

Chapter 1 : Heinrich Heine - Heinrich Heine Poems - Poem Hunter

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See Article History Alternative Titles: Life Heine was born of Jewish parents. His father was a handsome and kindly but somewhat ineffectual merchant; his mother was fairly well educated for her time and sharply ambitious for her son. In that same year, in order to open up the possibility of a civil service career, closed to Jews at that time, he converted to Protestantism with little enthusiasm and some resentment. He never practiced law, however, nor held a position in government service; and his student years had been primarily devoted not to the studies for which his uncle had been paying but to poetry, literature, and history. Out of the emotional desolation of this experience arose, over a period of years, the poems eventually collected in *The Book of Songs*. Thus, he became the major representative of the post-Romantic crisis in Germany, a time overshadowed by the stunning achievements of Goethe, Schiller, and the Romantics but increasingly aware of the inadequacy of this tradition to the new stresses and upheavals of a later age. His love poems, though they employ Romantic materials, are at the same time suspicious of them and of the feelings they purportedly represent. Later life and works When the July Revolution of occurred in France, Heine did not, like many of his liberal and radical contemporaries, race to Paris at once but continued his more or less serious efforts to find some sort of paying position in Germany. In the spring of he finally went to Paris, where he was to live for the rest of his life. He had originally been attracted by the new Saint-Simonian religion a socialistic ideology according to which the state should own all property and the worker should be entitled to share according to the quality and amount of his work; it inspired in him hopes for a modern doctrine that would overcome the repressive ideologies of the past and put what he variously called spiritualism and sensualism, or Nazarenism adherence to Judeo-Christian ideals and Hellenism adherence to ancient Greek ideals, into a new balance for a happier human society. His critical concern with political and social matters deepened as he watched the development of limited democracy and a capitalist order in the France of the citizen-king, Louis-Philippe. The books were conceived with a French audience in mind and were originally published in French. In 1843 he wrote another series of newspaper articles about French life, culture, and politics, which he reedited and published as *Lutezia*, the ancient Roman name for Paris, in His second volume of poems, *Neue Gedichte; New Poems*, illustrates the change. Though Heine remained on good, if not intimate, terms with Marx in later years, he never was much taken with Communism, which did not fit his ideal of a revolution of joy and sensuality. About the time that he met Marx, he also wrote another long poem, *Atta Troll*. From an outcast in the society of his own rich uncle, he was transformed into a leading literary personality, and he became acquainted with many of the prominent people of his time. He married her in But troubles were soon hard upon him. His critical and satirical writings brought him into grave difficulties with the German censorship, and, at the end of, the Federal German Diet tried to enforce a nationwide ban on all his works. He was surrounded by police spies, and his voluntary exile became an imposed one. The information, revealed after the French Revolution of, that he had been receiving a secret pension from the French government, further embarrassed him. The worst of his sufferings, however, were caused by his deteriorating health. His third volume of poems, *Romanzero*, is full of heartrending laments and bleak glosses on the human condition; many of these poems are now regarded as among his finest. A final collection, *Gedichte und Poems and*, is of the same order. After nearly eight years of torment, Heine died and was buried in the Montmartre Cemetery. His aggressive satires, radical postures, and insouciance about his methods made him appear to many as an unpatriotic and subversive scoundrel, and the growth of anti-Semitism contributed to the case against him. Efforts in the late 19th and early 20th centuries to erect monuments to him in various German cities touched off riots and shook governments.

Chapter 2 : Heinrich Heine Heine, Heinrich - Essay - blog.quintoapp.com

Henry Heine was pre-eminently such a writer, and the work on Shakespeare's "Maidens and Women" by him, which is here presented in English, deserves careful study, as being from this point of view the most characteristic of all his works.

Heinrich Heine – Born Harry Heine German poet, essayist, critic, journalist, editor, dramatist, novella and travel writer. Heine is one of the outstanding literary figures of nineteenth century Europe. Because of his Jewish background he was frequently reviled by European anti-Semites and his works were censored during the period of Nazi hegemony in Germany. In the contemporary era, Heine has been recognized as the first major poet to adopt a humorous, ironic tone, which pervades his poetry, prose, and commentaries on politics, art, literature, and society. In 1818, Heine was sent to study law at the University of Bonn, where he showed a growing interest in literature and history and studied under the famous critic August Wilhelm Schlegel, who introduced him to the ideas of the German Romantic School. In that same year he changed his name from Harry to Heinrich and converted to Protestantism, a practical measure done because of anti-Semitic laws in nineteenth-century Germany. In 1831 Heine emigrated to Paris, where he remained in self-imposed exile for most of his life. From the mid-1820s through the rest of his life, he suffered with increasing illness from venereal disease, and in the spring of 1836 he became completely paralyzed and partially blind. Confined to what he called his "mattress grave," Heine lived in constant pain, yet was intellectually alert until his death in 1856.

