

# GOETHE'S LIFE IN PICTURES



Sächsische

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Landesbibl.







GOETHE'S LIFE IN PICTURES



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PRESENTED BY WALTER HOYER

VEB EDITION LEIPZIG • 1963



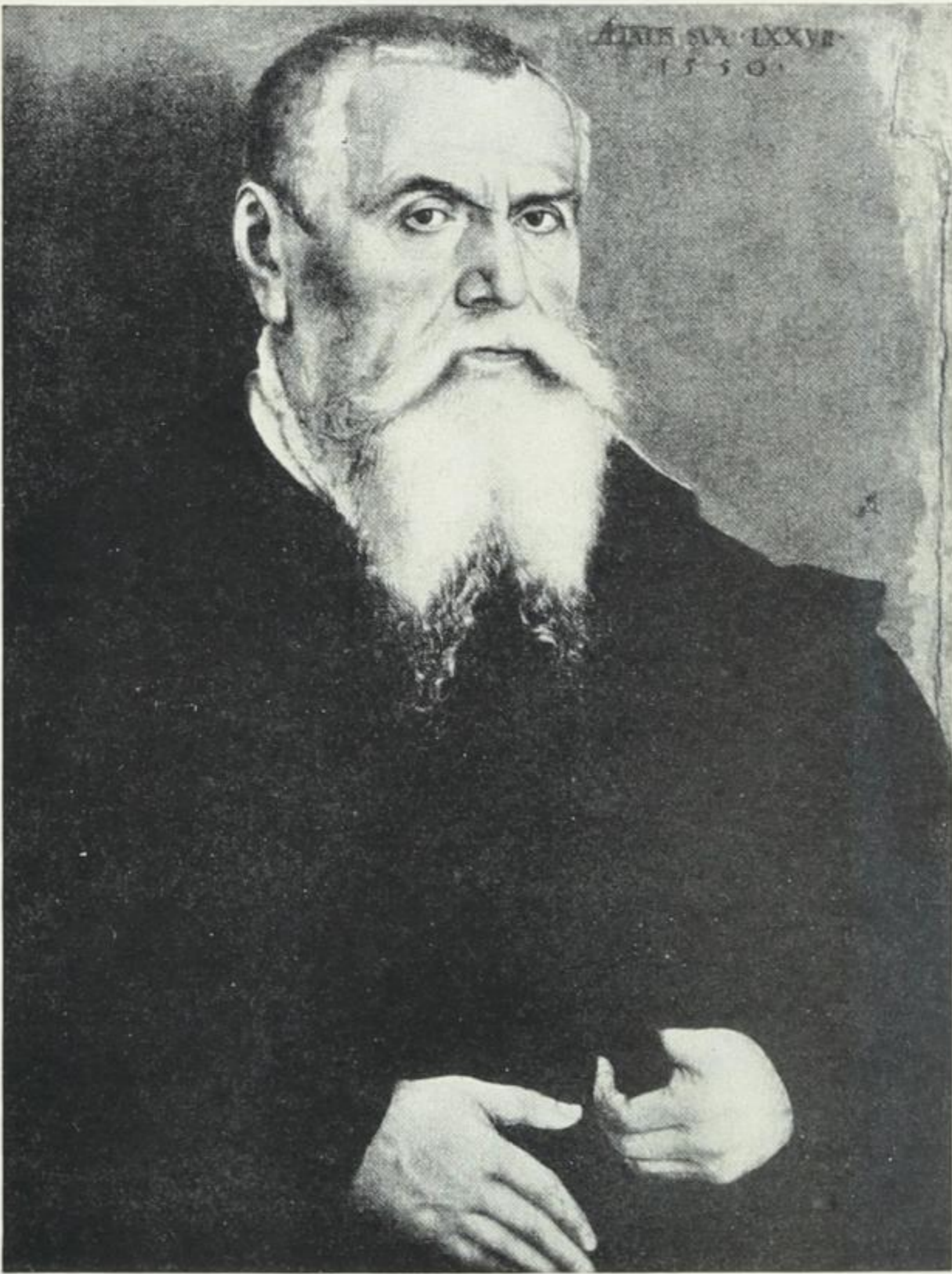
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WARUM STEHEN SIE DAVOR?  
IST NICHT TÜRE DA UND TOR?  
KÄMEN SIE GETROST<sup>®</sup> HEREIN  
WÜRDEN WOHL EMPFANGEN SEIN.



1 *The painter Lucas Cranach the Elder, an ancestor of Goethe*



2

*Village Mayor  
Johann W. Textor  
his grandfather*



3

*Anna Marg. Textor, née Lindbeimer  
his grandmother*



4

*His father, Job. Caspar Goethe  
Imperial Councillor*



5

*His mother  
Kath. Elisabeth née Textor*



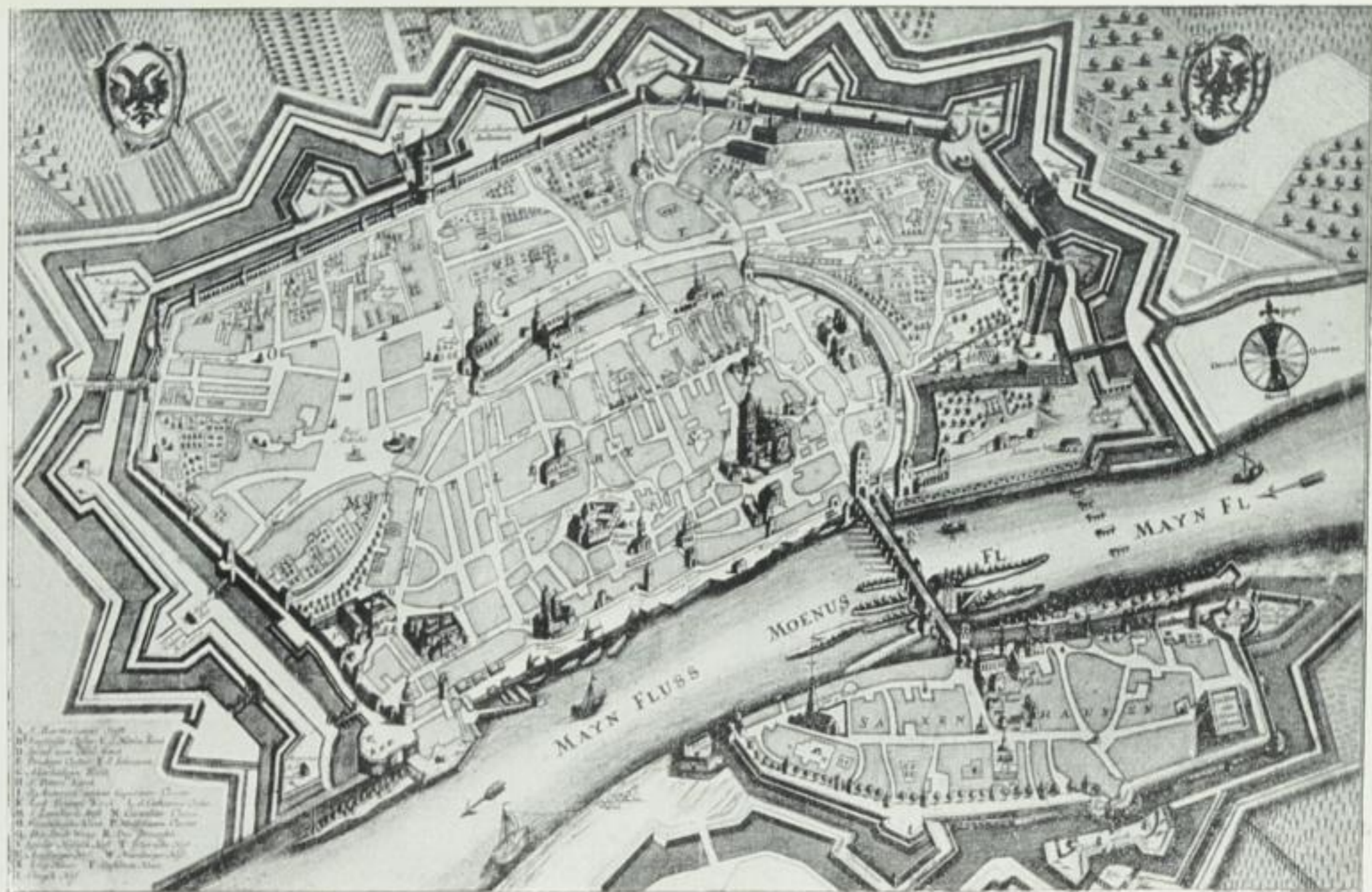
6 *The Patrician Family in Shepherd Dress: Painting by Seekatz*



7 *The town of his birth, Frankfurt on the Main*

8 *Map of the "Reich-", coronation and trading city*

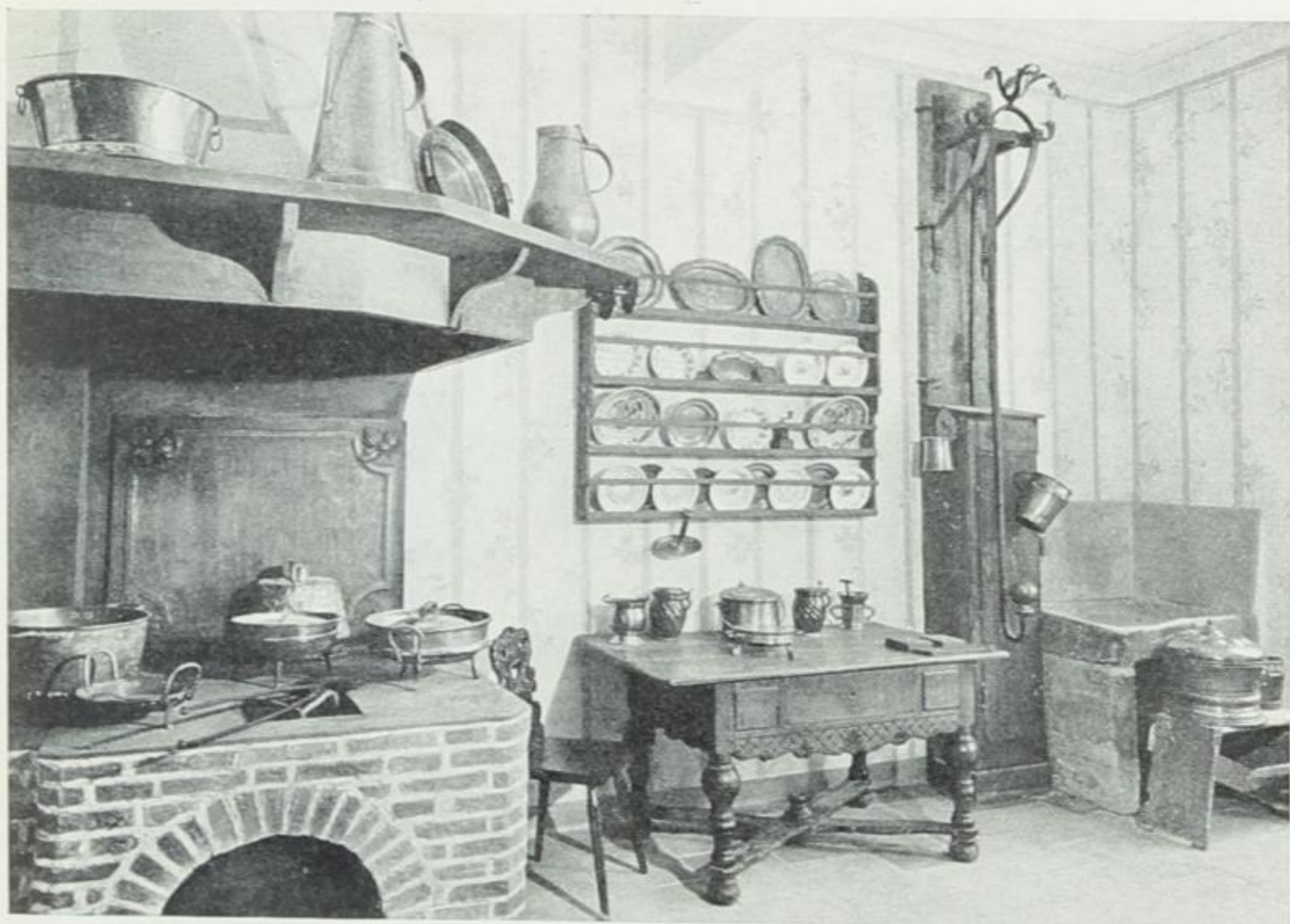
8 *Map of the "Reich-", coronation and trading city*





9 *The house of his birth, as it looks today*





10 *The Kitchen*

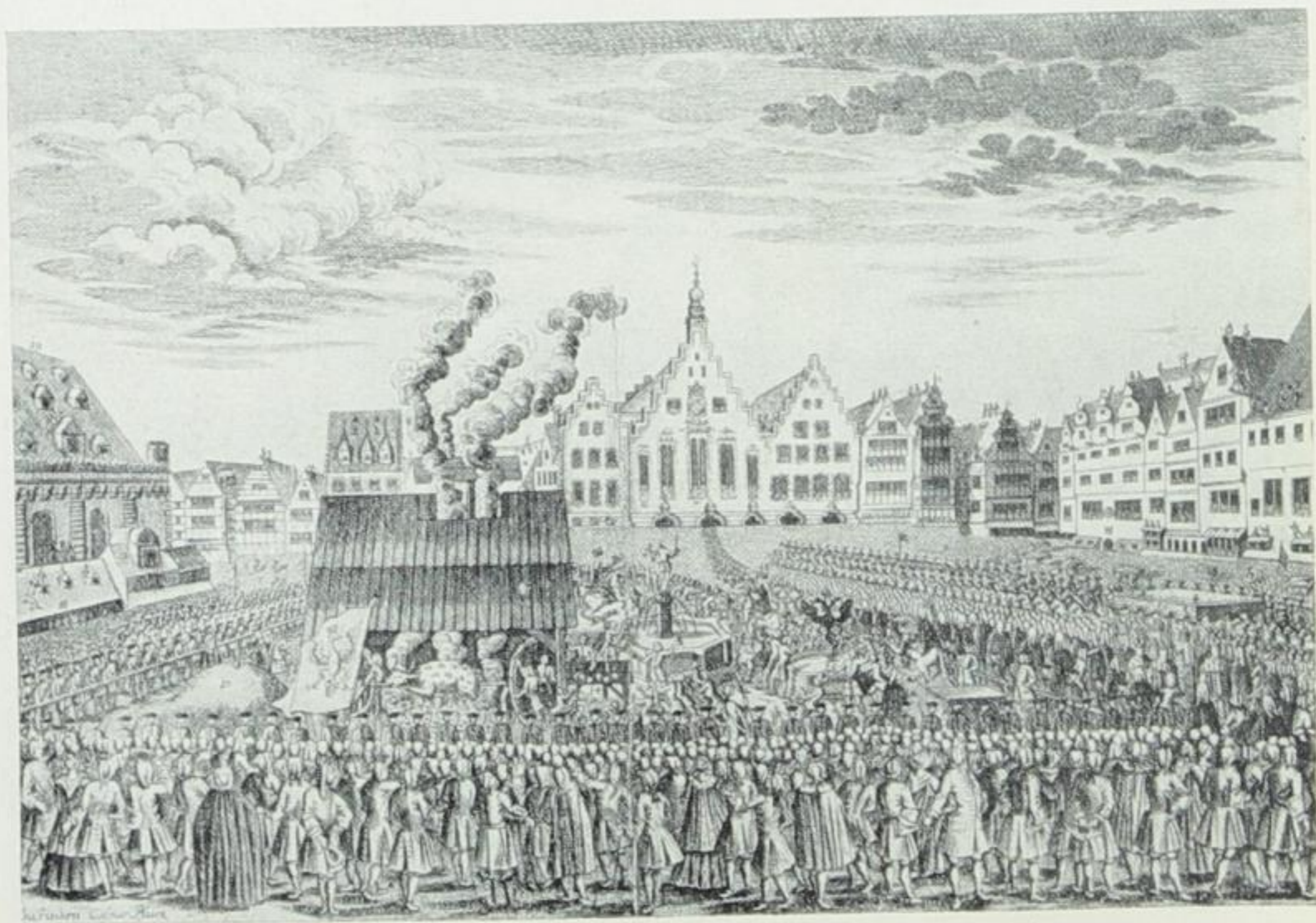
11 *The Blue Room*





12 *Arrival of Franz I and Joseph II for the coronation in 1764*

13 *The roast ox on the Roemer Hill*



14 Where Goethe spent his early student years

J.C.

# LEIPZIG.

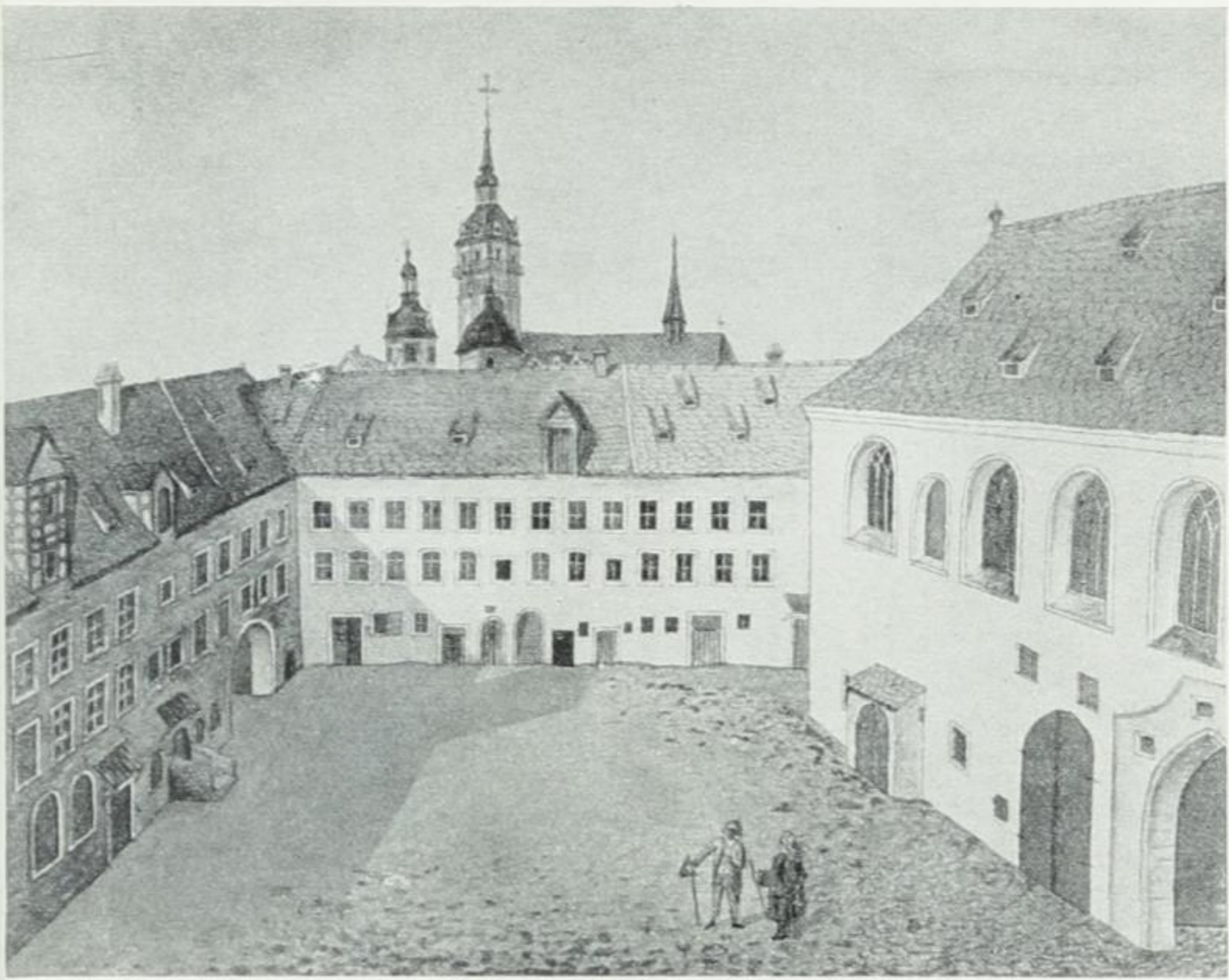




15 *The Leipzig Market Place*

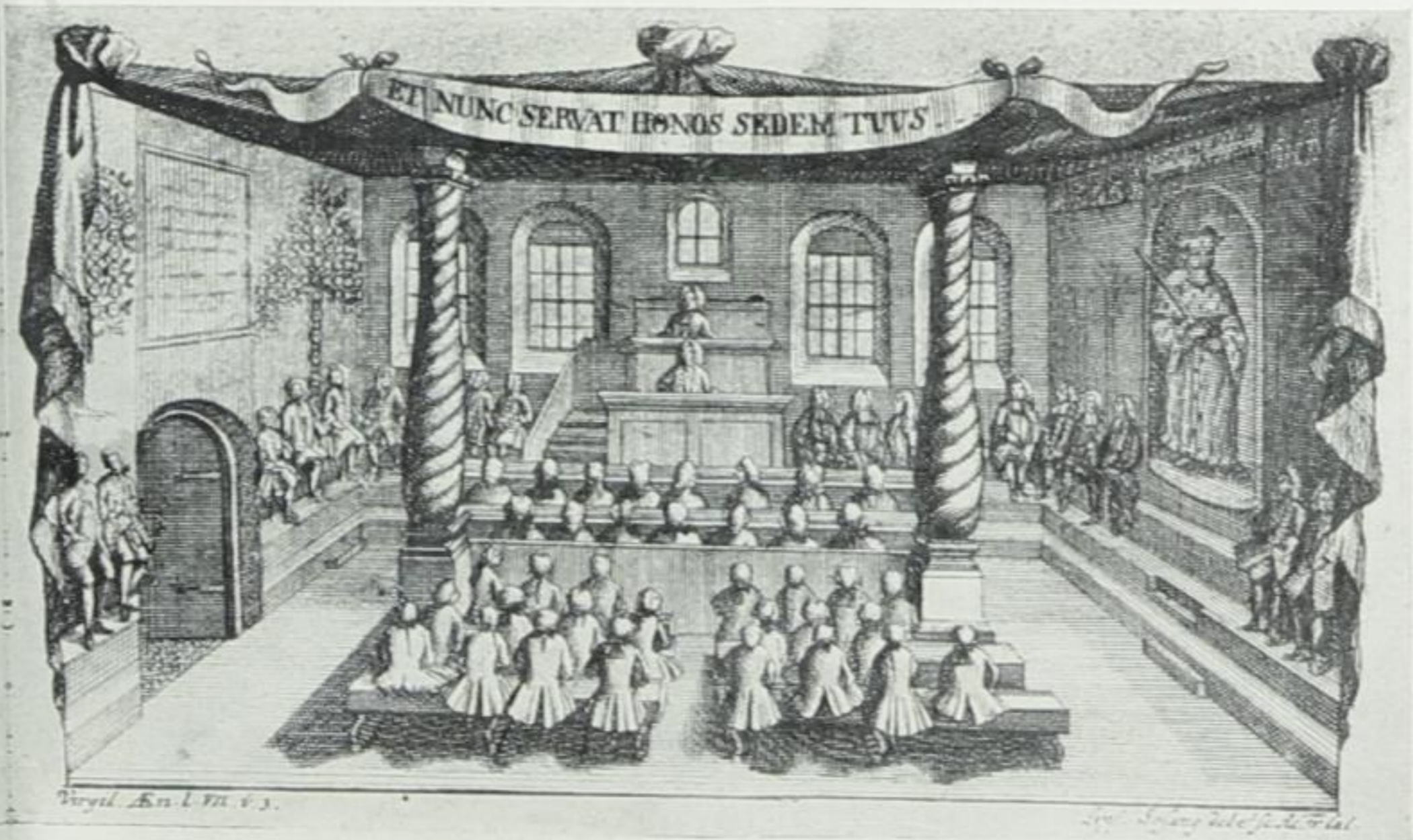
16 *Bustle of the Fair in Auerbach's Court*





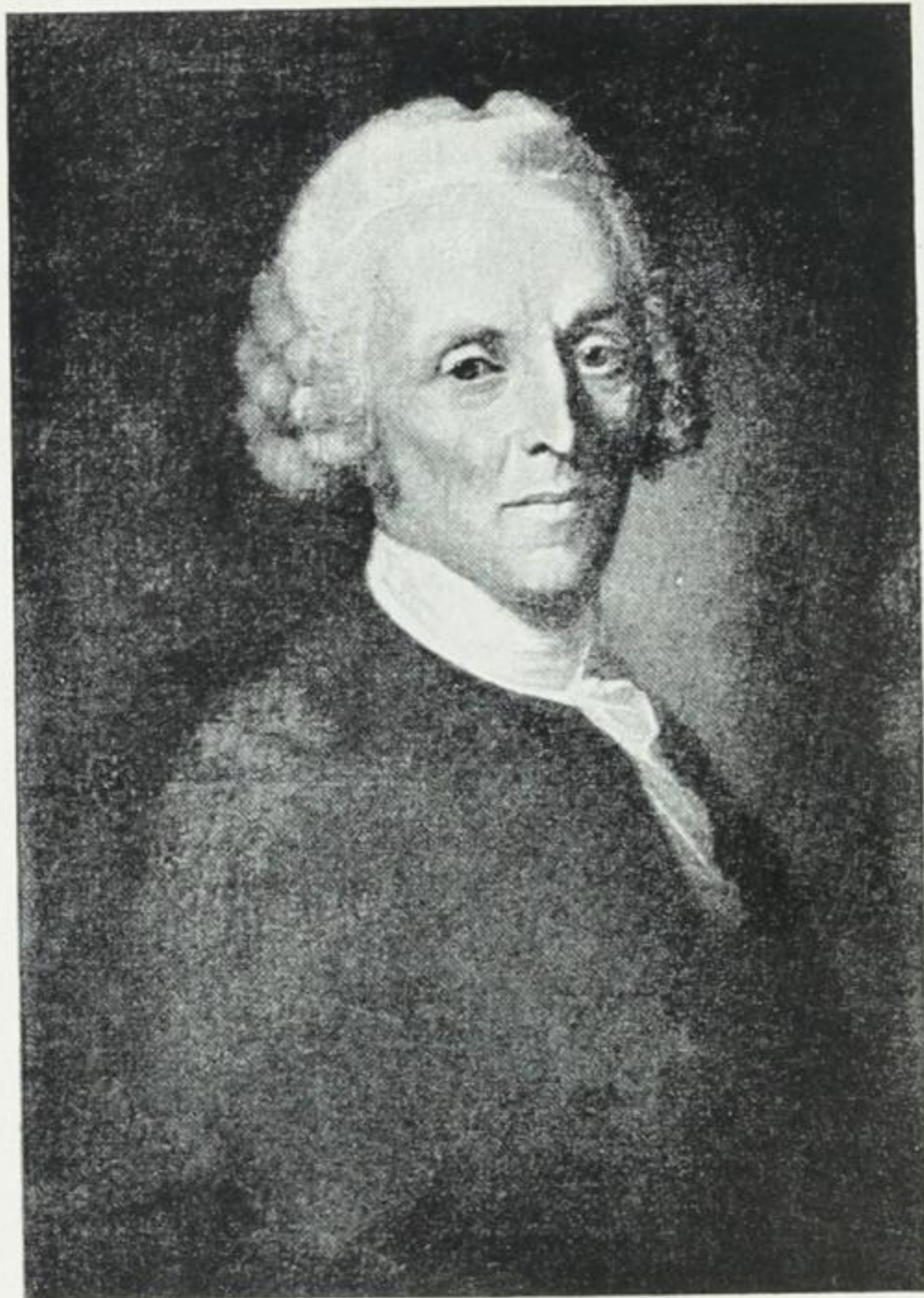
t 17 *The Pauline University building*

t 18 *The lecture hall of the law faculty*



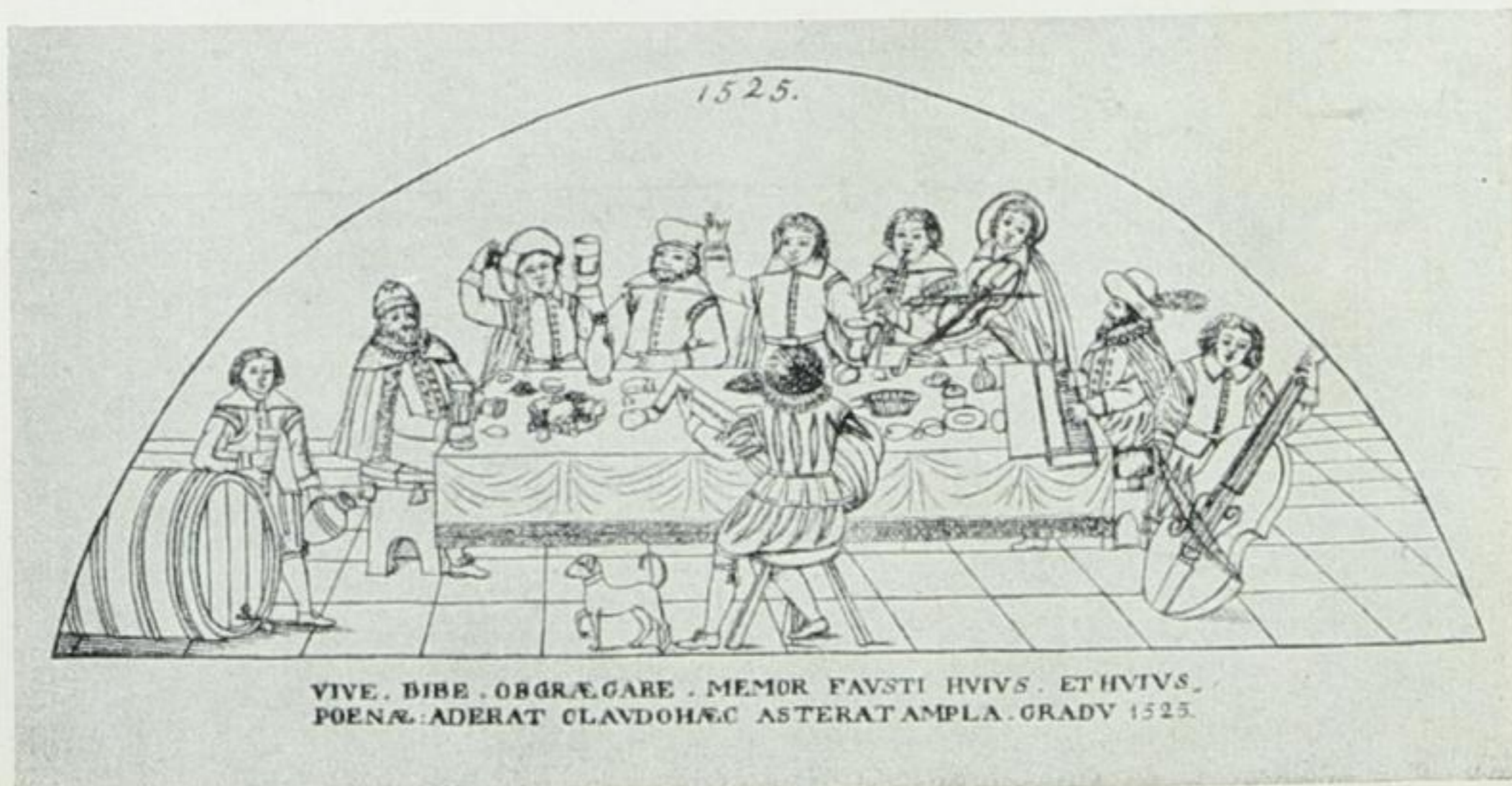
Vergil. Aen. l. III. v. 3.

1740. Leipzig. Joh. Friedr. Schönb. del.

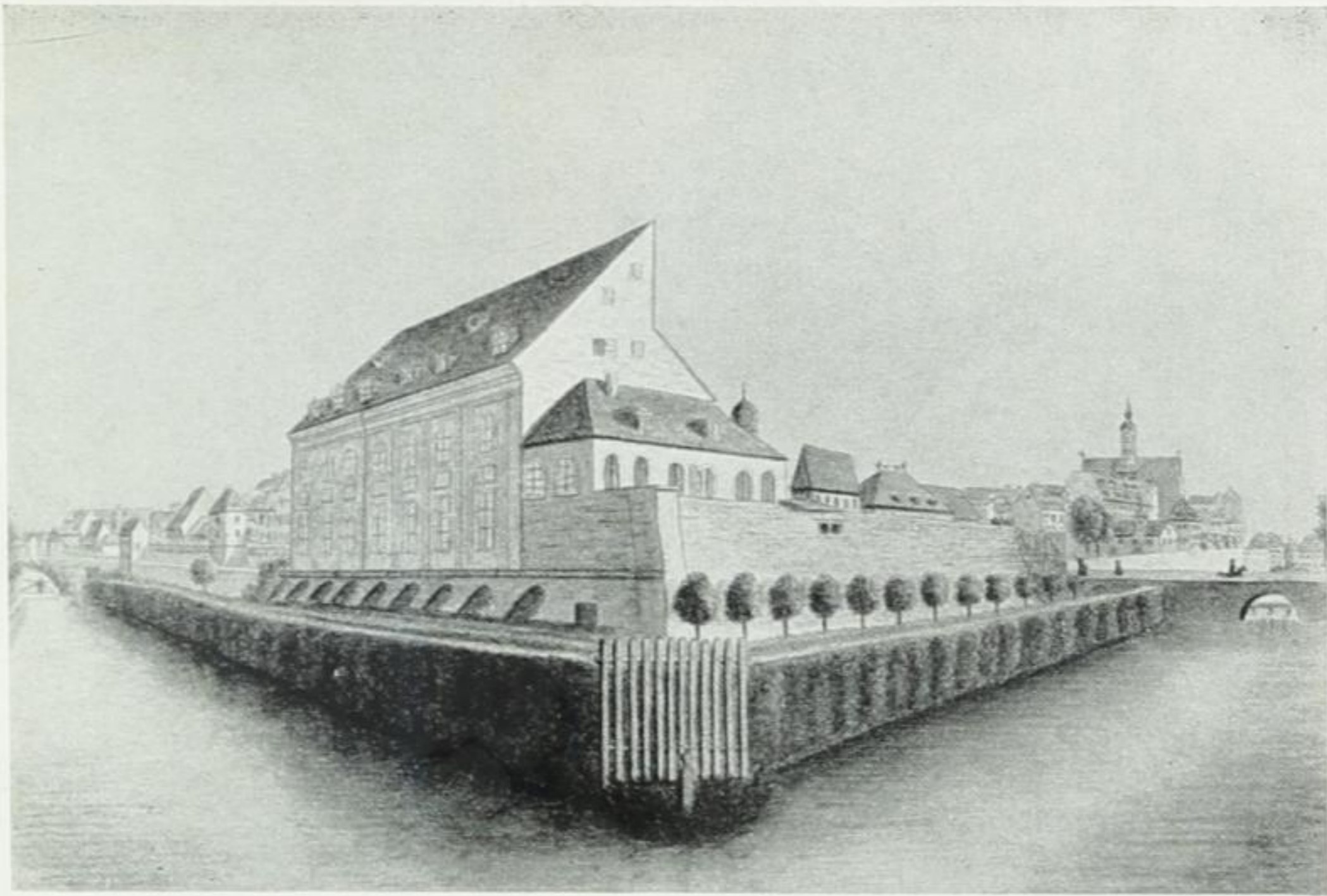


19 *Christian Fuerchtegott Gellert*  
*professor, poet, educator*

20 *Doctor Faust's drinking bout*



VIVE. BIBE. OBGRÆGARE. MEMOR FAVSTI HVIVS. ETHVIVS.  
POENÆ. ADERAT CLAVDOHÆC ASTERAT AMPLA. GRADY 1525.



21 *The Playhouse on the Ranstaedter Bastion*

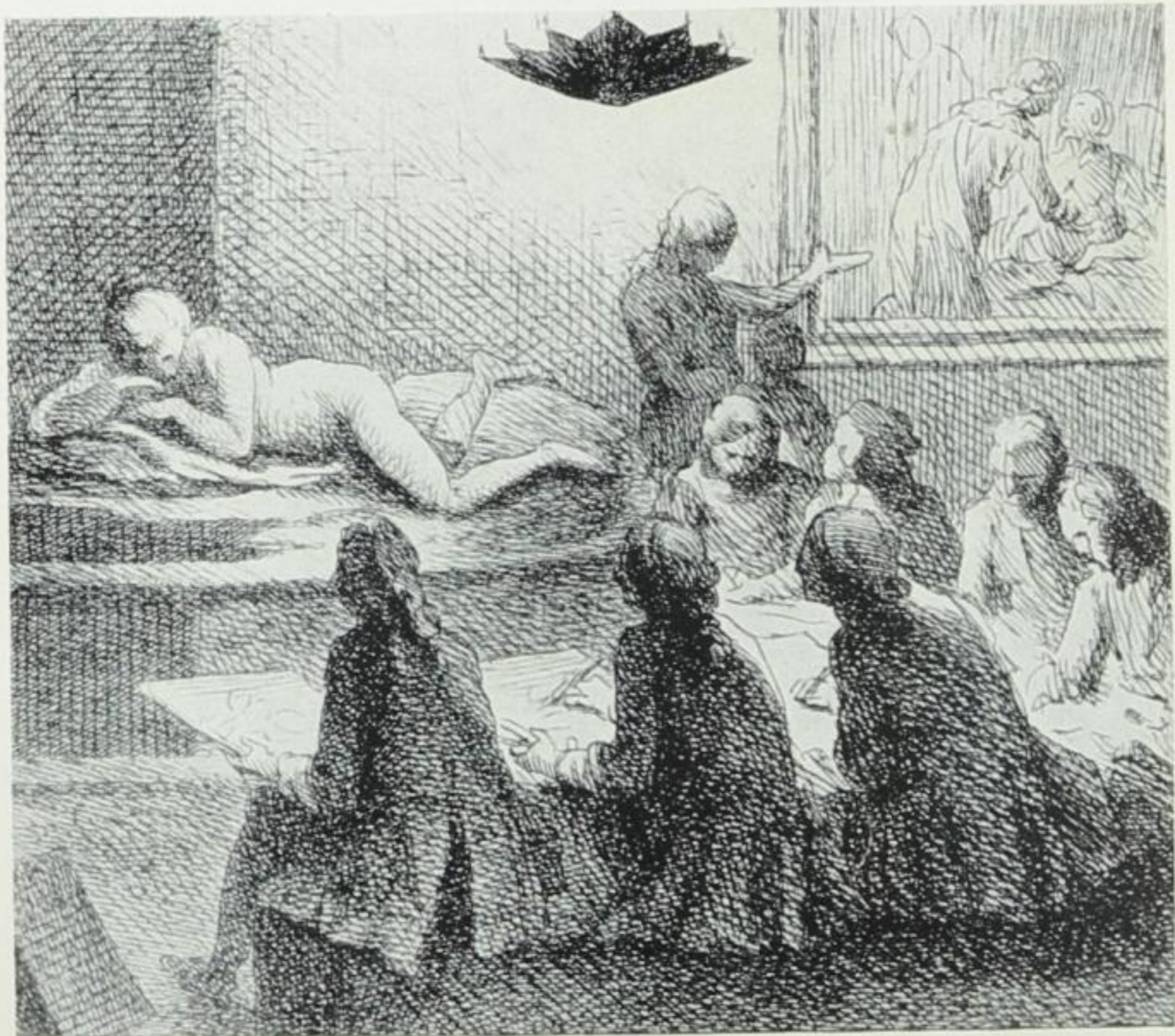
20 *Doctor Faustus's ride on the wine cask*



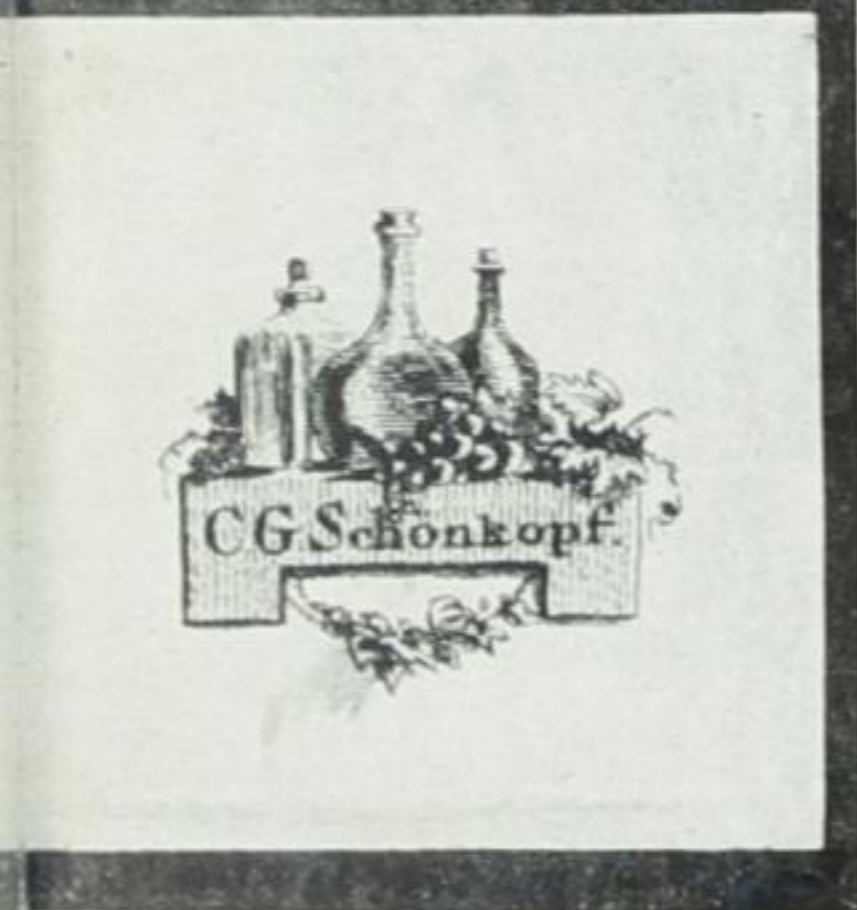
22 *A. F. Oeser, professor  
in the Academy of Art*



23 *The life class at the Academy*







25

*Kaethchen Schoenkopf  
the student's love*

NEUE  
LEBEN

IN  
MELODIEN

GESETZT

VON

BERNHARD THEODOR BREITKOPF



LEIPZIG,

BEY BERNHARD CHRISTOPH BREITKOPF UND SOHN

1770.

26 His first printed work

27 "The Fellow-Culprits"—Transcribed manuscript

14

Fünfter Auftritt  
Sophie, Alceste.  
Alceste.  
Sind sie einmahl allein, wird doch  
ein Freund ad Rayon.  
Sophie.  
Mein Herr. Alceste.  
Mein Herr! So klug!  
nicht im ungenauen Rayon.  
Sophie.  
Ja, daß die Zeit verfliehet, wird  
alles inder That.  
Alceste.  
Festwilt sie denn die Macht der  
Zeit und über die  
Ombra. Denn in d. Welt der  
mit Verfiner undet?  
Licht die Verfiner?  
Sophie lachtend.  
Alceste.  
Alceste Licht die d.



28 *Market on Roemer Hill*

29 *Susanne von Klettenberg  
the "beautiful soul"*



31

*His sister Cornelia:  
A drawing by Goethe*

DE MICROCOSMO,  
Oder  
Von der kleinen Welt des  
Menschlichen Leibes/  
Fr. BASILII VALENTINI  
Benedictiner Ordens.

Was solche in sich hält / woraus sie zusam-  
men gebauet / und was ihr ganze Begriff und Inhalt  
vermag / samt ihrem Ende und  
Ausgange /  
Allen / so den Grund der Weisheit lieben /  
das vornehmste und zu wissen höchlich  
von nöthen.

S DE

30 *Alchemistic tract*

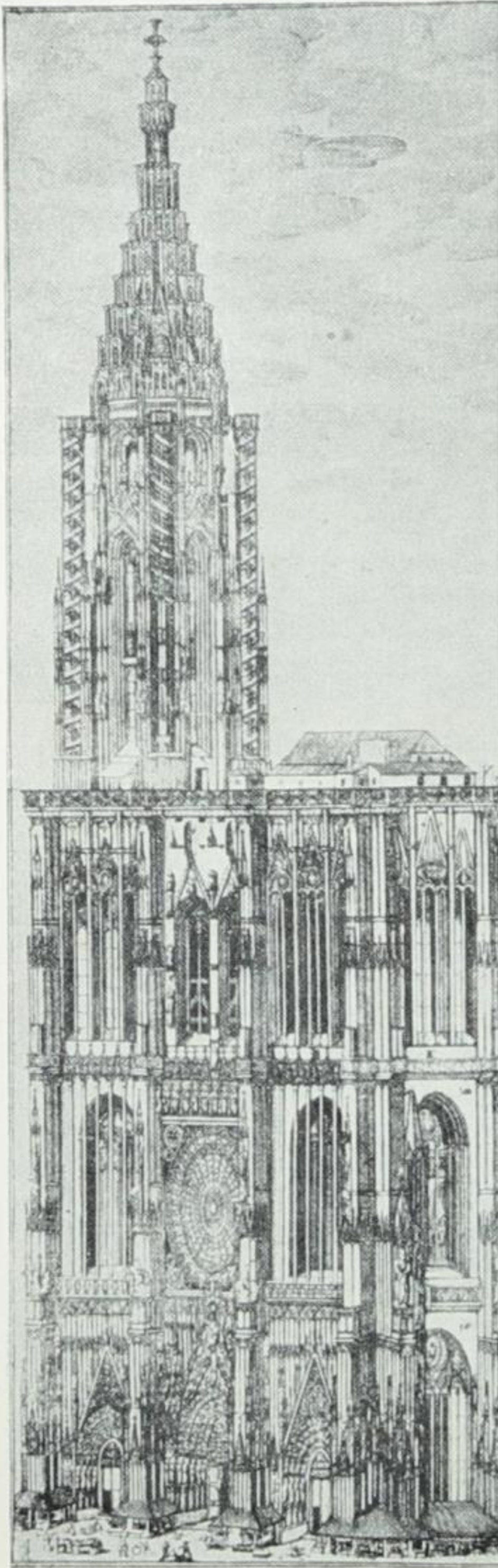


32 *Strasbourg in Alsace, Goethe's second university*




33 *Perspective view of the Place d'Armes*



34 The Strasbourg Cathedral



121

Von

Deutscher Baukunst.

---

D. M.

ERVINI A STEINBACH.

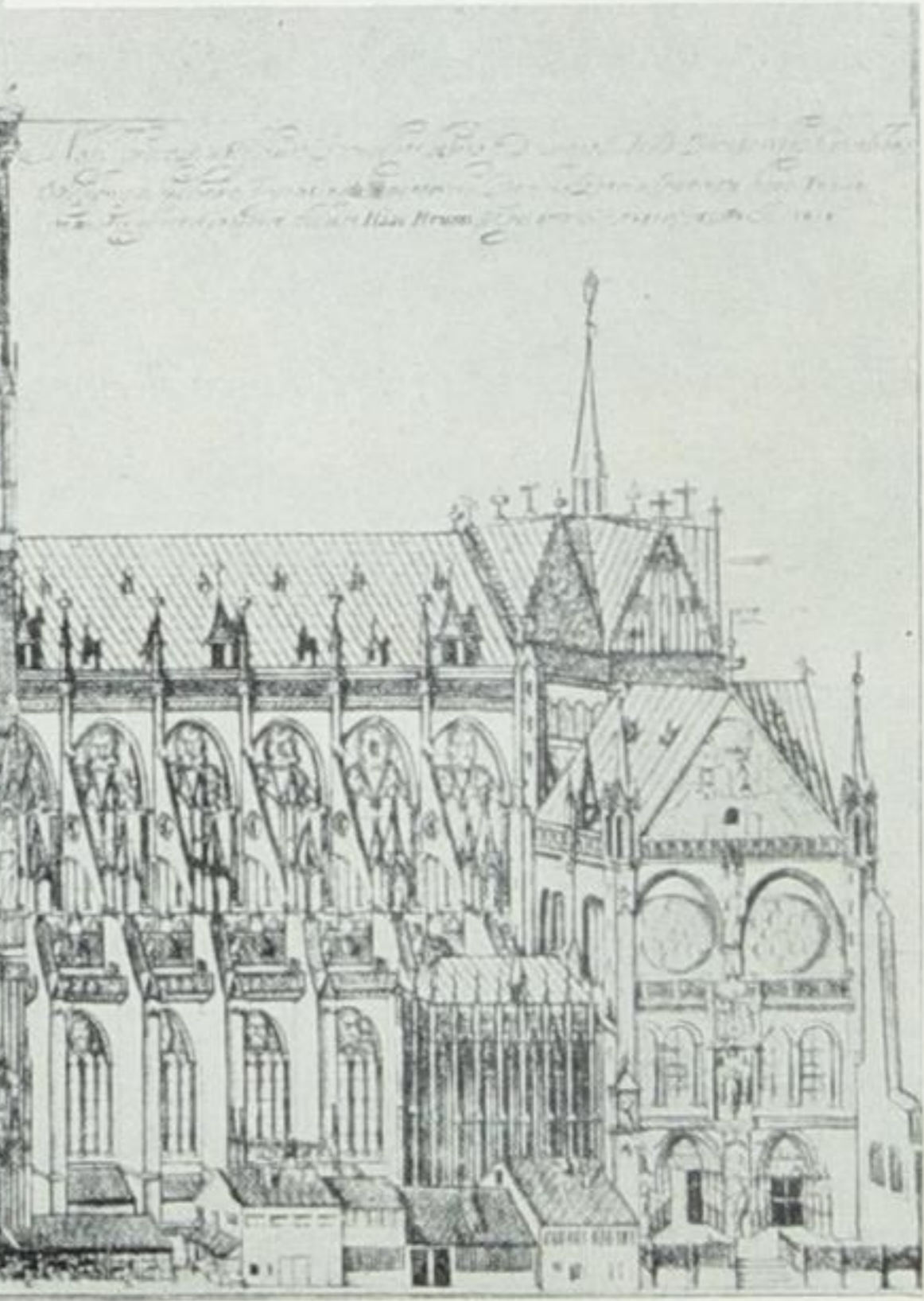
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1773.

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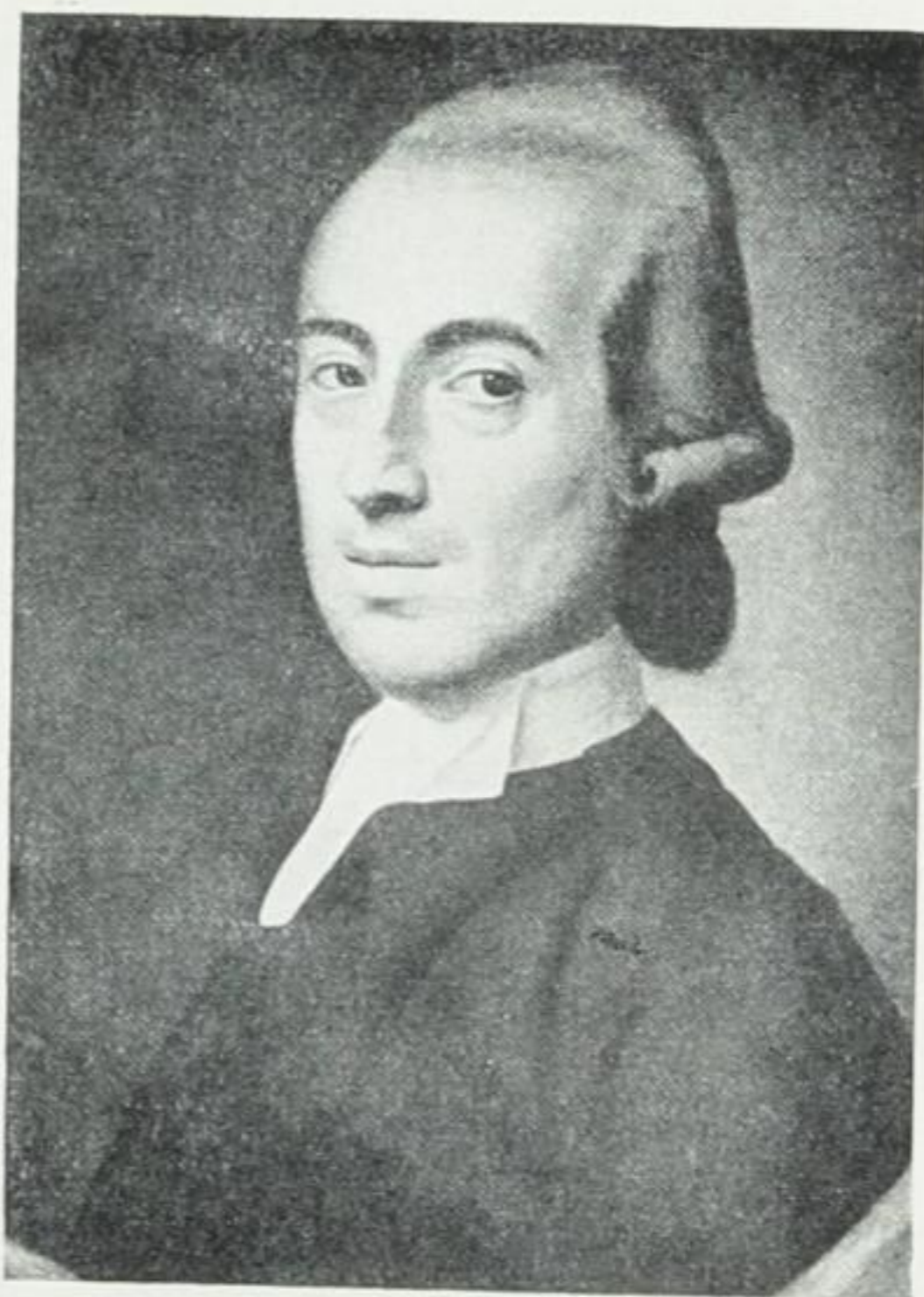
Als ich auf deinem Grabe herumwandelte, edler Erwin, und den Stein suchte, der mir deuten sollte: Anno domini 1318. XVI. Kal. Febr. obiit Magister Ervinus, Gubernator Fabricæ Ecclesiæ Argentinenfis, und ich ihn nicht finden, keiner deiner Landsleute, mir ihn zeigen konnte, daß sich meine Verehrung deiner, an der heiligen Stätte ergossen hätte; da ward ich tief in die Seele betrübt, und mein Herz, jünger, wärmer, threiger und besser als jetzt, gelobte dir ein Denkmal, wenn ich zum ruhigen Genuß meiner Besizthümer gelangen würde, von Marmor oder Sandsteinen, wie ichs vermögte.

