

**SYMBOLIC HISTORY**  
*Through Sight and Sound*

**29. Faust: Creative War of Spirit**

- a1) *Peter von Cornelius, 1816, Faust and Mephisto on the Rabenstein, Graphische Sammlung, Kunstmuseum, Düsseldorf*  
 1) *William Blake, c. 1808, Satan Calling up his Legions, formerly Lord Leaconfield*  
 1a) *Same, upper detail*

Music: Beethoven, 1823, Finale of Ninth Symphony (opening), Col. SL-165  
 Y7 30051 (Walter)

The heroic vindications of 1800 are three: of Faust, of this Lucifer, of Prometheus. "Faust," said Burckhardt, "is a genuine myth, a great primordial image." But since the Renaissance, the Faust story had been waiting its time and place; as the protomyth of Satan had waited for Milton or, as here, for the culminant upheaval of Blake. The wave that lifts these actions — as on the Finale search of Beethoven's Ninth — is a Revolutionary reversal by which a defiance once outlawed beckons to new heaven and earth. (fade Ninth) So Blake shows Milton's Archangel — Milton "of the devil's party without knowing it" — rousing our Antediluvian powers (Energy the only life and Reason its outward bound) from the fiery hell to which creed and law have consigned them:

The whole creation will be consumed and appear infinite and holy, whereas it now appears finite and corrupt.

At the same time, Lessing, and then Goethe, veered hell-compacted Faust from self-destroying to self-saved.

- 2) *Goya, c. 1815(?), Prometheus, Aquatint, 1st state, Fine Arts, Boston*  
 2a) *Same, upper detail*

(Ninth up, search motif)

Prometheus, too, had been seized on by Goethe in the Storm and Stress 1770s of his youth, when he took up the Faust legend he would work at for sixty years (Prometheus to Zeus):

Here I sit and fashion mortals  
 After my image,  
 A race of men to be as I am,  
 To suffer and to weep,  
 To relish, to enjoy;  
 And to despise as I do  
 You and yours — (CGB)

Und dein nicht zu achten;  
 Wie ich!

A conception Goya, having stood the course of Revolution and Napoleonic war, endowed, about 1815, with its giant ambiguity of threat and promise — the same half-god Shelley would unbind and raise to cloud-ecstasy:

(Scherzo phrase)

To defy power, which seems omnipotent...  
 Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent...  
 This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory.

- a3) C.D. Friedrich, c. 1818, *Woman at a Window*, Staatliche Museen, Berlin
- 3) Double: [A] a3, and [B] P.O. Runge, 1809-10, *Large Morning*, detail, Hamburg
- 3a) Double: Detail of both the above (video does not use 3, only 3a)

(Adagio phrase)

But Shelley's rhetoric is far from the immediacy of Goethe's Faust, which opens at its center to a love tender as the Beethoven adagio (fade Ninth), simple as Friedrich's girl at a window — Gretchen: "For him only/ I look from the window" — "Nach ihm nur schau ich/ Zum Fenster hinaus"; present, as when she plucks the petals, "Er liebt mich — Liebt mich nicht"; yet ungraspable as the form Faust had seen in the witch's mirror (as the Helen who melts to a mist which carries him forward); it is the Gretchen he leaves in prison tied to guilt and loss, her wrenching pain-prayer:

Ach neige/ Du Schmerzenreiche/ Dein Antlitz gnädig meiner  
Not!

later agleam — like Runge's Morning:

Neige, neige,/ Du Ohnegleiche/ ... Dein Antlitz gnädig  
meinem Glück!

(Again Ninth: search toward Hymn of Joy)

That Gretchen waits

- a4) *Double: [A] Caspar David Friedrich, c. 1818, Woman before the Sunset, Kunsthalle, Hamburg, and [B] 4: Caspar David Friedrich, c. 1818, Mountain Climber over Fog, Kunsthalle, Hamburg*
- b4) *Eugene Delacroix, c. 1827, Gretchen tempted in Church, Dessins, Louvre, Paris*
- 4) *Caspar David Friedrich, Mountain Climber, Hamburg*

for Faust to return from Wood and Cave — Faust, who has there framed his image against hers, as Friedrich opposed this climber on the last rock over a sea of fog, to those studies of his own bride yearning at the window or across fields to the sunset: (**fade Ninth**) Faust a cataract hurled from crag to crag (as Hölderlin would take it up: "*von Klippe/ Zu Klippe geworfen,/ Jahrlang ins Ungewisse hinab*"); Gretchen an alpine cottage which he, hated of god, *der Gottverhaßte*, must hurl into the abyss. No wonder imprisoned Gretchen will shudder at him, fiend attended: "*Heinrich, mir graut's vor dir.*"

And yet, as Goethe confessed, he could not have borne to write sheer tragedy. That intolerable pain must fire regeneration. Thus in Hegel only Philosophy sustains the pathos of history, only the knowledge that Reason "makes war on itself — consumes its own existence, but in this very destruction works up that existence to a new form..." (Ninth, Hymn of Joy, instrumental) We know Friedrich's haunted climber looks toward death and transfiguration.

- a5) *J. Martin, 1817, The Bard, Newcastle-upon-Tyne; + V details, or V65, double*
- 5) *Isabey, 1805, Frontispiece, "Poems of Ossian," Bibl. Nat., Paris; + V detail*
- 5a) *F.P.S. Gerard, c. 1811, Ossian on the Shore (oil variant of the Isabey), Kunsthalle, Hamburg* (fade Ninth)

Everywhere the spirit of storm shook the old moorings. It had begun in the 1750s; Gray had blown it up in the Pindaric passion of a Welsh Bard:

Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!  
Confusion on thy banners wait ...

In 1760 Macpherson published what he called translations from the old Gaelic of Ossian; so a rant too cloudy for anything but a translation (though indeed it was Macpherson's own) swept from the Scotch Highlands over England and all Europe, reverberating in long echoes from Blake to Frankenstein, from Werther to Hölderlin's Hyperion — through Beethoven, of course; even in France, where the Faustian action was mostly political, it fueled the cause of freedom. Through the neo-classic coldness of French *Empire*, Ossian spills his raptures, as he invokes the heroes of war.

It is a phase of that anomaly by which the more and more actual seizure on the forces of the world moves for its Hymn of Joy further and higher,

Music: Hymn of Joy, instrumental statement continued

- 6) *K.F. Schinkel, c. 1815(?), Ideal Landscape, Nat. Gal., Berlin; + V detail, left*
- 6a) *Same, detail, right foreground*
- 6b) *Swiss, late Gothic, end of 15th cent. (orig. 13th cent.), Aigle Castle*
- 6c) *Again, Schinkel, Ideal Landscape (detail, above)*

into a kind of irradiated and transcendental dream, remote as this Schiller-Beethoven "All men shall be brothers" from the 1823 Europe of Holy Alliance and reaction. Schinkel, painter-architect, turns a Claude landscape to a German vision, where a deer strays and a dove flies over boys who will shoot only at a target.

It is like the castle somewhere up from the Aegean, where Faust and Helen meet in Part II ("The God-deceived incur no blame") — the sign of their union Helen's migration from classical hexameters to the Gothic mystery of rhyme:

Helen:  
How can I speak with that delicious art?

Faust:

To learn is easy; it springs from the heart...  
 The soul sees nothing before or after this;  
 The moment, the moment only...  
 (Helen closes) is our bliss. (CGB)

So the castle dissolves to an Arcadian paradise, where the short-lived  
 Byron-Euphorion is born. (fade **Ninth**)

- a7) *Delacroix, c. 1826, Mephisto Over City, detail, Faust Illustrations*  
 7) *Franz Klein, Beethoven Life Mask, 1812*  
 7a & 7b) *Michelangelo, 1513-16, Heroic Captive, torso, then head, Louvre, Paris;  
 with video return to 7, Beethoven Life Mask*

The original Faust had been thrown down by the "fiendful fortune" of all  
 who "practice more than heavenly power permits." But what does heaven  
 permit? It is not inscribed in the stars. (**Ninth: search resumed, then voice**) For the  
 new Prometheus, it can only be felt out by the daring of excess — as the  
 Beethoven of this 1812 life-mask (already shaking his fist at the sky) had to  
 stretch the symphony of Haydn and Mozart to vocal imperative. What sparks  
 off divinity has no fulfillment but attempted godhead. The dilemma is  
 suspended in Faust from the Prologue in Heaven —

Man must err as long as he strives —  
 Es irrt der Mensch, solang' er strebt —

to the last scene:

Wer immer strebend sich bemüht,  
 Den können wir erlösen —

Who always pains himself to strive,  
 That one we can  
 redeem. (CGB)

Striving destroys and creates — as in Blake, Hegel, Nietzsche. Against the  
 incapacity of sin-fallen man, Pico's self-maker had foreshadowed a new morality  
 of volitional risk — that Western venture which has crested in the Faust-wave.

(fade **Hymn of Joy**)

8) *Danubian, c. 5500 B.C., stone "Fish-Mouth Man," Lepenski Vir, Yugoslavia*

Civilization must have been a Faustian enterprise from the start. When the fish-mouth man of the Danube Iron Gate hammered himself, before five thousand B.C. into the first free-standing stone monument of the human family, he recorded such a daring as the plowing up and seeding of mother earth which burned its way into the Oedipus myth; or the comparable assault on heaven for which the Giants were thrown down.

