

Faust a Colorado Documentary – English Transcript

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DISK 1

CHAPTER 1

Introduction by "Sons and Brothers" and singing "Measure of a Man"

“So we're going to another song by request. It's one of our all time favorites. It's written by our good buddy, Michael Fleming from California and the leader of the great band, "New West." This was the title tract actually of the last CD that Dad was on . This is the record: "Measure of a Man." We were really pleased to get him to sing on it at the end. It's one that we didn't play for a long time after he passed away. I think we've only done it a couple of times.

So we have a really good deal with a good friend of ours. The guy who kinda looked after us, when we were growing up, Dr. Joe McGarry, called us and wanted to know, if he could use this song in a project that he was working on. We got some folks here filming tonight. If we don't get it right the first time, we're going to just keep playing it until we do. You think I'm kidding!

Pleased to share this with you. This is "Measure of a Man."

We were holed up on Black Mesa

Near a wash that had no name

Straining and seeking shelter from the sun and pouring rain

Three days of hunting mavericks on a god forsaken ranch

There was plenty ventured boys, but nothing gained

I was moaning and complaining about the life that I had led

I said Jim there must be better ways for a man to get ahead.

And if it ain't cold and freezing then it's hot as hell instead

Jim just fixed a level gaze at me and then he said:

"It's times like these that takes the measure of a man

It's times like these you choose to run or make a stand

Oh the dark night of your soul is here to help you grow

And you will find that you come to treasure all the times, you met the measure of

a man.

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CHAPTER 2

FAUST ORIGINS

FAUST, A TRAGEDY IN TWO PARTS

AND

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

(1749-1832)

A COLORADO DOCUMENTARY

**" A CLASSIC IS SOMETHING THAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO
HAVE READ AND NOBODY WANTS TO READ."**

MARK TWAIN

Hi.

If you were to look up Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, you'd find something to the effect of: Germany's greatest poet, the center of German literature, and a pinnacle of European literature. If you looked up Goethe's Faust, you would find : the centerpiece and masterpiece of the German literary tradition, a geological record of Goethe's life and art and an unprecedented work of an entire lifetime concerning the most profound problems of life.

If you read or watched Goethe's Faust, when it was completed roughly 200 years ago, you would be familiar with Dr. Johannis Faust, the most famous sorcerer-magician of the 16th, 17th and 18th centuries. He was a doctor of theology and divinity, who quickly turned from the white magic of religions to the evil black magic. Faust was a seedy low-life, a pathological liar, a pederast, a braggart, a vile, egotistical, malignant, malevolent, mean spirited man. His feats of magic were of his own fabrication. He bragged that he had a special arrangement with the devil, whom he called his brother. Faust frequented the low class taverns and rooms in the vicinity of the University of Wittenberg. The

students were captivated by his personality, his pranks and his alleged magic. No great scoundrel ever was uninteresting. The students assembled in Latin a grossly embellished collection of stories about Faust. Later this was translated into German and published as a short, inexpensive, pocket sized book, called a chapbook.

So, the Faust legend took root in the 16th century, when belief in witchcraft and in diabolical agencies was still prevalent among the people. Publication of magic manuals bearing Faust's name became a lucrative business. These books included specific instructions on how to avoid making binding, bilateral pacts with the devil, and, if necessary, how to break these agreements through the use of Aaron root, Christ root and taking advantage of the magic power of circles against the devil.

The first German Faustbook was produced by Spiess in 1587. It retained the magical, mythical adventures of Faust, which to most people was the really good part, but a new religious content formed. The title page of the Faustbook said: "History of Dr. Johann Faust, widely acclaimed magician and black artist, how he pledged himself to the devil for a certain time, what strange adventures he saw, brought about and pursued, until he received his just wages. Compiled and prepared as a horrible example and sincere warning for all conceited, clever, and godless people."

James 4: "Submit yourselves before God. Resist the Devil and he will flee before you. After Faust suffers a gruesome death, the Faustbook concludes with a quote from Peter: "Be sober, be vigilant. Your adversary the devil walketh about as a

roaring lion seeking whom he may devour."

Five years later In 1592 the German Faustbook was translated into English by PF Gant and titled: "The Historie of the Damnable Life and Deserved Death Of Dr. John Faustus." It was quickly followed by Christopher Marlowe's: "The Tragical Historie of Dr. Faustus." In these stories and subsequent ones until the time of Goethe, the central element was the story of a man who desired forbidden knowledge and power and became so desperate to have them that he made a pact with the devil for 24 years of unbridled power, wealth and pleasure in exchange for his soul. Invariably in these stories Faust came to a brutal death and eternal damnation, although he became successively more human and sympathetic. He approached contrition and repentance but always fell short, because he felt his sins were too great.

Marlowe's Faustus ignited an explosion of Faust based artistic activity. Interest in the magic elements of Faust had diminished but was replaced. English touring companies went throughout the continent performing Faust in different ways: one time spectacular and sensational, another time sentimental and grisly, another time farcical and comedic. Puppet shows used Faust as a favorite theme. Faust was painted by Rembrandt and Hogarth, hawked on the streets as a ballad, advertised on billboards, hotels and restaurants. Faust reached every level of society.

Goethe as a child first became acquainted with Faust as a puppet shows at fairs and carnivals. It made a deep and lasting impression upon him. He said that after that Faust was never out of his mind. At age 23 he began writing Faust, and

at age 25 he became the first German writer superstar. His novel, "The Sufferings of Young Werther," became an international hit. It was the first German novel translated into English French, Italian and Spanish.

He received an invitation to the Royal Court at Weimar of Karl Augustus, and he stayed there the rest of his life. His work on Faust proceeded by fits and spurts. He would produce something, release it, and it would be received rapturously by his public.

In 1790 at the age of 41, Goethe called it quits with Faust. He published what he had written as: "Faust, a Fragment," tied it all together into a bundle and put it away. In 1794 Schiller and Goethe began an intense, artistic partnership. Schiller saw the immense potential and power of Faust and was able to successfully encourage Goethe to resume work on it. In 1797, at age 48, after 25 years of intermittent work, Goethe dedicated "Faust, a Tragedy" to Schiller.

Goethe begins his Dedication of the play by acknowledging his muses and the creative spirits, who, when he was young, were no where to be found, and, when he wanted to put Faust down, wouldn't let him alone - "where were you when I wanted you; where were you when I needed you?"(Grassroots)

At age 48 he finds he's unaccustomed to the style of his youth, age 23, when he was part of the Sturm und Drang Movement, Storm and Stress. which was rebellious. anti-establishment and wild. Now he and Schiller are the center of the Classical movement in Weimar, where the primary tenets are balance, proportion, harmony and control.

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CHAPTER 3

THE DEDICATION

So, you come near again, you wavering shapes

When I was young, I could barely see you

Should I try to grab and hold you now?

Do your illusions still attract me?

You crowd near. Good. Have your way with me!

As you rise from mist and cloud

Your magic stirs youthful tremors in my breast.

The youthful tremors in his breast include first loves and friendship. The tone of the poem becomes more somber and melancholic, as Goethe reflects upon the friends who have gone out of his life and the new group of friends, artists, critics and literary movements, which have replaced them.

You bring me images of happy days

And many beloved shadows rise to mind

Like an old half-forgotten tale

Come memories of first love and friendships

The pains too becomes fresh, they repeat the lament

Of life's labyrinth errant run
And name the good people, who were cheated by fate
Of many beautiful hours and have departed ahead of me.
They will not hear the following songs
Those souls to whom I first sang
Dispersed is that friendly crowd
The first echo has died away
Now my song sings to an unknown crowd
Their praise makes my heart uneasy
And to those who were pleased by my first songs
If they are still alive, they are dispersed throughout the world.

The Dedication concludes ironically in a minor key on progressively descending notes.

Now I am gripped by a long forgotten desire
For the quiet, solemn world of the spirits
Like an aeolian harp my murmuring song
Lets its uncertain tones float into the air.
I shudder and tear follows tear.
This once strong heart becomes soft and gentle.
What I possess seems as in the distance
And what has disappeared, becomes my reality.

It is ironic for several reasons. The Dedication is written in 1797, but Faust Part 1 is not ready for publication until 1808, eleven years later. In 1797 when Goethe writes what I possess, seems as in the distance and what I lost becomes my reality, that time may have actually been his personal high water mark.

In 1797 he lived an idyllic life at the court of Karl Augustus . In 1805 Weimar would be occupied and invaded by Napoleon. The national, German identity which Goethe and Schiller strove to create through would be destroyed in 1805 by Napoleon. The Holy Roman Empire, a thousand years old, would be squashed in 1805 by Napoleon. In 1805 Goethe will suffer a near fatal illness. Schiller, his closest friend and collaborator, though ten years his junior, will die in 1805, leaving Goethe alone and isolated. Goethe said: "I feel as though half of me has died."

Finally, a fundamental theme of Faust is the spiritual elevation which grows from the experience of the world. The geological aspect of Faust shows the change of perspective of Goethe himself. So it is ironic that in 1797, as Goethe is at the growing height of his popularity and prestige, he would be preoccupied by what he has lost, and, like Faust, at the end of his life would come to a different appreciation. Goethe at age 78 wrote to a friend: "The circle of people closest to me seem to be like a cluster of leaves, that are consumed one after the other by the flames of life, thus moment from moment making more precious those who remain."

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CHAPTER 4

PRELUDE IN THE THEATER

The first scene of the play is called *Prelude in the Theater*. There are three characters: the pragmatic stage manager, the idealistic poet and the funny fellow. They meet on the stage in the theater before the premiere of *Faust* to discuss their work. In music this scene would be a scherzo, light and comic after the very heavy *Dedication*, although each of the characters do make earnest statements. The stage manager must please the public in order to fill the theater. The poet must create a work of immortal greatness. The funny person acts as a harlequin or clown and mediates between the manager and the poet, although he does have some insights of his own as well.

Written in 1797 the scenes satirizes Goethe's relationship to his own time. German national theater barely existed. Goethe expected for *Faust* no popularity and no general, intelligent understanding of its meaning. Two weeks before he died, he described *Faust* in a letter to a friend as a "very serious joke." He said he had worked more than 60 years on *Faust* and would like to share with his friends these very earnest jests and hear their responses, but the public would not accept it well. To them *Faust* would be like a beached shipwreck left to be covered by the dunes of time. When Goethe completed the second part of

Faust in his 82nd year, he sealed it and left instructions that it not be released until after his death. Apparently his opinion about its popularity and comprehensibility had not changed much in the intervening 35 years!

Goethe was insulated from the economic need for popularity. Like Beethoven and Haydn, he lived comfortably on patronage, in his case the patronage of Karl Augustus in Weimar, and that was fortunate for him. When he wrote the blockbuster, "The Sufferings of Young Werther", he became famous, but not rich. There were no laws protecting intellectual property or copyright laws. As soon as a popular novel appeared, pirated editions appeared, and Goethe received from them no royalties. Goethe could afford, perhaps again as another serious joke, to say: "People who think deeply and seriously are on bad terms with the public."

Prelude in the Theater:

Enter the Stage Manager, the Poet-Playwright, and the Funny Person

The Stage Manager says: "You two have been so helpful to me in the past! Now that we are in Germany how do you think our enterprise will fare? I want to please the public. They are now in their seats quiet and expectant, hoping to be pleasantly surprised. I have never been so uneasy. Of course they are not used to anything first rate, but they have done a lot of reading. How to offer them something that is fresh and new, but won't offend because it is just absurd. I like

to see the public surging to our tent. They push and shove to get to the ticket office. It's like in times of famine people at the bakery door, they nearly break their necks to get in and buy a ticket. With people of such different types, how to please them all? Only the Poet can work this miracle- do it today, my friend."

The Poet says: "Spare me your public and its varied types. One glimpse of them is enough to make all thoughts flee! Don't show me your surging crowd. They are enough to suck us into our froth against our will. Take me instead to some celestial refuge where nothing blights the poet's quiet joy. Nurtured there in godlike love and friendship with years of effort the perfect form can be expressed. What glitters, lives but for a moment. What has true value survives for all posterity."

The Funny Fellow says: "Please!!! If I preach to posterity, who will entertain the current generation? Amusement is what they want and amusement is what they will get! A fine, young fellow in the here and now is not altogether worthless. So, don't be shy and hide your excellence. Let us hear Fantasy and all her choirs:

Reason, Passion, Sentiment, Good Sense and don't hide Folly!"

The Stage Manager says: "The main thing though is having lots of action!

Spectators come expecting something to see. If you unreel enough before the public's eye to make them marvel open-mouthed, you win! You're the man they idolize. Only by mass can you subdue the masses. Give them lots and lots get what they want and no one goes home disappointed."

The Poet says: "You don't understand how low and demeaning such hackwork is and how unworthy of a genuine artist. I see you derive your principles from the fine work of incompetents." Or as Groucho Marx said: "I have my principles, and, if you don't like them, I have others."

The Manager says: "You don't hurt my feelings. You have to remember that the wood you need to split is soft. Don't forget for whom you're writing. One is driven here by boredom; another after gorging at the table. And worst of all, for many we are but a change from reading magazines. It's curiosity that drives them our way as mindless as to a masquerade. The ladies adorn themselves in their finery and

take supporting roles at no cost to us. Look at our patrons: half are indifferent the others are boors. After the play, he counts on playing cards; he on spending a wild night in the arms of a girl. Just keep giving them more and more and more, and I guarantee you, you will never miss the mark."

The Poet says: "Go find yourself another hireling, if you think just for your sake the poet will wantonly forego the fundamental right with which he and all men are endowed by Nature! What gives him the power to move all men's hearts and even make the elements obey him? It is the consonance between what comes from his heart and what he takes from the world around him!

Nature, unconcerned, twirls her endless thread and fixes it upon the spindle, while man is vexed by creations inconsistencies. Who divides the thread to give life and rhythmic motion? Who summons single voices to make glorious music? Who endows the storm with raging passion and lets the sunset glow in somber mood? Who bestrews the path of those we love with the fairest flowers of spring? Who preserves Olympus? Who keeps the gods assembled? THE POET WHO

INCARNATES THIS HUMAN POWER!"

The Funny Fellow says: "Well put your fine abilities to use and show us how a love affair develops. Two meet by chance, are smitten, decide not to go on. Bit by bit they get involved. Happiness grows. Trials come to test it. Joy is unlimited and then misery. And before you know it, you have a novel. Let the play we give be just like that! From the whole store of human life just pick some bit. We all live it, but most of us are baffled by it, so whatever you choose will be interesting. Lively scenes, much confusion, a glimmer of truth. People will come: the young elite, alert for any revelation; the tender hearted to suck nourishment from melancholy. From the emotions that you show, people will see what they themselves have already experienced. There is no pleasing adults who know they're adults, but the young will not fail to show appreciation."

The Poet says: "Then give me back my youth when all my life lay ahead of me; when one song after another welled up in an unceasing stream. I saw the world as though veiled in fog and every bud promised miracles. I had no worldly

possessions but I had enough. I desired truth and found joy in make-believe.

Give me back my untamed passions: the power to hate, the strength to love. Give me back my youth!"

The Player says: "Perhaps, my friend, you need youth when you're beset by your enemies, or all-too-charming girls put their arms about your neck, or in a race the winner's wreath beckons from afar, or after a night of whirling dancing, it ends in revelry and tequila. It is up to you old gentleman to play with sure and pleasing touch whatever instrument you have mastered and to meander gracefully toward whatever goals you have set for yourself. Do that and we won't think less of you. The old saying: 'Age makes childish' is not true; it merely finds us really children still."

The Stage Manager says: "Enough. It's time for action. Since you pretend to be a poet, make poetry obey you. What we need is a strong drink to gulp down fast, so brew it! What is not done today will not be done tomorrow. To every day there is a use and a purpose.

This is not the time to stint on scenery or stage effects. Put the sun and moon to use, be lavish with the stars and planets- nor are we short of fire and water, precipices, birds, and beasts. So now upon our modest stage, act out creation in its every aspect, and move with all deliberate haste from heaven, through the world, to hell!"

Prelude on the Stage ends, and we have learned as a very serious joke from the characters that the scope of the play will be nothing less than all creation in its every aspect; that this will be a love story; that each person is unique in their abilities and goals; that poetry must be made from the stuff of life itself and that the prime directive is the doing, the act - aye, the play is the thing- with youthful enthusiasm, exuberance and gracefulness.

The stage manager says the action moves from heaven through the world through hell. The next scene takes place in heaven, the Prologue in Heaven, and is the last of the three prologs before the tragedy itself begins.

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CHAPTER 5

PROLOGUE IN HEAVEN

The "Prologue in Heaven" has two contrasting parts. The first part is the celebration of creation by the Archangels. Goethe as a poet, scientist and human asks how is he to understand creation. What would Archangels say, if they were praising God? To them what is the beauty and splendor of the world? How do Archangels understand creation, the universe, Nature and existence- all In 27 lines of poetry! Douglas Adams formulated it in "Hitchhiker's Guide To The Galaxy" as: "the answer to the great question of Life, the Universe and Everything." And the answer is not 42. That's ridiculous. 42 is not even prime.

The Prologue in Heaven

The heavens open, revealing the Lord and Heavenly Host. Three Archangels step forward and the first to speak is Raphael, who says: "The sun sings its ancient song in competition with brother spheres and completes with thunder its appointed journey. Angels gain comfort from the sight, though none can fully grasp its meaning; all that was wrought too great for comprehension and still has the splendor of the first day."

Gabriel says: "And the earth too revolves with unbelievable speed and alternates the bright colors of a paradise with dark and baleful night. The sea surges and foams at the base of the deep rocks, and together sea and rocks spiral in eternal motion."

Michael says: "Competing storms lash from sea to land and land to sea and In their rage create a causal chain whose power is profound and far reaching.

Look, a flash of devastation lightens the path of on-coming thunder and yet, O Lord, your messengers revere the quiet passage of Your light."

The Three Archangels say together: "Angels gain comfort from the sight, though none can fully grasp Your Being. All the grandeur that was wrought still has the glory of the first day.

Immanuel Kant wrote that human reason is burdened by questions, which it cannot answer, but which it cannot ignore. Goethe said that life is a progression from some unknown center to some unrecognizable goal. In this scene he says even if you are one of God's brightest archangels, you cannot answer the fundamental question of how anything came to be. But your feeling in the presence of this power and grandeur is reassurance and AWE! Goethe wrote that: "Man's noblest experience is that of awe, and, if the phenomena as such are awe-inspiring, let him be content. He will mount no higher. He should not try to get in back of the experience. The thinking man's greatest pleasure comes from having explored that which is explorable and from venerating serenely that which is not explorable."

Goethe said that his model for Prologue in Heaven was the first two chapters of the Book of Job. The scene follows its outline, but Goethe makes consequential changes in the characters of Job, who becomes Faust, and Satan, who becomes

Mephistopheles. In the Bible God says that Job was a "perfect and upright man, one who feareth God and eschweth evil."

Satan is shrewd and calculating, when he says: "Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast thou not made a hedge about about all that he hath on every side, and hast Thou not blessed the work of his hands, so that his measure is increased in all the lands? But put forth thy hand against him now and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face."

Goethe recognized a latent, brilliant, comic potential in this biblical character and transforms him into Mephistopheles by blending this cynicism with sarcasm, wit, worldly wisdom, intelligence, and unrelenting negativity.

The second part of "Prologue in Heaven," starring Mephistopheles, asks the question how does man navigate ethically and morally through the world and what is the measure of a man?

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CHAPTER 6

MEPHISTOPHELES' ENTRANCE

And after that profound credo, here's Mephistopheles!

"Well, O Lord, since you have come to see how we're doing, and you've often invited me here before, you see me among your servants. I am sorry, but I have no overblown language or praises to offer, although the rest of the congregation,

I'm sure, will deride me for that. Pathos coming from me? Certainly that's enough to make you laugh, if you hadn't not stopped laughing a long time ago. No, I have nothing to say about the sun and planets, I merely see how mankind toils. Man, Earth's little gods, they don't change at all, and they are just as odd as they were on the first day. Their lives would be a little less miserable, if You had not given them a glimpse of heaven, which they call Reason and use it to be more bestial than any beast. They are like grasshoppers, who are always wanting to fly, although they really only hop, and, when they land on a leaf of grass, they sing the same old song. Oh, if they would only just stay lying in the grass, so they wouldn't get into every cow pie!"

The Lord says: "Is that all you have to tell me? Do you do nothing but criticize? Is nothing ever good?"

Mephistopheles: "No, Lord! Everything is always downright bad. I tell you, I am loathe to plague mankind given their unending misery."

The Lord says: "Do you know Faust?"

Mephistophles: "The doctor?"

The Lord: "And my servant!"

Mephistopheles: "He serves you in a curious way. He is not satisfied in his foolishness by any earthly food or drink. Some ferment drives him to desire the exotic, and he's half aware of his craziness. He desires from heaven its brightest stars, from the earth every one of its greatest joys, but nothing near and nothing far is ever enough to satisfy a heart so agitated.."

The Lord: "Though he serves me blindly and ineptly now, I will lead him to

clarity."

Mephistopheles: "What will you bet? You will lose him if you allow me to gently lead him down my path."

The Lord: "As long as he is alive, there is nothing to stop you from doing that, but, MAN ERRS AS LONG AS HE KEEPS STRIVING."

Mephistopheles: "Thank you."

The Lord: "So be it. Divert this spirit from its primal source, drag him, if you can keep hold onto him, down your course, BUT, IN THE END, STAND ASHAMED WHEN YOU MUST ACKNOWLEDGE THAT A GOOD MAN IN HIS DARKEST URGES AND IMPULSES IS STILL AND ALWAYS AWARE OF THE RIGHT PATH."

Mephistopheles says: "It won't take long. When I win, allow me to pound on my chest triumphantly. He will eat dirt like my cousin the snake."

The Lord says: "When that happens, come back. I don't hate you or those of your kind. Of all the spirits of negation, I dislike you the least . People become too easily complacent. They slacken in their efforts. They rest on their laurels. They want a life of unending peace. That's why I give them you to prod them along."

Then the Lord says a benediction and concludes his appearance in the play. He says: "May you true sons of heaven delight in beauty's living richness. May the power of growth which lives and works forever embrace you, and may you give the permanence of thought to that which hovers in elusive forms about you."

The heavens close and the heavenly host disappear, leaving Mephistopheles alone on stage, and he says: "It's really nice to get to talk to the old boy now and then. I make sure to stay on speaking terms with Him. You knows it's really quite

decent of such a great lord to chat and be so human with the very devil himself."

The answer to the question of how man navigates ethically and morally through the world and what is the measure of a man is not traditional. This is not your traditional devil prowling the world seeking the ruin of souls. He's bored. People are so flawed there's very little for him to do. He's not even the opposite of God and love. He is hatred of aspiration, being, creativity and moral action. He is the epitome of skeptical nihilism, which is the opposite of life itself. But, this devil has issues. He wants to win a bet with God, pound his chest and do a victory dance in the end zone. This is not your traditional Old Testament, "I'll smite your ass God" either. He says that men in their darkest moments are aware of the right path, but as long as they are trying to find that path, they will make mistakes. Forget about it!

This Faust is not a Christian cautionary tale where the just flourish and evil is punished with eternal damnation. It is a humanist story. Goethe wrote: "What can we call our own other than energy, strength and will? In the ideal world all depends on enthusiasm; in the real world what matters is perseverance."

What do God and Goethe mean by "a good man"? They posit a man with an intrinsic moral compass. Moral behavior is a part of his nature. In his poem, "The Divine", Goethe wrote: "Edel sei der Mensch", "Let man be noble, helpful and good. For that alone distinguishes him from all other beings that we know."

Immanuel Kant sums up this scene, when he says: "Two things fill the mind with

ever increasing awe and admiration: the starry heavens above us and the moral law within us."

Goethe himself was traditional in his beliefs. He said: "I believe that faith in the love of God is the sole basis upon which my salvation rests ", but highly individualistic in his practices: a self-described pagan, a Christian, if he's the only one, and a mystic without a religion. He maintained a life long animosity towards organized, dogmatic, religious institutions. To him they pictured God as being outside of nature rather than within it and manifest through it. He wrote: "I see God in nature and nature in God so indissolubly bound that it has become the basis for my whole existence." Secondly, Goethe felt that religious institutions attempted to achieve the Delphic injunction "know thyself" in contemplation rather than in the everyday activity of life. Goethe said: "Know thyself is a ruse of conspiring priests to confuse men with unattainable demands and tempt them away from action on the external world to a false sense of inner contemplation. Man only knows himself as much as he knows the world, and sees himself in the world and the world in him."For Goethe true religion was not found in the dogmas about Jesus and his work, but in the religion of love, which Jesus proclaimed. He wrote to his biographer, Eckermann , on March 11, 1832, eleven days before his death: "Whatever progress our spiritual culture may make, whatever deepening and development the sciences may achieve in an ever broader search, whatever expansion the human spirit may win for itself, never will we surpass the grandeur and moral culture of Christianity as it shimmers and shines in the Gospels. How grateful to Luther and Reformation we are. We have been freed from the fetters of

spiritual ignorance and have become capable of going back to the source and of comprehending Christianity in its purity." So, for Goethe and for his character, Faust, Ethics, the measure of a man, "a good man" is something unique and personal. He wrote: "Everyone must recognize the love that is peculiar to him"; "Let your striving be in love and let your life be in the deed." (Und dein Streben sei's in Liebe, // Und dein Leben sei die Tat.")

So finally, Faust, the diva will make his grand entrance with his monologue in his high vaulted Gothic chamber, and the first part of the Tragedy begins.

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CHAPTER 7

FAUST IN HIS STUDY

Faust Study- restless in armchair at his desk

"I have studied with the greatest diligence philosophy, medicine, law and regrettably theology, and I stand before you a fool. I am just as clever as I was before.

O they call master, even doctor, and I have played the game well. For ten years I have lead students around by the nose, up and down, and all I can see is that you cannot know.

O certainly I am more clever than all the other dimwits, doctors, masters, scribes

and priests. I am plagued by neither scruple nor doubt. I fear neither hell nor the devil, and in return for this all joy has been ripped out of me.

I don't pretend that I know anything of value. I don't pretend that I can teach mankind to be good or to be more evolved.

I have neither goods nor gold; I have neither the respect nor the admiration of the world. In short, no dog would chose to live this way.

So, I have given myself over to magic so that I may finally know what the world contains at its innermost core, that I may see its primal forces, and I may be done with empty words.

O, if only I could roam over the highest hills in the moonlight and be rid of all my knowledge and regain my health. But, I am wedged into this tiny cell. I am oppressed by my books and by dust. And I wonder why I'm anxious. Why my chest hurts! Faust, escape to the hills. Live in Nature where God placed man- not in dust and dirt.

This Faust is a man of incomparable learning. He has mastered every discipline of the late 16th Century. He is not a charlatan, a seedy low life, a liar, cheat and horse thief. However, this mastery has left him poor materially and spiritually. He catalogues the deficiencies of his situation: he lacks any strong feelings, neither fear nor joy. He cannot help others. He lacks power and money. Finally, the digestion of everything there is to know has left him with the conviction: "We can not know!" He has formulated the question whose answer he thinks is his quest: what is the essence of life, the universe, the cosmos? What holds the world

together in its innermost core? He wants direct perception of the cosmos- not words. He is the human confronting the same question as the Archangels, but with a very different answer. Their answer was reassurance and acceptance through an Awe of Nature: "Angels gain comfort from the sight, though none can fully grasp your being." His answer is Magic.

In the Faust tradition he does seek superhuman knowledge, but initially not for wealth , power or pleasure. It is the expression of an impulse to know the Divine more fully and to understand the meaning of life question through that knowledge. He seeks direct vision of the Nature-God, the great All-in-All. He seeks a greater knowledge of the cosmos than the church sanctioned medieval-Aristotelian outlines of knowledge and theology could provide. He is Man, burdened by questions he cannot ignore but cannot answer.

Mephistopheles, an astute student of human nature, described Faust in Prolog in Heaven as half crazy, insatiable and driven. God more charitably referred to him as blind, inept, but on his way to clarity. Faust, himself, in Act 5 of Part 2 reflects on this critical time. He says: "If only I could rid my path of magic, totally unlearn your incantations, confront you, Nature, simply as a man, to be a human being would be worth the effort. That's what I was before I probed obscurities, blasphemed and cursed my world and myself." Goethe said in his Maxims: "Scholarly knowledge tends to be remote from the world and only returns to it via a detour," and "Character is built in the stream of life and the stormy billows of the world."

Goethe wrote regarding Faust's overall conundrum: "How can man find a

meaning for the world. He's much too small for that. " That is Goethe's great resignation and acceptance. We must be satisfied to live in the midst of a great mystery. We cannot comprehend the meaning of the world. Joseph Campbell wrote that: "God is a metaphor for that which transcends all levels of intellectual thought."

Still the play is called a tragedy. Throughout the 17th century in England and Germany, any drama with an unhappy ending was termed a tragedy. In opera, opera buffa ended in marriage, and opera seria ended in death.

Goethe accepted certain Aristotelian concepts of tragedy, such as the great person. Inherent in his person was excessive pride, hubris. The play evokes strong emotions: fear and dread. Vicarious participation by the audience emptied them emotionally and psychologically: catharsis. Tragedy had certain associated terms as well, such as tragic flaw, innocent suffering, fate, catastrophe and reversal.

By Goethe's time Shakespearean drama furnished the main model for modern tragedy. It violated many of the rules of Aristotelian drama such as the unities. It blended popular-realistic elements, brilliant rhetoric, tremendous psychological insights and a profound sense of the pathos of man's lot.

Goethe simply wrote that: "The tragedians real duty was to present a moral and psychological phenomenon from the past. " Later in his life he coined the term "World Literature," to replace national literature to emphasize the importance of a message to all people, in all places, at all times. So, tragedy as it stands in the title of the play is a term not to be taken for granted, but to be defined and

questioned in the course of the play. In this scene tragedy in the sense of loss and death is seen in the moral degradation of Faust. He begins with something noble, even latently titanic, and , as the play unfolds, that greatness relentlessly deteriorates. The root cause of that degradation is Magic, which Faust selects here and which pervades the rest of his life.

In 1932 Albert Schweitzer delivered Goethe's 100th Memorial Anniversary Address in Frankfurt. Schweitzer was a brilliant theologian, the world's expert on Bach organ music and a physician who had left the high culture of Europe to open and staff a hospital in the poorest place he could imagine, Lambare'ne', Gabon, Africa. He did this partially to repay the debt he felt that whites owed to blacks and because he felt the fundamental Christian mission was to relieve the burden of suffering for our fellow human beings, and no where was it greater than in Africa.

Schweitzer said that the author who offered him the greatest solace was Goethe, and the book, next to the Bible, which provided him the greatest inspiration was Faust. He said that Goethe was a thinker, a man of action, a poet and what bound them together at their deepest level was his philosophy of nature.

Schweitzer took the themes of Magic and Nature from Faust and used it in his opening remarks and about what the year 1932 portended. He said: "What can this mean other than that we, like Faust, have erred terribly in detaching ourselves from nature and in surrendering to the unnatural? What is happening now in this terrible epoch of ours other than a gigantic repetition of the tragedy of

Faust upon the stage of the world. Mankind has been persuaded to give up his natural relation with reality and seek its welfare in the magic formula of some social and economic witchcraft, by which the possibility of removing itself from economic and social misery is still farther removed. The tragic meaning of these magical formulas is that man must give up his own material and spiritual personality."

"But, no, perhaps this book by Nostradamus will be sufficient." So he reaches and takes down a book by Nostradamus of the 16th century, and he opens to a page, and he finally comes to the sign of the Macrocosm, and he looks at it for a while, and he says: "Ha, a rush of bliss. I can feel the pulse of nature. Am I a God? All of Nature exposes itself before my soul. I understand the sage who said: 'Nature and the spirit world are not closed to man. Man's mind is closed. His heart is dead.' "

"O, I look and I can see how all the forces of Nature interweave; how each one works and lives inside the other. What a show, but alas, only a show. This Nature has no warmth. This Nature I cannot clasp and grasp to my breast."

Goethe invents the Book of Macrocosmic Magical Signs of Nostradamus. Faust sees the interplay of forces at the innermost level of the universe. He sees the interweaving pattern of the macrocosm. He sees a sign of the working Nature in all its complexity and harmony. It gives him an intense pleasure which

Academia did not, but it's not enough. Something separates Faust from Life, Nature and the Spirit world. They seem cold and lifeless. Something inside of him is closed and dead. The scene is still too detached and contemplative.

Next Goethe invents the Earth Spirit or Erdgeist. During the gestation of Faust Goethe's own conception of the Earth Spirit developed and evolved. It became the image of an incomprehensible force but not the force itself. Like the Greeks, who fashioned their gods in their own image, the drawings by Goethe of the Earth Spirit resemble the head of Zeus, which he had seen seen at the Vatican Museum. It is the blind, amoral, unloving life force lying behind the interweaving patterns of the Macrocosm. This deity does not manifest in prohibitions, commandments and judgements but in endless movement, ever changing patterns and sheer intensity. It invigorates Faust in the way he wanted.

Reluctantly he turns a page in the book to another symbol and this time it's sign of the earth spirit, the Erdgeist.

Faust: "Hah, how differently this one works upon me. I feel closer to it. I can feel a strength welling up in me, like the strength that comes from new wine. Yes, I feel a strength so that I can deal with life, both with its joys and with its sorrows. Yes, this is the force I seek. I call upon this spirit. Appear now, even if it costs me my life."

And with that the Earth Spirit appears. "Who calls?" Faust loses his courage and is now cringing on the floor. The Earth Spirit continues: "I want the Faust, the

superman who called me from my region, not this cringing worm in front of me."

Faust summons has energy and finally states: "I stand before you and stand my ground. I am Faust, your equal."

The Earth Spirit, which is a symbol for divine inspiration in human affairs, goes on to paint a picture of what are the things that he does and he concludes by saying he weaves the earthly fabric of the Godhead.

Faust says: "I feel so close to you." The Earth Spirit looks at him and says: "You feel close to the spirit that you grasp. You are not close to me." Faust looks shocked and says: "Not your equal?", and with that the earth spirit leaves, and Faust is left alone for a moment, and then there's a knock at the door.

At the door is Wagner, his assistant. Wagner begins: "I heard you speaking and I thought you were practicing a Greek tragedy. Elocution is very important and I could benefit from it. I have heard that that an actor could give a preacher lessons."

Faust responds: "Yes, in those instances that the preacher was an actor, which does happen from time to time."

Wagner continues: "But what of Persuasion? How are we to guide the masses, when we live such a cloistered life?"

Faust responds: "You're not going to be able to do it unless you find passion, a primal, joyful urge. Something from inside bursting to come out. Unless you can find it in your heart, you'll not be able to reach and touch the hearts of others."

Wagner: "But, yes, of Elocution, it is is the most important tool of the speaker."

Faust: "Don't be a jingling fool! Honesty and Truth do not need art for their

presentation."

Wagner then quotes Hippocrates: "Ars longa, vita brevis," the arts live for a long time, life is short, which was used as a way of supporting Classical antiquities' view of life and their understandings. He says: "During my lifetime I'll be able to absorb only half of all their great writings."

Faust responds: "Will your thirst be quenched by parchment? The only way you will find refreshment is to find the answers within your own soul."

Wagner: "Oh, but It gives me such pleasure to consider the spirit of the times, to see how far we have come."

Faust responds: "When you look at the spirit of past times what you see is misery. You see the oppression of people. You see garbage. You see filth. It's enough to make you run away, and perhaps you've developed a few maxims for puppets to say."

Wagner: "But what about the human heart, intellect and knowledge?"

Faust responds: "For those few who have possessed these and were foolish enough to share them with the masses, to share their thoughts, their ideals, their insights, they have at all times been crucified and burned." (This is probably a good reason, if you have composed the masterwork of your life, to not unveil it until you've been dead.)

Finally, Faust and Wagner agree that since the morrow is Easter, that they'll go to bed. Wagner concludes by saying: "I know a lot, but I wish I could know it all."

