

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Now to be devoted to Wagner merely as a dog is devoted to his master, reverencing his superiority without understanding it, is no true Wagnerism. The Ring of the Nibelungs, with all its gods and giants and dwarfs, its water-maidens and Valkyries, its wishing-cap, magic ring, enchanted sword, and miraculous treasure, is a drama of today, and not of a remote and fabulous antiquity. It is generally understood, however, that there is an inner ring of superior persons to whom the whole work has a most urgent and searching philosophic and social significance. I profess to be such a superior person and I offer my commentary to those who wish to be introduced to the work on equal terms with that inner circle of adepts.

ACT 1: THE RHINEGOLD

Scene One: The Rhine Valley

GOLD

**Enter voyeurs to the scene of our rite
I am your master and guide for the night
Come with me now to the depths of the Rhine
Where my maidens are having a rollicking time**

GOLD

A slimy dwarf crawls up through a chasm
He spots my harem and his legs start to spasm

RHINEMAIDENS

Poor little bitch-boy, all alone wanking
Come over here and we'll give you a spanking

GOLD

The lumbering dwarf, try as he might
Cannot grab hold of my slippery sprites

RHINEMAIDENS

Dein Gesicht is like an ugly mix
Of a George Grrrosz and an Otto Dix!

GOLD

All at once I'm awash in a golden shower
Those ignorant fools are transfixed by my power

DWARF

Oh master to you I surrender control

RHINEMAIDENS

We give you our body, our mind and our soul!

GOLD

But the dwarf has a plan that will soon spell disaster

DWARF

I can't fuck these bitches so I'll have their master!

GOLD

So schnell wie der blitz he makes me his slave

He drags me away to his torture caave

GOLD

Had only my maidens fulfilled the dwarf's need

He'd not have resorted to monetary greed

The Rhine Valley sounds with a murderous rage

That heralds the death of the golden age

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

**His choice is forced on him. He forswears love as
thousands of us forswear it every day; And now,**

what forces are there in the world to resist

Alberic, our dwarf, in his new character of

sworn plutocrat? He is soon at work wielding the

power of the gold. For his gain, hordes of his

fellow-creatures are thenceforth condemned to

slave miserably, overground and underground,

lashed to their work by the invisible WHIP of starvation. All this part of the story is frightfully real, frightfully present, frightfully modern. If there were no higher power in the world to work against Alberic, the end of it would be utter destruction. Such a force there is, however; and it is called Godhead.”

Scene 2: Valhalla

GOLD

We enter Valhalla where Wotan’s daydreaming
Of policy changes and amorous scheming

WOTAN

Baby I’ve just had a mandate enforced
That legally bind you to honour my Würst

GOLD

Two giants awake him with brute force and malice

GIANTS

Our fee for building your pussy palace!

WOTAN

Freia du schlampe! The giants are here
Won’t you please hand me my anal bead spear?

GIANTS

Hallo little lady, you're coming with us!

WOTAN

**Now calm down you oafs, there's no need to fuss
I know an imp who is wielding a treasure,
A trinket that grants you with infinite pleasure
What say I pay him a 'booty call'?
You give back my sub and we settle this brawl.**

GIANTS

**No deal will be made til you bring us the schatz
She'll make us a fortune on Nollendorfplatz!**

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

**Godhead, face to face with Stupidity, must compromise.
Unable to enforce on the world the pure law of thought,
it must resort to a mechanical law of commandments.
Godhead must maintain at all costs the sanctity of the
law, even when it has ceased to represent their
thought; so that at last they get entangled in a network
of ordinances which they no longer believe in, and yet
have made so sacred by custom and so terrible by
punishment, that they cannot themselves escape from**

them. Thus Godhead's resort to law finally costs it half its integrity—as if a spiritual king, to gain temporal power, had plucked out one of his eyes.

Scene 3: Dwarf's Mine

GOLD

Down in the dungeon an army is working
The dwarf cracks his whip

DWARF

Don't stop circle-jerking!