Was





36 *The poet Lenz*



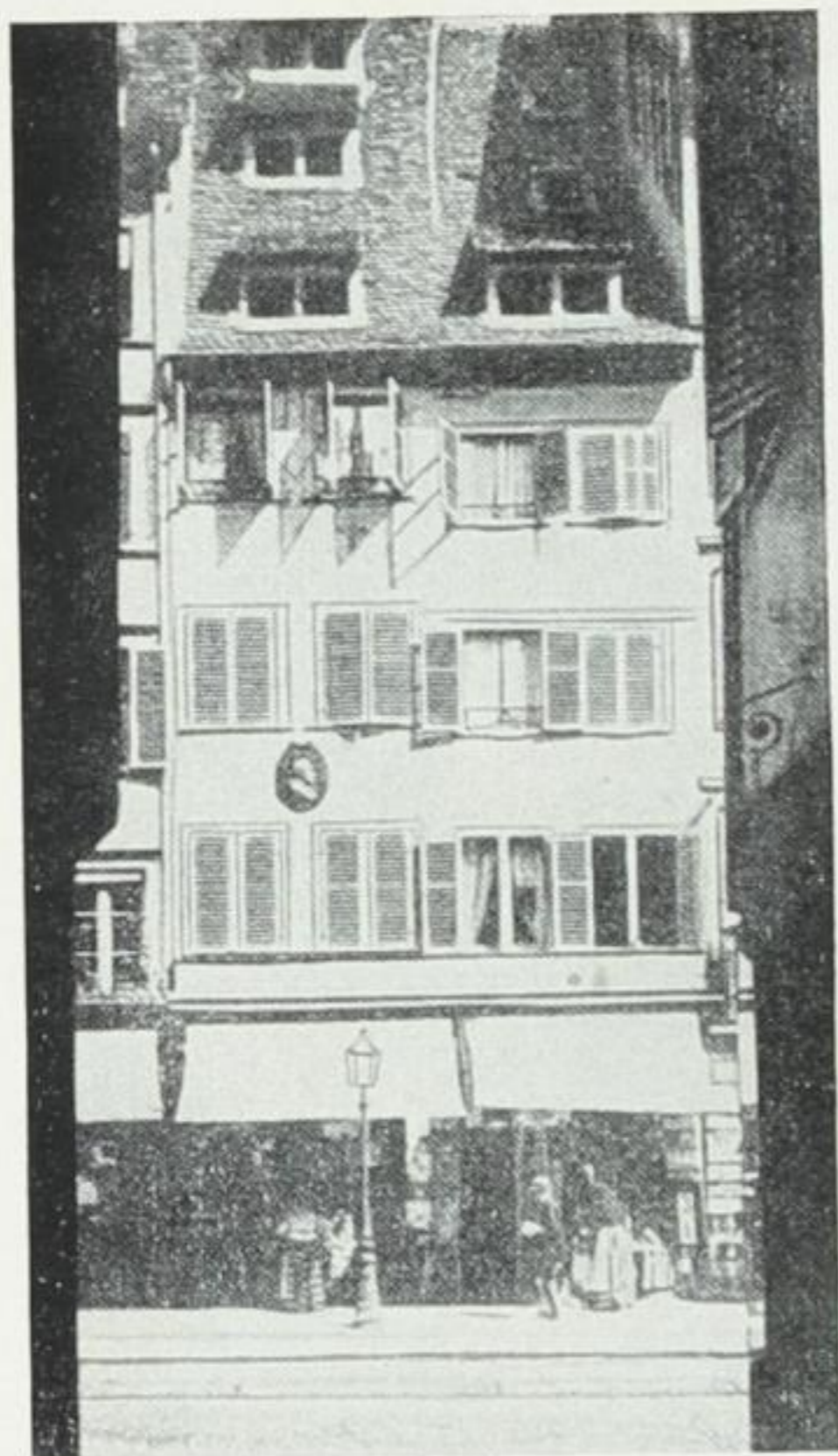
37 *The scholar Herder*

38 *The pietist Jung-Stilling*



39 *German translation*



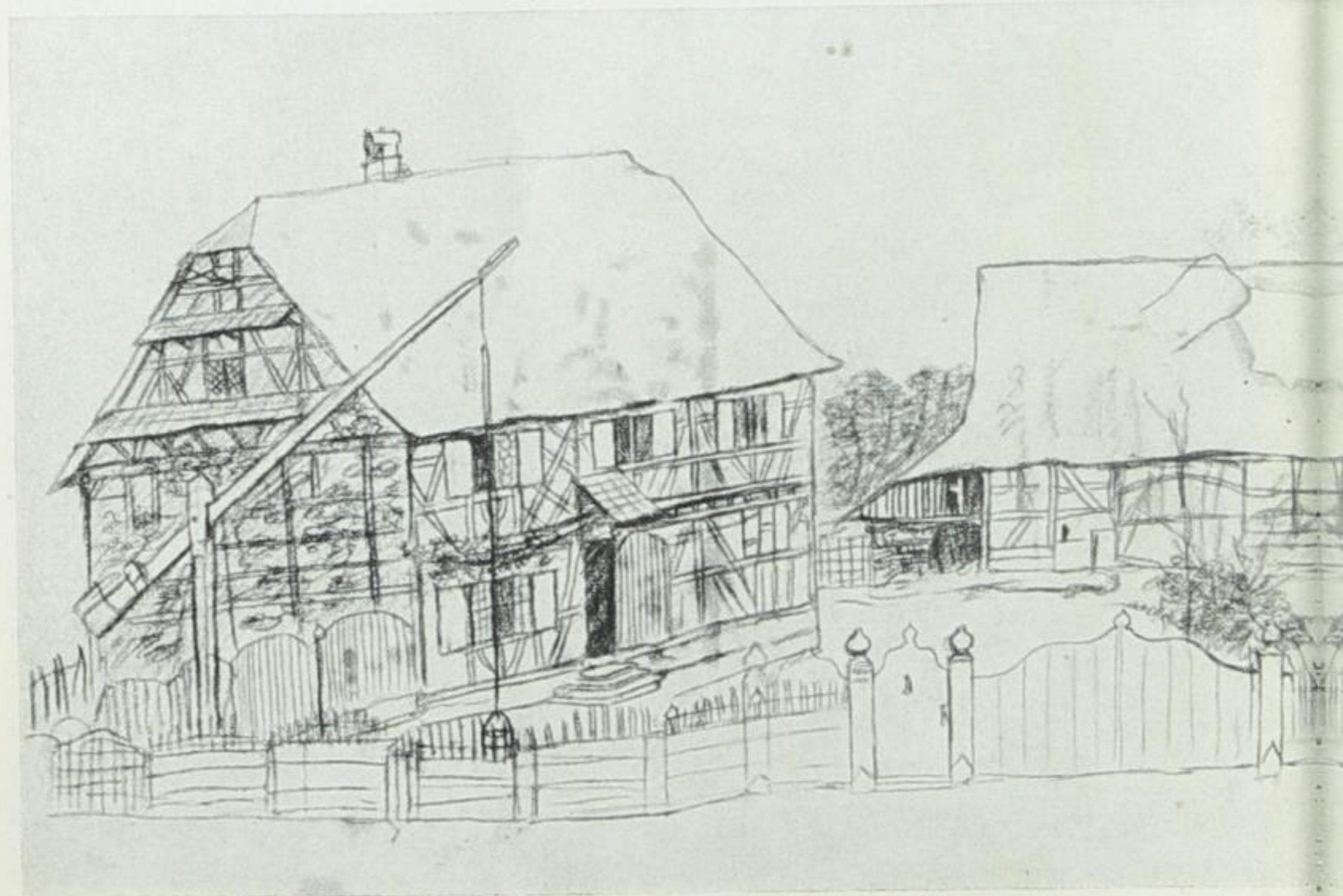


40 *Goethe's apartment*



41 *The Sesenheim child of nature*

42 *The vicarage at Sesenheim: A drawing by Goethe*





43 *Apollo of Belvedere*



44 *Head of Apollo*



45 *Laocöon Group*



46 The territory of the Free Reich City of Frankfurt

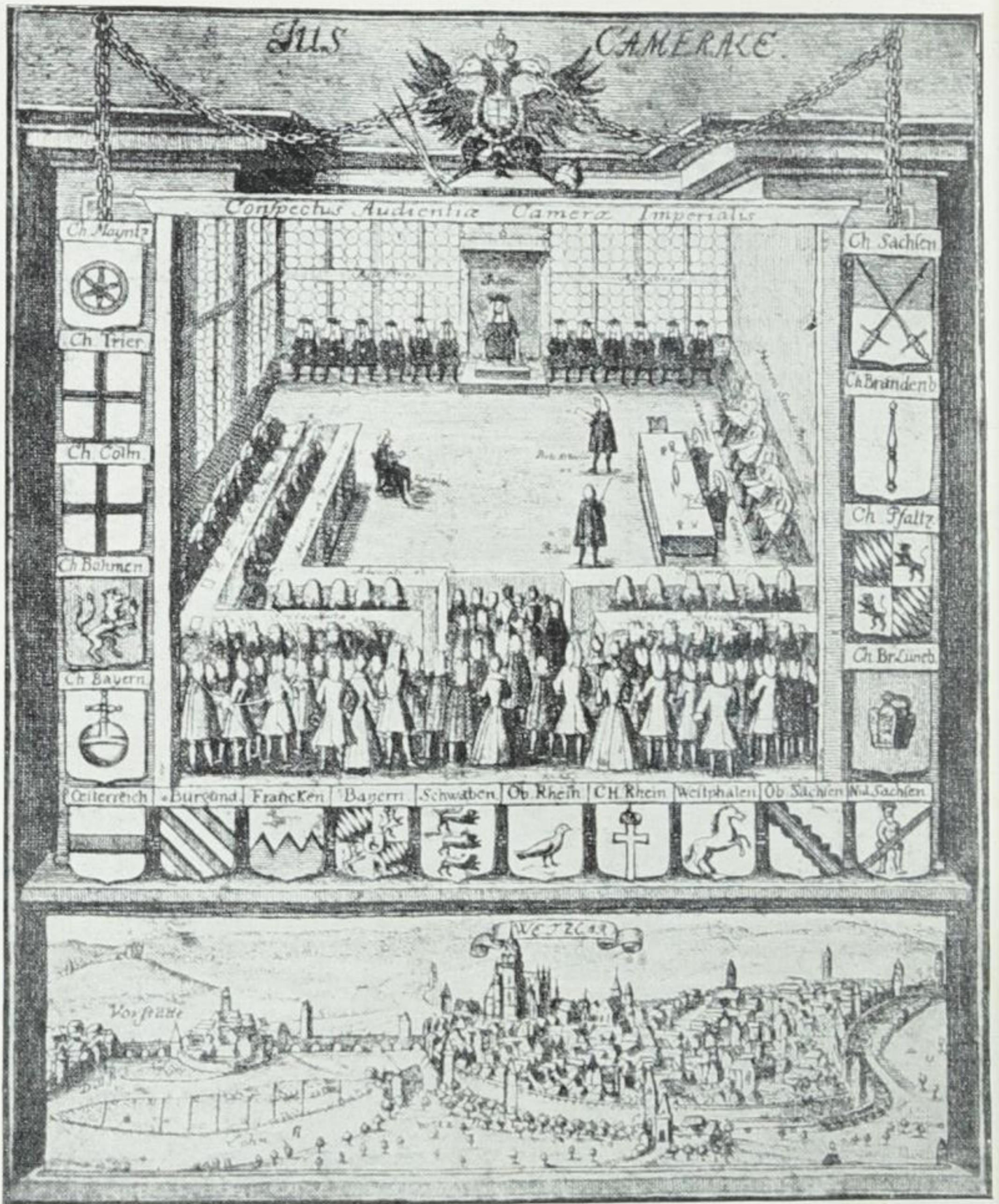
47 Wanderer's Storm Song: A manuscript of Goethe's

Wanderer's Storm Song.

Wenn die nicht stürzet, Kopf, Geminde  
 Hält der Regen nicht der Thron  
 Glaubt ihm Geminde über Gey.  
 Wenn die nicht stürzet, Kopf, Geminde,  
 Wird das Geminde  
 Wird das Geminde  
 Geminde Geminde  
 Wie die Geminde  
 die Geminde.



48 *The Poet in his Study: A drawing by Goethe*



49 A session of the Imperial Chamber Court

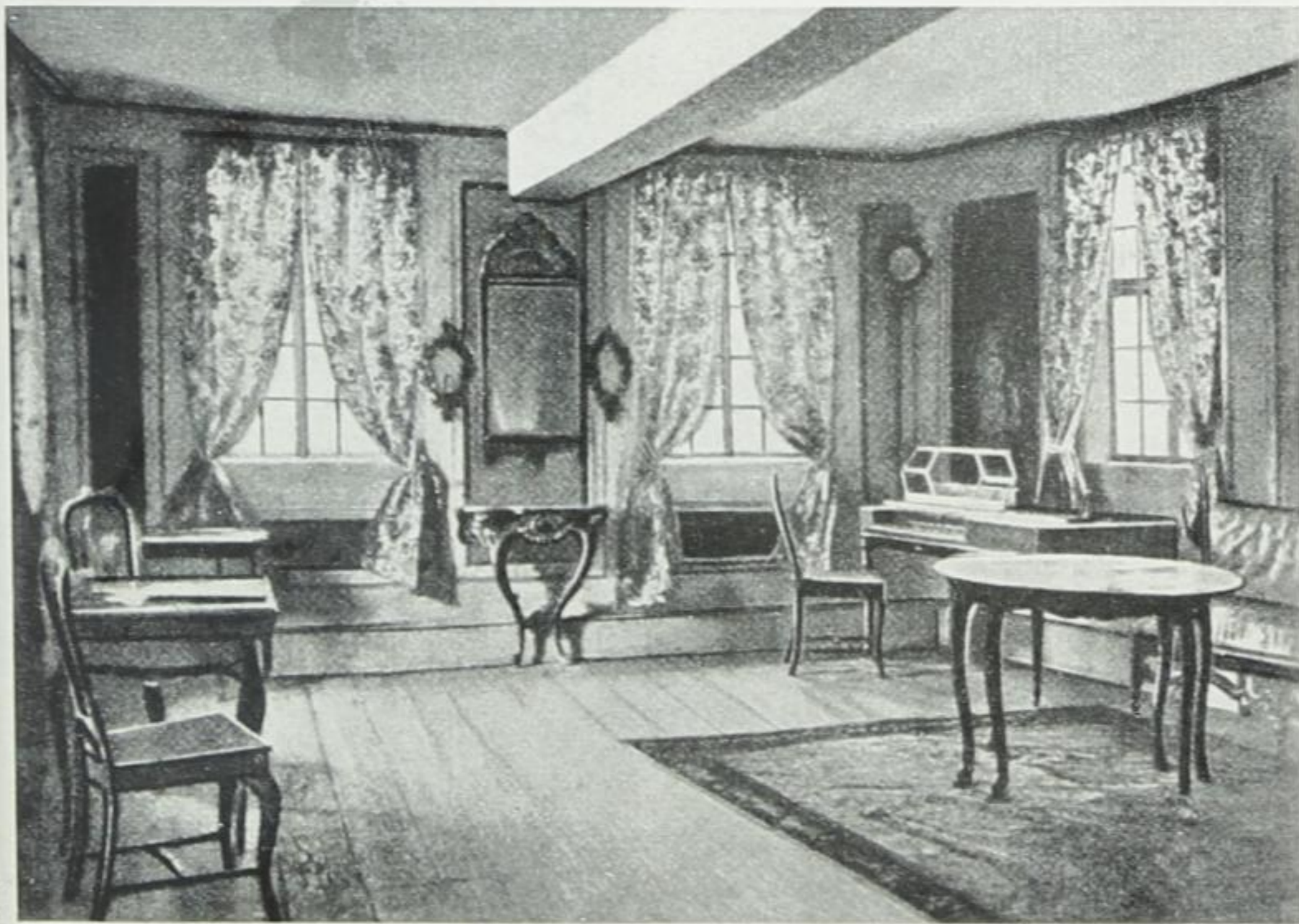
50 The Free Reich City of Wetzlar



*Lotte's golden Ringel.  
aus 17. Jun. 1774.*



51 Charlotte Buff, his friend's fiancée      52 Werther's first meeting with Lotte  
53 The so-called Lotte Room in German House





54

56

LES  
**SOUFFRANCES**  
 DU  
**JEUNE WERTHER**  
 EN DEUX PARTIES

*Traduit de l'original Allemand  
 par le B. S. d. S.*

*D'Argentan*



À ERLANG  
 CHEZ WOLFGANG WALTHER 1776.

55

57

THE  
 S O R R O W S  
 OF  
**W E R T H E R :**  
 A  
 GERMAN STORY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

V O L. I.

L O N D O N :  
 PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY,  
 PALL-MALL.

M. DCC. LXXIX.



54 Scene from  
"Götz of Berlichingen"

55 Title page of the first  
French edition

56 Title page of the first  
English edition

57 Scene from  
"Werther's Sufferings"



59 Job. C. Lavater  
theologian and physiognomist



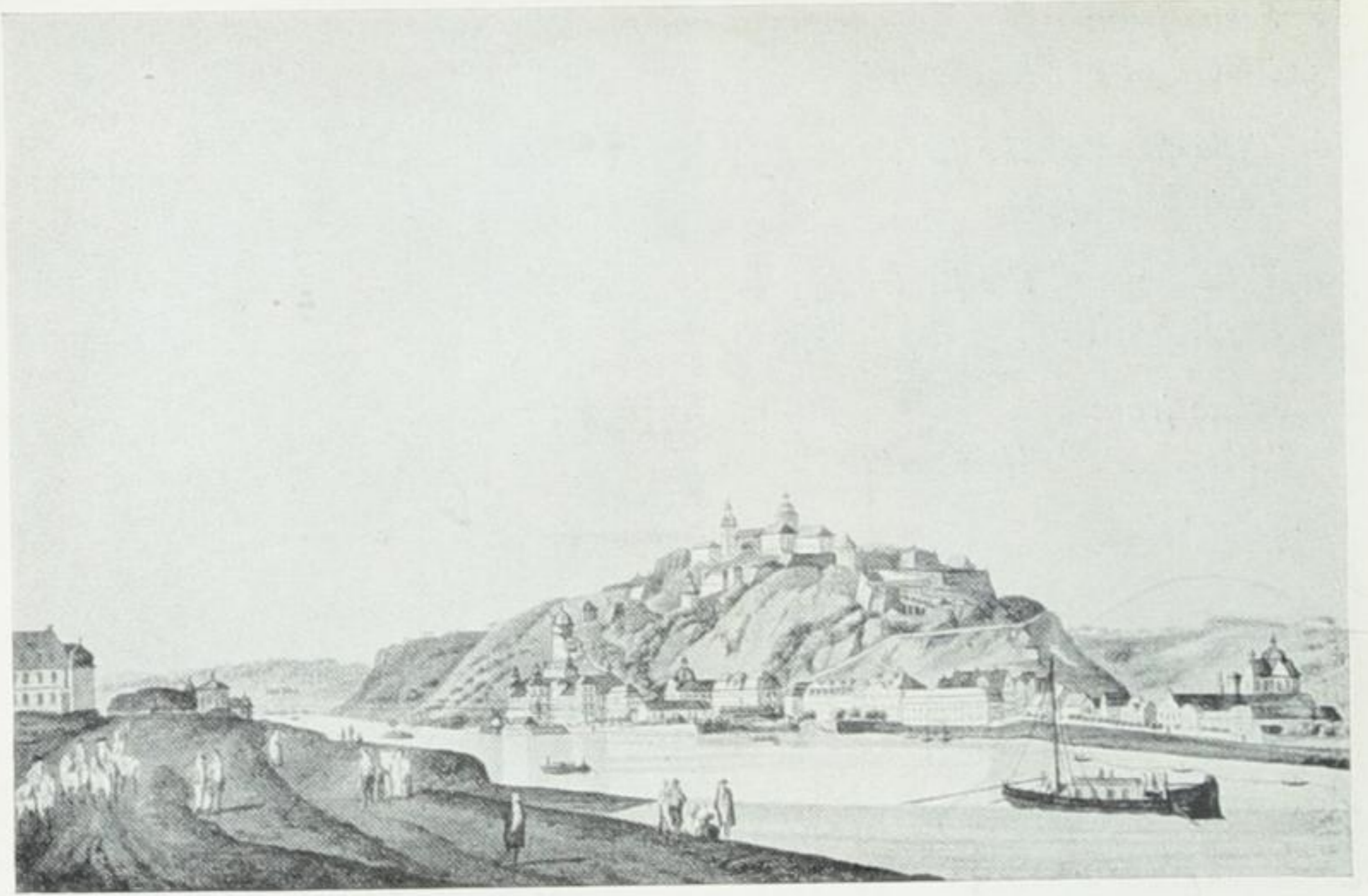
58 Job. Heinrich Merck  
the critical friend



60 Lili Schönemann, Goethe's fiancée



61 Goethe, 25 years old



62 *Rhine journey past Ehrenbreitstein*



63 *Klopstock*  
*the poet of the "Messiah"*



64 *Friedrich Jacobi*  
*philosopher and writer*





65 *St. Gotthard Inn, at the watershed, looking towards Italy*

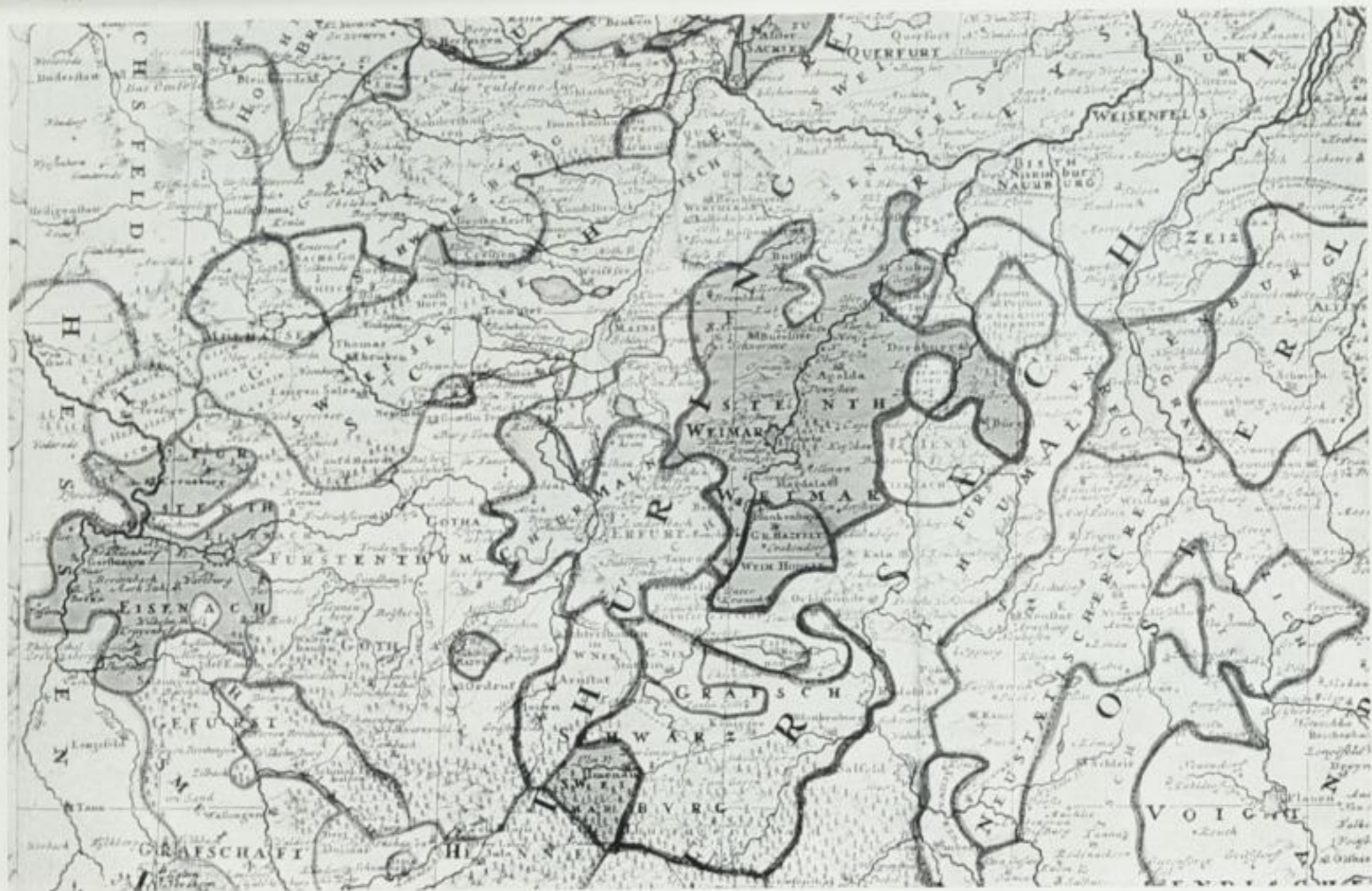
66 *City and Castle of Heidelberg*



67  
*The  
Residence  
of Weimar  
with the  
burned-out  
castle*



68  
*Map of the  
Thuringian  
princedom  
in the 18th  
century*





69 *Anna Amalia*  
*the Duke's mother*

70 *Karl August, Duke*  
*of Saxony-Weimar*

71 *Luise, Duchess*  
*of Saxony-Weimar*



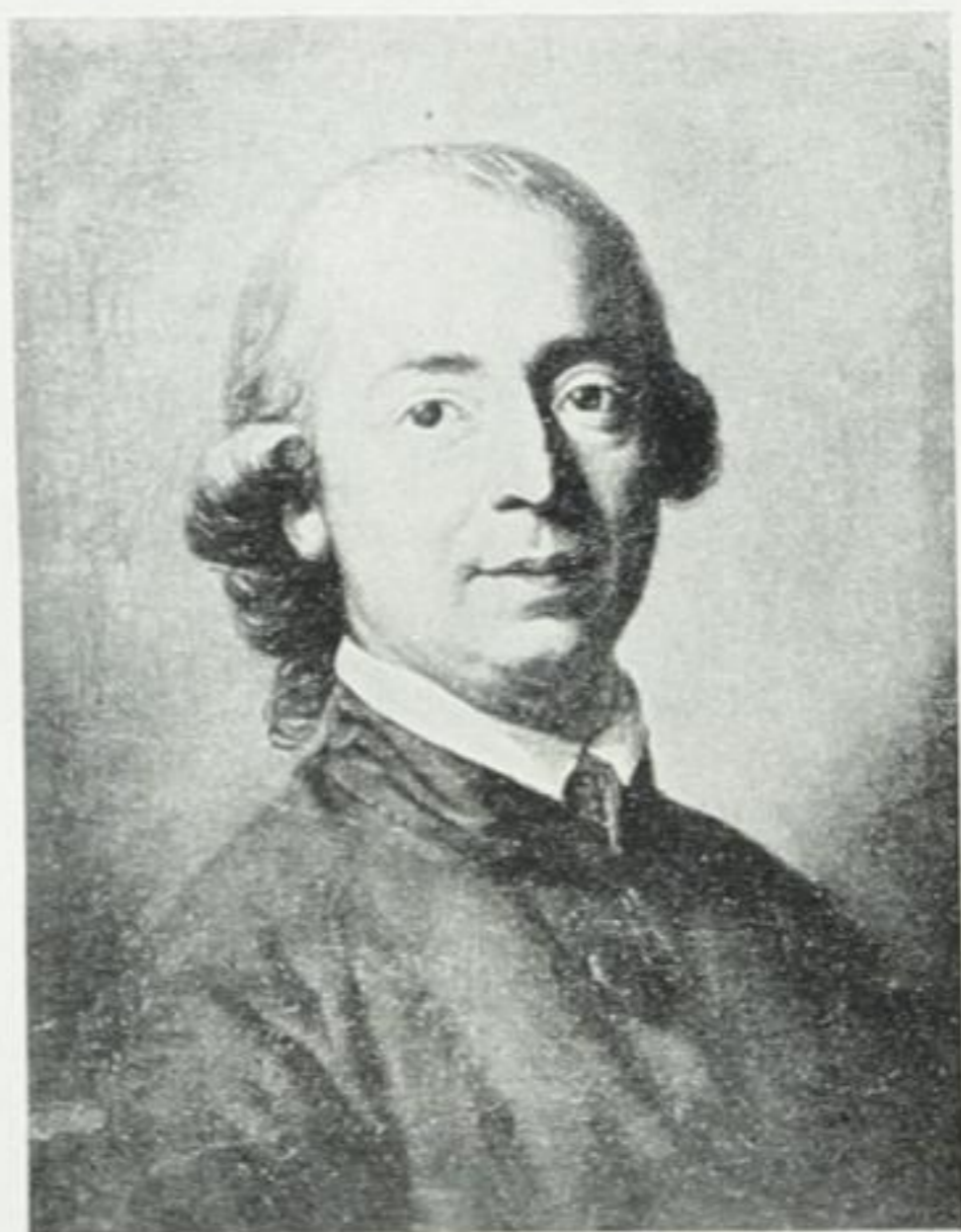
70



71



72 *Christoph Martin Wieland  
senior in the court of muses*



73 *Johann Gottfried Herder  
the fertile thinker*

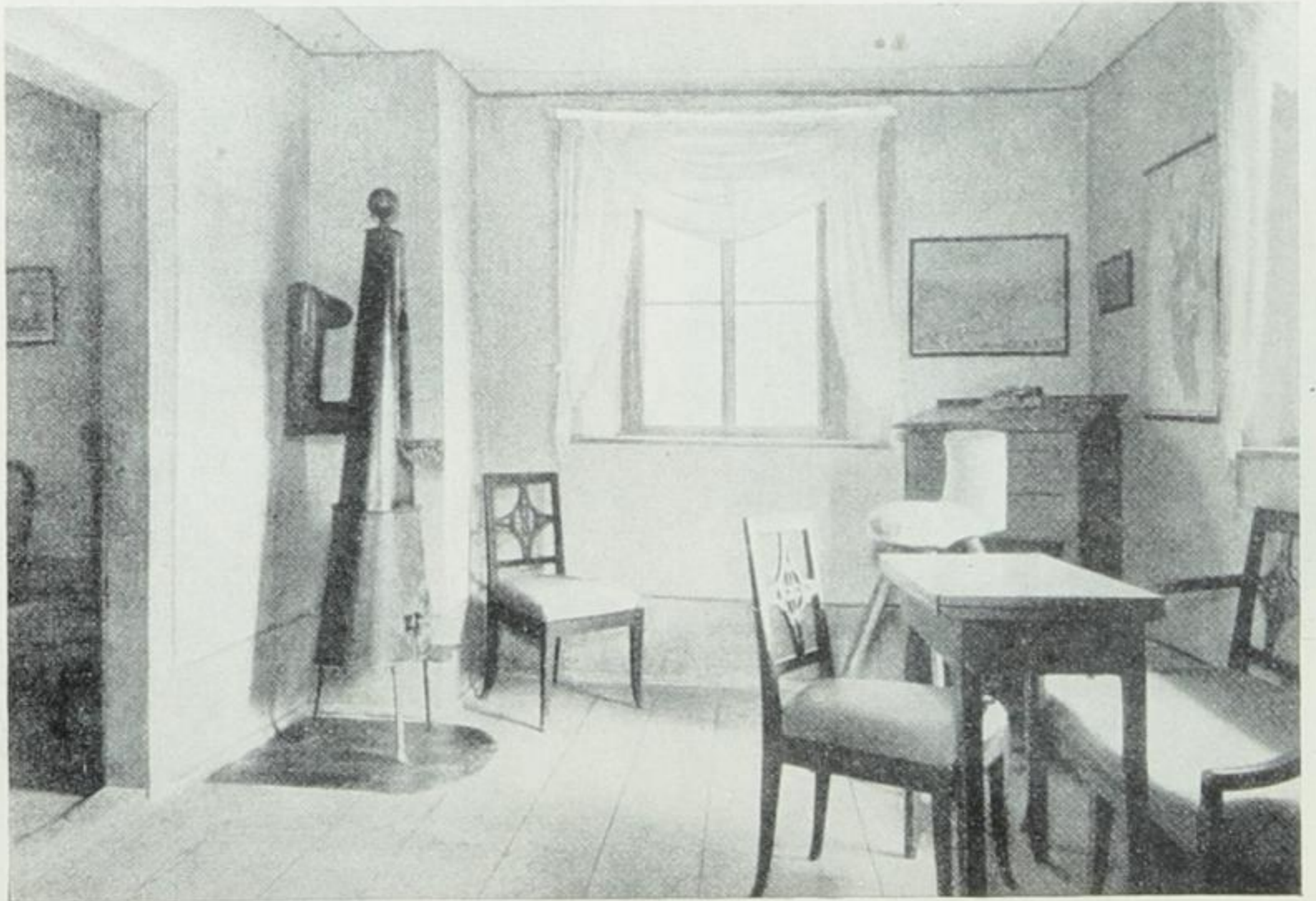


74 *Carl Ludwig von Knebel  
Goethe's first friend in Weimar*



75 *Goethe's Garden House on the Ilm*

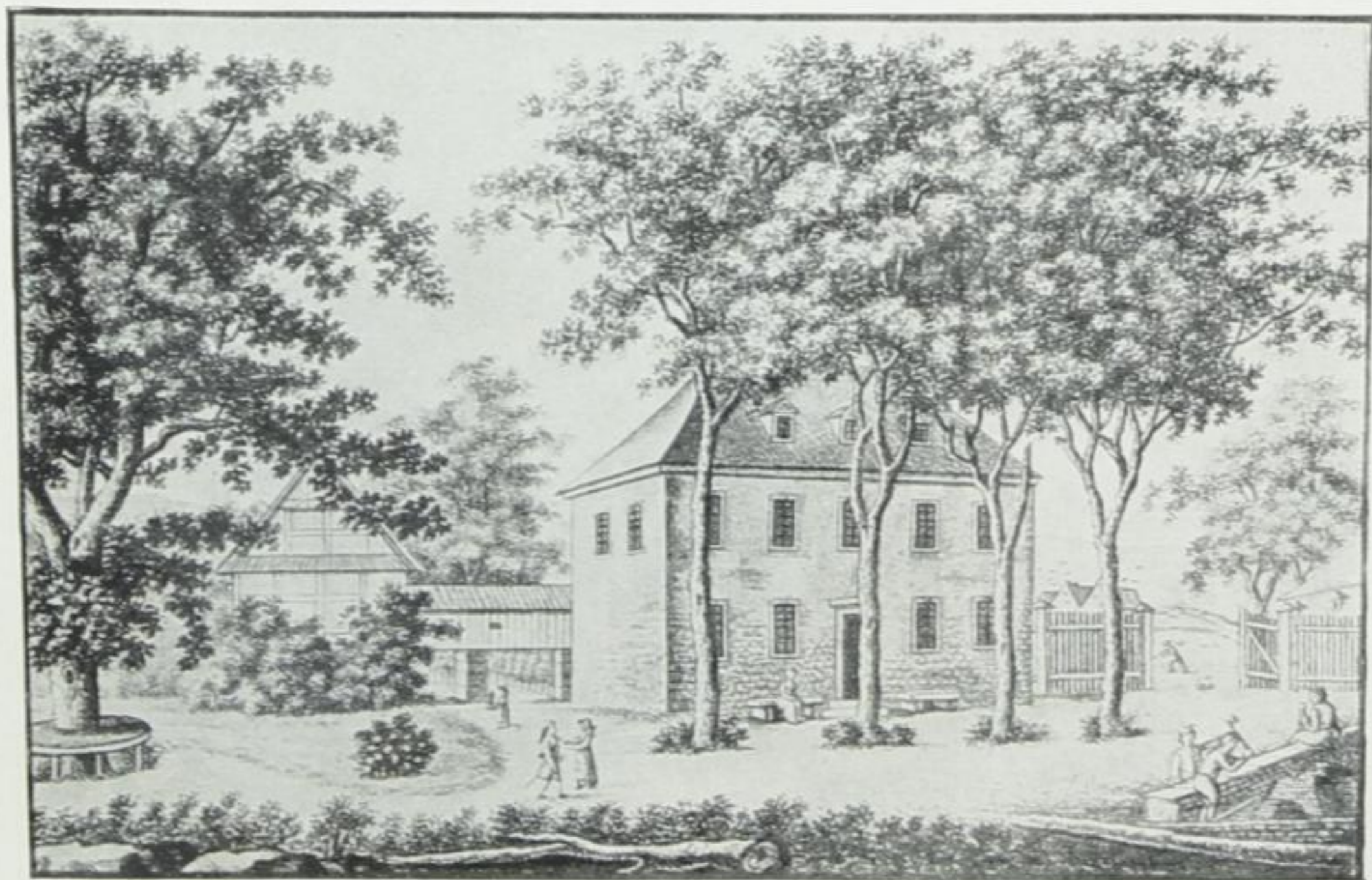
76 *His study in the Garden House*





77 *Castle Ettersburg on the Ettersberg*

78 *The Mansion of Tiefurt, near Weimar*





79  
*His closest friend  
Charlotte von Stein*



80  
*Goethe, 27 years old:  
Drawing by Kraus*





81 *The Wartburg near Eisenach: An ink drawing by Goethe*



82 *Village Fire at Night: A pastel by Goethe*

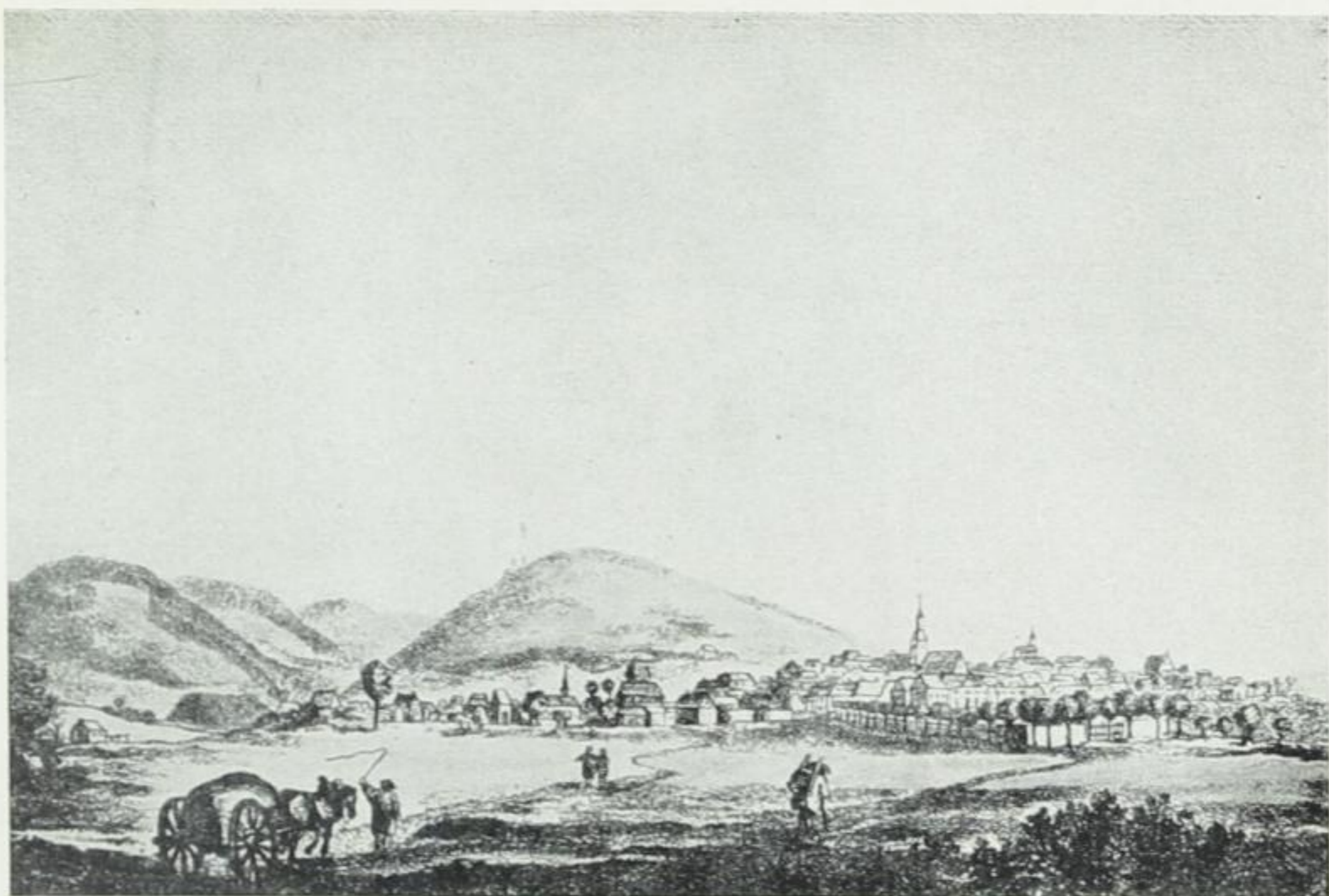


84  
*Goethe  
at about  
31 years*



85 *Devil's Bridge on the Gotthard Road*

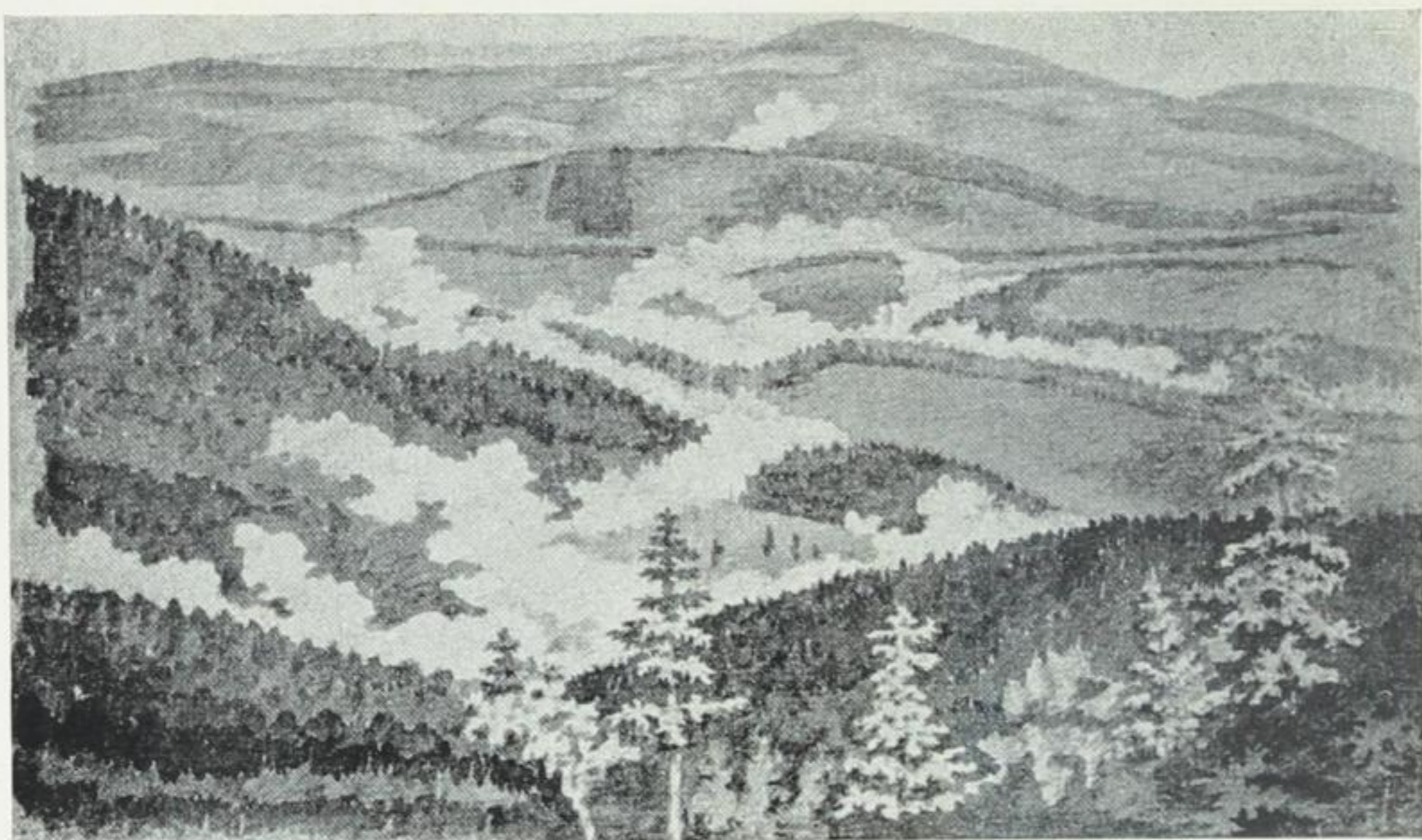




86 *The mountain town of Ilmenau in the Thuringian Forest*

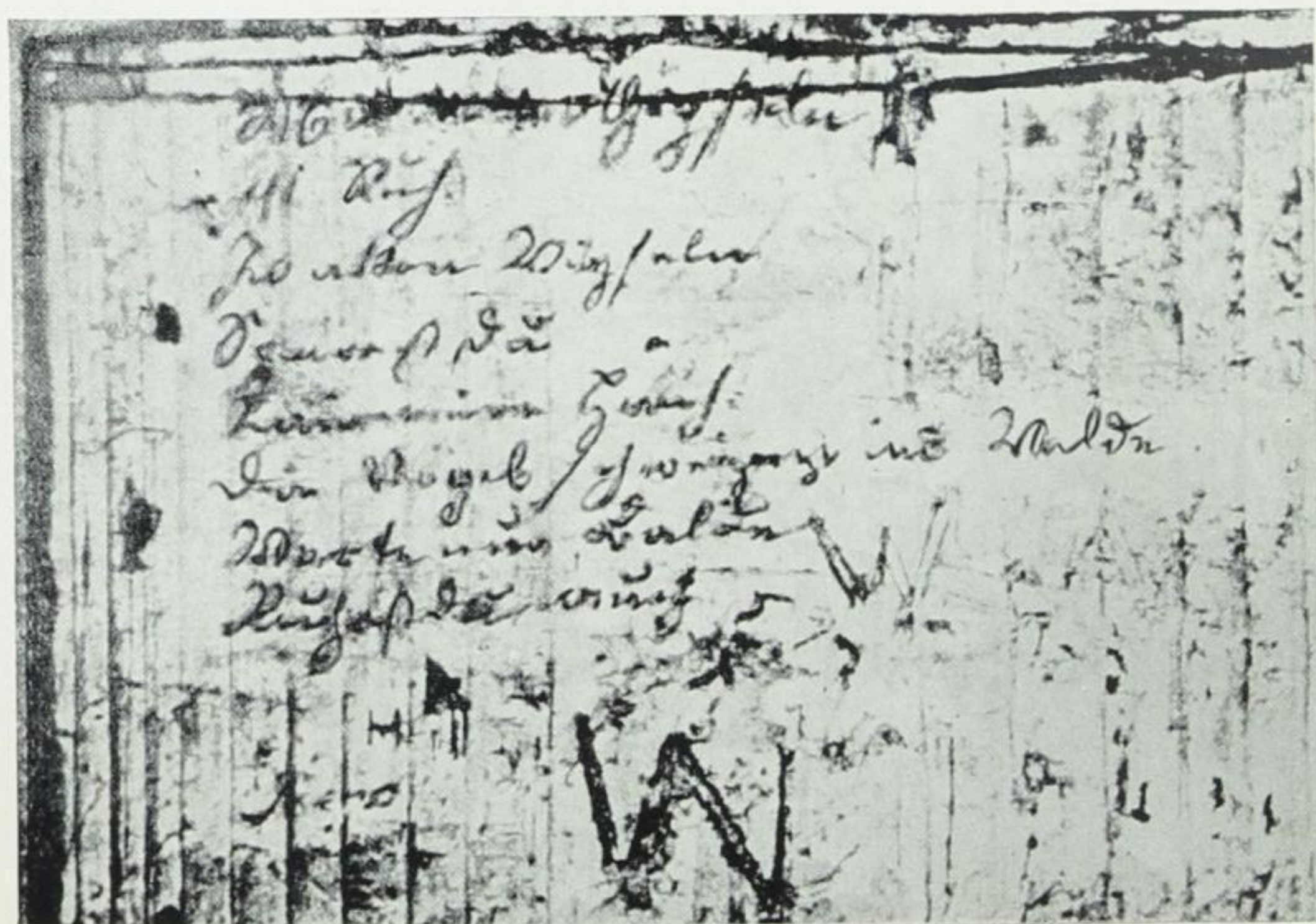
87 *Mine coop: A drawing by Goethe*





88 *Misty Valleys near Ilmenau: A pen drawing by Goethe*

89 *"Wanderer's Night Song" on the wall of the hunting lodge*

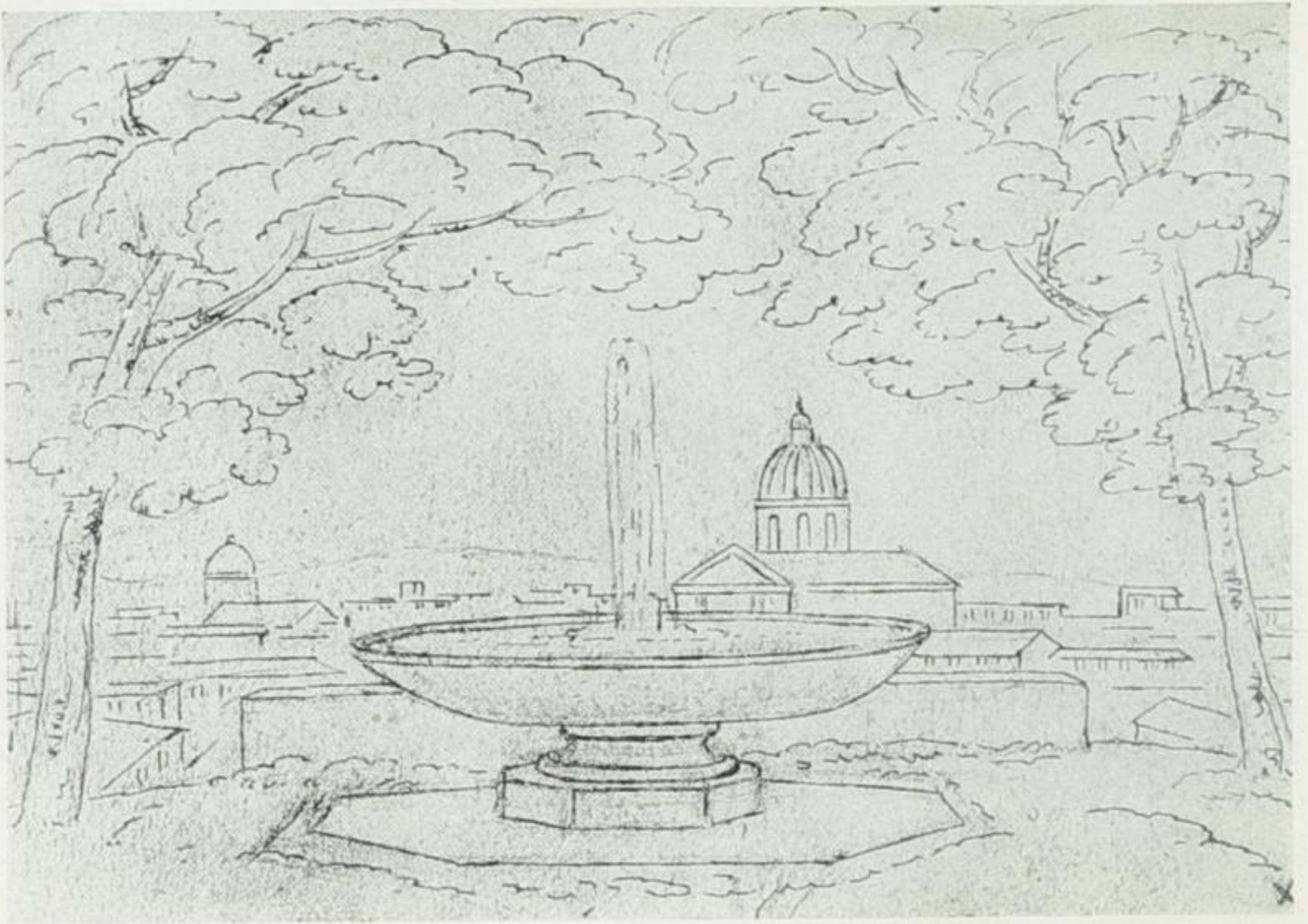




90 *Towards the Brenner: A drawing by Goethe, 1786*

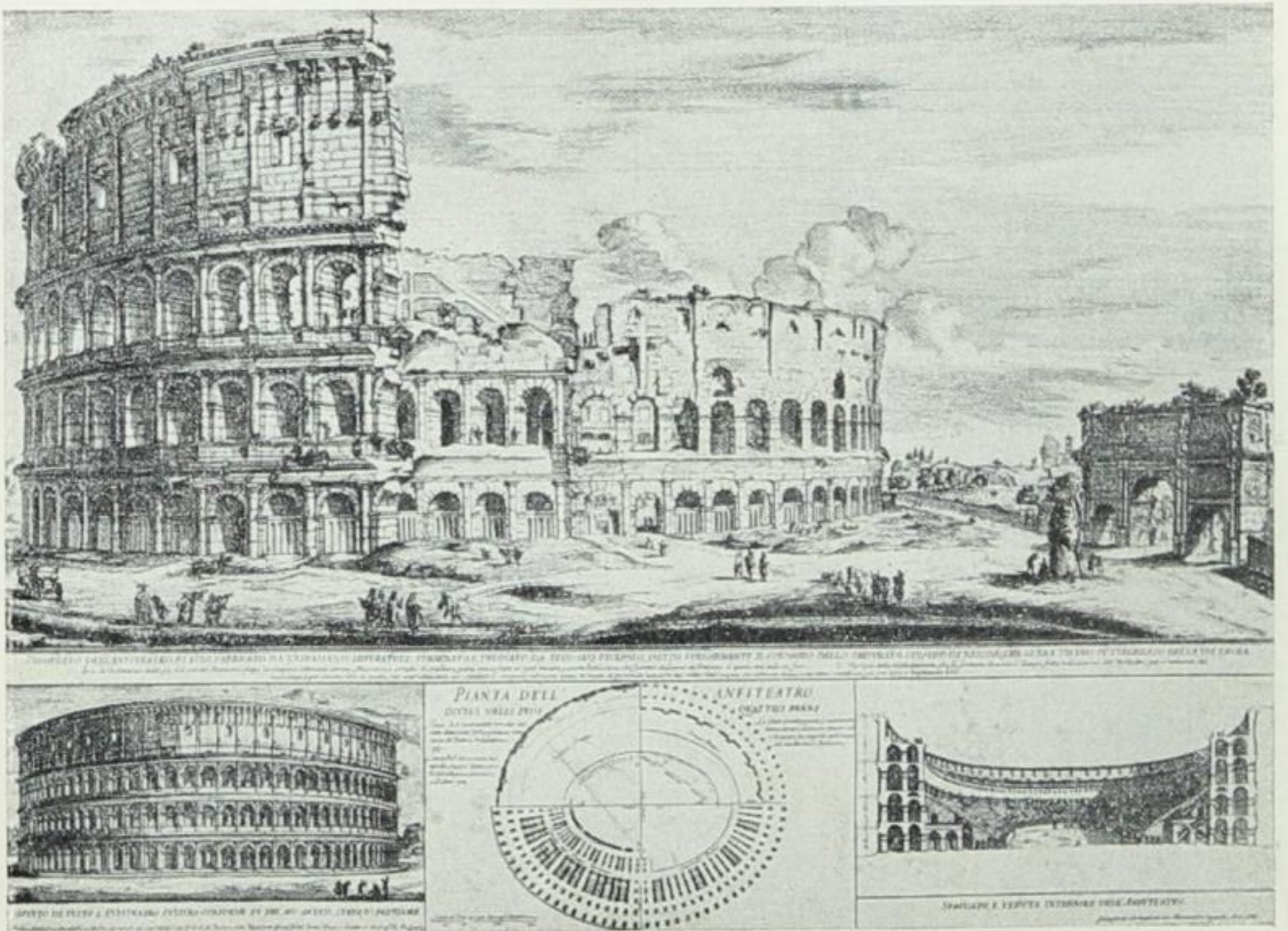
91 *Venice; Piazzetta with the Doge's Palace*



