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Translation of Ilse Aichinger's short stories

Patsy Kay Looney Corrigan

Portland State University

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Title: Translation of Ilse Aichinger's Short Stories

APPROVED BY MEMBERS OF THE THESIS COMMITTEE:

Franz Langhammer

Louis J. Elteto

H. Frederick Peters

Translations of three of Ilse Aichinger's stories which originally appeared in the book Eliza, Eliza are presented in this thesis. The three stories translated are "Herodes", "Port Sing", and "Die Puppe".

A short summary of Ilse Aichinger's biography is followed by research showing historical translation guidelines of noted writers and translators including Hieronymus, Martin Luther, Wolfang Goethe, Novalis, Lord Woodhouselee, Friedrich Schleiermacher, Jacob Grimm, Friedrich Nietzsche, Ulrich von Willamowitz-Moellendorf,
Flora Amos, Kornei Chukovsky, Walter Benjamin, Kahl Dedecius, Jiří Levý, and Robert Bly. It was found that, until very recently guidelines for translation were limited to discussion of accurate translation of context, and whether or not a translation should be word-for-word or more liberal, allowing the translator great license in word choice. Particular note is made of guidelines which can be applied to translating Ilse Aichinger's uniquely abstract, yet flowing style of writing.

In discussion of the three stories, attention is given especially to the influences of Aichinger's Austrian and Jewish background on appropriate word choice in translation. Her own life experiences should be allowed to affect translation and nuance of words and moods in her stories.

Allen Chappel's translation of "Die Puppe" is compared with a translation of the same story presented in this thesis.
TRANSLATION OF ILSE AICHINGER'S SHORT STORIES

by

PATSY KAY LOONEY CORRIGAN

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

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in

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TO THE OFFICE OF GRADUATE STUDIES AND RESEARCH:

The members of the Committee approve the thesis of Patsy Kay Looney Corrigan presented November 21, 1985.

Franz Langhammer, Chairman

Louis J. Elteto

H. Frederick Peters

APPROVED:

Louis J. Elteto, Head, Department of Foreign Languages

Jim F. Heath, Dean of Graduate Studies
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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

In working with stories by Ilse Aichinger which originally were published in the book Eliza, Eliza, in 1965, the author's apparently simple style of writing is found to be surprisingly difficult to translate. The main difficulty is to preserve the writer's artistic individuality. Thus began a search for guidelines as to what absolutely must be preserved in a good translation of a literary work and what should be altered as the differences in two languages, the language of the original work, German, and the second language to which the work of art was being translated, English, collided and did not always produce synonyms of meaning and vocabulary.

Knowledge of Ilse Aichinger's biography was important in making decisions regarding the translation of her works. Aichinger's stories are filled with symbolism of her Jewish heritage, as well as her Austrian culture and lifestyle. This sometimes leaves the translator groping for words that are common to the culture and lifestyles of these two groups in German, but which are not readily translated to synonyms in the English language.
A search for guidelines in translating Aichinger's works led to a survey of the writings of important translators and their thoughts on the art of translating. Although the maxim has always been the production of a translation which is "true" to the original, opinions vary as to what the concept of being "true" should entail. Should the translator remain true to the original work and produce a word-for-word translation which will sound strange to the reader in the second language? Or should the translator translate ideas of the original in words completely his own with disregard to the language, wording and style of the original author? This thesis presents some of the thoughts of ancient and modern translators regarding the art of translation, the implication of these guidelines for translation of Aichinger's stories, and three translations of stories originally published in Eliza, Eliza (1965), but which were taken from Meine Sprache und Ich (1978) where they were published again. After translating "Die Puppe", I discovered that a translation of the story had just recently been released by Allen Chappel in Ilse Aichinger: Selected Poetry and Prose (1983) and was curious to compare his translation with my own. This comparison is also a part of my thesis.
 CHAPTER II

ILSE AICHINGER:
A Short Account of Her Life and Work

The Austrian author, Ilse Aichinger, was born November 1, 1921 in Vienna. She spent her childhood in Linz and returned to Vienna where she attended secondary school. Because her mother was Jewish, Hitler's invasion and annexation of Austria made Aichinger's wish to study medicine impossible until after the end of the war. Although she had been able to attain her Matura at a Gymnasium in 1939, as a half-Jew she was denied the right to attend a university. Many of her friends and relatives were sent to concentration camps. Her parents were divorced and Ilse remained with her mother. Her twin sister escaped to England.¹

After the war, Aichinger studied medicine for two years, during which time she wrote her book, "Die größere Hoffnung, published in 1948. Shortly thereafter, she gave up her studies in medicine and became a reader for the well-known publishing firm S. Fischer Verlag.² During the year following the publication of her book, she traveled to
England to visit her twin sister, Helga Mitchie, who had become a writer using the English language.

After Aichinger's travels in England, the characters in her stories were often given English names. Travel beyond the borders of Austria had been denied to her during the years of the occupation. As a result, travel became an important part of her life and her writings. Ships, harbor cities, borders, and islands appear in them frequently.

In 1950, Aichinger moved to Ulm where she worked with Inge Scholl in helping to build up the Academy for Design. She continued her own writing and her work for the Fischer publishing house. In 1953, she was married to the poet Günther Eich. They had two children, Clemens and Mirjam. After her marriage, Aichinger's stories became more abstract, and the biographical influences found in previous works such as Die größere Hoffnung diminished.

Aichinger and her family moved Großmain near Salzburg, where she continued to live after her husband's death in 1972.

Aichinger became a member of Group 47 and has received recognition through several literary awards. Among these are the 1952 Group 47 prize for "Unter den Galgen", the Austrian State Prize for Literature in 1952 and 1975, the Bremen Prize for Literature in 1955, the Düsseldorf Immerman Prize in 1956, and the Bavarian Academy
Prize for Literature in 1961. She is a member of the Academy of Arts in Berlin and the West German PEN Club.  

CHAPTER III

PROBLEMS OF TRANSLATION

GUIDELINES OF EARLY TRANSLATORS

Early translators who wrote about their art and defended their style were usually more concerned with accuracy in translating the content and intention of a work than in preserving the original writer's style. The work which sparked the greatest controversy about translation was the Bible. Critics were not so quick to attack translations of classical works which were not Biblical in nature.

Hieronymus (St. Jerome) was one of the earliest translators of the Bible to discuss and defend his reasons for translating in a particular way. His thoughts on the best methods of translating the Scriptures appeared in a letter to Pamachius around 340 to 320 A.D.¹

In his own defense, Hieronymus said he had followed the rule of not translating word-for-word (or even trying to preserve the word order of Greek, which he considered a mystery). Instead, he translated the intent, or the sense,
of the work. He pointed out that this was the example
given by Cicero in translating Plato's works and others.

..., daß ich bei der Übersetzung der Heiligen
Schriften aus dem Griechischen, wo selbst die
Wortstellung schon ein Mysterium ist, nicht Wort für
Wort, sondern Sinn für Sinn ausgedrückt habe. Ich
habe ja schließlich als Lehrbeispiel für diese
Methode Tullius [Cicerò], der den Protagoras des
Plato, das Oeconomicon des Xenophon und die beiden
herrlichen Reden des Aeschines und des Demosthenes,
die sie gegeneinander gehalten haben, übersetzt
hat.2

Hieronymmus' goal was to translate in such a way that
the new version would not sound translated, but instead be
in the language used by speakers using natural forms of
expression found in common usage.

...ich habe sie aber nicht als Übersetzer
übertragen, sondern als Redner, mit den
Redewendungen, den Bild- und Wortgestaltungen, die
unseren Gebrauchen angepaßt sind, wodurch ich es
nicht nötig hatte, Wort für Wort zu übersetzen;
dafür habe ich aber das Wesen und die Kraft des
Wortes gewahrt.

...Es ist schwer für einen, der fremde Sprachen
genau verfolgt, nicht irgendwo über das Ziel
hinauszuschließen, und es ist mühsam zu erreichen,
däß Dinge, die in einer fremden Sprache gut
ausgedrückt sind, in der Übersetzung den gleichen
Reiz behalten. Etwas ist durch die Eigentüm-
lichkeit eines Wortes gesagt; ich aber habe keines,
mit dem ich das ausdrücken könnte, und verliere in
dem Versuch, den Satz zu erfüllen, auf langem Umweg
die Knappheit der Ausdrucksstrecke. Dazu kommen
quere und umschriebene Wendungen, Ungleichheiten der
grammatischen Formen, Verschiedenheiten der Bilder.
Letzten Endes ist jede Sprache nur sie selbst und,
wen ich so sagen darf, in sich selbst heimisch.
Wenn ich Wort für Wort übersetze, dann Klingen sie
ungereimt, wenn ich etwas in der Anordnung oder in
der Sprechweise veränderle, scheine ich die Pflichten
des Übersetzers zu verletzen.3
Martin Luther's defense of his translations of the Bible tend to agree with the ideas of Hieronymus. In 1530 Luther wrote his "Sendbrief vom Dolmetschen" in which he defended his use of commonly spoken German to translate the Bible. He repudiated the charges of those who criticized his choice of words and said he translated falsely, by pointing out the exacting attention to detail and the great amount of time it required to translate even a few words into the clear, precise German he wanted to give his translations. "Und es ist uns sehr oft begegnet, daß wir vierzehn Tage, drei, vier Wochen haben ein einziges Wort gesucht und gefragt, haben's dennoch zuweilen nicht gefunden." 4

Like Hieronymus, he wanted accuracy in translation, but recognized the fact that a word in one language often will not have an exact synonym in the second language, and one must go to the idea being expressed to discover how the sentence would be translated into the second language. Accused of adding words which were not in the original text, Luther wrote that, while Latin and Greek may not use the extra word in expressing the idea, clear natural German would require the use of additional words.

Wahr ist's: Diese vier Buchstaben 'sola' stehen nicht drinnen, welche Buchstaben die EselsKöpf ansehen, wie die Kühe ein neu Tor. Sehen aber nicht, daß es gleichwohl dem Sinn des Textes entspricht, und wenn man's will klar und gewaltiglich ver- deutschen, so gehöret es hinein, denn ich habe deutsch, nicht lateinisch noch
griechisch reden wollen, als ich deutsch zu reden beim Dolmetschen mir vorgenommen hatte. Das ist aber die Art unserer deutschen Sprache, wenn sie von zwei Dingen redet, deren man eines bejaht und das andere verneint, so braucht man des Wortes solum 'allein' neben dem Wort 'nicht' oder 'kein'.

... Denn man müßt nicht die Buchstaben in der lateinischen Sprache fragen, wie man soll Deutsch reden, wie diese Esel tun, sondern man müßt die Mutter im Hause, die Kinder auf der Gassen, den gemeinen Mann auf dem Markt drum fragen, und denselbigen auf das Maul sehen, wie sie reden, und darnach dolmetschen; da verstehen sie es denn und merken, daß man deutsch mit ihnen redet. 5

In addition to listening to the everyday usage of speech, Luther mentions the need for a large grasp of vocabulary on the part of the translator in order to translate accurately from one language (Hebrew) to another (German). 6 He would have envied us the myriad of dictionaries available today which are so necessary in translation to test the fine shades of meaning which affect the translator's word choice.

Luther also took issue with unrealistic expectations of his critics regarding his word usage. They expected a German translation to correspond to a Latin translation, which would not have made sense in German. Thus he emphasized again that the translation had to be according to what speakers of the second language would use themselves when speaking.

... Ein Deutscher höret wohl, daß 'Mann', 'Lüste' oder 'Begierungen' deutsche Wort sind, wiewohl es nicht eitel reine deutsche Wort sind, sondern 'Lust' und 'Begier' wären wohl besser. Aber wenn sie so zusammengefasset werden: Du Mann der Begierungen, so weiß kein Deutscher, was gesagt ist, denkt, daß
Daniel vielleicht voll böser Lust stecke. Das hieße denn fein gedolmetscht. Darum muß ich hier die Buchstaben fahren lassen und forschen, wie der deutsche Mann das ausdrückt, was der hebräische Mann 'Isch hamudóth' nennt: so finde ich, daß der deutsche Mann so spricht: Du lieber Daniel, du liebe Maria, oder: du holdelige Maid, du niedliche Jungfrau, du zartes Weib und dergleichen. Denn wer dolmetschen will, muß großen Vorrat von Worten haben, damit er die recht zur Hand haben kann, wenn eins nirgendwo klingen will.

Hieronymous and Luther's guides to translation deal with prose found in the Bible. They do not discuss how to deal with poetry although the "Songs of Solomon" and other portions of the Bible are written in poetic form. How should literature which is poetic or artistic in nature be dealt with? This is an important consideration to the translation of the works of Ilse Aichinger whose stories are those of an artist rather than the records of historians of a people such as are found in the Bible. Therefore one must turn to writers and translators who were concerned with the translation of literature, both classical and modern.
GUIDELINES OF MODERN TRANSLATORS

The dividing point between early and modern translators is the point at which they begin to deal with translation of literature as art. Their thoughts regarding translation tend to be generalizations in support of translation rather than step by step guides as to how to go about the task.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe was an enthusiastic translator. He believed translating opened the way to understanding between nations and cultures. In Der West-östliche Divan, he wrote of what he considered to be the first type of translation as making the reader acquainted with foreign countries in the sense of our own ability to understand them, and for this he considered simple prose the best medium. "Es gibt dreierlei Arten Uebersetzungen. Die erste macht uns in unserm eigenen Sinne mit dem Auslande bekannt; eine schlicht-prosaische ist hiezu die beste." The second type of translation, he found, tries to set us in the foreign country as much as the translator can understand it. "Eine zweite Epoche folgt hierauf, wo man sich in die Zustände des Auslandes zwar zu versetzen, aber eigentlich nur fremden Sinn sich anzueignen und mit eignem Sinne wieder darzustellen bemüht ist." A third level of translation, however, Goethe
praised most highly. It creates a work identical with the original. "...so erlebten wir den dritten Zeitraum, welcher der höchste und letzte zu nennen ist, derjenige nämlich, wo man die Uebersetzung dem Original identisch machen möchte, so daß eins nicht anstatt des andern, sondern an der Stelle des andern gelten soll."  

In his writings, "Zu brüderlichen Andenken Wielands" found in his Einzelschriften, Goethe writes that the first maxim of translating is to bring the foreign author to us and the second is to put us into his conditions, style of speech and ideosyncrasies.

In Dichtung und Wahrheit he gives consideration to the translation of poetry into prose. Goethe even recommends translation of works of great authors into simple prose as the best type of learning exercise for young minds to gain a true appreciation and understanding of these works. Even though Goethe was respectful of the original rhyme and rhythm of poetic works he felt the essence of the poet would be found when translated to prose. In this respect, Goethe held Luther's prose translations of the Biblical poetry, found in the book of
Hiob, the Psalms and other songs, in higher regard than later versions which tried to also translate the meter and rhyme. These thoughts were to have lasting influence on translators who would paraphrase the original as their method of translation.

In his Maximen und Reflexionen Goethe reveals other feelings regarding translation. He says that translations are never quite the original, but instead they awaken a feeling of curiosity to see what the original was really like. "Uebersetzer sind als geschäftige Kuppler anzusehen, die uns eine halbverschleierte Schöne als höchst liebenswürdig anpreisen: sie erregen eine unwiderstehliche Neigung nach dem Original." His feeling for the value of translation in promoting understanding between nations appears again in another maxim. This time the great frustration felt by most translators, that which is untranslatable from one language to another, is actually lauded as the thing which makes us more aware of the foreign country and language. "Beim Uebersetzen muß man bis ans Unübersetzliche herangehen; alsdann wird man aber erst die fremde Nation und die fremde Sprache gewahr."  