Major Works Heine began his literary career while still a student, publishing his first book of poetry, *Gedichte* Poems, in 1827. However, with the publication of his third volume of poetry, *Book of Songs*, Heine became one of the most popular German poets of his day. The work established his preeminence as a lyric poet, and has long remained the basis of his international reputation. This early poetry reflects the influence of Romanticism in its emphasis on love and despair, as well as in its pervasive tone of reverie. But *Book of Songs* also abounds with realism, skepticism, wit, and irony. Critics of the work acknowledge that Heine did not share the positive world view of such German Romantics as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Friedrich Schiller, and that he lacked faith in the ability of poetry to overcome the alienation of modern life. Following a long hiatus from poetry in which Heine focused his attention on prose works related to politics, religion, society, and art, the first of two long, satirical poems *Deutschland: Ein Sommernachstraum*; *Atta Troll*. These poems blend history with political and literary satire, defying generic classification. In these works, Heine frequently returns to the lyrical form of his earliest poetry. These poems vividly describe a man preparing for death, which he alternately fears and welcomes as a refuge.

Critical Reception Although Heine was one of the most influential and popular poets of the nineteenth century, critical response to his work has varied over the years. His writings have met with both admiration and disapproval in his native land, where his ruthless satires and radical pronouncements made him appear unpatriotic and subversive to his contemporaries. His religion consistently worked against him: They destroyed his grave, banned his books, and when they found that they could not eliminate his famous poem "Die Lorelei" from the collective memory of the German people, they attributed it to an unknown author. The complexity and variety of his views have often made him an outcast – those who appreciated the politically militant poet of the 1820s in some cases resented his later, more conservative work.

Chapter 3 : Germany. A Winter's Tale - Wikipedia

Heinrich Heine (Born Harry Heine) German poet, essayist, critic, journalist, editor, dramatist, novella and travel writer. Heine is one of the outstanding literary figures of.

Original publication[edit] From the onset of the Metternich Restoration in Germany , Heine was no longer secure from the censorship , and in he finally migrated to France as an exile. In a decree of the German Federal Convention banned his writings together with the publications of the Young Germany literary group. At the end of Heine went back to Germany for a few weeks to visit his mother and his publisher Julius Campe in Hamburg. On the return journey the first draft of *Deutschland*. The verse epic appeared in published by Hoffmann and Campe, Hamburg. According to the censorship regulations of the Carlsbad Decrees , manuscripts of more than twenty folios did not fall under the scrutiny of the censor. However, on 4 October the book was banned and the stock confiscated in Prussia. In the period following the work was repeatedly banned by the censorship authorities. In other parts of Germany it was certainly issued in the form of a separate publication, also published by Hoffmann and Campe, but Heine had to shorten and rewrite it. However it is to be understood that this is an imaginary journey, not the actual journey which Heine made but a literary tour through various provinces of Germany for the purposes of his commentary. A few of his poems had been set by Franz Schubert , not least for the great posthumously-collected series of songs known as the *Schwanengesang*. Schubert was dead by *Winterreise* is about the exile of the human heart, and its bitter and gloomy self-reconciliation. In Aachen Heine first comes in contact again with the Prussian military: Still always that wooden pedantic race, Still always a right angle In every movement and every face The frozen conceit. In Section IV on the winter-journey to Cologne he mocks the anachronistic German society , that more readily with archaic skills builds the Cologne Cathedral , unfinished since the Middle Ages, than addressing itself to the Present Age. That the anachronistic building works came to be discontinued in the course of the Reformation indicated for the poet a positive advance: The River-god however shows himself as a sorrowful old man, disgusted with the babble about Germanic identity. His transformation of Europe had called awake in Heine the hope for universal freedom. Heine had been an eye-witness in Paris of his burial in at Les Invalides. Section X, Greetings to Westphalia. This Heine offers as a metaphoric statement of the critical distance occupied by himself as polemic or satirical poet, and of the sheepskin-costume appropriate for much of what was surrounding him. I am no sheep, I am no dog, No Councillor, and no shellfish “ I have remained a wolf, my heart And all my fangs are wolfish. In the morning mist a crucifix appears. Not surprisingly the mythic German Emperor presents himself as a man become imbecile through senility, who is above all proud of the fact that his banner has not yet been eaten by moths. Germany in internal need? Pressing need of business for an available Emperor? Wake up, old man, and take your beard off the table! What does the most ancient hero mean by it? Emperors have worn out their usefulness, and seen in that light Monarchs are also superfluous. Stay up the mountain, Old Man! Sword or noose would do equally good service for the disposal of these superfluous toadies. From there he went on to a meeting with King Ernest Augustus of Hanover in that place, who, "accustomed to life in Great Britain " detains him for a deadly length of time. Finally, in Section XX, he is at the limit of his journey: In Hamburg he goes in to visit his mother. She, equally, is in control of her responsibilities: Have you got a wife? Where would you rather live, here with me or in France? Do you always talk about politics? A solemn promise of the greatest secrecy must be made in Old Testament fashion, in which he places his hand under the thigh of the Goddess she blushes slightly “ having been drinking rum! Then the Goddess promises to show her visitor the future Germany. Then the Censor makes a cut at the critical place. In the final stanzas Heine places himself in the tradition of Aristophanes and Dante and speaks directly to the King of Prussia: Through them the Poet forms. With a warning to the King, of eternal damnation, the epic closes. A critic for love of the Fatherland[edit] *Deutschland*. A new song, a better song, O friends, I speak to thee! Here upon Earth we shall full soon A heavenly realm decree. Joyful we on earth shall be And we shall starve no more; The rotten belly shall not feed On the fruits of industry. Above all Heine criticized German militarism and reactionary chauvinism i. He

admired Napoleon uncritically as the man who achieved the Revolution and made freedom a reality. He did not see himself as an enemy of Germany, but rather as a critic out of love for the Fatherland: Rest assured, I love the Fatherland just as much as you do. This way of looking at Deutschland. The poet shows himself as a man who loves his homeland and yet can only be a guest and visitor to it. In the same way that Antaeus needed contact with the Earth, so Heine drew his skill and the fullness of his thought only through intellectual contact with the homeland. This exemplified the visible breach which the French July Revolution signifies for intellectual Germany: The movie is entitled "Deutschland. The world cup in is often mentioned as a point in time which had a significant positive impact on modern Germany, reflecting a changed understanding of national identity which has been evolving continuously over the 50 years prior to the event.

