1990

Translation as interpretation : Siegfried Lenz' "Motivsuche"

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<https://doi.org/10.15760/etd.5876>

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AN ABSTRACT OF THE THESIS OF John F. Disterheft for the
Master of Arts in German presented July 2, 1990.

Title: Translation as Interpretation: Siegfried Lenz'
"Motivsuche."

APPROVED BY THE MEMBERS OF THE THESIS COMMITTEE:

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It is the purpose of this thesis to show that literary interpretation and translation are closely inter-related, that the translator cannot pursue his goal, the transfer of a work of literature from one language into another, without interpreting that work as literature.

The thesis uses data gathered from the writer's own translation of the short story "Motivsuche" by Siegfried Lenz and from research of the secondary literature about Siegfried Lenz. The research covers the aspects of theme,

plot and character development, and style of Lenz' short stories, as well as biographical and historical information as it relates to the interpretation of this author's work.

The attempt was made to compare the research data about Siegfried Lenz and his work directly to his work and the specific process of its translation.

In all aspects of translation, be the passage a straightforward physical description or one involving abstract, symbolic material, the translator is faced with decisions to make regarding choice of words, phrasing and grammar.

The first problem encountered in the translation process was finding an equivalent in English for the title. Since the German title suggests three possible plot structures, and an English equivalent could only indicate one of these three possibilities, a title had to be selected that would leave the three structures open.

The main body of the thesis deals with problems encountered in translating character description and speech. In all his works, the characters and themes of Siegfried Lenz show the strong influence of Ernest Hemingway. This influence is most visible in Lenz' early work and is observable not only in character type but also in the type of conflict into which the characters are thrust, and in thematic values and style of descrip-

tion. Lenz' changes in developing character and theme from his earliest short stories to his latest collection were detailed, so that the connection between the main character of "Motivsuche" and the earlier Lenz character types could be made.

The characteristics that the persons in this Lenz short story share with earlier Lenz characters, and, therefore, with Hemingway heroes as well, must be brought out in the English translation. In other words, certain passages of this Siegfried Lenz story must read like Hemingway.

Problems in translating style are also discussed. Compression of language that produces sharply focused details and figures of speech that emphasize certain thematic values are analyzed and then compared to the English translation to show how they can be maintained in the second language.

My translation of Siegfried Lenz' short story "Motivsuche" follows in the appendix.

TRANSLATION AS INTERPRETATION:
SIEGFRIED LENZ' "MOTIVSUCHE"

by
JOHN F. DISTERHEFT

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

MASTER OF ARTS
in
GERMAN

Portland State University
1990

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CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTION

SIEGFRIED LENZ

Biographical information about Siegfried Lenz is mainly limited to the essay, "Ich zum Beispiel. Kennzeichen eines Jahrgangs."¹ He was born on March 17, 1926, in Lyck, East Prussia, near the Polish border. Lenz describes his boyhood as being rich in terms of contact with all social levels, from his teachers at the college preparatory school he attended to the simple Polish fishermen and forest workers of the region, who introduced him at an early age to the lore of lake and woods.

At school he experienced the division of the faculty: the students knew that many of their teachers were against the Hitler Regime. One of these opponents "infected" the young Lenz with literature. However, as do most young people, he succumbed to peer pressure; he joined the Hitler Youth, participated in its activities, including standing by the roadside to cheer high Nazi officials when their tour routes took them through Lyck.

At the age of seventeen he was drafted and given his high school diploma without the required examinations. Still enthusiastically supportive of his country's

politics, Lenz served aboard a cruiser in the Baltic, and in an information session heard from the ship's commander that an attempt had been made on Hitler's life. Lenz reports that on that day he was shaken from his illusion, for he suddenly realized that people in high positions had reason not only to doubt Hitler, but also to take his life. From that day on, he accepted no more propaganda at face value. After his ship had been sunk, he was posted to Denmark, where he had to witness the execution of a fellow soldier, whose crime it had been to rebel - with words. Lenz deserted and hid in the woods until the war was over.

After the war he was a student in Hamburg, supporting himself by donating blood and dealing on the black market. A stint as an apprentice with the newspaper Die Welt convinced him to give up his studies and become a journalist. He later resigned his position as literary editor to devote himself to writing.

Siegfried Lenz first became well-known through the 1955 publication of So zärtlich war Suleyken, a collection of short stories set in his Marurian homeland. Readers delighted in the adventures of such individualistic characters as Hamilkar Schaß, Adolf Abromeit and Ludwig Karnickel in Suleyken, a fictive village in that far corner of pre-war Germany that exists today only in memory.

His next volume of stories, Jäger des Spotts, established Lenz as a serious writer - no "rural Erich Kästner." Unforgettable stories, such as "Lukas, sanftmütiger Knecht," make the reader smell the smoke in the air, sweat with the main character as he pushed his way through the elephant grass in his frenzied rush to reach his family in time, and startle the reader with a final, short sentence.

The same ability to paint a landscape with words is evident in Deutschstunde, published in 1968, whose landscape description is so vivid that the reader can feel the wind as the policeman Jens Jepsen struggles to pedal his bicycle against the constant North Sea wind, and one can sense the confusion of little Siggi as he attempts to defend his sister's friend against the "attack" of the seagulls.

Siegfried Lenz has written ten novels, including the widely acclaimed Deutschstunde, nine collections of short stories, seven plays and four collections of essays.

In September, 1988, Siegfried Lenz was awarded the German Booksellers' Peace Prize in Frankfurt. The prize is awarded for contributions in the area of peace, humanity and international understanding. Das serbische Mädchen, the 1987 collection of short stories from which "Motivsuche" was selected to translate and interpret for

this thesis, exemplifies Lenz' contribution toward understanding among people and among nations.

Understanding among people of different ages is the theme of "Die Kunstradfahrer," "Eine Art von Notwehr" and "Fast ein Triumph." International understanding is promoted as a goal in the title story "Das serbische Mädchen," in "Motivsuche," and in "Tote Briefe." And the reader is brought closer to observing humanity in everyday relationships in the stories "Der Redenschreiber," "Zum Vorzugspreis" and "Ein Tauchversuch."

In presenting the award, Frankfurt's mayor, Wolfram Brück, praised Lenz for his "service to democratic tolerance" and because his works were "an appeal to everyone to remain constantly aware of one's possibilities for error."²

In his acceptance speech, Siegfried Lenz chose to speak about the historical experience and its relationship to literature, a theme often touched upon in his essays. He chose a specific reference in the history of the Nazi Regime:

Auschwitz cannot be understood, for history is never completed. History has its influences on the present, it tests us, gives us something, it destroys, reminds us of our obligations, and history makes us shudder at human potentialities.³

Lenz' short story "Motivsuche" takes place some years

after the demise of a repressive dictatorship in a Mediterranean country, reminiscent of the 1973 Colonels' Putsch in Greece. The characters in this story must also deal with the influence of history.

While planning a film, a "docu-drama," about a failed assassination attempt against this dictatorship, the filmmakers must carefully examine the motives of the most famous of the conspirators. Although he is long dead, his action confronts them again and again as they seek to place it in a moral and historical perspective. The filmmakers are divided in their opinions of the efficacy of the conspirator's action, but their most important local contact, the innkeeper, sums up his understanding of his countryman's motives by saying succinctly, "He has reminded us of what we owe ourselves."⁴

Can Siegfried Lenz be translated? On the basis of this short story, the attempt is made to show how it can be done.

THE PROCESS OF TRANSLATION

In his essay "Ueber Sprache und Worte" Artur Schopenhauer wrote, "Eine Bibliothek von Übersetzungen gleicht einer Gemäldegalerie von Kopien."⁵

The comparison of translations to copies of paintings is a thought-provoking proposition. Does there,

indeed, exist the possibility of making translations that not only provide the reader with a foreign work of literature set into his own language, but also stand as good literature by themselves?

Isaac Bashevis Singer, with his rich experience of writing in Yiddish and collaborating with his English translators, questions the above possibility: "A translation, like a woman, can be true and faithful and still miserable. What makes sense in one language may be utter nonsense in another."⁶

On the other hand, the well-known Russian translator Kornei Chukovsky encourages all attempts at translation, even of those works of which so-called "definitive" translations exist, exhorting future translators to create translations that are "excellent and praiseworthy," because they will "convey the most important thing - the artistic individuality of the original author in all the distinctiveness of his style."⁷

Nietzsche judged the "sense of history" of particular cultures by the translations that those cultures attempted and the manner in which they went about this work of translating.⁸

And for Goethe the highest form of translation is that which attempts to stand in the place of the original work.⁹

Chukovsky advises the would-be translator not to

copy the original work, as a photograph copies, but rather to "re-create it through art." The translator must " ... impersonate (the author to be translated) by assimilating his temperament and emotional makeup, his feeling for life."¹⁰

Indeed, the modern reader no longer considers a foreign literary work as a translation. He reads Dickens or Stendahl in German or Kafka in English and believes that he is actually reading Dickens, Stendahl or Kafka, rather than the translator of these authors.

The problem of literary translation, therefore, is one of process, the key to which is interpretation. The English word "interpret" has a double shade of meaning. An interpreter expresses in one language that which is spoken in another. A literary interpretation explains the meaning of a work of literature or sets forth a criticism of it.

Literary translation assumes both meanings of "interpretation." The translator cannot make decisions regarding selection of vocabulary, sentence structure, or style, until he has interpreted, that is to say, understood, the work of literature. As the translator works, he interprets, or examines the levels and shades of meaning of vocabulary, the effects of particular structures in the sentence, and the style, in order to determine the intent of the author and find equivalents

in the second language that best express these intentions. In other words, he must interpret the work as literature to fulfill his goal as language translator.

The subsequent chapters, using my translation of the short story "Motivsuche," will attempt to show that translation is indeed interpretation.

CHAPTER II

INFLUENCES ON SIEGFRIED LENZ AS A YOUNG MAN AND THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS EARLY CHARACTERS

In his autobiographical essay, "Ich zum Beispiel," Siegfried Lenz describes his passage from impressionable, unthinking youth standing along the parade route cheering the representatives of the murderous Hitler regime, to young soldier drafted while still in school, presented with a diploma and dreaming of high adventure, to the still young soldier of 18 years who hears of the attempt to assassinate Hitler, and who, from that moment on, begins to doubt, because others - officers and other high officials - not only doubted Hitler, but had reason to kill him. The turning point came when the young Lenz, posted to Denmark during the final months of the war, witnessed the execution of a fellow soldier, shot merely because of verbal protest. Lenz describes waking up to the truth: that the evil war machine needed a victim to feed upon, a victim with which to discipline the others. That recognition motivated him to action: he deserted and hid in the woods until the war was over.¹ Like his short story characters, Siegfried Lenz acted

decisively and as an individual assuming responsibility for his actions.

Murdoch and Read, in describing Lenz' early characters and the world they live in, could also be describing the moral dilemma Siegfried Lenz found himself facing at the age of 19 years.

Existence for Lenz is a matter of decisions, of borderline situations, of moves from passive to active being, in a world that is presented as physically hostile and its people morally labile.²

At any rate, the world Siegfried Lenz had experienced as a young man - the Nazi Regime, World War II, and the total economic collapse - was at best an ambiguous one, where the individual was not only unsure of his status, but frequently doomed to failure because of external forces beyond his control. An attempt to comprehend this predicament necessarily leads to observing and participating in reality as one finds it, for a writer of realism must understand the world he lives in.

In his essay "Gnadengesuch für die Geschichte," Lenz seems to be describing his own precarious position as a young author ready to embark upon his career. How could it be possible to take on the task of presenting reality - explaining his world, his experiences, to a readership that would, because of the changing experiences of new generations, not be able to identify per-

sonally with his experience for long? A formula for bridging this experiential gap in fiction writing can be sensed in the answer he gives to the question, "What are stories?"

... Versuche, die Wirklichkeit da zu verstehen, wo sie nichts preisgeben möchte. In jedem Fall sind mir Geschichten immer wie Tellereisen vorgekommen, die man zur Vergeltung auslegt: weil die Wirklichkeit sich selbst unaufhörlich bestreitet, sucht man sie in kleiner Falle zu fangen und zur Offenbarung ihrer Identität zu zwingen.³

and

Sie (die Geschichte) ist weiter nichts als die Spiegelung der Sekunde, in der das sorgfältig gelegte Tellereisen zuschnappt: das Ablösen and der Transport der Beute werden dem Leser überlassen.⁴

Since it is so difficult for the individual to understand his world, then the only method by which a writer can present it to the reader is in bits and pieces - snapshots of minutae.