Novalis (Friedrich von Hardenberg), a contemporary of Goethe's and a representative of the earliest phase of the romantic period in German literature, saw translation as something which could become either mythical, transforming or grammatical. By mythical translation, he meant one in
which the pure character of the ideal of the original work is presented. This he felt was the highest form of translation. Grammatical translations were accurate and learned, but they displayed no great discursive ability. Transforming translations were the poetic type which required that the translator himself be a poet or writer to capture the spirit of the poet in the translation.

In searching for guidelines to translating, one becomes aware of the fact that few writers or translators discussing the subject venture beyond general discussion of the ethics or goals of the problems involved. However, in his book *Essay on the Principles of Translation* (1792), Alexander Fraser Tyler, Lord Woodhouselee gave the following three principles:

1) A translation should give a complete transcript of the idea of the original work.
2) The style and manner of writing should be of the same character as that of the original.
3) A translation should have all the ease of original composition.

In Friedrich Schleiermacher's essay "Ueber die verschiedenen Methoden des Uebersetzens" (1813), he points out that translation of concrete objects and actions from one language to another is easy enough, but the problem for the translator comes when trying to translate the literary works in which thoughts are the primary source in the writing being translated, and the more time that has passed between the writing of the original and writing of the translation the more difficult the translator's work becomes.

...Alle Wörter, welche Gegenstände und Thätigkeiten ausdrücken, auf die es ankommen kann, sind gleichsam geacht, und wenn ja leere übervorsichtige Spizfindigkeit sich noch gegen eine mögliche ungleiche Geltung der Worte verwahren wollte, so gleicht die Sache selbst alles unmittelbar aus. Ganz anders auf jenem der Kunst und Wissenschaft zugehörigen Gebiet, und überall wo mehr der Gedanke herrscht, der mit der Rede Eins ist, nicht die Sache, als deren willkürlicher das vielleicht aber fest bestimmtes Zeichen das Wort nur dahsteht. Denn wie unendlich schwer und verwirkelt wird hier das Geschäft! welche genaue Kenntniß und welche Beherrschung beider Sprachen setz es voraus! und wie oft, bei der gemeinschaftlichen Ueberzeugung daß ein gleichgeltender Ausdrükk gar nicht zu finden sei, gehen die sachkundigsten und sprachgelehrtesten bedeutend auseinander, wenn sie angeben wollen, welches denn nun der am nächsten kommende sei. Dies gilt eben so sehr von den lebendigen malerischen Ausdrücken dichterischer Werke, als von den abgezogensten, das innerste und allgemeinste der Dinge bezeichnenden der höchsten Wissenschaft.
Like Goethe, Schleiermacher felt that the translator had two choices, either to move the reader toward the original author's position, or move the author toward the reader. He felt both methods of translation present such different styles that the translator would have to choose one over the other and continue throughout the work in that style. 23

Schleiermacher recognized that trying to be true to the original created a foreign sounding work for the reader of the translation and set two conditions for a natural sounding translation: a) that the understanding of foreign works be a known and sought for condition and b) that the foreign language itself be granted a certain flexibility.

...denn je genauer sich die Uebersezung an die Wendungen der Urschrift anschließe, um desto fremder werde sie schon den Leser gemahnen. ...so muß man zugeben, ein unerläßliches Erforderniß dieser Methode des Uebersezens ist eine Haltung der Sprache, die nicht nur nicht alltäglich ist, sondern die auch ahnden läßt, daß sie nicht ganz frei gewachsen, vielmehr zu einer fremden Aehnlichkeit hinübergebogen sei; und man muß gestehen, dieses mit Kunst und Maß zu thun, ohne eigenen Nachtheil und ohne Nachtheil der Sprache, dies ist vielleicht die größte Schwierigkeit die unser Uebersezer zu überwinden hat. 24

In 1847, Jacob Grimm discussed problems of translation in his text "Ueber das pedantische in der deutschen Sprache". He points out that the pedantic nature of German and the Germans appears in their translation. However, he does not believe it possible to translate to another
language so perfectly that one can say, if this person had originally written in German, he would have written this way.

... wir übertragen treu, weil wir uns in alle eigenheiten der fremden zunge einsaugen und uns das herz fassen sie nachzuahmen, aber allzu treu, weil sich form und gehalt der wörter in zwei sprachen niemals genau decken können und was jene gewinnt dieser einbüszt. während also die freien übersetzungen blosz den gedanken erreichen wollen und die schönheit des gewandes daran geben, mühren sich die strengen das gewand nachzuweben pedantisch ab und bleiben hinter dem urtext stehn, dessen form und inhalt ungesucht und natürlich zusammenstimmen. nachahmung lateinischer oder griechischer verse zwingt uns die deutschen wörter zu drängen, auf die gefahr hin dem sinn gewalt anzuthun; übertragne prosa pflegt alsogleich breiter zu gerathen, wie beim hinzuhalten des originals in die augen fällt.25

His discussion of translation deals mainly with translation of other languages into German.

"Ueber Sprache und Worte" by Arthur Schopenhauer26 again emphasizes that not every word or expression will find an equal translation or synonym in another language:

Nicht für jedes Wort einer Sprache findet sich in jeder andern das genaue Äquivalent. Also sind nicht sämtliche Begriffe, welche durch die Worte der einen Sprache bezeichnet werden, genau die selben, welche die der andern ausdrücken; wenn gleich Dieses meistens, bisweilen sogar außend genau ... sondern oft sind es blos ähnliche und verwandte, jedoch durch irgend eine Modifikation verschiedene Begriffe.27

Sometimes the foreign word will be taken into the second language to become the official expression of the concept, or the dictionary will give a string of words which come close to translating the word. In learning the second
language it becomes necessary to learn the concepts which go with the new vocabulary. New thoughts will accompany new words.

...Bisweilen auch drückt eine fremde Sprache einen Begriff mit einer Nuance aus, welche unsere eigene ihm nicht giebt und mit der wir ihn jetzt gerade denken: dann wird Jeder, dem es um einen genauen Ausdruck seiner Gedanken zu thun ist, das Fremdwort gebrauchen, ohne sich an das Gebelle pedantischer Puristen zu kehren. In allen Fällen, wo in einer Sprache nicht genau der selbe Begriff durch ein bestimmtes Wort bezeichnet wird, wie in der andern, giebt das Lexikon dieses durch mehrere einander verwandte Ausdrücke wieder, welche alle die Bedeutung desselben, jedoch nicht concentrisch, sondern in verschiedenen Richtungen daneben,...

Demgemäß liegt, bei Erlernung einer Sprache, die Schwierigkeit vorzüglich darin, jeden Begriff, für den sie ein Wort hat, auch dann kennen zu lernen, wann die eigene Sprache kein diesem genau entsprechendes Wort besitzt; welches oft der Fall ist. Daher also muß man, bei Erlernung einer fremden Sprache, mehrere ganz neue Sphären von Begriffen in seinem Geiste abstecken: mithin entstehen Begriffssphären wo noch keine waren. Man erlernt also nicht bloß Worte, sondern erwirbt Begriffe. Dies ist vorzüglich bei Erlernung der alten Sprachen der Fall; weil die Ausdrucksweise der alten von der unsrigen viel verschiedener ist, als die der modernen Sprachen von einander...

Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche's writing concerning translation declares that the tempo of a language is the most difficult element of style to translate. Like Grimm, he laments the stiffness and gravity of the German language and the style of German writers. His comments, also, refer mainly to works being translated from other languages to German:

Was sich am schlechtesten aus einer Sprache in die andre übersetzen läßt, ist das Tempo ihres Stils: als welcher im Charakter der Rasse seinen
Grund hat, physiologischer gesprochen, im Durchschnitts-Tempo ihres "Stoffwechsels". Es gibt ehrlich gemeinte Übersetzungen, die beinahe Fälschungen sind, als unfreiwillige Vergemeinerungen des Originals, bloß weil sein tapfres und lustiges Tempo nicht mit übersetzt werden konnte, welches über alles Gefährliche in Dingen und Worten wegspringt, weghilft.29

Ulrich von Wilamowitz-Moellendorf agreed with Schleiermacher’s condemnation of paraphrasing an original in translation. In his essay "Was ist übersetzen?" (1981), he wrote that the translator’s goal was not free verse. He felt the spirit of the poet had to speak to us with his words. The new verses should have the same effect on the translator’s readers, as they did on the original author’s readers.30

As a linguist, Willamowitz-Moellendorf knew that it was rare to find exact synonyms in two languages; however, he did believe that distinguishing characteristics of the work could be reproduced.

...Und wenn wir den einen Ausdruck nicht wiedergeben können (in Wahrheit können wir ein einzelnes Wort fast nie übersetzen, weil abgesehen von technischen Wörtern niemals zwei Wörter zweier Sprachen sich in der Bedeutung decken), so kann man doch auch im Deutschen einen verhaltenen Vorwurf, der darum nur tiefer verwundet, zum Ausdruck bringen, kann also den Gedanken nicht nur, sondern auch das Ethos der Rede wiedergeben. Es gilt auch hier, den Buchstaben verachten und dem Geiste folgen, nicht Wörter noch Sätze übersetzen, sondern Gedanken und Gefühle aufnehmen und wiedergeben. Das Kleid muß neu werden, sein Inhalt bleiben. Jede rechte Übersetzung ist Travestie. Noch scharfer gesprochen, es bleibt die Seele, aber sie wechselt den Leib: die wahre Übersetzung ist Metempsychose.31
In a study of Elizabethan period translations in *Early Theories of Translations*, Flora Amos points out that the Renaissance translators were greatly inspired and encouraged to translate. At that time faithfulness to the original was greatly prized. Apparently the countries on the continent (including Germany) were turning out even more translations than England.

During the seventeenth century, however, a new tradition crept up which encouraged translators to give freedom to their translation and to be as original as they pleased, while literal translation in turn was regarded as less desirable. Gradually the extremes of this tradition were recognized as less than desirable and a middle position was sought.

Kornei Chukovsky also points out that during the period of Russian classicism, translators in Russia before the Revolution were very imprecise in their translations and often added or deleted material as the spirit of the author they were translating moved them.

Walter Benjamin writes in "Die Aufgabe des Uebersetzers" (1923) that one of the jobs of the translator is to update the translation, to make it understandable to his audience whose language has changed since the original was written.

"...Uebersetzungen, die mehr als Vermittlungen sind, entstehen, wenn im Fortleben ein Werk das Zeitalter seines Ruhmes errichtet hat. Sie dienen daher nicht..."
sowohl diesem, wie schlechte Übersetzer es für ihre Arbeit zu beanspruchen pflegen, als daß sie ihm ihr Dasein verdanken. In ihnen erreicht das Leben des Originals seine erneute späteste und umfassendste Entfaltung.

...Denn wie Ton und Bedeutung der großen Dichtungen mit den Jahrhunderten sich völlig wandeln, so wandelt sich auch die Muttersprache des Übersetzers. Ja, während das Dichterwort in der seinigen überdauert, ist auch die größte Übersetzung bestimmt, in das Wachstum ihrer Sprache ein-, in der erneuten unterzugehen.36

As to the question of being true to the original wording or using more freedom in translation to preserve the sense of the original, Benjamin felt that the sense of the original is most important to preserve, but that this must come from the wording of the original. For him the interlinear translated versions of the Holy Scriptures were the ideal to be strived for in all translation.37

Wolfgang Schadewaldt’s article ”Das Problem des Übersetzens” first appeared in 1927.38 He felt that the value of a translation depended on what one expected from it. This, however, he saw as the source of the translator’s problem. The translation would not be an exact copy of the original but rather a creative work in itself.

Übersetzung ist nicht Kopie, sondern schöpferische Tat. Identität ist ihr nicht gegeben. Das Höchste, das sie für sich beanspruchen kann, ist, dem Vorbild wesensähnlich zu sein; und doch darf die schöpferische Nachbildung eines als werthaft empfundenen Werkes nur vermöge ihres Strebens zur Wesensgleichheit mit dem Urbild Übersetzung heißen. Mag dieses Streben auch dem Theoretiker als Fiktion erscheinen, so wird es dem Übersetzer doch zur Regulative seines Tuns.
Like most of the early and modern writers and translators reviewed in this work, Schadewaldt hesitated to give actual rules concerning the way in which works should be translated, feeling that this would contradict the very essence of humanistic spirit which should be found in translation.


In 1961 Kahl Dedecius, a noted translator of Slavic languages wrote "Slawische Lyrik - übersetzt - übertragen - nachgedichtet." He wrote that the difference between the orderly and systematic approach to most intellectual spheres of creation and the contrast to the art of translation's habit of leaving its art to chance and chaos.

He described three types of translation: a) translation which is authentic but not artistic, b) transcription which is artistic and authentic, and c) paraphrase which is artistic but not authentic. He felt no translation was ever a pure form of one of these types of translation.

Some contemporary translators, perhaps tired of this confusion, have set down more specific guidelines for translating. In his book, Die literarische Uebersetzung: Theorie einer Kunstgattung, Levy mentions several specifics
which were helpful in making decisions regarding translation of Ilse Aichinger's works.

In the case of words which do not have exact synonyms in two languages, he writes that the translator is forced to use an abstract at a higher level than is found in the original which may be further clarified through use of adjectives.

Die InKongruenz der Wörter zweier Sprachen zwingt den übersetzer oft, einen breiteren Begriff, eine Abstraktion höheren Grades zu verwenden, als dies im Original der Fall ist. Wo die Muttersprache kein Äquivalent zu einem fremden Spezialbegriff (besonders zu typisch nationalen Wendungen) hat, bleibt keine andere Möglichkeit, als den ihm unmittelbar übergeordneten Begriff zu wählen und diesen gegebenenfalls durch irgendein Adjektiv zu erläutern, d.h. eine beschreibende Benennung zu verwenden...43

It is his feeling that the translation of a work of prose must be more precise than the translation of a poem for which mood and style are easier to characterize and form an opinion of:

Die Beschäftigung mit der Übersetzung verlangt sehr feine Methoden, weil sie mit oft sehr schwer faßbaren, jedoch bedeutsamen Details arbeitet und weil die literarische Persönlichkeit hier keineswegs durch die Thematik, die Komposition und die Gestaltung der Wirklichkeit, sondern durch feine stilistische Nuancen charakterisiert wird.44

In his article "Will Translation be of Use to Translators?", one of the points Levy discusses is the choice of names in translation. One must choose a translation of a name on the basis of the meaning of the
name and its connotation in language, culture and social patterns of a certain cultural region.

As soon as the designation of a character takes on the form of a proper name, it becomes dependent on language and on the social pattern of a certain cultural region, since every nation has a stock of linguistic forms available for use as personal names...

If the translator decides to inform his reader of the meaning of "speaking names" - as he is often obliged to do, e.g., in comedies - he cannot simply translate a Mrs. Malaprop or a Charles Surface, a Mr. Ford or a Mr. Page, but must find equivalent names in his own national repertory, and substitute the names.

And once the name has no meaning at all - or no meaning in the particular play or novel - neither translation nor substitution are possible, and the only possibility is to "transliterate" it: the name of Mr. Ford has a semantic function in "The Merry Wives of Windsor", while it has no semantic function of its own in a biography of the American automobile manufacturer, and can only be transliterated there.

In The Eight Stages of Translation, Robert Bly deals with the problem of translation of poetry. His method of dealing with poetry, however, is very appropriate for dealing with literature, such as Ilse Aichinger's, in which an individual artist's quality appears in the style of writing.

Bly describes the first stage of translation as the literal word for word translation. A poetic line tends to go flat at this point and lose its poetic quality. The second stage seeks to understand exactly what is meant or felt in the original and all nuances of meaning which can be brought to the words in the original language are
examined. In the third stage the translator sets out to bring life to the translation.

