*Band*] of

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address alludes to the Niobe statues in Florence. The Sala della Niobe in the Uffizi has a statue of Niobe with her youngest daughter clinging to her dress. Winckelmann also discussed Niobe and the death of the Niobids in relationship to Laocoön. More generally, Schelling is tackling this difficult relationship between beauty and pain and death.—TR.]

<sup>11</sup> There are in the presentation of the soul two stages of art: the first, where the soul is still present as an indistinguishable element, more in itself than in consummate actualization; in the other, where the soul flows together with favor and grace.

all beings [*Wesen*], and that pure goodness is the ground and content of the whole of creation.

Here art, so to speak, goes through and beyond itself, and again makes itself a medium. From this peak, sensuous grace again becomes the mere husk and body of a higher life. What was earlier whole is treated as part, and the supreme relationship of art to nature is thereby reached. Nature is made the medium within which the soul becomes visible.

But if in this blossom of art, like in the blossoms in the plant kingdom, all earlier stages repeat themselves, then we are also granted insight, on the contrary, into the divergent directions that art takes as it emerges out of that middle point. The natural diversity of both forms of plastic art especially shows itself here in its supreme efficacy. For sculpture, since it presents its ideas through corporeal things, the supreme seems to have to be in the consummate equilibrium between soul and matter. If matter is given too much weight, sculpture falls below its own idea. But it seems utterly impossible for sculpture to elevate the soul at the expense of matter. To do so, it would have to transcend itself. Indeed, consummate sculptors will not, as Winckelmann says of the Belvedere Apollo,<sup>12</sup> apply more matter to their work than the attainment of its spiritual intention requires. Conversely, they will not place more force in the soul than is simultaneously expressed in the matter. For their art is based on an utterly corporeal expression of the spiritual. Sculpture can therefore attain its true peak only in natures, which bring along their concept, that is, in natures that are at all times in actuality everything that is in accordance with their idea or soul. As such, they are consequently divine natures. Had no mythology preceded sculpture, it would have arrived at the gods through its own means. If they did not find any gods, they would have invented them.<sup>13</sup> Moreover, since the spirit has at a deeper stage the same relationship to matter that we ascribed to the soul, namely, that it is a principle [317] of activity and movement, while matter is the principle of rest and inactivity, the law of the moderation of expression and of passion is a basic law that flows out of its nature. But this law is valid not merely for the baser passions, but also likewise for, if we are permitted to put it like this, the loftier and divine passions, of which the soul is capable in rapture, devotion, and adoration. Consequently, given that only the gods are liberated from these passions, the soul is also drawn from their side to the sculpture of divine natures.

Painting seems to be in a completely different situation than sculpture. For painting does not present, as does sculpture, with corporeal things, but rather through light and color and hence through incorporeal and, to a certain degree, spiritual media. Painting in no way produces its images as the objects themselves, but rather expressly wants them to be regarded as images. Painting inherently does not place the same

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<sup>12</sup> [The Belvedere Apollo has been in the possession of the Vatican (and eventually of its Museum collection) since the early 16<sup>th</sup> Century. Winckelmann celebrated it as the “supreme” extant “ideal of art.”—TR.]

<sup>13</sup> [Schelling is playing on the relationship between finding [*finden*] and inventing [*erfinden*]. The prefix intensifies the verb, almost as if to say that had sculptors not found gods, then they would more intensely find them, that is, imagine them.—TR.]



weight on matter that sculpture does, and seems for this reason, in fact, to elevate matter over spirit and to sink deeper under itself than sculpture can in the same case. In opposition to sculpture, it may, with all the greater warrant, place a clear preponderance upon the soul. Where it strives for the supreme, it will, of course, ennoble the passions through character or moderate them through grace, or indicate the power of the soul in them. In contrast to this, however, these higher passions, which are grounded in the affinity of the soul with the Supreme Being [*Wesen*], consummately befit painting. Indeed, if sculpture consummately balances the force, through which a being [*Wesen*] exists external to itself and operates in nature, with the force, through which it lives inwardly as soul, and if it excludes mere passivity from matter, on the contrary, painting may diminish the character of the force and activity of sculpture to the advantage of the soul. Painting thereby metamorphoses them into adoration and forbearance, through which it seems that humans become more sensitive to the inspirations of the soul and to higher influences more generally.