9) *Egyptian, c. 2660 B.C. (Dynasty III), Step Pyramid and Temple, Sakḳara*

And when the step pyramids and papyrus temples rose 4600 years ago over the valley of the Nile, a raid had been made on the kingdom of death surely as great as that of the Babylonian Gilgamesh, pathfinder for saviour heroes of how many faces, who went down (as Faust to the Mothers, stamping) to spoil and harrow hell.

10) *Aegean (Thera), 16th cent. B.C., ships off a coast (Libya?), from Santorin, Nat. Mus., Athens*

10a) *Same, detail of upper left*

And when that Hero would don the mask of Satanic compact, where could he venture but in the old field of overweening and disaster? It had shaped the myths Homer received from Achaian conquerors — that epos of ruinous assault on an ancient city of the Gods — as in this twenty-foot Theran fresco of ships deployed off a coast whose flora and fauna suggest Africa. Kazantzakis had died before it was uncovered, but his Faust-Odysseus divines such an action. The earthquake that destroyed that Atlantis

11) *Mycenean, 16th cent. B.C., Gold Mask, called Agamemnon, Nat. Mus., Athens*

must have colored mythic fact — the gloomy pride and death-disaster which made Schliemann call this Mycenean mask of hammered gold, from 300 years before the Trojan War, the mask of Agamemnon, Aeschylus' type of hybris and Ate: "But his unbridled heart drove him on to outrage, keen to sacrifice his child." How near and far, Faust's curse on Hope, Faith, and Patience.

12) *Attic (Vulci), c. 475 B.C., Odysseus and the Sirens, Brit. Mus., London*

So the tragic question was seeded: to which end *Arete* will lead, Iliadic ruin; Odyssean homecoming — Odysseus, who stopped the ears of his sailors with wax, but bound himself to the mast to hear the Sirens' song (like Faust, to experience all good and evil: "*der Erde Weh, der Erde Glück zu tragen*"); but Odysseus brought it off, with Athena's aid, refurbishing his kingly line — a feat of earth-management Goethe's dying hero dreams of:

... ein paradiesisch Land —

A land like paradise, won from the sea:  
To tread that free ground with a people free. (CGB)

13) *Attic Krater (Pan Painter), c. 470 B.C., Artemis Kills Acteon, Museum of Fine Arts, Boston*

On the other side are the luckless aspirers — Acteon struck by Artemis' revenge and the fury of his own hounds. As if the Iliad and the Odyssey — destructive wrath and skilful homecoming — had defined forever the polar field of searching fable: Ulysses in Dante banned to the Hell camp, infinite seeker drowned; while Faust, who had begun there (Marlowe: "Mountains and hills come, come and fall on me/ And hide me from the heavy wrath of God") finds the redemptive shore: (CGB)

In his darkest urges, a good man  
Will know and grope his way to the right course —

Ein guter Mensch, in seinem dunklen Drange  
Ist sich des rechten Weges wohl bewußt.

14) *Roman, c. 20 B.C., detail of armor, Prima Porta Augustus, Vatican, Rome (CGB '86)*

Now the armored breast of Augustus (like Virgil's poem) fuses the twofold theme: homecoming rule of the war-mastered earth; so the whole Hegelian task of the Christian West seems foreshadowed, though in weighty outwardness, as if, beyond the armor, we did not know what the breast contained — hollow as the state of Faust's threatened Roman Kaiser.

- 15) *South German, 11th cent., The Sin of Adam and Eve, bronze door relief, Augsburg (CGB '59); video: detail only*  
 15a) *North Italian, c. 1100-25, Expulsion from Paradise, bronze door relief, S. Zeno, Verona (CGB '59)*

If what it held was soul-hunger, it devoured doctrine with a vengeance — Dark Age fallen man, prayer- and faith-addicted (the Sin of the Augsburg doors). From that ascetic vault ("Verfluchtes dumpfes Mauerloch," damned musty hole in the wall; and "Das is deine Welt! das Heißt eine Welt!" that's your world; they call that a world) Faust is in rebellion. Yet every attempt hurls him back to that ground. From the grim Earth Spirit he wriggles like a worm ("Ein furchtsam weggekrümmter Wurm"), and it is the Easter miracle ("In memory only, reconsidered passion") that saves him from suicide.

Die Träne quillt, die Erde hat mich wieder!

He returns to earth, but not to the faith-fold. "Entbehren sollst du! sollst entbehren!" — "Renounce, renounce, is all they say."

- 16) *Nicholas of Verdun, 1180, Harrowing of Hell, Klosterneruburg Altar, near Vienna; video: detail only*

That was hardly just, any more than Nietzsche would be, to his Christian launching. For Christ had broken hell and fetched Adam and Eve for the ultimate ecstasy of glorified flesh.

Such upward daring in Gothic — in Leonin and Perotin,

Music: Perotin, c. 1200, Sederunt, close of 1st Quadruplum, (Deller) Vanguard HM 1 SD

in this Nicholas of Verdun enamel, or in Joachim's Third Kingdom — had sowed the seed (as Goethe knew, with his heaven-close)

- 17) *Delacroix, 1830, Liberty leading the People, Louvre, Paris; + V detail*  
 17a) *Same, detail of Liberty and corpses; video: corpses only*

of all later harvests of utopian hope: Delacroix.



Music: Berlioz, 1834, close of Harold in Italy, RCA-V LSC-2228

What we have long been tracing is the filling in of the temporal and earthly chords (here Berlioz) of that claim, its Machiavellian, Hegelian, then Marxist acceptance of ingredient negation, of the devil's pact which Hegel calls the cunning of Reason, that it alienates itself in the passionate work of heroes who must break the old law:

The idea pays the penalty of determinate existence and corruptibility, not from itself, but from the passions of individuals.

(end Berlioz)

In this Revolutionary transformation of the harrowing of hell,

18) *Rembrandt, 1653, Faust in his Study, etching, Rijksmuseum, Amsterdam*

18a) *Same, central detail*

Faust plays a mythic role. Midway between his origins and Goethe, he was etched by Rembrandt, as he faces the sign of the Macrocosm, an episode neither in the Faust Book nor in Marlowe. Where did it arise in the folk womb of Faust's unfolding? And the sign, copied from a magic amulet Rembrandt knew, the shadowy mother, the mirror she holds, are they cabala truth, or Goethe's *Schauspiel*: what a show, but only a show. Between Rembrandt's truth-seeker and the ironist in Goethe's vaulted room, what bitter lees have been drunk:

Habe nun, ach! Philosophie,  
Juristerei und Medicin,  
Und leider auch Theologie  
Durchaus studiert, mit heißem Bemühn.  
Da steh' ich nun, ich armer Tor!  
Und bin so klug als wie zuvor... —

A disillusion the Transcendental had to transcend.

19) *Ottonian (Reichenau), c. 1000, Transfiguration, Gospels of Otto III, Royal Lib., Munich*

The Faust-myth had arisen in the German soul. With Goethe it returns to the matrix which even from 1000 had mysteriously charged the union of spirit and nature: this Reichenauer Transfiguration, where God-colors in the sky call flower-colors from the rock ground: that "mystic harvest of the fields of God" brightening toward Wolfram's metaphor of dawn: "Its claws strike through the clouds; with power it lifts up from the gray." — "*Sîne klâwen durh die wolken sint geslagen,/ er stîget ûf mit grôzer kraft.*"

20) *Altdorfer, 1529, Victory of Alexander, detail, Alte Pinakothek, Munich*

In the vast expatiation of Renaissance: Altdorfer's battle-vista points to Faust's rapture of following the sinking sun:

Schon tut das Meer sich mit erwärmten Buchten  
Vor den erstaunten Augen auf...  
Ich eile fort, ihr ew'ges Licht zu trinken...

Already ocean with its sun-warmed bays  
Spreads from the hills to my astonished sight...

And soul spreads wings to drink the eternal light...

(CGB)

It is Goethe's genius to have preserved in Faust, as from the 1500 fable, Altdorfer's Renaissance discovery — yet joined with the romantic longing of 1800, to transcend that very phenomenology.

- 21) *Friedrich, c. 1812(?), Two men by the sea at moonrise, Nat. Gallery, Berlin*
- 21a) *Friedrich, 1830-35, A man and a woman contemplating the moon, detail, Nat. Gallery, Berlin*
- 21b) *Friedrich, 1807-08, Top half of Cross in the Mountains, Dresden Gallery*
- V21c) *Detail of 21: Friedrich, Men at Moonrise*

Music: Beethoven, 1825, Cavatina: Adagio (opening), Quartet No. 13 in B-Flat Major, Op. 130; Columbia M5L 277

Such yearning is distilled by Friedrich, whose pantheistic landscapes Goethe admired: this moonrise sky a cathedral of light for the almost disembodied soul; so by Beethoven's last slow movements, or by Goethe's "Selige Sehnsucht," written (incredibly) the night his wife Christiane died: (three of the five stanzas, translated by CGB)

From its woven bed of shadows  
 Mere enclosure falls away:  
 Love spreads new wings to the meadows  
 Of another mating play.