Chapter 4 : Heinrich Heine - Wikipedia

*Heine on Shakespeare;: a translation of his notes on Shakespeare heroines, [Heinrich Heine] on blog.quintoapp.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Originally published in This volume from the Cornell University Library's print collections was scanned on an APT BookScan and converted to JPG format by Kirtas Technologies.*

Gibing of spirits in scorn Shakes every leaf of the grove,
Mars the benignant repose Of this amiable home of
the dead. Bitter spirits, ye claim Heine? I knew Whose
he was who is here Buried " I knew he was yours!
What, then, so harsh and malign, Heine! Poisons the
peace of thy grave? Yes, we arraign her! But was it
thou " I think Surely it was! Charm is the glory
which makes Song of the poet divine, Love is the
fountain of charm. How without charm wilt thou
draw, Poet! Not by the lightnings of wit " Not
by the thunder of scorn! Hollow and dull are the
great, And artists envious, and the mob profane.
We know all this, we know! Alas, to help us
forget Such barren knowledge awhile, God gave
the poet his song! Therefore a secret unrest
Tortured thee, brilliant and bold! Therefore
triumph itself Tasted amiss to thy soul. Therefore,
with blood of thy foes, Trickled in silence
thine own. Or, yet later, in watch On the roof
of the Brocken-tower Thou standest, gazing!
Goethe, too, had been there. In the long-past
winter he came To the frozen Hartz, with his
soul Passionate, eager " his youth All in
ferment! Only to laugh and to die. But something
prompts me: Not thus Take leave of Heine!
Not in pity, and not With half censure " with
awe Hail, as it passes from earth Scattering
lightnings, that soul! That smile was Heine!
Spirit, who fillest us all! Spirit, who utterest
in each New-coming son of mankind Such of
thy thoughts as thou wilt! O thou, one of
whose moods, Bitter and strange, was the
life Of Heine " his strange, alas, His bitter
life!

Chapter 5 : Full text of "Heine on Shakespeare; a translation of his notes on Shakespeare heroines"

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It is a rule with rare exceptions that the more a literary work is inspired with genius, the more necessary it is for us to form a true conception of the habits of thought of the author, his principles or "morals," his excellences or demerits. This is particularly the case with writers who gossip about themselves, who take wild or eccentric flights of fancy, and above all with those who, believing themselves to be perfectly informed or correct, often unconsciously mingle error and prejudices with great truths, and also noble inspirations, and the combination of great learning with the charm of poetry. In several chapters the lady character serves as a mere peg whereon to hang some brilliant garment of an essay, behind which she is quite concealed, and in many cases the citations from the comedies are far from being apt or well chosen. That carelessness prevailed is shown in the fact that none of the numerous quotations in the tragedies are given in the German original, with references to act or scene—"an omission which has been a cause of annoyance to many a reader" while several of these references in the comedies are incorrectly numbered. On the other hand, it may be fairly said that, making every allowance for every error of commission or omission, there is probably no small work of the kind in any language which is so well worth reading. The tribute to the genius of Shakespeare, whom the author sincerely believed to be immeasurably the greatest genius in the world, as contrasted to his narrow-minded hatred of the English, is in the highest degree interesting and piquant. Not less able are his accounts of the development of the influence of Shakespeare in Germany and France, while the vivacity of expression, the brilliancy of tone and colour, and the accurate though miraculously rapid sketching of outline of the tragical characters, or of others connected with them, is not surpassed, if it be equalled, by any writer of this century. If it be a test of the original merit or character of men or books that we can remember something of them, this work should rank among the best, since few who read it will ever forget its valuable information, or the brilliant style in which it is conveyed—"apples of gold on plates of silver. These apples are not all, however, of purest gold, and I have, I trust judiciously, pointed out in notes what I believed to be the admixtures of baser metal. It is so much the habit of translators, like biographers, to swallow their subjects whole "without winking," and to exalt them as perfect in every conceivable respect, that the idea of pointing out or admitting errors in mine will seem to many to be simply an unpleasant paradox. But the sensible critic knows that it is after all of immense value, and makes allowance for defects. I believe that Heine himself would have approved in his heart of such fair treatment. He was as a rule only an enemy to such as had reviled him with personal insult, as did Platen. In the chapter on Anna Bullen he praises Queen Elizabeth because she desired that Shakespeare should set forth the English sovereigns, including her own father, with perfect impartiality. Heine knew his own defects—"his contradictions of character, inconsistencies, and errors" he admits them sadly and sincerely enough, and rather touchingly attempts, like a child, to put them off on something else—"on this horrid age. Therefore he would not have objected even to the closest criticism, if it were truthful, and accompanied with sincere and enlightened appreciation of his merits. The latter indeed speak for themselves so loudly and clearly as to require no comment. With his errors it is another affair, and one of these glides so subtly into all his works, and into every expression of opinion, be it on subjects social, political, or aesthetic, that the reader should be in all fairness now and then reminded of it. This error is the inconsistency which sprang from his education and life. Professedly a revolutionary or radical, ami du peuple or socialist, more or less here and there—or now and then and an exile for liberty, et cetera, there seldom lived a man who loved aristocracy or "gentility" more, and this is shown in an absolutely amusing manner in several passages in this work, especially in his comments on Queen Margaret, where he taunts English chivalry as being tainted with the shop-keeping spirit, and sneers at the battle of Cressy, as I have pointed out in a note. Bearing this in mind, the reader need not be puzzled, as many have been, with apparent contradictions. With less genius and more settled principles Heine would have been unquestionably a far