This theory of fiction, heavily influenced by Ernest Hemingway, was criticized as too imitative. Indeed, the title story of his collection Jäger des Spotts was referred to as "Der junge Mann und das Meer," even though Lenz dates his story 1950, fully two years prior to the publication of The Old Man and the Sea.⁵

Interestingly enough, in 1966 Lenz felt compelled

to answer his critics with his essay "Mein Vorbild Hemingway. Modell oder Provokation." In a very frank admission of this major influence upon his work, he offers as insight into the development of his characters and the situations into which he puts them. He reports that, at the age of 19, Hemingway's "Erfahrungen boten mir in jener Zeit die Möglichkeit eines Selbstverständnisses."⁶ The experiences to which the young Lenz could readily relate were those of individual trial during conflict. The world offers no such thing as safety or peace. Danger is always imminent and can put the individual to the test at any time. Hemingway's heroes pass or fail their tests in an instant. Courage or cowardice is decided immediately. These characters must, above all, gain endurance, without which they are doomed to fail their trial by fire.⁷ Lenz also reports that other truths, other experiences were revealed by his study of Hemingway's world:

Das Inventar ist kein meditierendes, sondern ein handelndes Inventar Es erschien mir nur konsequent, daß die bestimmenden Erscheinungen der Verlierer und der Gewinner sind.⁸

And under this influence he admits beginning his literary career, allowing his appointed mentor the exercise of control:

Jede eigene Erfahrung mußte ich durch eine Zollstation schmuggeln, an der Hemingway die Kontrollen vornahm: er konfiszierte gleich-

mütig oder ließ achselzuckend passieren; so entschieden hatte ich ihn als Vorbild anerkannt.⁹

But after a time he noticed that his own part in the process of writing was missing, and that was his interest in those events that led up to and those that followed as a result of Hemingway's moment of the test.¹⁰

Lenz does not reject the validity of the test, but merely looks at the human situation in a wider perspective. In doing so, his prose style, primarily through characterization, takes on many meditative aspects, which will be discussed later.

Thus Siegfried Lenz gives the reader his biographical, historical and philosophical foundation for short story characterization. In the succeeding discussion, characters from each of his major collections will be presented to show the development of this character type.

Published in 1958, the volume Jäger des Spotts has already been referred to as having provoked a great deal of criticism as a slavish interpretation of the Hemingway character model. Atoq, scorned as the worst hunter in northern Gumber-Land, but whose father was renowned as the very best, sets out on a hunt to reclaim the good name of his family and his self-pride. His efforts are successful: he bags a particularly large and wily musk ox, but polar bears rob him of his booty, and Atoq must

return to his village defeated, with only the horns of his great quarry to face the silent villagers.

The same volume presents a number of other characters, who, like Hemingway's heroes, face their test and fail, going down fighting: Fred Holton, the long distance runner of "Der Läufer," runs in his last race against overwhelming odds, namely advancing age, only to foul another runner during the last lap, for which he is automatically disqualified. Baraby, the fisherman in "Das Wrack," sells his fishing equipment to invest in diving gear in order to investigate a sunken ship for the salvage value of the cargo, discovers that the ship had transported horses. In "Die Festung," a farmer who works fields that had previously been the site of an army firing range, puts up a barbed wire barricade in a futile attempt to defend his farm from military personnel who wish to confiscate it for their use again.

In 1960 Siegfried Lenz published the short story collection, Das Feuerschiff. One of the stories, "Lieblingsspeise der Hyänen," depicts the foiled efforts of a former American fighter pilot attempting to visit the scenes of his wartime glory. In every stop on his itinerary, however, he is unable to make his planned contacts because his wife and daughter insist upon spending all available time shopping for shoes. Manfred Durzak calls the main character of this story "ein Hemingway

Held, der entmündigt wird."¹¹ Here Siegfried Lenz examines, in his widened perspective, events occurring long after the "moment of truth."

In the title story, "Das Feuerschiff," Captain Freytag offers assistance to three men whose boat develops engine trouble. Once aboard the lightship he commands, they reveal themselves as dangerous escaped robbers. The lightship crew, including Freytag's son on school vacation, insists upon taking action against the armed men. He refuses, until the thugs order him to weigh anchor and take them to their destination. At this point, realizing that leaving his position would place all ships in jeopardy, he takes action and is seriously wounded. Hans Wagener finds that in this story Siegfried has finally broken with his mentor Hemingway, because Freytag's "Tapferkeit zeigt sich erst dann, als sein Einsatz sinnvoll wird" ¹²

Nine years later, the publication of Der Spielverderber showed that Lenz could place a similar character in a situation that criticized the newly established Federal Republic. In "Nachzahlung," Josef Tubacki, a scrap metal collector living on a hand-to-mouth existence, pushes his cart past a factory where he was forced to work during the war and remembers that he is still owed 92 marks. He enters the factory, speaks with the manager, is welcomed with open arms and put up

as guest of honor in the firm's new guest house, and finally offered 250 marks, for which he is asked to sign a statement releasing the firm from all further financial responsibilities. Josef Tubacki refuses to accept his windfall, maintaining that he wants to receive the exact sum he is owed - 92 marks. In order to discourage further claimants, for this factory like many others used forced labor from jails, work camps and concentration camps during the Hitler regime, the management presents him with a bill for eight marks, since their records show that during this period of employment he was delinquent in the necessary taxes and payroll contributions.

Josef Tubacki stands his moral ground and loses his fight for personal justice because he won't allow the capitalists who accommodated themselves with the Hitler regime and the war effort to use him to absolve themselves of wrongdoing:

Josef Tubacki erweist sich als ein Spielverderber, der der wohl funktionierenden Wirtschaft der Bundesrepublik der fünfziger Jahre mit seiner alten Forderung Sand ins Getriebe zu streuen versucht.¹³

Klaus Günther Just calls this story "ein Versuch, mit grotesken Stilmitteln die Frage nach der politischen und moralischen Verschuldung Deutschlands radikal zeitkritisch abzuhandeln."¹⁴

In the same volume, the main character of "Der Verzicht," Wilhelm Heilmann, awaits his fate as the last Jew in the far corner of Masuren, is picked up by his acquaintance - the ailing village policeman Heinrich Bieleck - and cooperates stoically in his transport to the place of his execution.

The 1975 short story collection Einstein Überquert die Elbe bei Hamburg contains two stories that show the retention of the same basic character type, but placed in a situation where Lenz gives the reader a still wider perspective. In the one, "Das Examen," he presents events that lead up to the "moment of truth," and in the other, "Wie bei Gogol," he demonstrates the events that follow the individual test as a result. Both stories criticize aspects of modern West German society.

In "Das Examen," Senta has given up her studies to comply with a request from her husband that he be the only one in their marriage with a degree. The action takes place on a single day, the day of Jan's exams. He leaves their apartment to go to the university and Senta spends the entire day making arrangements for the planned celebration that will follow Jan's successful examination. They are to have a small party in their apartment that evening, then a celebration with friends in a restaurant, and finally spend the night in a hotel in the city. Senta races from one errand to the next,

always thinking of Jan's possible progress at the moment.

Finally, just arriving home before Jan after her hectic day, Senta collapses onto the couch, physically exhausted and ill. Her husband, returning from his triumph at the university, remarks only that Senta is spoiling his celebration with his friends. He then leaves Senta, who is trembling with fever, to join his friends.

Senta is thus isolated in her young marriage; having given up her studies, her future, to become a devoted wife in his masculine-oriented world, she is cut off from anything that is not under his domination. Johannes Schwarz sees this type of isolation a characteristic of the Hemingway predicament: "Isolierung (ist) eine Variation des Hemingwayschen Einzelgängers."¹⁵

The short story "Wie bei Gogol" examines the events resulting from a car accident. A foreign worker, rushing across the street, is hit by a car driven by a teacher on his way to school. The teacher insists upon driving him to the hospital, but the injured pedestrian jumps out of the car and disappears into a housing complex. In attempting to find the man he hit and assure himself that the injured is properly cared for, the teacher encounters only silence from other foreigners who provide a cover for their comrade, even paying the teacher for the damage to his car, so that there can be

no record of the accident - with the name of the undocumented foreigner - not even at the insurance office.

Because of his attempt to "stand his moral ground," the teacher stumbles into the shady underworld of illegal aliens in the Federal Republic, unable even to accept the medical care they need for fear of being discovered and deported.

While many characters of later Lenz stories retain the aspects of individuality, personal bravery, honor and commitment to goals, their actions at the same time provide a vehicle for modern social criticism.

Rainer Gottschalk in "Motivsuche" is such a character. As mentioned above, he is individualistic and persistent, single-mindedly searching for the perfect film setting. He displays the Hemingway character trait of endurance in other ways as well: he has long learned to accept the disadvantage of his stature. "You can't run around like a beacon and not pay for it."¹⁶ And, like Captain Freytag in "Das Feuerschiff," Rainer rejects heroism for its own sake. Freytag had rejected shallow heroics when confronted by his son for lack of action against the thugs who attempted to hijack the lightship:

Ich werde dir etwas sagen, Junge: ich war nie ein Held, und ich möchte auch kein Märtyrer werden; denn beide sind mir immer verdächtig gewesen: sie starben zu einfach, sie waren auch im Tod ihrer Sache noch sicher - zu sicher, glaube ich, und das ist keine

Lösung. Ich habe Männer gekannt, die starben, um damit zu entscheiden: sie haben nichts entschieden, sie ließen alles zurück. Ihr Tod hat ihnen selbst geholfen, aber keinem anderen. ... und manchmal glaube ich, daß hinter diesem Wunsch, sich um jeden Preis den Gewehrmündungen anzubieten, der schlimmste Egoismus steckt.¹⁷

In "Motivsuche," when Rainer and the narrator discuss the heroism of the judge, the narrator points out that the judge made two sacrifices, and Rainer answers: "There is an addiction to self-sacrifice, especially in those who believe that everything is justified by death, even the most terrible mistakes."¹⁸ The narrator protests that the judge acted out of a sense of justice and brotherhood. Rainer answers, "Yes, but with the result that a few more graves had to be dug."¹⁹

Rainer is making the same point here that Freytag does:

Die Handlung besteht imgrunde darin, den Jungen des Kapitäns von dem Hemingway-Ideal der tapferen Existenz abzubringen und zu der Anerkennung der gediegenen Art seines Vaters hinzuführen, was am Ende gelingt.²⁰

Rainer, however, while rejecting senseless action, retains a Hemingway ideal in his stoicism:

I believe what my friends the Stoics say; they have already showed where the opposition stands, they place their bets on one thing only, and that is experience. And my

experience tells me, old boy, that nothing is
worthwhile in this world ruled by paranoia.
All that we can do is bear it with grace.²¹

CHAPTER III

TRANSLATING THE TITLE "MOTIVSUCHE"

The title of Siegfried Lenz' short story "Motiv-suche" presents a translation problem that can be solved by an examination of the plot leading to a discovery of the author's intent. A reader of the original story is confronted by a title with multiple meanings. A common meaning of "Motiv" is motive, motivation for (a particular) action; therefore, "Search for (a) Motive" would be an appropriate title, implying that an action had taken place, the motivation for which the following short story will examine. However, a second meaning of the German "Motiv" is an underlying idea or theme running through a work of literature or music. In this vein, "Search for a Theme" could be used as the title of the English translation. A third meaning is motif or theme in painting or photography; ergo the possibility of an English translation "Search for Motif." And so, after a cursory glance at the title "Motivsuche," the reader may have a false impression or mixed notions regarding the story to follow. The possibilities for translation put forth above can only single out particular aspects of part of this compound noun.

The plot, however, immediately indicates that the main character, Rainer Gottschalk, is a "Motivsucher," a "motif finder" as it were, whose task it is to find exact filming locations and make preliminary arrangements for a film company. Considering this information alone would suggest a title such as "Search for a Setting," but the development of the plot suggests all of the possible translations mentioned above.

The story is told in the first person by Rainer's companion, whose name is never mentioned. The two men are in a Mediterranean country to determine the exact locale for their company's latest film endeavor, A Reason to Live. The film is to concern itself with a failed assassination attempt, including a judicial pronouncement that served as its prelude.

A judge, the main character of the film, had been living voluntarily in the obscure village of his birth, purposely cut off from all social contact, at the time he pronounced the fateful sentence. The reason for this self-imposed exile was his responsibility for one of the greatest miscarriages of justice in decades. Because he had taken an oath never again to pronounce judgment, the plotters of the assassination must not only convince the judge that he should legally condemn the dictator/head of state for numerous human rights abuses, thereby legitimizing their efforts to overthrow the government,

but also present their case so forcefully that he will break his personal vow. This they manage to do by enlisting the help of his son, a military officer. The assassination attempt fails, the judge diverts attention to himself in a fruitless effort to allow the plotters time to escape, and the judge, his son, and all the conspirators are caught and executed.

