

VI

GOETHE, SAGE AND POET*

IN this lecture I shall speak of the living Goethe. Of course, modern writers may appeal to you more immediately, but if we have once had the experience of losing ourselves and finding ourselves in a great classic—then all those interesting problems of the day become less interesting. The great poet, that is the great man, we can never read out, and the wealth of his beauty is never exhausted through all time. Goethe is such a poet. As long as man is moved by the beauty of the human soul, Goethe will remain living, and people will forget themselves and the thoughts of the day, and will open their hearts to the grandeur of his character, of his poetry, and of his wisdom.

The greatness of Goethe's poetry is the greatness of his personality. All his works grew out of his own experience, and each one, while finished in itself, is also the fragment of a great confession.¹ Goethe himself believed that poetical quality is quality of inner life.² He does not merely describe nature; he desires the beautiful,³ and he does not seek it in abstract ideals, he has it in the fulness of his soul, and he molds it into the harmony and lasting form of his work. Take any little poem, for example, *The Visit*, where a lover, entering the room, finds his dear one asleep, her knitting in her lap—all the charm and gentleness of Goethe's nature

* The writer desires to connect this lecture in commemoration of Goethe with the name of the poet who made us see once more in poetry and wisdom what we had forgotten to see—Stefan George.

¹ The numbered references are to Notes which appear at the end of the lecture.

are revealed by the tenderness of his emotions as he views the scene.⁴

I shall not try to impress you with striking scenes, like the audience with Napoleon or the visit of Beethoven. We shall rather dwell on small, intimate incidents, which are easily overlooked. They help us to understand Goethe; and if we can feel that behind every single line lives Goethe the man, we shall comprehend his poetry in its full humanness. Let us imagine ourselves living a hundred years ago. It is a late fall afternoon with its thin air and the pungent odor of burning leaves. The chestnuts have lost their foliage and the maples are dropping one yellow leaf after the other. We are taking our afternoon walk under an avenue of trees, enjoying the last beam of a sun already weak, when we perceive a stately carriage approaching. We of course know everybody in the small old-world city of Weimar, and respectfully take off our hats before the two elderly gentlemen in the carriage: the tall majestic figure of the old Privy Councillor von Goethe and opposite him the wrinkled face of the small Professor Meyer, Goethe's best friend. If the coachman would tell us what he knows, we should hear of a scene of charm and humor and understanding. The two friends need no words for communication; they know each other. Goethe hums at times a "Hm, Hm, Hm," and old Meyer answers assentingly: "That's it."⁵ This perfect scene of autumnal harmony has about it that touch of crystal clearness of old age, when men have formed their lives and mastered them. It seems to have also something of stoical coolness in it. How greatly should we be mistaken!

In his seventies Goethe wrote love poems inspired by the gracefulness of a young girl, poems which do not yield to any young man's verses—either in passion or in beauty. Nor

is there anything in them of undignified senility. They show true feeling, not the imaginations of a grey-beard. All visitors of Goethe, friends and enemies alike, always have remarked upon the undying fire of his commanding passionate eyes. When Goethe is seventy-two, Dr. Carus, one of the most brilliant painters, thinkers, and physicians of that time, sees him, sees him with the keen perception of a doctor and a painter. His eye has still the fire and almost demonic vigor of a prophet, but also the gentleness of a poet, hidden only with difficulty.⁶ Likewise Count Platen, most careful and most perfect of the younger poets says that the prevailing characteristic of Goethe is kindness,⁷ the will to understand. This—the readiness to understand, the vivacity of emotions, the power of vitality—is nature's first and foremost gift to genius; it is the secret of his lasting work. It marks his course into the life of generations. It makes him solitary; but it also drives him into self-expression and self-formation. And still there remains abundance of feeling ready to overflow in kindness and cordial friendship.⁸

