52 Schriften aus der Fakultät Geistes- und Kulturwissenschaften
der Otto-Friedrich-Universität Bamberg

Susan Brähler und Kerstin-Anja Münderlein (Hg.)

“When men are unprepared and look not for it”

In Memoriam Christoph Houswitschka



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Herausgegeben von Susan Brähler und Kerstin-Anja Münderlein

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“Perhaps nothing is more common than to bewail the shortness of life, unless it is to mispend the little time we are permitted to enjoy.”
— John Thelwall

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Our heartfelt thanks go to our assistants Lara Brändle and Kristina Steiner for so expertly and diligently typesetting and proofreading this volume and to our dear colleague Dr Mareike Spychala for her meticulous format corrections.

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And finally, we would like to thank everyone who accompanied us throughout the editing process.

Picture credits

The following people kindly provided us with pictures for the memorial volume:

Christoph Heyl: picture on p. 5

Chiara Manghi: pictures on pp. 18, 82, 176, 268, 354, 410, 474, 564, 610

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Preface

Susan Brähler, University of Bamberg 0009-0006-0284-2297
Kerstin-Anja Münderlein, University of Bamberg 0000-0002-6239-627X

By the time we are writing this introduction, it has been exactly two years since Christoph Houswitschka passed away. He died aged only 60 and was torn from our midst much too early. We would so much have preferred to compile a festschrift for him to celebrate either his birthday or – in the long run – his retirement from a long and fascinating academic career. Sadly, we are writing the introduction to a memorial volume instead to commemorate our professor and friend.

Two years ago, we wrote an obituary for Christoph, in which we tried to process our initial shock and pain. Now, in 2024, this obituary is still visible on the website of the Chair of English Literature in Bamberg, but we moved it from the landing page to a new subpage dedicated to the memory of Christoph's professorship at the University of Bamberg. For us, this transition symbolises that, although time moves on, our memories of him and our sadness over his passing are still very much a part of the department.

Let us revisit how we put our grief into words in February 2022:

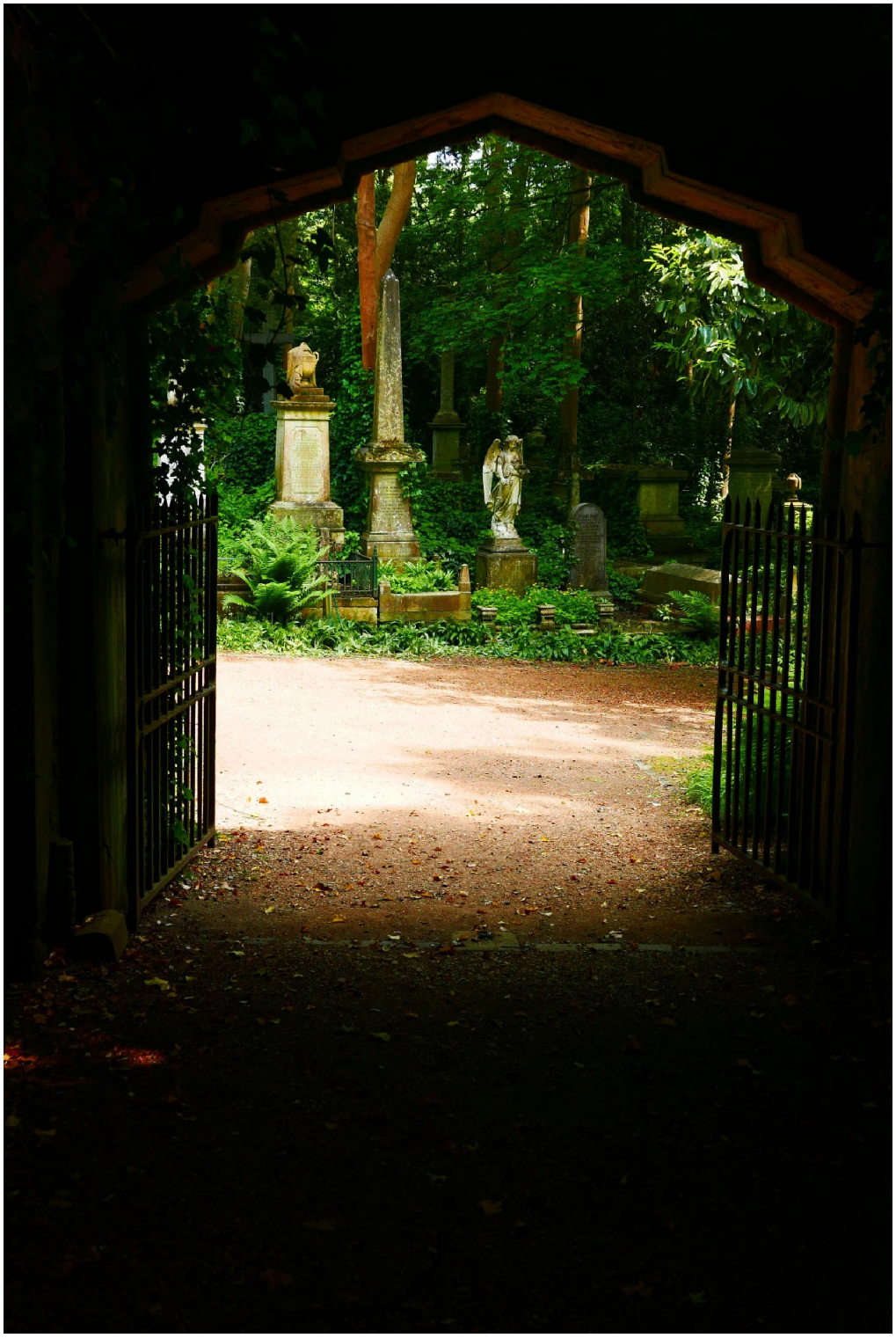
> "'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
> When men are unprepared and look not for it."
> (William Shakespeare, Richard III, Act III, Scene II)
>
> We are grieving the unexpected loss of Prof. Dr. Christoph Houswitschka, who passed away prematurely at the age of 60 on 10 February 2022. Ever since he accepted the Chair of English Literature in Bamberg, he has been our 'pater familias' as a kind superior, generous and supportive supervisor, inspiring mentor and loyal friend.
>
> In the confidence with which he approached the challenges of day-to-day business and his benevolence and self-sacrificing attitude towards the concerns of students and staff, he was always an indispensable pillar of support for us, and he'll remain an important role model. Without him, we feel orphaned. We will miss his warmth, his extraordinary wit, his somewhat eccentric puns, his encyclopaedic knowledge and our conversations (and fierce debates) about history, literature, philosophy, politics and baked goods.
>
> His current and former students remember him as a brilliant and resourceful teacher and as a patient supervisor who freely gave of his time and expertise and was always interested in his students as individuals. He encouraged them to believe in themselves, especially during the more challenging

> phases of their academic careers. Junior colleagues throughout the Institute remember the advice and support he offered at crucial moments. He was always passionate about bringing together people from all over the world and thrived on international classroom environments.
>
> He was an extraordinary human being, and we feel privileged to have worked with him and to have called him our friend. Our thoughts are with his wife, his sons, and entire family.
>
> Christoph, we promise to keep the ship sailing on.

As this volume and the digital book of condolences impressively attest to,[1] Christoph enriched the lives of many, many people and these people united in grieving the loss of a mentor, a supervisor, a colleague, and – above all – a friend. With his memorial volume, we wish to contribute to the memory of Christoph Houswitschka to show generations to come the impact he has made as an academic and a global citizen. Christoph's friendship and collegiality unite people from ten different countries in this volume alone and the individual sections of this book, roughly divided into some of the research areas Christoph participated in, pay tribute to his impressive range of (academic) interests. This book brings together academic, personal, and creative chapters to celebrate Christoph's life, personality, and scholarship.

Susan Brähler and Kerstin-Anja Münderlein

[1] The book of condolences can be found underneath our obituary on this page: https://www.uni-bamberg.de/englit/personen/ehemalige/christoph-houswitschka/in-memoriam/ (as of February 2024).



Part I:
Remembrance and Farewell

"Death, be not proud"
John Donne from *Holy Sonnets*, c.1609

(first published posthumously in 1633; modern spelling)

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those, whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy picture[s] be,
Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.
Thou'rt slave to Fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
And poppy, or charms can make us sleep as well,
And better than thy stroke, why swell'st thou then?
One short sleep past, we wake eternally,
And Death shall be no more, Death thou shalt die.

Programm der Trauerfeier am 26. März 2022

Musik: Blechbläserquartett, „I bianco e dolce cigno“ (Jakob Arcadelt, 16. Jhd.)

Begrüßung: Prof. Dr. Pascal Fischer, Institutsdirektor der Anglistik und Amerikanistik

Gedenkworte:

- Vizepräsidentin Prof. Dr. Christine Gerhardt
- Präsident a.D. Prof. Dr. Dr. Godehard Ruppert
- Dekan der philologischen Fakultät der Jagiellonien Universität Krakau Prof. Dr. Władysław Witalisz

Musik: Blechbläserquartett, „Zwischen den Reden“ (Albert Wieder, zeitgen.)

Bibelexegese: Jakobs Kampf am Jabbok (Genesis 32,23–33. 33,1–11): Prof. Dr. Susanne Talabardon, Judaistik, und Prof. Dr. Jürgen Bründl, Kath. Theologie

Musik: Prof. Dr. Christoph Heyl, „Flowers of the Forest“ (Anon., 17. Jhd.) & „The Sleeping Tune“ (Gordon Duncan, 20. Jhd.)

Literarische Texte vorgetragen von Igor Baldoino, Dr. Susan Brähler, Touhid Chowdhury, Dr. Kerstin-Anja Münderlein; Prof. Dr. Iris Hermann; Prof. Dr. Gabriele Knappe, Katharina Hörmann; Edith Hallberg; Prof. Dr. Christoph Heyl

Musik: Prof. Dr. Christoph Heyl, „Lord Gallaway’s Lamentation“ (Turlough O’Carolan, 18. Jhd.) & „Cath Eachroma“ (Anon., 18. Jhd.)

Gedenkworte: Prof. Dr. Pascal Fischer

Musik: Prof. Dr. Christoph Heyl, „The Hills of New Zealand“ (Joanie Madden, 20. Jhd.) & „The Last March“ (John Morris Rankin, 20. Jhd.)

Psalm 23 vorgetragen von Prof. Dr. Jürgen Bründl, Prof. Dr. Susanne Talabardon, Prof. Dr. Iris Hermann und Dr. Susan Brähler

Musik: Blechbläserquintett, „Sadness“ (Stefan Rothschopf, zeitgen.)

Programme of the Memorial Ceremony, 26 March 2022

Music: Brass quartet, "I bianco e dolce cigno" (Jakob Arcadelt, 16th century)

Welcome: Professor Dr Pascal Fischer, Head of the Department for English and American Studies

Words of Remembrance:

- Vice President Professor Dr Christine Gerhardt
- President Emeritus Professor Dr Dr Godehard Ruppert
- Dean of the Faculty of Philology of the Jagiellonian University Krakow Professor Dr Władysław Witalisz

Music: Brass quartet, "Zwischen den Reden" (Albert Wieder, contemporary)

Bible Exegesis: Jacob's Fight at the Jabbok (Genesis 32,23-33. 33,1-11): Professor Dr Susanne Talabardon, Jewish Studies, and Professor Dr Jürgen Bründl, Catholic Theology

Music: Professor Dr Christoph Heyl, "Flowers of the Forest" (Anon., 17th Century) & "The Sleeping Tune" (Gordon Duncan, 20th Century)

Literary Texts read by Igor Baldoino, Dr Susan Brähler, Touhid Chowdhury, Dr Kerstin-Anja Münderlein; Professor Dr Iris Hermann; Professor Dr Gabriele Knappe, Katharina Hörmann; Edith Hallberg; Professor Dr Christoph Heyl

Music: Professor Dr Christoph Heyl, "Lord Gallaway's Lamentation" (Turlough O'Carolan, 18th Century) & "Cath Eachroma" (Anon., 18th Century)

Words of Remembrance: Professor Dr Pascal Fischer

Music: Professor Dr Christoph Heyl, "The Hills of New Zealand" (Joanie Madden, 20th century) & "The Last March" (John Morris Rankin, 20th century)

Psalm 23 read by Professor Dr Jürgen Bründl, Prof Dr Susanne Talabardon, Professor Dr Iris Hermann and Dr Susan Brähler

Music: Brass quintet, "Sadness" (Stefan Rothschopf, contemporary)

Traueransprache

Christine Gerhardt, Otto-Friedrich-Universität Bamberg

Sehr geehrte Anwesende,
liebe Chiara, liebe Angehörige,
liebe Studierende, liebe Kollegen und Kolleginnen,
Weggefährt*innen aus allen Einrichtungen und über alle Fakultätsgrenzen hinweg,
sehr geehrte Trauergemeinschaft,

Christoph Houswitschka hat unsere Universität maßgeblich mitgetragen, und von ihm Abschied nehmen zu müssen, hier, heute mit Ihnen allen, und im Namen der gesamten Universität und der Universitätsleitung, schmerzt zutiefst. Es macht uns bewusst, wie intensiv Christoph Houswitschka hier gewirkt hat, wie sehr er fehlt und immer fehlen wird, und dass das, was er hinterlässt, Bestand hat. Er war ein großer, ein großartiger Kollege und Freund, und dass er 20 Jahre lang hier gearbeitet, geforscht, gestaltet hat, das war, ist und bleibt ein Schatz für diese Universität. Er hat viel zu dem beigetragen, was die Universität Bamberg heute ausmacht – wie wir Studierende, gerade auch internationale Studierende, willkommen heißen, wie wir als Kolleg*innen und Mitarbeiter*innen miteinander arbeiten und Ideen entwickeln, wie wir mit der Stadt, der Region, der Welt verbunden sind, von England bis Polen, von den USA bis China. Diese Universität ist eine andere, eine bessere, weil Christoph Houswitschka hier wirkte.

Christoph Houswitschka wurde 1961 geboren, studierte Anglistik und Germanistik in Regensburg und an der University of Illinois, und nach Stationen in Dresden, Iowa und Freiburg wurde er 2002 auf den Bamberger Lehrstuhl für Englische Literaturwissenschaft berufen. Seitdem, unmittelbar nach seinem Start und ohne Zögern, hat er sich auf so vielen Ebenen in das Leben dieser Universität eingebracht, dass es heute wenige gibt, die ihn nicht kennen. Mit der ihm eigenen Energie und mit Freude am Kooperieren, am gemeinsamen Gestalten hat er in den frühen 2000er Jahren die damalige Aufbaustimmung mitgeprägt und sie auch mit erzeugt. Es war eine Zeit der Veränderung, die durch den Bologna-Prozess in Europa, der damals gerade Fahrt aufnahm, und die Umstrukturierung von Fakultäten hier in Bamberg, die bereits bevorstand, grob umrissen ist. Kaum angekommen, war Christoph Houswitschka Mitglied im Zentrum für Mittelalterstudien, er wurde Koordinator eines neuen Joint Degree Master-Studiengangs mit sechs Universitäten aus Europa und Übersee, und schon 2005, nach vier Jahren in Bamberg, wurde er Prodekan und schließlich Dekan der Fa-

kultät Sprach- und Literaturwissenschaften – genau in der Zeit, in der die Erweiterung der „SpLit“ (Fakultät für Sprach- und Literaturwissenschaft) zur „geistes- und kulturwissenschaftlichen Großfakultät“, wie es damals hieß, mit viel Mut zur Veränderung geplant und vollzogen wurde. Der neuen GuK, wie wir sie heute kennen, stand er mit diesen Erfahrungen dann gleich nochmal zwei Jahre als Prodekan zur Seite. Und die Universität Bamberg sähe heute anders aus, wenn er sich damals nicht, gemeinsam mit weiteren visionären Mitstreiter*innen, so stark für Fächerdiversifizierung, für ein klares geistes- und kulturwissenschaftliches Profil und damit auch für das nationale und internationale Ansehen von Fakultät und Universität eingesetzt hätte.

Schon diese ersten Jahre erscheinen mir charakteristisch für vieles in Christoph Houswitschkas Vision und seinem Handeln hier in Bamberg, das sich zwischen gelebtem Internationalismus und ebenso intensiv gelebtem politischem Tun aufspannt, dort, wo immer es gerade gebraucht wurde. Sein Handeln war geprägt von einem zu Hause sein in der Welt, das auf einer großen Offenheit, Spontaneität und Kollegialität genauso beruhte wie auf breitem historischem und politischem Weltwissen – auf Kosmopolitismus im vielleicht besten Sinne. Es war ebenso geprägt von einem tiefen Verständnis davon, dass es strategisches Herangehen braucht und ein schlagkräftiges Management, um einen Studiengang, eine Fakultät, ein Zentrum – kurz: eine Universität – zu gestalten.

Und so ist es geblieben. Christoph Houswitschka brachte sich ein, vernetzte sich, sagte bei Anfragen immer zu und gestaltete mit. Er war zehn Jahre lang Mitglied im DFG-Kolleg „Generationenbewusstsein und Generationenkonflikte in Antike und Mittelalter“; ebenso lange war er im Zentrum für Interreligiöse Studien aktiv, die meiste Zeit in der Leitung. Er unterstützte das Sprachenzentrum durch sein Wirken im Direktorium, brachte sich in der fordernden Phase der Systemakkreditierung jahrelang in der Zertifizierungskommission ein und vertrat die Interessen der Universität in noch vielen weiteren Gremien und Formaten. Was noch mehr wiegt als seine Positionen und die konkreten Veränderungen, die er hier bewirkte, war und ist, *wie* er arbeitete, wie er auch atmosphärisch zum Leben der Universität beitrug. Auch das wird bleiben, weil es all die, die es erleben durften, berührt hat. Es hat viel mit seiner Großzügigkeit, ja Großherzigkeit zu tun; eben mit Konvivialität, wie es ein Kollege in das virtuelle Kondolenzbuch schrieb. Jede und jeder, der die vielen Einträge in diesem Kondolenzbuch liest, bekommt eine Ahnung davon.

Christoph Houswitschka war fachlich großzügig – in dem, wie viele Studierende und Promovierende er gefördert hat, immer auch in ihrer Selbständigkeit; wie er jederzeit bereit war, auf Tagungen in aller Welt zu sprechen und die Welt nach Bamberg holte – Bernardine Evaristo, George Ellenbogen, Überlebende der Shoah; und wie er zwischen Mittelalter und Gegenwart, Anglistik, Amerikanistik

und Germanistik vermittelte, ohne sich für Grenzen jeglicher Art besonders zu interessieren.

Er war in seinem strategischen Denken großzügig – darin, wie er, wenn es in Gremien schwierig wurde, sich eben nicht zurückzog, sondern sie von innen verändert und geweitet hat; wie er andere in seine politischen Überlegungen miteinbezog; und wie sein Gespür für politische Prozesse oft etwas Augenzwinkerndes hatte, und auch dadurch etwas zutiefst Menschliches. Ein Kollege schrieb mir gestern: „Christoph war schon ein Fuchs im Verhandeln – eine seiner Lieblingscharakterisierungen von Politikern war: ‚A Hund isser scho!' Das war ein Lob für einen gewieften Taktiker."

Und Christoph war menschlich großzügig. Nicht nur ein kollegialer Kollege, der Mittel und Stellen teilte, sondern auch ein Freund, mit dem man CDs tauschte und der über Joni Mitchell schrieb: „das macht ihr so schnell keine nach, und keiner sowieso nicht." Jemand, mit dem man politisch trefflich streiten konnte und mit dem man immer gut bei einem Glas Wein zusammensaß.

Er hat manchmal erzählt, dass er gern Politiker geworden wäre, und auch, dass er eigentlich menschenscheu sei – er, der mit so vielen Menschen kooperierte, sie gefördert hat und ihnen freundschaftlich verbunden war, ob er sie nun fünf Minuten kannte oder 50 Jahre. Ich wünsche uns allen diesen weiten Blick, diese innere Größe, die sich selbst nicht zu wichtig nimmt, und den Sinn dafür, dass das Gemeinsame stärker ist als das Trennende.

Christoph Houswitschka wird uns allen, er wird dieser Universität sehr, sehr fehlen. Die ganze Universitätsfamilie nimmt Anteil an seinem viel zu frühen Tod und wir verneigen uns vor seiner Leistung und vor einem einzigartigen Menschen.

Traueransprache

Pascal Fischer, Otto-Friedrich-Universität Bamberg

Liebe Chiara, liebe Angehörige, verehrte Trauergäste,

literarische Texte, insbesondere Gedichte, können uns im Umgang mit dem Verlust helfen. Selbst die Gedichte, die nicht unmittelbar Trost spenden, sind für den Trauerprozess wichtig, indem sie unsere Emotionen verbalisieren und neue Dimensionen seelischen Erlebens aufschließen.

Mit der Literatur vom Mittelalter bis zur Gegenwart wurde in diesem beeindruckenden lyrischen Programmpunkt ein weites Spektrum eröffnet, wie es für Christoph Houswitschka charakteristisch war. Mit allen Epochen der englischen Literaturgeschichte war er bestens vertraut: ebenso mit allen Gattungen und theoretischen Zugängen.

Es ist sehr passend, dass Kollege Christoph Heyl am Ende ein Sonnet John Donnes gelesen hat. Donne war der wichtigste Vertreter der Metaphysical Poets, einer Dichterschule der ersten Hälfte des 17. Jahrhunderts. Für das Sommersemester hatte Christoph Houswitschka ein Seminar zur Metaphysical Poetry und eine Vorlesung zur Lyrik des 17. Jahrhundert angekündigt. John Donne hätte darin einen herausragenden Platz eingenommen, wie Christophs Ankündigungstexte deutlich machen. Dass ihn John Donne faszinierte, war in verschiedenen Gesprächen, die ich mit Christoph führte, offenkundig. Donne verarbeitete in seinen Gedichten, Meditationen und Predigten als Dekan der St. Pauls Cathedral in London eine immense Spannweite menschlicher Erfahrung: Von heiterer Unbeschwertheit über ernsthafte Auseinandersetzungen mit diffizilen theologischen und philosophischen Fragen bis hin zu tiefer Niedergeschlagenheit in Anbetracht von Leid, Krankheit und Tod.

Donne wusste unterschiedlichste Erfahrungsbereiche zu verschmelzen. Bei aller Unterschiedlichkeit der Themen scheinen bei Donne immer wieder zentrale Fragen auf: „Was macht den Menschen aus?“, „Was ist sein Verhältnis zu Gott?“ und „Was sein Verhältnis zu anderen?“ Für Donne war der Mensch eingebettet ins Weltganze:

> No man is an island entire of itself; every man
> is a piece of the continent, a part of the main;

Fast ebenso bekannt wie diese Verse ist der Gedichtschluss, der die Verbindung zwischen den Menschen im Angesicht des Todes betont und uns vor Augen führt, dass der Verlust eines Menschen jeden einzelnen schmälert:

> any man’s death diminishes me,
> because I am involved in mankind.

Bei aller historischen Distanz, die zwischen John Donne und Christoph Houswitschka bestand, erkennen wir die Wesensverwandtschaft. Christoph entfaltete sich im Austausch mit anderen. Er war offen gegenüber ihren Ideen, nahm Anteil an ihrem Schicksal und litt mit ihnen. Kein Student, keine Studentin war ihm egal. Jeder hat etwas beizutragen. Wenn Leute heute berichten, dass sie das Gefühl hatten, von Christoph Houswitschka ernst genommen worden zu sein, dann liegt das daran, dass er sie ernst nahm.

Zugleich meine ich, dass sich Christoph auch deshalb zu John Donne hingezogen fühlte, weil dieser sich nicht mit einfachen Antworten zufriedengab. Donne lädt nicht dazu ein, sich in einem Gefühl komfortabel einzurichten.

Wir haben vorhin vom Kampf Jakobs mit dem Engel gehört, einer Bibelstelle, die Christoph gerade in ihrer Widerständigkeit faszinierte. In einem der bekanntesten Gedichte Donnes, dem Holy Sonnet 14, fordert der Sprecher Gott dazu auf, ihn im Kampf zu überwältigen: ‚Drisch auf mein Herz ein, dreifaltiger Gott' beginnt das Gedicht. Um errettet zu werden, verlangt das lyrische Ich, das sich als Sünder wahrnimmt, drastische Maßnahmen von Gott, die in gewaltvollen Metaphern und Paradoxien präsentiert werden. Ein sperriger, anspruchsvoller Dichter, dieser Donne.

Christoph Houswitschka war ein Literaturwissenschaftler, der eine große Begeisterung für solche komplexen Texte aufbrachte und seinen Studentinnen und Studenten zu vermitteln wusste. Fast 40 Semester lang hat Christoph an der Universität Bamberg diese Begeisterung für Literatur entfacht – als jemand, der selbst gerungen hat um den Sinn, den Sinn der Texte und den Sinn unserer Existenz.

Ich habe in zahllosen Diskussionen profitieren dürfen von seinem literatur- und kulturwissenschaftlichen Wissen und seinen fundierten Einschätzungen. Doch das ist nur ein kleiner Teil von dem, was er mir bedeutete. Gleich als ich 2014 nach Bamberg kam, begegnete er mir mit größter Aufgeschlossenheit und der Wertschätzung, die er Menschen einfach entgegenbrachte. Christoph verstand es, einem das Gefühl zu geben, willkommen und akzeptiert zu sein, so wie man ist. Weil ihm jede Eitelkeit fremd war, fühlte man sich auch nicht berufen, in den Jahrmarkt der Eitelkeiten einzutreten.

Christophs unprätentiöse Art strahlte auf uns Kolleginnen und Kollegen aus, die ihn nicht zuletzt für seine integrative Kraft schätzten. Mit seiner Erfahrung, seiner Menschenkenntnis und seiner Urteilsfähigkeit war er der Stabilitätsfaktor unseres Instituts. Unersetzlich.

Über die Jahre vertiefte sich unsere Zusammenarbeit immer mehr. An der Uni machten wir viel miteinander: Konferenzen, Sammelbände, Lesungen und gemeinsame Seminare. Ständig standen wir im Austausch. Immer war auf ihn Verlass. So entwickelte sich mit Christoph auch eine wunderbare Freundschaft. Wir

führten lange Gespräche über Geschichte, Politik und Gesellschaft. Wenn wir nicht einer Meinung waren, was bisweilen vorkam, freute er sich regelrecht darüber. In Gedanken diskutiere ich weiterhin mit Christoph und hole seinen Rat ein. Er fehlt mir sehr.

In so vieler Hinsicht wird er mir ein Vorbild bleiben. Seine liebenswürdige Art ist freilich nicht zu kopieren. Im virtuellen Kondolenzbuch auf unserer Homepage[1] finden sich zahlreiche Belege seiner Großherzigkeit und seiner charmanten Eigentümlichkeiten – etwa wie er über seine häufigen Fahrradunfälle lachen konnte.

Eine Anekdote möchte ich selbst mit Ihnen teilen: Christoph erzählte mir einmal, dass er im Frühjahr, wenn er die Winterkleider im Schrank verstaute, in der einen oder anderen Tasche einen Geldschein versteckte – in der Hoffnung, bis zum nächsten Winter darauf vergessen zu haben. Dann würde er sich freuen, hier einen Zehner und dort einen Zwanziger zu finden. Christoph hatte kein Problem damit zuzugeben, dass er sich mit den versteckten Euros selbst zu überlisten versuchte. Er konnte über seine kindsköpfigen Eigenarten lachen und ließ sich damit aufziehen. Über den Sketch eines amerikanischen Comedians, in dem dieser seine Freude über eine 20-Dollar-Note in einem alten Mantel auskostet, lachten wir gemeinsam.

Vor ein paar Tagen hole ich meinen eigenen dunklen Anzug für die Trauerfeier aus dem Schrank, wo er die gesamte Corona-Zeit hing. Beim Griff in die Tasche finde ich einen Zwanzig-Euro-Schein! Welch Freude! Natürlich auch, weil ich an Christoph denken musste und sein schelmisches Lächeln vor mir sah.

Lassen Sie uns unsere schönen Erinnerungen an ihn bewahren.

Wir verneigen uns vor Christoph Houswitschka, einem großen Literaturwissenschaftler, wunderbaren Kollegen, lieben Ehemann, guten Vater und Freund – einem ganz, ganz feinen Menschen.

Wir werden ihm stets ein ehrendes Andenken bewahren.

[1] Siehe hier: https://www.uni-bamberg.de/englit/personen/ehemalige/christoph-houswitschka/in-memoriam/

Tribute to Christoph

Władysław and Alicja Witalisz, Kraków, Poland

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
advenio has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
et mutam nequiquam alloquerer cinerem
quandoquidem fortuna mihi tete abstulit ipsum,
heu miser indigne frater adempte mihi.
Nunc tamen interea haec prisco quae more parentum
tradita sunt tristi munere ad inferias,
accipe fraterno multum manantia fletu,
atque in perpetuum, frater, ave atque vale.[1]

Sped through many countries and as many seas
I've come, dear brother, to attend your mourning rites.
And bring the final tribute that a death requires,
Only to find myself addressing silent ashes.
Since fate has taken even you away from me –
Oh no, my brother, so unjustly stolen from me! –
Nevertheless, in keeping with our forebears' customs,
I tender grief's last offering to your memory
Drenched with fraternal tears of one who wept for you
And now, for all time, Brother, this salute, and this farewell.[2]

This salute and farewell is hard to write. Catullus knew how to follow custom and tradition to make a proper offering to his brother's memory and yet when he came from far away to perform the mourning rites his final tribute was mainly fraternal tears. Not all our tears have dried yet and it is still difficult to understand and to accept that we need to say "ave atque vale" to Prof. Dr. Christoph Houswitschka, our colleague and dear friend for many years. Christoph's passing was so sudden and so unexpected that his absence does not seem final and feels like one of the interims between our frequent meetings in Bamberg or Kraków. But no, this is "in perpetuum" so, however emotionally difficult it may be, we see it as our obligation to put to paper some of our memories of Christoph's connection to Kraków and Poland.

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[1] Catullus. "Carmen 101." *Rest Lightly: An Anthology of Latin and Greek Tomb Inscriptions,* edited by Paul J. Shore, Bolchazy-Carducci Publishers, 1997, p. 18.
[2] Catullus. "Carmen 101." Translation by Alfred Corn. *The Student's Catullus,* 3rd edition, edited Daniel H. Garrison, Routledge, 2005, p. 84.

I met Christoph for the first time, however briefly, during his first visit to the Jagiellonian University in April 1989. He came to Kraków to share his research on Thomas Malory and delivered a few guest lectures at the English Department. While our common interest in medieval literature was what brought us together, the topic of love and politics in *Le Morte Darthur* did not remain the focus of our conversations for too long. It was rather our love of politics and the need to discuss it which would soon forge our friendship. The time of his first visit to Kraków was very special: only a few days earlier, the Polish communist government and the opposition signed the Round Table Agreement on political and economic changes and defined the 4th of June that year as the date of the first free elections since the end of the Second World War. It was then that I learnt of Christoph's continued support for the struggle of Solidarity and was amazed to hear how much he knew about Polish history. Although there were no visible signs of any serious changes in the East German politics (two young East Berliners were shot at as they jumped over the gate at the Chausseestraße border crossing in East Berlin on 8th April that year[3]), Christoph saw the changes in Poland as the beginning of something much larger in Central Europe. His optimistic vision of the future of the continent and his trust in the agency of people was something I needed to learn again.

Our conversations on politics and history, including the difficult topics of our common history of which he talked with complete candour and keen insight, continued when I came to the University of Regensburg for a six-week-long research period at the invitation of Christoph's supervisor, Prof. Dr. Karl Heinz Göller. Soon, Prof. Göller became my mentor, too, and made my further research visits in Regensburg, possible thus allowing me to see Christoph fairly often until he moved to Dresden in 1991. As the Wissenschaftliche Hilfskraft at Prof. Göller's Lehrstuhl, Christoph was apparently given the task of looking after me while I was there – we spent a lot of time talking, often sipping Bavarian beer at a Braustube near the university. Christoph was my introduction to Germany and the Germans, or at least the Bavarians. Christoph was also my guide to the values of the European Union in which he truly believed.

As both of us started our academic careers, our friendship helped to develop cooperation between our institutions, especially after Christoph had settled at Bamberg University. Erasmus exchanges, guest lectures, visiting professorships, joint summer schools and conferences, joint supervisions of doctoral theses are only some of the projects we worked on together. The Jagiellonian University becoming a member of the European Joint Master's Programme in English and American Studies consortium was all Christoph's doing and it was for both of us the

[3] Chronik der Mauer https://www.chronik-der-mauer.de/chronik/#anchoryear1989

final proof of the fact that Poland is a member of the European Union. Christoph's openness and flexibility made him a perfect international partner.

Kraków was not the only Polish city which Prof. Christoph Houswitschka visited many times and loved. The University of Łódź, the University of Silesia in Katowice, the University of Gdańsk, the University of Applied Sciences in Krosno are only a few of the many locations of his extensive cooperation that became possible after the fall of the wall. He had friends in all of them. He will be missed and remembered in Poland.

DANKE

Desmond Egan

thank you Germany
for making my life sweeter
with the music of things
the poetry I cannot forget
the art that cleanses our eye

but just as much
for the people who came my way
Uwe and Edith and Eva
Karl and Klaus and Deike and
dear modest Willi who like Christoph
left us too soon

gentle Christoph unspoiled by the world
you had Christ in your name

yes we had plans and yet
for you we hold back our tears
out of the joy of having felt
the kindness the grace as of
a life that achieved wholeness

it colours the way we see things
whispering of better to our better selves

yes
thank God for a life well lived

this is a time of thanks

The Sketch and the Touch

Frédéric Ogée, Université Paris Cité

I had the privilege of working with Christoph for several years, first when we set up a European Joint Master's Degree in English and American Studies with his university and mine, as well as those of Graz, Pécs and Ca'Foscari (the programme still runs and attracts students from all over the world); and then when Christoph became a regular speaker in the Franco-German LAPASEC (LAndau PAris Symposiums on the Eighteenth Century) series which Peter Wagner and I started in the first years of this century, and which aims at bringing together early career and more senior researchers from our two countries (plus a few scholars from elsewhere) in intensive conferences dealing with a variety of eighteenth-century topics and issues (the series now continues thanks to the universities of Essen and Bordeaux Montaigne). When Peter Wagner retired, Christoph suggested we move the German leg to Bamberg, and I remember an exchange with him about it in which he said:

> In spite of the fact that Bavaria is still governed very much in the French tradition going back to Maximilian von Montgelas, who was born in Munich, but was a descendant of Savoyard gentry and returned to Munich after the alliance between Napoleon and Bavaria was made public – in spite of all this – the dates of our semester break do not correspond at all to the French ones,

and added, "in a modest allusion to *Star Trek* ;-) we could call the conference 'Final Frontiers: Exploring, Discovering, Conquering in the Age of Enlightenment'", a wonderful sample of Christoph's delicate and marvelous humour, which always allowed him to make his point in a very gracious manner. Over the years we had many such exchanges, and it was always a real pleasure to see an incoming e-mail with his name on it.

The LAPASEC conference papers have more or less all been published with Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier[1] and many of them contain some remarkable essays by Christoph. I vividly remember when he delivered two of them – great pieces of original and solid scholarship – probably because their very topics had something autobiographical in them which somehow described the wonderfully delicate yet committed person he was.

The first piece was entitled "Sketching in Late Eighteenth-Century Reform Writings",[2] in which he wrote:

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[1] https://www.wvttrier.de/c/fachgebiete/anglistik/lapasec-landau-paris-studies-on-the-eighteenth

[2] "The Politics of Sketching in Late Eighteenth-Century Reform Writings." *The Ruin and the Sketch in the Eighteenth Century*, edited by Peter Wagner, Frédéric Ogée, Robert Mankin, and

> The term "sketch" was very popular among writers during this period. . . . It defines the limited goal any democratic participation of politics carried out by ordinary citizens must have. Similar to a classicist understanding of the aesthetic, the universality of these statements is anticipated and justified by using appropriate forms of fragments and brevity. (51)

And Christoph went on to delineate a subtle intellectual history of the genre, from Theophrastus through Locke ("The sketch belongs to Locke's legacy") to Godwin and Thelwall, who, Christoph suggestively argued, used the sketch as a subtle literary form "to show how an independent person improves himself and helps to shape a democratic society" (52). Though perfectly to the point in his argument, the following sentence, used in the oral version of his paper, rings sadly ominous: "Everything which comes into the world is necessarily unfinished"...

The second piece was published in one of the two volumes the LAPASEC series devoted to the five senses, for which Christoph contributed a wonderful essay entitled "'Do not touch me': The Politics of Touch in the Eighteenth Century".[3] In it he examines a rich body of late eighteenth-century texts by James Makittrick Adair, Archibald Alison, Edmund Burke and John Thelwall, brilliantly underlining the new currency of touch (touching/being touched) in the debates surrounding the similarities between artistic appreciation and political involvement. Christoph brings out the essential link between Lockean empiricist epistemology (and its insistence on the primacy of sensorial perception) and the rise of political awareness and involvement, the idea of being 'in touch' with things. The essay also shows the extent to which the discussion of touch is concerned with the issue of a person's integrity, how physical touch "defines a self-determined subject who uses his or her individual freedom to get physically involved with the world" (36). The last section of the essay ("A Touching Death and the Politics of Gender") contains one of the most perceptive readings of Richardson's *Clarissa*:

> Clarissa rather dies than to live with the shame of having been touched. Clarissa transforms her shame to have been touched into a touching death of her own choice, a touch without touching. In a famous statement, dying Clarissa makes sure that no man will ever touch her body again in her testament: "I will not, on any account that it be opened; and it is my desire, that it shall not be touched but by those of my own sex." (40)

And as was his constant priority, Christoph then naturally and brilliantly expanded his thinking into the political field:

Achim Hescher, Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier, 2008. Landau-Paris Studies on the Eighteenth Century LAPASEC, vol. 2, pp. 45-56.

[3] "'Do not touch me': The Politics of Touch in the Eighteenth Century." *Sensing the World: Taste and the Senses in the Eighteenth Century (II)*, edited by Frédéric Ogée, Wissenschaftlicher Verlag Trier, 2017. Landau-Paris Studies on the Eighteenth Century LAPASEC, vol. 5, pp. 33-41.

> Somehow touch designates the body/mind barrier that informs all relations of power (touch without touching) related to class, gender, and oppressors and oppressed, colonizers and colonized. . . . Those who are touched may suffer a loss of power or would not have had any in the first place. Those who touch and interact with the world, empower their position in society and intensify their primary experiences of feelings, thus participating actively in the environment that is a touch away from the skin of their bodies. The ethics of power, however, would suggest touch without touching, a figural signification of touch that allows for participation and the respect of the law that protects the body of every citizen. (40)

Christoph's sympathy, kindness and discretion are wonderfully encapsulated in his discussions of the sketch and the touch. His was a sketching approach of the world, "to represent views on reality in a detailed manner without telling the whole story",[4] because he would always leave some space for you to join him. And the delicacy of his sketch (touch without touching) is one of the most inspiring things I remember about him.

[4] This quote is taken from the talk Christoph gave at the conference that preceded the publication of *Sensing the World: Taste and the Senses in the Eighteenth Century (II)*.

Varia Christophiana

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I. Zur Etymologie des Namens Houswitschka

Am 10. Dezember 2002 hielt Christoph Houswitschka seine Antrittsvorlesung an der Fakultät SpLit (Sprach- und Literaturwissenschaften) der Otto-Friedrich-Universität Bamberg. Der Verfasser war seinerzeit Dekan dieser Fakultät (die später mit der Fakultät GGeo, Geschichts- und Geowissenschaften, zur heutigen Fakultät GuK, Geistes- und Kulturwissenschaften zusammengelegt wurde). Als solcher war es meine Aufgabe und angenehme Pflicht, Neuberufene anlässlich ihrer jeweiligen Antrittsvorlesung kurz vorzustellen und damit die Veranstaltung zu eröffnen.[1]

Bei eben dieser Gelegenheit konnte ich – als slawistischer Sprachwissenschaftler – meine Recherchen zur Etymologie des erkennbar slawischen Nachnamens unseres neuen Kollegen in Kurzform präsentieren. Schon bei der Aussprache des Namens gab und gibt es zudem eine deutliche Varianz – was also 'ist richtig(er)' bzw., linguistischer gesprochen, welche Varianten gibt es und wie lassen sie sich begründen? An dieser Stelle will ich eine etwas ausführlichere Darstellung zum Namen von Christoph Houswitschka folgen lassen.

1. Aussprache und Schreibung

Die erste Frage, die sich stellt, ist die nach der ursprünglichen slawischen Betonung, für die es vor allem zwei Möglichkeiten gibt, die man in der Praxis auch beide hören konnte: *Hóuswitschka* oder *Houswítschka*? Die Betonung auf dem absoluten Auslaut kann man außer Betracht lassen, da sie nicht vorkommt. Die Antwort auf die Frage nach der Akzentstelle ergibt sich sofort aus der Frage nach der Herkunftssprache des Wortes: Das Tschechische ist nämlich durch Anfangsbbetonung gekennzeichnet, das Polnische hingegen (weitere slawische Sprachen kommen ohnehin nicht in Frage) durch Betonung auf der zweitletzten Silbe. Wenn wir wissen, ob der Name polnisch oder tschechisch ist, dann wissen wir auch, wo der Name im Original betont wird.[2]

Zur Frage der Sprache gibt der Name dem Slavisten glücklicherweise einen eindeutigen Hinweis, nämlich das <ou>, ein Diphthong [o^{u}] ähnlich wie im Deutschen das <au> bzw. [a^{o}], bloß eben mit <o> als Basisvokal und einem [u] als

[1] Vier Jahre später war es mir ein Vergnügen, Christoph Houswitschka als Nachfolger im Amt des Dekans zu begrüßen.

[2] Bei der Eindeutschung kann neben anderen sprachlichen Merkmalen eines Wortes natürlich auch seine Akzentstelle verändert werden, wie man an Namen wie *Wárschau* vs. *Warszáwa* sieht.

zweitem Bestandteil. Diesen Diphthong gibt es nur im Tschechischen, nicht aber im Polnischen. Wenn der Name also tschechisch ist, ist damit aber auch seine Betonung klar: auf der ersten Silbe, also *Hóuswitschka*. Klar ist also auch, dass der Diphthong eigentlich [o^{u}] zu sprechen ist. Wenn der Name im Deutschen entweder [Hauswitschka] oder, was auch zu hören war, [Huswitschka] ausgesprochen wird, dann sind beide Varianten Eindeutschungen: Ersetzungen ursprünglicher Lautungen durch Lautungen, die im Deutschen üblicher, gewohnter sind. Bei [o^{u}] > [a^{o}] bzw. [a^{u}] wird der im Deutschen nächstähnliche Diphthong gewählt, bei [o^{u}] > [u] wird der Diphthong durch einen einfachen Vokal ersetzt. Vor allem die erste Strategie kennt man von der Übernahme tschechischer Fremdwörter ins Deutsche. So ist z. B. das tschechische *bouda* 'Hirtenhütte' als *Baude* ins Deutsche übernommen worden: <ou> > <au> bzw. [o^{u}] > [a^{o}]; ebenso sind die *houfnice* zur *Haubitze* geworden und die *kroupy* zu den *Graupen*. Für die zweite Ersetzung, also [o^{u}] > [u], sind leider keine weiteren Belege bekannt.[3] Im Gegensatz zu den gerade genannten Beispielen aber hat *Houswitschka* die ursprüngliche Schreibung bewahrt, nur die Aussprache hat sich angepasst: ein deutliches Zeichen, dass dieser Name weniger an das Deutsche adaptiert ist als eine Gattungsbezeichnung wie *Baude*.

Eine weitere orthographische Eindeutschung einer slawischen Quelle ist regelmäßig die Schreibung <tsch>, wofür tschechisch bei gleicher Lautung orthographisch <č> steht. (Im Polnischen würde hier <cz> stehen, weil diese Sprache die Schreibung mit Diakritika im Laufe seiner Sprachgeschichte nicht vollständig implementiert hat. Tatsächlich kommt der Name mit genau dieser Schreibung einige wenige Male auch in Polen vor: 4x Houżwiczka und 1x Houświczka verzeichnet eine Quelle (Forebears.io 2022)).

Das <w> in Houswitschka bedarf ebenfalls eines Kommentars. Das tschechische Alphabet kennt beide Buchstaben, *v* wie *w*, aber *w* kommt nur in Fremdwörtern vor – so die einfache synchrone Regel. Allerdings kann das *w* einfach auch eine veraltete Schreibung sein, wie ich unten mit einer entsprechenden Abbildung belegen werde. Eine solche liegt hier vor. Sie ist zwar auch unter dem Einfluss des Deutschen zustande gekommen, ist aber in diesem Fall ein Merkmal des Tschechischen und nicht eine Eindeutschung.

[3] Mit derartigen Entlehnungen beschäftigt sich genauer Seberová (2013) in einer Bachelor-Arbeit zu den *Bohemismen des heutigen Deutschen*. Tschechische Lehnwörter im Hochdeutschen sind bekanntlich viel seltener als Germanismen im Tschechischen. Im Österreichischen bzw. Wienerischen kommen, historisch bedingt, noch eine ganze Reihe von weiteren Entlehnungen vor, die auch ein eigener Forschungsgegenstand geworden sind. – In Deutschland lebende Tschechen erkennt man übrigens umgekehrt oft daran, dass sie nicht in [ojropa] leben, sondern in [e-u-ropa]; hier wird also umgekehrt ein deutscher Diphthong, den es im Tschechischen nicht gibt, in seine Bestandteile aufgelöst, die getrennt gesprochen werden.

Wenn man in einem Tschechisch-Wörterbuch nachschaut, wird man allerdings dort keinen Eintrag **Houswička* (oder **Housvička*) finden, denn es hat noch eine weitere Ersetzung stattgefunden: Im Tschechischen lautet die richtige Form dieses Namens je nach aktueller oder historischer Schreibung *Houžvička* oder *Houžwička* [Houzhvitschka]. Der dem Deutschen fremde Laut [ž = zh] = franz. [j] wird also gleich zweifach verändert: in der Schreibung geht der Haček verloren, was typisch für die Veränderung der tschechischen Orthographie in fremdsprachiger Umgebung ist. Zugleich wird der stimmhafte Konsonant durch einen (im Deutschen sehr viel häufigeren) stimmlosen ersetzt: <ž> > <z> > <s>. Diese Anpassung wird zudem dadurch begünstigt, dass ‚nach deutschem Sprachgefühl' ein Silbenende vorliegt: *Haus-*. Im Silbenauslaut kennt das Deutsche bekanntlich nur stimmlose Konsonanten. Im Tschechischen hingegen kann die Konsonantengruppe <žv-> durchaus am Anfang einer Silbe stehen und braucht nicht getrennt zu werden.

Insgesamt haben wir also gleich mehrere lautliche und/oder orthographische Prozesse zu konstatieren, die aus dem tschechischen *Houžwička* (oder *Houžvička*) das deutsche *Houswitschka* gemacht haben.

2. Bedeutung

Linguistisch existieren unterschiedliche Positionen dazu, ob Namen überhaupt Bedeutungen tragen oder nicht, aber diese Diskussion geht eigentlich an der Sache vorbei: Eigentlich geht es ja nur darum, ob Namen eine *etymologische Bedeutung* haben, ob ihre Etymologie klar ist. Ob Namen rein synchron und in jeder Verwendung ihre historische Bedeutung zu erkennen geben, ist ja eine andere Frage. Nach dieser Vorbemerkung soll nun also hier das Geheimnis gelüftet werden, was der Name *Houswitscha* 'eigentlich' bedeutet. In der Einführung zur Antrittsvorlesung durfte ich die Bedeutung des Namens – mit freundlicher Erlaubnis seines Trägers selbstverständlich – nennen.

Houžwička bedeutet „der Knauser, der Knicker", im Deutschen genauso veraltet wie im Tschechischen, und er ist dort Name wie Appellativum. Das Wort *Houžka* ist ein Synonym zu *Houžwička*, wie man unten sieht. Einen Beleg findet man 1845 in Konečný's Werk *Vollständiges Taschen-Wörterbuch der čechoslavischen u. deutschen Sprache* (100). In der folgenden Abbildung ist der Name markiert. Davor und danach findet man weitere Wörter der gleichen Wortfamilie, angefangen mit *Houž* ‚Grendelkette'[4] bis zu den Verben *houžwičkovati*/*houžwiti* ‚knickern'.

[4] Eine Grendelkette ist eine Kette am Pflug, mit der die Höhe verstellt wird.

Houfně, *adv.* haufenweiſe.
Houfnice, e, *f.* Haubitze, *f.*
Houkati, *v.* ſchreien, poltern, krachen; — se (*mor.*) ſich belaufen, (von Schweinen).
Houknouti, *v.* ſchreien.
Houně, ě, *f.* Kotze, *f.*
Houpač, e, *m.* Schaukler, *m.*
Houpačka, y, *f.* Schauklerin; 2) Hutſche, Schwinge, *f.*
Houpání, *n.* Schaukeln, *n.*
Houpati, *v.* ſchaukeln; — se, ſchaukeln, hutſchen.
Hourati, *v.* ſchaukeln.
Hourowý, *adj.* ſchaukelnd.
Housařka, y, *f.* Gänſeweib, *n.*
Housátko, a, *n.*) junge Gans.
House, ete, *n.*)
Housenčí, *adj.* Raupen-.
Houseník, u, *m.* Raupeneiſen, *n.*
Housenka, y, *f.* Raupe, *f.*; housenky, *pl.* Dürrmaden, *f.* Zungenkrebs, *m.* (bei den Hausthieren).
Housenkowý, *adj.* Raupen-.
Houser, a, *m.* Gänſerich, *m.*
Houska, y, *f.* Striezel, Semmel, *f.* Weckchen, *n.*
Houslař, e, *m.* Geiger, Saitenſpieler; 2) Geigenmacher, *n.*
Housle, *pl. f.* Geige, Violin, *f.*
Housličkář, e, *m.* gemeiner Geiger, Dorfgeiger.
Houslička, y, *f.* kleine Geige, Fortelſeil, *n.*
Houslíř, ſ. houslař.
Houslowati, *v.* geigen.
Houslowý, *adj.* Geigen-.
Houšť, ě, *f.*) Gebüſch, Geſtripp,
Houští, *n.*) Dickicht, *n.*
Houž, i, houžew, žwe, *f.* Reitel, *f.* Reis; 2) Grendelkette, *f.*
Houževník, a, *m.* Seiler, *m.*
Houževnost, i, *f.* Zähigkeit, Biegſamkeit, *f.*; 2) Kargheit, *f.*
Houževný, *adj.* biegſam, zähe; 2) karg.
Houžka, y, *m.*) Filz, Geizhalz,
Houžwička, y, *f.*) Knicker, *m.*
Houžwičkowati, *v.*) knickern.
Houžwiti, *v.*)
Howaděti, *v.* zum Vieh werden.
Howadí, *adj.* Vieh-.
Howádko, a, *n.* Thierchen, kleines Vieh, *n.*
Howadnice, e, *f.* Bremſe, *f.*
Howadnost, i, *f.* Viehheit, viehiſche Art, *f.*
Howadný, *adj.* viehiſch, Vieh-.
Howado, a, *n.* Vieh, *n.*
Howadský, *adj.* viehiſch, Vieh-.
Howadstwí, *n.* Viehheit, *f.*
Howěti, *v.* Nachſicht haben, ſchonen, pflegen, ſich gütlich thun.
Howězí, *adj.* Rinds-.
Howězina, y, *f.* Rindfleiſch, *n.*
Howniště, *n.* Miſtſtelle, *f.*
Howniwál, a, *m.* Miſtkäfer, *m.*
Howniwý, *adj.* miſtig.
Howno, a, *n.* Miſt, Dreck, *m.*
Hownowý, *adj.* Miſt-, Dreck-.
Howor, u, *m.* Geplauder, *n.*
Howořil, a, *m.* Plauderer, *m.*
Howořiti, *v.* reden, plaudern.
Howornost, i, *f.* Geſprächigkeit, Plauderhaftigkeit, *f.*
Howorný, *adj.* geſprächig, plauderhaft, redſelig.
Hra, y, *f.* Spiel, *n.* Spaß, Scherz, *m.*
Hrabáč, e, *m.* Recher, *m.*
Hrabačka, y, *f.* Recherin, *f.*
Hrabanina, y, *f.*) Streu, Waldſtreu, *f.*
Hrabanka, y, *f.*)
Hrabati, *v.* ſcharren, rechen; wühlen.
Hrabě, ěte, *n.* u. *m.* Graf, *m.*
Hrábě, *pl. f.* Rechen, *m.* 2) Egge, *f.* 3) Rechenbogen in der Uhr, *m.*
Hraběcí, *adj.* Grafen-.
Hraběcký, *adj.* gräflich.
Hraběnka, y, *f.* Gräfin, *f.*

Abb. 1: Aus dem Wörterbuch von Konečný (1845; 100)



74 Hourati Hrád

Hourati 7. schaukeln; tosen, wogen.
Hou-sar Gänserich m. -sář Gänsehirt m. -sařka -sin f.
Hous-e, ete; -átko junges Gänslein n.
Housel-ní a. Geigen-; -nik -macher; -spieler m. [-ničí, -ničný a. Raupen-.
House-nák, -nik Raupeisen n. -ničí,
Housen-ice f. -ka Raupe f. Magerer m. -ky pl. Mitesser pl. m. Zungenkrebs m.
Housen-kář Raupensucher m. -ovatý, -ový a. Raupen-. [weidewurm m.
Houser Gänserich; Kreuzschmerz; Einge-
Hous-ka Semmel f. Hemmschuh m. Keilstück n. -kář Semmelhändler m.
Hous-lař, -lář, -liř Geigenmacher; Geiger m. -lařka -rin f. [leiste f.
Housle pl. f. Geige, Violine; Hebe-
Houslič-ka m. -kář Dorfgeiger m. -ky pl. f. kleine Geige f.
Houslist-a m. Violinist m. -ka -in f.
Houslo-vati 8. geigen; -vitý a. geigig.
Housti (hudu, hudl) 1. geigen; musiciren.
Housť, Houšť, ti, Houště f. Houšti n. Houštví n. Houština Dickicht n.
Houšték, tku eingedickter Saft m.
Houž, 1; Houže; Houžev, žve f. Wiede f. Strick m. Halsband n. Grindellette f.
Houžev-ačka Baststrick m. -natý, -ný a. biegsam, zähe; karg.
Houžev-ní a. Strick-, Wieden-; -nik obs. Seiler m. -ička, -ka Wiede f. Pflugvorstecker m. [Knicker m.
Houž-ka m. -ňák, -vička m. -vík
Houž-ovatý, -ovitý a. zähe; karg; -ovatěti, -ovitěti 5. zähe, karg werden.
Houž-va, -ve f. -vička Wiede f. -vač -macher, -händler m. [gen.
Houž-vičkovati 8. -viti 4. knickern; pla-
Hova-d, -dnice f. Viehbremse f. -děti 5. zum Vieh werden; -di, -dní a. Vieh-.
Hov-ádko, -ado Rindvieh; Thier n. Bremse f. [n. Viehheit f.
Hovad-ní, -ný, -ský a. viehisch; -stvi
Hovárati 7. sprechen (hovořiti).
Hověd-ce n. -ina Rind n. -i a. Rind-.
Hově-dlivý a. obs. zu schonen; -jný a. nachgebend, schonend. [ruhen n.
Hovění, Hovení n. Nachsicht f. Aus-
Hověnství n. Erstreckungsfrist f.
Hověti 5. Nachsicht haben; gütlich thun; begünstigen.
Hověz-ák Großfleischer m. -enka Rinderbraten m.

Hově-zí a. Rind-; dumm; -zí, iho n. -ina Rindfleisch n.
Hov-inko, -no Dreck m. -ní a. Mist-.
Hovi-tko Lehnsessel m. -vati 7. sich pflegen.
Hovn-ště n. Miststätte f. -ivál m. -kafer m. -ivý a. dreckig, mistig.
Hov-or, -ora Gespräch n. Sprache f.
Hovo-ra, -rka m. -řil, -řitel, -rník Plauderhans m.
Hovo-řiti 4. reden; -rna Sprachzimmer n. -rný a. gesprächig, redselig.
Hoz-eni n. Wurf; Schub m. -ný a. sl. verschwenderisch.
Hr i. hr! husch!
Hra Spiel n. Scherz m.
Hrab Hagebuche; Räuberei f.
Hrab-aci a. Grabe-; -áč Krücke f.
Hrab-áč, -ák Scharrer; Recher m. -ačka -rin f.
Hraba-dlo n. Scharrwerkzeug n. -nina, -nka Waldstreu f
Hrabanka (obs. st. Hraběnka) Gräfin f.
Hrabati 7. scharren, wühlen; rechen.
Hrabátko Blumenbeet; Gräflein n.
Hra-bě, ěte; -bi n. m. Graf m. -běcí, -běcký a. gräflich.
Hraběnka Gräfin; obs. Grafentochter f.
Hrábě pl. f. Rechen m. Egge f.
Hrab-ětví, -ětství, -ství n. Grafschaft f.
Hrab-ernik, -nik, -ovnik Rechen-, Hohlbohrer m. [risch.
Hrabež, že f. Raub m. -ný a. räube-
Hrabi-ce f. Sensengestell n. Getreidesense f. -čný a.
Hrabina Hagebuche f. -hain; -zaun m.
Hrabi-na, -nka Grafentochter, Comtesse f. [f. Kornsensen-Rechen m.
Hrab-isko, -ště n Rechenstiel m. -ky pl.
Hrab-ivý, -livý a. räuberisch.
Hrab-le pl. f. sl. Rechen m. -ni a. Rechen-, Hagebuchen-.
Hrablo Ofenkrücke f.
Hraboliti 4. scharren (Hühner.)
Hrab-oš m. Erdmaus f. -ňáka Wassermaulwurf m.
Hrab-ský a. Grafen-; -stvo -thum n.
Hr-aci a. Spiel-; -áč Spieler m. -ačka -rin; Kleinigkeit f. Spielzeug n.
Hračkář Spielwaarenhändler; -macher
Hračkati se sl. 7. spielen, tändeln. [m.
Hráč-ský a. Spieler-; -stvi n. -gewerbe n.
Hrád, Hrad Hagel m. Gewitter n.

Abb. 2: Aus dem Wörterbuch von Jordán (1865; 74)

Im etwas jüngeren *Handwörterbuch der böhmischen und deutschen Sprache* (1865) von Jordan ist die Wortfamilie ebenfalls (74) vertreten, z. B. mit dem gesuchten Lexem *Houž-vička* ‚Knicker' (s. Markierung). Außerdem findet man u. a. *Houžev* ‚Strick' und *Houžev-ačka* ‚Baststrick' sowie das Verb *houž-vičkovati* ‚knickern'.

Von der Zähigkeit und Festigkeit solcher Stricke muss man sich wohl die metaphorische Übertragung auf einen Menschen vorstellen, von dem wir ja auch im Deutschen sagen können, er sei „hartleibig“. So kommt *Houžwička* dann zur Bedeutung des „Knausers“.[5]

3. Verbreitung

Sehr aufschlussreich sind, wenn man nach der Herkunft von Namen forscht, Kartierungen. Dazu gibt es private Webseiten, aber auch offiziösere, wissenschaftliche, vgl. z. B. https://isogg.org/wiki/Surname_mapping.