greater man, and probably not less brilliant. There is a popular belief that without some inconsistency or eccentricity there can be no genius; but Shakespeare, the very type of genius, is a proof to the contrary. I know a good Hamburg Christian who can never reconcile himself to the fact that our Lord and Saviour was by birth a Jew. A deep dissatisfaction seizes him when he must admit to himself that the man who, as the pattern of perfection, deserves the highest honour, was still of kin to those snuffling, long-nosed fellows who go running about the streets selling old clothes, whom he so utterly despises, and who are even more desperately detestable when they "like himself" apply themselves to the wholesale business of spices and dye-stuffs, and encroach upon his interests. As Jesus Christ is to this excellent son of Hammonia, so is Shakespeare to me. It takes the heart out of me when I remember that he is an Englishman, and belongs to the most repulsive race which God in His wrath ever created. What a repulsive people, what a cheerless, unrefreshing country! How strait-ruled, hide-bound, home-made; how selfish, how angular, how Anglican! And in such a land and among such people William Shakespeare first saw the light in Life was there still a gay tournament, where the knight of noble birth certainly played in jest or earnest the leading part, but where the clear ringing trumpet-tone also thrilled the heart of the citizen. Instead of heavy beer, people then drank light-hearted wine, that democratic drink which makes all men alike when inspired by it, though they still on the sober stages of real life divide themselves according to rank and birth. All of this gay and many-coloured life has faded; silent are the joyful trumpet-tones, the sweet intoxication is gone for aye! And the book which is called the "Dramatic Works of William Shakespeare" is now a consolation in evil times, and a proof still extant in the hands of the people that a merry England really did exist. It is lucky for us that Shakespeare came just at the right time, that he was a contemporary of Elizabeth and James, while Protestantism, it is true, expressed itself in the unbridled freedom of thought which prevailed, but which had not yet entered into life or feeling, and the kingdom lighted by the last rays of setting chivalry still bloomed and gleamed in all the glory of poetry. It was not till later that the Puritans succeeded in plucking away flower by flower, and utterly rooting up the religion of the past, and spreading over all the land, as with a grey canopy, that dreary sadness which since then, dispirited and debilitated, has diluted itself to a lukewarm, whining, drowsy pietism. Shakespeare has in our time often been called an aristocrat. This I would not deny. Yes, during the rule of the Puritans in England, Art was outlawed; as when the evangelical zeal raged against the theatre, and even the name of Shakespeare was long extinguished in popular remembrance. It awakens our astonishment when we read in the current literature of that time "for instance, in the "Histrio-Mastix" of the famous Prynne "the outbreak of wrath with which the anathema of the drama is croaked. Shall we blame the Puritans too severely for such zealotry. Truly not; every one is, in history, in the right if he remains true to his indwelling principle, and the gloomy Roundheads only followed the consequences of that anti-artistic spirit which had already manifested itself in the first centuries of the Church, and made its iconoclastic power felt more or less to this day. For full eighteen hundred years has the grudge and rancour between Jerusalem and Athens, between the Holy Sepulchre and the cradle of Art, between life in the spirit and the spirit in life, prevailed, and the irritation or friction, and public and private feuds which it has caused, reveal themselves plainly to the esoteric reader in the history of mankind. When we read today in the newspapers that the Archbishop of Paris has refused Christian burial [4] to a poor dead actor, such action is not influenced by any priestly caprice, and only a short-sighted person can perceive in it narrow-minded malice. What here inspires is rather the spirit of an ancient strife, a battle to death against Art, which was often employed by the Hellenic spirit as a rostrum from which to preach life against deadening, benumbing Judaism "the Church persecuted in the actors the agents of Hellenism, and this persecution often followed the poets who derived their inspiration only from Apollo, and assured a refuge to the proscribed heathen gods in the land of poetry. Or was there perhaps some spite in the game? The most intolerable foes of the oppressed Church, during the first two centuries, were the players, and the Acta Sanctorum often tell how these "infamous actors" often devoted themselves for the amusement of the heathen mob to mocking the manner of life and mysteries of the Nazarenes. Or was it a mutual jealousy which begot such bitter enmity between the servants of the spiritual and the worldly word? Next to ascetic, religious zeal was the republican fanaticism which inspired the Puritans in their hatred for the old English stage, in which not only heathenism and heathenish tastes, but also royalism and nobility were exalted. I have shown in