Goethe had written a poem to America praising her youth and freedom from burdening traditions.⁹ It was the time when young Americans began to study in Germany, men like Bancroft and Ticknor, the historians, or Everett, the orator. One of them was J. G. Cogswell, librarian and friend of John Jacob Astor. He, like others, made his pilgrimage to Weimar. He, too, was kindly received.¹⁰ The young American, unsentimental and very sober though he was, described the scene enthusiastically, and found Goethe's grand and graceful appearance worthy of a knight of the days of chivalry. Moreover he was surprised to find how well Goethe was acquainted with American problems. In fact, he heard from Goethe more just and more rational observations on the literature and character of America than he

had ever heard from any man in Europe (as he says). It may interest you that Goethe had already suggested the building of the Panama Canal, and that he predicted with the knowledge of an experienced statesman that the United States would hardly forego the chance of taking a hand in that work.¹¹ Two years later Cogswell visited Goethe again. His farewell he describes as follows: "He embraced and kissed me affectionately according to the German custom, and the tear in his eye convinced me that he felt, not feigned, what he expressed . . . I never thought to have found such a heart in him, and it almost broke my own to say adieu to him when I discovered it. 'And will you remember me,' said he, when you are surrounded by your friends at home; and may I believe that there is a heart in the new world which cares for me?'" How lonely he must have been in spite of all admiration! But he had learned during his diplomatic life how to hide his feelings, how to protect himself behind polite formalities and, though he suffered from this restraint, he took refuge in this protection whenever he met with coolness or curiosity. One day a former friend, the heroine of his *Werther*, then a widow with a grown-up daughter, embarrassed him by her visit.¹² Goethe sent his carriage for her, took her to the theatre, gave her a dinner in the smallest circle, spoke of art; but she was hurt and disappointed that in this great moment to which she had been looking forward ever so much, he carefully avoided awakening memories. They would have been sad to him, but Lotte would have delighted in reminiscences of her participation in world literature. She expected Goethe to exercise his genius by reviving the only great moment in her life, and, it might be, to show some slight appreciation of one who had served as a model for his first novel.

Lady Stein with her sharp tongue remarked that Lotte was quite pleasant but "No Werther would shoot himself for her any more." Such people could not but recognize his genius, on which they wanted to enkindle their own mediocrity, but their disappointment, jealousy, and envy found an outlet in spreading scandal about a poet "who had become a typical old Excellency," a courtier without emotions. They did not realize how much Goethe was longing for love and simplicity.

And Goethe remained simple himself, though a world-celebrity, who could look upon himself as a historical figure.¹³ Who else could have dared to announce his visit to the empress-mother of Russia and then call it off at the last moment? And who else would then have received the following comment from the mother of the greatest sovereign of the time: "I am glad that I could speak with him at least once, and that he showed so much friendliness and graciousness toward me."¹⁴ And who else would have experienced a scene like this: Ludwig I, Bavaria's great king, drives up to his door, rushes upstairs in great excitement, breaks into the room, and introduces himself: "I am the king of Bavaria. I wonder if you have some little space left on your breast for a decoration." A king almost embarrassed to offer a decoration!¹⁵ But in spite of that, the younger generation, ready to find fault with those who have already achieved something, found that Goethe had no character, that he had betrayed the ideals of his own youth when he was enthusiastic about the nation, the people, and knew nothing of courts and their formalities. Among them was a clique of literary radicals disappointed in their vain hopes to be recognized by the leader of taste and literature, and the political youth, democratic journalists, fighting for Germany's national unity. Goethe stood

aside in this fight, it is true, and they accused him therefore of egoism. These young democrats did not realize that their national movement would never have been possible without the foundation laid by Goethe. His work was the foremost uniting factor for all the Germans in the various little states. He belonged to all of them, and was their only possession in common. He gave them reason to be proud to belong to a nation recognized among other nations. It was, indeed, Goethe who became the founder of the new German civilization and culture.¹⁶ His striving for classical harmony became the leading ideal of the new German education, and formed generations, after Wilhelm von Humboldt, Goethe's friend and great contemporary, had designed the University of Berlin and organized the system of new-humanistic education. Goethe knew that he accomplished more when following his own way than when encouraging the youth. And how could he have encouraged them?

How little character would he have shown had he deserted his friend, the Grandduke Carl August, just because he was a prince, as the emancipated radicals desired him to do. Because he did not, they built up that democratic legend of the old formalist, void of feelings, and it looked very much like a break from Goethe's earlier life, with which one associates enthusiastic appreciation of nature and humanity. The more one reads in Goethe and the more one loves him, the clearer one sees that this legend is wrong. Certainly, Goethe knew no abstract love for political forms, states, or nations, and he detested wars and revolutions without trying to see whether they might not have some patriotic justification; but this was his very character.¹⁷ Goethe hated abstract theories; yet, whenever there was anything he could do during his administration, he fought