Faust responds: "How can there be any hope for someone so addicted to the superficial. He grubs with eager hands in the dirt looking for treasure and is

thrilled to find earthworms. "

In the discussion with Wagner Faust unknowingly experiences and sees his true Quest. It is really not just to have just ultimate knowledge, but to experience his own passions, his own primal energy, something bursting from within. Jacob Needleman described Faust's dilemma, when he said: "There is a timeless, universal tradition of experiencing God in nature. It is one way of recognizing we are part of something greater than ourselves. Without this deep feeling, one is likely to experience a fundamental sense of meaninglessness. Why are we here? What's it all about? What are we doing? The only real answer lies in a deep feeling that shows us what meaning is, that gives us the experience of God , rather than a belief in God. The experience of God is what gives meaning to life. So the meaning of life is not words but experience. "

Goethe completed the scene to this point in 1775 at age 26. Goethe through Faust derogates the legacy of Classical Greece and minimizes its importance. The writing style is Storm and Stress, Sturm und Drang. The young Goethe did not invent the name, but he penned the agenda. The movement railed against the establishment and authority: the monarchy, the church, established morality, the Ancients, and especially the pre-eminence of French writing and plays, which were translated into German and staged as German national theater. At this stage of his life Goethe does not venerate the past. To him it is a study in misery in which artists were crucified and burned by the rabble.

It is ironic that Goethe and Schiller in a few years would establish the Royal Court of Weimar as the Center of German Classicism and the German language. It is ironic that Faust and Goethe criticize classicism here and then in Part 2, Act 3 Goethe writes a complete Greek play in the Aristophanic style- a play within a play. After an escape from Weimar and a two year sabbatical in Italy, Goethe would completely revise his opinion. His conviction became that the Graeco-Roman classical tradition was the primary source of modern European civilization and all artistic greatness.

What Goethe felt and wrote at age 26 is very different from what he felt and wrote at the end of his life at age 82. Yet he kept all the parts together, which he had been written at different times in his life. The French writer Stendal said that art is a man carrying a mirror down the street reflecting the life around him. Faust is a mirror of Goethe's own times and of his own personal growth and development.

Twenty six years later in 1801, Goethe completed this scene and Faust's emotional roller coaster.

After Wagner leaves Faust is left by himself to consider his experience. His contact with the Earth Spirit has left him feeling dwarfish. He says: "What a fool. I thought that I was at the mirror of truth, the image of the Godhead, bathing in the clarity of heaven, immortal. One thunder word from the Earth Spirit and I was undone. I was thrust into man's uncertain destiny. At one time our imaginations

sought eternity. Now we are satisfied for a small room. CARE now nests in our heart and dims our hopes and our desires. CARE dons always different masks: wife, child, castle, home, fire, flood, poison, dagger. We fear the blows that never strike. We mourn the loss of things that are never lost. I am not a god. I am a worm crawling in the dust to be crushed under the heel of a traveller."

"I am imprisoned by these shelves. A thousand books tell me that mankind in all times has suffered. Even this human skull on my desk grins at me. He too lusted for truth. He too sought the light of day, but lost his way."

"But, what's that over there that catches my eye?" "It's poison."

"Ah, the thought of it. My care decreases. My heart is still. I am no longer restless. The ocean pulls me on. The glassy sea is at my feet. A light from a different shore beckons."

He takes the vial and he also reaches to pick up a goblet from younger days. "Ah, my crystal goblet! How I have neglected thee- you in your dusty pouch. At banquets you were a hit as we passed you from person to person. We played drinking games and made rhymes and drained you one after the other. But today I shall not pass you on. I shall put in my final drink to you and I shall be done."

Just as Faust lifts up the goblet to drink the poison, bells ring and a choir sings. It's the celebration of Easter. The choir sings: "Christ is arisen", and continues with a song which concludes with: "We honor those who emerge intact from life, from its grueling struggle and ordeal."

Faust stops and listens: "I hear your voice. I hear your message, but I have no faith. Accustomed to these harmonies from childhood, I feel a call back to life."

Your singing reminds me of childhood and the games that I played. It reminds me of that force and that happiness. Your voice has stopped me from this final and gravest deed. O heavenly choir don't leave me. The earth has me again."

Goethe wrote that from a young age he experienced the need to free himself of troubling emotions through drawing or through writing in order to clarify his thoughts and attain an inner peace. He said: "No one could have needed this talent more than I, whose nature constantly cast him from one extreme to another. Thus all the things that I have voiced are merely fragments of a great confession." He felt that these confessions told how it felt for him to live in the world. They were the most important things that he could leave to posterity. Let them decide what was important.

Faust, Goethe's alter ego, is also mercurial. In this scene we have seen him go from disillusioned and emotionally empty to feeling the giddy power of union with the Godhead to the most profound depression. From his own life Goethe wrote: "In our younger days we are sure that we can build palaces for mankind, but with experience we learn that the best we can do is clean up their dunghills."

Goethe wrote over 17,000 personal letters and kept a daily diary for over 52 years, so it's interesting to see parallels and common experiences between Goethe and Faust and shed some of the author's light on what's happening in the play.

Goethe said that every stage of life had a corresponding philosophy. "The child

is a realist: apples and pears are as real as the child. The young man, like the Sturm und Drang Goethe, is caught up in a storm of passions and becomes an idealist. A grown man, like the Faust we've just met, is a skeptic. He questions all his life choices and decisions. An old man, like Faust at the end of the play, is a mystic. "So much depends upon chance. Reason fails and unreason succeeds. Fortune and misfortune unexpectedly come to the same thing in the end."

By the end of this scene life has been described as: "a labyrinthine errant run thrusting man into an uncertain destiny, hunted and haunted by Care for what may or may not happen." (Or as Mark Twain said: "I am a man who has known a thousand sorrows, several of which actually happened.")

Faust concludes that : "Man's final, best hope is to emerge whole from the grueling ordeal, which is life." As in the Greek tragedies, man's only victory can be in his heroic endurance, when overwhelmed by forces much greater than himself and often within himself. Yet Goethe and Faust make the conscious choice to continue to strive and to try. When Faust chooses life over suicide, we have seen a pattern that will be repeated often: Faust strives. Faust succeeds. Faust becomes disillusioned. Faust fails, and then Faust strives again. Goethe quoted in his maxims a Latin saying: "Bonus vir semper tiro". "A good man is always a beginner." A good man is always in the making. In the making ensures that there will be mistakes, but those mistakes are a part of the new version of a good man.

Like the abrupt change in tone from Dedication to the Prelude in the Theater to the majestic song of the Archangels to the dark humor of Mephistopheles to the

grimly depressed Faust, the tone of the next scene, Easter Walk, changes to the bright, holiday air of a warm sunny Easter

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CHAPTER 8

THE EASTER WALK

The second scene is called Before the Gate or the Easter Walk. Groups of people are strolling about, and we listen to the conversations of apprentices, servant girls, burghers' daughters, students and the burghers.

The apprentices gather to make the monumental decision of which tavern to frequent. Their considerations are the best beer, the most women and first class brawls.

The servant girls gather in smaller groups and spy on the apprentices and stake their claims.

The burghers' daughters are upset. They think it is a shame that such fine looking men are inclining towards going out with servant girls.

Two university students make the same decision that the tavern must have the best beer, a biting, strong tobacco and good looking women. They're undecided though whether they should go out with the servant girls or whether they should go with the less gaudily dressed burghers' daughters. The tie breaker is: "The

hand that wields the broom on Saturday has the softest caress on Sunday."

The burgher says: "I know of no better way to spend a holiday than to talk of war and battle- perhaps in Turkey- where soldiers tear one another apart, all the while I sit before a window with a glass watching gaily colored boats slip by on the river, knowing I can return home to peace and praise times of peace in my comfortable house.

Faust says to Wagner: "Brooks and streams are freed of ice by the first touch of Spring. The valley is a hopeful green as ancient, enfeebled Winter retreats to rugged mountains and impotently sends sheets of ice. Flowers are lacking, so the land is decorated by gaily colored people.

"The people emerge from the dreary city gate and eagerly bathe in the sunshine. They celebrate the resurrection of the Lord, and they too are arisen from gloomy quarters, from tight, narrow houses, from the bondage to trades and labor, from the oppression of gables, roofs and narrow alleyways. They have spent a dark solemn night in church and now emerge into the full light. Look, look how nimbly the crowd moves and scatters through the garden and the fields. See the river with happy boating parties."

"Here is the true paradise and heaven of the people. Big and small are satisfied. I am a Man. Here I can be myself."

Wagner says: "Herr Doktor, to walk with you is a prize and a joy! Although I myself would never have come here. I hate all forms of vulgar entertainment. The bowling balls, the fiddling, the shrieking. The people act as though they are possessed by spirits. They call it music and joy. To me it's hideous."

Peasants dance under a linden tree, and an old man comes up to Faust and offers him a drink. He says: "Thank you for being with us today. I offer you this drink, so that every drop may increase your life by a year. " Faust thanks him and the old man goes on to say: "You and your father never deserted us in our time of need. When things were harshest, you stood by us. During the Plague you went from house to house and helped us. God's help was with you. He helped the helper."

Faust bowed his head in reverence and said: "Reverence be to God who teaches us to help one another."

Wagner says to Faust: "Oh how wonderful that must feel to have the respect and the admiration of the crowds. Fathers stop and point you out to their sons. The people making music and dancing, they pause, when you walk by. They nearly genuflect like the Blessed Sacrament is in their presence."

Faust: "Let us sit on this rock where I sat many times myself and fasted and prayed. I wrung my hands in hopes that we would be able to find a cure for the Plague, to be able to stop the deaths. My father and his friends searched through fields, and they picked up roots and flowers and blended them together in ways that we didn't know whether were effective or not, and thousands and thousands died. Perhaps people survived not because of us, but despite us. I was rich in Faith and firm in Hope, and it seemed to be of no avail and tears came. The praise of these people to me seems like mockery. I feel like they are giving praise to murderers."

Wagner says: "It wasn't your fault. You practiced meticulously the art you were

bequeathed."

The Easter Walk scene depicts the Rites Of Spring for all ages and classes of people as the town is released from winter bondage. Faust shows for the first time his deep, lyrical attachment to Nature and his compassion and understanding for the townspeople. A part of Faust is satisfied: "Here I can be a Man. Here I can be myself." An elder recounts Faust's stout efforts on behalf of the people against the Plague. Faust humbly accepts their thanks and praise. He acknowledges that his help came from God and that the Lord teaches we should all help one another.

Wagner again plays his foil. He doesn't connect to the celebration and to the people. He imagines incorrectly Faust's reaction to the praise and respect.

Goethe explains some of Faust's reaction when he wrote: "When we look back at our life we only see it as something piecemeal, because our omissions and failures always surface first in our minds and dominate our actions and achievements." In terms of classical tragedy Faust's exaggerated sense of responsibility and control are hubris. His Hope and Faith were misdirected in his battle against the Plague. He aimed to cure the plague. When he couldn't, he felt his Faith and Hope were unrewarded. Despite not being able to cure the plague, some survived as the celebration attests. There is an expression in Medicine: "Patients don't care how much you know until they know how much you care." The Townspeople know. Faust doesn't

Faust: "Happy man who can maintain his faith in this day and age. What we need to know, we don't know, and what we do know is of no help whatsoever. But let not these dark and gloomy thoughts destroy the beauty of today. Each of us has an inner longing to sky and space, to hear the melody of the lark over jagged mountain tops, to the eagle soaring over plains and oceans. It's hard to find corporeal wings to match the flight of imagination. We have in us an urge to soar aloft, to move along."

Wagner says: "I never had those urges. I quickly tire of fields and meadows, and I never wanted to be a bird. But how different are the pleasures of the mind. To read a book, to see its pages, to unfold an ancient parchment. Ah, then the sky comes down to me."

Faust: "You only know one passion. Don't try to learn the other. Two spirits live in my breast. Each will separate itself from the other. The one, in deepest passion, clings to the world with all its strength. The other with the greatest power rises from the dust to high ancestral regions. Each will rule without the other. If there are spirits roaming in this world, let them escort me to a different, more gaily colored world."

At that time Faust and Wagner begin their trip home, and they see a dog running through the fields. The dog is behaving somewhat peculiarly, and in the end Faust concludes that magic is at play, and this dog is weaving a web at their feet that will soon ensnare them in bondage.

Already Faust has lost the hope he had regained, when the Easter bells rang. He is ensnared by lack of perfect knowledge: "What we don't know is what we really need to know, and what we do know is of no help whatsoever." It echoes Goethe's Dedication: "What I have lost is near at hand. What I possess seems as in the distance." Goethe wrote of this situation: "Nothing is sadder than to watch the absolute urge for the unconditional in this altogether conditional world. "

When Goethe resumed work on Faust in 1797 at Schiller's insistence and encouragement, he asked Schiller what was necessary to unify the Fragments he had written into a coherent whole. Schiller said they needed a central theme, a "symbolic significance." Schiller sensed from reading the scattered and disparate scenes that the central theme was: "the duplicity of human nature and the striving to unite the Godly and the physical in Men."

Faust recognizes this duality in a statement describing his own psychological state: "Two souls live in my breast. Each will rule without the other. One to the world is bound in clinging lust/ the other soars, all ties unheeded/ to ancestral gods, far from this dust,/ in fields where naught mundane is needed."

It is reminiscent of Paul's letter to the Romans when he says: "I do not understand what I do. What I want to do, I do not do, but what I hate, I do."

Mephisto's take on this in Prolog in Heaven was: "The fool is not content with any earthly food or drink. He claims as his the brightest stars and from the earth all its highest joys, but nothing can satisfy a heart so deeply agitated." This duality or polarity will characterize Faust throughout the play.

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CHPATER 9

NIGHT IN FAUST'S STUDY

Faust: "I have left behind field and meadow wrapped in darkness. Forces of passion are lulled to sleep and restless activity ceases. The love of mankind stirs and the love of God is all around. Poodle, be quiet! Stop running around! Go lie down behind the stove. I'll give you my best pillow. Be a quiet, welcome guest.

In our comfortable, narrow cell the friendly lamp is lit. In the dark the self grows clearer, the heart brighter, reason more easily heard and hope blooms. Man seeks the brooks and streams of life and most of all the source of life. Poodle, your howl is not in tune with the sacred harmonies, which I hear and feel. I am used to men who mock and scorn the things they do not comprehend. Men who mutter in the presence of beauty and truth, because it's very often too difficult. Are you expressing your displeasure too, o poodle?

O, it's gone. I am full of good intention, but my contentment is like a stream quickly dried up. We have been taught the great value of the celestial. We yearn for revelation. I shall seek the greatest revelation, the New Testament. I shall translate the Greek into my native German using my own feelings. 'In the beginning was the word.' No, no, I cannot give such great value to the word. In the beginning was the mind. But does the mind operate everything? In the beginning was the power. No, In the beginning was the deed, the action. Poodle, if

we are going to share this space, you have to be quiet. Stop the bellowing! Stop the howling! Please, go!"

The poodle disappears behind the stove. Soon a mist envelopes the area, a large shadow forms and, out of where the poodle was, walks a traveling scholar, Mephistopheles. He says to Faust: "What's all the commotion and how can I be of service to the gentleman?"

Faust looks and says: "Finally, the core of the poodle is discovered! It's a traveling scholar. How laughable! And what is your name? "

Mephistopheles: "The question seems peculiar from one so scornful of the word; one who disparages appearances and aspires to plumb the depth of essence."

Faust: "Still much essence can be determined from a name, like destroyer, liar, lord of the flies."

Mephistopheles: "I am a part of every power that always wills the evil and effects the good. I am the spirit of eternal negation, the spirit that always denies. Everything that exists is fit to be destroyed. It would have been better for nothing to have been created. I am what you call destruction, Evil, sin."

Faust: "You say that you are a part, but I see you stand here whole."

Mephistopheles: "Humans, microcosmic fools. I was a part of the first part, darkness, from which all light, all energy was created." (As Maxwell Smart would say: "Black holes and singularities, lucky guess, Herr Goethe!") "May all light and all matter and be destroyed."

Faust: "So, you cannot destroy the great, so you try to destroy the small. You

raise your cold, angry fist in demonic malice. You stand forever in opposition to the forces of goodness. You are in opposition to the healing forces forever. It is in vain, Son of Chaos.

With that Mephisto suggests that they take up the conversation some other time, and Faust agrees, but it turns out that there is a hitch. The Devil must leave the room the same way he came in, and there is a sacred sign of the Pentagram on the floor, and he can't cross it. Faust finds this hysterical that even the devil and hell have own set of rules. Finally Mephisto says that he can entertain Faust and give him greater intellectual stimulation in a moment than he will have in one of his monotonous years. He has a choir of young boys sing a song of reverie and imagination to which Faust falls asleep. When he awakens he is chagrined to find out that once again a spirit has duped him

The next scene takes place again in Faust's study, and Mephisto enter studly attired: velvet, red suit with gold trim, cloak of heavily corded satin, a rooster's comb in his hat and a sword at his side. He says: "I sincerely think you should get a suit just like this, so that freed from bondage, you could find out what freedom and happiness really are."

Faust says: "I feel trapped by every costume the way I feel trapped by life. I am too old just to play and too young to be without wish. What has the world to offer me? All it tells me is: 'Renounce. You must renounce!' Renounce is the song that clangs in a man's ear all life long. I awake every morning in terror to know the day will not satisfy a single wish. The god that lives within my core can stir me, but

cannot change a single thing in my outward life. I hate my life. I renounce my life. I want to die."

Mephistopheles says: "But still death is never a welcome guest. I know someone who, when given the opportunity, did not drain the poison from his goblet."

Faust says: "That's true. That night fond memories of childhood saved me, but now I renounce everything. I renounce high opinion of oneself. I renounce appearances. I renounce the lies of our fondest dreams, which promise glory and fame. I curse possessions, whether it be wife and child, or field and plow. I curse Mammon and golden treasures. I curse the gift of the grape. I curse love's highest consummation. I curse hope. I curse faith and most of all I curse patience."

The choir of young spirits that lulled Faust to sleep in the previous scene sing again: "Something of great beauty has been destroyed by your violence. We sing a dirge to beauty, but please try again. Summon the strength. Build it again, something even more glorious."

Mephistopheles says: "See, they encourage you to action. Have some fun. Get away from this stifling solitude. Let me be of assistance to you. I can do this. I will be at your service at all times, the great and the small. I can show you the beauties and the enjoyment that life can contain. And, if you are satisfied with the work that I do for you, and, later on we meet again, you can return the favor to me."

Faust says: "With the beyond I can hardly bother. This world is the source of all my joy. When I take my leave, I don't care."

Mephistopheles: "Wonderful! Join me. Take a chance. I can show you things no man has ever seen."

Faust: "What can you really offer? Have you ever recognized man in his highest strivings? You offer food that does not satisfy and games in which no one wins."

Mephistopheles says: "I can offer you treasures."

Faust says: If you ever find me lying comfortably on a bed of leisure, let it be my last day! If I can find satisfaction in myself, if I can be lured by your lying flatteries, if I can find pleasure in what you offer me, let my days be over."

Mephistopheles says: "Agreed."

Faust continues: "And, if to any moment I say: 'Stay, you are so beautiful!', let my life be done. Cast me in chains. Throw me in the dungeon. Life has no further meaning at that point."

They haggle over signing a pact in blood, and Faust remarks: "Don't worry about my reneging on our contract. Striving with all my strength is what I promise, but I am done with learning. I am done with thought. Bring on passions! Show me success or failure, frustration or happiness. I am done with the life that I have lead. It's been in vain. Give me the restless lot of man."

Mephistopheles reminds him: "Now everything is within limits to you. If you eat, you consume, you'll never get indigestion. Don't be bashful."

Faust says: "I am not concerned with pleasure. I crave enamored hatred. I crave quickening despair. I crave corrosive joy and dissipation. I am through with thought. I want to feel in my very essence all those things, which are human. Bring on woe and bliss. Bring on pain and suffering. I am done with that life. I

want to go down with the rest of the lot of man. Whatever he experiences and suffers, I want to experience and suffer."

Mephistopheles says: "Splendid words. Perhaps you should bind yourself to a poet, who can heap praise upon you: the courage of a lion, the swiftness of a deer, the fiery blood of the Italians, the constancy of the North. "

Faust declines and they agree to begin their journey. But before they leave, there is a student has been waiting to speak with Faust. He can't bear to talk with him, and Mephistopheles is quite eager to counsel him and puts on Faust's gown. But before he does, he reflects on the pact, which he and Faust have just concluded: "If once you scorn all science and reason, the highest strength that dwells within man, and through trickery and magic arts empower the spirit of dishonesty, I have you unconditionally."

Mephistopheles then toys with the student, in a section that Goethe wrote at age 26, soon after he graduated from the university. The student says: "I want to be a learned man, but where to begin?"

Mephistopheles counsels him: "First, of course, with Logic. It will lace your spirits in the iron, Spanish boots of the Inquisition. Then the thought process is like a master weaving. One stroke effects a thousand ties. Logic and Philosophy will allow you to take days to do things which you previously did one, two, three. Philosophy itself cannot weave. But then comes of course metaphysics to help you see the things beyond the minds recognition."

The Student is a bit perplexed and says: "What about a profession-jurisprudence?"

Mephistopheles: "Ah, the laws are transmitted from one generation to the other, like inherited disease."

Student: "But what of theology?"

Mephistopheles: "Ah, my advice here is to tie yourself completely to a single master and follow his every word, because there is great comfort in words. It is the only way you can enter the temple of certainty."

Student: "But shouldn't words harbor ideas?"

Mephistopheles: "Never worry. Where there is no idea, a word will come along. Words are the building blocks of systems. They give one a great source of comfort."

Student: "What about medicine?"

**Mephistopheles: "Ah, in medicine we study the great and the small. We study nature and man, and then in the end we let things take the course that God wills."
"**

The Student is befuddled. Mephistopheles leaves, and Faust and Mephistopheles begin their journey.

Even though we were forewarned by Mephisto of Faust's crazed, deep agitation, it is dizzying to follow his infantile leaps in mood. He goes from: "passion sleeps; love of mankind stirs; the love of God is all around" to "O my contentment is gone" at the bark of a dog. With one final effort, while translating John in the Bible, Faust makes a critical decision: man's essential, fundamental, "in the

beginning" primordial task is the action- to do, not the word, not the mind, not the power- the Action. This decision is crucial to the ensuing wager.

Faust's search for life and for life's meaning is always simultaneously an impulse to escape from life, even when life is affording him satisfaction, e.g. when he encountered the Earth Spirit and then contemplated suicide. So, after this positive statement, Faust swings to his opposite polarity, his other soul. He's trapped by life. He's too old. His life is renunciation. No day will satisfy a single wish. God cannot move a single outward thing. He cannot cure the Plague. Life is a hateful burden, and he wants to die. He curses and renounces every aspect of life.

Mephisto begins his long career as Faust's alter ego. He parries each of Faust's laments. He points out that Faust must not really want to die, or why didn't he commit suicide on Easter Eve. Wouldn't it just be easier to have some poet lionize him?

Ironically Mephisto's description of himself as the power, that always kills the bad, but works the good, comes true. In debating Mephisto, the epitome of negation, Faust makes his most positive declarations. He says: "The power of the good and healing creative forces will not be overcome by chaos," and he recognizes himself as "man in his highest striving."

Mephisto offers Faust his legendary pact of service in return for his soul, but Faust refuses it and makes a wager instead. Faust will become Mephisto's property, if and only if, he ceases to strive, to try, if he chooses to remain in one moment: "Stay you are so beautiful." Mephisto will be the agent to show Faust

every possible experience and opportunity in life. From Faust's standpoint the essence of the wager is to allow himself time and opportunity to live life at its fullest.

The pivots for the play are the two bets: the first between God and Mephistopheles and the second between Mephistopheles and Faust. They take the play down a completely different path than any in the long history of Fausts. The morality of Faust's actions becomes completely unbound to any conventional code.

God allows Mephisto to lead Faust down his path, but bets he can't hold him there. He wagers that a series of errors will not change the basic nature of a good man. He will grope his way to clarity.

In the Faust - Mephisto wager, Faust can bet that he will never stop trying or striving. In one part of his mind there can be no highest moment. He renounces all the usual appurtenances of life: fame, glory, possession and now aspires to the rawness of life: passions, sorrows, success: "the restless state of man", like he saw in the Earth Spirit vision- ever changing. He would never choose to leave the ceaseless flow of life to stay in one beautiful moment. His only concern now is to be a part of this life- to be a part of the human lot and of Nature. Mephisto is to offer him every opportunity, some of which is sinful from a religious view. Faust may accept it all, as long as he doesn't tarry or desire to stay in one beautiful moment. He must remain aware and committed to the knowledge that he has not attained the full degree of truth, practical achievement and intensity of feeling, which the human spirit can envision. Faust bets that he will not fail ,

because he is man in his highest striving, and he vows that: "Striving with all my strength is what I promise." It is an expression of faith in himself and in Mankind that one of his two spirits can make. It is a repudiation of the despair he felt, because of his sense of smallness and finiteness after his vision of the Earth Spirit. Still, this type of quest flies in the face of Christian morality. This Faust is not about the "Fall". It's about the getting up. Learn, change through error, but do. Act! Mark Twain said: "It's been my experience that people with no faults have very few virtues either."

The other spirit of Faust desires not to be just "The Man Who Would Be King", but the Man Who Would Be God. In his opening monologue Faust said he wanted to know and see the innermost fabric of the universe. Here he will give his soul to the devil, if he can provide him the ultimate Moment, that Highest Moment that encapsulizes all time, all space, all experience and all knowledge: a truly godlike moment. Mephisto immediately recognizes Faust's tragic flaw and hubris. By consorting with the devil and engaging in Magic, he is enroute to forsaking, reason and science, the highest strengths that dwell within man.

DISK 1

CHAPTER 10

AUERBACH'S TAVERN

So how do Mephistopheles and Faust begin this vision quest, the search for

Faust's transcendental moment? In a bar of course, Auerbach's Cellar. There Faust and Mephistopheles look at a group of college students. They're joking around. One pours wine on the others head. They make fun of the guy whose girl left him. They sing a little song in his honor about a cook who poisoned a rat, and the rat felt like it had love in its belly.

Mephistopheles says to Faust: "Look at these people. See how easy life can be. To them every day is a holiday. With much zest and little brain, they dance a circle dance every day in a very tight circle. And as long as they don't have a hangover, and they still have credit with the innkeeper, they are happy and cheerful. Happy, happy, happy! Can you beat that?"

Faust throughout the episode will be duly unimpressed, but Mephistopheles and he sit down at a table with the students. The students think they're rubes, and, very soon every time they try to trip up Mephistopheles, he gets the upper hand. Finally he gives some magic and drills a hole in the table, so each student gets the beverage of his choice, When they get a little bit rowdy and threaten Mephistopheles, he casts a spell upon them, so they think they are in a vineyard and are in the process of committing mayhem on one another, when he lifts the spell. Faust shakes his head, and Mephistopheles and he wander off to try to restore Faust's youth in the Witch's Kitchen

The next stop is at the Witch's Kitchen. Faust is taken aback by the scene. There is a she ape, who's standing stirring a cauldron. Her mate is taking care of some young. Faust looks at Mephistopheles and says: "Isn't there some other

way that I can regain my youth than this?"

Mephistopheles says: "Yes there is a way that doesn't involve physicians, magic or money. It's really quite simple. What you do is you lead a simple life. You raise your own food. You eat simple food. You raise cattle. You live with the cattle. You take a spade to the ground, and you cut the ground, and, if you do this, you'll live to be 80 years of age."

Faust shakes his head sadly and says: "I am not accustomed to that kind of life. I really couldn't take a spade or shovel to the ground. The narrow life has no appeal for me." Come back in about 8000 lines, and we'll see what he says.

So as Mephistopheles plays a game of dice with the apes, Faust walks around and finds a magic mirror, and in this mirror he sees the paragon of female beauty, Helen of Troy. He's captivated by her. Later the witch comes in. She prepares a magic potion. Faust drinks it. He becomes 30 years younger, and as he walks out he says to Mephistopheles: "Is it true that you can show me a woman like I saw in that mirror?"

Mephistopheles laughed and said: "Soon you'll be seeing Helen of Troy in every woman", and so they truly begin The Magical Testicle Tour.

DISK 1

CHAPTER 11

THE MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART 1

Before starting "The Tour", I'd like to begin a parallel story: "The Many Loves Of J.W. Goethe." The details are provided by G.H. Lewes. He wrote the first and probably the definitive English biography of Goethe. Lewes was a contemporary of Goethe. He and his partner, George Eliot, a.k.a. Mary Ann Evans, moved to Germany and launched an intensive study of Goethe. They had the advantage of interviewing people who knew Goethe intimately and had access to vast stores of documents.

The first important woman in Goethe's life was naturally his mother. Goethe wrote : "From Father I inherit my stature and a serious approach to life. From my little Mother I inherit the joyful part of my nature and a desire to tell fables."

Lewes intimately portrayed the Goethe home. Goethe's mother, Katharina Elizabeth Textor, had a simple, hearty, joyous and affectionate nature. She was the delight of children and a favorite of poets and princes. Throughout her life she retained a simplicity and enthusiasm mingled with shrewdness and knowledge of character.

She married at age 17 to a man she did not love. She gave birth to Goethe at age 18. The effect was that she felt closer to her children and perpetuated her girlhood through them. She wrote: "My Wolfgang and I have always held fast to each other, because we were both young together."

She transmitted to Goethe her love of telling stories, which were about well known fables, newly minted, fantastic animal spirits and her love of everything that bore the stamp of individuality. There was a dynamic nature to the stories she told her Wolfgang. She would stop at a crucial point in the story. Goethe

would be upset that the princess will never marry the tailor even if he kills the giant. He would express himself to his Grandmother, who also lived in the same home. She would then tell Goethe's mother, who would then bend the story on next telling to conform to Goethe's hopes and overcome his fears. Literature began for Goethe as the oral tradition, based on folk tales, with a magical ability to speak to his own personal wishes and imagination.

Goethe inherited another dominant personality trait from his mother: a dislike of unnecessary agitation and emotion. Her sunny nature shrank from storms. She told her servants that they were not to give her bad news, unless there was something she could do about it. This voluntary isolation from potentially disastrous intelligence was antagonistic to the prevailing sentiment then and now: "If it bleeds, it leads!" He inherited an aversion to the fierce alcohol of emotion, to indulgence in the "luxury of woe."

Much later in his life Goethe would humorously describe himself as "the embodiment of thoughtful levity and warm frigidity." The frigidity did not stem from a lack of sympathy, but from an excess of sensitivity. As we will see in the following female relationships, however, thoughtful levity and warm frigidity do not describe the youthful Goethe.

The closest confidant of Goethe's youth was his sister, Cornelia. He wrote: "Only a year younger than I, she had grown with me during my entire conscious life and had become bound to me in the innermost way. In our early years we played and learned together to the point we could consider ourselves twins. We retained this affinity and trust as our physical and moral capabilities developed.

That interest and amazement of youth at the awakening of sensual feelings, which hide behind intellectual conventions, and intellectual needs which take on sensual shapes, all those observations that confuse rather than enlighten, and the resulting aberrations and mistakes, we shared and survived together."

Cornelia, however, lacked Goethe's ability to put troubling emotions into order through writing or drawing. He wrote: "She was a being neither at peace with herself nor capable of being so." Every disagreement caused her prolonged stress. She had a particularly difficult relationship with her father. They seemed to be in constant conflict. She could not please him, and her mother was an ineffective intermediary.

Goethe's father was described as a cold, stern, formal, somewhat pedantic but truth-loving and upright minded man. In his domestic circle his word was law. He was respected, if little loved by wife, children and friends.

Cornelia married in 1772 and met an early death in 1777 at age 26.

Gretchen of Frankfurt was Goethe's puppy love, when he was 15 years old. She was 17 and the sister of one of his friends. Goethe earned some money composing verses for weddings and funerals. He came into almost daily contact with her through this enterprise. She liked him and was kind, but treated him like a child and never allowed him any familiarity.

During the festivities celebrating the coronation of Joseph II, Goethe and Gretchen were partying with a group of friends. Goethe forgot the house key with which he had been sneaking into the house beneath his parent's radar. The group of friends decided to stay out all night, and eventually Gretchen fell asleep

against his chest. Goethe was elated and the following day Gretchen treated him more affectionately. However, the party was suddenly over, when police came to investigate some serious charges of forgery. Goethe and Gretchen were innocent, but were severely interrogated. In her testimony Gretchen exonerated Goethe from any wrong doing, but said: "I have seen him often, but treated him as a child." Goethe was crestfallen and had the reaction of his future literary creations: he cried, he refused to eat, and he said life had lost all meaning.

We return to the play and rejoin that exuberant, over-the-top, young man now in the "Street Scene".

DISK 2

CHAPTER 1

ON THE STREET

The next scene occurs on a street, where Faust sees Gretchen walking down and the new emboldened Faust says to her: "My lovely young lady, may I offer you my arm and accompany you?"

She says: "I am neither a lady, nor beautiful and can get home on my own" and passes by quickly.

Faust raves to Mephistopheles: "Did you see that? By heaven, what a beautiful child! So virtuous, so modest and a little bit snippy too. OOOH and the way she

lowered her eyes, that will be stamped on my heart forever. I'll never forget this.

Go get her for me, would you."

Mephistopheles: "That one? The one that just walked down the street? She just came out of church. They just absolved her of all her sins. She is completely innocent. She had nothing to confess. I know. I was listening. I can't help you with her."

Faust: "But she's more over 14."

Mephistopheles: "Nice, you're talking like a real lecher now. Someone who fancies that he must have every fair blossom for himself, that there is no reputation or favor not for the taking."

Faust: "Look! If that young beauty is not resting on my arm tonight, you and I will part ways."

Mephistopheles: "I can't do it like that. It will take me at least 14 days.

Faust : "Fourteen days! If I had 7 hours alone with her myself, I could seduce her and wouldn't need your help."

Mephistopheles: "O, now you're talking like a real Frenchman. What good is that kind of seduction? Take and mold your puppet. Make her into something you like. Use a little bit of strategy. You've read those Italian novels. That's the way they do it."

Faust: "All right, but how about a little token from my angel: a garter, a kerchief that she had between her breasts. You know- something for my lust. Even better yet, why don't you take me to her bedroom tonight?"

Mephistopheles: "Well actually that could be arranged. She'll be at her

neighbor's house. You could go there, indulge yourself and enjoy your private fantasies. "

Faust: "Good! By the way, get her a present- something really nice."

Mephistopheles: "So soon! O, this bodes very well."

Evening, in a small neat room

The next scene takes place in a small neat cabin. Gretchen is tying and braiding her hair, and she entertains the eternal, romantic dream : "Who was that gentleman. He was quite gallant, and he was of a noble house. I could see that in his face. Otherwise he wouldn't have been so bold with me." With that she walks out, and Faust and Mephistopheles enter.

After they have entered the room, Faust is quiet for a period of time and then asks Mephistopheles to leave so that he can be alone. Faust has encountered what part of their bargain was, when he said he wanted to encounter the common lot of man. He has found here a primal force in nature. So as he sits there, he looks around the room and finally says: "Welcome sweet twilight glow that permeates this sacred shrine. Grip my heart you sweet pain of love. Everything here breathes a sense of stillness, order and contentment. What fullness in this poverty. What blessedness in this cell."

Faust throws himself into an old leather armchair and imagines family gatherings and scenes. He can see Gretchen kissing the hand of her ancient grandfather after receiving a Christmas present, and he says: "I sense your order and contentment everywhere. It bestows upon you motherly virtues. I can see

you setting a table cloth neatly. You throw sand on the floor in patterns. I can feel all these powerful forces. Your hand here is Godlike. It turns this cottage into a paradise." But then he says to himself: "So Faust, what are you doing here? Why did you come here? What did you want? I don't even know you anymore. You came here for immediate gratification and now you dissolve into dreams of love. Are you a toy for every gust of wind that comes along? Were she to come back now, you would feel small and disgraced."