another place [5] how much resemblance there was in this respect between the Puritans of those days and the Republicans of ours. May Apollo and the eternal Muses protect us from the rule of the latter! In the whirlpool of the priestly and political upsettings and revolutions described, the name of Shakespeare was long lost, and it was nearly a century ere he again rose to fame and honour. Since then his renown has risen from day to day and he was indeed as a spiritual sun for that country where the real sun is wanting twelve months in the year, for that island of damnation, that Botany Bay without a southern climate, that stone-coal-stinking, [6] machinery-buzzing, church-going, and vilely drunken England! Benevolent nature never quite disinherits her creatures, and while she denied the English all which is beautiful or worthy of love, and gave them neither voice for song nor sense of enjoyment and perhaps endowed them with leathern porter bottles or jacks, instead of human souls bestowed on them for recompense a large portion of municipal freedom, the talent to make themselves comfortably at home, and William Shakespeare. Yes, this is the sun which glorifies that land with its loveliest light, with its gracious beams. Everything there reminds us of Shakespeare, and by it the most ordinary objects appear transfigured and idealised. Everywhere the wings of his genius rustle round us, his clear eye gleams on us from every significant occurrence, and in great events we often seem to see him nod gently softly and smiling. This unceasing memory of and through Shakespeare became significantly clear to me during my residence in London, while I, an inquisitive traveller, ran about from early morn till deep into the night, to see the so-called noteworthy objects. Every lion recalled the greater lion Shakespeare. All the places which I visited live an immortal life in his historical dramas, and were known to me from my earliest youth. But these dramas are known in England not only by the cultivated, but by the people, and even the stout beefeater who with his red coat and red face acts as guide to the Tower, and shows you behind the middle gate the dungeon where Richard caused the young princes, his nephews, to be murdered, refers you to Shakespeare, who has described minutely the details of this harrowing history. Also the verger who leads you round through Westminster Abbey always speaks of Shakespeare, in whose tragedies those dead kings and queens whose stony counterfeits here lie stretched out on their sarcophagi and whom he shows to you for eighteenpence play such a wild or lamentable part. He himself, or the image of the great poet, stands there the size of life, a noble form with a thoughtful head, holding in his hand a roll of parchment. This happened most significantly in Parliament; not so much because its place is the Westminster Hall, so often spoken of in the Shakesperian dramas, but because while I there listened to the debates, Shakespeare was alluded to several times, and his verses were quoted, not with reference to their poetical, but to their historical importance. To my amazement, I remarked that Shakespeare is not only celebrated in England as a poet, but recognised as a writer of history by the highest state or parliament officials. This leads me to the remark that it is unjust, when reading the historical dramas of Shakespeare, to require what only a poet can give, or one to whom poetry and its artistic surroundings are the highest aim. He could not model the subject-matter as he chose, he could not create events and characters at his caprice, and just as little as he could determine unity of time and place could he regulate that of interest for particular persons or deeds. Yes there we have it the great Briton is not only a poet, but a historian; he wields not only the dagger of Melpomene, but the still sharper stylus of Clio. Yes, the so-called objective writer of history, directing his words to the men of his time, writes involuntarily in the spirit of his time; and this spirit will be perceptible in his writings, just as in letters which betray not only the character of the writer but of the receiver. That so-called objectivity which, puffed up with its lifelessness, enthrones itself on the Golgotha of actual deeds, is on that very account to be rejected, because we need for historical truth not only the exact statement of facts, but also certain information of the impression which a fact produced on contemporaries. To give such information is, however, the hardest problem, since it requires not only the usual imparting of actual facts, but also the capacity of perception [9] in the poet to whom, as Shakespeare says, the being and the body of past times have become visible. And not only had the phenomena of his own national history become visible to him, but also those of which the annals of antiquity have given us knowledge, as we behold to our amazement in the dramas where he paints the Roman realm, long passed away, with truest colours. As he saw to the inner life the knights of the Middle Ages, so did he that of the heroes of the antique world, and bade them speak out the deepest word of their souls. And he always knew how to raise Truth to