for the welfare of the people even against his prince.¹⁸ He felt the responsibility of rulers to their subjects, and therefore tried to reorganize the liberal system of court expenditures. Only think of an act like this in our most democratic era! The question was whether to buy a certain site for the grandduke.¹⁹ It was unthinkable to Goethe that one could do it, as some people were working there in a little forge. How could one destroy the basis of their existence? Who would care today? He did not succeed in his fight for the people; he was disappointed by the futility of administrative work; so he left his office, left all politics, once and forever, but never did he leave his friend, in spite of many sad experiences and offenses from the court.²⁰ No one had hurt him more deeply than the grandduke, his friend, who under the influence of an actress counteracted his work at the theatres which Goethe had made one of the most admired institutions of the time. No one violated his privacy more than the petty, priggish court and town people who in their mischievous narrowness interfered with his most intimate affairs, only too glad that they could show the great man what real perfection is. Goethe stood by his decision and the wife he had chosen, who had borne him a son. She was uneducated, and by the ethereal literary court-ladies regarded as common. We have only to read Goethe's letters to her to see that she gave him the simplicity and devotion of a healthy love which he needed. To see how Goethe's remarkable mother, with her un failing instincts, took Christiane to her heart, is greater proof of Christiane's worth than the reflections of Lady Humboldt, who feels sorry that Goethe probably never experienced real love, or the comment of Lady Schiller that Goethe always deceived himself about women.²¹ I believe Goethe proved here as always the genius of his instinct and his deep con-

sideration for others. A wife who was an outspoken personality might not have been happy, nor could she have given him that restful simplicity which he found in Christiane.

Goethe knew that he followed a deeper necessity; he saw soon that the world did not want genuine expression of soul, but rather deceitful politeness.²² His experience of this vanity drove him into the flight to Italy, and many a remark in the second part of *Faust* is a disclosing though humorous criticism of human mediocrity. He gave up the impossible task of changing the unchangeable. He knew the masses; he disliked them as masses, but, understanding them, he did not despise them.²³ The unerring steadiness of his life was deeply rooted in his emotional nature. It is elucidating to see the reaction when he met with the superficial causerie of Madame de Staël. To her he appeared simply heavy and clumsy, because he could not quickly change the topic when something or someone had impressed his thought.²⁴ Another little incident, one of these overlooked things, will tell us of the warmth of Goethe's loyalty and the depth of his veneration.²⁵ One day, a winter storm uprooted an old juniper tree, the only one in the region, venerable to Goethe as a reminder of old times and a faithful witness of past happiness. He conceded to that fact no less than the eighth part of the whole year's space in his annals, had a young artist paint the tree, and kept the picture in the ducal library. There is something behind this incident. Goethe was thus deeply impressed because the tree was a symbol. One after another of his friends had gone. He was alone.

Every genius is alone, and great works are conceived in solitude. Goethe himself expressed this thought by that magic allegory of Faust's way to the mothers, the secret

center of creation, the way to the untrodden None.²⁶ Still it is not only the work which makes the genius lonely, it is also that power of feeling which can never meet with an equivalent response.²⁷ There is a demand which nobody can answer. Therefore, we see him overpowered by his emotions in scenes like that with the young American. He was grateful for the kindness shown by a young admirer, and cold hearts mistook it for vanity. Mickiewicz, the Polish poet, and his friend Odyniec visited Goethe, and Goethe was told that Odyniec was so deeply stirred by the performance of *Faust* that he could not refrain from a loud sobbing, "which brought me," he says, "so thankful a look and smile, and afterwards such a kindly conversation."²⁸ Goethe was alone; he had lost Wieland, Schiller, his wife, the Grandduke. When in 1819 a masque play by Goethe was given in celebration of the birthday of the empress-mother of Russia, in which he pictured Weimar and his great friends, all gone now, the few survivors of the glorious seventies and eighties—times of festivals and youth, love and excitement, doubly beautiful in memory—those few could hear a line, no, half a line, of chaste self-expression. And those who heard it were deeply moved by its tenderness: "I find myself alone."²⁹

Still it is the same Goethe in whose house the young Mendelssohn, twelve years old, came to play. His teacher, Zelter, the other friend of Goethe's old age, brought him to Weimar and used to say that the boy was mature enough to conduct an orchestra. For playing on Goethe's piano he asks a reward, a kiss from Goethe. He writes to his parents in boyish humor: "Every morning I receive a kiss from the author of *Werther* and *Faust*, and every afternoon two from father and friend Goethe. Think of it!" he adds.³⁰

This was the Goethe who in his sixties has remained

young and youthful enough to write a poem so childlike and full of humor as *The Walking Bell*:

A child refused to go betimes
To church like other people.
He roamed abroad, when rung the chimes
On Sundays from the steeple.