As Rainer explains to the innkeeper in the hotel their company has reserved for them, they are making a movie with documentary background. The "motif seekers" are aware of the exact locations of the assassination attempt and the hiding place of the conspirators, but reject them for their film, because, as Rainer expresses it, "It's simply not lonely enough for me, not dramatic enough. The landscape isn't as cooperative as I'd like."¹ The next day they find a suitable location on the beach for the judge to meet with the conspirators and to issue his legal pronouncement. In the background is a cliff that has a shape suggestive of three fingers raised to swear an oath (in a German courtroom.) Rainer had rejected this part of the script, which had placed the meeting in a businessman's warehouse. They visit the village where the judge had lived his withdrawn existence. Here the judge's sister requests that they not disturb his memory by photographing the house. Later Rainer comments on this obstacle simply, "Don't worry

about it. We'll simply build a house like it and deliver our version."² They find a bridge that can serve as the location of the assassination attempt and two shallow grottos as the hiding place for the plotters. Indeed, at this location the highway "appeared suitable for a long dramatic close-up, since it scaled the height of the mountain in the distance...."³

At this point the two men decide to drive to the village where a boy named Vasco lives with his grandfather and brothers. Rainer's ex-wife Julia had "adopted" Vasco by sending 25 marks per month to a charitable organization administering funds to orphans. Although she has never seen Vasco, "Julia is very fond of the boy."⁴ Rainer wants to take this opportunity to please her by sending a postcard with all their signatures. The narrator explains that Rainer and his ex-wife Julia are on very good terms with each other, and that the reason for their separation was incomprehensible, "It cost too much to hide their feelings from each other."⁵

On the way to Vasco's village, they are set upon by a band of three youths who steal Rainer's camera and other possessions from the car while the men attempt to help a boy feigning injury. In spite of this negative experience, they continue on to the village but find only the grandfather at home. Rainer notices an expensive pair of binoculars poorly hidden under one of the

beds. This discovery gnaws at him, because it is evident that Vasco's people could never afford such luxury, not even, as Rainer points out, if they use all the money Julia has sent so far.

They return to the hotel, relate their misfortune to the innkeeper who promises to notify his contacts in the police department, and plan to return to Vasco's village the following day. When the innkeeper hears of their plans the next morning, he insists upon accompanying them as a guide and interpreter. He proves to be very adept at his self-appointed job of interpreter, for while they drive the same route as on the previous day, he explains not only the most trivial things they see in what is now like an unfamiliar countryside to them, but also the mentality of the people who live here, the people who stole from his guests. The innkeeper shows them the unmarked graves of the judge and his son and they arrive at the house of Vasco's grandfather, with whom the innkeeper has a long conversation, unintelligible, of course, to the foreign visitors. They are told how to find Vasco and his brothers working in a distant field. The innkeeper talks to the boys for a long time, while Rainer and the narrator can only guess what is being said. Upon hearing that Rainer is the husband of his sponsor, Vasco embraces him enthusiastically. The men and the boys share their lunches, Rainer takes

several photographs of Vasco, and the boy pulls a shell from his pocket to give to Julia. After a heartfelt farewell from the boys, the men drive back to the hotel. On the way the innkeeper shows them the exact locations of the assassination attempt and the hiding place of the plotters, which they examine again, mainly to please the innkeeper.

At the hotel, Rainer discloses the fact that the boys' food basket was identical to the hotel basket, and the innkeeper tells Rainer that his contacts at the police station are absolutely certain that Rainer would soon again have his camera and equipment. The story ends at the hotel that evening as Rainer reads a Special Delivery letter from Julia, who pleads with him to visit Vasco while he is in the vicinity.

And so the narrator relates the efforts of an advance scout for a film company. They seek and find a photographic motif, that is, a setting for a film, and during their search become victims of a theft and visit a young orphan.

On several occasions, however, Rainer contemplates the judge's motivation for breaking his vow and condemning the distatorship by pronouncing sentence upon it in his legal capacity. Rainer asks the narrator for his opinion of the judge. The narrator doesn't know "how many times he had asked me that question," and "Never

before had Rainer devoted himself to a character like this judge...."⁶ After the innkeeper states his opinion that the judge's "statue and not the other one should stand at the bridge," Rainer asks for an explanation.⁷ The answer: "He reminded us of what we owe ourselves."⁸ After having been refused permission to photograph the judge's house and scraggy garden by the judge's sister, who regards her brother's life as a misfortune, Rainer remarks that "There are several views, even of the judge."⁹ On the return trip to Vasco's village, Rainer asks the innkeeper if it were not "to make amends for the greatest mistake in his life that prompted the judge to break his vow."¹⁰ And the innkeeper responds that the judge acted because "he took people seriously and could not reconcile himself to what had happened."¹¹ And so Rainer searches for the judge's motivation to break the solemn vow he had made. Thus, a second possible translation for the title, namely "Search for Motivation," is also appropriate.

A third title translation, already mentioned as the dictionary definition of "Motiv" as "an idea or theme running through a work of literature." appears to fit this short story as well.

Both major plot strands involve searches, the one for a film location and the other for the orphan Vasco. And both searches involve the outsider's misunderstanding

of human motivation. Finding an appropriate film setting requires Rainer to research the judge's motive in breaking his vow. In soliciting opinions of the judge and his actions from the narrator and from the innkeeper, Rainer learns that the judge is admired because he took people seriously and refused to accept the current "political realities." Rainer, however, rejects these views because the judge's actions eventually proved to be in vain, resulting in his own death. Rainer proposes his different viewpoint by explaining, "And my experience tells me ... that nothing is worthwhile in this world ruled by paranoia."¹²

In rejecting the judge's actions, however, Rainer has nothing to offer in its place: "All that we can do is bear it with grace."¹³ In contrast, the innkeeper would erect a statue to the judge and the narrator explains to the judge's sister that the film is to be a tribute to his action. But when confronted with the refusal to use the judge's house and garden as a background for filming, Rainer simply states, "Don't worry ... We'll simply build a house like it and deliver our version."¹⁴

For Rainer, delivering his version involves finding a location that is dramatic enough to enhance the reality of the film, not necessarily the true events. So the judicial declaration must be made on the beach,

between propped up boats, with cliffs in the background reminding the viewers of a courtroom oath, a background that would "lend enough support to their deed."¹⁵

Rainer has chosen to take the real events and place them in imaginary settings, which, in his view, will make them seem real, therefore believable. He is not making a movie with an authentic background, as he tells the innkeeper, but is attempting to make a documentary film and place it in a fictive setting to make the action seem real. In spite of the fact that Rainer is extremely successful in his occupation as "setting seeker," (He has an "unerring sense for believable setting... . The directors accepted everything and couldn't stop praising him"), he is unsuccessful in understanding the motivation behind self-sacrifice for an ideal, in this case political freedom and democracy.¹⁶

In his search for Vasco, Rainer is confronted with a very different human motivation. Vasco and his brothers set up a faked injury on the roadway that elicits an immediate desire in the outsiders to help the victim. In attempting to render aid they become the victims of theft. Despite this unpleasant experience, Rainer continues his search for his ex-wife's "adopted son," even after it becomes clear that Vasco is involved in this incident. Upon meeting Vasco, Rainer documents his visit by taking photographs of the boy in every pose, presum-

ably to give to Julia. When the innkeeper remarks that she knows so little of him, Rainer responds that "what she doesn't know, she imagines."¹⁷ She has paid her 25 marks every month, and for that she is entitled to manufacture her own reality about him, just as Rainer manufactures reality for the film-viewing masses. Consequently, neither Rainer nor Julia appear to be able to accept - that is to say, understand - basic human motives for survival through deceit, when Rainer, speaking for Julia, and presumably for himself as well, tells the narrator at the end of the story, "I think she'll be surprised," when the narrator, asked to choose one of the orphans in the glossy prospectus of the charitable organization, chooses Vasco.¹⁸

This failure of Rainer, the failure to understand human motivation in two areas: self-sacrifice for a higher, abstract goal and the desire to survive by any means necessary, is the motif of both major plot strands and could also determine the translation of the title "Motivsuche" as "Search for a Theme," that is, the narrator's search for theme or understanding.

As explained above, Siegfried Lenz offers the reader of the original a title with three interpretations, all of which are valid in their application to the plot. If both parts of the compound are translated into English, then the title is limited to expressing only one

of these possibilities. "The Search" was chosen as title of the translation because it most closely represents the intent of Lenz' original title by presenting the reader with an open-ended interpretation. As the reader progresses through the English translation, the title "The Search" evokes the question, "Search for what?" and takes on the same three different meanings that the German title presents.

Theodore Savory has analyzed the translator's work by developing three questions: "1. What does the author (of the original) say? 2. What does he mean? 3. How does he say it?"¹⁹ The third question of Savory's demands an analysis of reader response to the original title, and, of course, an equivalent title in the English translation. Thus a free translation of the title was necessary in order to maintain equivalence to the original.

CHAPTER IV

TRANSLATING DESCRIPTION OF THE MAIN CHARACTER

While the problem of title translation can be solved by an examination of plot and character motivation, a more thorough interpretation of character and theme is necessary before certain passages describing the actions and presenting the speech of the main character can be translated.

The main character, Rainer Gottschalk, is reminiscent in many ways of several earlier Lenz characters. His success as motif finder for a film company has been established. He has confidence in his ability to find the perfect setting for his films, constantly reminding his companion, the narratee, that they must only search on to discover the setting that "enhances" the meaning of the film plot. His pride in his work is also evident as the two men pass a billboard advertising their Hamsun film. Rainer reminds his companion that "even the Norwegians agreed with our choice of setting."¹

Rainer's professional success, however, is offset by two developments in the story: his failed marriage, which is retold by the narratee, and his failure to maintain control over events occurring outside the ac-

tual search for the film setting.

First it is divulged that Rainer and his ex-wife Julia, a respected art critic, had separated simply because "it cost too much energy to hide their feelings from each other."² No other reason is given; their separation was accomplished in harmony. Rainer, in fact, even has the nightly habit of writing a postcard to Julia before he goes to bed. "He smiled and moved his lips while writing, just as though he were speaking with Julia and reacting to the way she received the message."³ Thus the reader is at a loss to understand why these two people, obviously united in a close emotional bond, must hide their feelings from each other and indeed, expend energy to do so. That the pressing demands of their careers force them to live apart is an indictment of the values of the young professionals of the 1980's in Europe as well as in the United States, who are willing to sacrifice anything to scale the career ladder.

As the story unfolds, the self-reliant European professionals are unable to influence certain events. A band of three youths in this poor Mediterranean country steals their possessions from their car while their attention is diverted by an "accident." The decoy, a thin, frail-looking boy, escapes by biting the narrator's hand. Although Rainer later discovers an ex-

pensive pair of binoculars in the bedroom of Vasco, Julia's "son" by mail "adoption," the men appear powerless to get back their stolen possessions.

It is only through the efforts of their self-appointed guide, the innkeeper, that they are assured of the quick return of Rainer's expensive camera, the one containing photos of film settings he had already discovered. This inability to control events in the "Vasco strand" of the plot is highlighted by the effectiveness of the innkeeper. It is only through him that they are even able to meet Vasco. The innkeeper's importance as guide in this meeting between the two men from a leading industrial country and a poor Third World family stands out as his narrative description changes from "the" innkeeper to "our" innkeeper.⁴

Rainer is reminiscent of earlier Lenz heroes; indeed, he appears to be the product of a development of a specific character type. Exemplifying the "Ideale der Tapferkeit, der Selbsterprobung, der Selbstüberwindung," this type is very often, especially in the earlier short stories, a character whose profession or avocation typifies the ideal masculine person: a hunter, fisherman, sea captain, soldier or athlete.⁵ These characters are Einzelgänger Männer in einer männlichen Welt."⁶ They often find themselves in a hostile world, pitted in a struggle against immeasurable odds, or doomed to

failure, to defeat. But "within this world Lenz looks to man to resist ... to retain integrity."⁷ This outsider, going his own way, risking social censure or embarrassment in pursuit of an individual success, appears to be the antithesis of the citizen model held up to the German people during the Nazi Regime, a model calculated to repress individuality in deference to the state and to forego satisfaction of personal goals in favor of patriotic acceptance of common ends dictated by authority. Lenz' individualistic "fighters" appear and act in stark contrast to the role models he knew as an impressionable youth.

A single reference to his father in an autobiographical essay underscores his break with this part of his past, " ... die Beamten, zu denen auch mein Vater gehörte, waren gedankenlos in ihren Rollen ergraut."⁸ Kurt Rothmann compares Siegfried Lenz and this generation of German writers to the Americans of the "Lost Generation." After having been taken from the schoolroom and sent into battle, they felt brutalized and abandoned by their fathers.⁹ Marcel Reich-Ranicki explains that this generation of writers views the world at large with suspicion and scorn, for they were just old enough to experience fully and consciously the total defeat of their society.¹⁰

As a counterbalance, therefore, to this decadent

world in shambles, the individual must think, act and stand his own moral ground, because the failures of his father's generation cannot offer assistance of any kind. Thus the literature about Siegfried Lenz discusses his characters in terms of self-reliance, integrity, conviction and involvement. And Rainer Gottschalk in "Motivsuche" is just as single-minded and involved in his search for the perfect film setting, a setting that is to enhance the actions of a highly principled character.