Tireless, upward; spaces dwindle;  
 Nothing hems declared desire;  
 God is light and light will kindle,  
 And the moth wings leap in fire.

Know, until you learn to weave  
 Such flame-dying into breath,  
 Everywhere you haunt the grave  
 Of the shadowed earth.

Und solange du das nicht hast,  
 Dieses: Stirb und Werde!  
 Bist du nur ein trüber Gast  
 Auf der dunklen Erde.

In that pool of world-spirit, Faust reached the goal of Burckhardt's Primordial.  
(fade Beethoven Cavatina)

22) *J.G. Schadow, 1816, Goethe Life Mask (at age 67)*

22a) *Goethe, c. 1780, Silhouette before a bust*

The crucible was the Goethe of this 1816 life-mask. Poet and artist, statesman, scientist, man of passion and of formal control, nearing 70 but with a last consuming love for a young girl before him — he would have doubted being paired with Beethoven, whose admiration he, always struggling for balance, never quite returned. Mozart had been his younger contemporary and chosen composer:

Music: Mozart, 1787, Don Giovanni, Close of Act I, from London A-4406

the only man, he said, who could have set Faust — who indeed had done as much in Don Giovanni. But that was of Part I. Neither in its damnation nor in Mozart is the cresting of our Faust-wave.

It was as if Goethe had lived two lives. In 1770, at Beethoven's birth,

a23) *Franco-German end of 13th cent., Prince of this World, Dom-Museum, Strasbourg (CGB '59); video: top detail only*

23) *Double: [A] a23 (CGB '59); and [B] Houdon, c. 1777, Voltaire in Age, Louvre, Paris*

23a) *Single of 23B, Voltaire, upper detail*

he was already a known poet, in Straßburg, celebrating German Gothic and fomenting Storm and Stress. The smiling devil-prince from the Cathedral there might be a forestudy for his own jester Mephistopheles, as he tempts Faust's scholar to the lecheries of medicine, flirts with gossip Martha, bawdies with witches and jokes his way through everything. But Goethe's joker did not simply step from the Strasbourg façade. That Medieval tempter was joyfully innocent. Whereas Goethe's Mephistopheles is as old and worldly-wise as Houdon's Voltaire. It is in the aging of the smile, from Gothic delight to the ironic rationalities of the author of Candide, that we feel the conscious weight of history against which Revolutionary renewal — Blake's "happy, happy Love!

free as the mountain wind!" — had to pit itself. As Tolstoi's Prince Andrei would never live down his rationalist Voltaire father, so Faust is saddled to the end with the grin of denial Gretchen abhors, that *Ewig-Leere*, Eternal-Empty, which mocks his blind age with a pun on *Graben* and Grave.

(end Don Giovanni Act I)

Where Goethe transcends Mozart, is not in carrying that irony,

24) *Blake, 1785-90, Oberon, Titania, and Puck, Tate Gallery, London*

24a) *Blake, 1793-95, Song of Los, plate 5, Oberon and Titania in Lilies, British Museum; video: detail only*

but in kicking off from it, into the transcendental. Or had The Magic Flute, like early Blake, hinted at that too?

Music: Mozart, 1791, Magic Flute, close of the Water Test, from Deutsche Gramnophon 2709-017 (fade)

Though even vision bore the weight of history.

25) *Baldung Grien, 1514, Witches' Sabbath, drawing, Albertina, Vienna; video: detail only*

Goethe's witches are not those overflows of Gothic force Baldung Grien vitalized in the time of the original Faust, when English Skelton was carousing with Elinor Rumming:

Her loathly lere  
Is nothing clear,  
But ugly of cheer,  
Droopy and drowsy,  
Scurvy and lowsy,  
Her face all bowsy,  
Comely crinkled,  
Wondrously wrinkled,  
Like a roast pig's ear,  
Bristled with hair...

a26) *Jacob de Gheyn II, 1600, Witches' Sabbath, Ashmolean, Oxford, detail*

26) *Whole of same drawing*

Nor Jacob de Gheyn's more lurid witches of the time of Macbeth, a play Goethe was reading those same years at Strasbourg, guided to Shakespeare by Herder: cave, cat, bat, poisoned entrails and all. But witches had been alive in 1600, as the poet Fairfax wrote when his children were possessed, or as Massachusetts Bay would painfully record. Hardly in tourist Rome two centuries later, when Goethe sketched his Witch's Kitchen:

Au! Au! Au! Au!  
 Verdammtes Tier! Verfluchte Sau!  
 Versäumst den Kessel, versengst die Frau!  
 Verfluchtes Tier!

27) *Van Wynan (Ascanius), Dutch, c. 1710(?), Temptation of St. Anthony, Gallery, Dublin (CGB '74); + V detail (to be added 1996)*

He had to revive all that, from what had gone interplanetary and remote, as in this Dutch fantasy after 1700. Enlightened Faust objects to the whole affair: "this crazy sorcery goes against the grain ... Haven't you found any other balsam?" But the apes roll the gleaming globe of the world, Faust looks in the magic mirror, and rejuvenation goes forward:

This drink in your belly,  
 You'll see Greek Helen in every filly. (CGB)

28) *Goya, 1797-98, Witches' Sabbath, Fund. Lázaro, Madrid*

28a) *Goya, 1797-98, Pretty Teacher, etching, Caprichos 68, Prado, Madrid*

It is Goya, of the same time, who confronts the same task — that of Burns in "Tam O'Shanter," with its "haunted kirk," "Auld Nick in shape o' beast,"

Warlocks and witches in a dance...  
 Satan glowered and fidgeted fu' fain,  
 And hotched and blew wi' might and main;

or later of Hawthorne — of all who artfully summon the lost supernatural from the depths: so Goethe's Walpurgis Night, with its old witch, like a split tree, with "*ungeheures Loch*" — conscious revival rousing the unconscious:

Wer heute sich nicht heben kann,  
 Ist ewig ein verlornen Mann.

- 29) *Goethe, 1787, The Palatine, drawing, Goethe Museum, Weimar*  
 29a) *Goethe, 1787, The Phlegraean Plain, colored drawing, same ('96 replacing Claude drawing)*  
 29b) *Double: [A] Goethe, 1787-88, Vesuvius in Eruption, ink and water-color; and [B] detail of 29, The Palatine; both Goethe Museum*

But the Goethe who tangled with the Middle Ages in Strasbourg became the classicist of the 1786 Roman Journey, of this ink-wash of the Palatine, as of the iambic dramas *Iphigenia* and *Tasso*. It was a year after his return from Rome, and in the vein of classical command, that he began the soliloquy of "Wood and Cave" — "*Wald und Höhle*":

Exalted Spirit, you gave me, gave me all  
 I prayed for... Nature for a kingdom, with power  
 To feel and to enjoy her. (CGB)

Though what follows is the converse gift, of the indispensable devil-companion:

So from desire I stagger toward enjoyment,  
 And in enjoyment languish for desire — (CGB)

those classical sketches brushed with the Storm and Stress of a Vesuvius in eruption. That cloven one is the crux of Goethe's power; it is what inspired also in Rome Faust's rejuvenation in the Witch's Kitchen.

- a30) *Double: [A] Cologne Cathedral, 13th-19th cent; and [B] Andalusia, c. 1830, near Philadelphia*
- 30) *Double: [A] Schinkel, 1810, Sketch for a burial chapel for Queen Luise, Schinkel Museum, Berlin; and [B] Schinkel, 1816-18, Die Neue Wache unter den Linden, Berlin*
- 30a) *Schinkel, 1834, Design for a Royal Hall on the Acropolis of Athens, Schinkel Museum, Berlin*
- 30b) *Friedrich, c. 1830, Temple at Agrigento, Dortmund Museum; + V detail*

In architecture Goethe and his age passed the rift to the romantic century: the Gothic adoration which would complete, as at Cologne, cathedrals abandoned for centuries; the temple-dream that would row the American East and South with columns. Schinkel best exhibits it: this sketch of a burial chapel for Queen Luise, 1810 — against his columned Museum or Watch under the Lindens; or more tellingly, this unconstructed Royal Hall for the Acropolis of Athens — as Faustian a flight as Hölderlin's toward a land he would never see:

Sacred Greece... feast-hall floored with ocean, tables  
 Mountain peaks, lifted time out of mind for a destinate  
 Coming. But where are the thrones and temples, where  
 The Vessels, brimmed once with nectar, delight of the gods,  
 with song? (CGB)

Aber di Thronen, wo? die Tempel, und wo die Gefässe,  
 Wo mit Nectar gefüllt, Göttern zu Lust der Gesang?