Poetry; and how to set forth in poetic light that hard and sober race of prose, those combinations of rude rapine and refined legal shrewdness, that casuistic soldatesca, the unsentimental Romans. But yet as regards his Roman dramas, Shakespeare must needs incur the reproach of being without form, and a highly-gifted author, Dietrich Grabbe, even called them [10] "poetically adorned chronicles," wherein all central motive was wanting, where no one knew who was the leading or side character, and where, even if we dispensed with unity of time and place, we can find no unity of interest. A strange error of the shrewdest critics! For neither is this last-named unity, nor those of place and time, at all wanting to our great poet. Only that the ideas [11] are somewhat broader in his mind than in ours: And humanity is that hero who ever dies and comes to life again; who ever loves and hates, yet loves the most; who bends like a worm to-day, and soars to-morrow like an eagle to the sun—deserving to-day a cap and bells, to-morrow a laurel wreath, and oftener both together: The same fidelity and truth which Shakespeare manifests as regards history is found as to Nature. People are wont to say that he held the mirror up to it. The expression is incorrect, for it leads us astray as to the relations of the poet to Nature. In the poetic soul not only Nature is mirrored, but an image of it which, being like the most faithful reflection of a looking-glass, is born in the spirit of the poet; he brings at the game time the world forth unto the world, and if he, awaking from the dreaming age of childhood, attains to self-consciousness, then every portion of the outer world of seeming is at once grasped by him in all its mutual relations, for he bears a likeness of the whole in his soul, he knows the deepest foundation of all phenomena which are riddles to common minds, and which, when investigated by the ordinary methods, are understood with difficulty, or not at all. And as the mathematician, when only the smallest portion of a circle is given, infallibly deduces from it the whole circle and the centre, so the poet, when only the merest fragments of the world of things which seem is presented, then to him appear clearly all that is connected with it; he knows at once the periphery and centre of all things, yea, he understands them in their widest comprehension and deepest central point. But some fragment of the outer world must always be given before the poet can develop that wonderful process of completing a world; and this perfect apprehension of a part of the world of perception is effected by sensation, and is simultaneously the external occurrence, the inner revelations of which are determined, and to which we owe the art-works of the poet. The greater these works, the more anxiously desirous are we to know those external occurrences which inspired the motive. We gladly investigate memoranda of the actual life of the poet. This curiosity is the more ridiculous because, as appears from what has been said, the greatness of external events is in no proportion to the greatness of the creations thereby called forth. These events may be very trifling and invisible, and, in fact, generally are so, just as the external life of the poet is usually small and unnoted—I say small and unnoted, for I will not use harsher expressions. The poets show themselves to the world in the splendour of their works, and it is specially when one sees them from afar that the beholder is dazzled by the rays. Let us never look too closely into their ways. Ah, seek not by broad daylight the traces of those stars, jewels, and sun-drops! In their place you will find a poor miscoloured wormlet which crawls wretchedly along, whose look repels you, and whom you do not tread under foot out of sheer pity. And what was the private life of Shakespeare? In spite of all research we have learned almost nothing of it, and it is fortunate that we have not. Only all kinds of unverified, foolish tales have been told continually about his youth and life. So he is said, while employed by his father who was a butcher, to have slaughtered oxen. This was probably the surmise of certain English commentators who, probably out of ill feeling, attribute to him general ignorance and want of art. Then he was a dealer in wool, and did not succeed.

Chapter 6 : Poem: Heine's Grave by Matthew Arnold

Germany. A Winter's Tale (German: Deutschland. Ein Wintermärchen) is a satirical epic poem by the German writer Heinrich Heine (), describing the thoughts of a journey from Paris to Hamburg the author made in winter

We English can forgive Heine his reflections on our nation,. In the chapter in which he says we are such a disagreeable people that Ocean would long ago have swallowed us only he feared such a terrible indigestion would be the result ; in the same chapter he describes his delight in finding, when he stayed in London, that everything everywhere reminded him of Shakespeare, so much so that he seemed to be the presiding and all-pervading genius loci. He loved a glass of good wine, and once when dining with his excellent publisher Campe, whom he alternately flattered and abused, his grace before or after meat was: Even Carlyle is hardly a greater hero-worshipper, in this case of Shakespeare, than was Heine, who seems to have been unfortunate in the weather when he lived in London in the spring of 1830 "our springs can be bad, but, thank God, nothing to those of Edinburgh! I brought a good stock of ill-temper with me from home, and I increased it among a people who can only kill their boredom in the whirlpool of political and mercantile activity. It was this ceaseless mercantile activity that Heine found so distracting in London ; he says somewhere: No place this busy Cheapside, he says, for a poor poet I So he goes off in his droll way and weeps on Waterloo Bridge. They fell down into the Thames and were carried away into the great sea which has already swallowed up so many human tears without noticing them. In the meantime there can be no reason why we should not, and every reason why we should, mark the house where Heine lived in London, viz. It seems to me that nobody can feel any real resentment at the pawky sayings of Heine about us: But for that we should, indeed, be in a bad way in. He came to London, he tells us, filled to the brim. No, Heine knew well enough in his heart that, stupid as he pretended to find us, we can all of us appreciate his Shakespeare, at least to some extent and in parts. At times one feels Heine goes so far as, rather grudgingly, to lend him to us; but only Hazlitt, he thinks, really understands him here, and perhaps Kean. He admits his soul was " powerfully moved " when Kean rushed distracted across the stage crying, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse! His Pan-Germanic idea, what does he think of it now? If he could now do more " Reisebilder " in his native land, he would imagine he had got by mistake into that " Tale of the Damned," that " Eng," that " narrow " England, when his astounded ears heard all Germany buzzing with machinery and the Hammer of Thor clanging ceaselessly, fashioning the great mailed fleet which is to force old Neptune to swallow us, whether he likes it or not. To get funds to put up a modest memorial to Heine on the house he dwelt in when in London is the object of this letter to the Spectator. We have obtained the permission of the owners of the house, the London and South Eastern Railway Company. The London County Council approves the idea, and will affix the tablet, merely recording that L. Gomm, the Clerk of the L. I think many British admirers of Heine would like to help to pay for this tablet. Yes, I was coming to that. I am sure somebody has already begun a letter to the Spectator to ask what Heine would think. He would certainly say something sarcastic, we. Detmold in a letter dated Ramsgate, July 28th, , he says, " I am high up at present, on the last cliff at Ramsgate,: I tell you this, so that you may know that my good advice comes ,down to you. I am on the point. Heine would have laughed at it!

Chapter 7 : Heine | Define Heine at blog.quintoapp.com

Christian Johann Heinrich Heine (German: [ˈhɛːnʁɪç ˈhɛːnʁɪç]; 13 December - 17 February) was a German-Jewish poet, journalist, essayist, and literary critic.