Mephistopheles comes back and says: "We've got to leave. She's coming."

Faust says: "Good! I never want to come back here."

Mephistopheles says: "I'll leave the presents on her table. I brought enough gifts for two girls."

But Faust hesitates and says: "I don't know. Should I?"

Mephistopheles says: "Are you asking too many questions? Are you losing your nerve? Are you thinking too much? What do you intend to do with the gifts? Keep them for yourself? Well, Your Lustfulness, you're starting to waste my time. Let's just go, so you can take and mold your puppet just the way you would like. Stop staying there looking now like a student, who's entering a lecture hall and is in awe of physics and metaphysics. Come! Let's go."

Gretchen reenters the room and immediately senses the oppression of Mephistopheles. She becomes anxious and wishes that her mother would return. To calm herself she sings a folk song about the King of Thule, the ancient island where the sun set, which foreshadows her tragic relationship with Faust.

The King of Thule had a lovely lady, who was faithful to him, and, as she died,

she gave him a chalice to commemorate their life together. Of all his possessions he cherished it the most. He gave away his land and other things to his children, but kept the chalice for himself. When he drank from it, he would often cry in memory of her. As he himself was nearing death, he gathered his nobles and his knights around him, and they had one, last supper.

When he drained the final drop from the chalice, he threw it into the ocean. It sank, and he died.

Then Gretchen finds the jewelry box. She's pleased and she wears the ornaments. She says to herself: "Why can't I keep it? That's what's important nowadays: wealth. Youth is not important. The only thing that matters is gold. The praise they give is half in pity. When you're poor, too bad!"

DISK 2

CHAPTER 2

THE MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART II

The young and rejuvenated Faust is in love. He loves Gretchen's outward appearance and her inner charm and simplicity. She's cute and doesn't know it. By entering her room a strong emotional bond develops. He senses her innocence, loving human attachments, and domesticity. He is aware that he has penetrated to the heart of common humanity. He is silent as he experiences the

primal forces in human nature. For the first time since Easter, Faust has felt the positive, the divine dignity of man. Gretchen is a symbol of this timeless human experience.

In contrast Mephisto becomes a symbol or externalization of Faust's worse self. Faust by association with him feels out of place and uncomfortable in Gretchen's world. He is not in his Gothic study and not dealing with magical-mystical symbols of cosmic forces. As he desired, he is dealing with passions, the rawness of life and the common lot of man. The conflict of the duality of his personality and human nature arises again: "My impulse was to gain immediate enjoyment, but now a dream of love suffuses all my being."

Now for the second installment of "The Many Loves Of J.W. Goethe"! The first, real passion of his life was Anna Katharina Schoenkopf. They met, when Goethe was 17 years old, and he was studying Law at Leipzig . He said she was a "pretty and good-natured girl", which judging by his hyperbole in future relationships, was damming her with faint praise. He played youthful, teasing games with her. She didn't reciprocate and tired of them.

Goethe became very ill with a neck tumor and left Leipzig in 1768 to return home to Frankfurt to recover. Anna and he exchanged letters. He wrote: "I thank you for all the friendship you have constantly shown me. I shall not forget my best, anxious friend."

In another letter he displayed some of his signature, self-centered, drama queen, when he apologized that: "I did not take leave of you. I was in the neighborhood . I was at the door. I didn't have the courage to knock for the last

time- how should I have come down again?"

Goethe learned of Anna's engagement in 1770 at a party in Frankfurt to celebrate his recovery. He wrote: "That I live peaceably is all that I can say, and vigorously, healthily and industriously, for I have no woman in my head."

G.H. Lewes wrote: "So fall away the young blossoms of love, which have not the force to ripen into fruit. He could not be happy without some one to love, but his mobile nature soon dried the tears wrung from him by her loss." The love to dry his tears was Friederike Brion de Sessenheim, whom we shall meet in Part 3 of "The Many Loves of JW."

DISK 2

CHAPTER 3

STREET PROMENADE

In the next scene Faust encounter Mephistopheles on the promenade. Mephistopheles is raving: "By all unrequited love. By all the elements of hell. I wish I could curse better. I would turn myself over to the devil, if I weren't him myself."

Faust looks at him and says: "Is there wrong inside your head?"

Mephistopheles explains: "The priest has the jewels we gave Gretchen. Her mother sniffed it out. Her mother lives with her nose in a prayerbook, and she

could tell that they weren't completely blessed. She told Gretchen that ill gotten goods ensnare the soul and sap the blood. Gretchen was unhappy. She said certainly such a present could not come from a godless man. They took it to the priest . He said they had done the right thing. The church has a wonderful stomach. They have consumed entire countries, and yet never overate. He said to them: 'Ladies only the church can consume ill gotten goods.' "

Faust says: "And what about Gretchen?"

Mephistopheles: "Gretchen, she's torn. She worries about her jewels, and she thinks about you. "

Faust says: "Well get her more and better and arrange a meeting. "

Mephistopheles says: "O yes, my good sir. Yes, of course. What a lovesick fool. He would blow up the moon, the stars and the sun in order to entertain her."

The next scene takes place at the neighbor, Martha's house. We find Martha lamenting the disappearance of her husband, especially since she doesn't have a death certificate. Gretchen enters excitedly. She's found the new jewels. Martha tells her: "Don't show them to your mother. Keep them here. You can wear them here. Look at yourself in the mirror and maybe you can introduce an earring or a necklace here and there and go outside with them."

Mephistopheles knocks, enters. He flatters the women and then says that he has business with Martha: "I have bad news. Your husband is dead. He sends his greetings. He's buried in consecrated ground in Padua. He requests 300 masses

be said for him."

Martha is incredulous that he has left nothing for her or for the family. Mephistopheles points out that her husband died in little better than a manure pile. He said: "At the last he cried out: 'I hate myself. I have left my profession and have left my family. I crave my wife's pardon.' "

Martha says: "I forgave him a long time ago." Mephistopheles continues: "And then your husband said: 'But God knows she was more to blame than I was!'"

Martha: "That liar! He's lying on the rim of the grave!"

Mephistopheles continued that there was some money, because he was a part of a pirate gang and shared in their booty. Once again Martha became interested and said: "So maybe there is some buried treasure?"

Mephistopheles said: "Sadly no. He spent it all on a whore."

Once again Martha regains her composure and states that she would like authentication of her husband's death because she is a friend of order and would like to read of the death in the newspaper. Mephistopheles agrees and says that he can have Faust attest to it and they can meet that night- the four of them.

Faust meets Mephistopheles on the street and asks him how it went. Mephisto is very optimistic. He says: "Tonight your young lovely will rest on your arm. Martha is peerless in pimping and gypsy matters, but there is something we need to do in return."

Faust: "What?"

Mephistopheles: "We need to provide an authentication for her husband's death. He died in Padua. "

Faust says: "Fine. Let's go there.

Mephistopheles: "Let's not make such a big fuss. Just sign it, OK?" Then Faust declines on ethical reasons.

Mephistopheles really lays into him: "O, you holy man! Haven't given false witness before? Didn't you with great power define God, the world and everything within it, and all that goes on in the hearts and minds of people? And if you really looked deeply into the matter, won't you find out that you know as much about those things as you do about the death of Martha's husband?"

Faust says: "You're a liar and a sophist."

Mephistopheles: "No. I've just looked more deeply into them. Tomorrow will you not with great majesty delude poor Gretchen that you love her with all your heart?"

Faust says: "I do with all my heart."

Mephistopheles says: "Good and beautiful. And when you talk of eternal love and fidelity and a passion greater than anything in the world, will you still be talking from your heart?"

Faust says: "Stop ! Yes ! It does. I will. I search for words to describe the ardor within me. I use such words as infinite, endless and eternal. Is this a devil's game of lies?"

The next scene is Martha's Garden. Faust and Gretchen stroll arm in arm.

Mephisto and Martha walk about. Gretchen says: "I'm sure you're just being kind. My simple conversation couldn't be of any interest to a world traveller like you. "

Faust says: "A single glance from you, a single word is worth more than all the wisdom of the world. "He kisses her hand. Gretchen protests that her hands are too rough. She works every day for her mother, who is very fussy. She describes her domestic chores of knitting and sewing, cooking and cleaning. She discusses her father and her sister, who have died. She has a brother who is a soldier. Her sister was very sickly, and Gretchen acted like a mother to her having the child in bed with her through many long, sleepless nights.

Faust asks: "Can you forgive my freshness when first we met?"

Gretchen says: "No one could ever reproach me for my conduct. I wondered what you saw in me that made you behave that way, and frankly I was angry at myself that I wasn't angrier at you." Gretchen picks a flower and starts pulling the petals off the daisy saying: "He loves me. He loves me not," and finishes with: "He loves me!"

Faust says: "Yes, you precious child of heaven! Yes my child. He loves you. Listen to the pronouncement and voice of the flower and the pronouncement of the gods. He loves you! Forever. Eternally. No end. No end. No end. Together they run off down the path.

Meanwhile, Mephistopheles and Martha have been flirting more casually. Martha says: "He seems to like her".

Mephistopheles says: "And she him, and that is the way of the world."

Faust and Gretchen are playing Hide-n-Seek. They kiss and say: "I love you." It is time to go. Gretchen's mother will be waiting. Gretchen tells Faust how learned he is and how much in awe of him she is. She wonders: "What does he see in me?"

DISK 2

CHAPTER 4

THE MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART III

Now, the third installment of "The Many Loves Of JW Goethe." Goethe resumed his law studies in Strasbourg. In the town of Sessenheim sixteen miles away , he met Friederike, the daughter of the pastor and was immediately in love. He stayed with the family for three days and dazzled them with his writings and recitations. He loved Friederike's innocence- this was her first romance- and the rustic beauty of Sessenheim.

It was some time before Goethe could return to Sessenheim. His poem, Welcome and Farewell (Willkommen und Abschied), was inspired by his evening horse ride there. The poem describes a young lover astride a horse at the end of day rushing to his lover through the country haunted by night creatures and a

scary wind. He wrote:

What a glow was in my heart.

My heart was with you, at your side.

I breathed for you, for you alone.

For me, ye gods, this tenderness! I deserved it not.

Yet soon the morning sun was there.

My heart shrank as leave I took.

How rapturous your kisses were.

What anguish then was in your look.

I left. You stood with downcast eyes.

In tears, you saw me riding off.

Yet, to be loved, what happiness!

What happiness, ye gods, to love.

A Sunday walk together sparked the poem, "May Song" (Mailed). It expresses the same sentiment as the beginning of the next scene in Faust, Forest and Cave, of how the beauty of nature becomes clearer through the love of a woman:

How magnificently lit appears Nature to me

The sun is in glory and the fields are at play

And joy and rapture from every breast

O Earth, O Sun, O Fortune, O Desire.

O love, O my love, a golden beauty covers you

Like hilltops covered in morning clouds

O darling, how I love you

How your eyes show you love me too

How I love you with hottest blood

It's youth you give me and Joy and Courage

New songs to be making, New dances to know

Be happy forever in loving me so.

Goethe returned to Strasbourg to complete his law degree. He was not formally betrothed to Friederike, but was her accepted lover. Since he couldn't interrupt his preparations for the examination, Friederike and her mother and sister visited and stayed in Strasbourg. Goethe described this time as : "a peculiar test of his love."

Friederike and family came to Strasbourg in traditional Alsatian dress, which was in stark contrast to Goethe's circle of friends, who were dressed in the French fashion.

In the groves of Sessenheim Friederike had seemed a wood nymph. Here she was more like a peasant. There was a great social disparity. Goethe's family was rich and nearly nobility in comparison to a poor pastor's daughter. He anticipated his father would not accept this and not sanction the marriage. G.H. Lewes wrote: " Love nowise troubles itself about station or ' what others will say', but there is quite a different solicitude of love when approaching marriage. In the first

eagerness of passion a prince may blindly pursue a peasant, but when his love is gratified by return, when reflection reasserts its duties, then the prince will consider what in other minds will be the estimation of his mistress. Men are very sensitive to the opinions of others on their mistresses and wives; and Goethe's love must indeed have been put to the test, at seeing Friederike and her sister thus in glaring contrast with the society in which he moved."

Goethe successfully completed his Licentiate of Law on August 6, 1771.

Friederike became the Gretchen of his young life. Two days later he visited her for the last time, without letting her know he would not return. He severed the relationship in writing, when he was back at home in Frankfurt, acknowledging that the reason was his own uncertainty. In his memoirs he wrote: "Friederike's response rent my heart. Now I truly felt the loss she suffered, and I saw no possibility to counter it or even to soften it. She was always on my mind; I missed her constantly, and the worst was that I could not forgive myself my own misery. I was guilty here for the first time. I had deeply wounded the finest heart, and so this period of gloomy repentance was hugely painful, indeed unbearable."

Images of Friederike pursued him. It could only be banished by the presence of another love. He wrote: "When I was a boy, I planted a cherry tree and watched it grow with delight. Spring frost killed the blossoms, so I had to wait another year before the cherries were ripe, but the birds ate them; another year the caterpillars- then a greedy neighbor- then the blight. Nevertheless, when I have a garden again, I shall again plant a cherry tree. "

DISK 2

CHAPTER 5

FOREST AND CAVE

The next scene is Forest and Cave, and Faust reflects how things are now different, because of his love for Gretchen. He's now longer the academic, who tries to understand the world through books, but rather he has a visceral relationship to nature and to Gretchen, and he feels that incredible strength and power.

He begins: "O Sublime Spirit, you have given me everything that I have asked for: glorious nature for my kingdom and the strength and power to hold and to enjoy her. It's not mere cold wonderment. I peer into her boundless depths like into a loving heart, and you lead in front of me groups of living creatures- my Brothers, whom you teach how to appreciate that they live on air, in the water and on the land. When the forces of nature prevail and the wind breaks the trees, you show me a cave, where I am safe and secure and where I can see into myself and learn of my own greatest secrets.

And what have I learned? I have learned that nothing perfect can be a part of man. You give me all this and still I cannot let go of Mephisto, my cold and insolent companion. He mocks me. He scorns creation. He turns it into nothingness. And yet he fires in me a great fire for Nature and for Gretchen. And

yet, when I feel this passion and when I am in the throes of enjoyment, I only desire more. I can find no contentment, no satisfaction.

Mephistopheles enters and says: "Are you still here? How long are you going to stay here? To stay here for a little while is fine, but then move on to something else. "

Faust says: "Don't you have something else to do besides plaguing me?"

Mephistopheles says: "O fine! Who can tell, when you're happy or when you want to be left alone."

Faust says: "Fine! Nice tone! Just what I want from a servant, who is a nuisance and wants to be given gratitude."

Mephistopheles says: "Really, where would you be without me, son of the earth. If it weren't for the rejuvenation in the witch's kitchen you would have made your exit a long time ago. But no, really, this is very nice: cowering in a cave like an owl, sucking water from moss like a frog. You have too much of the professor left in your belly."

Faust says: "You just don't get it: the new found power and life that I experience by being in the wilderness."

Mephistopheles says: "Oh, a supernatural delight! To lie in night and in dew on mountain tops. To ecstatically embrace the earth and the sky. To inflate oneself to godlike status. To be at one with all six days of creation. To throw off the mortal bounds. To be one with the eternal All. And when you end these lofty visions, you do it in a way I can't say." (Makes a gesture.)

Faust: "You pig!"

Mephistopheles says: "O, one must not say to chaste ears what chaste hearts cannot live without. But you are entitled to some self-delusions. There're good for you now and then, but you won't be able to keep them up until the end. But enough of that. Your sweetheart sits alone at home. She has time on her hands. She thinks of nothing but you. She is overwhelmed by a love for you. But you, you poured love on her like a brook with melting snow in spring. But now that brook has become more shallow. I suggest you stop playing king of the forest and go back to her. Bring a present to her for loving you so much. Oh, time passes slowly for her. She stands by her window and watches clouds go over the old wall of the city. She's happy, but mostly she's sad. She sings all day and most of the night : 'Oh, If I were only a little bird.' She weeps, but then she collects herself. But all the time, she thinks of you."

Faust: "You snake!"

Mephistopheles says: "She thinks you've left her, and she's half right."

Faust responds: "Even when I am far away, I am near her. I am jealous of the Holy Communion wafer that touches her lips."

Mephistopheles says: "That's very good, my friend!"

Faust says: "You pimp!"

Mephistopheles says: "What's the commotion? You're going to your girlfriend's chamber, not to an execution!"

Faust says: "What is this pleasure of heaven that comes over me when I am in her arms, a warmth that sweeps over my entire body, when I am at her breasts. And do I not feel her every doubt and concern? I am the homeless one. I am the

fugitive. I am the one who is less than a person, without purpose or point of life and no peace. I am like the waterfall bashing over rocks, as it rushes headlong to its final precipice. And she sits there calmly on the bank with her childlike sense and simplicity. She has her little house in a small alpine meadow and has her homey enterprises. Yet I, the one cursed by God, I could not leave her peace alone and be satisfied. No! And you, Satan, you had to have this sacrifice. Satan draw the time of this anxiety to a close. What must be, let it happen. Let her ruin crush me and she and I perish together".

Mephistopheles says: "How you seethe and glow again! Comfort her. Go to her now. When a pinhead sees no exit, he imagines the end is at hand. Long live the man of courage. Until now I thought you were rather devilish. Personally I find nothing in the world more insipid than a devil who despairs."

DISK 2

CHAPTER 6

THE MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART IV

Faust realizes that the order of being which sustains the creation is more clearly revealed to him through the experience of his love for Gretchen than through his forced intellectual efforts, symbolized by Magic. D.H. Lawrence wrote: "Our deepest religious urge is to bring our lives into direct contact with the elemental

life of the cosmos, mountain-life, air-life, earth-life, sun-life. To come into immediate felt contact, and so derive energy, power, and a dark sort of joy."

Then his other soul intrudes and takes over. It is the same part of him that soared with the Earth Spirit and then considered suicide. It is the same part of him that in his study felt the oneness with the universe and then was undone by a dog. Unstable. Mercurial. Almost unbelievable, but consistent. Here Mephisto fuels Faust's introspection and he succumbs and falls into despair and nihilism again. Faust says: "Nothing perfect can be man's." Hope alternates with despair colored by his trademark impatience. His thought shifts away from considering the relationship with Gretchen. Is it doomed under the terms of his wager? Will he necessarily "tarry", desire to stay in one moment, or can they move on together? Little, if any, of his thought process considers the relationship from Gretchen's standpoint. It is primarily how he, Faust, feels: what he is seeing, learning and experiencing through Gretchen. It is extremely selfish and self-centered. It is perhaps more understandable as it is Faust's first foray into a female relationship and is colored by his exclusive previous life as an academic among dusty books, alchemy and the universe of the mind. However, Faust's tragic flaw and hubris, Magic, intercede and he says that he can't live without Mephisto, even though Mephisto turns these gifts into nothingness. He fans passion for Gretchen's loveliness so that Faust reels between desire and enjoyment. Goethe himself twenty years later partially formulated the issue for both Faust and Gretchen as: "He who acts is always without conscience: no one has a conscience but the observer."

Mephisto accused Faust of being a liar, when they argued over the attestation of Martha's husband's death. He said: "Haven't borne false witness before? Haven't defined God, the world and the human mind and heart? Won't you delude poor Gretchen that you love her with all your heart and talk about eternal fidelity?" He keeps playing Faust like an instrument: "You are wearing out. If this goes on your madness or your fears will leave you broken down completely." He torments Faust about Gretchen's sweetness, beauty and devotion to him and his desire for her. Faust waffles and then succumbs to pessimism. He says he will find comfort in her body, but will also will feel her distress, and he still will be a restless, brutal creature without a purpose, who storms like a raging stream from rock to rock to finally an abyss below to destroy a child. He is not content merely to shatter her home, but will destroy her also and manages to see himself as victim. Mephisto calls him a pinhead for despairing when the first complication arises, but Faust accepts this vision of his other soul, where he will be the cause of Gretchen's destruction. Just as he had nearly committed suicide, when he couldn't answer the ultimate questions of life, now he sees death as inevitable because he can't answer the question of love and human nature and is unwilling to give up Magic.

Now the fourth installment of "The Many Loves Of JW Goethe." Goethe's first job took him to Wetzlar. where he met Charlotte Buff, whose image would supplant Friederike. Goethe met Lotte in a coach en route to a party and was at first unaware she was engaged for two years to Johann Kestner, a fellow government employee. His first impression of her social graces, charm and beauty was very favorable. Within a day he learned she was engaged, but became

a frequent guest of Lotte and Kestner and soon appreciated her domestic capabilities (much like Gretchen in the play).

G.H. Lewes described Lotte and Goethe's relationship with her: "Lotte's mother died when she was 16. She took care of the house and children through good sense, housewifely aptitude and patient courage. She was not intellectually cultivated and not poetical, but a serene, calm, young, open-hearted German maiden, an excellent housewife, and a priceless manager."

"Goethe at once fell in love with her. In truth Goethe's passion was a 'delicious uneasiness'. Love in the profound, absorbing sense, it was not. It was an imaginative passion in which the poet was more implicated than the man. Lotte excited his imagination. Goethe (like Faust) was restless and impatient. He believed himself to be desperately in love with her, when he was only in love with the indulgence of the emotions she excited."

Despite their fondness for each other, tensions arose when Goethe's feelings for Lotte grew passionate. Goethe left Wetzlar only four months after his arrival, as he explained, "voluntarily before he might be driven away by the unbearable state of affairs".

Goethe's experience with Charlotte Buff became the catalyst for his epistolary, sensational novel: "The Sufferings of Young Werther" in 1774. Goethe summarized the plot as: "A young man endowed with deep and pure sensitivity and true activity, but who lost himself in crazy dreams, undermined himself with risky uncertainties, until finally, deranged by unhappy passions and especially an unrequited love, put a bullet in his head."

Werther became a world-wide phenomenon.. In China porcelains were made of Lotte and Werther. Napoleon carried a copy of it with him throughout his campaigns. It would be the writing for which Goethe in his lifetime was most famous and associated, and he would come to detest it! Goethe was not Werther. Werther in suicide was sensational but weak. Goethe was "king over himself." When Goethe saw the danger, he evaded it. He tore himself away from the woman he loved rather than remain in a dangerous situation. In one way he was like Werther: he was a man of strong desires and an impressionable nature. He wavered and oscillated, but then returned to the right path and stayed on it resolutely, until the next fork in the road, where he would waver and oscillate again.

Thomas Carlyle, who produced the most notable early English translations of Goethe said: "That nameless unrest, the blind struggle of a soul in bondage, that sad longing discontent which agitated every bosom, had drawn Goethe almost to despair. All felt it; he alone could give it voice. He felt it a thousand times more keenly than what everyone felt and made himself the spokesman of a generation."

Goethe returned to live in the family home in Frankfurt. He was smitten by the beauty and wiles of a sixteen year old girl, Lili Schoenemann. Goethe wrote that it was not like a romance in a novel. A colder love-history was never written by a poet, especially Goethe. Lewes wrote: "She ensnared his roving heart through the lures of passionate desire, but she never touched his soul." Goethe described his situation in a letter: "If you can imagine a Goethe in a braided coat, from head to foot in the most gallant costume, amid the glare of chandeliers, fastened to the

card table, surrounded by all sorts of people, driven in endless dissipation from concert to ball and with frivolous interest making love to a pretty blonde, then you will have a picture of the current Carnival-Goethe."

In a poem he wrote:

With such magic web she binds me

To burst through I have no skills

All absorbing passion blinds me

Paralyses my poor will.

Marriage was not acceptable to either family. In this case Lili's family was extremely rich and Goethe was not the trophy husband. Goethe's family was also uncomfortable with the socio-economics of the match. None of Goethe's friends supported his choice. By 1775 the romance ended not with a bang but a whimper.

On the heels of the break up, however, something momentous occurred. Duke Karl August invited Goethe to the Court at Weimar and by year's end, Goethe took up permanent residence there. This heralded the first of the two great loves in his life: Frau Charlotte von Stein. To quote the venerable Lewes: "From out of the many flirtations that amused him, there rose one which grew into predominant importance, swallowing up all the others and leaping from lambent flame into eager and passionate fire. Before he had been captivated only by very young girls, whose youth, beauty and girlishness were the charms to his wandering fancy. Now he is fascinated by a woman of rank and elegances, a woman of culture and experience. The others showed their love and were forgotten. Frau

von Stein contrived to keep him in the pleasant fever of hope. She made herself necessary to him: made her love an aim"- for over ten years. She will be the subject of the next thrilling installment of "The Many Loves of JW."

DISK 2

CHAPTER 7

GRETCHEN AT THE SPINNING WHEEL

The next scene is Gretchen's Room or Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel, where she sings:

My peace is gone

My heart is heavy

I'll never find it again

Never again

Where I don't have him

Is to me the grave,

My entire world

Is turned to gall

My poor brain

Is gone insane

My poor thoughts

Are torn apart

I look only for him

Out my window

For him only

Do I leave my house

My heart is yearning

To be at his side

Oh if only to clasp

And hold him tight

And to kiss him

Just as I want

And on his kisses

To die

My peace is gone

My heart is heavy

I'll never find it again

Never again.

DISK 2

CHAPTER 8

THE GRETCHEN QUESTIONS

The next scene is the Gretchen Questions. It takes place in Martha's Garden. Gretchen says to Faust: "Heinrich, how do you stand with religion? I know you are a good man, but it doesn't seem to mean much to you.

Faust responds: "Stop that, child. You feel I am good for you. For those I love I would give my life and my blood. I wouldn't steal from anyone their feelings and their church."

Gretchen: "That's not good enough. One must really believe."

Faust: "Must one?"

Gretchen: "Oh, if only I could have some effect upon you. You don't respect the sacraments either.

Faust: "Yes, I do."

Gretchen: "Not really. You have no burning desire or yearning for them.. You haven't gone to mass or confession for a long time. Do you believe in God?

Faust: "Oh darling, who can say I believe in God? Ask any priest or sage and they will tell you the same thing and their answer is like a joke aimed at the questioner."

Gretchen: "So you don't believe?"

Faust: "Darling, don't misunderstand me. Who can profess I believe in him. Who can name him. Who can feel deeply and not believe in Him. Look at the heavens. Is the earth not stable beneath our feet. Are there not eternal friendly stars. And when we look into one another's eyes deeply, don't you feel your whole being go to your heart and to your head and feel an unseen stirring within you. And when you have this feeling of the greatest blessedness, call it what you will- Nirvana, bliss, God. love, hope, soul- I don't know what to call it. But that Feeling is everything. Everything else is smoke and words that becloud the heavens."

Gretchen says: "That's all well and good. The priest says the same thing in different words."

Faust says: "Everyone, everywhere says it in their own words. Why can't I use mine?"

Gretchen: "When you say it, it sounds OK, but there's still something wrong with it. You lack a proper Christianity. And besides it has long hurt me to see you in the presence of that evil man. "

Faust: "How so?"

Gretchen: "I hate from the bottom of my soul. Nothing in life has hurt me so much as his detestable face. He makes my blood run cold. Everybody else I like. He's scum. His expression is one of half mockery and half anger. When I am in his presence, I can't pray. I can't even love you. I've got to go."

Faust says: "Can we never spend time together? Can I never spend one short hour upon your breast and allow our souls to join "

Gretchen answers: "If it were up to me, yes, I'd leave the door unbolted for you, but Mother is not a sound sleeper."

Faust: " Three drops from this vial will give her a very deep and relaxing sleep."

Gretchen: "Is there nothing that I won't do for you? It won't hurt her , will it?"

Faust: "No."

Gretchen: "What is it about you, that makes me do whatever you want. Already, I have done so much for you, there is really nothing left to do. And she leaves."

Mephistopheles enters and says: "Is the monkey gone. They want you to accept the pious, old ways. They figure if they can get you to agree on something small, they'll eventually be able to reel you in all the way."

Faust: " You monster. Can't you appreciate a woman, a young, innocent child of faith in God, who is afraid her lover is going to hell?"

Mephistopheles: "She leads you around by the nose."

Faust: "You scum!"

Mephistopheles: "Yes, and doesn't she know it. She thinks I'm a genius- even a devil. Oh, so, what are you doing tonight? It should be very interesting, shouldn't it?"

Goethe said : "The Germans are really strange people. With their profound thoughts and ideas, which they see everywhere and project into everything, they make life harder for themselves than they should. Oh, that at long last you had the courage for once to yield yourselves to your impressions and feelings, to let

**yourselves be delighted, let yourselves be moved, let yourselves be elevated.
Yes, let yourselves be taught and inspired and encouraged for something great.
Only do not always think that everything is in vain if it is not some abstract
thought or ideal!"**

**J.R. Reed pointed out that : "The cutting remark about 'the Germans' applies to
hosts of non-German literary critics and historians and their students as well.
Almost everybody tries to be profound. Where the Germans in the nineteenth
century sought ideas, the twentieth-century Americans sought recurring images
and symbols."**

**Faust will emphasize these feelings, not thought, as a legitimate answer to the
Gretchen Questions, which probe Faust deeply on the questions of religion,
sacraments and belief in God.**

**Faust's first comment is that he would not deprive anyone of "their own
feelings or church." In a poem Goethe wrote: "Inside us there is a universal where
the people praise the God they know." All conceptions of the Deity must
necessarily be our own individual conceptions, valid for us, but not to the same
extent for others. Each person should have his-her own religion, which they
must have as an individual possession.**

**On the surface Faust's answer to whether he believes in God or not may seem
like a dodge: who can say I believe, who can say I don't believe. Faust has grown
through his disappointment with academia to minimize the importance of words.
Instead, impressions, feeling and experiences are most important. Goethe wrote:
"I believe in God is a beautiful and praiseworthy phrase, but to recognize God in**

all his manifestations, that is true holiness on earth. There is in the Gospels a reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus and which was of as divine a kind as was ever seen on the earth. I bow before him as the divine manifestation of the highest morality. If I am asked whether it is in my nature to reverence the sun? Certainly! For he is likewise a manifestation of the highest Being. We shall all advance gradually from a Christianity of words and faith to a Christianity of feeling and action."

Einstein was not talking about Faust and the Gretchen Questions, but followed the same riff on the issues of religion, God, and the complexity of life, when he wrote: "I don't try to imagine a personal God; it suffices to stand in awe at the structures of the world, insofar as it allows our inadequate senses to appreciate it. To sense that behind anything that can be experienced there is a something that our mind cannot grasp and whose beauty and sublimity reaches us only indirectly and as a feeble reflection, this is religiousness, In this sense I am religious. If something is in me which can be called religious, then it is the unbounded admiration for the structure of the world so far as our science can reveal it. I have never imparted to nature a goal, or anything that could be understood as anthropomorphic. What I see in Nature is a magnificent structure that we can comprehend only very imperfectly, and that must fill a thinking person with a feeling of humility. This is a genuinely religious feeling that has nothing to do with mysticism."

What idea did Goethe then try to embody in Faust? Goethe laughed and told Eckermann on May 6, 1827: "As if I myself knew that and could express it! 'From

heaven through the world to hell,' one might say in a pinch; but that is no idea but the course of the action. And further, that the devil loses his wager and that a human being, who, out of profound aberrations, continues to strive always for the better, is to be saved- that is indeed an effective thought which explains a few things and is good, but it is not an idea that is the foundation of the whole and of every scene in particular. Indeed, that would have been a fine thing, had I wanted to string such a rich, variegated and extremely versatile life, as I represented in Faust, on the meager thread of a single central idea! It was altogether not my manner as a poet to strive for the embodiment of something abstract. "

DISK 2

CHAPTER 9

THE MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART V

Now the fifth chapter of "The Many Loves of JW Goethe". Weimar in 1775 was a tiny city on the banks of the Ilm river, the royal court of the equally tiny Duchy of Saxe-Weimar. Goethe wrote: "Small among German princes is mine, poor and narrow his kingdom, limited his power of doing good." Through an enlightened, royal attitude toward culture and the efforts of luminaries such as Goethe and Schiller, it would become known as the German Athens.

Goethe was 26 years old, when he arrived, and his patron, Duke Karl August was 17. Karl's mother, the Dowager Duchess, Anna Amalia, had established Weimar's reputation as a center of culture second only to the Berlin court of

Frederick the Great through the establishment of a highly regarded faculty at their University of Jena and by offering residence to well known intellectuals and artists, such as Bach, Wieland, and Herder.

The warmest friendship and working compatibility developed between Goethe and Karl August during the 53 years of their time together. Karl August had a keen appreciation of genius that drew the most notable men of his day to Weimar and his intrinsically fine qualities kept them there. He was a man of restless activity, who constantly sought to improve the condition of his people. This, however, was not a Utopia, however, as Goethe pointed out that the lot of the people would be much easier, if they did not have to carry the court on their collective backs. a court of which Goethe was a part.

Goethe was an immediate sensation at court. Wieland wrote in a letter: "He rose like a star in the heavens. Everyone worshipped him, especially the women." Goethe dressed like Werther: a blue coat with brass buttons, top boot with leather breeches, powdered wig and pigtail. This was the height of everything tender and romantic. Werther had consecrated it. The Duke adopted it and commanded the whole court to dress in that fashion.

For the first few months Goethe and the Duke gave themselves over to boyish adventures: camping, hunting, fishing, and chasing women. Wieland's favorite epithet for him was "outrageous." In their orgies they drank wine out of skulls, like Byron and his cronies did later. They lived like dormitory buddies swapping clothes and playing public pranks like cracking their whips in the market. Goethe introduced a new grace and party element to ice skating. He cut quite a figure:

slim, graceful and flowing long hair. At the time the prevailing term of the intelligensia was "genius." Every extravagance was excused on the plea of genius. Their favorite epithet was "infinite". Genius drank infinitely, loved infinitely and ate infinite sausages. With the women Goethe wrote: "I lied and deceived every pretty face around and had the profit from any who believed for a moment what I had said."

Enter Frau von Stein. She was the Lady of Honor, die Hofdame, to the Duchess Amalia. She was seven years older than Goethe and had seven children. She was joined in a loveless marriage to Josias von Stein, the ducal master of horses.

Goethe first became aware of her, when he saw her portrait. With typical Goethean hyperbole he wrote under the portrait: "What a glorious poem it would be to see how the world mirrors itself in this world! She sees the world as it is, and yet sees it through the medium of love. Sweetness is the dominant expression."

Lady Caroline Lamb described Lord Byron as "mad, bad and terribly dangerous to know." Frau von Stein was given the same intelligence on Goethe, but it seemed more an incentive than a deterrent and the relationship blossomed.

Goethe's notorious passion for her excited sympathy in Weimar. Letters of Frau von Stein's son said his father made no more than a weekly appearance at home, and there was no pretense of any affection. Not a word of blame escaped anyone on the matter. They saw a lover whose mistress gave him just enough encouragement to keep him eager in pursuit, and who knew how to check him, when that eagerness went too far. Schiller some years later wrote: "She is really

a genuine, interesting person and I quite understand what has attached Goethe to her. Beautiful she can never be, but her countenance has a soft earnestness and a quite peculiar openness. A healthy understanding, truth and feeling lie in her nature. She has more than a thousand letters from Goethe. They say the connection is perfectly pure and blameless. "

Goethe later in his life described marriage as "a license to adultery." Society seemed more concerned about the station and rank of the persons involved in the affair. To have an affair with the right person was paramount.

The letters they exchanged became immediately torrid, although we only can view one-half of the conversation. Frau von Stein carefully kept all of Goethe's letters, but insisted he return her letters and burned them. However, early on Goethe expressed the limits of their situation: "Why must I plague you, dearest creature! Why deceive myself and plague you? We can be nothing to each other, and yet are already too much to each other. You are in all things one with me. Adieu, angel. I love you so, and only you,"and then says he will never see her again. In reality that lasts until the next day. The letters continue with the same tone of high passion mixed with a sense that it must end.