From this opposition alone, we explain the necessary predominance of sculpture in antiquity as well as painting in the modern world. Antiquity was utterly disposed to sculpture while the modern world [318] makes the soul into the passive organ of higher revelations. This shows that it does not suffice to strive after the sculptural in form and presentation. Rather, it is preeminently requisite to think and feel in a sculptural manner, that is, in an ancient manner. But if the debauchery of sculpture into the painterly is a deprivation of art, then the contraction of painting into sculptural conditions and forms imposes an arbitrary restriction upon it. If sculpture, just like gravity, works toward a single point, then painting, like light, creatively fills the whole universe.

The proof of this unrestricted universality of painting is history itself and the example of the greatest masters who, without violating the being [*Wesen*] of their art, cultivated each particular stage of art for itself to the point of consummation. Hence, we are able to find again in the history of art the same consequences that we were able to prove in art itself.

This is not exactly with respect to the time, but certainly with respect to the deed.<sup>14</sup> For the oldest and most powerful epoch of liberated art presents itself through Michelangelo. This epoch exhibits its still untamed force in uncanny births just like in the poem of the symbolic prehistoric world where Gaia, after her embrace with

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<sup>14</sup> If there were more space for a more detailed demonstration, what is presented here could also be justified as a consequence of the time. For it is easy to remember that the work on the *Last Judgment* [*Il Giudizio Universale* in the Sistine Chapel—TR.] was not begun until after the death of Raphael. But Michelangelo's style was born with him and as such is also earlier than Raphael with respect to the time. Even without attaching further importance to the customary narratives about the effect that viewing Michelangelo's first Roman works had upon the young Raphael or inferring that it was chance that Raphael progressed from an initially somewhat timorous style to the boldness and greatness of consummate art, it is nevertheless indisputable that not only was Michelangelo's style a basis for Raphael's art, but also that it first afforded art in general its complete freedom. Perhaps this may be said less ambiguously of Correggio: "the true Golden Age of art blossomed because of him," although no one will easily misunderstand or misjudge by this what the author considered really supreme in modern painting.

Ouranos, first brings forth the Titans and the sky-storming Giants before the gentle realm of the silent [319] gods prevails.<sup>15</sup> Likewise, the work, *The Last Judgment*, with which, as if it were the incarnation of his work, that titanic spirit filled the Sistine Chapel, seems more reminiscent of the first times of Gaia and her births than the later ones. Attracted by the most hidden grounds to the organic figure, especially the human one, he does not avoid the horrible. He even intentionally seeks it and disturbs it from its repose in the dark workshops of nature. He compensates for the lack of delicacy, grace, and affability with the most extreme force. If he excites horror with his presentations, then it is the terror, which, according to the fable, the old god Pan incites when he suddenly appears in human assemblies.<sup>16</sup> As a rule, nature brings forth the extraordinary through separation and the exclusion of opposed qualities. Likewise in Michelangelo, solemnity and the pensive force of nature must have held sway, more than a sense of the grace and sensitivity of the soul, in order to indicate the supremacy of purely sculptural force in modern painting.

After the pacification of the first dominion and its violent birth drives, the spirit of nature transfigures into the soul and gracefulness is born. After Leonardo da Vinci, art achieved this stage through Correggio, in whose works the sensuous soul is the operative ground of beauty. This is visible not only in the soft contours of his figures, but also in the forms, which are most similar to those of the purely sensuous natures in the works of antiquity. In him blossoms the true golden age of art, which bestowed upon Gaia the gentle reign of Kronos. Here nonchalant innocence, cheerful desire, and childlike pleasure smile out of open and joyful countenances. Here the saturnalia of art is celebrated. The consummate expression of that sensuous soul is chiaroscuro, which Correggio cultivated more than anyone else. What represents the place of matter for painters is shade, and this is the material upon which they must tack the fugitive appearance of light and the soul. Therefore, the more that shade fuses with light so that both become just a single being [*Wesen*] and, so to speak, a single body [320] and a single soul, the more the spiritual appears corporeal, and the more the corporeal is lifted up to the level of the spirit.