In Bamberg einzigartig, findet sich der Name *Houžvička*, so habe ich von Christoph erfahren, im Prager Telefonbuch immerhin 23 Mal, und in Südböhmen zwischen Pilsen (Plzeň) und Tschechisch Budweis (České Budějovice) trägt interessanterweise eine Quelle (aus unbekannten Gründen) diesen Namen. In der ganzen Tschechischen Republik gibt es ca. 368 Vorkommen (Kde Jsme 2022), weltweit 381 mit der exakt gleichen Schreibung, dazu noch einmal 94 mit Varianten der Namensschreibung, darunter am häufigsten (und zwar in den USA) diejenige, bei der beide Diakritika fehlen, also *Houzvicka*. Siehe dazu auch die unten folgende Tabelle mit ihren insgesamt 475 Vorkommen (Forebears.io 2022).

Einige wenige Fälle (die beiden letzten der Tabelle) sind interessanterweise auch in Polen belegt – mit der für diese Sprache charakteristischen Digraphen-Schreibung <cz> für den Zischlaut [tsch], auf die ich oben schon bezüglich ihres diagnostischen Wertes eingegangen war. Die Zahl ist jedoch – im Vergleich zum Vorkommen in der Tschechischen Republik – ganz klein auch dies ein Hinweis darauf, dass der Name aus dem tschechischen Raum stammt. Die beiden polnischen Namensformen zeigen zwei verschiedene Diakritika für den ersten Zischlaut, <ż> und <ź>. Die erste Schreibung (mit dem Punkt) entspricht der Lautung im Tschechischen, die zweite Schreibung (mit Akut) gibt einen palatalisierten Konsonanten wieder. Interessant ist, dass die Belege aus Kanada (dritte Zeile von unten) klar zeigen, dass hier polnische – und nicht tschechische – Emigranten diesen Namen mitgebracht haben; vgl. wiederum die Schreibung mit <cz>. Deutschland ist interessanterweise in der obigen Tabelle nicht vertreten.

[5] Als ich Christoph Houswitschka vorab von der Etymologie berichtete, war seine spontane Reaktion lachend, da solle er vielleicht doch noch etwas mehr für das Buffet drauflegen, das sich – wie üblich – an die Antrittsvorlesung anschließen sollte, denn tatsächlich war er stets sehr großzügig.

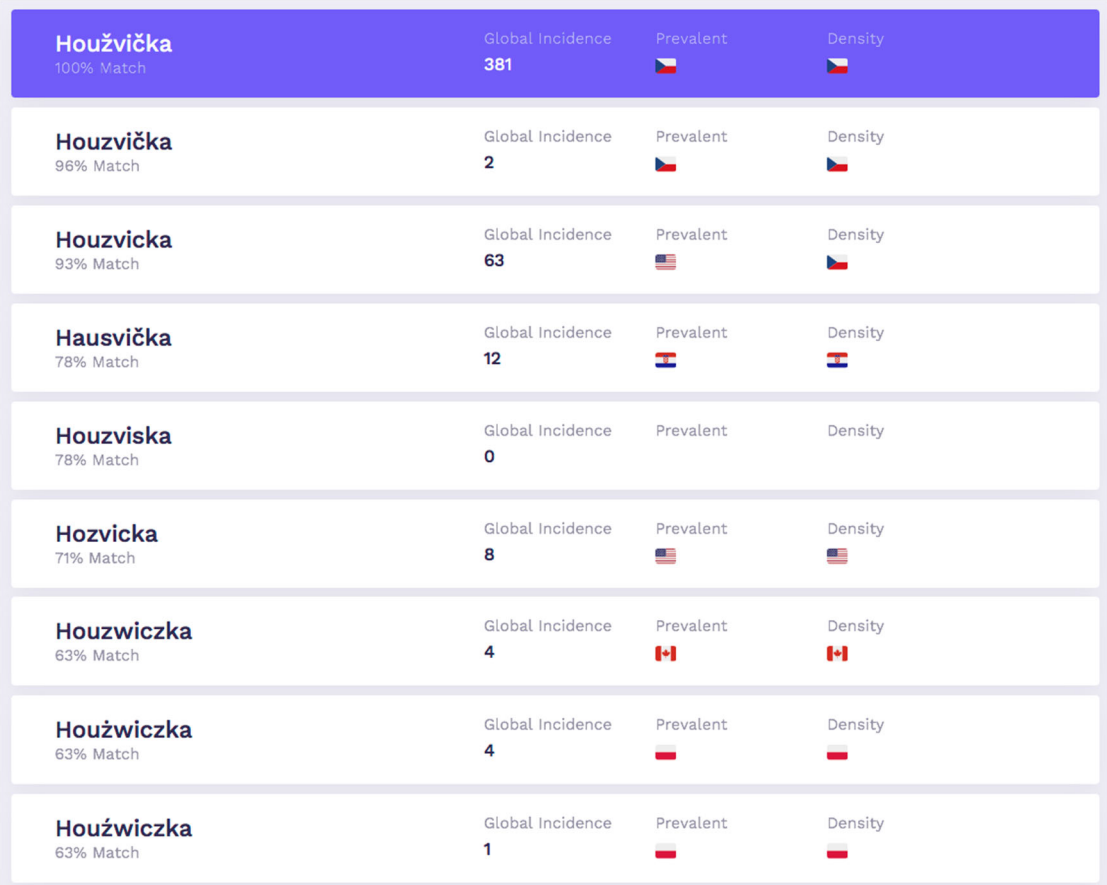


Abb. 3: Geographische Verteilung des Namens laut Forebears.io (2022)

4. Familiärer Bezug

Nach meinen Recherchen erzählte ich Christoph Houswitschka grob von den oben vorgestellten Ergebnissen. Ganz begeistert erzählte er mir von (s)einem tschechischen Urgroßvater, der als KuK-Polizist eine Deutsche geheiratet habe. In Kenntnis dieser Information kann man sich damit gut vorstellen, dass die Eindeutschung des tschechischen Familiennamens Houžvička in dieser Generation begonnen haben muss und dann später die heutige deutsche Schreibung des Namens für die in Deutschland lebende Familie offiziell geworden ist.

II. Zur bulgarischen Literatur (Bulgarien-Exkursion 2007)

Der Verfasser ist im Laufe seiner Dienstzeit mehr als ein Dutzend Mal auf Exkursion mit Studierenden auf dem Balkan gewesen, am häufigsten in Bulgarien und Makedonien (= Nordmazedonien).[6] Die Exkursion von 2007 nach Bulgarien stach dabei insofern heraus, als zwei professorale Fakultätsmitglieder mitfuhren, darunter eben auch Christoph Houswitschka. Die einwöchige Rundreise von der

[6] Einen kleinen optischen Eindruck vermittelt ein kleiner Exkursionsführer (Kempgen 2019).

Hauptstadt Sofia aus führte zu allen kulturgeschichtlich bedeutenden Stätten und Städten Bulgariens.

Selbstverständlich übernahm auch Christoph Houswitschka, wie alle Exkursionsteilnehmer und -teilnehmerinnen, ein Referat. Passend zu seiner Profession als Literaturwissenschaftler war Gegenstand seines Referates der bulgarische Nationaldichter Ivan Vazov und sein Roman „Unter dem Joch" (*Pod igoto*).[7] Ein Denkmal für den bulgarischen Literaturpapst und auch sein Grabstein – ein Findling vom Balkangebirge – befinden sich zentral in Sofia, zu beiden Seiten der auf der höchsten Stelle des historischen Stadtgebietes errichteten Sofien-Kathedrale. Keinem anderen bulgarischen Dichter ist eine solche Ehre zuteilgeworden.

Eine kurze Zusammenfassung seines vor Ort in Sofia am Denkmal von Ivan Vazov gehaltenen Referates erschien im zugehörigen Exkursionsbericht. Damit dieser kleine Text von Christoph Houswitschka in seinen gesammelten Schriften nicht in Vergessenheit gerät, sei er an dieser Stelle (nochmals) abgedruckt. Das zugehörige Bild entstand bei Gelegenheit des Referates. Der Text zeigt *in nuce* sehr gut die Interessen und Perspektiven, die Christoph Houswitschka an einen Text anlegte: die Verbindung von Literatur und zeitgenössischer Politik sowie die In-Kontext-Setzung in die europäische Literatur, wobei alle diese Aspekte die nationale Bedeutung des Textes nicht schmälern, aber doch deutliche Abstriche an einer möglichen Position des Romans in der 'Weltliteratur' machen.

Ivan Vazov (1850–1921)

Ivan Vazov wurde in die letzten Tage der fünfhundertjährigen türkischen Besatzung Bulgariens hineingeboren. Er kam aus einem wohlhabenden Elternhaus und verbrachte in Nachbarländern prägende Jahre schon als Schüler. Als er nach Bulgarien zurückkehrte, half er Komitees zu gründen, die die bulgarische Unabhängigkeit anstrebten. 1876 sollte dies zum berühmten Aprilaufstand führen, der von den Türken mit solcher Grausamkeit niedergeschlagen wurde, dass sich erstmals westliche Politiker damit beschäftigten. Gladstone forderte den englischen Premier Disraeli auf, das Blutvergießen in Bulgarien bei seiner Balkanpolitik zu berücksichtigen. Vazov war zu dieser Zeit allerdings nicht mehr in Bulgarien und verfolgte die Entwicklungen aus dem Exil. Erst als nach dem türkisch-russischen Krieg 1877/78 die Zeit der Unterdrückung Bulgariens ein Ende gefunden hatte, kehrte er zurück und stieg in der Zeit nationalistischer Erneuerung zum Nationalliteraten auf. 'Unter dem Joch' verhalf ihm zur Unsterblichkeit nicht nur unter den Bulgaren. Einer der ersten Romane der bulgarischen Literatur war von europäischen und russischen Vorbildern geprägt und folgte den Grundregeln nationalistischer Identitätskonstruktion dieser Zeit: nicht nur Eigenwahrnehmung in Abgrenzung von einem schrecklichen Feind, dem bedrohenden Anderen, sondern auch Opfer- und Erlösungsgeschichten, die beanspruchten, mit dem Blut des bulgarischen Volkes

[7] Zu weiteren Informationen mit einer kurzen Inhaltsangabe vgl. den Wikipedia-Artikel https://de.wikipedia.org/wiki/Unter_dem_Joch.

geschrieben worden zu sein. Vazov war kein Revolutionär, aber er revolutionierte die Bedeutung der Literatur der Bulgaren für deren nationale Wiedergeburt. Trotz aller Stereotypen nationalistischer Identitätsfindung bleibt Vazovs Roman auch ein im Stile des literarischen Realismus verfasster Bericht der Heterogenität aller Menschen und Interessen, die in der Aprilerhebung so heftig aufeinandertrafen. Der Roman legt lebendiges Zeugnis ab von einer Epoche nationaler Erhebungen, in der sich Untergang und Aufstieg großer Reiche und ganzer Nationen in der Zeitspanne von oft nur einer Generation vollzogen. Deshalb wurde er auch in mehr als dreißig Sprachen übersetzt. Er repräsentiert einerseits die schöpferische Kraft so mächtiger sozialer Konzepte wie Nation und Volk und markiert andererseits bis heute die Trennlinie zwischen den alten Ideologien des 19. und 20. Jh.s und der Hoffnung auf ein friedliches und demokratisches Zusammenleben unterschiedlichster Völker in Europa, auch wenn diese fast immer eine leidvolle Geschichte verbindet. Vazov bleibt so auch im ersten Jahr der EU-Zugehörigkeit Bulgariens und während der Diskussion um die türkische EU-Mitgliedschaft aus der Sicht des Zentraleuropäers Pflichtlektüre nicht nur eines jeden Slavisten.

Chr. Houswitschka [2007]



Abb. 4: Chr. H. 2007 in Sofia vor dem Denkmal für Ivan Vazov

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Traveling with Christoph—fragment

George Ellenbogen

In our cauldron of images it is May 13th, but we are beyond superstition, running late.

Cruising on country roads, among hints of sparrow twitter and other splintered conversations, memory reaches for shapes—tall grasses, stunted trees, uneven fences ...

all about to blur before I understand them ... fully,

troubling because the images are too fleeting to form into a narrative that I can shelve, fold into a dream.

But one remains, nestles in a silence our words inch towards—as though we have already grazed it in conversation, more than once, still return to as to an invitation to something unconcluded. We pause

as swans do in a lake ... knowing there is something to return to, never knowing why ... nothing more than an impulse to return ... ... as if realizing a pathway is narrowing.

We pause to watch swans glide along each other's warmth, then turn as if to another voice. Is there a mystery below the surface that moves them from cove to cove, draws them to a curtain of reeds here, a boulder there? Crossing their wake are ducks and geese guided by their own honks or some rippled dialect of waterfowl?

The swans turn back to their world as we pass fields dotted with Holsteins, villages with timber frames and thatched roofs, two shops, a church, inns, along a road winding into a temptation of what's ahead, open fields that finally subside into a slumber of beehum and butterflies. In the swarm of it, the car dozes, skims the curb, slits two tires, slumps to one side.

We pause.

The few farm houses are not too close, but close enough so that our eyes jab at what's within—who lives there, works there? and the children?—possibly a child with a cowlick, sent home for dipping the braid of a girl into his inkwell. Do they still use inkwells? There is a faith in the remaining ink, its unscribbled memories. My own school days rise above the inkwell's lip to fill out the scene, pluck the voices tumbling out "all things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small," a past that no longer hums to us ... or pronounces ... or sets a table. Beyond grain

bulging in afternoon sun, the setting beams in others, unannounced, to corners—crows from a Breughel canvas alight, a hawk swoops down to something inattentive, roadkill.

* * *

Years ago, on the spine of the equator, I learned that darkness drops like an axe, blackness is sudden. No uncertainty, no turning off and on. Off and on. And off. No need to ask, to call the roll. To skim pages, check messages.

Something has happened, happened when we turned ... shut our eyes. ... The mountain behind us is now a caldera—once a swelling of roots and earth, ferns and flowers. In this hollow, I hear imagined movement, their steps and songs, statement and stammer.

As we shut our eyes ... the caldera fills, Christoph, layers of lives, memories ... slopes of peonies, horses stilled in improbable colors—a tango of dreams we exchange, pass in and out of, riding towards nightfall.

By the roadside, a memory:
1) Mentor Uwe's words stumble
In and out of sense,
aging as the breaths between them
lengthen like shadows.
You whisper to keep
the sun at his bedside.

And another
2) a flutter by the roadside
of your acolytes,
from all continents, postcards
that settle on your shoulder,
tattoos of remembrance.
.....
Does it always happen at night
as sudden as axefall
and a screeching of tires
or when the sun has lifted
and we have been waved
to a next phase, after
border control,
when we breathe

enough to bear

a building sound, a distant phone
we run towards
through endless corridors
that ends with a screen
where blips flatten
and expectation

and we slump into a background
mutter of condolence, a vacancy
of newspaper print,
blurs—nothing left
to raise us

but eyes
to eye beyond the rows
of parked Fords
obedient as children
in the rows chosen for them

opening into marshland
where walkers with wicker baskets feel

bubbles of buried seashells
rising through mud, the music
of butterfly wings
pausing on blossoms
extending from leaf to leaf
opening into a spread
for strange and reaching hands

Mit Christoph unterwegs—Ein Fragment

Aus dem Amerikanischen von Brigitte Wallinger-Schorn

In unserem Kessel voller Bilder haben wir den 13. Mai, aber wir sind nicht abergläubisch. Wir sind spät dran.

Während wir über Landstraßen fahren, durch Spuren von Spatzengezwitscher und andere Gesprächssplitter, greift mein Gedächtnis nach Umrissen—hohem Gras, verkümmerten Bäumen, ungleichmäßigen Zäunen ...,

doch alles zieht schneller vorüber, als ich es fassen kann.

Beunruhigend, dass diese Bilder zu flüchtig sind, um sie in einer Erzählung festzuhalten, die ich im Gedächtnis ablegen oder in einen Traum einschlagen könnte.

Aber etwas bleibt und nistet sich in dem Schweigen ein, dem sich unsere Worte nähern, als hätten wir es in unseren Unterhaltungen schon mehrmals angesprochen. Immer wieder kommen wir darauf zurück wie auf eine offene Einladung. Wir halten an

wie Schwäne auf einem See ..., wohl wissend, dass es etwas gibt, zu dem man zurückkehren kann, ohne zu wissen warum ... nur ein Impuls umzudrehen ... als wäre einem aufgefallen, dass der Weg immer schmäler wird.

Wir halten an und beobachten Schwäne, wie sie in der Wärme des anderen dahingleiten und sich dann wie nach einer fremden Stimme umdrehen. Liegt ihrer Bewegung von Bucht zu Bucht ein Geheimnis zugrunde, das sie mal zu einem Vorhang aus Schilf treibt, mal zu einem Felsen? Ihre Wellenschleppen werden von Enten und Gänsen durchkreuzt. Hören sie auf ihre eigenen Rufe oder auf irgendeinen krausen Wasservogeldialekt?

Die Schwäne wenden sich wieder ihrer Welt zu und wir fahren weiter, an mit Holsteiner Kühen getupften Feldern vorbei, an Dörfern mit Fachwerkhäusern und Reetdächern, zwei Geschäften, einer Kirche, Gasthäusern, eine Straße entlang, die sich hinschlängelt zu der Verführung, die vor uns liegt: offene Felder, die schließlich übergehen in einschläferndes Summen von Bienen- und Schmetterlingsflügeln. In diesem Schwarm döst das Auto ein, streift die Bordsteinkante, schlitzt sich zwei Reifen auf und sackt seitlich zusammen.

Wir halten an.

Die wenigen Bauernhöfe rundum sind nicht sonderlich nah, aber nah genug, sodass unsere Augen hineinspähen können: Wer lebt und arbeitet hier? Haben sie Kinder? Vielleicht einen Jungen mit einem abstehenden Haarschopf, der nach

Hause geschickt wurde, weil er den Zopf einer Mitschülerin in sein Tintenfass getunkt hat. Benutzt eigentlich noch jemand Tintenfässer? Den Glauben an die verbliebene Tinte und ihre unaufgeschriebenen Erinnerungen gibt es noch. Meine eigene Schulzeit quillt über den Rand des Tintenfasses, ergießt sich über die Szene und bringt Stimmen hervor, die hinausposaunen: „all things bright and beautiful, all creatures great and small."[1] Eine Vergangenheit, die uns nichts mehr zusummt … verkündet … keinen Tisch mehr eindeckt. Jenseits des in der Nachmittagssonne reifenden Korns zeigt uns die Umgebung andere, an den Rändern, ohne Ankündigung: Krähen aus einem Breughel-Gemälde gehen nieder, ein Falke stürzt sich auf seine unachtsame Beute, ein überfahrenes Tier.

* * *

An der Wirbelsäule des Äquators lernte ich vor Jahren, dass die Dunkelheit herabfällt wie eine Axt. Die Schwärze kommt plötzlich. Keine Zweifel, kein Aus- und Einschalten. Aus und ein. Und aus. Nicht nötig nachzufragen oder die Anwesenheitsliste durchzugehen, Seiten zu überfliegen oder Nachrichten abzurufen.

Es ist etwas passiert, als wir uns umgedreht und die Augen geschlossen haben … Der Berg hinter uns ist jetzt ein Krater – zuvor eine Wölbung aus Wurzeln und Erde, Farnen und Blumen. In seinem Hohlraum höre ich gedachte Bewegungen, ihre Schritte und Lieder, Gesagtes und Gestottertes.

Mit dem Schließen der Augen füllt sich der Krater, Christoph, Lebensschichten, Erinnerungen … Pfingstrosenhänge, erstarrte Pferde in unglaublichen Farben— ein Tango der Träume, die wir austauschen, in die wir eintauchen und aus denen wir erwachen, während wir uns auf den Einbruch der Nacht zubewegen.

Am Straßenrand, eine Erinnerung:
1) Die Worte deines Mentors Uwe stolpern,
machen mal Sinn, dann wieder nicht,
sie altern, während die Atemzüge dazwischen
immer länger werden, wie Schatten.
Du flüsterst ihm ins Ohr, damit
die Sonne an seinem Krankenbett bleibt.

Noch eine:
2) Ein Flattern am Straßenrand
von deinen Gefolgsleuten
aus allen Kontinenten, Postkarten,

[1] „Alles Helle und Schöne, alle Wesen klein und groß." Es handelt sich hier um ein anglikanisches Kirchenlied von Cecil Frances Alexander, das die göttliche Weltordnung feiert.

die sich auf deinen Schultern niederlassen,
eintätowiertes Gedenken.
.....
Passiert es eigentlich immer nachts,
so plötzlich wie das Fallen einer Axt
und das Platzen aufgeschlitzter Reifen,
oder auch nach Sonnenaufgang,
wenn man uns in den nächsten
Abschnitt durchgewunken hat, nach
der Grenzkontrolle,
wenn wir atmen,

tief genug, um ein anschwellendes Geräusch
zu ertragen, ein weit entferntes Telefon.
Durch endlose Gänge
laufen wir darauf zu.
Es endet an einem Monitor
mit immer flacher werdenden Kurven
und Erwartungen.

Wir sacken zusammen in einem Hintergrund-
gemurmel von Beileidsbekundungen, Leere
auf den Seiten der Zeitung,
Verschwommenes—nichts,
das uns aufrichtet,

außer den Augen,
um hinter die Reihen
der geparkten Fords zu sehen.
Gehorsam wie Kinder
stehen sie
auf den ihnen zugewiesenen Plätzen.

Der Blick öffnet sich
zum Marschland hin,
wo Spaziergänger mit Weidenkörben spüren,

wie Luftbläschen aus im Schlamm
begrabenen Muscheln aufsteigen,

wie sich die Musik von Schmetterlingsflügeln,
die auf Blüten anhalten,
von Blatt zu Blatt ausbreitet und sich
in eine Weite streckt—
nach unbekannten, zugreifenden Händen

Un recuerdo presente / A Present Memory

Text and poems by Marjorie Agosín, Wellesley College
Translations by Celeste Kostopulos-Cooperman, Suffolk University Boston

Un recuerdo presente

En 2018 conocí a Christoph, pero solo a través de un epistolario profesional. Christoph tenía interés en mi trabajo como escritora judía de América Latina cuyos ancestros eran de la Europa Central, de las ciudades de Viena y Praga. Nuestra correspondencia se intensificó con el pasar del tiempo, y me di cuenta de que tanto a Christoph, como a mí nos apasionaban los grandes temas de la historia del siglo XX. La Shoah ocupaba la mayoría de nuestras conversaciones que cada vez más se volvían más intensas. Floreció entre nosotros una preciada amistad. Hablamos de música y de poesía y Christoph me contó de su casamiento con Chiara y de su amor por Italia. Teníamos muchas cosas planeadas y nos íbamos a encontrar en Bamberg.

La muerte inoportuna nos llevó a uno de los seres más extraordinarios que he conocido. Él era una luz que con su bondad y poderosa inteligencia nos hacía mejores personas. Desde su muerte lo pienso diariamente y tengo conversaciones con él. Aún no puedo releer todo lo que intercambiamos, pero he decidido seguir el camino del duelo y del dolor, procesar esta gran pérdida y sentir que, aunque nadie curará la tristeza de su partida, el tiempo nos dará la distancia para pensarlo y para celebrar a un ser que vivió para hacer el bien. Christoph tenía una presencia intelectual sorprendente y era un hombre justo entre los justos. Estos poemas son un humilde tributo a un ser con alma de faro.

A Present Memory

I met Christoph in 2018, but only through an exchange of professional letters. Christoph was interested in my work as a Latin American Jewish writer whose ancestors were from the Central European cities of Vienna and Prague. Our correspondence intensified with the passage of time, and I realized that both Christoph and I shared a passion for the great themes of twentieth century history. The Shoah occupied most of our conversations that became more intense. A cherished friendship blossomed between us as we talked about music and poetry, and Christoph told me about his marriage with Chiara and his love for Italy. We had planned to do many things and were going to meet in Bamberg.

His untimely death took away one of the most extraordinary individuals that I have known. He was a light that made us better people through his kindness and powerful intelligence. Since his death, I have thought about him every day and have spoken with him. I still find it difficult to read all of our correspondence but

have decided to follow the path of mourning and grief to process this great loss and to recognize that although no one can cure the sadness of his departure, time will give us the distance to think about him and to celebrate a person who lived to mend the world. Christoph possessed a brilliant intellectual presence, and he was a righteous man among the righteous. These poems are a humble tribute to a man with the soul of a lighthouse.

The poems marked with an asterisk appear in *Más allá del tiempo de las palabras / Beyond the Time of Words,* Marjorie Agosín, translated by Celeste Kostopulos-Cooperman, Sixteen Rivers Press, 2022. Reprinted with permission.

Christoph

Nunca oí tu voz
Pero la sentí.
No pudimos encontrar la voz
De nuestra mirada.
Igual conocí la profunda dulzura de ellos,
Los ojos, los tuyos que sabían mirar
Más allá de las palabras.
Te conocí en tus palabras.
También ellas dejaron de ser.

Hablábamos de la historia,
La gran historia.
La de tu país
Que siempre te perturbaba.

Yo te escuchaba en
El silencio de ciertas víctimas.
Mi árbol genealógico se hizo
Cada vez más incierto y diminuto.
Sentí que eras uno de los que
Se podían llamar justos.

Después de tu muerte
Cada Shabat prendo una vela por ti
Y por los que tú tanto amabas,
El pueblo judío.

Christoph

I never heard your voice
But I sensed it.
We couldn't find the voice
In our gaze.
I likewise understood the profound sweetness of
Your eyes that knew how to look
Beyond words.
I knew you through your words
That also stopped being.

We talked about history,
The great history
Of your country
That always troubled you.

And I listened to you
In the silence of certain victims.
My genealogical tree became
Increasingly smaller and more uncertain.
I felt that you were among those
Who could be called just.

After your death
Each Shabbat I light a candle for you
And for those in the Jewish community
That you loved so much.

Bamberg

Nunca nos encontramos en
Bamberg
Ni bebimos una dulce cerveza.
No conocí tu bicicleta voladora
Ni tu casa ancestral
Con una puerta de piedras
enmudecidas,
Testigos de tanto dolor.

Teníamos sueños y planes de
Oírnos y de visitar viejas
Sinagogas dilapidadas, y de
Divagar sobre un mundo turbulento
y ajeno.

Un día de febrero anunciaron tu
muerte.
También Bamberg se llenó de
pájaros muertos
Y yo perdí la voz de las palabras.

Bamberg

We never met in Bamberg
Nor did we drink a sweet beer.
I didn't get to see your flying bicycle
Or your ancestral home
With its door of muted stones,
Witnesses of so much grief.

We had dreams and plans to
Listen to each other and to visit
Old, dilapidated synagogues, and
To wander through a foreign and
turbulent world.

One day in February they
announced your death.
Bamberg also filled with dead birds
And I lost the voice of my words.

¿Dónde comienza el dolor? *

I
¿Dónde comienza el dolor?
¿Entre el residuo del abandono,
En los espacios de un amor
irreverente?

¿Dónde reside la luz?
¿En la voz de nuestras miradas,
En el claroscuro de las sombras?
¿En el silencio que acontece
Dentro de las palabras no dichas?

II
¿Será la ausencia parecida a la
levedad de la presencia?
¿Rumor de un mar iracundo,
Rumor de un viento que murmulla?

III
¿Dónde reside la calma?
¿En la distancia de lo vivido,
En la levedad de un instante,
O tal vez en la dulce resignación de
lo que es?

IV
¿Dónde habitan las puertas y las
ventanas
Que se abren y se cierran primero?
¿Cómo se guarda la memoria del
atardecer?
¿Cómo almacenamos los tesoros de
Los momentos donde la gloria y la
luz anidan?

V
¿Dónde nace el amor que no
desemboca en el dolor?
¿Será en el corazón que late al
compás del otro,
O en la reciprocidad de los días
diáfanos?

¿Dónde reside la vida?
¿En el compás de la muerte?
¿En qué estación yace el amor?
¿En qué frontera del alma?

Where does sorrow begin?*

I
Where does sorrow begin?
In the residue of abandonment,
In the spaces of an irreverent love?

Where does light reside?
In the voice of our gazes,
In the chiaroscuro of the shadows?
In the silence that occurs
Within the unspoken words?

II
Is absence like the lightness of presence?
The sound of a raging sea,
The murmur of a wind that whispers?

III
Where does peace reside?
In the distance of the lived,
In the lightness of an instant,
Or perhaps in the sweet resignation of what is?

IV
Where do the doors and windows
That open and close first reside?
Where is the memory of a sunset kept?
How do we store the treasures of
Moments where glory and light nestle?

V
Where is love born that does not end in sorrow?
Is it in the heart that beats to the rhythm of another,
Or in the reciprocity of diaphanous days?

Where does life reside?
In death's compass?
In what season does love exist?
In what frontier of the soul?

Los relojes de Auschwitz*

I
¿Cómo habrán sido los relojes de Auschwitz?
¿Habrían relojes en la ciudad de la muerte?
¿Cómo marcaban el tiempo del sábado,
Cuando encendían en la más siniestra oscuridad
Los candelabros imaginarios?

II
Tal vez Auschwitz era una ciudad que existía sin relojes
Existía con látigos y miradas de hielo,
Donde la ternura se vestía
De duelo y calvicie.

III
Habían tan sólo ecos,
Las voces iracundas de los oficiales prohibiéndolo todo
Hasta los relojes.
Tal vez los tatuajes recordaban a los relojes
Como el día en que llegaron
Como el momento cuando perdieron el cabello
Como la hora donde recibieron el pan duro
Como el instante que los azotaron
Como en el momento que dejaron de recordar
Los relojes de Auschwitz, ¿de qué estaban hechos?
¿Y qué tiempos eran ésos donde no había tiempo?

IV
Tal vez los relojes de Auschwitz eran como el tiempo de los ojos de los muertos
Inmóviles, temerosos relojes sin pausa y sin anhelos.
No existían relojes en Auschwitz
Tan sólo se marcaban llegadas
Y partidas
El cuerpo que perdía la fe
Como una vasija quemada
Llena de dolor.

V
Mientras sigo preguntándome
Cómo se medía el tiempo en Auschwitz
La respuesta es simple tan sólo
La muerte era el reloj de Auschwitz

The Clocks of Auschwitz*

I
What must have the clocks of
Auschwitz been like?
Were there clocks in the city of
death?
How did they mark the time on the
Sabbath
When imaginary candlesticks were
lit
In the most sinister darkness?

II
Perhaps Auschwitz was a city
without clocks
With only whips and frozen gazes,
Where tenderness dressed
In mourning and baldness.

III
There were only echoes,
The irate voices of officials
prohibiting everything,
Even clocks.
With only tattoos recording the time
Like the day they arrived
And the moment they lost their hair.
Or the day they received stale bread
And the instant they were whipped,
Or the moment they stopped
remembering.
What were the clocks of Auschwitz
made of?
And what was it like when there was
no time?

IV
Perhaps the clocks of Auschwitz
were the eyes of the dead
Immobile, fearful clocks with no
pause and no yearning.
There were no clocks in Auschwitz
The only things recorded were
arrivals
And departures
Like charred vessels
Filled with grief.

V
As I continue to wonder
How time was measured in
Auschwitz
The answer is simple.
Death was the only clock in
Auschwitz.

Tal vez*

I
Tal vez fuera en septiembre.
Mandaba ella postales con señales en sepia
Como las hojas caídas
Tocando las sombras.

II
¿Podría haber sido en Noviembre?
Tan sólo nos refugiamos en el no saber, y
En el ritmo de los silencios.
De pronto llegó otra postal raída
Sus letras crípticas diciendo
Que donde estaba había tanto frío,
Un frío parecido a los ruidos de la muerte.

III
Seguro que no fue en el verano cuando el mar
Parecía un jardín azul y la arena memoria remota,
Como los relojes ausentes.
No fue en aquel verano cuando nadie nos dijo nada.

IV
Ya no indagábamos por los meses del año
Tan sólo el nombre del campo donde
Se la llevaron.
¿Tenía ella una frazada?
¿Un papel para escribir sus sueños?
¿Podría haber ido a un correo cercano?

V
Regresaron los meses y las estaciones
No anhelábamos nada,
No anticipábamos.
Llegó septiembre y
Las hojas desnudas cayeron desordenadas.

VI
La vida se había vuelto incauta.
No habían compases para guiarnos.
Una carta llegó que decía que
Murió en diciembre,
Mientras la obligaban a caminar
En esa marcha de la muerte.
Ya los zapatos se le habían deshecho
Como el corazón.

VII
Mientras camino en medio de la nieve
Yo sé que ella rezó sola
Y repitió su propio Kadish.

VIII
Aún no tengo señales de ella
Ni en el mar que nos circunda,
Ni en las estrellas.
Pero a veces la veo venir entre los sueños,
Visionaria llena de amor
Y me besa la frente
Y me pide que no la olvide
Ahora no pienso en las estaciones,
Dibujo ausencias.

Perhaps*

I
Perhaps it was in September
When she sent the sepia-toned postcards
Resembling fallen leaves
Scattered among the shadows.

II
Could it have been in November?
We only seek refuge in not knowing, and
In the rhythms of silence.
Another torn postcard arrived
With a cryptic message saying
That it was so cold where she was,
A cold that seemed like a death rattle.

III
For sure it wasn't in the summer when the sea
Resembled a blue garden and the sand, a distant memory
Like absent clocks.
It wasn't during that summer when no one told us anything.

IV
We no longer inquired about the months of the year
Only about the name of the camp where
They took her away.
Did she have a blanket? A piece of paper
For writing about her dreams?
Did she have access to a nearby post office?

V
The months and seasons returned
We didn't desire anything,
We didn't anticipate.
September arrived and
The naked leaves fell indiscriminately.

VI
Life had become thoughtless
There were no compasses to guide us
A letter arrived, telling us that
She died in December,
While they made her walk
In a death march
With her shoes already broken
Like her heart.

VII
While I walk in the middle of the snow
I know that she prayed alone
And recited her own Kaddish.

VIII
I still don't have signs from her
Not in the sea that surrounds us,
Or in the stars.
But sometimes I see her appear in my dreams,
A visionary filled with love
Who kisses my forehead
And asks me not to forget her
As I cease thinking about the seasons
I draw absences

Abundancia

En ti todo era abundancia
La generosidad inmensurable,
La bondad exquisita,
La que se percibe
Como el más señero gesto
De la humildad.

Eras como el corazón del mundo.
Después de tu partida
Llegaron las sombras,
Un silencio perturbador.
Todo se oscureció.
Desde aquel entonces
Nos hemos llenado de ausencias.

Abundance

Everything in you was abundance,
Immeasurable generosity,
Exquisite kindness,
Of the kind that is perceived
As the most outstanding gesture
Of humility.

You were like the heart of the world.
The shadows and a
Disturbing silence arrived
After your departure.
Everything grew dark.
Since then, we have been
Filled with absences.

Conversations with Christoph on Karen Gershon, Identity, and Vulnerability

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Introduction

> First, I was interested in writing to you because you are Karen Gershon's daughter and live in Israel. Now I find myself being interested in the film [Pett, "Documentary"] and what you write because you are a friend. (Letter from Christoph, henceforth: CH, 30.12.2021)

I believe things happen for a reason, even if often we don't know what that is. The people in our lives cross our paths to light our way, reflecting to us things we need to know about ourselves and our place in the world. Certainly, Christoph was a bright shining light in my life during a very difficult personal time. Although we never actually met, I shall always cherish the lessons I learnt from our long correspondence. His benevolent, witty, caring manner continues to light my way, as a reassuring beacon of hope on the stormy seas of my life.

We met in the pages of a book on *Translated Memories* (Hofmann and Reuter). His chapter (Houswitschka, "Vicarious"), featuring my mother – author and poet Karen Gershon –, came before mine (Shmuel, "Between"), – on how her story has shaped my life. This sparked a correspondence that Christoph later aptly described as "an ongoing conversation accompanying me every day."

Some years earlier I had received an invaluable and yet encumbering gift linking past and present: a box of letters written by my mother to her sister in German, dating from the 1940s to the date of her death in 1993. Invaluable because of the insights contained in these letters, clarifying many gaps in my knowledge of our family history and my mother's life. Encumbering because it enhanced my obligation to write her story, and because the letters were in German.

German was a language taken away from my mother by her exile from her hometown Bielefeld in 1938 when she was sent on the Kindertransport to England. She never saw her parents again; together with other relatives they were amongst the six million people murdered in cold blood by the Nazi regime's attempted genocide. German was the language in which she wrote her first poems, published regularly by the only remaining national Jewish newspaper – the *Jüdische Rundschau* – while she was a teenager. German was the language she disowned when she was cast out at the age of 15. She remained reticent about using it for the rest of her life and discouraged us (her children) from learning it. But it was the only avenue of communication to her last surviving relative, her sister Lise who lived in Italy. It was Lise's children who gave me the letters, she bequeathed them to me on her deathbed. In the book *Translated Memories* (211),

after my chapter, there is a poem by Joseph Swan. I approached both Joseph and Christoph about helping me translate the letters, both responded with friendly agreement; Joseph to translate the handwritten letters and Christoph to delegate a student to translate the typed letters under his supervision. Ellen Sophie Werner has done a brilliant job of completing this task just recently, as has Joe with precious insights in the translation of the handwritten letters. The correspondence with Christoph about the letters soon turned into a long personal exchange of intellectual ideas, curiosity about each other's lives, and eventually a deep and meaningful friendship.

Christoph invited me to teach a course with him at the University of Bamberg in May 2022. Several of our Zoom conversations were devoted to planning this. I was very much looking forward to our meeting. Kindly, Christoph also offered to accompany me to my mother's hometown Bielefeld. Tragically, he died two and a half months before my intended trip to Germany. In our correspondence, Christoph referred to himself as "someone of the second generation of the perpetrators" and was careful to clarify: "I would never compare or confuse the perspective of perpetrators with that of victims, and as a German I totally accept my collective responsibility." It was this open honesty of our exchanges that forged the way to our friendship; by each situating ourselves in context as the products of our specific histories, it became possible to really talk about our points of view, our lives and concerns. Despite our many differences, we forged a connection based on our common humanity, on our worries as parents, on shared values and the hope for a better world for our children. There are several recurrent themes in our correspondence: the importance of the legacy of Karen Gershon, the complexity and potency of identities, the very human state of vulnerability, and the inevitable, irrefutable connection between the academic and the personal. In recounting his own professional and personal story, Christoph concluded one of his letters with this: "these stories of children refugees and John Thelwall's work are connected and interrelated all the way from the 1790s to the present. The people who are connected to these stories one way or the other share the belief that one's work should serve a purpose and that one's work should remain part of one's identity" (CH, 24.1.2021).

Thus, in this article I would like to connect these themes using examples from our correspondence, as both a personal and professional tribute to Christoph's life and work and in appreciation of our brief yet meaningful friendship.

Writing always involves to some extent living a double life: one remains precariously balanced between two worlds – the present real world and the world of the book one is writing. Sometimes this latter can engulf everything, especially when dealing with heavy subjects such as the Holocaust. I believe this happened to my mother as she wrote her books, which often made her inaccessible to her family,

even when her children were small. Similarly, receiving the translated letters often aroused in me many conflicting feelings, uncovering sometimes painful connections between past and present – the ripple effect in history, this almost invisible passage of emotional trauma from one generation to the next (as described by Atlas 17-18). Most of the time when I shared something with Christoph, he had interesting insights to make, including often referring me to books or articles (even attaching these to his emails to aid my research). I think this correspondence helped me to retain perspective, to keep me grounded in the here and now, and not become lost between these two worlds. It was also comforting to know that there was someone waiting for me in Germany, who would accompany me to Bielefeld, who knew what this journey meant to me and would act as a buffer between me and all that Germany stands for because of my family history.

Identity

Our thoughts are embedded in and formed by the contexts in which we live, and our interactions with those around us. As such, Karen Gershon's writing was forged by her emotional reactions as a child survivor orphaned in the Holocaust. Therefore, her ability to write directly about herself and her family only evolved later in life – her initial writing fictionalized the story to make it manageable. Both Christoph (Houswitschka, "What") and Anita Barmettler have written about this. Thus, one must recognize Karen Gershon's complex identity as child survivor, woman, refugee, orphan and exiled Jew in order to understand her life story and literary oeuvre. These identities overlap and intersect with one another in Gershon's life experiences to form interlocking systems of bias and inequality in which she continued to be trapped long after leaving Nazi Germany: "Both writing and an imagined homeland (Jerusalem) offer young Gershon escape from the alienation of her refugee experience. Such alienation relates to gender as well as Jewishness, sexism as well as antisemitism. . . . In England . . . there is hostility towards Gershon as a Jew, a German, a refugee, and a woman" (Lassner and Lawson qtd. in Gershon, *A Tempered* xxiii-xxiv).

The themes of her early fictional novels, war, homelessness, irreversible loss, guilt, repulsion, hate, and helplessness, reflect factors that created insurmountable barriers in her search for identity and a sense of belonging, relegating her forever to be *a stranger in a strange land* (Gershon, "A Stranger"; and the title of the film about Gershon). The only way Gershon could overcome the narrow confines of the multiple identities restricting her was through the written word – by defining herself as a writer against all odds, by becoming the loud coherent voice of her generation, through books such as *We Came as Children* (Gershon) and poems such as "I was not there" (first written in 1961; Gershon, *Collected* 7). Her identity as a writer was her salvation.

My correspondence with Christoph involved a virtual meeting of identities, which sometimes necessitated lengthy explanations to avoid misunderstandings. We each spoke through our own perspectives formed in the context of history and life experiences, crossing both languages and geographic space to share opinions behind which often lurked deep emotions. An example of this is reflected in our discussion of identity:

> German Jewish children could not possibly have handled the fact that all of a sudden, they were in the wrong body as Germans. I found it very enlightening to read Vera Gissing's Kindertransport autobiography where she emphasises that she felt so much better as a refugee in England because she spoke Czech as her mother tongue (which was rare among Czech Jews) and took pride in the fact that Czech pilots fought against Germans in the Battle of Britain. And then she says, I believe, that she felt sorry for the Jewish children whose mother tongue was German because they were regarded to be enemy aliens (at the beginning of the war). (CH, 27.9.2020)

While this statement made a lot of sense to me, I questioned Christoph's use of the expression "in the wrong body as Germans" and asked him about his concept of identity and its connection to the body. This was his answer:

> I find it still very difficult to write about the perspective of those who are descendants of the perpetrators. So, I might have written this with a more general perspective, one that does not distinguish between victims and perpetrators as collective concepts. In this vein, many of us "were in the wrong body as Germans" after the Holocaust. One's identity is quite obviously not in the body (I am a social constructivist). All of us are born into a country, a few of us choose a different one, but usually keep connected with the one that defines a person's identity – in one's own eyes when one lives there long enough, certainly in the eyes of others. I am German, but I have always had the feeling that I was born in the wrong body because of what it means to non-Germans to be a German (after the Shoah). (CH, 29.9.2020)

Perhaps at the beginning of our correspondence I conceptualized *talking to a German*, but very soon it became *talking to Christoph*, whose German identity was quite clearly only one aspect of who he was:

> On the one hand, I am coming from a very awkward ethnic German[1] background that is full of pain and lies. On the other hand, I have never felt to belong anywhere really, but at the same time I grew up in a very privileged and safe environment which has not made it necessary to look out for the more protective aspects of identity. I am European, ethnic German, German, Italian (my sister has become Italian and I am married to an Italian),

[1] Christoph's explanation of this term: "Some 12-14 million Germans were expelled and relocated from eastern European countries and parts of Germany that were given to Poland after 1945. Among them were 3 million so-called Sudetendeutsche from Czechoslovakia (some 25% of the pre-war population of Czechoslovakia). The first wave were ethnic Germans who were expelled in retaliation. The rest were relocated, i.e. transported in cattle trains or walked to occupied Germany. There they were less than welcome but rather spat at and attacked by local Germans. My mother and my grandmother found a room in bombed-out Frankfurt with the help of a German policeman and an American soldier who carried a gun" (CH, 4.12.2020).

> Czech/Austrian (grandparents and cultural background), American (because I lived there for two years), and I feel very close to the countries I have visited and where I have many friends (Israel, the UK, Poland and also in a different way China). Whenever I touch ground in these countries, I feel somehow at home, which is very much related to the people I know in these countries. I have more friends in other countries than in Germany. (CH, 21.3.2021)

This narrative stresses the complex and dynamic nature of identity, as dependent upon context and shaped not only by ancestry but by human interaction and subjectivity. Just as I am not only Israeli, Jewish, British and the daughter of Karen Gershon, but have additional identities as author, anthropologist, mother and grandmother. The more we were able to trust each other as human beings the more this correspondence broke through the boundaries of labels and social categories to deal with issues of *being* and *doing* – how we define ourselves and live our lives. This is a complicated distinction to make, since our multidimensional identities entrap us in a web of meaning that is almost impossible to disentangle. For example, I cannot choose not to belong to the second generation, to be the daughter of a child survivor, a fact that has shaped the course of my life, who I am and what I do.

Christoph said: "My identity is one that is defined by human and civil rights first and then by my nationality. I think a person who is not ready to fight against his/her own people when they turn against humankind cannot claim to have a moral concept of national belonging" (CH, 29.9.2020).

I take from this statement two points: Firstly, that morality must come before loyalty to any pre-defined group, and I would add that being *humane* has to come before being simply *human*. As Bauer (7) has pointed out, the Holocaust was a *human* event, if we want to prevent it from happening again (in whatever place or form) we must be willing to learn from it. Secondly, in this context it is also important to remember that nation states have been formed for the sake of their citizens, and not the other way around. Living in Israel this is not always self-evident; my sons have had to risk their lives for the sake of defending their country, meaning that the identity of the third generation is also a risk factor. Christoph also said:

> In my own experience, I would say that the catastrophe of the Nazi years, the total breakdown of civilisation, of what it means to be a human being, made it inevitable for me as someone of the second generation of the perpetrators to develop the feeling that I was born in the wrong body the more I learnt and read about the Shoah. To be shaped as a German in the society I was born into forced me to feel alienated in my own body. This feeling became stronger the more society as a whole started talking about the Shoah openly. (CH, 29.9.2020)

Again, an example of our birth contexts and inherited identities entrapping us even in relation to ourselves – our self-perception and body-image. Christoph continued to explain how he always detested sports as related to a Nazi ideology, stating that his father grew up in the Hitler youth and some of his sports teachers at school were Nazis. Thus, even the mundane choices that we make (such as participating in sports) may be rooted in the contexts of our identities as they have been forged long before our awareness.

Christoph's last published article (Houswitschka, "We must") was about John Thelwall (1764-1834), who was "one of the most notorious among the radical reformers" (31). In this article, Christoph discusses this dynamic and complex definition of identity as culminating in a freedom of speech and of participation in society. After being excluded as a radical reformer and indicted of high treason in 1794, Thelwall became a prolific writer. Being active was his choice of freedom, but even this basic freedom requires a certain economic and social context. Gershon struggled all her life to make her voice heard by getting published and to survive economically as a writer (a profession that to this day is hardly ever a lucrative means of supporting oneself). These struggles, in addition to her other identities, kept her constantly balanced precariously – both financially and personally – on the edge of society, the eternal outsider. Gershon's identity was forged by the traumatic experience of exile: "Those who arrived in England on the Kindertransport had become strangers to themselves. The feeling of being a stranger to oneself prompts the traumatized survivor to translate his/her experiences. Revisiting the traumatized experiences is in many ways an act of translation or transformation" (Houswitschka, "Vicarious" 185).

The writer's narrative becomes a means of participation in society, an affirmation of the self which has been rejected by social categorisation, creating an identity which both grows out of the ancestral past and the historical context and transcends it – a creative way of sharing a common humanity and giving a voice to the unheard. Thus, Gershon became "a lone voice in the Holocaust poetry of the 1960's" (*The Times* 23) – the voice of her generation. Berger (84) has discussed refugee writing as both an act of witnessing and of penance with no remission, reflecting the far-reaching consequences of the Holocaust across the generations – an expression of permanent exile signifying the diasporic experience across Jewish history.

In Christoph's final article (Houswitschka, "We must"), he argues that personal identity is based on agency, expressed via freedom of speech and of commerce, and that being active and not passive sustains personal welfare. The entitlement of participation is the mark of a true democracy, perhaps only made possible in small units which enable this genuine sharing of knowledge and empower people

to express their diverse and multifaceted identities. Thus, identity becomes a legacy of values not possessions, built on *being* and *doing* rather than labels denoting entitlement to material wealth or social status. It is this identity that provides innovative hardworking people (such as independent farmers) and motivated creative people (such as writers, artists and musicians) with wellbeing through personal achievement and expression. As farmers are dependent on a market for their produce, so creative people are dependent on an audience – in Gershon's case through the medium of publication. Karen Gershon was an exceptional writer, with a unique ability to unfold harsh truths and insightful perceptions through various creative means: poetry, fiction, collective biography, and autobiography. With great determination and talent, and against the expectations formed by her child refugee background, she succeeded outstandingly in changing languages and forging a place of honour for herself amongst the most highly regarded poets and authors of her time. Although she published six volumes of poetry, eight books (three non-fiction and five fiction) and received numerous prizes, until her death Gershon struggled to find publishers for her work (there were no less than seven unpublished manuscripts in her study when she died). "The children of the Kindertransport experienced the transformation to adulthood in an alien country and had to connect it with a different type of translation, changing languages from German to English. . . . translation allows for language to engage again, for the writing process to resume, to represent or support a healing process coping with trauma" (Houswitschka, "Vicarious" 185).

In lieu of the Holocaust, Gershon could easily have become another Heine, as a child she invented verses to his poems so that her mother and sisters would allow her to join in their singing (these verses were good enough for her mother to look for them in Heine's books). Before she emigrated to Israel in 1968, Gershon burnt all her old manuscripts, including her poems written in German. Her mastery of the English language followed an immense effort with little guidance or encouragement. Her definition as a stranger, a foreigner, an outsider, all words she used to describe herself in England, was a definitive of a state of exclusion simultaneously linguistically, culturally and spatially apart from others. As Christoph wrote: "In Gershon's poetry translation is a poetic effect that signifies the lasting alienation caused by trauma, the disruption of word and world" (Houswitschka, "Vicarious" 191).

It could be argued that writing is inevitably a form of translation, in the sense of using words to transcend the inevitable abyss that exists between people – using language to convey something private and internal which, once uttered, becomes public and perhaps communal. In this sense, writing is a journey, the more adept and skilful the author, the farther away it will take us – far from ourselves and

perhaps closer to the proverbial 'other.' In the case of the Holocaust, it is a harrowing journey from ignorance, innocence, and bliss to the painful realization of what human beings are capable of doing to one another. It involves transforming numbers to personal stories, gruesome events to the detailed lives of ordinary people, creating a small window in the mind which brings one closer to an understanding of the impossible to grasp.

Soon after Gershon's arrival in England, she was sent to Whittingham, Lord Balfour's estate in Scotland, which became a Zionist training camp for refugees on their way to the land of Israel. A few months later her sister Lise was sent on the last legal ship to Palestine, another devastating separation for young Gershon. It was a time when she sought solace in her Jewish identity. When Whittingham closed, she was one of an Orthodox group of refugees who created a home and yeshiva in Wales. But she was not to stay with them. Only 17 years old, she left the group to fend for herself. Having lost her family, language, and homeland, she no longer felt connected to Jewish life and culture, it was almost as if she had been cast out entirely, losing her faith as she had lost all other possessions. The few attempts she made to seek comfort amongst Jews only enhanced this feeling: "On Friday night I went to the synagogue, not to pray but just to feel at home among Jews. All the melodies were different, so that I could not join in the singing, and it was worse feeling an outsider because I hadn't expected it. . . . no one spoke to me or invited me home as Jews are supposed to do with strangers" (Gershon, *A Tempered* 100).

Like many child survivors, Gershon struggled with her Jewish identity for many years, writing about her mother in one of her early poems: "her hands once hesitant and white touched me with the Jewish plague, she is my enemy because I am burdened with her fate" (Gershon, *Collected* 30). Initially she refrained from passing on her Jewishness to her children.

It is in the autobiographical book *A Lesser Child* that she explains the deep roots of her ambivalence about her Jewishness, forged in her as a child in Nazi Germany. Christoph used this book in his courses: "In terms of *A Lesser Child* contributing something to an understanding of what impact a government-supported racist society has on a persecuted child, I found that your mother was a very good observer with an astonishing memory. Her narrative is distanced and close at the same time. Whenever I read it with my students, they really liked it" (CH, 23.11.2020).

In the 1930's, the popular newspaper *Stürmer* was displayed in glass cases in the street, where even children at tram stations could read Nazi propaganda about the Jews: "Of course Lise and Kate did not believe what they read. But they did not totally disbelieve it either, and the memory of what they had read remained" (Gershon, *A Lesser* 115).

Christoph said: "I use this episode to talk with students about the specific problems children encountered who wanted to belong like all children do and at the same time felt utterly rejected and despised. Therefore, in the early years of Nazism, many Jewish children lived in a terrible state of self-denial" (CH, 24.9.2020).

When the three sisters were expelled from school, Anne, at 15, found work in an internationally famous spa (Bad Nauheim), while Lise, at 14, became an apprentice dressmaker. Gershon (then Kate, 13) received a scholarship for Herrlingen, the only remaining Jewish boarding school in Germany in 1936. The headmaster was Hugo Rosenthal.[2] She was only there for a year, but it was a formative experience in her life, instilling in her a pride for her Jewishness: "she had not known that she felt at all positive about being a Jew, it had surprised her. In a Jewish environment, this feeling rose to the surface. On the one hand, it let her fill one of her strongest and most constant ambitions, which was to belong; on the other, it supplemented her grandfather's and the Zionist youth movement's teachings" (Gershon, *A Lesser* 144).

Hugo Rosenthal was an exceptional educator, who saw education as a means of connection between the generations. In the troubling context of Germany in the 1930s, in which the children arriving at his school had been persecuted into seeing themselves as inferior, he forged an innovative path of Jewish education as a gift for life (Schachne 49-57). It was important to Hugo to avoid educating for Jewish nationalism as a reaction against Nazi nationalism. With the influence of Martin Buber, his attitude towards the children was holistic, to enable them to build a positive self-image of themselves as the children of Israel. But his aim was to go beyond Zionism to the spiritual heritage and overall moral education of the children. The school was run as a community celebrating Jewish cultural traditions and learning Hebrew as a living language connecting to Jewish roots. Hugo strove to develop the children not only intellectually, but to impart in them life skills and coping mechanisms. The boarding school was situated in a rural area, the children were encouraged to take responsibility in establishing and maintaining community life around a Jewish calendar. They *lived* Judaism, participating in manual work and outdoor activities (sports, games, gardening), keeping order and being punctual, because they wanted to feel part of the community, not because they were coerced to do so. Hugo realized that the children in his care were all desperately in need of a sense of security and stability, a sense of belonging. Thus, relations between staff and students were informal, in effect, the school was run as one big family (61-76).

[2] Later to emigrate to Israel and become Yoseph Yashuvi.

I think that Christoph was also a great educator. Certainly, like myself, he believed in education to move forward, to negate and overcome prejudices and discrimination:

> The sixties and seventies were decades full of hope and the feeling that a new generation had the right to question the old world with all its failures. I still believe in education and Aufklärung (enlightenment, in spite of everything Adorno has said about it. He was right. We should never feel safe and never believe that we could not become part of the next step to another catastrophe in humanity), but critical understanding, making things public and education are the only ways to make some fragile progress. (CH, 24.10.2020)

Christoph made efforts to bring together students from different cultures and countries through international programmes in which he held open and candid discussions on many volatile topics: "I teach classes on antisemitism and Holocaust literature that are attended by Christians and Muslims and Jews, students from all walks of life. They take a strong and authentic interest in these topics as human beings. These experiences give me hope" (CH, 10.6.2020).

We had many discussions about such endeavors, sharing our teaching experiences. For three years I participated in the DEMO project (funded by the European Commission) comprising eleven academic institutions in Israel and Europe to advance innovative teaching about migrants' lives in Israeli higher education institutions, with the aim of improving the skills of professionals in the applied social sciences (teachers, social workers, etc.) so that they could better meet the needs of migrants and asylum seekers (Shmuel, *Exploring*).

Hugo's school Herrlingen, Christoph's academic courses, and the DEMO project, are all examples of (different) small-group collaborations in line with Thelwall's teachings, in which partakers are encouraged to be active participants – to grow and develop in communal settings which are inclusive, supportive, empowering and respectful of diversity. In a lecture on Zoom,[3] which I invited Christoph to join, I talked about the Ethiopian concept of family, and the idea that it takes a whole village to raise a child. Christoph responded:

> The way you have presented the stories of your family has really fascinated me. Firstly, because you conveyed a lot of values and beliefs I also share, such as the uniqueness of every individual in his/her diversity when it comes to our various belongings as individuals. Secondly, I found it fascinating that Ethiopian culture seems to have been socialist long before socialism. Some aspects of their culture also reminded me of Zionist ideas of collectivity. What you told about the village community and the concept of family reminded me of environments that are different from my own Western German upbringing. My two sons grew up in a small Saxon village in the former socialist part of Germany. They were really brought up by so many people in the village who all used to

[3] https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qZeP6xyp51g

> belong to the collective village farm, actually something like the kibbutz. (CH, 16.11.2020)

Recently, after some drastic changes in my life, I have come to live in such a setting on kibbutz Bet HaEmek in the Western Galilee. Not only is this extremely pleasant and conducive to my wellbeing, but it is the first time in my life that I feel at one with my surroundings. This is a very special kibbutz, whose members made a conscious decision to maintain their communal structure and spirit despite privatization (which most of the kibbutzim have undertaken in the last twenty years). I am learning that building and maintaining a community is an active effort, to which people contribute in diverse ways; the most important ingredient seems to be a lot of goodwill.

One of the interesting things about cooperative societies (as opposed to individualistic societies) is this very sense of self embedded in community. In my conversations with elders of the Ethiopian immigrant community in Israel (Shmuel, *Children's*), I came to understand that the community was part of who they were, a part that to a large extent has been lost after immigration together with communal living. Modern Western individualistic societies tend to encourage dichotomous analytical thinking, often leading to a choice between two opposing alternatives. Thus, the needs of one are assumed to come at the expense of another, self-consideration is assumed to be instead of the consideration of others, and so on. However, in collectivistic societies, considering others coexists internally with considering oneself – self-perception contains the perception of others. This goes well with a fluid, dynamic view of identity, as changing and adapting throughout our lives, so that in different contexts different parts of our identities are paramount. Under such circumstances multiple narratives can coexist, life stories can overlap, perhaps one could more easily choose common humanity over pre-defined national or religious groups.

Christoph talked about a similar idea he taught in class:

> I tried to explain to them that the idea that the signifier and the signified keep changing depending on the context and that we find the signified in the intertextual web of our reading. I explained to them that this makes us free to analyze our identity as something that is not defined by others, but a creative act of pinning down the signifiers and how they help to construct our identity as signified. (CH, 17.12.2020)

For example, consider the following verse from the poem "songs in exile" (Gershon, *Collected* 9):

> I who have no other home
> love my native town with shame
> driven by my memories

> riven between loyalties
> I love the town my exile built
> a replica without the guilt

A sense of belonging is definitive, there is an irksome dissonance between Gershon's emotions for her birth town and the post-Holocaust context. Being a *Bielefelder* was always to remain a part of her identity but cast out at 15 and her family murdered denied legitimacy to these feelings. Home becomes a concept she can only ever fantasize about. Even the various homes she invested in creating for her children were fragile, precarious constructs lacking roots and that illusive substance passed between the generations to forge both family and identity.

Another poem, "After Auschwitz" (12) begins with this verse:

> I who am descendent from
> those who wept in Babylon
> and would not sing their songs to be
> comforted in captivity
> shall be an instrument to sing
> of any human suffering
> because in times of genocide
> survival must be justified

Gershon's poems are full of signifiers that pin her identity to the heritage of Jewish suffering, they are powerful wedges inserted helplessly in a crumbling wall – the very fabric of her sense of self. They are words with which she clung to remnants of her Jewish identity, trying to rebuild a lost and wounded heritage, which outside her books – in family life in England – she was unable to pass on to her children.