- 31) *Altdorfer, c. 1525, Fall of Man triptych, with Bacchanal, Nat. Gal., Washington, D.C.; video: whole follows two Bacchic details*

Music: L. Senfel, c. 1525(?), close of Freundliches K, M.H.S. 1390

In blending Classic and Gothic, Goethe culminates what began in the Renaissance. Witness his Bacchic chorus, rhymed as in Medieval Latin, with which Mephistopheles' spirits sing Faust asleep. But in this 1525 Altdorfer, the drunken left panel is subordinate to the Fall, of which it is one of the sinful consequences. Pagan joy was as islanded as in the songs and dances of 1520 Senfel. (end Senfel)



- 32) *Neumann, c. 1740, and G. Tiepolo, 1753, Stairhall with ceiling fresco [video: ceiling only], Bishop's Palace, Würzburg*  
 32a) *Same (Tiepolo), Kaisersaal Ceiling (CGB '86)*

By 1753, when Tiepolo frescoed the Bishop's Palace in Würzburg with the lustful gods of Olympus, the sacred dependence had been broken.

Music: Vivaldi, 1726, Four Seasons, Autumn (opening), Turnabout TV 34040S

As in Vivaldi's Seasons, opulent Autumn fruits around us. It may well have been some such tour-de-force rapture of vaulted sky which suggested the opening of Goethe's bacchic fantasy, "*Das Einschläferungslied*":

Let the stone-dark arches  
 Vanish above us,  
 Smiling reaches  
 Of blue ether crown us... (CGB)

- 33) *Feichtmayr and Christian, 1747-58, Angel, High Altar, Zwiefalten, Bavaria*

German Baroque churches too had featured those lighted openings, through which angels, melodiously unrobed, smile like girls at harvest home — bright forms of heaven in the Faust poem.

(fade Vivaldi)

- 34) *Mantegna, 1465-74, Ceiling, Camera degli Sposi, Ducal Palace, Mantua*  
 V34a) *Same, a central detail*

The architect who decorates the chapel in Goethe's Elective Affinities copies the pure sky and angels of early Renaissance. Mantegna stands at the source of such a vanishing of vault into blue. Thus the spirits to Faust:

Schwindet, ihr dunkeln  
 Wölbungen droben!  
 Reizender schaue  
 Freundlich der blaue  
 Äther herein!

- A35) *Pontorno, 1521, Autumn, Villa Medici, Poggio a Caiano near Florence, detail*

- B35) *Watteau, 1717, Embarkation for Cythera, detail, Berlin-Dahlem*  
 35a) *An. Carracci, c. 1595, Silenus gathering grapes, Nat. Gal., London*  
 35b) *Double: [A] P.O. Runge, 1808, Morning, small version; and [B] Böcklin, 1888, Hymn of Spring*

In the dissolved space a pagan harvest opens, like that Pontormo frescoed for the Medici; but aflutter with wings and robes over arbors of lovers, as in Watteau's rococo Cythera. Then grapes and wine, earth pouring streams of wine. Could Vivaldi's Autumn have swelled to Beethoven without the Goethean vision Disney would vulgarize? For us, let the Pastorale Scherzo and the Faust Vintage advance through three centuries to the earth-meltings and soul-wingings of 1810 Runge and 1880 Böcklin. (CGB translation follows)

- 2nd 34) *Again, Mantegna Ceiling, center*  
 2nd 34a) *T. Zuccaro, c. 1555, Arbor fresco, ceiling, Villa Giulio, Rome (CGB '48)*

Music: Beethoven, 1808, opening, 3rd movement, Symphony #6, "Pastoral," Vox PL 6960

If the clouds would give place,  
 Through sundered blackness  
 Stars would glisten,  
 Suns without number,  
 Milder than ours;  
 Heaven's plumed powers  
 In beauty and yearning  
 Bend and sway to us;

- 2nd 35) *Double: [A] Pontormo Autumn; and [B] Watteau Embarkation for Cythera*

How the blown garments  
 Of gossamer cover  
 Meadows of clover,  
 Bowers where lovers  
 Hushed in fervor  
 Wreath love forever,  
 Arbor on arbor,  
 Green leaves and tendrils;  
 And harvest clusters  
 Of grapes heap panniers;

*Va36) An. Carracci, 1597-1600, ceiling, with Bacchus and Ariadne, Galleria, Palazzo Farnese, Rome*

*36) Same, detail of the Silenus group*

*36a) Lower detail of a37, Runge Morning, small version (CGB '86)*

Crushed in presses  
 The red juice gushes,  
 Foams into torrents  
 Of blushing bright wine,  
 Streams that rush down  
 Crystalline channels,  
 Leave peaks and highlands  
 Gleaming behind them,  
 Spread into basins  
 Of ponds, lakes, and bays —

Breiten zu Seen  
 Sich ums Genügen  
 Grünender Hügel.

*a37) Again, Runge Morning, small version (see A of 356)*

*37) Runge, 1809-10, Morning, large version, Kunsthalle, Hamburg (CGB '86)*

*37a) Same, upper detail (CGB '86)*

Und das Geflügel  
 Schlüpfet sich Wonne,  
 Flieget der Sonne,  
 Flieget den hellen  
 Inseln entgegen —

Shores flanked with pastures,  
 Flower-slopes of pleasure;  
 There the winged creatures  
 Skim purple ocean,  
 Dip, sip, and rising  
 Soar into sunlight,

Bank over islands  
 Wave-borne on billows  
 That lap the shallows;  
 Hear clear voices  
 From echoing hollows  
 In choirs rejoicing  
 As they dance and scatter:

38) *Again, Böcklin, Hymn of Spring (see B of 356); video: detail only*

Some, air-nimble,  
 Climb sheer mountains,  
 In must-fountains  
 Others are swimming,  
 While sky-flights hover  
 On pinions of azure —  
 All singing, all craving  
 Life, and the far-figured  
 Stars of loving  
 Rapture and grace.

Andere schweben;  
 Alle zum Leben,  
 Alle zur Ferne  
 Liebender Sterne,  
 Seliger Huld.

(fade Beethoven, Pastorale)

Is Böcklin's the last phantom of that hypnosis?

39) *Correggio, c. 1530, Leda and the Swan, Museum, Berlin-Dahlem*

39a) *Same, center detail*

When Faust, stunned by the first embrace of Helen, is stretched again in Northern darkness, Homunculus hovering above him reads his dream — a description of this 1530 Correggio, which had come from France to Germany in 1763, after it had been wilfully damaged and in part repainted (Goethe did not know that the three nudes are all Leda at different moments of the story):

Clear waters in a grove, and girls undressing,

All beautiful... but one the rest surpassing...  
 Of royal line... laves her foot in crystal.  
 What rush of beating wings in the watery mirror?  
 The maidens flee; the queen, in tranquil play,  
 Sees the prince of swans glide to her knee. (CGB)

This avoids the abstract violence Yeats would give the scene:

A sudden blow: the great wings beating still  
 Above the staggering girl...

Yet Goethe's Correggio myth speaks a related symbol: Helen, born of this coupling, is the spirit of Greece; Faust dreams of that under Gothic vaults, as Goethe yearned for the Italian Journey.

- 40) *Blake, 1804-20, Jerusalem, plate 28: Vala and Jerusalem in the Lily, Mellon Collection*  
 40a) *Same, detail*

Faust [to Helen in Arcadia]:  
 ...Know yourself a child of Godhead,  
 The primal world your paradise and home. (CGB)

How far Blake's primal world (Vala and Jerusalem lifted in the Lily of Havilah over the Sea of Time and Space) has put off the outwardness of Goethe. Not even the love-fragrant lily of Hölderlin's "Farewell to Diotima" is so visionary:

Stunned I gaze at you; voices and sweet song,  
 As from former times, I hear, and the sweep of strings,  
 And golden, over the brook,  
 The lily breathes fragrance upon us. (CGB)

Und die Lilie duftet  
 Golden über dem Bach uns auf.

Hegel:

The essence of spirit is freedom, self-contained existence...  
 History is the exhibition of Spirit in the process

of working out the knowledge of that which it is potentially...

a41) *Blake, 1800-05, The River of Life, detail, Tate Gallery, London*

41) *Same, whole. Video adds another detail*

In the German nations... the spiritual becomes reconnected with the secular and develops this latter as an independent organic existence. Freedom has found the means of realizing its ideal... that man as such is innately free.

Not Goethe, not Hölderlin ("Einmal lebt ich, wie Götter"), not Hegel, lived spirit more freely than Blake did. Yet how far his "River of Life" gleams in the dusk of their temporal hopes: Hegel's State, Faust's land won from the sea, Hölderlin's coming of the Gods in Germany. It is the modern, leery of historical promises, who takes to eternal Blake.

Though Goethe has closed Faust (whatever that may mean) with "the transient a likeness, the unattainable achieved":

Alles Vergängliche  
Ist nur ein Gleichnis;  
Das Unzugängliche,  
Hier wird's Ereignis ...

42) *Blake, 1823-24, Job watercolors, Satan appearing before God, from the New Zealand set. Video shows details from the Engraving, British Museum.*

42a) *Earth and Moon in Space, from Hutchinson's Splendor of the Heavens*

42b) *Central detail of 42.*

He had opened it (though the Prologue in Heaven was not written until 1797) with a takeoff on Job, a book Blake would engrave near the end of his life.