CHAPTER V

SPECIFIC PROBLEMS ENCOUNTERED IN TRANSLATING SPEECH

Because Rainer Gottschalk retains some of the early Lenz character traits, that is, those also found in Hemingway's work, while showing developmental changes, it is important that the translation reflect this transition of characterization. Among those critics who have observed a strong relationship between these two writers, Colin Russ has noted not only " a general resemblance between Lenz' work and Hemingway's," but also a common use of specific figures of speech, such as anaphora.¹ Therefore, that structure was maintained in the following passages, in which Rainer describes his vision of the setting where the judge will be met by the conspirators and convinced to pronounce sentence upon the dictatorship.

...es wird am Strand geschehen, an einem Abend, zwischen aufgebockten Booten. Dort-hin wird ihn sein Sohn bringen, dort wird er von den Freunden seines Sohnes erwartet werden, nur das Geräusch der kippenden Wellen wird zu hören sein.²

The translation:

It will happen on the beach, on an evening,

between boats propped up on blocks. There his son will take him. There he will be expected by the friends of his son; only the noise of the crashing waves will be heard.

The only significant change made in this passage was the change from one German sentence to two in English, as this difference in sentence length is a common feature in the comparison of these two languages. But it is important to note that in both original and translation, the stress upon place is maintained, just as it is foremost in Rainer's calculations. A similar reiteration is found on the following page:

Hier sollte der Richter erfahren, daß die neue Regierung, die mit einem generalstabsmäßig vorbereitetem Coup an die Macht gekommen war, alle verbannt hatte, denen sie mißtraute, gewählte Politiker ebenso wie Künstler und die meisten Richter des höchsten Gerichts. Und hier sollten ihn sein Sohn und dessen Freunde bekannt machen mit einzelnen Aktionen unrechtmäßiger Gewalt und ihn auffordern, ein Urteil im Rahmen der Gesetze zu fällen, die zeitlebens für ihn gegolten hatten.³

The translation:

Here the judge will learn that the new government, after having come to power by a military coup, had exiled all whom it mistrusted: elected officials as well as artists and most of the judges of the highest court. And here his son and his son's

friends will acquaint him with actual occurrences of illegal force and challenge him to pronounce judgment within the framework of the laws that had been valid for him his entire life.

In the above passage it must be noted that the translation had to maintain both German sentences in their original length in order to preserve the effect of Lenz' repetitive use of place. If the first sentence with its six clauses had been broken into two English sentences, the sentence intervening between the repetition of the word "here" would have weakened the effect of its anaphoric use. In other words, Rainer's insistence upon his choice of setting, a choice that would "enhance" the plot, is all the more forceful when this device is maintained.

Another Hemingway-influenced characteristic in the early works of Siegfried Lenz is his preference in presenting action without commentary and dialogue without elaboration. He merely reports, and in doing so forces the reader to come to his own conclusions: "Lenz berichtet nur das nackte Geschehen und gibt einen sparsamen, lakonischen Dialog wieder, er selbst enthält sich jeden Kommentars."⁴

Driving back to the hotel from Vasco's village after the two men had been robbed of the camera equipment and Rainer had discovered the expensive binoculars

in Vasco's bedroom, Rainer makes a short statement, followed by an equally brief observation of the narrator: "'Wir kommen wieder,' sagte Rainer, und es klang wie eine Drohung."⁵ The translation: "'We'll come back,' said Rainer. And it sounded like a threat." Translating such terse language from one Germanic language into another is certainly not difficult; one must, however, be certain that the brief translations are accurate in their effect and color. Had Rainer said in the English translation, for example, "We'll come again" (a correct equivalent of "Wir kommen wieder,") it could not have implied a threat like "We'll come back."

One final comment regarding Rainer's speech and the possibilities of its translation: as has already been pointed out, Rainer's stoicism is reminiscent of Hemingway's characterization. Evidence indicated that Lenz intended to remind the reader that the ideals of the main character of this story evolved through Hemingway and his "Lost Generation," that is, that they reflect the belief that the individual will undoubtedly be overwhelmed by a hostile world.

After renouncing the judge's senseless action because of its fatal consequences, and for the most part distancing himself from the theme of the test, Rainer says, " ... daß sich in dieser von Paranoia regierten Welt nichts lohnt; alles, was uns bleibt: sie mit An-

stand auszuhalten."⁶

All the vocabulary in this quotation presents clear choices for translation, all except one word: "Anstand," which presents several choices: pleasing manners, decency, propriety, respectability, tact and grace. The translation: "... nothing is worthwhile in this world ruled by paranoia. All that we can do is bear it with grace." If the reader wishes to insert other possible translations, he will note that "decency," "respectability" and "propriety" could be workable choices; for example, "All that we can do is bear it with decency" will make sense in this context. But because of Rainer's affinity to early Lenz characters influenced by Hemingway, the best translation is, "All that we can do is bear it with grace," for the word "grace" reminds the English-speaking reader immediately of Hemingway's famous definition of "guts" as "grace under pressure."⁷

CHAPTER VI

TRANSLATING CHARACTER ACTIONS

Rainer's personal philosophy, as discussed above, is a view of a "paranoia-ruled world" that men can best endure by "bearing it with grace." He neither believes that men can effect changes by themselves, and thus triumph over events, nor must fail as a result of having been put to the test. And indeed, his statement, uttered at the beginning of the story, proves itself as the events concerning Vasco unfold.

He and the narrator are unable to find Vasco, cannot communicate with two local inhabitants (the judge's sister and Vasco's elderly grandfather) and are set up by a youthful band of thieves. But the two men do not "fail the test" in terms of the earlier works of Siegfried Lenz. Through the intercession of the innkeeper, their problems are solved. At the end of the story their goals have been accomplished, but not because they have been in control of events.

Extraneous forces have been at work. The two foreigners, representatives of a West German film company, lack the ability to control events when they come into contact with the indigenous population. Siegfried Lenz

uses syntax to reinforce this helplessness of the outsiders, specifically by extensive use of parataxis in situations where the outsiders have contact with the native population. The use of hypotaxis would express a situation of normal cause-effect, that is, the two men would be able to cause events.

By avoiding hypotactic structures and using long paratactic structures that equate events and avoid causal relationships, the ineffectualness of the West Germans in these situations is emphasized. Care has been taken in the translation to maintain parataxis, or its appearance where long German sentences have had to be divided into two or more English sentences.

For example, when the men approach the judge's house, where his sister still lives, they are overtaken on the footpath by a young boy:

Als wir den schmalen Trampelpfad hinaufstiegen, folgte uns ein Junge, er war barfuß, seine braune Haut wirkte wie getönt, seine dunklen Augen verrieten Spottlust und eine lauernde Aufmerksamkeit.¹

The English translation maintains the single sentence, although purely stylistic reasons would dictate separating it at some point. But here thematic material takes precedence over style: the description of the boy in three clauses closely following one another as equal syntactic elements suggests a character upon which

there can be no influence, and of course this boy, in his "Spottlust" and "lauernde Aufmerksamkeit," fore-shadows the encounter with the band of three youths that catches the men off guard and steals their camera equipment. It should also be noted how race is equated with mental characteristics:

As we climbed the narrow footpath, a boy followed us; he was barefoot, his brown skin had the appearance of having been tinted, and his dark eyes betrayed flippancy and a cunning attentiveness.

Another example shows the importance of preserving the integrity of the long German sentence containing paratactic as well as repetitive elements. The men have found the home of Vasco and his people and enter by a misunderstanding:

Jetzt, als wir auf sie hinabschauten - der Raum mußte wohl einen Meter tief in der Erde liegen, denn vier oder fünf Stufen führten in ihn hinab -, jetzt wiederholte der Greis die Worte, die wir für 'Herein' gehalten hatten, und der Bursche legte ihm gleich zwei Brotstückchen in die offene Hand.²

It must be emphasized that the repetition of the time element in the sentence draws attention to the misunderstanding. To have broken this long sentence into two or more English sentences would not only have destroyed the flow of the first half into the repeated word "now," but also the rhythm. This rhythm, produced by

the repetition of "now" following two clauses connected by "denn" - an element showing cause-effect - intends to jar the reader into noticing the malfunction of communication:

Now, as we looked down at them - the room must have been a meter below ground because four or five steps led down into it - now the old man repeated the words we had thought meant "Come in" and the boy put two pieces of bread into his open hand.

Elsewhere in the narrative, Lenz uses repetition solely to provoke the reader to thought. In the following example, the all too frequent use of the word "adoption" at first irritates, for it appears as though Lenz, whose narrative style usually flows so smoothly that it has been called "verführerisch," merely forgot to revise his rough draft.³

At the first mention of Vasco's name, the narrator asks who he is:

Wer ist Vasco? fragte ich. Ein Junge, sagte Rainer, ein Knirps von zehn oder elf, Julias Adoptivsohn. Damals wußte ich nicht, daß Julia einen Adoptivsohn hatte; sie hatte Vasco auch nicht richtig adoptiert mit allen Rechten und Pflichten, sondern lediglich eine sogenannte Fern-Adoption übernommen, die eine internationale Wohlfahrtsorganisation vermittelt hatte.⁴

The repetition of the word "adoption" strengthens

its irony. Julia merely sends twenty-five marks per month; for this paltry sum she can play mother, for she receives regular monthly letters from Vasco addressing her as "My Dear Mama Julia!"⁵

Thus the translation must evoke the same response in the reader:

"Who is Vasco?" I asked.

"A boy," said Rainer, a little fellow ten or eleven, Julia's adopted son." I didn't know at that time that Julia had an adopted son. She hadn't really adopted him, with all the rights and responsibilities, but had only taken on an adoption by mail that an international charitable organization had arranged.

The three preceeding quotations in their contexts point up an important thematic element in "Motivsuche." The interaction between characters symbolizes the end of the influence of the "First World," the white European societies of the Northern Hemisphere. In spite of feeble attempts to prove its economic superiority, the "First World" is bested by the upcoming , youthful "Third World" of the Southern Hemisphere. The quoted passages emphasize the ineffectual actions of the representatives of the "First World" and the ascendancy of the "Third World" population.

Certain style elements, namely parataxis and repe-

tition, serve to heighten the effect of these actions,
thereby strengthening the author's intent.

CHAPTER VII

TRANSLATING LANDSCAPE DESCRIPTIONS: THE RELATIONSHIP OF LANDSCAPE DESCRIPTION AND CHARACTERIZATION

As a writer of realistic short stories, Siegfried Lenz has been praised for his use of sharp detail in background description and for the employment of figurative usage in linking landscape and human motivation.¹

The images of sun and light in "Motivsuche" have implications for the frustrated actions of the main characters; therefore, care must be taken in the translation to preserve these figures of speech.

The motif of timelessness in this foreign locale runs throughout the story and is presented by references to the long history of the land and the extreme effects of the constant, broiling sun. On the third page, Rainer and the narrator exit the airport terminal and step out onto "die ehrfurchtgebietende klassische Erde," translated as "the awe-inspiring classical ground."² The men drive directly to their hotel, and as evening approaches, sit on the balcony observing the coastal highway below, which is to figure prominently in their film:

In unendlicher Wiederholung, gleichförmig und wie geübt tauchten die Scheinwerfer hinter fernen Hügeln auf, schwenkten aufs Meer hinaus, fanden wieder zum Land zurück und ließen gebleichtes Geröll aufleuchten, ehe sie, näher kommend, abgeblendet wurden.³

It is no accident that the two outsiders, during their first evening on this "awe-inspiring ground," observe light described in such terms as "unendliche Wiederholung," "gleichförmig," and "geübt," all of which contrast with their temporary situation here. This land (and its people) will long exist after the outsiders have left. They will later experience this "unending repetition" of certain aspects of life in this Mediterranean country.

In order to maintain the emphasis on the rhythmic repetitiveness of this scene and suggest the timelessness of life cycles, the English translation preserves the single sentence:

Headlights popped up behind distant hills in endless repetition; uniform and as if practiced, they swiveled out onto the sea and back again to the land, illuminating bleached rocks before they were dimmed.

The translation of the previous passage also attempts to maintain the integrity of Lenz' realistic style, which prefers sharp focus of detail to overt symbolism.⁴ The attention of the reader remains focused on the highway, as the above passage is prefaced

by a description of sound produced by the traffic on the highway: "Ein unaufhörliches Sirren drang von der Küstenstraße zu uns herauf...."⁵ But again, realistic detail, the "hum" of the cars, is accompanied by a symbolic modifier, "constant." The same passage also describes "bleached rocks," testifying to the duration and the intensity of the sun.

On the following day, pursuing their search for the film setting, the two men pass "einsame Gehöfte, die in der feindseligen Helligkeit zu zittern schienen."⁶ Here the English translation is quite literal: "... lonely farmhouses that had the appearance of trembling in the hostile brightness." Later, a house takes on peculiar descriptive detail in its relationship to the sun: "... dieses an den Berg geschmiegte und von der Sonne gezeißelte Steinhaus."⁷ Translation: "...this house snuggled against the mountain and beaten by the sun." At several points in the story the reader is thus reminded of the endless, oppressive sunlight.