His mother said: 'Loud rings the bell,
Its voice think not of scorning;
Unless thou wilt behave thee well,
'Twill fetch thee without warning.'

The child then thought: 'High overhead
The bell is safe suspended—'
So to the fields he straightway sped
As if 'twas school-day ended.

The bell above now ceased to ring,
Roused by the mother's talking;
But soon ensues a dreadful thing:
The bell goes out a-walking.

It waddles fast, though strange it seem;
The child runs off in wonder.
The bell pursues, as in a dream,
And tries to pin him under.

He finds the proper time at last,
And straightway nimbly rushes
To church, to chapel, hastening fast
Through pastures, plains and bushes.

Each Sunday and each feast as well,
His late disaster heeds he.
The moment that he hears the bell,
No call in person needs he.³¹

You will never forget the enormous bell running behind the tiny boy rushing around the trees and hedges in deadly fright of the impossible which has become reality. Since hearing, at the age of six, my father read this poem, one line has haunted me: "The bell will pin him under." Never since then have I been able to stand close to a swinging bell without some fear.

The wealth of emotion pressing to be released made Goethe lonesome; it also made him a great poet. To give

all his personal vigor an outlet, he had to form a whole world of his own. To free himself from the demonic power he had to press the elemental stream of his passions into the lasting form of classical harmony. Poetry for him was not a delightful play; it was innermost necessity. Self-preservation was at stake. Others lost themselves, burning up in passions which they were not able to form into objective works of art. Goethe feared this danger and fought it all his life; therefore he had to keep those disorganized, inharmonious, elemental natures away from himself. Everything destructive—sickness, death, madness, lack of self-control—was formidable to him. He hated the romanticists for their outrageous imaginations. He could not associate with Kleist or with Beethoven, both such tragic natures, whose volcanic violence impressed Goethe too much. The intensity of his feelings was so great that a weird picture, like one of the fowl-headed Gods of the East, or even a cunning fraud, like the Cagliostro necklace affair, could irritate him for weeks.³² He could only overcome those imaginations by transposing them into poetical form. For that reason his poetry represents the entire realm of humanity from the sublime to the obscene, from fantastic imagination to crystal beauty. Nothing, however, remained mere matter; everything had to be formed so that it was justified and balanced by its context, otherwise it would not have been released. There was no way for self-deception; if something had remained out of the harmonious balance of classical beauty, it would have demanded its final form until Goethe found that form. So his *Faust* followed him through half a century. This is what Goethe calls truthfulness; and this truthfulness he regards as the only claim on the genius.³³

Insight into these complicated necessities of form and

elemental force is the center of Goethe's wisdom. The idealist has one leading principle to which he subordinates the vehemence of emotional life. Goethe, the realist, believed in the harmonious development of all human faculties so that they may counterbalance one another and give a lasting character to our elemental nature. Goethe did not allow anything to remain a single disconnected part, to remain mere matter, an element only; to him was only that which has relation to the whole.³⁴ To create this harmonious relation, to give uniting form to the unformed, he called the highest and only operation in nature and art.³⁵ We understand why all destruction was abominable to him. Man, just being, being nature, being Element, as Goethe called it and experienced it, is not what he is thought to be. What distinguishes man from everything else, what really makes him man, is his character, the form he has given himself, and through which he can give permanence to the fleeting moment and establish a realm of forms in the midst of chaos.³⁶ By forming himself, man prescribes law to reality. So self-expression in harmonious classical form was for Goethe self-perfection and at the same time world-perfection. He said once that he knew no more presumptuous person than himself, but he went on to say that only by really acquiring what was given to him or assumed by him beyond his powers, did he progress. If one does not think more of oneself than one really is, one will not strive forward. Activity and strife for perfection in harmony, condition each other. This self-confidence and courage made him dislike depraving collectivism.³⁷ "Only rabble is modest," he said.³⁸