When Goethe's three archangels praise God's ordered realm in the manner of that famous Ode by Addison:

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim —

Goethe:

Die Sonne tönt, nach alter Weise  
In Brudersphären Wettgesang,  
Und ihre vorgeschriebne Reise  
Vollendet sie mit Donnergang...  
Und alle deine hohen Werke  
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag.

which Shelley translates:

The sun makes music as of old  
Amid the rival spheres of Heaven,  
On its predestined circle rolled  
With thunder speed...  
The world's unwithered countenance  
Is bright as on creation's day —

Blake bids the right-foot striding Satan of fiery energy throw down that Deist clockwork of natural law, of which the family of Job in material prosperity clings to the proscriptive letter.

43) *Blake, 1825, Job's Latter End, watercolor, British Museum, London*

43a) *Blake, 1800-03, Jacob's Ladder, British Museum, London*

In Blake's "Latter End of Job," the books of Natural Religion are closed and the instruments of inspiration have replaced them. Similarly when Faust's curse has destroyed the old world, the spirits counsel: "Build it again, in inwardness" — "*In deinem Busen baue sie auf.*" How can Goethe's Mephistopheles, a rationalist mocker from the start (to be used and tricked by the world-shaping passions of Faust) claim those spirits as his?

What powered the Faust-wave in history was doing Blake half-way, and turning that half to a dialectic of earth-gain. It was the conversion of transcendental inwardness to revolutionary leverage. No one in the wake of Kant, Faust, Hegel — not even Nietzsche — was ripe for Blake's Newtonian overthrow: "the outward Creation... to me... is hindrance & not Action; it is as the dirt upon my feet, no part of me."

- 44) *Catalan Romanesque, early 12th cent., Hand of God, S. Clemente de Tahull, Mus., Barcelona*

Consider Faust's attempt to translate the opening of John: εν αρχη ην ο λογος: "In the beginning was the Word." He balks that mere word — *Wort* — should rate so high. Has he not resolved in the opening scene not to traffic in what Hamlet called "Words, words, words"? Of course there is a theological position, suggested by this 1100 Spanish creating God as symbolic hand, according to which the ineffable speaks only by the sanctified and transrational, which Faust has deposed.

- 45) *French Gothic, c. 1250, God sees Adam in his Thought, North Portal, Chartres*

From creed-invested Word he turns to a kind of Platonic Reason as cause: "*Im Anfang war der Sinn.*" So in the 13th-century reliefs of Chartres, God, making birds, sees Adam in his thought. The mystery has moved into the world, but in idea, not physical. "Can it be merely Thought," Faust asks, "which works and creates?"

- 46) *Michelangelo, 1508-12, God creating Sun and Moon, detail, Sistine, Vatican*

He writes again: "*Im Anfang war die Kraft!*" — In the beginning was the Power. Michelangelo, type of the creating divine, has always led the conscious titans of history, Milton, most of all Beethoven; he seizes on art like a more productive Faust. Yet as the translation Power still separates Prime Mover from effect, Michelangelo shaped his giants in creed acceptance of the rounding of the wheel — what made Goethe say: "I cannot even relish the essence of Michelangelo, since I cannot see with such great eyes as he did." In fact, Michelangelo claimed less. His power was above, not within. However he may lean that way, his is not

- 47) *Rodin, 1897-98, The Hand of God, marble, Rodin Museum, Paris*

- 47a) *Michelangelo, 1508-12, The Brazen Serpent, Sistine Vault, Vatican*

the hand of God.



Turning from the external and pre-existing *Kraft*, Faust cries: "The Spirit helps me; I see my way," and he writes, "In the beginning was the Act" — *Tat*, the uncaused and immanent deed. Cause becomes one with creation, Faust and now, as "The Hand of God" is Rodin's hand, its Adam and Eve the Lovers he had made. So with Melville's Ahab: "Is it I, God, or who, lifts this hand?" That is the terminus of Incarnation — that raising of the flesh-snake (Mephisto, Strong-men and all) on spirit's creative rod. "The history of the world for 3000 years," Goethe said of Faust II; though that history (comprising Part I) is also the nautilus shell of the poet's own life, shaped by the two souls struggling in his breast. So Hegel's Spirit works itself up by the self-war of alienation to what but the world-consciousness of Hegel himself?

48) *Chinese (Ching), rebuilt 1897, Altar of Heaven, Peking, China*

That actualization of what Spirit is potentially has for Hegel historical phases, dawning East to West, and variously named and numbered. "The Orientals know only that one is free ... the Greeks and Romans that some are free ... German Christendom that Man as such is free." But there are also the Ages of man: Oriental Childhood, Egyptian and Persian Boyhood, Greek Adolescence, Roman Manhood, Western renewal in age. That this Peking Altar of Heaven was rebuilt in 1897 would not ruffle the timeless childhood of Hegel's "Only one is free."

49) *Chao Meng-Fu, Chinese, c. 1300, Tao Yuan-Ming in the Mountains, Private Collection*

"With China and the Mongols," he writes, "(the realm of theocratic despotism), History begins... Individuals remain mere accidents... outside the One Power... there is only caprice... no subjectivity."

Of how many millenia is Hegel speaking? And how to fit his tyrannic formulation to the musing subjectivity of silk-scroll fact: Tao Yuan-Ming in the Mountains, painted 900 years after, by Chao Meng-Fu?

50) *South Indian, 17th cent. (color restored), Minakshi Temple, South Gate, Madura in Madras*

But Hegel's Orient breaks in two: China, rigid one; India, flowing all. He writes:

a wild chaos of fruitless variation, which must appear as madness to a duly regulated, intelligent consciousness... Everything — Sun, Moon, Stars, the Ganges, the Indus, Beasts, Flowers — everything is a God... Spirit wanders into the dream-world, and the highest state is annihilation.

A marvellous antithesis, and no doubt with truth enough for Forster to have made it the theme of A Passage to India — not to mention its appropriateness to this gate tower of the Minakshi Temple in Madras. But that is 17th century and art-lush.

51) *Gupta Buddhist, late 5th cent., Lady of the Court, Cave XVII, Ajanta*

What reconciles the BOOM of Marabar cave to the 5th century, when India had assimilated the Greek (Hegel in reverse) and was expressing itself in a fine consistency of Buddhist forms, from classical Gupta heads to the precise observance of Ajanta frescoes?

52) *Peloponnesian, c. 460 B.C., Atlas head, Metope, Temple of Zeus, Olympia*

One cannot deny that the living center of Hegel is the sequence of Greece and Rome, to the birth of Christianity. There he knew and loved all the texts and some of the art: "In Greece," (he writes)

the Idea is united with a plastic form... immediately bound up with the Real, as in a beautiful work of Art; the Sensuous bears the stamp and expression of the Spiritual. This Kingdom is consequently true Harmony, the world of the most charming but perishable bloom.

And when he moves from that "geniality and joy of soul"

53) *Roman, c. 20 B.C., Augustus, Palazzo Capitolino, Rome*

to the "abstract Universality of the Roman State, in which the Social absorbs all individual aims" — with Augustus and the Aeneid, that shift (mediated by Plato) from outward nomoi to a brooding responsibility which both trains and hollows the soul for the subjective morality of Christendom — at that point we know that Hegel has either made or discovered an elixir of historical truth.

54) *German (Rhine), c. 1291, Head, Rudolph of Hapsburg Tomb, Crypt, Speyer*

So we follow him; but find that his hatred of the Medieval was so great —

A truculent delirium of passion renounces all that is worldly  
and devotes itself entirely to holiness —

that all we can learn from him about the cathedral age (this 1290 tomb of Rudolf of Hapsburg in the crypt of Speyer, with its gaunt repudiation of what Goethe and Hegel stood for) is that "such an antithesis must arise in man's consciousness of the Holy" to "establish the empire of thought actually and concretely." In short, the Middle Ages had to be lived through to get to Hegel.

55) *Giotto, 1321, Head of bystander, Raising of Drusiana, S. Croce, Florence*

So wherever we see a massive human dignity emerging in the consciousness of spatial right, as in Giotto, 1321, or Dante at the same time: "I crown and mitre you lord of your own," and

We were not made to live like brutes —

Fatti non foste a viver come bruti —

we nod the head and say "Faustian precursors."

56) *Leonardo da Vinci, c. 1490(?), Man's head, drawing, Louvre, Paris*

56a) *Titian, c. 1555, Self Portrait, Kaiser Friedrich Mus., Berlin*

As the Renaissance heightens, the head wags increasingly — as for this Leonardo sketch, with his proud words:

O thou that sleepest, what is sleep? Sleep is an image of death.  
Oh, why not let your work be such that after death you become  
an image of immortality: as in life you became, when sleeping,  
as one of the hapless dead.

— wags for Bruno toward the giant century's end:

There is no need to cast the eyes toward the heavens, to raise the  
hands, to frequent temples or intone to images... we have but to  
enter into the inner self, remembering God is nigh, with us,  
here, within us, the soul of souls, life of lives, essence of  
essences.