After the limits of nature have been overcome, and the monstrous [*das Ungeheure*], the fruit of the initial freedom, is repressed, and form and figure are enhanced by the presentiment of the soul, then the heavens clear up, the palliated earthly can connect with the heavenly, and inversely, the heavenly with gentle humanity. Raphael takes possession of cheerful Olympus and carries us away with him from the earth to the pantheon of the gods, the abiding and blessed beings [*Wesen*]. The blossoming of the most cultivated life, the fragrance of fantasy, along with the zest of the spirit, all breathe as one from his works. He is no longer a painter. He is at the same time a philosopher and a poet. Wisdom stands by the power of his spirit, and how he presents things is how they are ordered in eternal necessity. In him,

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<sup>15</sup> [See Hesiod, *Theogony*, where the intercourse of Gaia (Earth) and Ouranos (Sky) brought forth the twelve Titans as well as the three giants (the Ἑκκτόγγειτες or Hecatoncheires, namely, Briareos, Kottos, and Gyges).—TR.]

<sup>16</sup> [Pan's sudden appearance in assemblies created a "panic."—TR.]



art has achieved its aim, and because the pure equilibrium of the divine and human can for the most part only be in a single point, his work is impressed with the seal of singularity.

From this point forward, painting, in order to fulfill that possibility founded within it, could continue to move only toward a single side, and despite what was undertaken in the later revival of art and the various directions at which it tried its hand, it seems that only a single person succeeded in closing the circle of the great masters with a kind of necessity. Just as the new fable of Psyche closed the circle of the old stories of the gods,<sup>17</sup> painting, by dint of the preeminence it granted to the soul, gained a new, although not higher, level of art. Guido Reni endeavored to do this, and he became the authentic painter of the soul. To that point, it seems to us that this is how we would have to make sense of his whole striving, often uncertain, and in quite a few works lost in vagueness. It may better explain the masterpiece of his art from the great collection of the king,<sup>18</sup> which is exhibited to universal admiration. In the figure of the Virgin being assumed into heaven, everything sculpturally austere and harsh has been deleted all the way down to the [321] last trace. Indeed, in this figure, does not painting itself, like the unbound Psyche, who has been liberated from solid form, soar up with its own wings toward transfiguration? There is no being [*Wesen*] here that exists externally with the decisive force of nature. Everything in her expresses susceptibility and silent patience, including her slightly ephemeral flesh, whose quality the Italians call *morbidezza*. This is completely different from the flesh with which Raphael clothes the descending queen of heaven as she appears to the praying pope and a saint.<sup>19</sup> There are certainly grounds for holding that the Niobe of antiquity is the prototype for Guido's female heads, but the ground of this similarity is certainly not a merely arbitrary imitation. Perhaps a similar striving led to the same means. If the Florentine Niobe is sculpture at the extreme in its presentation of the soul within it, then our renowned image is painting at the extreme, which dares to renounce even the need for shadow and shade and operate almost with pure light.

If painting is allowed, because of its particular nature, to attach a clear preeminence to the soul, then it will nonetheless serve theory and instruction well always to draw it back to that original center, from which art is ever and only produced anew. Otherwise, it necessarily stagnates at the stage that we just named above, or it must degenerate into parochial mannerism. For even this higher passivity conflicts with the idea of a consummately forceful being [*Wesen*], whose image and reflection art is called to display. Correct taste will always enjoy beholding a being [*Wesen*] also

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<sup>17</sup> [The myth of Cupid and Psyche appears in Apuleius's relatively late (in the second century of the common era) work, *The Golden Ass*.—TR.]

<sup>18</sup> [Guido Reni's *Assunzione della Vergine* (c. 1638-39), known in Germany as *Die Himmelfahrt Mariae* or the *Assumption of Mary*, was purchased by Maximilian I Joseph from Düsseldorf in 1806, the year before Schelling's address. It hangs in the Alte Pinakothek in Munich as part of the Bayerische Staatsgemäldesammlungen.—TR.]