When Santayana called Goethe the wisest of mankind, he had in mind the amazing knowledge of a personal law governing every individual, a knowledge very different from a

philosopher's search for general laws.³⁹ Goethe's wisdom, as much as his poetry, is a result of his own experience. But his wisdom is not only for the aristocrats of mind; everybody in his own circle is concerned with forming himself, and thus forming the world. Everybody is called upon to build up his own world, and if he cannot be a world of his own, to contribute to someone else's world.⁴⁰ One need not mention that Goethe would never have allowed man to become a mere economical unit. For that reason he faced the approaching industrialism with fear, fear for the dignity of the human soul.⁴¹ He would never have sacrificed for speed and greed that which makes man more than animal, the ability to plan, to form and to balance opposing forces in harmony. As he experienced this ability, he handed it down to us; and all his later works are concerned with this forming process, with education. Education for Goethe is not cyclopedic knowledge, is not ant-like coöperation for an abstract ideal of progress, where one man lays his brick and another man another brick. Education is *Bildung*, that is Forming, Form, Personality, Totality (*Ein Ganzes*). If everyone would take seriously his striving for form and harmonious balance, instead of working up a specialist's efficiency in machinelike precision, the general process of development would be slower than we see it now, but it would be a process which *we* direct, not one running wild and running mad.

The fundamental principle of his life and of his poetry, Form, had to be the central thought of his studies in natural science also. His intuition of nature as a wondrous, mysterious organism is the philosophy of the genius who experiences himself as an elemental force of nature. We never fathom it by discursive thinking; we have to feel the One and All, as organized Cosmos, revealing itself in the

greatest and the smallest, in stones, plants, animals, and men.⁴² Wherever we begin, we always reach into the infinite.⁴³ This approach brought him to his discoveries in osteology and morphology and evolutionary theories. Mechanical science is concerned with measurable data of nature and thus cannot catch all of nature. Goethe's study of the prime-phenomena, as he calls the qualities and forms of appearance, is of a different character. Color is not only light of a certain wave-length, but also a psychological phenomenon, irreducible to anything else, a cognition which modern Phenomenology has firmly established. Splitting up into equally valid parallel concepts that which is essentially one organic totality, was for Goethe not a methodological possibility, but a subjectivist system of definitions, hence a false separation of idea and reality, which for him were inseparable.⁴⁴ Thus his natural philosophy and phenomenology, apparently very remote from a poet's work, are nourished from the same original reverence for organic form and harmony.

It is as if all the creative forming power of nature in one great attempt had become personified in one man, the poet. Genius is nature itself, and nature revealing itself. There are verses which streamed from his exalted lips unpremeditatedly, like the words of the Delphian priestess. No reasoning can explain it. While he is wandering through the storm over wintry fields, a tall figure in a flying cloak, ecstatic hymns are born, elemental as the breath of the wind or the beat of the heart. Or in the middle of the night, suddenly a poem appears in flawless beauty, living its own life like a ripe fruit detaching itself from the tree.⁴⁵ Though it is in translation, you will feel the magnificence of the beginning of one of the impromptu hymns, *Wanderer's Storm-song*:

Whom thou never leavest, Genius,
 No dread feels he within his heart
 At the tempest or the rain.
 Whom thou never leavest, Genius,
 Will to the rain-clouds,
 Will to the hail-storm
 Sing in reply
 As the lark sings,
 Oh, thou on high!

Whom thou never leavest, Genius,
 Thou wilt raise above the mud-track
 With thy fiery pinion.
 He will wander,
 As with flowery feet,
 Over Deukalion's dark flood,
 Python-slaying, light, glorious,
 Pythius Apollo.

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⁴⁶

The true mark of poetry is the necessity of its rhythm, forcing us under its spell, inimitable, and like the pulsing of living blood. It is far more than the regular scheme of a metre;⁴⁷ it is inward rhythm, comparable to counterpoint in the structure of melody. The counterpoint of rhythmical orders affords innumerable possibilities. In ancient poetry it was this twofold rhythm which separated poetry from prose; in modern times only the genius has found this law, while others rhyme in metres. The metre we may compare to the clear sequence of the *cantus firmus*; the inward rhythm is the interlacing manifold figuration of the counterpoint moving forward and back, the same and its opposite, extending, separating, contracting itself. Nothing stands by itself; it is a permanent flow, where the elements contribute to the whole and derive their value from the whole in its organic harmony and classical simplicity. Why does a fugue of Bach move the classical mind more deeply than all the artistic developments of nineteenth-century harmonies? Because of this infinite wealth brought to organic simplicity. Likewise in Goethe's poems. Every word, to the fullest

value of its meaning, contributes to the spirit, to the mood of the whole, and the changing melodious line of sounds, accented in the rhyme-words, distributed by the measure of syllables, emphasizes here and counterbalances there the fundamental key in manifold variations.