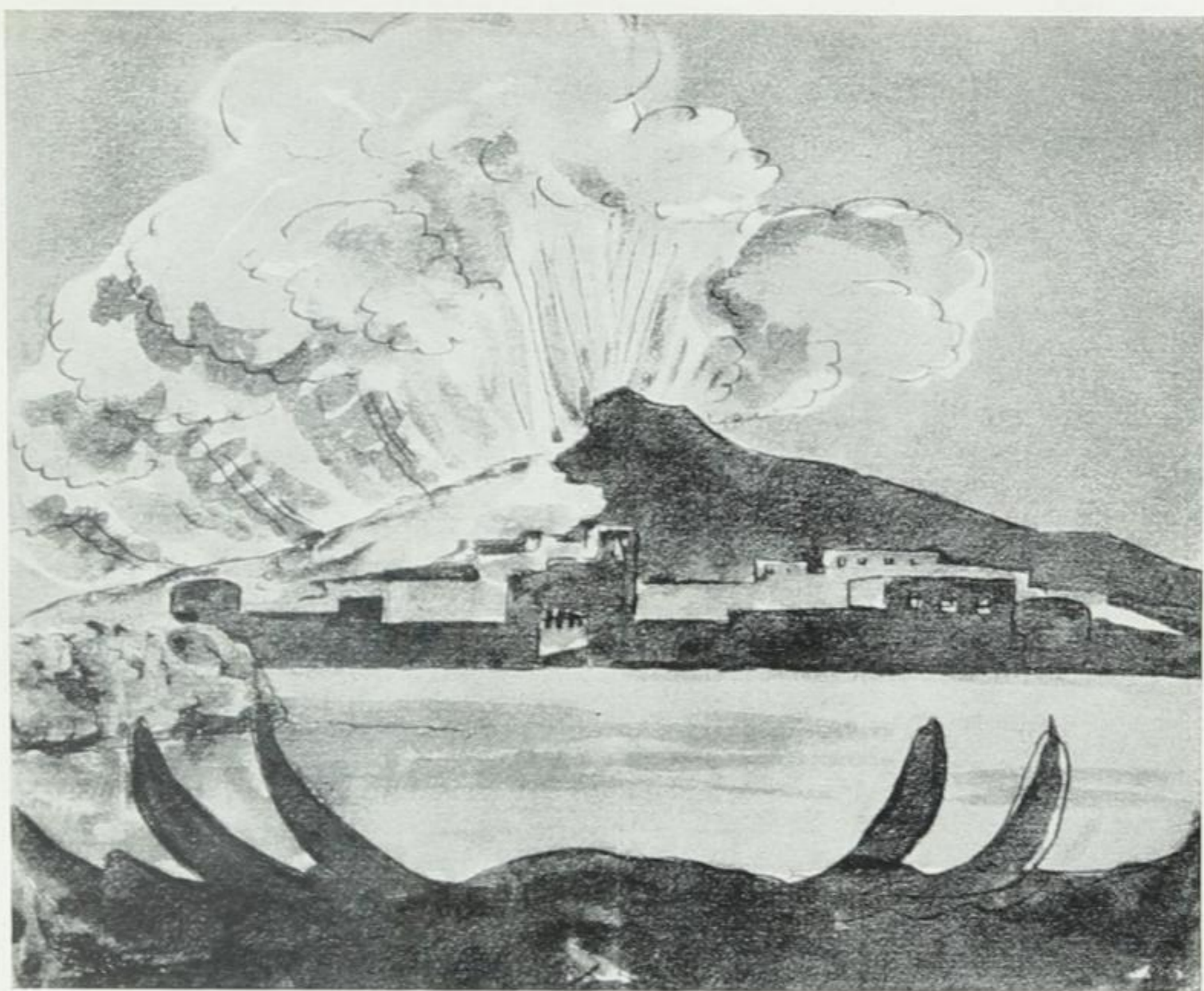


92 *View of Rome, with St. Peter's: A drawing by Goethe*

93 *The Colosseum with the Triumphal Arch of Constantine*

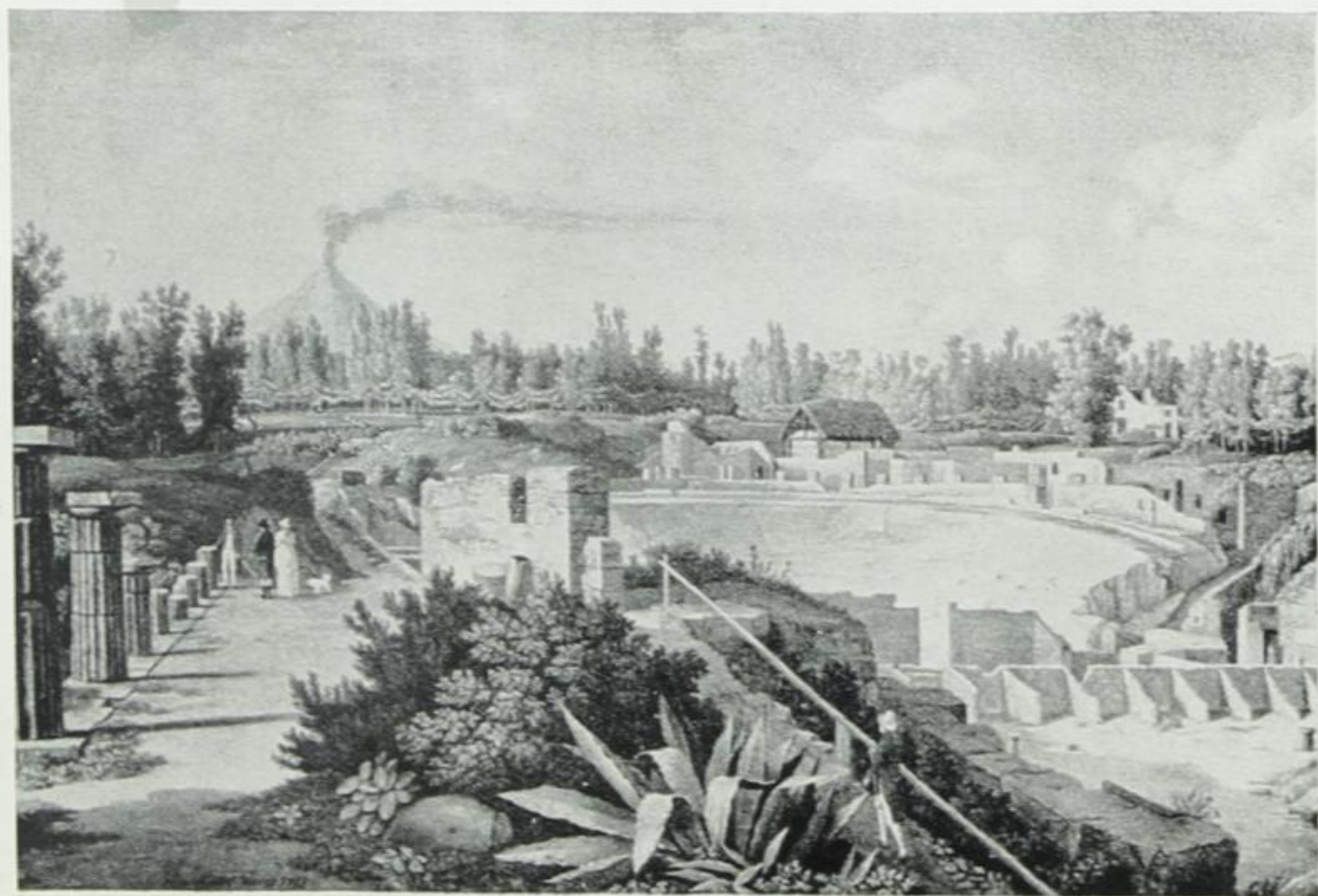


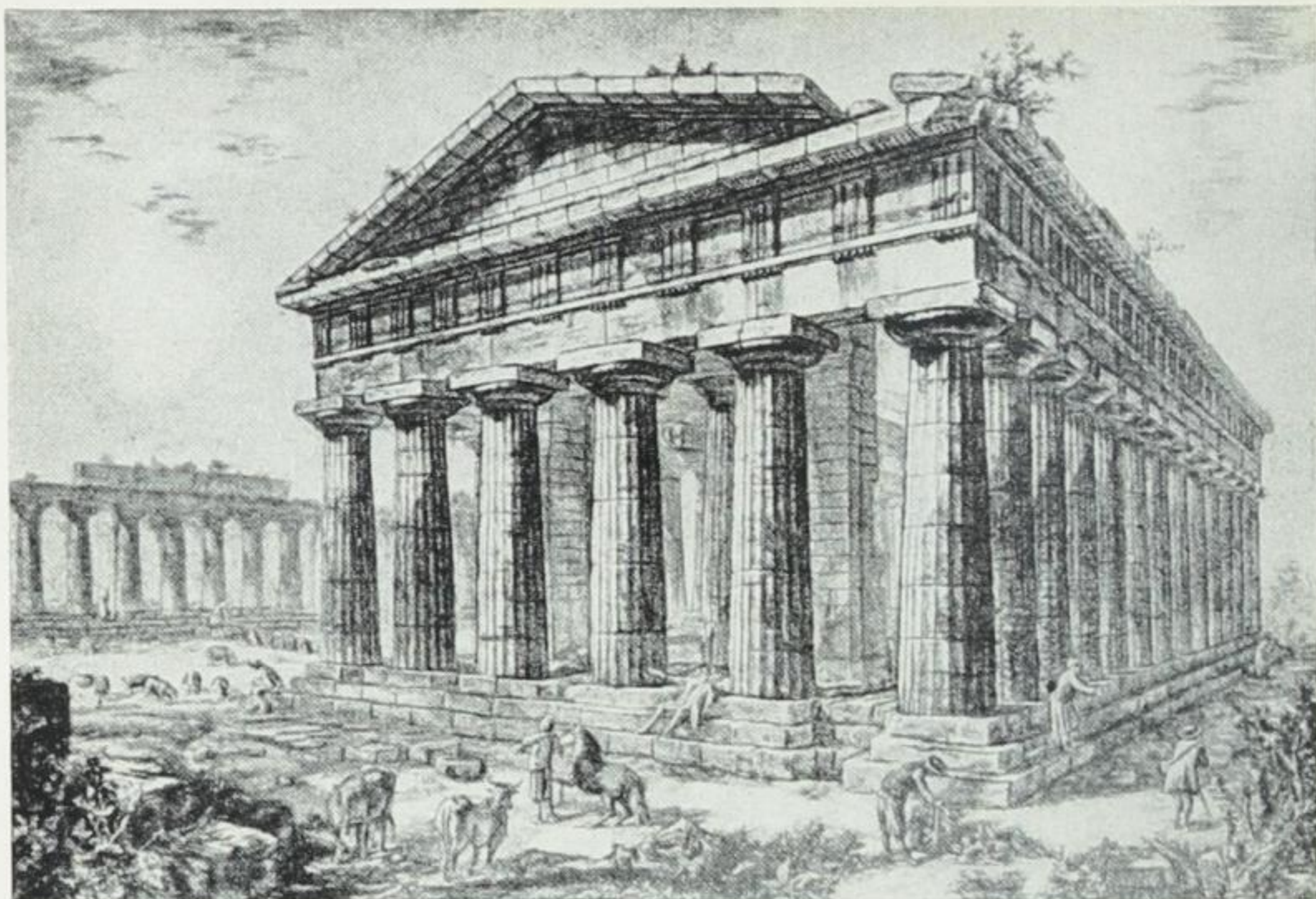




94 *Eruption of Vesuvius: Pen and water-colour drawing by Goethe*

95 *The excavated city of Pompeii*

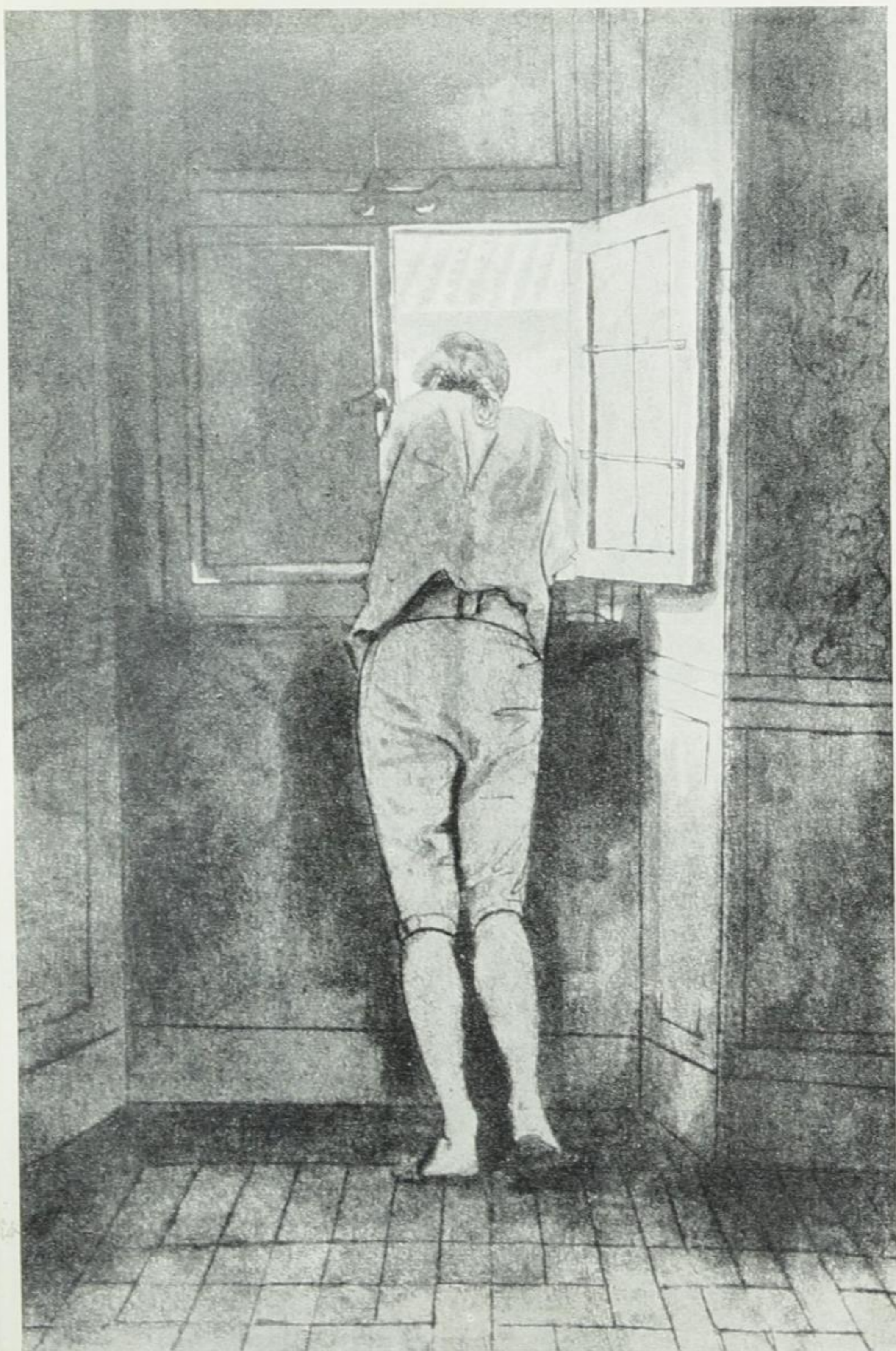




96 *The Temple of Poseidon in Paestum*

97 *Ruins of the Roman Forum*





98 *Goethe at the window of his Roman apartment: A drawing by Tischbein*



99 *Goethe in the Campagna: Painting by Tischbein*



Erster Aufzug.

Erster Auftritt.

Iphigene.

Heraus in eure Schatten, rege Wipfel  
Des alten, heil'gen, dichterlaubten Haines,  
Wie in der Göttinn stilles Heiligtum,  
Tret' ich noch jetzt mit schauernden Gefühl,  
Als wenn ich sie zum erstenmal beträte,  
Und es gewöhnt sich nicht mein Geist hierher.

A 1

100



101



102 *Bridge in the Mountains: Drawing by Goethe, 1788*

100 *Iphigenia in Tauris: Monologue, Act I, Scene 1*

101 *Title copperplate*

Goethe's  
Schriften.

Fünfter Band.



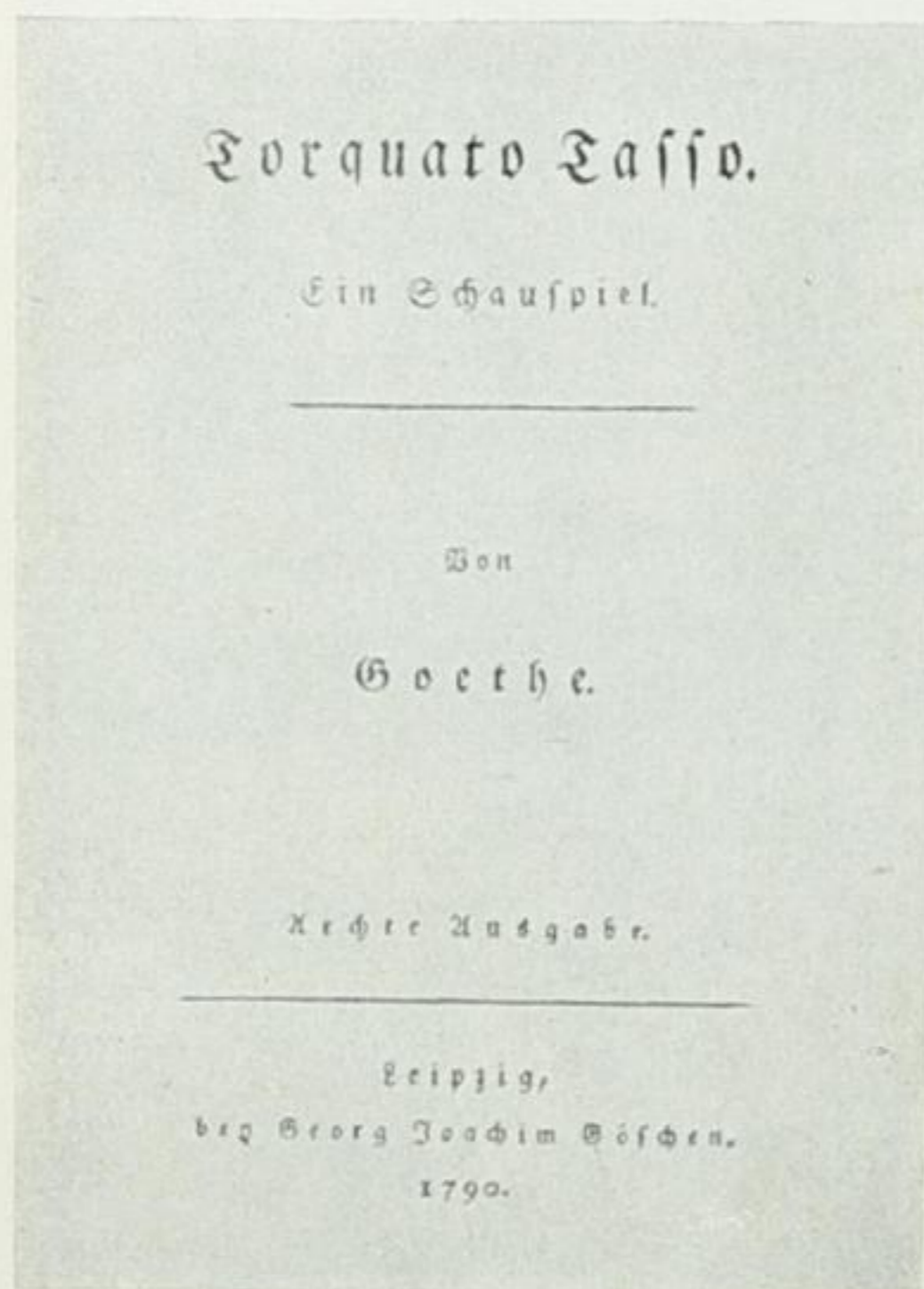
Wien und Leipzig,  
bey J. Neapel und G. J. Göschen,  
1788.



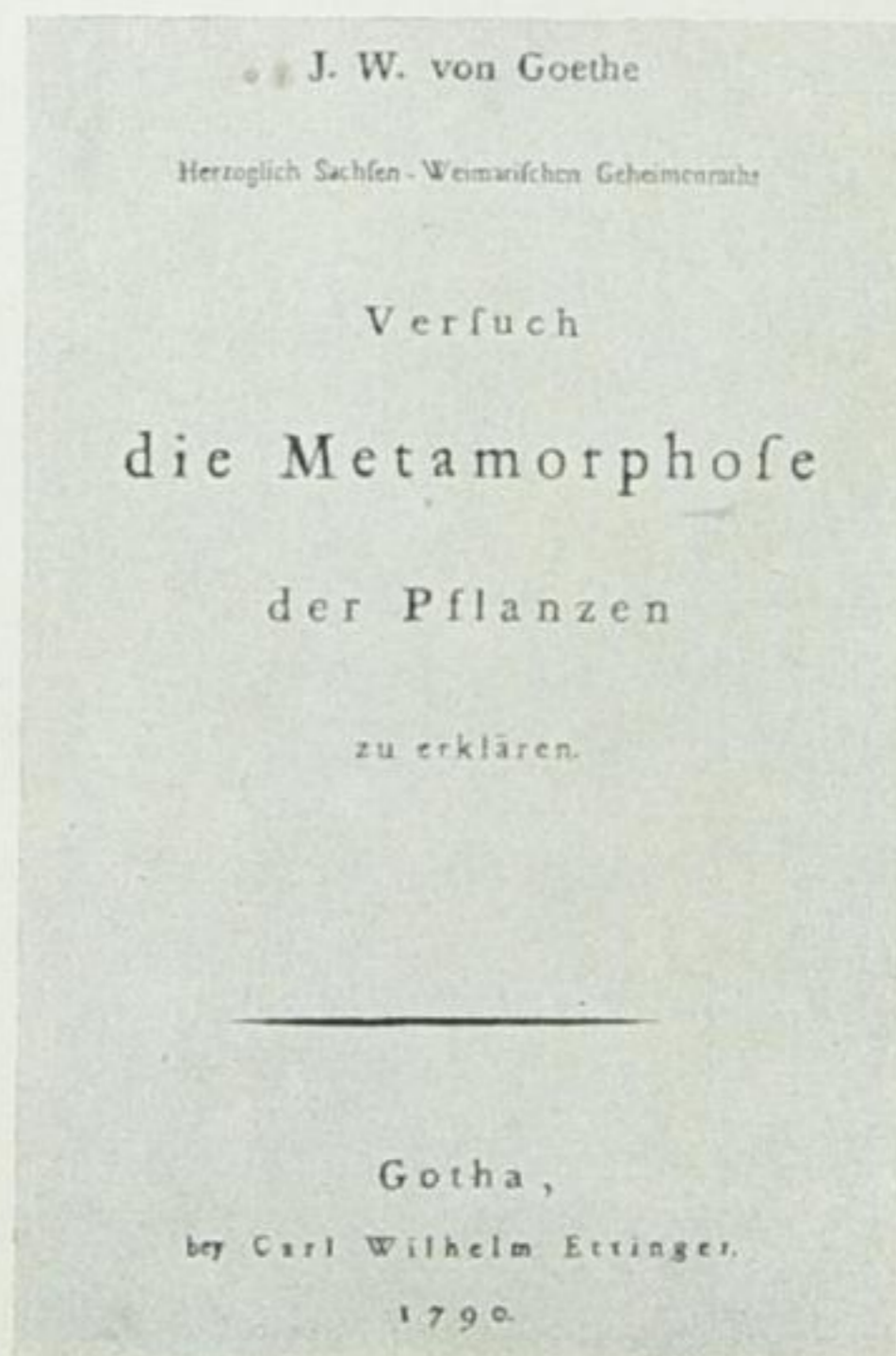
104 Title copperplate for  
"Egmont"

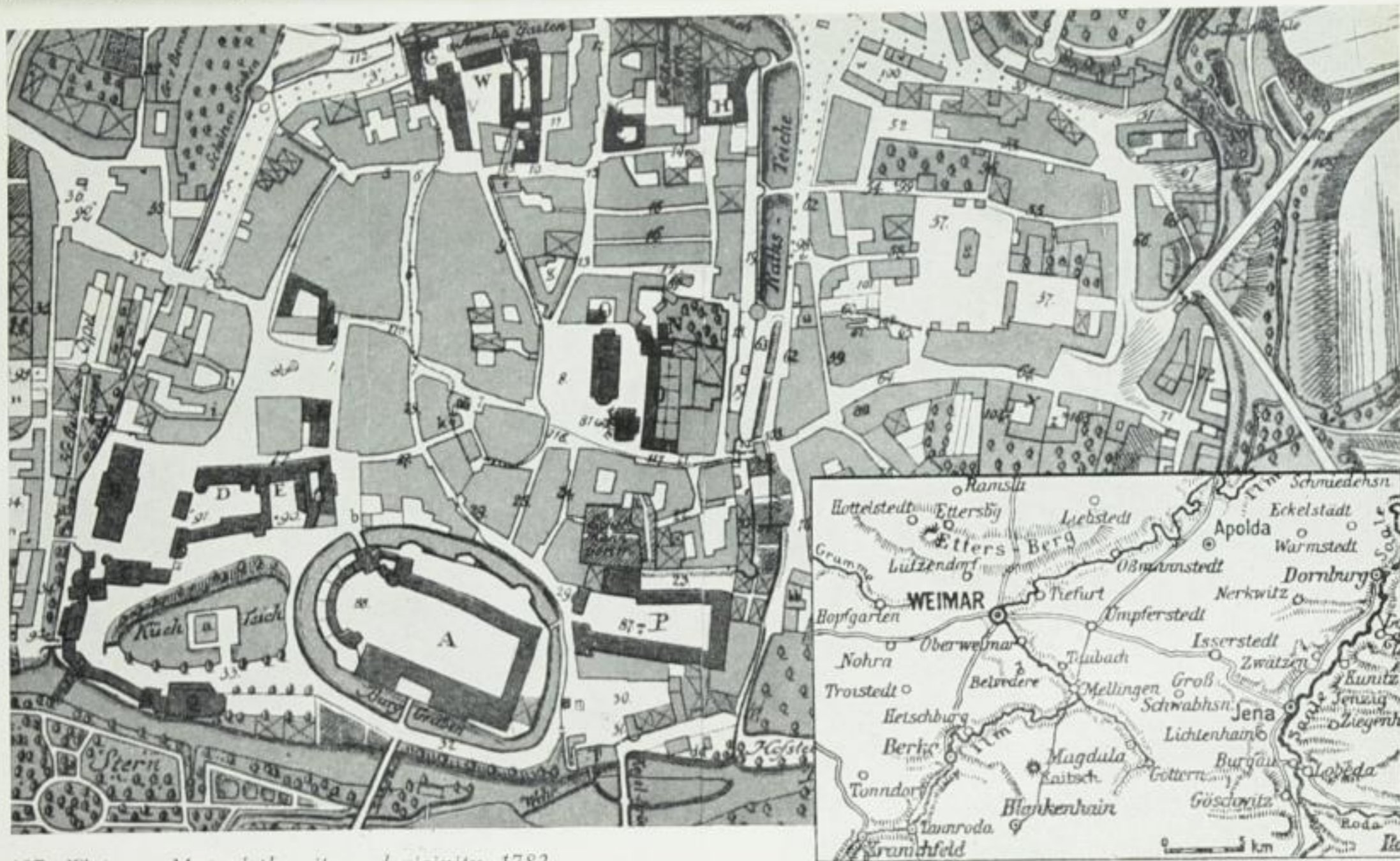
103 Title page of the edition  
of 1787-1790

105 Title page of the first edition



106 Title page of the first edition

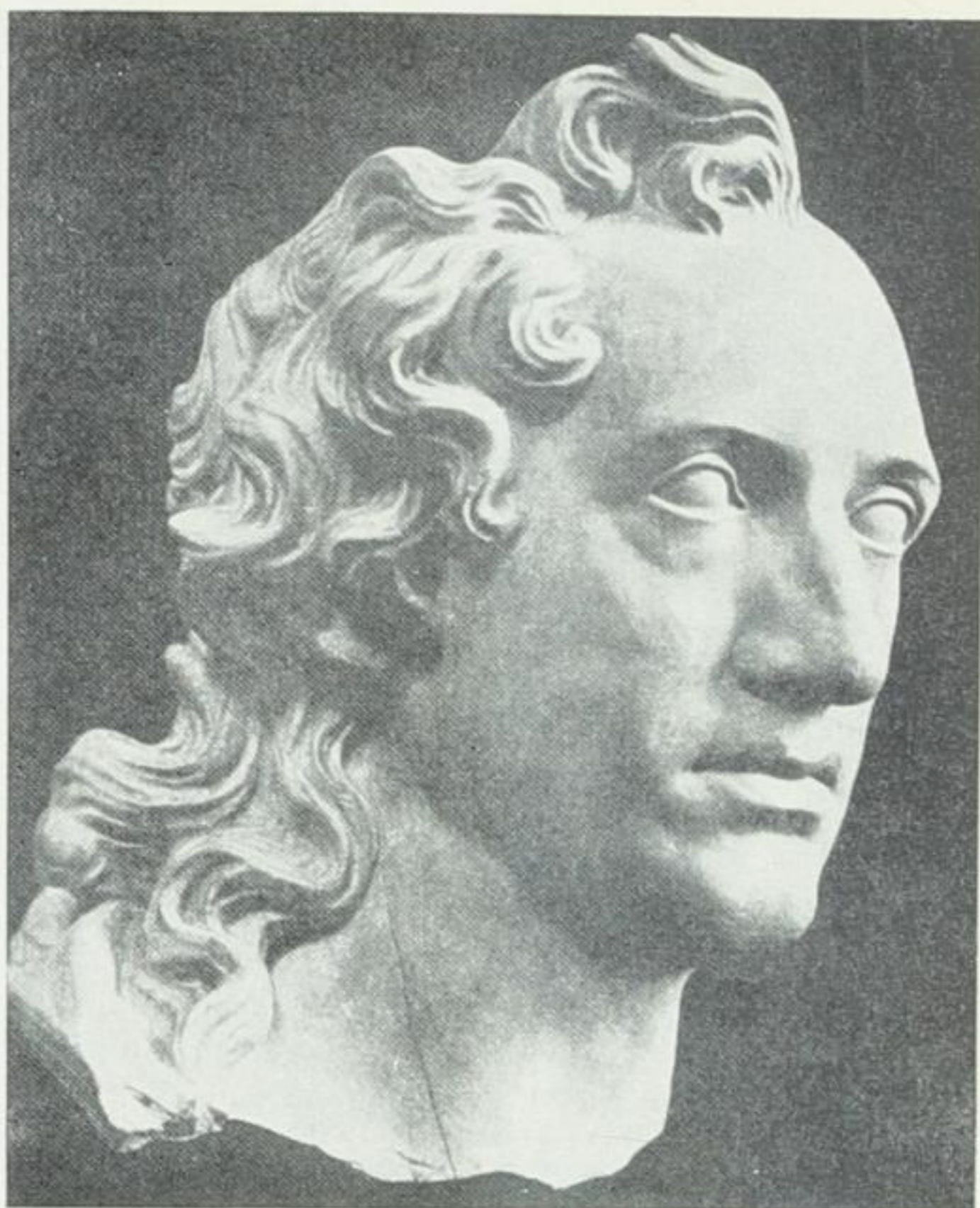




107 Weimar: Map of the city and vicinity, 1782

108

*Goethe about 1790:  
Clay bust by Klauer*



109 *Goethe at 42:  
Copper engraving  
by Lips*



110

*Christiane Vulpius:  
A drawing by Goethe*



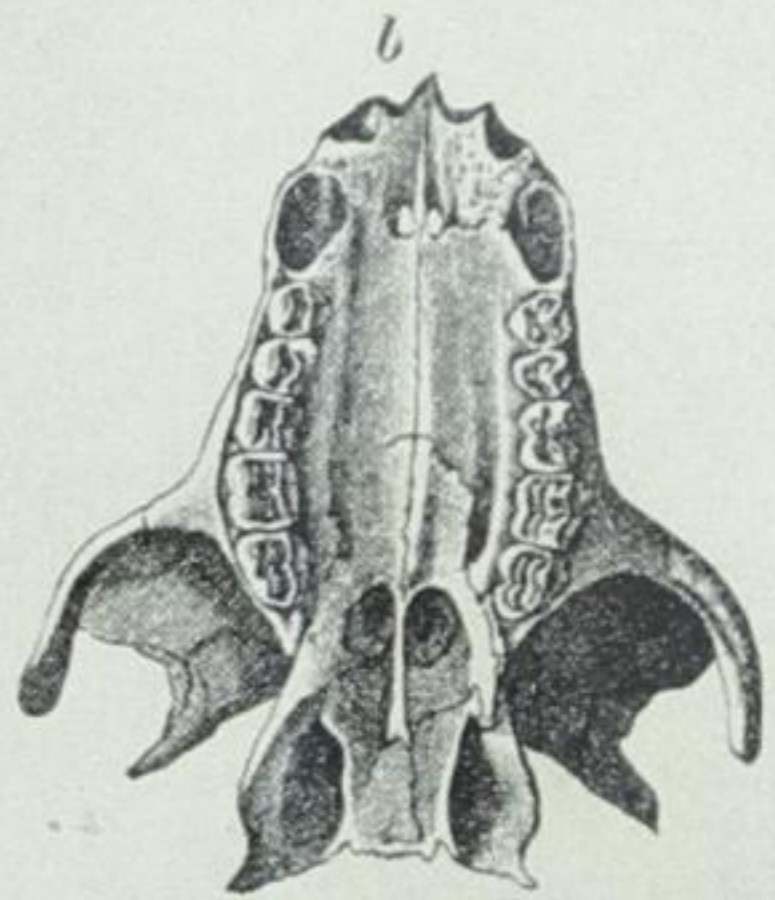
111

*Christiane and August*

Tafel V.



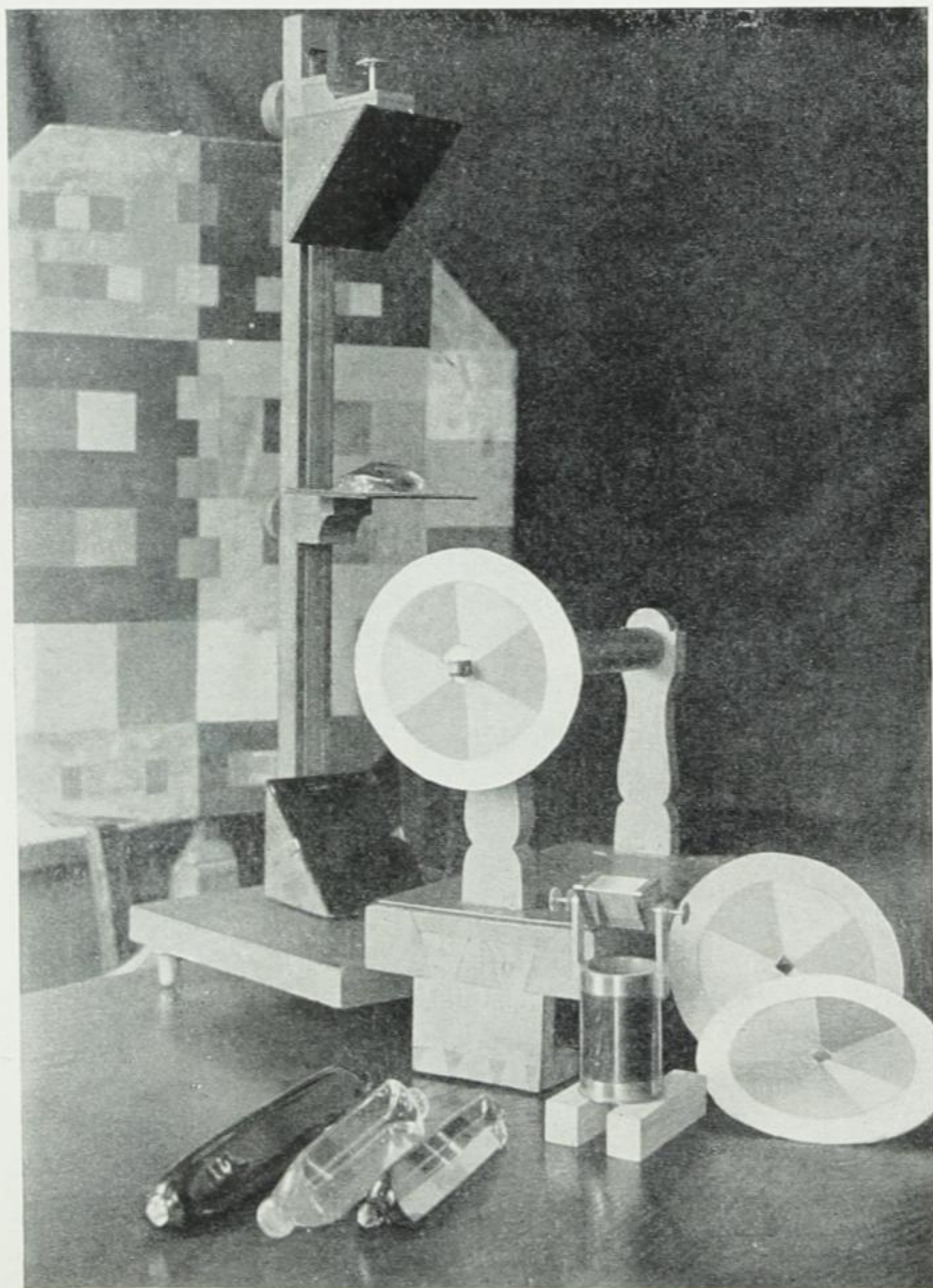
1



2.



112 *Evidence of the intermaxillary bone in man*





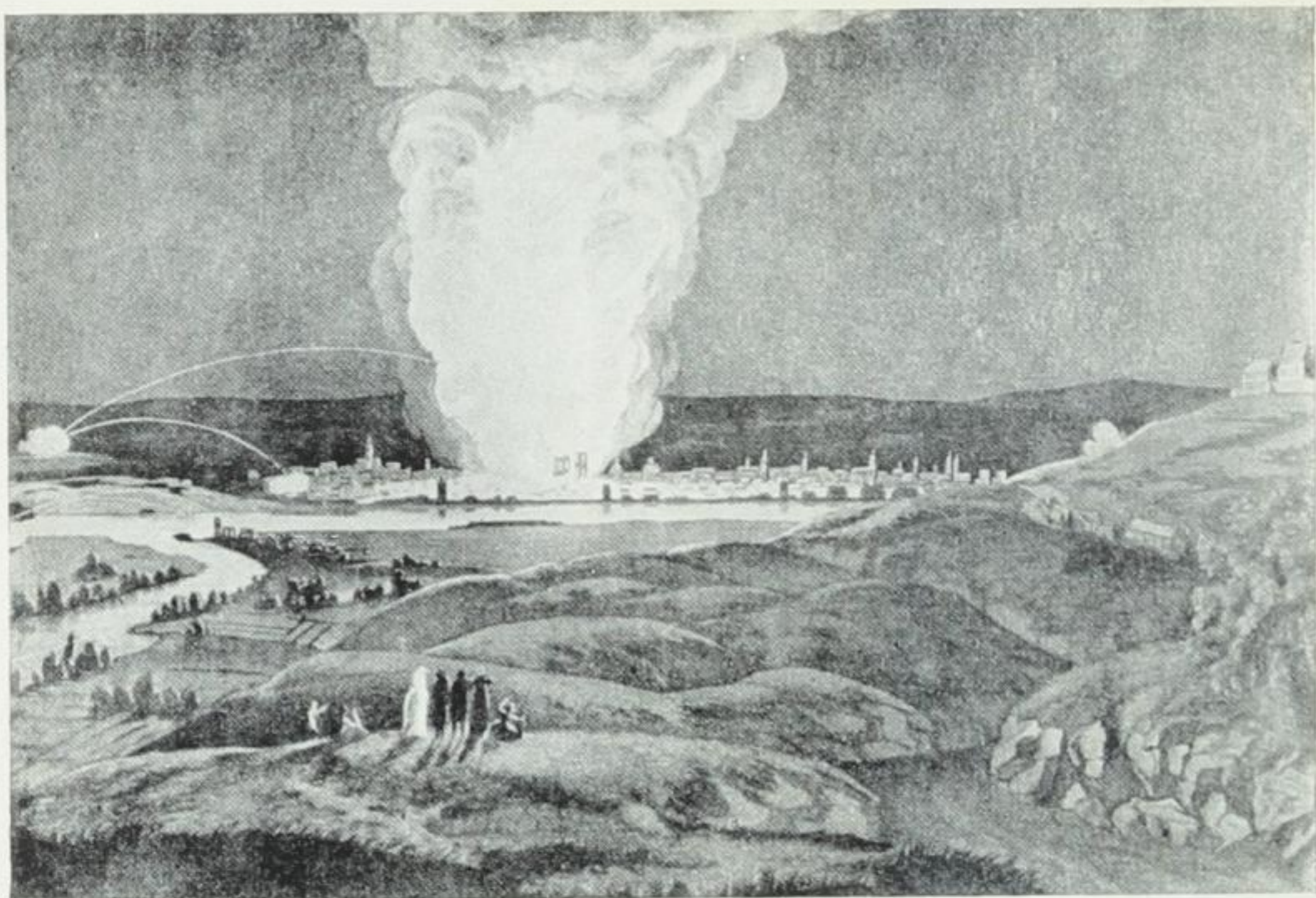
114 *The Tree of Freedom: Water-colour by Goethe*



115 *The cannonade of Valmy, 1792*

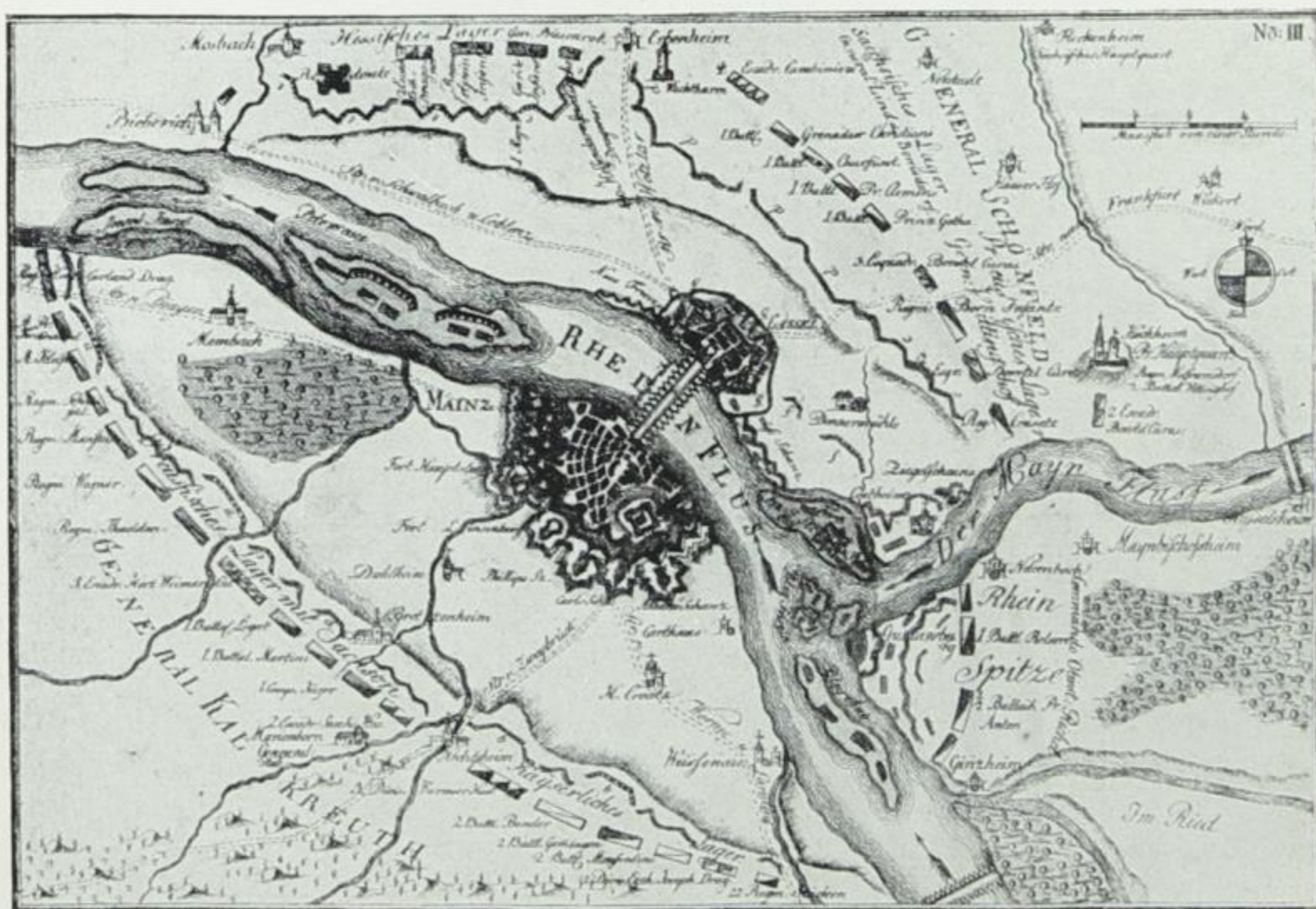
116 *Retread of the Allied troops*





117 Nocturnal bombardment of Mainz, 1793

118 Deployment of the Allied army in the siege of Mainz





119 *The Thuringian University town of Jena*

120 *The new Weimar Palace, completed in 1803*





121 *Goethe at the age of 51: Chalk drawing by Bury*

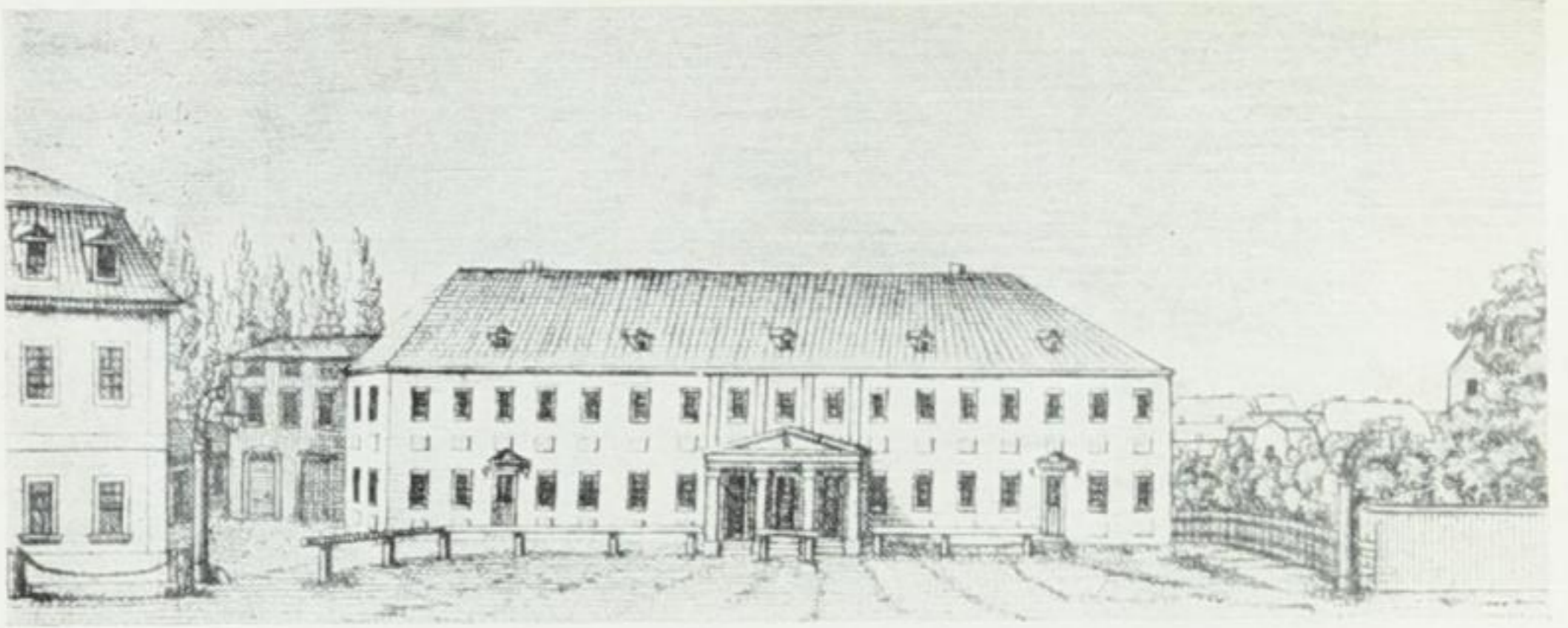




122 *The Rooster's Accusation: Copperplate for "Reynard the Fox"*

123 *Two scenes from "Hermann and Dorothea"*





124 *The old Weimar Comedy and Court Theatre*

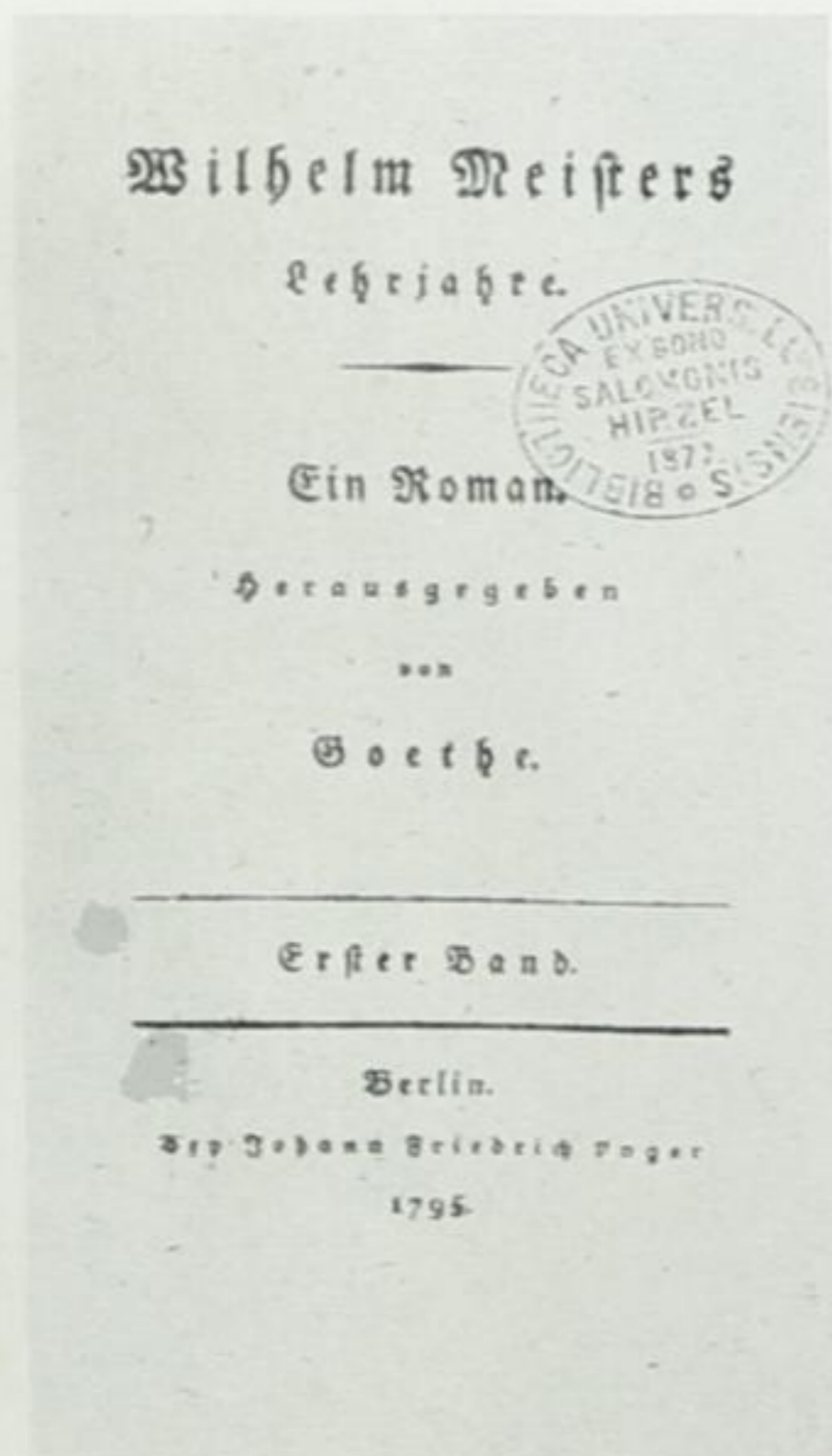
125 *Costumes for "The Magic Flute": Water-colour by Kraus*