Timelessness is reinforced in the description of the hillside where Vasco and his brothers are working: Terrassenförmig war das Feld angelegt, die rötliche Erde stach vom altersgrauen Geröll ab."⁸ The verb "contrast" rather than "stand out against" was chosen for the English translation to emphasize the age difference between the man-made and the natural landscape:

"The field was laid out like a terrace; the red earth contrasted with the age-old gray stones of the unworked slope."

It is ironic that the brothers are discovered at precisely this location, for it was on such a hillside that Vasco's parents were killed in an avalanche, presumably engaged in the same activity - wrenching the "age-old" stones out of the earth - and casting them aside to enlarge their field.

Hence the light not only bathes the landscape in antiquity, but also lashes man-made structures in its fury. In this symbolic manner it has the effect of cloaking the countryside in mystery, to help it defend its secrets against intruders.

Light, however, also suggests a shield for Rainer. In two places the imagery of a protective aura is created about this man, who, although an outsider, will come to no harm.

As the two men sit on their hotel balcony, light shining from the room creates an impression of saintliness about Rainer, suggested by the term "Entrücktheit." In early Christian mythology, it was commonly believed that God personally protected his saints against bodily harm:

Rainer betrommelte das Drehbuch sanft mit den Fingern und saß da wie in Unentschiedenheit; das Licht, das aus seinem Zimmer herausfiel,

erhellte nur eine Seite seines Gesichts und verlieh ihm einen Ausdruck von Entrücktheit.⁹

Various dictionary translations of "Entrücktheit" are to be found, among them: "to withdraw into oneself," and "to be lost to the world." However, the translation "ecstasy" denotes being withdrawn and implies spiritual affinity:

Rainer drummed softly on the script with his fingers and sat there as though in indecision. The light coming from his room illuminated only one side of his face and gave him an appearance of ecstasy.

On another occasion, Rainer seems to possess a veritable talisman in the form of natural light shining on the Mediterranean. As he swims out into the "Glitzern," ("shimmer"), the narrator warns him of sharks. Totally unimpressed by the warning, Rainer continues swimming out into the sea: "Mit kräftigen Stößen schwamm er in die offene Bucht hinaus, zuletzt nur noch ein schwarzer Punkt in der leicht dünenden Weite."¹⁰ The visual image of a man swimming out into the distance and the waves turning into the appearance of sand dunes glistening in the sun could not be rendered in such a compact phrase as the original: "With powerful strokes he swam out into the open bay, finally becoming just a speck in the glistening of the dune-like waves in the distance." The sentence can be translated with the same

terse style, for example, " a speck in the distant vista of waves," but the symbol of light (shining on the dunes) would be lost.

The innkeeper is the second figure symbolically associated with nature. He serves quite literally as a connecting link between two worlds, and Lenz' use of symbolism ties him to the land, which appears as a safeguard for him. He serves as interpreter for the two outsiders and also functions as apologist for his people when they rob his customers:

Nicht allein, daß er unseren Blick lenkte; vertraut mit allen Eigenheiten dieses Landes und seiner Geschichte, weihte er uns in die hier geltenden Bedingungen der Existenz ein, machte uns klar, wie sehr Ausdauer, List und Trägheit dazu gehörten, aber auch ein flammendes Bedürfnis nach Gerechtigkeit.¹¹

The translation:

It was not only that he directed our attention, but also instructed us in the conditions of existence here. Familiar with the peculiarities of the land and its history, he made clear how much endurance, cunning and indolence were necessary, and also a fiery need for justice.

The choice of "cunning" instead of "craftiness" or "trickery" to translate "List" intends to remind the reader of the boy who passed the two men on the path, discussed in Chapter VI, and displayed a "cunning

attentiveness," and whose appearance foreshadowed the complication of the theft. The translation of "einweihen" as "instruct," rather than simply "inform," emphasizes the role of the innkeeper as apologist.

The careful reader will note how the location of his hotel shields the innkeeper from the negative natural elements: "... am Hang über der Straße, von Pinien beschattet, von Zypressen wächtergleich umstellt, das Hotel lag...."¹²

Again, the translation must reflect the same use of symbols as the original, in order to complete the imagery associated with the innkeeper: "... the hotel was on the slope above the highway, shaded by pines and surrounded by cypresses standing like sentinels.

Unlike other houses, the innkeeper's hotel is shaded; it is also guarded by sentinels. It is like a retreat from which he emerges to explain to the outsiders how natural forces have shaped his people, those in the north, who, like medieval robber barons, use the road as a source of income. And it is the innkeeper who convinces the reader that the white Europeans from the technologically advanced West stand no chance when pitted against the brown people of the South, whose cunning and endurance have been put to the test through the centuries in this inhospitable land.

CHAPTER VIII

CONCLUSION

The translator cannot pursue his goal, the transfer of a work of literature from one language into another, without interpreting that work as literature. As can be seen in examples drawn from decisions made regarding translation of title, character description, speech and landscape description, the literary intent of the author must be the controlling factor when the translator exercises choice in situations where multiple possibilities for translation present themselves.

And even in the most obvious situations, such as the description of a room, the translator is faced with decisions: How should the objects in the room be translated? Is a chair, for example, a "chair," a "stool," a "seat," or a "horse?" If the word "chair" is to be used, will it be a "dining chair," an "easy chair," a "bed chair," a "camp chair," an "armchair," or a "pull-up chair?" The exact visual image that the author intends to paint for the reader will also be determined by the translator's decision to choose a literal or a free translation for the objects that make up that visual image. For example, the description of the room in the house of

Vasco's grandfather intends to convey an image of life in poverty, but an image that also reflects the pride and self-respect of individuals as they shape their environment as best they can:

Alles, was der Raum enthielt, schien selbstge-
zimmert, die beiden armseligen Schlafge-
stelle, der rohe Tisch, die Hocker; die un-
gleichen Haken in der Wand, an denen alte,
offenbar geschonte Kleidungsstücke hingen,
schienen aus dem Abfallhaufen einer Schmiede
zu stammen.¹

The beds, the table, the stools, the hooks and the clothing, together with their descriptive modifiers, must be translated literally in order to present the same image to the English-speaking reader:

Everything in the room appeared to have
been made by hand, the two rough beds, the
coarse table, the stools. Old, but ob-
viously well-taken care of clothing hung
on uneven hooks on the wall, hooks which
appeared to have come from the scrap pile
of a blacksmith.

Interpretation, that is, determining the author's intent, required the reconsideration of several translated passages. Although a great deal of the secondary literature about Siegfried Lenz was studied before the process of translation began, further research after the fact produced an even greater understanding of the present

work, his latest, and thus led to a reevaluation of the translation. The task, therefore, of translating a recent work of literature appears to be without end: the more involvement in either translation or interpretation leads to a better understanding of both areas of study. In other words, a more finely-wrought translation results from a deeper understanding of the work as literature, and vice-versa.

The process was almost complete when Lenz' symbolic use of light associated with the main character of the story, Rainer, became apparent, thereby requiring a change in the translation of the sentence: "Mit kräftigen Stößen schwamm er in die offene Bucht hinaus, zuletzt nur noch ein schwarzer Punkt in der leicht dünenden Weite."²

The first translation, which read "With powerful strokes he swam out into the open bay, finally becoming just a small speck in the distant vista of sand dunes," is stylistically better than the second draft, "With powerful strokes he swam out into the open bay, finally becoming just a small speck in the glistening of the dune-like waves in the distance." Because a second prepositional phrase had to be added, some compression of detail, Lenz' trademark of style, was lost.

And it is just this aspect of translation, the difficulty in expressing content in the same style as

the original, that led Friedrich Nietzsche to write,
"Was sich am schlechtesten aus einer Sprache in die
andere übersetzen läßt, ist das Tempo ihres Stils"³

NOTES

Chapter I

¹ Siegfried Lenz, Beziehungen (Munich: Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag, 1972) 9-31.

² Michael Bengel, "Peace-prize Winner Pulls No Punches at the Ceremony," German Tribune 23 Oct. 1988: 10.

³ Bengel 10.

⁴ Siegfried Lenz, "Motivsuche," Das serbische Mädchen (Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe, 1987) 122. This and all subsequent English quotations from "Motivsuche" are my own translations.

⁵ Artur Schopenhauer, Parerga und Paralipomena, 2nd ed. Vol. 6 (Leipzig: Brockhaus, 1891) 602.

⁶ Isaac Bashevis Singer, "On Translating My Books," The World of Translation (New York: P.E.N. American Center, 1971) 111.

⁷ Kornei Chukovsky, The Art of Translation, trans. Lauren G. Leighton. (Knoxville: University of Tennessee Press, 1984) 15.

⁸ Friedrich Nietzsche, Jenseits von Gut und Böse, vol. 2 of Werke in Drei Bänden (Munich: Hanser Verlag, 1962) 593.

⁹ Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, "Noten und Anhandlungen zu besseren Verständnis des west-östlichen Divans," Probleme des Übersetzens, ed. Hans Joachim Störig (Darmstadt: Wissenschaftliche Buchgesellschaft, 1969) 36.

¹⁰ Chukovsky 6.

Chapter II

¹ Lenz, "Motivsuche" 124-5.

² Lenz, "Motivsuche," 130.

³ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 128.

⁴ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 144.

⁵ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 123.

⁶ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 119.

⁷ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 122.

⁸ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 122.

⁹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 130.

¹⁰ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 140.

¹¹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 140.

¹² Lenz, "Motivsuche," 122.

¹³ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 122.

¹⁴ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 130.

¹⁵ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 127.

¹⁶ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 114.

¹⁷ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 144.

¹⁸ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 146.

¹⁹ Theodore Savory, The Art of Translation (Boston: The Writer, Inc., 1968) 26.

Chapter III

¹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 116.

² Lenz, "Motivsuche," 123.

³ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 123.

⁴ Lenz: "Motivsuche," 138.

⁵ Kurt Batt, "Geschichten kontra Geschichte," Sinn und Form 26 (1974) : 848.

⁶ Wilhelm Johannes Schwarz, Der Erzähler Siegfried Lenz (Munich: Francke, 1974) 9.

⁷ Brian Murdoch and Malcolm Read, Siegfried Lenz (London: Wolff, 1978) 128.

⁸ Lenz, Beziehungen, 9.

⁹ Kurt Rothmann, "Siegfried Lenz," Deutschsprachige Schriftsteller seit 1945 in Einzeldarstellungen (Stuttgart: Reclam, 1985) 250.

¹⁰ Marcel Reich-Ranicki, "Siegfried Lenz, der gelassene Mitwisser," Der Schriftsteller Siegfried Lenz. Urteile und Standpunkte, ed. Colin Russ (Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe, 1973) 215.

Chapter IV

¹ Lenz, Beziehungen 26.

² Murdoch and Read 143.

³ Lenz, Beziehungen 94.

⁴ Lenz, Beziehungen 95.

⁵ Batt 849.

⁶ Lenz, Beziehungen 38.

⁷ Lenz, Beziehungen 38.

⁸ Lenz, Beziehungen 39.

⁹ Lenz, Beziehungen 40.

¹⁰ Lenz, Beziehungen 40.

¹¹ Manfred Durzak, "Männer mit Frauen. Zu den Kurzgeschichten von Siegfried Lenz." Siegfried Lenz. Werk und Wirkung (Bonn: Bouvier, 1985) 36.

¹² Hans Wagener, Siegfried Lenz, 3rd ed. (Munich: Beck, 1979) 100.

¹³ Wagener 105.

¹⁴ Klaus Günther Just, "Siegfried Lenz als Erzähler," Wirkendes Wort 16 (1966) : 117.

¹⁵ Schwarz 18.

¹⁶ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 115.

¹⁷ Siegfried Lenz, Das Feuerschiff (Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe, 1960) 55.

¹⁸ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 121.

¹⁹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 121.

²⁰ Herbert Lehnert, "Die Form des Experiments als Gleichnis," Frankfurter Heft für Kultur und Politik 18 (1963) : 480.

²¹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 121-2.

Chapter V

¹ Colin Russ, "The Short Stories of Siegfried Lenz," German Life and Letters 19 (1965-66) : 245.

² Lenz, "Motivsuche," 119.

³ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 120.

⁴ Schwarz 28.

⁵ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 136.

⁶ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 122.

⁷ Dorothy Parker, "Ernest Hemingway," New Yorker 30 Nov. 1929 : 31.

Chapter VI

¹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 129.

² Lenz, "Motivsuche," 134.

³ Jost Nolte, "Herausforderung mit verstellter Stimme," Der Schriftsteller Siegfried Lenz. Urteile und Standpunkte, ed. Colin Russ (Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe, 1973) 22.

⁴ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 125.

⁵ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 126.

Chapter VII

¹ Russ 247-8.

² Lenz, "Motivsuche," 115.

³ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 117-8.

⁴ Johann Lachinger, "Siegfried Lenz - 1970," Der Schriftsteller Siegfried Lenz. Urteile und Standpunkte, ed. Colin Russ (Hamburg: Hoffmann und Campe, 1973) 249.

⁵ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 117.

⁶ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 127.

⁷ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 139.