Born Harry Heine German poet, essayist, critic, journalist, editor, dramatist, novella and travel writer. Heine is one of the outstanding literary figures of nineteenth-century Europe. He was the first major poet of his era to adopt a humorous, ironic tone, which pervades his poetry, prose, and commentaries on politics, art, literature, and society. In , Heine was sent to study law at the University of Bonn, where he showed a growing interest in literature and history and studied under the famous critic August Wilhelm Schlegel, who introduced him to the ideas of the German Romantic school. In that same year he changed his name from Harry to Heinrich and converted to Protestantism, a practical measure necessary for any career because of anti-Semitic laws in nineteenth-century Germany. In Heine emigrated to Paris, where he remained in self-imposed exile for most of his life. From the mids through the rest of his life, he suffered with increasing illness from venereal disease, and in the spring of he became completely paralyzed and partially blind. Confined to what he called his "mattress-grave," Heine lived in constant pain, yet was intellectually alert until his death in Major Works Heine began his literary career while still a student. Heine had far more success with his next work, a fictional account of a walking tour he had taken through the Harz Mountains. This work, *Die Harzreise*, was the first of a four-volume set titled *Reisebilder ; Pictures of Travel*. With the publication of his next work, *Book of Songs*, Heine became the most popular German poet of his day. The work established his preeminence as a lyric poet, and has long remained the basis of his international reputation. This early poetry reflects the influence of Romanticism in its emphasis on love and despair, as well as its pervasive tone of reverie. Yet *Book of Songs* encompasses much more. The book abounds with realism, skepticism, wit, and irony. Heine did not share the positive world view of such German Romantics as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe and Friedrich Schiller, and he lacked their faith in the ability of modern poetry to overcome the alienation and anxiety of modern life. The compositions that followed his emigration to Paris, unlike his early and late poetry, are primarily concerned with politics, religion, society, art, and philosophy. With these works he hoped to encourage understanding between his adopted nation of France and his homeland, Germany; his efforts were enhanced by his ability to write in both French and German. His presentation of the human side of historical figures and his skillful evocation of the mood of the period give his essays their lasting value. The biting satire for which Heine had become known also pervades his long political poems, *Deutschland: Ein Sommernachtstraum ; Atta Troll*. These two poems are a mixture of history and political and literary satire, and defy generic classification. His most powerful and compelling poetry, including that in *Romanzero ; Romancero and Letzte Gedichte und Gedanken* , dates from late in his career. In these works, Heine frequently returns to the lyrical form of his earliest poetry. They vividly describe a man preparing for death, which he alternately fears and welcomes as a refuge. Critical Reception Although Heine was one of the most influential and popular poets of the nineteenth-century, critical response has varied widely over the years. His works have met with both admiration and disapproval in his native land, where his ruthless satires and radical pronouncements made him appear unpatriotic and subversive to his contemporaries. His religion consistently worked against him: They destroyed his grave, banned his works, and when they found that they could not eliminate his famous poem "Die Lorelei" from the memory of the German people, they attributed it to an unknown author. The complexity and variety of his views have often made him an outcast, for those who appreciate the politically militant poet of the s in some cases resent the older, more conservative poet.

Chapter 8 : cfp | call for papers

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Foreign correspondent[edit] Heine, In Heine left Germany for France, settling in Paris for his remaining 25 years of life. Heine shared liberal enthusiasm for the revolution, which he felt had the potential to overturn the conservative political order in Europe. Saint-Simonianism preached a new social order in which meritocracy would replace hereditary distinctions in rank and wealth. There would also be female emancipation and an important role for artists and scientists. Heine frequented some Saint-Simonian meetings after his arrival in Paris but within a few years his enthusiasm for the ideology and other forms of utopianism- had waned. Paris offered him a cultural richness unavailable in the smaller cities of Germany. He had little interest in French literature and wrote everything in German, subsequently translating it into French with the help of a collaborator. The first event he covered was the Salon of If the two countries understood one another there would be progress. In its later German version, the book is divided into two: Heine thought that such an image suited the oppressive German authorities. He also had an Enlightenment view of the past, seeing it as mired in superstition and atrocities. According to Heine, pantheism had been repressed by Christianity and had survived in German folklore. He predicted that German thought would prove a more explosive force than the French Revolution. Heine reluctantly began a relationship with her. She was illiterate, knew no German, and had no interest in cultural or intellectual matters. Nevertheless, she moved in with Heine in and lived with him for the rest of his life they were married in They were liberal, but not actively political. Nevertheless, they still fell foul of the authorities. In Gutzkow published a novel, Wally die Zweiflerin "Wally the Sceptic" , which contained criticism of the institution of marriage and some mildly erotic passages. Heine, however, continued to comment on German politics and society from a distance. His publisher was able to find some ways of getting around the censors and he was still free, of course, to publish in France. He was also a republican, while Heine was not. When the book was published in it was universally disliked by the radicals and served to alienate Heine from his public. It was the last Heine ever fought he received a flesh wound in the hip. One event which really galvanised him was the Damascus Affair in which Jews in Damascus had been subject to blood libel and accused of murdering an old Catholic monk. This led to a wave of anti-Semitic persecution. The French government, aiming at imperialism in the Middle East and not wanting to offend the Catholic party, had failed to condemn the outrage. On the other hand, the Austrian consul in Damascus had assiduously exposed the blood libel as a fraud. For Heine, this was a reversal of values: Heine responded by dusting off and publishing his unfinished novel about the persecution of Jews in the Middle Ages, Der Rabbi von Bacherach. Initially it was thought he might be a "popular monarch" and during this honeymoon period of his early reign 42 censorship was relaxed. Heine looked down on these writers on aesthetic grounds they were bad poets in his opinion but his verse of the s became more political too. The Marx family settled in Rue Vaneau. In December Heine met the Marxes and got on well with them. Heine could not be expelled from the country because he had the right of residence in France, having been born under French occupation. He believed its radicalism and materialism would destroy much of the European culture that he loved and admired. In the French edition of "Lutetia" Heine wrote, one year before he died: Indeed, with fear and terror I imagine the time, when those dark iconoclasts come to power: In my chest there are two voices in their favour which cannot be silenced The second of the two compelling voices, of which I am talking, is even more powerful than the first, because it is the voice of hatred, the hatred I dedicate to this common enemy that constitutes the most distinctive contrast to communism and that will oppose the angry giant already at the first instance I am talking about the party of the so-called advocates of nationality in Germany, about those false patriots whose love for the fatherland only exists in the shape of imbecile distaste of foreign countries and neighbouring peoples and who daily pour their bile especially on France". Heine repeated the trip with his wife in JulyOctober to see Uncle Salomon, but this time things did not go so well. It was the last time