> Gershon's sense of being 'reconciled' to England accords with a diasporic literary tradition. Her verse expresses a tension – common to Anglo-Jewish poetry and poetics – between 'social' exile and an 'imaginary homeland'. .... Gershon mined the Hebrew bible to impose a stabilizing narrative on disorienting Jewish experience under Nazism. (Lawson, 139-40).

In contrast, in Israel, Gershon experienced a different sense of homecoming; she was at once more at one with her surroundings, less self-conscious of her thick German accent because it was so common and suddenly rooted as never before. She felt a deep, almost mystical connection to the people and the land, and very much wanted her children to fit in. The details of the family's *Aliyah* experience (and return to England after six years) are not relevant here, but I would like to make two points: firstly, that being in Israel enabled her to not only *accept* but *rejoice* in her Jewish identity. In the poem "Kaddish" (Gershon, *Collected* 14-17) she states: "a grief like mine is only stilled by the inborn need to celebrate."

Secondly, that being amongst other survivors made her continued grief and its various expressions legitimate: she was not expected, in an Israeli context, to put

the past behind her. As Kidron (324) noted, in the Israeli cultural context, strong inter-generational bonds and national commemoration ceremonies make it legitimate and expected to mark one's losses (because of the Holocaust, wars and terrorism) whilst living one's life. Furthermore, Israeli culture provides Holocaust survivors and their families with the validity of continued connection to the dead. I would say that an essential powerful part of Israeli Jewish tradition is to mourn our dead and yet celebrate life without ever forgetting them. It is true that in Israel there have always been hierarchies of Holocaust suffering (Kidron 325); I remember people's disapproving expressions whenever my mother called herself a Holocaust survivor and they discovered she had not herself been in a concentration camp. Then (the early 1970's) the common terminology for people like her was unaccompanied children, war orphans, or war damaged children – nobody called them *child survivors* (Clifford 2). But despite this, and all the other problems she had in Israel, it was a place where her complex identity could come together to feel whole – her sister Lise said as much about herself (in the film: Pett, 1989).

Vulnerability

In January 2001, I joined a series of Yad Vashem Zoom lectures on mental health and the Holocaust. The first speaker was child survivor professor Shlomo Berznitz, who said in his concluding remarks that it is human vulnerability that creates all the problems in the world – that people get hurt and offended and then blame others – a group of pre-defined others – and this causes animosity and violence against other human beings. I shared this with Christoph, who answered: "I could also not agree more with Shlomo Bereznitz. This vulnerability causes all the problems in the world. It is like a curse and the tragedy about this is that we all sit in the same boat because this vulnerability causes a never-ending chain effect of breeding frustration and violence" (CH, 28.2.2021).

Another speaker in the series was Professor Yuval Pelgi, who spoke of his research with survivors' families. He explained that child survivors who had to look after themselves during the war without supporting adults became very vulnerable adults themselves. I thought about my mother. Then he added that this excess vulnerability was often passed on to the second generation, but that the third generation tends to be more resilient. This made me think about my own vulnerability, and my sons' resilience, which to me seems to be forged in them as part of their Israeli identity.

In December 2021 (during the Covid pandemic) I arrived at Universität Erlangen-Nürnberg for a brief teaching visit arranged through the Erasmus exchange program with the Hebrew University. I had an exhibition of my books in International Diversity week for students in teacher education and taught a course on diversity in the classroom and antibias education. My hosts were very kind and

pleasant, the students friendly and cooperative with my innovative teaching methods (Shmuel, *Exploring*). Nevertheless, visiting Germany is always an emotionally loaded experience for me, which I inevitably approach with a certain ambivalence: a mixture of deep curiosity and reticence, a desire for connection and an inhibition about it. Germany awakens in me an uncomfortable feeling, one might call this an impossible vulnerability based on my family history. Christoph seemed to understand this without needing an explanation. With him being in Italy at this time, we were unable to meet, but he made a point of being encouraging, humorous and supportive from a distance via WhatsApp. Positive, compassionate human connection is the best cure for vulnerability; in a world which often feels uncaring and hostile, it is an affirmation of our worth as human beings – regardless of identity labels. This was the greatest help to child survivors in new, unfamiliar environments, often not what the children of the Kindertransport encountered in England when considered as *enemy aliens* (at the beginning of the war).

This brings me back to what I started with when discussing identity: Gershon's need to distance herself from her own experiences by fictionalizing the written narrative about them in her earlier works. This was a mechanism to avoid her own vulnerability, forged by her exile, enhanced by her inability to part from her parents at the train station in Bielefeld. She carried with her this *non-parting* all her life, making all separations painfully impossible. She used to say that she was *putting people on ice*, creating an invisible distance between herself and her own emotions as a form of self-protection. It was a barrier to love forged to shelter her from the abyss of her own vulnerability as child survivor.

> At the station barrier
> my mother would not let me go
> I thought that I had outgrown her
> I did no longer want her love
> I was relieved to leave her there
> it was her life that paid my fare
> to recollect my childhood now
> is the only scourge I have. (Gershon, *Collected* 27)

Cast out as a child, through no fault of her own, she blamed herself for surviving and took responsibility for the death of her parents (Barmettler 237-38). Her punishment was a constant intrinsic disconnection with her children, whom she felt she did not deserve as much as they did not deserve her as a mother. She struggled all her life to be worthy – worthy of the life she had been given where so many others had not, worthy of the family she had created which could never match up to her family of origin, worthy of possessing her poems and writing in a language she had adopted in a country not hers.

To Sum Up

It is sadly ironic that I initially approached Christoph about translating my mother's letters, and now I am going through *his* letters to write this article, which I have based on our conversations, transcending boundaries of identity as well as time and space, indicating the significance of both a humane attitude and of context. I have presented writing itself as the ultimate freedom expressing human agency and providing not only a personal but at times a collective voice. This especially in relation to human suffering, and the condition of refugees and other 'outsiders' who experience alienation as both internal and external – alienation from self and society. My mother Karen Gershon, child survivor, was one example, having lost family, language, and home, to later become a prolific writer and renowned poet often described as the voice of her generation. Karen Gershon's legacy remains with us today as a beacon of both hope and warning for generations to come (see Shmuel, *Child*).

I believe Christoph's legacy will be continued both by teachers and students, inspiring humanism, empathy, supportiveness, and goodwill amongst all people. Let us recognize the potency and fluidity of our identities, their contribution to our vulnerability – for who we are or what we are presumed to represent in differing contexts – and the power of human connection to highlight the value and uniqueness of each and every individual and enhance their intrinsic resilience.

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Part II:
Between *Piquach Nefesch* and *Tikkun Olam*:
Perspectives on Jewish Studies

Jewish Women Writers in Germany and Great Britain from the Post-War Period to the Present

Christoph Houswitschka, University of Bamberg
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In 2021, Christoph and I began working together on an essay about texts by contemporary Jewish women writers in Britain and Germany. Again and again, we discussed how we could bundle and compare such different literatures, perceive them in their own way and yet bring them into conversation with each other. We wrote various drafts of this essay, then put the text aside for quite a while before Christoph began to heavily revise his part at the end of 2021. We agreed that he would finish his part and then I, in turn, would revise my part. On 6 February 2022 he wrote to me that he was almost finished and that I would receive his text on the weekend. It did not come to that. Christoph died on Thursday, 10 February 2022.

The text as it is presented here is therefore not a finished essay, but our sketch on a topic that we had been working on together and that we wanted to develop further.

It does not contain Christoph's revisions, which are lying dormant in his computer. I have not yet been able to continue working on our common theme. I miss our dialogue.

But I am pleased that Anna Lena Westphal is continuing to work on German-language contemporary Jewish literature as part of her doctoral thesis.

Note by the editors of this volume: The following text is an unfinished version of Christoph Houswitschka's last article, jointly written with Iris Hermann. The editors of this volume left his section exactly as it was when he passed away, which means that it includes occasional typos and errors. To indicate this, his section has been printed in a different font.

In keeping with the format of the article, Iris Hermann's section also follows the original format for citations and uses footnotes instead of a works cited list. Her section of the article has been gently corrected by herself and the editors, but it also has not been rewritten.

Abstract

This essay aims to provide a European perspective on Jewish women writers from 1945 to the present. Jewish women writers had a significant influence on German literature before the war, whereas in Great Britain this was not the case. We focus

on Germany, the country that is responsible for the Shoah, the greatest catastrophe in the history of the Jewish people, and Great Britain, the country that saved thousands of Jews from the Continent and helped to liberate Nazi-occupied Europe. With regard to Germany, we focus on Jewish women authors who immigrated from the successor states of the former Soviet Union, the 'contingent refugees' who today enrich the literary landscape. Jewish British literature hardly had a voice of its own after the war, but since the 1990s it has also been recognized as an independent contribution to British literature. Today, young Jewish women writers in both Great Britain and Germany contribute to literary diversity both in their respective Jewish communities and their societies.

Jewish-British Women Writers

In Great Britain, Jewish post-war literature could hardly develop independent of a "monolithic Britishness". While American Jews could always reinvent themselves in literature with great self-confidence, British Jews were merely observers of a ready-made culture in which they participated but could not change anything.[1] This difference was explained by Linda Grant in her novel, *When I Lived in Modern Times* (2000): "I was a Jewish child in a country where, unlike America, there was no contribution I could make to the forging of the national identity. It was fixed already, centuries ago."[2]

Jewishness is not a topic in British literature, at least not until the 1990s. Jewish writers were barely known as such in the United Kingdom throughout the postwar period, unless they explicitly wrote about the Shoah,[3] but in her seminal study on *Holocaust Fiction*, Sue Vice discussed not a single Jewish-British writer.

Phyllis Lassner points out that Anglo-Jewish women writers such as Anita Brookner, Diane Samuels, Elaine Feinstein, and Julia Pascal write about Jewish immigration in the 1930s, "none of whom is a refugee or Holocaust survivor," but their "creative imaginations are compelled by the persistent presence of the lost and rescued."[4] Julia Pascal published *The Holocaust Trilogy* (2000) and introduced an explicitly feminist voice in her theatre projects, many of them about Jewish topics or from a Jewish perspective.

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[1] Bryan H. Cheyette, "British-Jewish Literature," in *Jewish Writers of the Twentieth Century*, ed. Sorel Kerbel (New York: Fitzroy Dearborn, 2003), p. 10.
[2] Linda Grant, *When I Lived in Modern Times* (London: Granta Books, 2000), p. 12. See also Axel Stähler, "Introduction. Jewish literature(s) in English? Anglophone Jewish Writing and the 'Loquation' of Culture," in *Anglophone Jewish Literature*, ed. Axel Stähler (London and New York: Routledge, 2007), p. 11.
[3] Vice discusses Martin Amis, D.M. Thomas, Jerzy Kosinski, Thomas Keneally, William Styron, and Helen Darville.
[4] Phyllis Lassner, "Exiles from Jewish Memory. Anita Brookner's Anglo-Jewish Aesthetic," *Tulsa Studies in Women's Literature*, 29/1 (Spring 2010), p. 59.

Other writers such as the *kindertransport* writer Karen Gershon (1923–1993) have only been discovered in recent years, particularly since her autobiographical texts *A Lesser Child* (publ. 1994) and *A Tempered Wind* (publ. 2010) were published posthumously. Another hardly fictionalized account of a *kind* (child) is Lore Segal's *Other People's Houses* (1964). Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's work often tells of uprooted German-Jewish exiles.[5]

Jewishness did not have a self-conscious voice in postwar British literature. This changed in the nineties, but especially after 2000, when (with the exception of Harold Jacobson) mainly Jewish women writers followed the example of the so-called (postcolonial) New English literatures or ethnic literatures in Great Britain and claimed their own Jewish voice, neither postcolonial nor at the center, but more and more arriving there from the margins.

By contrast, if one reads the novels of postwar women writers such as Muriel Spark (1918-2006), Bernice Rubens (1923-2004), Ruth Prawer Jhabvala (1927-2013), Anita Brookner (1928-2016), and others, one will find them only randomly concerned with Jewish topics. If they are, they offer clues to the Jewish identity of their protagonists without giving them a Jewish voice, at least not one that speaks in the public.[6] The reader will search largely in vain for words and terms that would mark these references as political portraying and discussing Jewish identity. Cheyette describes the dilemma of Jewish-British literature: "The perception that Jewish writing in Britain is outlandish at best and an impossibility at worst runs deep and has created an understandable sense of inferiority." British culture, Cheyette argues, "saps the confidence of its writers who happen also to be Jews."[7]

Lassner speaks of Brookner's and other Jewish women writers' "oblique references to modern Jewish history and identity" when she tries to characterize their contribution "to dramatize the displacement, haunted memories, and living spaces that constitute their Anglo-Jewish characters' lives."[8] In Brookner's novels, her main characters are often lonely women and Jewish. Reading about their loneliness also establishes a good sense about how they might feel as Jews in British society. Therefore, a Jewish voice is recognizable in Brookner's novels, but it is not introduced as a recognized one. If one asks why, one encounters another absence in literature, which Anthony Julius explores in his monograph *Trials of the Diaspora: A History of Anti-Semitism in England* (2010): "English literary anti-Semitism was not

[5] Sorel Kerbel, ed. *Jewish Writers of the Twentieth Century* (New York: Fitzroy Dearborn, 2003), p. 488.
[6] This is different with novels that are less British than Anglophone. Bernice Rubens *The Sergeant's Tale* (2004), for example, takes place in the British Mandate in 1947 (see Stähler 2007: 12).
[7] Both quotation in Cheyette, "British-Jewish Literature," p. 10 (above, note 1).
[8] Lassner, "Exiles", p. 59 (above, note 4).

on any syllabus; it was not taught; it was not 'examined'; fundamentally, it was not noticed."[9]

Anita Brookner grew up in London as the child of Jewish-Polish immigrants.[10] Although she was born and raised in England, Brookner never felt completely at home in England and never lost the feeling of being a stranger in her own country.[11] She could never fully come to terms with the conventions of her English homeland.[12] This state of mind has been understood in research as a conflict between conformity and trying to stand by her Jewish heritage, one "seemingly irreconcilable with the other."[13] While encouraging her parents to stand by their Jewish identity, they would have failed to familiarize their daughter with her English environment.[14] This conflict would have triggered fear of loss and alienation trauma. Sylvester finds this negotiated primarily in her 1988 novel *Latecomers*.[15] But *Latecomers* tells a different story. Two boys who manage to escape Nazi Germany on the *kindertransport*, Fibich and Hartmann, remain bound in friendship throughout their lives although they remain outsiders in England.

In her stories, Anita Brookner avoids clear references or statements about Jews or Jewish identity. Although *Latecomers* is an exception, it shares a literary concern with other of Brookner's novels about memory and "the continuing action of the past within the present" as Helen Dunmore writes in her introduction to the Penguin edition of *Latecomers*.[16] The fictional characters that personify this memory are women. They are single and their silent search for Jewish identity is represented in the lostness and loneliness as women. The authenticity of the female narrative voice implicitly represents that of the Jewish narrative. As a result, Brookner's novels are not feminist; as feminist representations of social isolation and loneliness they would mute the Jewish voice. The absence of a feminist narrative voice at a time when it had already been constructed in society and literature creates a literary proxy space that makes Jewish voicelessness recognizable in its absence as a political discourse.

When Brookner speaks about a lack of social recognition of Jews in interviews, she compares herself to her Polish parents: "I think my parents' lives were blighted –

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[9] Anthony Julius, *Trials of the Diaspora: A History of Anti-Semitism in England* (New York: Oxford University Press, 2010), p. xxiv.
[10] Louise Sylvester, "The Trauma of Assimilation: Anita Brookner as Jewish Novelist," in *Jewish Women Writers in Britain*, ed. Nadia Valman (Detroit: Wayne State University Press, 2014), p. 157.
[11] Sylvester, "Trauma," p. 158 (above, note 10).
[12] Lynn Veach Sadler, *Anita Brookner* (Woodbridge, CT: Twayne Publishers, 1990), p. 1.
[13] Sylvester, "Trauma," p. 170 (above, note 10).
[14] Sylvester, "Trauma," p. 171 (above, note 10).
[15] Sylvester, "Trauma," p. 164-166 (above, note 10).
[16] Helen Dunmore, "Introduction," in Anita Brookner, *Latecomers* (London: Penguin, 2010), p. viii.

and in some sense mine is too - largely by this fact of being outside the natural order, being strangers in England ... I've never been at home here."[17] In her novels, protagonists describe themselves in such a way not as Jews, but women.

Family Romance (1993) tells the story of two women who could not be more different. While Dolly (also the title of the American edition) is extroverted and fun-loving, this behavior is both repulsive and attractive to her niece Jane. Dolly and Jane are related to one another, but their characters gain individual authenticity in this antagonism. Dolly's charismatic nature is a provocation to Jane, from whose perspective the story is told. Jane dislikes Dolly's old-fashioned attitude as a widow who lives of the money of her deceased husband. Later in her life, Jane expresses disapproval of the feminist young professors she meets on her reading tours as a successful writer in the Unites States:

> They are so convivial that it would be churlish to refuse. But I find them exhausting, these women of goodwill, with their agenda of wrongs to be righted, of injustices to be eliminated. I want to stand still in the dusk and contemplate the lake, seeing only mist, hearing only a brief ripple where the wing of a bird disturbs the surface of the water, but I must respond intelligently, employ a certain kind of feminised argument, feel myself to be the victim of a monstrous wrong which has been passed down to me from generation to generation.[18]

Jane's problem is a cultural one. While American women do not hesitate going public as feminists, Jane's defensiveness looks like a reaction characterizing British middle-class Jews refraining from voicing their particular interests, but also from passing judgements on others. When Jane's attitude to Dolly changes later, one might even see this against the backdrop of her discussion of the feminism of younger women. At the end of the novel, she speaks of her love for Dolly, her aging niece, and criticizes her feminist friends: "My feminist friends would not recognize the woman I became in Dolly's presence, nor could I explain to them the great revelation to which she made me a party, and for which I am indebted. [...] I realised then that love was unpredictable."[19] Brookner's stance on feminism has been repeatedly criticized pointing out that the relationship between women in her novels belong to an "unstructured sub-plot": "They are neither lovers, nor friends, nor sisters, nor consciously rivals in love, and thus, for Brookner, deprived of traditional and hence predictable patterns of behavior."[20] Kurz weighs different terms that might characterize Brookner's portrayal of women. She is not feminist, more

[17] John Haffenden, "'Playing Straight'. Interview with Anita Brookner," *The Literary Review* (September 1984), p. 25.
[18] Anita Brookner, *Family Romance* (London, Jonathan Cape, 1993, US Title: *Dolly*), p. 210.
[19] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 217-218 (above, note 18).
[20] Helga Kurz, "The Impossibility of Female Friendship. A Study of Anita Brookner's Female Characters," *AAA: Arbeiten aus Anglistik und Amerikanistik*, 15/1 (1990), p. 15.

than "feminine" and certainly female in her perspective.[21] Malcolm points out that by the end of the novel, Jane has transformed herself on her reading tours in the United States finding the courage to speak out in her own voice thus also finding acknowledgment for Dolly who muddled through her entire life while facing hostility from all sides. While she finds the young professors' political feminism shallow, she is impressed by their older colleagues, "placidly dignified women, mostly in their fifties, mostly long divorced or else widowed, [who] pursued a life of study in an all-female atmosphere as if they were nuns in a mediaeval abbey."[22]

This attitude corresponds strikingly with the refusal to foreground the literary construction of Jewishness and thus contribute to the reinterpretation of what Cheyette calls "monolithic Britishness."[23] Jane is not only a single and lonely woman, but also Jewish, an aspect elaborately concealed by the narrator.

The narrator's voice reports that Jane's mother did not get along with her mother[24] and that her grandmother was subjected to "a mild strain of anti-Semitism" from her husband, who despised Toni's visits "at the largely Jewish weddings" and considered his son's (Dolly's future husband) dancing with his mother "un-English", but "the more he disapproved of her the more perversely attractive he found her to be."[25] Jane's gentile paternal grandmother met her Jewish grandmother with a "violent antagonism" because she considered her "a frivolous and unworthy woman."[26]

Dolly also comes from a Jewish family originally from Frankfurt that immigrated from France after the war and met the Ferbers and their son Hugo in a London hotel.[27] Mr Schiff, Dolly's father, disappeared in German-occupied Paris: "The disappearing husband had also been Jewish, but that was easy to overlook."[28]

To establish the Jewish identity of Dolly's and Jane's families requires a diligent reader. The clues are scattered, as are the references to the antisemitism of the non-Jewish paternal families. It is also thoroughly striking that Jane's narrative voice leaves the antisemitic hostility of her maternal grandfather and paternal grandmother uncommented upon and even suggests, almost apologetically, that her grandmother's behavior might have provoked this reaction. Jane, her mother

[21] Kurz, "Female Friendship", p. 14 (above, note 20).
[22] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 209 (above, note 18); also see Sheryl Alexander Malcolm *Understanding Anita Brookner* (Columbia, SC: University of South Carolina Press, 2002), p. 150.
[23] Cheyette, "British-Jewish Literature," p. 11 (above, note 1).
[24] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 28 (above, note 18).
[25] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 32 (above, note 18).
[26] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 7 (above, note 18).
[27] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 54 (above, note 18).
[28] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 50-51 (above, note 18).

and her uncle Hugo (Dolly's late husband) are Jewish according to Halacha. Discussing this openly in the novel, however, seems hardly recommendable vis-à-vis English society and even problematic in the two fictional families because it breeds antisemitism in the family suggesting that enjoyment of life is reprehensible and Jewish. Jane's disdain for Dolly's lifestyle also appears in a different light against the backdrop of her grandmother's story. Jane disapproves of Dolly's behavior because she denies her own Jewish identity and even worse appears to join the antisemitism of those who reject the lifestyle of Dolly and Jane's grandmother Toni. Against this background, Toni's reaction to her son's Catholic funeral is not a religious statement, but one that voices her frustration about the antisemitism she encountered in her own family, even more so that her Jewish daughter-in-law Dolly organized it: "'A Mass?' [...] 'But Hugo wasn't a Catholic.' 'Well, I'm sure he would have wanted it. In any case, it was more or less expected. Everyone was there.'"[29]

Dolly prefers the social recognition she believes to receive from the Catholic burial of her Jewish husband. Shortly thereafter, the narrator recounts the conversation between Jane's mother Henrietta, and her father Paul Manning who is surprised to hear about Toni's reaction to the Catholic burial suggesting that she "never seemed to me a woman of profound religious conviction." Manning's Jewish wife responds in an awkwardly apologetical way: "Yes, darling, but she is Jewish. One tends to forget it: she is so untypical." Manning in quite an English manner does not want to discuss this further: "I doubt if I should want to go that far."[30]

Paul Manning, who may be aware of the late Ferber's "mild" antisemitism, sees no connection to the reaction of his mother-in-law because he cannot even recognize this antisemitism. He therefore reduces Toni's reaction to being religious, when the Catholic funeral of her son must look to her like an endorsement of the antisemitism she endured in her own family. This interpretation is still absent from research on Brookner because the narrator allows the contemporary reader nothing more than English society including most Jews would have recognized in this narrative as antisemitism, namely hardly anything. Obviously, the novel presents the scattered pieces of information to suggest antisemitism to today's readers' sensibilities in spite of its oblivious narrator. This proves Cheyette's thesis of "monolithic Britishness" which considers Jewish otherness "un-English" unless it is well-disguised.

Jane's decidedly apolitical stance regarding her role as a woman as well as a British Jew is striking. Nevertheless, *Family Romance* is shown to tell the story of two British Jewish women who insist on their right to stand out and find their own voices. The generational difference between Dolly and Jane is crucial here. While Dolly

[29] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 21 (above, note 18).
[30] Brookner, *Family Romance*, p. 23 (above, note 18).

consumes herself in protest and can't really find purpose in life, indeed can be a provocation to feminists because she has no income of her own, Jane certainly succeeds. Her success as a writer carries her into the public eye and makes it the political statement of a Jewish woman writer. This is denied to Dolly, who insists throughout her life on being who she is, despite the misogynist and antisemitic society she has to live in. In the end, Jane realizes that she, too, stands on Dolly's shoulders, and that this generational courage not to let "monolithic Britishness" impose a role on them as women and Jews binds them together in love.

All this starts changing when authors of the second generation such as Anne Karpf, whose parent had escaped Nazi Europe, begin to write about the public silence of their parents and the silence of the majority of people in the society surrounding them. In *The War After* (1996), Karpf explicitly distances herself from English politeness, which regarded survivors as "begetters of embarrassment."[31] The step of making her Jewish voice heard in the British public sphere, was huge for Karpf: "I was like an astronaut stepping out on to the moon, but it was a small step for humankind, and a vast one for me."[32] From the nineties, to talk about Jewishness in the public is no longer represented as embarrassment. This argument about voicing differences shifted into (postcolonial) migration literature.[33]

Post-2000 novels that show a different attitude towards Jewishness, include Linda Grant (born 1951), Deborah Levy (born 1959), Charlotte Mendelson (born 1972), Naomi Alderman (born 1974), and Natasha Solomons (born 1980), among others.

Linda Grant (born 1951) escapes this dilemma when she chooses Israel as a setting of her novel *When I Lived in Modern Times* (2000). In this novel, she writes about Jewish identity differently from the novels that take place in Great Britain. In the 1998 memoir, *Remind Me Who I Am, Again,* Grant writes about the decline of her mother, who suffered from dementia. In doing so, she writes about her mother's loss of memory as an individual as much as a collective loss: "My mother, the last of her generation, was losing her memory."[34] This autobiographical text deals with the pain of losing her mother, but attempts to connect the personal experience with a central concern of her Jewish identity: "Memory, I have come to understand, is everything, it's life itself."[35] The autobiographical text about dementia becomes a representation of how Grant believes Jewish women experience their roles as mothers, as the carriers of memory in the maternal line.

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[31] Anne Karpf, *The War After: Living with the Holocaust* (London: Minerva, 1996), p. 199.
[32] Karpf, *War After,* p. 50 (above, note 31).
[33] Zadie Smith, *White Teeth* (London: Hamish Hamilton, 2000), p. 439; see Bryan H. Cheyette, *Diaspora of the Mind. Jewish and Postcolonial Writing and the Nightmare of History* (New Haven and London), p. 258-259.
[34] Linda Grant, *Remind Me Who I Am, Again* (London: Granta Books, 1998), p.15.
[35] Grant, *Remind Me,* p. 17 (above, note 34).

Deborah Levy was born in South Africa in 1959. Her family emigrated to London after the release of her father, a member of the ANC, from prison in 1968. He was married to a woman from an "upper-class WASP family" who had the courage to love "a penniless Jewish historian"[36] because she wanted to fight with him for human rights. Levy tells her experiences as a Jewish student in South Africa in her two autobiographical texts, *Things I Don't Want to Know. On Writing* (2014) and *The Cost of Living. A Working Autobiography* (2018).

For her novel, *Swimming Home*, Deborah Levy was nominated for the Booker Prize in 2012. The novel presents the past as something that exists in the present but must first be tracked down. The task of uncovering Joe Jacobs' past falls to Kitty Finch, who finds herself deeply connected to him, a way of depicting the coexistence of past and present, a particular concern Levy addresses in her novels. The question of whether Joe or Kitty is the main character in the novel cannot be answered because of "the coexisting past and present," Levy suggests in *The Cost of Living*.[37]

Levy's narrative recognizes this coexistence of past and present defining the power of memory. *The Jewish Chronicle*'s brief description of this novel's subject therefore might miss the point when Marina Gerner writes: "a novel on the insidious harm depression can have on apparently well-turned-out people, Levy is the only female British author to be nominated this year, and the only Jewish one."[38] The Holocaust survivor Joe Jacobs suffers a trauma disrupting his character and causing life-long depressions. Kitty feels attracted to the author and womanizer. This can be understood as a story of attraction between two depressed people, but this would not take into account the extent to which the narrative opens up the horizon of a survivor's experience step by step, connecting the present and the past, the suffering of loss and the hope of relief and a return home.

Levy, who in the interview with Marina Gerner names Kafka and Freud, among others, as her favorite authors,[39] enters the world of the subconscious in *Swimming Home* having Kitty acting as a catalyst on several levels of the narrative. On the one hand, Kitty is the stranger who breaks up a marriage, as Julia Pascal writes in her poignant summary in the *Independent*: "Deborah Levy's storytelling is allusive, elliptical and disturbing. Her gift is to show how one person can raise the substructure under a husband and wife's relationship [...]; it is also a probing into the nature

[36] Deborah Levy, *The Cost of Living: A Working Autobiography* (New York: Bloomsbury, 2018, Kindle).
[37] Levy, *The Cost of Living* (above, note 36).
[38] Marina Gerner, "It's not the worst thing that has ever happened to me," *Jewish Chronicle* (21 October 2016), at: https://www.thejc.com/culture/books/looking-for-the-answers-1.54254.
[39] Gerner, "Not the Worst Thing" (above, note 37).

of childhood trauma, exile, depression and creativity."[40] On the other hand, Kitty reaches out to Joe Jacobs wounded subconscious.

On the first page of the novel, the story is actually told: "He [Joe] asked her again to please, please, please drive him safely home to his wife and daughter. 'Yes,' she said. 'Life is only worth living because we hope it will get better and we'll all get home safely.'"[41] The different expectations of what "home" denotes eventually unfold in a tragic manner. Joe shoots himself, while Kitty, who seeks to overcome her life's sadness in this sexual relationship, survives.[42] Suicidal thoughts plague Joe and Kitty.[43] Levy refers to the surrealists when she prefaces the novel with a quotation from *La Révolution surréaliste* (1924). It described the dream as a path to suicide, not consciously chosen by us, but longed for as a solution: "On vit, on meurt. Quelle est la part de la volonté en tout cela? Il semble qu'on se tue comme on rêve."[44] In the end, Joe also succumbs to this temptation because he does not realize that he owes it to himself to bring the power of the dream into his consciousness: "We are all at the mercy of the dream and we owe it to ourselves to submit its power to the waking state."[45] In his afterword, writer Tom McCarthy provides the clue to an understanding of Kitty's function in the narrative as a "teenage girl who will emerge as the novel's real protagonist, inheritor of its historical traumas."[46] Joe Jacobs (real name: Jozef Nowogrodzki) can barely cope with the trauma of his childhood. Kitty gives Joe her poetry to read and then seduces him. Joe is aware of what is happening, but cannot resist because he is virtually addicted to love: "It shouldn't be happening, his search for love in her, but it was. He would go to the ends of the earth to find love. He was trying not to, but the more he tried not to search, the more there was to find."[47]

Returning from a reading tour in Poland, Joe is asked at the border if he has any caviar to declare: "I'm taking my black oily past out of the country and it belongs to us both. It goes like this. My father said goodbye, etc. My mother said goodbye, etc. They hid me in a dark forest in western Poland, etc.'"[48] Kitty insists on Joe reading her poem "Swimming Home", and explains that she wrote it to reach out

[40] Julia Pascal, review of *Swimming Home* by Deborah Levy. *Independent* (24 October 2011), at: https://www.independent.co.uk/arts-entertainment/books/reviews/swimming-home-deborah-levy-2373451.html.
[41] Deborah Levy, *Swimming Home*. Afterword by Tom McCarthy. (London: Faber and Faber, 2011), p. 26.
[42] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 156 (above, note 40).
[43] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 21 and 77 (above, note 40).
[44] *La Révolution Surréaliste* (December 1924), at: http://melusine-surrealisme.fr/site/Revolution_surrealiste/ Revol_surr_1.htm (accessed 10 January 2021).
[45] Motto of *Swimming Home* from *La Révolution surréaliste*.
[46] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 160 (above, note 40).
[47] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 89 (above, note 40).
[48] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 91 (above, note 40).

to him: "My poem is a conversation with you and no one else."[49] Falling in love with Kitty, Joe talks more and more about his trauma: "His father had tried to melt him into a Polish forest when he was five years old. He knew he must leave no trace or trail of his existence because he must never find his way home. That was what his father had told him."[50] While Joe wonders what "catastrophe lived inside Kitty Finch"[51], he tells her that "he had read her poem and that it been ringing inside him ever since."[52]

In the end, Kitty leads Joe to an avoidable suicide. He feels understood by her and believes he can free himself from the past. Kitty announces this to him early in the novel, without fully foreseeing the consequences: "you tried and you did not get home safely. You did not get home at all. That is why I am here, Jozef. I have come to France to save you from your thoughts."[53] Joe knows the hidden power of the past in the present. Kitty's nudity, so often celebrated in the novel, thus represents not only sexual seduction but also vulnerability. This vulnerability makes her a catalyst of change: "Standing next to Kitty Finch was like being near a cork that had just popped out of a bottle. The first pop when gasses seem to escape and everything is sprinkled for one second with something intoxicating."[54] Although, neither Joe's wife nor his daughter, let alone Kitty behave like self-conscious feminist women, it would be wrong to assume that the story does not link Joe's search for relief from his suffering to a liberation of women from roles that were imposed on them by Joe's destructive tampering with his traumatizing past. Therefore, the catastrophe of Joe's suicide does not conclude the story. After his death, Isabel talks publicly about his trauma as a child,[55] because she does not have to fight him any longer. His daughter starts reassessing the relationship to her father and when she gets rid of her anger, does not live in denial any longer. At the end she accepts that the memory of her father's trauma continues to live on in the conversations with her father about the past: "I have never got a grip on when the past begins or where it ends."[56]

The Jewish backdrop of the story in *Swimming Home* is much more explicit, but not necessarily more important than in Brookner's novels. Kitty suffers a different trauma, but she is connected to Joe and therefore eventually also helps his wife and his daughter to reconnect to his past and to accept it in their present. Kitty becomes a mediator of generations. This gives Isabel and Nina the freedom to

[49] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 89 (above, note 40).
[50] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 143 (above, note 40).
[51] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 145 (above, note 40).
[52] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 146 (above, note 40).
[53] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 26 (above, note 40).
[54] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 36 (above, note 40).
[55] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 153 (above, note 40).
[56] Levy, *Swimming*, p. 157 (above, note 40).

liberate themselves as women. As much as the reader feels pity for Joe's traumatizing fate as a survivor, it is also obvious that his trauma becomes part of a patriarchal oppressiveness that victimizes the subaltern women in his life. Therefore, the novel ends with Nina's emancipation not only from her father but also from his past. At the end of the novel she is a Jewish woman connected to the past but not ruled by it any longer. The true survivors of this novel are its female characters. They are no longer ruled by dreams in the sense of Levy's motto, but live a self-determined life.

The third generation of Jewish women writers do not abandon the traumatizing past of the Shoah, but Jewish life is made a visible and recognized topic of their novels. While the novels of Brookner, Grant, Levy and others could be read as British novels that happen to have Jewish characters and topics at a closer look, this changes in the generation of Charlotte Mendelson, Naomi Alderman and Natasha Solomons.

All three writers are characteristic of what Gilbert says about the fluidity of Jewishness in 21st-century British literature:

> In twenty-first-century Britain, Jewishness is one difference among many. Contemporary British Jewish writers highlight the desire to identify the particularity of their difference, while acknowledging that such difference is neither fixed nor final, but always open to change, re-signification and reinterpretation. In this context, Jewishness is an evolving term.[57]

Charlotte Mendelson (born 1972) received prestigious awards for several of her novels. *Almost English* (2013) was not only longlisted for the Man Booker Prize, but won the Baileys Women's Prize for Fiction. *Almost English* is a coming-of-age story of a Jewish adolescent whose family immigrated from Hungary. Marina is the third-generation child to a family that has never entirely 'arrived' in England. Her grandparents were "born in Czech towns in the Trans-Carpathian mountain region of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, educated in Russian, citizens of extinct Ruthenia, cooking and talking and sounding entirely Magyar but considering themselves simultaneously Hungarian Czechs, grateful Labour-voting English citizens and loyal subjects of the *Kveen*."[58]

Marina does not feel really English when she sees her grannies' hand gestures, which are "a little more extravagant than those found in Surrey, their eyebrows more dramatic, their hair swept back like something from *Nosferatu*."[59] The narra-

[57] Ruth Gilbert, "Jewish, Half-Jewish, Jew-ish: Negotiating Identities in Contemporary British Jewish Literature," in *The Edinburgh Companion to Modern Jewish Fiction*, ed. David Brauner and Axel Stähler (Edinburgh: Edinburgh University Press, 2015), p. 220.
[58] Charlotte Mendelson, *Almost English* (London: Pan Macmillan, 2013), p. 396.
[59] Mendelson, *Almost English*, p. 6 (above, note 58).

tor uses the stereotypical references to English anxieties of the Continent associated with Bram Stoker's Dracula.[60] Marina does not even know where her grandparents' homeland is situated.[61]

Marina feels lost and whenever she tries "to joke them into revealing something" she never gets an answer.[62] The conflict between 'rational' England and 'superstitious' Eastern Europe also represents her experience of Jewishness. Marina's problems in defining her Jewishness resonate with similar statements about Jewish-British literature. David Brauner (following David Cesarani) comes to the conclusion that Jewish-British culture is "characterized by 'a tradition of self-deprecation and a lack of collective self-esteem', paralyzed by the deeply-ingrained fear that to assert itself would be to risk raising the spectre of anti-Semitism, and awed by American-Jewish culture into a perennial inferiority complex."[63] Mendelson does not deny this feeling but rather ridicules it by positioning it in the wider context of British xenophobic concepts about the Continent and Eastern Europe in particular.

To become a grown-up, Marina must liberate herself not only from antisemitic assumptions she encounters in society but also from her grandparents: "The problem is that Marina has changed. She can bear their scrutiny no longer because her life is a disaster, and it is her fault."[64] Mendelson's approach to her Jewishness and also to the Shoah is more independent than both Grant or Levy might have allowed for, because she uses irony. "She is small and primitive, like someone in a Brueghel."[65] She realizes that she looks like a foreigner to British people and not like a Jew: "'What else are you? [...] You look like you should be ululating at Mafia funerals. Spanish? I don't know. Not Greek?' [...] 'English,' she says. 'Is that so?'"[66]

English xenophobia and the matriarchal traditions that still root her in Eastern Europe create an environment of mutual alienation. Eventually, it is the relationship with her mother that helps Marina to accept conflicting origins and to find her own position in society.

Naomi Alderman (born 1974) gained a reputation with her novel *Disobedience* (2006). The novel's main character, Ronit Krushka, is a bisexual Orthodox Jew who leaves her family in Hendon, London, but returns home from New York when her father, a renowned rabbi, dies. The Orthodox Jewish community at Hendon rejects

[60] See Vesna Goldsworthy, *Inventing Ruritania: The Imperialism of the Imagination* (New Haven and London: Yale University Press, 1998), p. 73-87.
[61] Mendelson, *Almost English,* p. 131-132 (above, note 58).
[62] Mendelson, *Almost English,* p. 41 (above, note 58).
[63] David Brauner, *Post-War Jewish Fiction: Ambivalence, Self-Explanation and Transatlantic Connections.* (Houndmills, Basingstoke: Palgrave, 2001) p. 20.
[64] Mendelson, *Almost English,* p. 7 (above, note 58).
[65] Mendelson, *Almost English,* p. 128 (above, note 58).
[66] Mendelson, *Almost English,* p. 129 (above, note 58).

Ronit. Things get worse when Ronit discovers that her former lover Esti is supposed to marry her cousin Dovid, her father's successor. Ronit's statement about the situation of women in Hendon's orthodox community is full of bitterness and irony:

> We don't condone wife-beating here, or genital mutilation, or honour killings. We don't demand head-to-toe coverings, or cast-down eyes, or that a woman must not go out in public unaccompanied. We are modern. We live modern lives. All we demand is that women keep to their allotted areas; a woman is private, while a man is public. The correct mode for a man is speech, while the correct mode for a woman is silence.[67]

Esti knows that Ronit is "fleeing from silence"[68] rather than her Jewish faith[69] and that she rejects the notion that only marriage makes a woman "a full human being".[70] Upon her arrival at Hendon, Ronit defends the decision to have left her family.[71]

Alderman makes her orthodox origins the topic of her first novel. The discrimination of women in the Orthodox community is discussed in the context of a diverse society reminiscent of Deborah Feldman's *Unorthodox: The Scandalous Rejection of My Hasidic Roots* (2012). Jewishness is introduced here as one of many examples of how religion restricts gender roles. Politically speaking, Alderman fights for women's rights as a feminist first and then as a Jew. Her novels partake in society's discourse on feminism redefining Jewishness.

Natasha Solomons was born in 1980 and lives in Dorset where *The Novel in the Viola* (2011, published in the US as *The House at Tyneford*) is situated. It is reminiscent of *Jane Eyre* in its plot where the master of the house falls in love with the maid (who is not actually a maid) and of Du Maurier's *Rebecca* in its style and Manderley-esque country house. It is a romance and a coming-of age novel, where at the beginning religious identity, faith and sense of belonging are almost non-existing, except for the strong belief in family. With the aim to save her life, Elise Landau is sent by her Viennese bourgeois family to Dorset, where she suddenly goes from being her family's "pet, their *liebling*, to be cosseted and adored"[72] to the house maid of the Rivers family, ordered to be invisible by the other servants, forced to cut her hair and considered an uncomfortable embarrassment for her German accent and Jewishness. Her overall otherness (assisted by the arrival of the war in England) manages to disrupt and to cut a rift through all layers of class and social mores she comes across. A lady who is jealous of her exemplifies this: "'You've cast some spell over Kit. You Jewesses. You're nothing special to look at.

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[67] Naomi Alderman, *Disobedience* (London: Simon and Schuster, 2006), p. 242.
[68] Alderman, *Disobedience*, p. 221 (above, note 67).
[69] Alderman, *Disobedience*, p. 221 (above, note 67).
[70] Alderman, *Disobedience*, p. 139 (above, note 67).
[71] Alderman, *Disobedience*, p. 14 (above, note 67).
[72] Natasha Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola* (London: Sceptre 2011), p. 12.

But men can't resist.'"[73] On the so-called *Kristallnacht*, the same lady, Diana, rubs it in even further: "'I hear there are problems with your kind at home. Such a shame for you. Not wanted there. Not wanted here.'"[74] The fact that Elise is neither a servant nor middle-class in England, but in a painful state of stuck in-between, makes her question her identity, as an Austrian, as a woman, and as a Jew.

Elise's family is "not religious in the slightest"[75]. She comes from a world where music and literature are prioritized and intertwined with religious snippets that make the stories from the Torah and the Bible sound like "the wild and unlikely plots of operas"[76]. She tells of her mother Anna, an opera singer, that she

> wanted Margot and me to understand a little of our heritage and at bedtime told us stories from the Torah alongside tales of 'Peter and the Wolf' and 'Mozart and Constanze'. In Anna's hands, Eve was imbued with the glamour of Greta Garbo, and we pictured her lounging in the Garden of Eden, a snake draped tantalisingly around her neck, a besotted Adam (played by Clark Gable) kneeling at her feet.[77]

They are not practicing Jews, never going to the synagogue, eating non-kosher food, "Viennese-Jews but, up till now, the Viennese part always came first."[78] The first Passover the Landaus really celebrate is a farewell for their daughter the evening before Elise leaves for England on a 'domestic service visa',[79] and it is met with some astonishment by the Landau daughters. But in Dorset, as soon as Elise is put in the position of having to say Grace with the other servants, she refuses to, and calls herself a Jew for the very first time in her life, fearing that prayers from the wrong God would distance her from her family even further.[80] Later on, her Jewishness becomes a source of frustration, powerlessness and rage: "'Because I'm a Jew. I am so tired of it. It's all I am anymore and I don't even know what it means. I eat pork and I hate God. But that's all I am to them.'"[81]

Elise functions as an omniscient narrator *and* a writer who is always tempted to change the events, be it the steps in the plot - and in history - that lead to the tragic fate of her family or for the simple wish to hold time still, but she always manages to refrain from doing so. What she does, though, is to transform memory into a tangible truth, and she writes down the events as they actually unfolded in the now blank novel that her father left her hidden in the viola, which becomes thus twice a

[73] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 141 (above, note 72).
[74] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 150, 151 (above, note 72).
[75] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 23 (above, note 72).
[76] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 23 (above, note 72).
[77] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 23 (above, note 72).
[78] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 24 (above, note 72).
[79] As did Solomons' great-aunt Gabi who inspired her character, see author's note Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 390 and 391 (above, note 72).
[80] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 72 (above, note 72).
[81] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 203 (above, note 72).

palimpsest. Her character does change formidably throughout the novel, in the fast-forward way that war seems to accelerate growth and understanding. Elise at first loves the young man of the house Kit, and after he dies in France, she takes on a new identity as Alice Land, encouraged by Kit's father, who wants to protect her. 'Something English. So they won't take you away.'[82] She accepts this because she has indeed become another person, or, as she puts it when at the end she finds herself loving Mr Rivers, she accepts her doubleness: "I am two women and I love two men."[83]

Natasha Solomons' *The Gallery of Vanished Husbands* (2013)[84] is also worth mentioning, since her protagonist, with the telling name of Juliet Montague, who is arguably the most feminist of Solomons' heroines, undergoes a process of detachment from Jewishness, the opposite to that of several characters in novels discussed above. Emancipation as a woman, the discovery of sexuality and finding someone's true call, which for Juliet is art, drives her away from the Orthodox Jewish community.

The following chapter presents an overview of a very different Jewish literature. Post-war Germany showed hardly any interest in Jewish novels, particularly about the Shoah. This changed slowly until, for reasons different from the development in Great Britain, Jewish literature found a new voice in the period from the 1990s, when the so-called contingent refugees arrived, Jews from the successor states of the Soviet Union.

Jewish-German Women Writers[85]

When one speaks of Jewish women writers in Germany before and right after the war, the first names that come to mind are those of great poets. Before 1945, these are, first and foremost, Else Lasker-Schüler, Nelly Sachs, Mascha Kaléko, Hilde Domin (who did not begin writing until after 1945), and Rose Ausländer and Selma Meerbaum-Eisinger, who was born in Czernowitz (Bukovina). Some escaped the Nazis into exile and not all of them survived the Shoah. After 1945, the question arises whether one can speak of a continuation of this great tradition of female Jewish writing. Or did the Nazis succeed in irrevocably destroying this tradition?

[82] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 294 (above, note 72).
[83] Solomons, *The Novel in the Viola*, p. 377 (above, note 72).
[84] Natasha Solomons. *The Gallery of Vanished Husbands* (New York: Penguin, 2013).
[85] All translations of the German novel texts are by Christoph Houswitschka. The titles of the novels quoted in this section are translated verbatim into English unless there is an official translation of the novel available. In this case, the official title of the novel has been used.

A few years after the war, Jewish German-speaking women writers re-enter the German public sphere. Ilse Aichinger from Vienna wins the prize of the influential Gruppe 47 with her *Spiegelgeschichte* (*Mirror Story*). In her novel *Die größere Hoffnung* (*The Greater Hope*), she describes the persecutions by the National Socialists from the point of view of a child: Ellen's surreal visions tell of the fear and subversive hope of "children with the wrong kind of grandparents, children with neither a passport nor a visa, children who had no-one left to vouch for them." [86]

In the following, I will focus on Jewish-German novels from the post-war period to the present. In his postdoctoral thesis *Die andere Erinnerung* (*The Other Memory*), Stephan Braese (2001) made it very clear that Jewish authors, particularly those who were traumatized by what had happened, were met with incomprehension by Germans in postwar society. In this context, Braese examined the work of Grete Weil, who tended to remain on the margins of the literary establishment in the Federal Republic.[87] She had survived persecution by the Nazi dictatorship in a hiding place in Amsterdam. In her novel *Tramhalte Beethovenstraat* (*Last Trolley from Beethovenstraat*, 1963), she tried to cope with her memories of Dutch exile. In the 1980s she became known to a wider public after all when she received the prestigious Geschwister-Scholl-Preis (a prize named after the Scholl siblings, who belonged to the non-violent resistance movement). Encouraged by this success, her work grew significantly.

In the following years, the so-called second generation of Jewish women writers emerged, among them Barbara Honigmann (born 1949), Esther Dischereit (born 1952), and, still somewhat younger, Eva Menasse (born 1970) and Gila Lustiger (born 1963).

Barbara Honigmann was born in East Berlin after her parents had returned from emigration to England. Before her birth, her mother was married in her first marriage to the double agent Kim Philby, who spied for the British and Soviet secret services. Barbara Honigmann's book *Ein Kapitel aus meinem Leben* (*A Chapter from my Life*) tells this story. After studying performing arts, she first became a dramaturge and theatre director, then a freelance writer and painter after 1976. In 1984, the religious Jew left the GDR and moved to Strasbourg with her family. In 1999, she published the novel *Damals, dann und danach* (*Then, Then and After*), an episodic novel from which the idea of a childhood in the GDR emerges devoid of past and present:

> Like so many Jews, I have my origins in almost all the countries of Europe, and I am sometimes a little proud of that, although there is no reason for it, because most of these

[86] Ilse Aichinger, *The Greater Hope*, translated from the German by Geoff Wilkes (Würzburg 2016), p. 7.
[87] Stephan Braese, *Die andere Erinnerung: Jüdische Autoren in der westdeutschen Nachkriegsliteratur* (Berlin/Wien: PHILO, 2001).

> origins have long since been extinguished. They loom in the memory, like islands in the sea of exile. Migrations, expulsions, the desire to discover or simply business interests have brought my ancestors from one of these islands to the next, and there they have fared well or badly, until time had run out also on this island of exile. . . . So, almost all of these islands have already perished in a distant past, and exist only in legends and tales or fragments of tales about previous generations in an earlier time. Some of these islands, however, are still clearly visible in the present, or at least in a still very near past, in my parents' life stories and that of my own life.[88]

Esther Dischereit has also been able to establish herself in the literary world: she was born in Heppenheim in 1952, and her works include many essays in addition to novels and poems. Her collection of stories with the incomplete title *Der Morgen an dem der Zeitungsträger* (*The Morning the Newspaper Carrier*)[89] shows her to be a brilliant storyteller. The first story stands out in particular: every morning, a woman listens for the newspaper carrier's footsteps in the stairwell. With a flourish, he throws the paper directly in front of the door. At first, the woman feels annoyed by this permanent noise, but soon she eagerly awaits him. The unknown messenger becomes a play on her imagination: what does he look like? What kind of character is he? One winter morning, when the fruit that the woman hung on the door handle in the evening has disappeared, she begins to send out hidden messages. It is not long before the woman is standing at the door's peephole in her nightgown, anxious, agitated. All the stories in this volume are similarly enigmatic. They are flashes of light related to unnamed characters that abruptly illuminate situations without resolving them. Often the narratives break off abruptly, remaining 'endless' stories in the literal sense of the word, which develop their existential effect precisely because of this. In addition, they almost always develop an erotic tension eventually unfulfilled but never entirely abandoned.

Gila Lustiger, the daughter of the historian Arno Lustiger, and Eva Menasse connect the second with the third generation of Jewish women writers.

In *So sind wir* (*That's How We Are*, 2005), Gila Lustiger traces her family history. Inspired by personal objects such as a paperweight, the novel is composed of concrete traces of memory and fictional passages. The European history of the Jews is examined in individual episodes. All of this is done with irony and a language that is casual and sometimes comical. This microcosm provides an unmistakably ironic view of European history, which is not in the least a history of the Jews: "The fact is that we, those born later, are haunted by the fear that we could prove ourselves unworthy, even the last whiner, the moment we give in to our worries and desires. Therefore, all those born after, believe they must take up the legacy

[88] Barbara Honigmann, *Damals, dann und danach* (München: Hanser, 1999), p. 89.
[89] Esther Dischereit, *Der Morgen an dem der Zeitungsträger. Erzählungen* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 2007).

of the saved and murdered by mastering even the most meaningless everyday life."[90]

Eva Menasse also belongs to the generation of those born after the Shoah. In her debut novel *Vienna*, she tells the life story of her Jewish-Catholic family.[91] The focus is on her father, who was sent on a *kindertransport* to England where he forgot his parents and lost his language before going on to a great career as a national soccer player. The novel consists of a whole lot of anecdotes, each of which is very funny on its own and, all of them, together with the other short amusing stories, form a loose textual fabric that is held together mainly by the special rhetorical code of the anecdotal. In her second novel, *Quasicrystals,* Eva Menasse brings together thirteen chronologically arranged stories that tell the life of Roxane.[92] First, she appears to be a minor character but finally grows into a more and more elaborated, major character. In the first chapter, Roxane is a schoolgirl; in the last chapter, she is a grandmother of two. From the seventh chapter on, Roxane becomes a first-person narrator. The last chapter consists of letters and e-mails written by the son Amos to his mother Xane (Roxane). The novel's structure is extremely artful, imitating the physical structure of quasicrystals. Only recently, it was discovered that there are not only crystals with a clearly symmetrical structure, but also aperiodic and seemingly irregular ones. The story is told from a variety of perspectives, each of which intensively illuminates one facet of Roxane's life journey. Only from some distance do these stories form a recognizable structure.

Which features are characteristic of Jewish-German women's literature of the second generation? Thomas Nolden writes about the entire Jewish literature in Germany: "The stories and narratives stage . . . conversations between generations of Jews that so often could not take place in the real world because of the trauma of annihilation. The post-Holocaust authors establish . . . a relationship to the past of their ancestors reaching out into the silence. There, they encounter those who did not survive the Shoah and those who lack the words to tell about it."[93]

In the case of women authors, it is noticeable that their works predominantly deal with family stories. Female characters dominate their novels and stories. More and more, life stories unfold in these narrative experiments. Jewish characters after the Shoah are hesitant to plan their lives in a way to build stable conditions in one place. Rather, the texts discussed here emphasize aspects of female remembering and begin to find narrative forms that allow for multiple perspectives.

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[90] Gila Lustiger, *So sind wir* (Berlin: Berlin Verlag, 2007), p. 85.
[91] Eva Menasse, *Vienna* (München: btb, 2007).
[92] Eva Menasse, *Quasikristalle* (Köln: Kiepenheuer & Witsch, 2013).
[93] Thomas Nolden, *Junge jüdische Literatur: Konzentrisches Schreiben in der Gegenwart* (Würzburg: Königshausen und Neumann, 1999).

Because memory remains incomplete, fictions fill the void left by the missing generation. To do this, second generation Jewish women writers have developed a variety of 'tones' that range from wit and irony to melancholy-tinged reflection.

What changes in the third generation?

We are made acquainted with a completely new generation of Jewish women writers who benefit considerably from the fact that the Jewish communities in Germany have grown since the 1990s. These immigrants from the former Soviet Union were called "quota refugees" recognizing that Germany in the 1980s did not see itself as an immigration country. The Law on "Maßnahmen für im Rahmen humanitärer Hilfsaktionen aufgenommene Flüchtlinge" (HumHAG) ("Measures for Refugees Taken in as Part of Humanitarian Aid Operations") created an opportunity for Jews from the former Soviet Union to immigrate. The law did not determine how many would be allowed to come. Proof of Jewish descent was sufficient to enter Germany until 2005 when immigration laws became more restrictive again. About 230,000 people immigrated, but only half of them became active in Jewish communities.[94] Two groups arrived from Russia and the Successor States of the Soviet Union, Russians with German ancestry and Jews who wanted to escape growing anti-Semitism.[95] Among them are significant numbers of young women who came with their families as children and usually grew up bilingually, sometimes writing in two languages, but increasingly choosing German as their literary language.[96]

It is amazing how quickly they established themselves in the literary world: Katja Petrowskaja, for example, won the Ingeborg Bachmann Prize in 2014 with *Vielleicht Esther* (*Maybe Esther*), a story from her collection of stories of the same title. Petrowskaja was born in Kiev in 1970 and started learning the language only two years before arriving in Germany.

The stories in *Vielleicht Esther* are only loosely connected; the subchapter "Ariadnefaden" ("Ariadne's Thread")[97] tells the story of her grandmother Rosa writing down her memories almost blind. Therefore, Rosa keeps overwriting the sheets of paper in a way that reminds one of a palimpsest: "One line ran into the next,

[94] See the figures in Sonja Haug, *Soziodemographische Merkmale: Berufsstruktur und Verwandtschaftsnetzwerke jüdischer Zuwanderer* (Bundesamt für Migration und Flüchtlinge. Workingpaper 8 der Forschungsgruppe des Bundesamtes, 2007), at: https://archive.jpr.org.uk/download?id=2318 (accessed 3 January 2021).
[95] See in particular the anthology by Dmitrij Belkin and Raphael Gross, *Ausgerechnet Deutschland! Jüdisch-russische Einwanderung in die Bundesrepublik* (Frankfurt am Main: Nicolai Publishing, 2010).
[96] See Sylvia Battegay, "Sprache der Stummen: Katja Petrowskajas *Vielleicht Esther* als literarische Praxis der Desintegration," in *Yearbook for European Jewish Literature Studies 5* (2018), pp. 51-66.
[97] Katja Petrowskaja *Vielleicht Esther* (Berlin: Suhrkamp, 2014), pp. 61-69.

and another one lay atop earlier writing like waves of sand on the beach, obeying a force of nature, tangled up in the interlaced and interwoven pencil scribblings."[98]

The narrator gathers the sheets in a pile, initially hoping to decipher and interpret them. The structure of the palimpsest symbolizes the multiplicity of overwritten life stories, which make one thing clear above all else: that they do not continue the narrative of the victim-Jew but offer a multiplicity of very different Jewish ways of life.

In the following, I would like to briefly introduce further authors and further aspects of Jewish women's writing and, finally, discuss the accomplishments of Jewish-German women's literature discussing whether it makes sense to speak of Jewish-German literature any longer and, if so, in what context.

Olga Grjasnowa was born in 1984 in Baku, Azerbaijan, and came to Germany with her parents when she was eleven years old. In 2012, she published her debut novel, *Der Russe it einer, der Birken liebt* (*All Russians Love Birch Trees*). It became a bestseller and made this author almost as famous as Bachmann Prize winner Katja Petrowskaja. Soon after her second novel *Die juristische Unschärfe einer Ehe* (*The Legal Indeterminacy of a Marriage*), she published her third novel *Gott ist nicht schüchtern* (*God Isn't Coy*) in 2017.

Der Russe ist einer, der Birken liebt (*All Russians Love Birch Trees*)[99] features a complex narrative structure of multiple story lines; it is also told using an analeptic form. Mascha mourns her suddenly deceased partner Elias, but even after his death she often imagines him next to her, and the reader is invited to understand this either as an analeptic memory or as a fantasy of the protagonist. Another narrative thread revolves around the conflict between Azerbaijan and Armenia; ultimately, a multitude of personal and socially relevant themes are brought together: experiences of war, flight and expulsion, language changes, questions of origin and belonging, but also characteristic problems of identity among young adults. The novel refuses a clear genre classification and plays with forms of memory culture, pop literature, and coming-of-age literature.[100] The novel deliberately works with exaggerations; its characters rather resemble psychologically unconvincing types.[101] The novel is characterized by the fact that it does not allow

[98] Katja Petrowskaja, *Maybe Esther*, translated by Shelley Frisch (New York: Harper, 2018), p. 37.
[99] Olga Grjasnowa, *Der Russe ist einer, der Birken liebt* (München: Hanser, 2012). In English: *All Russians Love Birch Trees*, translated by Eva Bacon (New York: Other Press, 2014).
[100] See Annabelle Jänchen, *Die dritte Stimme: Migration in der jüngeren deutschen Literatur* (Baden-Baden: Tectum, 2019), p. 55.
[101] In this context, Chris Wilpert speaks of types that aim for the grotesque in "Traumatische Symbiose: Juden. Moslems und ein paar einsame Christen in Olga Grjasnowas *Der Russe ist einer, der Birken liebt*," in *Heimat – Identität – Mobilität in der zeitgenössischen jüdischen Literatur*,

any notions of homogeneity but consistently pursues hybrid and transcultural writing strategies. Consequently, homeland is a problematic category, which sometimes arrives unexpectedly at abrupt sensory impressions giving way to a great dynamic of permanent change. The sensory impressions consist of sounds and smells triggering childhood memories and quickly dissolving again. Her Jewish origins do not define Mascha's life entirely. When Elias dies unexpectedly, she once again comes to terms with them but does not gain any orientation or comfort from them. She even wants to burn the Talmud in her stove.