126  
Goethe's publisher  
Cotta



127 "Wilhelm Meister"



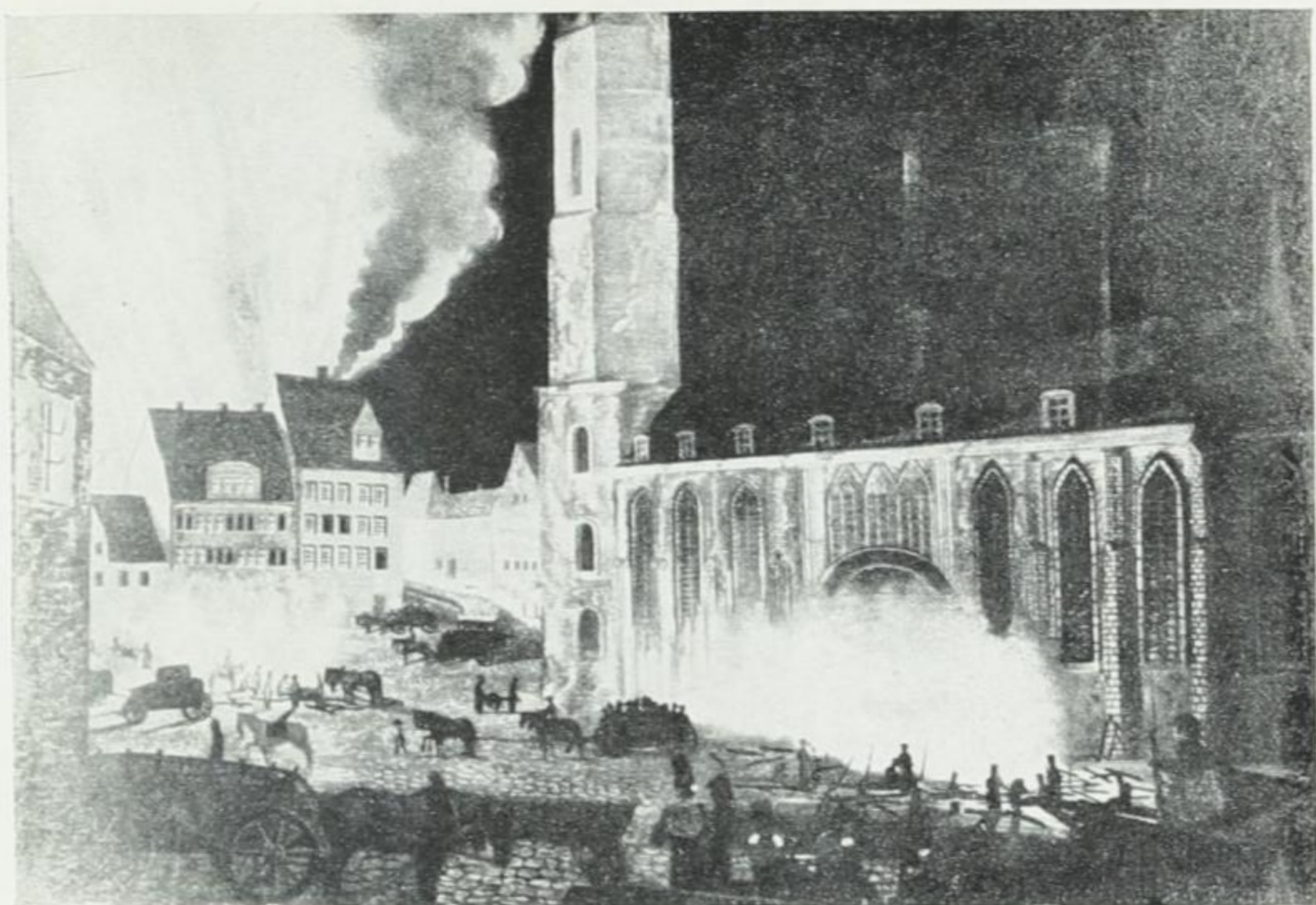
128 "The Treasure-Digger"



Der Schatzgräber



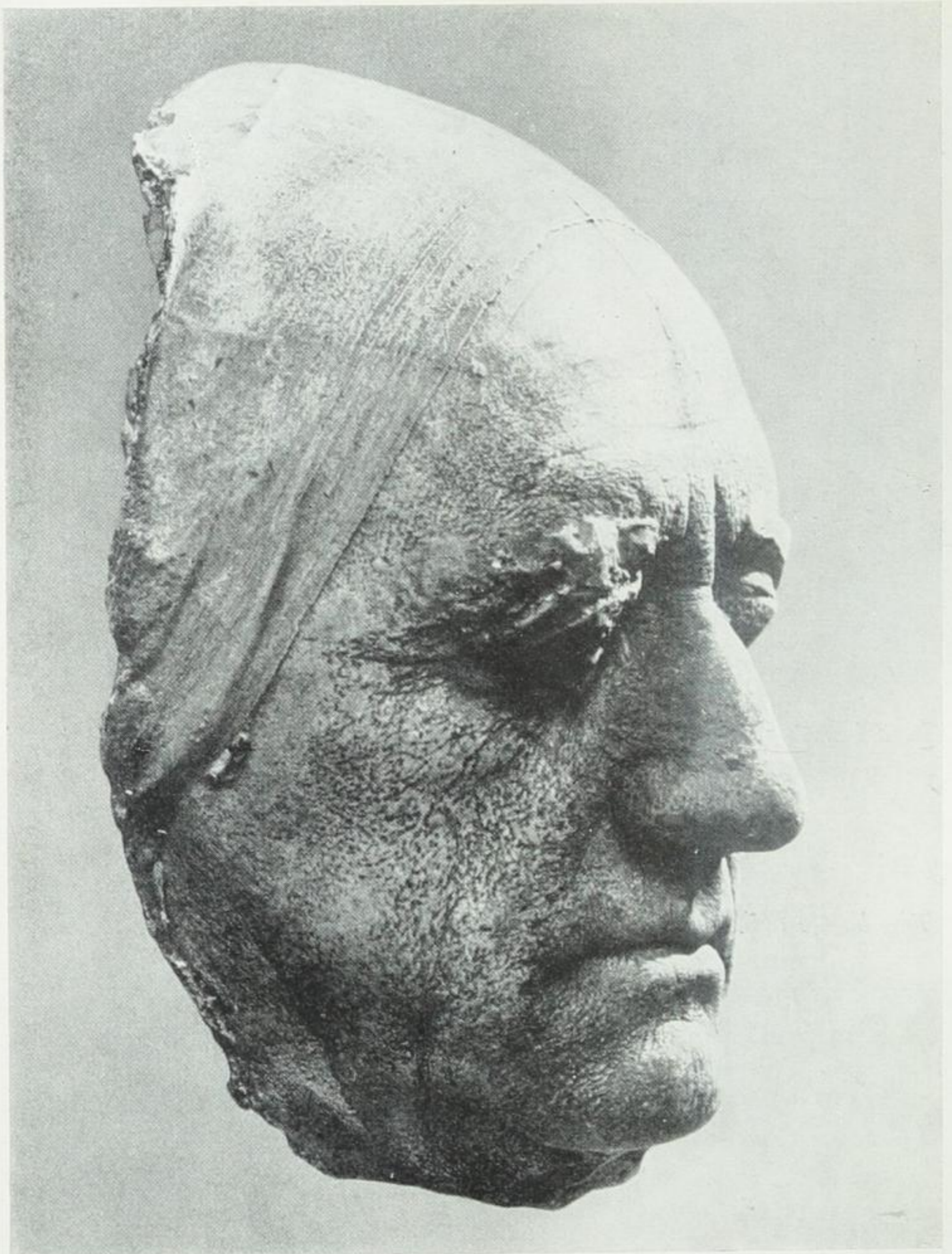
129 *Schiller on his death-bed: Chalk drawing by Jagemann*



130 *Jena burning before the battle*

131 *The battle of Jena*





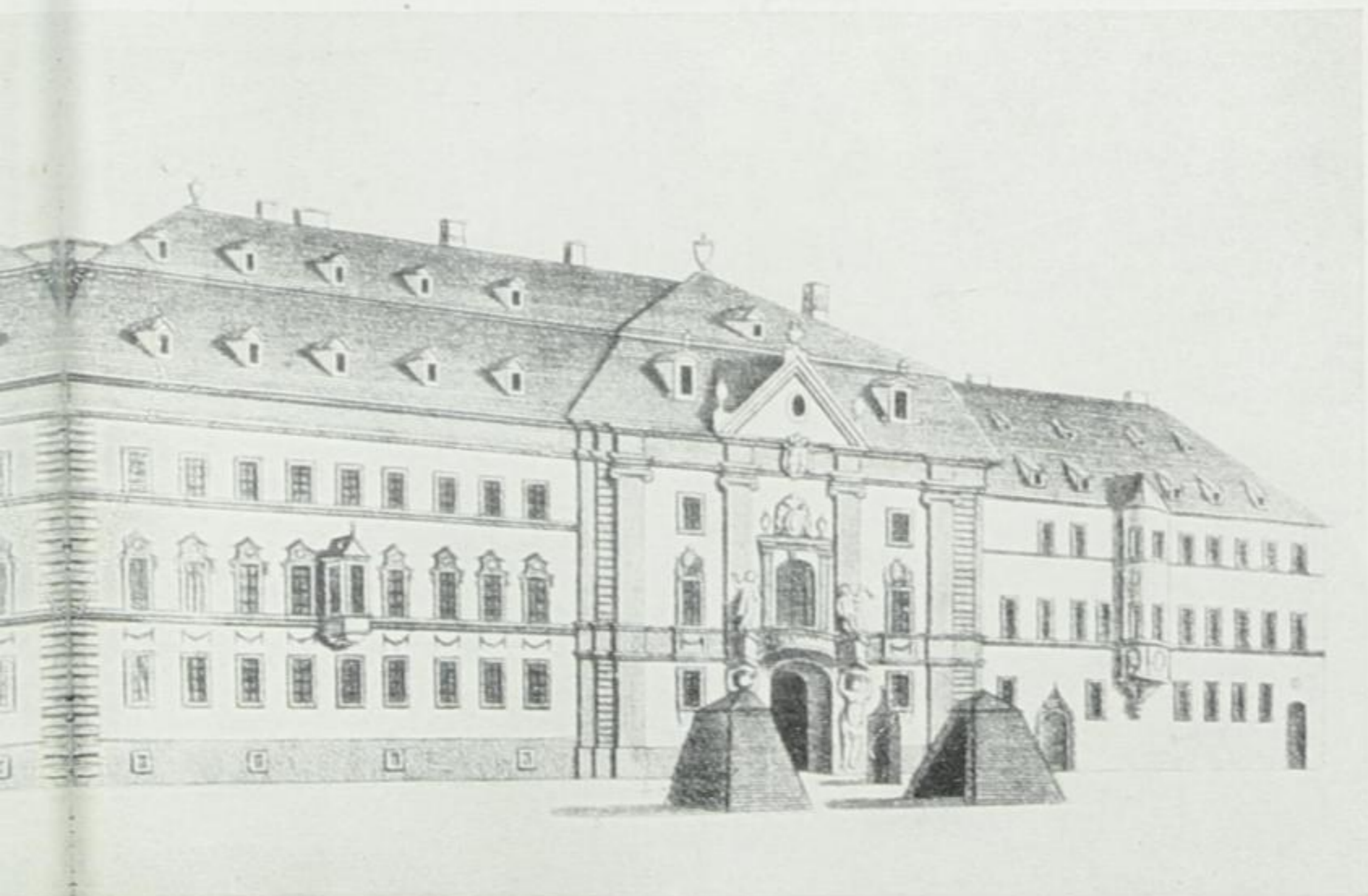
132 *Goethe at the age of 58: Mask by Weisser*

133 *Napoleon I, re-shaper of Europe*



134 *Beethoven, tone poet of the age*

135 *The Erfurt Regent's Palais, scene of the Princes Congress*





Doct Faust.  
Berühmter Schwarzkünstler

Des  
Durch die ganze Welt  
beruffenen  
Erb-Schwarz-Künstlers  
und Zauberers  
Doctor Johann  
Fausts,

Mit dem Teufel auffgerichtetes  
Bündniß, Abentheurlicher Lebens-  
Wandel und mit Schrecken genom-  
menes Ende,

Nunß neue übersehen/

In eine beliebte Kürze zusammen gezogen,  
Und allen vorsetzlichen Sündern zu  
einer herrlichen Vermahnung und  
Warnung

zum Druck befördert  
von Einem

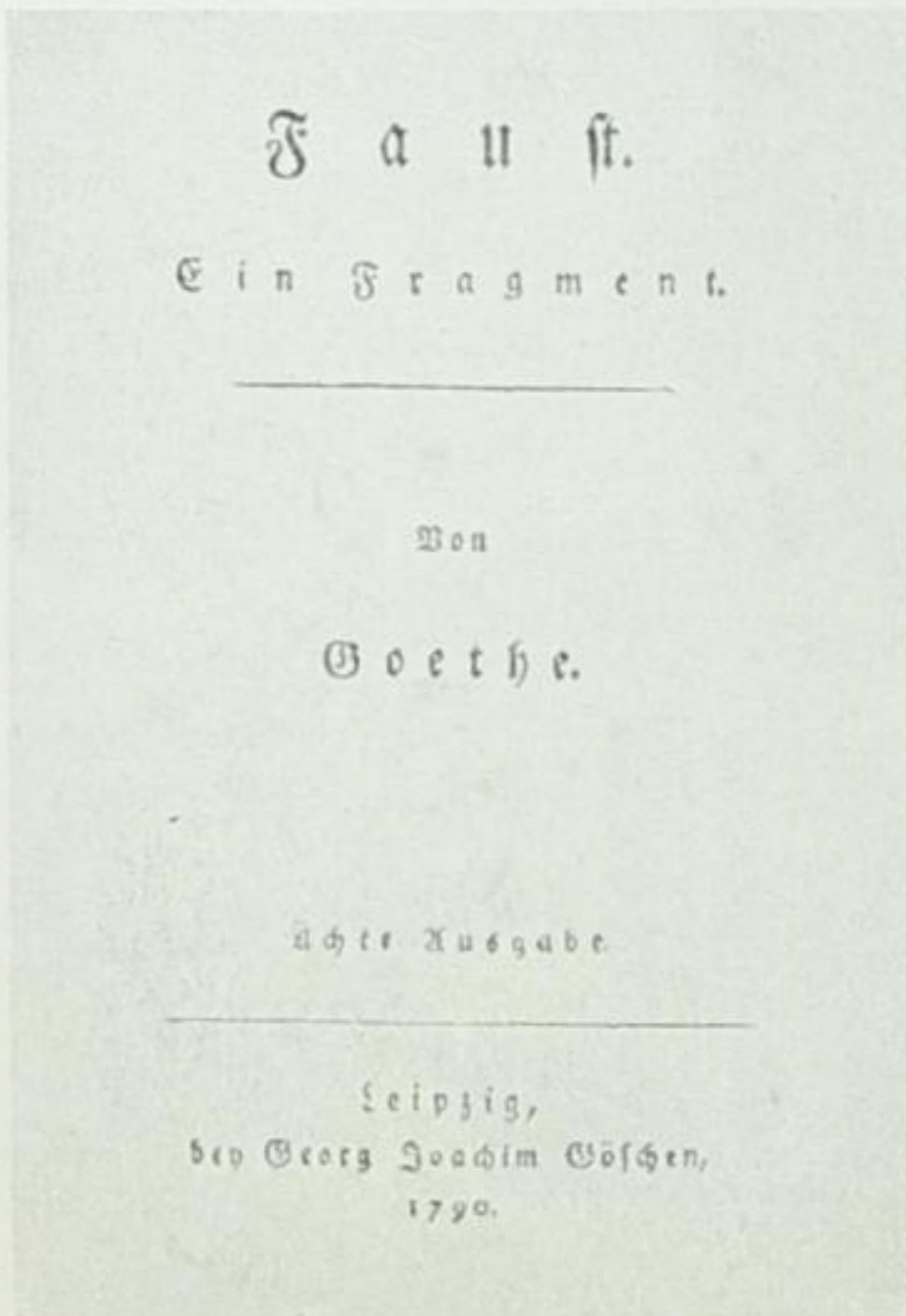
Christlich-Meynenden.

—————

Frankfurt und Leipzig,  
1724.

136 Title illustration and title of the folk tale of Doctor Faust

137 Title and title plate of the first edition





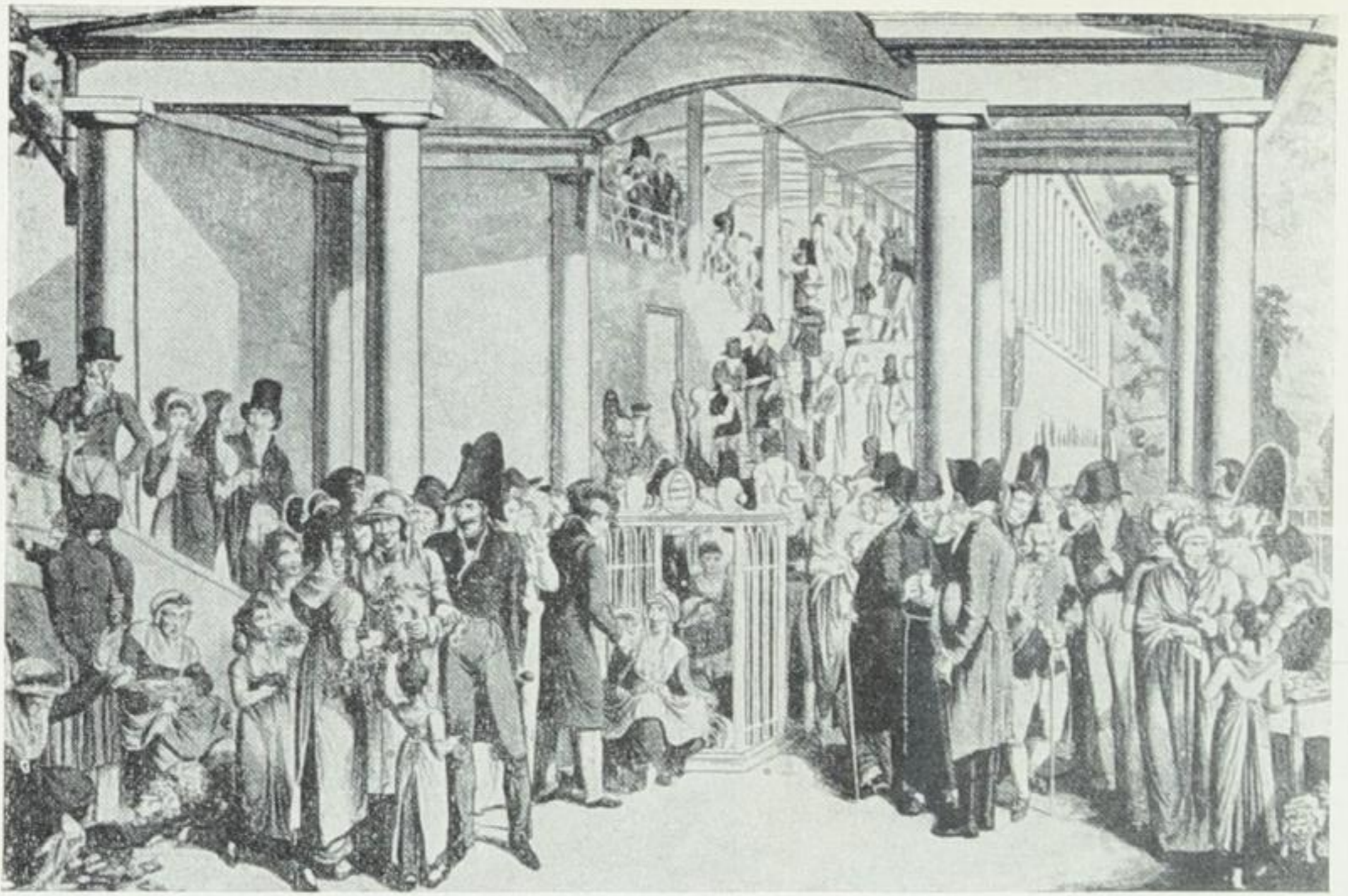
*Appearance of the Earth Spirit:  
A drawing by Goethe*



139 *Margaret's Room: Lithograph by Delacroix*

140 *Night. Open Field: Lithograph by Delacroix*





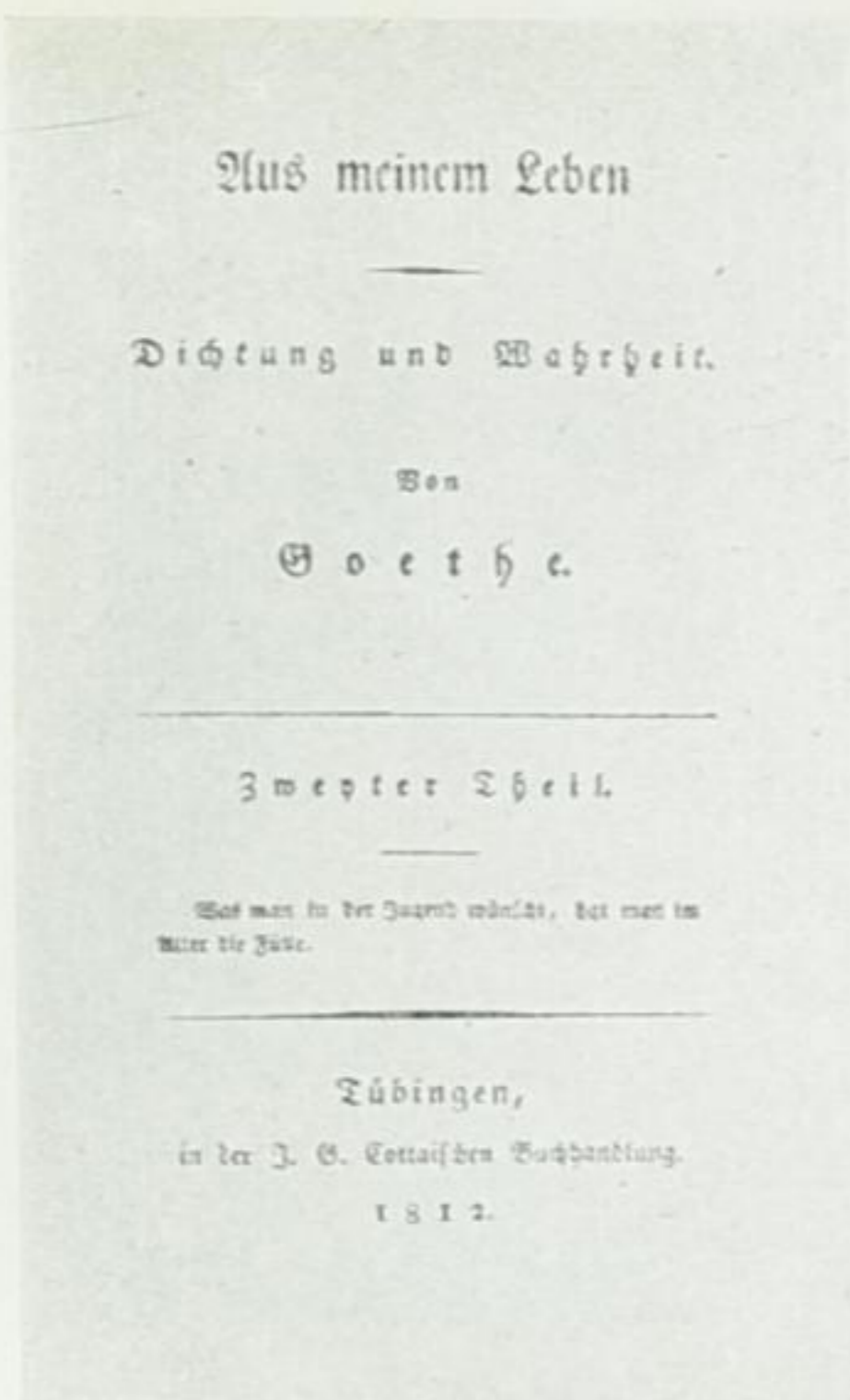
141 *Patients at the Karlsbad Spa*

142 *Minchen Herzlieb —  
“Friendly Meeting”*



143 *Title plate of  
“Elective Affinities”*





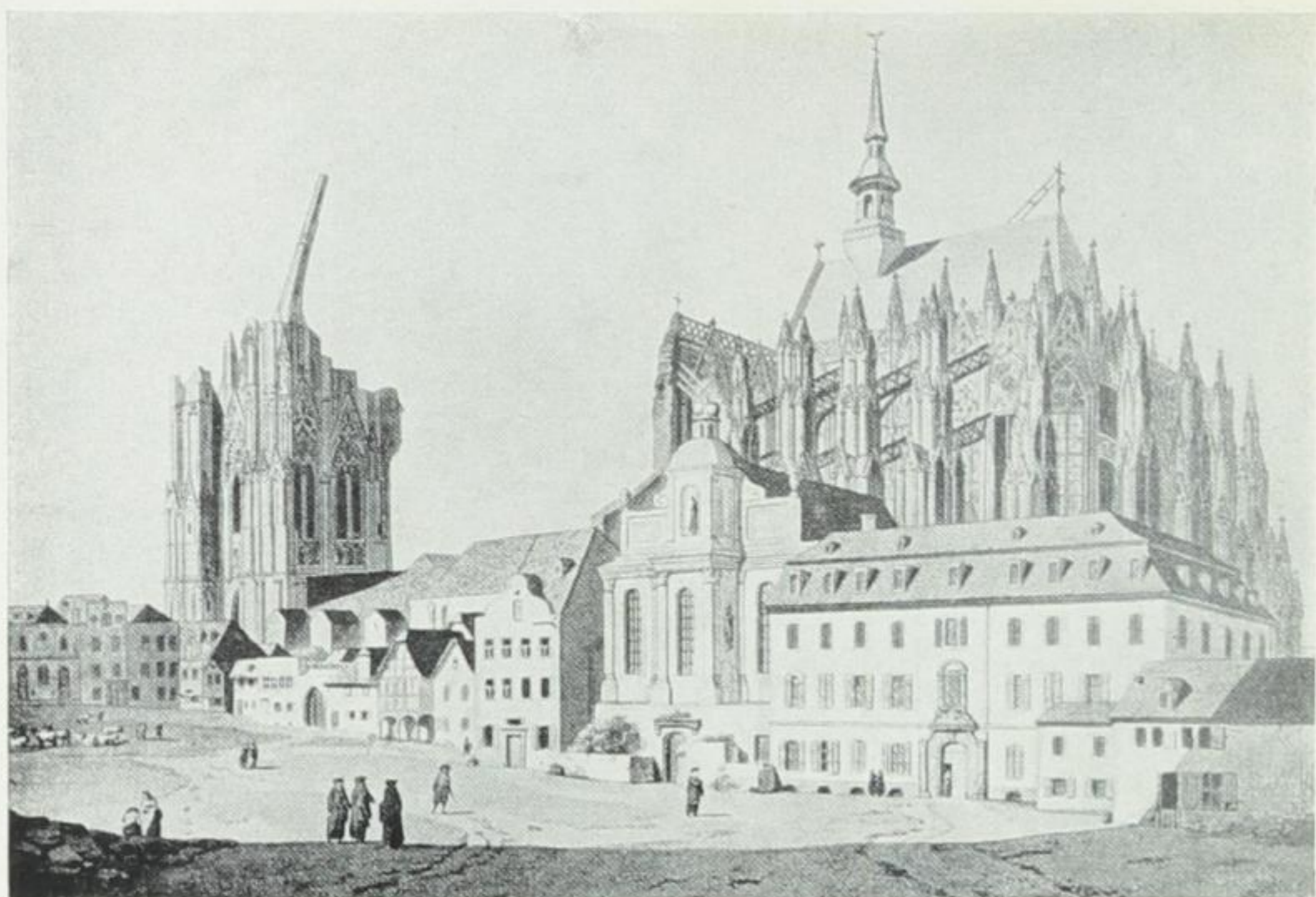
144 *Title page of the first edition*



145 *The painter J. H. Meyer:  
Self-portrait*

146 *At Grimma Gate after the Battle of the Nations near Leipzig,  
October 18, 1813*

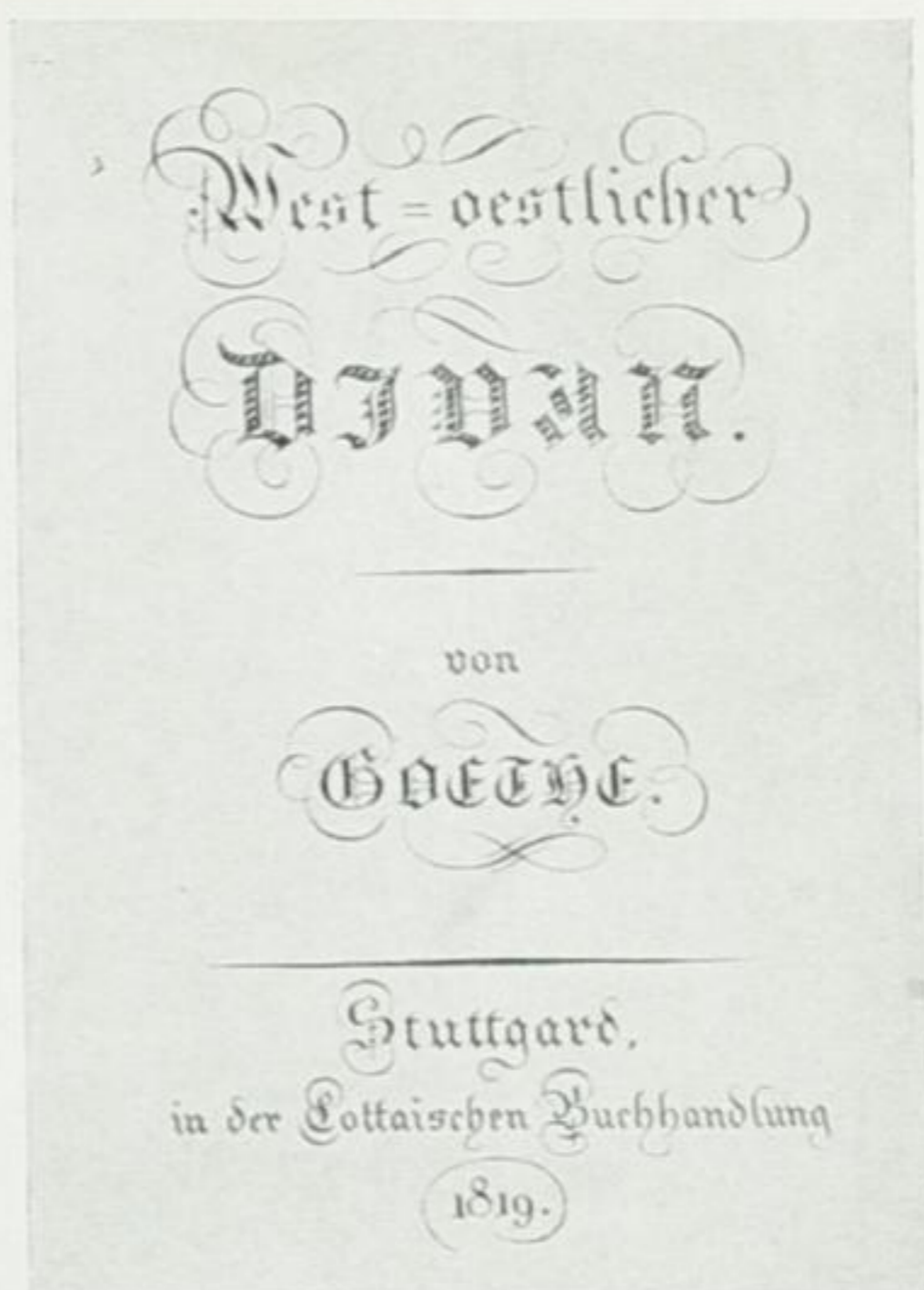




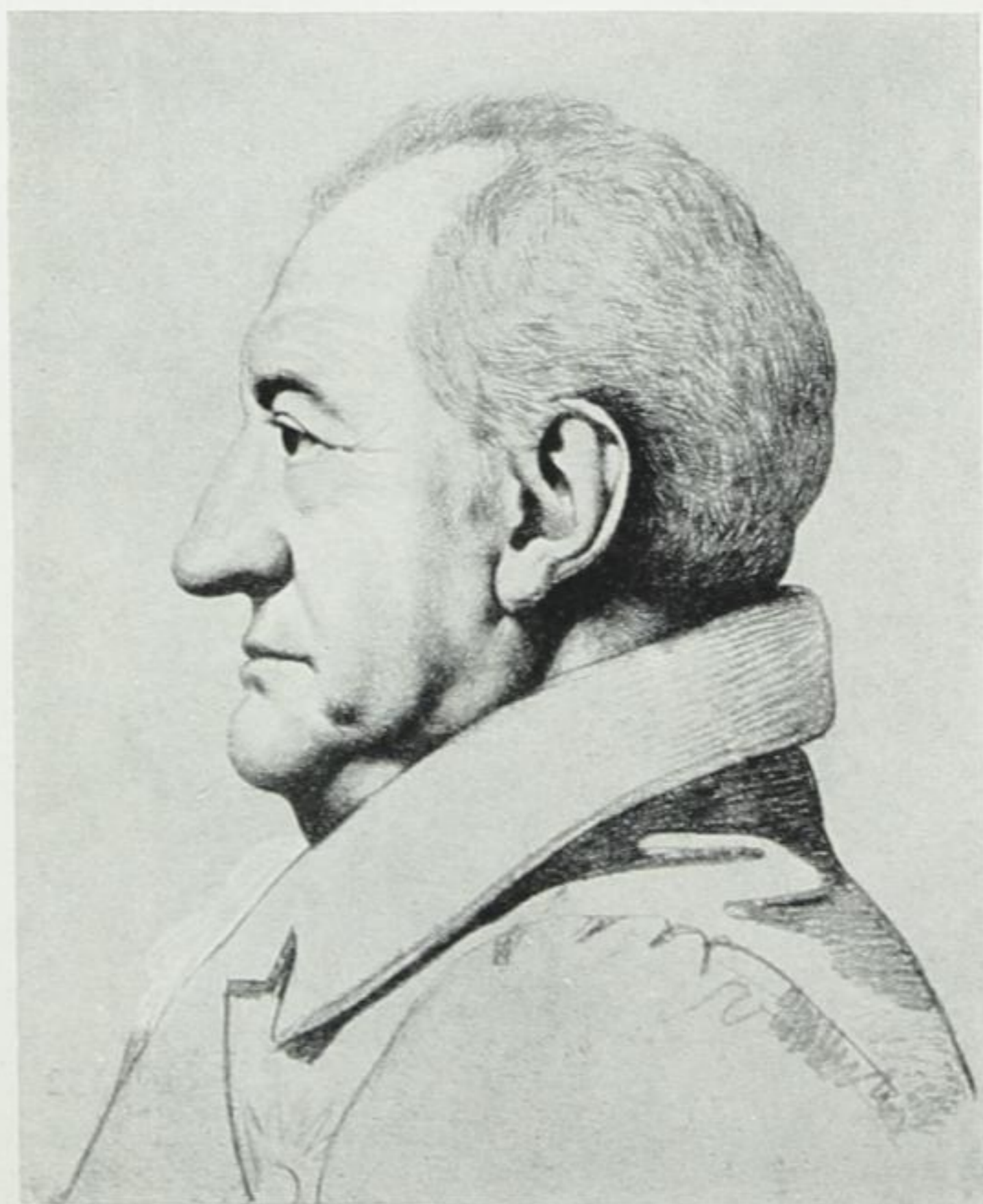
147 *The unfinished cathedral at Cologne*



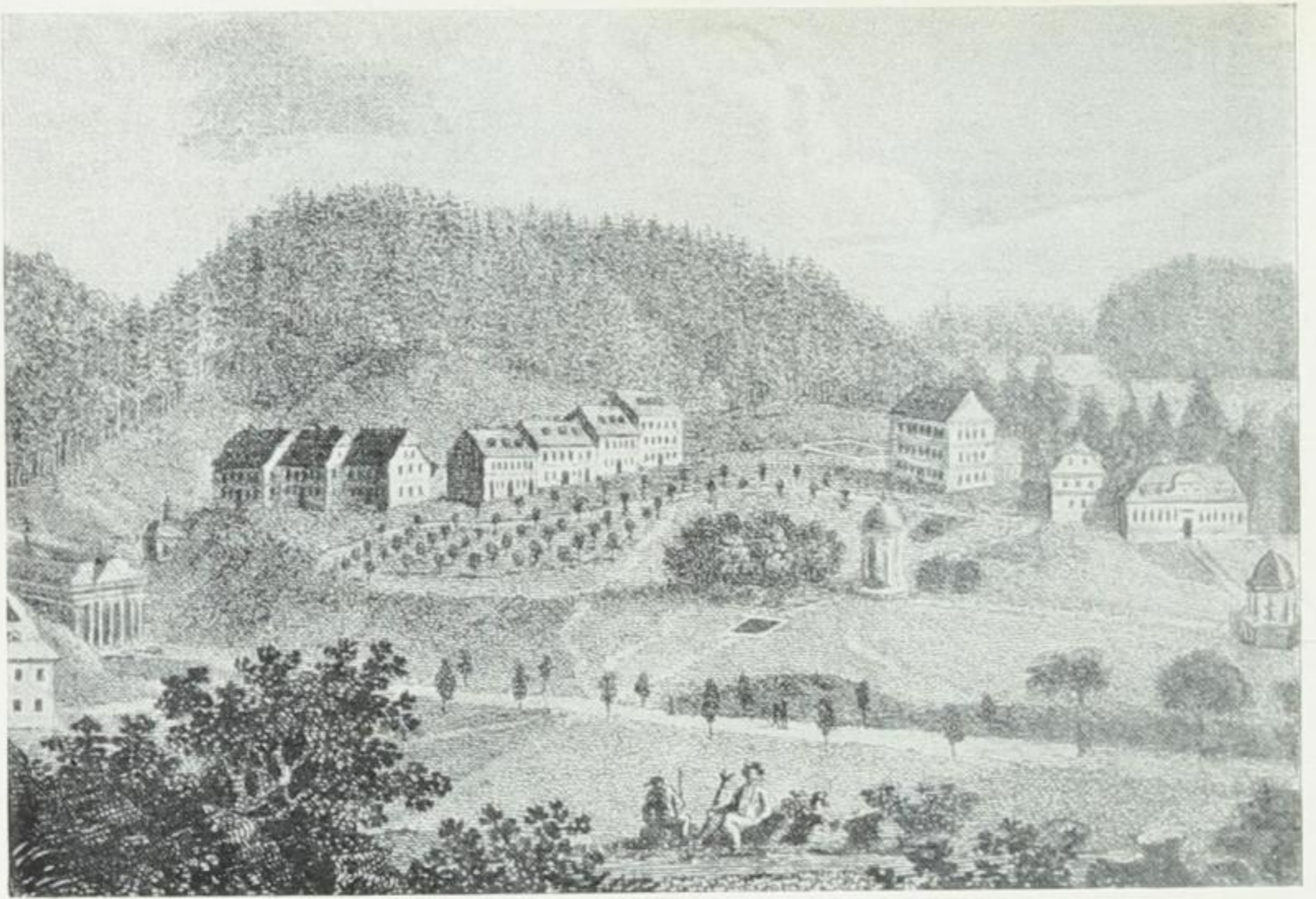
148  
*Marianne von Willemer —  
"Suleika"*



149 Title plate for the "West-Eastern Divan"



150  
 Goethe  
 68 years old:  
 Drawing by  
 Jagemann



151 *The watering place Marienbad, founded in 1818*



152  
*Ulrike von Levetzow  
Goethe's last passion*

Was soll ich nun vom Wiederschen hoffen?<sup>2</sup>  
 Von dieses Tages noch geschlossener Blüte.<sup>2</sup>  
 Das Paradies, die Hölle steht dir offen,  
 Wie wanzelsinnig regt sich im Gemüthe!<sup>1</sup>  
 Kein Zweifel mehr! Sie tritt an's Himmels Thor,  
 Zu Ithras Armen hebt Sie dich empor.

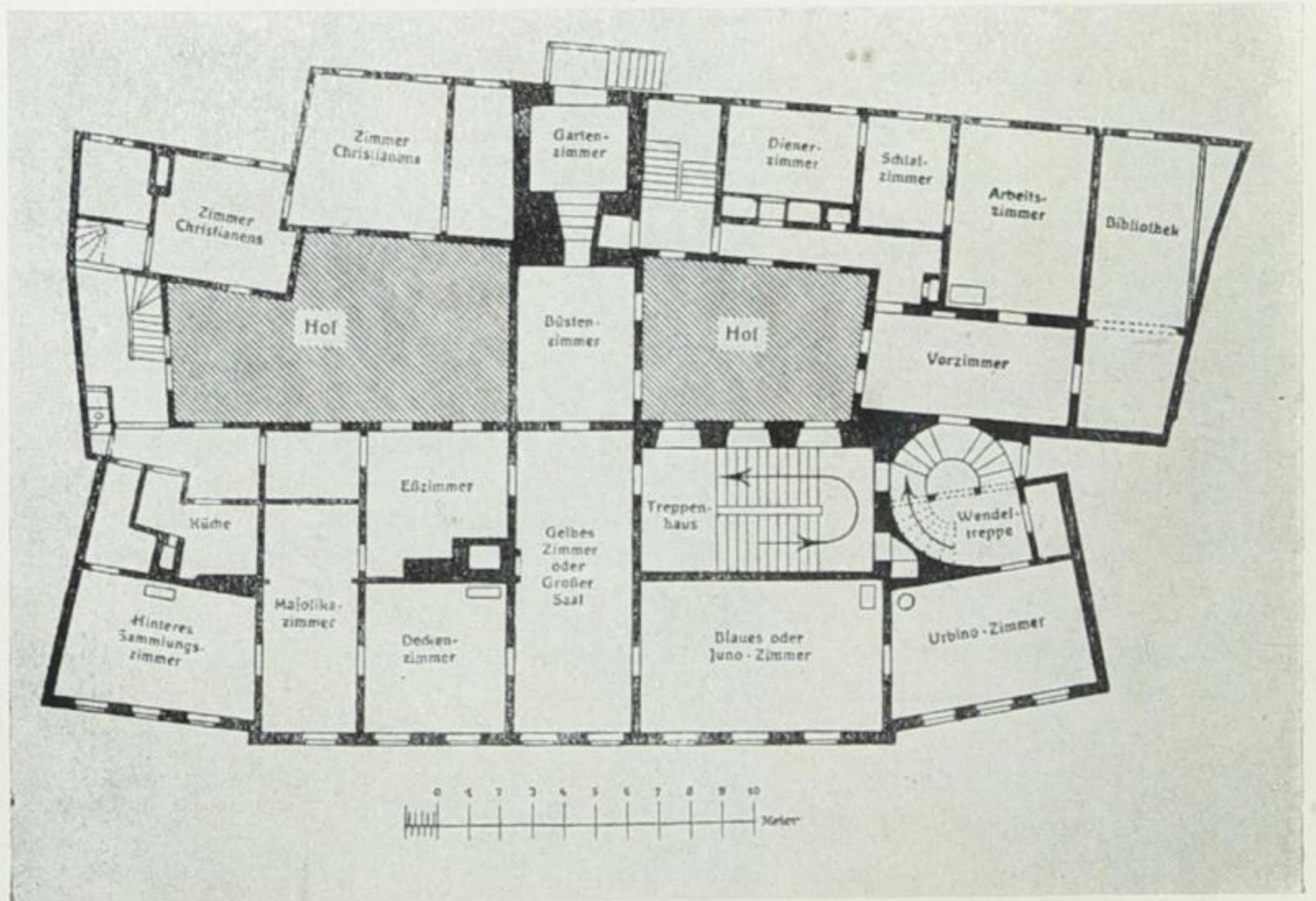
Verlaßt mich hier, getreue Weggenossen!  
 Laßt mich allein am Fels, im Moor und Moos;  
 Nur immer zu! euch ist die Welt erschlossen,  
 Die Erde weit, der Himmel hehr und groß;  
 Betrachtet, forschet, die Einzelheiten sammelt,  
 Naturgeheimniß werde nachgestammelt.

Mir ist das All, ich bin mir selbst verlohren,  
 Der ich noch erst den Göttern Liebling war;  
 Sie prüften mich verließen mir Pandora,  
 So reich an Gütern, reicher an Gefahr;  
 Sie drängten mich zum gabeseligem Munde,  
 Sie trennen mich, und richten mich zu Grunde.