<sup>19</sup> [This is the so-called Madonna of Foligno, painted by Raphael in 1511 while in Rome. It now hangs in the Pinacoteca Vaticana.—TR.]

from its individual side, formed worthily and as autonomously as possible. Indeed, the Godhead would look down with pleasure at a creature that, gifted with the pure soul, forcefully asserted, outwardly and through its sensuously operative existence, the majesty of its nature.

We have seen how the artwork emerges as if from the depths of nature,<sup>20</sup> [322] growing up with determination and limitation and unfolding inner infinity and

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<sup>20</sup> This whole treatise proves that the basis of art and therefore also of beauty is in the vitality of nature. As concerns the doctrines of contemporary philosophy, it is well known that the public critics of a doctrine always know it better than its author. So, we learned, by means of an otherwise rightly prized journal, from one such connoisseur that, according to the latest aesthetics and philosophy—a farsighted concept that is a heap into which many famous demi-connoisseurs [*Halbkennern*] throw together everything displeasing, presumably all the better to throw it out—there is only artistic beauty but no natural beauty. We would like to ask where the latest philosophy as well as aesthetics elaborates such a claim. At this moment do we not remember what concept judges of this kind care to associate with the word nature, especially in regard to art? The aforementioned critic, by the way, does not mean anything wicked by that view. Rather he seeks to render aid to the latest philosophy through a rigorous proof in its idioms and forms. Let us examine the splendid proof! “The beautiful is the appearance of the divine in the earthly, the infinite in the finite. Indeed, nature is also an appearance of the divine. But nature, which has been since the beginning of time and which lasts until the end of days,” as this well-informed person more precisely expresses it, “does not appear to the human spirit, and only in its infinitude is it beautiful.” However we want to take this infinitude, there remains the contradiction that although beauty is the appearance of the infinite in the *finite*, nature should only be beautiful in its infinitude. Doubting himself, the connoisseur objects that every part of a beautiful work is also still beautiful, for example, the hand or the foot of a beautiful sculpture. But (so he resolves the doubt) where then do we have the hand or the foot of *such a colossus* (that is to say, nature)? With this, the value and the sublimity of the philosophical connoisseur’s concept of the infinitude of nature are discernible. He locates infinitude in immeasurable extension. That there is a true and essential infinitude in every part of matter is an exaggeration that this proper man certainly does not propound, even though he speaks the language of the latest philosophy. It could not be thought without debauchery that the human being, for example, could be something more than the mere hand and foot of nature—perhaps more the eye—and besides, we may still find this hand and foot. Consequently, the question itself may not have seemed scathing enough to him, and so the proper philosophical exertion first begins. Of course, it is true, this splendid person believes, that each particular in nature is an appearance of the eternal and the divine—and so in this particular. But the divine does not appear *as* divine, but rather as earthly and ephemeral. What philosophical guile! Just as the shadows in a shadow play come and go at the commands to “appear” and “disappear,” the divine appears in the earthly and then it does not, in accordance with what the artist wants. Yet this is just a prelude to a chain of inferences whose links are particularly worthy of accentuation. 1) “The particular as such presents nothing but an image of becoming and perishing—and, indeed, not the idea of becoming and perishing, but rather an example of it, in that it becomes and perishes.” (One could also say this of a *beautiful* painting. It presents an example of becoming and perishing as it gradually goes from retaining the atmosphere of its color until it darkens and is attacked by smoke, dust, worms, or moths.) 2) “But now *nothing* appears in nature except the particular” (but a moment ago, every particular was an appearance of the divine in the particular). 3) Therefore, nothing can be beautiful in nature because the divine, which *surely* must appear enduring and abiding (in time, of course!), would have to appear enduring and abiding in order thereby to produce beauty. But there is nothing in nature but particulars, which as such are perishable. Marvelous proof! It only suffers from a few defects, of which we should mention only two. The second claim holds that nothing appears in nature but the particular. But before there was nothing but the particular, there were three things: A) the divine, B) the particular in which the divine appears, and C) that which came to be in this connection, simultaneously divine and earthly. But the humble person, who shortly before was gazing at his countenance in the mirror of the newest philosophy, altogether forgets how it was fashioned. Of A, B,

fullness, until it finally transfigures into grace and then ultimately [323] attains soul. But we had to represent in distinct stages what is only a single deed in the act of the creation of art that has blossomed into its maturity. [324] No doctrine or instruction can create this spiritual force of creation. This force is the pure gift of nature, which concludes itself for the second time, wholly actualizing itself by placing its force of creation in the creature. But just as in the course of art writ large, where each stage appeared successively until they reached the highest, where they all became one, so too writ small, a distinctive formation can only arise where it has legitimately risen from the seed and from the root to its blossoming.