In April, 1776 Goethe dedicated to Charlotte von Stein a poem about an obscure future written with a sense of resignation. In part it reads:

Why with insight deep did you endow us

Presciently to see our future days,

In despair that love will not allow us

Happiness that gives us hopeful rays?

**Fate, why did you bless us with the feelings
That should probe each other's heart and mood**

**Ah, so many thousands, dully drifting
On through life, their own hearts barely know;
To and fro they move, and idly shifting
In their hopeless, unexpected woe,
Then exult again when sunrise hovers
With swift joys in rose-colored light,
Only we, unfortunate two lovers,
Cannot claim that mutual delight.**

His passion for Frau von Stein was cooling but the love continued. It was necessary for him to love someone, but he was loving her in vain, so it became a calmer affection. Largely under her influence Goethe began a conscious process of inner growth. "Purity" became a watchword. Lewes describes it as: "The changes slowly determining the evolution of character, when from the Lawlessness of youth it passes into the clear stability of manhood. It resembles the evolution of harmony in the timing of an orchestra, when all the instruments subside into true key." He consciously tried to exercise moderation in his personal life and became increasingly focused on his official duties. Duke Karl August against considerable opposition had appointed Goethe to his most powerful and important Privy Council. Goethe was diligent in his duties and

displayed dexterity in mastering widely varied tasks, such as supervising mining, forestry, fire districts and the military. When he was put in charge of the Duchy's financial authority, all crucial offices in the land were in his hands. In June of 1782 he was raised to the nobility by Emperor Joseph II. The more prosaic were his tasks, the more Goethe strove for Order and Consistency as well as Purity. He became oppressed by the burden of these duties. He wrote that he was "less able to prevail" against the many things that required his attention. He was gaining "ever more knowledge and competence for an active life", but also felt "like a bird that has become entangled in twine. I have wings, but I cannot use them." He wrote to Charlotte von Stein: "How much happier I would be if I were isolated from the squabbles of political factions and could devote my mind to the sciences and arts, to which I was born."

In 1781-2 there was a major change in the relationship with Frau von Stein. The tone, which had grown calmer, rose again with passionate fervor and revealed a happy lover. Since we have only Goethe's half of the communications, the reason is unclear. Perhaps jealousy played a role. Goethe appeared in frequent plays with the beautiful and accomplished Singer of the Court (Hofsaengerin), Corona Schroeter. The Duke and Goethe had induced her to live at the court, although there is no evidence of any liaison. Whatever the motive, Goethe's letters to Frau von Stein show the extraordinary fascination she, Frau von Stein, exercised over him, the deep and constant devotion he gave her, and the thorough identification of her with all his thoughts and aims. He wrote: "O best beloved! I have had all my life an ideal wish of how I would be loved, and have sought in vain its realization

in vanishing dreams. Now the world daily becomes clearer to me and I find the realization in you and in a way that never can be lost."

Again he wrote: "If thou did not also love me so entirely, if you only had me as a friend among others, I should still be bound to dedicate my whole existence to you."

Goethe became increasingly aware of how his administrative duties caused him to neglect his own interests in science and the arts. He obtained the Duke's permission, put his affairs in order and stole out of Weimar and left for Italy without discussing details with anyone, including Frau von Stein, in September, 1786.

The two years he spent in Italy were pivotal to his life. He wrote letters to Weimar, especially Frau von Stein, describing in detail his awe, excitement and a never ending series of personal epiphanies. Instead of rejoicing in his intense enjoyment, instead of sympathizing with his artistic and personal aims, Weimar grumbled and gossiped and was loud in disapprobation of his neglect of duties at home, while wandering amid ruins and statues. In contrast, Weimar's Duke, Karl August, in truer sympathy wrote affectionately to him and released him from all official duties and extended the leave as long as it might be desired.

Goethe left Italy in 1788 with deep regret. He wrote: "My mind from youth had this bent." One of Goethe's father's passions had been Italy and shared warmly with his son his collection of relics and antiquary. Goethe wrote that he had shed a skin. He learned his artistic gift was writing, not painting. He was done with Sturm und Drang and was filled with a piety for the Classical World. However, he

returned to a world that was unchanged and didn't understand or care about what had happened to him.

The relationship with Frau von Stein could not be resuscitated. She took both his leaving for Italy and his regret for returning from Italy as personal affronts. She could not bear the change in his nature. She found him cold and reproached him. She expressed no empathy, sympathy or warmth.

Upon return Goethe had little passion for her and had the conviction that he had outlived it. He still maintained positive feelings for her, but it wasn't enough from her viewpoint. The friendship of this man might be worth more than the love of another, but she didn't see it that way. The overall result for Goethe was an overwhelming sense of isolation. But, we know that won't last long!

DISK 2

CHAPTER 10

AT THE WELL

The next scene is called At The Well, where Gretchen and Liesel are gathering water in earthen jugs. Liesel says: "Have you heard anything from Barbara?"

Gretchen: "No, nothing, I don't get out much."

Liesel: "Well, she's been taken in."

Gretchen: "What do you mean?"

Liesel: " She's eating and drinking for two now. So much for her airs."

Gretchen: "What happened?"

Liesel: "Oh well you know, she was hanging on that guy all the time. Always showing off at the dances. Showing off her good looks. He would buy her cakes and wine. She had no shame. She was so brazen about it. Well they sparked once too often. Now her flower has been plucked."

Gretchen: "Well that's terrible!"

Liesel: "What, you're feeling sorry for her. She was out partying while our mother's made us stay at home and spin at the wheel. Well it's her turn to do penance . She can wear the sinner's shirt."

Gretchen: " Surely he'll marry her."

Liesel: "Yes, If he's a fool. He's already gone. Even if she does manage to hook him, the boys will make a mockery of it. They'll tear down her bridal wreath, and they'll throw chaff in the doorway.

Gretchen: "That's terrible." With that Liesel leaves, and Gretchen is left alone and says: "Once upon a time I was so high and mighty whenever some poor girl went astray. What was black I would paint even blacker with my tongue. I'd hold my head high. Now I'm the sinner. But, what lead me to this was all so good and sweet by God.

DISK 2

CHAPTER 11

BY THE RAMPARTS

The next scene is called **By The Ramparts**. In a niche in the old city wall is a shrine with a commemorative picture of the **Mater Dolorosa**, the **Suffering Mother**. Around it are jugs with flowers, and Gretchen brings her own flowers and says a prayer to the Virgin. She says: "Incline your eyes upon my misery, **Mother full of suffering and pain**. You saw the death of your own son. You look to heaven and send up your sighs for your grief and his grief. Only you can know my fear and pain. Everywhere I go **sorrow, sorrow, sorrow**. The moment I am alone I cry, I cry, I cry. My heart is breaking. Save and help me from my shame and death. **Mother full of sorrows, look with compassion upon my distress**."

DISK 2

CHAPTER 12

THE MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART VI

Let's resume with the sixth chapter of "**The Many Loves of JW Goethe**", which takes place after the demise of his relationship with **Frau von Stein**. In **July 1788**, six weeks after his return from Italy, Goethe sat on a park bench and was approached by **Christiane Vulpius**. She was **23 years old, bright, young and**

vivacious. She gave Goethe a petition to provide literary work for her brother.

Goethe was charmed, and within weeks Christiane was living with him.

Christiane worked making artificial flowers. Her father was a drunkard, who ruined the family through his habit. She had limited education and was not gifted. She was not a Frau von Stein, who was capable of being the confidential sharer of his highest aspirations. Christiane was spirited and frolicsome, enjoying pleasure -even to excess. She was less the mistress of his mind than of his affections.

Inspired by Italy and the Roman tradition, Goethe wrote in 1789 and 1790 his Roman Elegies. He used an old form, the elegy, for a new purpose. They are love poems. Unquestionably Christiane is the main female character in them. The Elegies give testimony to how she became his most satisfying, normal and long-lasting love.

J.R. Reed writes of them: "The Roman Elegies are poems of fulfillment and balance, of sexual fulfillment most evidently. They bid farewell to the limited intimacy of the Frau von Stein relationship. They bid farewell to that dominant tradition of European love-lyric which wrings emotion from non-fulfillment and loss, regret, yearning, the frustration of worship from afar and the quasi-religious reverence inspired by female mystery. Instead the Elegies show the natural course of mutual attraction and a mutual 'love of the heart'. They describe a responsive physical woman, divested of mystery, known and possessed. Goethe celebrates the enjoyment of love as a natural norm."

To me the poems celebrate recognizable acts of daily love and closeness, as in

Ezra Pound's poem:

**Nor has life in it aught better
Than this hour of clear coolness
The hour of waking together.**

The Elegies recapitulate Goethe's and Christiane's relationship and highlight the different aspects of their love, contentment and satisfaction.

In Elegy VIII, Goethe scoffs at the idea of Christiane not being of the right class:

**When you tell me that you didn't please people, when you were a child,
And your mother rejected you.**

**Let the grape vine be lacking in color, shape and bloom
As long as the ripe grapes set gods and men all aglow**

In Elegy III he defends the swiftness of their intimacy:

Do not regret, my love, so swift a surrender.

Love's arrows find various targets.

Some just scratch the skin and sicken the heart with slow poison.

Others press into the marrow and swiftly kindle the blood.

In heroic ages when gods and goddesses loved,

Do you think the goddesses took their time for decision?

Elegy IX describes the simple joy and comfort found in getting up on a cold morning to wake up the fireplace flame for the love and comfort of the other.

Elegy V shows Goethe after satisfying physical love cradling his lover and tapping out a poem gently on her back.

I study the ancients and classics in day with new delight,

But Love keeps me occupied, quite otherwise through the evenings.

I'm only half learned, but doubly happy while learning.

And am I not teaching myself as I look at the charming curve of her bosom and

Let my hands glide down her hip.

Then at last I can understand sculpture.

I think and compare.

See with a feeling eye, feel with a seeing hand.

We're not always kissing.

We carry on rational discourses.

Often in her embrace I've written poetry.

I have softly composed a hexameter line with my finger

Tapped out on her back.

With her curls all over my chest, I find her sweet head

Resting and pressing my arm that lies under her neck.

What a joyous awakening, peaceful hours preserving

The memories of passions that cradled us into sleep!

The passion of love and true desire binds us steadily.

Goethe was happy. He wrote: "Often have I erred, and always found the path

again, but never have I found myself happier. Now in this maiden lies my happiness. If this too is an error, O, spare me the knowledge ye gods, and let me only discover it beyond the grave!"

Weimar society thought it was disgraceful to take Christiane into his house, because of her social class. A liaison out of the house was a venial sin, but it became more grievous the closer it approached marriage. They ostracized her.

Goethe could be incredibly indecisive. Once he committed to a course of action he was tenacious, e.g. handling the affairs of government. At other times he was like the "soft wood" he accused the public of being in *Prelude in the Theater*. He treated Christiane as his wife. He said: "I am married, just not by means of a ceremony". She bore him a son, August, in 1789. Goethe moved Christiane's mother and sister into their house, but Christiane and Goethe did not marry. Goethe had a personal dread of the institution. Sources, however, indicate that Goethe did propose marriage to Christiane, and she refused it out of concern for the social backlash against him.

Goethe's mother accepted Christiane as a daughter, wrote to her affectionately, refused to listen to local scuttle butt and playfully referred to her as his "bed treasure". The only member of Weimar society who befriended Christiane was Arthur Schopenhauer's mother, who called her Goethe's "little Eroticon, a young Dionysos".

Relations with Frau von Stein had gone from bad to worse. Goethe had erred with colossal insensitivity, when he attempted to share the secrets of the *Roman Elegies* with her. She said: "I can't imagine how for just one moment this pedantic

morality overcame him." When the Elegies were printed, she said: "I have no taste for this kind of poetry."

She and Weimar society maintained this animosity. Lewes wrote: "He had wounded the self-love of a vain woman. There is a relentless venom in ignoble minds, when the self-love is wounded, which poisons friendship and destroys all gratitude. That he ceased to love her, expunged the past."

Frau von Stein spoke of Christiane as a "low person", who had usurped her place. Goethe in 1801 was near to death, and she referred to him as "our former friend." She enjoyed the fall of Goethe's son into alcoholism and wrote that he had consumed 17 glasses of champagne "in a club belonging to his mother's class."

We shall save the conclusion of the Goethe-Christiane story, for the next chapter of the "Many Loves of JW. "

DISK 2

CHAPTER 13

NIGHT BEFORE GRETCHEN'S HOUSE

The next scene is called Night in front of Gretchen's house. Enter her brother, Valentin, a soldier, and he says: "When I was drinking with my companions, we

would boast and toast the choicest women in town. I would sit quietly and smile and stroke my beard and finally would say: 'Well lads, does anyone know the match of my dear sister?' They would all agree and clink-clank the glasses would go. We'd drink. She was the flower of all womanhood. But now, I could tear my hair out. I could hit my head against walls. They mock me. If I could prove it was a lie, I'd beat them."

But what's that coming furtively over there? There's two of them. If one of them is he, I'll have his hide. He won't get out of here alive."

Enter Faust and Mephistopheles. Faust begins: "See how light from the sacristy from the eternal flame grows weaker and weaker. Night presses in and darkness all about us. In my heart all is night."

Mephistopheles says: "Well for my part, I'm quite energetic. I fell like a cat, prowling and prancing. I'm up for a bit of larceny or lechery. I know what it is! It's Walpurgis night- two nights from now- The Witches' Sabbath. Whoa! Life is good."

Faust regains his stride and says: "Well have you procured some treasure for my lover? I so hate to come without a present. "

Mephistopheles says: "You should get it for free sometimes. What I'll do tonight though is I'll compose a song for your lover. I'll accompany myself on the zither and it will have a moral. She will be infatuated. It goes:

So Kate, why so late, before your lover's door.

He'll let you in- like a maid, but you won't come out like one

If you don' run, you'll be done, you poor, poor thing

Love's time is brief, so love no thief

Unless you've a ring on your finger

With that Valentine emerges from the shadows and says: "Whom do you entice, you rat viper! First, I'll break your instrument and send it to hell and then you."

Mephistopheles feigns great concern and says: "Oh! He's broken my zither."

With that the brother takes out his sword and menaces Mephistopheles and Faust. Mephistopheles becomes serious and says: "Stand by me Doctor. Take out your sword. Be strong. Follow my lead. I'll parry his blows and you strike home."

Although Valentin fights valiantly, Mephistopheles is able to parry his blows and then uses his trickery to paralyze his hand and then says to Faust: "Strike home!", and he does. Valentin falls screaming in agony.

Mephistopheles says: "Well that hooligan is done, but we better leave. Soon the town's people will be here, and they'll be crying 'murder'."

Martha, Gretchen and the neighbors arrive, and they recognize Valentin. He says to Gretchen: "My dear sister, you are still young. You are not very clever, and you botch your own affairs, so I tell you this in the strictest of confidence. Since you have decided to become a whore, it's alright with me."

Gretchen: "My God, how can you say that?"

Valentin continues: "Leave our God out of it. What's done is done. What will be, will be. You took the first one in secret. Others will come, and, when you have had about a dozen, you will have the whole village. I foresee a day, when all the decent town's people will turn away from you, like a rotting corpse, you slut. May your heart convulse, when they look into your eyes. Never to wear the golden chain.

Never to be in church before God. Never to attend a public dance. Living and hiding with beggars and the cripples in some miserable, dark nook. In the end, God may forgive you, but, be damned every day you are on the earth."

Martha chimes in: "Commend your soul to God for mercy. Will you add to your sins?"

Valentin says: "If only I could reach your withered body, you miserable pimping woman, I am sure all my sins would be forgiven."

Gretchen says: "My brother. the hellish pains!"

He says to her: "Stop the tears. When you gave up your honor and your reputation, you dealt my heart the heaviest blow. Now I go to God through the sleep of death, an honest man and a soldier", and he dies.

DISK 2

CHAPTER 14

THE CATHEDRAL

The next scene is the Cathedral, a requiem Mass for Valentin, the brother of Gretchen. She is there with people surrounding her. In back of Gretchen is an evil spirit. There is a choir and an organ. The Evil Spirit begins: "Gretchen how different it is for you now. Once upon a time you were all filled with innocence. You sat with your little prayer book and knelt at the altar, your mind half full of God and half full of childish play. Now, what's in your head? What grave misdeed

is in your heart? Whose blood is on your doorstep? Do you pray for your mother, who through your doings has gone to long, long agony? Under your heart is there not something stirring that causes you to be afraid with its dark and foreboding presence?"

Gretchen responds: "Misery, misery. I can't get rid of these thoughts. They attack me from every side."

The Choir then sings the Dies Irae, a medieval chant composed by Thomas of Celano -very charming and has scared and scarred countless legions of Catholic grammar school children. It begins: "The Day of Wrath, that dreadful day when heaven and earth in ashes lay. What horror shall invade the mind when the approaching judge shall find and sift the deeds of all mankind."

The Evil Spirit says to Gretchen: "Despair grips your heart. The trumpet sounds. The graves open. Your heart buried in the ashes rises again and you quiver as you are brought back to suffer eternal, fiery torment."

Gretchen says: "If only I could escape. The organ takes my breath away. The choir dissolves my heart."

The Choir sings again: "Then with universal dread shall the book of consciences be read to judge the lives of all the dead. Before the approaching judge severe, all hidden things must plain appear. No crime can pass unpunished here."

Gretchen says: "It's closing in on me! The walls and the pillars imprison me. The ceiling takes away my air. Woe!"

The Evil Spirit says: "Hide yourself? Sin and shame can not be concealed.

Light? Air? Woe to you!"

The Choir sings again: "How shall I so guilty plead? Who for me shall intercede, when even saints will comfort need?"

The Evil Spirit: "Gretchen, the righteous turn away from your face. The pious will not even offer you their hand."

The Choir: "How shall I so guilty plead?"

Finally Gretchen says: "Good neighbors, your smelling salts! And she passes out.

Emile Durkheim (1858-1917), was the principal architect of modern social sciences and the father of sociology. He studied the South Sea Islanders and wrote a book: "The Elementary Forms of Religious Life." He wrote that religious ceremony evolved to deal with the most poignant events in life, such as birth and death, from the standpoint of the community and its individual members. Gretchen piously believes in the Sacraments, as we have seen from the Gretchen Questions. At the very least those Sacraments are shown here to be of no comfort to her.

Gretchen is young, simple and naive, but not innocent. Her first break with community standards happened, when she accepted and hid the second of Faust's gifts. She was motivated by love for Faust, but recognized she was deviating from what she had been taught and formerly believed. Sex outside marriage was clearly a mortal sin. She became in some way an accomplice to her

mother's death in order to have sexual intercourse with Faust. She prophetically says before the fatal event: "What is there that I won't do for you? I have already done so much." Her brother, Valentin, who typifies a male culture of honor, curses Gretchen for her actions and for what she has done to him and predicts society will ostracize her. She has followed her feelings as Faust had exhorted in the Gretchen questions, but it has brought her to ruin: "Now I am a sinner. Yet everything that drove me to this, God, was so good, so sweet."

Goethe expressed his own beliefs by saving Gretchen explicitly at the end of Part I and saving Faust at the end of Part II. Regarding the gravity of both Gretchen's and Faust's transgressions Goethe wrote: "I see no faults committed that I might not once have committed."

Gretchen turns to the Church and religion. The tormenting voice she hears is a combination of her conscience and church teaching. She is asking for mercy and help at the shrine of the Suffering Mother and here in church, but does not find it. Instead she hears the terrifying "Dies Irae", the "Day of Wrath." The culture of damnation might be a deterrent to behavior, but it certainly doesn't provide hope, forgiveness or consolation after the fact, as Durkheim believed it should.

Goethe described in the "Italian Journey" his impression of a Papal Mass on All Souls Day. It seemed to be long on ceremony and short on vitality. He wrote: "I was seized by the strange desire to see the supreme head of the Church open his golden lips and enrapture us by rapturously describing the ineffable bliss of the souls in heaven. But I saw he was just moving back and forth before the altar, turning now to this side, now to that, gesturing and murmuring like an ordinary

priest. Then the Protestant Original Sin raised its head, and I was no means pleased to see the familiar, usual Mass celebrated here. Christ even as a boy, after all, had orally interpreted the Scriptures, and as a youth surely did not teach and persuade in silence; for He spoke gladly, wisely and well, as we know from the Gospels. What would He say, I wondered, if He should enter and find His earthly counterpart mumbling and swaying back and forth." In Gretchen's case Jesus preached love and forgiveness, not retaliation and retribution. That is certainly not Gretchen's experience, and, instead of revitalizing her, it casts her further into despair and insanity.

DISK 2

CHAPTER 15

WALPURGIS NIGHT IN HARZ MOUNTAINS

According to legend on April 30th and May 1st witches, devils and other evil spirits congregate and celebrate their annual orgy on Block Mountain in the Hartz Mountains. Faust and Mephistopheles are hiking there. On the way, as usual, Faust is thrilled by the joys of Nature, and he talks about how splendid it is: "to walk along the labyrinthine valleys, to climb the cliffs, which are home to countless waterfalls and streams. Ah, this is the joy that such seasons place upon ones path." He states: "Oh, I can feel Spring weaving its power among the

boughs of trees. Should it not also invigorate our own limbs!"

Mephistopheles, also as usual for him, says: "I notice no such thing. I feel winter in my belly and wish for snow and frost to line my path. How sadly the partial moon rises with belated ruddy glow and gives sparse light".

Soon Mephistopheles though becomes uncharacteristically happy. As they go along other spirits greet them. A Will-of-the-Wisp comes, and soon the Will-of-the-Wisp, Faust, Mephistopheles and Judy Garland are singing: "We've entered the sphere of dreams and magic." As they go along a sinister scene develops. Tree limbs creak and break. The whole mountain is illuminated lavishly from top to bottom, and all the rocks in its face appear like they are aflame. There are mists arising from the streams. There are rocks that break off. Wild oaths and screams and curses and spells are being uttered. Mephistopheles just is smiling from ear to ear, and he says: "Have you ever seen anything like this! Look at the people. They convene. They congregate. They concoct. They imbibe. They dance, and they have sex. Oh what joy! What a gathering!"

Faust too is excited. He says: "Look at all the people gathering towards the Evil One. I am sure he will solve many riddles."

Mephistopheles goes on: "Oh, who cares! Let the wind howl. We have our little world here inside our great world. Come! Let us look at all these fires- a hundred fires laid out in front of us. All the people congregating around them. Come let's go walk around them. I will act as an ambassador, and you can act as the mild mannered suitor."

And so Faust and Mephistopheles wander through the groups of people

meeting. There is the general, who says: "Never trust nations. No matter how much you've done for them." There is the Statesman, who bemoans the passing of the good old days. There is the Writer, who says: "Oh, people nowadays! They don't want to read anything that has the slightest amount of cleverness to it." Soon they come to a kiosk, where a witch hawks her wares: "Nothing here that hasn't done damage. No dagger that hasn't drawn blood, no cup that hasn't poisoned, no jewelry that hasn't led some sweet, innocent women astray, and no sword that has not struck and killed from behind." Faust is taken by the carnival like atmosphere and says: "I've never seen anything so lively. I just hope I can keep my mind about me."

Soon Mephistopheles and Faust are dancing with two witches. Faust is dancing with a young witch, and he sings to her. He says: "Once I had a dream and saw two apples, luscious as they were, hanging from a tree.

The young witch says: "I am glad, because I have just such treasures in my garden."

Mephistopheles is dancing with an old witch, and it is important to know that the original text was actually deleted in the first version for public performance, because it was so sexually overt. Mephistopheles says to the old witch:

Once I had a savage dream.

I saw an ancient tree in which a hole did gleam.

Big as it was,

It suited me.

The witch responds:

A giant stopper will ensure

That you can fill the aperture.

Faust then takes a jab at his critics by introducing the Proctovisionary. He says: "Oh, his job is to criticize how others dance. If he's not there to comment on a pass, it might as well not have happened. What makes him the most mad are those that go forward. If people are content to dance in a circle, he's OK with that."

Mephistopheles then notices that Faust is now standing by himself. He asks him: "What happened to that fine young witch, who sang so sweetly?" Faust says: "Well just as she was singing a mouse jumped out of her mouth."

Mephistopheles says: "Oh, you're too fussy! Picky, picky, picky!"

Faust recovers and says: "Do you see that pretty, dead-pale girl over there? She's walking like her feet are fettered. She's walking away slowly. "

Mephistopheles says: "Don't look. Don't go there. It's magic. It'll do you harm."

Faust says: "I can't take my eyes off of her. It looks like my own dear Gretchen. Her breasts, her body that gave me such joy. Oh, what pain. What ecstasy at the same time. And look. About her neck is a single ornament, a scarlet thread no thicker than a knife blade."

Mephistopheles says: "I see what you see too, and she can also transport her head beneath her arm, since they've lopped it off. But, oh look. Theater! Let's go!", and the scene ends.

DISK 2

CHAPTER 16

WALPURGIS NIGHT DREAM

The play-within-a play that Faust and Mephisto watch is called the Walpurgis Night Dream or Titania's and Oberon's golden anniversary. The atmosphere is of Shakespeare's *Midsummer's Night Dream* and borrows the characters of Oberon, Titania and Puck from it and borrows Ariel, the helpful spirit from the *Tempest*.

Goethe labels it as an *Intermezzo*. An *intermezzo* was a comic interlude in opera seria between acts or scenes. It acted to provide some comic relief and highlight the dramatic content of the surrounding opera.

In this particular case Titania and Oberon are celebrating their reunion and anniversary. In 16th through 18th century courtly life, this would be celebrated by a masque, which was a combination of singing, dancing, acting and music. It was done in an extremely elaborate way so that the costumes and actual stage design were frequently designed by a renowned architect, and the point was to provide a deferential allegory, which was flattering to the patron.

So, Titania and Oberon say that 50 years of marriage is the golden anniversary, but it is more golden to have an end of conflict and strife, and they say, in order to rekindle love, separate the lovers.

Ariel, the spirit who represents art, nature, hope and compassion says: "If a

love of nature and of beauty gives you wings, follow me."

Puck, the trickster, pirouettes and stamps his foot in time to the music of the insect orchestra. One hundred revelers follow him. They are literati, philosophers and politicians. Goethe satirizes each group. For example of the philosophers he says:

The ragged group is full of hate

They'd gladly see one another dead.

And what they call progress

Is measured in elephantine baby steps.

Such is their ponderous gait.

Goethe himself appears in two guises. The first is as a northern artist, who's sketching and says that he needs to go to Italy in order to infuse some life into these sketches. The second is as the child of the world, who says: "Yes, for the pious everything is a vehicle. They could build a temple here, where witches gather."

The Intermezzo magically ends. The orchestra says:

Fog and clouds are lighted from above

A breeze begins

A wind blows.

And all is blown away.

What is left are the two most poignant scenes of the play.

DISK 2

CHAPTER 17

DARK NIGHT

Faust finally recognizes Gretchen's predicament and has a heated argument with Mephistopheles and says: "In misery! Despairing! Before miserably alone in the world and lost. Now in prison. Thrown into prison as a criminal, suffering terrible torment. And you! Loathsome, unworthy spirit! You kept me in the dark all the time. Sure, roll your satanic eyes in your head and give me baleful glances. In prison. In irremediable misery. Tormented by evil spirits and by judgmental, unfeeling humanity. And meanwhile you entice me with vapid amusements, keeping from me that her pain is deepening and casting and abandoning her to ruin."

Mephistopheles: "She's not the first."

Faust: "You dog! You loathsome monster! Not the first! O great spirit transform him into the dog that I first met, who used to trip me by the ankles and jump on my shoulders. Transform him into his favorite creature, the snake. Let him slither on his stomach in the sand and crawl about, so I can crush his skull. Not the first! Misery! Misery too great for the human soul to comprehend. That she's not the first to have ever sunk into this degree and intensity of misery. That the ONE, who died a painful agony and death on the cross was not able to atone before the Eternal Forgiver for the sins of everyone. I am pierced to the marrow of my

existence by the misery of this one, and you grin complacently and happily at the fates of thousands!"

Mephistopheles: "Now once again we are on the boundary of our wit's end, where you people lose your mind. Why do you enter into partnerships with us, when you cannot see it through? You want to fly, but you're afraid of being dizzy. Do we force ourselves upon you, or you upon us?"

Faust: "Don't bear your voracious teeth at me. You make me sick. O great spirit who deigned to come down and show yourself to me, who knows my heart and my thought and my feelings, why do you fetter me to this scoundrel who gloats on suffering and takes such joy in destruction?"

Mephistopheles says: "Are you finished?"

Faust responds: "Take me to her. Save her."

Mephistopheles: "Save her? Who was it that led her into perdition, you or me? "

Faust looks around wildly.

Mephistopheles continues: "Are you looking for a thunderbolt? Good thing that God did not give it to you miserable mortals. You would use it to slay any innocent who crossed your path, who makes your life complicated, just the way any tyrant would. "

Faust: "Take me to her."

Mephistopheles: "Hhmm. Well let's consider some of the problems with that. In that town there is still a blood band against you. They seek the murderer of her brother, you!

"Oh," says Faust, "so now you're putting murder and death upon me. No! That

is upon your head."

Mephistopheles: "Yes, of course. Well here's what I can do. I can take you there. I can provide the magic horses to whisk you away. I'll befog the jailer. You take the keys and lead her out by the hand. That much I can do."

Mephistopheles and Faust fly through the night on black horses. As they are going along they pass the Raven's head, which is the site of execution. It a site of stone mortared together and there are ravens circling up above. In a typical fashion Faust says: "What's going on here?"

Mephistopheles responds: "Don't know."

DISK 2

CHAPTER 18

GRETCHEN'S PRISON CELL

Faust arrives at the prison with keys and a light and stands in front of Gretchen's cell. "A long unaccustomed shudder grips me, and all the suffering of humanity seizes me. Here she lives behind these fetid and humid walls. And her only crime was a good delusion. I'm afraid. I hesitate. I fear to go in to see her, but my hesitation only brings death closer." As he says this, he grips the door and from inside Gretchen is heard singing an old folk tale about an evil stepmother who slaughters her daughter and serves it as a meal to her husband. A little sister takes the bones and plants them under a juniper tree, and from the juniper tree a

bird arises and flies into the air. The bird call attracts the stepmother, who is crushed by a millstone. Gretchen concludes: "When I was a bird. I could fly away. Fly away!"

Gretchen hears Faust's rustling and becomes immediately afraid and says: "O, woe is me. They have come. O bitter death!"

Faust says: "Sshh. I have come to rescue you."

Gretchen: "Oh, if you are human, show mercy!"

Faust: "Sshh ! I am here to help you."

Gretchen: "Oh Hangman, who gives you such power over me? You come at midnight. Please have mercy. Let me live. Is not early morning early enough? I am so young, am I not, and soon shall die. Once I was beautiful and that was my undoing and ruin. I had a friend. He was near. Now he is far."

"Don't grab me so hard. I don't even know you. What have I done to you? Please show me mercy!"

Faust looks at her and says: "I don't know if I can take this misery?"

Gretchen continues: "Hangman, you have complete power over me now, but please let me nurse my baby. I held it close to me all last night. They wanted to be mean to me today and they took it away and now they say that I killed it. Never will I be happy again. People are so mean and cruel. They sing a song, an old folk song. Who are they to say that song is about me."

Faust says: "A lover is at your feet to save you."

Gretchen responds: "Oh, let us kneel and pray to the saints. Oh, look the powers of Satan make a terrible din."

Faust: "Gretchen! Gretchen!"

Gretchen: "What? What was that? That was the voice of my friend. From the... from the threshold of hell I heard my friend! Say it again. Where are you?"

Faust: "I am here. I am here for you, Gretchen."

Gretchen: "You are. Is it really you? It is! It is! Where now is all the pain? Where is the fear of dungeons and manacles and chains? Where are they gone? It is my friend, come here to save me."

Faust: "Come, Gretchen. Come with me."

Gretchen: "No. Stay! Where you are, is where I want to be. I can see the street, where I saw you for the first time and the merry garden, where Martha and I waited for you."

Faust: "Gretchen. Come. Let's go, or there will be a heavy price to pay."

Gretchen: "What? Don't you kiss anymore? Gone from me for such a short time and you have forgotten how to kiss. Why do I feel suddenly afraid of you? Once, a look or a word from you would bring heaven down to me. Now you feel cold. Well you used to smother me with kisses. Well, if you won't kiss me, I'll kiss you. Your lips, they are cold. They don't speak to me anymore. Who has taken your love from me, love?"

Faust says: "Gretchen, come. I'll love you with a thousand fold passion later, but now we must go."

Gretchen says: "It is you, but you have undone my chains. Do you know who you have freed? I am the murderer of my mother. I drowned my child. Our child. It was a gift to both of us, wasn't it? But it's you. It is. It's really you. You're sweet."

Let me have your hand. Your hand is warm. But, oh, it's wet. Dry it off. What is that? It's blood. What have you done? Oh God! Put away your sword!"

"You must be among the survivors. Tomorrow you must go to the graves. Let me tell you how I want them. First, give Mother the best place and put brother right next to her. Put me a little ways off, but not too far. Put the little one at my breast. The little one is the only one that would want to be around me. Oh, to nestle next to you was pleasure, but it'll never happen again, and now you don't want me. You put me off."

Faust says: "Come with me."

Gretchen replies: "If it's death and the grave that lurks, then I'll come; to a bed of everlasting peace, but not one step further."

Faust: "One step to freedom. The door is open."

Gretchen: "There is no escape. There is no hope for me. It's no good. They lie in wait for me. It's no good to be a stranger in a strange land. To beg, and, oh, with a guilty conscience to boot. Besides, they'll hunt me down."

Faust says: "But I will stay with you."

Gretchen says: "Save your child. Follow the path along the creek. Follow the creek into the woods. There's a log across the brook. Go across the brook. Stay into the woods. There by the pond. It's struggling. It tries to rise. Hold onto it. Save it. "

Faust: "Gretchen, gather your wits!"

Gretchen: "Oh, if only we were in the mountains. Past the stone on which Mother sits. She sits so still. She doesn't nod. She doesn't beckon. She sleeps so

long. She sleeps so that we could have our time together. They were good times, weren't they?"

Faust: "My words and my pleas are no good. I must carry you away."

Gretchen: "Don't touch me. Do not use force. No, take your murderous hands off of me. Up until now everything I have done, I have done out of love for you."

Faust: "But love, the day is dawning."

Gretchen says: "Yes, the dawn of the day, my last day. It should be my wedding day, but my wreath is torn. My flowers are scattered. Don't tell anyone you visited poor Gretchen. I'll see you again, but it won't be at the dance. The town comes alive. The plaza is filling with people. The death bell tolls. Oh, they bind me so hard. They hurry me away to the chopping block, to the chair of blood, and the knife quivers over everyone's neck as it quivers over mine, and the world soon lies still as the grave."

Faust says: "Oh, would that I had never been born."

Mephistopheles suddenly enters and says: "The day breaks. Now, leave, or you are both lost."

Gretchen looks at him in shock and says: "What rises from the ground. He! He! What does he want in this sacred place? He wants me!"

Faust tries to reassure her: "You can leave. You are saved."

Gretchen begins to pray: "Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit."

Faust says: "Come with us now!"

Gretchen continues to pray: "Oh Father, I am yours. Your angels and heavenly hosts, guard and protect me. Heinrich, when I look at you, I shudder."

Mephistopheles says: "She is judged!"

A voice from the sky says: "SHE IS SAVED!"

Mephistopheles turns to Faust and says: "Come, now, to me", and quietly Faust joins him, and quickly they vanish.

The scene closes with a voice trailing off: "Heinrich, Heinrich!"

END PART ONE

FAUST PART TWO

DISK 3

CHAPTER 1

PLEASANT LANDSCAPE

Part II of the Tragedy begins with the scene called a Pleasant Landscape. It occurs at a period of time not specified after the Dungeon scene, but Faust is not doing well. He's lying restlessly in a field with flowers and with grass and hovering about him are spirits, who are nimble, agile, diminutive figures.