During the composition of the literal version we followed the word order of the original German, and by doing that found ourselves drawn into the whirlpool of the delayed verb. German gains energy at times by delaying the verb, and even the main noun, so it appears late in the sentence. English gains energy the opposite way, by embarking the main noun immediately and the verb soon after. ...Leaving the word order of the original poem behind is often painful; beginning translators especially resist it. They feel disloyal if they move the verb, but each language evolves in a different way and we cannot cancel a thousand years of language evolution by our will.47

The fourth, fifth and sixth stages deal with what the ear hears when the poem is read - the tone or mood felt in the poem.

In the seventh stage, a person born into the language is asked to go over the translated version to find errors and check fine nuances of words used in the original.48

During the last stage the final draft is written and the translator may even examine other translators' versions of the same work.49
TRANSLATION OF ILSE AICHINGER'S WORKS

The first maxim found in researching translation guidelines is to be true to the original work. This entails understanding of the author's message if one is to translate fine nuances of meaning into a second language. In the case of Ilse Aichinger, the translator is already facing a dilemma with this first maxim. As pointed out by Dagmar Lorentz, who has written one of the most thorough analyses of Ilse Aichinger and her works presently available, Aichinger herself is not always able to help interpret her own works, suggesting instead that perhaps they are meant to be interpreted at an individually personal level. Therefore, Aichinger does not pretend to have written for a specific message, sense or purpose. This leaves the translator free to search out how others have felt the story should be interpreted, as well as to follow his or her own interpretation, having no set guidelines or notes from the author.

The second maxim is to translate in such a way that the new version would not have a stiff foreign "translated" sound. Lorentz points out that Aichinger's works seem to profit from being read aloud. This is often helpful to the translator in trying to preserve the flow of Aichinger's style. In the three stories chosen for
translation, a flowing quality in Aichinger’s writing became observable. This flow was often created by the use of sentences which a teacher of composition would usually mark as "run-on" sentences. In Ilse Aichinger’s stories these sentences work and flow together effortlessly in her German. In English, the same running together of sentences did not result in a smooth flow, rather in a jumbled sound and a definite incorrectness in grammatical structure.

Dividing the run-together German sentences into shorter ones in English created a short, choppy effect, which was also not an accurate representation of Aichinger’s flowing style. One technique which seemed to imitate the flowing effect in English was to use the progressive form of the verbs. This verb form, non-existent in German, is one which suggests continuing action in English. The following sentence in German is taken from "Herodes",53 and the two translations which follow are examples of the difference in style created by different treatments. In sentence "b", the structure is altered by dividing the sentence into several short ones, creating a choppy rhythm. In "c", the use of the progressive form of the verb is used to translate the original.

a. "Er war sicher, daß er es klopfen oder läuten gehört hatte, aber jetzt war es still, die zerfressenen Dielen rührten sich nicht, die Scheiben schmutzig und eiskalt, hingen fest in den Rahmen."54
b. He was sure he had heard a knock or ring, but now it was quiet. The rotten floor boards didn't move. The window panes, dirty and ice cold hung rigid in their frames.

c. He was sure that he had heard a knock or ring, but now it was quiet, the rotten floor boards not moving, the window panes, dirty and ice cold, hanging rigid in their frames.

This difficulty in recreating Aichinger's flowing sentences illustrates Nietzsche's feeling that the tempo of a language is the most difficult to translate.

As Martin Luther pointed out, words are found which do not translate readily with exact synonyms from one language to another, and this is true of Aichinger's stories. This is a result of differences in cultures and lifestyles. In "Herodes", two such words appear for which there are no exact synonyms in American English, because the objects are not commonly found in the United States. The first was "Futterhäuser" (für die Hirsche), and the second was "Holzplätze". Both of these terms developed in German due to the closeness of the unindustrialized forests to the German-speaking populace. This has led to the development of a vocabulary common to objects and places commonly found in the forests which must be described in more abstract terms in English to create the same picture. "Futterhäuser" I chose to translate as
"feeding stations". One dictionary translated "Holzplatz" with a referral to the word "Holzhof" and then gave the definition "wood-(od. timber) yard; American-lumberyard". The huge industrialized area of cut timber and rough hewn logs brought to mind by the word "lumberyard" would be an incorrect picture for "Holzplatz". Therefore "Holzplätze" has been translated as "woodcutters' clearings", bringing to mind the picture of a much smaller clearing in which probably one or two woodcutters cut wood and piled it by hand at the side of the forest paths or roads.

Following the principles given by Lord Woodhoulsle,

I first completed a transcript of each story. Second, I attempted to imitate Aichinger's style and manner of writing. Lastly, to obtain the naturalness of the original, I asked a non-German speaking native of the United States to read through the final draft to look for sections which might sound stiff or foreign. I felt that having worked so closely with the original language of the story during translation, I might not be as aware of foreign sounding phrases as someone who did not understand German and would not be influenced by an empathy for and understanding of German word usage and sentence structure.

Robert Bly's guidelines were perhaps more helpful than those of any other writer or translator. After writing down a word for word translation of each of Aichinger's stories, I went over each sentence carefully
looking for possible nuances which minute word changes could bring to the tone and style of the translation. Then each sentence was discussed with a German-born speaker of the language to check sections which I had marked as having the possibility of subtle changes in meaning if one word were preferred over another, and whether the native speaker also felt such a choice would be justified. The English wording and sentence patterns were checked for naturalness approximating the author's original writing as closely as possible. It was necessary to do this after the native-born Germans had gone over the story, because their own usage of English was sometimes too foreign-sounding and had to be modified to be more natural. As has already been mentioned, a native English speaker was then asked to read through the story to check for naturalness of English expression. After all of the final drafts were written, another translation of one of the stories, "Die Puppe", came to my attention. As Bly suggests, it is very interesting to read another's translation of the same work, knowing all of the difficult places and the reasons one chose certain words. The parts which were especially intriguing were, of course, the parts which had been the most difficult to translate while doing my own translation. Bly's approach to translating German poetry to English seems especially appropriate when translating Ilse Aichinger's works because her style of writing is more
apparent and carries more meaning when one reads it aloud, which is also true of most poetry.
CHAPTER IV

A COMPARISON OF TWO TRANSLATIONS

Allen Chappel's translation of "Die Puppe" came to my attention about a month after I had finished my own translation of the same story. As Robert Bly notes in his book, The Eight Stages of Translation, reading another translator's version of a work one has translated is enjoyable, and one feels a great deal of sympathy for the other translator, remembering the parts which were difficult to translate and one's own struggle with these difficult sections.

When the translation of "Die Puppe" presented in this thesis is compared with the translation published by Allen Chappel, almost every sentence has one or more words translated differently. Translations of the same work written by different translators usually vary in wording, but this does not have to mean that either translation is essentially wrong.

In translating "Die Puppe", I tried to keep in mind that Aichinger tends to use the same language she would use in conversation in her writing. I also wanted the translation to reflect the fact that the story is about a doll which would have been exposed to the language of a
child. The doll's words, however, cannot be too childish because this is not a baby doll, but rather a doll of fashion which seems to have a sense of self-worth. The doll is actually the narrator of the entire story and relates this in a stream of consciousness, one image after the other crowding through its mind.

Except for a few instances, Chappel's translation is accurate, but I find that his translation of German idiom or sentence structure becomes awkward or stiff in English. I tried to avoid this awkwardness in my translation, because I felt Aichinger's sentence structure is not at all stiff in the original German, and an accurate translation should also have her naturalness.

The underlined sections of the following sentences are examples chosen to show Chappel's tendency to stay too close to a word for word translation, resulting in a stiff, foreign, or unnatural sounding text. Aichinger's original work is followed by Chappel's translation and then my own, to show a more natural English usage.

1. a. "Abends waren wir auch wieder in einem der Cafes, und ich bekam Nußcreme zu kosten..." 4

b. "Evenings we were also again in one of the cafes and I got to taste nut-cream..." 5

c. "In the evening we were in one of the cafes again and I got a taste of hazelnut cream..."

b. "Was I not just yesterday carried through the city, in thin arms, covered with lace and a hat trimmed with lace on my head?"

c. "But just yesterday I was carried through this city, in tender arms, covered with lace, and a hat trimmed with lace on my head."

In examples one above, and three and four below, idiomatic use of German and Chappel's word for word translations combine to create some of the awkwardness. Germans tend to use the word "schon" (already) more frequently than is done in English. Use of the word "already" by Chappel in example number three is unnecessary and interrupts the flow of thought.


b. "And it was already continuing in the churches where the coolness fell down upon us from floorboards of the pulpit, the various sounds of steps on
wood and stone, I was sitting in dark benches my sight
directed straight ahead not diverted by the rosy lights
through the windows."9

c. "And so it continued, into churches, where
the coolness of the floor of the pulpit descended on us,
the various noises from footsteps on wood and stone; I was
sitting on black pews and my glances were directed straight
ahead, not to be led astray by the rosy lights coming
through the windows."

4. a. "Und nun ist niemand mehr hier, und von
selbst kann ich mich nicht umwenden, um zu sehen, ob Hut
und Schal noch am Bettknauf hängen."10

b. "And now no one is here any more and I cannot
turn around by myself to see whether hat and shawl are
still hanging on the bed knob."11

c. "And now nobody else is here any longer, and
I can't turn around by myself to see if my hat and scarf
are still hanging on the bed knob."

In example four, use of the possessive pronoun in
German is not always deemed necessary when an object
obviously belongs to the person speaking. In English,
leaving out the word "my" leads to a question of ownership.
In this case, whose hat and shawl are hanging on the bed
knob? Did she look to see if her own hat and shawl were
still there or those of the child she belonged to. Chappel
had also previously omitted the possessive "my" in the very
first line of the story which started the story out in unnatural English.

5. a. "Mit den Kleidern zu Bett und niemand, der mein wächsernes Gesicht gewärmt hätte, Spuren des Morgens, der durch die Vorhänge streicht, die Augen halb offen."12

b. "To bed with clothes and no one who might have warmed my waxen face, traces of the morning sweeping through the curtains, eyes half open."13

c. "Put to bed with my clothes on and no one to warm my waxen face, traces of the morning, streaming through the curtains, my eyes half open."

Chappel’s translation leaves one wondering if perhaps the doll was in bed with the clothes in the clothes closet, and whether this could be the reason she was not seen and was left behind.

There is one instance in which Chappel chooses to use the word "my", which creates an absurd sounding situation, and would have been better left out.


b. "Thus peacefully I was able to hear the gates bang open and shut, and to hear the songbirds grow silent
and was laid in the middle of it on my arms and cradled like someone after a grave sorrow or like a very small child: and caressed with tears when I was once on the verge of falling in the water but didn't."15

c. "Thus I could listen peacefully to the gates open and close and to the song birds fall silent, and in the midst of this would be laid into the arms and rocked like someone who had suffered a great sorrow or like a very small child, and was comforted with tears once, when I came close to falling in the water, but didn't."

Chappel's phrase, "and in the middle of my arms", gives rise to the puzzling picture of the doll being made to lie on her own arms, a rather difficult feat. The doll never identifies the child who owns it. Rather, it seems to regard the child with a sense of detachment (indeed the doll is literally detached from the life of the child now) and regards itself with great seriousness, as if it were an actual living playmate of the child. Chappel's translation "my arms" is most likely intended to show the doll feels she is the owner of the child, a situation which would be the opposite of reality. I do not, however, think the doll is intended to show that much possessiveness towards the child. The doll is merely viewing everything in her memory in a detached fashion, and in the second to last paragraph of the story, suggests that she will soon even begin to forget to whom she belonged.
There are a few instances when I do not agree at all with the word Chappel has chosen as a translation and feel that the meaning of the sentence has been changed too much to be accurate.

The first disagreement is found in the previously given example number two. Chappel has translated the phrase "auf zarten Armen" as "in thin arms" while I chose to translate this as "in tender arms". The word "tender" provokes the image of a caring child holding her doll. In addition, "tender" is a synonym for the word "zart", and the word "thin" does not come close to it in meaning.

A second difference of opinion regarding word choice comes in translating the last phrase of the following sentence. It is followed here by Chappel’s translation and then my own.

7. a. "Und wurde nur, wenn andere meiner Art sich näherten, gerade aufgesetzt, der Schleier wurde mir dann leicht vom Hut gezogen und meine runden Arme, da wo sie aus den Spitzen kamen, gestreichelt, mein Gesicht, wenn die andern meiner Art vorüber waren, mit Küssen bedeckt, meine Wimpern, die Ohren, meine geröteten Wangen."16

b. "And I was only set up straight when others like me were approaching, the veil was lightly drawn back from my hat and my round arms where they came out of the lace were stroked, my face covered with kisses when the
others like me were gone, so that it seemed to me sometimes as if blood entered my cheeks. 17

"And only when others of my kind came near, was I set up straight, the veil lifted lightly from my hat and my round arms stroked there where they came out from the lace; my face, when the others of my kind had gone, was covered with kisses, my eyelashes, my ears, my blushing cheeks."

"So that it seemed to me sometimes as if blood entered my cheeks" is such a long awkward way to deal with the three words "meine geröteten Wangen". One usually speaks of "blushing cheeks", or, in the case of a doll, even "painted red cheeks". There is no mention of the doll’s feeling anything like blood going into her cheeks in Aichinger’s sentence. The original German has thus been made to seem very cumbersome, with Chappel’s translation, when it was really a series of simple pictures. By simplifying the phrases, "mein Gesicht...mit Küssen bedeckt, meine Wimpern, die Ohren" to read "my face covered with kisses", the sentence was additionally robbed of a series of pictures of the child kissing her doll.

One of the most intriguing aspects of reading a translation written by someone else was to discover what had been done with the sections which I had found most complicated while trying to create just the right tone or find the exact words with which to translate. There were
times when Ilse Aichinger's unusual wording and
strung-together images made the meaning of a sentence
somewhat obscure. One such sentence in "Die Puppe" was the
following:

8. a. "Ich habe auch diesmal eher den Fisch-und
Meeresgeruch in den Kleidern und helle, vor den Abblättern
noch behütete Wandgemälde im Sinn, und die Kirchen der
Ebenen, ihre Vogel- und Strauchreihen, die Wege dazwischen,
die die Betenden nehmen, zarte Seufzer, Segnungen, die
Hände, die mich berühren."18

b. "This time too I have more like the smell of
fish and ocean in my clothes and bright frescoes which are
still preserved from peeling, are still in my mind, and the
churches of the plains, their rows of birds and shrubs, the
paths between them which supplicants take, tender sighs,
blessings, the hands which touch me."19

c. "This time also, I have in my mind rather
the fish and sea smell in my clothes, and the bright
frescoes which are still kept safe from flaking, and the
churches of the plains, their rows of birds and shrubs, the
paths in between these, which the worshippers take, tender
sighs, blessings, the hands, that touch me."

The length of the sentence above which contained so
many different images contributed to the uncertainty of how
to best translate the beginning of the sentence regarding
the smell of the fish and sea which in turn seemed unrelated to the rest of the pictures presented.

Another word which seemed to elude just the right translation was the word "laviert" in the sentence below. Both Chappel and I have chosen words which indicate the doll is being moved by another, but a difference in mood is created by the two words.

9. a. "Ich wurde im Abendschein vorsichtig über die Brücke laviert und über Teiche gehalten,..."20

b. "I was manoeuvred carefully over bridges in the sunset and held over ponds,..."21

c. "In the glow of evening I was carefully wafted across bridges and held over ponds,..."

During the process of translating "laviert", my own objection to words like "wangled" and "manipulated", which were included in dictionary definitions, was that they lacked feeling and seemed too mechanical. The choice of "coaxed" came about after discussion with a native-born German about the feeling we both felt was being suggested by the word "laviert" at this point in the story. Later the word "wafted" was suggested to me to include the feeling which "laviert" conveys of something being carried through the air. The doll is remembering a time when she was taken care of and her owner still played with her, helping her to move as children do when they play with dolls, treating them like small children who need to be
coaxed or lifted along along the way. It is the loss of
these times in which she was cared for which are felt so
poignantly by the doll as she realizes she has been left
behind and will no longer be a part of the child's
existence. Therefore, her own existence will fade, too.