Nora Isterheld writes the following about this novel:

> Grjasnowa's first-person narrator vehemently resists identitarian attributions of any kind. Yet her contradictoriness consists precisely in the fact that she cannot do without them. Mascha does not look German or Jewish (cf. GrR 167, 265), but at the same time her physiognomy is indirectly characterized by these criteria. She neither belongs to a religious community (cf. GrR 266) nor does she want to be the representative of a nation, let alone the state of Israel (cf. GrR 63, 65). After Elias's death, she wants "something" right there, nevertheless (GrR 139). Mascha herself seems to keep putting fake play money into circulation in the grotesque "Jewish monopoly" (GrR 241) in which a Tel Aviv airport manager involuntarily involves her.[102]

Not only is the multifaceted Jewish self-reflection a recurring theme in the texts of these Jewish women writers, but also everyday antisemitism and its consequences.

Mirna Funk's novel *Winternähe* (*Close to Winter*) places the antisemitic threat at the center of her narrative. The main character, Lola, grows up in Germany with her Jewish grandparents. As a photojournalist, she witnesses her photo being posted on Facebook with a Hitler moustache on it and takes legal action against it. She loses the case because in the eyes of the court she is a so-called Father-Jew. In this context, we encounter the novel's second layer of problems, which, as in many other novels, revolves around modern Jewish identity: who is a Jew? How do Jews live as Jews in the Diaspora today? How do young Jewish women, in particular, understand themselves? Among other things, the book deals with this:

> Throughout her life, every person Lola had met decided her identity. Among Philosemites she was Jewish, also among German Jews, because they were always surprised that apart from them more Jews had survived, and equally pleased not to have to be alone with their traumatic family constellations, into which absolutely every European Jew is

ed. Christina Olszynski, Jan Schröder and Chris Wilpert (Wiesbaden: Harrassowitz, 2015), pp. 59-73.

[102] Nora Isterheld, "In der Zugluft Europas," in *Zur deutschsprachigen Literatur russischstämmiger AutorInnen* (Bamberg: Bamberg University Press, 2017), p. 354.

> born. Only the Orthodox in Israel and the German anti-Zionists always gruffly pointed out that their Jewishness was entirely one of their imagination.[103]

After various antisemitic incidents, Lola decides to go to Tel Aviv and meet Shlomo, a left-wing Israeli who attends funeral services of killed Palestinians out of shame and as a political commitment. The novel is set against the backdrop of the 2014 events in Israel: three Israelis kidnapped and killed, the death of a Palestinian teenager, and Palestinian bombs on Israel. Consequently, Shlomo's secret is revealed: as an Israeli soldier, he once shot a Palestinian boy and has therefore developed a guilt complex.

The character of Lola is reminiscent of Olga Grjasnowa's protagonist in *All Russians Love Birch Trees*. Both belong to a generation that thinks of itself in terms of its origins and explores them in a critical way and sets out to radically redefine them in the context of a globalized world.

Lena Gorelik is one of the more significant Jewish women writers from the former Soviet Union.[104] Born in Leningrad (now St. Petersburg) in 1981, she came to Germany in 1992 and lived there for more than 18 months in a refugee home in Ludwigsburg (Baden-Württemberg). Her debut novel, *Meine weißen Nächte* (*My White Nights,* 2004), was called the best new novel about Germany. Her second book, *Hochzeit in Jerusalem* (*Wedding in Jerusalem*; 2007), was nominated for the German Book Prize. *Die Listensammlerin* (*The Collector of Lists*) earned Lena Gorelik another prestigious book award in 2014, the Buchpreis der Stiftung Ravensburger Verlag (Ravensburger Foundation Book Prize). Most recently, her novel *Mehr Schwarz als Lila* (*Rather Black than Purple*) was published by Rowohlt Berlin. This was considered to be a novel for both young people and adults. It uses a simple and witty language and develops a particular perspective on the culture of memory: what are the consequences of our actions when they go viral on social media? This is what happens with a calculated kiss that two teenagers exchange at Auschwitz, which then circulates in the media and causes fierce outrage. Lena Gorelik adds an important extension to the discussion about an appropriate culture of memory by talking about those who are confronted with it at schools: what defines a place of memory such as Auschwitz? How does one deal with it appropriately? What is a good way of dealing with the history of Auschwitz in the first

[103] Mirna Funk, *Winternähe* (Frankfurt a. M.: Fischer, 2015, Kindle), pos. pp. 292-294. Translation was found on the homepage of the editor Fischer Verlag (12.10.2021); it has now been removed.

[104] On her work in the context of integration, see Ortwin Beisbart, "Was heißt gelingende Integration? Lena Goreliks literarische Wege der Selbstbestimmung," in *Identitätsdiskurs im deutsch-Jüdischen Dialog*, ed. Norbert Honsza and Przemysław Sznurkowski (Frankfurt a.M.: Peter Lang, 2017), p. 77-95. (Polnische Studien zur Germanistik, Kulturwissenschaft und Linguistik, 7).

place? The subject didacticians immediately took up this suggestion, and in many schools this novel is now being read and discussed.

Among the immigrant authors from the former CIS states, arguably the largest group of young Jewish authors, the names of Olga Martynowa, Marina Frenk, and Julya Rabinowich should also be mentioned. Andrea Hünninger is especially worth mentioning here.

Andrea Hanna Hünniger was born in Weimar (1984), studied history and philosophy in Göttingen and Berlin. She emerged early on as a journalist (for *Die Zeit* and the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, among others). In her first book, *Das Paradies – Meine Jugend nach der Mauer* (*Paradise – My Youth after the Fall of the Wall*, 2011), she recounts the major changes of the 1990s from the perspective of children in East Germany:

> I can't think of anything to say about God. But East Germany is full of churches. In elementary school, slips of paper were handed out. Two thirds of the second grade, in 1993, said they were Protestant. One could also have ticked either the 'Catholic' or the 'nothing at all', i.e. 'atheist' box. No cross was provided for 'Jewish'. I think because nobody believed that there still were any Jews here. And without this box available to be ticked off, Jews did not exist properly. My mother complained about this to the class teacher, who replied that her children should consider attending 'ethics classes'. At that time, I had no idea why my mother missed a box for the Jews on that form, she told us only much later.[105]

Jewish life was probably not intended to exist in the GDR, as suggested by the protagonist in this novel, yet the thesis that there was no significant examination of the Shoah in GDR literature is now considered as at least partially refuted.[106] As striking and telling as this passage is, however, it is also clear that the book does not remain silent about Jewish traditions, but neither does it make it the focus of the confrontation of a young person in the GDR.

If what has been said so far still resembles a disorganized potpourri of remarks on current works by Jewish women writers in Germany (and possibly Austria), it seems nevertheless quite necessary to systematize what has been said.

The writing strategies pursued by Jewish Russian-German women writers demonstrate a very differentiated concept of Jewish life. Arguably, the concepts of identity as presented here overlap with other concepts in a globalized world.

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[105] Andrea Hanna Hünniger, *Das Paradies – Meine Jugend nach der Mauer* (Stuttgart: Tropen, 2011), p. 145.

[106] See Carola Hähnel-Mesnard and Katja Schubert, eds., *Störfall? Auschwitz und die ostdeutsche Literatur nach 1989*. (Berlin: Frank & Timme, 2016). Among the authors examined in this context are Barbara Honigmann and Jenny Erpenbeck, whose work is a constant examination of the Shoah. This aspect is taken into account in Friedhelm Marx and Julia Schöll, *Wahrheit und Täuschung: Beiträge zum Werk Jenny Erpenbecks* (Göttingen: Wallstein, 2014).

They negate any homogeneity and they show only little interest in religion. Female characters are highly contradictory in these novels and short stories and therefore are often presented as psychologically incoherent. They are sometimes typecast, exchanged, and replaced a little later and recourse to other set pieces of Jewish cultural memory. This includes the fact that the Jewish identity of young female protagonists is no longer seen in the context of Auschwitz, as Lena Gorelik shows. These novels imagine a comparatively multifaceted Jewishness that tends to leave the victim narrative behind. Nevertheless, it is not oblivious to history, as Katja Petrowskaja in particular makes clear in *Maybe Esther*. Here, the family traumas are explained before the backdrop of world history, when she relates the events in the Babi Yar ravine and the extermination machinery of the Mauthausen concentration camp.

In her study on authors of Russian descent in Germany, Nora Isterheld primarily dealt with Jewish women writers. In the last third of her extensive analysis, she introduced the concept of diaspora.[107] The term corresponds with fundamental questions to be asked of Jewish-German literature, such as whether it still seems reasonable to advocate the binary nature of the term at all. Isterheld writes:

> If Jewishness in the texts of Russian-German writers is thus staged as a universal fate of the ephemeral and minority and not (any longer) a 'bipolar interculturality,' does this then result in the end of so-called 'German-Jewish literature' – to return to the opening question? Does its classification in such a category (still) make sense, or should it be rejected in analogy to 'migration literature' and its terminological offshoots because of its exclusive character, its formal binary logic, or because of altered lifeworld experiences and aesthetic innovations?[108]

She replies to this question in the following way:

> The strict bipolarity of this 'negative symbiosis' now seems to be gradually dissolving after the end of the Cold War. At any rate, writers from the former Soviet Union no longer see themselves as part of a community of victims. Rather, their texts illustrate 'that the Holocaust is not a grand unified narrative, but consists of multiple layers of experience.' In this respect, Braese is right when he believes that the term 'German-Jewish literature' has hardly analytical potential any longer, but that this generational concept ought rather to be understood metaphorically anyway.[109]

In this sense, it is nevertheless important to point out that the young Russian-born Jewish women writers enrich the Jewish discourse in Germany as they con-

[107] See Isolde Charim and Gertrud Auer Borea, eds., *Lebensmodell Diaspora: Über moderne Nomaden* (Bielefeld: Transcript, 2012) and Rainer Bauböck and Thomas Faist, eds., *Diaspora and Transnationalism: Concepts, Theories and Methods* (Amsterdam: Amsterdam University Press, 2010), pp. 19-20.
[108] Isterheld, "Zugluft Europas", p. 357 (above, note 99).
[109] Isterheld, "Zugluft Europas", p. 358 (above, note 99).

nect it with modern concepts of identity, which are able to feed on so many different elements and are no longer bound to only one or even two nationalities. Jewish female identity, as we could read in the novels and stories here, feeds on differences and diversities that are not negated but rather, by and large, stand for modern Jewishness in the Diaspora where Jews do not suffer any longer but gain in strength and cultural richness.

I would like to give the concluding words of my segment to Anna Schapiro. She is a visual artist in Berlin. She was raised by her Jewish-Russian grandmothers in the spirit of those who defeated Nazi-Germany:

> For me, being Jewish means enduring seemingly incompatible things. To allow and live more than one thing. To live paradoxes. I find that enriching. After all, I am a Jew who lives in Germany and who is quite German, but also somehow Russian. What results for me from this is not a smooth picture, not a clear position, but always a weighing and questioning of my position, but also that of my counterparts or the situation in which I find myself.[110]

In conclusion, a comparison of Jewish literature in Great Britain and Germany since the Shoah shows great differences but also some significant similarities. Jewish literature gained a distinctive, but quite independent voice in the country of the perpetrators. Those who survived the Shoah initially found it difficult to make themselves heard and were easily overlooked or not understood by the literary establishment. This only changed when more and more literary texts about the Shoah were published and it was impossible to overlook them any longer. In post-war Great Britain, Jewish literature had no place in the nation's challenges of transforming the Empire into the Commonwealth. In the absence of a Holocaust memory, writing about the Shoah had not yet become part of the national narrative, with the exception of the foundation of Israel, which was interwoven with British colonial politics. Writing a Jewish voice was very often based on feminist accomplishments in the work of Jewish-British women. After the end of the Cold War, Jewish literature saw a growing number of women writers establishing themselves in the very diverse national literatures of both European countries. As a contribution to the rapidly changing British and German societies, Jewish literature provides just another voice among many representing diversity. Retaining its specific places in both national cultures, Jewish women writers have kept working to give Jewish voices more audible places in society. The future will show what impact Brexit and the emergence of Europe, a nationalist and supranational project, will have on Jewish literatures in Great Britain and Germany.

[110] Mirna Funk, "Wir lebenden Juden, Deutschland vermisst jüdische Kultur? Hier sind wir und so denken wir. Ein Gruppenporträt der Dritten Generation, der Enkel von Holocaustüberlebenden in Berlin," *Die Zeit*, 31 July, 2016, at https://www.zeit.de/kultur/2016-07/juden-dritte-generation-kultur-intellektuelle-deutschland (accessed 3 January 2021).

"Gefühl ist alles": Romanticism, *Kindertransport* and Legacies of Grief

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In 2017, I met Christoph Houswitschka at a conference he had co-organized at the University of Bamberg on *The Politics of Romanticism*. It was my first European conference in a research career devoted to the English Romantic radical and polymath John Thelwall, the first full biography of whom I am writing. Knowing Christoph's work on Thelwall, I looked forward to meeting him, but I had no idea that we also shared an interest in the Holocaust and especially the *Kindertransport*. In my case this was less scholarly than personal: my mother escaped Berlin on the *Kindertransport* in 1939, my grandmother was murdered at Auschwitz in 1943, and after the conference I had planned a pilgrimage, to map my late mother's memories, 'find' the grandmother I never knew, and reunite them on the grave of my grandfather (who had died before the war) in Berlin. A passing reference to this quest in my conference paper on "John Thelwall and the Hope of Future Time" prompted several heartfelt conversations with Christoph, culminating in his very generous offer to show me around Berlin. As we sought out addresses my family had lived before the war, it was he who found the *Stolperstein* commemorating my grandmother Asta Jacob at Uhlandstrasse 123. Thus began an avid friendship and collaboration in which I took great joy. I rapidly came to depend upon Christoph's energetic, warm-hearted, "all-inspir'd / And all-inspiring, comprehensive mind," to quote our common hero Thelwall (*Poetry and Poetics* 130). We were in the middle of an eager online conversation about Thelwall Studies and conference planning at the time of his sudden death, which hit me hard. He had earlier sent me a paper he had published on translating *Kindertransport* poetry, and encouraged me to explore intersections between my scholarly work to revive Thelwall's "voice for the voiceless,"[1] and my personal efforts to gather and reanimate my late mother's archive. That is what this paper sets out to complete, in a creative-critical reflection that brings together two sides of my being and doing, maternal and paternal, German and English legacies, as an act of grief, gratitude, tribute, continuity, and hope. In this essay, Asta Jacob and John Thelwall meet through Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, whose masterpiece *Faust* my grandmother quoted in her last letter to her daughter, advising her to "live[] somehow in the sense of his work"(Jacob). I take her words as both channel and catharsis, as I attempt to realize the mission I shared with Christoph, to bring Thelwall and his hope of future time back to life.

[1] The title of my biography in progress.

I begin with the poem I addressed to my grandmother, whose name I share, in the dark night before, during and after my long walks along the train platforms, from Berlin-Moabit to the ovens at Birkenau.







Fig. 1: "Kindertransport Farewell." Fig. 2: "Asta's Stolperstein." Fig. 3: "Shadow at Moabit." All collection of Judith Asta Thompson, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Stolperstein

Dear Grandmother, geliebte Asta Jacob
I have come at last to bring you home.

You've grown inside me now for sixty years,
Until I learned to see myself in you,
Until I knew that in your courage, will
And wisdom, I had all I need to meet
A future newly shadowed once again
With nightmares of the past that bore you down.

I've borne your name through streets of memory
In the city where it all began;
Concrete and cobblestone, so many steps
Past monuments to shame and suffering,
Guilt and expiation, all awry;
So many words, in languages that break
Against my ears, until I stumble backwards
Up the ramp you shuffled down towards the train
Towards the East. Where I must journey too.

I cannot know the horror of the way,
I cannot ease the pain of black despair,
Or share the stink of frozen sweat and tears
In cattle cars transporting lives to death;

But I can walk with you that longest road,
In crowds where I like you am so alone,
Measuring life to the end of the line, to find
The steps down into darkness now laid bare
Where last you saw the sky.

I've sung for you the lullaby you sang
To her, and she to me and me to mine,
A blessing in the faith that we all share;
I've said for you the litany of names,
Children you freed to be by sending yours
Away, freed from the fate that swallowed you
And millions more. Your only consolation
Was to hope you'd live again in them.

I've knelt and dug my fingers in the earth
And gathered you in prayer against my skin,
Mingling ashes, dirt and dust, the stuff of life
To bring with me, to bring you home at last,

To Weißensee, another long Allee,
But softened and enriched with trees and time,
Unto the place where autumn covers all
And vines reach out their ever-living arms
Around the shoulder stones, to share the weight,
And draw you in, beloved, where you belong.

This is my *Stolperstein* – a literal stumbling block between Asta's felt experience and the insubstantial words with which I, her namesake, attempt to embrace it, while always haunted by the inadequacy of such endeavour, even as I watch history repeat itself yet again, with the shadow of fascism still looming on all sides. I suppose this is my version of the "rupture in ordinary life" that scholars like Christoph theorize in the writing of the Holocaust, the "failures and deficiencies of language to represent this catastrophe of civilization." In *Kindertransport* poetry, he suggests, experiences of "traumatization and alienation . . . are turned into words that can never properly signify the experiences themselves, but rather translate them into poetic images reflecting the failure to do so" (Houswitschka, "Vicarious" 183). Not that mine is really an example of that genre, being at several removes from it in space, time, nationality and consciousness.

When I wrote my poem, however, scholarly analysis was the farthest thing from my mind. I should say when I spoke it, for all that night and day I simply talked to Asta, quietly, under my breath, alone or in crowds. Of course I spoke in English, my mother tongue that she didn't know (although her recognition of it saved my mother's life). But I sang the Brahms lullaby in German, having long ago memorized it from my mother singing to me, so I could sing it to my children. Seeking a language to solace my stumbling between the dead and the living, I found it in voice and in music, where my German Jewish mother and English atheist father met. The *lingua franca* and religion of my family home, music came naturally as the language of the heart spoken from and in the body to the soul. Thus sound, rhythm and the spoken word replace Christoph's "poetic images" in my *Kind des Kindes des Kindertransports* poem. Perhaps that is why, long before I knew anything about Thelwall, I instinctively understood his maxim that speech is alive, even as print is fixed and dead, and thus, through speech, words can be forever revived. On that autumn journey Thelwall's example also sustained me,

as it still does, under the burden of history, and I understood, as Christoph reinforces in his essay, that translating the Holocaust is also political, "part of the ongoing struggle for human rights" (Houswitschka, "Vicarious" 184).

I know nothing of my grandparents' political opinions or sympathies. Like most second-generation survivors, I have only such fragments as my mother preserved and passed on in photographs, anecdotes and a few documents. There I glimpsed Asta as an adventurous, imaginative, capable, outgoing, independent, resilient, and forward-looking woman, a First World War-widow and self-consciously modern 'typewriter girl' who took climbing holidays with her office mate and second husband, my grandfather Georg. Middle-class, urbane and open-minded, they created a warm and loving home in which German and Jewish traditions mixed easily and a rich intellectual and cultural life joined with an enthusiastic love of nature. But as the long-term trauma of his First World War service slowly claimed Georg, who died in 1937, Asta's burden grew heavier, even as the next war loomed. Passionately pragmatic, naturally warm but forced by circumstances to be a bit stern, she is remembered in the family for her 'Kopf durch die Wand' – the fierce willpower with which she worked tirelessly to get her teenaged children safe out of the country, using every spare moment to walk the streets, knocking on any door that bore a word of English. Eventually one marked "Society of Friends" opened on a sympathetic Quaker from Manchester who was in Berlin to evacuate the children of Christian political prisoners, but agreed to sponsor a Jew.

When my mother Ilse arrived in England at the age of 15, she kept journals, intending to share her experiences with her mother, talking to her, as Asta did in her letters, which came intermittently and by roundabout routes, and by the end were often coded, using different names and referring to herself in the third person, under the pressure of censorship, surveillance and the creeping knowledge of her inevitable fate. Having inherited her mother's resolute pragmatism, Ilse neither hid nor dwelt on her Holocaust experience but channelled her grief into music and embraced a new language and country as opportunities. After moving to Canada and marrying, she decided that speaking German at home would be impractical but when I was a teenager she translated both her journals and her mother's letters into English so that I could read and she could share her story in local schools and churches. Asta's letters are in some ways typical, a mother offering advice to a teenager away from home, to watch her health and money, to choose friends with caution and above all to compensate for her truncated education through "reading, reading, reading" (Jacob, August 1941). But Asta also shared her "Sehnsucht, Sehnsucht, Sehnsucht" (Jacob, September 1941), opening up emotionally to her daughter, as "my very best friend, to whom I can confide all my thoughts, good and bad" (Jacob, November 1941). Her deepening lessons of living and giving, faith and self-confidence, idealism and realism lead up to her

heart-rending final letter (undated but likely not long before she was picked up in January 1943), written while she cleared out her apartment:

> Just imagine how hard-shelled I have become; without batting an eyelash I have burnt all those things I cherished from Pappi and you two . . . I repeat: in these times, which are so very hard and merciless, I must be hard too and cannot waste time on uncalled-for piety. It is much more important that you, who are young, should live fully, and that I stay in touch with life as at present, rather than as it was in the past . . . Now I must make an end, I must still clear out the bookcase, because the books have been sold—and again I have done this without batting an eyelash. One must have Goethe not only on the shelf and have read him, one has to UNDERSTAND some of his greatness, must have lived somehow in the sense of his work. "Gefühl ist alles, Name Schall und Rauch" or "Wenn Ihr's nicht fühlt und nicht erfasst, Ihr werdet's nicht begreifen." (Jacob, undated)[2]

My mother annotated this as "exceedingly depressed and depressing" and it is, but it is also deeply moving and wise. It speaks powerfully to me at this time of my life and the world.

As a scholar of English Romanticism, I have always found something poignant in Asta's search for English words, her passion for literature, her choice of Goethe (often called the German Shakespeare), and his *Faust* in particular, the classic tragedy of the vain mortal quest for knowledge. I know some second-generation Holocaust survivors quite legitimately recoil even at the sound of the German language, and for others, Romanticism itself is tainted by association with Nazism. But I never felt this; I suppose I am enough of a romantic humanist to believe that great writing transcends the narrow prejudices of its era and nationality, even though I have also inherited an atheistic, modern skepticism along with the radicalism that I share with Thelwall. I accept my grandmother's belief in the greatness of Goethe, but I am pragmatically aware of how many layers of time and translation stand between us. Even if I were fluent in German (which I most definitely am not), I could read Asta's letters only in English because my ever-frugal mother seems to have disposed of the originals after translating them (at which the archivist in me grits her teeth in frustration). She left the quotations, *Gott sei Dank*, with an admittedly "untrained translation" in a footnote: "Feeling is everything, name just noise and smoke" and "If you cannot feel it and understand it, then you cannot comprehend it." More frustration, for not only does the extra phrase in her translation make it strangely circular, but the German quotation too is incorrect: in my edition of *Faust* (the classic facing-page English translation by Walter Kaufmann), the phrase "und nicht erfasst" does not appear at all and the verb "begreifen" is actually "erjagen" (Goethe 104). I cannot say whether

[2] Because this letter is undated, I don't strictly know if these are Asta's last words, but they were the last Ilse received, the letter having arrived by a very roundabout route via Amsterdam and New York. Also their situation and tone imply a finality.

this was mistranslation, mistranscription or misremembrance by my mother or my grandmother. Either way it widens the gap that I seek to bridge.

Yet the inadequacy of language is of course one of the key themes of the passages that Asta passed on to her daughter. Both of them are spoken by Faust in conversation, one with his teaching assistant, Wagner, in the first scene of the tragedy, the other with his beloved, Margaret/Gretchen, at the climax of the play. Both quotations assert the primacy of the heart or feeling ("Gefühl" means sensation, sympathy, among other connotations) above mind or language ("name" also signifies fame, reputation, social identity; "erjagen" means to hunt down, as with a synonym or definition). Both therefore speak to the folly and vanity of scholars like Faust (and like me) who engage in a search for meaning, countering it with an understanding of and from the heart that goes beyond mere words on a page. And it may be that this is the main thrust of my grandmother's message, to be taken as a parental nostrum like "to thine own self be true," the advice of Polonius to Hamlet in Shakespeare's famous play. Certainly it reinforces the message of the letters as a whole, in which Asta advises her daughter to be skeptical of outward professions and social status and to trust her heart.

But for all my sympathy with this heartfelt message, I am aware (as I suspect Asta must also have been) of ironies in the scenes from which these passages are taken, which complicate both her and Faust's message. Just as "to thine own self be true" is rendered ironic by the deviousness of its speaker Polonius, so Faust's assertions cannot be taken straight; indeed as Kaufmann points out, Goethe realized the limitations of Romanticism, and, through the "uninhibited sarcasm" of Mephistopheles, questioned both feelings and conventions – "what feelings hide behind conventions, and how conventional most of our feelings are" (Kaufmann 22-24). This is certainly the case in the shorter and seemingly most straightforward of Asta's two quotations, "Gefühl ist alles." This is the most high-romantic passage in the play, as Faust, sidestepping Margaret's conventional religious objections, asserts that names are insufficient to embrace the essence of the divine, the "timeless mystery, / Unseeable, yet seen" that infuses and shapes all things "Call it bliss! Heart! Love! God!" Thus, he says, "Feeling is all, / Names are just noise and smoke" (I.16, 3449-57). Yet as we know from earlier scenes, and is proven by what follows, Faust's idealism is deeply compromised by his vanity and his lust for Margaret, which she cannot perceive although she shows some awareness of "other" meanings in his words and recognizes the duplicity "written on the very face" of Faust's alter-ego companion-daemon, Mephistopheles, who "has no sympathy for anything" (I.16, 3488-89). Clearly Faust's "feeling," too, is not sympathy or feeling for others, but only for himself (Goethe 325-31).

Certainly, Asta would have understood this ambiguity in the interpretation of "Gefühl," and the distinction between Faust's vain idealism and the sympathetic

feeling of Margaret. For her very first letter to her daughter, in August 1939, is about idealism, male ego and female sympathy. Here she distinguishes her husband, who "really was an idealist," not a "fantast" because "he was always the GIVER, through his goodness and his work, without any egotism," from her adolescent son, who thinks himself "all-knowing" and "superior" to others. By contrast, her daughter is willing to "listen and consider" others' opinions. This is part of Asta's observations on marriage in which, citing the example of the great composer Verdi, she generalizes that "every woman" wishes to inspire the man she loves, but he in turn must open himself to her inspiration. Despite maintaining conventional gender roles, she is egalitarian in this insistence on reciprocity. She sees it exemplified in her own marriage, in which her liveliness balanced Georg's sensitivity, they supported one another and "were terribly happy" until his brain disease made him "no longer able to GIVE," leaving her alone to support the family. Thus she puts herself in the position of Margaret (though less naively), who loves the idealist and makes herself vulnerable thereby. While Asta's husband always repaid her trust, this seems not to have been the case after his death, for in another letter she warns her daughter, "don't TRUST everyone as completely as your mother has done . . . with dire consequences" (Jacob, August 1941).

In this context, perhaps it is significant that Asta reversed the order of the two quotations from the play, so that the more "romantic" one is followed, and perhaps superseded, by one more oriented towards education and/in the real world. "Wenn ihr's nicht fühlt" comes from the first scene of the play, when Faust has not yet seen Margaret or been tempted by Mephistopheles, but is annoyed when his assistant Wagner interrupts his search for ultimate truth, banishing a spirit he has just been talking to. Thinking his master is declaiming from Greek tragedy, Wagner asks for some instruction to help him advance his rhetorical vocation. In answer, Faust says "what you don't feel, you will not grasp by art" (I.i, 534). This makes a distinction *not* between words and feeling so much as between two kinds of language. On the one hand, there is rhetoric, which Faust condemns as artificial, glittering trickery, "work[ed] up" (I.i, 564) for display only. On the other, there is language that "wells out" (I.i, 535) naturally from the soul and speaks directly to the heart of the listener. It is good advice, but there are several ironies here, too, starting with Faust's choice of self-driven verbs of power and control ("dringt," "zwingt" and "erjagen," meaning penetrate, compel and hunt) at odds with reciprocal nouns of feeling, soul and heart (I.i, 534-37). This pursuit of power reveals Faust's egocentricity, as does the fact that he does not address Wagner's pedagogical aspirations but is outright dismissive of both him and those whom he would teach: still rapt in the spirit world, Faust regards Wagner as a lowly human creature, calling him a "dreary creeper" (I.i, 521), and condemns the public as a "common herd" (I.i, 592) incapable of understanding, who trample and persecute the few who try to communicate their finer feelings and spiritual

visions. This seriously undercuts his ideal of heart-to-heart communication, with an irony evident even in the word order of the line "from heart to heart you will never create" (I.i, 544), in which his own creative power is the endpoint. The irony is reinforced by the overwhelmingly negative syntax used here and for his language of the heart throughout (Goethe 105-11).

It is unlikely that all these nuances of meaning were on Asta's mind when she quoted these lines: she was not, after all, a formalist scholar, only a common reader like those whom Faust derides. But in this and other letters she does offer sophisticated insight into, and practical application of, Goethe's key themes of speech and education. The ideal of speaking from the heart suffuses her letters, from the very first one, in which she has just come back from "talking" to Georg in the cemetery and now wishes to "chat" with her daughter. That letter ends with her urging Ilse to "gain an education, even if only through reading for the time being." It is in this letter, too, that she contrasts her son's ego with her daughter's ability to "listen and consider" the opinions of others (Jacob, August 1939). This highlights something missing from *Faust*, as neither scholar nor teacher is interested in listening to ordinary people, though Wagner at least seems more other-oriented, as he wishes that "everybody knew part of the same" knowledge of "the world" (I.i, 587). However he also shares his mentor's self-centred ambition to "know all" (I.i, 601), and he abhors and inveighs against the conversation of the "uncouth . . . throng" of "citizens" (i.ii, 945-47, 1011) outside the gates, valuing only those who look up to Faust as a great man (Goethe 109-11, 133-39).

This brings me to the wisest and most original part of Asta's last words to her daughter: her statement that "One must have Goethe not only on the shelf and have read him, one . . . must have lived somehow in the sense of his work" (Jacob undated). There is nothing like this in the play. The closest is Wagner's effusion about "entering into the spirit of the time" (I.i, 577) and the "joys the spirit brings from page to page, from book to book" (I.ii, 1104-05), which Faust dismisses as a mere projection of the "scholar's spirit" which "often is pathetic . . . most suitable to come from puppets' lips" (I.i, 577-85). But Asta highlights the value of reading to ordinary people, not as a hubristic pursuit of ultimate knowledge but as an expression of sympathy and a guide to living. It is an urgent lesson, deeply humane in a time of inhumanity, to connect with the great minds of the past, to "listen and consider" (Jacob, August 1939), to learn through sympathetic identification, to make their work and words part of your moral life. In giving this lesson, she speaks powerfully to our time and is most like John Thelwall, whose work of course she did not know, but who stood in a tradition that she inherited, of education through reading as elocutionary emulation, the translation and resuscitation of print into a living word-of-mouth.

"Citizen John Thelwall" was an English contemporary of Goethe. They had much in common, but Thelwall's greatness is unrecognized, for reasons that have less to do with intellectual and aesthetic quality than long-term repercussions of political repression. He too straddled the Enlightenment and Romanticism and was a prolific, ambitious, cosmopolitan polymath: orator, poet, novelist, playwright, journalist, pedagogue, antiquarian, scientist, student of law and medicine and the world's first speech therapist. His intellectual interests and contributions complemented, but have been overshadowed by, his notoriety as a radical political activist, one of the lost generation of "English Jacobin" reformers who were persecuted and silenced at the time of the French Revolution and whose legacy was consequently forgotten. He was a pioneering theorist and tireless champion of human rights and civil liberties, whose uncompromising defense of democratic citizenship and freedom as political participation, as Christoph suggests, anticipates theoretical and practical responses to the Holocaust, from Hannah Arendt's philosophy of the *vita activa* to the European Convention of Human Rights (Houswitschka, "Citizenship" 36, "Civil Society" n. pag.). But Thelwall's commitment to the preservation and restoration of democratic rights and civil society survived the suppression of his political voice, continuing in his broader work, which maintained his principles in a series of subversively strategic sidesteps and reinventions. Elocution was the chief of these. Freedom of speech was the keystone of his polymathic career, which he devoted to the removal of impediments to the exercise of the *vox populi* and the development of "practical fluency," as a teacher, therapist and pioneer of disabled education (Thelwall, *Rights* 400).

Thelwall defined elocution as the art, science and act of speaking, "the whole theory and practice of the exterior demonstration of the inward workings of the mind" (Thelwall, "Rhythmus" xvi). This popular discipline, the fifth element of classical rhetoric, has been overlooked in the recent history of ideas, regarded much as Faust regards rhetoric, as at worst superficial and dishonest, at best a form of social climbing, propriety and regulation of free speech. But Thelwall stands in an alternative tradition of elocution, less polite than political, as the disciplined exercise of free speech and a movement of dissent and debate aimed at educating and enfranchising the *vox populi*. A linchpin of this was the concept of emulation, or learning by oral imitation, shaping one's character through adopting the voice and emotions of a moral exemplar, usually a great author, in recitation. Elocutionary emulation was cultivated by dissenting pedagogues in eighteenth-century England as a form of civic education, self-determination and agency for those denied a political voice (Thompson n. pag.). Thelwall's elocutionary theories grew out of their ideas, his own experience in debating societies and his medical research into "animal vitality," as part of his lifelong political program for the formation and training of citizens. A committed democrat, he believed profoundly that "wisdom . . . ascend[s]" from below and that the "intelligence of

the many . . . promise[s] to be the redemption of the few" (Thelwall, "Connexion" 3). His faith in the spoken word and the intelligence of the many is diametrically opposed to the mockery of rhetoric and idolization of the solitary hero we find in Goethe and many of his romantic-era contemporaries, who feared the mob demagoguery of the French Revolution and regarded citizens as a "common herd." By contrast, Thelwall acted in solidarity with the "swinish multitude," respecting its intelligence and promoting egalitarian education for common citizens beyond distinctions of class, race, religion and gender.[3]

Revolutionary ideas of elocution extended into Germany, as seen in the similar communication theory of Josias Gosch (1765-1811), which sought to disseminate knowledge within "broader publics, beyond traditional institutional gatekeepers," through oral reading, conversation and sympathetic emotional exchange between speaker and audience (Dupree 1-2). Elocution flourished through the nineteenth century and into the twentieth, in theories, therapies and institutions of voice in performance and education throughout Europe. In England at least, the survival of a Thelwallian democratic tradition of "elocution from below" is seen in George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion* of 1912 (when Asta was almost 30). Too little is known about elocution in pre-war Germany, and I have too little evidence about Asta's education, exposure to or opinions about elocution to speculate—though the existence in my mother's archive of the script of a three-act "Lustspiel" titled *Die ewige Ruddelei* (The Eternal Conversation),[4] written and performed for a relative's wedding, gives some idea of the vibrant oral cabaret culture in which she and her husband participated in the early twentieth century. But in trying to understand what Asta meant by "living in the sense" of Goethe's work, I cannot help but be struck by its similarity to Thelwall's radically performative elocutionary emulation, in which the "mouth . . . 'is parcel of the mind,' and of a mind that can identify with its author, or its subject" ("Rhythmus" xvi). Her "living" and "sense" both resonate with his theory of "animal vitality," which defines life as an organized "correspondence" and "communication" among bodily organs and mental actions, sense, and sensation (Thelwall, "Vitality" 20-27, Solomonescu 13-33). Thelwall's work heals Goethe's schism between feeling and rhetoric with a literally organic, oral language of heart, circulating within the body (politic). This rhythmic language is based on the "universal principle of action and reaction which forms the paramount law of all reiterated or progressive motion," from the

[3] Radicals of the 1790s like Thelwall famously played, with great wit and at great length, on Burke's derisive metaphor of the "swinish multitude," to great effect.

[4] In keeping with the ruptures and difficulties of language I thematize, this title has proven extremely difficult to translate. The word "Ruddelei" is extremely rare, possibly a local or archaic idiom which does not appear in any standard dictionary. My translation comes from its inclusion in a *Sprachsatz* published in 1873, in a list of synonyms for *Unterhaltung* or conversation.

heartbeat and footstep to the operation of the material mind (Thelwall, *Cline* 15).[5] Thelwall's language of the sense was therapeutic but also capable of reanimation, building on his early work with the Humane Society to promote new techniques of medical resuscitation. According to this theory, reading aloud, following the thesis-arsis rhythm of the heart, is literally a way of "living in the sense" of any book, endlessly renewing the words of the dead and the deadness of the word. In so doing, it could overcome impediments, liberate and empower the voice and restore hope for society.

The application of Thelwall's theories to both personal and sociopolitical restoration can be seen in two major literary works he published in 1801 in which he channelled and surmounted his grief over the death of a beloved child, the defeat of the reform movement and the loss of his hopes for the future at the turn of the nineteenth century. His elegiac sequence of *Paternal Tears* odes was written upon the sudden death of his six-year-old daughter, Maria, at the very end of 1799. It is not just a cathartic expression of grief but a personal case study for the elocutionary therapy he was developing at the same time, using his materialist poetics to give him back his heart, his hope and his tongue. These ten effusions channel trauma in the language of sense, "bodying forth" his grief in imagery, but even more in the sounds and rhythm of his "torn" and "throbbing heart," "jarred nerves," and "sentient tears," until Maria is brought back to "vital form" in the climactic Effusion Eight, in which she speaks to him in a vision. After this he still grieves but experiences renewal (a word repeated six times in Effusion Nine) and slowly moves out of solitude towards socially-oriented creativity and public speech (*Poetry and Poetics* 154-65).

The application of Thelwall's elocutionary therapy to broader political ills is addressed more explicitly in his abolitionist, feminist, anti-imperialist novel, *The Daughter of Adoption*, written at the same time as *Paternal Tears*. It allies Maria with another Mary, Thelwall's friend, the feminist philosopher Wollstonecraft, who died at nearly the same time, and brings them both back to life in the novel's eponymous heroine Seraphina. She enacts his elocutionary therapy in collaboration with two father-teacher figures. The first of them, Parkinson, adopts Seraphina as an orphan child of the same age and name as his daughter, who had died when she was six. He gives her the lessons he had written for his child, teaching her "to repeat them with the same tone and gesture; in short, the Seraphina I had lost became a model to her whom I had found, till they were identified in my heart, and I felt as if I were again a father" (*Daughter* 155-56). Under his enlightened instruction, Seraphina grows up to adopt opinions similar

[5] Shortly after delivering his lecture on Animal Vitality, Thelwall gave another, more controversial, one on "the origin of mental action, explained on the system of materialism," which has not survived. Solomonescu discusses this pp. 26-33.

to those of Mary Wollstonecraft and even lives at the same address in London, where she is instrumental in vindicating the rights and redeeming the wrongs not only of women but of slaves and all those oppressed by patriarchal imperialism. She does this in collaboration with the fatherly Dr. Pengarron, who enlists her in the program of talk therapy he uses to convince a tyrannical slaveowner (the father of her lover Henry Montfort) to make "reparation" for his acts of evil (*Daughter* 429). Seraphina is a Creole, whom we (and Henry) meet during the Haitian revolution, which Thelwall treats sympathetically in this, the first novel to recognize its "world-historical significance" (*Daughter* 21). After she travels to England to resist the evils of imperialism at their grasping selfish heart, she confronts and critiques human rights genocides of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries in a manner that speaks directly to those of the twentieth century. Granted, she does so with considerable romantic melodrama, and the conflicts of the novel are resolved in a sleight-of-hand happy ending in which evil is overcome by "building up a family" based "in social equality and reciprocal love." It is a radically inclusive family in which different races, nationalities and religions are brought together and even the dead come back to life, in a joyous chorus of resuscitation: "he lives!—he lives!—he lives!—he lives!—he lives!." (*Daughter* 474-79).

It is fitting that the novel, and this paper, ends with family and teaching. For the *Daughter* is the last text I taught before my retirement, with Christoph Houswitschka, in a seminar for the University of Bamberg shortly before his death. Thelwall lectured on the day of his death and had repeatedly used teaching as a form of resuscitation, especially after he lost his wife and youngest son in 1816, when he gave elocutionary training to a young actress whom he called his daughter of adoption, falling in love and marrying her the following year. Through her letters, Asta too was a teacher, who fulfilled the role of Faust and Wagner as they should have been. She sought neither power nor glory and saved no-one's life with her written words, but she saved her children by speaking to the Society of Friends and took comfort in living on through them.

Is it just my pathetic scholarly projection that hears the living voice of Thelwall's hope of future time in my grandmother's shattered letters? Perhaps it is, but I do so in the faith and reassurance of their reciprocal, correspondent powers of heart and mind, as teachers of/and in reading, to bring the words of the dead into the bodies of the living and to overcome the ruptures of time and place, in the face of oppression and genocide. Here, Christoph joins them, as an exemplar to emulate, not as a "great man," scholar, hero or celebrity, but as a good, common citizen who offers lessons of wisdom and hope beyond the grave.

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Die Koffer der Kinder des Kindertransports

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Der Kindertransport nach Großbritannien 1938/39 war neben der zionistischen Kinder- und Jugendalijah nach Palästina eine der beiden bedeutenden Auswanderungsaktionen für Kinder und Jugendliche aus dem ehemaligen Deutschen Reich und den bedrohten Nachbarländern. Die etwa 10.000 vor allem jüdischen Kinder und Jugendlichen der Kindertransporte erlebten dabei einen Wechsel von Sprache und Kultur, auf den sie oft nicht vorbereitet waren. Viele von ihnen konnten über das, was sie erlebt hatten (schon während der Nazi-Zeit), erst Jahrzehnte später sprechen, wobei das erste Treffen der „Kinder" – wie sie sich heute immer noch nennen – in Großbritannien 1989 in London (*Reunion of the Kindertransport* = RoK) wesentliche Impulse dafür gegeben hat und zur Gründung der „Kindertransport Association" (= KTA) geführt hat. Im Anschluss daran ist die Geschichte des Kindertransports unter historischem Gesichtspunkt vielfach aufgearbeitet worden (vgl. z. B. Baumel-Schwartz 2012); für den deutschsprachigen Bereich sind vor allem die Arbeiten von Rebekka Göpfert (1999), die Untersuchungen in dem Sammelband von Wolfgang Benz, Claudia Curio und Andrea Hammel (2003), die Darstellungen von Christiane Berth (2005) und Claudia Curio (2006) hervorzuheben.

Auch Christoph Houswitschka hat sich schon früh mit diesem Thema beschäftigt, und zwar kontinuierlich über einen längeren Zeitraum aus immer wieder anderen Blickwinkeln (vgl. Houswitschka, „Vicarious Witnesses", „Save the children", „Escaping on the Kindertransport", „Die Erfahrung", „What I was"). Er hat u. a. die Besonderheit der kollektiven Identitätsarbeit der Kinder des Kindertransports – z. B. in der KTA – hervorgehoben.[1] Denn die Ausbildung eines gemeinsamen Gedächtnisses bot denjenigen, die die Erfahrung verdrängt hatten oder traumatisiert waren die Möglichkeit, das Schweigen zu brechen und eine „soziale Stimme"[2] zu finden – im Gegensatz zu denen, die allein, d. h. nicht im Rahmen des Kindertransports kamen. Die dadurch entstandene Verbundenheit kann auch in der 2. Generation (und teilweise in der 3. Generation) gefunden werden, die oft auf künstlerische Weise mit der Weitergabe der Erfahrung beschäftigt ist (vgl. „Second Generation Network"). Christoph Houswitschka war es auch, der mich auf den Einfluss des Sprachwechsels und des Sprachverlusts in

[1] „Im Gegensatz zu anderen Kinderflüchtlingen wie dem Lyriker Michael Hamburger oder dem Kunsthistoriker Peter Gay zeichnet die Flüchtlinge des Kindertransportes ihre in der KTA organisierte kollektive Identitätsarbeit aus" (Houswitschka, „Die Erfahrung" 79).

[2] Zum Begriff der „sozialen Stimme" (*voice*) vgl. Blommaert 4; Hymes 64; vgl. zur „sozialen Stimme der Kinder" Thüne und Brizic.

der Literatur von Kindern des Kindertransports hingewiesen hat,[3] ein Einfluss, der sich in mehreren Schichten von Palimpsest in den Texten zeigen kann (Houswitschka, *Escaping on the Kindertransport* 82-83) und dadurch nicht nur auf der Textebene eine klare Trennung von Vergangenheit und Gegenwart schwierig macht. Sein besonderes Interesse galt dem Werk von Karen Gershon (geb. 1923 als Käthe Löwenthal in Bielefeld, gest. 1993 in London), die 1938 mit einer ihrer beiden Schwestern mit dem Kindertransport nach Großbritannien gekommen war und als Lyrikerin, Romanautorin und Essayistin hervorgetreten ist. Gershons Entwicklung als Autorin ist besonders interessant, da sie bereits vor dem Kindertransport angefangen hatte, auf Deutsch zu schreiben und zu veröffentlichen.[4] Die Sprachfrage stellte sich aber nicht nur für sie, sondern für die gesamte Gruppe der Autoren und Autorinnen des Kindertransports, wie Houswitschka hervorgehoben hat:

> The language shift from German to English is, in fact, a recurring topic in the poetry of this group: many poems speak of the translation of individual memories into English, denying German and gradually taking over the new language in an environment that regarded the former mother tongue as the language of the enemy. (187)

Wie oben schon erwähnt, kam es ab 1989 zu einer Welle von Veröffentlichungen von Erinnerungen ehemaliger Kinder des Kindertransports. Dies waren z. T. persönliche Einzelberichte (z. B. David), z. T. aber auch Sammlungen von kollektiven Stimmen. Schon vor 1989 kam das Buch *We Came As Children* heraus, in dem Karen Gershon 1966 als Erste die Erfahrungen von mehr als 230 Kindern als kollektive Autobiographie zusammengestellt hat (siehe unten). Es dürfte kein Zufall sein, dass zu diesem Zeitpunkt alle Stimmen noch anonym blieben; offensichtlich konnten die Einzelnen noch nicht zu ihrer Herkunft stehen, der Anpassungsdruck innerhalb der Gesellschaft war groß. Abbey et al. bringen es auf den Punkt: „The English as a whole were, in the 1930s, still very much Islanders,

[3] Für viele Kinder wurde durch den Kindertransport das Verhältnis zum Deutschen sehr problematisch, aber auch das Englische wurde davon betroffen. Ein 16-jähriges Mädchen beschreibt dies: „Whenever in subsequent years I dreamed about Germany there was always fog. In these dreams when I was questioned I was unable to answer in English when I was trying to deny my German origin" (in Gershon 29). „Die englische Sprache ist in der Holocaustliteratur häufig eine Maske, die hilft, sprechen zu lernen" (Houswitschka, *Die Erfahrung* 90).

[4] Houswitschka kommentiert Gershons Wechsel vom Deutschen ins Englische, den sie in ihrer Autobiographie *A Tempered Wind* – erst 2009 veröffentlicht – beschreibt: „In spring 1941 Käthe decides to become an English writer and burns all German poetry and prose, even a letter she had received from Stefan Zweig. After moving to Leeds, she looks for opportunities to be among English people and reads in order to improve her English . . . However, writing in the new language is a desperately difficult task: ‚I needed to write as I needed to breathe, and continuing to write also in German was my escape route: the one way still available to me of returning home' (108). The reason why writing was so important to her, she continues, was that in this respect she, did not feel inferior' (108). As long as she uses German, however, she finds herself in a dilemma she cannot escape" (Houswitschka, "What I was" 83).

tending to look either inwards or far overseas to their colonies for their points of reference. Hence the lack of interest – and even sheer ignorance – among the population in general as regards events on the Continent should not be underestimated“ (Abbey et al. 10).

Die Titel einiger späterer Sammlungen deuten die emotionalen Spannungen an, die die Kinder aushalten mussten: so etwa 1990 in *I Came Alone: The Stories of the Kindertransports* das Attribut ‚allein‘, aber auch in der Sammlung *We Had to Be Brave: Escaping the Nazis with the Kindertransport*, das Attribut ‚brave‘ (mutig, unerschrocken), ein Buch, das sich auf ausgewählte Geschichten von Kindern konzentriert, z. B. von Leslie Baruch Brent und Ruth L. David (s.u.). Eine Ausnahme bildet der Sammelband des Journalisten Barry Turner *„… And the Policeman Smiled“: 10.000 Children Escape from Nazi Europe*, dessen Titel das sich langsam entwickelnde gesellschaftliche Narrativ benutzt („alle Polizisten in Großbritannien waren freundlich“), in dem die Geschichte des Kindertransports allmählich ins kulturelle Gedächtnis Großbritanniens einging. Das zeigen auch literarische Texte von Autoren und Autorinnen, die keine Zeitzeugen sind, wie Diane Samuels Theaterstück *Kindertransport* (1993) und W.G. Sebalds Roman *Austerlitz* (2001).

Auf den folgenden Seiten werde ich zunächst einen kurzen historischen Überblick geben, dann anschließend die Bedeutung des Koffers und die in ihm enthaltenen Dinge in den Erinnerungen der Kinder beschreiben. Dabei werde ich auf autobiographische und literarische Texte (vgl. dazu auch Körte und Axelrod) von Kindern eingehen, aber auch auf Ausschnitte aus narrativen Interviews, die ich 2017 mit Kindern des Kindertransports geführt habe und als Korpus „Flucht und Emigration nach Großbritannien“ zugänglich sind.[5]

1. Der Kindertransport: kurzer historischer Überblick

Die Idee des Kindertransports entwickelte sich nach der Pogromnacht am 9.1.1938, als jüdische und andere Organisationen in Großbritannien forderten, mehr Kinder nach Palästina, damals unter britischem Protektorat, einwandern zu lassen. Seit Beginn der NS-Diktatur 1933 und ihrer radikal antisemitischen Politik wurden Kinder und Jugendliche auf die Emigration nach Palästina vorbereitet (die Kinder- und Jugendalijah, vgl. Michaelis Stern und Michaelis). Da die

[5] Das Korpus „Flucht und Emigration nach Großbritannien“ ist 2017 in Großbritannien entstanden und besteht aus insgesamt 37 Interviews. 24 Interviewpartner*innen waren mit dem Kindertransport gekommen, die restlichen als Kinder, Jugendliche oder junge Erwachsene in den 1930er Jahren aus Nazi-Deutschland und Österreich, zum Teil allein, zum Teil in Begleitung einer anderen Person. Der Großteil dieser Interviews wurde auf Deutsch geführt. Die Interviews stehen in der Datenbank für Gesprochenes Deutsch unter der Sigle FEGB (= *Flucht und Emigration nach Großbritannien*) online zur Verfügung. Ausschnitte aus den Interviews wurden als Buch veröffentlicht, vgl. Thüne (*Gerettet*).

Einwanderung nach Palästina jedoch durch den Druck arabischer Gruppen schwierig war und Großbritannien deshalb eine restriktive Einwanderungspolitik verfolgte, entschied das britische Parlament im November 1938, relativ unbürokratisch, 10.000 Kindern und Jugendlichen zwischen 3 und 16 Jahren die Einreise zu ermöglichen. Dies geschah dank der Intervention britischer Jüd*innen, aber auch durch andere Gruppen, besonders Quäker*innen, allen voran Berta Bracey, die durch ihren Aufenthalt in Deutschland über die Situation der Jüdinnen und Juden informiert war (vgl. Taylor). Die erste Gruppe von Kindern kam am 2. Dezember 1938 in Großbritannien an, der letzte Kindertransport erfolgte am 14. Mai 1940 (vgl. Baumel-Schwartz 247-48).

Angesichts der schwierigen Situation auf dem Arbeitsmarkt in Großbritannien und des wachsenden Einwanderungsdrucks sollten die Bedingungen der Einreise mögliche anti-semitische Reaktionen vermeiden. Die Kinder und Jugendlichen mussten unbegleitet (d. h. ohne ihre Eltern) einreisen; sie brauchten kein Visum, wurden aber als Transmigranten eingestuft, d. h. man ging davon aus, dass sie zu einem späteren Zeitpunkt mit ihrer Familie wieder zusammenkommen konnten. Eine Garantie von 50 britischen Pfund (heute schätzungsweise 5000 Euro) musste von Privatpersonen oder Institutionen für jedes Kind vorliegen, um soziale Kosten für den Staat zu vermeiden. Die Verantwortung für die Kinder oblag grundsätzlich den Einwanderungsorganisationen, die Pflegefamilien, -personen oder Heime für die Kinder suchten. Die Kinder waren eine sehr heterogene Gruppe aus jüdisch-orthodoxen, liberalen oder assimilierten Familien und nicht immer konnte ihrer religiösen Erziehung Rechnung getragen werden. Vielen der Eltern oder Großeltern gelang die Flucht nicht mehr, sie wurden von den Ereignissen überwältigt und Opfer der Shoah. All dies war zum Zeitpunkt des Kindertransports aber noch nicht klar.

2. Der Koffer der Kinder

2.1. Vorbereitung auf die Reise

Für viele der Kinder, vor allem für die ersten im Jahr 1938, kam die Reise nach Großbritannien überraschend. Nur wenige waren sprachlich, erzieherisch und psychologisch auf eine Emigration vorbereitet, und innerhalb weniger Tage mussten sie packen. Sie durften einen Koffer, einen Rucksack, 10 Reichsmark, aber keine weiteren Wertgegenstände mitnehmen. Ein ehemaliges Kind erinnert sich:

> We were allowed one suitcase each containing only clothes. I remember my main worry being that I might not be allowed to take my love tokens – a collection of small cloth animals. My mother, with the insight of selfless love, knew that these objects must be packed in the suitcase at all costs, and reassured me. I was twelve years old. (zitiert in Gershon 26)

Einer der wichtigsten Schritte für die Vorbereitung auf die Reise war das Packen des Koffers. In Erinnerungen und autobiographischen Texten und Romanen stellt es eine erste Etappe des Kindertransports dar. Die Eltern (meistens die Mütter) versuchten, nützliche Gegenstände einzupacken, die Kinder – je nach Alter – Spielzeug, Bücher oder andere für sie wichtige Dinge.

> On the 25th of July [1939] my mum told me that I would be going on a journey by myself but that I should not worry as she would follow shortly . . . . Mum packed all the necessary things for the trip and I all the unnecessary ones. The stack of toys that I had assembled was twice as high as the clothes and by the time mum selected those that I could take there wasn't much left. (Shefi 59)

Eltern und Kinder mussten sich schon bald nicht nur um den Inhalt, sondern auch um die Form und Größe des Koffers selbst kümmern, wie es Lore Segal in ihrem autobiographischen Roman *Other's Peoples Houses* beschreibt: „‚The children have to carry their own luggage. Pick up the suitcase', she [the mother] said to me. ‚Can you lift it?' I lifted the suitcase against my leg and leaned my weight against it. ‚I can carry it,' I said" (Segal 26). Je älter die Kinder waren, desto mehr konnten sie auch tragen. Der Koffer wird dadurch zu einer Art Personifikation des Kindes. Er ist schwer zu tragen – und auch was dem Kind bevorsteht, ist schwer zu ertragen. Mit Beginn der Reise ist es verantwortlich für den Koffer, wird von nun an auch verantwortlich für sein eigenes Leben werden.

Auch Karen Gershon spricht in ihrem Roman *Das Unterkind* vom Packen des Koffers:

> Die Jugend-Alijah hatte ihnen eine Liste gegeben . . . . Selma wollte ihre Töchter nicht wie Bettler in die Welt schicken, obwohl sie es in Wirklichkeit waren. Paul hatte sich das erforderliche Geld geliehen. Aber es reichte nicht, ihnen vernünftige Koffer zu kaufen. Bereits in Dortmund, wo sie umsteigen mußten, riß der Griff von Käthes Koffer auf einer Seite ab. (270-71)

Der Koffer war kein zuverlässiger Begleiter auf dieser Reise; weil er wahrscheinlich zu schwer war, wurde er während der Reise beschädigt. Auch hier zeigt sich die symbolische Bedeutung des Koffers, denn die Reise hinterlässt auch in den Kindern unauslöschliche, z. T. traumatische Spuren.

Der Koffer, so klein und billig er auch gewesen sein mag, so enthielt er dann doch den gesamten Besitz der Kinder und wurde für sie zu einem Identifikationsobjekt. Karen Gershon bringt es auf den Punkt:

> Um das jüdische Abschiedsritual zu verkürzen oder nur um sich zu betätigen, nahm irgendjemand ihren Koffer, trug ihn auf die andere Seite der Sperre, wo ihn irgendjemand ergriff und auf den Boden stellte. Ihre ganze Habe! . . . Sie bewertete in diesem Moment ihren schäbigen Koffer mit dem Zeug, das sie bald aufgetragen haben würde, und anderen keinesfalls unersetzbaren Dingen über die Maßen hoch, wahrscheinlich, weil er ihr Zuhause darstellte. Sie verließ ihre Mutter und rannte ihm nach. (Gershon, *Unterkind* 280)

Das Adjektiv „schäbig“ im Zusammenhang mit dem Koffer ist nicht nur deskriptiv, es deutet auf die materielle Abwertung, die die einst gut situierte Familie erfahren musste. Der schwierige Moment des Abschieds (vgl. dazu auch Thüne, *Abschied*) wird emotional für das Mädchen zum *turning point*, denn der Koffer ist nicht einfach nur ein Gegenstand, er stellt „ihr Zuhause“ dar.

2.2. Reise und Ankunft

Der Koffer, und was mit ihm auf der Reise passierte, wurde Gegenstand von materieller, emotionaler und symbolischer Bedeutung für die Kinder. Die Reise wiederum ist ein Wendepunkt, der aus der biographischen Kontinuität der Kinder herausfiel, denn der Bezug zur Familie, zum Ort der Kindheit, wurde für viele endgültig unterbrochen (vgl. Thüne, „Carry the Candle“). Die existenzielle Dimension dieses Ereignisses wurde deshalb den meisten erst später bewusst, denn sie traten die Reise mit der Hoffnung an, die Familie wiederzutreffen (vgl. dazu die Erinnerungen in *I Came Alone*). Die Fahrt fand nach dem traurigen Abschied zumeist in einer gedrückten Atmosphäre statt. Eine wichtige Etappe war die Grenze, eine Etappe, vor der die Kinder sich fürchteten, denn sie und vor allem ihre Koffer wurden von Grenzsoldaten oder SS kontrolliert. Dazu ein Bericht aus *We Came as Children*:

> I recall vividly our arrival at the German-Dutch frontier, when the Nazis boarded the train for a last inspection, before it crossed into another country. One Nazi per compartment. . . . The one in our compartment pulled down the blind, made us stand in the gangway, pulled down all the suitcases from the racks, opening them and throwing everything on the floor. He took one or two small items, really of no value, except a sentimental one. He also asked us for money, taking the equivalent of nine shillings from each child, and so we left the fatherland with a shilling in our pockets. . . . Fear was in all of us, until the whistle blew, the Nazis left and the train passed over the frontier. At this moment we opened the windows, shouting abuse and spitting at them. (27)

Auch Francis Deutsch,[6] den ich 2017 interviewt habe, erinnerte sich lebhaft an diese Etappe; seine Reise begann im Frühjahr 1939 in Wien: „Aber in Köln sahen wir die SS und hatten Angst. Als sie zu meinem Abteil kamen, hatten sie genug von uns. Da war keine Untersuchung und gar nichts. In anderen Abteilen, das

[6] Francis Deutsch (ehem. Alfred Deutsch), wurde 1926 in Wien geboren und verstarb Ende 2020 in London; er war Rechtsanwalt mit Schwerpunkt Asylrecht. Seinen Vater hatte Deutsch schon als Kind verloren, seine Mutter versuchte, zusammen mit Unterstützung von Verwandten in den USA, dorthin zu emigrieren. Da sie (als Tschechin) auf ein Visum warten musste, schickte sie ihren Sohn mit dem Kindertransport nach Großbritannien, um ihn dann später in den USA zu treffen. Deutsch kam zuerst nach London, dann später zu einer Pflegefamilie nach Bristol. Die Reise von Wien erfolgte mit dem Zug über Köln, dann über die holländische Grenze nach Venlo und von dort weiter mit dem Schiff nach Großbritannien. Seiner Mutter gelang es nicht, nach Amerika auszuwandern; sie wurde am 9.4.1942 von Wien abtransportiert und wahrscheinlich in Izbica (Polen) ermordet.

wussten wir, da waren offene Koffer auf den Boden geworfen. Aber in unserem Abteil sahen sie uns an und gingen einfach weiter“ (Thüne, *Gerettet* 131).