⁸ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 142.

⁹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 120.

¹⁰ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 130.

¹¹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 139.

¹² Lenz, "Motivsuche," 116.

Chapter VIII

¹ Lenz, "Motivsuche," 135.

² Lenz, "Motivsuche," 130.

³ Friedrich Nietzsche, *Jenseits von Gut und Böse*, vol. 2 of Werke in Drei Bänden (Munich: Hanser, 1962) 593.

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APPENDIX

"THE SEARCH," A TRANSLATION OF SIEGFRIED LENZ' "MOTIVSUCHE"

The succeeding page number of the original is placed
in / / within the English text.

Before the airplane came in for a landing, it flew over a part of the wide, magnificent coast highway; and I noticed that Rainer had already begun to work. He turned away and looked down; his patient, watery gaze passed in scrutiny over the cliffs, against which the Mediterranean threw short waves, as though hesitating. He searched the shimmering asphalt ribbon for bridges and paused, evaluating the box-like, red and light pink houses, surrounded by plain gardens. It was not evident that the tall, massive man was concentrating in his search, and comparing, attempting to make two images coincide. With his protruding brow pressed against the window, he searched below like a curious tourist trying to locate his hotel before the landing. It was not until the airplane flew out over the sea and circled, gliding toward the runway in a valley, that he turned toward me again. He shook his head slightly and said, "Nothing, old boy, from up here you can see too much."

It was my fifth trip with Rainer, and we /114/ were traveling to search and contract for a setting for the film A Reason to Live. Even famous, egotistical directors know how much they are indebted to him, the great setting-seeker and discoverer, who doesn't give up until he has found the location that corresponds to his mental picture of it. He needs to read a script only once, and then in his mind's eye emerge these exact

images, panoramas of faces and places, inner landscapes that comment on and reinforce the plot. And as soon as these visualized images are established, he begins to search for them in reality, convinced that everything, even the enchanted, exists somewhere. And every time I was astonished how his perserverance and his observation and this art of transposition made him successful. The London of Dickens, the Prague of Kafka, yes, even a saw-mill, out of which Julien Sorel could have stepped; in the end he tracked down everything with his enerring sense for a believable setting; and as long as I had been traveling with him, the directors accepted everything and couldn't stop praising him.

After the landing it was as usual: the customs inspectors stood by themselves talking and smoking without paying attention to the passengers' luggage. But when we showed up they communicated among themselves with glances, and motioned Rainer toward them. With a resigned smile, he opened suitcases and duffel bag. He showed them both cameras immediately, fished the official verification out of his pocketbook showing that he used the cameras in his occupation, /115/ and after that he wasn't amazed how quickly the dwarfed officials were satisfied. It probably amused them secretly to look up to him, and, in a condescending manner, allow this colossus with sparse hair and poorly shaved chin to pack his things

together and step through the swinging gate, out onto the awe-inspiring classical ground. I knew that they were chuckling behind us, poking each other and pointing out Rainer's gait, this peculiar waddle, reminiscent of an overweight duck. Neither the amused glances nor the sudden silence and grinning at his approach made any difference to him. He had become accustomed to attracting attention wherever he went. "That's the way it is, old boy," he once said to me, "you can't run around like a beacon and not pay for it."

We rented a car, a roomy Volvo, and drove past mountains of refuse and desolate factories in which hardly a person was to be seen. We drove through a cloud of smog, beneath which the city lay in a basin. It was the old, glorious city, where in times past it was even difficult for the gods to attract attention to themselves. Rainer drove leisurely; it didn't bother him that we were constantly being passed by wildly-honking cars. He had memorized a map of the city and chauffeured us confidently in the direction of the coastal highway. Before a traffic signal in the city center, he pointed to a huge movie poster that advertised our Hamsun film. Ulla Trenholt, the leading actress, /116/ led two mountain goats on a leash through a stream. She had pulled up her skirt as high as possible and smiled to a man with a gun who was waiting for her in front of a small birch woods. "Do you

remember?" said Rainer, "even the Norwegians agreed with our choice of setting."

On the coastal highway we rolled down the windows to let in the cooling sea breeze. We drove very slowly, close to the edge of the ostentatious concrete highway, where stopping was prohibited. It had happened here, on one of the small bridges that spanned this landscape of grottos and crags, the assassination attempt on the head of state. It was also to take place here in our film, A Reason to Live, and fail in almost the same way. The exact location was not marked, but Rainer had learned that not far from the bridge where it had happened, or was to happen, an immense statue of Poseidon stood above the rocks. We found and leisurely passed the statue, a curious sculpture, for the god of the sea appeared disheveled and had a crooked neck, and at stomach height held one hand open, as though he hoped for a tip. I was surprised that Rainer didn't stop and drive to the small, empty parking lot. He just shook his head and suddenly accelerated. He had discovered that the hotel the company had reserved for us was on the slope above the highway, shaded by pines and surrounded by cypresses standing like sentinels. /117/

An old man with poor teeth, our innkeeper himself, showed us our rooms. He spoke German, having learned it as a waiter on a Rhine steamer, and he wanted to know

something from Rainer about the current water level. He could never forget the weekend the Rhine overflowed its banks and they had to build a dike with sandbags to protect the cellars of the houses. Rainer told him that we were not from Cologne, but rather from Hamburg, and that our river, the Elbe, behaves itself relatively well. We ordered coffee and sat down on the full-length balcony. After a while, however, the old man brought us two caraffes of wine. The coffee, he said, would be brought by his son or daughter-in-law, as soon as they returned from the doctor. While he poured the wine, he named the best beach, recommended a trip by motorboat to the Magical Grottos and a visit to the nightclub "The Golden Salamander" so emphatically, as though with this advice he delivered the key to the heart of the city. "Thank you," said Rainer, "but we are on a business trip;" whereupon the old man asked if we were taking part in the International Conference of Traffic Experts. Rainer answered with a negative gesture, and with his face turned toward the coast highway, he said, "We're just making preparations for a film."

A constant hum rang from the coast highway up to us and lights flashed on in the twilight and ran together into a moving ribbon. /118/ Headlights popped up behind distant hills in endless repetition; always the same and as if practiced, they swiveled out onto the sea and

back again to the land, illuminating bleached rocks before they were dimmed. A young, pregnant woman dressed completely in black brought us coffee, and she explained with gestures that we were sitting at a preferred spot, from which everything we were anticipating would unfold.

Rainer turned off the table lamp and stared down at the lights gliding past and at the shimmering bay in the background. A ferry ploughed its way through the water, leaving a wake that sparkled back up to us. Not once had he opened the script that lay in front of him, but now in the darkness he riffled the pages across his thumb several times. Stopping suddenly, he asked, "What do you really think of the judge?" I don't know how many times he had asked me that question. In any case, the last time was in the airplane. And I told him now what I have always said, that I admired the judge.

The judge was the main character of our film, a man who was responsible for one of the greatest miscarriages of justice in the last decades, and who, once it had been proved, publicly vowed never again to pronounce a sentence in court, nor pass judgment in his family or circle of acquaintances. He withdrew to the village from which he had come. Rainer did not categorically agree with me. Like an old actor who relentlessly pursues certainty /119/ and won't become tired of reassuring himself, he asked me repeatedly, "And why does he break his vow? What

do you think, old boy, why does he do it, and then under circumstances that are anything but a proper courtroom?" And then I said what I had already said a few times, "Because the judge had recognized that one must justify one's life; for that reason he broke his vow."

Never before had Rainer devoted himself to a character like this judge, a person who renounced everything, gave up friendships, left letters unanswered and concealed himself for years in a secluded stone house. Only two people ever entered, his widowed sister who provided for him, and a young officer, his son. Although the people in the village knew what a shadow hung over his past, they, with their peculiar respect, called him the Judge. They were not disturbed by his presence and contributed their part to the maintenance of his secluded existence.

"I see his house," said Rainer, "we'll certainly find it. But he won't break his vow there, and not, like the script, in this businessman's warehouse. It will happen on the beach, on an evening between boats propped up on blocks. There his son will take him. There he will be expected by the friends of his son; only the noise of the crashing waves will be heard. We'll find this beach, too, old boy. /120/

Here the judge was to learn that the new government, after having come to power by a military coup, had exiled all whom it mistrusted, elected officials as well as

artists and most of the judges of the highest court. And here his son and his son's friends were to acquaint him with actual occurrences of illegal force and challenge him to pronounce judgment within the framework of the laws that had been valid for him his entire life. At first he refused; then he asked for time to consider and sat alone, a monument of doubt, on the rocks amid the rushing water. After a time he went back to them and in a low voice pronounced the judgment they had hoped for. And in the same night they made their preparations for the assassination."

Rainer drummed softly on the script with his fingers and sat there as though in indecision. The light coming from his room illuminated only one side of his face and gave him an appearance of ecstasy. "Come," he suddenly said, "Let's go eat." But before we went down, he opened the connecting door to my room, inspected the furniture, and laid the script on the night stand, "In case you'd like to take another look."

Only three tables were occupied on the terrace, which was covered with grapevines. In order to avoid the velvety, plaintive music coming from the loudspeaker, we sat at a table in the middle of the garden-like room, and Rainer ordered /121/ mullet, salad and wine from the old man, who now wore a white apron. Two police officials were already eating mullet - apparently they had followed

the advice of the innkeeper. All by himself, directly against the cool wall of the grape arbor, sat a man with a consumptive face, obviously a lover of solitude who was intent upon avoiding all glances. The couple in formal dress behaved without embarrassment, as though they had no audience. The bald man attempted to offer his young, plump, decidedly stupid, but beautiful companion choice pieces of lobster meat, which she pushed back to him, groaning with disdain.

"Perhaps it will surprise you," said Rainer, after he had raised his glass to me, "but I don't admire the judge; he's not my man."

"But he made a sacrifice," I said, "actually, twice: when he broke his vow, and, later, when he drew the attention of the pursuers to himself after the assassination attempt."

"There is also an addiction to self-sacrifice," said Rainer, "especially in those who believe that everything is justified by death, even the most terrible mistakes."

"You're forgetting the motives," I said; the judge acted out of justice, and - out of brotherhood."

"Yes," said Rainer, "but with the result that a few more graves had to be dug." He smiled and lifted his glass to me again and whispered, "I believe what my friends the Stoics say; they have already showed where the opposition stands."

"So the judge is of no consequence to you?" I asked, and he responded, still smiling, /122/ "They place their bets on one thing only, and that is experience. And my experience tells me, old boy, that nothing is worthwhile in this world ruled by paranoia. All that we can do is bear it with grace."

During the meal the innkeeper came to our table; he merely wanted to inquire how the meal was. And when Rainer exhuberantly praised the mullet, he nodded happily. And suddenly he asked, "Film? What film do you want to make here?"

"Oh, just a movie," said Rainer, "but with an authentic background. We're just a sort of scout, you know."

"Is the film going to be about what happened down there, at the bridge?" asked the man.

"Yes," said Rainer, "that among other things."

"I knew him," said the old man, "he ate here sometimes. You won't find anyone like him again. His statue should stand at the bridge, not the other one."

"Why - why do you think so?"

"He reminded us of what we owe ourselves." The police officials called for the check, and without hurrying, he went to their table.

We didn't speak about the judge anymore. We drank another bottle of light, cold wine and then went upstairs

to our rooms, wishing each other good night. The door between our rooms remained slightly ajar. I could hear how Rainer undressed, rummaged through his bag, and then went whistling into the bathroom. I gave up trying to read the script. In spite of the heaviness of the wine and the exhaustion of the trip, I couldn't fall asleep, /123/ because I knew that Rainer, as always, would write a card to his ex-wife Julia before he went to sleep. I could never understand why they got divorced. There were no quarrels, no accusations. They had merely determined, as Rainer said, that it cost too much energy to hide their feelings from each other. For that reason, they separated in harmony - she, the journalist, and he, who stated his profession as graphic artist and costume designer. Julia was not only a respected art critic; she was also an enthusiastic cook who made the most delicious apple strudel I have ever tasted.

I saw that he smiled and moved his lips while writing, just as though he were speaking with Julia and reacting to the way she received the message. As he sat on the edge of the bed, turning a little to use the night stand to write on, I heard a crash and the brittle clatter of glass. Then came a groaning that sounded like the last sound before surrender, and finally a grinding noise, as though a heavy body were being dragged through the room. I groped over to Rainer, who was looking at the

postcard, smiling. "Do you hear that?" I asked.

"Sure," he said, "Something's happening. Oh," he said, "Somebody's just getting killed a little." The suppressed scream and the short, hammering blows did not even cause him to raise his head. He kept on writing, and when we heard water running from clanging pipes /124/ into a bathtub, he just said, "There, they're finished; they're washing the traces away."

"I wonder if they're the lobster eaters," I said.

"Of course, old boy," he said, "That's the kind of thing I feel through the wall."