154 *Goethe's house on the Frauenplan, Weimar*

155 *Plan of the first storey*

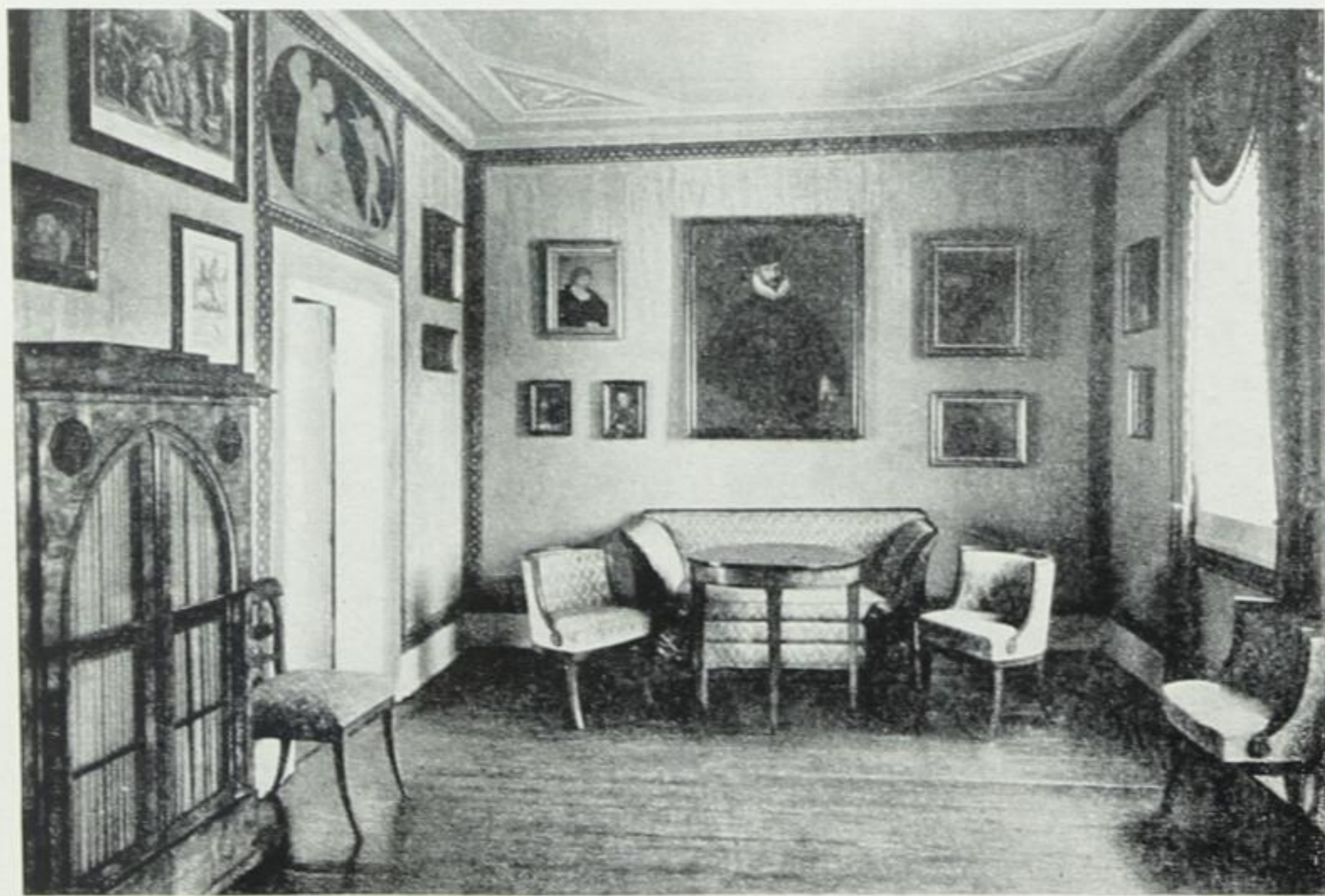


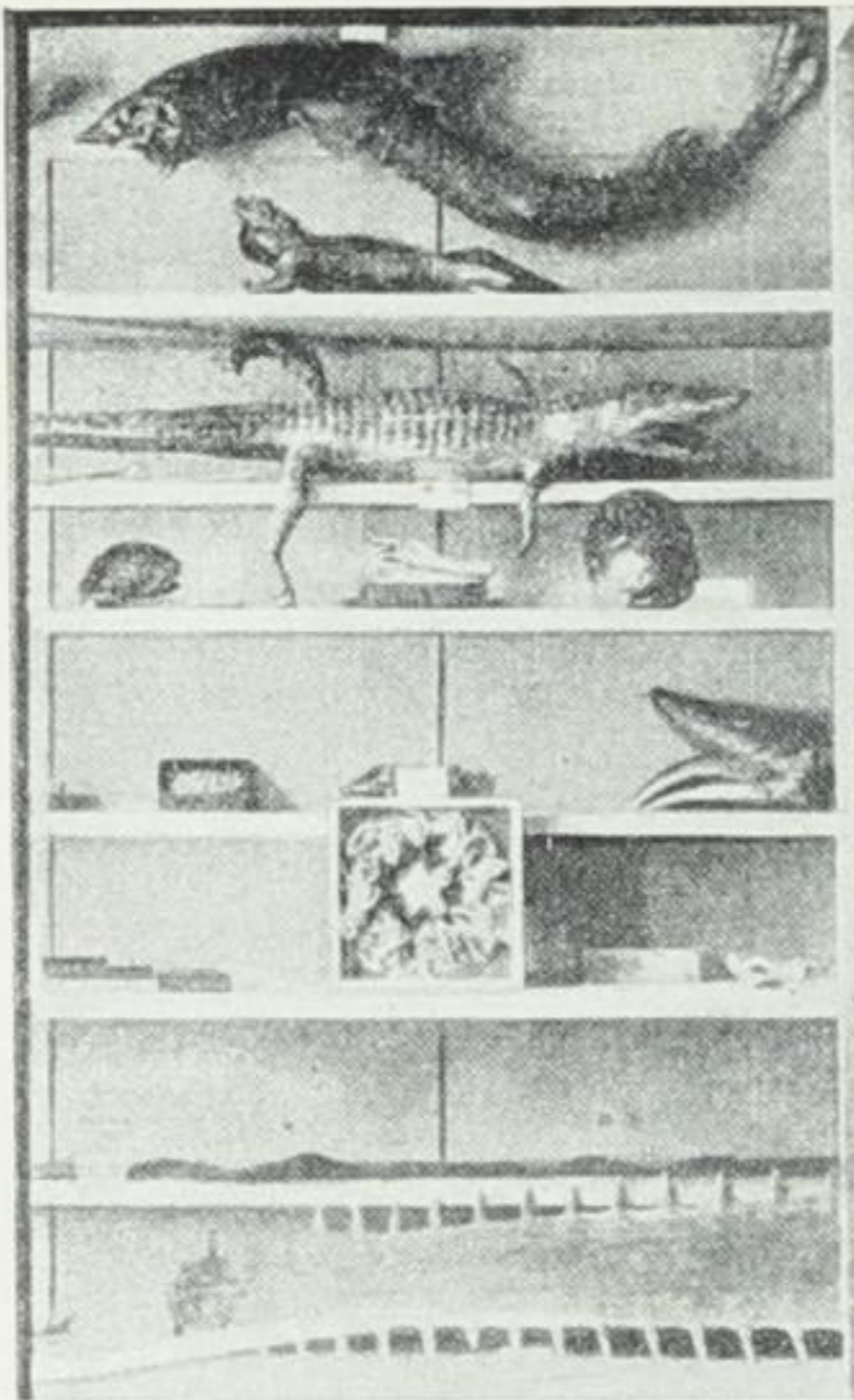




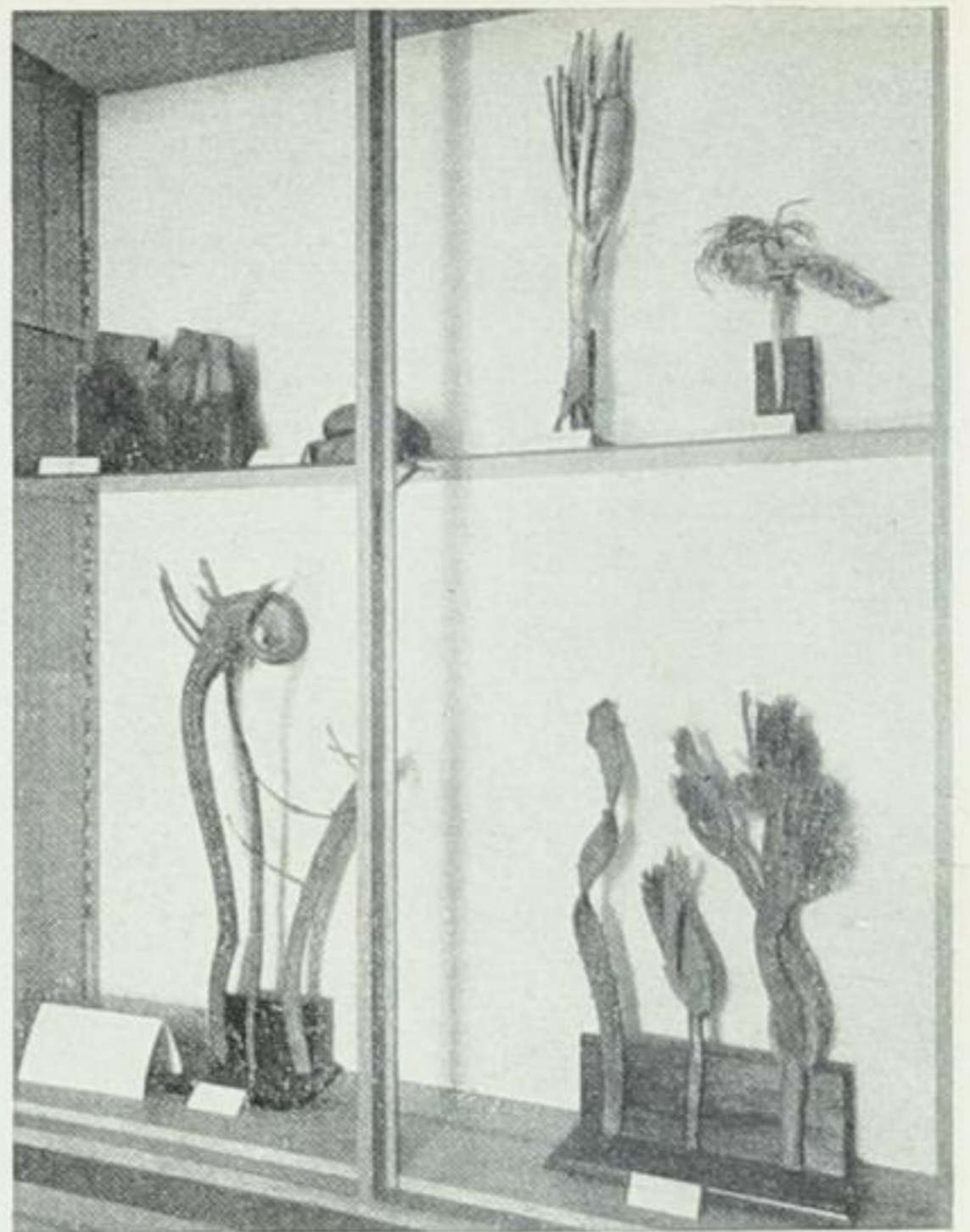
156 *The Juno Room*

157 *The Urbino Room*



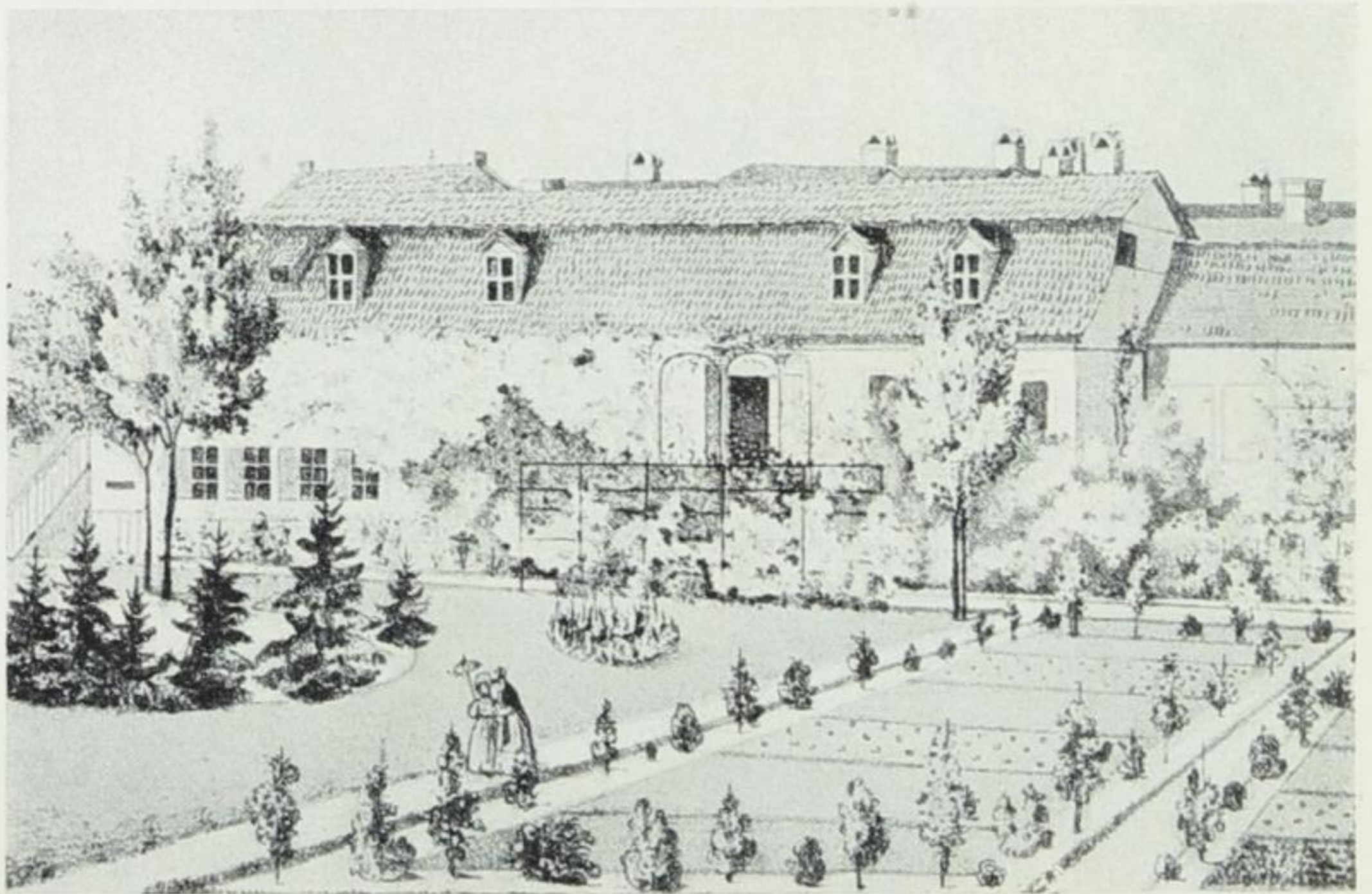


158 *Collection of zoological specimens*



159 *Collection of botanical specimens*

160 *Goethe's House Garden about 1830*





161 *Goethe's son August*



162 *Otilie, his daughter-in-law*

*Goethe's grandchildren*



163 *Walther*



164  
*Wolfgang*



165 *Alma*



166 *Goethe dictating to his secretary John*



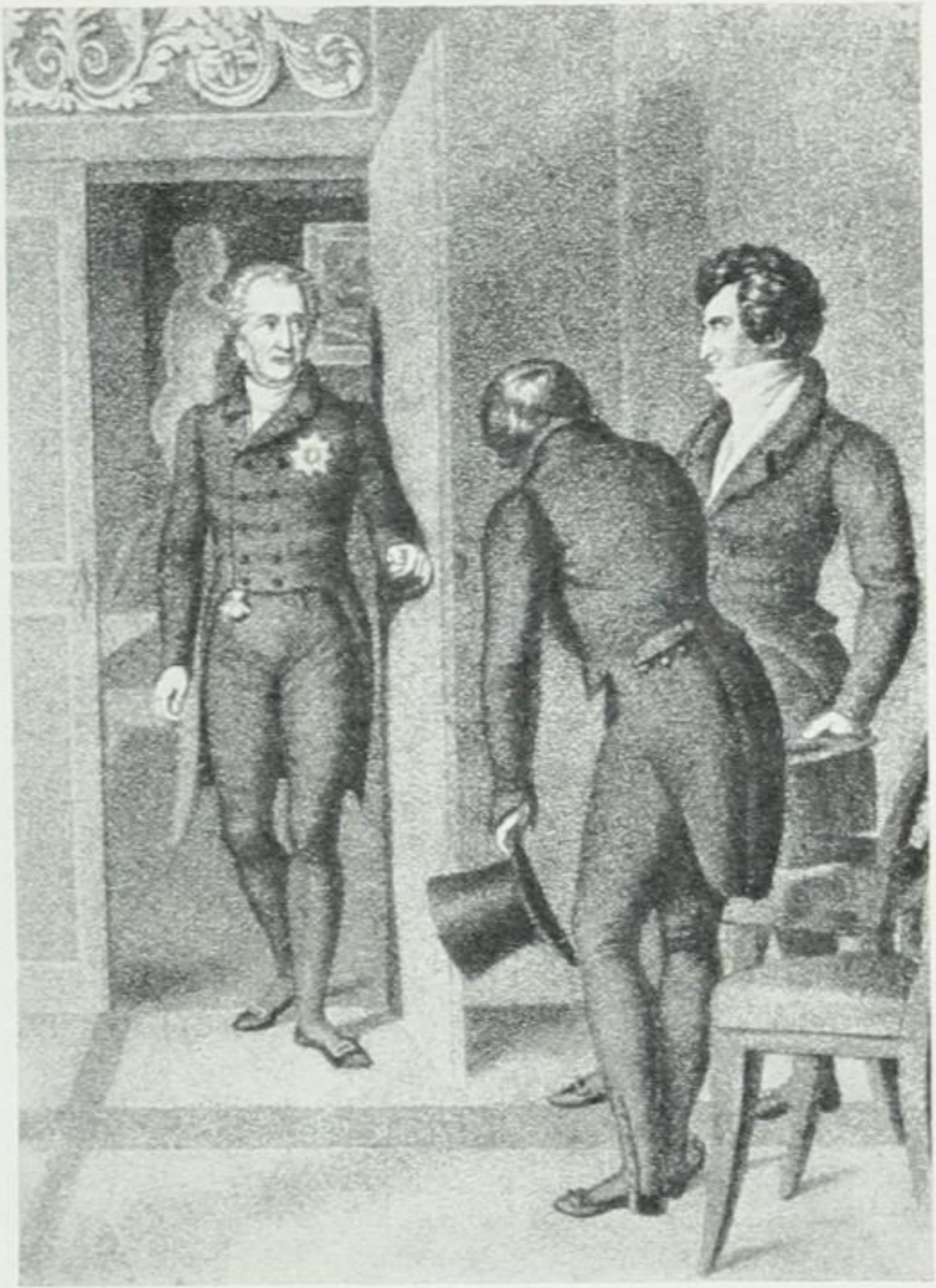
168

168 *The final Authoritative Edition, 1827–1830*

169 *Karl Friedrich Zelter composer in Berlin*

170 *Johann Peter Eckermann the aged Goethe's assistant*

167  
*Goethe*  
*receiving visitors*



169



170



Den fünfzehn Englischen Freunden.

Worte, die der Dichter spricht,  
Freu, in heimischen Bezirken,  
Wirren gleich, doch weiß er nicht  
Ob sie in die Ferne wirren.

Britten! habt sie aufgefaßt:  
"Thätigen Sinn, das Thun gezügelt,  
Stetig Streben, ohne Hast,"  
Und so wolt Ihr's denn bezügelt.

Weimar  
28 August.  
1831.

Goethe

171 An acknowledgement to fifteen English friends



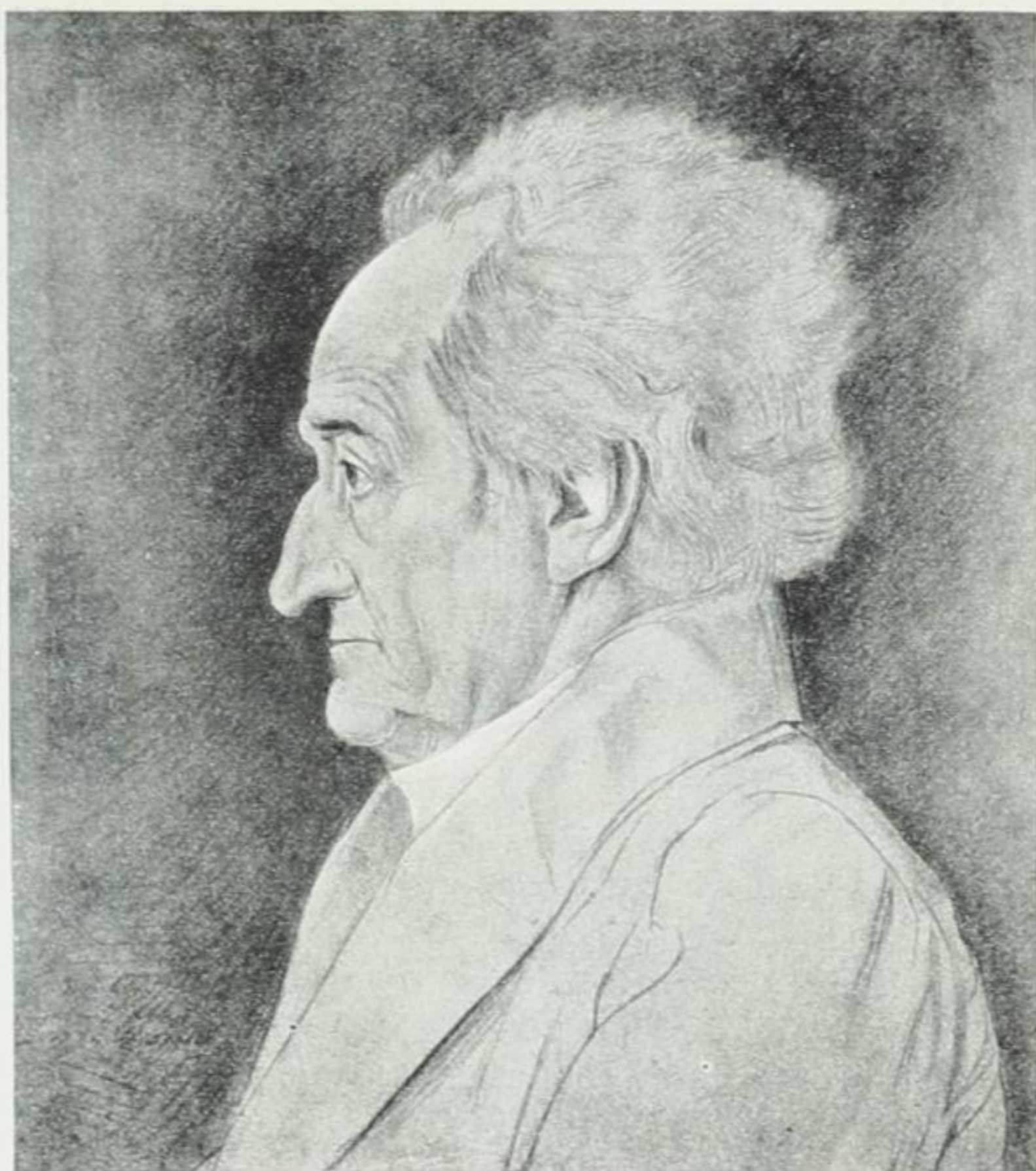
175 Relievo by David d'Angers, 1829

174

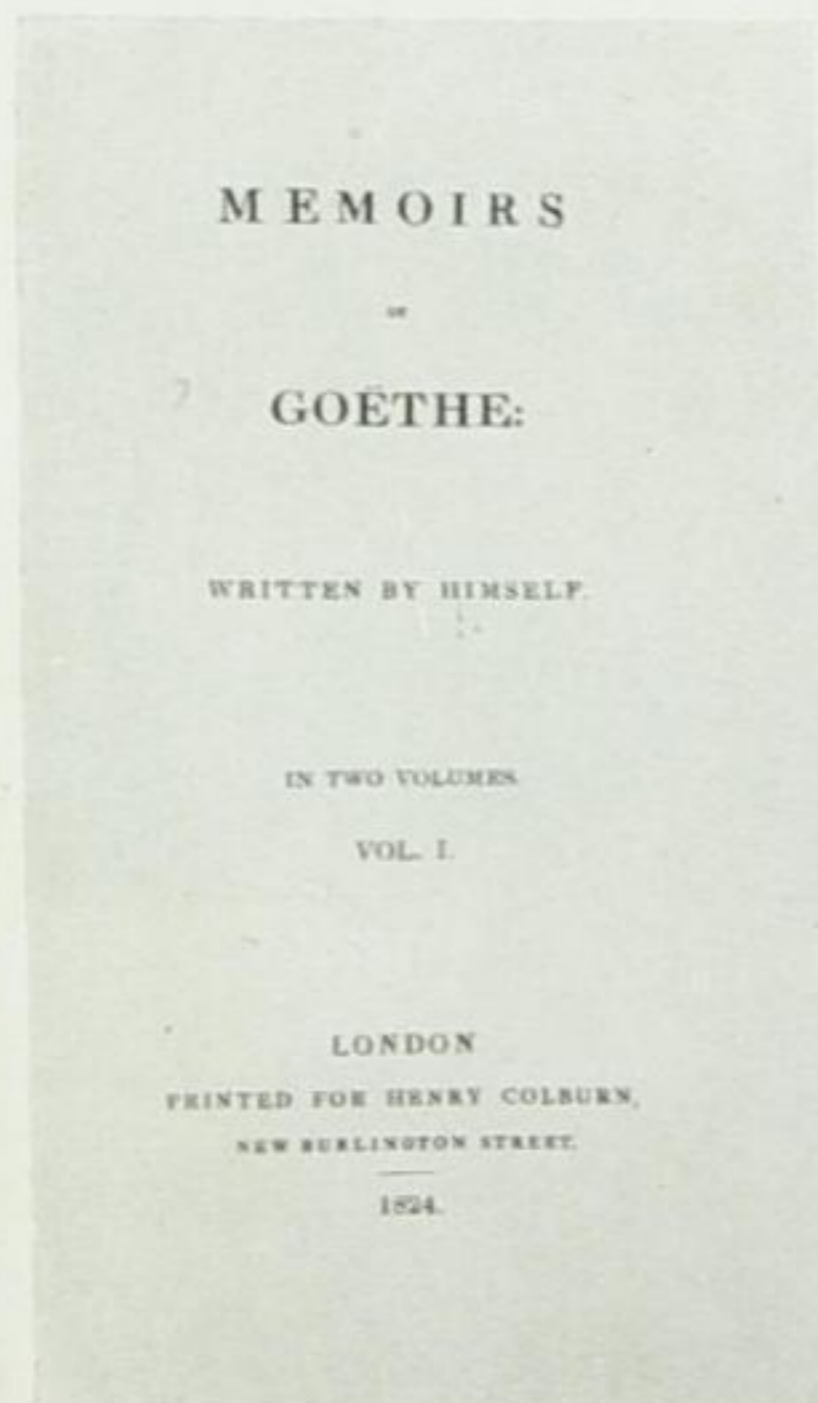
Goethe

at the age of 77:

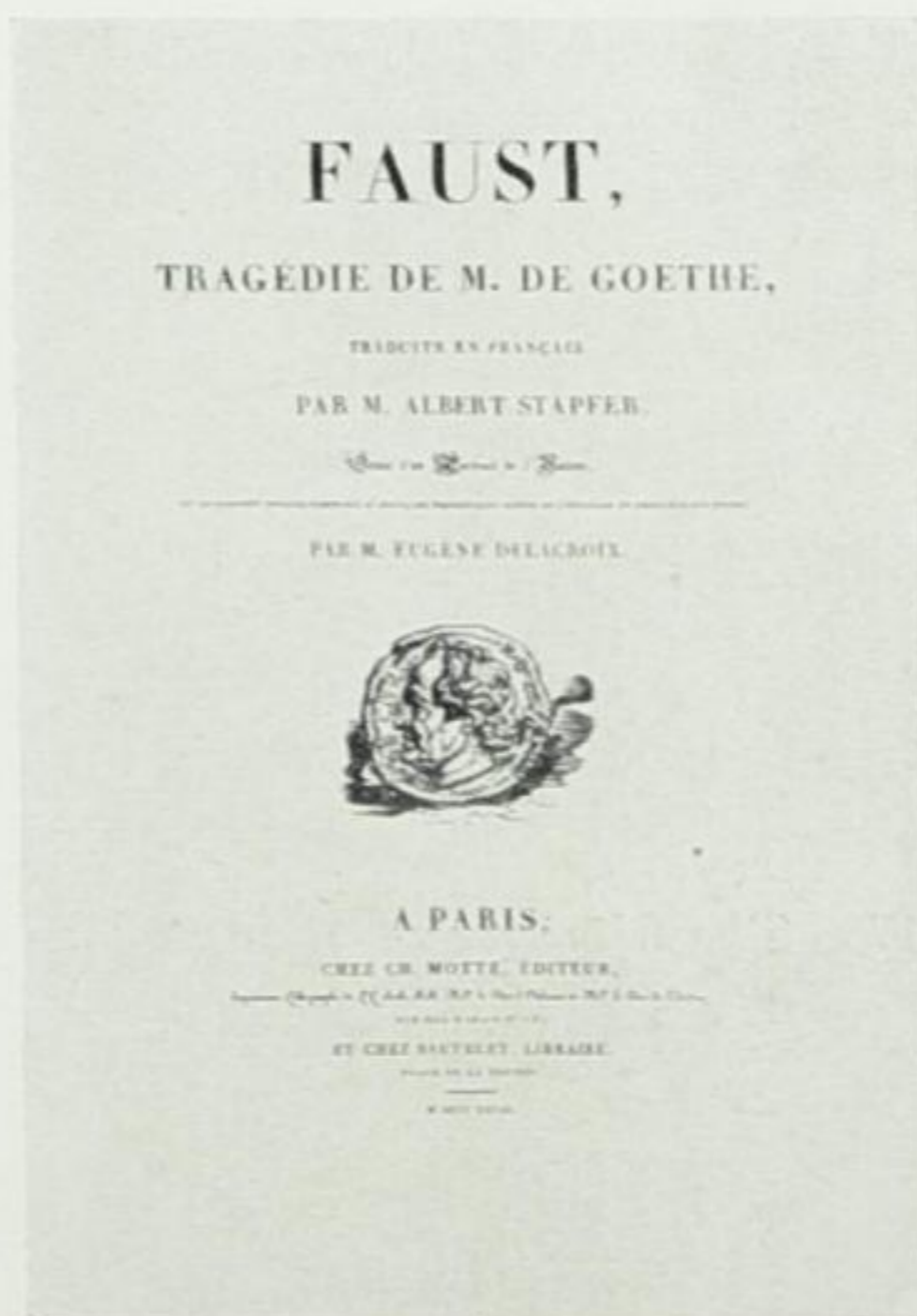
Drawing  
by Sebbers



172 "Poetry and Truth"



173 French translation





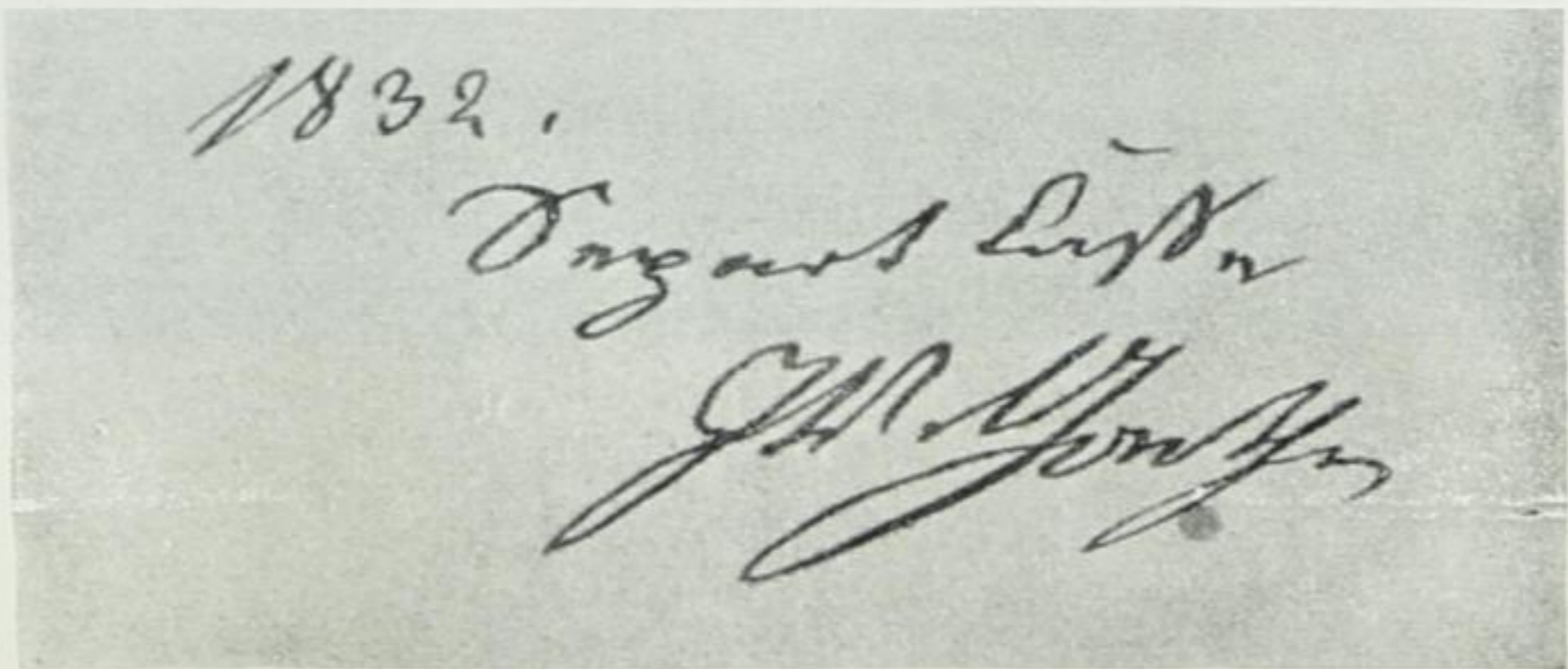
176 *The Minister of State, 1828: Oil-painting by Stielcrantz*

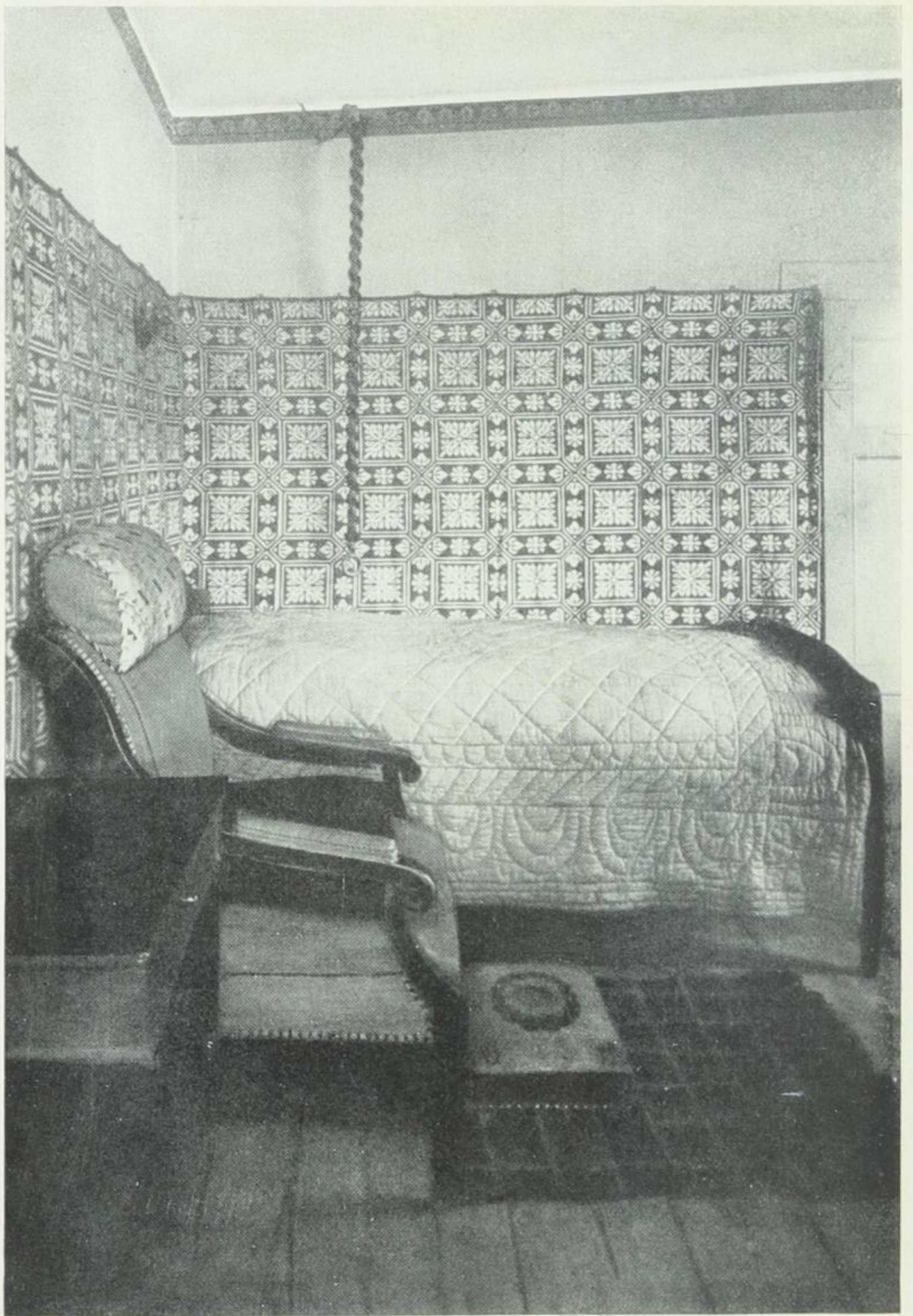




177 *Last portrait from life, by Schwerdgeburth*

178 *Last signature*

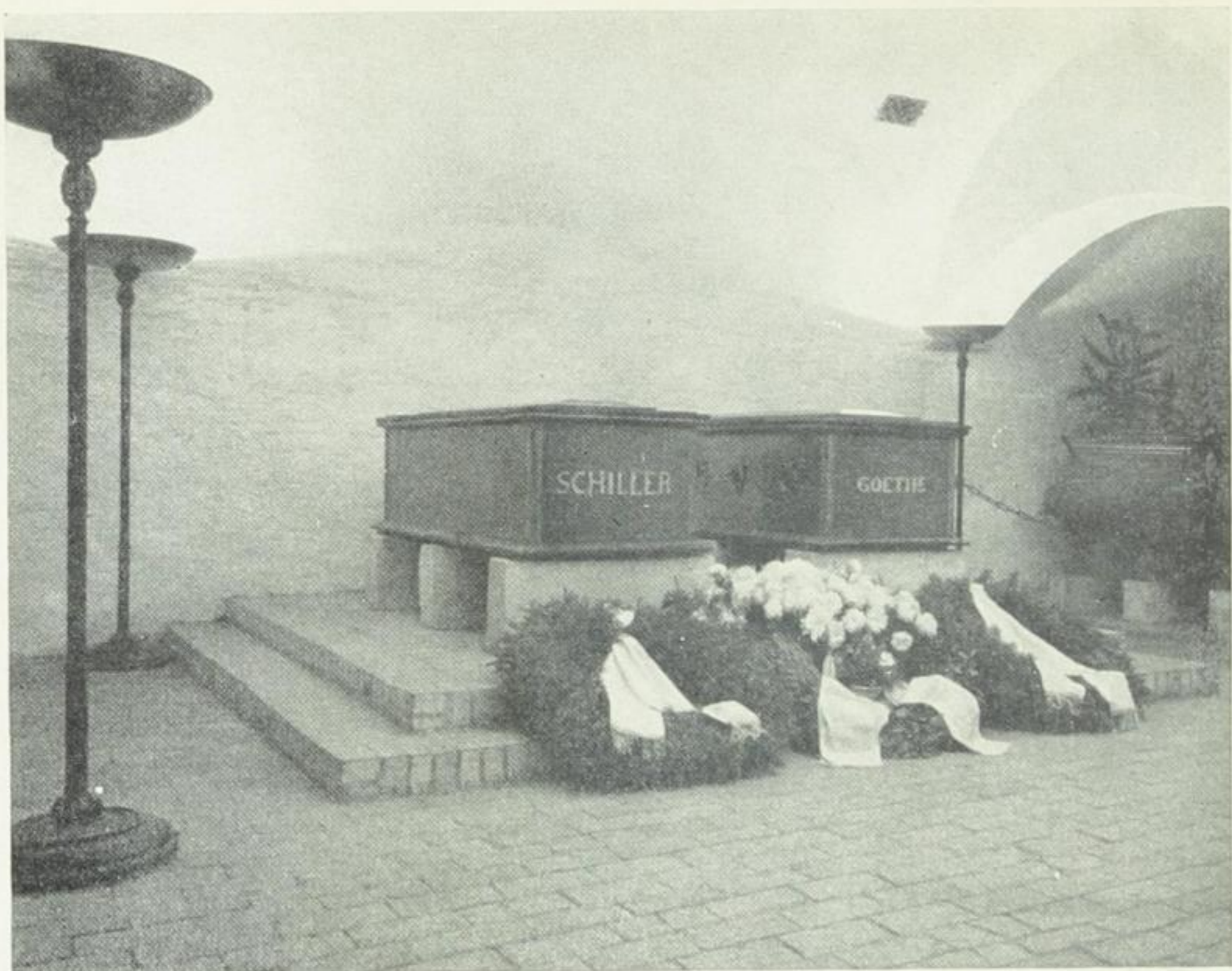




179 *Goethe's bedroom*



Weimar 1832  
23. März  
n. d. N. gez. v. Heinrich Matthäy



181 *Last resting place in the Princes' Tomb*





Mdl/DDR 7757/62

1  
*Lucas Cranach*

The most notable of Goethe's known ancestors was Lucas Cranach the Elder (1472–1533), the outstanding master of the early German Renaissance, court painter of the Saxon electors and partisan of Luther, who illustrated the period of the Reformation with an abundance of paintings, drawings and woodcuts. It is hard to avoid a comparison between the painter whom we see here, still enormously vital at the age of seventy-seven, and his descendant who, in appearance and character, had a certain-similarity with him. Both men had a poetic gift for narrative and a great love of women. It is curious that Cranach was bound in friendship to the dynasty Wettin just as Goethe was to descendants of the same nobles, and that Goethe's field of endeavour and resting place was the same Weimar in which Cranach spent his last years and was buried.

2, 3  
*Goethe's  
Grandparents*

The family tree branches through a daughter of Cranach to descendants who were all judges or relatives of judges, down to Goethe's grandmother on the distaff side, daughter of a Superior Court official. Little is known about her, except that she was a conscientious housewife and mother.

The grandfather, by whose first name Goethe was baptized, also came from an ancient family of judges, in southern Germany. Two years before his grandson's birth he had attained the position of a "Reich-", municipal and judicial Mayor, the highest office in Frankfurt. Thus we see him in the portrait—a grave, prudent, judicious, benevolent, upright man. His hobby was the cultivation of fruit and flowers.

Goethe himself describes his father as an affectionate, well-disposed, serious man who compensated for a secretly very sensitive nature by exhibiting, with unbelievable consistency, an outwardly iron severity—a character which this portrait brings out unmistakably, besides showing a similarity with the son. The father's ancestors were craftsmen and peasants of central Germany. Caspar's grandfather was a Thuringian blacksmith. His father went to Frankfort as a tailor and there, through a second marriage, came into possession of a large inn. He himself, the son, received a thorough education, studied law, and further broadened his knowledge through a year of travel in Austria, Italy, France and Holland. When he failed to get a certain municipal post in Frankfort, he accepted instead the title of Imperial Councillor in order to be on the same level with other dignitaries. By doing so, he excluded himself from any future municipal service, and devoted himself from then on to his family, his hobbies, and the management of his fortune. Towards the end of his life, his mental faculties weakened, and he died in 1782.

4

*His Father*

The portrait shows her in maturer years. She was seventeen when she married, eighteen when Goethe was born. The great age difference between herself and her husband—he was 21 years older—caused various difficulties. But she was able to find the necessary balance, and a native pluck, gaiety and energy always helped her to master her fate. Her wholesome sense of the world and people, her imagination, her feeling for beauty, her patience were handed down to the son as his heritage. Later on she watched his career with profound understanding, and he was deeply devoted to her until her death in 1808. The delightful "Letters of Frau Councillor Goethe" are the mother's finest monument.

5

*His Mother*

As a lover of painting, the father followed the principle that first and foremost living painters must be fed. This painting was ordered from the Darmstadt court painter Seekatz. The artist gave more space, to be sure, to the surrounding landscape than he did to

6

*Goethe's Family*



the people, and more attention to the posture of the shepherds than to portraiture. Nevertheless, we can imagine this bourgeois family of 1763 as members of a city aristocracy. Wolfgang is fourteen years old and in all domestic and childhood experiences deeply attached to his sister Cornelia. The father vexes both of the children with an excess of pedagogical measures. But he sees to it that Wolfgang receives a good, many-sided education, in ancient and modern languages, religion, history, geography, natural science, mathematics, drawing, music, riding, fencing and dancing. In addition to this, on his own hook, the son picked up fluent colloquial French and acquired a good knowledge of the French theatre, when Frankfort was occupied by the French, and the local commandant, Count Thoranc, was quartered in his house. Through association with graphic artists, who were doing a good deal of work in the house at that time, he developed a serious appreciation of painting. He had already been writing poetry for some time.

7, 8  
*His Native Town*

As a result of its convenient location on the Main, and its nearness to the Rhine, Frankfort, since time immemorial has been a junction of traffic between North, South, East and West Germany, and a centre of political relations. As the inscription of the map below describes it: "A Free Reich Intended for the Choice and Crowning of the Roman Emperor and Far-famed Trading City." The upper view, the Main looking upstream from the west, conveys an impression of distant connections. In the city map, on the other hand, we see the crowded medieval housing conditions of the approximately 30,000 inhabitants, pressed between walls, watch-towers and moats, doubly secured by new bastions and additional parapets. Looking at the view and the map from almost the same vantage point, we can easily distinguish individual structures—the old Main bridge to the Sachsenhausen bridge-head in the south, the ramparts, the cathedral towering over all. The group southwest of the cathedral is the Roemer, or Town Hall. We find the Hirschgraben when we trace the easily recognizable oval, where the streets follow a former city boundary, almost all the way to the western end (letter "Q").

This is where Goethe spent his youth. Here the fiery boy grew up in the company of the upper class, the city's ruling class, to which he belonged, as well as that of the craftsmen and the lower ranks who were excluded from the government.

Best of all I loved to walk along the great bridge over the Main. Its length, its strength, and its fine appearance, rendered it a notable structure, and it was, besides, almost the only memorial left from ancient times of the protective care which civil government owes to its citizens. The beautiful stream above and below the bridge attracted my eye, and when the gilt cock on the old cross near the middle of the bridge glittered in the sunshine, I was filled with pleasant feelings . . . But it was particularly entertaining to watch the arrival of the market-boats, from which such various cargoes and sometimes such extraordinary figures were seen to disembark . . . It was pleasant to lose oneself in the old trading town, particularly on market-days, among the crowd collected about the Church of St. Bartholomew. From the earliest times, throngs of buyers and sellers had gathered there . . . Nothing of striking architectural beauty was to be seen in Frankfort, and everything pointed to a period long past and full of disturbances, both for the town and its surroundings. Gates and towers, defining the bounds of the old city,—then farther off, other gates, towers, walls, bridges, ramparts, moats, with which the new city was encompassed,—all indicated, only too plainly, that the necessity for safe-guarding the common weal in disastrous times had induced these arrangements, and that all the squares and streets, even the newest, broadest, and best laid out, owed their origin to chance and caprice, and not to any regulating mind.

*From  
"Poetry  
and Truth"*

When Goethe was five years old, his father had his two very old houses on Grosser Hirschgraben rebuilt into one house for modern requirements. The "bright, airy" building was destroyed during the war, in 1944, but has been restored to its original condition. The dining room and the kitchen are on the ground floor. On the first floor we find the three rooms designed for receiving the great world; these were occupied

9  
*The House  
of His Birth*

during the Seven Years' War by His Majesty's Lieutenant Thoranc, who has already been mentioned. The third floor contained the library, the picture gallery, other collections belonging to Goethe's father, and his mother's room. Here, too, facing the court, is the room where Goethe was born. Later on Wolfgang occupied the room behind the three windows of the roof gable.

10  
*The Kitchen*

An open hearth with a mantel and a cast-iron back, his mother's old china and utensils, the pump with the long handle, the gutter-stone for the drain-water. We can imagine Wolfgang playing in this ample room before the house was renovated, when his grandmother on the father's side still lived with them, and we remember an amusing story he told later on:

*From  
"Poetry  
and Truth"*

A crockery fair had just been held, and not only had the immediate needs of the kitchen been supplied, but miniature articles of the same ware had been purchased as playthings for us children. One fine afternoon, when everything was quiet in the house, I was amusing myself with my pots and dishes in the Frame, and not knowing what to do next, I hurled one of my toys into the street. The von Ochsensteins, who saw my delight at the fine crash it made, and how I clapped my hands for joy, cried out, "Another." Without delay I flung out a pot, and as they went on calling for more, by degrees the whole collection, platters, pipkins, mugs and all, were dashed upon the pavement. My neighbours continued to express their approbation, and I was highly delighted to give them pleasure. But my stock was exhausted, and still they shouted, "More." I ran, therefore, straight to the kitchen, and brought thence the earthenware plates, which as they smashed naturally afforded a still more lively spectacle; and so I kept running backwards and forwards, fetching all the plates I could reach from where they stood in rows on the dresser. But as that did not satisfy my audience, I devoted all the ware that I could lay hands on to similar destruction. Not till later did any one appear to hinder and restrain. The mischief was done, and to compensate for much broken crockery, there was at any rate an amusing story, in which the mischievous authors took special delight to the end of their days.

Heavy old chairs around the table, an easy chair, a glass cupboard, woven wall tapestries. One would not consider the owners rich, but well-to-do. The chest of drawers, grandfather clock, baroque mirror, as well as the old stove with the embossed iron plates and ceramic tiles, indicate the taste of an art connoisseur. The Blue Room was the family's living room where they took their meals and usually entertained company.

11  
*The Blue Room*

In his life story "Poetry and Truth", Goethe described the whole election and coronation ceremony in beautiful detail. A year after the end of the Seven Years' War, the aging Franz I, consort of Maria Theresia, had his son Joseph chosen as Roman-German King by the Electors, and hence as the next Kaiser, as he was duly crowned.

12  
*The Election  
and Coronation  
of the Kaiser*

The "Splendid Procession of the Holy Roman Kaiser and the Holy Roman Royal Successor" to St. Bartholomew's Church on April 3, 1764, was observed by Goethe, not at the cathedral but before it arrived there from a window in the Roemer, and on the way back, from quite close by, when the procession returned for the coronation feast in the Roemer. An advance group of servants, nobles and officials was followed by drummers, trumpeters and heralds on horseback, then by the Electoral Ambassadors, the holders of hereditary office with the crown, ball and sceptre, the Imperial Marshal with unsheathed sword, and finally the Kaiser and the King in their royal robes under a canopy borne by twelve Councillors, and behind them the Imperial Halberdiers—the dazzling grandeur of a state organism that has long since mouldered.

A whole fat ox is being roasted on a spit. The double eagle of a fountain spouts red and white wine, and sacks of oats are piled up in readiness, while the eager crowd is held back by military cordons until a portion of the roast and a mug of wine have been brought to the imperial table and the people are permitted access to the food, the fountain and the sacks. This, too, could be seen by Goethe from the Roemer, which we recog-

13  
*The Roast Ox  
on the  
Roemer Hill*

nize in the background as a three-gabled building with the high windows of the Kaiser Hall in the middle. The fifteen-year-old Goethe experienced the festive hurly-burly with its many amusements by the side of Gretchen, his early love. But immediately after the coronation he became involved in an embarrassing investigation. One of the boys in his group of friends, whom he had good-heartedly recommended to his grandfather, was guilty of a serious breach of honesty. While Goethe emerged as innocent from the affair, it resulted in his losing Gretchen, which plunged him into violent sorrow. It took him a long time to get over this crisis.

*First  
Acquaintance  
with Gretchen.  
From  
"Poetry and  
Truth"*

On our entrance the table was already neatly and tidily set, and sufficient wine had been served; so we sat down, and were left to ourselves, without requiring any attendance. However, as the wine ran short at last, one of them called for the maid; but instead of the maid there came in a girl of uncommon, and, when contrasted with her surroundings, of astonishing beauty.

"What is it you want?" she asked, after a friendly greeting; "the maid is ill in bed. Can I serve you?"

"The wine has run short," said one; "if you would fetch us a few bottles, it would be very kind of you."

"Do, Gretchen," said another, "it is only a step or two." "Why not?" she answered, and, taking a few empty bottles from the table, she hastened out. Her appearance, as she turned her back on us, was even more attractive. The little cap sat so neatly upon her little head, poised gracefully in its turn upon a slender throat. Her whole person breathed a peculiar charm which could be more fully appreciated when one's attention was no longer exclusively attracted and fettered by the clear, calm eyes and lovely mouth. I reproved my comrades for sending the girl out alone at night, but they only laughed at me, and I was soon consoled by her return, as the publican lived only just across the way. "Sit down with us, as a reward," said one. She did so; but, alas, she did not come near me. She drank a glass to our health, and left us, advising us not to carry on our revels too late into the night, and not to be so noisy, as her mother was just going to bed. It was not, however, her own mother, but the mother of our hosts.

This girl's image never left me from that moment; it was the first durable impression made upon me by any woman; and as I could find no pretext to see her at home, and would not seek one, I went to church for love of her, and soon discovered where she sat. Thus, during the long Protestant service, I gazed my fill at her. When the congregation left the church I did not venture to accost her, much less to accompany her, and was perfectly delighted if she seemed to observe me and to return my greeting with a nod. Yet I was not long denied the happiness of approaching her.

To satisfy his father's desire that he study law, Goethe at the age of sixteen rode to Leipzig in a horse-drawn wagon, on October 3, 1765. The university of the Electorate Saxony, particularly its law faculty, was considered one of the best in Germany at that time. The city itself, about as large as Frankfort and similarly located where great traffic arteries crossed, had been an important trading centre for centuries. The medieval walls had already been removed. Only parapets, bastions and moats still enclosed the place, while suburbs grew up on the outskirts. The high Pleissenburg building with the round tower, left (1), sheltered the drawing academy. In the centre we have the Thomas Church (6), where Bach worked until his death in 1750. The church of the former Pauline Monastery (10) is adjoined left, and then all the way to the right, by university buildings.

14

*Leipzig*

"I do commend my Leipzig! It is Paris in little, and improves its people." It was richer, more generous and more elegant than Frankfort, and it educated Goethe, who according to his own avowal was "old Frankish" in dress and living habits, to sophistication and worldly behaviour. Through letters of recommendation he gained access to a number of burghers' homes, some of which we see surrounding the market and the Town Hall in this excellent engraving. Goethe also enjoyed his student freedom to the full, which his ample spending money permitted. He was often to be found in the company of an older man, the tutor Behrisch, who

15

*The Leipzig  
Market Place*

exerted an encouraging influence on the young poet, albeit somewhat foolishly. If we walk from the market down the street leading from it to the left, we come at once to Auerbach's Keller, where Behrisch lived.

16  
*Bustle  
of the Fair in  
Auerbach's  
Court*

Here we look into one of those courts between the streets "surrounded sky-high with buildings" which "comprising a civic world, are similar to great castles, almost cities indeed", a characteristic building style in which Leipzig differed completely from Frankfort. Goethe himself lived in the second story of such a court, in the "Grosse Feuerkugel". At the heavily attended Leipzig Fairs—Goethe had arrived just in time for one of them—the goods were not displayed and sold in samples as they are today but were actually exchanged in lots, transported there by the sellers and driven off by the buyers, so that there were not only crowds of people from every corner of the world but vehicles and piles of goods to complicate the crowding.

17  
*Pauline Court*

Leipzig's university was founded in 1409. At the time of the Reformation the college received the spacious Pauline Monastery as part of a generous new establishment. Here we look into one of its courts. Insofar as they were not used for administrative purposes, the houses were fitted up as dormitories, lecture halls, and later as meeting halls and the like. We can imagine how Goethe as a student, coming from his dwelling nearby, walked under the arch to various lectures, passing the two figures in the foreground to the right, or walked straight ahead from the gate to the Pauline Church to attend some academic ceremony, or visited the library. Both buildings are hidden by the brewery visible on the right.

18  
*The Petrinum*

Since olden times, the law classes were held in the Petrinum, which was also in the vicinity of Goethe's apartment. The view of the lecture room was preserved on the head-piece of a printed Latin speech delivered in 1741 at the 100th anniversary celebration of this building. Probably it represents the ceremony itself.

For on the raised steps along the walls and in front of the partition between the two baroque columns we see a remarkable number of persons of rank and high office, apparently including professors, to judge by their dress, in the right-hand corner. In any case, Goethe occasionally heard lectures in this room. He was not particularly zealous in pursuing his professional studies. His temperament rebelled against the snail's pace of the teaching and the prevailing mediocrity which was but scantily cloaked by the professorial robes. Other inclinations within himself and the vitality of life outside him lured him away.

At first I attended my lectures zealously and assiduously: but philosophy failed to enlighten me at all. In logic it seemed strange to me that I should have so to pick to pieces, isolate, and, as it were, destroy those operations of the mind which I had performed with the greatest ease from my youth upwards, and this in order to understand the right use of them. Of the object of the world, and of God, I thought I knew about as much as the professor himself, and again and again he seemed to be confronted with most inextricable difficulties . . .