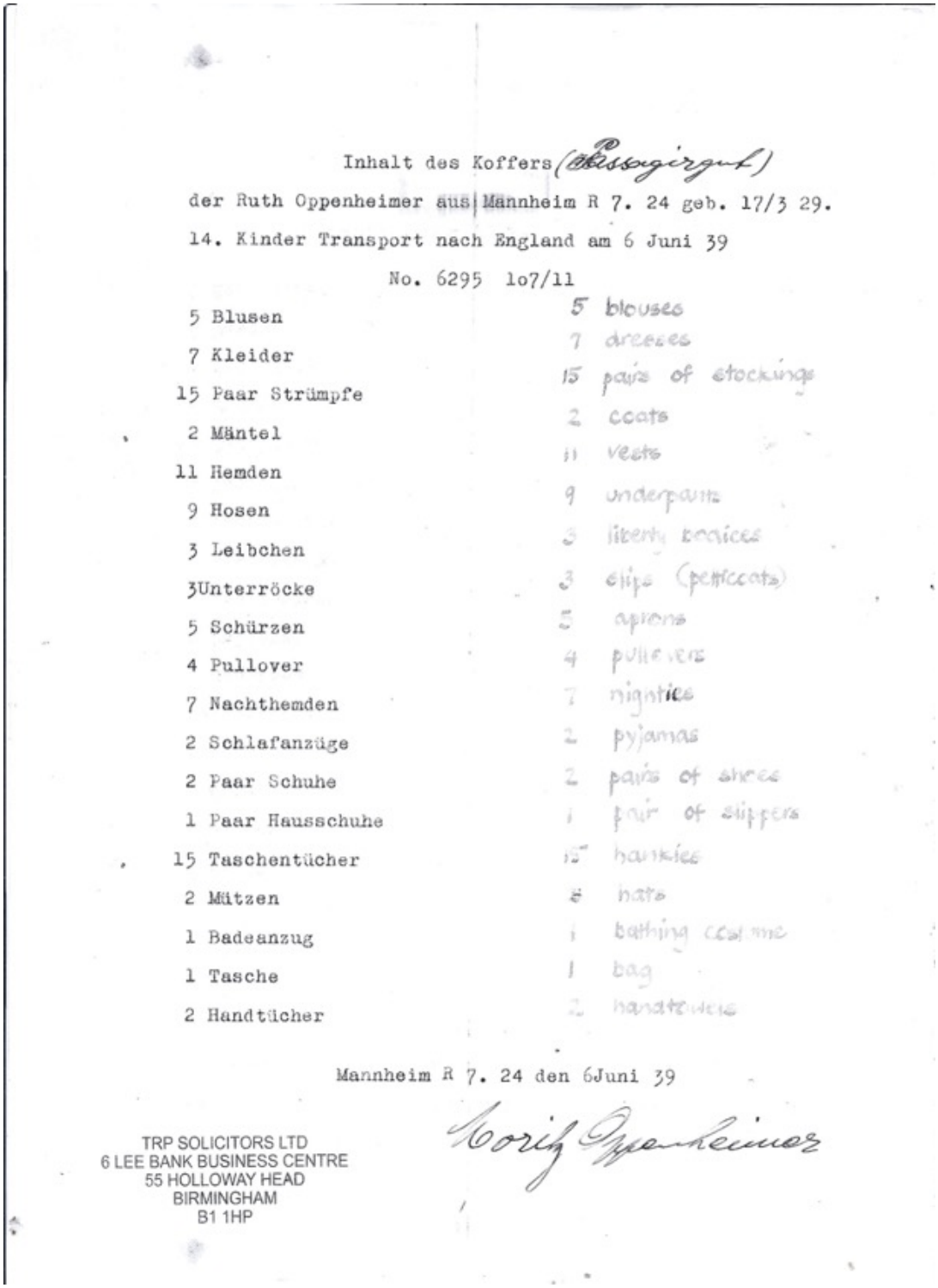
Nicht alle kamen so ungeschoren davon. Für die Kinder, die nicht mit dem Kindertransport kommen konnten, sondern allein aufbrechen mussten, war die Situation insgesamt schlimmer. Sie waren den Schikanen der SS ungeschützter ausgesetzt, wie z. B. Rosemarie Cawson. Ihr wurde das Geld und der Verlobungsring ihrer Mutter genommen, den sie ihr zur Erinnerung geschenkt hatte (vgl. Thüne, *Gerettet* 118-19 und Thüne, „Carry the candle“).

Bei der Ankunft in London mussten die Kinder dann ihren Koffer wiederfinden, aber auch das war nicht immer einfach: „I was told to find my luggage. I walked among the rows of baggage; the floor was covered with it from end to end. It seemed utterly improbable that I should come across my own things. After a while, I sat down on the nearest suitcase and cried“ (Segal 35). Das Mädchen kann seinen Koffer nicht wiederfinden. Der letzte Rest von Heimat- und Familienbezug ist unauffindbar. Es fühlt sich im Chaos der Situation überfordert und beginnt zu weinen, wird sich vielleicht zum ersten Mal der Situation bewusst.

2.3. Dinge im Koffer

Ruth Oppenheimer (später Ruth L. David,[7] eine meiner Interviewpartnerinnen), kam mit dem Kindertransport vom 6.6.1939. Die Nummer des Koffers war 6295, wie aus der Liste hervorgeht. Diese Liste wurde von Ruths Vater unterschrieben, sie trägt also Kennzeichen eines offiziellen Dokuments, mit dem der Inhalt des Koffers genau dokumentiert wurde – das sogenannte Passagiergut, das die Kinder ausführen duften. Im Fall von Ruth waren es ausschließlich Kleidungsstücke.

[7] Ruth Luise David (geb. Oppenheimer), geboren 1929 in Frankfurt/M., gestorben 6.4. 2020 in Leicester, wuchs in einem kleinen Ort in Hessen, Fränkisch-Crumbach, auf, wo der Vater eine Zigarrenfabrik besaß. Sie kam am 6.6.1939 mit dem Kindertransport zuerst nach Tynemouth, ihre Schwester Hannah ein paar Monate später auch mit dem Kindertransport (sie wuchsen getrennt auf); ein älterer Bruder, Werner, war 1938 bereits nach Argentinien ausgewandert, dem ältesten, Ernst, gelang es, nach der Verhaftung 1939 noch im selben Jahr in die USA zu kommen. Die beiden jüngsten Geschwister, Michael und Feo, blieben bei den Eltern, die vergeblich versuchten, in Argentinien oder in einem anderen Land aufgenommen zu werden. Nach der Enteignung der Fabrik zog die Familie Ende 1939 nach Mannheim, wo die Mutter ein jüdisches Kinderheim leitete, bis sie 1940 nach Gurs gebracht wurde. Dort gelang es den Eltern, die Kinder aus dem Lager zu bringen und verstecken zu lassen. Sie selbst wurden im August 1942 nach Auschwitz transportiert. Ruth L. David studierte später Französisch und (ungern) Deutsch und war Fremdsprachenlehrerin (vgl. David). Die Liste wurde mir freundlicherweise von Ruth L. Davids Sohn Simon Finch für die Veröffentlichung zur Verfügung gestellt.



Inhalt des Koffers (Passagiergut)
der Ruth Oppenheimer aus Mannheim R 7. 24 geb. 17/3 29.
14. Kinder Transport nach England am 6 Juni 39
No. 6295 1o7/11

5 Blusen	5 blouses
7 Kleider	7 dresses
15 Paar Strümpfe	15 pairs of stockings
2 Mäntel	2 coats
11 Hemden	11 vests
9 Hosen	9 underpants
3 Leibchen	3 liberty bodices
3Unterröcke	3 slips (petticoats)
5 Schürzen	5 aprons
4 Pullover	4 pullovers
7 Nachthemden	7 nighties
2 Schlafanzüge	2 pyjamas
2 Paar Schuhe	2 pairs of shoes
1 Paar Hausschuhe	1 pair of slippers
15 Taschentücher	15 hankies
2 Mützen	2 hats
1 Badeanzug	1 bathing costume
1 Tasche	1 bag
2 Handtücher	2 handtowels

Mannheim R 7. 24 den 6Juni 39

Moritz Oppenheimer

TRP SOLICITORS LTD
6 LEE BANK BUSINESS CENTRE
55 HOLLOWAY HEAD
BIRMINGHAM
B1 1HP

Abb. 1: Liste des Koffers von Ruth L. David

„Leslie Baruch Brent“, der ebenfalls zu meinen Interviewpartnern gehörte, erinnert sich, dass sich auch anderes im Gepäck befinden konnte:

> Meine liebe Mutter hatte mir einen kleinen Koffer gepackt, der wesentliche Kleidungsstücke enthielt, alle sorgfältig mit einem Namenschild versehen. Auch einige andere Sachen, wie beispielsweise meinen Gebetsmantel, den ich wenige Monate zuvor zu mei-

> ner Bar Mitzwa erhalten hatte, legte sie dazu. Ich sollte außerdem eine Geige mitnehmen, die meine Mutter von ihrer Lieblingscousine, von Beruf Violinistin, bekommen hatte, sowie eine prächtige Briefmarkensammlung, die mein Vater und ich über Jahre zusammengestellt hatten. (Brent 58)

Der Koffer enthielt das, was die Kinder unmittelbar brauchten, und gleichzeitig sind einige Dinge auch in Zukunft von Bedeutung, wie der Gebetsmantel. Er zeigt eine Verbindung zur Vergangenheit. Ob Leslie Baruch Brent die Geige und die Briefmarkensammlung mitnehmen konnte, geht aus seinen Erinnerungen nicht hervor. Sie stellen – wie der Gebetsmantel – zwei ganz andere Arten von Gegenständen dar: Die Geige ist zum einen mit einer musikalischen Bildung verbunden, die für Brent sein ganzes Leben lang wichtig und auch eine Verbindung zur deutschen Kultur und Sprache war.[8] Zum anderen ist damit eine besondere Referenz auf die Familie gegeben, was sich sprachlich durch die Possessivpronomen („meine“) und das Bestimmungswort „Lieblings-“ zeigt („die *meine Mutter von ihrer Lieblingscousine*, von Beruf Violinistin, bekommen hatte“). Ähnlich ist die Beschreibung der Briefmarkensammlung zu interpretieren; mit dem Attribut „prächtig“ und der Bedeutung, die die über Jahre hinweg gesammelte Briefmarkensammlung und deren Aufbewahrung für die Beziehung zwischen Vater und Sohn hatte.

Alltägliche Gegenstände können so im Leben von Menschen Gegenstände der Erinnerung werden. Häufig hinterlässt die Zeit Spuren an solchen Gegenständen. Oft sind Dinge auch Vertreter für Gedanken und Gefühle, für Lebenssituationen, die sich ins Gedächtnis eingegraben haben und die beim Anblick oder Berühren der Dinge wieder wachgerufen werden. Auch Ähnlichkeiten von Gegenständen können solche Erinnerungen und Gefühle auslösen (wie Gerüche, Melodien). Dinge stehen daher nicht nur für sich, sondern für komplexe Situationen, sie sind ein Fragment davon.[9] Gegenstände tragen auch Geschichten in sich, die nicht immer explizit gemacht werden, die aber für die Menschen, die solche Dinge besitzen, ihren Sinn mitbestimmen. Es ist genau diese Art von Transitivität, von der Roland Barthes spricht, wenn er darauf hinweist, dass es sich um eine eher metonymische als metaphorische Sinnverlagerung handelt.

> Gemeinhin definieren wir das Objekt als ‚etwas, was zu etwas dient'. Das Objekt geht folglich auf den ersten Blick vollständig in seinem Verwendungszweck auf, in dem, was wir als Funktion bezeichnen. Und gerade dadurch gibt es so etwas wie eine spontan von

[8] „Ich liebe Musik sehr, das ist ein sehr wichtiger Teil meines Lebens und ich habe Schubert besonders gern und seine Lieder. Und seine Lieder sind natürlich mit deutschen Gedichten komponiert – und so habe ich dadurch immer noch eine Beziehung mit der deutschen Sprache gehabt.“ Brent 2011 in einem Interview mit Margarethe Wohlan, *Zeitreisen* 9.

[9] „Unsere Wahrnehmung erachtet das Fragmentarische aber längst als unsere Lebensform und unseren Erfahrungsweisen inhärentes Denken und Begreifen. An den Bruchstellen bzw. Rändern enthält das Fragmentarische tausend Möglichkeiten und Versprechen, es zu ergänzen oder zu komplettieren“ (Kämpf-Jansen 269).

> uns gefühlte Transitivität des Objekts: Das Objekt dient dem Menschen dazu, auf die Welt einzuwirken, die Welt zu modifizieren, auf aktive Weise in der Welt zu sein; das Objekt ist eine Art Vermittler zwischen der Handlung und dem Menschen. . . . Das Paradox, auf das ich hinweisen möchte, besteht darin, dass wir diese Objekte, die im Prinzip immer eine Funktion, einen Nutzen, eine Verwendung haben, als reine Instrumente zu erleben glauben, wo sie doch in Wirklichkeit andere Dinge transportieren, etwas anderes sind: Sie transportieren Sinn; anders ausgedrückt dient das Objekt tatsächlich zu etwas, aber es dient auch dazu, Informationen mitzuteilen. (Barthes 189, 194)

Dafür noch ein weiteres Beispiel: Günter Treitel,[10] den ich 2017 in Oxford interviewt habe, erzählte, dass er im Koffer auch zwei Bücher hatte, die ihm wichtig waren:

> Ich habe noch eine Liste, was in meinem Koffer war. Eine Merkwürdigkeit der Liste, ich war damals zehn Jahre alt, meine Mutter hat sechs Schlipse eingepackt. Ich habe noch ein Buch. Von meinem siebten Geburtstag an interessierte ich mich für die Klassische Mythologie. Das Buch heißt Schwab, Sagen des klassischen Altertums. Mein Schwab war in meinem Gepäck und ist noch auf meinem Buchregal. Und ich hab ein anderes, ein zweites Buch. Ich glaube, ich kann nicht die beiden Bücher in meinem Gepäck gehabt haben, die würden zu schwer gewesen sein. Das andere ist entweder durch die Post geschickt worden oder meine Eltern haben es gebracht, das heißt: Deutsche Heldensagen. Im Zentrum dieses Buchs ist das Nibelungenlied und auch merkwürdigerweise Beowulf auf Deutsch. Also diese zwei Bücher habe ich noch und mein Name ist in meiner Handschrift als Zehnjähriger geschrieben. (Thüne, *Gerettet* 125)

Günter Treitel nannte zwei Bücher, die ihm als Kind wichtig waren und immer noch in seinem Besitz sind. Auch wenn er nicht sicher war, ob beide Bücher in seinem Koffer waren, sind es einerseits Erinnerungsobjekte für einen bestimmten Lebensabschnitt, andererseits positionierte sich Treitel damit auch als Teil einer bestimmten Bildungsschicht. Gleichzeitig deutet er an, dass er eine Verbindung zu deutscher Kultur weiter aufrechterhalten habe, denn sowohl Gustav Schwabs *Sagen* als auch die *Deutschen Heldensagen* gelten als Klassiker der deutschsprachigen Kinder- und Jugendliteratur (vgl. dazu Thüne, „Who are those children“).

Treitel erzählt, was aus einigen der Dinge aus dem Koffer geworden ist. Der Großteil, die Kleider, wurde – wie man sich vorstellen kann – nicht aufgehoben. Umso wichtiger tritt die Bedeutung der anderen Dinge hervor, die im Laufe des Lebens zunehmend Bedeutung als Erinnerungsobjekte gewinnen.

Das trifft auch für das Wörterbuch zu, das Keith Lawson[11] in seinem Koffer mitbrachte und immer noch benutzt. Davon sprach er in seinem Interview mit mir:

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[10] Vgl. „Günter Treitel“.

[11] Keith Lawson wurde 1925 in Berlin als Kurt Lazarus geboren und verstarb 2017 in Glatton/Huntingdon; 1939 war er mit dem Kindertransport nach Suffolk erst in ein Heim gekommen,

„Meine Mutter hatte von der Schule aus noch einigermaßen gutes Englisch. Ich habe sogar noch das Wörterbuch hier, das sie in der Schule hatte. . . . Das ist etwas, was ich mitgebracht habe und viel benutzt habe. Aber komischerweise gibt es viele Wörter, die man jetzt nicht mehr drin findet (Thüne, *Gerettet* 88).

Hier geht es um die Funktion des Wörterbuchs als Erinnerungsgegenstand, dessen subjektiver Wert den objektiven weit übersteigt und eine metonymische Bedeutung annimmt: Im Wörterbuch findet Lawson nicht das zeitgenössische Deutsch bzw. Englisch. Es ist eine Sprache mit Wörtern, die heute nicht mehr benutzt werden und es verweist auf die Sprache der Mutter. Keith Lawson bewahrte das Wörterbuch sein Leben lang auf; es wurde ein Objekt in der familiären Erinnerung.

Die komplexe Bedeutung von Dingen für die Identität von Menschen geht in den Begriff ‚Erinnerungsobjekt' des Psychoanalytikers Tilmann Habermas mit ein:

> Das Objekt steht . . . für ein abwesendes Drittes und wird wegen seiner Fähigkeit, das Andere im Hier und Jetzt zu evozieren, geschätzt. Objekte, die solche Funktionen erfüllen, überwinden Distanzen, zeitliche Distanzen zu Vergangenheit und Zukunft wie räumliche Distanzen. Sie können im weitesten Sinne als Erinnerungsobjekte . . . bezeichnet werden. (Habermas 284-85)

Deutlich wird dies auch an folgendem Beispiel: Erika Blankenburg, die Mutter von Ursula Beyrodt,[12] die ich 2017 in Hannover interviewt habe, stattete die Tochter mit selbstgenähter Kleidung aus. Ursula nahm die Puppe Rudi auf die Reise mit. Diese Puppe, der inzwischen beide Arme fehlen, die aber immer noch das selbstgenähte Kleid von damals trägt, ist heute ein Ausstellungsstück in einer Vitrine im „ZeitZentrum Zivilcourage" in Hannover.[13]

arbeite dann, als er 16 Jahre alt wurde, in der Landwirtschaft, nach dem Militärdienst arbeitete er als Manager für verschiedene Firmen. Seine Eltern sind in der Shoah umgekommen.

[12] Ursula Beyrodt, geboren 1932 in Küstrin (damals Neumark, Deutsches Reich, heute Kostrzyn nad Odrą, Polen) als Ursula Blankenburg, kam zusammen mit ihrer älteren Schwester 1939 mit dem Kindertransport in ein jüdisches Heim in Blackpool. Ihr Vater überlebte Theresienstadt, die Schwestern kamen 1947 zurück zur Familie nach Hannover. Ursula Beyrodt wurde nach einem Jurastudium Beamtin in Hannover, wo sie weiterhin lebt.

[13] Das Foto wurde freundlicherweise von Dr. Edel Sheridan-Quantz vom „ZeitZentrum-Zivilcourage Hannover" zur Verfügung gestellt.



Abb. 2: Die Puppe Rudi

Das Mädchen Ursula liebte die Puppe Rudi, sie gab ihr möglicherweise emotionale Sicherheit in der schwierigen Situation des Kindertransports und des Aufenthalts ohne elterliche Liebe im Heim. Die Puppe wurde dann für die Erwachsene Ursula Beyrodt zu einem Erinnerungsgegenstand an eine bestimmte Zeit ihres Lebens. Dadurch, dass die Puppe als Ausstellungsobjekt in die Sammlung des ZeitZentrums Zivilcourage kam, wurde ihre Bedeutung erweitert: Aus dem persönlichen Erinnerungsobjekt wurde ein Gegenstand für die kollektive Erinnerung. Für Menschen, die die Puppe gesehen haben, werden das Mädchen Ursula und seine Beziehung zu der Puppe nachvollziehbar, und weil sie beschädigt ist, geradezu schmerzhaft spürbar.

3. Der Koffer als Archiv, Metapher und Symbol

Was bisher beschrieben wurde, zeigte den Koffer als Behälter von Dingen und Erinnerungsgegenständen. Zusammen mit der dazugehörigen Liste wurde er später zu einem (mentalen) Archiv, zu einem Teil der Erinnerungen an die Lebenswelt (vgl. Schlör) der Kinder bei ihrer Abreise und Ankunft. Während einzelne Gegenstände die Zeit überdauerten und sich in der Erinnerung mit der Lebensgeschichte mischten (und z. B. Gegenstand literarischer Texte wurden),[14]

[14] Vgl. dazu die Analysen in Bischoff et al.

gingen die Koffer häufig verloren. Michael Brown,[15] ein weiterer Interviewpartner, konnte sich nicht mehr an seinen Verbleib erinnern: „Auf dem Speicher habe ich einen von diesen Reisekoffern, die die Leute früher benutzt haben. Ich glaube, der kam mit mir, aber ich kann nicht erklären, wie ich dazu kam" (Brown in Thüne, *Gerettet* 113). Der Koffer als Gegenstand verlor mit der Zeit seine Funktion und wurde vergessen. Als Erinnerungsgegenstand und Symbol hingegen gewann er zunehmend an Bedeutung und ist in gewisser Hinsicht mit dem Container, dem *Lift*, mit dem viele jüdische Emigrant*innen nach Palästina ausgewandert waren (vgl. Thüne, „Dinge"), zu vergleichen.

Die Geschichte des *Lifts* wurde oft ein Sinnbild für die Geschichte der Migration von Juden aus Deutschland nach Palästina. In ihm schickten sie, was sie mitnehmen konnten; auch in diesem Fall, waren genaue Listen mit dem Inhalt nötig, anhand derer alles überprüft wurde. Der *Lift* verlor nach der Ankunft seine Funktion als Transportgegenstand, wurde aber oft weiter benutzt. Nachdem er aus der alten Ordnung (des Transports) herausgelöst worden war, wurde er zunächst in der neuen Welt abgestellt. Nach dieser ersten Phase konnte er eine andere Funktion übernehmen und in einer neuen Ordnung umgewidmet werden. Nicht nur als Gartenhäuschen wurde er benutzt, sondern teilweise sogar als Teil der Wohnfläche integriert. Nicht selten wurde der *Lift* dann zu dem Ort, an dem Dinge der Vergangenheit aufbewahrt wurden, die anderswo nicht hinpassten.

Diese Art von Umwidmung des Containers im Leben der Migranten war für die Koffer der Kinder des Kindertransports nicht gegeben. Der Koffer und seine Gegenstände dienten jedoch für die Entwicklung eines familiären Gedächtnisses, z. B. für kommende Generationen.

Bernd Koschland[16] erzählte, dass seine Tochter den Koffer aufbewahre und er sie gefragt habe, ob sie ihn wegwerfen wolle: „Nein, ich wills behalten, es ist ein Teil von deiner Geschichte, hat sie mir gesagt. . . . So ist er da oben, was darinnen ist, weiß ich gar nicht" (Bernd Koschland FEGB_E_00009, Transkript 0180f., Aufnahme: ab 21 min 05 s).

Für die zweite Generation ist der Koffer ein Symbol für eine Geschichte ihrer Familie, deren traumatische Dimension sie oft nur spüren und deren historische

[15] Michael Brown wurde als Franz Michael Schlesinger 1930 in Breslau (damals Schlesien, Deutsches Reich, heute Wrocław, Polen) geboren und kam 1939 mit seiner Schwester mit dem Kindertransport nach Liverpool; die Geschwister wuchsen getrennt auf. Brown studierte Sprachen, wurde Bilanzbuchhalter und lebt heute in London. Ein Großteil der Familie in Deutschland ist in der Shoah umgekommen.

[16] Bernd Koschland wurde 1931 in Fürth geboren, kam 1939 mit dem Kindertransport zuerst nach Margate und lebte dann in mehreren Heimen und Pflegefamilien, seine Schwester konnte ebenfalls nach England kommen, die Familie ist in der Shoah umgekommen. Koschland war Lehrer und Rabbi und lebt in London.

und kulturelle Dimension sie je nach der Situation weitergeben oder für sich behalten. Der Koffer ist deshalb in vielen Darstellungen des Kindertransports ein authentischer Beweis der Flucht geworden. Man findet ihn als Erinnerungsgegenstand in Ausstellungen, z. B. den Koffer von Heinz Wolfgang Finke in der Gedenkstätte Yad Vashem.[17]

Der Koffer evoziert Geschichten, die noch erzählt und verstanden werden müssen. In literarischen Texten – nicht immer ausschließlich von Zeitzeugen – wird er zum Schreibanlass und Motiv, so z. B. für Tom Berman (1934-2013)[18] in dem Gedicht „The Leather Suitcase“:

The Leather Suitcase

They don’t
make suitcases
like that
any more.

Time was,
when voyage meant
train, steamship
distances unbridgeable
waiting for a thinning mail
weeks, then months,
then nothing

Time was,
when this case
was made
solid, leather,
heavy stitching
with protective edges
at the corners.

[17] Im virtuellen *Jewish Museum* befindet sich der Koffer von Martin Thau, der auch für die Geschichten anderer Kinder steht: „One suitcase is all most children were able to bring onto the Kindertransport . . . . This suitcase belonged to 15 year old Martin Thau, who left Berlin in July 1939. His suitcase was packed by his stepmother who ensured he had a change of clothes, items for prayer and writing materials, alongside family photographs“.
[18] Tom Berman kam mit einem Kindertransport nach Schottland, emigrierte 1951 nach Israel und wurde später ein anerkannter Limnologe. Er schrieb und veröffentlichte außer wissenschaftlichen Schriften auch englische Lyrik (vgl. Berman).

Children's train,
across the Reich
stops
and starts again...

Holland
a lighted gangplank,
night ferry to gray-misted
sea-gulled Harwich
again the rails
reaching flat across
East Anglia,
to London

in my bedroom
the suitcase,
a silent witness
with two labels

„Wilson Station, Praha"
„Royal Scot, London-Glasgow"

Leather suitcase
from a far-off country,
Czechoslovakia,
containing all the love
parents could pack
for a five year old
off on a journey
for life.

Tom Berman gibt in diesem Gedicht eine kondensierte Beschreibung des Kindertransports; dabei steht die Materialität des Koffers im Mittelpunkt, er stammt aus einer Zeit, die es nicht mehr gibt („They don't/make suitcases/like that/no longer"). Nahezu märchenhaft weit weg ist diese Zeit („Time was"), sowohl historisch als auch persönlich, in der ein Koffer auch noch schützende Ecken („protected corners") hatte und wohl auch das Kind von damals beschützter war. Berman gelingt es, in den mittleren Strophen mit einer Reihe von knappen Beschreibungen das Erleben des Kindes beim Kindertransport zu synthetisieren: die schwierige, quälend lange Reise, die unüberbrückbar scheinende Entfernung („when voyage meant/train, steamship/distances unbridgeable" und „Children's train/across the Reich/stops/ and starts again"). Einmal angekommen, warten

die Kinder auf die immer seltener werdenden Briefe der Eltern („waiting for a thinning mail/weeks, then months,/then nothing"). Die Beschriftung des Koffers („Wilson Station, Praha"/„Royal Scot, London-Glasgow") verweist auf die doppelte Verortung des späteren Erwachsenen. Am Ende des Gedichts greift der Autor noch einmal den Koffer in seiner Materialität auf: Er enthält für das lyrische Ich auch die Liebe der Eltern, ja, es werden durch die Metonymie Leder – Haut die Eltern selbst evoziert. („Leather suitcase/ . . . containing all the love/parents could pack/for a five year old").

Der Koffer entwickelte sich im Laufe der Jahre so zu einer viel verwendeten Metapher für nicht materielle Dinge. Ist es im Gedicht von Berman die Liebe der Eltern, wird der Koffer in anderen künstlerischen Darstellungen des Kindertransports der Behälter für Gefühle *tout court*, so im Theaterstück *My Heart Is a Suitcase*. Auch in der Video-Rekonstruktion der Lebensgeschichte eines anderen Kinds, Lilli Tauber, wird seine Funktion, das Kind auf der Reise zu begleiten, zu einer Metapher für eine Reihe von nicht-materiellen Dingen: Er verbindet die Orte und die Geschichten der einzelnen Etappen. Dies zeigt schon der Titel des Videos: *A Suitcase Full of Memories*.

Jan Hinrichsen spricht vom Koffer als einem „Metasymbol" für die Migration, einem Thema, das seit spätestens 1981 eine zunehmende Musealisierung erfahren hat: „Es ist die Visualisierung der dem Gegenstand Koffer innewohnenden Bedeutungen: eines Raumes der Begrenzung, einer Hülle für bedeutsame Gegenstände oder eines persönlichen Gegenstandes und eines Mediums zwischen verschiedenen Orten und Zeiten" (Hinrichsen 159).

Als Metasymbol steht der Koffer für jedwede Migration, losgelöst von ihrem historischen Kontext. Doch für den Koffer der Kinder des Kindertransports bleibt ein besonderes Detail, das ihn vom Metasymbol Koffer unterscheidet: An jedem Koffer war ein Band mit einem Etikett angebracht, auf dem eine Nummer stand. Eben diese Nummer trugen auch die Kinder an einem Band um den Hals, sodass die Kinder ihre Koffer wieder finden konnten. Beide trugen also sichtbare Spuren dieser Emigration: der Koffer an seiner Hülle, die Kinder an ihrem Hals (siehe z. B. die Bilder des Dokumentarfilms *In eine Fremde Welt*). Dieses Schild mit der Nummer bleibt das Kennzeichen der Kinder. Sie werden sich immer an diese Nummer, die auch die Nummer ihres Koffers war, erinnern.[19]

[19] In der ikonischen Darstellung des Kindertransports der KTA ist das Band mit der Nummer ein wichtiges Element, wie man auf der Internetseite der Organisation sehen kann.

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The Debate about *Tikkun Olam* in the Jewish-American Community

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The expression *tikkun olam* still plays only a minor role in the Jewish communities in Europe in general and Germany in particular. Neither is it regarded as a central element of Jewish life in Israel. Irrespective of the various evaluations of the expression for Judaism, which I will examine in this chapter, it is hardly contested that *tikkun olam* is something characteristically American. Having discussed a few occurrences of the expression in Israel and beyond, Levi Cooper sums up the situation in his article "The Assimilation of Tikkun Olam" in the following way: "The banner of tikkun olam largely remains an American phenomenon" (25).

This may have somewhat changed in the ten years since Cooper's article appeared. The American influence concerning *tikkun olam* has not only become noticeable in Israel, the buzzword is now reaching Germany as well: in the video blog *GanzErlich*, which features explanatory videos on the Jewish faith ("An was glauben Juden?"), the Israeli host Asaf Erlich recently dedicated an episode to the concept. Another example is an event for interfaith dialogue that took place in Augsburg, Germany, in October 2022 under the title "Tikkun Olam: Improving the World Together" ("Tikkun Olam: Gemeinsam die Welt verbessern").

Despite individual cases of the use of the term outside the US, it is only there that *tikkun olam* constitutes a key concept in the Jewish community. Jonathan Krasner speaks of both the "Americanization of *tikkun olam*" and the "'*tikkun olam*-ization' of American Judaism" (Krasner, "Americanization"). Jonathan Neumann, one of the most severe critics of the phrase, concurs: "One simply cannot begin to understand American Judaism today without understanding tikkun olam" (28). The centrality of *tikkun olam* to the US is summed up in the joke about an American Jew coming to Israel for the first time and asking his Israeli cousin at the airport, "How do you say *tikkun olam* in Hebrew?" (e.g. Sherwin 43).

I want to contribute to an understanding of *tikkun olam* – what are the possible meanings of the term, where does it come from, and how does it shape Judaism in the US today? – but most importantly, I hope to offer insights into the discussion surrounding the term as it has been conducted with great passion in America in recent years. In a further step, this chapter will use the debate over *tikkun olam* to accentuate general problems with drawing a line between religious Judaism and Jewish secularism.

Possible Meanings of the Phrase *Tikkun Olam*

While in today's popular parlance the phrase most commonly appears in the truncated form *tikkun olam*, in rabbinic literature, the article is provided to form *tikkun ha-olam* or a preposition is used: *tikkuno shel-olam*. Gilbert S. Rosenthal laments that "the correct classical term has been effectively replaced" (Rosenthal 214-15).

The semantics of the two words *tikkun* and *olam* are hardly straightforward in isolation. In combination, things get even more complex. *Tikkun* is most commonly translated as 'repair,' 'mend,' 'heal,' 'improve,' 'perfect,' or 'rectify' and the meaning of *olam* is usually given as 'world,' 'all the people,' or the 'community,' but it can also stand for 'eternity' (Neumann 120-21). The English phrases 'repairing the world' or 'mending the world' are based on the assumption that the world is broken in some fashion. Crucially, you need someone or some power to carry out the repair. The verb 'to heal' has similar premises but does not draw attention to the agent quite as strongly. The translation as 'improving the world' does not necessarily imply that the world is broken, only that there is room for improvement. Who could deny this? 'Perfecting' even assumes that the world is already fairly good but can be made even better. In this translation, an eschatological component of the phrase is recognized. Some actually regard *tikkun olam* as an effort to achieve the messianic age (Sherwin 52; Greenberg 67).

The mere words combined to *tikkun olam* do not specify who is to make the effort, who is to do the repair. God? The Jews? God and His people together? Everybody? What contributes to the repair of the world? The observance of the *mitzvoth*, the 613 commandments, by the Jews? The observance of Noahide laws by the gentiles? Mystical contemplation? Social and environmental action? Political campaigns? And if we look at the meaning of *olam*: are we talking about repairing or salvaging the whole world with all the people in it or about the Jewish community only? In other words, is *tikkun olam* a universalistic or a particularistic concept?

In theory, there are all these possibilities and even more, but in established usage in the US nowadays, *tikkun olam* is more often than not equated with "social justice." Cooper begins his essay with the following observation: "Tikkun olam is most commonly heard as a slogan for activism, political involvement and social justice" (10). At the same time, the expression "social justice" is hardly self-explanatory either. Traditionally, the phrase mainly described concern for a more egalitarian society in terms of income and wealth, but it has recently included other aspects of progressive politics as well – from gender diversity to multilateral or pacifist foreign policy, from support for the Black Lives Matter movement to the abolition of fossil fuels. It comes as no surprise that the use of the term "social justice" for these issues has come under fire from conservative politicians and commentators. The neoconservative critic Noah Rothman, for instance, comes down hard on the social justice movement. The blurb to his book *Unjust: Social*

Justice and the Unmaking of America (2019) begins with the following claim: "There are just two problems with 'social justice': it's not social and it's not just. Rather, it is a toxic ideology that encourages division, anger, and vengeance." Naturally, *tikkun olam* as understood as 'social justice' has drawn similar criticism. In recent years, many of the ideas that are subsumed under the slogan *tikkun olam* have been referred to by the equally contested concept of "wokeness." And indeed, the term 'woke' has come up in the debate about *tikkun olam* (Brawer and Romain).

A wide array of stickers, pins, and T-shirts with *tikkun olam* and "social justice" issues demonstrates this meaning. The phrase "Tikkun Olam means Black Lives Matter" – תקון עולם occasionally written with Hebrew letters – is offered in a variety of T-shirt designs by several providers on the web. The motto "Be Gay Do Tikkun Olam" is available as a pastel-colored art print on the platform *Etsy*. There, you can also order a T-shirt with the caption "We need a Mensch – Tikkun Olam" under Bernie Sanders's face. Sometimes the term תקון עולם is combined with a recycling symbol or a similar icon of the environmentalist movement. For completeness, it must be mentioned that there is also an Israeli brand of medical cannabis with the name Tikun Olam – according to their website tikunolam.com, the "world's first organization licensed by a national government to treat patients with medical cannabis."

The Use of *Tikkun Olam* by Jewish Congregations

The term *tikkun olam* frequently appears on the homepages of American synagogue congregations, particularly those of the denominations Reform, Reconstructionist, and Conservative.[1] This can be illustrated by some important synagogues in New York City. Emanu-El, probably the most eminent Reform congregation in America, has an entry for "Volunteering and Tikkun Olam" on its homepage. Following this link, you can learn more about their "Tikkun Olam Committee" and read their "Tikkun Olam Report," which mainly lists philanthropic activities and community outreach. The Central Synagogue in Manhattan, another large Reform congregation, assigns an even more important position to *tikkun olam*, here with a more political bend. Before specifying activities in the fields of "Criminal Justice Reform," "Ending Mass Incarceration," "Climate Justice," etc., the website emphasizes the importance of the concept: "*Tikkun olam*, or repairing the world, is a bedrock value of Jewish faith. Practicing it is not only

[1] Conservative Judaism, which developed in late nineteenth-century America, should not be conflated with Orthodoxy. Rather, this branch of Judaism, which turned against the alleged excesses of parts of the Reform movement, takes a middle way between Orthodoxy and Reform. In this article, I adhere to the practice of referring to the Jewish denomination with a capital C and to the political orientation with a lowercase c.

a way for us to make our world a better place, but it strengthens our Jewish identity and demonstrates our values." The East End Temple, a smaller Reform congregation, puts "Tikkun Olam" in brackets behind a link to "Social Justice" under their "Community" tab. The respective page provides explanations on the centrality of social justice "for a meaningful and responsible Jewish life." Among the activities listed are charitable contributions as well as political campaigns like hosting "rallies in support of immigrant rights." The Conservative Park Avenue Synagogue also has an entry for "Tikkun Olam" under their "Adult Engagement" tab. The webpage informs about charity but also emphasizes the significance of education for "healing the world." The Reconstructionist Congregation of the West End Synagogue in Manhattan also features an entry for "Tikkun Olam – Social Action/Justice" on their website and explains: "At West End Synagogue, Judaism is a call to pursue justice in our society and our world. We take seriously the Hebrew phrase Tikkun Olam, which literally means 'repair of the world.'" Their activities span from support for the local soup kitchen to human rights campaigns.

The homepages of synagogues that call themselves Orthodox or modern Orthodox use the term more sparingly. Where it does occur, for example on the website of Park East Synagogue in Manhattan, it is usually not placed as prominently. Most Orthodox and Sephardic congregations dispense with the term. If you type in the term "Tikkun Olam" in the search function of the website of New York's oldest synagogue congregation Shearith Israel, also known as the "Spanish and Portuguese Synagogue," the message "Nothing Found" comes up. The congregation's rabbi Meir Soloveichik has actually voiced skepticism about *tikkun olam* in the 'social justice' sense of the word ("Remember" 12) and even mockingly formed the neologism "tikkunolamitude" to denounce "a version of Jewishness that is utterly consonant with the zeitgeist" (Yiddish 14). The term *tikkun olam* does not feature on the homepage of the (largely Moroccan) Manhattan Sephardic Congregation either.

If it is the case that *tikkun olam* is a core value of the Jewish faith, as the Central Synagogue website would have us believe, it may be surprising that Orthodox congregations largely avoid the term, particularly if we look at the phenomenon from a linguistic perspective. As a Hebrew term, *tikkun olam* belongs to a language that was downgraded by the Reform movement in the nineteenth century: Prayer books were often written in the vernacular. This changed somewhat after the Shoah, but the role of *loshn koydesh*, the Holy Tongue, is more important in Orthodoxy than in the American Reform movement.

From the self-descriptions of the synagogue communities, we can thus infer that *tikkun olam* helps to foster a connection between American Jews but that Orthodoxy is not entirely on board with this identity. However, the debate about *tikkun*

olam does not only hinge upon the differences between Jewish denominations but is primarily related to political orientations.

The Political Dynamism of *Tikkun Olam*

The political component of *tikkun olam* can be illustrated by an episode of *The Ben Shapiro Show*, the most successful conservative podcast in the U.S., which also ranks among the top ten podcasts in the nation generally (*Podtrac*). Shapiro, who has been called "the most popular Orthodox Jew in the World" (*Meaningful People*), mainly comments on current political issues on the show, but from time to time also addresses distinctly Jewish topics.

In the episode published on December 17, 2020, he critically engaged with the video greeting for Hanukkah by Kamala Harris and her Jewish husband Douglas Emhoff (see also Halon). Late 2020 was the time of the transition from the Trump/Pence to the Biden/Harris administration and Harris evidently wanted to signal her solidarity with the Jewish community. Ben Shapiro's critique is primarily directed at what he considers a grave misinterpretation of the Jewish holiday. After playing a few seconds of the video, he starts pouring ridicule on Harris for characterizing Hanukkah as being "about the light, and bringing light where there has been darkness" (Shapiro 3:00-3:06). His most sneering reaction is, however, reserved for her remark that the Jewish holiday is also a celebration of *tikkun olam*. As soon as she pronounces these words on her video, Shapiro asks his technical aids to "stop this crap" (3:17-3:20) and scoffs at the concept as it is used by Harris: "*Tikkun olam* is this bullcrap nonsense pushed by the left, in which they reinterpret the phrase *tikkun olam* to mean a bunch of leftist social justice warrior nonsense" (3:56-4:07). He then elaborates on the origin of the concept in the Kabbalah and emphasizes that the destroyed order of the world can only be reestablished by following the commandments: "The notion of *tikkun olam* is not about some broad social justice agenda, it's about you following particular commandments, 613 of them, in order to rectify the breeches that were created when God created the universe" (4:20-4:31). He furthermore insists that "*tikkun olam* is not considered a central part of Jewish philosophy until very late in Jewish philosophy, like namely the 20th century" (4:48-4:55) and adds that in Orthodox Judaism "*tikkun olam* is not a central part of what we talk about ever" (5:04-5:07). For Shapiro, the left's use of *tikkun olam* constitutes a "rewriting of Judaism into a bunch of leftist claptrap" (5:26-5:29).

Clearly, here the axes of political orientation and of religious denominations overlap. For Shapiro,[2] *tikkun olam* is decidedly left-wing and unquestionably non-Orthodox and the way it is used today has nothing to do with Judaism. Shapiro also touches on the origins of the concept but only addresses the Kabbalah.

Tikkun Olam: From Traditional Jewish Sources to the Present

So where does *tikkun olam* come from? First, it must be noted that the phrase does not occur in the Tanakh. Even the word "tikkun" or "le-taken" alone appears only three times: all of the occurrences are in Kohelet (Rosenthal 215). As is typical of the book of Ecclesiastes, the preacher considers all efforts to repair in vain, for, כי מי יוכל לתקן את אשר עותו 'Who can straighten, what He has twisted?' (Ecc. 7:13; JPS Tanakh).

Most Jews will be familiar with the expression לתקן עולם במלכות שדי "le-taken olam be-malkhut Shaddai" from the Aleinu prayer, which can be translated as: "the repair of the world under the kingdom of God" (Krasner, "The Place" 63). While the prayer, which insists on God's supreme authority, does not explicitly state how the repairing or perfecting will be accomplished, the context implies that *tikkun olam* is God's task. Rosenthal comments on the meaning of the phrase in the familiar prayer: "God, rather than humans, will repair the world" (221). Cooper concurs: "[T]ikkun olam in *'Aleinu* speaks of God and not humanity repairing the world" (13).

Seeking the origin of today's *tikkun olam* in the Aleinu is further complicated by the fact that in the Yemenite tradition, the first word is spelled and pronounced slightly differently: instead of לתקן "letaken" with ק kuf, לתכן "letakhen" with כ khaf. Mitchell First considers the Yemenite practice to be the authentic one (191-93), which would also entail a different meaning: 'establishing' the kingdom of God rather than 'repairing' or 'perfecting' it. Then the Aleinu prayer would have nothing at all to do with תקון עולם *tikkun olam* as it is known today.

In the Talmud, one occasionally encounters the phrase מפני תיקון העולם "mipnei Tikkun Ha-olam" – a formula that has received various translations, such as "for the sake of the improvement or stabilization of society" (Krasner, "The Place" 63) or "for the sake of the public interest" (Halkin). Most of the appearances are from the Gittin tractate of the Mishnah, which primarily deals with halakhic divorce (Rosenthal 217). Nils Ederberg emphasizes that *olam* here refers to the totality of

[2] That Shapiro's view is fairly representative of conservative voices in the Jewish community is revealed by a look at the endorsements of Jonathan Neumann's book *To Heal the World*. There, several conservative scholars and pundits fulminate against the "misguided and agenda-driven left-wing icons and activists" (Avraham Gordimer), the "distorted Judaism" of the left (Gil Student) and relish the "excoriation of the Jewish left" by Neumann (David P. Goldman) (Neumann, blurb).

Jews, not the world or humanity as a whole. The goal, he adds, is not social justice, but the stabilization of the community.

In Lurianic Kabbalah, the term *tikkun* appears frequently, occasionally in the phrase *tikkun olam*. According to the highly complex mythological system of Isaac Luria (1534-72), God contracted himself to make room for the creation of the world. As He could not leave it without His presence either, light emanated from Him. Being too strong for its containers, the light caused the rupture of the vessels, fragments of which were thus scattered throughout the world. The idea of *tikkun* means that it is upon humans to contribute to the repair of the fragmented vessels and return the divine light to its origin, thus mending a disturbed cosmic order (Sacks 110). Jews do this through observance of the *mitzvoth* and contemplative efforts. Lawrence Fine emphasizes the eschatological nature of the concept in his article about the Lurianic origins of *tikkun olam*: "*All existence will return to its original spiritual condition*, a state synonymous with the messianic age" (39) Lurianism entails the utter rejection of the present world: "Thus, the *tikkun* of which Lurianic Kabbalah speaks is not that of *this* world, but of 'worlds' beyond it" (39).

The phrase *tikkun olam* did not play a major role in the course of much of its history. Cooper mentions a few publications from the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries that have the term in their title (16). Luria's ideas were disseminated in the twentieth century by Gershom Scholem. At times, they also played a role in Jewish theodicy in the wake of the Holocaust. Emil Fackenheim's 1982 book *To Mend the World: Foundations of Future Jewish Thought* (later subtitled *Foundations of Post-Holocaust Jewish Thought*) refers to the concept in its very title. While Fine elaborates on the differences between Lurianism and Fackenheim's philosophy, he concedes that they have something in common, namely "the conviction that *human beings* are responsible for *tikkun*" (42).

According to Cooper, a political sense of *tikkun olam* can be traced back to the 1930s in Europe. The Polish and Czech publications he mentions weaponize the phrase for either a Zionist or an anti-Zionist position (15-16). There does not appear to be a direct influence of these cases on the increasing political use of *tikkun olam* in the last decades of the twentieth century. In the 1970s, Conservative Judaism was one of the first to champion the slogan, e.g. when its youth movement attached the term to its charity program (Cooper 17; see also Rosenthal 238).

However, the phrase *tikkun olam* only gained widespread popularity with the magazine *Tikkun*, which was founded in 1986 by the progressive activist and later rabbi Michael Lerner. When the magazine first came out, it still had to explain on its back cover that the title was derived from the injunction "to heal, repair and transform the world," adding "All the rest is commentary" (Berger). This was an

allusion to Hillel's famous story from the Babylonian Talmud in which he summarizes the entire Torah with the Golden Rule, remarking "All the rest is commentary" (Danan 10).

At the same time, the magazine *Tikkun* meant this as a gibe at *Commentary*, one of the most important Jewish-American periodicals, from which *Tikkun* wanted to set itself apart (Berger; Danan 10). *Commentary* magazine had moved to the political right under the aegis of Norman Podhoretz and now prided itself to be a flagship of neoconservatism. In his founding editorial statement, Lerner fiercely attacked *Commentary* and its editor and laid out the progressive politics of his own publication. At the same time, he also emphasized the Jewish religious aspect of his endeavor: "Tikkun olam—the healing, repairing, and transforming of the world, is not only about politics, it is also about our spiritual and emotional lives, and our relationship to God" (Lerner 1986:6, qtd. in Kornfeld 68). It must have been astonishing to read that the concept of *tikkun olam*, which was firmly rooted in the religious sphere, was now being characterized as "not only about politics." What the author of the programmatic texts certainly did not attempt was a connection to the most important spiritual tradition of *tikkun olam*, the Kabbalah. Fine explains: "Michael Lerner's original editorial statement in *TIKKUN* makes absolutely no mention of and betrays no interest in the kabbalistic tradition which is the source of his journal's name" (51). On the cover pages of the most recent issues of the magazine, all sorts of 'woke' subjects serve as titles of the lead stories, "Beyond Patriarchy" (Winter 2019), "Decolonization" (Spring/Summer 2019), and "Re-Envisioning Socialism" (Spring/Summer 2020) among them.

An Intensifying Controversy

The *Google Ngram Viewer* illustrates the steep rise of the use of *tikkun olam* in American English since the 1980s; before that, the term was virtually non-existent. Since the beginning of this upsurge, there have been discussions about the relationship between the meaning of *tikkun olam* in classical Jewish religious writing and recent political usage. Fine already addressed the tension between the old and new semantics in his aforementioned 1989 article, drawing a comparison between Luria's mystical system and the contemporary meaning: "This conception [Luria's] thus bears little similarity to the kind of 'mending' which most contemporary exponents of *tikkun* have in mind. For the latter, *tikkun* is a byword for social, moral, or political activism of one sort or another" (52). After copiously illustrating this point, the essay may surprise readers when it claims that there are nevertheless "important resemblances between Lurianic theology and contemporary thought" (52). Apart from insisting on human responsibility in either sense of the phrase, Fine does not convincingly substantiate this claim.

Other reactions were less accommodating. Remarkably, Arnold Jacob Wolf, Reform rabbi and champion of liberal causes, came down particularly hard on *tikkun olam* in 2001. He attributes a distorted understanding of *tikkun olam* to complacency and hypocrisy, which he detects in the liberal Jewish-American community:

> All this begins, I believe, with distorting *tikkun olam*. A teaching about compromise, sharpening, trimming and humanizing rabbinic law, a mystical doctrine about putting God's world back together again, this strange and half-understood notion becomes a huge umbrella under which our petty moral concerns and political panaceas can come in out of the rain. (Wolf 482)

Wolf combines an examination of the fuzziness of the term with his criticism of a perceived lack of religious seriousness among much of American Jewry.

The *Forward*'s language column "Philologos" devoted an installment to *tikkun olam* in 2003 and called the phrase "an example of how authentic religious concepts can be cheapened when retooled and promoted for a mass audience" (Philologos). As it later turned out, Hillel Halkin was the pseudonymous author of the column.

In 2008, Halkin followed up on his analysis in a piece for *Commentary* on "How Not to Heal the World." In this, Halkin is also concerned with the question of whether the current meaning of *tikkun olam* can be derived from the Jewish religion. The decisive point for him, however, is that in the Jewish tradition, there are two major directions related to the semantics of the phrase, a prophetic (messianic-universalistic) meaning primarily associated with the Aleinu prayer and a non-prophetic, practical (anti-messianic, particularistic) meaning primarily associated with the Talmud and classical rabbinic Judaism. The kabbalistic idea partakes of both strands.

Halkin's criticism is directed at the manipulative use of the term *tikkun olam* for universalist political purposes. While he also castigates the messianic Israeli settler movement, his principal target is the Jewish left. More specifically, he takes a swipe at the volume *Righteous Indignation: A Jewish Call for Justice* (ed. Or N. Rose et al. 2008), in which Jewish intellectuals and activists on the political left frequently use the term *tikkun olam* to present their political goals: "Health care, labor unions, public-school education, feminism, abortion rights, gay marriage, globalization, U.S. foreign policy, Darfur: on everything Judaism has a position—and, wondrously, this position just happens to coincide with that of the American liberal Left." The ironic tone of this paragraph then gives way to a more scathing attack on those American Jews who allegedly want to make Judaism conform to their own preconceived ideas.

Byron Sherwin, rabbi of Conservative Judaism and a mentee of Abraham Joshua Heschel's, also has a harsh verdict in store for *tikkun olam* in a 2013 article:

> The contemporary use of tikkun olam is an example of the semantic displacement of American Jewry, an expression of verbal abuse. . . . The promiscuous use of the term identifies it with an enormous range of social programs, artistic projects, and a plethora of political causes. However, it is, in effect, little but a Jewish counterpart to Christian "liberation theology," albeit without the theology, thereby appealing to the largely secular nature of American Jewry. (Sherwin 54)

It is hard to comprehend why Sherwin projects the idea of a "semantic displacement" of *tikkun olam*, which apparently points to diachronic linguistic change in the first place, to the Jewish community itself. He obviously places some blame on *tikkun olam* for what he identifies as the inability to distinguish between authentic Jewish values and acquired non-Jewish ideologies (44). Sherwin particularly censures an unspecific universalistic ethos that has allegedly taken hold of American Jewry. According to the rabbi, the current use of the slogan is not only indicative of Christian influence but of a general tendency towards secularism.

To bolster his dismissive position towards the concept, the author, on the last page of his piece, evokes the authority of Abraham Joshua Heschel. When Sherwin observes that Heschel, who was "no stranger to social action" (55), did not use the phrase *tikkun olam*, it is not surprising, though, as the term was hardly in circulation during Heschel's lifetime (1907-1972). What Sherwin particularly argues is that Heschel drew upon authentic Jewish sources and criticized the distortion of Judaism. It should be noted that in contrast to Sherwin, others, Michael Lerner among them, have associated Heschel's legacy with *tikkun olam* (Krasner, "The Place" 79).

The debate over *tikkun olam* attained new intensity in 2018 with the publication of Jonathan Neumann's book *To Heal the World? How the Jewish Left Corrupts Judaism and Endangers Israel*. Neumann is religiously Orthodox and politically conservative. Not focusing exclusively on the phrase *tikkun olam*, the book asks more generally how the connection between American Jewry and the "social justice" movement developed. By choosing Isaac Mayer Wise, probably the most influential American Reform rabbi in the nineteenth century, as the starting point for his reflections, Neumann zeros in on the role of the Reform movement in what he sees as the discontent of American Judaism. Today's obsession with *tikkun olam*, he argues, is an outgrowth of a universalist political ideology that contradicts traditional Judaism: "Tikkun olam is a huge deal in contemporary American Judaism – but there's no basis for that in traditional Jewish thought" (Neumann 149). Moreover, according to Neumann, the rejection of Jewish particularism in favor of diffuse fantasies of world salvation comes at the expense of Israel – according to the formula "the stronger your commitment to *tikkun olam*, the weaker your Zionism and support for Israel" (195).

Neumann's book prompted a great number of reviews and articles in Jewish-American magazines and newspapers. While Michael Weingrad's review in the (neo)conservative online magazine *Mosaic* embraces Neumann's effort to reveal the weaknesses of "American tikkun-olam Judaism," there was considerable pushback from scholars and activists on the political left shortly after the publication of the book. Shaul Magid questions Neumann's credentials and scholarly methods in an article in *Tablet* in June 2018. He also takes exception to Neumann's assessment that the contemporary meaning of *tikkun olam* is not grounded in Jewish tradition, which should not be conceived as immutable anyway. Steve Lipman, writing in the *New York Jewish Week* in August of the same year, appreciates that resistance has formed against Neumann's "war on tikkun olam." David Seidenberg's article in the *Jewish Journal*, published only in February 2019, already looks back at the camps that have formed with respect to Neumann's book, "with conservatives praising it and liberals dismissing it." His contribution sets out to add a new wrinkle to the debate, arguing that *tikkun olam* in the sense of economic justice is not an American invention, but goes back to nineteenth-century progressive Zionism or even further.

Although the headline in the *Forward* article "Why the Orthodox Hate 'Tikkun Olam'" may suggest that the fault line runs between Orthodoxy and Reform, its author Ysoscher Katz, himself a rabbi of a Modern Orthodox congregation in Brooklyn, does not fully agree with Neumann: yes, many Orthodox Jews perceive the use of *tikkun olam* for progressive political purposes as 'cultural appropriation,' the supposed dichotomy presented by Neumann between universalism here, and love for the people and the land of Israel there is, however, misleading.

A highlight of the controversy was a two-hour debate titled "Tikkun Olam - Jewish Ideal or Left-Wing Idol," which took place at Ner Yisrael Synagogue in London in February 2020 and was held between Jonathan Neumann and Joe Wolfson, Orthodox campus rabbi at New York University (NYU). The event, which was broadcast by J-TV, can be understood as an intra-Orthodox debate but one that was nevertheless marked by major differences of opinion. Of course, the central issue was again whether *tikkun olam* constitutes an authentic Jewish concept. Neumann holds fast to his view that *tikkun olam* has nothing to do with Judaism and even does it great harm. Wolfson counters: while he does not use the term for "social justice," we should keep in mind that there are many Jewish concepts – *gemilut khasadim* ('the performance of kindness'), *tzedakah* ('charity to achieve justice'),[3] *kiddush HaShem* ('sanctification of the Name'), etc. – that emphasize the responsibility of the individual towards the community and the world, even if they have not been called *tikkun olam* traditionally:

[3] For a semantic distinction between *gemilut khasadim* and *tzedakah* see Robinson 237-40.

> If you are going to ignore this family of concepts which tell us that fundamental to our existence as Jews is an obsession with looking for where there is pain and hurt in the world and thinking about how we can act to improve that pain, if you are going to ignore that, you are doing great violence to our mesorah.[4] ("Debate" 27:30-28:00)

Evidently, Wolfson is primarily concerned with the ideas that govern Judaism, while Neumann starts out with the term *tikkun olam*, juxtaposing its traditional and recent meanings. Put differently, Wolfson's reasoning follows an onomasiological path, Neumann's a semasiological one. Much of the broader controversy over *tikkun olam* can be characterized according to this distinction.

Wolfson concedes to his interlocutor that the appropriation of the term by the political left is not unproblematic. At the same time, the rabbi condemns attempts by the political right to pass off their conservative beliefs as being mandated by the Jewish tradition. Some of his anger is directed at Ben Shapiro, who endorsed Neumann's book on its back cover, for reducing the complexity of the Jewish stance on abortion to an unequivocal, quasi-Catholic pro-life position ("Debate" 31:50-32:30).

Tikkun Olam and the Study of Jewish Secularity

The final part of this chapter is concerned with methodological problems regarding a detached, scholarly study of *tikkun olam* as part of Jewish-American culture. I am particularly interested in the question of whether the notion of Jewish secularity can be fruitfully applied to the phenomenon and what this case reveals about theoretical challenges in the research on Jewish secularity in general. The debate about *tikkun olam* throws the difficulties involved in the study of Jewish secularity into sharp relief.