Word choices were made on the basis of their ability to
reflect the doll's memories of being cared for and
cherished and then, later in the story, her sense of
abandonment and loss of identity.
The tattered green robe draped scantily over his shoulders, Herod stared outside. Through the window of the small room, he saw his wife laboring up the hill. Now and then she stopped, gasping for breath, and looked at the snow capped mountain tops, as if she felt a desire to disappear within them. He understood such wishes. Like a stag in water, he thought, but that was a faulty comparison. He felt a dizziness, not one of the bad or dangerous kinds, he had only stood up too quickly. He was sure that he had heard a knock or ring, but now it was quiet, the rotten floor boards not moving, the window panes, dirty and ice cold, hanging rigid in their frames. He thought these windows were ridiculously small, but if he had had sons, his sons would have liked everything, and also his wife never said anything about not liking them. She was in agreement with the window panes, with the poorly cared for livestock dozing, dimly visible in the stables, and with the gently sloping meadow, now covered with snow. She loved the feeding stations for the deer farther up on
the edge of the old clearings; she had a good deal of feeling left over for the decayed and overgrown paths which led to the village, for their senseless forking and branching out, for springs and for the clouds, regardless of whether they were round and sharp-edged or tattered. She didn't even shy away from speaking of her preference for the chickens, repeatedly bringing the evening's conversation around to them. She liked the chickens and their patter around the house, their industry, indecision and lethargy. But there would be no talk of that for some time to come since it was morning, and, when she arrived, she would be tired from the path and the still air and disturbed by the village people, among whom she always walked hastily and without looking up, until she reached the meadows. Then she would stand still, look around to see if anyone had followed her, let the distant neighbors by, greeting them shyly, but, from a distance, she would set her bag on a tree stump and begin to collect pine cones and to dawdle in the forest, kicking little pieces of wood in front of her before she continued on her way. Today the light as well as the music were good, she then sometimes said, when she finally got there, quickly putting the water on for soup. How quiet the birds in the trees were today, not a single one chirped to me. He understood that! Did you see any blackbirds? No, no blackbirds, but there were a few kites there, those are rarer birds. She preferred
the wintery and snowy light, those layers of gray in the air, for it wasn't white. And she liked the old shepherd who sometimes came around this light to serve up his tales, and who, when one was funny, banged the table with his fist and wiped his dry beard. Then she started to laugh, too, as if she were still young, and continued to cackle tinnily for quite some time. Around this time the day came to an early end. He didn't want to think about the longer days now, he could never imagine how he stood them, but he always had and even found a certain pleasure in the warm nights and the early braying of the donkey. There was still time until then.

He groaned and wiped his eyes, tears of boredom always came to his eyes, and it annoyed him that he had gotten up for nothing. When she came in now, she would think he was happy, and that it was going to be a good day. What had he heard? Where did the steps which he always expected, but which weren't hers, come from? Was the elderberry bush moving, was someone feeling their way along the shed? Was someone rubbing stones together in the nettle patch, in order to set fire to the house? The nettles weren't tall now, not a single one of them, but there were enough of the kind of robbers who would hide in them. Even children were becoming robbers now, and he was afraid of them. These were not good times, and he knew it. Not long ago there had been a mountain slide, and a village
had been buried. The mountains groped farther ahead with their snow covered arms, as if they were looking for something. Herod looked down at his feet, they were delicate and white, and only where his house slippers rubbed was the skin rough; he didn’t walk much. But perhaps they would go out together today, to see the deer or the icy springs, and when they came home, it would be getting dark already. He didn’t fear the darkness. Yes, he would prefer a walk to the shepherd’s stories, his jokes and the laughter. That insipid laughter that he couldn’t stand.

Herod rubbed the window clean that he had clouded with his breath. His wife saw him now and waved from afar; she waved eagerly like a child and practically ran the last steps, with her bag and the dark baskets on her arm. She had twigs in her hair and on her coat, yes, she had been in the forest again. Her eyes sparkled, as if she could help him. Herod didn’t move. She put everything down, looked for the key a while, unlocked the door and pushed towards him with her burdens.

A draft went through the open living room door to the cracks in the window and surrounded her awkward form. He had hung his night-cap on the bed post, the blanket was thrown back and the linen sheets underneath were rumpled and gray. But hadn’t the clang of cymbals been in the air; didn’t the trees rub against each other, and didn’t the
ravens in the cabbage patch, which normally could only croak, begin to sing?

They stopped out on the snow fields. We shouldn't have gone farther than feeding the deer, thought the wife, but I'm not going to say anything. From the rock formations, a cold wind blew against them and Herod gasped. If deer had come, he would have been ready to turn around, but there weren't any; the clearing had lain quietly under a flat sky, and they had gone on. The ravens hopped behind them for a while, before they turned around. Herod didn't turn back towards them or towards her either; he rushed ahead and every time she caught up with him, she saw a glimpse of his grey beard, which stood out pointedly from his chin, and his angular white forehead. The forest was damp and cold, and the pine needles didn't even rustle under their feet. There was nothing to be seen of the herds, which had already been driven home, and only once did a bull come and rub his horns on the wire and placidly stare at them. In the forest she had stayed close behind Herod, but in the clearings she hung back and then she could see the green robe, which he hadn't taken off, hanging out from under his coat, and also an end of the twisted, nearly colorless cord which trailed along behind him on the path. In the distance clocks rang, the moon suddenly showed itself on the other side of the sky, and with effort one could even have seen stars. Birds chirped
in the low lying brush, and the fog had begun to catch at thorns on the bushes, but they hadn’t yet reached the singing pines; there were no cymbals, no raven’s song. And here there was even less. The best thing about these snow-covered fields was that they left nothing more to hope for; they rose up flatly and steeply, rocks, and there were only a few of those, then once again ice and the extremely weak line that distinguished it from the sky. Another good thing about snow and ice was that they gave out a light, not a condensed light that drew one nearer, but a cool and universal brightness and one was careful. Yes, it was good, and now they were standing here, and Herod was wheezing. She could have said something about going home, but she said nothing; she thought of the night-cap, the rumpled sheets and the warm food and remained silent. Her scarf had slid from her head to her shoulders, her disheveled gray hair sticking out from under it, and her basket, not even affected by the light wind, hung motionless on her arm.

And then they heard it, a hoarse singing, rising from behind one of the smaller piles of rock to their right. One could hardly understand the words or follow the tune, but it was singing. Herod straightened up and his wife looked silently ahead. And then they saw it, too. The old shepherd came tottering out from between the rocks and sang something ribald, and laughed as well. The wife moved a
step closer to Herod. "There," she said and laid her hand on his sunken shoulder.

How had it started with his wife; how had he come to it? He had accepted her as someone who belonged in this place, but she wasn't a part of it. On a warm, windy February afternoon she just trotted quickly past the bound rose trees, in her heavy shoes, deep in thought with her head bowed forward over the almost crumbled marshy main road. She was the only one who went with him and immediately told him about the festivals for the dead heroes. There were so many wreaths that one couldn't see over them; she didn't look up at that place and asked no questions. She told him of the water pipes which wound around the church; to the right in a barren garden, a mother played with her children, it was good for the children. She didn't have much in her shopping bag, pears and a head of cabbage, and she immediately began to talk about the deer. She was also from a region where the rivers were narrower, deer seemed to play a role there, he quickly discovered. And steep, stony trails, that one could drive down in little carts. She took an interest in his garden and made his creaking damp closets her own. She soon hung her aprons in them, even when they were stained. Sometimes she laughed and said that it reminded her of her many closets at home. Otherwise she never burdened him with her memories; she acted as if his were hers and often
polished the bedposts with an old cloth. From time to time she was sick; then she let everything go, but she still shined the bedpost as well as she could. He looked on while she did it. He observed her also, as she again rolled up yarn which had fallen on the floor, carefully occupying herself with the tangle and the grey strand. Fragile things she handled with less care, often setting the cups down hard as if she expected them to shoot sparks, but it was done without anger; she was never angry. Often she just walked from the small room which had no windows and the room where they slept, vacillating back and forth. But he never discovered what she was thinking about, nothing showed in her face except indecision itself. Taken as she was, she was without substance. If the lion growled outside in the nettles, she quickly went outside and spoke quietly to him. She brought him one of her apple halves or half a pear; she liked to cut fruit up into pieces and even left it lying in the cupboards cut into pieces. As soon as they had apples or pears in the house she would take one of the old and somewhat dull knives, which originated from his possessions, and begin to cut the fruit in half; she never cut it any more than that and he watched her doing this. He was under the impression that she couldn’t live without apples and pears or the charm of their being able to be cut into pieces, which she of course retained, but he couldn’t test his theory, because they always had apples and pears
and even the old knives never seemed to run out. The animals happily ate everything right out of her hand, the pig preferring the pears and the lion the apples. She often laughed about it and showed Herod her empty hands, when she came back in the house. Thus the world passed, but, because time didn’t pass with them, it stayed as it was, hanging around the hut and some days, when it was windy, it drifted to the north. Towards the deer and cart trails, which she had left. On such days when the lion stuck his head in the front door, she pushed him gently outside again, otherwise he never did that. He was easily trained, especially by her. On rare days the animals were allowed in the house. She sat between them, cleaning the knives and carefully laying them, gleaming, behind her. It’s a nice day today, she would say then, today the rosy-cheeked deer are browsing in the brush. She broke off when Herod came near, and quickly continued her cleaning. But he still heard it often enough. To him she just said, "The light is smoking." He would nod then and tie the string tighter, try to make a bow, knot it and finally leave it as it was. His wife did nothing about it either, she just watched him. She resumed her trips into the village again and again, but stayed on the edge of festivities, her market basket under her arm. She never spoke to the children, and the roundabout ways that she took over the hills also led her away from them, hardly any
of them encountered her. Once one of them came towards
her, he was bigger than she was and whistled to himself,
but he was still in school. She didn't know how it
happened, but she went with him to the castle inn and
bought him some berry juice. He watched her attentively,
jerked back and forth on his chair after a while, and they
soon separated again. She still thought of it frequently
and that they had spoken about the sun, but not much.
However, it was easy to let one's imagination run, over
many trails and hills, a golden net that didn't narrow, but
quickly passed at the right time and she could start from
the beginning again. What had he said about the sun? Did
he want it or didn't he? Did he agree with it, when it
laid itself across the trails and prickly hedges, and
penetrated its way through the restaurant gardens, or was
he sick of it already and found it ridiculous? He made a
face, but he was still young, his school bag rested on the
floor beside him, that day the buckles on it had gleamed.
The sky lay before them as they went out in front of the
door, but the boy didn't look around anxiously, it didn't
matter to him if other people saw him with her. Upright and
swinging his arms a bit, he ran down between the fields. A
white rabbit ran across his path, he stumbled, and she had
to laugh, but she didn't see him again, nor the rabbit.
Any one else made wide circles around her when passing,
which didn't even surprise her, and which thus became wider
and wider. Since then, she had frequently felt a desire to talk about the sun when she got home, but Herod shunned the subject, just like he shunned all subjects. There could have been enough subjects, one was called 'the sun and village children,' but there were still many more. Then she could have started talking to him about the deer, or the different kinds of moss, or the snares in the mountains.

What was the name of the boy, anyway, who had been so ready to go and drink a glass of berry juice with her? Once she remembered it. She stood on the hill with her head in a spider web, and the sun shone sparsely around her. From below, she looked like her own shadow, her basket was full of apples and pears. "Jacob," she called and the name vibrated through the empty hollows into unfamiliar area. But no one answered her. On the hill opposite her, three children appeared who began to dance in a circle. They sank into the ground a little since it was wet, and their white aprons flickered in the lights; she couldn't see their faces. "Jacob," she called once more, but her voice was hoarse and didn't carry as far anymore; nobody came. The ones across from her danced faster now and the earth under their feet seemed to become dryer and harder. Even the mountain tops surfaced dry and still from the mist. And a few nearby fir trees flung their needles off with a jerk. Therefore, she didn't call
a third time, instead, putting down her basket she replaced
the cloth, picked it up again and went on her way.

Another question was what should be done about the
pig and the lion. They tolerated the close quarters in the
stable and so far the lion had not suffered from the
weather, but it couldn't continue that way for long. The
pig often dreamed of camels in the night and turned
restlessly in the straw, and then the lion tossed his mane
and looked up at the moon and out at the tall, black icy
cabbage stumps. During the day he moved quietly between
them and regarded the frightened birds in the bushes and
their trembling beating of wings with scorn, or so it
appeared to him, while the pig sniffed along the length of
the fence. Herod had already given a lot of thought to the
two; he shouldn't have brought them along, but he had, and
now they were his concern. The dreams were too much for
his wife; she like to feed them and within time, also
brought apple and pear halves into the cabbage patch for
them, but she couldn't stand the dreams, the pig had
already started having them and the lion was close to it.
They had never had offspring who could have kept them from
it, and the stable windows were small. There was also no
nearby lake, whose edges were animated by children skating
across the rough icy surface, or by the swaying of black
branches, or any dog who would run yelping up the path, if
they threw stones at him. There was also no daughter who,
panting, would brush snow from her red skirts. There was nothing like that to push itself to the forefront of the old dreams, mixing them up and breaking anew through their shadowy pattern, with new grays and blacks, with new disdain and new tenderness as is frequently the case. His wife understood this. No new beech trees grew over the animals dreams to whisper of spent summers, no springs to unite into brooks for them, there was no talk of events, no half forgotten stories with their smell of herbs and coldness. No, everything remained as it was, raised up high on the chalky walls, a dream or not a dream, one could call it what one wished, but still it remained. The lion snorted against it and held his curly head cocked towards it and the pig groaned in his sleep, the camels were far away, the sun orbited without stopping, to protect itself from itself. And Herod no longer believed that the course of a river, gray water and gray willow bushes, or a mountain range could do anything about it. An elderly neighbor had once brought him several handfuls of sand for the lion, for they understood the lion better, because they knew less about him, but it had been white river sand, mixed with gravel, and since that June day—which June day it had been no one knew any longer—the neighbor had long since gone to a home for the elderly and died there. A handful of sand for the lion. And for the pig? Kitchen scraps and a better dream? No one wanted to know anything
about that. They should take care of their stock
themselves, those gloomy strangers up there; who had asked
them to come here? They didn't fit into the neighborhood
and they were none of those to whom angels appeared at
night in order to fetch them back again. Even if there
were some who purported that the wife came from not too far
away up the river, and even if she wore the same clothes as
the people in the area, everything still fit her as if made
for a masquerade, the neighborhood and the clothes, or like
an uncomfortable burden, which she carefully carried
through the underbrush. And wasn't she becoming more and
more like the husband in his old dressing gown, whose
silence seemed to everyone to be idle chatter, regardless
of his name? They should scratch their lion themselves,
feed the pig to its death and let the brandy-still dry up.
That was just like them, and so was the hut, the cabbage
patch, the stable and bit by bit all the cloud shadows in
general on the surrounding cliffs and the patterns in the
snow when it thawed. No, Herod knew that he could expect
help from no one, and that he and his wife, the pig and the
lion were his concern alone. And when the pig began to
dream, they were also his dreams. Not that he had never
thought of having the pig slaughtered. But when he thought
about the veterinarian, with his rotted face, and about the
talk, which he would have to have over cider with him
afterwards, he shuddered at the thought of it. How should
he greet him? How could he lead him into the stable with the customary dumb and agreeable kind of smile that adults use to trick children? And how could he stand the lion's silence afterward, his uneasy pacing, which made the earth under the ice rumble, and the trust, with which he might rub his golden head on his knee? No, he must leave the pig, as a companion for his boldness, as a noise for his quiet nights (for Herod and his wife didn't make many noises) and as the most mobile of beings against the icy daylight. You dear lion, Herod would like to have thought, you carrier of my burdens, you the heart of all my hours. But is wasn't that way either. Nothing came of it, nothing to spin tales about, or to think about, no rumblings cropped up in the vicinity, and the neighbors' wives continued to cut out dough in the form of stars, hearts or ducks, and if there was a pig, it didn't look at all like Herod's. Not even a curiosity seeker came to see the lion, not a single person went so far as to sneak into the cabbage patch and glance through the stable window in the twilight, which one could easily have expected; no one was interested in his bright mass of curls and the gold-colored eyes, not even the children pressed their foreheads against the thin glass. What could be expected from the grandmothers, and from the farmhands and maids, of whom there were fewer and fewer anyhow?
Sometimes Herod walked in the forest with the lion, with an uncertain sense of expectation and joyousness in his throat, that he would not have believed he was still capable of. At such times the lion usually stayed very close to him; they walked slowly, trying the side paths and carefully signaling one another when they reached woodcutters' clearings and when it turned out that the path wasn't a path, but instead just a narrow clearing made by chance in the underbrush. They went to areas in which wood had been chopped and even the sparsest clearings, and if the lion wanted to go deeper into the woods, Herod didn't stop him, but rather held branches out of his path for him with his walking stick. Usually, however, the lion didn't want to go in any deeper; he contented himself with observing ferns, letting shadows and fawn-colored light ripple over his fur, and with watching martins, porcupines and weasels go about their daily existence in the protection of the boughs.