Rainer didn't answer my knock in the morning; he was gone. The rented Volvo had also disappeared from the hotel parking lot. He had carefully laid his blue and yellow-patterned pyjamas over the entire length of the bed, presumably to show me and the maid in what a forced, cramped position he had had to sleep. Since I didn't know where to look for him, I went down to the enclosed terrace. To my surprise, the lobster eaters were already at breakfast, both in a good mood. Several bouquets - gladiolas, gerberas - were on their table. The bald man greeted me with the hint of a bow, and then continued daubing jam on small pieces of a brown cake and putting them onto the plate of his companion.

I was still eating breakfast when Rainer came up from the parking lot. Wagging a folded map, he was nei-

ther irritable nor tired, but rather cheerful and adventuresome. He had already been to the Poseidon statue at the bridge, there, where the assassination attempt had really taken place. He had inspected the grottos where the assassins had hidden until the dogs tracked them down. "Impressive," he said, "thoroughly impressive, but it's simply not lonely enough for me, /125/ not dramatic enough. The landscape isn't as cooperative as I'd like. Besides that, it's probably difficult to get permission to close off the highway." He unfolded the map, sat down at my side, and with his index finger followed the zigzag course of the coast highway to the north and said, "We have to look north, old boy, where the mountains meet the sea, where a glance at the highway foreshadows danger - boldness and danger."

"It gets lonelier and lonelier up there," said the innkeeper suddenly. He had come to our table to take Rainer's order. "The village to which he retired is also up there."

Rainer ordered cheese, melon and coffee. With his finger on the map, he spelled the names of the mountains and the few towns that were squeezed into narrow coves, and all of a sudden he said, "Here, that's his village; he lives here. Yes, I remember exactly; that's Vasco's home."

"Who is Vasco?" I asked.

"A boy," said Rainer, "a little fellow ten or eleven, Julia's adopted son." I didn't know at that time that Julia had an adopted son. She hadn't really adopted him, with all the rights and responsibilities, but had only taken on an adoption by mail that an international charitable organization had arranged. "Julia," said Rainer, "is not herself when she can't have someone whom she can raise. I know that from experience." And he cheerfully told how Julia sent Vasco 25 marks per month, and in return received /126/ letters punctually that began with the salutation, "My dear mama Julia." Rainer had the glossy prospectus with Vasco's photo in his hand. He thought the boy looked like the young Odysseus. And then he asked me if we couldn't visit the boy who lived with his grandfather and two older brothers on scraggy fields at the foot of a mountain. I agreed. "Maybe on the way back," said Rainer, "if it works out."

We had a box lunch packed with bread, cheese, cold chicken and wine and then we drove down onto the coast highway, above which light shimmered. A stream of cars moving toward the city came toward us: old rattle-traps, trucks with sloping, twisted beds, exhausted by excess loads. Large, dark cars, mostly government limousines, rolled along, almost noiselessly. On the land side stretched a row of villas, their gardens bordered by stone walls or wrought iron fences. Some gates were

locked by chain. On the ocean side, behind wilted trees, grew sparse bushes that became denser the farther we left the city behind us. And as the highway became narrower, it was flanked by small whitewashed houses and open workshops.

I had to think of the judge, of him, his son, and his son's friends. I tried to imagine how they came up here in the first light of morning, /127/ not together, but individually, on bicycles, the judge and his son on a motor scooter, five determined men, who, as the old man in the hotel said, reminded others of their duty. It wasn't clear to me that the real setting did not lend enough support to their deed. But Rainer said, "That's how it is, old boy, you can believe me that the meaning of their deed will be enhanced, the meaning that even you acknowledge, if the setting cooperates."

We stayed close to the sea, although it was not always in view. We could recognize dynamite holes in the moist cliffs, and, as we drove by them, cool air blew into the car. Sharp pebbles covered the highway. From the height we looked into populated coves, to which apparently no paths led. And as the cliffs became lower, we had an open view of lonely farmhouses that had the appearance of trembling in the hostile brightness.

Rainer braked in front of a bridge that connected rocks washed away at the bottom and drove onto the

shoulder of the road. We got out. He smacked his tongue and pulled me along to the middle of the bridge and nodded to the foaming waves below, which were receding in a slow rhythm, washing around the rocks and boiling away on a strip of sand. "Look at those piers, the struts," said Rainer. "Take a look at this daring structure - this could be our bridge." We climbed down onto the large, rounded rocks and crawled into the /128/ shadowy corners where the bridge touched the ground. And holding our breath we looked at each other as a truck thundered over us. We dusted each other off and then inspected the side toward the sea, where we found two shallow caves, just deep enough to serve the assassins as hiding places. Rainer photographed them and also took pictures of the bridge and the winding highway. We had a clear view of the highway, and at first glance it appeared suitable for a long, dramatic close-up, since it scaled the height of the mountain in the distance like a white-gray ribbon.

"Well, what do you say?"

Although we had marked the judge's village on the map, we couldn't find the way there immediately, simply because we couldn't believe that a steep exit was the road on the map. The motor knocked and sputtered, and we were jolted about. "It's really foresaken here," said Rainer. The closer we came to the village, the smoother the path became. We stopped in an open area, hard, dry

ground that was evidently the village square. It was surrounded by only a few dismal houses baking in the sun; the shutters on all windows were closed. On a small plateau stood a stone house surrounded by a sagging fence full of holes. It had probably been important to the builder that no one reach it unnoticed. Rainer photographed it while dogs barked and sniffed at us and children examined the Volvo, trying to find something they could detach. /129/

As we climbed the narrow footpath, a boy followed us; he was barefoot, his brown skin had the appearance of being tinted, and his dark eyes betrayed flippancy and a cunning attentiveness. Whenever we stopped to get our wind, he stopped as well and smiled. "Vasco," said Rainer, "That's about how I imagine him." When the boy was certain that our goal was the stone house, he overtook us suddenly, and ran ahead as fast as he could, jumped over the fence, and slipped into the dark entrance of the house.

Not the boy, but a grave woman with a severe, wrinkled face appeared at our knock. She delayed answering our greeting, sizing up first one of us, then the other, and waited impatiently. First he explained to her in English, where we were from and what our task was. Politely and solicitously he spoke into that unfriendly face, and then asked only for permission to photograph

the house and the garden - a few sickly vegetable beds. While he was still uttering his request, the woman shook her head. "Others have already been here," she said, and then added softly, "My brother is dead."

"But he did live here," I said, "and what we plan to do, we are doing in admiration of your brother."

"He needs no admiration," said the woman. "Death made his life a misfortune. All that is his due is a quiet remembrance."

"For us he is a model," I said. She answered in fluent English, "I beg you not to disturb his memory."

Rainer took me by the arm, /130/ murmured a farewell and an apology, and pulled me away.

On the beach below, we sat on a rotted boat and watched the holes small crabs made. In each one bubbles rose to the surface after every wave. Rainer said, "So you see, there are several views, even of the judge."

"I probably didn't understand everything," I said.

"Don't worry about it," said Rainer, "We'll simply build a house like it and deliver our version." He undressed, waded, and pushed his way through the water until he was over his head. As he swam into the shimmer, I called after him, "Be careful! There're sharks out there!"

"They won't do anything tome!" he called back. With powerful strokes he swam out into the open bay, finally

becoming just a small speck in the glistening of the dune-like waves in the distance. I picked up one of his cameras and took a few pictures of a rotted boat and of the small, colorful armada that had been pulled up onto the beach. I rolled up my trousers and paced off the beach and photographed the village and the jetty broken up by winter storms. I climbed to the tip of the jetty and took a picture of the washed out, brushed cliff. From there - from the jetty - I recognized that the cliff had the form of three raised fingers, plump fingers that appeared to be taking an oath. In order to surprise Rainer with the photographs, I decided not to tell him anything about my discovery. I fetched the lunch basket from the car and waited for him. But he had hardly raised his bulk out of the water /131/ when he grabbed the camera that I had used, climbed out onto the jetty and photographed the three-fingered cliff. "It appears to me, old boy, that this place is very suitable. The men could meet here with the judge."

He estimated that it couldn't be more than thirty kilometers to the place where Vasco lived with his grandfather and brothers. He didn't appear to be very enthusiastic about becoming acquainted with Julia's adoptive son. Nevertheless, we got started in that direction, probably for her sake. "We'll send her a postcard with all our signatures." After we had filled the tank, we

drove up to the highway and turned north. In wide S-curves we climbed a mountain that had the name "chair" on the map. Perhaps whoever gave the name was thinking of a great chair in the heavens or of the gods - I don't know. I only know that from the top we had an endless view across the Mediterranean, and I remember a refreshing wind blowing there. The slopes were ash-colored, as though burnt out. Hardy, spindly grasses covered them; as far as the eye could see, there was no house in sight. At the bottom we suddenly noticed a little girl against a wall of piled stones. She was barefoot and wore only a thin brown dress and raised a bunch of onions and carrots up to us from a distance, neither demandingly nor obtrusively, but rather with solemn deliberation. Here there was no house to be seen either. "Stop," I said, "Why don't you stop?"

"Why?" asked Rainer. /132/

"We can buy something from her," I said.

"To throw it away somewhere?" he asked. Driving by slowly, we smiled at the girl, and she smiled back without showing disappointment or sadness.

It didn't surprise me that we had a flat tire shortly before reaching our destination, and Rainer didn't seem surprised either. He pointed to the sharp-edged gravel and said, "It's amazing that it has gone well so long." We changed the tire, then sat in the shade and

drank the rest of the wine and smoked. As we discovered later, both of us thought of returning to the hotel, but after a few glances at the map, we continued the drive. We agreed that we wouldn't stay too long with Vasco and his people.

Dusk fell, and the road became narrow with blind curves. Rainer honked before every turn. We were driving through a sparse, shoulder-high forest of stunted trees, when we discovered the body lying on the road. It lay there as though following a bad fall - the face in the dust, the hands spread out and the feet pulled up slightly, apparently in an attempt to get up. Rainer braked so suddenly, that the seat belt tore me back painfully. We got out and ran to the injured person; he didn't move. We knelt and saw that it was a boy of slender build, dressed only in shirt and trousers. Cautiously, we took him by the shoulder and leg to turn him over. When he was on his back in front of us, and when Rainer bent far down to press his ear against the emaciated chest, I saw /133/ the boy blink. Then we heard the lock of the car door click. Then we saw two figures flee with powerful strides into the stunted trees. I grabbed his shirt and yanked him to his feet, but let go again when he bit me. Neither Rainer nor I pursued him.

Everything on the back seat had been cleaned out - the basket with the rest of the food, my cap, a travel

guide and Rainer's camera with the photographs. Evidently they had overlooked his second camera, which lay on the shelf below the rear window. "That's how it's done," said Rainer, and kicked a tire out of exasperation. "We fell into their trap easily, into their sympathy trap." Nevertheless they had left us the ignition key; and after we had sat indecisively in the car for a while, Rainer started the engine and drove with the headlights on. His manner of driving betrayed the rage, the quiet rage, that dominated him. It was useless to talk him into turning back; he had made up his mind. In short time a few hidden lights indicated that we were approaching a town.

There was no restaurant or village tavern. Announced by the barking of confined dogs, we drove past the houses standing in the approaching darkness. Some were hidden behind bush-like growths and revealed themselves only by a weak light. "Do you really want to look him up, after everything?" I asked, /134/ and Rainer answered, "Something will have to have been worthwhile at the end of a day, right?" We stopped and rolled the windows down. It smelled of open wood fire. A bat shot through the rays of our headlights in jerky flight. Rainer turned the engine off. "Do you hear?"

"What?"

They were listening. Suddenly, even the dogs were silent, and I had the feeling that everything in this

place was listening in our direction. Rainer got out alone and went up to a house and knocked. While he waited, he gave me several reassuring signals. It was a long time before the door was opened, and then only a crack, so that I could not recognize with whom he spoke. I saw, however, that he received satisfactory information by the gestures with which he repeated it - he pointed out the silhouette of a single tree. He expressed his thanks and motioned me over. "There," said Rainer, "Vasco lives there, behind that tree."

It was not an invitation to come in; the words we heard were not meant for us, but rather for the young boy who cut onions in the light of an oil lamp. He put the onion slices on pieces of bread and held these out to an old man who picked them up awkwardly and shoved them into his mouth. Now, as we looked down at them - the room must have been a meter below ground because four or five steps led down into it - now the old man repeated the words we had thought meant "Come in," and the boy put two pieces of bread into his open hand. They had noticed us coming in, /135/ but didn't turn around until Rainer wished them a good evening. The old man stared at us with his mouth open; the boy lowered his knife onto the cutting board and looked furtively toward us with his head lowered. Rainer introduced himself, "I am Rainer Gottschalk from Hamburg." He probably assumed that his name

would make an impression on them, but they neither moved nor spoke. Everything in the room appeared to have been made by hand, the two rough beds, the coarse table, the stools. Old, but obviously well-taken care of clothing hung on uneven hooks on the wall, hooks which appeared to have come from the scrap pile of a blacksmith. Slowly, as though against resistance, Rainer descended the steps and offered his hand, first to the old man, and then to the boy. He asked if they understood him, whereupon both of them exchanged a glance and shrugged their shoulders. Rainer repeated his question in English, and again they only looked at each other and answered him with a gesture of perplexity. They did not understand us. "Vasco," said Rainer in a louder voice, "We want to visit Vasco." Joy flickered in the expression on the old man's face. Exerting himself, he stood up, motioned to Rainer, and went in front of him to a door, behind which was a windowless chamber. He pointed to one of the two bunks that almost filled the room and said something that we didn't understand; we were only able to catch the name Vasco. With a gesture indicating a long distance, he let us know that Vasco wasn't there, /136/ He was far away, behind a mountain, unable to be reached. What else could Rainer do than send his regards?