The term *secular* sometimes appears in articles on *tikkun olam* (e.g. Krasner, "The Place" 83; Rosenthal 239). Sherwin is particularly outspoken in his verdict that the current meaning of the catchphrase is an expression of a secular mindset (46, 47, 53, 54). Even where critics of the slogan do not use the word *secular* explicitly, the idea that the modern meaning of *tikkun olam* is unmoored from the Jewish religion is often part of their judgment. As has been shown, some Jewish-American authorities will defend *tikkun olam* with its modern semantics as an expression of a Jewish religious ethos. From a disinterested point of view, where do we draw the line between religion and secularism? For an outside observer, it is obviously not possible to adopt any of these assessments unreservedly. Moreover, some Jewish dignitaries use the term *secular* mostly as a pejorative to castigate

[4] The term *mesorah* denotes the chain or bond of Jewish traditions.

those who have allegedly left the fold. How can we have recourse to the term without negative connotations in an academic analysis that takes an external position on the debate about *tikkun olam*?

According to the sociologist of Jewish demographics Barry A. Kosmin, "[t]here is no more consensus over who is secular and what constitutes Jewish secularism than there is as to 'who is a Jew?' in terms of a religious category " (77). At the same time, the classification of a person as either secular or religious may be achieved more easily than the classification of activities that are performed under the banner of *tikkun olam*. One can use surveys and other established methods of empirical social research to distinguish between religious and secular populations, but these hardly extend to political action. I would usually identify routing for Bernie Sanders, campaigning for LGBTQ policies, or joining a Black Lives Matter rally as secular efforts. Do they become religious by having a Hebrew slogan attached to them? Are they religious if the activists see themselves as animated by Jewish ideals, however distorted they may or may not be? Is it methodologically possible to distinguish between activities by Jews who adhere to the Jewish faith and those who merely seek a connection to the Jewish community via *tikkun olam* as 'social action'? Should we understand the use of this slogan among leftist activists as "cultural appropriation" or "misappropriation," as was suggested in Ysoscher Katz's article? Or should we simply accept that a Hebrew expression serves as a link between secular and religious Jews, even though large parts of Orthodoxy are left out?

It should also be asked to what extent some critics of *tikkun olam* have recourse to the argument of the secular nature of *tikkun olam* to steer the conversation away from politics. In other words, could it be that attacks on the religious insignificance of the concept are a substitute for the rejection of the political positions involved? Is it even possible to disentangle the religious and political aspects of the debate?

The very use of the Hebrew term by left-wing Jews as well as the reasoning adopted in the controversy about the concept show that the Jewish religious tradition continues to serve as a principal reference point, irrespective of religious persuasions. Jewish identity appears to demand a feeling of continuity, historical lineage, and a connection with the past, even where Jewish existence is seen as highly mutable and adaptable. At the same time, *tikkun olam* is an expression of hope for the future, be it in its eschatological or more mundane varieties. It also stands for a sense of purpose and historical responsibility connecting religious Judaism and Jewish secularity.

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Vollständig jüdisch sein, vollständig französisch sein: Paul Audi, *Troublante identité*

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Für Christoph – und für die zivilen Opfer 2023 in Nahost.

> Im Gegensatz zu dem, was die zitierten Aussagen vermuten lassen könnten, ist es für einen Juden nicht *wirklich* möglich, „vollständig" jüdisch zu sein. Oder besser gesagt, der Jude ist nur dann jüdisch, *wirklich* jüdisch oder sogar *endgültig* jüdisch, wenn er es nicht *vollständig* ist. Wer Jude ist, kann dies zwar auf psychologischer Ebene „vollständig" sein (er kann dann sagen: „Ich fühle mich voll und ganz als Jude"), aber auf der Ebene der Realität (der Realität des Judentums) kann dies nicht so sein: Wenn er Jude, wirklich Jude ist, dann nur unter der ausdrücklichen und dringenden Bedingung, dass er die Tatsache zur Kenntnis nimmt, dass er Jude ist, *immer definitiv, aber nie komplett, nie total, nie ganz*. (Audi, Kap. 8, „Position")[1]

Diskurse um jüdische Identität bzw. Identitäten sind in einer diasporischen Situation zwar transnational und transkulturell, gleichwohl schließen sie im jeweiligen Sprachraum an die spezifischen Konzepte und Debatten um Identität im Allgemeinen und um die *question juive* an, wie die jüdische Frage seit dem 18. Jahrhundert auch in Frankreich heißt. Eine Studie über französische Literatur des 21. Jahrhunderts kann von diesem begriffsgeschichtlichen Kontext nicht absehen, um etwa im vergleichenden Kontext nicht die Interpretation von Jüdischkeit zu verfehlen.

Der französische Philosoph Paul Audi – dessen autobiographischer Essay zur Identität, *Troublante identité* (2022; im Folgenden mit der Sigle TI zitiert) hier kurz diskutiert werden soll – ist 1963 im Libanon geboren, kam erst mit elf nach Frankreich und promovierte 1993 in Philosophie über Jean-Jacques Rousseau. Audi hat zahlreiche Bücher in Frankreich publiziert (auf Deutsch wurde er bislang nicht publiziert, soweit ich sehe), darunter Studien etwa über Stéphane Mallarmé und Romain Gary, den Sohn einer jüdischen Familie, der in Vilnius geboren wurde (vgl. Obergöker). Der neue Essay knüpft an Überlegungen an, die Audi 2014 mit *Le démon de l'appartenance* aufgeworfen hat, die lebenslange Konstruk-

[1] Die deutschen Übersetzungen im Folgenden stammen von Kai Nonnenmacher, wenn nicht anders vermerkt. „Ainsi, et contrairement à ce que les propos cités pourraient laisser supposer, il n'est pas *réellement* possible, pour un Juif, d'être « pleinement » juif. Ou plutôt, le Juif n'est juif, *réellement* juif, voire *définitivement* juif, qu'en ne l'étant pas *pleinement*. Certes, qui est juif peut l'être « pleinement » sur un plan psychologique (il peut alors déclarer : « Je me sens pleinement juif »), mais sur le plan du *réel* (du réel de la judéité) il ne saurait en être ainsi : s'il est juif, réellement juif, c'est à la condition expresse, et pressante, de prendre acte du fait qu'il l'est, juif, *toujours définitivement, mais jamais complètement, jamais totalement, jamais tout à fait*."

tion von Identität betreffend, aber diese Fragen nun auch neu und sehr persönlich problematisierend oder auf Texte und Filme beziehend. Im Epilog von Audis jüngstem Buch erzählt er noch einmal den Film *Monsieur Klein* von Joseph Losey aus dem Jahr 1976 (vgl. Blumenfeld): Alain Delon spielt die Hauptfigur Robert Klein, einen Galeristen: In einer kafkaesken Situation will dieser im besetzten Paris des Zweiten Weltkriegs beweisen, dass er kein Jude ist, hat er doch übrigens selbst auch ohne Gewissensnot die Nöte jüdischer Kunden ausgenutzt, um ihnen Kunstwerke abzukaufen. So reist er etwa zu seinem Vater, um den Katholizismus der Familie bestätigen zu lassen, er versucht, Spuren eines von den Deutschen vermuteten Jüdischseins zu verwischen. Ein Ariernachweis kommt nicht rechtzeitig an, so dass Klein schließlich in die KZ-Transporte des Vél d'Hiv gerät. Tatsächlich geschah damals Vergleichbares mit dem Schauspieler Harry Baur, der jüdische Rollen gespielt hatte, der in der Gestapo-Folter zwar beweisen konnte, kein Jude zu sein, aber an den Verletzungen dieser Befragung kurze Zeit später starb. Vor diesem Hintergrund ist die folgende Eingangsverortung von Audis Ablehnung jedweder Identitätsfixierung zu lesen:

> Schon die meiste Zeit über verabscheue ich Ausweispapiere, offizielle Dokumente, Personenstandsurkunden, Steckbriefe, Autokennzeichen. Ich verbinde sie systematisch mit Techniken der Überwachung, des Aufspürens, der Lokalisierung, der Markierung, der Nachverfolgung, des Targetings, der Polizeiüberwachung, die meiner Überzeugung nach die Gefangennahme vorwegnehmen. Ist die soziale Hölle nicht mit den besten identifikatorischen Absichten gepflastert? (TI, Prologue)[2]

Audis Überlegungen zum amerikanisch-jüdischen Schriftsteller Philip Roth deuten Möglichkeiten an, wie dieser Identität in der Fiktion beizukommen ist. Für *Libération* schrieb Audi 2018:

> Wer sind wir? Woraus sind wir gemacht? Ist das Selbst sichtbar, zeigbar, nachweisbar, erkennbar? Alles, was uns innerhalb und außerhalb von uns eine Identität zuweist (Mann sein, Frau sein, Jude sein usw.), verleitet es uns nicht dazu, Masken anzulegen, die uns zu einer immerwährenden Fiktion zwingen? Die Wahrheit ist die Mutter der Lüge, es sei denn, es ist umgekehrt. Der Schein ist der Schutz des Seins, aber wer kann das am besten beurteilen? (Audi, „Philip Roth")[3]

[2] „Déjà, la plupart du temps, les papiers d'identité, les documents officiels, les actes d'état civil, les fiches signalétiques, les immatriculations, je les ai en horreur. Je les associe systématiquement aux techniques de surveillance, de détection, de localisation, de marquage, de traçage, de ciblage, de flicage, qui préfigurent selon moi la capture. L'enfer social n'est-il pas pavé des meilleures intentions identificatrices ?"

[3] „Qui sommes-nous ? De quoi sommes-nous faits ? Le Soi est-il visible, montrable, décelable, reconnaissable ? Tout ce qui, en nous et hors de nous, nous assigne une identité (être homme, être femme, être juif, etc.) ne nous entraîne-t-il pas à revêtir des masques qui nous contraignent à une fiction perpétuelle ? La vérité est mère du mensonge, à moins que ce ne soit l'inverse. Les apparences sont l'abri de l'être, mais qui saurait le mieux en juger ?"

Als die Zeitschrift *Les Inrockuptibles* Audi für *Troublante identité* 2022 den Essaypreis verlieh, begründete sie, dies sei ein „Manifest für die Kultivierung der eigenen Individualität, anstatt sich auf seine Partikularitäten zu versteifen", aber auch, dass diese Kultivierung mit dem literarischen Schreiben selbst zu tun habe.[4] Denn die vom Philosophen gewählte Gattung ist hybrid, einerseits mit autobiographischen Überlegungen von Audi, aber auch mit systematischer Reflexion[5] von problematischer Identitätszuweisung in der Moderne, wenn man den Titel so übersetzen möchte, mit Identitätsstörung, die aus dieser Perspektive auch Audis Jüdischkeit unter Bedingungen seiner libanesischen Herkunft reflektiert, so in der rhetorischen Frage, mit „welcher Art von Gerechtigkeit" der Bürger rechnen könne, wenn er, ob er wolle oder nicht, „zunächst als Maronit, Schiit, Sunnit, Druse, Griechisch-Katholik, Griechisch-Orthodoxer, Jude, Protestant usw., und dann, erst dann, als Libanese" (TI, Kap. 3, „Chimère")[6] angesehen werde. Konkret auf den Exodus der libanesischen Juden bezogen:

> So fühlten sich die jüdischen Libanesen oder Libanesen jüdischer Herkunft nicht nur gezwungen, ihr Land zu verlassen, ich sage bewusst ihr Land, sie wurden auch dazu gebracht, sich nicht mehr als Libanesen jüdischen Glaubens zu betrachten: Mit der Zeit und der wachsenden Distanz wurden sie, zunächst in ihren eigenen Augen, zu Juden, die „aus dem Libanon kommen" oder zu Juden, die „libanesischer Herkunft" sind. Diese einfache Umkehrung von Substantiv und Adjektiv fasst eine lange, grausame, schmerzhafte und schwindelerregend ungerechte Geschichte zusammen, deren Erinnerung, die jedes Mal, wenn ich in den Libanon reise, wieder wachgerufen wird, mich erschüttert und mich zu einem harten Urteil über dieses Land veranlasst. (Heute gibt es in einem Gebiet, in dem vor dem Bürgerkrieg Dutzende von Synagogen in Betrieb waren, nur noch etwa 100 Libanesen jüdischen Glaubens, die sich zu absoluter Diskretion verpflichten). (TI, Kap. 3, „Chimère")[7]

[4] „. . . manifeste pour cultiver sa singularité plutôt que de se crisper sur ses particularités –, nous a confié que ce prix l'encourageait à s'engager dans une écriture littéraire" (Kaprièlian).
[5] Die Kapiteltitel zeigen die systematische Struktur: Allegorie 1, 1. Taufe, 2. Rückkehr, 3. Chimäre, 4. Scham, 5. Zugehörigkeit, 6. Entfremdung, 7. Erklärung, 8. Position, Allegorie 2. Bei den Lektüren von Audi ist insbesondere auf Rousseau und Diderot, Roth und Gary, Foucault, Camus und Sartre hinzuweisen.
[6] „À quel type de justice doit-il s'attendre, quand on le reconnaît – de gré ou de force – tel qu'il ne souhaite pas forcément qu'on le reconnaisse : d'abord comme un maronite, un chiite, un sunnite, un druze, un grec-catholique, un grec-orthodoxe, un juif, un protestant, etc., et après, seulement après, comme un Libanais."
[7] „Ainsi, les Libanais juifs ou d'origine juive ne se sont-ils pas seulement sentis contraints de quitter leur pays, je dis bien leur pays, ils ont été conduits à ne plus se considérer comme des Libanais de confession juive : avec le temps qui a passé et la distance qui s'est creusée, ils sont devenus, à leurs propres yeux d'abord, des Juifs « venant du Liban » ou des Juifs « d'origine libanaise ». Cette simple inversion du substantif et du qualificatif résume une longue histoire, cruelle, douloureuse, d'une injustice vertigineuse, dont le souvenir, réactivé toutes les fois que je me rends au Liban, me bouleverse et me pousse à juger sévèrement ce pays. (Aujourd'hui, sur un territoire qui comptait des dizaines de synagogues en activité avant la guerre civile, il ne reste plus qu'une petite centaine de Libanais de confession juive, qui s'astreignent à une discrétion absolue.)"

Von Rousseaus Denken des Subjekts, über den Audi promoviert hatte, führt durchaus ein Weg zum Existenzialisten Jean-Paul Sartre, denn wie Rousseau ausführte, verinnerlicht der Einzelne den Blick der anderen und das Urteil, das diese über einen selbst fällen (vgl. TI, Kap. 6, „Aliénation"). Jean-Paul Sartres Definition des Juden in dessen *Réflexions sur la question juive* ist aus der Perspektive der Nichtjuden formuliert. Diese machen ihn erst zum Juden, nicht ihre Religion, ihr Heiliges Land oder ihre kollektive Geschichte: „Das einzige Band, das sie zusammenhält, ist die feindselige Verachtung, die ihnen von den sie umgebenden Gesellschaften entgegengebracht wird."[8] Sartre thematisiert so den antisemitischen Blick auch bei Menschen, die sich so nicht bezeichnen würden. Und die Aporie jüdischer Identität (dieses Wort fällt in dieser Epoche so noch nicht) bei Sartre stellt einen authentischen und einen ‚unauthentischen' Juden einander gegenüber. Authentische Juden ertragen ihre Nicht-Assimilation, ihren bewussten Paria-Status (so würde Hannah Arendt es formulieren), während ‚unauthentische' Juden so sehr der fremdzugewiesenen antisemitischen Identität entgehen wollen:

> Kurz gesagt, unauthentische Juden sind Menschen, die von anderen Menschen für Juden gehalten werden und die sich entschieden haben, vor dieser unerträglichen Situation zu fliehen. Das führt bei ihnen zu verschiedenen Verhaltensweisen, die nicht alle zur gleichen Zeit bei derselben Person auftreten und von denen jede als Fluchtweg charakterisiert werden kann. Der Antisemit hat all diese unterschiedlichen, manchmal unvereinbaren Fluchtwege gesammelt und aneinandergereiht und so ein monströses Bild gezeichnet, von dem er behauptet, es sei das Bild des Juden im Allgemeinen; gleichzeitig stellt er diese freien Bemühungen, einer belastenden Situation zu entfliehen, als erbliche Züge dar, die in den Körper des Israeliten selbst eingeprägt sind und daher nicht verändert werden können.[9] (Sartre, Kap. 3)

Das ist durchaus kein Spezifikum jüdischer Identität, so Sartre, wenn er sagt, es überrasche ihn, dass so viele Juden ihre Authentizität stoisch ertrügen, während etwa die Zahl unauthentischer Bürger oder Christen höher liege. Man kann sagen, vergleichbar dem ebenfalls hybriden Text *Il n'y a pas de Ajar: Monologue contre l'Identité* der Rabbinerin Delphine Horvilleur (2022) ist die Identitätsreflexion des Philosophen Audi anti-identitär und im Kontext der politischen Rechten

[8] „Le seul lien qui les unisse, c'est le mépris hostile où les tiennent les sociétés qui les entourent." (Sartre, chap. 3)

[9] „En un mot, les Juifs inauthentiques sont des hommes que les autres hommes tiennent pour Juifs et qui ont choisi de fuir devant cette situation insupportable. Il en résulte chez eux des comportements divers, qui ne sont pas tous présents en même temps chez la même personne et dont chacun peut se caractériser comme un chemin de fuite. L'antisémite a ramassé et accolé tous ces chemins de fuite distincts, parfois incompatibles et il a tracé ainsi un portrait monstrueux qu'il prétend être celui du Juif en général ; en même temps, il présente ces libres efforts pour s'évader d'une situation pénible comme des traits héréditaires, gravés dans le corps même de l'Israélite et, par conséquent, impossibles à modifier." (Sartre, Kap. 3)

Frankreichs zu lesen. Horvilleur spricht in ähnlicher Weise von ‚Identitätsbesessenheit'. Eine ihrer Thesen ist, wenn man kollektiv über Juden im Singular rede, um für diese Identitätszuschreibungen zu fixieren, sei das durchweg antisemitisch.[10] Der Philosoph Audi hat Beirut im Bürgerkrieg verlassen müssen, er will sich nicht mehr auf die libanesischen Wurzeln zurückführen lassen und hat deshalb an einem Punkt seines Lebens gar eine italienische Identität erfunden, was zu neuen Selbstzweifeln und Gewissensbissen führte: „Warum hat mich diese alberne Verkleidung gereizt? Warum musste diese Lüge, und sei sie noch so unbedeutend, den Respekt vor meinen Eltern und meine Zuneigung zu ihnen überlagern?" (TI, Kap. 1, „Baptême")[11].

> Wenn der entwurzelt Geborene, der ich bin, ein mottenzerfressenes Gedächtnis hat, ein löchriges Gewebe, das man nicht flicken kann, dann hat er darüber hinaus eine deterritorialisierte Seele. Wenn ich also um jeden Preis einem Land im Sinne eines physischen Territoriums angehören müsste, wäre dieses nicht nur intim: Es wäre die Intimität selbst, so wie es ein Schlafzimmer par excellence ist. Es ist übrigens kein Zufall, dass ich mich nirgends so sicher fühle wie in den vier Wänden meines Schlafzimmers. Ich mag es so sehr, dort Zuflucht zu suchen, dass ich die meisten meiner Bücher dort geschrieben habe . . . Die Besetzung dieses winzigen Territoriums, da sie sowohl psychisch als auch physisch ist, die Einsamkeit und Isolation, die dadurch aufeinander zurückfallen, sind auf der mentalen Ebene und nur auf dieser Ebene, wie ich betonen möchte, ein Echo der Lebens- und Überlebensbedingungen dieser „Vertriebenen" (diesmal in einer anderen Bedeutung des Wortes), von denen Pierre Ouellet so treffend spricht, wenn er von jedem von ihnen sagt: – herausgerissene Herzen, herumgeworfene Spielzeuge einer unmenschlichen Geschichte – , als „ein Loch in Zeit und Raum reißt, in dem der Vertriebene lebt und überlebt, zwischen einer Erinnerung und einer Hoffnung, die nirgends ein Territorium bilden, sondern einen Abgrund oder eine Kluft, in der er paradoxerweise Zuflucht findet, *refugere* bedeutet ‚sich zurückziehen', von *fugere*, das ‚fliehen' bedeutet: sich in die Flucht zurückziehen, in einen Rückzug aus Zeit und Raum fliehen, so viel wie aus der Welt und der Geschichte . . .". (TI, Kap. 7, „Explication")[12]

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[10] Vgl. die gemeinsame Lektüre dieser Bücher durch Lehoux.

[11] „Pourquoi ce travestissement bébête m'a-t-il tenté ? Pourquoi ce mensonge, fût-il des plus véniels, est-il venu supplanter le respect que je dois à mes parents, l'affection que je leur voue ?"

[12] „Si le né déraciné que je suis a bien une mémoire mitée, tissu troué impossible à ravauder, il a de surcroît, une âme déterritorialisée. De sorte que s'il fallait à tout prix que j'appartienne à un pays au sens d'un territoire physique, celui-ci ne serait pas seulement intime : il serait l'intimité même, comme l'est par excellence une chambre à coucher. Ce n'est pas un hasard, au demeurant, si je ne me sens nulle part autant en sécurité qu'entre les quatre murs de ma chambre à coucher. J'aime tant m'y réfugier que c'est là que j'aurai écrit la plupart de mes livres . . . L'occupation de ce minuscule territoire, pour autant qu'il est aussi psychique que physique, la solitude et l'isolement qu'il aide à se rabattre l'une sur l'autre, font écho, sur le plan mental et uniquement sur ce plan, je le précise, à la condition de vie et de survie de ces « déplacés » (selon, cette fois, un autre sens du mot) dont parle si bien Pierre Ouellet quand il dit de chacun d'eux – cœurs arrachés, jouets ballottés d'une histoire inhumaine – qu'il « fait un trou dans le temps et dans l'espace, où il vit et se survit, entre une mémoire et un espoir qui ne forment nulle part un territoire mais un gouffre ou un abîme, dans lequel il trouve

Und so bezeichnet sich Audi selbst als Positionsjude, *juif de position*, am Ende des Essays, d. h. weder als ein Jude der Tradition oder der Abstammung, noch der Konfession. Sondern im Sinne Derridas als ein Jude, der sich ständig und grundlegend von sich selbst unterschieden fühlt.

> „Jude" bin ich außerdem und vor allem, weil ich mich ständig und grundlegend von mir selbst unterschieden fühle – ich meine damit meine gegebenen, erhaltenen oder erreichten Identitäten;
> indem ich mich unaufhörlich von dem Wesen, das ich bin, entferne, entfremde und trenne – denn das Schlüsselwort ist Werden;
> dass ich aufgrund meiner Herkunft und meines Verhältnisses zu meiner Geburt für andere genauso anders bleibe wie für mich selbst;
> dass für mich nichts selbstverständlich ist, da alles noch zu tun ist; dass das bereits Geschaffene nur ein Vorspiel für das ist, was noch getan werden wird;
> dass meine Entwurzelung mich verunsichert;
> dass ich ein geborener Minderheitler bin, um den Ausdruck zu verwenden, den Gary in Chien blanc von sich selbst verwendet hat – zumindest im Kopf;
> dass es mir schon so schwer fällt, mir selbst zu gehören, dass mir jede Identitätsfixierung wie ein Schandfleck vorkommt;
> indem ich mit allen mir zur Verfügung stehenden Mitteln versuche, mich den Bildern und Erzählungen zu entziehen, die vorgeben, mich, wenn nicht zu definieren, so doch zumindest einzudämmen. (TI, Kap. 8, „Position")[13]

Audi hat Frieden mit seiner Vorgeschichte schließen wollen und sich auf eine Suche begeben, die er an anderer Stelle mit dem nie erfüllten Messianismus im Judentum vergleicht. Der Philosoph hat sich mit der von mir als Eingangszitat gesetzten, nie erreichbaren vollständigen jüdischen Identität beschäftigt, und dies verbindet ihn mit der Frage des Schriftstellers Romain Gary, über den Audi geschrieben hat (Audi, *Je me suis*). Bernard-Henri Lévy hat für *Le Monde* Audis

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paradoxalement refuge, refugere voulant dire "se retirer", de fugere qui signifie "fuir" : se retirer dans la fuite, fuir en une retraite du temps et de l'espace, autant dire du monde et de l'histoire . . . ».

[13] „« Juif », je le suis ensuite, et surtout, en ce que je me sens constamment et foncièrement différer de moi-même – je veux dire de mes identités données, reçues ou atteintes ;
en ce que je ne cesse de m'écarter, de m'éloigner, de me séparer de l'être que je suis – parce que le maître mot est devenir ;
en ce que je demeure, du fait de ma provenance et de mon rapport à ma naissance, autre pour les autres autant que pour moi-même ;
en ce que pour moi rien n'est acquis puisque tout reste à faire ; en ce que le déjà-fait est seulement un prélude à ce qui sera fait ;
en ce que mon déracinement m'insécurise ;
en ce que je suis un minoritaire-né, pour reprendre l'expression que Gary, dans Chien blanc, employait au sujet de lui-même – tout au moins dans la tête ;
en ce que j'ai déjà tant de mal à m'appartenir en propre que toute fixation identitaire m'apparaît comme une flétrissure ;
en ce que je cherche par tous les moyens dont je dispose à me soustraire aux images et aux récits qui prétendent sinon me définir, du moins me contenir."

Gary-Buch in vier Thesen zusammengefasst, wobei die letzte nochmal den Zusammenhang von Audis jüngster Arbeit mit dem literaturwissenschaftlichen Kontext seiner früheren Arbeiten herausstellt:

> Und die vierte These schließlich lautet, dass dieser Irrtum für ihn [Romain Gary] fatal war, natürlich und zwangsläufig fatal, denn es genügte ihm, diese *„Identität"* wie alle anderen dem Spiel der Verleugnungen und Knoten, der Neuerfindungen und Wiedergeburten zu unterwerfen, es genügte ihm, auf sie das schöne, aber schreckliche Programm anzuwenden, sich *„seiner selbst zu entledigen"* und nur ein Leben zu akzeptieren, das *„dazu bestimmt ist, neu anzufangen"*, es genügte, sich in der Illusion zu verfangen, dass diese *„Identität"* ein Hindernis für das wahre *„Universelle"* sei und deshalb unverzüglich beseitigt werden müsse, und schon verhedderte sich dieser Jude mit Herz und Verstand in einem Geflecht von Widersprüchen, das, so legt Audi nahe, nur zur endgültigen Tragödie beitragen konnte. (Lévy)[14]

Eingangs formulierte ich das Desiderat, französisch-jüdische Gegenwartsliteratur interpretierend an die spezifischen Diskurse um möglich-unmögliche, statisch-dynamische Identität in Frankreich zu binden. In mehrerlei Hinsicht ist Paul Audis *Troublante identité* ein sehr französisches Buch. Er, der von seiner frühen Faszination für den Mythos Frankreich im Libanon spricht und später französischer als die Franzosen sein möchte, nennt die Übersiedlung der Familie im Epilog schließlich gar seine ‚zweite Geburt', allerdings unter beunruhigenden Bedingungen von Erinnerung. Mit spitzen Fingern scheint der Rezensent des konservativen *Figaro* so auch Audis Buch gelesen zu haben als „Bekenntnis eines verwirrten Franzosen", als Anlass, den republikanischen Universalismus auch in der identitären Gegenwart des politischen Frankreich zu bekräftigen: „Was die französische Staatsbürgerschaft theoretisch bietet – er [Audi] sagt es nicht so, aber wir sagen es für ihn – ist die Möglichkeit, sich *„von den Besonderheiten der Geburt"* zu lösen und einen Weg zu gehen, der frei von Klasse, Rasse und Religion ist. Einen einzigartigen Weg. Es ist die Tücke des französischen Versprechens, dass es alle, die sich ihm anschließen, dazu auffordert, zu vergessen, woher sie kommen, um das zu werden, was sie sind. Natürlich wird dieses Versprechen immer wieder enttäuscht. Das empirische Frankreich ist nicht das ideale Frankreich. Und das Frankreich von 2022 hat noch weniger die Mittel, um es zu halten. Aber

[14] „Et la quatrième thèse, enfin, est que cette erreur lui fut fatale, naturellement et forcément fatale, car il lui a suffi, alors, de soumettre cette « identité », comme les autres, au jeu des désaveus et des nœuds, des réinventions et des renaissances, il lui a suffi de lui appliquer le beau mais terrible programme de «se débarrasser de soi» et de n'accepter qu'une vie qui soit « faite pour recommencer », il lui a suffi de s'enfermer dans l'illusion que cette « identité » serait un obstacle au vrai « Universel » et qu'il fallait par conséquent s'en défaire sans tarder, pour que ce juif de cœur et de pensée s'emmêle dans un écheveau de contradictions qui ne pouvait, suggère Audi, que contribuer à la tragédie finale."

im Prinzip ist das Versprechen da“ (Jaigu 17).[15] Dies ist ein Bekenntnis des Rezensenten auch gegen den *communautarisme*, womit die Neue Rechte Frankreichs Partikularismen in Zeiten gewachsener Diversität als abgelehntes Gegenkonzept zum Universalismus konzeptualisiert hat. Die Gegenposition der Linken wird bereits im Titel einer Rezension von Audis Buch in *L'Humanité* sichtbar: „Die Differenz drückt unsere Beziehung zu uns selbst aus“ (Fleury). Vielleicht zeigt sich hier zugleich ein vernachlässigtes Problem von Audis autobiographisch-philosophischer Reflexion, über Identität in Frankreich öffentlich nachzudenken. Die politischen Lager der Republik versuchen, den fiktional-literarischen Maskierungen von Audis differenzierten Versuchen ihr eigenes Framing anzuhängen. So in Audis Bekenntnis:

> In Wahrheit habe ich vor allem das Gefühl, dass ich die Führung übernommen habe, indem ich so weit wie möglich all den Leuten den Wind aus den Segeln genommen habe, die, wenn sie mich gerne identifizieren, dem Satz „er ist ein Franzose“ gerne den etwas spaßverderbenden Satz „aber libanesischer Herkunft“ hinzufügen, als ob das die Macht hätte, mich in meine Schranken zu weisen . . . Aber in welche Schranken? Wer die Identitätsgleichung im Falle eines Eingebürgerten vereinfacht, übersieht immer, wie unausweichlich die Suche nach einer strategischen Positionierung, die taktische Zurückhaltung, der Wunsch, sich aus dem Getümmel herauszuhalten, und die bewusste Einordnung des eigenen Selbst in eine Randgruppe, die zwangsläufig eine Minderheit darstellt, sind. Und wer etwas anderes behauptet, würde lügen. Der Eingebürgerte mag zwar der Notwendigkeit einer Außenseiterposition entgehen wollen, aber die Einnahme dieser Position ist für ihn nicht weniger zwingend. Warum ist das so? Weil sie sich direkt daraus ergibt, dass der Adoptivfranzose sich vom Geburtsfranzosen (ich sage nicht nach Abstammung, „de souche“ oder „de branche“) dadurch unterscheidet, *dass Ersterer nie ganz sicher ist, ob er von Letzterem als „vollwertiger“ Franzose betrachtet wird* (in dieser Hinsicht muss er sogar beruhigt werden), während Letzterer sich diese Frage nie in seinem ganzen Leben stellen muss. Wenn der eingebürgerte Franzose, der ich bin (ich spreche nicht für die anderen), *definitiv* Franzose ist, wird er sich bis ans Ende seiner Tage fragen, ob er es *vollständig* ist. Was immer er sagt, was immer er tut, er wird sein Leben unter dem übermoralischen Blick eines Besseren leben müssen. Das ist der Grund, warum ich, wenn ich mich selbst sagen höre: „Ich bin ganz und gar Franzose“, nicht anders kann, als meine Aussage als böswillig zu bezeichnen. Liegt es daran, dass ich ein Franzose bin, der spielt, Franzose zu sein, so wie der Kellner bei Sartre spielt, Kellner zu sein? Auf keinen Fall und unter keinem Vorwand! Wenn ich mir einer Sache sicher bin, dann dieser: Ich bin in keiner Weise ein Libanese, der nach seiner Kindheit in die Haut

[15] „Et c'est bien cela que nous apprend l'auteur en quête de lui-même. Ce que donne, en théorie, la citoyenneté française, il ne le dit pas ainsi, mais nous le disons pour lui, c'est la possibilité de se détacher « des particularités de la naissance » pour forger un chemin affranchi de la classe, la race, la religion. Un chemin singulier. C'est la malice de la promesse française d'inviter tous ceux qui en rejoignent la bannière à oublier d'où ils viennent pour devenir ce qu'ils sont. Évidemment, cette promesse ne cesse d'être déçue. La France empirique n'est pas la France idéale. Et la France de 2022 a encore moins les moyens de la tenir. Mais sur le principe, la promesse est là.“ (Jaigu 17).

> eines Franzosen geschlüpft ist, denn wenn das der Fall wäre, wäre meine Identitätsgleichung, die dreifach gegliedert ist, wie wir sehen werden, nicht einmal mehr eine Sache des bösen Glaubens, sondern der Haltung und des Hochstaplers. . . . Indem Frankreich mich aufnahm, mich adoptierte, mir Unterkunft und Schutz bot, mich aber auch meiner Freiheit für würdig oder unwürdig befand, mir Absolution erteilte oder nicht, hat es mich *gerechtfertigt*; da meine Geschichte so ist, wie sie ist, hat der Libanon diese Rolle nicht übernommen. (TI, Kap. 8, „Position")[16]

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[16] „En vérité, ce que j'ai surtout l'impression d'avoir fait, c'est de prendre les devants en coupant autant que faire se peut l'herbe sous le pied de toutes les personnes qui, quand elles prennent plaisir à m'identifier, aiment à ajouter à « c'est un Français » le syntagme un tantinet rabat-joie « mais d'origine libanaise », comme si cela avait le pouvoir de me remettre à ma place . . . Mais à quelle place ? Dans le cas du naturalisé, quiconque simplifie l'équation identitaire néglige toujours de comprendre à quel point la recherche d'un positionnement stratégique, la réserve tactique, le désir de se tenir à distance de la mêlée, l'inscription délibérée de soi dans une marginalité forcément minoritaire, sont proprement inéluctables. Et qui dirait le contraire mentirait. Le naturalisé a beau vouloir échapper à la nécessité d'une position d'écart, l'adoption de celle-ci ne s'impose pas moins à lui. Pourquoi ? Parce qu'elle résulte en droite ligne de ce que le Français d'adoption diffère du Français de naissance (je ne dis pas de souche, ni de branche) en ce que *le premier n'est jamais tout à fait sûr d'être considéré « pleinement » comme français par le second* (à cet égard, il a même besoin qu'on le rassure), alors que ce dernier n'aura jamais de toute sa vie à se poser la question. Si le naturalisé Français que je suis (je ne parlerai pas pour les autres) est *définitivement* français, il se demandera jusqu'à la fin de ses jours s'il l'est *complètement*. Quoi qu'il dise, quoi qu'il fasse, il aura à vivre sa vie sous le regard surmoïque d'un peut-mieux-faire. Là est la raison pour laquelle, quand je m'entends affirmer « Je suis français à part entière », je ne peux pas non plus m'empêcher de taxer mon propos de mauvaise foi. Est-ce parce que je serais un Français qui jouerait à être français, comme le garçon de café, chez Sartre, joue à être garçon de café ? En aucun cas et sous aucun prétexte ! Si je me suis rendu certain d'une chose, c'est de ceci : en aucune manière je ne suis un Libanais qui se serait glissé, au sortir de l'enfance, dans la peau d'un Français, car si c'était le cas mon équation identitaire, triplement articulée, comme on le verra, ne serait même plus une affaire de mauvaise foi mais de posture et d'imposture. . . . En m'accueillant, en m'adoptant, en m'offrant gîte et protection, mais en me jugeant également digne ou indigne de ma liberté, en m'accordant ou non l'absolution, la France m'a *justifié* ; mon histoire étant ce qu'elle est, le Liban n'a pas tenu ce rôle." (TI, Kap. 8, „Position")

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Part III:
“Whosoever pulleth out this sword of this stone”:
The Middle Ages and Medievalism

Mystery and Mayhem: König Oswalds Karrieren als Märtyrerheiliger und Brautwerber

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Die mittelalterlichen deutschsprachigen Geschichten um den heiligen Oswald bieten allerhand Bemerkenswertes: Ein König von Northumbria aus der ersten Hälfte des 7. Jahrhunderts (634-642), der als Christ im Kampf gegen ein heidnisches Heer fiel, erlebt auf dem Kontinent v. a. im südlichen deutschen Sprachraum im späten Mittelalter eine literarische Wiederauferstehung. Der Kriegerheilige von der britischen Insel, den Beda Venerabilis den „sanctissimum ac uictoriosissimum regem Nordanhymbrorum" (Beda 224) nennt, wird nun zum Brautwerber und Missionar. Dabei „[lieferte] das beliebte Brautwerbungsschema . . . den neuen erzählerischen Zusammenhang" (*MO* VII), in dem aber doch einige Aspekte aus Bedas Berichten und denen seiner Nachfolger erhalten geblieben sind.[1] Welche Bedeutung Oswald zugeschrieben wurde, wird beispielsweise in einer Illustration einer Handschrift der *Chronicles of England* der British Library (1255-1259, BL Cotton MS Claudius D VI, 6v) deutlich, denn Oswald befindet sich hier in vornehmer Gesellschaft: Die vier Abbildungen zeigen „Vterpendragon" und „Arthurus", daneben „Æthelbertus" und schließlich „S[an]c[tu]s Oswaldus", mit der Rechten ein Kreuz stützend, den linken Fuß auf der Schulter eines zu seinen Füßen liegenden Königs (evtl. Cadwallon). Der Platz an Arthurs Seite kommt König Oswald zu, denn er teilt mit ihm zentrale Aspekte: Er missionierte und „proht vil haiden zu kristen glauben" (*HL* 358) und gilt als Vereiner von britannischen Reichen:

> rex Osuald . . . et regna terrarum plus quam ulli maiorum suorum ab eodem uno Deo, qui fecit caelum et terram, consecutus est; denique omnes nationes et prouincias Brittaniae, quae in quattuor linguas, id est Brettonum, Pictorum, Scottorum et Anglorum, diuisae sunt, in dicione accepit.
>
> [König Oswald . . . erlangte auch von dem einen Gott, der Himmel und Erde gemacht hat, mehr Reiche auf Erden als irgendeiner seiner Vorfahren; er brachte schließlich alle Völker und Länder Britanniens, die in vier Sprachen, nämlich die der Briten, Picten, Iren [sic] und Engländer, aufgeteilt sind, unter seine Oberhoheit.] (Beda 222-23)

Beda folgend wird diese Einschätzung nicht nur in der *Nova legenda Anglie* aufgenommen:

> This blessyd man beyng instruct with worde and example of seynt Aydane nat oonly atteyned a full hope of an Euerlastynge kyngdome / but also of Erthely kyngdomes he had more lordshyp then any of his auncestours / for he atteyned nat oonly the kyngdom of Deir and Bernysshe / but also all the Nacions of Brytayne / wherin then were .iiii.

[1] Vgl. zum „Cult of St. Oswalds on the Continent" z. B. Clemoes.

> dyuers speches bryttysshe / scottysshe / englysshe / & of the pictes he toke in his domynion . . . (NLA 83v).[2]

Auch in deutschsprachigen Legendaren wird durchaus auf diese für deutschsprachige Leser*innen des Mittelalters und der Frühen Neuzeit nicht unbedingt notwendige historische Leistung hingewiesen:

> Dirre Oswaldus was so follekomen in allen túgenden daz ime got in zit so grosse gnode det daz er herre úber viere lant wart die sinre vorderen keinre nie besessen hette: dis was Engellant, Schottenlant, Britanie vnd Pycardie. (ELA 796)

Sogar die sehr knappe Darstellung im altenglischen Martyrologium nennt neben seinem Gebet für die Seelen seiner Krieger und dem Verbleib seiner Gebeine konkret nur die Größe seines Reiches:

> Him wæron underðeodde ða feowera þeoda þe syndon on Bretene, þæt syndon Brytwalas ond Peohtas ond Scottas ond Ongle.
>
> [Subjected to him were the four nations which are in Britain, namely the Britons and the Picts and the Gaels [sic] and the English.] (OEM 154-55)

So einig sich die zahlreichen Texte zu Oswald in manchen Punkten auch sind, so unterschiedlich sind sie insgesamt. Sie zeigen eine „bunte[ ] Vielfalt“ und nur schwer zu fassende „übergreifende Rezeptionszusammenhänge“ (Kiening 93).[3]

Die Texte der sog. deutschen Spielmannsepik[4] gehen dabei eigene Wege, sind aber nicht völlig unabhängig von der historiographisch-legendarischen Tradition – und umgekehrt. Während die so genannten spielmännischen Texte bekannt und greifbar sind, ist eine vollständige Erfassung der lateinischen, englischen und deutschen (und anderssprachiger) Werke noch nicht erfolgt, wenn auch die Legendare in den letzten Jahren deutlich mehr Forschungsinteresse auf sich gezogen haben.[5] Anhand einiger Texte zu Oswald sollen im Folgenden Hauptmotive, d. h. solche, die eine Art Standard-Repertoire zum heiligen Oswald bilden, vorgestellt und vergleichend untersucht werden. Auch hier kann keine Vollständigkeit angestrebt werden, aber die vielfältigen Verbindungen und Beeinflussungen der Erzähltraditionen sollen damit weiter erhellt werden. Folgende Texte wurden berücksichtigt:

[2] Hier wie im Folgenden wird ggf. der besseren Lesbarkeit halber leicht in die Texte eingegriffen (Vereinheitlichung von Zeichen [z. B. s-Varianten], Auflösung von Kürzeln und Superskripten etc.).
[3] Kiening spricht hier von den ‚spielmännischen‘ Texten; seine Aussage lässt sich aber auf die gesamte Überlieferung zum heiligen Oswald beziehen.
[4] Zur Problematik des Begriffs vgl. bereits grundlegend Curschmann, *Spielmannsepik* 1-6.
[5] Vgl. etwa Williams-Krapp, *Legendare*, mit dem „Verzeichnis deutscher und niederländischer Hagiographie“, 379-472.

1. deutsche Texte der sog. ‚spielmännischen' Tradition[6]

Der *Münchner Oswald* (MO, Vers)	15. Jh.
Der *Berliner Oswald* (BerlO, Prosa)	15. Jh.
Der *Budapester Oswald* (BudO, Prosa)	15. Jh.
Der *Stuttgarter Oswald* (SO, Prosa)[7]	15. Jh.
Der *Wiener Oswald* (WO, Vers)	ca. 1500

2. deutsche legendarische Texte[8]

Das *Bebenhauser Legendar* (BL)[9]	15. Jh.
Die *Elsässische Legenda Aurea* (ELA)[10]	um 1350
Die *Harburger Legenda Aurea II* (HLA II)	Mitte 15. Jh.
Die *Thalbacher Legenda Aurea* (TLA)	1471
Der Heiligen Leben (HL)	Ende 14. Jh.
Der Heiligen Leben, Redaktion (HLR)	15. Jh.
Das *Buch der Märtyrer* (Mb)	wohl Ende 13. Jh.
Die *Schwäbischen Heiligenpredigten* (SP)[11]	Ende 14. Jh.

[6] Vgl. zu MO und SO Curschmann, *Münchner Oswald*; zu BerlO und BudO Curschmann, *Oswald (Prosafassungen)* sowie zu WO Curschmann, *Wiener Oswald*. Der *Linzer Oswald* bzw. *Sant Oswald von Norwegen* steht im Kontext der deutschsprachigen Oswald-Texte isoliert. Der nur in wenigen Fragmenten erhaltene Text fokussiert eine Schlacht von Christen gegen Heiden, auf deren Seite u. a. Zedvla und Benda stehen, die wohl mit Cadwallon und Penda identifiziert werden können. Allerdings treten auch historische Figuren aus dem 12. und 13. Jahrhundert und fiktive Gestalten in Erscheinung. Wegen des Fragmentstatus, der kaum klare Aussagen ermöglicht, wird er hier nicht berücksichtigt. Vgl. zu Text und Einordnung Curschmann, „Sant Oswald von Norwegen".

[7] Zingerle bietet Ausschnitte des Texts.

[8] Vgl. zu den Legendaren und ihren Abhängigkeiten Williams-Krapp, *Legendare*.

[9] Es gibt bisher keine Ausgabe des BL; die Bayerische Staatsbibliothek München hat mir dankenswerterweise ein Digitalisat des cgm 257 zur Verfügung gestellt.

[10] Vgl. zu den deutschsprachigen Übersetzungen der *Legenda Aurea* Kunze und Williams-Krapp, „Legenda Aurea".

[11] Die SP werden zitiert nach dem Cod. theol. et phil. 2° 64, dessen Digitalisat mir die Landesbibliothek Stuttgart dankenswerterweise zur Verfügung gestellt hat.

3. lateinische historiographische und legendarische Texte

Beda Venerabilis: *Historia ecclesiastica Gentis Anglorum* (Beda)[12]	731
Reginald of Durham: *Vita s. Oswaldi Regis et Martyris* (RoD)	Mitte 12. Jh.

4. englische legendarische Texte

The Old English Martyrology (OEM)[13]	9. Jh.
Nova Legenda Angliae (NLA)[14]	14./16. Jh.

Die beiden erzählerischen Hauptstränge, die auch zeitlich durchaus Grenzbereiche markieren – Bedas *Historia* und der *Münchner Oswald* – sollen im Folgenden kurz vorgestellt werden.

Bedas *Kirchengeschichte des Englischen Volkes* war in Mittelalter und Früher Neuzeit sehr wirkmächtig und ist heute eine der wichtigsten Quellen für die frühe Geschichte der britischen Insel. Beginnend in vorchristlicher Zeit, fokussiert Beda die Christianisierung der Angelsachsen und dabei auch Northumbria, bezieht aber auch die übrige Insel und die Beziehungen zum Kontinent mit ein. Insgesamt stellt er die Kirchengeschichte, aber (damit zusammenhängend) auch die politische Geschichte dar, immer wieder anhand einzelner Herrscher wie etwa Oswald, der für ihn aus der Reihe der Könige deutlich herausragt „als das Musterbild eines *rex iustus*" (Hoffmann 26), als „a model of kingly sanctity" (Ridyard 92). Neben genealogischen Aspekten konzentriert sich Beda auf die beiden bedeutenden Schlachten Oswalds – die siegreiche Schlacht bei Heavenfield gegen Cadwallon und die Schlacht bei Maserfield gegen Penda von Mercia, in der er fiel –, in denen er ihn als „Kämpfer für den christlichen Glauben im Kriege" zeigt, auch wenn die Schlacht von Heavenfield gegen „die christlichen Briten unter Cadwallon" (Hoffmann 26) geführt wurde, der aber als ‚unchristlich' grausam gezeichnet wird. Ergänzt werden diese Schilderungen jeweils um an diesen Or-

[12] Die altenglische Version wurde nicht eigens berücksichtigt. Vgl. dazu Lemke.
[13] Vgl. zur problematischen Datierung OEM 1-4.
[14] Für die Analyse wurde im Wesentlichen die gekürzte englische Fassung, gedruckt 1516 in London von Rycharde Pynson, herangezogen; die umfangreichere lateinische Sammlung wird ggf. zitiert als NLA lat. nach der Ausgabe von Horstman. Die Edition basiert auf dem Druck von 1516, der auf die Sammlung von John Tynemoth aus dem 14. Jh. und die ‚Neuordnung' der Legenden (wohl nicht) durch John Capgrave (15. Jh.) zurückgeht (vgl. Bd. 1, IX). Vgl. zu John Capgrave und der *Nova Legenda Angliae* auch Lucas.

ten und in Zusammenhang mit Oswalds Gebeinen stattfindende Wunder. Darüber hinaus schildert er ausführlich Oswalds Missionswillen und seine Verbindung mit dem Mönch Aidan.[15]

Der *Münchner Oswald*, nach der handschriftlichen Überlieferung aus dem 15. Jahrhundert, aber vermutlich mit einem hochmittelalterlichen Vorläufer (MO VIII), bietet wohl die literarisch wertvollste und am konsequentesten ausgearbeitete Brautwerbungserzählung um den heiligen Oswald, die mit legendarischen Zügen – der Mission der Heiden und der keuschen Ehe, die zum ewigen Seelenheil führt – angereichert wird.

Erzählt werden – nach Christian Schmidt-Cadalbert[16] – die ‚Herrscherbeschreibung', eine ausgedehnte ‚Ratszene' mit dem weltlichen Rat Oswalds, der keine adäquate Braut weiß, und dem Pilger Warmunt (was wohl als sprechender Name verstanden werden kann),[17] der die Heidenprinzessin benennt und auch den passenden Boten (den Raben) findet, der entsprechend ausgestattet wird. Die ‚Botenfahrt' des Raben bringt ihn auf dem Hinweg in Gefangenschaft auf dem Meeresgrund, wohin ihn ein *merweib* verschleppt hat; mit Gottes Hilfe kann er sich retten und kommt ins Land Aron (Auch der König – der Vater der Braut – heißt so). Dort wird er trotz kluger List gefangen, wird aber durch die Königstochter Paug gerettet und kann so Botschaft und Ring Oswalds überbringen und dadurch Paugs Einverständnis zu einer Eheschließung mit Oswald und der damit verbundenen Taufe erlangen. Auch der Rückweg liefert ein Abenteuer, denn der wiederum von Paug geschickte Ring fällt ins Meer und es bedarf der göttlichen Hilfe durch einen Einsiedler, um ihn wiederzubekommen. Die in *Engellant* ausgerichtete Botschaft Paugs führt zur ‚Fahrt des Brautwerbers'. Mit Hilfe der Königstochter gelingt die Entführung; der unvermeidliche ‚Verfolgungskampf' inkludiert hier die Bekehrung der Heiden. Am Ende steht zu Hause ein ‚Hoffest', dem die Prüfung Oswalds durch Gott folgt, die dieser (natürlich) besteht. Der Schluss schließlich erzählt von der Erfüllung des göttlichen Keuschheitsgebots in der Ehe, vom Tod und der Himmelfahrt der Seelen des Paares. BerlO, BudO und SO basieren auf dem MO, zum Teil folgen sie der Vorlage bis in die Formulierungen, setzen aber auch eigene Akzente; hervorzuheben ist dabei der BerlO, in dem das Thema der Brautwerbung deutlich fokussiert wird unter Vernachlässigung des legendarischen Anteils. Konsequenterweise steht am Ende das weltliche Lebens-

[15] Vgl. zum historischen König Oswald und seiner Verehrung u. a.: Hoffmann, Rollason, Kirby, Ridyard und den Sammelband von Stancliffe und Cambridge.
[16] Vgl. Schmidt-Cadalbert; das vollständige Schema befindet sich auf S. 95.
[17] Oswald wird in der Innsbrucker Handschrift des MO (Landesmuseum Ferdinandeum, Cod. FB 1114) etymologisch nicht falsch als „das ist von gots gewalt" (MO, Apparat, 33b) gedeutet.

modell und Oswalds Ehe wird mit Kindern gesegnet. Der WO bietet einen anderen Schluss, in dem der Vater der Braut, in England eingekerkert, durch eine Vision bekehrt wird und schließlich zu Hause missioniert.

Als Motive, die im Folgenden untersucht werden sollen, wurden solche gewählt, die entweder sehr stabil in den genannten Texten vorkommen oder die in auffälliger Weise mit Oswald verbunden sind, sich aber in den Texten deutlich verändern. Im Einzelnen sind dies: a) Oswalds *milte*, b) das Motiv des Kreuzes mit Oswalds Gebet um Seelenheil für seine Kämpfer sowie c) der Rabe.

Oswalds *milte*, seine Freigiebigkeit, ist bei allen unterschiedlichen Erzählungen über ihn die herausragende Eigenschaft des Königs. In den ‚spielmännischen' Texten wird sie zum Epitheton Oswalds, der beispielsweise im MO entweder „sand Oswalt" (MO V. 5) oder eben „der milt kun[i]g Oswalt" (MO V. 27) genannt wird und schon zu Beginn als der „miltiste[] man / so er daz leben ie gewan" (MO V. 3-4.) eingeführt wird. Ähnlich ist es in den anderen Texten dieser Gruppe.[18] Narrativ ausgestaltet wird dieses Motiv meist in einer göttlichen Probe am Ende der Geschichte: Bei der Flucht vor dem ‚Schwiegervater' betet Oswald und bietet Gott für den Fall, dass er ihm hilft, Folgendes an:

> „himlischer trachtein,
> nu nim hin die treu[e] mein,
> daz mich auf ertreich chain man
> nimmer mer nichts gepiten chan,
> – wes er durch deinen willen begert,
> her got, des wirt er alles gewert:
> er pit mich umb purg oder umb land,
> wes er mich durch deinen willen ermant,
> und pät er mich umb daz haub[e]t mein,
> ich gäb im ez durch den willen dein . . ."
> (MO V. 2799-808)

Den abschließenden Höhepunkt des MO bildet die direkte Begegnung Oswalds mit Gott, der ihn nun auf Herz und Nieren testet, indem er anonym als Pilger einfordert, was dieser ihm auf dem Meer versprochen hatte: Er bittet ihn mehrfach um Speisen, um einen wertvollen Kelch und ein ebensolches Tischtuch, schließlich um Oswalds Land und auch um seine Frau. Da all diese Bitten im Namen Gottes vorgebracht werden, erfüllt Oswald sie wie versprochen und nimmt den vorgeblichen Pilger auch vor seinen Leuten in Schutz, die diese Penetranz nicht dulden wollen. Seine Frau übergibt er allerdings nur mit deren Ein-

[18] Im BerlO 194, V. 2-3, heißt es parallel zu Beginn: „der selbig her wz der aller miltest man"; der SO nennt die *milte* bereits in der Überschrift: „Von dem hochgelopten milten vnd edeln könig sant Oswalt von engellant" (248v); im BuO 470, spricht etwa der Rabe Oswald mit „milltter kunig" an; auch im WO V. 31 wird der Protagonist „der milde sinte Oswalt" genannt.

verständnis, das diese aber sofort gibt, denn „waz ist gottes will daz sol . . . geschehen!“ (MO V. 3454). Als er nach einem Kleidertausch nun selbst auf Pilgerreise gehen will, ruft Gott ihn zurück, gibt sich zu erkennen und gibt ihm alle Güter wieder – nur die Ehe mit Paug soll keusch sein (MO V. 3510). „Oswalds Macht und Besitz sind damit buchstäblich göttlichen Ursprungs, damit aber auch an die Bedingung der Josefsehe geknüpft“ (Then-Westphal 209) und direkt mit der Freigiebigkeit Oswalds begründet.

Die historiographisch-legendarische Tradition kennt auch die immer wiederkehrende Auszeichnung Oswalds als freigiebig und den Armen Almosen spendend, der Kern des Motivs wird aber in einer anderen Episode erzählt: Als Oswald, der regelmäßig die Armen speist, sich zusammen mit einem Bischof (manchmal Aidan) gerade vor einem mit Speisen gefüllten Silberteller zum Mahl niederlässt, wird ihm zugetragen, dass viele Arme vor den Toren sind, die Almosen erbitten. Bei Beda heißt es darauf:

> Qui mox dapes sibimet adpositas deferri pauperibus, sed et discum confringi, atque eisdem minutatim diuidi praecepit. Quo uiso pontifex, qui adsidebat, delectatus tali facto pietatis, adprehendit dexteram eius et ait: „Numquam inueterescat haec manus.“ Quod et ita iuxta uotum benedictionis eius prouenit; nam cum, interfecto illo in pugna, manus cum brachio a cetero essent corpore resectae, contigit, ut hactenus incorruptae perdurent.
>
> [Er befahl sogleich, die ihm vorgesetzten Speisen den Armen zu bringen, auch den Teller zu zerbrechen und stückeweise unter ihnen zu verteilen. Als dies der Bischof, der dabei saß, sah, ergriff er, voll Freude über solche Liebestat, dessen rechte Hand und sagte: „Niemals soll diese Hand altern.“ Was auch gemäß seinem Segen geschah; denn als nach seinem Tode in der Schlacht die Hand mit dem Arm vom übrigen Körper abgetrennt wurde, ereignete es sich, daß sie bis heute unversehrt erhalten blieb.] (Beda 222-25)

In ähnlicher Weise ist diese Episode in fast allen untersuchten legendarischen Texte vorhanden. Reginald of Durham erzählt diesen Part ohnehin sehr nah an Beda, aber auch die deutschen Legendare BL, ELA, HL, HLR, HLA II, SP und TLA berichten mehr oder weniger ausführlich von der Silberschale/Silberschüssel, dem Armsegen und dem Armwunder. Auch im altenglischen Martyrologium wird zumindest das Armwunder kurz erwähnt mit Bezug auf den Aufbewahrungsort der Reliquie: „His handa siondan ungebrosnode in þaere cynelican ceastre seo ys nemned Bebbanburh“ (OEM 154). Auch die NLA berichtet knapp von den Ereignissen:

> He was a great gyuer of almes and wolde suffre no Cristen man go openly on beggynge / As he & seynt Aydaneo Eester day satte at dyner a great multitude of pore men came to aske almes and the kynge hauynge no other thynge redy at hande gaue theym a dysshe of syluer with mete therin / & the bysshop seynge his great charyte / toke his hande and prayed to almyghty god that that hande which was so redy to gyue almes shuld neuer Rotte and his prayer was herde. (NLA 83v)

HL und HLR bieten beide Geschichten, indem die Tradition, basierend auf Beda, mit der Brautwerbungsgeschichte kombiniert wird. Im Kontext des Armsegens und Armwunders wird hier ein weiteres Teilmotiv ergänzt: Oswald lässt eine Glocke her- und bereitstellen; „Di gloken schoelten di arm alweg levten, wenn si fuer in woelten. Vnd wann sant Oswalt di gloken hort, so riht er den armen zu hant“ (HL 364, Z. 23-25). Diese Glocke wird auch im Mb erwähnt, das zwar insgesamt auch Oswalds Tätigkeit für die Armen hervorhebt, ansonsten aber eher den Märtyrertod fokussiert (Mb V. 15100-09).

Wie geradezu sprichwörtlich Oswalds *milte* im Mittelalter bzw. in der Frühen Neuzeit war, zeigen einige Strophen anonym überlieferter Sprüche in Tönen des Sangspruchdichters Regenbogen, die in der Kolmarer Liederhandschrift (k; um 1460) enthalten sind. Beide Sprüche[19] – Regb/1/537-538 – fokussieren die *milte*; am Ende der ersten Strophe des ersten Spruchs wird „kung oswald“ in eine Reihe mit dem heiligen Johannes und Augustinus gestellt, am Ende der zweiten Strophe wird konkret auf Oswalds *milte* um Gottes Willen Bezug genommen: „so gab auch gab dorch yn Osswalt“.[20] Im achten und dreizehnten Vers der dritten Strophe des zweiten Spruchs wird jeweils auf das Armwunder hingewiesen: „Oswaldes arm nit sulen [fulen?] sol der milte sin zu lone“ bzw. „Oswaldes arm nit fulen sol dorch miltes bieten here“. Damit wird ein Zusammenhang zur legendarischen Erzähltradition hergestellt, da die ‚spielmännische‘ davon in der Regel nicht berichtet. Eine Ausnahme bildet BuO, in dem die Brautwerbungsgeschichte von einer genealogischen Einordnung und (mehr oder weniger) historischen Daten gerahmt wird; so wird am Ende auch im Kontext der Erhebung der Gebeine Oswalds von dem „zaichen“ berichtet, dass „sein rechte hannt dannoch unverwest [was]“ (BuO 491).