They lost their way on such a walk once, when a woodcutter's path had appeared as a trail, and suddenly they were standing in front of a great farmhouse, which lay before them in the afternoon light. A few pieces of laundry hung on a line between two poles in front of the house, but no dog started to bark, nor did a flock of geese rush noisily around the corner. Herod and the lion stopped, looking at the hill on which the farm lay, the
shabby lawn and the light colored pieces of wall between the doors, roof and windows. A rain gutter dripped steadily onto the grass. Herod, who had never before seen this farm and also had known nothing of its existence, sensed fleetingly and with wonder that this was a place for a field camp, for tents and fire, and the lion's head sank down as a top window, on the side of the courtyard facing them, opened suddenly. A somewhat thin arm extended outwards and a voice called, "There they are, there they are." The arm belonged to an old woman, and a second later in the windy cold next to her, a tall boy suddenly appeared, silently looking down. Everything about the boy appeared to be gray, his jacket, his scarf, his cheeks, his forehead under his cap, and his hands, while the sun half-covered by mist made the hair of the old lady sparkle brighter and more intensely around her head. "There you have them," she said during which the youth leaned against the window ledge with his gray hands, "and who was right?" She spoke more calmly now, but the air had also become still and carried her words down in front of Herod's and his lion's feet. Herod kept the lion close to him, looked down on him, and didn't take another step towards the house. This was a place for camels who moved amongst the ruins, this damp, white house with poorly fitting window ledges, this surrounding meadow that fell off quickly and barren, reminding him of more burning suns; laundry and
pear trees could easily be stolen here and what did the old lady with her gray grandson want with him? He glanced at the stables and barns, nothing stirred there either; from outside he had the impression that the stables were empty and only spiders prowled around inside them. He wanted to turn back to the forest out of which they had come, and the forest still lay there dusted by old rain, but to his horror, he walked towards the house and the lion followed him, without grumbling. "I have described every curl to you," said the old lady, "and here they are. I described his green coat and his pointed face, and how plump the lion is, not even a collar." As they reached the house, the boy bent forward to look down at both of them, and Herod dared again to glance upwards. He looked into a gray, opaque face, into two eyes which looked him over dully and didn’t take even a glimmer of joy in the lion’s coat. They moved around the corner now and up to the front door. Herod caught his breath. Now they were out of their sight, now was the time to flee around the herb garden and between the pear trees, to reach the fields and forests, all the paths, the wife and the house and the pig with its dreams, but the lion had gone ahead of him, sniffed the front door and pushed against it lightly with his head, so that it opened and slammed shut. A musty, almost reedy, smell streamed out of the entrance hall. Herod thought perhaps it wasn’t an entrance hall, rather a bog with steep steps, but he
followed his animal. There must be some way to go upstairs, he thought, as he heard the boy coughing up above.

To the left in the entrance hall he saw a bright colored, rough bench, perhaps for the servants, the mailman or for fleeting visitors and next to it a trunk, upon which, in a sky blue oval, a sinking ship was depicted, but he didn't stop there, he pressed onward. His robe flapped around his feet, his shoes, which were too large, sank in a bit, the cough up above became silent and in front of him his lion drowned without a sound, without reaching the stairs, and without looking back at him. And what was supposed to happen to the pig and his wife? The entry hall door slammed shut behind him; the coat colors closed in around him and the staircase swayed. Where his lion had last stood, there lay a light and somewhat flat spot in the darkness. Herod fell towards it, the twisted cord wound itself around him and the floor sank in. After the lion, he thought and felt the wet, already cool fur with his hands. Or had he fallen into one of his pig's dreams? No sun or moon gods hurried to help; no rising and setting divided the night. Did it look like that? Did the last glimpse cling to nothing more than the thick, vertical wood posts? Herod still had the lion under him, his beloved, his dead support, but his thoughts surrounded the pig and the wife in their loneliness, in their devastated cabbage
patch. He knew, whoever falls into his own dreams (who would want to call it traps?) is not seen again.
HERODES

Herodes hatte den grünen, zerschlissenen Schlaufrock notdürftig umgeworfen und starrte hinaus. Durch die Stubenfenster sah er seine Frau mühselig den Hügel hinaufkommen. Hie und da blieb sie stehen, holte keuchend Atem und schaute zu den verschneiten Gebirgen hin, als hätte sie Lust, darin zu verschwinden. Er verstand solche Wünsche. Wie der Hirsch im Wasser, dachte er, aber das war ein falscher Vergleich. Er fühlte Schwindel, keinen von der bösen oder gefährlichen Art, er war nur zu rasch aufgestanden. Er war sicher, daß er es klopfen oder läuten gehört hatte, aber jetzt war es still, die zerfressenen Dielen rührten sich nicht, die Scheiben, schmutzig und eiskalt, hingen fest in den Rahmen. Er hielt diese Fenster für lächerlich klein, aber hätte er Söhne, seinen Söhnen gefiele das alles, und auch seine Frau sagte nie, daß es ihr nicht gefiel. Sie war mit den Scheiben einverstanden, mit dem Vieh, das schlecht gepflegt in den Ställen dahindämmerte, mit den leicht abfallenden Wiesen, auf denen jetzt Schnee lag. Sie liebte die Futterhäuser für die Hirsche weiter oben am Rande der alten Lichtungen, sie hatte manches für die verkommenen und verwachsenen Wege übrig, die zum Dorf führten, für ihre sinnlosen Gabelungen
und Verzweigungen, für Quelen und für die Wolken,
gleichgültig ob sie rund und in sich gefaßt oder zerfetzt
waren. Ja, sie scheute sich nicht einmal, von ihrer
Vorliebe für die Hühner zu sprechen, sie brachte öfter an
den Abenden das Gespräch darauf, sie hatte die Hühner gern
und ihr Getrippel ums Haus, ihre Geschäftigkeit,
Unentschlossenheit und Schlafsucht. Aber davon würde jetzt
noch lange keine Rede sein, es war Morgen, und wenn sie
kam, war sie müde vom Weg und der stillen Luft und verstört
von den Dorfleuten, zwischen denen sie immer rasch und ohne
aufzuschauen dahinschritt, bis sie die Wiesen erreichte.
Dann blieb sie stehen, sah sich um, ob niemand hinter ihr
her kam, ließ die entfernten Nachbarn vorbei, grüßte
schüchtern, aber schon von weitem, steckte dann ihre Tasche
auf einem Baumstumpf ab, begann, Tannenzapfen zu sammeln
und im Wald herumzutrockeln und stieß kleine Holzstücke vor
sich hin, ehe sie ihren Weg fortsetzte. Heute war das
Licht und die Musik gut, sagte sie dann manchmal, wenn sie
endlich kam, und stellte rasch das Wasser für die Suppe zu.
Und wie ruhig die Vögel heute in den Bäumen waren, Keiner
hat mir gepfiffen! Das verstand er. Hast du Amseln
gesehen? Nein, Amseln keine, aber es waren ein paar Weißen
da, das sind seltenere Vögel. Am liebsten hatte sie das
winterliche und schneeige Licht, diese Schichten von Grau
in der Luft, denn weiß war es nicht. Und den alten Hirten,
der manchmal um dieses Licht herum kam, um ihnen seine
Märchen aufzutischen, und der mit der Faust auf den Tisch schlug und sich den trockenen Bart wischte, wenn ihm eins gelungen war. Dann begann auch sie zu lachen, als wäre sie noch jung, und kicherte blechern weiter, eine ganze Weile. Um diese Zeit sank der Tag früh zur Ruhe. Er wollte jetzt nicht an die längeren Tage denken, er konnte sich nie vorstellen, daß er sie ertrug, aber ertrug er sie dann immer und fand sogar Gefallen an den warmen Nächten und dem frühen Eselgeschrei. Es war noch Zeit bis dahin.


Herodes sah auf seine Füße hinunter, sie waren fein und
weiß, und nur an der Stelle, wo die Hausschuhe rieben, war die Haut gesprungen, er ging wenig. Aber vielleicht würden sie heute miteinander ausgehen, zu den Hirschen oder zu den eisigen Quellen, und wenn sie heimkamen, wurde es schon finster. Und die Finsternis fürchtete er nicht. Ja, ein Spaziergang wäre ihm lieber als die Erzählung des Hirten, seine Witze und das Gelächter. Dieses fade Gelächter, von dem er nichts hielt.

Herodes rieb das Fenster blank, das er mit seinem Hauch gelöscht hatte. Seine Frau sah ihn jetzt und winkte von weitem, sie winkte eifrig wie ein Kind und tat die letzten Schritte fast laufend, mit ihrer Tasche und den dunklen Körben am Arm. Sie hatte Zweige im Haar und am Mantel, ja, sie war wieder im Wald gewesen. Ihre Augen strahlten, als könne sie ihm helfen. Herodes rührte sich nicht. Sie stellte alles ab, suchte eine Weile die Schlüssel, sperrte auf und schob sich ihm mit ihren Lasten entgegen.

Ein Windhauch ging, zog durch die offene Stubentür zu den Fensterritzen und umgab ihre schwerfällige Gestalt. Er hatte seine Nachtmütze an den Bettpfosten gehängt, die Decke war zurückgeschlagen und die Leintücher darunter grau und zerwühlt. Aber war nicht eben noch der Klang von Zimbeln in der Luft gewesen, rieb sich nicht Baum an Baum, und die Raben im Kohlgarten, die sonst nur sprechen konnten, begannen zu singen?
fangen, aber die geigenden Fichten hatten sie nicht erreicht, kein Zimbeln, kein Rabengesang. Und hier noch weniger. Das Beste an diesen Schneefeldern war, daß sie auch nichts mehr erwarten ließen, sie stiegen steil und glatt auf, Felsen und auch von ihnen nur wenige, dann wieder Eis und die unmäßig schwache Linie, die es vom Himmel unterschied. Gut war an Schnee und Eis auch noch, daß sie leuchteten, es war kein zusammengefaßtes Licht, das einen heranzog, sondern eine allgemeine und kühle Helligkeit, und man sah sich vor. Ja, es war gut so und hier standen sie nun und Herodes keuchte. Sie hätte etwas von Heimgehen sagen können, aber sie sagte nichts; sie dachte an die Nachtmütze, an die zerwühlten Tücher und das warme Essen und hielt sich still. Das Tuch war ihr vom Kopf auf die Schultern geglitten, das grau zerzauste Haar kam darunter hervor, und der Korb hing, von dem leichten Wind nicht ergriffen, regungslos an ihrem Arm.

"Da!" sagte sie und legte ihm die Hand auf die eingesunkene Schulter.