It is impossible to render such poetry into another language, still I venture to give you a poem admirably translated by Longfellow. The burdening duties of the court, desperation, dissatisfaction with his work and with his unreleased love for Lady Stein, the oppressing gloom of long years, are loosened in the calm of the mountain woods. Only listen to its melody!

Over all the hill-tops
Is quiet now,
In all the tree-tops
Hearest thou
Hardly a breath;
The birds are asleep in the trees:
Wait. Soon like these
Thou too shalt rest.

In German the sound of the words, and, especially, the deep-ringing rhyme-words, give the fundamental tone of soothing and restful harmony, and overcome the light contrasting figure of the internal rhymes (*Gipfeln-Wipfeln*), so that the effect of calming down results. The rhythm, all words being equally weighed and only melodiously emphasized, supports this mood, while the unequal syllabic distribution of pauses, counteracting the rhymes of their part, forms a counterpoint to this unity of mood. Choice of the simplest words, describing a scene without adjectival or adverbial ornamentation, thus never leading a thought into a side-path, creates the full harmoniousness which together with the rhythmic movement gives us the feeling of peace. All this richness, inadequately described, in a few short lines!

Allow me to give you the same poem in German, and even if you do not translate it, you will understand it as music:

Ueber allen Gipfeln ist Ruh.
In allen Wipfeln spürest du
kaum einen Hauch.
Die Vöglein schweigen im Walde:
Warte nur,
balde
ruhest du auch.⁴⁸

This is a mysterious experience, the binding force of perfect form, in which we find ourselves. And this is the testament of Goethe, which he gives us in the Ascension mystery of his *Faust*, redeemed in his strife for *perfection*. It is more than a symbol of victory over the dark elemental power of the devil; it is Goethe's last word on the world's beauty. About all Goethe's work there is this spirit of Ascension-Day and of Pentecost, the friendly feast of the descent of the Holy Ghost. Pentecost in Germany is the blissful time of the year. The severe master Saint Servatius has lost all his frosty power, last menace to the plowman. The black-bird, delighting in the fresh green morning, awakes us. We step into the garden, and the fragrance of sprouting young leaves and blossoming bushes receive us with their friendly purity, an early alder and the slender birch. The scent of new-mown hay drifts in from the meadow, and the dew of a warm night sparkles on morning-blooms. Flax buds forth its first two leaves, and here and there a bean stretches through the soil. Pentecost fills us with thankfulness and the sense of being blessed in spite of all our tribulations. We never feel the holiness of nature more than on her ascension-day. It is as if we were nearer to the animating spirit. This Pentecost-spirit marks the end of *Faust*, as it marks the end of Goethe's own life. Again it is a personal confession when Lynkeus, the warder of *Faust's* castle, praises the beauty of

the world. Thus sings Lynkeus the warder on the watch-tower; thus sings Goethe himself:

Keen vision my birth-dower,
I'm placed on this height,
Still sworn to the watch-tower,
The world's my delight.
I gaze on the distant,
I look on the near,
On moon and on planet,
On wood and the deer:
The beauty eternal
In all things I see;
And rejoicing in self
All is joyful to me.
Glad eyes, look around you
And gaze, for whate'er
The sight they encounter,
It still has been fair! ⁴⁹

HEINRICH MEYER

NOTES TO THE LAST LECTURE

In these Notes, (W) refers to the Weimar edition of Goethe's works, (B) to the letters, and (T) to the diaries; the first number designates the volume, those following it the pages, and, if in parentheses, the line. In the references to *Faust* only the line is given.