57) *Hans Steinmüller, c. 1585, Apostle Simon, detail, St. Ulrich and St. Afra, Augsburg; + V detail*

57a) *Hiemer, 1792, pastel of Hölderlin, Schiller Mus., Marbach*

— comparing this Steinmüller Apostle Simon around 1585, when Bruno in his Farewell Address to Faust's University of Wittenberg was foretelling the rise of German mind and spirit:

Here is being prepared the soil for the transplanting of wisdom  
from the lands of Greece and Italy. May Jupiter grant that the  
Germans may recognize their strength and aim for the highest,  
and they will no longer be men, but rather reasonable gods, for  
god-like is their genius.

It is what Hölderlin, schoolmate of Hegel and Schelling, now felt happening around and in him, as the Zeus-eagle, from Indus and Parnassus and "the votive hills of Italy"

Exultant, over the Alps, wings on at last

And sees, wide-spread, the many-patterned lands. (CGB)

- 58) *Michael Sweerts, c. 1661, Self Portrait, Private Collection, Zurich; + V detail*  
 58a) *William Blake, 1793, "Water" from Gates of Paradise Engravings, British Museum*

Music: William Lawes, c. 1640(?), Paven from Sett No. 1 in G Minor, Loiseau-Lyre, DSLO 564

An inebriation that swells in this 17th century Sweerts (Self), as in Lawes' chromatic Paven, or Milton's dynamic truth:

if her waters flow not in a perpetual progression, they sicken  
 into a muddy pool of conformity and tradition —

point of departure for Blake:

The man who never alters his opinion is like  
 standing water, & breeds reptiles of the mind.

- a59) *Dannecker, 1805-10, Large plaster bust of Schiller, detail, Weimar Library*  
 b59) *Jacques Louis David, 1797-98, General Bonaparte (unfinished), detail, Louvre, Paris*  
 c59) *P.O. Runge, 1802, Self Portrait, crayon, Kunsthalle, Hamburg*  
 d59) *C.D. Friedrich, c. 1810, Self Portrait, pencil and chalk, Staatliche Museen, Berlin*  
 e59) *Jacques Louis David, c. 1794, Death of Bara, detail, Musée Calvert, Avignon*  
 59) *Double: [A] Same as c59; and [B] Same as d59*

Such Faust's dying strategy:

He only earns his Freedom and his life  
 Who takes them every day by force. (CGB)

Nur der verdient sich Freiheit wie das Leben,  
 Der täglich sie erobern muss.

— A wave to break in Hölderlin: (CGB)

Look, we are it, ourselves; we, fruit of Hesperia —

the godlike burden from which, stretched to madness, his "Blind Singer" prays to be eased:

O nimm, daß ichs ertrage, mir das  
Leben, das Göttliche mir vom Herzen.

(fade Lawes)

Take from my heart, that I may bear it,  
Life, the godlike, take from me. (CGB)

While the self-portraits of Runge and Friedrich (from about 1800 to 1810) witness in art the Romantic polarity which Goethe's "dread hand" hammered into Faust.

60) *Jean-Baptiste Pigalle, c. 1765(?), Bust of Diderot, Louvre, Paris*

60a) *P. Lejeune, 1760, Bust of Voltaire, Stuttgart Museum*

60b) *Double of 60 and 60a (video shows detail of Diderot only)*

Music: Glück, 1761 ff., Don Juan Ballet, 19, Fandango, London, STS 15169

But between the Baroque claim and the Faustian lies the ironic transition of 18th century: Glück's Don Juan, Pigalle's fastidious modelling of the Encyclopedist, Diderot — the Mephistic limitation Faust must override. Though even that eddy looks Hegelian — a secularization, for which Spirit had again to be driven back on itself. So the ironic debacle exemplifies a threefold dialectic of *Aufhebung*. It cuts off the God-reason confidence of Baroque, turning Leibniz to an absurd Pangloss. But in that stepping down, it sustains under the mask of secular wit the bill of human values formerly delivered as divine. Yet to be so sustained is also to advance; ironic sensibility, even in Diderot, transcends itself, as if, in some future tense, *aufheben*, to up-heave, looked to the Faustian quest of heart.

(fade Fandango)

a61) *H. Fuseli, c. 1777, Self Portrait, arms akimbo, chalk, National Portrait Gallery, London*

61) *H. Fuseli, c. 1780, Self Portrait, head in hands, chalk, Victoria and Albert Museum, London*

61a) *Goya, 1799, The Dream of Reason Produces Monsters, Los Caprichos, detail, Prado, Madrid*

V61b) *Again 61: Fuseli Self*

Music: Mozart, 1785, Dissonant opening, String Quartet #19, C Major, West. XWN 18047

Like Goya and Blake, Goethe is born to irony:

So here I stand, a poor fool,  
As wise as when I went to school...  
The fruit of all my study and art  
This ignorance that burns my heart. (CGB)

But it is an irony which, as in Mozart's Dissonant Quartet or Fuseli's 1780 Self, swells through Storm and Stress toward the Romantic.

What gulfs are yawning under the prospect of self-command? When the curtain opens it is the old Faust we see in the vaulted chamber; but the young Goethe speaks, who had dodged suicide, he said, by enacting it in Werther (as Dostoevsky, trying to bring health out of Crime, would let Svidrigailov, a kind of Conrad Secret Sharer, take the rap for Raskolnikov) — Goethe of two souls:

With tentacles of lust one clings to the world,  
The other soars for the Elysian fields. (CGB)

(fade Mozart)

a62) *Tibetan Tanka, 16th cent. Mahākāla, terror-god of Northern Buddhist Pantheon, Brit. Lib. (Add. 8899). London (CGB '84)*

62) *Same, center detail (video takes only details, from both slides)*

Music: Tibetan, 16th cent. (Padma Sambava), from Mahākāla Sandhana, ritual to the Great Black Lord, Nonesuch H 72071

Eastern religions had embraced terror in the divine, as in this Tibetan 16th century Tanka to Mahākāla, Buddhist ego-destroyer, with his ritual praise, from the same time and place. Was not the son of Pandu in the Gita shown the universal God, "infinite of arms, eyes, mouths, and bellies"?

Terrible of fangs, O mighty master...  
Licking with your burning tongues, devouring  
All worlds, you probe the heights of heaven  
With intolerable beams, O Vishnu...

But when Werther saw "the spectacle of infinite life" change before him "into the abyss of an always open grave," he headed for it. The complicity of devil in god-man and god-history,

63) *C.D. Rauch, 1828, Self Portrait, bust, Nat. Gal., Berlin*

63a) *Thorwaldsen, 1810-11, Self Portrait, Thorwaldsen Museum, Copenhagen; first, V detail*

63b) *Dannecker, 1805-10, Schiller, colossal plaster bust, Weimar Library*

had still to be faced by Jefferson, by Rauch and Thorwaldsen, sometimes by Beethoven. (fade Mahâkâla Sandhana)

Music: Beethoven, 1823, Finale, Ninth, cont. March: "Froh" etc.

Shelley:

The man remains  
Sceptreless, free uncircumscribed, but man  
Equal, unclassed, tribeless and nationless,  
Exempt from awe, worship, degree, the king  
Over himself...

When Dante, so "self-crowned and mitred," steps from the Medieval frame, there is something facile in the Euphoric soar. Goethe knew that Byron-boy must fall. Even rapt Schiller:

Surely we must call him great who stands, his own law and  
maker,  
Controlling by mastery and worth the hostile schemes of fate;  
But luck is beyond his dominion; the reach of conscious will  
Can never claim for its own what envious Charis debars.  
(fade Beethoven)

*For 2nd 62) Tibetan, 18th cent., Embroidery, Yama (Death), Buddhist Protector, British Museum*

which Hölderlin intensifies: (CGB)

More deeply, more rendingly, Fate, all-levelling,  
grips the inflammable heart of the strong —



...die entzündbare Brust dem Starken.

*For 2nd 61) J.A. Carstens, c. 1795(?), Self Portrait in pastels, Kunsthalle, Hamburg*

Does the crest of the human claim coincide with its breaking?

When Kant had tracked reason to its self-defeating lair in the antinomies, he had to avoid the Heraclitean rock: "Though reason is common to all (κοινος), each lives as if he had a truth of his own (ιδιαν)." By the categorical command, "act as if the rule of action could become a universal law," Kant thought to give the moral imperative reason's common ground.

*For 3rd 62) Blake, 1793 (1799), Los-Orc in Flames, America: A Prophecy, plate 10, Mellon*

But in the ambiguities of good and evil, what actual precept can have that character? Not even the commandments or the Golden Rule.

*For 2nd 63) Blake Life mask, 1823, National Portrait Gallery, London*

Kant avoids the inescapable, that in the brunt of situations, only one imperative remains categorical, the stripped reflection of moral necessity on itself: "If you have to do a thing, do it!" An absolute without content — subjective mockery of the hope for a rational ground. Blake: "The voice of honest indignation is the voice of God." [The 1996 video revision will include this quotation.]