Das Kreuz als Zeichen des christlichen Glaubens ist in legendarischen Texten kaum unerwartet; in den Erzählungen um den heiligen Oswald tritt es in verschiedenen Ausgestaltungen in Erscheinung. Im Kontext der Schlacht von Heavenfield berichtet Beda Venerabilis:

> Ostenditur autem usque hodie et in magna ueneratione habetur locus ille, ubi uenturus ad hanc pugnam Osuald signum sanctae crucis erexit, ac flexis genibus Deum deprecatus est, ut in tanta rerum necessitate suis cultoribus caelesti succurreret auxilio. Denique fertur, quia facta citato opere cruce, ac fouea praeparata, in qua statui deberet, ipse fide feruens hanc arripuerit ac foueae inposuerit atque utraque manu erectam tenuerit, donce adgesto a militius puluere terrae figeretur; et hoc facto, elata in altum uoce cuncto

[19] Im RSM, 43, werden beide Sprüche als ein fünfstrophiges Lied unter Regb/1/537-538 geführt; allerdings steht über der ‚dritten‘ Strophe eine neue Überschrift („von der gottes miltikeit“), sodass auf Basis der Überlieferung (auch) von zwei Sprüchen, einem zwei- und einem dreistrophigen, ausgegangen werden kann.

[20] Ich zitiere aus der Handschrift mit der Unterstützung der in Vorbereitung befindlichen Edition im Portal *Lyrik des deutschen Mittelalters (LDM)* (https://www.ldm-digital.de/) durch Judith Lange, die mir ihre Vorarbeiten dankenswerterweise zur Verfügung gestellt hat.

> exercitui proclamauerit: „Flectamus omnes genua, et Deum omnipotentem uiuum ac uerum in commune deprecemur, ut nos ab hoste superbo ac feroce sua miseratione defendat; scit enim ipse, quia iusta pro salute gentis nostrae bella suscepimus." . . . In cuius loco orationis innumerae uirtutes sanitatum noscuntur esse patratae, ad indicium uidelicet ac memoriam fidei regis. Nam et usque hodie multi de ipso ligno sacrosanctae crucis astulas excidere solent, quas cum in aquas miserint, eisque languentes homines aut pecudes potauerint siue asperserint, mox sanitait restituuntur.
>
> [Bis heute wird jener Ort gezeigt und in großen Ehren gehalten, wo Oswald, als er in die Schlacht ging, das Zeichen des heiligen Kreuzes errichtete und auf Knien Gott inständig bat, in solcher Bedrängnis seinen Verehrern mit himmlischer Hilfe beizustehen. Außerdem wird noch berichtet, daß er, nachdem das Kreuz in schneller Arbeit gemacht und das Loch, in dem es stehen sollte, vorbereitet war, es selbst im Glaubenseifer ergriff und in das Loch stellte und mit beiden Händen aufrecht hielt, bis es von Soldaten mit Erde festgestampft war; und als dies geschehen war, verkündete er dem ganzen Heer mit zum Himmel erhobener Stimme: „Laßt uns alle niederknien und den allmächtigen, lebendigen und wahren Gott gemeinsam anflehen, daß er uns gegen den hochmütigen und wilden Feind durch sein Erbarmen beschütze; er weiß nämlich, daß wir für das Wohl unseres Stammes einen gerechten Krieg begonnen haben." . . . Am Ort seines Gebets ereigneten sich bekanntermaßen unzählige Wunderheilungen als Zeichen und Gedenken des Glaubens des Königs. Noch bis heute pflegen viele aus dem Holz des hochheiligen Kreuzes Splitter herauszubrechen; wenn sie diese in Wasser getaucht und es kraftlosen Menschen oder Haustieren zu trinken gegeben oder sie damit besprengt haben, werden diese sogleich geheilt.] (Beda 210-11)

Oswalds Glaubenseifer wird hier vorgeführt, indem erst selbst Hand anlegt bei der Errichtung des Kreuzes und anschließend zum gemeinsamen Gebet aufruft. Typisch für Oswald sind die genannten Heiligungswunder, hier durch das Trinken von mit Kreuzsplittern geheiligtem Wasser.[21] Ähnliches wird später von der Erde des Todesortes berichtet und auch von der Erde, die mit dem Wasser der Waschung von Oswalds Gebeinen getränkt wurde (Beda 232-39). Als Beispiel für eine solche Wunderheilung berichtet Beda vom Armbruch Bothelms, zu dessen Heilung „aliquid de ueteri musci, quo superficies ligni erat obsita" (etwas von dem alten Moos, mit dem die Oberfläche des Holzes bedeckt war; Beda 212-13) genügt.[22] Die ELA berichtet knapp ganz ähnlich von der Errichtung des Kreuzes, wobei Oswald dies hier ohne besondere Erwähnung ebenfalls selbst tut: „vnd richte ein hulczin crúce uf mitten vnder sinem folke" (ELA 795); und vom Aufruf

[21] Nicht zuletzt durch die Formulierung „de ipso ligno sacrosanctae crucis" wird Oswald hier durch die Kreuzsplitter in die Nähe Christi gerückt.

[22] Die Wunder-Episode, die am stabilsten in den hagiographisch-legendarischen Texten auftritt, ereignet sich am Ort von Oswalds Tod: Als ein Mann in der Nähe vorbeireitet wird sein Pferd so krank, dass es sich auf dem Boden wälzt; als es dabei mit der Erde von Oswalds Sterbeort in Berührung kommt, wird es geheilt. Der Mann berichtet anschließende in einer Herberge von diesem Ort, da die Tochter/Enkelin/ein Mädchen krank ist, die dann ebenfalls dort geheilt wird (vgl. Beda 232-35; ELA 797; HL 365-66.; HLR 353vb-354rb; HLA II 16rb [ohne die Heilung des Mädchens]; Mb V. 15210-53; TLA 187rb-187va; die NLA erzählt Wunder nicht aus).

zum gemeinsamen Gebet. Nach dem Sieg heißt es zu den Wundertaten recht lapidar: „Do von stot daz crúcze noch an der selben stat vnd beschehent do grosse zeichen, wenn es daz erste zeichen Cristi was daz ie in dem lande wart uf gestellet“ (ELA 796); damit wird zu Oswalds Missionstätigkeit übergeleitet. In der TLA wird dieses Motiv etwas abgewandelt, denn hier richtet Oswald nach gewonnener Schlacht „den fanen / Des hailigen Cruczes [vff] vnd lobt da gott das er im beholffen hett / Des siges wider sin viend“ (TLA 186vb). Das Kreuz und damit zusammenhängende Wunder werden in einigen Texten auch mit der Schlacht von Maserfield verbunden, in der Oswald starb. HL bzw. HLR und HLA II berichten in diesem Kontext von einer Stimme, die den Tod Oswalds und seines Heeres und das damit errungene Seelenheil verkündet: „du solt an deinem gelauben starck beleiben Du vnuber windlicher ritter gotes wenn du mit allem deinem volck solt morgen nach uolgen dem himlischen reich“ (HLA II 15vb-16ra). Oswald wird darum „frolich“ und spricht zu seinen Gefolgsleuten: „O ir starcken ritter gotes seitt starck uff dem feld vnd fechtet mit dem alten schlangen so enpfachent ir das ewige reich“ (HLA II 16ra) und ruft zum gemeinsamen Gebet auf.[23] Auch von der Heilung durch in Wasser gelegte Kreuzspäne wird in den drei Legendaren berichtet.[24]

Die englische NLA erzählt knapp von der Aufstellung des Kreuzes bei der Schlacht von Heavenfield, vom kollektiven Gebet und allgemein von Wundern:

> and when they shuld go to batayle he set vp a Crosse & made ye people knele downe & pray for helpe in their rightwyse quarel . . . / & by ye sayd Crosse / & also in the sayd place where he made his prayer that is called Heuynfelde / great myracles haue be done . . . (NLA 83r [fälschlich notiert: 77])

Das Gebet Oswalds für das Seelenheil seiner Gefolgsleute wird nur recht lapidar erwähnt: „as he was slayne he was in prayers deuoutly prayeng for hym & for ye people“ (NLA 84r).[25] Dieses Gebet für die Seelen seiner Leute zum Zeitpunkt seines Todes wird bei Beda als ‚sprichwörtlich‘ bezeichnet:

> Vulgatum est autem, et in consuetudinem prouerbii uersum, quod etiam inter uerba orationis uitam finierit; namque cum armis et hostibus circumseptus iamiamque uideret se esse perimendum, orauit pro animabus exercitus sui. Vnde dicunt in prouerbio: „Deus miserere animabus, dixit Osuald cadens in terram.“
>
> [Es ist außerdem bekannt und zum Sprichwort geworden, daß er auch während des Gebets sein Leben beschloß; denn als er, von Waffen und Feinden umringt, sah, daß er jeden Augenblick sterben müsse, betete er für die Seelen seines Heeres. Daher sagt man im Sprichtwort [sic]: „Gott, erbarme Dich der Seelen, sagte Oswald, als er zu Boden stürzte.“] (Beda 240-41)

[23] HL und HLR schildern die Szene sehr ähnlich, vgl. HL 365, HLR 352vb-353ra.
[24] Vgl. HL 367; HLR 355vb; HLA II 16rb.
[25] Die NLA lat. bietet hier wie insgesamt etwas gekürzt den Text Bedas (NLA lat., 262).

Der an Christus am Kreuz erinnernde Gebetswunsch findet sich auch z. B. sehr ähnlich in HL, HLR und HLA II:

> Vnd do er sach das das volck alse sere der nider lag do schrey er zu got Vnd sprach herre jhesu criste enpfache ir sele die sich durch deinen namen jn den tod vnd in die marter gegeben haben. (HLA II 16ra)[26]

Auch im Text des sehr knapp gehaltenen OEM wird er erwähnt:

> Oswald endade his lif in gebedes wordum ða hine mon sloh, ond þa he feol on eorþan, þa cwæð he: „Deus miserere animabus." He cwæþ: „God, miltsa þu saulum." (OEM 154)

Da in der ‚spielmännischen' Erzähl-Tradition nicht von diesen Schlachten und dem Märtyrertod Oswalds berichtet wird, finden sich hier nicht die gleichen Verarbeitungen des Kreuz-Motivs, aber es spielt dennoch eine große Rolle.[27] Vor seiner Brautwerbungsfahrt lässt Oswald im MO für sein 72.000 Mann starkes Heer „zwai und sibtzig tausent creutz guldein" (MO V. 1465) anfertigen, die alle als ‚Kreuzfahrer' ausweisen und an denen sie später auch als Christen erkannt werden.[28] In der Schlacht gegen Aron und sein Heer und auch bei der anschließenden Bekehrung Arons spielt das Kreuz keine Rolle;[29] allerdings kommt es auch hier zu einem gemeinsamen Gebet, zu dem Oswald sein Gefolge anleitet, aber nicht im Kontext der Schlacht, sondern als man entdeckt, dass der Rabe, ohne den das Vorhaben nicht gelingen kann, in *Engellant* vergessen wurde. Oswald spricht:

> „ir sult volgen meiner ler:
> ir werden helt guot,
> nempt alle[e] ( ) an euch vesten muot.
> seit der manhait stät
> und ziecht ab eur stre*it*g[e]w*ät*.
> ir stoltzen recken werden,
> nu vall iegleicher ( ) kräutzstal auf die erden;
> freien und dienstman,
> *ruofet* got von himel an
> und pit die himlisch kun[i]gin,
> daz si uns helf froleich von hin!"
> (MO V. 1760-70)

[26] Vgl. HL 356, und HLR 353rb.
[27] Auch das Gebet für das Seelenheil der eigenen Leute kann hier freilich nicht integriert werden, da Oswalds Heer siegreich ist; der Tod in der Schlacht wird aber von Oswald durchaus als Weg zum Seelenheil deklariert (MO V. 1546-52).
[28] Als die Kreuze fertig sind, gibt es ein großes Gedränge, denn „ieglicher wolt sich hart schamen, / solt er der kräutz nicht ain[e]s haben" (MO V. 1611-12); darüber hinaus dient es auch unter den Christen als Erkennungszeichen, sollte es zum Kampf gegen die *haiden* kommen (MO V. 1613-16).
[29] Oswalds Kampfeseifer wird allerdings ähnlich geschildert, denn auch hier heißt es: „sand Oswalt der weigant / fuort den sturmvon in sein selb[es] hand" (MO V. 2903-04; vgl. auch 2878).

Dieses gemeinsame, äußerst demütige Gebet, mit ausgestreckten Armen (in kreuzesform) auf dem Boden liegend,[30] wird erhört, sodass in der Folge der Rabe zu ihnen stößt und die Werbung schließlich erfolgreich ist. Ähnlich, wenn auch knapper, ist die Darstellung in BuO und SO (BuO 478-79; SO 259r-260r, 261v); der BerlO verzichtet auf die Kreuze, das Gebet um den Raben befiehlt Oswald für die Besatzungen aller Schiffe (BerlO 204, Z. 17-28). Deutlich anders verfährt der WO: Es gibt keine Kreuze für Oswalds Gefolge und auch kein Gebet für den Raben; stattdessen schickt Oswald zunächst einige seiner Leute zurück, den Raben zu holen, der aber nur kommen will, wenn Oswald selbst umkehrt, was auch geschieht (WO V. 815-82). Im Zusammenhang mit Oswald wird das Kreuz später kurz erwähnt: Als Oswalds Frau von ihrem eingekerkerten Vater erfährt, dass er durch eine Vision bekehrt ist, eilt sie zu ihrem Mann und findet diesen „an sime gebete . . . vor dem cruze . . . ligen“ (WO V. 1338-40). Oswalds Gebet vor dem Kreuz erinnert leicht an die Darstellung bei Beda; ein direkter Bezug kann aus einer so knappen Erwähnung freilich nicht geschlossen werden. Oswalds intensive Hinwendung zu Kreuz und Gebet wird aber in allen Texten deutlich.

Der Rabe in den Texten um den heiligen Oswald gehört zu den meist untersuchten Motiven.[31] Er tritt in drei ‚Teilmotiven‘ in Erscheinung: der Rabe als göttlicher Chrisam-Bote, der Rabe als Werbungshelfer und der Rabe als Totenvogel auf dem Schlachtfeld. Die Darstellung in HL beginnt mit einem knappen Preis von Oswalds christlichen Qualitäten, gefolgt von der Aussage, dass Gott ihn daher als König einsetzen möchte. Bei der Königsweihe kommt es allerdings – vordergründig – zu einem Missgeschick, das aber in eine Erhöhung Oswalds mündet:

> Vnd do man in zu kuenig scholt weihen, do zuran des kresems. Daz was gotz wille, wann ez kom ain rab von himel, der proht ain guldenew puehsen mit kresem in dem snabel dor zu. Vnd dem raben hing ain prief an dem hals vnd der prief waz versigelt mit ainem guldein kruetz. Vnd der rab kund latein reden vnd was sproch man wolt. Vnd der rab sprach: „Ich pring den kresem von himel.“ Do lasen si den prief. Dor an stund geschriben, daz den kresem sant Peter der zwelfpot selber gesegent het. Vnd der rab belaib dor noch in sant Oswaltz hof. (HL 358, Z. 7-15)[32]

[30] Die Prostratio ist auch heute etwa bei der Priesterweihe oder im Karfreitagsgottesdienst üblich.

[31] Vgl. zu Raben in der Literatur Winst. Vgl. zu Oswalds Raben etwa Müller; Dietl; Bockwyt.

[32] Vgl. HLR 344va-b; Winst 188-89, zitiert diese Episode aus einer niederdeutschen Passional-Fassung, die die Oswald-Legende ganz ähnlich HL und HLR erzählt, an, vgl. *Van Sunte Oswaldo deme konninghe*. Ein Druck ist auch online einsehbar unter: https://digital.staatsbibliothek-berlin.de/werkansicht?PPN=PPN789425297&view=overview-toc&PHYSID=PHYS_0211&DMDID=. 26.03.2023. In diesem *Passionael efte leuent vnde lydent der hyllighen* (Lübeck, Steffen Arndes 1492; GW M11503), CIIr, wird Oswald mit dem Chrisam und Brief bringenden Raben auf einem Holzschnitt gezeigt, allerdings trägt er von Oswald auch einen Ring weg, was auf die Brautwerbungshandlung verweist.

Dieser Rabe als Bote Gottes, durch den er Oswalds Auserwähltheit öffentlich bestätigt, hat Gemeinsamkeiten mit dem Werbungshelfer aus den ‚spielmännischen' Texten. Der vom Pilger Warmunt als Bote ins Spiel gebrachte Rabe lebt an Oswalds Hof,[33] allerdings bisher als ‚normaler' Rabe. Warmunt jedoch weiß mehr:

„*er* hat von unserm herrn daz gepot
. . .
daz dein rab ist redent worden,
daz glaub mir furst hochgeporen."
(MO V. 355-58)

Der Rabe kann aufgrund eines göttlichen Befehls sprechen. Das wird kurz darauf noch einmal betont und durchaus als Wunder gekennzeichnet, wenn der Rabe (wiederum nur durch göttliches Eingreifen) vom Turm herab zu Warmunt kommt:

der himlische trachtein
tet da sein genad schein
und gab dem raben an der stund,
daz er alle sprach wol reden chunt.
(MO V. 391-94)

Dieses an Pfingsten erinnernde Fremdsprachenwunder entfaltet allerdings narrativ keine sicht- bzw. hörbare Wirkung, denn der Rabe kann zwar wie mit Warmunt und Oswald auch mit Paug und ihrem Vater Aron sprechen, aber das kann später auch Oswald, ohne ausdrücklich mit solchen Fähigkeiten begabt worden zu sein. Im WO werden dem Raben auch weitergehende Fähigkeiten zugesprochen, denn er kann beispielsweise mit dem heidnischen König Schach spielen[34] und beginnt auch (heimlich) mit der christlichen Unterweisung von dessen Tochter (WO V. 389-96). Daneben wird er deutlich in Christusnähe gerückt, als er, nach dem Verlust des Rings, den Fischer Ise anweist:

... wirf in daz netze din:
dir widerfert gut heil
du fest fische ein michel teil:
(WO V. 686-88)

Schließlich gibt er Oswald den Rat, als Dank für die mehrfach erfahrene göttliche Hilfe sich der „arme[n] lute" (WO V. 771) zu erbarmen, also *milte* zu sein.

Als Werbungshelfer ist der Rabe v. a. im MO über weite Strecken der Träger der (abenteuerlichen) Handlung, wobei er zwischen von Gott gegebenem Wissen und eigener Hilflosigkeit, aus der er durch göttliches Eingreifen gerettet wird,

[33] Im BuO 467 erbt Oswald den Raben schon von seinem Vater.
[34] Er ist allerdings nicht so klug, den König gewinnen zu lassen, was ihn beinahe das Leben kostet (WO V. 292-93).

changiert. Die Figur des Raben bietet aber auch einige komische Aspekte, etwa die mehrfach wiederholte Weigerung des Raben, Botendienste auszuführen, ohne vorher ausgiebig mit Speis und Trank versorgt worden zu sein (vgl. z. B. MO V. 1346-56), oder aber der Schlagabtausch des Raben mit dem von Gott gesandten Engel, der ihn schließlich zwangsweise zu Oswald schicken muss (MO V. 1779-892). Auf diese Weise sorgt der „nörgelnde[] und überaus verfressene[] Vogel" (Müller 457) für eine die sakrale Ernsthaftigkeit der Heiligengeschichte entlastende Komik.[35] Der Rabe wird schließlich zu seinem Attribut.[36] „Als Schlachten- und Leichenvogel erscheint Oswalds Rabe gerade nicht und wird damit von einer im christlichen Kontext negativen Deutung distanziert" (Winst 190).

Doch bei Reginald von Durham, dem frühesten Beleg für den Raben im Kontext der Oswald-Legenden, wird geschildert, dass eine „ales permaxima", ein riesiger Vogel, aus der Gattung der Raben („corvini generis"; RoD 355-56) auf das Schlachtfeld gekommen war, als Oswalds Sohn Oswiu dessen sterbliche Überreste suchte. Dieser hatte den rechten Arm Oswalds gepackt und war auf eine Esche geflogen. Dort war ihm diese Last schließlich zu schwer und er ließ den Arm fallen, der auf steinigen Boden traf, aus dem aber sogleich durch göttliches Wirken „prorupit fons limpidissimus et perennis" (eine äußerst klare und nie versiegende Quelle entsprang; RoD 358). Zur Frage, wie und wann dieser nicht christliche Rabe in die Oswald-Legende kam, argumentiert Rollason: "It is not easy to see how these pagan elements could have entered the traditions about Oswald at a period after that of the king's death. It is much easier to accept that they were part of his cult throughout its history but were suppressed by Bede and other Christian writers" (Rollason 127).[37]

Die Quelle aus dem Stein, die mit Hilfe von Oswalds Arm durch Gott hervorgebracht wird, hat sich in den ‚spielmännischen' Texten wie dem MO erhalten: Hier ist dies eines der ‚Bekehrungswunder', mit denen Oswald seinen ‚Schwiegervater' von der Macht des christlichen Gottes überzeugen will; das Wasser der Quelle wird anschließend zur Massentaufe genutzt (MO V. 3051-140).

Nicht zuletzt an dieser Motiv-Variante zeigen sich die vielfältigen Verbindungen zwischen auf den ersten Blick so unterschiedlichen Texten wie der lateinischen historiographisch-legendarischen und der ‚spielmännischen' Erzähltradition. Ähnlich wie es Norbert Kössinger für den Barlaam-Stoff skizziert hat, könnte durch die (möglichst) vollständige Erfassung der Texte zum heiligen Oswald etwa

[35] Diese komischen Aspekte werden in den legendarischen Versionen HL und HLR, die die Brautwerbungsgeschichte integrieren, abgemildert.
[36] Vgl. zur Geschichte des Raben als Oswalds Attribut Müller.
[37] Rollason sieht eine Verbindung zu Wotan "The ash tree was sacred to the pagan god Woden, one of whose special creatures was the raven" (127). Diese Ansicht wird aber nicht von allen Forschenden geteilt, vgl. dazu Jansen 175.

die Analyse der „Überlieferungsverbünde“ (213) im Kontext der angedeuteten motivlichen Verflechtungen über Gattungs- und Sprachgrenzen hinweg neue Erkenntnisse zu legendarischen Stoffen, den Verortungen im zeitgeschichtlichen Kontext und die ‚Wanderung‘ von Stoffen und Motiven ermöglichen.

Die hier einbezogenen Texte stellen nur eine (geringe) Auswahl dar, denn „Oswald’s cult [spread] to the Low Countries, Germany, Switzerland, Austria, Bohemia, Northern Italy, Slovenia and Scandinavia“ (Jansen 169). Dazu kommen bildliche Darstellungen, die gerade in den genannten Bereichen ebenfalls verbreitet waren und teilweise noch sind, sowie die (kultische) Verehrung und auch die touristische ‚Nutzung‘ Oswalds, etwa über den *St Oswald’s Way*. Darüber hinaus ist es lohnend, die Rezeption u. a. in der Literatur zu betrachten, die häufig zwischen wissenschaftlicher und künstlerisch-produktiver Rezeption steht, z. B. die umfangreiche Monographie von Max Adams *The King in the North* oder *Oswald: King and First Ruler of Britain* von J.K. Lamb, die beide das Interesse an der historischen Gestalt Oswald zeigen, aber auch an dessen Heiligkeit, v. a. aber auch an der Zeit Oswalds an sich und deren „web of mystery and mayhem“ (Lamb, Acknowlegement), in der sich auch dieser König behaupten musste.

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‘Double Cresseyde’ in John Lydgate’s *Troy Book* (1412-1420)[1]

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If we were to construct a factual narrative about a literary criminal case in the English Middle Ages, we could maybe start it off in this way:

> It was the 31st of October 1412. The weak afternoon sun fell on Brother John as he, commissioned by Henry, Prince of Wales, lined up his books to tell the true story of the Fall of Troy in English verse. As he sharpened his quill, John, aiming it at the same time at women in general, planned to stab it right into the heart of one particular lady. Her name: Briseida, aka Criseyde or Cresseyde. Her marital status: widow. Her place of residence: Troy, later the Greek camp. Her crime: Treason in love.

Since its invention in the twelfth century, Criseyde’s crime has agitated people’s minds. She is a courtly lady accused of inexcusable treachery. Her punishment remains in the dark in most adaptations of the story, but it is always her isolation: she loses the sympathy of the other figures, of the narrator and the audience, and she finally sinks into oblivion within the story of Troy. Criseyde’s medieval prosecutors, are, on the one hand, notable historiographers of the Trojan War: Benoît de Sainte-Maure, Guido delle Colonne, John Lydgate; on the other hand, they are authors of book-length romances about the love story of Troilus and Criseyde: Giovanni Boccaccio, Geoffrey Chaucer, Richard Henryson. After the Middle Ages, the story keeps on being told, most famously by William Shakespeare. Looking at this list of famous writers, it is clear that our Brother John (i.e., John Lydgate), is not the most well-known redactor of the story of Troilus and Criseyde today. We should, however, keep in mind that he was a very prolific and widely read author in his time.

John Lydgate, monk of Bury St Edmunds, began his long writing process of the first English version of the Troy story at the end of October 1412 by order of the later King Henry V. The date and even the time of day, 4 p.m., can be deduced – given astronomical knowledge – by the constellation of the stars described in the prologue. Thus far, our factual narrative heeds the facts. In addition, Lydgate does not seem to leave any doubt that Criseyde’s actions are motivated by female fickleness when after her exchange for Antenor, betraying the Trojan prince Troilus, she gives her heart to the Greek warrior Diomede. In fact, Lydgate inserted several long passages of condemnation of women in general. This has led scholars such as Torti to conclude that Lydgate meant to emphasize the changeable nature of women by the example of Criseyde’s betrayal (184). Torti writes:

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[1] This is, essentially, an English version of an unpublished lecture delivered at the University of Bamberg in 2003. The ideas developed here gave rise to many an unforgettable discussion in seminars co-taught by the author and her colleague and friend Christoph Houswitschka in the 2010s. In particular, we would argue at length about Chaucer’s art of characterization.

> In conclusion, the Troilus and Criseyde story in the *Troy Book* reinforces the dichotomy, already present in Guido and in Chaucer, between Troilus' nobility and Criseyde's inconstancy. Her doubleness, according to the poet, has a justification: it is unavoidable because woman is changeable by nature and because Fortune, in its variability, helps reverse the destinies of peoples and also of individuals. (184)

A more recent interpretation by Holly A. Crocker has challenged this traditional view, arguing that for Lydgate "[t]he source of Criseyde's betrayal is cultural" (Crocker 317), that he "locates the source of women's mutability in the cultural contingency that accompanies masculine violence, especially war" (305). Cresseyde's betrayal is thus portrayed by Lydgate as a choice motivated by her commitment to contemporary standards of feminine conduct, in particular by her pity, which attests to a woman's prized value within an economy of patriarchal exchange (see Crocker 318-19; on Lydgate's notion of *wommanhede*, see also Williams, ch. 3). While Torti and others take Lydgate's antifeminist outrage at face value, Crocker passes it by, noting that Lydgate refers to Guido in these places, often by hedging that it is not him who says so but Guido (Crocker 317). Thus, Lydgate's misogynist passages are excluded from Crocker's interpretation.

It appears that both approaches could profit from considering more fully both the rhetorical traditions of medieval literature, in particular concerning the technique of amplification (see Section 3, below), and the full epic framework of the *Troy Book* (see Section 4, below). Hidden in other parts of the text, there are some indications of a negotiation of male ethics in love matters, too, which seem to have escaped the attention of the critics. But first a brief outline will be given of what John Lydgate found in the books on his desk, in particular in Guido delle Colonne's historiographical work (see Section 1, below) and Geoffrey Chaucer's verse novel *Troilus and Criseyde* (see Section 2, below).

1. Guido's Briseida: A New Figure on the Chessboard of the Trojan War

Frequently in his work, John Lydgate acknowledges the Sicilian Guido delle Colonne as the main source of his report on the Fall of Troy. What he refers to is Guido's *Historia destructionis Troiae*, written in 1287. Guido's *Historia* functioned as a kind of 'handbook' of the Trojan War and was decisive for the spread of the whole Troy story in the later Middle Ages, complete with the story of Troilus and Briseida (Antonelli 45-48). Guido's report was considered to be a 'true' account and could thus be adduced by the historian Lydgate, writing for the crown, for both the royalty's claim to political legitimacy and the author's didactic and moral intentions (Finlayson 146).

Guido, on his part, found in Benoît de Sainte-Maure's *Roman de Troie* a newly invented love story of medieval provenance. This was the love triangle between

Briseida, Troilus and Diomede. The assumption is that Benoît had invented the story himself (see Antonelli; Mapstone 139-43). Guido's adaptation is more straightforward than his source: not only is Briseida's complexity largely reduced, but also Benoît's narrative structure with its previews and flashbacks is changed into a linear storyline. Guido deletes the monologues which give Benoît's Briseida a voice, allowing insights into the motives and thoughts of the figure and entering into a complex exchange with the narrator's comments. This multi-layered narrative technique is reduced to only *one* voice in Guido, and this is the voice of the narrator who condemns Briseida's betrayal of Troilus. At the same time, Guido adds a misogynist statement which stands in a particular tradition addressed in Section 3, below. Briseida is said to become mutable very quickly and abruptly, and in general women are accused of unsteadiness, deceitfulness and indescribably mean fickle intentions (Guido delle Colonne 166).

Briseida's reduced function emerges even more clearly if we briefly consider how this medieval figure came into being. She emerges from two women in the *Ilias*, Briseis and Chryseis, who are both sent to and fro between two men. The medieval Briseida features elements of both figures, but in particular of Briseis, as has been argued by Sally Mapstone (134). These elements and further attributes of other figures around Briseis and Chryseis melt into the noble Trojan woman Briseida, the daughter of the Trojan priest Calchas, who, divining the fall of Troy, has deserted the city for the Greek camp and has left his daughter behind. Love erupts between her and Troilus, the youngest son of King Priam of Troy. Troilus' role is fixed: he is the best warrior (after his brother Hector), and Achilles' killing of childless Troilus on the battlefield stands for the inevitable fate of the city of Troy (Boitani 5-6).

What Benoît, thus, did was to invent the personal treachery of Calchas' daughter Briseida on Troilus as a parallel story to the priest's treason against the city of Troy. A match for Troilus had to be an exemplary lady, noble and good – in other words, a courtly lady. On the other hand, she had to be able to betray this love. In parallel to other female fates in the story of Troy, above all of course Helen's, men force a woman to enter the territory of enemies. Once there, she is either doomed to die or she attaches herself to the man who desires her. Diomede, a brave warrior of the Greeks and Troilus' traditional counterpart on the battlefield, fitted the new role very well. In this way, as Gretchen Mieszkowski (especially 78-79, 87) points out, Briseida was born as a complex female figure, known from the time of her inception as an *exemplum* of the unfaithful woman.

Through Guido's reductions, Briseida becomes a fragmented figure of an unfaithful woman, a negative *exemplum*, a woman without a face. Guido's Briseida is a pawn sacrificed on the chessboard of the Trojan War: she is introduced for Troilus to prove his constancy and faith in love. Then she disappears.

2. Chaucer's Criseyde: The Story of Courtly Love Prior to Treachery

A new period in the history of the matter is marked by Geoffrey Chaucer's adaptation of the story in his verse romance *Troilus and Criseyde*. Chaucer had found the love narrative extracted from the story of Troy in Giovanni Boccaccio's *Il Filostrato*. In the part about faithful love, Boccaccio had reestablished Benoît's narrative voice. Criseida emerges as a widow, thus implicitly she appears more mature and experienced. Her cousin Pandaro functions as a go-between for the lovers. Unlike Benoît, Boccaccio does not elaborate on the love story between Briseida and Diomede after her treachery, but his emphasis is on the rise and fulfilment of a love which is in the end doomed to fail, namely the love between Troilo and Criseida.

Chaucer adapts Boccaccio's names and constellations but shapes the ambivalence and problems of the main figures Troilus, Criseyde, Pandarus (now Criseyde's uncle) and also Diomede in a singular and unsurpassed manner. The figures are given voices in monologues, letters and dialogues; further points of view are opened up by the narrator, who accompanies the story and seems to be eager to excuse Criseyde's behaviour, who asks new questions and leaves out others. Criseyde's description exemplifies Chaucer's art well (Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde* V, 806-26). For the most part, it derives from the classical tradition of the story as transmitted by Benoît and Dares, an alleged eye-witness of the Trojan War, in Joseph of Exeter's Latin hexameter version. After the list of her exquisite features (apart from her joined eyebrows), Chaucer concludes her description thus:

> She sobre was, ek symple, and wys with-al,
> The best ynorisshed ek that myghte be,
> And goodly of hire speche in general;
> Charitable, estatlich, lusty and fre,
> Ne neuere mo ne lakked hire pite:
> Tendre-herted, slydynge of corage –
> But trewely I kan nat telle hire age. (V, 820-26)
>
> "She was serious, in addition natural and also wise, also the most well-bred that could exist, and generally benevolent in her speaking; charitable, noble, spirited and generous, never ever did she lack empathy: of tender heart, mutable – but truly, I cannot tell her age."[2]

To comprehend Chaucer's work fully, it is vitally important to understand the author's narrative technique, in particular the figure of the narrator, who claims to have no experience in love, and the interaction between narrator and audience, as E. Talbot Donaldson's (ch. 5) and Dieter Mehl's (215-20) contributions in particular make us aware. This narrative technique involves inherent contradictions. The narrator asks questions which he does not intend to answer, as for instance

[2] All translations from Middle English are my own.

the question of Criseyde's age. By this move, he distracts the audience from a more important point in Criseyde's description, namely her character, described as *slydynge of corage*, which may be rendered as 'fickle' or 'mutable in her intentions'. There are questions which are intentionally not asked by the narrator, such as why Troilus and Criseyde are not openly in love, or maybe even marry, which would in any case put an end to the secrecy which pervades the story like a central nerve and maybe even avoid Criseyde's extradition to the Greeks. Instead, the narrator – apparently himself in love with Criseyde – evokes extraordinary sympathy for the figure, even when she has become treacherous, mourning about her lost reputation (Chaucer, *Troilus and Criseyde* V, 1054-64):

> She seyde, "allas, for now is clene ago
> My name of trouthe in loue for euere mo,
> For I haue falsed oon the gentileste
> That euere was and oon the worthieste." (V, 1054-57)
>
> "She said, 'alas, because now my reputation for faithfulness in love is fully destroyed for evermore because I have betrayed the very best and noblest man who ever lived.'"

And a little later the narrator comments thus:

> Ne me ne list this sely womman chyde
> Forther than the storye wol deuyse:
> Hire name, allas, is punysshed so wide,
> That for hire gilt it oughte ynough suffise;
> And if I myghte excuse hire any wise,
> For she so sory was for hire vntrouthe,
> I-wis, I wolde excuse hire ȝet for routhe. (V, 1093-99)
>
> "I do not wish to blame this poor woman more than the story relates: her reputation, alas, is ruined so widely that it should suffice for her guilt; and if I could excuse her in any way, because she was so sorry for her infidelity, I would certainly, nevertheless, excuse her out of pity."

The modern reader – medieval scholar and student alike – is still captivated by the narrator's compassion. But how did Lydgate react to Chaucer's narrative art in his rendering of the love story, set in the context of the Trojan War?

3. Lydgate's Cresseyde

The main epithet which Lydgate awards to his Cresseyde in the second part of the story is *double*, meant in the transferred sense of 'false, deceitful, treacherous'.[3] Cresseyde's *double*ness, however, can also be read in the literal sense: she is at the

[3] Lydgate IV, 306-07; *Middle English Dictionary*, s.v. *double* adj. 6(a). In line with her argument, Crocker (317) holds that Lydgate's Cresseyde earned this epithet from her tautological replies; however, she does not elaborate on this claim.

same time Troilus' courtly lady of Chaucer's narrator and Guido's negative *exemplum*, the pawn sacrifice on the chessboard of the Trojan War (see Section 3.1, below). What is more, it will be shown in Section 3.2, below, how Lydgate once again duplicates the figure of Cresseyde in her function of a pawn sacrifice, making her a *double* pawn sacrifice.

3.1 Cresseyde as Troilus' Courtly Lady

Lydgates's story is substantially shorter than Chaucer's and is presented much less emotionally and more statically. It is told in Books II and III and is limited to Cresseyde's being handed over to the Greeks, the couple lamenting its fate (both in Book III) and the description of the figures in Book II. Lydgate is very explicit about following Chaucer and gives a short summary of his master's verse romance. Approaching the separation of the couple, Lydgate presents Cresseyde as a courtly lady. He describes her woe and gives her a voice in a monologue which, in Chaucerian manner, employs confused syntax to mirror the figure's confusion of mind:

> Riȝt so hir chekis moiste wern & wete
> W*ith* cristal water, vp ascendyn[g] hiȝe
> Out of her breste i*n*-to hir heuenly eye;
> And ay amonge hir lamentaciou*n*,
> Ofte siþe she fil aswone dou*n*,
> Dedly pale, for-dy*m*med in hir siȝt,
> And ofte seide: "allas! my*n* owne knyȝt,
> Myn owne Troylus, allas! whi shal we parte! –
> Raþer late Deth w*ith* his spere darte
> Þoruȝ myn hert, & þe veynes kerue,
> And w*ith* his rage do me for to sterue –
> Raþer, allas! þan fro my knyȝt to twy*n*ne!
> And of þis wo, o Deth, þ*a*t I am Inne,
> Whi nyl þou come & help[e] make an ende?
> For how shulde I oute of Troye wende,
> He abide, and I to Grekis goon,
> Þer to dwelle amonge my cruel foon?
> Allas! allas! I, woful creature,
> Howe shulde I þer, in þe werre endure –
> I, wreche woman, but my silf allone,
> Amonge þe men of armys eu*er*ychon!" (Lydgate III, 4132-52)

> "Right thus [like dew on flowers] her cheeks were moist and wet with crystal water, which rose from her chest to her heavenly eye; and all the time she fell down frequently in her complaint, swooning, pale like death, her sight clouded over, and often she said, 'alas, my own knight, my own Troilus, alas, why must we part! Rather let Death pierce my heart with his spear and carve my veins and kill me with his rage – rather, alas, than part from my knight! And of this woe, oh Death, that I suffer, why do you not want to come

> and help to end it? Because how should I leave Troy, he remaining, and I go to the Greeks to live there among my cruel enemies? Alas, alas, I, suffering creature, how should I live there, in the war – I, wretched woman, all alone by myself, among all the warriors'"

It is remarkable that Lydgate addresses this love story at all in his story of Troy, given that other chroniclers of the Trojan War of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries simply ignored the famous tragedy of the lovers' parting (Benson, "True Troilus and False Cresseid"). Up until her (enforced) change of sides, Cresseyde has not only inherited the name of the lady in Chaucer's romance – ignoring the usual variance in phonetic and orthographic detail – but also her positive courtly charisma.

Still, Lydgate finds himself "sette euene amyddes tweyne" (Lydgate II, 4693) 'falling between two stools', by which he refers to his dilemmas of firstly having to describe Cresseyde while falling short of Chaucer's art, and secondly, above all, of having to describe one and the same figure altogether positively at first and then downright negatively. The medieval historian attempts to approach the second of his dilemmas by contrasting his two sources: when he speaks about Cresseyde's infidelity, he exclusively refers to Guido delle Colonne, and not to Chaucer (II, 4736-62):

> Also sche was, for al hir semlynes,
> Ful symple & meke, & ful of sobirnes,
> Þe best norissched eke þat myȝt[e] be,
> Goodly of speche, fulfilde of pite,
> Facundious, and þer-to riȝt tretable,
> And, as seiþ Guydo, in loue variable –
> Of tendre herte & vnste[d]fastnes
> He hir accuseth, and newfongilnes. (II, 4755-62)
>
> "Despite her good looks she was also completely natural and gentle, full of decency, also the best educated possible, kind in her words, full of empathy, eloquent and in addition very sociable, and, as Guido says, mutable in love – he accuses her of her tender heart and her mutability, and her changeability."[4]

Emphatic praise of Chaucer both introduces the descriptions and ends the passage about Troilus and Cresseyde's love story. Lydgate deviates from Guido in that he does not scold Troilus for his naivety and women in general but he intermingles his praise of the great poet with an antichronological report of the beginning and the development of the love between Troilus and Cresseyde, until Fortuna makes an end of it and delivers Cresseyde into the enemy's camp (Lydgate III, 4201-33). This distinctive finale is placed roughly in the second third of the third of five books; Chaucer had situated the union of the lovers at a similarly

[4] Lydgate reserves an echo of Chaucer's description of Criseyde as *slydynge of corage* for Troilus, who is, contrarily, described as "stedefast of corage" (II, 4875). In this way he establishes a contrast between the two figures which is not found in Chaucer.

central and dramatically relevant place. Given that Lydgate appears to have been influenced by Chaucer's *Troilus and Criseyde* when he chose a five-book structure for his *Troy Book* (Finlayson 149), he seems to award the love story of Troilus and Cresseyde central relevance within the story of Troy.

3.2 Cresseyde as a Double Pawn Sacrifice

After the turning point at III, 4201-33, the catastrophe takes its course and Criseyde will be sacrificed twice, namely as a figure on the chessboard of the Trojan War and as a tribute to the prevalent rhetorical taste of the literary world of Lydgate's time. From then on, Lydgate's Cresseyde is Guido's *double* Cresseyde/Briseida. She betrays Troilus and, with him, the city of Troy and all Trojans, thus fulfilling her function in the epic. Her mutability, scolded by Guido, is now given central importance. Cresseyde grows into a woman who gives her heart *very quickly* to Diomede to end her new suitor's suffering.[5] Cresseyde's infidelity is therefore rooted in female empathy and mercy (see also Crocker 319). There is no doubt that the judge Guido delle Colonne takes Briseida's deed as a justification to punish one half of the human race collectively, that is, all women. Lydgate transforms Guido's remarks into an extensive, rhetorically elaborated accusation of female mutability, as the following excerpt shows:

> But Guydo seith, longe or it was nyȝt,
> How Cryseyde for-soke hir owne knyȝt,
> And ȝaf hir herte vn-to Dyomede
> Of tendirnes and of wo*m*manhede,
> Þat Troilus wexe in hir herte as colde,
> W*ith*-oute fire as ben þese asshes olde.
> I can noon oþer excusacio*un*,
> But only kyndes transmutacio*un*,
> Þat is appropred vn-to hir nature,
> Selde or neue*r* stable to endure,
> Be experience as men may ofte lere. (III, 4435-45)
>
> "But Guido tells how Cresseyde gave up her devoted knight and, long before it was night, gave her heart to Diomede out of compassion and womanly kindness of heart so that Troilus grew as cold in her heart as are old ashes without fire. I do not know any other excuse but mutability of the female sex alone, which belongs to its nature and may rarely or never endure stability, as men can often learn through experience."

Most scholars agree that Lydgate surpasses Guido's scolding of women by a wide margin. At the same time, Lydgate consistently stresses that Guido claims such things but not he, Lydgate (e.g. III, 4343). The same argumentation can be found in the cases of Helena and Medea: Lydgate superficially distances himself from

[5] The only passage which mitigates this effect is the hint at Chaucer's depiction of a talk between Calchas and Cresseyde (Lydgate III, 4428-34).

his source while at the same time he extends it. Thus, he affirms that he does not want to talk about the case any more (e.g. III, 4330) but then he goes on with it nonetheless; he asserts that there is only one bad woman in a hundred (or two or three in all women; III, 4361-69) and that 11,000 virgins were martyred in Cologne and that all female patron saints were truthful and steadfast (III, 4370-83) – but all of this appears to be wiped out when Lydgate concludes:

> For ȝif wo*m*men be double naturelly,
> Why shulde men leyn on he*m* þe blame? (III, 4408-09)
>
> "Because if women are false by nature, why should men blame them for it?"

Thus, the nature of women appears to be crystal clear to Lydgate; his blame of Guido's scolding seems to be ironic, reaching its zenith in a long statement on the questionable mercy of women, amplified by metaphorical references:

> Loo! what pite is in wo*m*manhede,
> What mercy eke & benygne routhe –
> Þat newly can al her olde trouthe,
> Of nature, late slyppe a-syde
> Raþer þa*n*ne þei shulde se abide
> Any man in meschef for hir sake!
> Þe change is nat so redy for to make
> In Lombard Strete of crowne nor doket –
> Al paie is good, be so þe prente be set:
> Her lettre of change doth no man abide!
> So þat þe wynde be redy and þe tyde,
> Passage is ay, who-so list to passe!
> No man is lost þat list to seke grace –
> Dau*n*ger is noon but cou*nterf*et disdeyn;
> Þe se is calme and fro rokkis pleyn:
> For mercyles neu*er* man ne deide
> Þat souȝt[e] grace! – recorde of Cryseyde,
> . . . (IV, 2148-64)
>
> "See which compassion women have, and also which pity and benign empathy – who may let all her old pledges of fidelity slip away at once, according to their nature, rather than to see any man be afflicted because of them! You can barely exchange a crown or a ducat any quicker in Lombard Street – any payment is right given that there is an imprint on it: no man can cope with her bill of exchange! Therefore, if the wind and the tide are favourable, the passage is always possible for whoever wishes to pass! No man is lost who wishes to seek favour – there is no danger except feigned disdain; the sea is calm and free of rocks: because no man who sought favour has ever died without pity! – as witnessed by Cresseyde, . . ."

In the light of such accusations it is no wonder that scholars have tended to blame the historical author, Lydgate the man, monk of Bury St Edmunds, for his misogynist stance: thus we read that Lydgate refuses Guido's blame superficially but

shares his opinion "in reality",[6] that the scholar Lydgate displays a failed academic humour (Benson, "Critic and Poet" 26, 32-33), and that some of his works are replete with an "unsympathetic" presentation of women.[7] Renoir asks the question whether Lydgate "really" believed in women's guilt,[8] and Pearsall (*John Lydgate* 238) replies that "[the poetry's] success here is a matter of literary technique, of balance and irony. What Lydgate actually thought of women is irrelevant: I doubt whether he thought much about them at all."

Of course we do not have any indication about Lydgate's 'real' state of mind, and the official rhetoric and literary types of the Middle Ages place a large distance between author and work. The introduction of a narrator figure may reduce this distance and may also evoke closeness to the audience, in particular if it is the author himself who recites his work. Fifteenth-century audience taste may be similar to today's, as it is apparent in the reception of many of Chaucer's works, for instance, but it may be fundamentally different, as seen in the reception of elaborate scoldings of women.[9] Naturally, writers knew that women would be among their audience, and very often they functioned as patrons of literature; Lydgate could boast at least eight such female patrons (Utley 26; see also below).

Now when Derek Pearsall points out that the poet Lydgate absorbed Chaucer to the official literary taste of the fifteenth century,[10] he relates to a literary tradition which rhetorically amplified such *topoi*. According to Geoffrey de Vinsauf's *Poetria nova*, amplification arises when poets "[l]et one and the same thing be concealed under multiple forms – be varied and yet the same" (24). Francis Lee Utley compiled an index of works which relate to the argument about women and were written in England and Scotland up to 1568. He lists and discusses 403 of these, of which about a mere 85 were written in defence of women (see Utley 50). Utley (55) thus witnesses continued popularity of this topic, rising at the beginning of the fifteenth century and, paradoxically, triggered by writers in the tradition of

[6] "Lydgate's approach to the question of women's nature is always the same: he denigrates and then defends by attributing to Guido the blame for the denigration of which he in reality approves" (Torti 183).

[7] Edwards claims that some of Lydgate's works "offer an unsympathetic, satiric presentation of women" (32).

[8] "At times, Lydgate allows his official misogyny to take on such blatantly unwarranted vehemence that we wonder whether he really believes women guilty of the atrocities with which he reproaches them, or merely wishes to amuse himself and his audience at the expense of an overworked clerical convention" (Renoir 10).

[9] As a side remark, it may be interesting to note that Henry Bergen, the early twentieth-century editor of the *Troy Book*, assumed a similar humour to Lydgate's in male readers of his time ("Bibliographical Introduction" 29; "Introductory Note" xvii).

[10] "What Lydgate did was to absorb Chaucer to the official taste of the fifteenth century, by praising and imitating him in ways that were acceptable to that taste" (Pearsall, "Chaucer and Lydgate" 39). However, the end result is deemed as rhetoric at its worst, as art without matter (46).

Chaucer. There are manuscripts of the *Troy Book* in which readers reacted to the respective passages. Among these, MS Oxford, Bodleian Library Digby 230 from the third quarter of the fifteenth century stands out; here passages on fickle fate, Troilus and Cresseyde and the scolding of women in particular are highlighted (Bergen, "Bibliographical Introduction" 29). Four observations will now address the stylistic function of Lydgate's digressions on women in general, which take their start from Cresseyde's crime.

The first observation: in the epilogue to his *Troy Book*, Lydgate courts the favour of his future Queen Katherine, Princess of France, and hopes that her intervention will bring peace. Would the author have spoken of "grace enprentid in hir wo*m*manhede" (Lydgate V, 3427) 'compassion imprinted in her womanly kindness of heart' if she and his audience would have directly connected these words with the description of Cresseyde's 'favour' for Diomede and even her venality? It is a notable fact that the same words, *wommanhede*, *grace* and *prente* 'imprint', are chosen to refer to both women. Lynn Shutters claims that such parallel constructions were only possible because Lydgate had introduced a second type of woman, the constant woman, in his *Troy Book* (89). This type is exemplified by Penthesilea, Penelope, Cassandra, Hecuba and Polyxena and was less suitable for rhetorical amplification than the wicked type (see also Utley 50). However, it appears that by the beginning of the fifteenth century it was not necessary to address an *excuse* for misogynist comments to a female patron, or to compare the patroness' virtue to the Virgin Mary – who is always the trump card against hatred of women – such as Benoît had done. Crocker claims that rather than being considered living human beings, contemporary notables are addressed as mere "icons, whose agency is suspended by their prized exemplarity" (312). Even if this was the case, it should be stressed that apparently the audience and patrons alike were generally aware of the rhetorical, stylistic function of the scolding of women in Lydgate's time.

The second observation: there are undeniable indications that literary circles in their desire for entertainment exchanged scoldings of women and replies to them as an intellectual game, in which not rarely the same author is known to have taken both sides (Utley 27-30). Thus, Lydgate also wrote works in defence of women (Utley 60). Some marginal glosses in a *florilegium* of misogynist comments from *The Fall of Princes*, another one of Lydgate's writings, underline this point. The glosses were written by the author and editor John Shirley about the year 1440 (Utley 192-93; Pearsall, *John Lydgate* 73-75). In anger or pretence of it (Brusendorff 462), Shirley remarks, "Ye have no cause to say so" ('You [the author] do not have a reason to say so'), or "late hem compleyne that neode have" ('let those complain who need it'), or even "Ye wilbe shent" ('You will be punished'). On the matter of women's mutability, Shirley writes, "Be pees or i wil rende this

leef out of your booke" ('Shut up, or I will rip this leaf out of your book'). This gloss echoes the trouble that Chaucer's famous pilgrim Alison in the *Canterbury Tales*, the Wife from beside Bath (better known as Wife of Bath), encountered with her fifth husband, Jankyn. Alison hated Jankyn's "book of wikked wyves" ('book of bad women'), his favourite reading, so that she decided to take action:

> Now wol I seye yow sooth, by Seint Thomas,
> Why that I rente out of his book a leef,
> For which he smoot me so that I was deef.
> He hadde a book that gladly, nyght and day,
> For his desport he wolde rede alway . . .
> And every nyght and day was his custume,
> Whan he hadde leyser and vacacioun
> From oother worldly occupacioun,
> To reden on this book of wikked wyves. (Chaucer, "The Wife of Bath's Prologue" 666-70, 682-85)

> "Now I will tell you truly, by St Thomas, why I ripped a leaf from his book, because of which he struck me so that I became deaf. He had a book which happily, by day and night, he would always read for his amusement . . . . And it was his habit to read, every night and every day, when he had leisure and was free from other business of the world, in his book of bad women."

What the glossator only threatens to do corresponds to a literary fact by the self-assured figure of the Wife of Bath, and this intertextuality opens up new perspectives for the whole discourse.

The third observation: there are six longer digressions in Lydgate's *Troy Book* which condemn misbehaviour. Half of them are about women (Medea, Helena and Cresseyde), two treat of the veneration of idols, and the final one of the (proverbial) greed and mutability of – priests. The last is a rhetorical *topos* in which Lydgate follows in Chaucer's footsteps, too. Again, a tiny hint by Guido sets off an amplification which amounts to the length of a whole chapter (Lydgate IV, 5833-92). Starting from the despicable deed of the priest Thonant, who sold the palladium (that is, an image of the Goddess Pallas/Athene) to Antenor, foreshadowing the Fall of Troy, greed is described as the root of all evil, and this is where it is found:

> who-so list auarice knowe,
> Amonge prestis he shal it rathest fynde; . . . (IV, 5866-67)

> "those who wish to get to know greed shall find it most likely among priests; . . ."

A little later Lydgate continues thus:

> For, in sothnes, þer is no degre
> Gredier nor more ravynous
> Of worldly good, nor more coueitous
> Þan prestis ben to cacche what þei may: . . . (IV, 5870-73)

> "Because there is truly no estate which craves worldly goods more greedily or voraciously than priests in fetching what they can: . . ."

Finally, after about half a dozen rhetorical variations, Lydgate closes his scolding of priests quite parallel to his scolding of women on the case of Cresseyde thus: "Recorde I take of þe preste Tonau*n*te" (IV, 5892; 'My witness is the priest Thonant').

Lydgate's scolding of his own estate provides the context in which his agitation against the female sex should be seen: as a moralist, he is decidedly against unfaithful women, idolatry and greedy priests. All these are topics which were traditionally objects of rhetorical amplification in his time.

4. Rhetoric and Morals: Cresseyde and Diomede in Lydgate's *Troy Book*

The fourth observation is this paper's final consideration. It seems to have so far escaped scholarly attention that Cresseyde features once more in the *Troy Book* after her accepting Diomede because the story is embedded into the whole Troy narrative. This later passage indicates that Lydgate's measure could in fact be the same for females and males alike: the 'little difference' might emerge as a matter of rhetorical quantity rather than moral quality.

In the context of the whole story, the figure of Diomede is most important. He is the one who keeps on fighting after Cresseyde has long fallen into oblivion and Troilus has long met his death on the battlefield. Still, Cresseyde is not completely forgotten right until the last Book: Lydgate, the historian, remembers her when Diomede returns home. His wife Egra (the classical name is Aigialea) is waiting there, who had been married unto Diomede long before medieval authors invented his love affair with Cresseyde. While Guido ignores this issue, Lydgate addresses it:

> And she [Egra] was wyf vn-to Diomede, –
> Al-be to-forn þe story of hym saide
> þat he whilom loued wel Cressaide –
> I can nat seine wher it was doubilnesse,
> But wel wot I, Guydo bereth witnesse
> And in his book, sothly, seith non oþer, –
> And how Assandrus, his owne wyves broþer,
> Ful lusti, fresshe, & ful of manlihede
> To Troie went wiþ þis Diomede; . . . (V, 1222-30)

> "And she [Egra] was Diomede's wife, – although the story had told about him before that he some time ago had loved Cresseyde very much – I cannot say whether it was falseness, but I know exactly, Guido is my witness [of Diomede's marital status and his love for Cresseyde], and does truly not say anything else in his book, – and how Assandrus, his

> wife's brother, most happily, fresh and full of virility had gone to Troy together with this Diomede; . . . "

Embedded in Lydgate's typically loose syntax, which often allows for more than one interpretation (Pearsall, "Chaucer and Lydgate" 42), he is the first one to ask whether Diomede has potentially committed the crime of infidelity, too. However, Lydgate does not pass a judgement.[11] Elsewhere, however, he is much less reserved when it comes to the moral judgement of a man's infidelity. When Jason leaves Medea, Lydgate writes (I, 3709-10):

> How falsely he, I can hym not excuse,
> Loued another þat called was Ceruse; . . .
>
> "How vilely he, I cannot excuse him, loved another woman called Ceruse; . . ."

Generally speaking, then, men's infidelity appears no less wrong and inexcusable than women's. Had the rhetorical tradition given him the chance for amplification, we would probably find it right here. However, in Diomede's return home to his wife, his two masters Guido and Chaucer leave Lydgate in the lurch; and since the story has to continue in given ways, Lydgate quickly reverts to it, and Diomede is allowed to act in his full epic grandeur and regardless of his episode with Cresseyde as "Þat gilt[e]les worþi Diomede" (Lydgate V, 1306; 'that guiltless, honourable Diomede'). The impression remains, however, that both Lydgate's Cresseyde and his Diomede are broken figures, much like Chaucer's.

Is the beginning of our factual novel, then, in need of rewriting? It certainly seems that it is, and the framework of a criminal story would disappear:

> It was the 31st of October 1412. The weak afternoon sun fell on Brother John as he, commissioned by Henry, Prince of Wales, lined up his books to tell the true story of the Fall of Troy in English verse. As he sharpened his quill, John planned to unfold once more the ample flowers of his rhetorical art. He knew and appreciated the favourite topics of his time, and his sources lent themselves to them perfectly: it was a story with false gods, greedy priests, and, above all, mutable women.

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[11] At another place, Lydgate, beyond Guido, has Troilus accuse Diomede of deceit and treachery because of Cresseyde when they engage in a fight (IV, 2067).

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Scholarly Pursuit or *Sammelwut*? (Re-)Framing Medieval Manuscripts in Two Nineteenth-Century Albums (Bristol Archives, 08153/1 and Manchester, University Library–John Rylands Research Library, 133 PHC/28–67)

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Given the aim and scope of this *Gedenkschrift*, it seems apt to open my contribution with a personal note. Of the great many who remember Christoph Houswitschka (1961–2022) and his work with fondness and admiration, not everyone may think of him first and foremost as a scholar of the Middle Ages. A medievalist by training who gained his doctorate with a prize-winning study of Sir Thomas Malory's *Le Morte Darthur*, Christoph devoted his earliest publications to the literature and culture of the period pre-1500 before expanding and recalibrating his research interests by focussing on the (early) modern era, though never without awareness and acknowledgement of modernity's medieval heritage. By the time I met him in the early 2000s following my matriculation at the University of Bamberg, his interest had begun to shift from the medieval to medievalism, and yet he would continue to publish the occasional – and authoritative – study on Malory, Chaucer, and Boethius. Having taught and mentored me through both an undergraduate and a postgraduate degree, Christoph agreed to supervise my doctoral project on the medieval manuscript tradition of Dudo of Saint-Quentin's *Historia Normannorum*, a subject that – by his own frank admission – lay outside his main field of expertise. Such caveats notwithstanding, Christoph's broad knowledge, specifically his understanding of cultural memory and commemoration, turned out to be transformative by providing the project with a framework for studying medieval manuscript culture unlike anything I could have conceptualised without him. It is fitting, therefore, for me to honour Christoph's legacy and memory with a case study of medieval documents (re-)framed – literally speaking – in nineteenth-century albums just as he enabled me to (re-)frame – figuratively speaking – the manuscripts that formed the subject of my doctoral research. My vehicle for this will be two little-studied albums assembled by two bibliophile (and in one case truly bibliomanic) antiquarians, one in Bristol (Bristol Archives, 08153/1, hereafter **B**) and the other in Manchester (Manchester, University Library–John Rylands Research Library, 133 PHC/28–67, hereafter **M**).