Matters soon went as badly with the law lectures: for I already knew just as much as the professor thought good to communicate to us. My persistent industry in writing down the lectures at first was paralysed by degrees, for I found it excessively tedious to note down once more what I had repeated, either by question or answer, so often with my father as to retain it for ever in my memory.

The young student took a special interest in the "sciences of beauty", which his father had not allowed him to study exclusively. He gained little more from this than from his professional studies. For example, he listened to lectures in the history of literature by the professor of philosophy Gellert. But the gentle writer of fables, famed and venerated throughout Germany, disregarded completely the contemporary authors who influenced Goethe. No wonder Goethe, with his wild prose and his frivolous verses, met with no appreciation from Gellert.

*From  
"Poetry  
and Truth"*

19  
*Christian  
Fuerchtegott  
Gellert*



20  
*Two  
Representations  
of Faust  
in Auerbach's  
Keller*

These murals can be found, darkened with age, in the vault arches of a bar-room in the same house from whose windows Behrisch and Goethe poked wicked fun at the passers-by. But they were not painted, as the year misleadingly suggests, in the 16th century, but in the 17th, as the clothing testifies. It is certain that the painting was retouched in 1636. In the upper picture, Faust (left) is sitting at the table with three drinking companions and five musicians; in the lower one, according to a local legend, he is riding on a wine cask, as the students see him disappear in the cellar scene in "Faust". Naturally Goethe had visited this bar-room, and the pictures as well as the impressions of student drinking bouts suggested the colour for the well-known scene in the first part of "Faust".

*"Faust I"  
Auerbach's Keller*

*(They drink repeatedly.)*

ALL *(sing)*.

As 't were five hundred hogs, we feel  
So cannibalic jolly!

MEPHISTO

See, now, the race is happy — it is free!

FAUST

To leave them is my inclination.

MEPHISTO

Take notice, first! their bestiality  
Will make a brilliant demonstration.

SIEBEL *(drinks carelessly: the wine spills  
upon the earth, and turns to flame)*.

Help! Fire! Help! Hell-fire is sent!

MEPHISTO *(charming away the flame)*.

Be quiet, friendly element!

*(To the revellers.)*

A bit of purgatory 't was for this time, merely.

SIEBEL

What mean you? Wait — you 'll pay for 't dearly!  
You 'll know us, to your detriment.

FROSCH

Don't try that game a second time upon us!

ALTMAYER

I think we 'd better send him packing quietly.

SIEBEL

What, Sir! you dare to make so free,  
And play your hocus-pocus on us!

MEPHISTO

Be still, old wine-tub.

SIEBEL Broomstick, you!

You face it out, impertinent and heady?

BRANDER

Just wait! a shower of blows is ready.

ALTMAYER

*(draws a stopper out of the table: fire flies in his face).*

I burn! I burn!

SIEBEL 'T is magic! Strike—

The knave is outlawed! Cut him as you like!

*(They draw their knives, and rush upon Mephisto).*

MEPHISTO *(with solemn gestures).*

False word and form of air,

Change place, and sense ensnare!

Be here—and there!

*(They stand amazed and look at each other.)*

SIEBEL

Where is he? If I catch the scoundrel hiding,  
He shall not leave alive, I vow.

ALTMAYER

I saw him with these eyes upon a wine-cask riding  
Out of the cellar-door, just now.

Leipzig was no exception in the theatre-addicted 18th century. It was not such a long time since Lessing had seen his own first play produced here. A year after Goethe's arrival, the Leipzigers had built a permanent theatre on the site of a bastion that no longer had any defensive use, and one of the best companies in Germany played there. Goethe himself, who was soon to be writing his first dramatic effort, "The Lover's Whim", and who was also active in amateur dramatics in private homes, must have been a frequent spectator at this playhouse.

21

*The Playhouse  
on the  
Ranstaedter  
Bastion*

22  
*Adam*  
*Friedrich Oeser*

In order to follow his early awakened inclination towards the graphic arts, and to give his drawing hand more practice, Goethe applied to the director of the just established Leipzig Academy of Art. This excellent man took a liking to the boy and invited him into his family circle, where Goethe could not resist the temptation to tilt at love with one of the two daughters.

23  
*The Life Class*

Apart from certain skills which should have sufficed the dilettante, Oeser taught young Goethe to use his eyes, to appreciate simplicity and naturalness, and to shun the all too curly curlicues of Rococo. In any case, Oeser introduced him to the Greek ideal of beauty, as interpreted at that time by Winckelmann, and laid a good groundwork for his maturer approach to art.

24  
*Two Etchings*  
*by Goethe*

Goethe also practised in the technique of etching, which was extremely popular in his days. The copper engraver Stock, whose family assisted him, gave him the necessary guidance. A few attempts at conventional landscapes are still preserved, as well as these two etchings, each measuring five centimeters square, which one is tempted to regard as the work of a neat apprentice. The drawing is influenced by Oeser's example, although by no means free of Rococo. The first etching is dedicated to the wine dealer, Schoenkopf, host at the table where Goethe used to eat in company with a few others; the other to the daughter of the house.

25  
*Kaethchen*  
*Schoenkopf*

There is nothing very surprising about the fact that a student falls in love and writes poetry to a girl. A friend of Goethe described Kaethchen, who was a little older than he was, as "well-built, although not very tall, a round and friendly although not particularly beautiful face, an open, gentle, winning manner, candid without coquetry, and with a good mind, although an untrained one". For a year they seemed to love each other happily, and then Goethe began tormenting himself and the girl with passionâte jealousy.

Finally they both made an effort to transform their relationship into a friendship, for it could not possibly have led to anything permanent. This rather stiff miniature has not been sufficiently verified to permit us to be sure it is really Kaethchen Schoenkopf and not just a typical face and costume of the period.

13th October, 1767

*Letter  
to Behrisch*

One more night like this one, Behrisch, and I won't have to go to hell for my sins. You may have slept quietly, but a jealous lover who has drunk enough champagne to heat his blood pleasantly and inflame his imagination to the utmost! At first I couldn't sleep, tossed in the bed, jumped up, raged; and then I got tired and fell asleep; but not long, I soon had stupid dreams of long people, feather hats, tobacco pipes, tours d'adresse (acrobatic tricks), tours de passe passe (legerdemain), until I finally woke up and sent it all to the devil. After that I had a peaceful hour, lovely dreams. The usual features, the beckoning at the door, the kiss on the run, and then suddenly *ft*. She had pulled a sack over my head. Real legerdemain! They generally trick guinea pigs into sacks at Peter's Gate, but a man like me, it's unheard of. But improbable as it seemed to me, I felt it was true. I philosophized in the sack and moaned a dozen allegories in the style of Shakespeare when he rhymes. After that it seemed to me as if I were gone, gone from her, but not out of the sack. I wished myself free and woke up. The damned sack was in my head.

The songs which the poet was inspired to write in his Leipzig leisure were playfully anacreontic in subject, matter and style, in the fashion of the time. Yet here and there an original note can already be heard. Behrisch talked Goethe out of having them published. Instead he took the responsibility of copying the poems in beautiful script on Dutch paper. A small octavo of fifty pages entitled "Annette" has thus been preserved. Nevertheless, a number of the songs did reach publication in another way. Goethe's friend Breitkopf set them to music and had both, verses and music, printed in his father's shop after the poet had already left Leipzig.

26  
"New Songs"

His stay in Leipzig was full of experiments, experiences, mistakes and menaces. While the youth in Frankfort, as "Poetry and Truth" expressed it, "got an early insight into the peculiar mazes which tunnel under bourgeois society", it became still more penetratingly clear to the student that "religion, morality, law, position, relationships, custom, these rule only the surface of civilized existence". In his comedy of love and thieves, he tried to bring out this idea. His staging instinct was amazing and indicated a study of Molière, Lessing and Goldoni. The play was only completed in 1769, but it was drafted in Leipzig. At that time Goethe was incapacitated by a hemorrhage and lay between life and death for days. There was no alternative but for him to interrupt his studies and return to his parents' home.

*Scene IV*  
*(second version)*

ALCESTES

I feel that you no more to others me prefer.

SOPHIA

I do not understand how that can hurt you, sir.

ALCESTES

You do not, cruel one? Can I survive your ire?

SOPHIA

Excuse me, if you please; I fear I must retire.

ALCESTES

O where, Sophia, where? — You turn your face away,  
Withdraw your hand? Have you no mem'ry left to-day?  
Behold. Alcestes 'tis! A hearing he entreats.

SOPHIA

Alas, how my poor heart with wild excitement beats!

ALCESTES

If you're Sophia, stay!

SOPHIA

In mercy, spare me, spare me!  
I must, I must away!

ALCESTES

Sophia, can't you bear me?  
O cruel one! Methought: she now is quite alone;  
This is the very time to have some kindness shown.  
I hoped that she could speak one friendly word to me.  
But go now, go! 'Twas in this very room that she  
The ardor of her love to me discover'd first;

'Twas here that into flames our mutual passion burst.  
Upon this very spot, — remember you no more? —  
Eternal faith you pledged! —

SOPHIA

O spare me, I implore!

ALCESTES

I never can forget, — the ev'ning was enchanting,  
Your eyes spoke out, and I in ardor was not wanting.  
Your lips against my lips you tremblingly did press,  
My heart still deeply feels that utter happiness!  
Your only joy was then to see or think of me;  
And now, for me not e'en one hour will you keep free.  
You see me seek for you, you see how I am sad, —  
Go, false heart, go! you ne'er for me affection had.

The day Goethe left Leipzig happened to be his nineteenth birthday. His father, whose plans and expectations were bitterly disappointed, greeted him moodily and with reproaches. The mother and sister suffered in the oppressive atmosphere. Goethe's throat and chest ailment detained him in Frankfort for a whole year and a half. During this period of forced idleness, returning to health slowly and not without relapses, a transformation took place in him. It was not only that the Leipzig influences began working themselves out inside him, but also — since he could no longer simply fling himself into life — he began to think, to try to understand himself and existence. And when he sometimes walked through the busy market-place of Roemer Hill, weak as he was at that time, and looked at the famous Justitia Fountain, the Roemer (one corner of which can be seen in the picture at the left) and the old aristocratic houses, hearing the old familiar dialect, pleasant and melancholy memories of his youth and also of his experiences in Leipzig must have risen in his mind.

28

*Market  
on Roemer Hill*

The care taken of him by his valiant mother, who was inspired all her life by a devout confidence, and the affection of his sister were certainly important factors in Goethe's convalescence. Now that the patient took a deeper interest in philosophical and religious questions, pushing into the background the Enlightenment

29

*Susanne  
von Klettenberg*

rationalism he had absorbed in Leipzig, a friend of his mother gave the "foolish boy" loving support. This was Susanne von Klettenberg, pious, merry, and utterly possessed by pietistic idealism. Goethe later memorialized her in "A Beautiful Soul's Articles of Faith", in "Wilhelm Meister".

30  
*Magic-Cabalistic  
Studies*

DE MICROCOSMO

or

On the Little World  
of the Human Body

FR. BASILII VALENTINI

of the Benedictine Order

What it contains, of what it is made, and its capabilities  
as a whole, including its end and issue.

Of foremost importance to all who love the fundament  
of truth, and highly necessary to knowledge.

Both the pious friend and the doctor who helped the ailing youth over the crisis with a wonderful secret medicine interested him in medical-alechemistic writings. In "Poetry and Truth" Goethe lists a number of such works, which were apparently very widely circulated, including the "Compendium Chymico-Philosophicum" by the monk Basilus Valentinus, a collection of tracts from the 17th century, about a hundred years after the life of Faust. We have the title of one such treatise before us. The drawing immediately betrays the underlying philosophy. The square and the inner circle show man subordinated to the planets—the sign of Mercury at the head, Venus at the genitals, the sun and the moon at the arms, Jupiter and Saturn at the legs. The next circle demonstrates the influence of the four elements of antiquity—air, fire, earth, water. Around them are the 12 houses—the fixed stars—of the astrological division of the heavens, penetrated by the corners of the triangle, mercury, sulphur and salt, the basic elements of alchemy. And the whole is mounted in the outer circle with the Christian interpretation: God created Heaven and Earth, Elements, People, Animals, Plants and Metals, and adorned the firmament with lights. Other tracts in this Compendium deal with the great mystery of the world and its medicines; with natural und super-

natural things, such as the seven metals; with the laws of the planets; with the philosopher's stone; with the universality of the whole world, etc. Others deal with purification fire, crow-bars, rock cement, ore-roasting, copper ore, hidden formulas . . . A curious mixture—astrological conceptions going back to the Renaissance, to antiquity, to Mesopotamia; alchemistic conceptions deriving from Egypt by way of Arabia; and Christian-musical conceptions. Naturally, there is also real scientific knowledge of nature mixed in with all this; one senses behind it a serious desire to find the truth. "How Nature May Be Seen in God and God in Nature", is the title under which another of these works explains its purpose. From here on, the way is open to Faust's ambition for knowledge. "That I see the essence of what holds the world together." Even if Goethe got nothing really positive from his study of such confusing teachings, at least they moved him to experiments with his own wind-furnace and his first attempts at chemistry. Through these he outgrew such superstitious and fantastic interpretations of nature once and for all. But his poetry was enriched by visions which later took form in "Faust" and other writings.

The "beloved, incomprehensible being" was the most loyal playmate of the child Wolfgang, later on the student's devoted correspondent, and after his return home, the close confidante who sympathized with everything that moved him. As her brother sketched her here, probably a very true likeness, she is not captivatingly beautiful. One can imagine a lofty intelligence, but also the reserve and coolness of her nature. It was a great loss to Goethe when Cornelia went to Baden in 1772 after marrying his friend Schlosser. The marriage did not make her happy, and she died early, in 1777, after the birth of her second child.

31  
*Cornelia*

At last Goethe was well enough to take up his studies again in April 1770. He went to Strasbourg. The university was a purely municipal and protestant institution. For three semesters he studied criminal, feudal and

32  
*Strasbourg*



canonical law, as well as German common law. In addition he attended lectures on history, medicine and surgery. In the end he took a law degree which would correspond to an LL.D. today. Restored to full health now, he was inspired by new impressions, new stimulations; he made new friends. He began to feel at home in the fine old city and the beautiful landscapes of Alsace. Above all, a new period in his development began here. His genius emerged from the cocoon, he became the poet who was able to grasp life directly and to express his understanding in a manner hitherto unknown.

33  
*The Parade  
Ground*

The strategically important fortress of Strasbourg came under French sovereignty in 1681, but the life of its inhabitants remained, by and large, German. Only about the middle of the 18th century did French language and customs penetrate noticeably. It was inevitable that this should be the city where Goethe felt bound to compare the German with the French character. He devoted a large section of "Poetry and Truth" to his contact with the French language and culture. Our engraving shows what was later called Place Kléber, before 1765.

34  
*The Strasbourg  
Cathedral*

Of all the edifices Goethe had ever seen, Strasbourg Cathedral was the most magnificent. It attracted him again and again. "A very great impression filled my soul." He frequently climbed the tower and continually attempted to understand the construction's plan and function. In his essay "On German Architecture" he enthusiastically defended Gothic, which was despised at that time, without realizing that it had originated in France.

35  
*"On German  
Architecture"*

As I wandered about on your grave, noble Erwin, and searched for the stone that should explain: Anno domini 1318. XVI. Kal. Febr. obiit Magister Ervinus, Gubernator Fabricae Ecclesiae Argentinensis (deceased in the year of our Lord 1318, 27 January, Master Erwin, builder of Strasbourg Cathedral), and I could

not find it and none of your countrymen could show it to me, so that I could pour out my reverence for you on that sacred spot; I was grieved deep in my soul; and my heart, younger, warmer, more foolish and better than it is now, vowed that you should have a monument when I attained to peaceful enjoyment of my property, out of marble or sandstone, whichever I could afford... To few has it been given to beget a Babel idea in the soul, complete, grand, and beautiful in its necessity to the smallest detail, like trees of God; to still fewer to find thousands of willing hands, to dig a rock foundation, to conjure steep heights upon it, and then, dying, to tell their sons: I stay with you in the works of my spirit; what I began was completed in the clouds...

At that time, ambitious young intellects in many places began to revolt against the narrowness and unfreedom of dominating conceptions, and to let in fresh air with a literary movement which later acquired the name of "Sturm und Drang" (Storm and Stress). Personal genius and life itself were pitted against the restrictions and dogmatism of poetic conventions, and the truth was sought in "Nature" and freedom. Next to Goethe, the most significant representative of this movement was the twenty-year-old Livonian, Lenz, who was soon to make his appearance with the socially critical dramas "The Tutor" and "The Soldiers". The two writers met in the summer of 1771, and resumed their friendship some years later in Weimar, but they never developed a deep sympathy for one another.

36

*Lenz*

"The most significant event, which was to have the weightiest consequences for me, was my acquaintance and later my close association with Herder", Goethe wrote in "Poetry and Truth". Because of an eye operation, Herder stayed in Strasbourg from September 1770 until April 1771. The famous scholar, then only twenty-six years old, was one of the most advanced minds of the time, and may be regarded as the real theoretician of the spiritual reorientation which laid the basis for German classical literature. In the

37

*Herder*

course of that six months of acquaintance, he made Goethe really appreciate Homer, Shakespeare, the Old Testament and folk songs, for the first time. He interpreted poetry as the mother tongue of the human race, and in this way helped liberate the poetic feelings of the young genius.

38  
*Jung-Stilling*

One of the circle with whom Goethe dined was a delicate young man, once a tailor and private tutor, who had now at the age of 30 devoted himself to studying medicine in order to become an eye specialist. Goethe, who always leaped to the aid of the defenceless, took an interest in this grave, pious and sensitive man. An indefatigable promoter of talent wherever he found it, Goethe encouraged him to write down his remarkable life history, and personally saw to it six years later that it was printed. The friendship dissolved after Jung-Stilling's pietism became intolerably sentimental.

39  
*Shakespeare*

The liberating influence of Shakespeare on Goethe can scarcely be overestimated. Shakespeare became the archetype and model of a poet for him and gave him the greatest inspiration in freeing himself from the far too rational conventions of the prevailing French drama. The Storm-and-Stress advocates saw Nature revealed by the English poet, people of Nature, an "army of minds" set in motion. Wieland's translation, although not a work of genius, contributed not a little to establishing Shakespeare in Germany. In his exuberant speech "On Shakespeare's Day", Goethe paid tribute to his ideal.

"*On Shakespeare's  
Day*"

Shakespeare's theatre is a beautiful curiosity box in which the historical world undulates past our eyes on the invisible threads of time. His plots, to express it in common parlance, are no plots at all, but his plays all turn on the secret pivot (which no philosopher has yet seen or determined) where our specific "I", our presumed free will, collides with the necessary action of the whole. But our corrupted taste so befogs our eyes that we almost need a new Creation to develop ourselves out of this darkness.

Goethe found a dwelling above the later added plaque of the house with the narrow front. It belonged to a furrier and was on the sunny side of a fine long street which led from the Ill to the centre of town, "where never-ending activity came to the rescue of any idle moment".

40

*Goethe's  
Apartment  
in Strasbourg*

The copper engraving of the frontispiece to "Poetry and Truth" in the Final Authoritative Edition is not, of course, a portrait of the nineteen-year-old Friederike whom Goethe loved. No authentic portrait of her has been found. But this drawing, although its proportions are somewhat awry, does justice to the general impression Goethe has given us of the country girl, showing us the "almost extinct national costume" and also something of Friederike's celebrated tender loveliness. "The grace of her being seemed to compete with the blossomed earth, and the inexhaustible gaiety of her countenance with the blue sky." When Goethe took leave of Sesenheim in 1771, he knew with a heavy heart that he could not and should not marry her. "I had wounded the most beautiful heart to the core." She fell very ill then, and never married. For a long time the poet carried a sense of guilt with him. We hear it clearly expressed in "Götz" and in "Clavigo".

41

*Friederike Brion*

Oh maiden, maiden,  
How love I thee!  
Thine eye, how gleams it!  
How lov'st thou me!

The blithe lark loveth  
Sweet song and air,  
The morning flow'ret  
Heav'n's incense fair,

As I now love thee  
With fond desire,  
For thou dost give me  
Youth, joy, and fire,

For new-born dances  
And minstrelsy.  
Be ever happy,  
As thou lov'st me!

*"May Song"*

At the end of June 1771 Goethe wrote in a letter: "The pleasantest spot, people who love me, a round of joys! Have not the dreams of your childhood all come true?—I ask myself sometimes when my eye grazes in this pasture of blisses; are not these the fairy gardens you longed for?—They are! They are!" In the dilettantish, affectionate drawing he has shown us the scene of the happy days and weeks he spent

42

*The Vicarage  
at Sesenheim*

in Friederike's company. It was a simple peasant house where the old vicar lived with his wife and four children. A friend had introduced Goethe as a student there in October 1770, dressed in a carnival costume, and Goethe thought himself transported into the family of Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield". The idyll is related in a still youthful style by the old poet in "Poetry and Truth". But in the so-called "Sesenheim Songs", the lyrical language broke through which began a new epoch in poetic art. Goethe had grown sure of his genius and his poetic domain.

*"Welcome  
and Farewell"*

Quick throbb'd my heart: to horse! haste, haste  
And lo! 'twas done with speed of light;  
The evening soon the world embraced,  
And o'er the mountains hung the night.  
Soon stood, in robe of mist, the oak,  
A tow'ring giant in his size,  
Where darkness through the thicket broke,  
And glared with hundred gloomy eyes.

From out a hill of clouds the moon  
With mournful gaze began to peer:  
The winds their soft wings flutter'd soon,  
And murmur'd in mine awe-struck ear;  
The night a thousand monsters made,  
Yet fresh and joyous was my mind;  
What fire within my veins then play'd!  
What glow was in my bosom shrin'd!

I saw thee, and with tender pride  
Felt thy sweet gaze pour joy on me;  
While all my heart was at thy side,  
And every breath I breath'd for thee.  
The roseate hues that spring supplies  
Were playing round thy features fair,  
And love for me—ye Deities!  
I hoped it, I deserved it ne'er!

But, when the morning sun return'd,  
Departure filled with grief my heart:  
Within thy kiss, what rapture burn'd!  
But in thy look, what bitter smart!  
I went—thy gaze to earth first roved  
Thou follow'dst me with tearful eye:  
And yet, what rapture to be loved!  
And, Gods, to love—what ecstasy!

Goethe took advantage of a delay in his return trip to see the Residence of the Electoral Palatinate with its famous Hall of Antiquities, a collection of exact casts of the finest classical statues. Prepared by Oeser and Winckelmann, he gave himself up completely to appreciation of the "grandeur" of the ancient works, i. e. of the reality of the human body elevated to form and dignity. This appreciation remained the decisive factor in his philosophy of art all his life. The Apollo of the Vatican (400 B. C.) was at that time already considered one of the most perfect of the Greek statues. Goethe paid special attention to the Laocoon, a late work of the 1st century B. C., because Lessing had used it as an example in 1766 to demonstrate the aesthetic difference between the plastic arts and poetry.

43, 44, 45  
*In the  
Mannheim Hall  
of Antiquities*

After I had borne for a while the first overwhelming impression, I turned to those figures which most attracted me, and who can deny that the Apollo Belvedere, with his colossal yet not gigantic proportions, his slender build, his easy grace, and conquering glance, held us captive more than all the rest? . . . Nevertheless my attention was chiefly turned to the Laocoon, and I answered for myself the famous question, why he did not cry aloud by declaring that it was impossible he should do so. All the actions and movements of the three figures sprang, in my opinion, from the original conception of the group. The whole position—as forcible as it was artistic—of the chief figure was designed with reference to two impulses: the struggle with the snakes, and the recoil from the momentary bite . . .

*From  
"Poetry  
and Truth"*

Apart from a few interruptions, Goethe lived in his home town again from August 1771 until November 1775. He had opened an attorney's office there. It did not cost him much labour, for his father had installed a conscientious clerk in the office who took care of the preparatory work, so that for the most part the son had only to attend to the trials. Otherwise he went on living his free "genius-life". Often the "Wanderer" was tempted out into the country surrounding the Reich-City and far beyond it, where it stretched southward to the forests, and northward between the land-

46  
*The Territory  
of the Reich-City  
of Frankfort*

scapes of Electoral Mainz and the Duchy of Hessen that were curiously embraced by the Nidda, towards the Taunus. During this period the poet's talents unfolded completely; he took up significant themes, he experimented in major forms, he won his first fame, he gained an influence on the whole of Germany. All the world, in fact, became aware of him.

47  
"Wanderer's  
Storm Song"

He whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Feels no dread within his heart  
At the tempest or the rain.  
He whom thou ne'er leavest, Genius,  
Will to the rain-clouds,  
Will to the hailstorm,  
Sing in reply  
As the lark sings,  
Oh thou on high!

"More than ever I turned to the outdoor world and free nature. On the road I sang queer hymns and dithyrambs to myself, one of which has survived under the title of 'Wanderer's Storm Song'. I sang this semi-nonsense aloud, because I ran into terrible weather on the way that I had to face head on." In such verses the poet expressed a feeling of power which, in the fragment "Prometheus", even dared to challenge the gods. Between these he also succeeded in writing lighter, gay songs in a popular style.

"The Muses' Son"

Through field and wood to stray,  
And pipe my tuneful lay,—  
'Tis thus my days are pass'd;  
And all keep tune with me,  
And move in harmony,  
And so on, to the last.

To wait I scarce have power  
The garden's earliest flower,  
The tree's first bloom in Spring;  
They hail my joyous strain,—  
When Winter comes again,  
Of that sweet dream I sing . . .

A view of the room in the garret. While it looks a bit wild and "genius"-like—a hastily thrown-off garment, an easel, something to drink on the table—one nevertheless feels a certain composure and comfort surrounding the writer. The young poet worked in this room when he was not on a trip or in company with friends. He received visitors here and pulled manuscripts "out of every corner of his room" to read to them. "Götz" and "Werther" made their way into the world from this room.

48

*The Poet  
in His Study  
in Frankfurt*

As the father had done before, so the son was now to add to his professional knowledge in the court of the Imperial Chamber. Since 1693, it had been the supreme court in disputes between sovereign member-states of the Reich, and supreme court of appeals in decisions of the provincial and city courts. Here we see a session of this court in a room dominated by the two-headed imperial eagle and framed by the coats of arms of the nine Electorates, as well as the ten regions into which the empire was divided. On the throne, holding a sceptre, we see the judge chosen by the Kaiser in the midst of the 12 assessors appointed by the estates of the realm. At the right, in front of the court worthies, a table where the notary and the registrar sit. The clerk has risen and is reading a document aloud. Towards the foreground we see the beadle with his staff; he is in charge of keeping order in the court. Left, on a separate chair, sits the "fiscal" or state's attorney. Then, at the long tables, the lawyers and procurators of the contending parties and, behind them, the recorders. All in black robes. In the very foreground, the public. What a mammoth show! The "monstrous condition of this thoroughly unhealthy body", incapable of disposing of even a fraction of the cases pending, was no secret. "For a cheerful, forward-looking young man", Goethe writes in "Poetry and Truth", "there was no salvation to be found here. The formalities of this trial-for-its-own-sake became one confused blur."

49

*At the  
Imperial Chamber  
in Wetzlar*

And since Goethe, in his capacity as probationer, only had to observe, i. e. to become acquainted with the court procedures and formalities, he still had enough

50

*Wetzlar*



leisure to go on indulging his inclinations. "... So I continued using poetry as an expression of my feelings and caprices." The gracious hilly country of Upper Hesse lured the "Wanderer" out. Goethe describes the city with its approximately 5,000 inhabitants as "pleasantly situated, it is true, but small and poorly built". With its walls, moats, towers and gates, and the fortified bridges over the Lahn and the Dill, in the picture left, it makes a medieval impression. To his surprise, however, Goethe found among the numerous personnel of the embassies, etc. a very gay and sociable atmosphere, a sort of third academic life.

51  
*Charlotte Buff*

The dainty blonde was nineteen years old and had for a long time been engaged to be married, which Goethe did not know at the beginning of their acquaintance. She was engaged, moreover, to the Secretary of the Bremen Legation at the Imperial Chamber, Kestner, with whom Goethe had a cordial friendship. Goethe had no more intention of concealing his strong attraction to the gay and vital girl than he had of contesting his highly respectable friend's claim to her. But in the long run, the passion grew overwhelming and threatened to plunge him into a catastrophe, as happened a short time afterwards, in a similar situation, to Legation Secretary Jerusalem, who shot himself. The poet saw no way out but to tear himself away in time. On September 11th, without saying good-bye, he travelled down the Lahn and up the Rhine towards home. The pure, deep relationship among the three was preserved; it continued through a lively correspondence for years, and did not even dissolve after "Werther" appeared and subjected it to public discussion and misinterpretation.

52  
*First Meeting  
with Lotte.  
From  
"The Sufferings  
of  
Young Werther"*

I walked across the court to a well-built house, and ascending the flight of steps in front, opened the door, and saw before me the most charming spectacle I had ever witnessed. Six children, from eleven to two years old, were running about the hall, and surrounding a lady of middle height, with a lovely figure, dressed in a robe of simple white, trimmed with pink ribands. She held a brown loaf in her hand, and was

cutting slices for the little ones all round in proportion to their age and appetite. She performed her task in a graceful and affectionate manner, each claimant awaiting his turn with outstretched hands, and boisterously shouting his thanks. Some of them ran away at once to enjoy their evening meal, whilst others of a gentler disposition retired to the courtyard to see the stranger, and survey the carriage which was to carry away their Charlotte.

The rural magistrate Buff, who administered the property and real estate of the German Order of Knighthood, had his living quarters in German House. This is where the scene described above took place, when Goethe came to escort Lotte to a country ball. Since the mother had died the year before, Lotte had taken over the care of the household and her ten sisters and brothers. Goethe came over frequently, rough-housed with the children, or helped occasionally, together with Kestner, in the kitchen.

In November 1771, Goethe wrote to his Strasbourg friend Salzmann: "I am dramatizing the story of one of the noblest Germans, rescuing the memory of a brave man, and the amount of work it requires is taking up all my time; and I need this, for it is sad to live in a place where all one's activity must hum inwardly."

Herder criticized the manuscript as misinterpreted Shakespeare, but Merck approved of the great work. And so, after his return from Wetzlar, the re-written play appeared in the bookshops in 1773, printed at Goethe's own expense. It made a tremendous impression throughout Germany, for this was powerful opposition rising against a tame era. "It bursts with life and strength, prances madly about, snorts and whinnies, rolls and rears, snaps and bites, leaps up at people, kicks out forward and backward, and will not let itself be caught or ridden. So much the better!" These were the words with which Wieland greeted the "beautiful monster". With one stroke Goethe had become the acknowledged leader of "Storm and Stress". Our picture shows a scene from the first act.

53

*The Lotte Room*

54

*"Götz of  
Berlichingen"*

GOETZ Why do you look at me so steadfastly, brother?

MARTIN I am in love with your armour.

GOETZ Would you like a suit? It is heavy and toilsome to the wearer.

MARTIN What is not toilsome in this world?—But to me nothing is so much so as to renounce my very nature! Poverty, chastity, obedience—three vows, each of which taken singly seems the most dreadful to humanity—so insupportable are they all;—and to spend a life-time under this burthen, or to groan despairingly under the still heavier load of an evil conscience—Ah! Sir Knight, what are the toils of your life compared to the sorrows of a state, which, from a mistaken desire of drawing nearer to the Deity, condemns as crimes the best impulses of our nature, impulses by which we live, grow, and prosper!

GOETZ Were your vow less sacred, I would give you a suit of armour and a steed, and we would ride out together.

MARTIN Would to Heaven my shoulders had strength to bear armour, and my arm to unhorse an enemy!—  
.....

GOETZ (*aside*). I grieve for him. The sense of his condition preys upon his heart.

*Enter George, breathless.*

GEORGE My lord, my lord, I hear horses in full gallop—two of them—'Tis they for certain.

GOETZ Bring out my steed; let Hans mount. Farewell, dear brother, God be with you. Be cheerful and patient. He will give you ample scope.

MARTIN Let me request your name.

GOETZ Pardon me—Farewell! (*Gives his left hand.*)

MARTIN Why do you give the left?—Am I unworthy of the knightly right hand?

GOETZ Were you the Emperor, you must be satisfied with this. My right hand, though not useless in combat, is unresponsive to the grasp of affection. It is one with its mailed gauntlet—You see, it is *iron!*

MARTIN Then art thou Goetz of Berlichingen. I thank thee, Heaven, who hast shown me the man whom princes hate, but to whom the oppressed throng! (*He takes his right hand.*) Withdraw not this hand, let me kiss it.

"I feel as one does after a full confession, happy and released for new life", said Goethe when he had at last succeeded in unburdening his heart in "Werther" of his passionate experience in Wetzlar, poetically altering the characters, events and motives. The novel shows what confusion of feeling, what disaster, wait upon a sensitive person in the bourgeois world who suffers from the incongruities of the existing system and finds no way out. "The Sufferings of Werther" appeared as a book in 1774, and mirrored the emotional mood of the period so accurately, made it so manifest and conscious, that a veritable Werther fever broke out. All Europe became aware of the author.

55  
*"The Sufferings  
of Young  
Werther"*

The first French translation of "Werther", made by S. von Seckendorf of Weimar, appeared as early as 1775. In 1777 another translation appeared, by Aubry, under the appropriate title of "Les passions du jeune Werther". The first English translation, "The Sorrows of Werter, A German Story", appeared in 1779, considerably mutilated, and was probably based on the first French translation, since the word "Leiden" was not translated as it should have been, as "sufferings".

56  
*Translations of  
"Werther"*

People took side for and against the suicide. They dressed like Werther. Attacks were published, as well as sequels to the novel, new editions, and unauthorized printings. One such publication was adorned by this engraving of a little scene, a perfect masterpiece, by the artist Chodowiecki. We may regard this imaginary portrait of the hero as the typical representative of the high-minded, sensitive younger generation eating its heart out within confining bounds.

57  
*Illustration  
for "Werther"*

*(Towards the end of the novel Werther is reciting to Lotte from the Songs of Ossian:)*

*The Crisis*

A torrent of tears which streamed from Charlotte's eyes, and gave relief to her bursting heart, stopped Werther's recitation. He threw down the book, seized her hand, and wept bitterly. Charlotte leaned upon her hand, and buried her face in her handkerchief; the agitation of both was excessive. They felt that

their own fate was pictured in the misfortunes of Ossian's heroes—they felt this together, and their tears redoubled . . . He trembled; his heart was ready to burst: then taking up the book again, he recommenced reading, in a voice broken by sobs.

“Why dost thou waken me, O spring? Thy voice woos me, exclaiming, I refresh thee with heavenly dews; but the time of my decay is approaching, the storm is nigh that shall wither my leaves. To-morrow the traveller shall come,— he shall come, who beheld me in beauty; his eye shall seek me in the field around, but he shall not find me.—”

The whole force of these words fell upon the unfortunate Werther. Full of despair he threw himself at Charlotte's feet, seized her hands, and pressed them to his eyes and to his forehead. An apprehension of his fatal project now struck her for the first time. Her senses were bewildered; she held his hands, pressed them to her bosom; and leaning towards him, with emotions of the tenderest pity, her warm cheek touched his. They lost sight of everything. The world disappeared from their eyes. He clasped her in his arms, strained her to his bosom, and covered her trembling lips with passionate kisses. “Werther!” she cried with a faint voice, turning herself away—“Werther!” and with a feeble hand she pushed him from her. At length, with the firm voice of virtue, she exclaimed, “Werther!” He resisted not, but tearing himself from her arms, fell on his knees before her. Charlotte rose and with disordered grief, in mingled tones of love and resentment, she exclaimed, “It is the last time, Werther!— you shall never see me more!” then casting one last tender look upon her unfortunate lover, she rushed into the adjoining room, and locked the door.

58  
*Merck*

Goethe characterized this friend, who was eight years older and whom he often visited in Darmstadt at that time, as a “singular” man who had had a very great influence on his life. “He had the gift of sharp and accurate judgment . . . a very enjoyable companion for those he had not frightened with his biting remarks.” The army paymaster, with his many-sided literary and scientific interests, was in fact the first to recognize the great scope of the poet's genius. He tried to make

Goethe concentrate on great poetic subjects, and encouraged him very much through his shrewd and pointed judgments. His profile reveals traits of a lofty intelligence, and something of a Mephisto, too, of whom Merck was the model, to some extent.

Among the many significant men who came into contact with Goethe either personally or through correspondence after the appearance of "Götz" and of "Werther", Lavater of Zurich, a sort of genius of theology, played a special role. An ardent admirer of Goethe, Lavater visited him on a trip to Germany in 1774, during which he preached sermons and proselytized for the "Physiognomical Fragments for the Advancement of the Knowledge and Love of Man", which he was then working on. An enthusiastic friendship sprang up between Goethe and Lavater, who was eight years older; they found many points of agreement. As time went on, however, a certain mysticism and intolerance on Lavater's part, which grew constantly more marked, led to a breach after ten years.

59

*Lavater*

The greatest joy and the deepest suffering filled his last year in Frankfort. At the beginning of 1775, Goethe met at a house, concert the sixteen-year-old banker's daughter Lili Schönemann, who was as cultivated as she was graceful and lovely. This portrait, made much later, still bears witness to that. Soon he could not be without her, nor she without him. They became engaged. But despite the deep love they felt for each other, difficulties arose between the families, "bad days and false hours". In songs full of pain and beauty Goethe gave words to his feelings.

60

*Lili Schönemann*

Heart! my heart! what means this feeling?  
What oppreseth thee so sore?  
What strange life is o'er me stealing!  
I acknowledge thee no more.  
Fled is all that gave thee gladness,  
Fled the cause of all thy sadness,  
Fled thy peace, thine industry—  
Ah, why suffer it to be?

*"Heart! My Heart!"*

Say, do beauty's graces youthful,  
Does this form so fair and bright,  
Does this gaze, so kind, so truthful,  
Chain thee with unceasing might?  
Would I tear me from her boldly,  
Courage take, and fly her coldly,  
Back to her I'm forthwith led  
By the path I seek to tread.

61  
*The  
Ink Silhouette  
of 1774*

The first authentic portraits of the adult Goethe were done at the beginning of the seventies. This one he gave to Lotte. The silhouette does not, of course, show a number of essential details—eye, ear, line of the cheek; but it gives an all the more striking impression of the contours of the profile. It very eloquently expresses the nature of the twenty-five-year-old. Heinse, a poet of the “Sturm und Drang” describes him thus: “A handsome young man with a heart full of feeling and a mind full of fire, with the wings of an eagle.” Lavater called him “the most terrible and the most lovable of men”. And this is the detailed description that Kestner gave to a friend in 1772:

*Kestner's  
Description*

He has very many talents, is a true genius and a man of character, possesses an extraordinarily lively imagination, so that he mostly expresses himself in images and comparisons. He himself likes to say that he always expresses himself figuratively, can never express himself literally: but that when he grows older he hopes he will think and speak the thoughts as they were. He is violent in all his feelings, yet is often very self-controlled. His way of thinking is noble, as free as possible of prejudice, he acts as he pleases without worrying about how others like it, whether it is the done thing, whether custom permits it. He hates any compulsion . . .

He has great respect for the female sex.

He is not yet firm *in principiis* and is still striving for a definite system.

To say something about it, he does think highly of Rousseau but is not a blind adorer of his . . .

He has respect for the Christian religion, but not in the form presented by our theologians.

He believes in a future life, a better condition.

He strives for truth, but has a higher opinion of the feeling than of demonstrations of it.

He has already achieved much, knows and has read much; but he has thought and reasoned still more. He has made the pure sciences and the fine arts his life-work, or rather, all the sciences, only not the so-called practical sciences . . .

In a word, he is a very remarkable person.

Goethe twice left Frankfort during this period on journeys of some duration. The first one was a veritable excursion of geniuses. Goethe left in the middle of June 1774 in the company of Lavater and the robust pedagogical reformer Basedow—"Prophets to the right, prophets to the left, and the world-child in the middle"—from Ems down the Lahn and the Rhine to Düsseldorf. Exuberant, bursting with ideas, they lived each moment to the full, soaked up landscapes and art, visited kindred spirits, and made contacts. This time Goethe went past Ehrenbreitstein, below Koblenz, where he had stopped two years before, during his flight from Wetzlar, to visit the poetess Sophie de la Roche.

62

*Rhine Journey*

Goethe owed a considerable debt to the worthy patriarch of German poetic art. As a boy he had devoured the "Messiah". Some of his longer, rhapsodic poems show the influence of Klopstock's odes. But deep down, he had a completely different nature. When Klopstock visited the poet in the autumn of 1774 as he was passing through Frankfort, all they talked about was ice-skating, of which both were enthusiastic devotees. Goethe accompanied his guest as far as Darmstadt. On the way back he gave expression to the virile life force in him, calling out to his postilion in the following poem:

63

*Klopstock*

Down, now! quicker still, down!  
See where the sun sets!  
Ere he sets, ere old age  
Seizeth me in the morass,  
Ere my toothless jaws mumble,  
And my useless limbs totter;

*"To Father  
Kronos"*



While drunk with his farewell beam  
Hurl me,—a fiery sea  
Foaming still in mine eye,—  
Hurl me, while dazzled and reeling,  
Down to the gloomy/portal of hell.

Blow, then, gossip, thy horn,  
Speed on with echoing trot,  
So that Orcus may know we are coming;  
So that our host may with joy  
Wait at the door to receive us.

64  
*Friedrich Jacobi*

On the Lower Rhine, Goethe met among others the philosophical writer Jacobi. He also visited Jacobi at his home in Pempelfort, near Düsseldorf. In the first intoxication of feeling that he had found someone with the same lofty cast of mind as his own, the friendship he made was almost exaggeratedly emotional. Subsequently, however, arguments over religious and philosophical questions became unavoidable. And since Goethe did not consider God an arbitrary force outside nature but as immanent in nature, and sought his powers "in plants and rocks", he repeatedly found himself opposing Jacobi's metaphysical views and writings. He openly and honestly contradicted Jacobi, without destroying the human attachment they felt towards one another.

65  
*The  
First Journey  
to Switzerland*

Goethe had scarcely become engaged when, without any diminution of his love, he became conscious of the threats which the relationship involved. When the Count of Stolberg, poet of the Göttingen Hainbund, and Count Haugwitz, later a minister of Prussia, visited him in May 1775, he gladly assented to a "genius excursion" to Switzerland. He wanted to come to himself. At first they travelled to Zurich. On the way, Goethe visited his unhappy sister in Emmerdingen. Then a week with Lavater. In Einsiedeln the companions parted. Goethe went all the way to wild St. Gotthard, tempted to make his way to Italy. He still could not tear himself from Lili. But in September he forced himself to dissolve the alliance with the girl whom he had "loved deepest". Throughout their lives they continued to hold one another in the highest esteem.

I drink fresh nourishment, new blood  
From out this world more free;  
The Nature is so kind and good  
That to her breast clasps me!  
The billows toss our bark on high,  
And with our oars keep time,  
While cloudy mountains tow'rd the sky  
Before our progress climb.

*"On the Lake"*

Say, mine eye, why sink'st thou down?  
Golden visions, are ye flown?  
Hence, thou dream, tho' golden-twin'd;  
Here, too, love and life I find . . .

Lily, I fly from thee! I still am doom'd to range  
Thro' countries strange,  
Thro' distant vales and woods, link'd on to thee!  
Ah, Lily's heart could surely never fall  
So soon away from me!

*"To a Golden  
Heart  
that He Wore  
round His Neck"*

Misgivings of conscience may not have been the least of the factors that induced Goethe to give up Lili. He had a presentiment of the unconventional career ahead of him; could he really make her happy as his partner in it? Nor did he know whether he could do without the freedom he needed, space in which to spread his powerfully growing wings. His sensibility and his productivity had made giant strides. In a few days, for instance, he had written "Clavigo". Immense themes like "Mahomet", "Prometheus", "Faust" preoccupied his mind; he was particularly taken up with "Egmont" at that time. He wrote to his mother later: "The disproportion of the narrow and slow-moving bourgeois circle to the capacity and speed of my nature would have driven me mad." Frankfort itself had grown too constricted for him. He decided to answer the call of the Duke of Weimar. But when he was not fetched at the appointed time, he started off for Italy. If the court emissary had not managed to catch up with him in Heidelberg, there is no knowing in what direction the poet's destiny might have led him.

66  
*A Turning Point  
at Heidelberg*

67  
*Weimar*

In response to repeated invitations from the Duke, Goethe arrived in Weimar on November 7, 1775. It became his second home, and he remained true to it until the end. He exchanged a great trading centre for a country town of about 6,000 population, a free city of the Reich for the residence of an absolute ruler, but also the limited field of an advocate for the cosmopolitanism of a courtier and statesman, the highest position to which a commoner could then aspire. We must imagine Weimar, of which a small portion is visible adjoining our picture, left, as an extremely modest provincial town. We are looking into the courtyard of the palace which had been destroyed by fire a year before Goethe's arrival. Only the older part that still exists today, the tower and the gatehouse, remained standing. (Compare the street map of the town in fig. 107.)

68  
*The Thuringian  
Princedom*

With a little patience it is possible to distinguish amidst the confusing frontiers of the map of that period, at the centre and left, in grey colours, the main territories of the princedoms of Weimar and Eisenach. Between them we see those of Erfurt, which belonged to Electoral Mainz, and Gotha. In the north a longish and in the south a shortish tip of the Electoral Princedom of Saxony can be made out, and then come the smaller territories of Altenburg, Schwarzburg and others. Weimar-Eisenach was populated by only about 100,000, most of whom lived by agriculture. In his first ten years in Weimar, Goethe travelled considerably through this territory, either accompanying the Duke on horse, hunting, or alone on foot, and sketching. As time went on, he actually studied and explored it in his official capacity. And diplomatic missions often brought him to the neighbouring states.

69  
*Anna Amalia*

After the very early death of her husband the dowager Duchess, who was a Princess of Brunswick and a niece of Frederick II of Prussia, ruled the country for seventeen years as the heir's guardian, and tried to make it a home of the arts. This energetic woman, whom Goethe praised after her death as a "completely human spirit", laid the groundwork for Weimar's later significance. When the older of her two sons took over the

government in 1775 and she withdrew to the little Dowager's Palais, she was only thirty-six years old. She continued to promote Weimar's cultural life, collecting a circle of artistic minds whom she kept near her—for her own personal benefit, as well, for she was a dilettante in the arts. She lived until 1807.

As an immature youth of 18 years Karl August married and succeeded to the government. He had a curious double nature. There was something wild, rough, instinctual about him that made him a hunter and a soldier, who liked to ignore the rules of etiquette; but at the same time he had an extraordinary appreciation of the sciences and the arts, and he was approachable on human questions, too. One can see in him a prince with an original turn of mind, impeded, to be sure, by his status, and in need of the proper guidance. He found this for himself, half-consciously, when he took the still inexperienced young poet into his court and without ado made him Legation Councillor with a seat and a voice in the Cabinet, the three-man supreme government authority. Goethe expressed the loyalty and gratitude he felt towards his sovereign in one part of the "Venetian Epigrams":

Small indeed is my prince among all Germany's princes,  
Slender and narrow his land, moderate what he can do.  
.....

Never has Emperor asked after me, nor King thought  
about me.

He was Augustus to me, he my Maecenas as well.

Even before he came to Weimar, Goethe had become acquainted with the Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt and conceived a great respect for her. Her marriage had come about for purely dynastic reasons. Although the same age as the Duke, and a person of character, she was too different from him in every way, too gentle, passive and retiring, to be able to make a happy marriage with him. Out of human sympathy, the poet did his best to smoothe out the contradictions; but for all the great respect of both parties for Goethe, the disagreements which Nature itself seemed to have ordained were stronger.

70

*Karl August*

71

*Duchess Luise*

72  
*Wieland*

Anna Amalia had actually laid the cornerstone of the "Court of Muses" when she called the 41-year-old Wieland to Weimar in 1772, as the teacher of Karl August. Next to Klopstock and Lessing, he was the most significant representative of the generation that preceded Goethe. Goethe himself, although he had only recently written a farce in ridicule of Wieland's rococo interpretation of Greek civilization, considered him one of the "first teachers" of his early period, next to Oeser and Shakespeare. But Wieland had the character and wit to make a friend of this rising star without envy. "A calm mind and industry", wrote Goethe after Wieland's death in 1813, "were very finely balanced in him, and so, with the greatest ease and without the slightest passion of ambition, he exerted an inestimable influence on the intellectual formation of the nation."

73  
*Herder*

As early as 1776 Goethe managed to get Herder appointed as General Superintendent, thereby winning one of the most fertile minds in Germany for the Weimar circle. Yet for all the attraction between their intellects, their friendship suffered from character differences and differing attitudes toward the court. After Goethe's return from Italy, this even developed into an estrangement between the man who had given the strongest impetus both to the poetry and the historical writing of the new period, and the writer who had personified that poetry; never quite healed, the breach lasted until Herder's death in 1803.

74  
*Knebel*

The twenty-year-old Lieutenant von Knebel had completed his service in the Prussian Guards in 1774 and taken the position of military tutor to Prince Konstantin, Karl August's brother. He was a highly educated man, a connoisseur of modern literature and classic antiquity. In that same year, on the occasion of a visit to Frankfort, he had gone to see Goethe and arranged the first meeting with Karl August. Thus Knebel was the poet's first friend in Weimar. Himself a writer, Knebel, who spent most of his life in Jena after 1781, remained Goethe's friend even in old age. He died in 1834.

After Goethe declared himself ready to remain in Weimar, the Duke gave him the so-called Garden House at the edge of the Ilm meadow. As time went on, Goethe gave the park the form which this picture, made somewhat later, partly shows. The simple building is furnished with exceeding modesty, as the view of the study indicates. The odd shape in front of the writing desk is a stool with a saddle seat. At the left is a cone-shaped stove. Goethe lived steadily in the house until 1782, although it was really only suitable as a summer dwelling. He wrote to his mother in 1779: "I have everything a person can desire, a life in which I test myself daily, and grow." The poet could retire whenever he liked from the buzz of daily life to this quiet place outside the town, and find peace and composure. He wrote many poems here, sometimes jotting them down immediately on awakening.

75, 76  
*Goethe's  
Garden House*

Bush and vale thou fill'st again  
With thy misty ray,  
And my spirit's heavy chain  
Castest far away.

*"To the Moon"*

Thou dost o'er my fields extend  
Thy sweet soothing eye,  
Watching like a gentle friend,  
O'er my destiny.

.....

Here are two of the many places in Thuringia which Goethe frequented during the first ten years in Weimar. Until 1781, the hunting lodge Ettersburg, north of Weimar, was Anna Amalia's summer residence; after that she occupied the smaller mansion, Tiefurt, west of the Ilm. Both of these houses were a meeting place for the "court of muses", where discussions, lectures and musical soirees were held. In salons or outdoors they staged amateur theatricals. Thus in Ettersburg they acted "The Lover's Whim" and "Iphigenia" (with Goethe as Orestes). At the beginning of 1776, on the slope of the Ettersberg, Goethe wrote:

77, 78  
*Ettersburg  
and Tiefurt*

Thou who comest from on high,  
Who all woes and sorrows stillest,  
Who, for twofold misery,  
Hearts with twofold balsam fillest,

*"The Wanderer's  
Night-Song"*

Would this constant strife would cease!  
What are pain and rapture now?  
Blissful Peace,  
To my bosom hasten thou!

79  
*Charlotte  
von Stein*

A contemporary described her as having very red cheeks and very black hair, "Italian" skin and eyes, and a slender build. Schiller wrote in 1787, after seeing Frau von Stein for the first time: "She could never have been beautiful, but her face has a gentle gravity and a most exceptional frankness. Her nature contains a wholesome understanding, feeling and truth." Goethe felt powerfully attracted at once to this woman seven years older than himself, the wife of the Weimar Court's Master of the Horses. He wrote to her: "I have no name for us—the past—the future—the universe." He opened the very depths of his heart to the "only woman", as to no one else. His letters and poems testify magnificently to that, and until his trip to Italy she exerted a profound moderating influence on the poet's human development.

*To  
Charlotte*

....  
Ah, you were in some past generation  
Either sister or my wedded wife.  
Every trait in me you knew, and feature,  
Saw how every nerve and thought react,  
With a glance you could make out my nature—  
Powers that mortal eyes have often lacked.  
Heated blood, you gave it moderation,  
Guided well my mad, wild course at length,  
And my breast, distraut with desperation,  
In your angel arms renewed its strength;  
With your magic touch you held him captured,  
Conjuring the hours and days away. [enraptured,  
Ah, what bliss could match those happy hours  
When in thanks before your feet he lay,  
....

80  
*Goethe  
27 Years Old*

This is still the "genius" at court, but no courtier.  
The Weimar artist G. M. Kraus, a native of Goethe's home town, caught more speakingly than other artists of that time the great fiery eye, the flashing vitality

of the features, along with a certain self-control. Goethe had become the life of the court; they wore Werther dress, and the watchword was "Nature". In the overflowing abundance of his strength and his appetite for life he took part in all social events, from a Court ball to a dance at a village fair. It was as if he were squandering himself, and yet inwardly he never ceased to be active, to educate himself, and to use his talents.

Noble be man,  
Helpful and good!  
For that alone  
Distinguisheth him  
From all the beings  
Unto us known

He and he only  
The good can reward,  
The bad can he punish,  
Can heal and can save;  
All that wanders and strays  
Can usefully blend.

*"Noble be Man"*

Hail to the beings,  
Unknown and glorious,  
Whom we forebode!  
From *his* example  
Learn we to know them!  
.....