The requirement that art, like every other living being, must depart from its first beginnings and, to rejuvenate itself vitally, must ever anew return to them, may seem like a stern doctrine to an age that is multifariously told how it can expropriate the most accomplished beauty from already existing works of art and thereby reach the ultimate aim in a single step. Since we already have the exquisite and the consummate, why should we revert to the initiatory and uncultivated? Had the great founders of modern art thought like this, we would never have seen their miracles. The creations of the ancients, namely, rich sculpture and flatly sublime works, also were available to them, which they could have immediately translated into painting.<sup>21</sup>

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and C, he now only sees B, of which it now certainly easy to prove that it is not the beautiful for, according to his own explanation, it can only be C. He will now not want to say in contradiction that C does not *appear*. He has already meant something else by this too. For A (the divine) does not appear for itself, but rather only through the particular, B; and therefore in C. But there *is* only B inasmuch as A appears in it, and therefore also only in C. C is therefore all that actually exists. The second defect is found in the concluding premise, even though it is only half certain, almost a mere query interpolated as a subordinate premise: the divine as such would *surely* have to appear as enduring and abiding! Evidently, this well-oriented man has confused the idea of the in itself, which is eternal and beyond all time, with the concept of what abides in time as the endlessly enduring. He aspires to the latter when he should see the former. But if the divine can only appear in the endlessly persisting, it remains to be seen how he can demonstrate from whence it appears in art and consequently as something beautiful in art.—Inevitably, this thoroughly learned man will at other times, perhaps not without reason, point out other misuses of the latest philosophy. Through this succession of the potencies of ever better understanding, comprehension, as one can easily see, must ever further grow. [The fine Schelling scholar Xavier Tilliette, SJ, reported (in the French edition of Schelling's *Textes esthétiques*) that Schelling's scathing and sarcastic diatribe is directed against the historian Heinrich Luden (1778-1847) who succeeded Friedrich Schiller at the University of Jena in 1806. The works in question include his review of Boterwek's *L'Esthétique*, which appeared in an 1807 edition of the *Jenaischen Allgemeinen Literatur-Zeitung*. Also relevant is Luden's *Grundzüge ästhetischer Vorlesungen zum akademischen Gebrauche*, published the following year.—TR.]

<sup>21</sup> That the first and oldest monuments of ancient art were available to the earliest founders of modern painting cannot be maintained. For as the eminent Fiorillo, in his *History of the Graphic Arts* [Johann Dominik Fiorillo, *Geschichte der zeichnenden Künste von ihrer Wiederauflebung bis auf die neuesten Zeiten*, Göttingen: Johann Friedrich Röwer, five volumes, 1798-1808—TR.], volume 1, p. 69, expressly remarks, during the time of Giotto and Cimabue, no ancient paintings and statues had as of yet been discovered. They lay neglected under the earth. “No one could therefore think of training with the paragons left to us by the ancients. Nature was the only object of study for the painters. One remarks that in the works of Giotto, Cimabue’s student, nature was assiduously consulted.” One pursued this path, which prepared for antiquity and led more closely to it, until, as the above historiographer remarks (p. 286), the Medici house (specifically, Cosimo) began to seek out monuments of ancient art. “Previously, artists had to satisfy themselves with the beauties that nature set forth. The advantage of this assiduous observation,