- ¹—W 27.110
²—W 42,2.107
³—W 36.64 B 12.110,275 W 6.14
⁴—W 2.101
⁵—*Goethes Briefwechsel mit Heinrich Meyer*, 1.XVII (Weimar 1917), Schriften der Goethegesellschaft 32
⁶—C. G. Carus, *Goethe* (ed. Marx, Kröner, Leipzig) p. 12
⁷—A. v. Platen, *Tagebücher*, 2.494 (Stuttgart 1900)
⁸—*Cf. Tagebuch der Demoiselle Engels*, Jahrbuch der Sammlung Kippenberg, 1.65 (Leipzig 1921)
⁹—W 5,1.137
¹⁰—F. v. Biedermann, *Goethes Gespräche*, 2.376,443 (2nd ed. Leipzig 1909)
¹¹—*Eckermanns Gespräche*, 21. Februar 1827
¹²—W. Bode, *Goethe in vertraulichen Briefen seiner Zeitgenossen*, 3.2ff (Berlin, 1923); source of many biographical references.
¹³—W 40.197,199,242; 42,2.188
¹⁴—Bode, *loc. cit.*, 3.64
¹⁵—Bode, *loc. cit.*, 3.287
¹⁶—W 35.24; 40.242; 40.304 (17ff); 41,2.179 (6ff); for general belief in progress see W 41,2.265; 41,2.280; 35.207
¹⁷—Goethe and war: W 33.135f, 188 (17), 35.269ff.
¹⁸—T 1.54; B 3.177f, 199,223,224f; *Cf.* W 41,1.255ff, 259ff.
¹⁹—W 35.58
²⁰—W 5,1.149,151,155,194,236 (216), 6.99,123; 41,2.291(2).
²¹—Bode, *loc. cit.*, 3.75,208
²²—W 2.249 (580ff)
²³—W 1.310ff; 3.233; 5,1.85,97, 101,133,143,150,151,153,194; 6.5, 110; 36.29,33
²⁴—W 35.171ff
²⁵—W 36.53f
²⁶—Faust, (6222) translation by Anna Swanwick.
²⁷—B 3.90; 12.107 (18f); W 5,1.102 (257ff), 127 (601); 6,6 (42), 13; 28.312; 36.43 (2), 231; 42,2.178 (1)
²⁸—Bode, *loc. cit.*, 3.335
²⁹—W 16.277; *Cf.* Bode, *loc. cit.*, 3.63
³⁰—Bode, *loc. cit.*, 3.125
³¹—W 1.204, translation by E. A. Bowring, revised by George Williams.
³²—W 3.251,256f; 17.117; 33.201, 223 (16); 35.11,47; 36.155,186, 194,247f; 40.178; 42,2, 88 (20), 175f, 442f. B 41.204. *Cf.* Jahrbuch Kippenberg (1923), 3.77 and (1927-28) 7.9ff. For the idea of classical harmony see W 33,188 (17); 36.331; 42,2. 148,176(7), 190, 231(16), 247 (1f). Also Note 40.
³³—W 42,2.162,193; *Cf.* 5,1.199.
³⁴—B 12.185; Wagner and Faust contrasted.
³⁵—B 20.192

NOTES TO THE LAST LECTURE—Continued

- 36—W 1.119; 2.83f, 217(55); 3.67f, 71-111; 10.316,318,374 (1496, 1533,2741ff) *Faust*, (9981, 10212ff). For the concept of the "moment" see W 3.230 (23); 28.312; 36.232; 37.322; 42.2. 132(13), 224(17). *Faust*, (1692, 10706,11445ff, 11581ff).
- 37—W 2.237(324); 2.230(153); 33.234; 36.231; 42,2.115, 240 (16); *Faust*, (3368ff).
- 38—W 1.143
- 39—W 2.245 (500); 6.110,121; 3.95. Santayana, *Three Philosophical Poets*, p. 139, Cambridge (U.S.A.) 1910.
- 40—W 1.352; 6.162; 42,2.106,170ff. 397ff. B 12.185.
- 41—W 25.1,249; 10.375 (2772); 40.248 (22), 268 (16); 41,-2.169,209; *Cf.* B 12.217; *Faust* (10147ff).
- 42—*Faust*, (380ff, 534, 1936ff). W 3.71-111.
- 43—W 2.216(29ff)
- 44—W 36.174,251; 42,2. 146,176 (7 ff), 256 (12), 257 (1); 3.355
- 45—W 31.19; 41,1.369; 28.118f, 36.28 (1f)
- 46—W 2.67, translated by E. A. Bowring, revised by George Williams.
- 47—W 6.40
- 48—W 1.98
- 49—*Faust*, (11288ff), translated by A. Swanwick, revised.