The first spirit to speak is Ariel , the one harmonious voice from his Walpurgis Night dream. Ariel says: "Spring begins to bloom. Mortals find great solace and hope in its greenness. We elves though of small size are of great hearts and are quick to help, pitying the man of sorrow whether he be sinner or saint. For Faust, compose the fierce convulsions of his heart. Remove the burning barbs of his remorse and purge him of all waking horrors.

Faust, his body will recover and sleep will give him the strength to face the day. Let us perform our most sacred right and restore him to the holy light."

The Chorus then joins in and says: "Let him sleep in the meadow amid vales of mist, gentle breezes and sweet fragrances. Let us whisper in his ear words of peace and sing him sweet lullabies of childhood dreams and comfort.

The hours are cancelled for you, Faust. Both joy and pain have vanished. You're whole. Let faith restore you. Take hope in this new, breaking, dawning day. The valleys are greening. The hills are lifting. Look at the glory of the sun.

Faust, awaken! Sleep is a shell to be cast off. Be daring. Do not hesitate. The aimless crowd delays. All is open to the noble who understand and quickly grasp."

A tremendous tumult announces the approach of the sun and Ariel says: "Listen to this tremendous sound to those who can hear with the spirit. A thundering din accompanies the light. The eye is blinded. The ear is amazed. Can no one hear the unheard?"

Faust arises and says: "Life pulses with a new, greater force. You, Earth, and I have outlasted the night. You rouse and stir both joy and a vigorous resolve henceforth to strive towards being's highest form.

The light of dawn unveils the world. The woods resound with myriad living voices. Fog fills the valleys, but the sun penetrates to their depths. Boughs and branches have broken forth. Color upon color emerges. A paradise comes into existence all around me.

The mountain's mighty peaks herald the solemnity of this moment. Daybreak, it

lights up high meadows. It creeps step by step down the mountain and the valley. It's unaware of my sorrow. It approaches me, but I must turn away, consumed with my own pain.

The same thing happens, when we think we've reached our life's highest goals, and then from eternal depths a fire breaks out, and we stand confused, and we stop. We wanted to light the torch of life, and instead that flame engulfed and consumed us. Do love and hate engulf us, savagely alternating pain and joy, so we look for a place to hide from the first lick of light.

Now I am content to have the light to my back. The cataract rushes through the rock dividing into more and more streams leaping from fall to fall and each stream tosses more mist and foam into the air. See how rising from the turbulence the rainbow forms. Its changing-unchanged arch. Now clearly drawn, now evanescent. It is a perfect symbol of human striving. LIFE IS NOT LIGHT. IT IS REFRACTED COLOR."

DISK 3

CHAPTER 2

MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART VII

Very disturbing.

Very disturbing.

Faust through his pact with the devil has managed in Part I to despoil a virgin,

impregnate her, be the agent of her mother's death, participate in the murder of her brother, be an accessory to infanticide, and be responsible for her execution.

I don't care who you are. That's a bad date!

We don't know what agonies Faust has gone through prior to his awakening here. Our sense is, however, that it's not enough.

Goethe refers to Catholic sacraments and dogma specifically and deliberately in Parts 1 and 2. Does Faust meet the sacramental criteria for forgiveness, namely confession of wrong or sin, contrition, penance and a purpose of amendment. I don't think so. So how does he get to get on with his life without some sort of Scarlet Letter?

One possibility is that there was a large section written depicting Faust's contrition, which Goethe elected not to include. During the time Goethe wrote Faust, there were at least 29 other Faust dramas or poems published. (29, hard to believe, huh!) There was a rumor that another of these focused exhaustively on Faust's guilt and reaction and that Goethe did not want to compete in this area.

Second, Faust's pact with the devil demands that he can not tarry and stay with Gretchen, and her integrity will not let her leave the prison. We are relieved to see some shred of conscience and humanity emerge from Faust, however ineffective and feeble, when he goes to her dungeon. Given the terms of the wager, atonement for a wrong does not lie in nursing the pain it leaves, but a restoration to action, in hope and in courage for the sake of others. Goethe wrote: "Above all virtues one thing arises: the ceaseless striving upward, the struggle within ourselves, the inevitable desire to go forward in purity, in wisdom, in goodness

and in love." The spirits in Pleasant Landscape do not obliterate Faust's memory, but help him use it as an inspiration for change and betterment in Part II.

Pleasant Landscape is the bridge between Parts One and Two. Part One has been what Goethe called "subjective." It concerns the issues and activity of an individual subject that we can recognize and with whom we can identify. He wrote: "It all issues from a more confused, more passionate individual, and this twilight may well explain its great appeal. But in the Second Part there is scarcely anything subjective. Here there appears a higher, broader, brighter, less passionate world, and those who have not knocked about a bit and gathered experience will not be able to make much of it." Goethe laughed and said it would take some deep thinking and an experience in the world to see how Part One was linked and related to Part Two.

Part II keeps some of the same themes of Part I, such as the quest for a meaningful life and what is the measure of a good man. The theater of operations, however, is not the small world of the individual, but the great world of the Nation, government, art and culture. Faust will fall in love again, but it will not be in the end a consuming personal love, but more a symbolic love.

Here in Pleasant Landscape, Faust uses the symbol of the rainbow. In Part I he had tried to see the light, Kant's "the thing in itself." In his quest of Part II, he accepts that he can only see light's reflection. He must process light through the filter of his understanding. He is turning away from direct perception of the light, such as the Erdgeist, the Earth Spirit, and is turning to the world to teach, to learn and to experience.

Before we begin Faust's journey of Part II, let's turn to the seventh chapter of "The Many Loves of JW Goethe" and complete the story of Christiane, his wife. Goethe and she lived together for 18 years, as he said: "married, but without a ceremony." In 1806 Napoleon and his troops defeated the Prussian army on the ridges east of Weimar at the Battle of Jena and over ran the Duchy of Saxe-Weimar. French troops commandeered houses in Weimar itself, including Goethe's house. The irresolute, oscillating, wavering Goethe did not know how to respond. Perhaps, if he would just ignore the troops and continue his work in his study, they would go away. Not the right choice! Christiane alone responded to the threat and saved Goethe and the house from injury, destruction and possibly death. Goethe was shaken and decided that in such troubled times he needed to bring his circle of friends closer around him. He wrote in his journal about Christiane's effort : "Preservation of our house through steadfastness and luck." Two days later he wrote : "I wish to recognize as my own, fully and formally, my little friend who has done so much for me and experienced these hours of trial by my side." Three days later he married Christiane in the church in Weimar amid no fanfare.

Many of their years together had been troubled. Goethe certainly was not a teetotaler, but likely Christiane drank abusively and to the detriment of her health and congeniality. Schiller wrote : "By some false notions of domestic happiness, and an unlucky aversion to marriage, he has entered an engagement which makes him unhappy, but which he is too weak and soft-hearted to end. This is the only shortcoming in him, but even this is closely connected with a very noble part

of his character, and he hurts no one but himself."

GH Lewes has, I think, a more complete understanding. He wrote: "Tender and always shrinking from inflicting pain, Goethe had not the sternness necessary to put an end to such a condition. He was too weak to alter his position, but he was strong enough to bear it." Lewes concluded that Christiane's many good qualities absolved her few bad qualities and Goethe was sincerely attached to her.

Goethe and Christiane persevered in their relationship. When she died in 1816 after a 28 year union, Goethe mourned her love and loss and wrote these sincere lines to his closest friend :

You attempt O Sun in vain

To shine through dark and somber clouds

The greatest prize of my life

Is to be able to mourn her loss.

Faust had made a late and abortive attempt to rescue Gretchen and will carry that love as the only real love in his life throughout Part II.

DISK 3

CHAPTER 3

THRONE ROOM OF AN IMPERIAL PALACE

The next scene is the Throne Room of an Imperial Palace. Assembled are the councilors of state, trumpeters, and courtiers- all splendidly attired. They await the Emperor. He ascends to the throne accompanied by his astrologer. When he ascends, he says:

"Where is my Fool, the Jester? " He is told: "He collapsed. We hauled his fat body away. We don't know whether he was drunk or dead, but with amazing swiftness another fool replaced him. He was splendidly attired, although so grotesque we were leery to look at him. We had a barrel, now it's been replaced by a stave."

Mephistopheles is the new fool, is accepted, ascends the steps and stands at the Emperor's side.

The Emperor addresses the group and says: "I would like cultivate what is pleasant and celebrate Festival, but you feel that there is State business that cannot be prolonged, so begin your agenda."

The first to speak is the Archbishop-Chancellor. He says: "The greatest virtue, justice, encircles the emperor's head as a halo. Only he may exercise it validly. Justice- loved by all mankind, demanded, wished for, hard to live without, it is what he must give to his people. But in the Realm lawlessness prevails. One man takes off with a flock, another with a woman, another with a chalice or a candlestick. Unpunished, they brag about it for years. The courts overflow, the judges are cozy and comfortable and only the innocent are convicted. Society strives for its own fragmentation and to destroy whatever is seemly. How will we develop the sense to guide us to what is right? The man of good intention

eventually is broken. The judge, unable to mete out punishment, soon becomes the associate of criminals. I have painted a black picture, even though I would veil it in greater darkness still. There is no denying the need to make decisions, when all commit and suffer wrongs. Eventually, Majesty itself becomes the victim."

The next to speak is the Master of the Armies, who says: "We live in such violent times! Men kill men and then are themselves killed. They turn a deaf ear to all orders. The citizens and the knights vow to withstand our sieges and stand now ready. The mercenaries become impatient and angrily demand their pay. The territory they were paid to defend now stands plundered and destroyed. We've lost half our world already."

The next to speak is the Intendant of the Treasury, who says: "Who says we have allies? They are like water in defective pipes. The promised subsidies never arrive. They seize property, settle it and make it independent. We have given up so many rights, we now have no rights of our own. Our coffers are empty."

The next is the Lord Steward, who says: "What misfortunes I suffer! We are running out of wine! Your nobles with their never ending drinking bouts are flushing down the last drops. Money lenders are owed the wine, hops and bread that future years must produce."

The Emperor turns to Mephistopheles. "Do you have some further woe to add?"

Mephistopheles says: "No. I know of none. I see only the splendor surrounding you and all your court! Your word is absolute. Troops stand at the ready. Intelligence, energy and good will of all kinds are available to you. I can see of no combination of forces that would eclipse your world, in which so many stars

shine so brightly."

The crowd murmurs: "He is a rogue and clever. He lies to gain favor. But then what- some grand scale scheme?"

Mephistopheles says: "Everyone lacks something. You lack money. Wisdom's skill is obtaining what is most deeply hidden. In mountain veins and foundations are both coined and uncoined gold. They are there to be extracted. And by whom? I say by the man whom nature has given great and majestic intellect."

The Archbishop interrupts: "Nature and intellect are not words said to Christians. Because such language is so dangerous, heretics have been executed at the stake. Nature is sin. Intellect is the devil and Doubt their child. The pillars of the throne are the clergy and the nobility- church and state. Sedition begins with intellect infected with plebeian sentiments. The heretics, causing disturbance in the countryside and in the town, are just these people. And you want to bring them into the inner circle of the court!"

Mephistopheles responds: "Oh, I see now what constitutes a man of great learning. What you can't touch, is miles away. What you can't grasp does not exist, and what you can't count, you don't believe is true."

The Emperor says: "Spare me the lenten sermon. I need money. Go get it!"

Mephistopheles explains: "In times past, in times wars and trouble, people hid their valuables in the ground. The subsoil belongs to the Emperor. They are yours for the taking."

The Master of the Army, the Treasurer and the Lord Steward and Grand-Master are excited by the prospects. The Archbishop however says: "Satan is laying a

golden trap. There's something here neither pious nor right." Just the words of Gretchen's Mother too.

Mephistopheles whips them into a frenzy . Imagine serfs tilling up the soil and uncovering pots of gold, vaults of money, cellars lined with gold tankards, plates and cups, goblets filled with rubies, and well preserved kegs of wine."

The King says: "Let's begin right away! Let's go get some money!"

His Astrologer says: "It would be better to wait until Ash Wednesday, so we can give it our greatest diligence." They all agree and take off and leave Mephistopheles behind, as they go to celebrate Carnival.

Mephistopheles: "That merit and good fortune are connected is something these fools will never understand. They could have the philosopher's stone, and there'd be no philosopher to use it."

DISK3

CHAPTER 4

THE MASQUERADE

In the next scene the Court repairs to a Great Hall decorated for Masquerade. The masque, as you remember from Part One, Oberon and Titania's Golden Anniversary- at the zoo with the ostriches- "Thank you very much! You were great! You were great! Thank you very much." The masque is a very elaborate,

expensive production, and it is in honor of the patron- in this case, the Emperor. It follows a very strict and rigid protocol, and so it begins with the Herald introducing the Great Masque.

The Herald says: "Imagine you're not in Germany. Instead of Dance of Death and dancing fools imagine a pleasant entertainment. When the Emperor for your benefit and his own traversed the lofty Alps into Rome, he came upon a pleasant country. He seized it. He was confirmed by the Pope, and he brought back both the crown and dominos. Thus we are all reborn now. People are gathering. Don't miss this. I assure you: mankind, with its myriad antics has always provided and will in the future always provide the greatest, single embodiment of Folly.

The first part of the Masque begins with a parade of allegorical groups. Flower girls and gardeners represent nature. A mother, woodcutter and a rich social butterfly represent the different social classes- and poets of all kinds. Finally Greek mythological figures dressed in modern clothes appear. The final mythological figure is Prudence who calls the noble ladies, Fear and Hope, the two greatest scourges of mankind. She has fettered them to keep people safe. She has guided a colossal float. Atop sits an enormous castle with blinding light at the top, in which sits the goddess and patron of all enterprises, Lady Victory. But Goethe twists these usually positive forces. The flower girls carry artificial flowers. The mother is trying to sell her unattractive daughter, and the poets have no poems or recitations. The idea is that the court is all show and no substance. It lacks the energy and the vitality, which Faust was trying to bring to it and to the greater world after his personal epiphany in the opening scene, Pleasant

Landscape.

The second part of the Masque is an anti-Masque. It presents the villainous forces, which do combat with the previous virtues. It begins then with an interruption by a contrary, a hostile critic named Zoilo-Thersites. He is threatened by the Herald, and he turns into an egg and then into a snake and then finally into the bat and flies through the assembled people causing a grave disruption.

There are three main characters of the anti-masque. Naturally the first is Mephistopheles, who plays Lady Avarice and Sir Greed. The second is played by Faust, and he is Plutus, a godly figure, who is the god of wealth. The third figure is probably Goethe himself as the Boy Charioteer, who is the spirit and power of art.

Boy Charioteer climbs down and throws jewels, which turn to dust upon touch, pearls before swine. He explains his inspiration in Pentecostal terms. He says: "See how I distribute the greatest gift that I can bestow. Above you now a small light flickers, which I ignited. See how it skips from head to head, pausing upon some, but not at all upon others. Rarely a flame breaks out, but, alas, for most they are completely unaware that the flicker was there at all."

Faust playing Plutus, the god of wealth, the guest the Emperor would most like to see, addresses the Boy Charioteer also in Biblical terms, as when Christ was baptized by John the Baptist. He says: "You are the essence of my spirit. You always act in the way that I wish that I would. Your treasury contains more gold than mine. Of all the crowns that I can bestow, I most value the laurels that your service deserves. I say as a Gospel truth: 'You are my Son, in whom I am well

pleased."

Faust-Plutus bids farewell to Boy Charioteer and says: "Be off to your own realm- to solitude. Create your own world!"

Boy Charioteer leaves and says: "Who follow you may live in idleness; who follow me may never rest."

The crowd gets excited and rowdy over a treasure chest and are forcibly restrained. The Herald yells at them: "This is make believe. Do you think you're getting gold at a masquerade? What is truth to you who try to grab hollow illusions!"

The third part of the masque should feature the Emperor as hero. He is costumed as the god Pan, the great all-in-all. Gnomes present him with the solution to his problem: a great fountain of molten gold they have mined. He is to be its guardian and use it for the welfare of his people.

The herald warns something bad is going to happen. The Emperor gets clumsy and too close to the molten metal, and he catches fire. It spreads and engulfs everything. The audience panics. Utter destruction is at hand. The Herald chastises the emperor and the princes for not taking care of the people.

Faust-Plutus becomes the hero. He says there has been sufficient panic and provides magical relief. Fresh air and rain arrive and all are saved. He says: "When demonic forces threaten, magic must come to our aid."

So, the masquerade ends. None of the specific or overarching issues have been resolved. For Faust the specific issue was how to take his experiences from Part One, his microcosmic world, and bring them to the great, outside, macrocosmic

world. He finds that world is illusory. The Holy Roman Empire is neither Holy, nor Roman, nor much of an empire. He finds that the Court, though splendid in appearance, is on the verge of collapse. They can't even stage a Masque that follows true to form. The big event to honor the Emperor literally goes up in flames, and the figure representing Art has left the empire.

DISK 3

CHAPTER 5

THE COURTYARD

The next scene begins in a courtyard. The court is more soberly attired. Faust on bended knee says to the Emperor: "Will the Sire forgive us for our fiery illusion?"

The Emperor says: "Indeed! I welcome many more such as it. There I was surrounded by a ring of fire."

Mephistopheles says: "It proves that Sire is the master of his domain."

The Emperor goes on to say that he sees Faust and Mephistopheles as Scheherazade and will give them his richest favors, if they will continue to provide him with such relief, when his routine life becomes unbearable.

Immediately the Lord Steward enters and excitedly says: "All my bills have been paid."

The Master of the Army enters next and says all the back pay for the troops has

been paid and now they are signing up for duty again.

The Archbishop-Chancellor explains what happened. Notes as legal tender have been circulated and issued backed by the immense, underground resources of the Imperial States. When the treasure is found and raised, they will redeem these notes. Last night at the Masquerade, relatively unbeknownst to the Emperor, he signed a document implementing this. Immediately many notes were issued so that all the people could enjoy this new wealth. Right now, the Emperor is a really popular guy.

The Emperor is initially angry, then incredulous, then accepting. The Lord Steward says: "it's just as well. So many notes were issued we couldn't call them back anyway. The people love this economic stimulus program. Half of them are out eating like crazy. The other half are busy buying clothes and showing them off. "

Mephistopheles says that "these notes will procure love's richest favors far more quickly and reliably than wit or eloquence. They are very portable. A woman can put it into her bosom, a priest into his breviary and a soldier into his waist pack." He concludes: "Sire, don't take anything I've said as undermining or minimizing in the least the magnificence of your accomplishment."

Faust and Mephistopheles continue the insanity. Faust describes unimaginable wealth lying lethargically in the ground. Mephistopheles says; "Once you get used to the new system, you'll never want to go back to the old one. Short of money- pick a shovel, dig the ground, bring up some treasure- baddabing- problem solved."

The Emperor asks the Court what they'll do with their money. One says: "high times and a merry life." Another: "I'll buy my girl some necklaces and rings." Another: "The wines I drink will be twice as good!" Another: "The dice are dancing in my pocket already." The Emperor says: "I had hoped that this economic stimulus would inspire you to new ventures, but I see it leaves you exactly as you were before."

Then the first jester, the one Mephistopheles replaced enters looking for his money. Mephistopheles greets him: "Wineskin- on- Legs, I see you have been resurrected!"

The Jester says: "Yes. Often, but never with such profit", and with his money the Jester buys a house, land, a stream and cattle. Mephistopheles concludes : "No one can argue, our Jester has wit."

DISK 3

CHAPTER 6

DARK GALLERY

The next scene takes place in a dark Gallery. Faust and Mephistopheles are talking. Faust says: "Now the Emperor wants me to materialize Helen of Troy and Paris, the paragons of beauty for his next big party." Mephistopheles says: "I have no control over that realm at all", and they begin to argue about whose fault

it is they've gotten into this predicament. ("Another fine mess you've gotten us into Ollie.")

Mephistopheles describes the underground realm of Mothers, where Helen lives. He says: "majestic goddesses, enthroned in solitude, outside of time, outside of space. This is the realm of Mothers. No mortal has trod there. You must be prepared to sink to the lowest depths in order to find this region."

Faust says: "How do I get there?"

Mephistopheles says: "No way at all. No mortal has trod there. It's a place where no prayers are heard, no prayers are answered. You must be prepared for the buffetings of solitude. Is dreary solitude an idea that you can grasp?"

Faust says: "Could you be less verbose. You describe the Greek, mythological underground meets Captain Kirk. Reminds me of a time in the Witches Kitchen long ago. Was I not forced to live among mankind? Was I not forced to study their empty nothings, even to teach them? And when I spoke what I thought was the truth, was the force and voice of opposition not twice as loud? And to get away from their repeated blows did I not go to dreary isolation and solitude, and there to escape from neglect and from being alone, put myself into the hands of the devil. Now again you would have me go into the void in order to obtain greater power and wisdom, and in your nothingness I should find my all."

Mephistopheles hands Faust a small key and says: "Take this. It has a sense for where people want to be. It will lead you to the Realm of Mothers."

Faust shudders and says: "What is it that I dislike so about that word? I don't know." He continues: "I do not seek salvation in mere apathy. Awe is the greatest

boon allotted to humans. When we are stirred profoundly, we sense the infinite."

Mephistopheles says: "Escape from finitude to realms where forms exist detached. All is form in transition. Infinite mind's infinite entertainment. Take the key. Touch the glowing tripod, when you see it, and you'll bring Helen and Paris back." Faust leaves, and the scene is over.

DISK 3

CHAPTER 7

HELEN AND PARIS

In the next scene a crowd gathers. They are noisy and restless.

Mephistopheles reassures them that in order to produce the greatest art, Beauty, magic must be used. A group assembles and wants to talk to Mephistopheles, and Goethe tells German's first blond joke. A blonde complains about her freckles to Mephistopheles. He says: "Yes, I can see that you are spotted as a panther cub." He offers her a concoction of tongue of toad and frog spawn, and says that, if she applies it regularly, by winter's end the freckles will be gone. He too becomes impatient. He orders an incantation to the Mothers to release Faust, and soon Faust reappears and is able to materialize Paris.

The women are appreciative and lascivious: "Oooh, isn't that a cup you'd like to sip out of! Luscious and juicy as a peach. Oooh those pouty, puffy lips. "

The men aren't quite so complimentary. One says: "Yeah, I think I detect bit of the shepherd in him!" Another says: "Oh, half- naked I'm sure he's a good looking kid, but we would need to see him in some armor."

Helen meets with mixed reviews as well.

Mephistopheles says: "So that is she. I won't lose any sleep over her. She's pretty, but she's not my style.

The women say: "Her head is too small. Her feet are too big." When Helen approaches the sleeping Paris, they say: "So now she'll be his tutor. Men are always so stupid in these circumstances. They always think that they're the first."

Faust is passionate. He says: "Does a more inward sense than sight perceive the overflowing fountainhead of beauty? My ordeal is rewarded. How circumscribed and empty was my life before! Now with this priesthood, my life is desirable and sustainable. May I not breathe, if I ever desire to live without you! The beauty which I beheld in the magic mirror and which ravished me with such delight was this beauty's feeble counterfeit. To you I offer as homage all my vitality and passion's essence: devotion, love, idolization, and madness."

Paris responds to the advances of Helen as " a man and hero ." He lifts her boldly above his heard. Is he abducting her?

Faust yells out: "Rash fool! How dare you! Desist! Stop!"

Mephistopheles turns to Faust and says: "Are you not the author of this spectral masquerade?"

The Astrologer says:"Well now that I've seen the piece performed, I think I'll entitle it

'The Rape of Helen.' "

Faust says: "A rape indeed! Am I of no importance here? I still have the key that brought them here! This is reality. Human forms can contend with spirit forms to win a double kingdom. Before she was far away, but now she could not be nearer. If I rescue her, I win a double victory. Mothers, you must grant me this! I'll venture everything. He who has seen her worth cannot live without her. "

The Astrologer says: "Faust, what are you doing? Don't!" Faust approaches the stage, and he touches Helen, and as he does, her shape vanishes. He has the key in his hand. He points it at Paris, and, when he touches Paris, there's a large explosion. There's vapors and darkness. When the scene clears, Faust is lying unconscious on the floor, and the other figures have vanished.

The scene and the act end amid noisy confusion, as Mephistopheles picks up the body of Faust and carries it away and says: "That's life for you! It's not of any avail even to the devil to be encumbered by a fool.

Part I has taken place roughly in the 16th Century by depicting a small, Gothic university town in the era of the historical Faust and mentioning Nostradamus, who lived from 1503 to 1566. Part II begins in a specific and unique location: the court of Emperor Charles IV (1316-1378). This is important for three reasons. First, Edward Gibbon in "The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" used the reign of Charles IV to illustrate the nadir of fortunes of the Holy Roman Empire in comparison to its apogee under Augustus. Gibbon's central

criticism was the lavishness and ostentation of Charles' Court and its underlying poverty and impotence. Augustus portrayed himself in the opposite way, namely as the humble, law abiding servant of the State, while in reality he wielded immense and absolute power. Gibbon states that Charles was so powerless, that he was arrested by a butcher in the town of Worms and held hostage for non-payment of his bill.

A second reason Goethe chooses this epic is because it is also the nadir of a long standing era of abuse of the German language. Charles IV said: "I speak Spanish to God, Italian to Women, French to Men, and German to my horse. "

In Goethe's time things had not improved by much. The two competing political forces were Maria Therese, Mother Prayerful, of the Austrian-Hungarian empire and Frederick the Great. Goethe was a "Fritz fan". However, Fritz had the same low opinion of the German language as Charles IV. He said that he spoke German only to his dogs. He despised German poets and dramatists in comparison with the French. He wrote in 1780 a tract called: "About the Literature of the French" in which he scorned German literature and proposed to form German taste by a program of translating from French into German.

German seemed to be the Rodney Dangerfield of languages: " I can't get no respect." It originated in 315 with a Goth Bishop, Ulfilas, who invented an alphabet to create a written language and then translated the Bible into that language. That language became through Old High German the mother of the German language and through the Saxon the grandmother of English.

The second landmark developmental event in the development of the German

language was when Martin Luther introduced a vernacular language. He and his group went into the markets, streets and public houses to learn the language of the people- not the language of the Court- and then translated the Bible into this language.

Goethe was the third major contributor to the German language evolution. He demonstrated, particularly through Faust, the beauty, poetic potential and ability of the German language. Goethe felt that a German culture would emerge, not through war and politics, but rather through the arts and science. Perhaps he intuited that language, not biology, becomes the fundamental determinant of ethnicity. So, as choosing Charles IV shows, the Germany before Goethe was easier to define by its language. After Goethe it was defined by language and culture and after 1871 as a political reality.

The third reason to choose Charles IV was that he was safely dead. If you are going to criticize every aspect of government orchestrated life, it is much better to not implicate your current boss, Karl August, or his superior, Frederick the Great. Remember, it didn't go at all well for Voltaire, when he accepted the offer to stay as Writer in Residence at Fritz's court, especially, when he let his true opinion of Fritz's artistic abilities be known. He had to literally run for his life! In France Voltaire also enjoyed a constant life on the run, when he satirized and criticized the monarchy and even got to stay for free for a year in a gated French community, called prison.

Goethe understood that It is much better and safer to complain about mis-government that happened 400 years ago: "Talkin' about you, Fritz and Karl! I

mean you absolutely no disrespect. Ohhh Noooooo!"

With the conclusion of Act I we have come to a temporary end of what Goethe called the "subjective"- scenes, which are highly personal and easily recognizable to us. Acts II and III are primarily dream scenes. Act II is rich in mythological content and in part traces human development embryologically. Act III is a legitimate Greek play, which deals with a Utopian society.

Why did Goethe write these technically and conceptually difficult Acts?

"Because I could" is one reason. Goethe wrote and worked with little concern about public acceptance or even their understanding . Once John F Kennedy hosted a party of scientists, artists and scholars. JFK said: "There has not been such an assemblage of intelligence in one room, since Thomas Jefferson ate here alone." Goethe was just such a Renaissance person: a scientist, an artist, a linguist and intellectual. He is using the German language with an unprecedented grace and fluidity, a tour de force nonpareil. He is employing it in every conceivable poetic form from the sublime and majestic terza rima to Homeric verse. He combines the Classic Tragedy of "Before the Palace of Menelaus" with the romantic, medieval lyric of "Inner Courtyard" with the modern pastoral opera of Shady Grove. The immensity of this accomplishment is simply beyond the scope of this production of "Faust Lite" and likely beyond the ability of any translation.

In our defense, however, Goethe wrote that rhythm and rhyme make poetic works poetry, but "what actually produces a profound and fundamental effect is

what remains of a poet when he is translated into prose. It leaves us with the essential substance, which a dazzling exterior may have concealed."

The essential substance of these two acts is, first, a homage to the Greek classical tradition. Goethe wrote: "Among all peoples, the Greeks have dreamt life's dream most beautifully. Through them I am gaining a more complete concept of the highest accomplishments of humankind and the absolute unchangeable unity of being. You have to make allowances for all other arts. It is only Greek art that leaves you forever in its debt. The basis of all art is truth and what it accords with nature. "

As an artist it was a primordial experience for Goethe to grasp Greek symmetry and proportion and to understand how they reflected to the Greeks a supernatural or underlying force or reality. The tones, levers and geometry or Archimedes are seen as a divine, sacred thread woven into and running throughout the cloth of life. He marvels at the realism of their art. It is a real person not an Egyptian hieroglyphic. Yet there is symbolism. One sees a realistic appearing deer, but it also symbolizes an unknown force behind the known or visible.

The other substance of these two Acts is the creation of a Utopia after the chaos of life under the Emperor. The Acts are a dream sequence. Faust, a person, is marrying Helen, a shade. It must be a synthesis of the real and the ideal. Faust is seized by a passionate adoration of the beauty of Helen. She represents the abstract sense of beauty, the informing spirit of all Art and is a symbol of the highest human culture. Goethe creates a society ruled benevolently and lawfully

by co-regents, who are the epitome of strength, courage, beauty and grace. The best attributes of Sparta and Athens are combined to provide justice to all people of all ethnicity.

DISK 3

CHAPTER 8

FAUST'S STUDY

PART 2, ACT 2 takes place in a high vaulted, narrow Gothic chamber. Faust's old study is unchanged from Part One. Faust is seen lying on an old-fashioned bed. Mephistopheles enters and says: "Lie there, unhappy victim of a love whose bonds it will be difficult to break! He who has been paralyzed by Helen will find it difficult to regain his senses. "

What follows in Acts Two and Three is Faust's dream of in reality not how to regain his senses, but how to gain them for the first time. For all his insights in Pleasant Landscape, little seems changed. He acted with Helen in much the same way he did with Gretchen: irrationally, spontaneously and with little regard for consequences. What he said about Gretchen in Pleasant Landscape could be said about this first escapade with Helen. He said earlier: "To strive towards beings highest form, and, when we think we have attained our goal, fire breaks out around us from eternal depths, and we stop lost and confused. We had

wanted to light the torch of life, and are instead engulfed by its flames.

Mephisto looks about the room. Nothing has changed. Everything is where it was. He puts on Faust's old academic gown. A servant comes in and brings him up to date. Wagner, who was Faust's assistant, is now a man of great repute, although there is a hopeful expectation that Faust will return. Wagner is working on a great project quietly and secretly.

The student from Part One is now a newly minted scholar and again mistakes Mephistopheles for a professor. Mephistopheles is cynical and the spirit of negation, but often he speaks the truth. In this case he discusses the value of experience as a type of scientific, experimental model and deflates the Age of Reason's view, that the mind by itself could deduce all knowledge.

The student describes his teachers as passing on lies and prattle and says that no one would talk to him the way Mephistopheles did before. Mephisto says: "If one tells callow youth what they most dislike to hear: unvarnished truth, which after long years of experience they find out applies to their person, they will in their conceit believe that it sprang from their head and their teachers were just dull-witted.

The Student says: "What teacher tells us truth without evasions? They know what to add or delete for docile children."

Mephistopheles says: "There is a time to learn and a time to teach, but I can see that the passing of several suns and moons has sufficed for your experience, and you're now ready to teach."

The Student says: "Experience! Mere froth and fluff- no peer for mind thought

or spirit!

Age is an age much augmented by the capricious frost of impotence. Anyone already passed their thirtieth year is already as good as dead. It would be better, if they just killed you off."

Mephistopheles says: "May I assume my friend is unaware that he's rude?"

The Student says: "In German one lies, when one is polite! The noblest mission is reserved for youth! The world came into existence, when I bade it. The sun rises from the sea at my command. At night the moon's irregular course is because of me. As I pass by the earth puts on its greenery and day shows its finest colors, and in primal night the stars and the planets show in all their splendor, because of me. Who, if not I, released you from the confinement of Philistine thought? But I am free! And as the spirit moves me, I seek my inner glory, and in ecstasy speed on, light in front of me, darkness at my back."

Mephistopheles says: "Farewell, you pompous ass. Can anyone have wise or stupid thoughts that ages past have not already thought? Well we're certainly in no danger here, and in a few years all will have changed. No matter how absurdly or outrageously the juices foam in the barrel, in the end they produce some type of wine."

Mephistopheles turns to the younger members of the audience, who fail to applaud and says: "I do not take it ill that what I've said leaves you cold. You must understand the devil is old. You must grow old, and then you'll understand him!"

DISK 3

CHAPTER 9

THE LABORATORY

The scene takes place in a laboratory, a medieval alchemist's chamber filled with cumbersome apparatus for fantastic purposes.

Wagner, the former assistant to Faust, is expectantly looking at a glowing ember. Mephistopheles enters and finds out that a human being is being made and says: "Have you imprisoned an amorous couple in your flue?"

Wagner says: "No! Heaven forbid! Old-fashioned procreation is something we reject as folly. The feeble force that was life's starting point is now being divested of all rights and privileges. That type of procreation is alright for beasts of the field, but human beings, with their splendid talents, must have a higher, nobler point of origin. Look! A flash! We compound the human substance by mixing hundreds of substances, sealing them tightly in clay and re-distilling them. It works! It's growing, and it's changing form. What was thought to be merely the province of Nature can be investigated, if only Reason dare. What was thought to be purely organic can be produced by crystallization."

Mephistopheles says: "He who has lived for a long time will have seen much, and there's not much on earth that can ever surprise him. I remember when I was a journeyman there were some humans that were crystallized", the wife of Lot.

Wagner says: "Look! It's rising! it's almost done. In the beginning a grand

scheme seems absurd, but later, in the future, chance will seem absurd."

Soon a speaking mannikin, a homunculus, a tiny man emerges created in reality by Mephistopheles' chicanery and ventriloquism, just as he had done in the previous act with Paris and Helen. Medieval, Greek, and Renaissance alchemists had believed that with supernatural aid a human being could be created. Wagner is elated. Since scholars thought this creation would be omniscient, Wagner begins a series of questions : "how should soul and body fit so well together, clinging to one another as if they'd never part, and yet torment each other all the livelong day. Mephisto interrupts him:" I'd rather learn why man and wife must get along so badly. These matters, friend, you never will clear up.

Mephistopheles tells Homunculus to show off his talents, and he slips out of the hands of Wagner, floats over to the sleeping Faust, hovers above him and pretends to interpret his dreams. According to him Faust is dreaming of the conception of Helen. According to myth of Leda and the swan, Zeus took the form of a swan and raped Leda. Helen was their offspring. According to the story Homunculus tells, however, it's much more erotic. In this case there are beautiful, naked women, clear waters, and as the swan approaches, Leda welcomes him and encourages the increasing familiarity until finally a mist causes a veil to fall and cover over the finale of the scene, which is the most beautiful of all.

Homunculus worries that, if a dreamer like Faust were to awaken here, he would be shocked by the harsh, Northern, gothic environment "in a later fog bound era amid the chaos of monkery and knighthood. How can you Northern eyes be anything but blinkered, where you are only comfortable where gloom prevails."

He surveys the gothic room, the stonework with pointed arches, the florid carvings, the mould, the drab, ugly, vulgar surroundings. He says: "If he were to wake up here, he would die."