64) *Samuel Palmer, c. 1826, Self with Halo, K, Preston Collection*

It is Luther's "So help me God, I cannot do otherwise." It becomes the dilemma of Kierkegaard's Abraham in Fear and Trembling — beyond external correlatives, no way to tell the voice of temptation from the voice of God: "Kill your son!" Blake's devotee Samuel Palmer, who would struggle all his life with the inner calling against responsibility, hints at that in his weird 1826 self-portrait with a halo.

a65) *"Bismark Tower," 1891, Hamburg*

65) *George Kolbe, 1934, Self Portrait, bronze*

Goethe, born 25 years after Kant, faced the demon Kant could not. But however deep he went in two-souls and hell-compact, he clung to the perilous hope of Lessing. While Hegel, born 20 years later still, set the passions (as stone in a vault, by downward gravity, arches upward) "to fortify a position for Right and Order against themselves." It is as if an Enlightened design were always deepened and darkened, gouged with a more and more Bismarkian violence of shadow.

Then Nietzsche, whose Zarathustran imperative transvalues value; yet he rides the Faust-wave of Yea. And how could Hitler have entered the Rhineland but under the same banner of categorical calling: "And now, like a somnambulist," he said, "I go the way God has chosen."

In 1934, George Kolbe, a sculptor the Nazis would acclaim, cast in a bronze of himself the scored and eroded idealism of Spengler's post-Faustian and post-Hegelian West.

a66) *A. Dürer, 1513, Knight, Death, and Devil, engraving, whole, Fogg, Cambridge*

- 66) *Same, detail*
- 66a) *P. Breughel, 1562, Fall of the Rebel Angels, whole, Beaux-arts, Brussels (CGB '59); video has only a variant detail from this whole*
- 66b) *Same, detail (CGB '59)*

The Faust myth came into being with the German Renaissance, when Dürer's Erasmian Knight, clad in Paul's armor of God, pursued his calling in sure neglect of skull and reptile, Death and Devil. The Luther of Christian Freedom was such a knight. We do not know what actual Faust in that morning followed the call of which Goethe would make much: (CGB)

That I may know all links and ties  
That thread earth's deepest mysteries —

Daß ich erkenne was die Welt  
Im Innersten zusammenhält —

and the Faust Book and Marlow so little:

Here try thy brains to gain a deity.

Since Protestant reversal had intervened: Luther, scared by the Peasants' Revolt, was calling reason "an ugly devil's bride," "a poisonous beast with many dragons' heads." Whatever daring had stirred in Faust, the 1587 Book tramps out like brush-fire.

- 67) *Agricola, De Re Metallica, published 1556, Mine shaft with pumps*
- 67a) *Same, Tap-hole furnaces*
- 67b) *Same, Various ways of descending into mines*
- 67c) *Swedish Copper Mine, c. 1790, color print*
- 67d) *Agricola, Steel forge with Bellows*
- 67e) *Swedish Ironworks, c. 1781 (interior)*
- 67f) *Welsh Irontown, 1780s, watercolor (also 1914: Crisis, V18a)*

Meanwhile the wave outspread all private sequences. In Agricola, 1556, mines with relays of stream-powered pumps, smelting furnaces and steel mills hint at the body on which Faustian Europe rode; and there too the back-lash met the mounting fact. Leonardo:

All the animals languish, filling the air with lamentations; the woods fall in ruin, hills are torn open to carry away the metals that are produced there.

So Hölderlin would complain of man, rebellious to the sun-god, probing the shafts of mountain caves: "doch gräbt er/ Sich Höhlen in den Bergen and späht im Schacht."

Baucis in Faust II smells Satan in the great land-project:

In vain the workmen's daily racket —  
Pick and shovel, slog and slam;  
Where the flames by night were swarming  
Stood next day a brand new dam. (Macneice)

But Adam Smith (1776) ascribed such powers to division of labor abetted by machines:

in the trade of the pin-maker... divided into eighteen distinct operations... performed by distinct hands... ten persons make upwards of forty-eight thousand pins in a day... separately... they could not each have made twenty, perhaps not one...

68) *Turner, 1844, Rail, Steam, and Speed, National Gallery, London*

68a) *Same, detail*

68b) *P.J. de Loutherbourg, c. 1800, Coalbrookdale at Night, Science Museum, London*

Before Goethe's death steam had entered the rivers and was taking to the rails. The excitement of a power that could "lap the miles and lick the valleys up," poets and painters expressed: this Turner, and even Thoreau:

When I hear the iron horse make the hills echo with his snort like thunder, shaking the earth with his feet, and breathing fire and smoke from his nostrils... it seems as if the earth had got a race now worthy to inhabit it...

But the thrill was Faust-ambivalent. Thoreau knew also: "We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us." Blake had tied the mills of industrial England to the dark Satanic wheels of Cartesian determinism. By the later 19th century,

mechanization was reenacting on the stage of history Goethe's death of the Wanderer and pious old couple: "Unbridled fire... gives all three one funeral pyre." No wonder Faust wants to free himself from that destructive Magic, "to stand in Nature as a man again."

69) *Joseph Wright (of Derby), 1768, Experiment with an Air Pump, Tate Gallery, London*

69a) *Same, detail, center; + V: closer detail of dove and scientist*

It was a fear that had been gathering with the advance of science. In 1768 the painter Wright had endowed this night demonstration of the death of a dove in an evacuated jar with the ghastly take-over Mary Wollstonecraft would exploit in Frankenstein's creation of life.

Priestley might go on voicing the technocratic hope of indefinitely extended Enlightenment:

Knowledge will be subdivided and extended; and knowledge, as Lord Bacon observes, being power, the human powers will, in fact, be enlarged... men will make their situation in the world abundantly more easy and comfortable... and will grow daily more happy... Thus, whatever was the beginning of the world, the end will be glorious and paradisaical, beyond what our imagination can now conceive.

But the optimism was more and more undercut: Wordsworth: "We murder to dissect," and "Great God, I'd rather be a pagan, suckled in a creed outworn."

*1st 70) Rodin, 1877, The Age of Bronze, Louvre, Paris (lighted front view)*

When Goethe's Faust knit up the radical poles of the West, it became a seed-plot of the history to follow. We think of history as a time art, as if there were crisis and then healing, or hope succeeded by despair; but the antinomies are joined throughout — as in Rodin's 1877 Age of Bronze, wish and satiety meet in pathos-elation.

*1st 71) Rodin, 1886, The Prodigal, Cantor Foundation, Beverly Hills, California*

Yet style-colors shift like chords; there is a progression. As with Rodin, to The Prodigal, nine years later.

If Faust from the start, like Eliot's devil of the stair, "wears/ The deceitful face of hope and despair," it remains true that where Enlightenment stressed the hope, post-Romantic and Symbolist stress the frenzy, if not despair, then lashed by despair.

*2nd 70) Again, Rodin, Age of Bronze (detail, upper half)*

How many fate-defiers we would go on inventing, from Beethoven of the death-fist to Melville's Ahab, Ibsen's Gant and Gynt, Conrad's Kurtz, the Sutpen of Faulkner's Absalom. And as the cresting of the Faust-wave saw a reversal from dark to light, from titan damned to titan saved;

*2nd 71) Again, Rodin, Prodigal (detail, upper half)*

already with Byron's Manfred a reversal of reversal crowns with celebration the giant fact of destruction: Melville: "Better... to perish in that howling infinite..." Conrad, where the dying whisper of "The horror" pierces to "all the hearts that beat in the darkness."

*3rd 70) Again, Rodin, Age of Bronze (variant upper detail)*

*3rd 70a) Same, closer detail*

The heaving search-motif of Beethoven's Ninth, to lead from opening crisis to joy-finale:

Music: Beethoven, 1823, 9th Symphony, 1st movement, repeated straining phrase

would reach through the century — to Brahms — the heaves more ominously goaded (as in the sequence of wars: Napoleonic, American Civil, World) toward affirmations always harder fought for:

Music: Brahms, published 1876, 1st Symphony, from 4th movement, (Walter) Columbia ML4909 (search, drum-roll and theme)

*a3rd 71) Rodin, c. 1886, Fugit Amor, Marble (from Gates of Hell, Paolo and Francesca), Rodin Mus., Paris*

*3rd 71) Again, Rodin, Prodigal [slide: vertical whole; V: close upper detail]*

So to Cesar Franck's D Minor of 1888.

Music: Cesar Franck, D Minor Symphony, 1st movement, climb to theme, West. WL-5311 (fade)

What seems to have outraged its first audience above all is that the Faust-poles, those germinal motifs of the Symphony, dark and light, indistinguishably fuse in the Prodigal fever of the close.

Music: Cesar Franck, Symphony in D Minor, 4th movement, close

*a72) Blake, 1824, Dante plate 37, detail of watercolor, Circle of Lust, Paolo and Francesca, Birmingham Museum and Art Gallery*

*672) Blake, c. 1823-24, Job #5, Satan Goes Forth, watercolor, New Zealand set; video: detail only*

*72) Blake, 1823-24, Job #3, Sons & Daughters Destroyed, watercolor, New Zealand set. Video: detail only*

A complementarity clouded, since the 1800 "Energy is Eternal Delight" of Blake, Faust, Beethoven — that fugal joy keenly coiled in musical space.