But this appropriation of beauty, which was not acquired [325] through itself and is consequently incomprehensible, did not satisfy a drive to art, which surfaced completely from the originary, out of which the beautiful should again be created freely and with primordial force. It did not therefore shy from appearing simplistic, artless, and dry compared to the sublime ancients. Nor did it shy from preserving art in an inconspicuous bud until the time of grace arrived. Why do we still contemplate these works of the older masters, from Giotto to Raphael's teacher,<sup>22</sup> with a kind of devotion, indeed, even with a certain preference? Is this not because the faithfulness of their efforts and the great sincerity of their silent and voluntary constraint compel our deep respect and admiration? The present generation comports themselves to [326] them as they did to the ancients. No living tradition, no link of organically growing cultivation, ties together their age and ours. To become like them, we must recreate art in their way, but with our own native force. Even that late summer of art at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth centuries could call forth a few new blossoms from the old stem, but not any new seeds, let alone plant a new stem of art. But to put the consummate works of art back in their place and to search instead for their simplistic and plain beginnings in order to imitate them, as some people would like to do, would just be a new and perhaps even greater misunderstanding. Not only would they not go back to the originary, but also the simplicity would be an affectation and seem feigned.

But what outlook does the present age offer for art, which grows out of a fresh seed and by the root? Is this not for the most part dependent on the taste of the times? Who may promise that such sincere beginnings will receive contemporary acclaim when, on the one hand, it hardly receives the same esteem as other

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however, was that they were prepared for a more scientific treatment of art. The subsequent philosophical artists, like da Vinci or Michelangelo, began to research the laws that persistently ground the appearances of nature.”—But even the rediscovery of ancient artworks in the age of these masters, as well as in the age of Raphael, did not in any way result in their imitation in the sense that only later came into fashion. Art remained faithful to its adopted ways and perfected itself out of itself. It took up nothing outside of itself, but rather aspired in its own peculiar way toward the aim of its paragons and coincided with them only in the ultimate point of their consummation. It would take until the age of the *Carracci* [the Bolognese brothers Annibale and Agostino and cousin Ludovico, progenitors of the baroque style of painting—TR.] for the imitation of antiquity to become a formal principle, and it meant something wholly otherwise than the cultivation of one's *own* taste in its spirit. It passed over, especially through *Poussin*, to the art theory of the French, who have an almost exclusively literal understanding of all higher things. After this, it was through [the painter, Anton Raphael] *Mengs* as well as the misunderstanding of *Winckelmann's* ideas that the same thing became native to us. It brought to the German art of the middle of the previous century mattness and a lack of spirit with such obliviousness to art's originary sense that even individual revolts against it were mostly just misunderstood feelings that led from one imitative obsession to still worse ones. Who can deny that in recent times a vastly freer and more native taste has indicated itself in German art? It would answer great hopes if everything harmonized with it, and perhaps give us to expect the spirit that would open the same higher and freer way in art that has been trodden by poetry and the sciences. Only out of this could there be an art that we could call *ours*, that is, an art of the spirit and forces of *our* people and *our* age.

<sup>22</sup> [Raphael's teacher was Pietro Perugino—TR.]



implements of prodigal luxuriance, and, on the other hand, artists and fanciers, wholly incapable of grasping nature, praise and demand the ideal?

Art only originates out of the vital movement of the innermost forces of the mind and the spirit that we call inspiration. Everything that grows up from onerous or small beginnings to great power and heights becomes great because of inspiration. This also holds for realms and states, arts and sciences. But the force of individuals does not achieve this. It is only achieved by the spirit, which diffuses itself throughout the whole. Art is especially dependent on the public mood, just as tender plants depend on the air and weather. It requires a general enthusiasm for sublimity and beauty, like the one in the age of the Medici, which all at once and on the spot called forth the great spirits just like a warm spring breeze. It is also just like the state of mind that Pericles describes to us in his praise of Athens.<sup>23</sup> [327] This is more securely and lastingly preserved for us by the lenient rule of a paternal monarch than by a government of the people. This is where every force voluntarily wells up and every talent displays itself with pleasure because each is exclusively appraised in accord with its worthiness. This is where inactivity is ignominious, and vulgarity does not bring praise. One rather strives toward an ambitious and extraordinary goal. Only then, when public life is put in motion by the same forces that give rise to art, can art derive benefit from public life. Art cannot be directed toward anything external without abandoning the nobility of its nature. Both art and science can only rotate on their own axes. Artists, like anything spiritually effective, can only follow the law that God and nature have written in their hearts, no other. No one can help them. They must help themselves. Nor can they be externally remunerated because, were anything not brought forward for its own sake, it would be immediately void. For that very reason, no one can either command them or prescribe the path upon which they should walk. Although they are worthy of lament when they struggle with their time, they earn our disdain when they pander to it. And how would they even be able to do this? Without great and universal enthusiasm, there are only sects, but no public viewpoint. Merit is not decided by well-established taste or great concepts of a whole people, but rather by the votes of individuals who set themselves up as judges. Art, which is self-sufficient in its sovereignty, carries acclamation and becomes servile where it should rule.