GOLD

The ritual builds to the sounds of a storm
Lust fills the dwarf as my body transforms

GOLD

With a feverish frenzy he tears me asunder
And plunders my depths in the clattering
thunder...thunder...thunder...thunder...
thunder...thunder

DWARF

The ring at last, its power is mine!

GOLD

At once appears Wotan seduced by the shine

WOTAN

Impressive gadget, say what does it do?

DWARF

It can make me grow bigger and harder than you!

WOTAN

I'll bet you can't shrink to the size of a toad

DWARF

pffft!

GOLD

And with that...the trickster... is off up the road!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

And here the dwarf, like the giants before him, feels the very foundations of the world shake beneath him at the discovery of his own base cupidity in a higher power. That evil should, in its loveless desperation, create malign powers which Godhead could not create, seems but natural justice to him. But that Godhead should

steal those malign powers from evil, and wield them itself, is a monstrous perversion.

Scene 4: Valhalla

GOLD

Back in Valhalla the giants return
to see how much bounty their hostage will earn

WOTAN

I bring you loot that I seized from the elf!

GOLD

Says the cheat as he pockets the ring for himself.
Blinded by greed the two fiends demand more

GIANTS

Pile that shit up if you value your whore!

GOLD

When Wotan refuses to part with the ring
I rise up and urge him to ... cough up the bling!

GOLD

With treasures so vast that she's now out of sight

**Freia and Wotan steal into the night
Leaving behind those detestable fools
To screw to the death for my family jewels!
Fasolt delivers his infamous straddle
But Fafner responds with a punishment paddle
He pounds him until Fasolt's body is aching**

FAFNER

Du arschloch, this booty is mine for the taking!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Fafner's booty is quite useless to him. He has neither the cunning nor the ambition to establish the Plutonic empire with it. Merely to prevent others from getting it is the only purpose it brings him. His case, however, is far too common to be surprising. The world is overstocked with persons who sacrifice all their affections, and madly trample and batter down their fellows to obtain riches of which, when they get them, they are unable to make the smallest use, and to which they become the most miserable slaves.

ACT 2: THE VALKYRIES

Scene 1: Dragon's Cave

GOLD

**I'm currently trapped in a freaky location
Of pulsating bodies und dank perspiration
The intoxication of primal vibrations
Have stirred in our giant a violent mutation**

**For what, I am told, must be twelve years at least
I am prey to the sounds of that ravenous beast
Wotan's endeavours to pilfer me back
Are foiled by the dress-code that favours all-black
In a shocking display of the God's desperation
He opts to impregnate... the whole congregation?**

**Upon level three his Brunnhilde is born
To a life of electro and Valkyrie porn
Alas she arouses such carnal desire
That she's forced to enkindle an armour of fire
Only a hero can see that this flame
Is an aura that feeds on humanity's...**

SHAME

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

A god who broke his own laws would betray the fact that legality and conformity are not the highest rule of conduct—a discovery fatal to his supremacy as Lawgiver. In his longing for a rescuer, it does not occur to him (the acting godhead) that when the Hero comes, his first exploit must be to sweep the gods and their ordinances from the path of the heroic will.

ACT 3: SIEGFRIED

Scene 1: Dwarf's Mine

GOLD

That hero is Siegfried, a runaway punk
Oblivious heir of the God-given spunk
The cunning dwarf nursed him in thirst of one thing

DWARF

To skullfuck the dragon and capture the ring!

GOLD

He holds out the shell of the mighty Nothung

DWARF

When Wotan's spear struck it it ceased to be sprung!

SIEGFRIED

Make it erect or make friends with my crop!

GOLD

But the more the dwarf musters... the more... the
sword... flops!

DWARF

Siegfried, bitte, I know not the craft

SIEGFRIED

You're clearly too ugly to stiffen that shaft!

GOLD

**At the slightest caress of our hero's backside
Nothung is rigid and ready to ride.**

**It instantly storms at the dwarf's hodensack
But the imp cuts him off with a counter-attack**

DWARF

WAIT!