And we pay homage  
To the immortals  
As though they were men,  
And did in the great,  
What the best, in the small,  
Does or might do.  
.....

On his trips through Thuringia, Goethe made assiduous use of his drawing pencil. He still believed he was equally gifted as an artist and a poet. He often visited the Wartburg, located high above the city of Eisenach, that old residence of the Thuringian landgraves, the scene of the fabulous "singer wars", home of the benevolent Saint Elisabeth, refuge of Luther after the Diet at Worms. In Goethe's day, as this picture shows, the decaying castle had not yet been restored.

81  
*The Wartburg*

Wartburg, 16th September, 1777

Everything was new again this morning. Philipp waked me and made me go to the window! All the valleys below lay in the same fog, it was one big sea, and the mountain tops projecting out of it were the banks. After that I sketched. If I don't spoil it before I finish, you will enjoy it . . .  
Adieu. I know you are thinking of me, for otherwise I would not be thinking so much about you. I know that you love me, I can tell by your being so dear to me . . .

*Letter to  
Charlotte  
von Stein*



*Village Fire  
at Night*

As houses in those days were chiefly built of wood, with straw or shingle roofs, and the cooking was done on an open fire, while illumination was provided by candles or shavings, fires broke out often, and not infrequently destroyed entire localities. Fire-fighting — bringing up water, fire buckets and extinguishers — was therefore a problem which engaged the lively attention of Goethe and the Weimar government.

*Letter to  
Charlotte  
von Stein*

Weimar, June 26, 1780

... the news of fire in Gross Brembach routed me out, and in no time I was in the flames. After the weather had been dry for so long, the fire went out of control in an unlucky wind... No one wanted to get water out of the pond because the flames had struck the houses next to it and were whirling at its very edge. I went there and called out, we can do it, boys, we can do it, and on the spot there were people getting water, but I soon had to leave my place because one could stand it only for a few moments. My eyebrows are singed, and the water boiling in my shoes scalded my toes. I lay down after midnight for a little rest, for everything was still burning and crackling in the bed at the inn, and bedbugs discovered me, so that I had my share of human misery and discomfort. The Duke and the Prince came afterwards and did what they could. I noticed a few quite commonplace and still unrecognized mistakes in such affairs.

*“Want  
of Decision”*

Want of decision,	Steadfastly daring
Anxious prevision,	The fates overbearing,
Feminine quailing,	All force defying,
Weeping and wailing	Weakness denying
Never stop danger,	Summons the arms
Make no one free.	Of Olympus to me.

*Levy of Recruits*

The occurrence recorded here by Goethe seems to have gone off fairly simply and speedily. The young men of draft age are having their height measured and being registered by the clerk. One of the soldiers roughly rejects the appeal of a woman who apparently wanted to raise some objection. Goethe was not only an observer with a sketchbook but was personally in charge of some of these levies after 1779, when the

so-called War Commission was handed over to him. And the gallows with the wreath, over the doorposts, which looks like an addition by the artist, permits the conclusion that he may have had his own thoughts about the matter. During those years—he was soon also entrusted with the highest financial authority—he was trying to find a way of carrying out social and political reforms, relieving the peasants of some of their burden, simplifying the taxes, etc. But he was not very successful in these attempts. He did, at any rate, reduce the Weimar “army” from 610 to 300 men, and with considerable effort managed to balance the state budget which had been on the verge of bankruptcy.

Goethe was above medium height, and slim. Our silhouette shows the markedly straight carriage which continued impressive even when he had grown old. He had long since become “involved in all court and political affairs”. He had received the title of Privy Councillor; in 1782 he was knighted, and as a leading statesman had attained the peak of worldly success. The rebellious titan had now turned his powers towards realities as they existed, not despising the hard work connected with his office but applying himself to it with serious industry. And these tasks and duties made both the man and the poet stronger, clearer and more mature.

Fortune, let the work be ended,  
Once for my two hands intended!  
Let my vigor show no want!  
No, 'tis not an empty dream:  
Though these trees like poles now seem,  
Fruit and shade some day they'll grant.

In autumn 1779, Goethe went with the Duke on a three-months' journey to Switzerland. Again he reached St. Gotthard without continuing down to Italy; instead he turned back over Devil's Bridge, which arches at a dizzy height over the Urner Valley. His intention was to get Karl August away from court life for once, and expose him to the impressions of exalted Nature. For although Goethe had participated in all sorts of wild

84

*Goethe  
about 1780*

*“Hope”*

85

*The Second  
Journey  
to Switzerland*

goings-on, he was trying imperceptibly the whole time to influence the formation of the young ruler, who was endangered in many respects, and to strengthen him in a humanist approach. The journey was the conclusion of this work, which at any rate had not been done in vain. It is one of Goethe's greatest achievements that Karl August persistently continued building up Weimar as an art centre. After 1783 Goethe wrote a poem called "Ilmenau", in which he evaluated his influence on the royal young friend who was struggling through his own "Storm and Stress":

"Ilmenau"

....:

Here I behold . . .

A peaceful folk in quiet industry

Using the gifts that Nature granted them.

The thread flies from the distaff

To the rapid spinning wheel . . .

Then let, O Prince, this nook of your domain

A model be for all your life!

Noblesse oblige, high duty must restrain,

And more and more, the freedom of your soul

.....

He who aspires to lead

Must have the largeness to renounce.

86  
*Ilmenau*

The little town situated at the northern edge of the Thuringian Forest, and its immediate vicinity belonged to the state of Weimar. Goethe went there often, in an official capacity as well, after he had been entrusted in 1776 with all affairs concerning a revival of the mining industry. After tenacious preparatory labour they were finally able in 1784 to start using mines again which had been submerged for 45 years. But the yield of silver, lead and copper was very small. Only twelve years later, the unprofitable enterprise had to be abandoned again when a gallery collapsed. For Goethe the problems of the mine were an additional reason for making a thorough study of geology and mineralogy. Until he was very old, the study of the origin and composition of the earth's crust remained one of his chief interests.

"For three weeks", Goethe wrote to Herder in 1776, "we have been living in the Thuringian Forest, and I am leading my life in chasms, caves, woods, in ponds, under waterfalls, in the subterranean, and am expanding in God's world." This drawing of a building at the edge of the wood seems to have been made on some such trip. We may assume that what we see on the left is a so-called coop, unused at the moment, i. e. a shed built for the purpose of the mine; since nothing indicates that it could have met the requirements of a farm or a mill.

87

*Mine Coop*

While the poet sacrificed considerable time to his official duties, he did not permit them to consume him. To look across the forests and valleys always freed his heart again to say what he felt, what moved him, what he was seeking, what he was trying to make people take seriously. What he produced during the first period in Weimar was not great. "Iphigenia" existed in prose. "Wilhelm Meister" was temporarily dropped in its first draft, and no ending was found for "Egmont". But he wrote wonderful poems.

88

*Misty Valleys  
near Ilmenau*

Through rain, through snow,  
Through tempest go!  
'Mongst steaming caves,  
O'er misty waves,  
On, on! still on!  
Peace, rest have flown!

Sooner through sadness  
I'd wish to be slain,  
Than all the gladness  
Of life to sustain;

All the fond yearning  
That heart feels for heart,  
Only seems burning  
To make them both smart.

How shall I fly?  
Forestwards hie?  
Vain were all strife!  
Bright crown of life,  
Turbulent bliss,—  
Love, thou art this!

*"Restless Love"*

*“Wanderer’s  
Night Song”*

On September 6, 1780, Goethe stayed overnight in a little wooden house that stood on the wooded summit of the Kickelhahn near Ilmenau. The stillness of nature inspired an immortal, simple poem about the human longing for rest. Since there was nothing else available, he wrote it on the wooden wall, just as it came to his mind. And it testifies to a sense of increasing loneliness in the midst of all that activity, and to a yearning for some other, deeper satisfaction.

Hush’d on the hill  
Is the breeze;  
Scarce by the zephyr  
The trees  
Softly are press’d;  
The woodbird’s asleep on the bough.  
Wait, then, and thou  
Soon wilt find rest.

*Towards  
the Brenner*

The truth is that Goethe began to feel defeated insofar as his court and official activities were concerned. It became increasingly clear to him that he could not, all by himself, do much to improve the backward conditions of that provincial little country. Was he not born to be a writer? In 1786 he reached the point where he said “rather death” than the life of the past few years. He threw off the burden and went to Italy. He had long since felt drawn to it by an irresistible need. The song he wrote before the journey, which he later set down in his “Apprenticeship” as the words of Mignon, says:

*“Mignon”*

Know’st thou the land where the fair citron blows,  
Where the bright orange midst the foliage glows,  
Where soft winds greet us from the azure skies,  
Where silent myrtles, stately laurels rise,  
Know’st thou it well?  
'Tis there, 'tis there,  
That I with thee, beloved one, would repair.

Goethe simply ran away. Secretly, without betraying his purpose, he left in September 1786 for Karlsbad, where he took the waters, and travelled south over the Brenner. There he found what he was longing for:

“The feeling of a freer life, a more sublime existence, lightness and grace.” The nearly two years he spent there became a turning point, rich in consequences for Goethe’s life and creative work. The great document of the transformation that took place in him is the diary-style “Italian Journey”.

Goethe entered a completely different world and made every effort to digest what he saw and experienced, to understand the country and the people, nature and labour, art and life, in their interrelations with one another. Thus he considered the “beaver” republic of Venice, which still dominated the trade of the East Mediterranean, the result of its geographical location. This contemporary painting shows one of the famous views—on the other side of the canal with its gondola traffic, the wharf at the Piazzetta and a swarm of boats dominated by a big ship in their midst, with sails and rudders, probably a state galley. Behind them the Doge’s Palace, headquarters of the government; farther back, half-hidden, St. Marks’, and at the left the library.

91  
*Venice*

Driven by restlessness, Goethe hurried through Northern Italy, until on October 29th he reached Rome. Now he was at the centre of the world from which the Caesars had ruled in ancient times; where now the head of the Catholic Church and sovereign of the Church State (which extended all the way to the territory of Venice) had his seat; where the flowering art of the Renaissance had produced treasures without end. “I saw the chief ruins of ancient Rome early this morning, this evening St. Peter’s Church; and am now initiated”, he wrote next day in his diary. Under an assumed name Goethe remained in the Eternal City until February, associating mostly with German artists; he acclimated himself, studied, worked, and sketched. This drawing captures the famous view from Monte Pincio.

92  
*View of Rome*

Rome, 1st November, 1786  
Now I am here at my ease, and as it would seem, shall be tranquillized for my whole life; for we may almost say that a new life begins when a man once sees with

*From  
“Letters  
from Italy”*

his own eyes all that before he has but partially heard or read of. All the dreams of my youth I now behold realized before me; the subjects of the first engravings I ever remember seeing (several views of Rome were hung up in an anteroom of my father's house) stand bodily before my sight, and all that I had long been acquainted with through paintings or drawings, engravings, or wood-cuts, plaster-casts, and cork models are here collectively presented to my eye . . . it is all just as I had thought it, and yet all is new; and just the same might I remark of my own observations and my own ideas. I have not gained any new thoughts, but the older ones have become so defined, so vivid, and so coherent that they may almost pass for new ones.

93  
*The Colosseum*

This is one of the Roman views Goethe mentioned above, which had already engaged his fantasy as a youngster. The Colosseum, an amphitheatre erected in the first century A. D. for athletic contests—we see below the reconstruction, ground-plan and cross-section—helps us appreciate the power of late Roman architecture which gave Goethe his insight into antiquity. It taught him to demand magnitude and inner truth, i. e., objectivity and functionalism, in art. He turned away from Gothic completely. The triumphal arch, visible at the right, through which Emperor Constantine marched into Rome, was built in the year 315 A. D.

*From  
"Letters  
from Italy"*

History, inscriptions, coins (of which formerly I knew nothing), all are pressing upon me. As it happened to me in the case of natural history, so goes it with me here also; for the history of the whole world attaches itself to this spot, and I reckon a new birthday,—a true new birth from the day that I entered Rome.

94  
*Eruption  
of Vesuvius*

In February 1787 Goethe went farther south, where he was surrounded once again by completely different natural phenomena and a different life. His notes overflow with enthusiastic descriptions of the uniquely beautiful location of Naples, capital of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. Here he studied the life of the

people thoroughly and pursued his interest in natural science. He was immensely interested in Vesuvius, which had just become active again. Goethe climbed up to the crater twice, making careful observations and noting down every single detail. In this sketch he showed the weird drama of a nocturnal eruption and the smoking, glowing flood of lava.

... As, however, the presence of danger generally exercises on man a kind of attraction, and calls forth a spirit of opposition in the human breast to defy it, I bethought myself that, in the interval of the eruptions, it would be possible to climb up the cone to the crater, and to get back before it broke out again. ... The little stones were yet rattling around us, and the ashes still drizzling, as the stalwart youth hurried forth with me across the hot glowing rubble. We soon stood on the brink of the vast chasm, the smoke of which, although a gentle air was bearing it away from us, unfortunately veiled the interior of the crater, which smoked all round from a thousand crannies. At intervals, however, we caught sight through the smoke of the cracked walls of the rock ... Of a sudden the thunder pealed aloud; we ducked our heads involuntarily, as if that would have rescued us from the precipitated masses. The smaller stones soon rattled, and without considering that we had again an interval of cessation before us, and only too much rejoiced to have outstood the danger, we rushed down and reached the foot of the hill, together with the drizzling ashes, which pretty thickly covered our heads and shoulders.

The city of Pompeii at the foot of Vesuvius, which was completely buried in 79 A. D. by a rain of ash, had been re-discovered not long before, and some of it was already excavated.

Goethe inspected the remains that had been uncovered, from which one could deduce the architecture and the daily life of an ancient provincial town. He came to the conclusion "that after so many centuries, after countless changes, this region affects its inhabitants with a similar way of life, similar customs, inclinations and pursuits".

*From  
"Letters  
from Italy"*

95  
*Pompeii*



*The Temple  
of Poseidon in  
Paestum*

Departing from Naples, Goethe visited the remains of the ancient Greek colony of Paestum not far from the coast. It required some effort for him to understand the construction ideas of the purely Hellenic architecture which he encountered here for the first time: Of the Doric columns in the Temple of Poseidon he said, "... in the architectonic sketch they seem more elegant, in the perspective representation more clumsy than they are; only when one walks around and between them does one actually bring them to life."

He travelled on farther by ship to Palermo, and then straight through Sicily to the south and east coasts, where he felt transported to Homeric landscapes and saw many monuments of Greek art. But he did not fail to observe Nature at the same time and the island's geological composition and economy.

*Ruins of the  
Roman Forum*

After a second brief stay in Naples, Goethe returned to Rome at the beginning of June 1787 and remained a full ten months, for only now did he find himself properly prepared to live and work freely as an artist and poet. He tasted the joy of living "among a sensual people", he became acquainted with the great figures of the Renaissance, among whom, after Michelangelo, he now came to appreciate Raphael at his full worth. Again and again he felt drawn to the magnificent remains of the antique city. This engraving shows a few ruins of the old Roman market-place, the place where legal decisions were handed down, great gatherings of the people were held, and the state policies of a world empire were announced, until it sank to ruin and with it the temples and monuments of the Forum.

"We meet with traces both of majesty and of ruin, which alike surpass all conception; what the barbarians spared, the builders of new Rome made havoc of."

*Goethe  
at the Window  
of His Roman  
Apartment*

We owe this humorous back view of Goethe looking out of the window to Wilhelm Tischbein, in whose apartment Goethe lived for his first four months in Rome. It is the liveliest picture that has come down to us from the poet's early and middle period. During

the second stage of his stay in Rome, Goethe also lived mainly with German artists and friends of art; where he found the best opportunity to train his drawing talent further and improve his understanding of art.

We get a much stiffer impression of Goethe in this colossal painting by Tischbein, which presents him as a dignified figure sitting amidst the remains of some ancient edifice, against a landscape of buildings, ruins and distant mountain ranges. The conception of the picture is classicistic in the style of the period; the relievo added is meant to refer to Goethe's ideal of beauty, to "Iphigenia". One is struck by the thoughtfully serious, almost tense expression of the face: "Considering the destiny of man's works", as the painter described it. This should not cause us to forget that his stay in Italy had restored the poet's gaiety, the carefree attitude which he had lost during the last few years in Weimar.

From now on, Goethe's art is described as classic, because it is based on ancient classicism. In 1804, to Humboldt, he summed up this relationship in the words: "When we confront antiquity and look at it earnestly with the intention of learning from it, we get the feeling that we are becoming human beings for the first time." The transition had, in fact, been in preparation for a long time. But only now did the content and form become completely his own. The ideal was mankind exalted, its physical and spiritual powers developed equally, and striving to be "noble, helpful and good" within the context of society. He raised his "Iphigenia" to a classical level by rewriting in verse the prose manuscript he had brought with him. The vignette refers to the preceding history: Orestes kills his mother Clytemnestra and her lover Aegisthus, who had basely murdered his father when he returned home from Troy. Iphigenia, Orestes' oldest sister, was offered as a sacrifice to Diana before the war but was saved by the goddess and brought from Aulis to Scythia, where she served as a priestess. She opens the play with the words:

99

*Goethe*  
*in the Campagna*

100, 101

*Iphigenia*

*Monologue  
of Iphigenia*

Beneath your leafy gloom, ye waving boughs  
Of this old, shady, consecrated grove,  
As in the goddess' silent sanctuary,  
With the same shuddering feeling forth I step,  
As when I trod it first, nor ever here  
Doth my unquiet spirit feel at home.  
Long as a higher will, to which I bow,  
Hath kept me here conceal'd, still, as at first,  
I feel myself a stranger. For the sea  
Doth sever me, alas! from those I love,  
And day by day upon the shore I stand,  
The land of Hellas seeking with my soul;  
But to my sighs, the hollow-sounding waves  
Bring, save their own hoarse murmurs, no reply.  
Alas for him! who friendless and alone,  
Remote from parents and from brethren dwells;  
From him grief snatches every coming joy  
Ere it doth reach his lip. His yearning thoughts  
Throng back for ever to his father's halls,  
Where first to him the radiant sun unclosed  
The gates of heav'n; where closer, day by day,  
Brothers and sisters, leagued in pastime sweet,  
Around each other twin'd love's tender bonds.

The beautiful title plate, not an actual illustration of any scene, shows Orestes and his friend Pylades before Iphigenia, expecting her to send them to their deaths; but the sister rescues them from catastrophe and barbarians and Greeks are led to a human redemption.

102  
*Bridge  
in a Mountain  
Landscape*

In the clear sweep of this composition and the confidence of the strokes, we see that Goethe's drawing talent had developed significantly in Italy. Nevertheless he had come to realize that he was not born to be a graphic artist. In general, he had come to know what he was and where he stood. He knew he was cured of the "physical-moral miseries" that had tormented him in Germany, he had quenched his thirst for true art, he had restored the man within himself to his freedom. From the day he arrived in Rome, it was as if he were reborn. Now, not light-heartedly, he was ready to return home, determined to devote himself less to the service of the state and more to poetic art and the sciences. Not until thirty years

later did Goethe re-work his letters and drawings as the "Italian Journey", the document of this development.

During his stay in Italy, Goethe arranged to have a collected edition of his works issued by Göschen in Leipzig. These included the "Sturm und Drang" works and also a few in his new style. Herder was very helpful with the editing. The eight volumes were made available to the public one by one, coming out in 1787, 1788 and the last ones in 1790. Figures 101 and 104 have been taken from that edition.

103

*His Writings*

Goethe had been thinking about "Egmont" since 1775, but had been unable to make any progress with it under the strains and burdens of the last few years in Weimar. In the summer of 1787 it was completed at one stroke. It is infused by the classical spirit without, of course, extinguishing the originality and fire of the "genius" drama. The title plate illustrates the scene where Egmont visits Klärchen in his Spanish clothing. (The title vignette of fig. 103 illustrates the final scene of the drama: Klärchen with the arrows and the hat on the staff—a symbol meaning that the freedom of the province is based on the sacrifice of Egmont's life—appears to the sleeping man and holds the laurel wreath over his head.)

104

*"Egmont"*

CLARA (KLÄRCHEN)

Let me be silent! Let me embrace thee! Let me look into thine eyes, and find there everything—hope and comfort, joy and sorrow! (*She embraces and gazes on him.*) Tell me! Oh, tell me! It seems so strange—art thou indeed Egmont! Count Egmont! The great Egmont, who makes so much noise in the world, who figures in the newspapers, who is the support and stay of the provinces?

*Scene*

*from Act III*

EGMONT No, Clara, I am not he.

CLARA How?

EGMONT

Seest thou, Clara? Let me sit down! (*He seats himself, she kneels on a footstool before him, rests her arms on his knees and looks up in his face.*) That Egmont is a morose, cold, unbending Egmont, obliged to be

upon his guard, to assume now this appearance and now that; harassed, misapprehended and perplexed, when the crowd esteem him light-hearted and gay; beloved by a people who do not know their own minds; honoured and extolled by the intractable multitude; surrounded by friends in whom he dares not confide; observed by men who are on the watch to supplant him; toiling and striving, often without an object, generally without a reward. O let me conceal how it fares with him, let me not speak of his feelings! But this Egmont, Clara, is calm, unreserved, happy, beloved and known by the best of hearts, which is also thoroughly known to him, and which he presses to his own with unbounded confidence and love. (*He embraces her.*) This is thy Egmont.

CLARA

So let me die! The world has no joy after this!

105  
"Torquato Tasso"

When Goethe went to Italy, this work was still unfinished. There it throve quite naturally, since Italy was its setting and the poet felt freer about the theme than he had done in Thuringia. In his last year in Rome Goethe studied a new biography of the great Renaissance poet with whom he felt such a great affinity that Ferrara became Weimar for him and Tasso himself. Once he characterized the work as bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, and it may be regarded as a "classical Werther". In 1790 it appeared in the collected "Writings" and simultaneously as a separate book, whose title page we show. Tasso sums up the poet's destiny in the final scene thus:

Hath history no example for mine aid?  
Before me doth there rise no man of worth  
Who more hath borne than I, that with his fate  
Mine own comparing, I may gather strength.  
No, all is gone!—But one thing still remains;  
Tears, balmy tears, kind nature has bestow'd.  
The cry of anguish, when the man at length  
Can bear no more—yea, and to me beside,  
She leaves in sorrow melody and speech,  
To utter forth the fulness of my woe:  
Though in their mortal anguish men are dumb,  
To me a God hath given to tell my grief.

For years Goethe had regarded the study of nature as indispensable to an understanding of the world and to orientation in life. During his stay in Italy he tried to confirm a theory that had recently occurred to him that all of the various parts of a plant are only metamorphoses of one basic organ, the leaf. He published his results in the paper whose title page we show. But only decades afterwards did professional scientists take up this fruitful discovery, which had revolutionary implications for analyzing the development of natural phenomena.

Students of nature, make this your goal:  
Heed the specimen, heed the Whole.  
Nothing is inside or out,  
What's within must outward sprout.  
So without delay one sees  
Sacred open mysteries.

Truth in semblance never shun,  
Solemn sport uphold,  
What's alive cannot be One,  
It's always manifold.

On June 18, 1788, Goethe arrived home in Weimar, where he remained for the rest of his life. The Duke relieved him of the burdens of his previous offices and only obliged him to advise the court on all artistic and scientific matters. Since this directly related to his deepest interests, the poet was thus given the chance for a productive new life.

Let us glance briefly at the layout of the city: From the ruined palace (A) a straight road leads from Flossholz Platz over the Ilm bridge; left of it "The Star", a park. One must imagine Goethe's Garden House a short distance from the lower left-hand corner of the map. The building standing alone near the middle of the left side of the picture is the Prince's House, which housed the court until the new palace was built. Farther on towards the top (36) we find the Frauenplan which ends at the left, above, with the house where Goethe lived from 1792 up to his death. At the end of the narrow lane which leads downward from there stands the town house of Frau von Stein. If we follow the still clearly recognizable old city ring, the Esplanade

106  
*"Metamorphosis  
of Plants"*

*"Epirrhema"*

107  
*Map of Weimar*

(3), immediately after the bend on the right side, we find the house Schiller occupied from 1802. Then comes the Dowager's Palais where Anna Amalia lived (W), and diagonally opposite it, outside the map, the theatre and Wieland's house. Herder's dwelling is in the right-hand upper corner of the square surrounding the city church (8).

108  
*Goethe*  
*about 1790*

The great charm of this fragment is the way it captures the vitality of Goethe's countenance, not simply in repose but awake to inner thoughts and feelings. The fiery expression of the Storm-and-Stress period is still there, but more clarified, more mature, more responsible. Thus Klauer, to whom we owe six busts of Goethe and several more of other Weimar personalities (see fig. 70), gives us a unique portrait of the classical Goethe, the poet of the Roman elegies, of "Tasso", and of the "Apprenticeship" on which he now resumed work.

*"My Only  
Property"*

I feel that I'm possess'd of nought,  
Saving the free unfetter'd thought  
Which from my bosom seeks to flow,  
And each propitious passing hour  
That suffers me in all its power  
A loving fate with truth to know.

109  
*Goethe at 42*

The front view given in the Lips engraving confirms the accuracy of the bust, feature by feature, although now the face seems fuller. The great dark eyes, which a bust could not show, are characteristic; the expression is still more serious and reserved. Lips gives us the practical statesman Goethe here, the Goethe of the optical and anatomical studies. Schiller wrote of him in 1787 to Koerner: "He loves light and clarity in all things, even in the details of his political occupations, and with this same zeal he hates mysticism, stiltedness, intricacy." And after the long awaited meeting in 1788, he wrote: "He is of middle height, stiff in manner and in walk. His face is reserved, but his eyes are very expressive, alive, and it is a pleasure to receive his look. Although the expression in his eyes is very grave, it is also full of benevolence and kindness. He is dark, and looked older to me than he can really be, according to my reckoning." The fact is that people

in Weimar did not understand the inner transformation in Goethe. They even reproached him, who was always so full of love, with standoffishness and coldness. As a result he began to keep to himself and be silent.

Go! obedient to my call,  
Turn to profit thy young days,  
Wiser make betimes thy breast!  
In Fate's balance as it sways,  
Seldom is the cock at rest;  
Thou must either mount, or fall,  
Thou must either rule and win,  
Or submissively give in,  
Triumph, or else yield to clamour:  
Be the anvil or the hammer.

*Song*

It came as a surprise to the court and the town that this Goethe, shortly after his return from Italy, took into his home a young girl of humble origin, 23 years old, who made artificial flowers for a living; and treated her as his wife. No one could understand what a man like him saw in the pretty but uneducated woman, and gossip raged. But Christiane loved Goethe with all her heart, and he loved her in her naturalness, industry and devotion. His mother appreciated her worth. She wrote to her son after Christiane had visited Frankfort: "You can thank God! One rarely finds such a lovable, sincere, unspoiled creature." His relationship with Frau von Stein, of course, which had suffered since his flight to Italy, now cooled off markedly. As the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first meeting with Christiane was approaching, Goethe, who was away, sent her the following poem:

110

*Christiane Vulpius*

Just strolling along In the woods I went, And on no purpose Was I intent.	"Shall I be broken To wilt and lie dead?"  With its roots and all I dug it free, To the lovely house I took it with me.
I saw in the shade A flower there, Like starlight beaming, Like eyes so fair.	In the garden I found it A quiet place; Now ever it thrives And blooms apace.
I wished to pick it, When gently it said:	

*"Found"*



111  
*Christiane  
and August*

For Goethe the bond with Christiane was a matter of conscience. But she remained until her death (1816) the good angel of the house on Frauenplan, took care of Goethe's comfort and well-being, which he had done without for so long, and delighted him daily with her trust and her love of life. Again and again we find the same refrain in Goethe's letters, when he was away from Christiane: "But the best thing will be when we are together again and can share each other's joys and sorrows." Their first child, August, born at the end of 1789, was the only one of the five brothers and sisters who survived.

*From "Venetian  
Epigrams"*

Blissful it is to hold your love desirously embraced  
When first her beating heart betrays her love for you.  
More blissful still to feel the new life throbbing,  
Constantly turning and feeding in the tender womb.

112  
*Evidence of the  
Intermaxillary  
Bone in Man*

One reason given at the end of the 18th century for denying the biological relationship between man and animals was the absence of the intermaxillary bone in man between the two halves of the upper jaw, which is present in animals. In the search for a structure common to all vertebrates, Goethe had verified as early as 1784 that this bone, which bears the upper incisors, is present but not easily recognized, because the junctures have grown together. From this follows one more proof that while man is the highest of the animals he is just as subject to the natural laws of development as all other living beings. Thus he always saw the general in the particular and the particular in the general in nature. Goethe did not have this paper printed until 1820, and not until after his death was the significant discovery acknowledged by science.

113  
*Goethe's Study  
of Colour*

Goethe spent twenty years on an intensive study of optics. At last, in 1810, he was able to publish his great work "On the Theory of Colour", to which he attributed the same significance as to his poetic achievements. In the graphic arts and with the painter's view of nature, Goethe had examined colour in its relation to the eye, and thereby arrived at a fruitful discovery,

that of the physiological colours and the theory of turbid media. He was mistaken in believing he had disproved Newton's physical theory; he had, however, advanced beyond the old mechanistic approach and led the way to new territory.

A year after Goethe returned from Italy, the Revolution broke out in France. In a sense it did not surprise him, for he had seen it coming inevitably for a long time in consequence of the injustice of the powerful. Later he characterized it as one of the greatest events the world had ever seen, and emphasized its beneficent effect on Europe. Nevertheless, he considered the Revolution's radical years and the execution of the King and Queen the most terrible of all happenings. Force ran counter to his philosophy of gradual growth in nature. And under the undeveloped conditions of Germany, such an overthrow could have led to nothing good, in his opinion. At the same time Goethe occupied himself long and seriously with the burning questions which the revolution and its after-effects had raised; but as he had not become familiar with them from direct experience, he did not succeed in mastering them in satisfactory poetic form. The Tree of Freedom with its inscription "Wanderer, This Land is Free" may have been only one of the manifestations of republican patriotism that impressed him during the short period he spent in France.

The tension between France, Austria and Prussia had led to a declaration of war by France. The allied powers advanced past Verdun to the neighbourhood of Châlons on the Marne. Goethe took part in the campaign in the retinue of the Duke of Weimar. But the resistance of the well-organized revolutionary troops was stronger than anyone had guessed. The cannonade of Valmy put a stop to the advance. Goethe was a witness of this decisive battle.

... All this took place with the uninterrupted accompaniment of the cannon-thunder. On each side, this day, ten thousand shots were fired... In the after-

114

*The French  
Revolution*

115

*Campaign  
in France*

*The Cannonade  
of Valmy*

noon, at one o'clock after a pause of some duration, it was at its height; the earth trembled quite in the most literal sense . . .

I had heard so much of the cannon-fever, and I wanted to know what kind of thing it was. Ennui, and a spirit which every kind of danger excites to daring, nay even to rashness, induced me to ride up quite coolly to the outwork of La Lune . . . I had now arrived quite in the region where the balls were playing across me: the sound of them is curious enough, as if it were composed of the humming of tops, the gurgling of water, and the whistling of birds . . .

In the midst of these circumstances, I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within me: I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can be described only by similitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you feel yourself, as it were, quite one with the element in which you are. The eyes lose nothing of their strength or clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown-red tint, which makes the situation, as well as the surrounding objects, more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood; but everything seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever . . . After I had ridden back, and was in perfect security, I remarked with surprise that the glow was completely extinguished, and not the slightest feverish agitation was left behind.

116  
*The Retreat*

The superiority of the revolutionary troops over the old powers became obvious. "Here and now", said Goethe after the battle, "begins a new epoch in world history." In steadily wet weather, deprived of supplies and unable to make a single move, the allies had no other alternative but to save themselves through an inglorious retreat. Goethe described the undertaking and its conclusion in the diary-like "Campaign in France", which appeared in 1822. It was not meant to be an historical work but to add a significant chapter later on to his life story "Poetry and Truth".

. . . But a strange complicated state of things is produced by uninterrupted rains and frightful weather; the formidable allied army, not farther than six leagues from Châlons, and ten from Rheims, finds itself prevented from reaching either of these places, is obliged to retreat, abandons the two places it had captured, loses a third of its numbers, of which, at the utmost, two thousand perished by the sword, and now finds itself again on the banks of the Rhine. All these events, which border on the miraculous, happen in less than six weeks, and France is saved from the greatest danger that has ever been recorded in her annals.

*From "Campaign  
in France"*

In the following year Goethe was present at another military engagement. The fortress of Mainz, which had been seized in a surprise action by the French army supported by local adherents of the Revolution, the Clubbists, was surrounded by the allies and besieged. Goethe again accompanied Karl August and was with him at approximately the point, left, where we see the bright curved path of the projectile rising. That was the location of the Marienborn headquarters (in the southwest of the map) which the besieged troops once penetrated in a sally at the end of May. The badly damaged city was at last abandoned voluntarily on July 23, 1793, but revolutionary France had given renewed proof of unexpected strength.

117, 118

*The  
Siege of Mainz*

On Goethe's walks he had often seen this view of the little city encircled by gray chalk hills. It was his official duty to oversee the University's different departments and collections, and later the library as well, in addition to the manifold affairs connected with the conduct of a scientific institution. It was in large part Goethe's influence that made the Academy a centre of German intellectual life about the turn of the century. He derived considerable inspiration from such creative spirits as Fichte, Schelling, the Humboldt brothers, etc., and last but not least from Schiller. And often he stayed for months at a time in the old castle or in the gardener's house of the Botanical Garden, to have a little peace and quiet for his work, undisturbed by Weimar.

119

*Jena*

120  
*The New Palace  
in Weimar*

Just as Goethe was consulted on all other artistic questions, so the restoration of the palace was also submitted to his judgment. It took 15 years to complete, and was ready in 1803. Today a museum, it may justly be regarded as one of Goethe's works, only carried out by the architects according to his ideas. "In a way, I was ahead of the professionals, because my conception was superior to theirs." Our view shows the south wing on the left and in front of it, above the weir, the first arch of the stone bridge over the Ilm. (Compare map 107).

121  
*At Fifty-One*

If we compare Bury's portrait with the engraving by Lips (Fig. 109), allowing for the fact that of course every artist handles his subject differently, we are able to see the changes that have taken place in Goethe in the last ten years. In general he is stouter, fleshier about the neck and cheeks, and if possible he is still more serious and reserved. Forgetting the pose, which was apparently assumed at the painter's insistence ("An Admiral or a First Consul might look so", remarked Herder's wife), we still sense the profound, strong character of the "deputy of the poetic spirit on earth" who created "The Treasure Digger", "The Bride of Corinth", "The God and the Bayadere", "The Sorcerer's Apprentice" and the Sonnets.

" *Nature and Art* "

Nature and Art, it seems to us, diverge,  
But soon, before we know it, are united;  
I find myself by both alike delighted,  
And both attract me with magnetic urge.

.....

Who would achieve, he must command his forces.  
A master shows his powers in limitation,  
And freedom follows only law's direction.

122  
*"Reynard  
the Fox"*

Just as Grimbart had finished there came, to their utter  
amazement,  
Henning, the Cock, with his kith and kindred.  
Stretched on a bier there.  
Borne in sorrow along was a hen, both headless and  
neckless.

Scratch-foot it was, the best of all the egg-laying  
females.

Fast flowed, alas! her blood: it was Reinecke, too, that  
had shed it.

This must be told to the king. . . .

Henning spoke: "We complain of irretrievable  
mischief,

Lord and gracious king! Take pity on me who am  
injured,

I and my children as well. Here witness Reinecke's  
doings!"

During the war year 1793 Goethe retold the old Low German legend of Reynard the Fox's knaveries in humorous hexameters such as the above. It had mirrored the life of the mediæval Salic "court" and regency. And when Goethe revived the story, he found that it could still be applied to contemporary conditions in which, wherever he looked, he found to his deep distress the same "unfeigned beast in man".

In 1798 the verse epic "Hermann and Dorothea" appeared. "I have attempted to isolate in an epic crucible the purely human existence of a little German town and at the same time to reflect back on it the great movements and changes of the world scene." Among these movements and changes were the first six years of the French Revolution, in whose shadow the poem's bourgeois idyll took place.

123

*"Hermann  
and Dorothea"*

. . . .

Whilst he was thus discoursing, the number of men  
and of women

Crossing the market and going towards home kept  
increasing;

And there return'd amongst others, bringing with him  
his daughters,

On the other side of the market, their prosperous  
neighbour,

Going full speed to his newbuilt house, the principal  
merchant,

Riding inside an open carriage (in Landau constructed).

All the streets were alive; for the town, though small,  
was well peopled,

Many a factory throve there, and many a business also.

*Hermann's  
Parents*



theatre could claim to be one of the most important in Germany and a model of classical theatre art. In 1817 Goethe was relieved of his responsibility by the Duke under extremely vexing circumstances. The house had been rebuilt in 1798, but burned down in 1825.

The repertory included operas and tragedies, comedies, and plays of pure entertainment. Plays of slight significance far outnumbered classical dramas. The public first had to be educated. Appropriations for salaries, scenery and costumes were small. If the costumes in our picture give a different impression, appearances deceive. Goethe who was producer, director and dramaturgist all in one, managed with the help of one hard-working colleague to run the theatre and at the same time guide every detail of the rehearsals.

On his third journey to Switzerland in 1797, Goethe stopped off at Tuebingen on Schiller's recommendation, for a week's visit with the publisher and book-dealer Cotta, and came close to him in a human and intellectual way. The publisher, who was then in his thirties, was a clever, far-seeing man who thought and acted lucidly in political matters and had an open mind for economic and cultural possibilities and necessities. Cotta soon took an option on all of Schiller's work, and in 1806 he also became Goethe's sole publisher. He was an understanding, genuine, and loyal friend to both poets. In a truly magnanimous manner he saw to their material security as well as to scrupulously careful publication and increasing circulation of their works.

Goethe spent almost as much time on the figure of Wilhelm Meister as he did on Faust. Both were different poetic reflections of himself. A draft begun in the first Weimar period, "Wilhelm Meister's Theatre Mission", had been dropped. Before the siege of Mainz, the poet began to re-work it radically. With Schiller's active encouragement, he published the "Apprenticeship" in 1795 and 1796 (which was only followed in 1821 and 1829 by the "Years of Wandering"). Twenty years after "Werther", this novel once again deeply

125

*Costumes for  
"The Magic Flute"*

126

*Johann  
Friedrich Cotta*

127

*"Wilhelm Meister's  
Apprenticeship"*



stirred the entire nation. For the first time in literature it described the whole history of a contemporary's education and self-education, the development of a bourgeois man striving for higher intellectual goals through the world of theatre and art to a responsible, productive life in and for society. Thus, despite all the moral objections raised, he exerted a liberating effect on his time and was applauded by the best minds. This "incalculable" production revealed a new poetic possibility—to take hold of real life, bubbling life. It became a fruitful model to the succeeding generations of romantics and realists.

*Scene  
with Mignon*

Wilhelm in the meantime having observed the clever little child standing near some children who were playing in the street, pointed her out to Philina, who instantly called and beckoned to her in her usual lively manner, but without effect, whereupon she ran down stairs humming a song, and brought her up.

"Here is your little wonder," she exclaimed, as she led the little thing into the room. But the child stood still, as if she wished to make her escape, then placing her right hand upon her breast, and her left upon her forehead, she bowed deeply. "Do not fear, my little love," said Wilhelm advancing towards her. She surveyed him with an uncertain look, and then approached a few steps nearer.

"What is your name?" he asked. "They call me Mignon," was the reply. "How old are you?" "No one has ever counted my years." "Who was your father?" "The great devil is dead."

"That is passing strange!" exclaimed Philina. He made some further inquiries. The child answered in a sort of broken German, and with a solemn tone, always placing her hand upon her breast and forehead and at the same time bowing deeply.

Wilhelm could not withdraw his eyes from her. His eyes and his heart were irresistibly attracted by the mysterious fate of this being. She seemed to be about twelve or thirteen years of age, her figure was good, though her limbs promised to be large, or perhaps foretold a somewhat stunted growth. Her face was not regular, but impressive, her brow was mysterious, her nose extremely beautiful, and the shape of her mouth indicated much good nature and was very charming, though

perhaps too closely compressed for her age, and moreover, the child was accustomed to distort her lips, in a disagreeable manner. It was difficult to discern the hue of her complexion through the rouge upon her cheeks. Her whole appearance made a deep impression upon Wilhelm. He fixed his eyes intently upon her, became silently absorbed in contemplation, and seemed to forget the present in the intensity of his thoughts. Philina, however, soon roused him from his dream by offering the remainder of the sweetmeats to the child and signifying that she might go. The little thing bowed again as she had done at the commencement and darted like lightning from the room.

Who never eat with tears his bread,  
Who never through night's heavy hours  
Sat weeping on his lonely bed,—  
He knows you not, ye heavenly powers!

Through you the paths of life we gain,  
Ye let poor mortals go astray,  
And then abandon them to pain,—  
E'en here the penalty we pay.

*"Song  
of the Harper"*

Goethe got his inspiration for this poem from a conjuring scene in the biography of the Renaissance artist Benvenuto Cellini, especially from a picture in the part about treasure-hunting, in an old translation from Petrarch. "Good idea, having a child bring a shining goblet to a treasure-digger", he wrote in his diary. It may be that memories were also awakened of the tracts in the alchemistic compendium he had read in 1769. "The Treasure-Digger" appeared in 1797, the first of a series of ballads he wrote in a sort of competition with Schiller. The two poets had discussed with one another the possibilities of this particular type of poem, and they now presented the fruits of their discussion to the public in the "Muse's Almanac of 1798". Of course Goethe had already practised the ballad form, and he cultivated it throughout his lifetime. His ballads were simpler and more like folk songs during the "genius" period ("The King of Thule"). In later years they were more artistic and became the vessel of his most profound declarations of faith in life, as is demonstrated by "The Bride of Corinth", "The God and

128  
*Ballads*

the Bayadere", "The Sorcerer's Apprentice", and this poem below:

*"The Treasure-Digger"*

All my weary days I pass'd  
Sick at heart and poor in purse.  
Poverty's the greatest curse,  
Riches are the highest good!  
And to end my woes at last,  
Treasure-seeking forth I speed.  
"Thou shalt have my soul instead!"  
Thus I wrote, and with my blood.

Ring round ring I forthwith drew,  
Wondrous flames collected there,  
Herbs and bones in order fair,  
Till the charm had work'd aright.  
Then, to learned precepts true,  
Dug to find some treasure old,  
In the place my art foretold:  
Black and stormy was the night.

Coming o'er the distant plain,  
With the glimmer of a star,  
Soon I saw a light afar,  
As the hour of midnight knell'd.  
Preparation was in vain.  
Sudden all was lighted up  
With the lustre of a cup  
That a beauteous boy upheld.

Sweetly seem'd his eyes to laugh  
'Neath his flow'ry chaplet's load;  
With the drink that brightly glow'd,  
He the circle enter'd in.  
And he kindly bade me quaff;  
Then methought: "This child can ne'er,  
With his gift so bright and fair,  
To the arch-fiend be akin."

"Pure life's courage drink!" cried he:  
"This advice to prize then learn,—  
Never to this place return  
Trusting in thy spells absurd;  
Dig no longer fruitlessly.  
Guests by night, and toil by day?  
Weeks laborious, feast-days gay!  
Be thy future magic-word!"

A decade of Goethe's life was dominated by the star of Schiller's friendship. "Happy event", he himself termed the closer friendship with Schiller which came about in the summer of 1794 in Jena. It began with a discussion about natural science. Schiller then wrote a letter in which he drew a deeply understanding portrait of Goethe's mind, which seemed to force him out of his loneliness. Through letters and meetings the two men exchanged ideas and became better acquainted, finding that despite many differences they both had the same goal, the same determination to absorb classical art and the classical view-point. Goethe reckoned this period as a new springtime in his work. The ten-year association of the two poets is considered the golden age of German classicism, and their correspondence is the most beautiful testimony of this. In May 1805, still ill himself from a cold in the kidneys, Goethe was informed that Schiller had died of a disease he had been trying to resist for fourteen years. He "turned aside, covered his eyes with his hands, and wept without uttering a sound". Not long afterwards he wrote to Zelter, "I feared to lose my own self. Now I lose a friend, and with him half of my existence". He had lost the only person he felt was his equal, and now he was alone again.

Jena, August 23, 1794

... For a long time I have been watching, although at a considerable distance, the progress of your spirit, and have remarked the path you laid out for yourself with ever renewed admiration. You seek the laws of Nature, but you seek them by the most difficult approaches, which any lesser capacity would probably avoid. You take all of Nature together, in order to throw light on a single thing; in the universality of its phenomena you seek the basis for the individual explanation. You advance upwards step by step from the simplest organization to the more involved in order in the end to build genetically the most involved of all, man, out of the materials of the whole edifice of Nature. By reconstructing him in the image of Nature you seek to penetrate into his hidden mechanism. A great idea, of truly heroic dimensions, which sufficiently demonstrates how well your mind assembles the abundant whole of its conceptions into one splendid unity. You

*First*

*Personal Letter  
from Schiller  
to Goethe*

could never have hoped that your lifetime would suffice for such a goal, but only to start out on such a path is worth more than to reach the end of any other—and you have chosen, like Achilles in the Iliad, between Phthia\* and immortality.

.....

*Epilogue to  
Schiller's "Song  
of the Bell"*

When, lo! a fearful midnight sound I hear,  
That with a dull mournful echo rings.  
And can it be that of our friend so dear  
It tells, to whom each wish so fondly clings?  
Shall death o'ercome a life that all revere?  
How such a loss to all confusion brings!  
How such a parting we must ever rue!  
The world is weeping,—shall not we weep too?

.....

His giant-step, as ye full surely knew,  
Measured the circle of the will and deed,  
Each country's changing thoughts and morals too,  
The darksome book with clearness could he read;  
Yet how he, breathless 'midst his friends so true,  
Despair'd in sorrow, scarce from pain was freed,—  
All this have we, in sadly happy years,  
For he was ours, bewail'd with feeling tears.

.....

He gleams like some departing meteor bright,  
Combining, with his own, eternal light.

130  
*Before the Battle*

The world-shaking events in the wake of the French Revolution which Goethe had followed intently, now approached his own country. As a General, Napoleon had led the Republican armies to victory. As Emperor he now planned a new order in Europe. After Austria was also defeated in 1805, thus sealing the fate of the Holy Roman Empire, Prussia was next on the list. Karl August and the state of Saxony-Weimar were allied with Prussia through political and dynastic ties. In autumn 1806, the enemy's forces were concentrated against central Thuringia.

*From the Diary  
of a Prussian  
Artillery Officer*

before 14th October, 1806  
Otherwise I found Goethe in a very anxious, depressed mood, for which he certainly had every cause as Minister of the Duchy of Weimar. He was too clever

\* Achilles' land

a man and had a too mature understanding of people to be able to deceive himself about the extraordinary quantity of defects and weaknesses of every kind that were displayed throughout our army and especially in the highest leadership. So he cherished only fear and apprehension of the outcome of this war, and prophesied a bad end for us.

The battle took place in the hilly country at the Saale river near Jena and Auerstädt. Our engraving shows how it looked from Napoleon's vantage point. The Prussian army led by Karl August's uncle, the Duke of Brunswick, was defeated by the modern tactics of the French. This left the way open to the occupation of the whole of Germany, so that from now on only Russia and England remained as active adversaries. Weimar was plundered after the battle, Goethe's house was overrun with troops, and he himself was awakened and threatened in the night by two soldiers who had forced their way into his room. Christiane's courageous intervention saved him. A few days later, he married her. Soon afterwards, high officers came to Goethe's house and saw to it that he was protected. When a peace treaty was signed at the end of the year, the Duke was forced to join the Rhine Union and supply troops. In addition, an immense financial contribution was imposed on the country.

14th October, 1806

Early in the morning, cannonade near Jena, afterwards a battle near Koetschau. Rout of the Prussians. About 5 p. m. the cannonballs tore through the roofs. At 5:30 arrival of the sharpshooters. 7 p. m. fire, pillage, a terrible night. Preservation of our house by pluck and luck. Lieutenant Noisin.

15th October, 1806

Marshal Lannes in his billet and General Victor. At court because of Emperor's arrival. Went home. Busied about securing the house and the family.

16th October, 1806

Lannes departed. Immediately after him Marshal Augereau. Meanwhile the greatest worry. Trying to

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*The Decision  
of Jena  
and Auerstädt*

*Goethe  
in His Diary*

obtain guards etc. until at last the house was filled up with guests. Dined with the Marshal. Many acquaintances. Active participation of many military men. Arrival of Commandant Dentzel (a former Jena theology student who was subsequently responsible for the protection of Goethe).

*Letter from Goethe  
to Friends in Jena*

18th October, 1806

We are most anxious about our friends in Jena, having heard nothing whatever from them. So may I beg those named below to relieve our minds with even just a word on this paper. As for us, we have come through all this dread and distress quite safely. Nothing has been damaged in my house and I have lost nothing.

132  
*Goethe's  
Life Mask*

The only life mask of Goethe in existence was made in 1807 by the court sculptor C. G. Weisser. From the chin to the crown and even to the pores and pockmarks, the mask preserves the construction and surface of the face. Only one essential, the expressive eye, is covered. As a result, the physical freshness of the cast is marred by a certain rigidity. But even so, it reveals the power and the largeness of a refined, human Jupiter who, composed within himself, radiates an intellectual sovereignty in the most natural way. This is the Goethe who felt sick at heart, more so than many others, over the "moral, physical and economic burden" of the seven years of foreign domination, and yet at the same time embodied the inner strength of his people. He did not hesitate to do his part in clarifying the new historical developments, and he continued his own work undaunted.

*From "Maxims  
and Reflexions"*

Every man must think after his own manner, for in his own path he will always find a truth or a kind of truth which will help him through life. Only he must not let himself drift, he must keep himself in check; mere crude instinct does not befit man.

How can a man learn to know himself? Never by meditating, but by doing. Endeavour to do your duty and you will know at once what there is to you.

But what is your duty? Whatever the day demands.

The man of action is bent upon doing what is right; whether the right is done must not trouble him.

Our best good fortune is that which corrects our defects and smooths out our errors.

Wisdom is only in truth.

Goethe admired the unusual strength and decisiveness of the man who brought along the achievements of the French Revolution with his victorious armies, and at the same time oppressed the German nation. In later years also, he judged Napoleon as a demonic nature in a positive sense and as one of the most productive of men. But Goethe had long been known to the Emperor as the writer of "Werther". In 1808 Napoleon twice drew Goethe into long discussions in which he treated him with particular confidence "and quite plainly indicated that he liked what I was". Not until the events of 1813 did Goethe realize that the united forces of the nations, provided they determine to take their fate into their own hands, are stronger than any other power.

133  
*Napoleon*

"Napoleon was the man! Always enlightened, always clear and decided, and endowed at every hour with sufficient energy to carry into effect whatever he considered advantageous and necessary. His life was the stride of a demi-god, from battle to battle, and from victory to victory. It might well be said of him that he was found in a state of continual enlightenment. On this account, his destiny was more brilliant than any the world had seen before him, or perhaps will ever see after him."

*From  
Eckermann:  
Conversations  
of Goethe*

Few people understood Goethe as profoundly as Beethoven did. He dedicated the music of "Egmont" to the poet, and his settings for Goethe's songs still seem to us their truest musical expression. The two men met a few times in Teplitz in 1812. For his part Goethe seemed to realize Beethoven's greatness. "I have never seen a more concentrated, a more energetic, a more feeling artist." Yet Goethe, who preferred the controlled art of Bach and Mozart, seemed to avoid

134  
*Beethoven*



exposure to the volcanic nature, the unbounded personality of Beethoven, which caused the latter to remark that Goethe felt too well in the air of the Court.

135  
*Regent's Palais  
in Erfurt*

The memorable first conversation between Napoleon and Goethe took place in the Palais pictured here, in which the lieutenant of the Archbishop of Mainz had hitherto resided. The Emperor was at the peak of his triumphs, and made a brilliant display in order to impress his vassals and above all the Emperor of Russia, his then "ally" with whom he was bargaining for zones of power in Europe.

136  
*The Folk Tale  
of Doctor Faust*

The pact sealed by the notorious  
arch necromancer and sorcerer

Dr. JOHANN FAUST

with the devil, his adventurous conduct  
and the frightful end he met;  
newly translated, condensed to popular brevity,  
and advanced to print as a sincere admonition  
and warning to all wilful sinners  
by a Christianly-Intentioned.

The first "Historia" of Faust, a person whose existence in the time of the Reformation has been proved, appeared at the end of the 16th century. It is almost certain that this edition by "Christlich Meynenden" which we reproduce above is the one which the boy Wolfgang read. He must also have known the puppet play about Dr. Faust. And this figure occupied him from his childhood until his death.

137  
*"Faust.  
A Fragment"*

The poet brought a first draft of "Faust" back to Weimar in 1775. It has been preserved in a copy as the so-called "Original Faust" (Urfaust). He thought he would be able to complete the work in Italy, but the material still resisted him. The collected "Writings" of 1790 published only an expanded "Fragment", as did the separate printing shown above. Lips's title plate is derived from Rembrandt, except that he has given Faust a beard and a turban. The Faust portrait in the folk tale can also be traced to a drawing

by the great Netherlander, who undoubtedly had something of Faust within himself. Part I, which was finally completed under the encouragement of Schiller, appeared in 1808. But Part II, although conceived so early, was completed on Goethe's 82nd birthday, and he ruled that it should not be published until after his death.