Different ages are allotted different inspirations. May we not expect one for this time? The world that is now newly forming itself, which is already at hand partly externally and partly internally and in the mind, can no longer be measured by any of the criteria of former viewpoints. On the contrary, everything clamors for something greater and heralds a sweeping renewal. Should not that sense in which nature and history are again more vitally revealed also give the great objects back to art? It is futile to want to draw sparks from spent ashes and fan [328] a universal fire from them. Yet it would only take a change in the ideas themselves to be able to raise art out of its

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<sup>23</sup> [This is an allusion to Pericles's 431 BCE funeral oration honoring the war dead and celebrating the shared values of Athenian culture at the end of the first year of the second Peloponnesian War as reconstructed by Thucydides in his *History of the Peloponnesian War*.—TR.]

exhaustion. It would only take a new way of knowing, a new faith, to inspire art to the labor through which its rejuvenated life reveals a majesty similar to previous ones. In fact, art that would in all its characteristics be the same as in earlier centuries will never happen again. For nature never repeats itself. There will never again be another Raphael, but there will be another who achieves, in an equally peculiar way, what is supreme in art. Just do not let the fundamental condition be lacking and resurrected art, as it did earlier, will display the aim of its vocation in its first works. If it emerges out of fresh originary force, grace will be present, however covertly, in its formation of the determinate characteristic. In both the soul is already predetermined. Works that originate in such a way are necessary and eternal works, even in their initial imperfection.

Permit us to confess that, with this hope for a new revival of a thoroughly peculiar art, we principally have the fatherland in mind. Even in the age in of art's reawakening in Italy, the full force of the plant of the art of our great Albrecht Dürer came forth out of native soil. How peculiarly German, yet with such affinity for the sweet fruits that the kinder Italian sun brought to supreme ripeness! This people, from whom the revolution in the manner of thinking in modern Europe emerged, to whose spiritual force the greatest inventions attest, who gave laws to the heavens and who carried out research into the deepest depths of the earth, in whom nature has implanted more deeply than anyone else an unshakable sense of right and an inclination to know first causes: this people must culminate in a peculiar art.

If the destinies of art are contingent upon the general destinies of the human spirit, with what hopes may we contemplate what is next for the fatherland? We have a majestic regent, who has granted freedom to the [329] human intellect, wings to the spirit, and rendered philanthropic ideas effective. Upright peoples still preserve the living seeds of older artistic dispositions, and the regent has consolidated the famous seats of old German art. Indeed, the arts and sciences, were they banished everywhere else, would seek asylum here under the protection of the throne, upon which the scepter leads with lenient wisdom and beautifies benevolence as its queen. A hereditary love of art is exalted, through which the young prince,<sup>24</sup> who these days is received with the loud jubilation of a grateful fatherland, has won the admiration of foreign nations. Here they would find the seeds of a future vigorous existence disseminated everywhere. There is already a well-tested community spirit and at least the ties of a single love and a single universal enthusiasm, fortified through the vicissitudes of time, for the fatherland and for the king. No more ardent wishes for his welfare and preservation until the end of human years can arise from any other temple beside this one,<sup>25</sup> which *He* constructed for the sciences.

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<sup>24</sup> [Ludwig became the Crown Prince of Bavaria on New Year's Day, 1806.—TR.]

<sup>25</sup> [The building itself was the Wilhelminum, formerly used by the Jesuits, which Die Bayerische Akademie der Wissenschaften occupied in 1783, a decade after the Papal Suppression of the Jesuits. Schelling is referring the Academy's transition from an independent scholarly organization to its assumption into the Interior Ministry of King Maximilian I Joseph, where Academy members consequently received a steady salary.—

TR.]