**I know a dragon who's guarding a treasure
A trinket that grants you with infinite pleasure
What's say we pay him a booty call?
You don't harm my nuts and we settle this brawl.**

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The boy Siegfried, having no god to instruct him in the art of unhappiness, inherits none of his father's ill luck, and all his father's hardihood. The son knows no law but his own humor and is, in short, a totally immoral person, a born anarchist, the ideal of Bakunin, an anticipation of the "overman" of Nietzsche.

Scene 2: Dragon's Cave

GOLD

As the two venture forth to the cave of the creature
The dwarf recounts tales of its physical features

DWARF

Why ne'er has one seen such unmerciful flaps!

SIEGFRIED

Great now geh weg, I'm in need of a nap

GOLD

His rest is cut short by a chattering Vogel
He tries to make sense of its ludicrous yodel

GOLD

The song fills the dragon with murderous wrath

DRAGON

I'll squirt in the face of whoever said that!

SIEGFRIED

So the rumours are true, you're remarkably hung

Though your girth is no match for the mighty...
NOTHUNG!

GOLD

One thrust of the sword and the dragon is spent
A familiar old pervert is hot on the scent

DWARF

That idiot boy, now the treasure's all mine!

SIEGFRIED

What's that you said you degenerate swine?

GOLD

With Nothung still cocked Siegfried strikes the dwarf
down

SIEGFRIED

Fuck you and your treasures you treacherous clown!

GOLD

Crestfallen he plays a lament on his horn.

SIEGFRIED

Oh Vogel, in truth I am awfully forlorn
I long for the love of a dominant dame

To enter my sub-space without feeling shame

VOGEL

**Heard of Brunnhilde the Valkyrie queen?
She's built like an ox if you know what I mean!**

SIEGFRIED

**Weird talking vogel, what fortune you bring
Take me to meet her at once 'pon your wing!**

GOLD

**They fly through the night t'ward their new destination
Der Vogel's at last overcome with temptation**

WOTAN

**Tis I, dein Vater, the ultimate pimp
Long ago you were left in the hands of the imp
He knew that in time you would capture the ring
What the fool didn't know was I'd planned the whole
thing!**

SIEGFRIED

Oh papa, I fear that the fool here is you!

GOLD

In seconds his weapon is severed in two

SIEGFRIED

**Have one of you turds got a packet of tissues?
I'm 'bout to unravel some big daddy issues!**

GOLD

**Let's pause for moment and think this scene through
Is this really something our hero would do?
That cursed ring has brought nothing but shame
Now SIEGFRIED is likely to suffer the same
Oh faithful disciples before it's too late
I give you good leave to determine his fate
Only you can decide where our story will lead
Will our hero choose love or will he choose greed?**

VALHALLA OR BUST

HAIL THE MASTER!

LOVE

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The fires roll down the mountain, and never a hair of the hero's head is singed. Those frightful flames which have scared mankind for centuries from the Truth, have

not heat enough in them to make a child shut its eyes.
They are mere phantasmagoria.

ACT 4: TWILIGHT OF THE GODS

Scene 1: Brunnhilde's Mountain

GOLD

On Siegfried marches until he discovers
The fiery wall of his soon-to-be lover

SIEGFRIED

I can't tell if it's the inferno or not
But heilige Scheiße, she's so fucking hot!

GOLD

Observing the flames don't impose any threat
Siegfried glides through the wall without breaking a
sweat

BRUNNHILDE

Give up your sword and get over here quick
Auf diese Weise mag ich dich!

GOLD

**Brunnhilde forces him into position
And Siegfried achieves his desired submission
He widens his anus with sensuous gas
Brunnhilde shoves Nothung...hilt-deep...up...his...ass!**

GOLD

**The lovers writhe in ecstasy
And I rejoin my maidens three
Who worship me not for my riches
Content are they to be my bitches
For often have you heard it told
That love's of greater wealth than gold
Though should you need some affirmation
Heed the master's explanation**

HAIL THE MASTER

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

The only faith which any reasonable disciple can gain from The Ring is not in love, but in life itself as a tireless power which is continually driving onward and upward into ever higher and higher forms of organization. The more young people shock their elders and deride and discard their pet institutions the better for the hopes of the world, since the apparent growth of anarchy is only the measure of the rate of improvement.