Music: Beethoven, 1823, 9th, Finale, continued, fugal passage

Are we pursuing time-plots, or the instantaneous blaze of ambivalence? No doubt, both in one. Even of history Hegel knows: "In one aspect ... with Spirit there is no past, no future, but an essential now." While Faust's cry to the moment: "Linger!" — "*Verweile doch, du bist so schön!*" — is optative: "If I could reach the unreachable, I might say linger." So it wins the wager. Of himself, Goethe wrote: "If I am restlessly active to the end" (and it was near the end) "nature is obliged to find me some other form of being, when this one breaks down under my spirit." In Blake's simultaneity, the Destroyer of Job's material temples is one of those "tygers of wrath... wiser than the horses of instruction."

(fade Beethoven)

- 73) *Goya, 1810-20, etchings: Los Desastres de la Guerra, #69, Nada, Ello Dirá, Prado, Madrid: "Nothing! It is spoken."*  
 73a) *Same, Nada, detail: "Nothing"*

Although the time-drama of Faust and Hegel would dominate the century, timeless Blake's question remains — as when Mozart hurls down the 40th Symphony:

Music: Mozart, 1778, Symphony #40, 1st movement, opening, Col. D3L-291

or Goya this death-writer of "*Nada*" in the Disasters of the War —

(fade Mozart)

- a74) *Same: #80, Si resucitará? "Will she revive?"*  
 74) *Same: #82, Esto es lo verdadero: "This is the Truth"*

and beside it, in Mozart's case, and from the same months of furious composition, the triumphant Jupiter:

Music: Mozart, 1778, Symphony #41, 1st movement, opening, Col. D3L-291  
 (fade)



or with Goya the unprinted close of the Disasters, where Truth revives to bless the procreant earth — the question remains, are these historical successions or eternal states of the soul?

*For 2nd 73) Same Goya: #79, Murió la Verdad: "Truth has died"*

*For 2nd 73a) Same: #79, detail (video replaces these with closer detail of Nada)*

So when Goethe closed Faust I (1775, in prose, later versified) with Gretchen in prison for the death of her mother and child, the intolerable:

I dare not leave; for me there is no more hope —

Ich darf nicht fort; für mich ist nichts zu hoffen —

Music: Beethoven, 1823, 9th Symphony, Finale, near close, modal hymn  
— to Joy-coda

*2nd 74) Same: Again, #82, detail: This is the Truth*

*2nd 74a) Same: Double: details of [A] #69, Nada; and [B] #82, Truth*

*2nd 74b) Same: Double: details of [A] #79, Murió; and [B] #80, Revive? (video replaces the doubles with a close detail of Goya #80)*

the same Goethe to open Part II fifty years after with Faust's sleep (comforted by the small spirits of nature) and his waking to new earth-quests, Helen, and that land claimed from the sea — such a juxtaposition can be conceived as a progress in life or history only because antinomies may in fact wear temporal wefts. But the fire of Part I will consume the old couple in the free land; as Beethoven's Joy-hymn must weave with the dissonances where it began.

(fade Finale on last suspension)

*a75) P.O. Runge, 1807-08, lower detail of Morning, small version, Kunsthalle, Hamburg (CGB '86)*

*b75) Same, upper detail (CGB '86) (For this slide and the next, video shows only the upper half of c75)*

*c75) Same, whole (CGB '86)*

*75) Blake, 1820, from Thornton's Virgil, I xi, wood engraving*

(Faust II, scene 1, CGB — here slightly trimmed:)

(Twilight. Faust stretched on a flowery bank...  
Ariel, to Aeolian harps:)

You whose airy circles weave this head,  
Perform your elfin healing; touch the heart  
And calm its raging fever; forbid remorse;  
Draw out the rankling darts, that he may wake  
Clean of terror; let the past be past.  
Night is measured by four silences;  
Fill them all with service:  
First let him sleep pillowed on coolness;  
And the dew that bathes him, bring from Lethe  
Quiet forgetfulness; then the cramped tendons  
Ease as he slumbers toward the dawning;  
Last and noblest, let him wake,  
And come again into the sacred light.

Chorus:

When evening blows  
Over bordered fields,  
Twilight falls  
In perfumed veils...

Waters mirror  
The sky's fire,  
And the moon sheds sleep  
On the world's floor.

(Blake here at his most realistic and classical, the little 1820 woodcuts he made for Thornton's Virgil, yet symbolic as the Faust-healing: Beulah's "mild and pleasant Rest.")

76) *Double: [A] J.A. Koch, 1805, Landscape with Rainbow, Staatliche Kunsthalle, Karlsruhe; and [B] Constable, 1835, Stonehenge, watercolor, Victoria and Albert Museum, London*

76a) *Same as A of 76 (video takes only separate details of A and B)*

76b) *Same as B of 76*

Two rainbow landscapes: 1805: Swiss-German Koch fulfills the classical harmony (as of Poussin and Claude) to which Goethe (and even Beethoven) gave life-loyalty.

Chorus:

Old pains, old pleasures  
Melt away;  
The heart is whole,  
Let it trust the day...  
Renew your wishes  
At the light.  
Sleep is a chrysalis;  
Shake it off...

From thirty years later: Constable's Stonehenge yields to the storm Goethe himself had raised, though Goethe would question its force in others — as in Beethoven and Hölderlin.

(A terrible uproar announces the sun.

Ariel:

Always in tumult light is born.  
Drums, Trumpets. Deafened, blind,  
Spirits creep in flower crowns;  
Unhearables must not be heard.  
Cower deeper, in leaves, in rocks;  
Close your ears. The day breaks.

a77) *Friedrich, 1807-08, Summer, Neue Pinakothek, Munich*

77) *Same, Friedrich, Summer, detail (CGB '59); video uses only the detail*

Faust:

The pulse of life wakes in me, roused to greet  
The mild ethereal gray. And earth that was steadfast  
Through the long dark breathes the quickening air...

(Friedrich, too, in the calm of this "Summer," yearns through nature to renewal.)

The world is wrapped in a pale shimmer of dawn;  
 The woods are full of voices, living songs;  
 In low places pools of mist are poured,  
 That take the light of heaven and are pearl...

78) *Turner, 1798, Buttermere, A Shower, Tate Gallery, London*

(Turner starting, 1798, with the old physical nature, shot through with the symbols of Wordsworth and Goethe.)

Faust:

I lift my eyes to the hills. The highest peaks,  
 Already touched with light, announce the coming.  
 They drink the day before us, eternal brightness,  
 For which we lower creatures wait in longing.  
 And now the upland slopes and last smooth pastures  
 Receive the glory, which step by step descending  
 Down the long sequence of the folded ranges,

79) *Turner, by 1846, The Angel Standing in the Sun, Tate Gallery, London*

Strikes: it strikes; and blinded,  
 I turn away, my eyes shot through with anguish...

(Turner ending almost fifty years later with a Faust allegory of the light he had given his art to: the armed angel standing in the sun.)

We thought to kindle our life's torch a little;  
 A fire enfolds us... wraps us in its burning  
 Remorseless waves of ecstasy and wounding...  
 And so I set my back against the sun.

2nd 78) *Again, Turner, Buttermere Shower, detail, rainbow*

The waterfall that brims the rock chasm  
 Dilates the orbit of my sight with wonder.  
 From fall to fall it breaks in... fountains of spray,  
 At whose peak and crown, over-vaulting the storm,  
 A rainbow comes and goes, dying and born,  
 Hovering spirit of the downward shower.  
 I see it now: it images our striving —

Itself an image, child of sun and water:  
We only live in light's refracted color.

How balanced in his power the old Goethe, to go backwards,

*2nd 79) Again, Turner, Angel in Sun, detail*

where romantic soul everywhere was surging ahead. But there are no backward moves in genius. That wisdom of measure —

Im farbigen Abglanz haben wir das Leben —

informs Faust's infinite search. Have not the spirits of nature announced (though they themselves hid from the dawn) "The noble soul that understands and seizes, may accomplish all."

*a80) Friedrich, c. 1835, Riesengebirge, Nat. Gal., Berlin*

*b80) Same, detail (video crops one image only from a80)*

*c80) Friedrich, 1809-10, Evening (sky), Kunsthalle, Mannheim*

*d80) Detail of a3: Friedrich, Girl at Window (pre-1996 videos omit this)*

*80) Friedrich, c. 1830-35, The Evening Star, Frankfurt am Main.*

*80a) Same, detail (video uses detail only)*

But what can soul accomplish? It is the oldest God-mystery, Faust thought to settle by the translation "Act" — Why should the One overflow?

Music: Beethoven, 1826, close of Lento of Quartet #16, F Major, Opus 135, Columbia M5L-277

Beethoven did not close with the Ninth, but with the Late Quartets; Friedrich leads nature to the infinite; when the Mystical chorus lifts Faust, we have not gone back to Dante, we are in the noumenal, where inner Faust always was — the Now climax of history — Thoreau: "God himself culminates in the present moment..." It is the transcendental ascent at the heart of every tornadic desire.

Das Ewig-Weibliche  
Zieht uns hinan.

The urge for the Eternal Womanly (as Gretchen) has prime-moved the Faustian lunge and miscarriage; yet the womanly is its containment of saving love. So *Ewig Weibliche* links arrow and wheel, Classic and Gothic, leaf and flame.

Is Friedrich's boy less of the stippled ground, as he dances toward the evening star?  
(close of Beethoven)