Since Faust has been dreaming of sylvan springs, naked beauties and swans, he suggests they go to a classical Walpurgisnacht on the plains where imperial Rome was founded, when Caesar defeated Pompey in battle. Mephistopheles remarks cynically about antiquity: "Horrors- all those wars of slaves against despotism! It bores me to death. Once the war is over, they start all over again. They say it's for independence, but it's really just slaves against slaves. Those Greeks were never really very good for anything. They charm your eyes with different shapes, and they lure you into sinful pleasures. With us sin has always been kind of gloomy."

Homunculus says: "You've never been bashful, so suffice it to say: 'Thessalian witches.' "

At the mention of them Mephistopheles becomes much more interested. They were famous in classical times for their viciousness and lewdness. He says: "Oh, I've often thought about them and had a keen interest in them. It might not be restful to be with them night after night, but a trial visit...!"

Homunculus tells Wagner to do what is most important: "Stay in the laboratory, peruse your ancient manuscripts, follow their prescriptions in gathering elements, and, of course, to think about the What and the How!" For his part Homunculus will go through the world and perhaps gather some information, so he can put the final dots on the "i's". Homunculus tells Wagner, if he does that, he

will obtain the rewards promised to the discoverer of the Philosopher's Stone: fame, gold, a long life, maybe even knowledge and virtue. He says "Farewell", and Wagner fears that they'll never be seen again.

DISK3

CHAPTER 10

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT

CLASSICAL WALPURGIS NIGHT is the first of two great dream sequences of Faust, in which he begins to free himself from Mephistopheles and to develop his own evolved identity. It begins in the Pharsalian Fields at night, and Erichtho, a Thessalian witch, begins with a monologue, in which she describes some of the non-idyllic and unenlightened aspects of classical antiquity such as tyrannical wars and slavery. "Caesar and Pompey, each will rule alone with power gained through power. Those not able and incompetent to rule their own unruly selves with eager arrogance impose their wills upon their neighbor's. Here a great battle was fought that shows how power always meets a greater power and how fragile is the wreath of freedom."

Like a meteor Faust, Mephistopheles and Homunculus arrive on the scene. Each has their own agenda. Faust will search for Helen. Mephistopheles will search for erotic adventures, and Homunculus will search for a way to be a fully realized human being. Now Homunculus is a cross between Pinocchio,

"Geppetto, I want to be a real boy!" and Data from Star Trek, the Next Generation, the android. Homunculus is a miniature Faust, an archetype of the primitive force that animates both man and Nature. Homunculus is driven by an intense desire to find the secret of existence so that he can become truly alive. Now he is the personification of Intellect. He is always aware of his limitations, because he possesses none of the emotions, which lead real people into false assumptions and impressions. The three characters weave in and out of the action and separate and then rejoin one another at different times. Each pursues their own adventure, but the experiences of each mirror the aspirations and quests of the others, especially Faust, the dreamer.

Faust immediately searches for Helen, but becomes satisfied, that at least now the air he breathes was the air that spoke her tongue. Mephistopheles pursues his erotic adventures and in doing so comes into contact with griffins, who are a mythological creature with the head of a lion and the wings of an eagle, and who protect treasures, and sphinxes, the most ancient and wise of all, who are the protectors of the kingdom. Mephistopheles becomes uncomfortable with these creatures and senses their contempt for him. He describes them as: "Great feathered and hairy beasts, who give you full frontal and rear views. Classical antiquity is much too realistic. These things are better handled by the moderns, who at least paste leaves and such on various parts."

Mephisto poses as a British visitor and states: "We are great little tourists. We love visiting dilapidated walls, battlefields, waterfalls and dreary ancient sites," but the Sphinx identifies him immediately as one, "who is necessary both to the

pious and the wicked. To the pious he acts as a breastplate for their ascetic fencing and to the later a partner in their foolish acts, and as both, a source of amusement to Zeus."

Since this is Faust's dream, these insights reflect his own growth of character and understanding. If Mephisto is Zeus' comic relief, he is becoming like he was in Prologue in Heaven, not the ultimate demonic force, but rather a force for human change. The Sphinx says that mythological figures are either glorious or ugly depending on the perception of the individual, so to Mephistopheles they are ugly. Faust enjoys his dream vision and says: "How strange that I should be so satisfied by contemplation. Even in the ugly there is grandeur and strength. The future is auspicious."

The same mythological creatures who hate Mephistopheles are benevolent to Faust and tell him, if he wants to find Helen, he needs to find the restless, chariot driving Chiron. Chiron in legend was a wise healer and the greatest teacher of the greatest Greek mythological heroes.

In the next scene Faust is on his quest to find Chiron and Helen and finds the river god, Peneus, and his nymphs. Faust hears in the willows, reeds and water the sounds of human voices. The Nymphs say to him: "Lie down. Rest and find the peace that eludes you." Faust remembers the scene, Pleasant Landscape and remembers the all encompassing and pervasive feeling of rest and tranquility and the beautiful forms. But once again he recognizes that he needs and wants more. "These forms afford the eye such pleasure I should be content, but my spirit still desires more and greater things." He then has a vision of Helen's conception,

which is far calmer and more noble than Mephistopheles had conjured in the previous scene through Homunculus.

Chiron arrives on a white horse, and eventually Faust hops on behind him and immediately begins to flatter him as a great man and noble teacher, who reared a race of superheroes, Jason and the Argonauts, who helped create the poet's world. Chiron modestly says: "Let's not pursue that. In the end men do as they please, as though they'd not been taught at all." Faust then praises Chiron's medical knowledge of all plants and his ability to heal wounds and cure disease. Again Chiron demurs and says that he finally surrendered his skills to temple priests and to simple gathering women. Faust says: "You have the greatness of the truly great. You cannot bear a word of praise to yourself. You give precedence to others and act as though you yourself were quite ordinary." Chiron says: "I think you have the skills to be a great flatterer." Faust cleverly changes gears and asks who was the greatest among Jason and the Argonaut. Chiron says: "Each had his own particular skill, and, when the others in the group didn't have that ability, he was able to perform it." He then talked about the individual skills of Castor, Pollux, Orpheus and others. Chiron then concludes: "Danger is best endured in the company of others. What one performs goes to the merit of all." Faust then asks about Hercules and then says: "Having talked about the handsomest man, tell me about the greatest beauty. Chiron: "It's senseless to speak of women's beauty, which far too often is lifeless show. I reserve my praise for those who have a buoyant, optimistic zest for life. Beauty's blessing is its own existence. Add charm to it, and it becomes irresistible. I remember Helen, when

she was small. She was charming. She rode on the horse with me. She had a beauty that was a joy to an old man's life! Beauty and charm like hers never ages."

Faust becomes animated: "Then time shall not constrain her either. I shall endow this perfect with life. She is the dream of beauty, charm, and loveliness. My whole existence is now held in bondage and shall die, unless I can make her mine."

Chiron says: "You're a strange man. Among mortals you may be exalted, but in the spirit world, you're nuts."

Chiron is making a yearly visit to Manto, a Delphic Temple priestess. She was given to Chiron by Apollo to tutor and mentor. In Faust's dream she is the daughter of Aesculapius, the god of medicine. She has in turn implored her father to bring some light into physician's minds, so that they might finally stop their senseless slaughter. Chiron says: "If you stay with for her a while, she'll cure you."

Faust says: "I won't submit to any treatment. My mind is sound."

They arrive at Manto's temple and Chiron says: "Faust is half crazed. He is in pursuit of Helen, although he has no idea how to proceed or even where to start. A special case for Aesculapean treatment!"

Manto however is sympathetic. She says: "I love the man who wants what cannot be. Enter, bold spirit! Joy be with you. This tunnel leads to Persephone, who listens to forbidden pleas. I once smuggled Orpheus in. Use your chance better! Have no fear, but hurry."

So this scene ends with Faust on his way to meet with the goddess queen of the the underworld and queen of spring growth. Previously Orpheus had come to the Underground. He was the greatest musician and poet of legend and through his music had charmed Hades, the husband of Persephone, to allow him to go to the Underworld and retrieve his wife, Eurydice. Faust now hopes to retrieve Helen with greater success.

Homunculus and Mephistopheles are the main characters for the rest of the dream sequence. What happens to them reflects Faust's thoughts and developing personality. Mephistopheles continues to lose face, most apparently in the sexual arena. Faust has not severed his most malignant tie to Mephistopheles, namely magic, but Mephistopheles continues to lose power, so that he becomes more a pure spirit of negation. Mephistopheles liberally spews imprecations at classical world at the same time Faust is reconsidering again what it means to him. Mephistopheles resembles Faust in the opening scene with Wagner, in which Faust accused Classicism as being dry, dusty and lacking in vitality and current applicability. Thereafter, he followed his own path of experience and is now back to considering what Greek classicism means to him.

Mephistopheles enters on a large plain in front of a volcanic mountain created by Seismos. He complains: "I had no trouble with northern witches, but these phantoms leave me ill at ease. At home nothing changes from age to age, but here one doesn't know, if the ground is going to open beneath your feet. My lovely ladies flit roguishly about me, luring me on and then eluding me. He, who has a taste for sweets, though, will try under any circumstances." His lovely

ladies are the Lamiae, and they tease him: "Come on! Come on! Faster! Faster! No stopping! " When Mephistopheles is exhausted, they talk together and say: "It's so much fun punishing this rake so severely." Mephistopheles complains: "Men's lot is cursed! From Adam's time on, we've been lead on. We get older, but who gets any wiser. As if I hadn't done this enough times. You can tell by their tightly laced waists and painted faces, they're completely worthless. Their is nothing healthy about them, but, when they sing, we dance."

The Lamiae continue to tease Mephistopheles, and, when they allow him to catch them, they turn into broomsticks, snakes and eels. The only one that shows any interest in him has an ass's head. Finally, they all turn into bats and attack him, as in the Masquerade scene earlier with Zollo-Therisites. In this case Mephistopheles finally concludes that he is no wiser and that masquerades here and everywhere are merely to entertain the senses.

Mephistopheles meets up with Homunculus, who says: "I have been flitting about trying to achieve true existence, but I haven't found anything I wanted to attach myself to, but just now I encountered two philosophers, and they were talking about Nature. So surely they will know the right course for me to follow in order to achieve existence."

Mephistopheles cautions him: "Make your own decisions. You'll never learn unless you make your own mistakes. If you want to achieve existence, do so on your own! "

Homunculus says: "But still, good advice is not to be ignored, "and the rest of the scene is Homunculus on this quest.

The two philosophers are Anaxagoras and Thales. Anaxagoras is credited with making Athens the home of philosophy and of scientific speculation. He was sentenced to death by an Athenian jury for contravening the established religion. He was helped to escape by his friend, Pericles. When he died, a monument was erected to him that said: "To Mind and To Truth."

Thales is one of the Seven Sages of Greece and of him it is said that Western Philosophy begins with Thales.

Homunculus finds Anaxagoras and Thales arguing over what is the first principle: fire orator. Anaxagoras sums up Homunculus' life by saying he has had modest aspirations and has lived a cloistered life. He says: "if you'd like authority, I'll have you crowned their king of them." This has been Faust's path up to this time in sterile academia and his life court. Thales discourages Homunculus from accepting the offer and says: "A small world creates petty deeds. A great man inspires lesser men to grandeur," and this has been Faust's insight to achieve life's highest and most perfect forms. Homunculus throws his lot in with Thales and together they leave for the great sea festival at the Rocky Islets of the Aegean. Thales takes Homunculus to see Nereus. He says: "He's a grouchy, peevish, uncooperative guy. Nothing mankind ever does satisfies him. But, he can see into the future. "

When Homunculus knocks on his door, Nereus says: "Does the sound of human voice reach my ear? What sudden fury fills my breast! Humans, they wish to be and aspire to be the peers of gods, but they are doomed not to change one bit! When I retired I still gave advice to the best of them, but, when I looked to see

what they had done, it was like I'd given them no advice at all!"

Thales intercedes for Homunculus and says that he will follow the advice implicitly, but Nereus is unconvinced:. He says: "Does anyone follow advice. A stubborn ear is always deaf to wisdom. Regardless how often their acts bring bitter self-reproach, mankind remains as self-willed as always. Paternal admonition I gave to Paris before he got involved with that foreign hussy! I told him what I saw: fire, death and slaughter. Troy's day of doom, held fast in rhythmic lines, its horrors known to all future ages, and he laughed."

Thales says: "That type of behavior would vex a sage, but a good man would try again; an ounce of thanks is worth a ton of ingratitude, but the question we have for Homunculus is truly urgent: how can he achieve real existence?" But Nereus declines to give them the answer and sends them to Proteus, the man gifted with metamorphosis. "Go ask him how life can be achieved. Ask him how one can change ones form ."

Thales tells Homunculus that he doubts that visiting Proteus will be helpful. "If we find him, he'll just melt away, and, if he does talk to us, what he says will astonish and perplex us." But when he says their visit to Nereus was a waste of time, he is wrong from Faust's viewpoint. When Nereus said: "Troy's day of doom, held fast in rhythmic lines for ever," it marks Faust's understanding that poetry is the rhythmic pattering of the stuff of life itself. When Thales talked about a good man trying again, It marks the first time that that expression of God from the Prolog has entered the tragedy itself.

When Proteus appears, Thales explains that Homunculus came into the world

half complete. He has sound mental faculties, but he lacks a body. Proteus immediately says: "You must go to the open sea. There you will start small, glad to ingest any creature, and you will increase in size and put yourself in shape for loftier accomplishments and achievements." They take their leave and are guaranteed safe water passage by the Telchines, who have forged and have in their possession Poseidon's trident, which calms the water. But, when they boast of their art, Proteus puts all creation in a different perspective. Proteus says: "In the sun's living rays all lifeless works are futile jests. One earthquake and it's all undone. Terrestrial life is always unending grief. The ocean is more propitious to life. As a dolphin, I'll take you to the open sea."

This is Faust's consciousness, so he recognizes, first, that man, regardless of his order in creation, is not the end-all, be-all of the cosmos; secondly, that poetry is the rhythmic patterning of the stuff of life, Shakespeare's "to hold the mirror up to nature", and thirdly, for Goethe, the scientist, this is his thesis of evolution nearly a century before Darwin.

Thales encourages Homunculus to accept the offer: "Start your life at life's beginning! You'll evolve according to eternal norms. Your form will change countless times, before you need to be human." Proteus says: "Come to the open sea, where you are free to expand in all directions and dimensions. Just don't aspire to the highest forms immediately, because once you become human, there's no where else to go."

Thales echoes the "good man" theme and says: "That may be, but, I think, there comes a time comes, when a man should be a proper man." For at a certain time

to be a good man, living in the here and now, doing the best with ones abilities is a typically Faustian goal for the little Faust, who is Homunculus.

Unlike the other masquerades, this procession of powerful spirits has a spectacularly positive climax. Thales knows Homunculus will be afforded pleasure, and he will maintain a faith in the warmth of the human heart.

Homunculus says: "I am filled with beauty and truth. Water sustains all things. May Oceanus rule us!

Nereus observes the procession of Proteus carrying Homunculus, his daughter , Galatea, and others, and and says:

"Love is a beacon no crowd can obscure

No matter the distance, it gleams bright and clear,

Always seems near, always is true."

Homunculus shatters his vial against the throne of Galatea merging with the ocean. Those on the shore say:

"There is the flame, there is the fire.

There is the miraculous fire that transfigures our waves.

Lights wave and hover, the brightness comes nearer

All is enveloped in eddies of fire.

Hail to Ocean and waves now enveloped in sacred fire.

Hail to Water! Hail to Fire! Hail to this rare and sacred event!

Hail to Air with its soft breezes!

Hail to the Earth with its mysterious depths!

All hail we give to you four Elements.

The triumphal conclusions of Classical Walpurgisnight is the triumph of Faust's creative imagination and of his faith in the creative force of life. This masquerade is an affirmation of the dignity of man and of the meaningfulness of the cosmos . Life, love and light have triumphed over the darkness of ugliness and death, which began with Erichtho's monologue and continued through Mephistopheles' derogation of classical antiquity. Nature and the life of the individual are seen as a process of constant change.

This prepares the way in the next act for the second of Faust's dream plays: the drama of his connection with his ideal of womanhood, that he has projected as Helen of Troy.

DISK 3

CHAPTER 11

ACT III, BEFORE MENELAUS' PALACE AT SPARTA

Act 3 begins in Sparta in front of Menelaus' Palace. Enter Helen and a chorus of captive Trojan women with their leader, Panthalis. Helen says: "I who am much admired and much berated have just disembarked upon my native soil. Menelaus and his greatest warriors celebrate their return. Great noble house, I greet you. Here I played as a child with my sister, Clytemnestra, and Castor and Pollux too. Great double doors, through

you did Menelaus appear to me as a brilliant, radiant bridegroom so many year ago. Allow me now to enter the house, as a loyal wife and carry out the urgent bidding of my husband and leave behind me the violent storms that have raged around me fatally. For since I left here for Cytherea's shrine, as sacred duty bade me and there was abducted by the Phrygian pirate, much has occurred, which people far and wide enjoy to tell, but their story cannot please the ear of him whose story has been expanded to fantastic tale."

The Chorus says: "Do not, great lady, disdain your glory, possession of the highest good! Beauty, whose fame is all surpassing."

Helen says: "Enough! I've come here by ship with my husband. Now he sends me ahead of him. What purpose he entertains, I have no way of knowing. Do I come here as a queen? As a wife? Do I come as a victim atoning for the prince's bitterness for the woes that the Greeks long sustained in the war? I am a prize of war- am I also now a hostage? I have no way of knowing. The immortal gods allotted me with beauty both fame and an eventful life. They stand now as gloomy and threatening presences. On board ship my husband seldom looked at me and said not a single reassuring word, but sat there like someone planning mischief. He told me to come ahead of him to the castle and

with the ancient, wise household stewardess arrange all the possessions for his inspection. "

The Chorus says: "Oh the treasures! Then, when you enter and challenge them, it shall be beauty competing with gold and pearls- something we will watch with utter delight."

Helen says: "The master gave me further orders. He told me in great detail how to prepare for a sacrifice, except to tell me what living creature was to be offered. Is it I ? It gives me pause, but I shan't think more about it. Let all such matters be decided by the high gods, who will bring to pass what they intend, whether it be judged by human minds to be good or evil. As mortals we must bear what they allot. Many times though the sacrifice has been interrupted by the gods or by approaching foe."

The Chorus says: "Thought cannot tell us what is to be. Do not be daunted, O Queen, but proceed! Good or evil come as a surprise, even foretold. They are not believed. Did we not see Troy burn? Did we not face a shameful death and yet here we are with you, the most beautiful and important person in our lives under a dazzlingly sunny sky?"

Helen says: "Let come what may. but I must enter this house without delay. Much yearned for, much missed, almost lost through folly. How it

is that it appears to me now, I know not, but I must enter it. Although my feet do not carry me in the same way as a child, when I skipped across it," and she enters the palace.

The Chorus says: "Sisters sadly mourning your captivity, cast away your sorrows. Rejoice with Queen Helen now approaching happily the hearth of her fathers."

Helen returns from the castle and Panthalis says to her: "The Queen returns with marked agitation in her step. What dreadful thing have you encountered? I see horror, repugnance and noble indignation struggling with surprise."

Helen says: "I, Zeus' daughter, must be far above all vulgar fear and terror, but there is a horror that emerges from the primal womb of ancient night that will shake even a hero's heart." She then explains how she plans a cleansing ceremony for her and her husband, so that they may begin anew.

Panthalis says to Helen: "But what did you see or encounter?"

Helen says: "The castle was unnaturally quiet. I saw no servants stirring about. I saw no one until by the central hearth, I saw a tall veiled person, and I thought it was the stewardess, that my husband had mentioned. I summoned her and then threatened her to do her work, but she told me

to go away. As I approached the nuptial chamber, she appeared in front of me. She was tall, gaunt. She had blood stained eyes and was lifeless.

"

Suddenly this person, Phorkyas, appears in front of them. The Chorus says: "Though young I have seen many terrible things: the night Troy burned, the city engulfed in flames, people trapped by death on all sides." They challenge Phorkyas and vow to resist and fight her.

Phorkyas says: "It's an old saying, but true that Beauty and Modesty seldom go hand in hand. You are arrogant. You are like the noisy croaking cranes and the howling dogs. I know your lineage. You are war-begotten. You are man hungry and as much seducing as seduced."

Helen says: "Who are you to scold my maids. I am satisfied with them."

Phorkyas then apologizes, backs down and asks for Helen's protection.

The Chorus says: "How ugly seems ugliness, when set next to beauty."

Phorkyas responds: "How shallow seems foolish ignorance set next to wisdom."

They exchange insults until Helen tells them to stop, and then she says that she is confused. She doesn't know, whether she is alive or whether she is a Shade, and strangely she asks the scary newcomer for encouragement.

Phorykas recounts Helen's life as one to inflame men with love and stir them to daring deeds. She says: "You were still young, when Theseus, handsome as Hercules and truly strong, ravished you."

Helen says: "Took me , a slender doe of ten to Attica and imprisoned me in a castle."

Phorkyas says: "Where you were rescued by Castor and Pollux and then you were wooed by many heroes and wed to Menelaus, until when he was in Crete an all too handsome guest, Paris, appeared to poor, lonely you."

Helen says: "Why do you bring up that semi-widowhood and the appalling consequences that it had for me?"

Phorkyas says: "You left this castle for Troy and love's delights that never tire."

Helen says: "Delights! An all too bitter grief which never, ever ends and engulfs my head and my heart."

Phorkyas says: "In the land of Shades Achilles came to you and you were joined."

Helen says: "I was a shade myself. He was a shade. It was a dream. I become faint. I'm becoming a shade unto myself," and she falls back into the waiting arms of the chorus.

The Chorus says: "Silence, you evil-eye, evil tongue! He who's malicious while posing as kindly, the wolf in sheep's clothing, is more dreadful than the three-headed dog. Instead of offering her kindness and consolation, you evoke from her past more of its evil than its good. You darken both the radiance of the present and the hope of the future. Be silent, so that the soul of our queen, now on the verge of flight, may retain her current form, which is more beautiful than any form on which the sun has ever shone."

Helen regains her strength and says: "It is proper for a queen, just as it is for all mankind, even when surprised by danger, to remain calm and stout of heart. We have delayed long enough. Let us prepare the sacrifice, which Menelaus has commanded."

Phorykas says: "All is prepared: ax, water, incense. Say where's the sacrifice?"

Helen says: "That was left unsaid."

Phorkyas: "Left unsaid? Uh oh!"

Helen: "Why uh oh?"

Phorkyas: "You are the sacrifice. I see no escape. You shall fall beneath the axe."

The Chorus says: "What about us?"

Phorkyas: "The Queen shall die a noble death. You , inside, shall writhe and turn, hanging from the lofty rafters."

Helen and the Chorus stand amazed and terrified. Phorykas continues: "Phantoms! There you stand like lifeless images, afraid to quit the daylight to which you have no claim. All mortals are only ghosts, but none renounce the sacred sunlight willingly. No effort or prayer can save you from your doom. All men know this, but few men rejoice in it."

Phorkyas claps her hands and dwarves appear and quickly erect the place of sacrifice-execution. Helen and the Chorus become deferential and ask Phorkyas, if there isn't some way of escaping.

Phorkyas says that when Menelaus was plundering a new group of men had settled in the North. They are invincible, their fortress is impregnable, and they have a single lord.

Helen becomes interested and says: "What's he look like?"

Phorykas answers, but remember it's Faust's dream, and she says: "He's lively, forthright. I like his looks. He's handsome, and, even in Greece, he's extremely intelligent. I'd trust myself to him. His castle is something you should see for yourself! It's very different from the heavy masonry you erect. Everything is plumb and level, everything very regular. From outside it aspires heavenward, firm, tight-jointed and

mirror smooth. To scale such walls- forget-about-it! Why thought itself slips off and falls. Inside are spacious courtyards. You'll see shafts, arches, pillars- great and small, platforms and galleries. Inside are young lads, who are lively and have curly hair. So give me a firm answer now. Say 'yes' and I will surround you with this fortress immediately."

Helen says: "Am I to fear that Menelaus will do me so grievous a wrong as to injure me?"

Phorkyas says: "Have you forgotten the way in which he maimed battle-slain Paris' brother, your Deipobus? You remember. He took you with stubborn force, when you were widowed, as a concubine. Yes, he cut off his ears and his nose and maimed other parts. An atrocious sight!

Helen says: "He did do that to him , because of me?"

Phorkyas says: "Because of him, he will do it to you. He, who has possessed beauty, can not share it. Cursing all half-claims, he prefers to destroy it."

Trumpets are heard in the distance. The Chorus stands in terror and says: "Do you not see the weapons flash?"

Phorykas says: "Welcome my Lord and Master! Glad to answer for my conduct!"

The Chorus says: "But what of us?"

Phorkyas says: "You know the truth. You know what will happen. You will watch her death and inside observe your own. No, there is no escape. There is no hope for you."

Helen decides for safety to go to the north, but makes no commitment to the lord of the castle. Phorkyas leads the way. The Chorus is relieved. The skies become darker and foggy. The sunshine disappears. En route they encounter Hermes, the Lord of Hades, who beckons them to come back to a place, which is always filled with souls, but always appears empty. It becomes darker and darker. The Chorus wails: "Is this a pit or a courtyard? Sisters, we are captives, as much captives as we were before!"

DISK3

CHAPTER 12

INNER COURTYARD OF A CASTLE

The scene changes to the inner courtyard of a castle. The enclosed yard is fronted by elaborate and ornate medieval buildings. Panthalis berates the members of the chorus for their lack of courage. She says:

"Hasty and foolish females, dependent on the moment, sport of every breeze of good luck and of bad luck, but accepting neither with equanimity! You fight among yourselves. You laugh or wail together only in joy or in sorrow. Be silent and await the decision of our queen."

When Helen appears, she's exhausted. Panthalis calls out to the castle and says: "Our Queen has arrived. She desires only rest and the end of wandering."

Immediately they're signs of activity within the castle. A proper reception with pomp will occur. Helen is invited to ascend a throne and sit. The members of the chorus are ecstatic: the guys are cute. With much pomp and ceremony Faust, the master of the castle, arrives and Panthalis is much impressed by him. He appears powerful, dignified and successful.

Faust approaches Helen. He has a man fettered to his side. He is Lynceus, the watchman of the tower, who did not see Helen and her party arrive. Faust says: "Because this servant failed in his duty, I failed in mine." The usual penalty for this dereliction of duty is death, but Faust will allow Helen to make a decision. She recognizes that this is a test and says: "I will obey the first duty of the law, which is to allow the accused to speak for himself. You may speak."

Lynceus says: "It was this morning as though the sun rose in the south. All I could see was your beauty. Because of that I failed to see anything else. Threaten to destroy me, if you must, but beauty curbs all anger."

Helen says: "It is not fitting to punish the guilt, which I have caused. What a fate I suffer, everywhere to so confound men that they neither spare themselves nor those things we venerate. Fighting, stealing, seducing by demigods, heroes, gods and dead spirits has led me much bewildered to and fro. Free this man. It is not right to smite or punish one, whom the gods have made mad."

Faust is impressed and praises her lavishly: "What now am I? You make rebels of my most trusted vassals. You make unsafe my walls. My army may soon obey this conquering-unconquered lady. What choice have I but to entrust myself and all that I foolishly thought I owned to you? At your feet in fealty and homage, I acknowledge you as my queen, the woman, whose by coming here, has gained both state and throne."

Lynceus enters with a chest of jewels and unashamedly explains that they are the spoils of war obtained by the invading and successful Germanic tribes from the East. He says: "I thought they were grand, until your coming. Now I see they have no worth. They are as grass cut down

in the meadow and left to wither and dry. O let one look from you, one gladdening look, restore their worth."

Faust says that this is unnecessary: "Everything we have belongs to Helen already." He tells Lynceus to go to the castle and arrange all their possessions for her to review.

Lynceus responds: "Your command is without force, almost farce to obey it, for our wealth and our lives are subject to the power of her beauty already. The army has been tamed. Strong arms have been lamed. Weapons have been blunted set next to this loveliness. Even the sun has become dull and lukewarm next to her great beauty. All else is nothingness!"

Helen asks Faust to sit beside her. He kisses her hand and asks: "Confirm me as your co-regent and in one person obtain a worshiper, a vassal and a protector."

Next, as Faust's dream continues, Helen asks about the unaccustomed sound of rhyming that Lynceus was using. In her time poetry, such as Homeric verse, was alliterated not rhymed. She says: "I hear so many wonderful things. Can you explain to me how he does it?" Faust suggests that she try it immediately. He'll provide a line, and she can provide a rhyming word, and together they make a love duet.

Faust begins: "When your soul is filled with yearnings flame, you look around and ask..."

Helen: "Who feels the same?"

Faust: "There is no future or past in a moment like this, the current moment only..."

Helen: "Is our bliss."

Faust: "It is all things we could ever demand. What confirmation does it need?"

Helen: "My hand."

The Chorus approve Helen's friendliness with Faust and say: "Women who have had many lovers make their decisions without delay, because they have great expertise. To shepherd boys with golden hair they cede all access to their voluptuous limbs. They sit closer to one another, now hand in hand. Majesty can allow itself the public demonstration of affection and joy."

Helen and Faust continue their love duet. Helen begins: "I feel so far away and yet so near. All I want to say is 'I'm here, I'm here.' "

Faust: "I tremble, can hardly speak. All is as a dream. Time and space have fled."

Helen: "My life seems past but is somehow new. I know you not, a

stranger, but I live in you."

Faust: "Do not be puzzled by a fate uniquely yours! Though life be but a moment, our duty is to be."

While Helen and Faust coo and spark, Phorkyas enters with bad news. She states that Menelaus and his army are preparing to attack and reclaim Helen. Faust denies that there is any danger and says: "Bad news makes the fairest messenger ill-favored, but you, the ugliest, enjoy ill tidings only."

Faust's own army then marches off. Faust says: "He alone deserves his lady's favor who can give her full protection." He encourages and exhorts his troops and states that the lands that they recover from Menelaus will be theirs in fief. Faust says a union will ensue between Helen, the queen of Sparta and these German tribes: Goths, Franks, Saxons and Normans, and "her throne will guarantee your rights and assure you of enlightened justice."

The Chorus says: "He who wants the fairest as his, must above all be able, and in his wisdom, attend his weapons . He may have by flattery obtained that which he prizes most in the world, but he will find it difficult to keep. I praise our prince. He surrounds himself with brave men. Men of strength willing to carry out his orders. Thus they receive

liberal thanks and generosity from the Prince, and both of them therefore obtain glory and fame. Who will take Her away now. She is his. He deserves her with his impregnable fortress and his invincible army. Faust says: "Now the troops have been splendidly rewarded. Each holds generous land in fief. Let them go off! We will stand firm at the center, and they will protect. "

Faust then describes the beauties of Greece and combines Athenian and Spartan culture over which Helen will rule and provide for the freedom of all. Finally Faust concludes this scene and his own utopian vision. He says: "When the sway of nature is left unhindered, all realms of being merge as one." He sits next to Helen and says: "Now that we have achieved this oneness, let what has happened in the past, remain forever in the past. Remember, the high god who gave you being and that only in this primal world do you belong. No mighty fortress need confine you! Arcadia, while near to Sparta, is a realm of ever youthful vigor, where we can dwell in perfect bliss. Helen, when you were lured to flee to this fair soil, Fate granted you its greatest favor! Our thrones can become a bower. Our happiness Arcadian and free."

DISK3

CHAPTER 13

SHADED GROVE

The stage set changes completely to A SHADED GROVE surrounded by steep cliffs. Faust and Helen are not to be seen. The Chorus is asleep. Phorkyas steps forward and says that a long time has passed, and all will be amazed to find out what has happened. Phorkyas says she alone was privy to the idyllic lover's life of Faust and Helen in their secret Bat Cave. They now have a son, Euphorion. They are now the anxious, fretful parents. The child has no wings but bounces around like a grasshopper. His mother says: "Bounce around all you like, but do not attempt to fly. The gift of flight has been denied to you." His father says: "The earth possesses the resilience to propel you even higher. If your toe but touch the ground, you will be strengthened." So the boy leaps atop massive cliffs. He bounces like a batted ball along the ridges. He disappears into the crevasses along the gorges. His parents think he's lost. His mother weeps and mourns. His father comforts her. Then he shows up again, and they do it all over again. "He is a miniature Apollo, self assured, with the radiance of a never daunted soul. Though young, he possesses the

beauty of all times and is the one to whom all eternal melodies will reside."

The Chorus arises and listens attentively to pleasing, purely melodic music of stringed instruments originating in the grotto and seem deeply affected by it. Music probably accompanied Greek drama and was thought to be sacred, a form of worship, a part of the divine and exerted extremely powerful forces. Phorkyas ignores this point and says: "Listen to those lovely strains of music. Liberate yourself from myth! Do not cling to ancient gods- they are so passe'. What they say no longer has meaning for us. We are more exacting."

The Chorus says: "Dread creature! We, who have been restored to life, are moved to tears. WITH IT WE FIND WITHIN OURSELVES WHAT THE WORLD WILL NOT PROVIDE."

Euphorion, Helen and Faust enter. Euphorion says: "If you hear the songs of children, you share their joy as well." Helen says: "Love, to make us humans happy, brings together a worthy pair, but to make their pleasure perfect creates a precious three." Faust launches into a Beatles refrain: "All our wishes are fulfilled. I am yours and you are mine and we stand here united," coo-kuk-a-choo, coo-kuk-a-choo! The Chorus says: "We see many years of family bliss, but Euphorion most wants to fly."

Faust tells him don't take any risks- that's rich! Euphorion refuses.

Helen says: "Think about how you're hurting us. Think of to whom you belong. Think how you're destroying the family we have created!" The

Chorus says: "We don't think this bliss is going to last much longer!"

Faust and Helen say: "Try to control this violent excitement. Try to enjoy yourself in this peaceful environment."

Euphorion agrees and dances with a line of girls. He suggests that they be the chased and he be the hunter, but they are only too happy to be caught by him. He says: "I cannot abide what's easily gained;. Only what's conquered affords true delight." Faust and Helen say: "What madness and temerity! There is no hope for moderation!"

Euphorion goes off and returns with a wild and unwilling girl and enjoys forcing himself upon her and demonstrating his greater will. The Girl however says: "I too possess strength of mind and force of soul equal to yours. A woman's will does not need to be subservient. Do you think I'm helpless? You are a fool to trust your strength . Hold onto me, if you want to feel flames that scorch, " and she bursts into flames.She rises into the air and says: "Follow me into the chilly air, or into the grave, if you'd catch the prize you've lost!"

Euphorion says: "How can I stay here, cramped by these cliffs and

surrounded by a forest. Youth is still vital! There are winds that roar and billows that thunder. I can hear them distantly! O, to be near!" and he climbs higher upon the cliffs. Faust and Helen say: "Must you always play the mountain goat? We fear you'll fall. Can't you endure a peaceful day in the country?"

Euphorion says: "I must climb higher order to get a broader view, and do you dream that there is peace? Dream on if you must. War! is the password; Win! the echoing shout".

The Chorus says: "He, who in peace-time yearns for war, has bidden farewell to hope and all its joys."

Euphorion says: "Those heroes this country bore to face the dangers, fierce and free, courageous, not stinting of their own blood, filed with a holy zeal that nothing can quench, for these fighters may hope be rewarded!

The Chorus says: "He climbs higher. He grows larger. A warrior on his way to victory, wielding steel."

Euphorion says: "Walls and moats do not protect them. Everyone is self-reliant. The sure fortress of survival is man's unrelenting will. If you'll live unconquered, be off to battle lightly armed. Let your wives be Amazons, and a hero, every child! Euphorion then sees himself a grown

warrior in company of other bold, strong, daring men in front of whom the path to glory lies.

Helen and Faust lament: "You're no sooner summoned into life and enjoy a day's serenity than you yearn for a place of hurt and pain. Don't you care about us at all? Is the joy we share a dream?"