FAUST

*Study*

.....

Ye, Spirits, come—ye hover near—

Oh, if you hear me, answer me!

*(He opens the Book, and perceives the sign of the Macrocosm.)*

Ha! what a sudden rapture leaps from this

I view, through all my senses swiftly flowing!

I feel a youthful, holy, vital bliss

In every vein and fibre newly glowing,

Was it a God, who traced this sign,

With calm across my tumult stealing,

My troubled heart to joy unsealing,

With impulse, mystic and divine,

The powers of Nature here, around my path, revealing?

Am I a God?—so clear mine eyes!

In these pure features I behold

Creative Nature to my soul unfold.

What says the sage, now first I recognize:

“The spirit-world no closures fasten;

Thy sense is shut, thy heart is dead:

Disciple, up! untiring, hasten

To bathe thy breast in morning-red!”

*(He contemplates the sign.)*

How each the Whole its substance gives,

Each in the other works and lives!

Like heavenly forces rising and descending,

Their golden urns reciprocally lending,

With wings that winnow blessing

From Heaven through Earth I see them pressing,

Filling the All with harmony unceasing!

How grand a show! but, ah! a show alone.

Thee, boundless Nature, how make thee my own?

Where you, ye breasts? Founts of all Being, shining,

Whereon hang Heaven's and Earth's desire,

Whereto our withered hearts aspire,—

Ye flow, ye feed: and am I vainly pining?

The possibility of putting on "Faust", Part I, in the Weimar theatre was considered from 1810 to 1812. In this sketch Goethe showed how he imagined the conjuring of the earth spirit on the stage. Faust, dressed in the long Rembrandt coat, stands at a lectern. In the niche of a great window, which is more Renaissance in form than Gothic, appears a Jupiter head, overwhelming in its colossal size and brightness. The first production of Part I took place in Berlin in 1819 and was not shown in Weimar until 1829, at which occasion Goethe did not attend.

*Study*

FAUST (*He turns the leaves impatiently, and perceives the sign of the Earth-Spirit.*)  
 How otherwise upon me works this sign!  
 Thou, Spirit of the Earth, art nearer:  
 Even now my powers are loftier, clearer;  
 I glow, as drunk with new-made wine:  
 New strength and heat to meet the world incite me,  
 The woe of earth, the bliss of earth, invite me,  
 And though the shock of storms may smite me,  
 No crash of shipwreck shall have power to fright me!  
 Clouds gather over me—  
 The moon conceals her light—  
 The lamp's extinguished!—  
 Mists rise,—red, angry rays are darting  
 Around my head!—There falls  
 A horror from the vaulted roof,  
 And seizes me!  
 I feel thy presence, Spirit I invoke!  
 Reveal thyself!  
 Ha! in my heart what rending stroke!  
 With new impulsion  
 My senses heave in this convulsion!  
 I feel thee draw my heart, absorb, exhaust me:  
 Thou must! thou must! and though my life it cost me!  
 (*He seizes the book, and mysteriously pronounces the sign of the Spirit. A ruddy flame flashes: the Spirit appears in the flame.*)

SPIRIT

Who calls me?

FAUST (*with averted head*).

Terrible to see!

SPIRIT

Me hast thou long with might attracted,

Long from my sphere thy food exacted,  
And now—

FAUST

Woe! I endure not thee!

SPIRIT

To view me is thine aspiration,  
My voice to hear, my countenance to see;  
Thy powerful yearning moveth me,  
Here am I!—what mean perturbation  
Thee, superhuman, shakes? Thy soul's high calling,  
where?

Where is the breast, which from itself a world did bear,  
And shaped and cherished—which with joy expanded,  
To be our peer, with us, the Spirits, banded?  
Where art thou, Faust, whose voice has pierced to me,  
Who towards me pressed with all thine energy?  
*He* art thou, who, my presence breathing seeing,  
Trembles through all the depths of being,  
A writhing worm, a terror-stricken form?

FAUST

Thee, form of flame, shall I then fear?  
Yes, I am Faust: I am thy peer!

SPIRIT

In the tides of Life, in Action's storm,  
A fluctuant wave,  
A shuttle free,  
Birth and the Grave,  
An eternal sea,  
A weaving, flowing  
Life, all-glowing,  
Thus at Time's humming loom 't is my hand prepares  
The garment of Life which the Deity wears!

FAUST

Thou, who around the wide world wendest,  
Thou busy Spirit, how near I feel to thee!

SPIRIT

Thou 'rt like the Spirit which thou comprehendest,  
Not me! (*Disappears.*)

FAUST (*overwhelmed*).

Not thee!

Whom then?

I, image of the Godhead!

Not even like thee!

MARGARET (*at the spinning-wheel, alone*).

My peace is gone,  
My heart is sore:  
I never shall find it,  
Ah, nevermore!

Save I have him near,  
The grave is here;  
The world is gall  
And bitterness all.

My poor weak head  
Is racked and crazed;  
My thought is lost,  
My senses mazed.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is sore:  
I never shall find it,  
Ah, nevermore!

To see him, him only,  
At the pane I sit;  
To meet him, him only,  
The house I quit.

His lofty gait,  
His noble size,  
The smile of his mouth,  
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow  
Of his talk, the bliss  
In the clasp of his hand,  
And, ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
I never shall find it,  
My heart is sore:  
Ah, nevermore!

My bosom yearns  
For him alone;  
Ah, dared I clasp him,  
And hold, and own!

And kiss his mouth,  
To heart's desire,  
And on his kisses  
At last expire!

An excellent translation of "Faust" into French, which appeared in 1828 (see fig. 173), was illustrated by Delacroix. Goethe remarked when he saw the proofs that the painter's wildness suited the material very well, and said that "one had not imagined it so perfectly oneself" as the witty composition above—which only shows that the poetic and the graphic imagination differ. Delacroix's eye was romantic. The weird excitement of the scene, expressed in the movement and the heads of the horses, contrasts dramatically with the coolly indifferent gesture of Mephistopheles.

FAUST

What weave they there round the raven-stone?

MEPHISTO

I know not what they are brewing and doing.

FAUST

Soaring up, sweeping down, bowing and bending!

MEPHISTO  
A witches'-guild.

FAUST  
They scatter, devote and doom!

MEPHISTO  
On! on!

Goethe went regularly every summer from 1806 to 1813, with one exception, to the Bohemian spas of Karlsbad, Franzensbad or Teplitz to take the waters. Goethe was now in his sixties and had to think seriously of preserving his health and his ability to work, for he still imposed a tremendous schedule on himself, and the world events of the past few years had helped to undermine his strength. Just to be away from the constraint of Weimar had a curative effect—to live in other natural surroundings and to enjoy the company of significant and inspiring people from many countries. While at the spa he even managed to continue working, although he did not deny himself recreation.

141  
*Patients  
at the Karlsbad  
Spa*

In spreading mantle to my chin conceal'd,  
I trod the rocky path, so steep and grey,  
Then to the wintry plain I bent my way  
Uneasily, to flight my bosom steel'd.

142  
*"The Friendly  
Meeting"*

But sudden was the newborn day reveal'd:  
A maiden came, in heavenly bright array,  
Like the fair creatures of the poet's lay  
In realms of song. My yearning heart was heal'd.

.....

Whether the cycle of 17 love poems in sonnet form which Goethe wrote in 1807 was inspired by his passionate attraction to the young Sylvie von Ziegesar, daughter of the Chancellor of Gotha, or by Minchen Herzlieb, the still younger ward of the Jena book-dealer Frommann, is difficult to say. One thing is certain, that the unusual character of Otilie in "Elective Affinities" (Wahlverwandschaften) has more of the qualities of Minchen, who was later afflicted with misfortune.

*Minchen Herzlieb  
and the Sonnets*

143  
"Elective  
Affinities"

Goethe's writing in the first few years of foreign domination was a response to the problems of the time. Art should create pictures which clarify people's minds and help them find themselves. The copper engraving shown illustrates the scene where Edward becomes conscious of the tragic consequences of his thoughtless passion for Ottilie. Without moralizing in the least, this first German social novel held up the mirror to a generation which had given its emotions precedence over the recognition of necessity and now, in a period of tribulations, had nothing to fall back on.

Scene:  
Edward and  
Ottilie

He turned towards her; and there stood the lovers once more, in such strange fashion, in one another's presence. She looked at him calmly and earnestly, without advancing or retiring. He made a movement to approach her, and she withdrew a few steps towards the table. He stepped back again. "Ottilie!" he cried aloud, "Ottilie! let me break this frightful silence! Are we shadows, that we stand thus gazing at each other? Only listen to me; listen to this at least. It is an accident that you find me here thus. There is a letter on the table, at your side there, which was to have prepared you. Read it, I implore you—read it—and then determine as you will!"

She looked down at the letter; and after thinking a few seconds, she took it up, opened it, and read it: she finished it without a change of expression; and she laid it lightly down; then joining the palms of her hands together, turning them upwards, and drawing them against her breast, she leant her body a little forward, and regarded Edward with such a look, that, eager as he was, he was compelled to renounce everything he wished or desired of her. Such an attitude cut him to the heart; he could not bear it. It seemed exactly as if she would fall upon her knees before him, if he persisted. He hurried in despair out of the room, and leaving her alone, sent the hostess in to her.

144  
"From My Life.  
Poetry and  
Truth"

When at the age of sixty Goethe began to see himself as an historical phenomenon, he thought it was time to tell his contemporaries the story of his life, to describe the political, social and cultural influences which had formed his personality and generated his

work. "Poetry and Truth" is the first modern autobiography and at the same time the most impressive example of lived history. It recorded only the first twenty-five years of Goethe's life, and the first three parts appeared from 1811 to 1814. The fourth part, completed later, was published along with other writings posthumously.

Goethe made friends with the painter Meyer in Rome. In 1791 Goethe got him a post in the Weimar Drawing Academy and took him into his own home as a companion for ten years. Meyer was a steadfast, true friend to the poet until death, which came to both in the same year. He soon dedicated himself more to the science of art, and was the authority to whom Goethe always turned when there was any question about art or the encouragement of art. They both, to be sure, leaned heavily towards classicism, following the line laid down by Winckelmann, and were sometimes unjust to the work of the younger generation.

Scarcely had Napoleon been conquered when Goethe was reproached for an unpatriotic attitude during the liberation wars. "And don't believe", he said in 1813 to the historian Luden, "that I am indifferent to the great ideas of freedom, folk, fatherland. No; these ideas are within us ... Germany too is close to my heart."

... Besides, we cannot all serve our country in the same way, but each does his best, according as God has endowed him. I have toiled hard enough during half a century. I can say, that in those things which nature has appointed for my daily work, I have permitted myself no repose or relaxation night or day, but have always striven, investigated, and done as much, and that as well, as I could. If every one can say the same of himself, it will prove well with all.

... Now, it is said, I am proud; now, egotistical; now, full of envy towards young talents; now, immersed in sensuality; now, without Christianity; and now, without love for my native country, and my own dear Ger-

145

*Johann*

*Heinrich Meyer*

146

*After the Battle  
of Leipzig*

*From*

*Eckermann:*

*Conversations of  
Goethe*



mans. Altogether, continued Goethe, national hatred is something peculiar. You will always find it strongest and most violent where there is the lowest degree of culture. But there is a degree where it vanishes altogether, and where one stands to a certain extent *above* nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighbouring people, as if it had happened to one's own. This degree of culture was conformable to my nature, and I had become strengthened in it long before I had reached my sixtieth year.

147  
*Cologne  
Cathedral*

After the pressure of the war years had lifted, Goethe began to grow young again. In 1814 and 1815 he visited his old home surroundings and went on art journeys along the Main, the Rhine and the Neckar. He still felt that the Cologne Cathedral was "a tremendous idea that had not been carried out". He grew interested in medieval German and Dutch art. Van Eyck's pictures revealed to him a "completely new world of colours and forms hitherto unknown to me, which forced me out of the old groove of my opinions and reactions". Thus connoisseurs and collectors won him back to a new understanding of Gothic.

148  
*Marianne  
von Willemer*

On his Rhine-Main journeys Goethe met the only woman who was intellectually congenial to him: Marianne Jung, thirty years old, a highly talented actress, the fiancée and soon the wife of the Frankfort banker von Willemer. The attraction was mutual. Goethe, who had just found new poetic revelations in ancient Persian poetry, was the "Hatem" whose verses were answered by a living "Suleika" in songs that matched his own. Nevertheless Goethe took hold of himself, renounced Marianne, and never saw her again. But he included her poems in the "Divan" as his own. When he sent back her old letters a month before his death, he spoke of the most beautiful days of his life.

*"Hatem"*

Hold me, locks, securely caught  
In the circle of her face!  
Dear brown serpents, I have nought  
To repay this act of grace,

Save a heart whose love ne'er dies,  
Throbbing with aye-youthful glow;  
For a raging Etna lies  
'Neath its veil of mist and snow.

What is by this stir reveal'd?  
Doth the East glad tidings bring?  
For my heart's deep wounds are heal'd  
By his mild and cooling wing.

He the dust with sports doth meet,  
And in gentle cloudlets chase;  
To the vineleaf's safe retreat  
Drives the insects' happy race,

Cools these burning cheeks of mine,  
Checks the sun's fierce glow amain  
Kisses, as he flies, the vine,  
Flaunting over hill and plain.

*"Suleika"*

Through a translation which had recently appeared, Goethe became absorbed in the poetry of medieval Persia, especially that of the poet Hafiz, with whom he identified himself. Goethe took motifs and forms from this faraway art which enabled him to impart to his contemporaries, through comparisons that were both exotic and homely, something of his own broad view of the world. The great poem cycle was written from 1814 to 1819 in an unprecedented flow of production. "Divan" means a collection of songs. "This Mohammedan religion, mythology, morality", he said to Zelter in 1820, "give my poetry a scope befitting my years. Unconditional surrender to the unfathomable will of God; a serene view of the movement of life on earth with its circling, spiralling repetitions; love, the attraction hovering between two worlds, everything tangible refined, itself symbolically dissolving."

149  
*"West-Eastern  
Divan"*

We should not be surprised at the strong, powerful, almost strapping impression the picture by Jagemann gives us of Goethe. One advantage of the portrait is that it does not flatter or idealize in the least, but is true to life. It agrees completely with the description given us by Gruener in 1820: "Goethe was well-built,

150  
*Goethe  
at the Age of 68*

tall, strong and robust, the brownish hair somewhat faded, with a high, vaulted brow, the eye still clear and fiery, the face white and reddish. His features were strong, the chin rather prominent."

From  
"West-Eastern  
Divan"

"Five Things"

Five things with five are never fraught:  
Open thy ear wide and be taught,  
From haughty breast will never friendship grow.  
Politeness seek not in companions low:  
A scampish fellow never can to greatness rise:  
The naked finds no pity in a miser's eyes:  
For faith and confidence the liar hopes in vain,  
Of these let none deprive thee, but for aye maintain.

"Five Others"

What shortens time for me?  
Activity!  
What makes it unbearably long?  
Dawdling along!  
What causes a debit?  
Too much credit!  
And how's profit brought?  
By not too much thought!  
What will bring fame?  
Preserving good name!

"Talismans"

God's is the East!  
God's is the West!  
North and South and ev'ry land  
Lie in the calm peace of his hand!

A double grace our breathing brings about;  
One draws the air, the other lets it out.  
The one will trouble, and the one refresh,  
So mixed is life in this our mortal flesh.  
Thank God, when He shall give thee pain;  
Thank Him, when He shall make thee free again.

151  
Marienbad

By dieting and dividing his time intelligently, Goethe was able to keep up the strength he needed for writing. Summer holidays always gave him new life. From 1813 to 1823 he spent his summers in the spas of Bohemia again, working in the morning and spending the afternoons with friends. In 1821 he decided to forsake

Karlsbad for the newly opened spa of Marienbad. There he spent considerable time with the family of Frau von Levetzow. And the seventy-three year old poet was once again attracted, violently attracted, to one of her daughters. This was the last such attraction before Goethe surrendered to old age.

Ulrike was just nineteen, a childlike, innocent being, beautiful as only the young can be beautiful, and filled with an honest reverence for the poet. He spent happy days in her company and became inflamed with such passion that he asked for her hand through Karl August. Goethe knew what it meant when the family evaded an answer. He departed, and it required the utmost spiritual exertion to overcome this love, which haunted him for a long time.

The poet's last love was affectingly expressed in the elegy he wrote on the journey home. Not long afterwards he gave it to a visitor, Wilhelm von Humboldt, to read. Humboldt wrote to his wife: "This not only equals the most beautiful poetry he ever wrote but perhaps surpasses it, because it combines the freshness of imagination, which he always had, with artistic perfection, which comes only through long experience." One must think of the introductory stanza printed here as being spoken before a rendezvous. The last two stanzas, following the recollection of a passionate experience, are a lamentation over the final parting.

What hope of once more meeting is there now  
In the still-closed blossoms of this day?  
Both heaven and hell thrown open seest thou;  
What wav'ring thoughts within the bosom play!—  
No longer doubt! Descending from the sky,  
She lifts thee in her arms to realms on high.

. . . .  
Leave me here now, my life's companions true!  
Leave me alone on rock, in moor and heath;  
But courage! open lies the world to you,  
The glorious heavens above, the earth beneath;  
Observe, investigate, with searching eyes,  
And nature will disclose her mysteries.

152

*Ulrike  
von Levetzow*

153

*"The Marienbad  
Elegy"*

To me is all, I to myself am lost,  
Who the immortals' fav'rite erst was thought;  
They, tempting, sent Pandoras to my cost,  
So rich in wealth, with danger far more fraught;  
They urged me to those lips, with rapture crown'd,  
Deserted me, and hurl'd me to the ground.

154, 155  
*Goethe's House  
on the Frauen-  
plan*

The house, built at the beginning of the 18th century in which Goethe had already lived from 1782 to 1789, was given to him in 1792 by the Duke. The poet himself wrote under this engraving, which dates from 1827 and shows the house and the slightly sloping little square in front of it:

Why remain outside the door?  
Surely that's not what it's for.  
He who our threshold gains  
Finds a welcome for his pains.

These words have a new meaning since 1885, when the house became public property after the death of the last heir and was opened as a worthy memorial. After the heavy bomb damage of 1945, it was restored almost completely to its original condition during Goethe's lifetime. Once again the house invites us, if only for a few hours, to visit the great man and pay respect to his memory.

As the plan shows, the front building is separated by a court from the smaller buildings in back, but is connected with them again by a central overhead gallery which Goethe had ordered to be built. The rear section which stands on higher ground, and which is adjoined by the garden (Fig. 160), is only one storey high and contains the rooms where the poet, whose personal requirements were modest, usually spent his time. The upper storey in front was used more for entertaining and display.

156  
*The Juno Room*

This room, where Goethe generally received foreign guests, was named after the cast of the colossal head of Juno. Musical soirées were also held here. Ecker-  
mann's first impression describes it well: "Without being dazzling, everything was as noble and simple as possible." The open doors permit a view of the next rooms, all the way to the so-called Collection Room in back.

The room adjoining the one we see above got its name from the portrait of the Duke Urbino of Baroccio (about 1590). Arranged and ornamented according to the classicist taste, this room, like all the rest of the house, was furnished according to Goethe's specifications, with Meyer's help, "not for high living but for the utmost propagation of art and science".

157  
*The Urbino Room*

Besides the many paintings and sculptures which are distributed throughout nearly all the rooms, the house also contains comprehensive collections of drawings, engravings, original manuscripts, coins, medals, majolica, minerals, plants, animals, skeletons, fossils, etc. which Goethe kept adding to all his life. It cannot be sufficiently emphasized that Goethe not only made and encouraged significant discoveries in natural science but had found it indispensable to his own orientation as early as the 1780's. "Without my efforts in the natural sciences", he said to Eckermann in 1829, "I would never have come to know human beings as I did... You cannot play tricks with Nature; She is always true, always serious, always stern; She is always right, and the failings and errors are all on man's part... She surrenders Herself only to the deserving, to the true and the pure, and reveals Her secrets to them."

158, 159  
*Collection  
of Zoological  
and Botanical  
Specimens*

Joyful many years ago  
Did the Spirit use his powers  
To examine and to know  
How creative nature flowers.  
'Tis the eternal One and All,  
Variously revealed, I find:  
Small the great and great the small,  
Each according to its kind;  
Given to change, and then duration,  
Near and far, and far and near,  
Shaping form, the transformation—  
'Tis for wonderment I'm here.

*"Parabasis"*

Goethe liked to relax in his little garden, alone or conversing with friends and favourite guests, unless he preferred to entertain them in the garden room behind

160  
*The House  
Garden*

the opened door. The stairway leading down to the left is hidden by the trellis. Christiane occupied the rooms at the right. Goethe's library, study and bedroom are behind the four windows on the left side.

161, 162  
*August  
and Ottilie*

It is painful to reflect that Goethe's only, dearly beloved son who lived, as it were, in the shadow of his great father, died early and unfulfilled. After studying law he entered the Weimar civil service in 1810 and through his father's influence became an assistant in the supervision of art and science institutes. An unstable temperament endangered him increasingly, the more so when his marriage in 1817 to Ottilie von Pogwisch who also lacked stability, turned out unhappily. It was a hard blow to the aged Goethe when he received the news in 1830 that his son had died on a trip to Rome. Once again he had to take up the duties of fatherhood which he had laid aside, while Ottilie continued to care for the hospitable household.

163, 164, 165  
*Goethe's  
Grandchildren*

Amidst various unedifying circumstances which plagued Goethe in his last decade, his great consolation was his three grandchildren, with whom he spent considerable time. They were twelve, ten and three years of age when their father died. Walther, the oldest, who had a rather weak constitution, was the one who left the house, the collections, and the unpublished manuscripts to the state and to the Grand Duchess of Weimar when he died in 1885. Wolfgang, Goethe's favourite, had poetic talent. For a while he was an attaché in the Prussian legation at Rome. He died two years before his brother, like him unmarried. Alma, already "incalculable" as a child, a "regular little female", died at seventeen of typhus.

166  
*Goethe Dictating*

In Goethe's old age, his day began early, between five and six a. m., and ended at nine in the evening. He spent the morning in his "den", worked—mainly on "Faust" in the last years, studied, and dictated, among other things his very voluminous correspondence. The study had no curtains, almost no homey touches, and no conveniences. At the right was a desk with a top

section, at the left a stand-up desk with drawers. "Humble quarters . . . such as this poor room we are in, a bit disorderly in its order, a bit gipsyish, is the right thing for me; it leaves my inner nature complete freedom to be active and create out of myself."

The time during which I occupied the post of Goethe's secretary coincided with the publication of the Final Authoritative Edition of his works, and he dictated to me new and revised writings for it, including "Wilhelm Meister" (The Years of Wandering), so that I had an opportunity to admire the power, sureness and clarity of his mind in such advanced years. He did it as confidently, fluently as many another would only have been able to do from a printed book.

If this had taken place quietly and without external disturbances and interruptions, I would scarcely have remarked it. But meanwhile the barber came, the hair-dresser (Goethe had his hair dressed every day and singed every two days), the library messenger, often Goethe's former secretary, the recently deceased Library Councillor Kraeuter, and the chancery clerk, all of whom had permission to enter without being announced. The butler announced strangers, with whom Goethe, in case they were admitted, conversed for varying lengths of time; and in addition, someone from the family was likely to come in. The barber and the hair-dresser related what had occurred in the town, the library messenger reported on the library, etc. As the hearty "Come in!" rang out in answer to a knock, I finished the last sentence and waited until the caller went away again. Then I repeated as much as I considered necessary to restore the meaning, and the dictating continued until the next interruption, as if nothing had occurred . . .

During the dictating it not infrequently happened that Goethe suddenly stood still, the way one does upon unexpectedly noticing a group of people or some other object before one's eyes which attracts the attention momentarily. At once he seemed to form and group it artistically. With his hands spread, and bending his body to this side or that, he brought the object into balance and into correct position. When he had succeeded, he usually cried, "That's right! That's good!" At the beginning it gave me an almost uncanny feeling,

*Reminiscences  
of Secretary  
Schuchardt*



this discourse with an invisible society, the figments of his own imagination. But it helped me realize clearly that all the characters and situations, the whole course of the action, were passing alive before his soul.

167  
*Goethe Receiving  
Visitors*

As the years advanced, more and more visitors came from all over the world to the aged poet. Writers came, and painters, musicians, philosophers, natural scientists, statesmen, princes, welcome guests and nuisances. If he did not ask them to midday dinner, he usually received them late in the afternoon for a brief or a long talk. The scene has been described in a hundred versions, each according to the mind and character of the person involved and the mood Goethe was in at the moment. Such conversations, however, were not only a sort of duty which Goethe willingly assumed, but at the same time a convenient opportunity to keep in touch with the world and life, from which he had become somewhat remote in his last ten years.

168  
*The Final  
Authoritative  
Edition*

Goethe knew very well that not only his individual works had influenced the historical development of the German nation but that as a whole they were of too great significance, including the scientific works, to leave the editing and arrangement to chance. He felt obliged to give final form to the "efforts of an entire lifetime", through years of editorial work. The "Final Authoritative Edition" was published by Cotta in Stuttgart from 1827 to 1830, forty volumes, both in large and small format. We show a set of the latter. The "Posthumous Works", mostly edited by Goethe, comprise twenty volumes.

169  
*Zelter*

Zelter, who was originally a mason and builder by trade, became known as the founder of the first glee club and head of the Berlin Singing Academy. He also made a reputation early with his compositions. "I feel your compositions to be immediately identical with my songs", Goethe wrote to him. "The music carries them up like gas filling a balloon." In short, he preferred a style that was restrained in relation to the words, rather than the romantic method of transposing speech

completely into music. The friendship with Zelter, which began at the turn of the century and led to an active correspondence, became the most intimate Goethe ever conducted with a person living far away from him. Zelter did not survive Goethe for long. Like Meyer, he followed him in the same year.

In 1823, a thirty-year-old man who had struggled against the direst poverty to make his way in the world, came to work for Goethe as his secretary. It would be more accurate to say that Eckermann had reverently devoted his life to the beloved poet. Goethe himself, in a letter to Zelter, referred to him as his trusty Eckart: "Steadfast in his pure and honest disposition, he grows daily in knowledge, insight and perspective, and because of his active participation remains absolutely priceless." This gentle, sensitively receptive character seemed to have been created to carry out literary tasks in the spirit of Goethe. Eckermann played an important part in the "Final Authoritative Edition" and the "Posthumous Works". We owe to him that invaluable document, the loving record of "Talks with Goethe in the Last Years of His Life".

170

*Eckermann*

Goethe's significance had grown beyond Germany. In all civilized countries there were people who heard his message, either in German or in their own language. He knew this through personal testimony, written and printed, just as he knew he owed much that was essential in his own creativeness to the work of other nations, old and new. He said so repeatedly. Literature seemed to him a world tapestry, woven from threads of different origin and spread over all nations as a joint creation of the humanist spirit. For this reason he was joyful when the contributions of German writing, his own writing, were recognized and taken up by other peoples. When he received a costly signet on his last birthday from English admirers, including Thomas Carlyle, with the engraved motto "Ohne Hast, aber ohne Rast" (Without haste but without pause), accompanied by a letter stating that "our highest, perhaps our only benefactor is the one who instructs us through word

171

*World Literature*

and deed in wisdom", he felt that he had been understood. He replied, giving the motto a new lyrical turn, with this poem:

Words the poet speaks at home,  
True for those to whom he speaks them  
Make their impress; yet may not  
If abroad his message seeks them.

Britons, take it in a nutshell:  
"Active thoughts but actions thoughtful,  
Striving, yes, but driving, never."  
And you sealed it thus forever.

172  
*Goethe  
and England*

The great English novel of the 18th century was one of Goethe's early influences. We have already mentioned the powerful effect of Shakespeare on him, especially during the Storm-and-Stress period. His works encouraged Goethe in a natural, individual choice of material, and freedom in his usage of poetic media. A fruitful analysis of the great poet followed in "Wilhelm Meister", later in the essay "Shakespeare without End" (1813), and in productions by the Weimar theatre. Among his younger contemporaries, Goethe very much respected Walter Scott, the "master of the historical novel". He was most impressed, however, by the genius of Lord Byron. In the second part of "Faust", Goethe glorified him as Euphorion, the symbol of modern poetry. A valuable exchange of ideas with Carlyle took place in the last few years of Goethe's life. Carlyle was the most significant mediator between the English and the German spirit, who "particularly regarded the spiritual and moral essence as the prime mover". Carlyle was, in fact, the pioneer who discovered Goethe for the English-speaking world.

*From Goethe's  
Essay on Carlyle's  
"German  
Romance"*

Manifestly, the ambition of the best poets and æsthetic writers of all nations has been fixed for a long time upon what is common to the human spirit. In each special case, whether it is conceived historically, mythologically, as a fable, more or less arbitrarily, we will see that general trait increasingly irradiated and revealed over and above nationality and personality.

This same common humanity prevails in the practical events of life and twines itself through all earthly rudeness, savagery, cruelty, falsity, selfishness, mendacity, everywhere endeavouring to spread a certain moderation; and therefore, while we cannot hope this will bring about universal peace, we can expect the inevitable strife to grow gradually more pardonable, war less cruel, victory less wanton.

That part of the literature of all nations which points in this direction and works towards it is what the other nations have to acquire. We must come to know the special qualities of each, in order to let them be, and to associate with it precisely by means of them: for the idiosyncrasies of a nation are like its language and its coins, they make association easier, in fact they are what make it completely possible.

A truly universal tolerance will be most surely achieved when we accept the peculiarity of the individual man or nation for what it is, yet maintain the conviction that the truly meritorious is distinguishable by being common to all humanity . . .

Thus we see in every translator one who tries to negotiate this universal spiritual trade and makes a business of promoting the exchange. For, whatever one may say of the inadequacy of translation, it still is and remains one of the most important and worthy employments in general world intercourse.

The part played by French culture in forming Goethe was every bit as great as that of English culture. He himself declared that he had the French to thank for a great deal of his education. Powerful influences from the classical French theatre, from Rousseau, Voltaire, in fact from the whole Enlightenment, worked not only upon the youth but upon the man also. Goethe translated Voltaire's "Mahomet" and "Tancred" for the Weimar stage. He had translated "Rameau's Nephew" by Diderot even before the work appeared in French. In his last decades he attentively followed the "Temps" and the "Globe", and he read Hugo, Chateaubriand, Béranger, Mérimée, Stendhal and Balzac with interest. The merit of introducing our poet to the French people belongs to the Romantic, Albert Stapfer, who translated the dramatic works (1821-1828),

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*Goethe  
and France*

and to Gerard de Nerval, who translated the poems and "Faust".

From  
Goethe's Essay  
on the  
French Translation  
of "Faust"

When I see the French translation of my "Faust" lying before me in a de luxe edition, I am reminded of the time when this work was conceived, composed and, with quite singular feelings, written down. The approbation which it won both near and far and which now also makes itself tangible in typographical consummation, is probably due to the rare attribute it has of capturing forever the period of development of a human spirit which suffers from everything that torments humanity, is stirred by everything that troubles it, prejudiced against all it abominates, and beatified by all it wishes for. Such conditions are at present very far from the poet, and the world has quite a different sort of struggles to contend with; however, the human condition usually remains the same in joy and sorrow, and the latest born will still find grounds for looking about at what was enjoyed and suffered before him, in order to prepare himself in some degree for what will also come to him.

Although that poem, by its very nature, was conceived in a sombre element, and plays on a multifarious yet direful scene; in French, the language which lightens the spirit and meets thought and reason halfway, it comes out much more clear and deliberate. If, then, I even see a folio format, paper, lettering, printing, binding, everything without exception enhanced to perfection; I almost forget the impression the work once made on me, even when after a long time I took it up again to verify its existence and its qualities...

174  
Portrait of Goethe  
by Sebbers

Sebber's pastel drawing outdoes all the portraits of Goethe towards the end of his life in conscientious fidelity to nature. It is a shock to see that Goethe is really an old man now who bears the burden of years and is made still graver by the weight of his thoughts. His features have grown sharper. They are still capable of flashing a message and expressing the deepest emotion, but here we see them in repose, in thought, tolerant, yet full of unbroken strength. This is the man who is striving to bring in the harvest of an immeasurably significant life.



likeness either. For one thing, he dressed up the aged poet a bit for the sake of impressiveness. It may well be that Goethe actually had this awe-inspiring effect when he appeared in public, when one was not so apt to notice the hanging cheeks and the tight, sunken mouth of the seventy-nine-year-old. Goethe, who approved of the picture, nevertheless felt that it "glamorized" him. But the intellectual quality Stieler conveys, the thing that impresses the visitor most, can be found in the splendid great dark eyes which had taken in the world, had drunk life, beamed love, and beheld truth.

*Song  
of the Watchman  
on the Tower  
From  
"Faust II"*

For seeing intended, Employed for my sight, The tower's my dwelling, The world my delight. I gaze on the Distant, I look on the Near,— The moon and the planets, The forest and deer.	So see I in all things The grace without end, And even as they please me, Myself I commend. Thou fortunate Vision, Of all thou wast 'ware, Whatever it might be, Yet still it was fair!
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*Last Portrait  
from Life*

Schwerdgeburth was the last artist to whom Goethe sat, applauding the work as it proceeded. The plaque was in the condition shown in this reproduction when Goethe died. Once again we have a very faithful rendering: the old man who, having completed his work, can regard the remainder of his life as a gift. The attitude, the expression reveal less of burdens and more of a mental preeminence above all summits. The toothless mouth makes the lower part of the face seem still smaller in relation to the high forehead, while the wide-open eyes muse on distant thoughts. This is a man who has fought, suffered, achieved, and who knows that "The history of the world and men shows that the latest problem solved always exposes a new one to be solved".

*From "Primal  
Words. Orphic"*

.....  
So must thou be, thyself thou canst not flee,  
So Sibyls, Prophets long have been decreeing.  
No time, no power ever has dissolved  
Fixed types that have as living forms evolved.

Already ill, Goethe signed his name for the last time on March 18th on an official receipt. The sharply sloping, easy, accurate handwriting, without pedantry, which always had something softly melodic about it, had lost little of its flow and none of its clarity.

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*Last Signature*

Sitting in the armchair beside the bed, Goethe died in the noon hour of March 22nd, 1832, after five days of painful illness—a bronchial catarrh complicated by angina pectoris. “When his fingers began to turn blue, the green eye-shade was taken from him and it was seen that his eyes had already lost their lustre. His breathing became harder from moment to moment, but without becoming a rattle; the dying man pressed himself comfortably into the left side of the armchair without the slightest sign of pain, and the breast that created and carried and cherished a world within itself had breathed its last.”

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*The Room  
where Goethe  
Died*

Crowned with laurel, dressed in white satin, and with a silver-embroidered black velvet coverlet over him, the dead poet lay in state on the ground floor of his house. Not only those nearest to him but also many people from Weimar, Jena and other nearby places came to take leave of him. They realized what a great loss his fatherland had suffered, in fact the whole world, although only a few people were able to gauge the full measure of that loss.

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*Goethe in Death*

What is, cannot reduce to naught!  
Th' Eternal lives and breathes in aught—  
In what exists, find happiness.  
Existence thrives for aye; law measures  
And safeguards all the living treasures  
With which the Cosmos decked its dress

*“Legacy”*

.....  
Since earliest times, in solitude,  
To tasks of love that they deemed good  
Wise men and poets were inspired;  
So you'll reach favor's fairest goals:  
Anticipating noble souls  
Is work most ardently desired.



*His Last  
Resting Place*

On March 26th, towards evening, the funeral procession moved through city streets lined with reverent people to the chapel where the service was held. After it was over, Goethe's mortal remains were put to rest beside Schiller's in the Princes' Tomb. What was immortal lives on in his works.

*From Wilhelm  
von Humboldt's  
Commemoration  
Speech in Berlin  
May 1, 1832*

One of Goethe's most beautiful characteristics was his endeavour to influence the mental activity of his contemporaries, indeed one may truly add that without even intending it, as it were unconsciously, simply through his existence and his actions he exerted the tremendous influence that especially distinguished him. This is another matter than his intellectual creativeness as thinker and poet, it is a part of his great and unique personality. We sense this in the very pain we feel for him. We mourn in him not only the creator of so many masterpieces of every kind, not only the explorer who widened the field of several sciences and marked out new paths for them through deep insights into their innermost nature, not only the ever sympathetic encourager of any ambition directed at improving the mind. Besides all this and apart from it, it is as if something had been taken from us in our innermost thoughts and feelings, and precisely in their loftiest relationship, simply because he is not with us any more. Yet while we feel this with pain, we are animated simultaneously by a conviction that he planted seeds in his time and in his nation which will be imparted to future generations and continue developing for a long time, even if the language of his writings should begin one day to grow obsolete.



BRIEF OUTLINE  
OF GOETHE'S LIFE AND WORK

1 *Childhood and Youth in Frankfort on the Main*

August 28, 1749  
to September, 1765

Born on August 28, 1749. Sister Cornelia born in December, 1750. A thorough and all-round education under the father's guidance.

1759, French soldiers quartered in his home (Royal Lieutenant Thoranc). 1763, love for Gretchen. 1764, coronation of Kaiser Joseph II.

2 *Study of Law in Leipzig*

October, 1765  
to August, 1768

Study of law. Drawing lessons with Oeser. Friendship with Behrisch. Attraction to Kaethchen Schoenkopf. Poems in the taste of the time. Writings: "The Lover's Whim", "The Fellow Culprits". Grave illness.

3 *Illness and Gradual Convalescence in Frankfort*

September, 1768  
to March, 1770

Religious questions. Association with Pietists (Katharina von Klettenberg). Preoccupation with books on magic and alchemy.

4 *Completion of Studies in Strasbourg, Alsace*

April, 1770  
to August, 1771

Acquaintance with Herder, Jung-Stilling, Lenz. Love for Friederike Brion. Writings: The Sesenheim Songs and "On German Architecture". Graduation. Visit to the Mannheim Hall of Antiquities.

5 *Law Practice in Frankfort*

August, 1771  
to May, 1772

Friendship with Merck in Darmstadt. "On Shakespeare's Day". First draft of "Goetz". Songs and hymns.

- Probationer in the Imperial Chamber Court, Wetzlar* 6  
 Friendship with Kestner. Passion for Charlotte Buff. May to  
 Travel on foot through the Lahn Valley to Ems, past September, 1772  
 Ehrenbreitstein and then home.
- A Lawyer in Frankfurt Again* 7  
 "Goetz von Berlichingen" appeared 1773. 1774, ac- September, 1772  
 quaintance with Lavater, Jacobi. Trip along the Lahn and to November, 1775  
 the Rhine to Duesseldorf. Poems and numerous poetic sketches. Published: "Clavigo" and "The Sufferings of Young Werther". 1775, love for Lili Schoenemann. First trip to Switzerland. Engagement broken. "Urfaust" composed. "Egmont" begun. Trip to Heidelberg.
- Court and Civil Service in Weimar* 8  
 1775, friendship with Wieland, Knebel and others. 1776, November, 1775  
 friendship with Frau von Stein. Herder called to Weimar. Occupation of the Garden House. Appointment as a Privy Legation Councillor; seat and vote in the supreme governing body. Responsibility for mining affairs. 1777, work on the first version of "Wilhelm Meister" begun. Death of sister Cornelia. First trip to the Harz Mountains. 1778, landscaping of the park begun. 1779, assumption of leadership of the War and Roads Commission. "Iphigenia" completed in prose. Appointment as Privy Councillor. Second trip to Switzerland (with the Duke). 1780, "Tasso" begun. Lasting preoccupation with the natural sciences, especially mineralogy. 1782, responsibility for the treasury. Differences with Lavater. 1784, opening of the mine in Ilmenau. Discovery of the intermaxillary bone in man. 1785, beginning of botanical studies. Increasing dissatisfaction with official duties.
- Journey to Italy* 9  
 1786, from Karlsbad to Rome via Venice. Study of antiquity. Practice in drawing. 1787, Rome, Naples, Sicily, Rome. New poetic production. "Iphigenia" rewritten in verse. "Egmont" completed. "Tasso" proceeding well. Publication of the "Writings" (up to 1790). September, 1786  
 to May, 1788

*June, 1788  
to March, 1832*

1788, relieved of official duties, thereafter increasing responsibility for artistic and scientific affairs. Relationship with Christiane Vulpius. "Roman Elegies". Publication of "Egmont". 1789, outbreak of the French Revolution. Birth of son August. Beginning of building of palace (up to 1803). 1790, "Torquato Tasso", "Faust. A Fragment", "Metamorphosis of Plants" published. 1791 director of Court Theatre (until 1817). Appointment of the painter Meyer in Weimar. 1792, campaign in France. Acquisition of the house on Frauenplan. 1793, siege of Mainz. 1794, friendship with Schiller. "Reynard the Fox". 1795, '96, "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship" published. 1797, Ballads and "Hermann and Dorothea". 1802, translations from Voltaire's "Mahomet" and "Tancred". 1803, friendship with Zelter. 1805, death of Schiller. Translated "Rameau's Nephew" by Diderot (with notes). 1806, Battle of Jena. Marriage with Christiane. Frequent visits to Bohemian spas (up to 1823). 1808, meeting with Napoleon. Publication of "Faust" (Part I). 1809, "Elective Affinities". 1810, "On the Theory of Colour". 1811-'14, "Poetry and Truth" (1st to 3rd parts). 1813, liberation war. 1814 and 1815, journeys along the Rhine, Main and Neckar. Love for Marianne von Willemer. 1816, death of Christiane. Publication of "Italian Journey". 1817, marriage of son August. 1819, "West-Eastern Divan". 1821, "Wilhelm Meister's Year's of Wandering" (1st version) published. Albert Stapfer translated Goethe's plays into French (until 1828). 1822, "Campaign in France". 1823, Eckermann as assistant. Attraction to Ulrike von Levetzow. 1824, Thomas Carlyle began to popularize Goethe in England. 1826, "The Short Story". 1827, coined the term "World Literature". Publication of the Authoritative Edition (up to 1830). 1828, publication of "Correspondence between Schiller and Goethe". 1829, visit of the sculptor David d'Angers. 1830, death of son August. 1831, "Faust. Part II" completed. March 22, 1832, death of Goethe.



## SOURCE OF ILLUSTRATIONS

### *Explanation of Abbreviations*

DGM: Düsseldorf Goethe Museum

FrGM: Frankfurt Goethe Museum

GNM: National Goethe Museum

(National research and commemorative institution of German classical literature at Weimar)

StgML: Municipal History Museum in Leipzig

- 1 Oil-painting, presumably by L. Cranach jun., 1550, Florence, Uffizi
- 2 Oil-painting by Scheppem, 1763. FrGM
- 3 Unsigned oil-painting. FrGM
- 4, 5 Water-colours by J. G. Schmoll, Collection Lavater of the Austrian National Library, Vienna
- 6 Oil-painting by J. K. Seekatz, 1763. GNM
- 7 Etching by J. J. Koller, 1777. FrGM
- 8 Published by M. Seutter, Geographer of the Roman emperor. FrGM
- 9, 10, 11 Photos. FrGM
- 12 Engraving by J. A. Steislinger, Hist. Mus. of Frankfurt on the Main
- 13 Engraving, 1764. History Museum of Frankfurt on the Main
- 14 Engraving by F. B. Werner, about 1750. StgML
- 15 Water-colour by C. B. Schwarz. StgML
- 16 Engraving by J. A. Rosmaesler, 1778. StgML
- 17 Water-colour 1770. StgML
- 18 Engraving by Sysang, in a publication for the centennial of the newly-erected Auditorium Petri, 1741. StgML
- 19 Oil-painting by Anton Graff, 1769. University Library, Leipzig
- 20 Old engraving after the wall-paintings in "Auerbachs Keller". StgML
- 21 Etching by Joh. Salomon Richter. StgML
- 22 Engraving by Bause after painting of Anton Graff
- 23 Etching by A. F. Oeser, in F. W. Kreuchauf — Historical explanation of the paintings collected by Gottfried Winckler in Leipzig. Leipzig 1768
- 24 Etchings by Goethe. University Library, Leipzig
- 25 Coloured miniature. StgML
- 27 Facsimile of Goethe's handwriting, 1st vers., University Libr., Leipzig
- 28 Oil-painting by Chr. G. Schütz, 1754. History Museum of Frankfurt on the Main
- 29 Miniature, possibly self-portrait. GNM
- 30 Sub-title in Valentinus Basilius, *Compendium chymico-philosophicum*. Berlin 1658
- 31 Drawing by Goethe. GNM
- 32 Engraving in the *Strasbourg New Hymn Book*, 1775. GNM
- 33 Engraving, between 1755–1765
- 34 Copperplate-engraving by Isaak Brunn, 1615. GNM
- 35 Beginning of Goethe's essay in Herder: «*Von deutscher Art und Kunst*» (On the Nature of the German, and his Art), 1773

- 36 Etching by G. F. Schmoll. GNM
- 37 Painting by J. L. Strecker, 1775. County Museum, Darmstadt
- 38 Engraving by S. Halbe after J. Gundlach
- 40 Photo of the 19th century
- 41 Engraving by F. Wagner after M. Retzsch. "Goethe's Works, Final Auth. Edition", vol. 26, 1829
- 42 Drawing by Goethe, 1770. GNM
- 43 Marble. Rome, Vatican
- 44 Plaster-cast
- 45 Marble. Rome, Vatican
- 46 Map by Joh. Baptist Homann of Nuremberg
- 47 Facsimile of Goethe's handwriting. FrGM
- 48 Water-colour sketch by Goethe. GNM
- 49, 50 After an old engraving. National Archives, Wetzlar
- 51 Silhouette, 1772. Original lost
- 52 Engraving by Berger after D. Chodowiecki in "Goethe's Writings" (at Himbürg) 1775/76
- 53 Old photo
- 54 Engraving by J. C. Krüger in "Goethe's Writings", 1775/76
- 57 Engraving by Berger after D. Chodowiecki in "Goethe's Writings", 1775/76
- 58 Silhouette after a copperplate-engraving by Lavater
- 59 Unsigned engraving. Graphic Collection, Leipzig
- 60 Pastel, private property (1782?)
- 61 Ink silhouette, 1774, DGM
- 62 Coloured engraving by J. Ziegler after L. Janscha
- 63 Engraving by Geysler after Juel
- 64 Drawing by Hemsterhuis, 1781
- 65 Aquatint by Franz Hegi
- 66 Etching by Jakob Rieger, 1787
- 67 Gouache. Country Library, Weimar
- 68 New Atlas of Saxony, Amsterdam and Leipzig, 1752
- 69 Silhouette. DGM
- 70 Clay bust by M. G. Klauer, 1780. DGM
- 71 Silhouette. GNM
- 72 Engraving by Joh. Fr. Bause, 1782. Graphic Collection, Leipzig
- 73 Oil-painting by Anton Graff, 1785. Gleim House, Halberstadt
- 74 Miniature by Karl v. Imhoff, before 1789. GNM
- 75 Water-colour sketch by G. M. Kraus, 1806. GNM
- 76 Photo, GNM
- 77 Etching by G. M. Kraus. DGM
- 78 Sepia drawing by C. Westermayr, 1793. GNM
- 79 Reproduction of the lost pencil-drawing, said to be self-portrait. GNM
- 80 Pencil drawing by G. M. Kraus, 1776. GNM
- 81 China-ink drawing by Goethe, 1777. GNM
- 82 Chalk drawing by Goethe. GNM
- 83 China-ink drawing by Goethe, 1779. GNM
- 84 Cut silhouette. DGM
- 85 Coloured engraving by Hegi after Birmann. GNM
- 86 Engraving by G. M. Kraus. GNM



- 87 Drawing by Goethe, 1776. National Art Collections, Weimar
- 88 China-ink drawing by Goethe, 1776. GNM
- 89 Old photo
- 90 Pencil drawing by Goethe, 1786. GNM
- 91 Oil-painting of the 18th century. National Picture Gallery, Dresden
- 92 Pen and ink drawing by Goethe. GNM
- 93 Engraving by Alessandro Specchi, 1703. FrGM
- 94 Water-colour pen and ink drawing by Goethe. GNM
- 95 Water-colour by Ph. Hackert. GNM
- 96 Engraving by G. Piranesi
- 97 Water-colour by G. Volpato. DGM
- 98 China-ink drawing by J. H. W. Tischbein. FrGM
- 99 Oil-painting by J. H. W. Tischbein, 1786/88. Staedel's Art Institute, Frankfort on the Main
- 100, 101 Copperplate-engravings by H. Lips
- 102 Pen and ink drawing by Goethe. GNM
- 104 Copperplate engraving by J. H. Lips after Angelika Kauffmann
- 107 F. L. Güssefeld. Nuremberg 1784. GNM
- 108 Clay bust (fragment) by M. G. Klauer, about 1790. GNM
- 109 Copperplate-engraving by J. H. Lips, 1791. GNM
- 110 Drawing by Goethe. GNM
- 111 Water-colour by J. H. Meyer, 1793. GNM
- 112 Copperplate-engraving after drawings by Goethe, 1784
- 113 Photo. GNM
- 114 Water-colour by Goethe, 1792. GNM
- 115 Engraving by Hippolyte Bellangé, 1853. Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris
- 116 Engraving by J. C. Bock after J. Volz. GNM
- 117 Coloured engraving by J. F. Tielker after J. G. Schütz. GNM
- 118 Coloured engraving. GNM
- 119 Engraving by G. M. Kraus. Copperplate-engravings Cabinet of the National Art Collections, Weimar
- 120 Coloured engraving by C. Müller after C. Kaaz. DGM
- 121 Chalk drawing by F. Bury, 1800. GNM
- 122 Copperplate engraving by W. v. Kaulbach, 1846
- 123 China-ink drawing by F. L. Catel, about 1798. DGM
- 124 Engraving, about 1800. DGM
- 125 Water-colour by G. M. Kraus, 1794. Castle Tiefurt
- 126 Lithograph after the painting of C. J. Th. Leybold. National Schiller Museum, Marbach
- 128 Engraving by K. A. Schwerdgeburth after J. H. Ramberg in: "Final Authoritative Edition", vol. 24
- 129 Chalk drawing by F. Jagemann, 1805. County Library, Weimar
- 130 Contemporary oil-painting. Municipal Museum, Jena
- 131 Copperplate-engraving by Couché fils and Bovinet after a drawing by Swebach-Desfontaines
- 132 Life mask, made by K. G. Weisser, 1807. GNM
- 133 Oil-painting by J. Lefèvre, 1809
- 134 Engraving by Riedel after L. Letronne, 1815. National Library, Berlin
- 135 Contemporary engraving
- 137 Engraving by J. H. Lips after Rembrandt

- 138 Pencil drawing by Goethe, 1810/12. GNM
- 139, 140 Lithographs by Eugène Delacroix in A. Stapfer's French translation of "Faust", 1828
- 141 Coloured engraving by G. Opitz. GNM
- 142 Oil-painting by Luise Seidler. GNM
- 143 Engraving by J. Stöber after Schwind in "Final Authoritative Edition", vol. 17 (1828)
- 145 Self-portrait, drawing. Central Library, Zurich
- 146 Coloured engraving by C. G. H. Geissler, 1813. StgML
- 147 Engraving by J. Ziegler after L. Janscha. GNM
- 148 Pastel by J. J. de Lose. FrGM
- 150 Chalk-drawing by F. Jagemann, 1817. GNM
- 151 Contemporary engraving. DGM
- 152 Pastel. GNM
- 153 Fair Copy of Goethe. Goethe-Schiller-Archives, Weimar
- 154 Engraving by L. Schütze after O. Wagner, 1827. GNM
- 156, 157, 158, 159 Photos. GNM
- 160 Lithograph, about 1830. DGM
- 161 Oil-painting by E. Grünler, 1828. GNM
- 162 Chalk-drawing by H. Müller, about 1820. GNM
- 163, 164 Chalk-drawings by J. Schmeller. GNM
- 165 Pastel by Luise Seidler, about 1832. GNM
- 166 Painting by J. Schmeller, 1831. Thuringian County Library, Weimar
- 167 Steel-engraving by F. Fleischmann in "Memoiren des Satans" ("Memoirs of Satan") by Hauff, 1830
- 168 Drawing by G. Schadow, private property
- 170 Chalk-drawing by J. Schmeller. GNM
- 171 Facsimile of handwriting, Collection W. A. Speck of Yale University, New Haven, USA
- 174 Facsimile phototype after the chalk-drawing of L. Sebbers, 1826. Original lost
- 175 Relievo by P. J. David d'Angers, 1829, plaster-cast. GNM
- 176 Oil-painting by J. G. Stieler, 1828. New Pinakothek, Munich
- 177 Unfinished engraving by K. A. Schwerdgeburth, 1832. DGM
- 178 Draft of March 18, 1832. Goethe-Schiller-Archives, Weimar
- 179 Photo. GNM
- 180 Drawing by H. Matthaey, 1832. DGM
- 181 Photo. GNM





Hinweise

Signatur 37. 8° 49/10	Stok mei
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Titelaufn.  
Hr -

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1 Hst. H. Gode. §

1 Hst. Bildkunde Ae

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Bild K

Goethe, Johann Wolfgang v.

DA. Dichter

1749-1832 X

(SWK)

Sonderstandort

Signum

Ausleihe-  
vermerk

III/9/280 Jd-G 80/61

ZFB Entsäuerung

19. Juli 2007

37. 8° 49/10