Aber wie hatte es mit seiner Frau begonnen, wie war er dazu gekommen? Er hatte sie genommen als eine, die hierher gehörte, aber sie gehörte nicht hierher. Sie war nur an einem windigen, warmen Februarnachmittag mit ihren schweren Schuhen, in Gedanken und den Kopf nach vorn gebeugt über die aufgelassene, fast versumpfte Hauptstraße getrottet, an den eingebundenen Rosenstöcken rasch vorbei. Sie war die einzige, die mit ihm ging und ihm gleich von den Festen für die toten Helden erzählte; so viele Kränze, daß man nicht darüber sah, sie schaute dabei nicht auf und fragte nichts weiter. Von den Wasserrohren erzählte sie ihm, die rund um die Kirche liefen, rechts im kahlen Garten spielte eine Mutter mit ihren Kindern, das tat den Kindern gut. In ihrer Tasche hatte sie nicht viel, Birnen und einen Kohlkopf, und sie begann gleich von den Hirschen zu reden. Sie war auch aus einer Gegend, wo die Flüsse noch dünner waren, Hirsche schienen dort eine Rolle zu spielen, das erfuhr er bald. Und steile, steinige Wege, die man mit kleineren Karren abwärts fahren konnte. Sie nahm sich seines Gartens an und machte seine feuchten knarrenden Schränke zu den ihren. Sie hing ihre Schürzen sehr bald hinein, auch wenn sie fleckig waren. Manchmal lachte sie und sagte, das erinnerte sie an ihre vielen Schränke zu
Haus. Aber sonst fiel sie ihm mit ihren Erinnerungen nicht zur Last, sie tat, als hätte sie die seinen, und glänzte die Bettpfosten oft mit einem alten Tuch. Manchmal war sie krank, dann ließ sie alles sein, aber die Bettpfosten glänzte sie, sowie sie konnte. Er sah ihr dabei zu. Er beobachtete sie auch, wenn sie Wolle, die ihr zu Boden gefallen war, wieder aufrollte, sie gab sich vorsichtig mit dem Knäuel und der grauen Schnur ab. Was zerbrechlich war, behanderte sie weniger vorsichtig, sie stellte die Tassen oft hart hin, als erwartete sie, daß sie Feuer sprühten, aber es geschah ohne Zorn, sie war nie zornig. Sie ging nur oft zwischen der Kammer, die keine Fenster hatte, und dem Zimmer, in dem sie schliefen, unschlüssig hin und her. Aber er erfuhr nie, was sie überlegte, in ihrem Gesicht zeichnete sich nichts ab als die Unschlüssigkeit selbst. So wie sie da war, war sie ohne Gegenstand. Knurrte dann der Löwe zwischen den Nesseln draußen, so ging sie rasch hinaus und sprach ruhig auf ihn ein. Sie brachte ihm einen von ihren halben Äpfeln oder eine halbe Birne, sie teilte die Früchte gern und ließ sie sogar geteilt auf den Schränken liegen. Sowie sie Äpfel oder Birnen im Haus hatten, nahm sie eines der alten und etwas stumpfen Messer, die noch aus seinem Besitz stammten, und begann die Früchte in zwei Hälfen zu teilen, sie teilte sie nie öfter, und er sah ihr dabei zu. Er hatte den Eindruck, daß sie ohne Äpfel und Birnen nicht leben konnte, und ohne das Entzücken
über ihre Teilbarkeit, das sie freilich zurückhielt, aber
er konnte die Probe aufs Exempel nicht machen, denn Äpfel
und Birnen hatten sie immer und auch die alten Messer
gingen nie aus. Die Tiere nahmen alles gern aus ihrer
Hand, das Schwein bevorzugte die Birnen und der Löwe die
Äpfel, sie lachte oft darüber und zeigte Herodes ihre
leeren Hände, wenn sie ins Haus zurückkam. So verging die
Welt, denn die Zeit verging bei ihnen nicht, sie blieb
immer wie sie war um die Hütte hängen und wehte nur an
manchen Tagen etwas nach Norden, wenn es windig war. Zu
den Hirschen und Karrenwegen hin, die sie verlassen hatte.
Wenn an solchen Tagen der Löwe seinen Kopf durch die
Haustür steckte, drängte sie ihn sacht wieder hinaus, und
sonst tat er es nie. Er ließ sich leicht belehren, am
leichtesten von ihr. An seltenen Tagen durften die Tiere
auch ins Haus. Sie saß dann zwischen ihnen, putzte die
Messer und legte die glänzenden sorgfältig hinter sich.
Wir haben heute einen schönen Tag, sagte sie dann, heute
gehen die rotwangigen Hirsche zwischen den Sträuchern
herum. Sie brach ab, wenn Herodes in die Nähe kam, und
putzte eilig weiter. Aber er hörte es doch oft. Zu ihm
sagte sie nur: Das Licht blakt! Dann nickte er und band
sich die Schnur fester herum, versuchte eine Schleife,
verknotete sie und ließ sie endlich, wie sie war. Die Frau
tat auch nichts daran, sie sah ihm nur zu. Ihre Wege ins
Dorf nahm sie immer wieder auf, hielt sich aber am Rande
der Festlichkeiten, ihren Einkaufskorb unter dem Arm. Zu den Kindern sprach sie nicht und die Umwege, die sie über die Hügel nahm, führten sie auch von ihnen weg, fast nie begegnete ihr eins. Einmal kam ihr einer entgegen, er war größer als sie und pfiff vor sich hin, aber er ging noch zur Schule. Sie wußte nicht, wie es geschah, daß sie mit ihm in die Schloßwirtschaft ging und ihm Beerensaft kaufte. Er sah sie aufmerksam an, rückte nach einer Weile auf seinem Sessel hin und her und sie trennten sich bald wieder. Sie mußte noch oft daran denken und daß sie von der Sonne gesprochen hatten, wenn auch nicht viel. Aber es ließ sich leicht weiterspinnen, über viele Wege, viele Hügel, ein goldenes Netz, das nicht enger wurde, es verlief sich zur rechten Zeit wieder und sie konnte von neuem damit beginnen. Was hatte er von der Sonne gesagt? Wollte er sie oder wollte er sie nicht? Stimmt er ihr bei, wenn sie sich über die Wege und die stachligen Zäune legte und in die Wirtsgärten eindrang oder hatte er sie schon satt und fand sie zum Lachen? Er hatte den Mund verzogen, aber er war noch jung, neben ihm auf dem Fußboden lehnte sein Ranzen, die Riegel daran hatten geglänzt an jenem Tag. Der Himmel lag vor ihnen, als sie vor die Tür traten, aber der Junge sah sich nicht ängstlich um, es machte ihm nichts aus, von den anderen mit ihr gesehen zu werden, aufrecht und ein wenig schlenkernd lief er zwischen den Wiesen hinab. Ein weißer Hase rannte ihm in den Weg, er stolperte
und sie mußte lachen, aber sie sah ihn nicht wieder, ihn nicht und den Hasen nicht, und alle anderen machten Bogen um sie, die sie nicht verwunderten und die deshalb immer weiter wurden. Seither hatte sie öfter Lust, über die Sonne zu reden, wenn sie heimkam, aber Herodes wich dem Gegenstand aus, so wie er allen Gegenständen auswich, Gegenstände hätte es genug gegeben, 'die Sonne und die Dorfkinder' hieß einer, aber es gab noch viel mehr. Dann hätte sie auch gleich von den Hirschen mit ihm reden Können, oder von den Arten der Moose, den Fangstellen im Gebirge.

trockener und fester zu werden. Selbst die Gebirgsspitzen
tauchten trocken und still aus dem Dunst. Und einige
Fichten in der Nähe warfen mit einem Ruck die Nadeln ab.
Sie rief deshalb kein drittes Mal, sondern stellte ihren
Korb ab, schob das Tuch zurück, nahm ihn wieder auf und
machte sich auf den Weg.

Eine andere Frage war, was mit dem Schwein und dem
Löwen geschehen sollte. Sie vertrugen sich in dem engen
Stall und der Löwe litt bisher nicht unter Witterung, aber
lange konnte es so nicht weitergehen. Das Schwein träumte
oft nachts von Kamelen und wälzte sich unruhig auf der
Spreu und der Löwe warf dann den Schweif herum und sah auf
den Mond und die hohen, vereisten Kohlstrünke hinaus.
Tagsüber bewegte er sich ruhig zwischen ihnen und
betrachtete mit Verachtung die ängstlichen Vögel auf den
Sträuchern und ihre zittrigen Flügelschläge, so schien es
ihm, während das Schwein die Zäune entlangschnüffelte.
Herodes machte sich schon lange Gedanken über die beiden,
er hätte sie nicht mitnehmen sollen, aber er hatte sie
mitgenommen und nun lagen sie an ihm. Der Frau wurden die
Träume zuviel, sie fütterte sie gern und brachte ihnen auch
unter der Zeit halbe Äpfel und Birnen in den Kohlgarten,
aber die Träume ertrug sie nicht, das Schwein hatte schon
damit begonnen und der Löwe war nahe daran. Junge, die sie
davon hätten abhalten können, bekamen sie nicht und die
Stallfenster waren klein. Es war auch kein See in der
Nähe, dessen rauhe vereiste Fläche sich am Rande von schlittschuhlaufenden Kindern belebt hätte, von Wehen der schwarzen Zweige, kein Hund, der kläffend den Weg heraufgelaufen kam, wenn sie ihn mit Steinen bewarfen, keine Tochter, die keuchend den roten Rock vom Schnee reinigte, nichts dergleichen, nichts was sich vor die alten Träume schob, sie durcheinander warf und ihre Schattenmuster neu durchbrach, mit neuem Grau, mit neuem Schwarz, mit neuer Verachtung und neuer Zärtlichkeit, wie das so häufig ist. Das verstand die Frau. Es wuchsen keine neuen Buchen über die Tierträume und lispelten von hingebrachten Sommern, keine Quellen vereinigten sich für sie zu Bächen, von Keinen Geschenkissen war die Rede, Keinerlei halbvergessene Geschichten mit ihrem Kräuter- und Kältegeruch. Nein, es stand alles wie es war hochaufgerichtet an den kalten Wänden, ein Traum oder kein Traum, man konnte es nennen, wie man wollte, aber es blieb da. Der Löwe schnaubte dagegen und hielt den lockigen Kopf daraufzu gerichtet und das Schwein stöhnte im Schlaf, die Kamele waren weit, die Sonne lief unaufhörlich rundherum und bewahrte sich vor sich selbst. Und Herodes glaubte nicht mehr daran, daß der Lauf eine Fluss, graues Wasser, graues Weidengestrüpp oder eine Gebirgsform etwas dagegen ausrichten konnte. Ein alter Nachbar hatte ihm einmal mehrere Handvoll Sand gebracht, für den Löwen, denn den Löwen verstanden sie alle besser, weil sie weniger von ihm
Stallfenster, wie man es leicht hätte erwarten können, niemand interessierte sich für das helle Gelock und die goldene Augenfarbe und nicht einmal die Kinder legten die Stirnen an das dünne Glas. Was war da noch von den Großmüttern zu erwarten, von den Knechten und Mägden, von denen es ohnehin immer weniger gab?

Manchmal ging Herodes mit dem Löwen in den Wald, eine unbestimmte Erwartung und eine Freude in der Kehle, die er sich nicht mehr zugetraut hätte. Der Löwe hielt sich dann meistens dicht neben ihm, sie gingen langsam, versuchten auch Seitenwege und verständigten sich bedächtig, wenn sie Holzplätze erreichten oder wenn sich ergab, daß der Weg kein Weg war, sondern nur eine schmale zufällige Lichtung im Gestrauch. Sie gingen die Holzplätze aus, auch die spärlichen Lichtungen, und wenn der Löwe tiefer in den Wald wollte, hinderte ihn Herodes nicht, sondern hielt ihm mit dem Stock die Zweige auseinander. Aber meistens wollte der Löwe nicht tiefer hinein, er begnügte sich damit, die Farnkräuter zu betrachten, Schatten und fahles Licht auf seinem Haupt wechseln zu lassen und den Mardern, Iglern und Iltissen nachzuschauen, die im Schutz der Zweige ihr Wesen trieben.

Auf einem solchen Spaziergang waren sie einmal abgekommen, ein Holzweg hatte sich als Weg erwiesen, und standen plötzlich vor einem größeren Hof, der im Nachmittagslicht still vor ihnen lag. Einige Wäschestücke
sich zwischen Trümmern bewegten, dieses feuchte, weiße Haus
mit den schlecht eingesetzten Fensterstöcken, die Wiese
ringsherum, die glatt und rasch abwärts lief, erinnerte ihn
an brennendere Sonnen, Wäsche und Birn bäume konnten hier
leicht gestohlen werden, und was wollte die Alte mit ihrem
grauen Enkel von ihm? Er tat einen Blick auf die Ställe
und Scheunen, darin rührte sich auch nichts, er hatte von
außenher den Eindruck, daß die Ställe leer waren und sich
nur Spinnen darin herumtrieben. Er wollte sich dem Wald
wieder zuwenden, aus dem sie gekommen waren, und der Wald
lag auch noch immer von altem Regen bestäubt da, aber zu
seinem Entsetzen ging er auf das Haus hin und der Löwe kam
ihm, ohne aufzumucken, nach. "Ich habe dir jede Locke
beschrieben", sagte die Alte, "und hier sind sie. Ich habe
dir seinen grünen Mantel geschildert und sein spitzes
Gesicht und wie rund der Löwe ist, kein Halsband!" Als sie
ans Haus kamen, beugte sich der Junge vor, um auf die
beiden hinabzuschauen, und Herodes wagte es wieder, einen
Blick hinaufzuwerfen. Er sah in ein graues, getrübtles
Gesicht, in zwei Augen, die ihn matt überschauten und
keinen Funken Freude aus dem Löwenfell zogen. Sie bewegten
sich um die Ecke und auf die Haustüre zu. Herodes holte
Atem. Jetzt waren sie den beiden aus dem Blick, jetzt wäre
es Zeit, um den Krautgarten herum und zwischen den
Birn bäumen hinabzufliehen, Acker und Wald zu erreichen,
alles Wege, die Frau und das Haus und das Schwein mit
seinen Träumen, aber der Löwe war ihm vorausgekommen, schnüffelte an der Haustür und stieß mit dem Kopf leicht daran, so daß sie auf- und wieder zuflog, ein muffiger, fast schilfiger Geruch strömte aus dem Flur. Herodes dachte, daß es vielleicht kein Flur, sondern ein Morast sei, mit einer steilen Treppe, aber er folgte seinem Tier. Auf irgendeine Weise wird man hinaufkommen, dachte er, als er den Jungen oben husten hörte.