Euphorion says: "Hear the battle thunder. Might meets might. Troop after troop knows agony. Men come to understand that Death! is an imperative."

Faust, Helen and the Chorus say: "Must you die also?"

Euphorion says: "Should I watch from far away? No! Their distress is mine."

The Chorus say: "Rash pride and peril together mean death."

Euphorion says: "Not so with wings spread to support me! I must get there. Let me have flight! " He leaps into the air, and for a moment his garment support him. The Chorus says: "Icarus, Icarus, grievous event!" and a handsome young man falls to the ground at the feet of Helen and Faust. The body disappears and only the garments remain. Faust and Helen say: "Brief joy has ended in merciless pain." Euphorion calls from the Underworld: "Mother, please don't leave me here alone in the darkness!"

The Chorus eulogizes Euphorion, and in reality Lord Byron, who died in 1824 at age 36, fighting with the Greeks in their war of independence from Turkey. The Chorus says: "You were endowed with strength and of high lineage. You gave up your birthright, and an early blossom died. Eyes that clearly saw the world, empathy for every feeling, love for woman's worth, and a music all your own. But, you became the foe of law and propriety. You had hopes of great achievement, but you were not fated to succeed. WHO CAN SUCCEED? Somber thought now, as all mankind lies bleeding. So strike up new songs once again, be no longer deeply bowed. The earth will engender new songs as it always has before." There is a complete pause AND THE MUSIC CEASES. Helen embraces Faust one last time before going to the Underworld to be with her son. She says: "Beauty and happiness can form no lasting union. The bond of love, the tie to life, are both torn asunder. I mourn them both. I bid you a sorrowful, forever farewell." She vanishes, leaving her robe and veil in Faust's arms.

Phorkyas says to Faust: "Hang onto those! It's all you've got left. But, if you endure, it'll carry you through the skies, far from the common world. We'll meet again- far, far away from here." Helen's garments dissolve into clouds. The clouds envelop Faust, lift him up, and carry

him away.

Phorkyas picks up Euphorion's clothing, holds it aloft and says:

"Another lucky find. The flame has gone out, but I doubt the world feels any loss. There is enough left here though to get the poets started in their trade with their bitter competition. I have no talents to confer, but at least I have lend them some clothing."

Panthalis has decided to follow her Queen to Hades. She says: "Finally were rid of that Thessalian hag and her magic. Come girls. Let's quickly follow as faithful servants. We'll find our Queen at the throne of the Inscrutable." The Chorus, however, has other ideas and says: "Queens are happy no matter where they go. They outrank all others, but we will be inconsequential. What entertainment will we have? What's in it for us?"

Panthalis says: "Those who have gained no honor and lack a lofty life purpose belong to elemental matter. So, begone! My ardent, loyal desire is to be with my queen. No less than merit, faithfulness preserves identity," and she leaves the stage.

The Chorus says: "We have been restored to the day and its light. That we are no longer persons, we're well aware, but we need never return to Hades. Living Nature as always accepts us back, and we make our

claims on Nature as well." The Chorus divides into four groups. The first group joins trees and flowers at their roots. The second joins mountains, woodlands and the animal inhabitants. A third group joins the world of water: lakes, streams and oceans. The fourth joins a hillside planted in grapes, which eventually lead to a Dionysean festival.

The curtain falls. Phorkyas grows to gigantic size and stands revealed as Mephistopheles, after pulling off mask and veil, prepared to answer questions and provide an epilogue.

END MOVIE

Eventually the dream must end and the Utopia crumble. A son, Euphorion, goes through developmental stages, much like his parents, and eventually pushes the envelope past its breaking point. Helen follows her motherly instincts and leaves the world of light and Faust to stay with her son in the land of Shades. The real and ideal worlds, the marriage of cultures must end. Faust is left to renew his journey. He has said farewell to Helen, his son and the embodiment of the greatest living artist, in Goethe's mind, Byron.

Byron had described Goethe as "the first of existing writers, who has created the literature of his own country and illustrated that of Europe." Undoubtedly Goethe and Faust had made an impression upon Byron as seen in his works "Manfred" and "Don Juan", and Goethe took it as a real tribute. The poetic respect was mutual, although their life styles diverged significantly. Something

Byron wrote in "Childe Harold's Progress" suggests a shared personality trait for all three men: Faust, Goethe and Byron:

The race of life becomes a hopeless flight

To those that walk in darkness.

On the sea the boldest steer

but where their ports invite.

But there are wanderers for eternity

Whose bark drives on and on

And anchored neer shall be.

DISK 4

CHAPTER 1

MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART VIII

Before following this wandering Faust, it is time for another installment of "The Many Loves Of JW Goethe."

Meister Eckhard wrote: "You should not confine yourself to just one manner of devotion, since God is found in no particular way. That is why they do Him wrong, who take God in just one particular way. They take the way, rather than God."

Goethe expressed a similar notion, when he wrote: "I believe in God, but to recognize God in all his manifestations, that is true holiness on earth."

In 1812 a translation became available of the 14th century Persian poet, Hafiz, who wrote of nature and love from an Eastern perspective. The poems inspired Goethe to write the West-East Divan, which included books or poem collections on Love, Contemplation, Sadness, and most importantly Suleika, a young actress and dancer. In Goethe's world Suleika is Frau Marianne Willemer, an attractive, married, 30 year old actress and writer, who stirred Goethe's still youthful emotions and collaborated with him in writing the poems. For Goethe love was the most intense way of knowing beauty, the physical world and the divine, which were for him inseparable and interdependent. Goethe wrote about the net effect of contact with Hafiz and Marianne to expand his vision as: "One doesn't believe in the manifold manifestations, one knows it. "

In the 1815 poem, "A Thousand Forms," Goethe recognizes that his love is similar to the Moslem believer who recognizes Allah in many forms:

Take on a thousand forms, hide as you will,

O most-Beloved, at once I know tis you.

Conceal yourself in magic veils, and still,

Presence-in-All, at once I know tis you.

In the cypress tree, he knows her as Beauty-in -Every- Limb.

In the plume of a water fountain, he knows her as All-Playful-One.

In flowers, he knows her as Beauty.

In the sparks of dawn, he knows her as the Great Gladdener.

The poem concludes:

**What with bodily sense and soul I know,
Teacher-of-All, I know alone through you.
All hundred names on Allah I bestow.
With each will echo then a name for you.**

For Goethe the West-East Divan was an epic about love in older age. Love wasn't the same twice for Goethe as he "shed skins." He celebrated finding at age 65 that this passion was sleeping, but not dead.

He wrote in the poem "Hatem", the Persian lover of Suleika :

**Only this heart does persist
Blooming in youth as flowers do.
Under the snow and mist
A mount Etna gushes forth to you.
Is it possible, Star of Stars,
That I press you to my heart again!
What a precipice and pain
Is the night of distant separation**

It was for Goethe the same river, but different water. Marianne was his unattainable love. She was married. The eastern roles the couple played offered total freedom, but only in the imagination. Reality demanded denial or renunciation (Entsagung). Fulfillment was restricted to poetry. The poems

describe his rediscovered youthfulness using motifs such as fire, freedom, generosity and enjoyment of the present.

Goethe gracefully after a time returned to his more customary life at Weimar, where he was a major stop on any young, European man's "Grand Tour." However the Divan had renewed his poetic inspiration and vigor. They would be needed, since most of Part II of Faust remained to be written.

DISK 4

CHAPTER 2

MEPHISTO'S CADENZA

Goethe offered Mephisto at the conclusion of Act III, when he shed his Phorkyas disguise, an epilogue or cadenza. It was a common practice in music. Think of Beethoven's Violin Concerto and its cadenza. The cadenza offered a composer or artist the opportunity to extemporize, to write or to play to their strength. It may be similar to jazz improvisation and is generally well conceived and rehearsed. It is pleasantly surprising to me that someone like Beethoven would allow a cadenza. Beethoven was known to stop the music at any time and any place, if his music was not being played precisely as he had written it. Here, Mephisto accepts the offer, and he's hardly shy.

Fireworks in the sky

Mephisto: Admit it: you would have been disappointed with anything less from the Devil!

Shock and awe!

In this lovely Greek play were you jumping out of your seats to urge Helen: "Wait, don't go, Helen! Take a chance on Menelaus! He went to great lengths to recover you. Certainly he won't kill you? He loves you!"

I don't think so!

That's human nature, isn't it? He will kill you, Helen! His brother, Agamemnon, killed his daughter, Iphigenia, to get fair winds!

Who is Helen exactly? She is the Face that sank a thousand ships, but how? A victim of bad luck? Sport of the gods? Adulteress? Ho?

Are these really the Greeks, that Goethe said lived life in its most glorious vision?

Who? Which one? It can't be Socrates. They killed him.

Perhaps it's Pericles, the man who gave his name to the age: "The Golden Age of Pericles!" Pericles was a patron, visionary and driving force for the Temple to Athena by Iktinos and Kallikrates and the statues of Phidias. He delivered the famous Funeral Oration after the first year of the Peloponnesian War. "Attica, Attica ueber alles, ueber alles in der Welt!" It was the finest plea for Athenian

imperialism, so necessary for Athens to be "a school and education for Greece." The best thing a man could do was to die for his country, certainly not to figure out a reason why Sparta did not need to be destroyed. The glory of dying for country worked well, since the curriculum of the "Athenian School for Greece" inevitably involved subjugation through force. As a support for war it was said: "We are fighting not merely against becoming slaves, but against the loss of empire and the danger from the animosities incurred in its exercise. What we have is a tyranny. To take it was perhaps wrong, but to let it go is unsafe."

Not that Pericles didn't feel the pain of loss though. What did he say in the Funeral Oration? "You who are still of an age to beget children must bear up in the hope of having others in their stead; not only will they help you to forget those whom you have lost, but they will be a reinforcement and security." Step right up and play Whack-A-Mole. Knock one down and another pops up. Hurry, hurry, hurry!

What a model Pericles was on the value and worth of women in his Funeral Oration: "I must say something on the subject of female excellence. Greatest will be hers who is least talked of among the men whether for good or for bad." Nothing!

Perhaps the glory of these Greeks was in their institutions, like Democracy. You can vote, if you were a free man, if both your parents were Athenian, and if you had fought in the army, but not if you are a woman. No, no.

Perhaps their glory was how Democracy worked on a larger scale: the city-state, the polis. Let's see: the Greek city states with Athens and Sparta in the lead

fight the Persians under Darius and Xerxes in 479 BCE. Yeah! Greeks win! Greeks win!

Athens is one free city among other free, equal cities, the Delian League, but some are more equal than others. Hello, George Orwell! Athens collects the money from the other states for the League treasury at Delos to pay for their common cost, but soon the treasury moves from Delos to Athens. Ooh`oh! By a gradual process of transformation an empire formed. Athens is the mistress and the money becomes tribute not contribution.

Then there was the issue that Athens couldn't provide enough food for itself, so the provinces needed to do that per force. If a city wanted to leave this Delian League, they were forced to stay. If they wanted to remain neutral or independent, for example the island of Melos, they were humanely told to surrender and pay tribute to Athens or be destroyed. Melos chose freedom. All the men were executed. Woman and children were taken captive and enslaved. The island was repopulated as an Athenian colony. Athens said of the matter: "The strong do as they can and the weak suffer what they must." Resistance is futile. Justice was a consideration only among equals.

If their glory was not in their people or their politics, maybe it was in their Art. Greeks had their great art and that art was reflected in life: life imitating art! Really? The houses were dark with dirt floors and were insufferably hot in summer, cold in winter and had insufficient water. No wonder the men spent all their time outside debating great issues in the market place.

Greeks for brains; Romans for drains. The Romans did well to follow this

Greek example. After the destruction of Carthage in 241 B.C. in order to secure the favor of the gods, the Romans fought only defensive wars - regularly, and for the next 350 years could always find someone who was threatening them. Tacitus said the Romans killed all the people and salted the lands, created deserts and called it "Peace."

So, Europe rediscovered lost writings of these wonderful, evolved, humane Greeks and Romans and called it a rebirth. It took you until the 19th century to also bring home their other marvelous invention: indoor plumbing. Really! Who does that.? Bring home the books and leave the plumbing behind. Where would you read them?

Hasn't our story been an adventure in misery, a recapitulation of man's history of errors and their ceaseless repetition? Hasn't it been a tragedy for anyone coming into contact with Faust? Where is the progress? Why bother? To be or not to be may really be the question.

The whole idea of nothingness is really quite tantalizing. I was talking to a young woman and said: "What is nothingness: no time, no space, no energy- no heat, no light, no movement- there's no place to go. It's a very difficult concept to get your arms around, isn't it."

She said: "No, I was in a relationship like that once."

What will Faust, Meshungina Man, do with this new found classical enlightenment? Let's see, shall we?

DISK 4

CHAPTER 3

ACT IV, LOFTY MOUNTAINS

Act 4 takes place amid lofty mountains and rugged, serrated peaks. A cloud floats by, touches a peak, lands on a ledge, divides, and out steps Faust, who says: "I send away this cloud that has carried me across land and sea. But look! It forms a figure, Helen! It moves on, a dazzling symbol of those fleeting days' vast importance. Am I entranced by a mirage of what, in youth, I valued most, but have lost long since? Youth's first rich springs well up. I see the image of love's dawn, that carefree happiness- that swiftly felt, but scarcely comprehended vision which, had it lasted, would have surpassed all other treasures. Like inward beauty of the soul the lovely form becomes more clear, rises and draws away and with it my best and inmost self.

1831 - the last part done

Two large boots plop down. Mephistopheles emerges from them, and the boots stride off. Mephistopheles says: "Why did you choose this hideous place. These rocks used to pave the road to hell."

Faust says: "More legends, great! Just what I need. What I see in the mountains is always their silent grandeur. 'Above every peak is peace.' When Nature, from herself, created nature, the globe was complete and perfect. There was verdant growth, the diversity of peaks, mountains and gentle valleys and yet

chaotic madness."

Mephistopheles says: "You think it is all as clear as day. I have been around from the beginning, and I assure you, it's not that way. But let me ask you: back here on earth, has nothing ever pleased you? You have surveyed in measureless expanses, the kingdoms of the world and all their glory. (Matt. 4) But, since nothing ever satisfies you, I suppose there's nothing there that you desire."

Faust says: "Wrong! Guess what it was."

Mephistopheles says: "A capital that sustains itself with dreary trade, with narrow, crooked streets and gabled roofs and markets that sell onions, beets and cabbage and meat stalls where flies hang about . There you would find noisome odors and endless activity. Next, wider streets and broader squares pretending to gentility and outside the city gates, suburbs that stretch on forever. I'd love to watch the carriages and the noisy traffic, the ant-like activity, which never stops. And if I decided to ride or drive, I'd be the cynosure of hundred of thousands of eyes."

Faust says: "Nooo! It's nice to see the population grow and the people earn a fairly decent living, get more education and culture, but you're just training rebels."

Mephistopheles says: "And then, aware of my own, great importance, I would build a chateau with a great garden and a velvety lawn, and down every rock two streams, water fountains of every type. And then I'd have less formal residences for my rendezvous with lovely ladies, and I do mean ladies in the plural."

Faust says: "Tawdry, but fashionable."

Mephistopheles: "How about a lunar voyage?"

Faust: "No. There is room on earth for great accomplishment. Amazing things will be achieved. I feel in me the strength for bold effort."

Mephistopheles says: "So what you want is to win glory?"

Faust says: "I WANT TO RULE AND HAVE POSSESSIONS! ACTS ALONE COUNT. GLORY IS NOTHING."

Mephistopheles says: "Nevertheless, there will be poets glad to tell posterity of your splendid efforts and with their folly kindle other folly."

Faust says: "What can you know of human aspirations with your bitter, sharp, hostile temperament? How can you know what mankind needs?"

Mephistopheles says: "Have it your way. Your will be done."

Faust says: "I have studied the oceans. Wave after wave possesses power but, when they withdraw, nothing has been accomplished. It drives me to despair. The aimless power of elemental forces! But, it has caused me to venture to new heights: TO WAGE WAR AGAINST NATURE AND SUBDUCE IT. I have worked out a plan to obtain a precious satisfaction: to bar the land to the sea."

Goethe wrote the first 27 lines, Faust's reflective and nostalgic moments, before the big boots of Mephisto appear, in 1827 at age 78. Faust and Goethe consider what love has meant to them in their long lives: "I see the image of love's dawn, its carefree happiness- that swiftly felt but scarcely comprehended vision which, had it lasted, would surpass all other treasures." It reminds us of the remembrance in Dedication of "images of happy days and dear familiar

shades, of first loves and early friendships."

It should by now come as no surprise that with the arrival of Mephisto the tone will change dramatically. The show must go on! When Faust announces his next goal as: "I wish to rule and have possessions. Acts alone count- glory is nothing.", he has recanted his earlier vision and aims. He wanted feelings, passion, and the rawness of life. His new inspiration is to wage war against Nature. He will use the tidal energy of oceans and subdue its elemental force. In truth he will never even come close to harnessing hydraulic energy, but he will reclaim a vast tract of land from the sea.

He is not the first Greek tragic hero to reject honor, fame and glory, clayos, as the most important life accomplishment. Achilles chose to renounce his glory and fame as the greatest warrior, because he knew from a vision that it would cause his death. He did return to battle to avenge the death of his friend, Patroclus and did die. From Hades Achilles said that he would rather be the lowliest slave on earth than be the ruler of the Underworld.

In addition to renouncing the most heroic Greek virtues, Faust's actions make him easily recognizable as a classical, tragic figure. Xerxes, the Persian king whipped the water of the Hellespont and threw chains into the water to shackle it, because the water had destroyed his bridge. Faust is cut out of the same cloth as he will similarly attempt to subdue and punish the ocean and conquer its power.

Once again the other soul of Faust appears. He goes from a deep feeling of love of life to waging war against nature almost instantaneously. There is no harmony. It seems he doesn't learn. His goal was to take his experiences and

bring them to the world, but at best he just doesn't make the exact same mistake twice. There is a new Hubris here: "Maybe I just need to be the one in charge in order to make everything right." What could go wrong with that? What was said of Pompey and Caesar in Act II - men who were not in control of themselves, but who wanted to be in control of everybody else -certainly couldn't apply to him in this quest!

Perhaps we can forgive Faust this last deception more easily. George Orwell wrote: "The central problem- how to prevent power from being abused- remains unsolved."

A distant sound of drums and martial music is heard. Mephistopheles says:

"That should be easy! Do you hear that?"

Faust replies: "War! Bad news to all, who are sensible!"

Mephistopheles says: "With war or peace, what is sensible is to derive advantage from it. You wait and observe closely. When you notice your opportunity, you take advantage of it. Now, Faustus, seize your opportunity!"

Faust says: "What?"

Mephistopheles says: "Our buddy, the emperor is having problems. You know how he is. When we gave him false riches and entertainment, he thought the whole world could be purchased for money. He was young and thought he could both govern and lead a life of pleasure at the same time."

Faust says: "Wrong! A ruler must derive his pleasure from how he rules. He must have lofty strength of purpose. The cult of pleasure is degrading."

Mephistopheles says: "That's not our man. He cultivated pleasure, and, while he did, the empire fell apart. Great and small feuded. Brother banished or slew brother. Castle fought castle; town against town, bishop against parish. Every man was an enemy on sight. In church they murdered and assassinated. Outside the gates, no merchant walked safely. Audacity became a common trait. Life was self defense. Finally, the best became tired of this madness. Men of ability rebelled and said: 'Let the emperor be the person who can restore order. Our Emperor can't and won't, so let us have an election and let the new one give new life to our land. In this new beginning let righteousness and peace be wed. Let there be a security for every person's safety.'"

Faust says: "That sounds quite clerical."

Mephistopheles: "Well, there were clergy, who in order to protect their well-fed paunches, played an active role. Turmoil increased. It was sanctified, and now perhaps the Emperor goes to his last battle."

They decide to help him. Mephistopheles and Faust survey the battlefield. Mephistopheles is optimistic, but Faust is pessimistic: "What can we provide-illusion and the make believe of magic?"

Mephistopheles says: "Don't relapse into faint-heartedness, remember all your great plans. if we are able to keep the emperor on the throne and maintain his lands, he'll give you the boundless shoreline, that you want, as fief." But Faust still doubts his abilities to act as a general. Mephistopheles says: "Don't worry about it! I saw the horrors of war coming a long time ago and organized a war council of primal human forces, and they're allegories too. Then enter the Three

Mighty Men. The first Mighty Man is Bully. He's young, lightly armed and motley attired. He says: "If some man tries to stare me down, he'll find my fist where his teeth used to be, and, if he tries to run away, I'll drag the coward down by the scruff of his neck!" The next Mighty Man is Get-Quick. He's more mature, heavily armed and ostentatiously dressed. He says: "Pointless brawls are a waste of time. What's important is to get the money. Take it, and then decide later how to divide it." The third Mighty Man is Hold-On. He is on in years. He's heavily armed and unostentatiously dressed. He says: "That won't get you very far. Great fortunes are quickly dissipated. It's all good and well to take, but better yet to keep."

The next scene takes place in foothills amid martial music and drums. The Emperor, General and Bodyguard survey the battlefield and discuss plans. The Emperor says: "There advance those lying kinsmen. They called me Uncle, Cousin, Brother, all the while they usurped power. They took the honor of my throne and the power from my scepter. All the while they were involved in their endless feuds and tore up the lands. Now they rebel against me. They have not all made up their wavering minds, but they will go along in the wake of any strong current."

A scout returns and says the news is not good. The troops vow loyalty, but are inactive because of domestic and foreign influences. The Emperor says: "That is what egoism teaches: self-preservation, not duty, honor, affection, and gratitude," the chivalric code.

Another scout appears and says amid confusion a second emperor has arisen and is acting as a unifying force, and all the troops are flocking to him like sheep. The Emperor swells with courage and issues a challenge for one-on-one combat to this anti-emperor.

Faust next appears with a half-closed visor and wearing full armor. He's in the company of the Three Mighty Men and offers their services. He also paves the way for more magic by Mephistopheles by saying: "There is a great movement in the mountains and in nature that is afoot in your benefit. Priests, dim witted as they are, denounce it as magic."

The Emperor appreciates the offer, but says: "A man does things for himself! He who will wear a crown and sit on a throne must prove himself worthy."

Faust says: "That may well be true, but it is not worth the risk of your noble personage," and is able to successfully dissuade the Emperor from engaging in the conflict and the Emperor turns over his baton to the general. Faust then presents the Mighty Men individually. Bully promises carnage quickly delivered. Get-Quick and Hang On are presented and accepted.

Mephistopheles explains how the magic will happen. He's gathered the armor from the area. Ghosts have used it for their festivities and now are gladly donning it. They create with it and with other supernatural forces an enormous din and noise, so that eventually even the Emperor is shaken and afraid. The Emperor asks how Nature has assembled all these prodigies in his interest. Mephistopheles answers and gives all credit to Faust, "that noble seer whose heart has only concern for your welfare. When you were threatened by the

violence of your enemies, he was deeply wounded and afraid. His sense of gratitude and affection were such that he felt he must rescue you, even though doing that might result in his own destruction."

The Emperor says: "So I am to see an altruistic act? It's been a long time. Even the clergy stopped being my supporters, because I took away their fun."

Faust says: "Instinctive kindness is a good investment."

The battle worsens, and the Emperor is sarcastic. It continues to get worse, and he rues having accepted the help from Mephistopheles and Faust.

Mephistopheles asks to be given command. The General turns in his baton, and says no lasting good can come from magic.

Mephistopheles has arranged for some magic, so that the troops scaling the walls and in the valley think that they have rocks falling on them, and they are caught in a tremendous flood, even though throughout the entire time they are standing on dry ground. He arranges some pyrotechnics to go along with it, so that there is lightening and thunder and darkness. And finally the ghosts with their armor begin clashing and repeating man's endless series of wars.

Mephistopheles says: "Guelfs and Ghibellines. They inherit their prejudices and their fixed opinions. They are immune to reconciliation. What really works the best in the long run is party hatred."

The battle has been won. What's left is to divide the spoils of war. The Mighty Men go directly to the anti-emperor's tent and take the chest containing the gold to act as salary and pay for the troops. it's too heavy to lift, so they take all the gold, and they try to stuff it in their aprons and in their clothes, and their pockets

rip. Finally they are stopped by "honest" soldiers. The Mighty Men say: "Yes, honest soldiers call this requisitioning".

The Emperor enters with the Four Princes and says: "The victor in his triumph lauds Him who favored him and with countless voices intones: 'We praise Thee now our God with hearts and hands and voices. Who wondrous things has done and in his work His world rejoices.' I turn my pious eyes with highest praise- a thing I've rarely done- to where my heart truly lies. In youth a carefree prince may spend his time in pleasure, but, as he gains experience, he learns a moment's worth. That is why I have decided to join to you four princes the future of my line. The first Prince is appointed the Lord Arch-Marshal, and he vows to keep the person, throne and borders of the Emperor safe. The second is the Arch-Chamberlain, who vows to bring the golden basin to the banquets, so that the Emperor may put his rings in them, wash his hands, and "be as refreshed as I am by your sight." The third is the Arch-Steward, who vows to procure exotic fare to make the seasons go more quickly. And finally the Arch-Cupbearer, who will decorate the banquet table lavishly with only gold and silver and have only the finest wines and Venetian glass.

The Chancellor-Archbishop enters and joins the other Princes as the Emperor explains their powers. He says: "Your boundaries shall include the legacies of all who were unfaithful to me. In general matters of the realm, you shall have full authority. As judges, your verdicts are final, and no man may appeal your decision to any other court. All taxes, tariffs, fiefs, safe conducts, tolls and the royalties from salt mines and mints are yours. I still have a zest for life and live for

my state, but, when the time comes that my successor must be selected, you will elect him. Within your own areas you have full authority, except that your kingdom cannot be divided. Upon your death the entire estate must fall upon your eldest son," primogeniture.

The Four Princes leave. The Archbishop remains behind and says: "The Chancellor leaves. The Bishop remains. I have grave concerns for you. You are in covenant with Satan. When the Pope finds out, he will place you under the ban. But beat your breast and give to things of holiness from your ill-gotten fortunes" and then he describes mountains, forests, valleys, rivers and ponds. "Contrition so expressed will obtain forgiveness."

The Emperor says: "The borders are as you decide."

The Archbishop goes on: "This place that sin has so defiled must be made sacred to God by the building of a great Gothic cathedral."

The Emperor eventually capitulates, and the Archbishop takes his leave, but then turns turns around and comes back again. He says: "You will devote in furtherance of the project in perpetuity all local revenues, tithes and rents. Wood, slate and lime must be carried in. The pulpit will direct this and will bless the man whose team hauls in their service. However, the distance is far to such a desolate place, so we'll need some of the gold you won."

The Emperor says: "The burden of my sin is large and hard to bear."

The Archbishop turns to leave, but then comes back and says: "You ceded all our coastline to that man of dubious morals. He must therefore in perpetuity give all tithes, rents and taxes on that land."

The Emperor becomes exasperated and says: "That isn't even land. it's under the high sea. At this rate I'll give away my entire kingdom."

The Emperor, Charles IV, from Act I, reappears. The scene gives Goethe the opportunity to complete Charles' story and to explain his personal vision of the Enlightened Monarch. Goethe believed in political evolution, not revolution. He felt the most basic foundation to progress was order. He detested mobs and mob rule: "Better they had never been born." He was not a supporter of the French Revolution and was thought by many to be anti- democratic and a toady to the Prince. He foresaw and was deeply upset by the Reign of Terror in the revolutions aftermath and personally threatened by the decade of Napoleon's conquests. He told Eckermann in 1824: "It is true I could be no friend of the French Revolution, for its horrors incensed and shocked me daily and hourly, while its beneficial consequences were not yet apparent. I also could not be indifferent to the fact that others in Germany were endeavoring artificially to bring about events similar to those in France, where they were the consequence of an enormous necessity. I was convinced that a great revolution is never the fault of the people, but of the government. Revolutions are impossible if governments are just and continually alert, preventing unrest by initiating reforms, instead of resisting until their necessity is forced upon them from below. " It is curious that he could maintain this belief in the perfection of the political process after he had just written a play in the style of Aristophanes, who famously said: " Under every

stone lurks a politician", and "you can't teach a crab to walk straight."

The scene, "In the Emperor's Tent", accurately captures the settlements made after the victory of Charles IV in the 1356 agreement called the "Golden Bull." It provided for the four secular and the three clerical Prince Electors of the Holy Roman Emperor. The Princes swear to defend the Emperor and continue the conspicuous consumption of the Throne by promising to maintain a domestic staff to hold his rings in a golden basin, provide exotic meals and have lavish table settings. In return the Emperor cedes power to the Princes in almost all matters. All legal judgements will be their domain. All the rights of the people will be at their discretion. Princes will again be at the top of a broad based economic and social pyramid in which the poor support the rich and lose their rights and freedom. In Act I the Archbishop had decried the lawlessness of the land. In this Act Mephisto had described the growing dissatisfaction of the people that eventually resulted in war. Now revolution has resulted in a return to the status quo with further impotency of the Emperor and an even more ingrained feudal state.

This process is a recurring historical event for the Holy Roman Empire. It began with the division of the empire following the death of its founder, Karl der Grosse or Charlemagne. There was a unification under Otto, but a division among his heirs following his death. The trend continued through the Peace of Westphalia in 1648, which ended the Thirty Years' War in the Holy Roman Empire and continued to increase the sovereign rights of states and reduce the Holy Roman Emperor to a nominal overlord.

The Holy Roman Empire was the calendar state with 365 independent members, ranging in size from large duchies to individual knights with little more than a horse to sit upon. Each member had an individual agreement with the Crown regarding taxes and obligations for military or other services. It virtually assured there could be no united action and power and that the rights of the people were subject to the whim of their lord.

Goethe was never a statesman. He enjoyed a privileged, profitable, immunized position within the court. Although Karl August labored on behalf of his people, Goethe still acknowledged the injustice, when he wrote: "I see the peasant winning bare necessities from the earth, which would be a comfortable livelihood if he only sweated for himself, but we have reached the point, where more is always consumed in one day at the top than can be brought together at the bottom."

Goethe had little concern for the machinations of politics. In 1815 he was told that a group of German princes was forming a German confederation. He said he had more interest in a strike of cab drivers on a local bridge than he had for the princes' activities. In the imperial Metternich state following Napoleon's defeat, he was never a loud, forceful voice as Voltaire had been in his era. Consequently Goethe was never imprisoned or exiled. Goethe was prudent enough to demand that Part II of Faust with his compendium of political abuse be released only posthumously.

Just as the Archbishop remains behind the departing group of nobles, Goethe saves his final ire for the Church. This discussion of Emperor and Archbishop is

in fact the last part of Faust written and shows Goethe had lost none of his vitriol regarding the institutionalization of religion. He rages against the organized Church as a political power rather than a spiritual one.

In 1771 at age 22, Goethe attempted to complete his legal studies by attaining a doctorate. The dissertation he submitted was on a theme of ecclesiastical history: "The legislator is not only authorized but also obligated to establish a certain community of values from which neither the clergy nor the laity may exempt themselves ." Early on he had established in his mind what moral obligations the legislator needed to enforce and that there was a clear distinction between the spiritual obligation and the secular aspirations of the Church. There needed to be a separation of church and state. History was rife with examples of how religion was responsible for war. In this doctoral thesis Goethe advanced the notion that Christian teachings did not come directly from Jesus but were proclaimed by others under his name. The University faculty was unnerved and rejected the thesis, but Goethe remained consistent in his life about praising the spirit of love which emanated from Christ and protesting against Church incursions into the secular domain.

There is a parallel between Faust and the Church. Faust has decided to rule and have possessions, but doesn't expect to be corrupted in the effort. He still hasn't learned and accepted either the corrosive effect of using magic to gain those ends. Reinhold Niebuhr summed up the dilemma and tragedy for Faust and the Church, when he said in the 1930's : "The history of mankind is a perennial tragedy; for the highest ideals which the individual may project are ideals which

he can never realize in social and collective terms."

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CHAPTER 4

BROAD LANDSCAPE

The final act of Faust begins with a scene: "A Broad Landscape." A traveler explains how he was shipwrecked and was saved by a pious old couple, Baucis and Philemon. He wonders, if they still live here. They would be quite old. He knocks on the door of the cottage, and Baucis recognizes him and is joined by her husband, Philemon. The traveler looks at the gorgeous landscape by the sea and is very impressed, and it's exactly the way he remembers it, when they rescued him.

Philemon says that they now live in a veritable Eden. Faust has built dams and canals so that now meadows, gardens, woods and thriving villages exist. As they eat a meal the wife, Baucis, does not agree with her husband and says that she thinks things weren't done properly. This is another woman, who senses the devil.

Philemon disagrees. The land was given as fief to Faust. He had initially tents and small cabins where his palace stands. Baucis says: "Yes, but the men slaved

all day long, and nothing happened. They hacked and nothing was completed, but at night, when small fires dotted the area and there was groaning. Yes canals and dams were built by the following day. Faust is a godless man. He covets our land. He brags that he is our neighbor, but he would have us as serfs."

Philemon reminds Baucis that Faust had offered them new land in the estates in exchange. Baucis says: "Land in a swamp. No, stay with land on the high ground." Finally, Philemon suggests they go to the chapel. They watch the sunset. They toll the chapel bell, and they say prayers to the God of their father's.

DISK 4

CHAPTER 5

FAUST'S PALACE

The next scene is at Faust's Palace. Faust is now a very old man. He's walking around the parapet. He's deep in thought. From the watchtower Lynceus announces that Faust's fleet is now back in harbor. They appear to be heavily laden, and there is no evidence of damage.

From across the water comes the sound of the chapel bell, and Faust startles: "Damn! Every time I hear it, it is like I have been shot. Ostensibly my realm is boundless, but the bell reminds me that my vast holdings have a blemish. I don't own the cottage, the chapel or the grove. I would love to lie in the quiet

restfulness of the grove, but the thought of being in the shade that I don't own is something I cannot abide. It pricks my eye. It tears my flesh like thorns. I wish I could be anywhere, but here!

Mephistopheles and the Mighty Men emerge boasting from the boats.

Mephistopheles says: "We left with two boats. We've returned with twenty. A little piracy! Well might makes right. The Mighty Men are disappointed that Faust isn't more excited about the haul, as they lay the booty on the beach. Mephistopheles says: "Your brow is grim. Your face is somber, despite this great news of our success. You now are victorious at sea and on land. Your shore and your ocean are at peace. You began humbly, but through your courage and through the zeal of your workmen, you've accomplished all this. The world is at your door and from here...."

Faust says: "Exactly! From here- they should give in to me-but noooo! I want those linden trees for my estate. They spoil, because I don't own them. If I did have them, I would build a platform and have an unobstructed view of everything that I have created. This masterpiece the human spirit has wrought. To augment by intelligent planning the space its people have for living. The worst torment we can suffer is to feel want, when we are have plenty. The scent of their trees and the tinkling of their bell make me feel like I live in a crypt. The power, force and freedom of an indomitable will is blunted by their pile of sand. How am I rid myself of this obsession. Every time I hear their bell tinkling, I become frantic.

Mephistopheles says: "It's only natural that something so annoying should sour all of life for you."

Faust says: "Such willful, obstinate resistance blunts the acme of success. One must tire of being so just."

Mephistopheles says: "Why let yourself be so upset. Certainly by now you know better than anyone how to colonize."

Faust replies: "So be it! Make it so Number One. Remove them from my sight. You know that paltry piece of property we have set aside for their use."

Mephistopheles says: "We'll pick them up. We'll put them down. We'll remove them from your sight. Any violence they suffer, they'll be recompensed by their new home. " He whistles. The Mighty Men come, and he says: "Come men, we have an order from the master."

Lynceus, the keeper of the watchtower reflects on all the beautiful things he's seen, but suddenly he's startled. He sees a fire. Soon the fire grows to enormous proportions and engulfs the cottage, the grove and the shrine of the old couple, Baucis and Philemon.