Heine would ever leave France. *Ein Sommernachtstraum* "Atta Troll: The former is based on his journey to Germany in late and outdoes the radical poets in its satirical attacks on the political situation in the country. Salomon left Heine and his brothers 8, francs each in his will. Heine was furious; he had expected much more from the will and his campaign to make Carl revise its terms occupied him for the next two years. His review of the musical season of , written in Paris on April 25, , is his first reference to Lisztomania , the intense fan frenzy directed toward Franz Liszt during his performances. However, Heine was not always honorable in his musical criticism. Liszt took this as an attempt to extort money for a positive review and did not meet Heine. Liszt was not the only musician to be blackmailed by Heine for the nonpayment of "appreciation money. He would not leave what he called his "mattress-grave" *Matratzengruft* until his death eight years later. He also experienced difficulties with his eyes. He was sceptical about the Frankfurt Assembly and continued to attack the King of Prussia. At first he had some hope Louis Napoleon might be a good leader in France but he soon began to share the opinion of Marx towards him as the new emperor began to crack down on liberalism and socialism. In fact, he had never claimed to be an atheist. Nevertheless, he remained sceptical of organised religion. His tomb was designed by Danish sculptor Louis Hasselriis. *Unter Linden an dem Rhein?*

Chapter 9 : HEINRICH HEINE IN LONDON. » 13 Jan » The Spectator Archive

Heinrich Heine: Shakespeares Mädchen und Frauen Erstdruck unter dem Titel »Shakespeares Mädchen und Frauen mit Erläuterungen von H. Heine«, Paris (H. Delloye) - Heine schrieb den Essay als Kommentar zu einer Sammlung von Kupferstichen.

Tre limerick per Paolo Bertinetti con una nota introduttiva. La lunga presenza dei genovesi in Inghilterra. Espressioni locali per dimensioni globali. Il dramma shakespeariano di Vladimir Nabokov. Narratives about Growing up after the Bildungsroman. What is Literature without a Language? La passione di J. Priestley per la quarta dimensione. La notte come reminiscenza del topos sanjuanista. Theoretical Outlines of a Mediterranean Ecocriticism. A Note on Fiction. Napoleone, il sionismo cristiano e il ritorno degli ebrei in Palestina. Magistri costruttori e modelli architettonici in castelli del Piemonte duecentesco. Proposta minima per un Sarcofago di Montale. Appunti su un diritto e su una osmosi. Da Carlo II alla regina Vittoria. Note su malapropismi e lessico mentale. Rilettura dei classici nel teatro spagnolo contemporaneo. Un adattamento cinematografico delle Lettres portugaises? Alcune considerazioni sul valore nel Troilus and Cressida. Film di Samuel Beckett. Primi appunti sul teatro dei ciarlatani. An Essay on Optimism. Il saggio si suddivide in quattro parti: Le due parti centrali vertono invece sui singoli caratteri femminili, attinenti rispettivamente alle tragedie III, pp. Zippel, Milano, Sonzogno, ; Le donne di Shakespeare, ritrad. Ricezione politica e politica della ricezione, Frankfurt a. Paventi, Milano, La Giuntina, p. Per chiarire il rapporto di Heine con il grande drammaturgo, i Frammenti inglesi costituiscono un termine di paragone obbligato. Heine, Shakespeare und England, in Heine-Studien: Referate und Diskussionen, hrsg. Heine, Germania e Inghilterra. Impressioni di viaggio, Milano, Rizzoli, , pp. Schlegel, distintosi per la traduzione di Shakespeare del integrata e commentata da L. Tieck nel , e del quale Heine aveva seguito a Bonn le lezioni di storia letteraria nel Streitbarer Humanist und Volksverbundener Dichter. Internationale wissenschaftliche Konferenz aus Anlass des Anche sul piano della ricezione letteraria il saggio desta grande attenzione. Schlegel, ripreso da Wieland, Lessing e Goethe, fino a A. Schlegel, Tieck e Grabbe. Eliott alias Mary Ann Evans , German witt: Heinrich Heine [Heinrich Heine e lo spirito europeo, tr. Cardelli, in Le donne di Shakespeare, cit.