Links im Flur sah er eine helle, rohe Bank, vielleicht für das Gesinde, den Briefträger oder für flüchtige Besucher und daneben eine Truhe, auf der in einem himmelblauen Oval ein Schiffsuntergang vor sich ging, aber dabei hielt er sich nicht auf, er strebte vorwärts. Sein Morgenmantel schlug ihm um die Füße, seine zu großen Schuhe sanken etwas ein, das Husten oben verstummte und vor ihm ertrank lautlos sein Löwe, ohne die schäbige Treppe zu erreichen und ohne sich nach ihm umzuwenden. Und was sollte mit dem Schwein und der Frau geschehen? Die Flurtür schlug hinter ihm zu, die Mantelfarben schlossen sich um ihn und das Treppengerüst schwankte. Wo sein Löwe zuletzt gestanden war, lag noch ein heller und etwas stumpfer Fleck im Finstern. Herodes fiel darauf zu, die gedrehte Schnur wickelte sich um ihn und der Boden sank ein. Dem Löwen nach, dachte er und fühlte das nasse, schon kühle Fell unter seinen Händen. Oder war er seinem Schwein in die Träume geraten? Keine Sonnen- und Mondgötter eilten zu
Port Sing, where the rabbits rest. They are inclined to disappear, but here they rest; and no one knows why. It could have come about in this way: as the early unscrupulous immigrants landed their rafts and went ashore, and perhaps were also forced to jump, and soon pushed off again, the rabbits saw nothing better, nothing which enticed them more. Therefore they dug into shallow hollows right there on the beach and watched the yellow granular outline of the hills and the needleless firs, a characteristic of the bay. It wasn't difficult to imagine what was beyond, even if the idea didn't prove to be right. In this way a rest area was created. As the rains which usually fell here at a slant and from the south started, the rabbits succeeded in slowing down their movements; as soon as it began to hail, they lay like logs in the wet sand and changed color. The previously mentioned rafters who, far out at sea on the ships, pressed their cheeks against the hatches, never considered that they might be rabbits, and most of them pushed on rather quickly past the bay, even when against the wind. As the summer pressed upon them with reddish nettles and grapes and the rabbits realized that they were becoming too many, the eldest of them climbed up the slope and disappeared into the
hinterlands. One might imagine that they had founded the city of Nîmes there, but the opposite is easily proven. It was of little importance to the rabbits to establish places, whereas it was of great importance to their enemies, that they didn't establish any. Probably producers of dry goods and roots soon gathered before the imagined walls and shot; they mastered that early on. They stood next to each other in a line, a mysterious sight. Shortly thereafter they began to put up their bright perforated squared stones; the rabbits remained outside. In their blood, in the bushes, in the bowels, where staying is inescapable. So it went with the older ones. The younger rabbits knew little of what to do about the noise from the hinterlands. Noises were, as a whole, unknown to them. They were in control of the location and features of the bay, its view, its yellow-green change, its noiselessness; there they were at home. They could have produced deafness, formations and deviations, with which, if they had been familiar with them, they could also more easily have estimated the date of disappearance better than with their lame legs and ears. But so it was, one also had to accept the imperfect mistakes. The rabbits accepted them. They still retained enough strength to get over the slope without help. When they proceeded gradually from the trembling rosettes of their earlier times, which they all had dug near the rocks in the sand, to stronger formations,
which lay alone, not one of them allowing himself to notice whether he took it to be a sign. There were enough signs, without question; that which surrounded them also was never short of signs. After some one hundred three years, the rumor of the city of Nîmes began to arise, which to this day is unproven. It can easily be that it is due to falsely understood cries of the day trippers, this nonsense at sea. There someone testing his voice: does it reach the bay, or doesn't it reach the bay? It doesn't reach the bay, but it is sufficient for an average beautiful city, with city walls, hat stands and all that. Or that the sand was to blame? It flew up and a rabbit understood it. But you're not supposed to understand anything—for what purpose do you have ears? Too late. After one hundred five years the rabbits began to become uneasy; they banded together on unused places in the sand and it happened that a younger one had to help an older one over the slope. Good and bad deeds met; the rumour of the duchesses Valentine and Hortense, as they were called, arose, and couldn't be rejected. They were there and checked themselves in a mirror; they held their crowns above clear and brackish water and had yellow leaves cut by order, if they were lacking them, letting their silk skirts slide along the bay. The rabbits had not yet experienced that. Growing afraid, their voices grew louder, and they felt a desire to climb the trees that bordered the bay at their
backs even if they were only bushes. The crown’s counselors were summoned; they all sat in a circle, the merry duchesses in the middle. The holy mountain with its blue and green that was supposed to purify the world was mentioned, and they decided to set off, advice obscuring every branch of the bay. One of the duchesses had a glass globe on a wooden staff which was stuck in the sand; as they departed, it was carried in front and smashed to pieces on a pine tree before the top of the slope was reached. The light is gone, they all cried; the rabbits turned around and stayed—can one reproach them for it? Wasn’t staying the one thing, for which one couldn’t wait? Flickering lights illuminated the bay from now on, the pieces of the broken globe. They were not cleared away, but rather honored and fenced in; they were the only comfort of the younger rabbits. The duchesses left from there, presumably going to Nîmes, which already had to be there around this time or shortly before the transition from the idea to the hospitable place. Certainly it helped them where the transition caused difficulties, dancing in the courts, which were growing and disturbing the free field. But there are reports about these dances from goatherders and lamp lighters, nothing with certainty. No one imitated them. Nîmes’ yellow and white walls grew. It was only the rabbits which were concerned about the holy mountain. They invented directions, cliffs, path widths,
determined dangers, and allowed themselves more and more colors. They drew hope from fictitious sunken spots, ellipses, heart shapes, and the winter fogs allowed that which was black and imagined to be more easily visualized, if only as a result of wetness. It went so far that harvest regulation regarding fir seedlings on the lower slopes of the holy mountain or on its foothills were talked about. The sand under their soles favored their designs; they stayed in the bay. Valentine and Hortense, the duchesses, didn’t appear again; the shadows of Nîmes never again approached them nor disturbed them. Twice they were bothered by people, one time when a mill was built not far from the bay and the sails were attached in such a helpless way that during one of the strong eastern storms they flew onto the beach, the other time when a thirty-five year old beggar tumbled down the slope in order to die in their midst. With this, one of the enclosed fragments of glass shifted aside; afterwards there was silence. For five or six centuries nothing happened, the new rules were kept with courage and skillfulness. In the meantime, a rosy light spread over the sand, and the smell of corn drifted down the slope. But the dance formations, eastern storms, old beggar, smell of corn, was it because of them? One afternoon the rabbits made their way up the holy mountain and this departure didn’t come quite unexpectedly. Seven centuries before, a movement which soon died down
again had announced it—but still it must be mentioned: some rabbits went into the sea. From the mock fight of some old and mighty sect, which already at that time sent some boats at a proper distance past the bay, it was done for strange reasons. One of them: there were too many rabbits. The second: they didn't have enough to eat. None really proved right nor was worth arguing about and the rabbits took heart again, the groups to the sea hesitantly broke up. It was the glass fragment lights resembling trees along the avenue in the round enclosures which gave them comfort or discomfort enough. They had long since gotten used to the invalids amongst them dying in their midst. In the last nine centuries before the departure not one more rabbit went over the embankment; for them neither life nor death nor anything else was reason enough for that. Then they all went. One cannot say that it was a particular day or afternoon. Beginning like many others, namely it didn't, it lay like others, lame, and moved over the bay and offered hardly any reason—it was merely that far. The glass fragments on the slope were carefully avoided in order to come close enough to them. Their yellow and pink shine, already long dim, was for many rabbits the surprise of their lives. Not a surprise, as was to be expected, was offered by the heights of the slope, the ferns, which had settled in there, the plains, which spread out before them, the shadows of the distance.
Their moments didn't allow them to imagine from that time on in jumps, but as completely new as that was, they didn't notice it. They avoided the view to the right, because Nimes could be there, and rested under trees. A soldier with a grey red tricorn met them, a farm woman and a harlequin, which they didn't recognize as a harlequin. Because of us, they would have thought. Enough. That showed them a great deal for the short new life. They carefully and calmly voiced thoughts of this kind. They prepared the field for new names. Cabbage Knife, said a younger rabbit and pointed to the direction signs, but he was no longer taken seriously in an exaggerated way. Many of them named the field paths, which led to nothing other than piled corn straw, Temple Crossing. We don't want to lose ourselves in examples, they quickly proceeded. The murmurs, the short whistle noises, the chatter and whispers, which were supposed to give the invalids amongst them courage, were picked up by some light winds and carried on—not always in the direction of the holy mountain. The rumors of sunny paths, and paths which left everything to be wished for, increased. Nimes, if at all, lay far behind them, with its imagined level ditches, graves and monuments—corn fields and harlequin failed to appear. That didn't bother the rabbits. No master fell from the fields, wrung his hands, or waved them on in embarrassment with his vulgarly embroidered handkerchief.
Against which a wider blue beam of light began to spread quickly, veiling the tops of rye and bean plants, heaven and hell and the little pieces of wood before them. The rabbits could find a place in there; that colored lights bothered them was nothing new, the clouds of dust around them made the colors run and decrease and proceed. They soon shoveled quick graves for the first exhausted ones. And what might have enchanted certain observers—their breaks of burial and exhaustion did not dispense with the rules—they did this with respect and thereby brought the necessity closer to mind for any non-participants. Similar to flying, they would have thought. Similar to flight, yes. The range of mountains was now so near, that it appeared without line. Also we do not want to further delay ourselves with the climb. To the ice and gravel hillsides, sliding pincushions of unexpected endings, the rabbits couldn't adapt themselves quickly enough; many whirled through the zephyr like air of the holy mountain, which had only modest resemblances to stone blocks. As such it was a mild day, not a cry; aside from the fall nothing, that wouldn't be taken back, soothed and evaporated. Hoarseness was discovered at that time. An abyss was all, a canyon without a wall on the other side.
The slope had not been enough practice for the trail; the nearness of the fenced in glass fragments was probably only a foretaste of the sudden headlong fall, for the goal was the slope. Its slight summit could be proven. We remember: fern fronds, the plains and Nimes, that were not watched.

Four rabbits set foot on the peak of the holy mountain. Previously it smelled burnt, but that didn't bother them; they fought their way courageously through the underwood. But what did they confer about, as they saw the fiery canyon? Did they sit down on its edge, did they eat something else? Were there springs near there or beverages, which obviously favored the forming of caves? These rabbits—who wouldn't have liked to see them up there putting their heads together with paws lowered. Who would like to have come close to them once again? But no one is allowed that. Is it allowed then, to speak of rabbits if there are only four left? Which number is it, that protects the names? No, not one of us can shake off this question: Was it ever allowed to speak of rabbits? —Or of Port Sing?
PORT SING2

Port Sing, wo die Hasen rasten. Sie haben alle eine Neigung zu verschwinden, aber hier rasten sie, niemand weiß warum. Es könnte so gekommen sein: als die frühen bedenkenlosen Einwanderer mit ihren Flößen anlegten und sie an Land setzten, vielleicht auch zu springen zwangen, und gleich wieder abstießen, sahen die Hasen nichts Besseres, nichts was sie mehr verlockte. Sie gruben sich darum gleich am Strand in flache Gruben ein und betrachteten die körnigen gelben Hügelzüge und die nadellosen Fichten, Kennzeichen der bucht. Es war nicht schwer, sich vorzustellen, was dahinter kam, selbst wenn die Vorstellung nicht zutraf. Damit war ein Rastplatz geschaffen. Als die Regen einsetzten, die hier meisten schräg und von Süden fielen, gelang es den Hasen, ihre Bewegungen zu verlangsamen; sobald es zu hageln begann, lagen sie wie Blöcke im nassen Sand und wechselten die Farbe. Die ehemaligen Flößer, die weit draußen auf den Schiffen ihre Wangen gegen die Luken preßten, hielten sie dann niemals für Hasen, und die meisten trieben, selbst gegen den Wind, ziemlich rasch an der Bucht vorbei. Wenn mit rötlichen Nesseln und Trauben der Sommer zu ihnen drang und die Hasen einsahen, daß sie zu viele wurden, kletterten die älteren von ihnen die Böschung hinauf und verschwanden im
vorher hatte ihn eine Bewegung angekündigt, die bald wieder erlosch, aber doch erwähnt werden muß: einige Hasen waren ins Meer gegangen. Von den Spiegelfechtern, einer alten und mächtigen Sektion, die gerade damals einige Boote in gebührender Entfernung an der Bucht vorbeischickte, wurde das mit merkwürdigen Gründen belegt. Einer von ihnen: es waren zu viele Hasen. Der zweite: sie hatten nicht genug zu essen. Keiner traf zu oder war auch nur er Erörterung wert und die Hasen ermannten sich bald wieder, die Gruppen zum Meer brachen zögernd auf. Es waren die Scherbenlichter, Alleeäumen ähnlich in ihren runden Zäunen, die ihnen Trost gaben oder Untrost genug. Daran daß die Siechen unter ihnen in ihrer Mitte starben, hatten sie sich längst gewöhnt, die letzten neun Jahrzehnte vor dem Aufbruch ging kein Hase mehr über die Böschung, weder Leben noch Sterben noch sonst etwas war ihnen dafür Grund genug. Dann gingen sie alle. Man kann nicht sagen, daß es ein besonderer Tag oder Nachmittag war, er hatte begonnen wie viele andere, nämlich nicht, er lag wie andere lähmend und bewegend über der Bucht und bot kaum Gründe, es war nur soweit. Die Scherben an der Böschung wurden behutsam umgangen und ihnen nahe genug zu kommen, ihrem lange schon getrübten gelben und rosa Glanz, war für viele Hasen die Überraschung ihrer Lebens. Keine Überraschung, wie zu erwarten war, boten die Höhe der Böschung, die Farnkräuter, die sich dort angesiedelt hatten, die Ebene, die sich vor ihnen
sie verlegen an seinem groben vorgenähten Tuch ab. Dagegen
begann ein breiter blaugrüner Lichtstreifen sich rasch
auszubreiten; er überzog Roggen und Bohnenkraut, Himmel und
Hölle und die Holzstücke vor ihnen. Die Hasen kamen darin
unter, die Behelligung durch gefärbte Lichter war ihnen
nicht neu, die Staubwolke um sie, verfärbt und verkleinert,
kam doch rüstig vorwärts. Sie verscharrten bald die ersten
Erschöpften. Und was gewisse Betrachter entzückt hätte;
ierhe Begräbnis- und Erschöpfungspausen entbehrten der Regel
nicht, sie traten als Takt auf und näherten sich damit im
Sinne aller unbeteiligten der Notwendigkeit. Dem Fliegen
ähnlich, würden sie gedacht haben. Dem Fluge ähnlich, ja.
Das Gebirge war jetzt so nahe, daß es ohne Linie auskam.
Auch mit dem Aufstieg wollen wir uns weiter nicht
aufhalten. Den Eis- und Schotterhalden, gleitenden
Nadelkissen, unvermuteten Enden konnten sich die Hasenfüße
nicht rasch genug anpassen. Es wirbelte manches durch die
Zephirluft um den heiligen Berg, was mit Steinblöcken nur
bescheidene Ähnlichkeiten hatte. Dabei war es ein lauer
Tag, kein Schrei; außer den Stürzen nichts, was nicht
zurückgenommen worden wäre, besänftigt, abgedämpft. Die
Heiserkeit wurde damals erfunden. Ein Abgrund war alle,
eine Schlucht ohne Gegenwand. Die Böschung war für den Weg
nicht Uebung genug gewesen (die Nähe der eingezäunten
Glasscherben vermutlich nur Vorgeschmack der Abstürze), für
das Ziel war sie es. Ihre geringe Höhe wies sich aus. Wir
erinnern uns: Farnwedel, die Fläche und Nîmes, das nicht betrachtet wurde.

THE DOLL

Put to bed with my clothes on and no one to warm my waxen face, traces of the morning, streaming through the curtains, my eyes half open. There were always similar hours or half hours, strange voices and completely strange walls speckled by the sun.

But just yesterday I was carried through this city, in tender arms, covered with lace, and a hat trimmed with lace on my head. We even went past palaces, columned courtyards, the light heads of the grasses breaking through the forecourts, then the coffee houses, columns again and my girlfriends on the arms of others, who murmured softly of forgotten revolutions, and I got a sip from a glass of raspberry soda, a piece of dry cake, and was comforted: This evening you'll get little doves, my dear.

And so it continued, into churches, where the coolness of the floor of the pulpit descended on us, the various noises from footsteps on wood and stone; I was sitting on black pews and my glances were directed straight ahead, not to be led astray by the rosy lights coming through the windows. And then to the cheese shops, in artificial light and seated upon a barrel, with a small fan bringing fresh air to me, and the laughter of the lady who
kept the store. In the glow of evening I was carefully wafted across bridges and held over ponds, over artificial waters that leapt around lawns, past old stables, yes, I found myself in the middle of a conversation about the old stables, whether they should be restored or used for some other purpose, and no one hid anything from me, dark and high voices about these questions were friendly to me, and thoughtlessly crossed above my head. And I swung along farther into the evening sky and was admired or comforted with wine, and calmed by the reflection of the lights on the dome windows.

Thus I could listen peacefully to the gates open and close and to the song birds fall silent, and in the midst of this would be laid into the arms and rocked like someone who had suffered a great sorrow or like a very small child, and was comforted with tears once, when I came close to falling in the water, but didn't. And only when others of my kind came near, was I set up straight, the veil lifted lightly from my hat and my round arms stroked there where they came out from the lace; my face, when the others of my kind had gone, was covered with kisses, my eyelashes, my ears, my blushing cheeks. And still long before we were home, in other words, saw the inn before us again, I was sung to sleep. With the most beautiful songs, a Spanish one was supposed to have been amongst them.
I know that on this trip I was almost taken along, but after much earnest pleading (not mine), at the last moment I was quickly fetched from my cradle after all, my clothes and my other necessary things being stowed in great haste in the light green basket. I was already swinging down the steps, between these air currents of voices before a good trip, of envy and friendliness on the staircase, and the light breeze under the gateway blew my hair until a silk scarf was tied over my hat.

Train, car, or coach, I slept a great deal, and the arrival places announced themselves, with their morning and evening lights or doves and the many stones on the arrival platforms. And the people who made themselves available for service, but I was never given into other arms.

I faintly remember, that once on a trip to the mountains even the daughters of a notary took a liking to me; in my ears I can still hear their calls through the reddish stones, and I was held upright and backwards, in order to reply to their greetings. Then they waved to me and waved, their ruddy arms moving against the snow which still lay there, the youngest of them crying, before she returned to the houses and wooden terraces; not much later she was supposed to have come farther south for lessons, that very one. But this trip was only one of many, usually
we quickly leave the mountains behind us, unless we happen
to be visiting distant relatives.

This time also, I have in my mind rather the fish and
sea smell in my clothes, and the bright frescoes which are
still kept safe from flaking, and the churches of the
plains, their rows of birds and shrubs, the paths in
between these, which the worshippers take, tender sighs,
blessings, the hands, that touch me. In the evening we
were in one of the cafes again, and I got a taste of
hazelnut cream, concerning the doves, I was put off until
the next day, and then carried home quickly through the
markets and Jewish quarter; we also went past a convent of
St. Dorothy, visiting hours were over and everyone was in
bed. We, too, got ready for bed quickly when we reached the
room at the hotel.

And now nobody else is here any longer, and I can't
turn around by myself to see if my hat and scarf are still
hanging on the bedknob. I always thought, we would go
later to attend one of these schools together, where free
time is spent under acacias or wild chestnut trees; when
the game of jumping over a rope started, I would be held
closely in the arms and put to bed in wooden convent beds,
some companions for comparison, and the past revolutions
would further whisper me to sleep, so we would grow up,
even though my size never changed, up toward the old
lights.
Here I lie, however, half upright, my silk clothes crumpled under the grey cloth and with open cupboards, the trunks gone.

Now, I'm wondering whether or not the convent of this saint isn't responsible for everything. Wasn't I supposed to be accepted there? Were my arms perhaps too rosy for the doorkeeper, my feet too delicate and the expression of my eyes, under my golden blond eyelashes, which I can't help, too relaxed. Or did this expression also tell too much of birds and stairwells, of stables and cakes, of raspberry sodas on which I sipped. And even of those which I only saw shimmering in the glass, of the sparkling fronts of palaces, of market stands under the pink storm lanterns, past which I was only carried? Was my coat laced too artistically for her or my veil too softly embroidered? And would I or wouldn't I consider it unfair?