Faust appears on the balcony and sees the fire and says: "The watchman grieves and my inmost self is offended by this senseless act. The trees are charred, but I could still build a platform and would have a boundless view of my property. From there the the old couple's new house would be seen. They would live happily and be grateful to me for my generosity and thoughtfulness.

Mephistopheles and the Mighty Men return, and Mephistopheles says: "There was some trouble. We knocked on the door and there was no answer. We

pounded. No answer. We shouted oaths. We knocked so hard, the door fell off its hinges. They could not hear, and they would not listen. But we followed your commands explicitly. We would brook no delay and finally came upon them. They didn't suffer much. They fell over and dropped dead, when they saw us. There was someone there, who put up a struggle, but we knocked him out. Unfortunately an ember caught the cottage on fire. It burned to the ground. Now it is their funeral pyre.

Faust says: "Are you deaf! I wanted exchange, not theft. The price for this senseless violence is on your heads."

Mephistopheles and the Mighty Men sing: "The ancient truth is loud and clear: 'Obey with grace when Force commands! And if you're bold and must resist, prepare to lose your house, your home and your life.'"

Faust reflects: "The stars dim. The embers die. An order quickly given and too quickly executed! But what are these shadows that approach now?"

DISK 4

CHAPTER 6

THE MANY LOVES OF J.W. GOETHE, PART IX

Faust, once the world's smartest man, has now become its richest man, but he is

still dissatisfied. In his study it was because of imperfect knowledge. Now it is because there is a blemish on his vast possessions: the meager cottage and chapel of Baucis and Philemon. He becomes the agent of their murder- at age 100! This idea of the follies of even old age leads to the last installment of "The Many Loves of JW Goethe."

By 1823 Goethe, aged 74, lived quietly in Weimar. He carried on correspondence with a great number of scientists and literati. He had a busy visitation schedule from anyone who was someone or who wanted to brag that they had met with Goethe. He had distilled experience into a mature self-knowledge. He was profoundly at home in these circumstances. He was calm, collected and the master of his domain. He wrote, or dictated to a transcriptionist, in a reflective way about his early years in a fashion that seemed to forget the passion of those years. His biographer, Eckermann, captured his every word, further lending to the atmosphere of a colossal monument to a figure nearly gone.

Then it happened: a new love! Once again Goethe "shed a skin" and had "another puberty. " He had gone to a Bohemian spa and renewed friendship with the Levetzow family. What began as a fatherly affection for the 19 year old Ulrike soon became a "passionate state." He proposed marriage, but both the family and Ulrike declined. Goethe left town on a carriage and en route home composed "The Marienbad Elegy." The tone of the poem is unrelievedly bitter. In his mind he had undone everything he had achieved and become. All his prudent self-knowledge and control- gone! Age had brought him serenity and detachment. Now he is overcome by raw feeling, tears and a profound sense of loss. That

whole previous comfortable, passionless world has broken down.

Goethe prefaces the Marienbad Elegy with:

Though most men suffer dumbly, yet a god

Gave me a tongue to utter all my pain."

Then he tells how he felt before Ulrike and immediately after she entered his life:

The power to love was all gone,

All gone the needing

Of love's response from another soul.

Then she came and

Hopes and dreams, and

Bright and daring plans.

I was up and doing.

Everything succeeding!

If ever love restored a human soul,

It took my shrunken self and made it whole.

And all through her!

Before her an inner fear.

Look where I would, saw shuddering visions loom

Over the heart's eroded acres.

Then suddenly Hope out of hopelessness was there.

A girl with the light of morning on her hair.

Before her gaze, like sun where winter lingers,

Before her breathing, like the month of May.

To God's own peace, the peace that here below

Passeth all understanding (so Scripture tells us)

Can be compared the peace that comes from knowing

The loved one's presence here and now.

The heart's at rest and nothing may disturb it,

The deepest sense, the sense of belonging to her

In our heart something pure raises us

To some higher, purer, unknown power.

With a gratitude freely given for this

We recognize the eternal Unknowable One.

We call this piety- such a singular bliss.

I feel myself a part of it, when I stand before her.

Then the relationship ends, and he writes:

So now Paradise, take me in,

As if I deserved the beautiful, eternal life.

There is no wish, no hope, no desire left to me.

She was the goal of my innermost striving

And now I am closed in upon myself, as if

My heart had never been opened

Is the world we knew not gone:

Granite cliffs turned to vapor

Green fields and trees turned to ash

The grandeur that curved around us, now all undone

Now I am far away.

How should I live this minute?

I don't know what to say.

There are good and beautiful things out there

But I toil under an unshakeable burden

And tears are my only answer

So let them have their way now unrepressed.

They won't succeed to dampen my innermost fire,

Although the battle rages in my heart

Where death and life wage mortal combat.

Herbs can heal a suffering body

But what of the spirit when it loses will and resolution?

How can this offer even the slightest cold comfort,

The ebb and the flow, the coming and the going?

We find both Goethe and Faust in similar positions: shaken, disappointed and disillusioned. Goethe has shown himself to be nothing, if not resilient. He wrote: "So long as you haven't experienced this: to die and so to grow, you are only a troubled guest on the dark earth."

They both trudge onward and we rejoin Faust in his final epiphany.

DISK 4

CHAPTER 7

MIDNIGHT IN THE COURTYARD

At midnight in the courtyard four grey ladies appear. They are Want, Debt, Distress and Care. They say that only Care can affect a rich man like Faust, so the other three leave, but sing as a chorus: "See the clouds gather and the stars disappear, and there in the far distance our brother, death, approaches."

Faust comes on the balcony and says: "I saw four and only three have left. I must still be involved in the spirit world. I haven't fought my way to freedom yet from them. If only I could clear my path of magic, unlearn my incantations, deal with Nature as a man, I would once again be a human being as I was before-

before I became involved in obscurities and cursed and blasphemed myself and the world. The air holds holds so many spectral shapes it's hard to know how to shun them. Reason provides us with clear and lucid days, but the nights enmesh us in terrible dreams. We go through the meadow for a walk and return invigorated and happy, but then a bird croaks and we see some other message portended by it. We live our lives enmeshed in superstition. Everything that happens we see it as an omen. Until we stand alone and afraid."

The door creaks, and Care enters the room. Initially Faust is startled, but then he says and calms himself: "No need to use an incantation here."

Care speaks: "Though no ear can hear me, in your heart my voice is strong. I wear many masks and wield a vengeful power, the companion cause of fear. Always found, but never sought, always cursed, but never banished. Have you never known Care?"

Faust responds: "I've never tarried anywhere. I have snatched from fortune what I wanted. What displeased me, I let go. What eluded me, I have ignored. I have had desires only to fulfill them and then wished again. So I stormed through life. Once grand and vigorous, now I spend my days in prudent caution .

"I know this mortal sphere sufficient, and know there's no seeing into the Beyond. It is a fool, who casts a sheep's eyes at it and invents himself some peers beyond the clouds. Let him stand firm and look about him. No good and able man finds this world mute! What need has he to float into eternity. The things he knows are tangible! Let him walk the path of this earth while he is alive. if spirits haunt him, let him not break stride, but, staying to his plan, continue to

find in every moment all the joys and pains of life, never satisfied!

Care speaks. She says: "Once I make a man my own , there's nothing in the world that can help him. Eternal darkness falls. Suns no longer rise nor set. Though no outward sense has failed him, all is darkness in his heart. No matter how great his treasures, they bring him no pleasure. Good fortune, bad fortune both depress him. He is starving amid plenty. Source of joy, spot of bad luck, he postpones them until the morrow- thinking only of the future. He gets nothing done."

Faust says: "Stop! Begone. You can get to a man of wisdom, but not me."

Care says: "Whether to come or go, he can't decide. While crossing the street, he forgets where he is going. He bogs down. Everything is distorted. Everything is a burden. He can't take a deep breath. Not alive. Not dead. Torn between despair and hope. All life is one unceasing round of things not done, of odious duties, of sense of freedom, then depression; broken, unrefreshing sleep leaves him without the will to move and prepares him for damnation."

Faust says: "Ill-omened specter! This is how you work upon humans time and time again, transforming even indifferent days into an ugly tangle of enmeshing torments. We can't be easily rid of demons, I know. Their ties upon us cannot be completely severed, but I shall not acknowledge, Care, ever, your insidious, vast powers."

Care says: "Then feel it now, and hear the curse with which I turn my back on you. You and mankind have always been blind. Now, Faustus, it's your turn." With that she breathes on him and vanishes.

Faust is now blind. He says: "Darkness presses about me nearer and nearer, but in my inner being there is a radiant light. I'll hasten the fulfillment of my plans. Only the master's word carries weight. Workmen up from your beds! Gather your tools! We must complete my grand design. What's been laid out must be done now. Prompt attention to detail, strict effort and discipline will guarantee superb results. In order to accomplish something this marvelous, working as one is like a thousand hands."

The courtyard is now illuminated by torchlight. Mephistopheles arrives with Lemures, the spirits of the dead. He instructs them to dig a grave. They make a derisive gesture and then say: "In youth when we were in love and alive, all was pleasant. Amidst merriment and song, our feet would begin to dance. But then malicious Age appeared and smote us with his crutch."

Faust emerges from the palace and thinks the grave diggers are his workman and exhorts them to: "Unite land to land. Put the ocean in strict bonds. Confine it within a rigid space."

Mephistopheles says as an aside: "For all your dams and levees your striving serves no one but us. All of your kind is doomed. The end will be annihilation."

Faust calls: "Overseer!"

Mephistopheles says: "Here!"

Faust says: "Make sure there is an ample supply of workers. Conscript them, give them bonuses, payments- whatever you have to do. I want to know on a daily basis the progress that you're making on the building of my canal."

Mephistopheles says: " I heard something more banal. Graves not a canal."

Faust then utters his last words of the play: "A marsh contaminates what's already been accomplished. If I were able to drain it, it would be a final crowning achievement. To provide space for millions of people- not safe, I know, but free to work on fertile and green fields. Man and beast soon happy on new soil. Settled beside a giant earthen dam, constructed by a dauntless people; inside a Garden of Eden. Outside the tide may bluster to its brim and attempt to gnaw the dam and intrude by force, but a communal effort of the people will thwart it quickly. TO THIS IDEA I AM WHOLLY COMMITTED. IT IS THE FINAL WISDOM WE CAN ACHIEVE: HE ONLY MERITS FREEDOM AND EXISTENCE WHO EARNS THEM EVERY DAY ANEW."

And so, beset by danger, childhood, adulthood and age will be vigorous. IF I WERE ABLE TO VIEW THE TEEMING LIFE OF THOSE PEOPLE, IF I WERE ABLE TO BE A PART OF THEIR COMMUNITY AS THEY EXPERIENCE FREEDOM AND THE AUTONOMY TO LIVE ON UNENCUMBERED SOIL, I COULD SAY TO THE MOMENT: 'STAY, YOU ARE SO BEAUTIFUL!' THE TRACES OF MY LIFE WILL CONTINUE INTO ETERNITY! ENVISIONING THIS HEIGHT OF HAPPINESS, I NOW ENJOY MY GREATEST MOMENT."

And with that Faust falls backwards. He's caught by the Lemures, and lowered to the ground.

Mephistopheles says: "No pleasure sates him, no success suffices, so he keeps chasing shapes that are always changing. This final, mediocre, empty moment- the poor wretch wants to cling to it. He who fought me so vigorously - time triumphs- now lies on the sand an old, old man. The clock stops. The hands

fall from deathly midnight, and all is finished."

The Lemures say: "It's over?"

Mephistopheles says: "Over- what a stupid word. Over and mere nothing are the same. What's the point of making all the effort. Things might just as well have never been. I'd much prefer Eternal Emptiness."

Faust doesn't die because he uttered the fateful words to a given moment: "stay you are so beautiful." A grammar teacher could point out that he used the subjunctive mode, the future conditional, indicating a condition contrary to fact, the form of a verb expressing what is imagined, wished for or possible. It is an anticipatory vision: "If I were to see all these things happen, then I could say....." Faust was closer to saying the magic words during his enchantment with Helen. Faust has finally forsaken magic and has done what Mephisto suggested 8000 lines ago: manual labor, a life close to the land and has died, but his fate won't be decided by the words he said. Mephisto did not divert Faust from striving.

If life is, as Goethe said, "a progression from some unknown center to some unknowable goal," Faust has finally found through striving his goal: love and compassion. What has persuaded Faust to forsake magic is a vision of community. Faust has been the isolated genius. He has completed his goal of reclaiming enough land from the sea to allow millions to live. It takes the murder of Baucis and Philemon, the visit from Dame Care and blindness to integrate his own life experience into simple precepts: "The things man knows are tangible.

Let man's path be this earth. Find all the joys and pains of life. He only merits freedom and existence who wins them every day anew. "

Life is a struggle for survival not a Utopia. Earthen dams will be threatened. People will rally for a common cause and then return to their separate lives. There will be a never ending labor to hold the land he has reclaimed. Faust savors the balance of challenge and response between the threatening sea and human effort. There is an ebb and flow of interdependent people on free soil. What he did made some of it possible.

Faust's efforts as an individual were important and he has been ennobled by his journey and striving. Einstein said: " Measured objectively what a man can rest from truth by passionate striving is utterly infinitesimal. But the striving frees us from the bonds of self and makes us comrades of those who are the best and greatest."

J.R. Reed has written about Goethe's personal concerns for the community of man in 1830. He feared a culture of acquisitiveness and of consuming rather than doing. He points out that, like Faust, Goethe led much of his life in isolation. First there was the isolation of a precocious genius and then the isolation of a cult of genius. His life and domestic situation at Weimar produced further social isolation. Reed wrote: "Faust was originally to have been the tragedy of a genius, of the exceptional man, but as it was written Goethe himself matured and discovered- though still inevitably set apart from most other men by the isolating forces of greatness- more and more his oneness with his fellow man. The sense of oneness of all men with which Goethe finally endowed his Faust had been

strengthened in him less by new human contacts, than by his growing knowledge of the similarity to his own of other men's experiences, as recorded in the documents, literary and historical, of his own and other ages and civilizations. "

Reed continued: "Goethe's definition of man's nature and needs as lying in activity rather than enjoyment comments on new assumptions that arose in his time and have largely governed Western society since. Acquisitiveness no doubt always was a prominent feature of man, but the new forces of industrial expansion were beginning to concentrate the mind and energies of Europe more and more exclusively on the production and consumption of material goods. The processes involved might seem dynamic enough- the harnessing of the required mechanical power, the multiplying of manufactured objects, but the idea they implied that human fulfillment need only consist in accumulation or repetitive consumption was static and stultifying."

Jeremy Bentham's popular Utilitarian philosophy espoused the welfare of the society rather than the individual: the greatest good for the greatest number - see also Spock in Star Trek 2. An action was ethical based upon its effect on society rather than the meaning for the individual person. Goethe was an individualist. Each person's obligation was to himself. Society would benefit by the individuals evolution and development. Let a person realize their unique talents and abilities and learn by doing and striving how to integrate them for the benefit of society.

The conclusion of the scene, I think, is farcical. Goethe worked diligently on Faust's ascension into heaven to make its message clear. How to deal with Mephisto was another matter. Mark Twain in his book "The Tragedy of

Puddn'head Wilson" felt obligated to bring closure for all the characters in the book, so he had them all walk into a backyard and "fall into a well and got drowned. " Twain said: " Truth is the most valuable thing we have. Let us economize with it." Similarly, I think Goethe didn't have the heart to condemn even Mephisto to hell and resurrected some of the unsavory nuances of the historical Faust, such as pederasty, to dispatch him more civilly. Perhaps he let Mephisto hoist himself with his own petard by letting him be "as happy as a Greek with a young boy."

Since we have moved into farce, we can allow Twain to summarize and conclude from his "Puddnhead Wilson Maxims: "These wisdoms are for the luring of youth toward high moral attitudes. The writer did not gather them from practice, but from observation. To be good is noble, but to show others how to be good is nobler. And no trouble."

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CHAPTER 8

FAUST'S ASCENSION

Mephistopheles continues: "The body is here. If the spirit attempts to escape, I'll show it my blood-signed title.. The soul is reluctant to leave its dreary home inside the corpse, but soon feuding elements will ignominiously evict it. "

Mephistopheles then describes the highlights of hell for a group of lesser devils, but then a Glory is lowered from heavenward, and a host of angels say: "WE BRING FORGIVENESS TO SINNERS, NEW LIFE TO DUST AND TO ALL LIVING CREATURES TOKENS OF LOVE!"

Mephistopheles responds: "Such juvenile bumblebings. It's what the sanctimonious enjoy. Here come the little puppies now," and the Angels release a flood of rose petals.

Mephistopheles says to the devils: "Why do you flinch? Is that good devilish behavior? Stand fast. Let them strew away. The blossoms and snow of flowers cannot cool your diabolic ardor. But it does: the devils' strength is gone and Mephistopheles laments: "All valor is gone! They've caught an unfamiliar scent of warmth!"

The Angels say: "If it is alien, you must avoid it. If it's something that hurts your innermost self, you must reject it. But if it keeps intruding, we must confront it. LOVE ONLY SUCCORS THOSE WHO CAN LOVE."

Mephistopheles says: "My head hurts, I have heart burn and liver burn. Is this why you unhappy lovers moan so much? After you have been spurned, your head still turns to catch a glimpse of her you love. My plight too! My head turns toward them, the side of my sworn foes. I used to find them offensive. Has something strange infected me? I love to look at them, these loveliest of youths. Though I hate them, I find them only too attractive! You are so pretty I'd like to kiss you. You grow lovelier each time I look. Please don't hang back- look at me at least once!"

The Angels say: "We're coming and , if you can, remain!" Soon they occupy the whole stage, forcing Mephistopheles into the proscenium.

Mephistopheles says: "You call us damned spirits. You are sorcerers yourself. You seduce men and women. Damn! Is this the stuff that love is made out of? My body is on fire. You hovering over there without direction. Come on over here and use your limbs in a little bit more worldly manner. Give me a smile. You, the lad that's tall, I like you the best. Give me a wanton look! You know, without offending modesty you could wear less clothing. These long pleated robes are a bit too prudish. OOOOH, they're turning! Look at them from behind! These rascals really whet my appetite!"

The Angels pray: "Turn into clarity, you fires of passion! May truth cure those bent on self-damnation. May you win from evil joyous redemption and, one with the All, be forevermore blessed."

Mephistopheles regains his composure and becomes devilish again and says: "And as is only proper, I curse you one and all! "

The Angels say: "Fires of holiness! Whom they envelop, will live in blessed oneness with all who are good. Let us praise and ascend! The air has been purified. Faust may now breathe again!" And together the Angels rise and bear away the immortal parts of Faust.

Mephistopheles now has his concluding words of the play: "What happened? Where did they go? They're flying off to heaven with my prey. That's why they dallied so long at the graveside! I've been robbed. I've been deceived. They tricked me and smuggled him away. Beelzebub! I've been hoodwinked! This is the

worst of times. A seasoned devil overcome by vulgar lust and erotic silliness! That one possessing wisdom and experience could get involved in childish madness, it is indeed the height of folly that in the end defeated him.

The conclusion of this Act is no farce. Goethe was extremely proud of how he had orchestrated it. He said to Eckermann in 1831: "You must admit that the conclusion where the redeemed soul is carried up, was difficult to manage; and that amid such supersensual, scarcely conceivable matters, I might easily have lost myself in the void- if I had not, by means of sharply-defined figures and images from the the Christian Church, given my poetical design a desirable form and substance." Classical mythology would not have conveyed the full meaning of the modern, Christian transfiguration of Faust. Make no mistake, Goethe has not converted to Catholicism as we have seen previously in the Emperor's Tent scene from Act IV, which chronologically was written next. However, the Christian images and symbols were precisely the tools he needed to convey his own message: Faust, like Gretchen in Part I, is saved. Through his life experience heaven has even been transformed. This is not the same heaven as in Prolog in Heaven. God does not appear. This heaven is not static as in Prolog, but a place of sublime heights and depths where the movement and progression- the striving- of earth remains possible and necessary. There is a pervasive feeling of love. There is a sense of community akin to Faust's final earthly vision: more evolved spiritual beings help the less evolved. Scriptural women intercede on

behalf of the beatified Gretchen. Gretchen is overjoyed to see her lover, happy at last and asks to be his tutor again. The Virgin-In- Glory presides. Goethe is not a Marianist, but can accept the vision of a benevolent, merciful and loving woman in charge as alluded to in the Hail Holy Queen Catholic prayer: "Hail Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy, our light, our sweetness, our hope. To thee do we cry, poor banished children of Eve. to thee do we send up our sighs, mourning and weeping in this valley of tears. Turn thine eyes of mercy toward us."

To his very end Faust is not a "good man." Faust's dramatic career has been a succession of quests, each evolving from some previous experience. Faust does achieve through trial and error ever greater insight into his own nature and ever greater understanding of the patterns of being, so he does not end up where he started, as Mephisto suggested in his cadenza.

How does Faust merit salvation or why doesn't he deserve damnation. Regarding salvation, Goethe said: "I believe that a faith in the love of God is the sole basis for my salvation." The angels judgement is that: "He who continues to strive, we can save." Goethe appropriates the Christian's deepest faith that life is in beneficent hands, but the beneficiary is an undeserving character in Christian terms, or in terms of any rigorous morality. If literature demands that we momentarily suspend disbelief, we were asked to suspend our customary moral code and consider only the striving toward clarity of a constitutionally flawed human being. Regarding the "justly deserved damnation" of this Faust, Goethe said: "You've only got to grow old to be more lenient. I see no fault committed of which I too haven't been guilty."

The single word that, I think, best describes Goethe and Faust's outlook is optimism. Goethe's descriptor was "a serious joke." Walter Benjamin said that : "All great works of literature either dissolve a genre or invent one." So, in Faust we have the optimistic tragedy or tragi-comedy! There is no moral to this tale. There is no great philosophy, which is in stark contrast to the great philosophies of Goethe's time like Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer, Schelling and Fichte. They developed complex, speculative philosophical systems. They developed an intellectual construct of the universe and then attempted to fit the observable world into that system. It does violence to nature and the world by forcing them into harmony with man's thought. Goethe's system was in contrast disarmingly simple. Goethe wrote: "I have always been on my guard against philosophy. My point of view has always been based on common sense"- the greatest truths are the simplest. Goethe championed a type of philosophy based on a study of nature in its broadest available description and what he had experienced in life, in thought and deed and developed a philosophy consonant with it. The scientific explosion would vindicate Goethe's approach and conclusions, and the grand, speculative systems would collapse.

In Goethe's view there was cause for an optimistic tragedy, because despite man's repetitive mistakes and failings there was an evolutionary feature. There is not only a natural evolution, but also a spiritual and ethical evolution of mankind. As plants change and as animals change, so in the spiritual realm things do not remain constant, but evolve according to their natural tendencies. He would maintain that through the observation of nature, the good is not some kind of a

whim, but something natural in the spiritual evolution of mankind. He said to Eckermann in 1829 that primordial phenomena are not only physical but also ethical. The history of humanity is a part of the evolution of nature. The ethics of love as they are revealed in the thoughts of the prophets of Israel and of Jesus, and of humanity in general, are among these primordial phenomena of the moral order. Goethe, then, thinks that we know by experience in the deepest and largest sense of this word that God, who is identical with nature, is, in some way, not only a creative force but also a moral will.

Is Goethe merely congenitally optimistic and privileged, or is there something in our contemporary world some shred of evidence to support optimism, when violence, greed and "if it bleeds, it leads" dominate the headlines?

Steven Pinker has written a book: "The Better Angels of Our Nature. Why Violence Has Declined." He documents exhaustively a decline in violence and examines possible causes and forces. In his preface he writes: "This book is about what may be the most important thing that has ever happened in human history. Believe it or not- and I know that most people do not- violence has declined over long stretches of time, and today we may be living in the most peaceful era of our species' existence. The decline, to be sure, has not been smooth; it has not brought violence down to zero; and it is not guaranteed to continue. But it is an unmistakable development, visible on scales from millennia to years, from the waging of wars to the spanking of children. "

To develop this thesis Pinker goes into excruciatingly painful detail about the incredibly violent history of our species. He identifies six trends associated with

the withdrawal from violence. The first three had occurred by Goethe's time. The first, called the Pacification Process, was " the transition from the anarchy of the hunting, gathering, and horticultural societies in which our species spent most of its evolutionary history to the first agricultural civilizations with cities and governments, beginning about five thousand years ago. With that change there occurred a reduction in the chronic raiding and feuding and about a five fold decrease in the rate of violent death. "

"The second transition spanned more than half a millennium and is best documented in Europe. Between the late Middle Ages and the 20th century European countries saw a a tenfold-to-fiftyfold decline in their rates of homicide." This trend is called the Civilizing Process and reflects "the consolidation of a patchwork of feudal territories into large kingdoms with centralized authority and an infrastructure of commerce." This process was the subject of Faust's experience within the Royal Court.

"The third transition unfolded on the scale of centuries and took off around the time of the Age of Reason and the European Enlightenment in the 17th and 18th centuries. It saw the first organized movements to abolish socially sanctioned forms of violence like despotism, slavery, superstitious killing, sadistic punishment and cruelty to animals, together with the first stirrings of systematic pacifism. This is called the Humanitarian Revolution." This process was examined in Faust, when it protested the execution of unwed mothers, the killing condoned by the Culture of Honor and the futility of war.

The final three transitions are contemporary and hopefully not transient. The

fourth transition is called the Long Peace. It began after the end of World War II , when the great powers and developed states in general have stopped waging war on one another. That clearly was not happening in Goethe's time.

"The fifth transition is also about armed combat but is more tenuous. Though it may be hard for news readers to believe, since the end of the Cold War in 1989, organized conflicts of all kinds- civil wars, genocides, repression by autocratic governments, and terrorist attacks- have declined throughout the world. It is called the New Peace."

"Finally, the postwar era, symbolically inaugurated by the Universal Declaration of Human Rights in 1948, has seen a growing revulsion against aggression on smaller scales, including violence against ethnic animosities, women, children, homosexuals, and animals. These spin-offs from the concept of human rights- civil rights, women's rights, children's rights, gay rights, and animal rights- were asserted in a cascade of movements from the late 1950's to the present day and are called the Rights Revolution." All these "Rights" were certainly part of Goethe's vision.

There is no one thing or causal chain that Pinker can point to as a reason for this improvement. There is a chain of "Connections", which could be seen from Goethe's view as evolutionary and a reason for current optimism. It was part of Goethe's legacy of optimism, his serious joke. Goethe wrote about Faust to his friend Zelter in 1831, less than a year before he died: "It is no trifle to put forth in one's eighty-second year what one conceived in one's twentieth, and to clothe such an internal, living skeleton with ligaments, flesh, and skin and on top of that

to wrap a few mantle folds around the finished product that it may altogether remain an evident riddle, delight men on and on, and give them something to work on."

Since this scene is about Faust's afterlife, what was Goethe's belief in an afterlife? He wrote: "I live in complete serenity, for I know that human nature is enduring. Our spirit is absolutely indestructible in its nature, and will be active from eternity to eternity." But how it is enduring- that was for him a mystery. Wernher von Braun, 20th century rocket scientist, seemed to pick up the thread of the idea, when he said: "Nature does not know extinction; all it knows is transformation. Everything science has taught me, and continues to teach me, strengthens my belief in the continuity of our spiritual existence after death."

Finally, Gustav Mahler gave a musical form to these visions. Mahler had a keen interest in Goethe and Faust and wrote two symphonies closely linked to them. The second part of his 8th Symphony is verbatim the concluding part of the final scene of Faust. To the issue of an afterlife, Mahler's Second Symphony is called the Resurrection. In a note to his wife Alma Mahler he explained what was happening in the music: "The Day of Judgement has arrived, but what happens now is far from expected: Everything has ceased to exist. The gentle sound of a chorus of saints and heavenly hosts is then heard. Soft and simple, the words gently swell up: 'Rise again, yea, thou wilt rise again.' Then the glory of God comes into sight. A wondrous light strikes us to the heart. All is quiet and blissful. Lo and behold! There is no judgment, no sinners, no just men, no great and no small; there is no punishment and no reward. A feeling of overwhelming love,

fuels us with blissful knowledge and illuminates our existence."

I think these visions of love, knowledge and light closely resembles Goethe's.

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CHAPTER 9

MOUNTAIN GORGES

The final scene of Faust is called Mountain Gorges. It takes place among rocks and trees. There is a hermitage of Anchorets, who live in the crevices of the gorges. They begin by saying: "The forest crowds near as rocks press against them. Trees try to establish their roots as they grow together. The waves splash upon waves and create the caverns in which we live. Lions roam quietly and friendly. Respect this asylum, love and nature's sanctuary."

The first of three church fathers speaks, Father Ecstasy. He hovers at different levels and says: "Searing eternal bliss, love's bonds of fire, the heart's seething anguish, divine surges of rapture and ecstasy. Arrows, transpierce me. Lances, subdue me. Batter me, cudgels! Lightening pierce me, so that all that is transient and trivial may evanesce, and love's eternal core may shine as an eternal star!

The second church father, the Profound Father, says from a lower region: "When these rocks press down on even deeper rocky abysses, when thousands of jetting streams merge into a raging current, and when a tree with its strong, innate compulsion rises from soil of rock to push its tops to the sky, It is all-

potent Love that gives all things its form and supports all things. All about me is chaos. I am surrounded by a tumult of rocks and trees. The water nourishes the valley and cascades down into the ravines. The bolt of lightning cleanses the atmosphere of poisonous vapors. All these messengers of love proclaim a force that encompasses us always. May it enkindle, too, my inner spirit, where, confused and chill, my heart and soul are consumed by my tormenting bondage to my blunted senses. Quiet, O Lord, my troubled thoughts, and grant my needy heart Your light!"

The third church father is Father Seraphicus. He is modeled after Francis of Assisi. He comforts a group of boys who died at childbirth. They can't see or hear. They know that he loves them and can use his senses to experience the world. He points out to them: "These are rocks, and that is a tree and over there is water in a waterfall." The Blessed Boys say: "This is all magnificent, but it's too gloomy. It makes us quake with fear and dread. Can we please leave here?" Seraphicus says: "Come, rise to higher realms above. You will grow. God's sustaining presence always makes us stronger. and it is absolute where skies are boundless. It is this which sustains us all. Eternal love's epiphany which blossoms as beatitude." The Boys are happy. They hold hands. They dance and sing: "Soon we will be in the presence of him, whom we revere."

Next, Angels higher in the sky holding the immortal remains of Faust say: "This worthy member of the spirit world has been rescued from the devil. FOR HIM WHOSE STRIVING NEVER CEASES WE CAN PROVIDE REDEMPTION. And, if from a love up on high he has received assistance, the blessed members of the

sky will welcome his appearance."

Next, Younger Angels recount the rose petal victory over Mephistopheles: "Petals were dropped from above by penitents whose love was saintly. Spirits used to hellish torment felt the pangs of love instead. Even the old Master-Devil himself felt anguish. Hallelujah! We've won!"

More Perfect Angels say: "This remnant of earth is disgusting. When a strong spirit takes the elements upon himself, not even the angels can take them apart, these two warring spirits in one entity. Only Eternal Love can disunite them."

The Younger Angels watch the Blessed Boys play and enjoy the higher realm, and they say: "Perhaps as his first step to perfection, Faust should be their companion," and the Blessed Boys offer to pull the downy fluff of earth that remains on Faust from him.

The next to speak is Doctor Marianus. He speaks from the highest and neatest cell. He is a devotee of the cult of the Blessed Virgin Mary. He sees women arising and at their center he sees heaven's High Queen. In ecstasy he prays: "When we know the peace you bring, nothing daunts our courage. Passions soon quiet and man's heart stirs to earnest tenderness. Virgin, venerated Mother, one coequal of the gods, Queen we have elected! Around her are penitent women- delicate creatures, down at her knees breathing the pureness, anxious for mercy. Hard indeed it is to save those by weakness jaded- how can they, desire's slaves, burst their bonds unaided? Feet give way on slippery slopes! Who avoids a welcoming look, is deaf to words that flatter? "

Next, the Mater Gloriosa, the Mother in Glory, floats past. The Penitent Women

as a chorus say: "O peerless Being, fountain of mercy, hear our prayer. " Then three penitent women step forward and speak one at a time on behalf of Gretchen and recall some important part of her life. The first, the Magna Peccatrix, Mary Magdalene, recalls washing the feet of Jesus and by association Gretchen's humble services to her infant sister. The second, the Samaritan Woman, recalls Gretchen's idyllic life and her obedience to her role in the family. Finally, Mary of Egypt, who was ostracized from church and was forced for 40 years of penance in the desert, recalls the similar ostracism of Gretchen, which forced her to flee her home with her child and her recognition that she could not lead a life in exile.

The three Penitent Women pray for the Gretchen of old and say: "Grant unto this good soul, a girl who lost her head only once, and was not aware that she was doing wrong, your forgiveness."

Gretchen, clinging to the Mater Gloriosa says: "Look down upon my joy! The joy of my youth has returned, no longer unhappy."

The Blessed Boys say: "Look at him! He's already grown larger than we. He's gained knowledge. He will be our teacher."

Gretchen says: "Look at our novice. He is still not sure that he exists, but soon he'll be the peer of any angel. Look how hard he's working to cast off the bonds of earth. He has youthful vigor again. Please, grant me permission to be his teacher, to give him instruction. He's still dazzled by this strange, new light."

The Mater Gloriosa says: "Rise to higher spheres and realms. Sensing your presence, he will follow! "

Doctor Marianus is now prostrate and says: "Look up to salvation's eyes so that

you may be reborn for heaven! Virgin, Mother, Queen. and Goddess. keep us within your grace!"

The Chorus Mysticus ends the play by saying:

All that is transitory

But as symbols are sent;

What seems impossible

Here grows to event

The Indescribable

Here it is done;

For eternally the essence of womanhood

Serves as our guide and shows us the way.

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CHAPTER 10

CONCLUSION

We have come to the conclusion of the Faustian quest. It has been a story of one man, who is the eternal man and one woman, Gretchen, who is the eternal woman. It has been a love story. It has been a coming of age story. It has been a story of the conflicts between knowledge versus wisdom; lust versus love; selfishness versus altruism; social isolation versus integration; optimism versus

pessimism; magical solutions versus hard work and compassion versus judgement. Faust may navigate like a pinball through these issues, but in the end he anticipates Charles Darwin's observation decades later: "It is not the strongest of the species that survives, nor the most intelligent that survives. It is the one that is most adaptable to change." Goethe wrote that the supreme thing we have received from God-in-Nature and Nature-in-God is life. Life's basis is some rotating, ultimate atom, which knows neither rest nor repose. The instinct to foster and nurture life is indestructible and innate in everyone. Its idiosyncrasy, however, remains a mystery to ourselves and others.

The Chorus Mysticus distills two intertwined mystical, transcendental thoughts. The first thought puts the life long journey of one man, Faust, into a universal light and reminds me of William Blake's "To See a World", where the microcosm also reflects the macrocosm :

To see a world in a grain of sand
And a heaven in a wild flower
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour.

The second thought of the Chorus Mysticus is a surprise or a hook. Randy Pausch in his "Last Lecture" concluded his presentation with a final hook or surprise: the lecture wasn't primarily for the benefit of the Carnegie Mellon University audience, but rather for his children as a legacy.

In his opening monologue Faust bemoaned being trapped in his dark, dusty library. He longed for escape to Nature. He did not know that his transformative event would be a woman. The conclusion and hook of this massive play and personal journey of a man from earth to hell to heaven is that "die ewige weibliche", the eternal wife, the eternal woman, the essence of womanhood, is the true guide to the eternal man through this passage. Goethe recognizes women as wise and loving teachers and their equality. Heaven and the after life is not a static place of eternal reward, but another dimension of the quest and striving of life on earth. The individual will continue to grow through striving, but more importantly this next step envisions the integration of male and female. Together they keep on striving, keep on trying, keep on walking.

THE END