As we left, the dogs started barking. I drove the car on the way back, as we had agreed. In the dark, I

couldn't find the place where we had fallen into the trap. Once, when I stopped, convinced that we had found it, we decided that we had passed it long ago. "We'll come back," said Rainer. And it sounded like a threat. He was determined to come back. He had discovered something in Vasco's room, something that occupied him completely, letting him mull it over again and again. It wasn't hidden well enough under some clothing. "Binoculars, old boy, and very good binoculars at that. They're definitely worth as much as all their possessions together." Again and again he asked himself where the thing came from, and what it was used for. He ruled out the possibility of simply finding such binoculars somewhere, or that Vasco's people could have bought them. Not even Julia's regular payments of almost a year would have been enough. It occupied him incessantly, and, considering their poverty, he finally had to admit to himself that the source of their livelihood puzzled him. "Maybe they make it," he said, "because they live only for the day, for the day and from the day." He paused and then added, "That certainly won't keep me from looking up the police tomorrow morning."

Never would I have thought that excitement /137/ could be conducive to sleep, but Rainer proved it. He fell silent long before we reached the coast highway, and didn't curse anymore when the car bumped and shook,

didn't even look at the shimmering light on the surface of the sea. He slept and didn't awaken and stretch until we drove into the hotel parking lot. We stopped next to a car in which a man sat motionlessly. We collected our things, talked loudly with each other - the man didn't move; he hunched stiffly behind the wheel like a doll. I was about to speak to the stranger, when Rainer pushed me aside and pulled me along into the hotel. Only then did he tell me that the man in the car was our neighbor in the hotel, our lobster eater.

We ordered three carafes of wine right away with the broiled liver. The old man fixed our dinner himself in an apparent attempt to console us in our misfortune. He was sad, embittered, and angry, in a quiet way. It seemed important to him to soothe us; he therefore pointed out that "those in the north" had done that for over a thousand years; from time immemorial they had been accustomed to viewing the road as a source of income - whatever travels is fair game. We were the only guests at this hour and after he had brought us our dinner, he asked for permission to sit with us. His anger abated while he sipped from his wineglass. He inquired about our impressions and wanted to know if we had found what we were seeking. /138/ And we saw that he listened with satisfaction as we described the locations and places we had discovered; he knew them well. He gave plenty of thought

to the title of the film, repeated it a few times, weighed and measured it, related it to his knowledge, and finally approved it. He promised to pay attention to the film schedule.

We were drinking the last carafe when we heard footsteps on the stairs. The bald man was climbing up, our lobster eater. With a face frozen to stone, he stalked toward us, nodded slightly, and went by without a word. He appeared not to have heard the "good night" of the innkeeper.

"Alone?" asked Rainer.

"Yes," said the innkeeper, "alone again." And he looked at the table top and shrugged his shoulders in helpless regret. "He used to be a composer, one of our greatest composers. Since his exile, he has been peculiar." Suddenly he took out his order pad and asked Rainer for the brand and identifying marks of the stolen camera. He noted everything in printed letters, even recording that Rainer's name was engraved on a small metal plate. Then he read his notes back to us again and offered to contact the police the next morning. He said that he had good friends there. His confidence was believable.

Rainer had not told him that we wanted to drive up there again, more for the purpose of becoming acquainted with Vasco, the boy his wife had adopted by mail, rather

than looking for our things. How interested our innkeeper /139/ listened at breakfast as we told him about our plan. An unexpected eagerness seized him; he hurried into the kitchen and negotiated there, disappeared into the private room of his son and appeared to negotiate there as well, and then came back to our table without his long, white apron and asked whether he could accompany us, as a guide, as interpreter. He didn't know how he could spend his day off in a more useful manner. He wanted to visit the region again that he hadn't seen for many years. Since we didn't agree quickly enough, he assured us that he had already fulfilled and transferred his responsibilities for the day. Even the theft report was already being processed by a friend at the police station. Rainer wasn't very enthusiastic, but consented, because he understood the need for an interpreter. The innkeeper thanked us and took care of the provisions for the trip.

The innkeeper sat in front next to Rainer and brought even the most trivial things to our attention. And I make no mistake - in his company I occasionally thought we were driving through a completely unfamiliar countryside. In any case, some things appeared to me to be so strange and surprising that I had the feeling, never before to have seen this cliff, this ravine, this stone house snuggled against the mountain and beaten by the sun. It was not only that he directed our attention,

but also instructed us in the conditions of existence here. Familiar with the peculiarities of this land and its history, he made clear how much endurance, cunning and indolence were necessary, and also a fiery need for justice. /140/ Without him we would certainly not have found the small cemetery. It lay only a stone's throw from the highway. On our drive I had seen the whitewashed wall, but it didn't occur to me that it enclosed a cemetery. "Slow," said the old man suddenly, "and then sharp right behind the warning sign." Rainer did as our innkeeper asked and we drove over a bumpy dirt road toward the ironwork gate of the cemetery. It was locked. We climbed over the wall. The innkeeper went ahead of us single-mindedly to two graves without headstones, but which were covered with dried out flowers. "Here they lie," he said, "the judge and his son."

On one occasion, it was before the bridge we had selected as the film setting, Rainer asked if it were not to make amends for the greatest mistake in his life that prompted the judge to break his vow. And the old man said, "No," and explained as far as he knew, "The judge didn't ask himself, what could be done to solve personal problems; he acted because he took people seriously and could not reconcile himself to what had happened." And on one occasion, Rainer asked whether people were most willing to die for that which doesn't exist, the possible,

the perfect.

And the innkeeper shook his head and said, "Everyone has his dreams, and they are just as real as the world around him."

At the same solitary place as on the day before, /141/ the girl in the thin brown dress stood and held her onions and carrots up to us. The old man asked Rainer to stop. He got out of the car and bought not only the two bunches the girl had in her hands, but also the whole crate of vegetables that had been sheltered in the scanty shade of the stone wall. I didn't fail to notice that he spoke insistently to the girl while examining the quality of the vegetables. He did so, not in a casual or joking manner, but seriously and in a warning tone. The girl nodded obediently several times. To us he merely said, "They have good vegetables up here." And then he pointed to the little girl, who, with the money clutched in her fist, sprang lightly and skillfully like a goat up the rocky slope.

We parked the car under a tree in front of Vasco's house, which, now in the daylight, appeared as though it were dissolving slowly by itself, breaking up, falling apart silently. Our innkeeper just knocked lightly and pulled the door open and called out a greeting to the old man, who was doggedly kneading some dough. It sounded surprisingly intimate. Prolonging their handshake, they

looked each other over for a long time, obviously trying to confirm something that their memories shared. Then our innkeeper spoke. I heard him mention Vasco's name several times, pointing to Rainer, who smiled equivocally. The old man wiped his fingers, went to Rainer and looked questioningly up at him and suddenly bowed to him and muttered something. "What is he saying?" asked Rainer.

"He blessed you," said our innkeeper, and twitched his nose in such a way /142/ that only I could see, presumably trying to bring the rotting smell to my attention. We declined the tea the old man offered. We only wanted to become acquainted with Vasco and then drive back right away. We also declined tasting the warm pocket bread and started to go after we had heard that Vasco and his brothers were working in a field behind the mountain. I didn't understand what the two men said as they took leave of each other, but it sounded like a mutual affirmation.

The field was laid out like a terrace; the red earth contrasted with age-old gray stones of the unworked slope. From a distance we could recognize the three bent figures. Working with hoes as wide as shovels, they loosened the earth, picking up rocks again and again, throwing them aside. The brothers had also recognized us early. I saw how they got together, observed us, evidently conferring with each other, and then, in joint

resolve, worked their way higher up the slope, not as in flight, but rather accidentally, as though their work determined it. Rainer stopped the car and our innkeeper got out immediately, put his hands to his mouth and shouted something up to the brothers, a gruff demand, which he followed up with a curse muttered to himself. Upon that, the figures came together again and appeared to confer anew. But a repeated call of our innkeeper, a threatening command, ended their hesitation. One of them shouldered his hoe and came down to us without hurry. Suspiciously, /143/ his face inscrutable, he approached, a lad of sixteen, perhaps. He looked at the innkeeper; he appeared not to notice us. Our innkeeper shook his hand, stroked his dissheveled hair, and began to reassure him in a soothing voice, clapping him on the shoulder a few times. Suddenly the lad turned around and let out a whistle and swung his hoe. Now the others came.

Vasco stayed behind his older brother, shy and modest at the same time. He was thin-boned; his face glistened with sweat; in his glance was something unsteady, searching. At a word from our innkeeper, all three smiled and relaxed visibly, and the older boys tucked their hoes between their thighs and rolled cigarettes. Turning to Vasco, our innkeeper spoke a few sentences that sounded well-tempered and closed his eyes, giving the impression that he was reciting a memorized

speech. And timidly, incredulously, the boy raised his face and looked upon the massive stranger, upon Rainer. His lips moved. The slender body began to tremble. He dropped the hoe and took a quick breath, At this moment I thought he would run away, but he didn't; he only swallowed and flung himself at Rainer and embraced him. Unprepared for this expression, Rainer lifted his hands as though searching for help, while the boy snuggled against him and embraced him with both arms. "It's all right," said Rainer, "It's all right," and to the innkeeper, "Tell him that I was Julia's husband, /144/ that we don't live together anymore." Our innkeeper probably said it, but the boy's joy and his enthusiastic embrace did not subside.

We sat down at the edge of the field. Baskets of food were brought, their basket, our basket. While we ate, Rainer took a few pictures, devoting himself above all to Vasco, whom he photographed standing, lying, sitting, in profile and full face. We learned from our innkeeper that Vasco's parents had been killed in an avalanche. None of them wanted to drink wine, even Vasco's older brothers; but they ate as long as we enjoyed our meal, and thanked us when we were finished. Only once did Vasco direct a question to Rainer. The boy wanted to know when he would return to Julia. When Rainer told him that we would certainly see Julia within a week, the boy fumbled in his trouser pocket and pulled out the shell of

of a small turtle. "There, you must bring her this, from Vasco."

At our departure they waved their hoes, raising them high and skipping while they did. Only when our dust plume rose in front of the mountain could I see them no longer. "Do you think that your wife will be happy?" asked our innkeeper. "And how!" said Rainer, "She's very fond of the boy."

"And yet she knows so little of him," said our innkeeper.

"But she knows the most important things," said Rainer, "and what she doesn't know, she imagines." /145/

We interrupted our drive back at several places, got out of the car, were shown the cliff from which the signal to blow up the bridge was delayed by seconds. We climbed down into the grotto that served as a hiding place. We stood in front of the peculiar Poseidon statue again, mainly to please our innkeeper. Rainer did not exaggerate as he confessed in front of the hotel, "I think we'll have difficulty sorting out all our impressions."

In the hotel room I undressed right away and stepped under the shower. The plumbing bellowed; it snapped and crackled. The shower wouldn't work. I called to Rainer for help, but he advised me to be satisfied with the initial results. He stared at me absentmindedly and said, "The basket, old boy, the basket, where they had their

bread and onions. Did you take a look at it?"

"No," I said.

"Don't you see," he said, "Their basket was exactly like ours, a real hotel basket, and you can guess where they got it."

"You really think so?" I asked. Since there was an incessant knocking at the door, he couldn't answer me. I heard how he expressed his thanks, his expectations, and his thanks again. And then I distinctly heard the voice of our innkeeper, who assured Rainer that the camera would soon be in his possession again. After having inquired at the police station, he had every reason to make that assumption. "Fine," said Rainer, "We'll see if the police are right." After that I heard him drop his massive body into a chair and rip open a letter.

He was still sitting there when I went into his room /146/ to accompany him down to dinner. On the table in front of him was a letter from Julia, Airmail/Special Delivery. She had learned where his search for setting had taken him this time, and pleaded with him, by all means to take the time to look up Vasco, who lived nearby. To help recognize Vasco immediately, she had enclosed the glossy prospectus with photos of him and eleven other boys who could be adopted by mail. Rainer glanced from one to another, puzzling and questioning continuously. As I looked over his shoulder, Rainer gave me the

prospectus, poked me in the side and said, "Well, come on, old boy, decide - which one would you take?" I looked at all of them and said, "You won't believe it - Vasco."

"I'll tell Julia," said Rainer, "I think she'll be surprised."