But how far my thoughts take me, what do I know of convents, what do I know at all? Wouldn't there be more than enough reasons, simpler and more serious, and directions, as many as God created and to which the seafarers attribute the compass roses in the stone courtyards of the citadels. Wouldn't there be enough low walls, to swing over away from me, or high ones, to silently climb over? Sons and brothers or just hurried departures, for whose sake I could be forgotten? What possessed me to assume I had been left behind for my sake,
and that one in other words moved away from me to me and could now be searching for me everywhere, where I am not. And yet would still know one place in which I could not be, namely myself. What brought me to this doorkeeper, her with her youth and her strict face, which I never saw? With a wreath of songs around head and shoulders?

How many more solemn promises do I need, who is supposed to waken me, who will fetch me again? For I do not lie in sleep, I am as warm as I am cold, I am stolen from the pain, the danger, the songs of the saints. No doorkeeper’s parlour will accept me, there will be no conversation over whether I am allowed or not, also I will not blindly observe the shadow of the bell towers on the rough curtains in the early spring morning, soon after to be picked up, no, nothing of all that. It seems to me now, that only the directions which lead behind me are still open, with their breezes, their strangeness, their unenticing colors. With the budding gardens, of which I would like to know so little. Now I can no longer finish, no gutter in the early morning light, no ditch over which the alders touch slightly and the rushing of cars at the side, nothing will cover me up, no swamp to keep my pale feet. Only these trunks, empty lockers, the smell of lavender and soon I’ll forget to whom I belong, forget the forgetting and the forgetting will forget me. From then on anyone who wants to can fetch me. Girl or market wife or
the sister who mends my lace and prevents my disintegration. A St. George, a deserted stall and bean pods, I don't want to dream much more. With my curls one can still adorn the angels' heads, and with my lace the green velvet coats, but with myself? Wax and strings. And no longer are the notary's daughters and the visiting hours in the convents of the saints any farther away.

Strange, that the mountain tops still appear for me and caravans over all the passes and the way the great animals turn their heads toward the old chapels. And in sleep I want to encounter only the waving hands in front of red stones.
DIE PUPPE


Und schon ging es weiter, in Kirchen, wo die Kühle von den Kanzelböden auf uns herunterbrach, die verschiedenen Laute von Schritten auf Holz und Stein, ich saß in schwarzen Bänken und meine Blicke waren geradeaus gerichtet, von den rosigen Lichtern durch die Fenster nicht beirrt. Und dann in Käsegeschäfte, bei künstlichem Licht und auf einem Fasse sitzend und ein kleiner Fächer, der mir

So konnte ich friedlich die Tore auf- und zuschlagen und die Singvögel verstummen hören und wurde mitten darin auf die Arme gelegt und gewiegt wie jemand nach einem schweren Kummer oder wie ein ganz kleines Kind; und mit Tränen geheizt, als ich einmal nahe daran war, ins Wasser zu fallen, aber doch nicht fiel. Und wurde nur, wenn andere meiner Art sich näherten, gerade aufgesetzt, der Schleier wurde mir dann leicht vom Hut gezogen und meine runden Arme, da wo sie aus den Spitzen kamen, gestreichelt, mein Gesicht, wenn die andern meiner Art vorüber waren, mit Küszen bedeckt, meine Wimpern, die Ohren, meine geröteten Wangen. Und noch lange ehe wir zu Hause waren, das heißt den Gasthof wieder vor uns sahen, wurde ich zur Ruhe
gesungen. Mit den schönsten Liedern, ein spanisches soll auch darunter gewesen sein.


Ich erinnere mich schwach, daß einmal auf einer Reise ins Gebirge sogar Notarstöchter an mir Gefallen fanden, ihre Rufe durch das rötliche Gestein habe ich noch in den Ohren, und ich wurde aufrecht rückwärts gehalten, um ihren Gruß zu erwidern, da winkten sie mir und winkten, ihre frischen Arme bewegten sich gegen den Schnee, der dort noch lag, und die jüngste von ihnen weinte, ehe sie zu den
Häusern und hölzernen Terrassen zurückkehrten, wenig später soll sie zum Unterricht weiter nach Süden gekommen sein, gerade die. Aber diese Reise war nur eine von vielen, für gewöhnlich lassen wir die Gebirge rasch hinter uns, es wäre denn, daß wir entfernte Verwandte besuchten.

Ich habe auch diesmal eher den Fisch- und Meeresgeruch in den Kleidern und helle, vor dem Abblättern noch behütete Wandgemälde im Sinn, und die Kirchen der Ebenen, ihre Vögel- und Strauchreihen, die Wege dazwischen, die die Betenden nehmen, zarte Seufzer, Segnungen, die Hände, die mich berühren. Abends waren wir auch wieder in einem der Cafes, und ich bekam Nußcreme zu kosten, mit den Tauben wurde ich auf den heutigen Tag vertröstet und dann durch Märkte und Judenviertel rasch heimgetragen, wir kamen auch an einem Kloster der heiligen Dorothee vorüber, die Sprechstunde war dort beendet und alle zu Bett. Auch wir selbst legten uns rasch, als wir das Zimmer im Hotel erreichten.

Und nun ist niemand mehr hier, und von selbst kann ich mich nicht umwenden, um zu sehen, ob Hut und Schal noch am Bettknauf hängen. Ich dachte immer, wir würden später miteinander eine dieser Schulen besuchen, wo man die freien Stunden unter Akazien oder wilden Kastanien verbringt, ich würde, wenn das Springen über die Schnüre beginnt, mit im Arm gehalten und in hölzerne Klosterbetten zur Ruhe gelegt, einige Gefährtinnen zum Vergleich, und die vergangenen
Revolutionen lispelten mich weiter zur Ruhe, so wuchsen wir, selbst wenn ich meine Größe nicht veränderte, den alten Lichtern entgegen.

So aber liege ich halb aufrecht, die seidenen Kleider verknüllt unter dem grauen Tuch, und bei offenen Schränken, die Koffer sind fort.


Aber wie weit führen mich meine Gedanken, was weiß ich von den Klöstern, was weiß ich überhaupt? Gäbe es nicht leichtere und schwerwiegendere Gründe im Ueberfluß und Richtungen, so viele Gott schuf und die Seefahrer den Windrosen in den steinernen Höfen der Kastelle andichteten? Gäbe es nicht niedrige Mauern genug, um sich darüber von
mir wegzuschwingen, höhere, um sie still zu übersteigen?

Füße bewahrt. Nur diese Truhen, leeren Fächer,
Lavendelgerüche, und bald vergesse ich, wem ich gehöre,
vergesse das Vergessen und das Vergessen vergibt mich. Von
da an wird mich holen können, wer mich möchte, Mädchen oder
Marktfrau oder die Schwester, die meine Spitzen flickt und
am Zerfallen hindert. Ein heiliger Georg, ein verlassener
Stall und Bohnenschoten, ich will nicht mehr viel träumen.
Mit meinen Locken kann man noch die Engelsköpfe schmücken,
mit meinen Spitzen noch die grünsamtenen Mäntel, aber mit
mir selber? Wachs und Schnüre. Und nicht einmal mehr ferne
sind die Notarstöchter und die Sprechstunden in den
Klöstern der Heiligen.

Merkwürdig, daß mir die Gebirge noch erscheinen und
Karawanen über alle Pässe und wie die großen Tiere ihre
Köpfe nach den alten Kapellen wenden. Und nur den
winkenden Händen vor dem roten Gestein will ich im Schlaf
noch begegnen.
CHAPTER VI

OBSERVATIONS ON THE THREE STORIES

"Herodes"

"Herodes" first appeared in Aichinger's collection of short stories published under the title Eliza, Eliza. Use of Biblical names is a reflection of Aichinger's Jewish heritage. The name "Herodes" immediately reminds one of the Biblical Herodes, a Jewish King. He is remembered as the king who spoke with the three wise men and, jealous of the new King whose birth he had been told of, ordered all new-born baby boys slain. The Herod of this story bears little resemblance to the villain of the New Testament story. His clothing is ragged, and his home dilapidated. He does, however, have one very incongruous animal on his run-down farm which is associated with royalty, a lion.

The translation of "Herodes" to "Herod" was the first decision, made in translating the story. In Levy's discussion of translation of names, he writes that the meaning of the name in the original must be taken into account. To leave the name Herodes as it was in German would carry no Biblical connotation with it in English. "Herod", however, evokes immediate recognition of the name
belonging to the Jewish King who ordered the babies killed when Jesus was born.

The character Herod, in this story, lacks understanding of his wife. A theme common to Aichinger's stories is a lack of communication, understanding and support between men and women. Dagmar Lorentz feels this reflects back on Aichinger's own family, in the lack of support on the part of her father for his Jewish wife whom he divorced during the Nazi occupation. "Herod" watches his wife, her enjoyment of her surroundings and feeding of the animals, but avoids discussing them with her. The reader is given the feeling that he finds her a bit foolish. Herod, however, has nothing in life which he enjoys and might as well be one of the cabbage stumps in his garden. Even when he goes for walks with his lion, he lets the lion decide which path to follow, and this eventually leads to his demise. Interestingly, as he feels himself sinking, his last thoughts are concern for the wife and the pig — who will care for them? A reflection, perhaps, of what Aichinger felt appropriate for her father to worry about after leaving his family.

Aichinger uses colors in her stories, but on a limited basis. They may be considered to be symbolic or mood enhancing and therefore should be treated carefully in translation. The first color mentioned in "Herod" is the green of his tattered robe. This is a contrast of life and
decay. Green usually indicates life and living things in nature. His robe, however, is tattered and worn-out, like Herod and his life.

Gray and variations in light quality are another set of color symbols which appear and give fleeting mood changes to symbolize inner personality, as in the following example. "Er sah in ein graues, getrübtes Gesicht in zwei Augen die ihn matt überschauten und keinen Funken Freude aus dem Löwenfell zogen".3 Both "getrübtes" and "matt" could have been translated as "dull", thereby indicating a rather lifeless, uninterested face, as well as a glance which was rather bored and uninterested. However, the color gray had already been mentioned as the color which is predominant about the boy. "Alles an dem Jungen schien grau, seine Jacke, sein Schal, seine Wangen, seine Stirne unter der Mütze und seine Hände..." 4 Since shades of light often seem to be important in this story, the word "opaque" seems a more appropriate translation of the word "getrübtes" which describes the boy's face, because "opaque" brings with it the association of a quality of light. The word "matt", on the other hand, has been translated as "dull" to indicate the disinterest with which the boy looks down below at Herod and his lion.

"Herod" has a parable quality about it with a moral at the end of the story. In allowing himself to slip into a dream world, in following docilely along after the lion,
by not taking an active part in life, Herod loses his life, first spiritually and then physically. This could be interpreted as a reflection on what happened to the Jewish people and German nation when the false dreams of the Nazis were blindly followed without thinking. People who lived without taking responsibility for controlling and saving their own destiny lost their values regarding life and those living around them.

Port Sing

"Port Sing" also first appeared in Eliza, Eliza, and like "Herodes" it has a parable quality about it. The rabbits in the story live near a bay. They are enticed by the bay and the movement of rafters who come and go from their ships to the beach and back again. Gradually, the rabbits realize they are growing to be too many in number. Some of the older ones leave and are never seen again. None of the rabbits know what lies on the other side of their hill, but they have heard rumors of a city called Nîmes. The first time the rabbits band together to go to their holy mountain, they accidently smash their light, a glass globe, and give up the idea of leaving. The fragments of glass are gathered and kept as objects of veneration. They discuss setting up new regulations and everything goes on for about five or six more centuries,
until one day, the rabbits all go up their mountain together (much like lemmings). The rabbits are unprepared for the slope to drop off into a fiery abyss, and they fall to their deaths. Only four rabbits remain at the end of the story.

Of the three stories, "Port Sing" was the most abstract and therefore the most difficult to translate. If one has an idea of the author's message, translating abstraction is made somewhat easier. Knowing that Ilse Aichinger was Jewish and had suffered through the Nazi occupation influenced some word choices.

Dagmar Lorentz writes that Port Sing is a prison colony where the rabbits are inmates. If this is true, one must know that it is a prison beforehand, for there is nothing to suggest it in the vocabulary used in the story. The only thing which makes the rabbits prisoners in any other sense is that they are prisoners of their own inability to make the decision to leave an area which is too small for them and in which they are persecuted by their enemies. When they do leave, they are so unprepared for the reality of the world that almost all of them die. The rabbits crowded, "imprisoned" lifestyle and the mass death are symbolic of the fate of the Jewish people during the Nazi occupation, living in ghettos and experiencing mass deaths. The glass fragments which the rabbits save
and cherish may be representative of "Kristallnacht" in which windows of Jewish shops were smashed.

It would be tempting to translate "Glassscherben" as "shards of broken glass". However, keeping the aforementioned ideas of symbolic interpretation in mind, "splinters" or "fragments of glass" bring to mind images of fine shattered bits of glass such as would have been seen after "Kristallnacht". Thus Aichinger's Jewish heritage and the Jewish experience during the Nazi occupation influenced this choice of words.

The Doll

"Die Puppe" also appeared first in Eliza, Eliza. The story has a familiar theme, that of a cherished toy forgotten and abandoned as the child outgrows it. The child goes on growing up, but, without the child, the doll will either fade into nonexistence or, with luck, be discovered by another child and allowed to continue life.

As mentioned in the chapter comparing Allen Chappel's translation with the translation presented in this paper, the fact that the doll actually narrates the story makes her seem even more like a living being. The language which is used to translate her words, therefore, must be that of a child who is not too young. The doll should imitate the child in choice of vocabulary.
"Die Puppe" presents its subject matter as a stream of thoughts or pictures of the doll's past memories. As the doll's memory begins to fade, because she no longer "exists", the pictures and thoughts tend to become more abstract or disjointed.
NOTES

CHAPTER II

4. Ibid., p.6.
5. Alldridge, p.10.

CHAPTER III

2. Ibid., p.1.
3. Ibid., p.6.
5. Ibid., p.159.
6. Ibid., p.162.
7. Ibid.
9. Ibid., p.554.
10. Ibid.
11. Ibid.
13. Ibid., p.705.
15. Ibid., p.540.
17. Ibid., p.531.
18. Ibid., p.532.
22. Ibid., p.42.
23. Ibid., p.48.
24. Ibid., p.55.


27. Ibid., p. 101.

28. Ibid., p. 102+.


31. Ibid., p. 144.


33. Ibid., p. 89.

34. Ibid., p. 47.


37. Ibid., 1944.


40. Ibid., p.265.


42. Ibid., p.468,469.


44. Ibid., p.168.


47. Ibid., p.22+.

48. Ibid., p.42.

49. Ibid., p.48.


51. Ibid., P.41+.

52. Ibid., p.26.
53. Aichinger, p.142.
54. Ibid.
55. Luther, p.162.
56. Aichinger, p.142.
57. Ibid., p.151.
58. Savory, p.43.

CHAPTER IV

4. Aichinger, p.91.
5. Chappel, p.69.
6. Aichinger, p.89.
7. Chappel, p.68.
8. Aichinger, p.89.
9. Chappel, p.68.
10. Aichinger, p.91.
12. Aichinger, p.89.
13. Chappel, p.68.
15. Chappel, p.68.
17. Chappel, p.68+.
20. Aichinger, p.89.

CHAPTER V
2. Ibid., pp.166-171.
3. Ibid., pp.89-93.

CHAPTER VI
1. Levy, "Will Translation Be of Use to Translators", p.81+.
2. Lorentz, p.12.
3. Aichinger, p.152.
4. Ibid.
5. Lorentz, p.144.
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