Calling these nineteenth-century albums 'little-studied' is no overstatement. Acquired at auction in 1929/30 by Bristol Archives (then Bristol Record Office), **B** remained virtually unknown to scholarship until its 'rediscovery' in 2022 by two Bristol-based colleagues who have since published a short introduction and descriptive list via the Bristol Record Society (Condon and Jones). **M**, whilst known

to scholars since the mid-1920s when some of its contents were inventoried in the first instalment of the *Handlist of Charters, Deeds, and Similar Documents in the Possession of the John Rylands Library* (Fawtier), has never been made the subject of a dedicated study. In fact, the same could be said – *mutatis mutandis* – of the broader 'genre' to which **B** and **M** belong. As noted by Margaret Connolly in her pioneering study of medieval manuscript fragments fixed temporarily or (semi-)permanently into blank books in the later eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, "[m]uch scholarly energy has been spent on reuniting detached manuscript fragments with their original medieval codices, but far less attention has been paid to the pre-twentieth-century albums . . . which were these fragments' transitory homes" (31). As Connolly demonstrates, this relative dearth of dedicated scholarship stands in sharp contrast to the "ubiquity of the nineteenth-century practice of presenting and preserving manuscript fragments in such contexts" (33), a ubiquity that is underscored by no fewer than twenty-two intact and seventeen dismantled (or presumed dismantled) such albums from England and Scotland helpfully gathered by Connolly in a preliminary handlist (48-51). Neither **B** nor **M** features in Connolly's list, and singling them out here for comparison, contrast, and contextualisation provides an opportunity to engage with, build on, and expand recent conversations in the field.

Before we can do so, however, we must a) briefly define what we mean – and, by exclusion, what we do *not* mean – when talking about an 'album', and b) provide a basic description of **B** and **M** to establish the extent to which they fit this model. Beginning with the former, the working definition used by Connolly offers a useful starting point. As she notes, the term 'album' since the nineteenth century has been, and still sometimes is, used interchangeably with cognate yet distinct terms such as 'scrapbook' or 'portfolio'. Aiming to establish a more precise and specific taxonomy, Connolly points out that portfolios are typically assemblages of loose or unbound items, whereas albums and scrapbooks are both bound collections whose formerly independent contents have been "fixed in some way . . . most usually by pasting" (33), with scrapbooks usually containing fragments or cuttings whereas albums tend to include whole manuscript leaves, dissected book pages (*membra disiecta*), or – as is the case with most items in **B** and **M** – single-page documents such as deeds and charters. The larger of the two albums under consideration here, **B**, contains 125 documents arranged in various layouts over sixty-three pages, usually with several documents to a page.[1] At less than a third of **B**'s length, **M** comprises a mere forty documents, again with a *mise-en-page* that

[1] The internal numbering system inscribed on the recto and verso of each document contains an error due to which the sequence is out of sync by one up until no. 33, meaning that the overall number is 125, rather than 126 (Condon and Jones 8-22). The flyleaves apart, the most common *mise-en-page* in **B** is two documents per page (46%), followed by a single document (29%), three documents (22%), and four documents (3%) per page, respectively.

habitually combines multiple items per page, though it has a 'sister volume' of similar size and format that holds a further sixty-one items (Manchester, University Library–John Rylands Research Library, 133 PHC/68–125), taking the total to 101.[2] The chronology of the documents gathered in **B** and **M** spans several centuries. The earliest of these date from the first half of the thirteenth century and are included, in translation, in the Appendix of this study, whilst the latest are from the end of the fifteenth (**M**) and seventeenth (**B**) centuries, respectively.[3] In both cases, we are dealing not with an accidentally created corpus but with a manufactured and confected collection, one whose present arrangement and presentation on the pages of **B** and **M** are the consequence of personal choice and preference on the part of the nineteenth-century collector(s).

This can be seen particularly well in **B**, where we can be relatively sure, thanks to recent research by Evan Jones and Margaret Condon, about both the identity of the person assembling the album and the likely date of its compilation. As for the former, credit for the creation and physical assemblage of **B** in its present form must go to nineteenth-century Anglican priest (and later Catholic convert), episcopal chaplain, and ecclesiastical antiquary, William Maskell (1814-90) (Condon and Jones 2-3). Born in Somerset and educated at Oxford, Maskell, during a chequered yet prolific career, amassed considerable wealth – a probate issued upon his death in 1890 lists £2,986 19*s* 5*d* (Rigg and Maskell) – that he spent, amongst other things, on a large and well-stocked private library, the contents of which, including a fair number of historical documents, he purchased from various sources both alive and dead. The items found in **B** he bought in 1851, possibly alongside others not included in the album, from the estate of his late fellow antiquary, William Tyson (1785-1851), who was himself an avid collector and armchair historian based in Bristol (Gray 99-100). When the bundle of documents reached Maskell, its contents were still unbound. In fact, a handwritten note at the opening of **B** records that it was Maskell himself who sent "a selection" of the "original documents" he had purchased from Tyson's estate "up to the British Museum, where they were arranged, mounted and bound in this book" (flyleaf; transcribed in Condon and Jones 1). No date is given for Maskell's commission to the British Museum's bindery workshop. In any case, it must have been before

[2] In the absence of detailed printed catalogues, the most accessible content summaries of **M** and its sister volume remain https://archiveshub.jisc.ac.uk/data/gb133-phc/phc/28-67 and https://archiveshub.jisc.ac.uk/data/gb133-phc/phc/68-125, both accessed 15 May 2023.

[3] Both albums open with visual items that post-date most of the written documents they contain. **B** thus has an uncoloured printed map of Bristol cut and pasted from Braun and Hogenberg's *Civitates Orbis Terrarum* (c. 1581) alongside a topographical description from the same work's French edition (c. 1600) (Condon and Jones 8); **M** has a series of coloured etchings signed "Rabelli" (dated 1792/93) (*French Ecclesiastical Documents, c. 1200–1492*). A fuller study and edition of the earliest documents in **M** is being prepared for publication by myself and Richard Allen (Magdalen College, Oxford; Allen and Pohl).

Maskell subsequently sold on the album to yet another Bristol-based antiquary, Francis Frederick Fox (1833-1915) (Condon and Jones 3-4; Gray 124). We do not know when Fox purchased **B** from Maskell, nor for how much, but we do know that Fox turned to the British Museum himself in the spring of 1878 to have the album's contents transcribed – for a fee of £20 – by the Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts, Edward Maunde Thompson (1840-1929), who in December of that year would be promoted to the position of Keeper of Manuscripts (Borrie; "Library Notes" 215). Thompson's transcriptions survive alongside **B** in the collections of Bristol Archives (08153/4), and they include a note in Fox's hand recalling that he had acquired the transcribed documents from Maskell in bound form (flyleaf; Condon and Jones 4).

There is one piece of evidence that might just enable us to narrow down the time window for the binding of **B** a little further than between 1851 and 1878 (date ranges that hereafter will be indicated by use of the multiplication sign, e.g., 1851 × 78). As noted by Condon and Jones (3), the album – or rather one of its constituent documents – was still in Maskell's possession in June 1855, when one A. W. Franks "brought . . . a document from the collections in possession of Mr. W. Maskell" (Neville 292) to a members' meeting of the Archaeological Institute. The item in question – a sealed letter by a knight named Sir Humphrey dated 1478 that now constitutes item no. 30 in **B** – is transcribed and, of main interest here, partially depicted (Fig. 1) in the meeting's published proceedings.

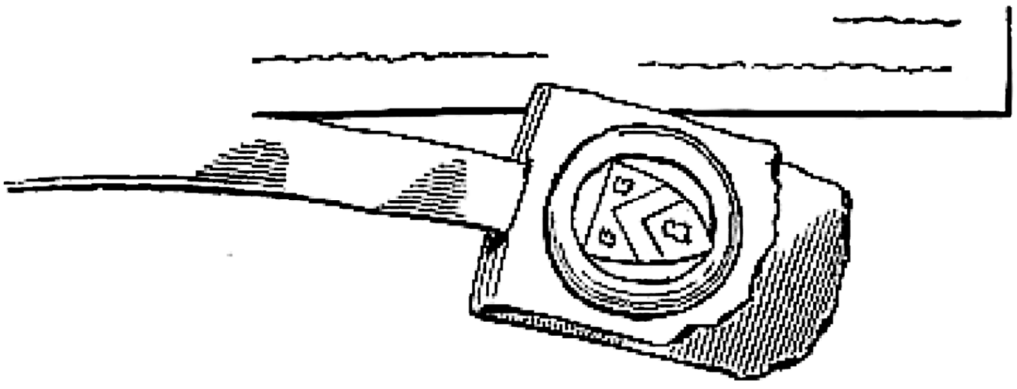


*Fig. 1: Partial drawing of **B** no. 30 in the proceedings of the Archaeological Institute (1855). Out of copyright.*

The brief description that accompanies this drawing in the proceedings reads:

> A seal on paper over red wax, the paper passing round to, and covering also the back of, the wax, where it remains almost square in form, is attached to a slip cut half-way along the bottom of the parchment. It bears an escutcheon, on which is a chevron ensigned with a cross (?) between three human heads . . . (? heads of children, *enfans*) looking sinister in hoods of mail, or helmets. Of the legend the name NANFAN only remains. (Neville 293)

It seems difficult to imagine how this description – let alone the matching drawing – could have been produced *after* the document was pasted into **B**, a process which firmly and irrevocably fixed the seal and parchment slip in place and obscured much of the iconography (Fig. 2).

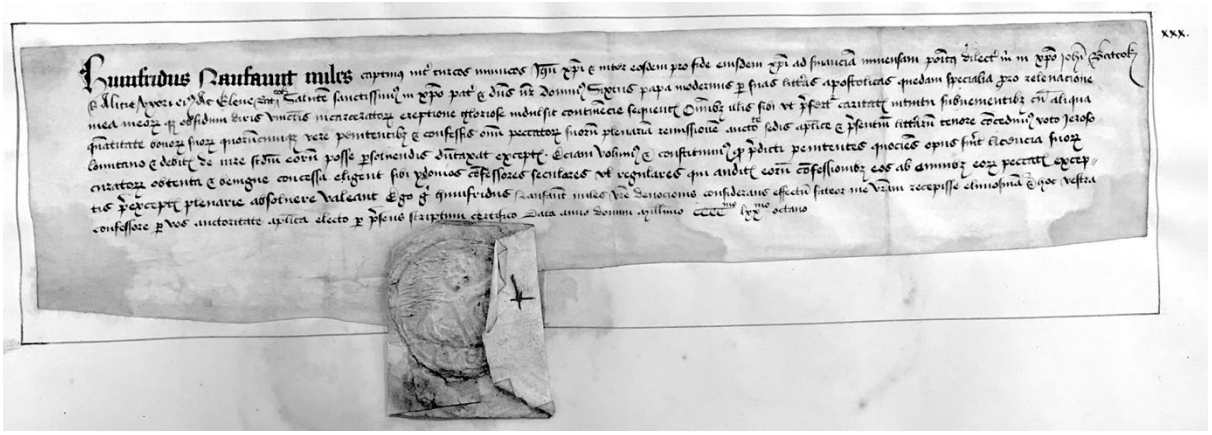


*Fig. 2: Present state of **B** no. 30. Photo: Evan Jones, 2022. Reproduced with permission.*

At no point do the proceedings mention the album or the other items it contains alongside this letter despite the fact that two of them (nos. 28 and 29) are pasted on the self-same page. The most likely interpretation, therefore, is that when Maskell loaned the letter to Mr Franks in June 1855 for presentation at the Archaeological Institute, it – and, by extension, the other documents now contained in **B** – were still unbound, which would mean that Maskell waited for at least four years after he purchased the documents from Tyson's estate, and perhaps longer, before he had them bound at the British Museum, whose domestic book-binding workshop from 1844-85 was located in the old Bedford Office building on Montague Street prior to the construction of the first purpose-built, on-site bindery in 1898 (Roethe 5). If the recently expressed suspicion that Maskell may even have sold **B** to Fox on the assumption and expectation that Fox would publish a version of it as he had done previously with other histories rooted in collected historical manuscripts is correct (Condon and Jones 5), then perhaps the album's binding took place not long before this sale and Fox's subsequent payment for Thompson's transcription services in 1878. I return to this below, but for the time being the most plausible date therefore remains c. 1855 × 78.

If narrowing down the time frame for the binding of **B** to less than twenty-three years has proven impossible at this point, then trying to establish a precise – or even a vague – date for the binding of **M** reveals itself to be even more frustrating. This is not the place to try and unravel the complex, highly fragmentary, and barely documented evidence of **M**'s origins, provenance, and acquisition history.[4] What is known with certainty, meanwhile, is that this album, along with its sister

[4] For further discussion, I once again refer the reader to my forthcoming co-authored study (Allen and Pohl).

volume (see above), reached its current home in Manchester from the estate of England's single most (in)famous nineteenth-century antiquary and book collector, Sir Thomas Phillipps (1792-1872). The two-volume set was purchased at auction on 6 June 1910 via bookseller Bernard Quaritch, fetching £101 (Sotheby's lot 186) excluding Quaritch's commission. The auction catalogue refers to it as "Chartæ Antiquæ ad Monasteria Diversa Spectantes, mounted, and with a large number of water-colour drawings and prints of monks in the habit of their different orders" (*Bibliotheca Phillippica* 34). Unlike Maskell's binding of **B** at the British Museum, however, there is – to my knowledge – no extant record of when, where, and at whose initiative **M** acquired its present form, nor do we know for certain whence, when, and in what format the documents it contains reached Phillipps' legendary "dragon's hoard of manuscripts at Middle Hill" (De Hamel 341). This uncertainty is due partly to the lack of scholarly interest **M** and its contents have garnered beyond cursory references and summary descriptions (Fawtier, "Hand-List" 470-78; Vincent 78) and partly to the sheer size of Phillipps' book collection and the labyrinth that is its piecemeal – and ultimately incomplete – cataloguing history. In excess of 140 catalogues of this collection (or parts thereof) have been produced since 1819 by Phillipps himself and others (Folter 356-65), not to mention Phillipps' extensive bibliographical notes, bills and accounts, and personal correspondence that today are scattered just about as widely as the remains of his famous library.[5] A lifelong bibliophile and bibliomaniac, Phillipps had accumulated by the time of his death "the biggest private manuscript collection ever assembled" (Burrows 45) in England or elsewhere with as many as 60,000 or so individual items, plus a similar number of printed works, barely half of which have been catalogued (Munby, vol. IV 165-66; De Hamel 342). As noted by Roland Folter, "in the very exclusive club of pre-1900 collectors whose holdings surpassed the six-digit threshold, [Phillipps] was the only one whose collection was far from being fully documented . . . around the time of his passing" (355), with the 'living text' that is the *Catalogus librorum manuscriptorum in bibliotheca D. Thomae Phillipps* printed in-house and reissued multiple times under Phillipps' personal supervision terminating with item no. 23,837 – nearly 10,000 fewer than the number 32,288 inscribed prominently, in characteristic Phillipps fashion, in the front of **M** (Munby, vol. I 1-17). To cut a long story short, there is – at the time of writing – no conclusive evidence to ascertain whether the assemblage and binding of **M** and its twin were undertaken at Phillipps' behest or by a

[5] For example, the various corpora of documents left behind by Phillipp and/or relating to his collections now housed at the Grolier Club in New York City that are listed on their website (https://www.grolierclub.org/) under 'Finding Aids', especially those entitled *Manuscripts and Documents Relating to the Bibliotheca Phillippica, 1794–1886* (NYGG03-A12; *c.* 80 items), *Letters and Bills, ca. 1820–1870* (NYGG04-A13; *c.* 75 items), and *Maps, Plans and Bills Relating to the Phillipps Estates, 1795–1858* (NYGG04-A12; 6 items).

possible previous owner,[6] which is why for the remainder of this discussion both possibilities will be acknowledged and explored.

What can be ascertained, though, is that the documents contained in **B** and **M** were assembled neither haphazardly nor randomly, much less accidentally, but selectively according to 'themes'. This is true of the internal sequencing of items within these albums and their particular arrangement and juxtaposition on the page, with individual pages or page sequences sometimes representing different 'sub-themes' – the three closely-related charters from the Norman abbey of Mont Saint-Michel included in the Appendix regarding a dispute and settlement over a local mill are an instructive case in point – but also of the two albums as a whole, both of which seem to follow an 'overall theme'. **B**'s overall theme is somewhat more apparent than **M**'s, as most of its contents – except for nos. 118-26 (Condon and Jones 22) – relate to the history of Bristol with a particular emphasis on ecclesiastical institutions, their benefactors, and endowments. This chimes well with what we know about the career and personal and professional interests of the album's first owner and intellectual architect, Maskell, as well as, to some degree, with the respective backgrounds of the two Bristol-based individuals who had owned the unbound documents before Maskell (Tyson) and/or subsequently purchased the bound album from him (Fox). As we will recall, Maskell, according to **B**'s inscription, only included "a selection" of the items he had procured from Tyson's estate in the album, which may well suggest that their selection and thematic arrangement followed his design, not Tyson's. As a man of the Church, published liturgical scholar, and theological polemicist, Maskell's interests can easily account for **B**'s ecclesiastical focus but perhaps less so for its emphasis on Bristol. Born in Shepton Mallet (Somerset) before relocating to Bath and thence to Oxford, Corscombe (Dorset), and later Penzance (Cornwall), where he lies buried, Maskell's relationship with Bristol was a tangential one. **B**'s next owner, Fox, by contrast, was very much a Bristol-man at heart. Born and buried in what today is the south-eastern suburb of Brislington (Fig. 3), Fox served as his native city's alderman, justice of the peace, high sheriff, and master of its Society of Merchant Venturers (Gray 124).

[6] There is some evidence of Phillipps' acquisition of other pre-bound charter albums in, for example, the draft descriptions of his manuscripts and printed books kept in the Bodleian Libraries, including a record of the purchase of a certain collection of "Cartae antiquae (86) pasted into a vol." (Oxford, Bodleian Libraries, MS Phillipps-Robinson d. 297, fol. 33). I owe this information to Richard Allen.



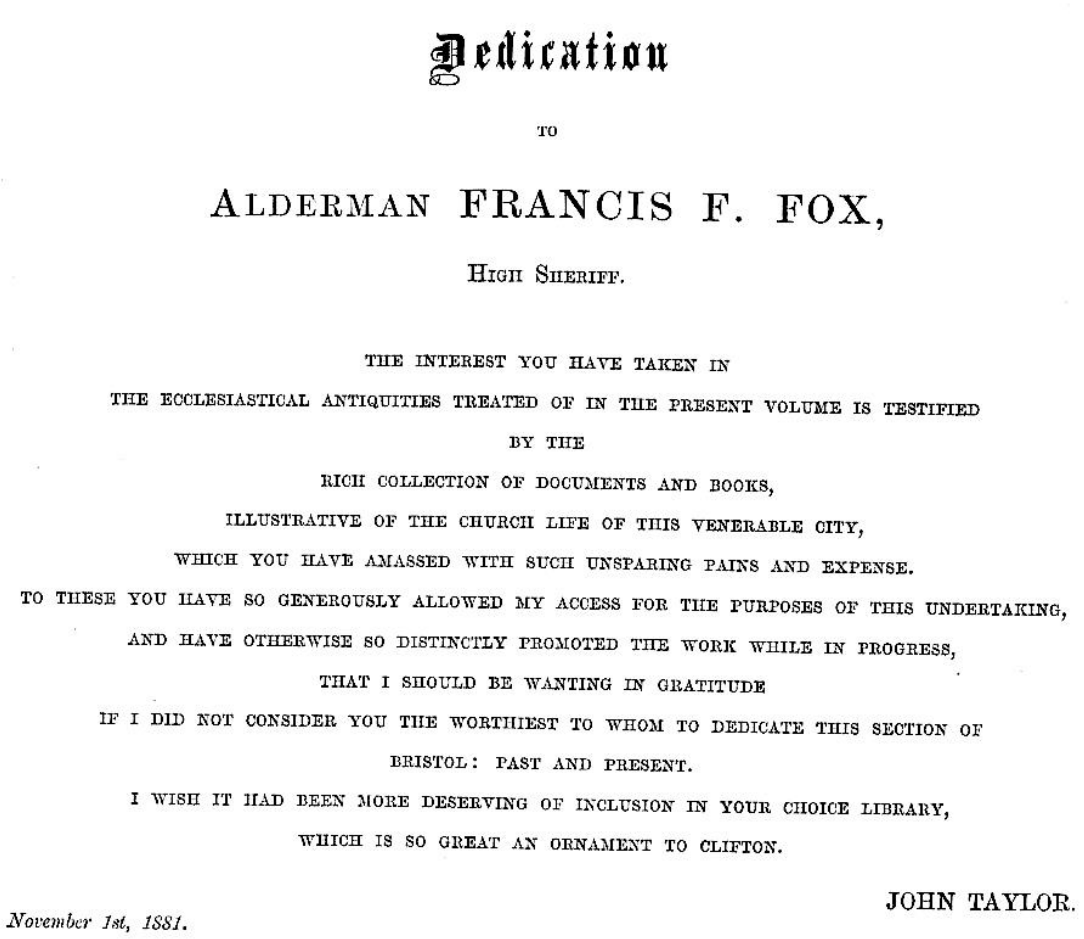
Fig. 3: Francis F. Fox's tombstone in Arnos Vale Cemetery, Brislington. Photo: Dave Napier, 2023. Reproduced with permission.

If **B** was indeed bound closer to its purchase by Fox at some point before 1878 than to Maskell's procurement of its contents from Tyson in 1851 and the loan of item no. 30 to Franks in 1855 (see above), then it is not impossible – and perhaps plausible – that Fox played a part in its design, especially if the ensuing sale had already been agreed between him and Maskell with a view towards publishing a history based on its contents as proposed by Jones and Condon. In fact, it is tempting to imagine that Fox's choice to approach Thompson in 1878 for the transcription of **B**'s contents was no coincidence, but that he simply – and conveniently – went back to the Assistant Keeper of Manuscripts at the very institution that had recently assembled the same album in its own bindery workshop at the commis-

sion of Maskell and, conceivably, with the knowledge of Fox himself. This ultimately must remain conjecture, but there is further, if circumstantial, evidence that once Fox had procured **B**, he soon, and frequently, used it in ways that may well suggest he had had something to do with its production and design. Though Fox never actually published a history based on **B** himself – intriguingly, there are documents from the final years of Fox's life in Bristol Archives (08280) confirming that he had in fact intended to issue a complete printed translation of **B** and even produced a typescript for presentation to a London-based publisher but then "was taken ill at the hotel and returned to Bristol, the manuscript being forgotten and lost" (Bristol Archives online catalogue), leaving the project unaccomplished upon Fox's death in 1915 – he readily and regularly made the album available to others for similar kinds of purposes.[7] References to **B** and/or documents pasted therein appear with some frequency in historical and antiquarian publications from about 1881, just three years after the completion of Thompson's transcript, usually taking the form "Fox MSS" followed, on occasion, by numerals corresponding to those assigned to individual items within the album itself (Condon and Jones 5).[8] One contemporary, John Taylor, even used the preface of his *Ecclesiastical History* of Bristol to celebrate Fox for his generosity in granting Taylor access to "the rich collection of documents and books, illustrative of the church life this venerable city [i.e., Bristol], which you [i.e., Fox] have amassed with such unsparing pains and expense" – a statement that, as the subsequent notes in Taylor's book show beyond doubt, refers to none other than **B** (Fig. 4).

[7] According to the Bristol Archives online catalogue, the files contained in 08280 – "The gift of Mr Thomas Williams: A translation of the whole of 'Bristol Charters Wills Inventories etc.'" – preserve "the rough notes and draft translations from which the lost finished version was compiled"; https://archives.bristol.gov.uk/records/08280. I owe this information to Evan Jones.

[8] Not to be confused with the collection of papers by William Henry Fox Talbot (1800-77) kept in the British Library under the shelfmark Add MS 88942, which is sometimes referenced by the same moniker;
http://hviewer.bl.uk/IamsHViewer/FindingAidHandler.ashx?recordid=032-002188938.



Dedication

TO

ALDERMAN FRANCIS F. FOX,

HIGH SHERIFF.

THE INTEREST YOU HAVE TAKEN IN
THE ECCLESIASTICAL ANTIQUITIES TREATED OF IN THE PRESENT VOLUME IS TESTIFIED
BY THE
RICH COLLECTION OF DOCUMENTS AND BOOKS,
ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE CHURCH LIFE OF THIS VENERABLE CITY,
WHICH YOU HAVE AMASSED WITH SUCH UNSPARING PAINS AND EXPENSE.
TO THESE YOU HAVE SO GENEROUSLY ALLOWED MY ACCESS FOR THE PURPOSES OF THIS UNDERTAKING,
AND HAVE OTHERWISE SO DISTINCTLY PROMOTED THE WORK WHILE IN PROGRESS,
THAT I SHOULD BE WANTING IN GRATITUDE
IF I DID NOT CONSIDER YOU THE WORTHIEST TO WHOM TO DEDICATE THIS SECTION OF
BRISTOL: PAST AND PRESENT.
I WISH IT HAD BEEN MORE DESERVING OF INCLUSION IN YOUR CHOICE LIBRARY,
WHICH IS SO GREAT AN ORNAMENT TO CLIFTON.

JOHN TAYLOR.

November 1st, 1881.

Fig. 4: Taylor's dedication to Fox in the second volume of Bristol Past and Present *(1881). Out of copyright.*

Taylor was not the only one whose scholarship benefited from access to **B**. Others included Charles E. Boucher and Cuthbert F. Atchley, both of whom wrote in the first decade of the twentieth century about the history of local parish churches in Bristol (Condon and Jones 5). In Fox's possession, the album therefore served less as a collectible or curiosity item, much less as a vanity project or status symbol shelved away for display in a private library, than it did as a scholarly resource and finding aid that was shared liberally with likeminded individuals. In fact, Connolly's observation that albums similar to **B** were often kept not on the shelves of libraries but rather in social spaces such as drawing rooms (39-41) is pertinent here, as it allows for the possibility that Taylor, Boucher, Atchley, and others may not just have borrowed the album from Fox, but perhaps consulted it in Fox's home and, quite possibly, in his presence.

The same might well have been the case with **M** whilst in Phillipps' possession, regardless of whether he was indeed the one who first had it bound in its present format. As is well documented, Phillipps regularly entertained visitors at Middle Hill, many of whom were themselves historians or antiquarians who came specifically to consult his collection that over time "grew from a merely vast private

library into the absurd, with thousands upon thousands of volumes crammed into every room, including corridors, staircases and bedrooms" (De Hamel 341).[9] Phillipps' regulars included Sir Frederic Madden (1801-73), who famously considered his host's book hoarding as verging on insanity and once noted that "We all say he must be mad" (De Hamel 341; Munby, vol. III 138-42; vol. IV 29-42 and 86-93). Voracious and indiscriminate though Phillipps' notorious *Sammelwut* may have been, it was not an obsession he kept to himself. Writing in 1956, Alan Munby in the fourth volume of his *Phillipps Studies* found such "ample evidence of Phillipps's cordial reception of scholars from all over the world" (29) that he was left to wonder whether there had "ever been a collector more eager to make his library accessible to scholars than this self-confessed 'vello-maniac'" (171). It is perfectly conceivable, therefore, that Phillipps might have done with **M** what his contemporary and fellow-collector Fox did with **B** by using the album – and, crucially, letting others use it – not so much as a 'coffee-table book' for idle delectation and passive display but rather as an active vehicle for preserving historical documents at risk of being lost or destroyed,[10] arranging them thematically (with **M**'s 'overall theme' being the ecclesiastical institutions of medieval France) to facilitate easy use and navigation, and making them accessible for scholarly pursuits and, potentially, publication. Unlike some documents in his possession that were left "in tottering piles . . . or filling wooden boxes stacked to the ceilings . . . from precious codices of late Antiquity right through to worthless manuscript papers of his own time" (De Hamel 341),[11] when it came to **M** there may well have been method to Phillipps' madness.

Likely produced around the same time and following a remarkably similar concept, structure, and material configuration, the two nineteenth-century albums discussed in this study offer instructive insights into the cultural and literary contexts in which they were fashioned and used by individual collectors and, perhaps more importantly, the wider scholarly profession and emerging academy. By (re-)framing – in the literal as well as the figurative sense – old documents for

[9] De Hamel's words evoke fond memories of the time I helped Christoph move house and, unloading box upon box of books, first set foot into the old Poliermühle in Bärnau (Bavaria) that served as his private library, every last room of which had shelving to accommodate an amazingly large and diverse collection.

[10] In fact, it is due to the very existence of **M** that the three charters from Mont Saint-Michel included in the Appendix escaped the fate of most documents from the abbey's medieval archives once kept in the Archives départementales de la Manche in Saint-Lô that were destroyed by fire during the bombing raids on 6 June 1944 (Allen 45), meaning that we owe our access to them to Phillipps or whomever was responsible for **M**'s confection.

[11] Some of these boxes containing hundreds of randomly and carelessly stashed parchment documents were acquired by the Grolier Club where they now form the so-called 'Phillipps' Closet', a photograph of which formed the centrepiece of an exhibition called *Bibliomania* on display at the Beinecke Library in New Haven in 2019 (Clemens; Morand).

new use(r)s, **B** and **M** transgress the boundaries between the medieval and modern, between the private and public, and between bibliophilia and scholarship. At once static and dynamic, they are vehicles of tradition and conservation as much as they are instruments of innovation and reinvention. As Connolly notes, "[s]ince the early seventeenth century an album had been a book of poems where occasional verses were personally inscribed" (38-39), though in later periods the term was "gradually applied to other contexts until such volumes became the repositories of other non-literary items including prints, photographs, flowers, and stamps" (39), and eventually mass-produced collectibles. Both formats are still familiar and easily recognisable to those born in the twentieth century who remember owning what in Germany became known as *Poesiealben* – personalised friendship books (*alba amicorum*) passed around family and friends to be filled with handwritten poems, mottos, and decorative souvenirs such as paper cuttings, lithographic prints (*Glanzbilder*), and photographs – and, at the other end of the spectrum, *Stickeralben* – commercialised blank books with spaces for collecting mass-produced, self-adhesive images themed around licensed global brands from television to sporting events like the FIFA World Cup that saw Italian company Panini launch the first such album in 1970.[12] Aspects of both these incarnations of the long (early) modern album tradition are present and discernible in **B** and **M**. On the one hand, there is the deeply personal and intimate character of the *Poesiealbum* that reflects the interests and personalities of the collector him-/herself and those contributing content to his/her album by request; on the other hand, there is the depersonalised (or at best pseudo-personalised) approach of the *Stickeralbum* that sacrifices individualisation and customisation to be able to speak to broader themes and accommodate (and help influence) wider interests and tastes, thereby remaining commercially viable.

Situated between scholarly pursuit and *Sammelwut*, **B** and **M** were, as I hope to have shown, labours of love and antiquarian passion, but they were also commodities that changed hands repeatedly and for considerable sums of money. With their journeys completed – at least for the foreseeable future – and scholarly access secure once again courtesy of their respective institutional owners, twenty-first-century users can continue where Maskell, Fox, Phillipps, and their contemporaries left off. I would like to end this study by remembering not these nineteenth-century antiquarians and their works, however, but Christoph and his scholarly legacy. In his long – yet much too short – service to scholarship, Christoph did not limit his interest and contribution to knowledge to any one historical period. Transgressing boundaries of chronology with great ease and insight, his

[12] The origins of the *album amicorum* tradition in Europe reach back as far as the sixteenth century, and medievalists and early modernists have shed light on a wide range of related document types collected and curated by both men and women during these early periods (Kloyer-Hess; Schwarz; Wilson; Erler; Balsamo).

work serves to direct our attention to modern "artefacts picking up on ancient and/or medieval concepts" (De Rentiis and Houswitschka 3). The two artefacts studied here would, I believe and hope, have pleased him greatly.

Acknowledgments:

In preparing this study, I have benefited from the kind support of several colleagues. Evan Jones generously shared his knowledge about the Bristol Archives collections and a draft of his own study of 08153/1, alongside photographs, prior to publication. Anne Lovejoy facilitated access to the document. Richard Allen helped with the translations in the Appendix, and he and I are preparing a study and edition of 133 PHC/32–34 for publication. Dave Napier kindly supplied the photo of Francis Fox's grave (now overgrown) and gave permission for its reproduction. My student, Barry Wratten, explored further sections of 08153/1 during his work placement at Bristol Archives, and the many conversations he and I have had during supervisions helped inform this study. All remaining errors are, of course, my own.

Appendix:
Bristol Archives, 08153/1 no. 1 and Manchester, University Library–John Rylands Research Library, 133 PHC/32–34[13]

1. Bristol Archives, 08153/1 no. 1

Act of William Malherbe de Lega, donating two crofts of three and a half acres total to Robert, son of Bernard of Temple Street, Bristol.

[*c.* 1200 × 1225]

Sciant presentes et futuri quod ego Will(elmu)s Malherbe de *Lega* dedi, concessi, et hac mea carta con|1|firmavi, Rob(erto) filio Bernardi de vico templi illas duas croftas meas qui sunt in occidentali par|2|te domus ipsius Roberti apud Hale, unde in una crofta fuit due acre, in altera vero acra et dimidia |3|, habendas et tenendas ipsi Rob(erto), pro homagio et servitio suo, et heredibus suis, de me et heredibus me|4|is libere et quiete, cum omnibus libertatibus et liberis consuetudinibus in perpetuum, reddendo inde singulis |5| annis mei et heredibus meis unum numum argenti, ad festum omnium sanctorum, pro omnibus servitiis, sectis, |6| querelis, et demandis ad nos pertinentibus. Pro hac autem donatione et

[13] As noted above, critical editions of PHC/32–34 will be published elsewhere, which is why they are only provided in translation here. The text of 08153/1 no. 1, by contrast, has never been published, which is why the Latin is provided here in diplomatic transcription alongside the English translation.

concessione mea dedit mihi predictus |7| Rob(ertus) decem soli(dos) argenti de gerssume, et Ade filio et heredi meo vi d(enarios) de recognitione. |8| Quare ego Will(elmu)s et heredes mei warentizabimus predictas duas croftas integre et plenarie predicto |9| R(oberto) et heredibus suis contra omnis homines et feminas, quod vero affidavi et hac sigilli mei impressione corro|10|boravi. His testibus: Walterio de *Budic'*, Roberto filio suo, Henrico filio suo, Galfrido filio Sabine.

May all present and future know that I, William Malherbe of *Lega*, have given, conceded, and confirmed with this my charter to Robert, son of Bernard of Temple Street, those two crofts of mine that are in the western direction of the same Robert's house near [the] Hale[s], whence there are two acres in one croft and one acre and a half in the other, to have and to hold by the same Robert, for his homage and service, and [by] his heirs, from me and my heirs free and quit, with all freedoms and frank customs, in perpetuity, thence returning to me and my heirs one coin of silver each year at the feast of All Saints for all services, obligations, grievances, and demands pertaining to us. For this my donation and concession, the aforesaid Robert gave me 10 *solidi* of silver as payment in kind, and [to] Ade, my son and heir, 6 *denarii* of recognition. Therefore I, William, and my heirs will warrant to the aforesaid Robert and his heirs the aforesaid two crofts wholly and fully against all men and women, which I have pledged truthfully and corroborated with the impression of my seal. These [are the] witnesses: Walter de *Budic'*, his son Robert, his son Henry, [and] Geoffrey, son of Sabina.

2. Manchester, University Library–John Rylands Research Library, 133 PHC/32

Act recording the settlement of a dispute between Abbot Jordan (1191–1212) of Mont Saint-Michel, Nicholas de Verdun, and various others concerning a mill and fishpond near Carolles (dép. Manche, cant. Avranches).

[1191 × 1212]

Let all those whom this present document may reach know that when a lengthy dispute arose between Abbot Jordan and the convent of Mont Saint-Michel in peril of the sea, on the one side, and Nicholas de Verdun, Radulf de Carolles, John le Hungre, Roger Jolif, Philip Heudeart, Robert de Granville, Ansketil Malnori, W. Malnori, Robert Malnori, Robert de Mota, Nicholas son of Philip, and Richard de Beslum, on the other, with regards to a certain mill and a fishpond that the aforesaid abbot and Nicholas de Verdun had built near Carolles, and about which the aforesaid men were making a claim, as well as with regards to the pasture that the same Nicholas and his men were claiming against the same abbot, they have at last come to an agreement in this form: indeed, in that mill which the abbot and Nicholas had built, and in the other mill that was originally that of the aforenamed men, the abbot and convent will receive a third part, in full, the aforesaid

Nicholas a third part, and the aforesaid men a third part. And likewise [shall be shared] all the repairs made by them in common with regards to that water [i.e., the fishpond], nor will any of them be quit from multure in those mills. The aforenamed fishpond, however, along with all its fish and produce, will remain to the aforementioned abbot and Nicholas de Verdun. The aforenamed men and Nicholas de Verdun will take all the multure of the parish of Carolles to those mills, and the aforementioned abbot and convent will take [there] all the multure that they have between the stream of Le Crapeux and the adjacent sea. On the other hand, the pasture that the aforenamed men and Nicholas de Verdun were claiming against the abbot and convent will remain to them on the cliffs and banks where a plough cannot furrow, or where no shelter can be made, and likewise the pasture on the cliffs and banks of the aforementioned Nicholas and his men shall remain to the abbot and convent and their men. In repairs and expenses, however, it will be required for each to contribute a third part just as they receive a third part. Each [party] is also held to compel their multure to come to the aforesaid mills. And if any one of them falls short in this regard, he shall make amends to the other parties by legitimate proof. Moreover, the millers will be established or removed in these mills by the common consent and counsel of the three parties. These [are the] witnesses: W. de Lézeaux, Oliver de Lézeaux, Richard de Lézeaux, Warin Tirel, Fulk du Bois, John Malherbe, Rannulf de Gatigny, W. du Vaugrente, W. de Saint-Pierre, Thomas de Lézeaux, Thomas du Bois, Fulk de Gatigny, Robert du Mesnil, Hugh de Bouillon, and many others.

3. Manchester, University Library–John Rylands Research Library, 133 PHC/33

Notification about an agreement between Abbot Jordan (1191–1212) of Mont Saint-Michel and Nicholas de Verdun concerning a mill and fishpond they built together near Carolles (dép. Manche, cant. Avranches).

[1191 × 1212]

With this present document notice is entrusted to the memory of those present and future that when Abbot Jordan and the monks of Mont Saint-Michel in peril of the sea, on the one side, and lord Nicholas de Verdun and his heirs, on the other, [have] had a suitable place in their demesnes for the construction of a pond and a mill, namely between the vill of Carolles and Saint-Clément, they together built in mutually concurring agreement a pond and a mill, on condition that the said abbot and monks immediately attorned to the multure of the same mill all the men they so have and will have from the stream of Le Crapeux up to the sea, and have conceded [this] in perpetuity. The said Nicholas and his heirs have likewise attorned to the multure of the same mill all the men they so have and will have in these fiefs: the fief of Gellin de Carolles, the fief of Ansgot Brient, the

Escollant fief, the fief of John de Platea, the fief of Peter Ansgot, the fief of William Picoul, where he lives, [and] the fief of Hugh de Capella, and have conceded [this] in perpetuity, as if they were of their own multure. And if the abbot, monks, and the said Nicholas and his heirs are able reasonably to have more men of their multure in the neighbouring territory, they will make [them] go to the same mill. The pond and mill are therefore common to both, and all the proceeds that come forth from the pond and mill are to be shared between them in half. But of the works and needs of the pond and mill the abbot and monks will provide [one] half, and the aforesaid Nicholas and his heirs the other half. Moreover, the miller will be placed in the mill by the common choice and consent of both parties. If, however, the mill is in any way made unable to grind by the abbot and monks or by Nicholas and his heirs, he through whom the defective mill is inactive will be held to make amends to the other through the mill revenues that pertain to him. The abbot said he would keep the tenor of this agreement for himself and the monks, in the word of the Lord and of a priest, by touching and kissing the holy gospels, and the oft-mentioned Nicholas swore this thing on the same gospels. Fulk the clerk, brother of the said Nicholas, also swore that he would faithfully keep this agreement to the best of his ability.

4. Manchester, University Library–John Rylands Research Library, 133 PHC/34

Act of Reginald de Carolles confirming the donation of his father, Radulf de Carolles, to the monastery of Mont Saint-Michel.

[after 1216 / after September 1225]

Reginald de Carolles [sends his] greeting to all whom this present document may reach. May you all know that I have given and conceded and confirmed, for the salvation of my soul and [the souls] of my ancestors, to the church of blessed Michael in peril of the sea and the monks who serve God there, in pure and perpetual alms, everything that my father Radulf gave to the same church when he accepted the monastic habit, namely, whatever he had in the mills of Carolles, retaining nothing for myself or my heirs, except the church's prayers. Those mills are now divided in three parts, another one of which belongs to the aforesaid church [and] the remaining [one] to my lord, Nicholas de Verdun, and his heirs. The third part [is] divided into four smaller parts, however. Half of three smaller parts pertained to my aforementioned father, which he conceded to the [afore]mentioned church to be held wholly, in perpetuity. And he also conceded to the same church the site of the pond at La Cage, insofar as it extended in his land. Nicholas de Verdun, who is the chief lord of the fief, has since conceded and endorsed this my father's donation and my concession in the lord king's assizes at Avranches. And so that this my donation and concession remain valid and irreversible in the future, I

have reinforced the present document with the strength of my seal. Witnesses: Radulf Herloin, Philip de la Rochelle, William du Vaugrente, Warin Tirel, William de Lézeaux, his son Oliver, Hugh de Bouillon, Fulk de Gatigny, John Malherbe, and many others.

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Our Daily Middle Ages

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One of the most widely taught texts when engaging with the history of the English language is the *Lord's Prayer*.[1] As first summarized in its linguistic development by philologist Albert S. Cook in 1891, it is one of the few texts in English that exists in hundreds of versions throughout the entire history of the language, preserved in manuscripts in what we have come to term Old English, Middle English, Early Modern English, Modern English, and Contemporary English, simply because of the powerfully continuist impact of Christianity. Whether it is *Fæder ure þu þe eart on heofonum. . .*, *Oure fadir that art in heuenes. . .*, *Our Father which art in heaven. . .* , or *Our Father in heaven. . .*, all historical versions include the request: *urne gedæghwamlican hlaf syle us todæg. . .* or, moving directly from the Old English to the contemporary version, *Give us this day our daily bread. . . .* I thought I should refer to this prayer in the title for this essay because its impressive longevity, while undergoing considerable linguistic transformation over time, resembles the *longue durée* (staying power) of many other features and practices that originated during the period in which the *Lord's Prayer* was first translated from Latin into English as well as into all other European languages. If I pick the word from the phrase that has undergone the most significant morphemic change since the prayer's first translations and compare it to its contemporary instantiation, I can venture to make several observations.

My first and immediate observation is that our current adjective *daily* is so much more concise and efficient than its Old English predecessor, *gedæghwamlican*. To say "dai-ly" in Old English, you not only needed *dæg-hwam-* (each day) and the ending *-lic* (ly), but also a prefix (*ge-*, which may have indicated completeness or perfection), and *lic-* needed a weak adjective accusative ending *-an* that aligned with the noun *hlaf* (loaf) following it. Wouldn't you say that we have made incredible progress from the long and complicated *gedæghwamlican* to the short and pithy *daily*? And isn't this what we generally think about what has happened to European culture and civilization between the fourth century and our twenty-first century? Progress, and advances in technology and civilization? That said, isn't there also a vague contradictory and somewhat nostalgic response that makes us wonder if our dropping of the majority of morphemes from *gedæghwamlican* to

[1] A preliminary version of this paper was presented as keynote for the International Summer School "Moyen Âges d'en haut et d'en bas : perméabilités, interactions et débats entre recherche académique et cultures populaires" sponsored by the University of Grenoble, France, and the University of Lausanne, Switzerland, in 2022. I am grateful to Estelle Doudet and Filippo Fonio for their invitation, and to all summer school participants for their questions and comments.

daily may have cost us something that may have been meaningful, beautiful, original, or simply exotic, and that something about the way we were and spoke may have been lost as we continued to progress and advance?

Medieval as a Brand

Let us move away from the history of the English language and into our recent past: in September 2022, a new medievalist movie was released to much public relations fanfare. It is the most expensive Czech movie ever made, and it includes a cast of international stars, among them American Ben Foster, Australian Sophie Lowe, Britain's Michael Caine, and Germany's Til Schweiger, thus clearly aiming for a world-wide audience. The movie's trailers proudly proclaimed the film's "authenticity," the widely known formula of being "inspired by true events," based on the story of "one of the most fearless warriors in history" (Renner). One of the trailers' narrating voices speaks of two trinities: "power, tyranny, violence," and Europe being engulfed in "war, plague, and famine." The trailer's legend, interrupting scenes of grimdark slaughter and battle, promises a superhero: "One man – will command the fate of an Empire," and that hero is allowed to self-characterize by saying a) "we don't kidnap women" (invoking chivalry), and b) "If you choose to fight, you may die, but for your cause, and that is a good death" (promising heroism based on altruistic warrior values). Another one of the trailers ends by touching on an audience's expected desire to be on the side of progress and the people, against oppressive and unjust premodern rulership, stating: "Kings may be chosen by God, but they still make the mistakes of men" (Renner). And the movie poster chimes in by adding another trinity of terms meant to summarize the movie: "For honor, for justice, for freedom." For many of those who habitually watch medieval(ist) movies, the emotionally rousing narrative recipe for Mel Gibson's 1995 *Braveheart* comes to mind.

I will not here focus on the details of plot and its relationship to historical reality. The film is based on the early biography of the legendary Hussite commander Jan Žižka, a successful mercenary military leader in fourteenth-century Bohemia, who is said never to have lost a battle. However, I will mention that among Director Petr Jákl's declared objectives with the movie is the worldwide promotion of his country, the Czech Republic, hence the selection of one of the most widely known Czech national heroes as the protagonist.

If we review the totality of terms used to advertise this movie, and if we add to this the images chosen to attract audiences on posters (raised swords, a castle under siege, flaming arrows raining onto a huge battle, and a protagonist who has lost an eye in combat), we understand why the director and producers thought it would be smart to go with a minimalist title for the movie, *Medieval*. After all, the story has all the ingredients most members of a global audience would expect

from any cultural artifact supposed to depict life in medieval central Europe c. 700 years ago. Thus, while the movie is historically situated in what today is the Czech Republic and during the second half of the fourteenth century, this specificity (and concomitant claim to historical authenticity) seems less important than its fit within the general horizon of expectations current audiences have of what we call the Middle Ages. If the movie makers had named the movie after its Czech hero, Jan Žižka, as did the 1955 Czechoslovak precursor movie directed by Otokar Vavra, global audiences might not watch. After hundreds of medieval-themed movies since the early twentieth century, this movie openly acknowledges that we no longer need to call it *Alexander Nevsky* (1938), *Joan of Arc* (1948), *Ivanhoe* (1952), *El Cid* (1961), *Becket* (1964), *The Return of Martin Guerre* (1982), *Lionheart* (1987), *Braveheart* (1995), *King Arthur* (2004), *Arn: The Knight Templar* (2007), *Robin Hood* (2010), *Conquest: 1453* (2012), *The Last Duel* (2021), *The Green Knight* (2021), *The Northman* (2022). We have reached a point where, after experiencing a sufficient dose of medievalist media, simply calling a movie *Medieval* will be enough to conjure up the usual suspects among the elements that will make any cultural production look recognizably as connecting with the one-thousand-year period we have been sandwiching between Classical Antiquity and the alleged rebirth of that Classical Antiquity during the Renaissance. Therefore, I will claim here and now that, with the advent of the 2022 movie *Medieval*, the term has finally and officially become a brand name, similar to Google, which is used by a majority of people worldwide for all search machines and, as a verb, to describe the act of searching the internet, or Kleenex, which is the most widely used term in many countries for disposable tissues. When we hear or read the term Medieval, or even a variant spelling such as "MediEvil," it elicits a host of immediate associations, including the ones with which the movie *Medieval* advertises itself. Inversely, even when a fantasy narrative displays certain features, for example swords, knights, castles, and jousts, it will almost automatically be recognized and categorized as "medieval."[2]

This is the reason why George R. R. Martin's *A Song of Ice and Fire* and the TV series *Game of Thrones* have been recognized by their audiences as situated in "the 'medieval world' of Eurasia from c. 400 to 1500 CE" (Waxman). Martin himself has claimed that the fictional societies he created are "strongly grounded in history" and are meant to serve as a corrective against what he calls the "Disneyland Middle Ages" abounding with "princes, princesses and knights in shining ar-

[2] The development of this kind of branding may have existed for medievalist literary texts as early as the beginning of the twentieth century, when Rudyard Kipling has one of his protagonists in the short story "Dayspring Mishandled" receive a pot boiler writing assignment from his entrepreneurial supervisor centered around the keywords "a knight, a castle, a young girl" (Utz, "Writing" 159).

mor." However, unlike history-based or history-adjacent narratives which fictionalize identifiable historical persons, eras, events, and geographies, *Game of Thrones* is completely devoid of such authenticating anchors. Instead, it displays a self-contained world, with its own geography, languages, cultures and a distinct nonhistorical temporality – a place entirely *Neo*, so to speak. Rather than creating traditional kinds of historical authenticity and authority, it offers a simulacrum of medievalness, neither an original nor a copy of an original, engaging in a sufficient number of cultural references to make it belong to and reinforce the brand, Medieval.

We know who created the Google and Kleenex brands, and we can understand in whose interest these firms launched public relations campaigns to exalt the features of their products and make them market leaders. But who created the brand we all recognize as "medieval" and for what purpose? One group of brand creators is easily identifiable: it is the kind of people who research and teach medieval culture in schools and in higher education, individuals our societies have decided to educate, entitle, and remunerate to investigate and know everything there is to know about the medieval past. Following in the tradition of early modern private scholars and antiquarians, this group, which staked its claim as an essential subject at the modern university in the second half of the nineteenth century, turned knowledge about the 1000 years between Classical Antiquity and the Renaissance into a science, an academic specialization difficult enough to warrant their own existence and importance. This development happened at the same time as a massive wave of nationalism swept over Europe and as nations were eager to prove that they and their languages and territories had long histories and traditions legitimizing them, differentiating them, and hopefully giving them an edge over the histories and traditions of other nations.[3]

This academic competition between and among nations was an extension of the political, military, and economic competition for colonies around the world and for territories in Europe whose historical heritage was, unsurprisingly, contested. Alsace-Lorraine is such an example: the German Emperor Wilhelm I, thinking of himself as a reincarnation of the medieval Emperor Friedrich Barbarossa, had himself represented in the sculpture of the prophet Daniel on the cathedral in Metz. And the imperial chancellor, Otto von Bismarck, intervened personally to establish the first chair of English philology on the European continent at the Imperial University of Strasbourg. Bismarck and his contemporaries viewed English as a Germanic language, and appointing a medievalist specializing in Chaucer and *Beowulf* was intended to support the Germanization of Alsace-Lorraine.

[3] The role of nationalism in the creating of European medievalisms has been acknowledged by numerous publications, including Le Lostec (2022), Symes (2011), Utz ("Academic", 2016), and Warren (2011).

More generally, there is overwhelming evidence that the existence of the entire profession of medieval studies in departments of history, literature, archaeology, and art history is complicit with the same nationalism that brought about two world wars in the first half of the twentieth century. Despite claims of methodological historical and philological disinterestedness, medievalists profit from and participate in research focus areas that served patriotic if not nationalist agendas. This is the reason why early academic scholarship on the Middle Ages invents a time replete with white male epic heroes like King Arthur, El Cid, Roland, and Siegfried, each serving as bright and shining examples of desired national character traits to bind together imagined national communities.

Concomitant with these national desires for origins, professional medievalists also make sure their position as the exclusive gatekeepers of knowledge about the medieval past is distinguishable from any non-academic engagements with the Middle Ages. As a consequence, those who read, celebrate, play, perform, and reenact medievalia without the stamp of academic approval, are branded dilettantes and amateurs, and their various practices are othered as "medievalism," not serious "Medieval Studies." To defend the distinction between the popular and the academic, medievalists also claim that the total otherness or alterity of the Middle Ages demands the period be studied *sine ira et studio* and from a distance, and without projecting any of our own contemporary contexts onto them. These two diametrically opposed approaches to engaging with the Middle Ages, deftly defined by Juanita Feros Ruys (212-25) as "pastism" and "presentism," still impact academic discussions today.

At least since the late nineteenth century, academic medievalists have amassed an enormous mountain of knowledge on the medieval past and shaped the brand we recognize as "medieval." Often not quite self-aware, they have done so suffering under the illusion of scientific and science-like integrity, not always comprehending how their own methodological and subject choices were, and probably always will be, influenced by explicit and implicit forms of bias. Those who are self-aware have been trying to fight against some of the notions their predecessors have created, combatting with their studies the dangerous and virulent abuse of neomedieval ideology and symbols like those in the 2011 racist ramblings of Norwegian white supremacist mass murderer Anders Breivik or the anti-Semitic and white nationalist demonstrators in the Unite the Right rally in Charlottesville, VA, in 2017. And they have exposed the invented medievalist elements infusing the ideologies of the likes of Vladimir Putin in Russia and Jair Bolsonaro in Brazil.

The research done by academic medievalists since has had an impressive impact on how the brand "Medieval" has been taught in at all levels of formal education, embedded in fiction, and presented in the media. Despite all these efforts, however, it appears that scholars feel their work to be positively Sisyphean. Consider,

for example, the impressive production of scholarly works (mostly journal essays and books) exposing the Right of the Lord's First Night (*Herrenrecht*; *droit de cuissage*) as a fictional narrative invented for political purposes and not a reality ever practiced. In 1995, a single blockbuster movie, Mel Gibson's *Braveheart*, a narrative that enacts the fictional right as a reality and main motivating factor for its protagonist, pretty much obliterated the existing scholarship among the majority of viewers and has ensured that the incorrect story will continue as an element of our daily Middle Ages for generations to come.[4]

Andrew Elliot has come to a similarly demoralizing conclusion when investigating how the Middle Ages have been appropriated in twenty-first century mass media. Elliot describes how twenty-first-century popular medievalisms originate in a three-step process: first, medievalia are expropriated from history, as when medieval objects, concepts, and symbols are invoked in a postmedieval context; second, this expropriation is repeated and retransmitted, allowing the meaning of the object, concept, and symbol to gradually stand for new meanings increasingly unrelated to any historical reality; and third, the object, concept, or symbols are assimilated, translated, and modified so that they are completely "divested . . . of [their] original meanings and context-dependent significance making it ripe to be grafted onto modern concerns" (Elliot 6). Elliott shows this process at work for the use of the (medieval) crusades by both George W. Bush and Osama bin Laden:

> In both cases, although for contrary outcomes, the cultural symbolism of the Crusades was excised from its original meaning, transmitted through the mass media in a new form, and ultimately became the subject of a dispute not over their original meaning but over their new significance as an ideological weapon. Thus, when bin Laden calls on his fellow Muslims to resist a Crusader invasion of the Holy Land, he is referring to an established tradition which has, through relentless repetition, assimilated the modern armed incursions into the Middle East with twentieth- and twenty-first-century *crusades*. Likewise, it is precisely *because* the term was already in use that Bush's famous description of the War on Terror as a Crusade had such enormous political and ideological resonance. (Elliot 6-7)

[4] On this topic, *Braveheart* is preceded by the 1965 movie *The War Lord,* which, like *Braveheart*, convinced viewers of its historicity by the way it created the impression of authenticity. Art directors Alexander Golitzen and Henry Bumstead built a medieval village with a tower, a moat and a drawbridge on four acres of Universal Studios' Upper Lake backlot. A river was redirected to create an island and a bank ninety feet in width, and some of the location sequences were filmed at a waterfowl game refuge in Calouse, California. With Charlton Heston in the role of the knight, Chrysagon, the film gained additional authority, just as Mel Gibson's performance as William Wallace added notoriety to *Braveheart*. Another important medium offering continuity to the narrative about the fictional medieval "right" is Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's *Il nozze di Figaro* (1786), which continues to be performed in opera houses all over the world. For a more detailed discussion, see Utz ("Mes souvenirs").

According to Elliot, social media and other online mass medievalisms are mostly disconnected from the historical Middle Ages so important to the twentieth-century combat against anachronism and mythography but only and exclusively exist because of contemporary meme culture. In this meme culture, traditional models of authority and authenticity for communicating about the medieval past are irrelevant. Instead of the onerous identification of sources, causes, and paths of transmission, which would challenge ambiguity and inaccuracy, the modes of dissemination for medievalist memes in contemporary mass media are examples of Jean Baudrillard's simulacra, presenting world-wide audiences with copies of copies without an original. However, even a Baudrillardian analysis of the vertical relationships between contemporary medievalisms and the Middle Ages will not do justice to the empty signifiers dominating current mass media. What is needed to fully comprehend these medievalist memes is an investigation into the horizontal relationships between various contemporary and multiply mediated mass medievalisms. In the tradition of Hannah Arendt's "banality of evil," Elliot calls his examples "banal medievalisms." They are *bricolages* of ideological redeployments of medievalist tropes or memes or "the Middle Ages in the twenty-first century media landscape" as "unconscious sites of unchallenged heritage and, ultimately, unchallenged reference points in our collective imagination" (Elliot 16).

While I agree with Elliot on the ways in which medievalist tropes or memes are redeployed in the twenty-first century, I see the only major difference between these memes and tropes and those that existed in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries in the increased speed at which they are deployed and distributed, an accelerated pace rendered possible by new technologies of distribution.[5] No doubt, this pace is the one reason why contemporary medievalists feel outmaneuvered and overwhelmed when it comes to combatting political abuses, mythographies, and anachronisms of the past in a concerted manner.

All this would indicate that, while we academics may have provided much detailed information on the medieval past via research and scholarship, our impact on the general public has remained rather limited: while we are teaching classes with medieval content matter, most of our focus has remained on what we call the *real* Middle Ages, an issue Kevin J. Harty once referenced ironically with the title of his *The Reel Middle Ages* (2006); while we continue to deepen our knowledge in everything from archaeology and codicology through literature and linguistics, most of our scholarship still is and will continue to be directed toward our own peers, which means that a majority of published essays are in fact never read or

[5] For pre-twenty-first-century examples of *simulacra* in the reception of the Middle Ages, see Mayer.

cited by anyone;[6] and while many of us have been embracing opportunities for parsing our scholarship for public venues, such work still only ever seems to scratch the surface of the maelstrom of medievalist undercurrents in contemporary society, especially when published in outlets whose readers already share our own views on education and policy.

Another cause for the limited influence of academic scholarship on the general appreciation of medieval culture in postmedieval times is that even those academics interested in the reception history of medievalia often focus only on examples of the misappropriation or abuse of ideas of the medieval period. In fact, an observer of published scholarship in medievalism studies external to the field might well conclude that most features of medieval culture welling back up or continuing in modernity connect almost naturally with right-wing nationalism, racism, and sexism instead of any benign purposes.[7] While this impression is incorrect, as Jan Ziolkowski's magisterial six-volume *The Juggler of Notre Dame and the Medievalizing of Modernity* (2018) and much other scholarship conclusively prove, the indebtedness of modern academic criticism to enlightenment thought and its animosity toward all past forms of religious and political medievalism and conservatism will likely continue to produce much scholarship that sees the vast majority of contemporary medievalisms as inimical to progressive causes.[8]

Ironically, the focus of so much academic scholarship on the abuses of the Middle Ages by various postmedieval practices may well at times reinforce long-standing views of the Middle Ages itself as a dark and uncivilized time, views first promulgated by Francesco Petrarca and other Renaissance humanists (Heers). Overall,

[6] According to Biswas & Kirchherr, 82% of peer-reviewed academic articles in the humanities are never cited; in the social and natural sciences fewer than one third of such articles are cited, and only about one-fifth of these cited papers were actually read. Overall, an article in a peer-reviewed academic journal is read in its entirety by no more than ten people (which means many are not read at all).

[7] A recent literary enactment of the scholarly battle against the alt-right's appropriation of the Middle Ages, Phil Adamo's 2022 novel *The Medievalist*, suffers from "an excessive academicism," reads too much "like a classroom lecture," and cannot resist drawing some facile and didactic conclusions about the nature of racism" (*Kirkus Review*). In his "Postscript," Adamo admits to speaking on behalf of those who see most medievalisms as malevolent. His explicit intent was to create "a scenario in which protagonist medievalists . . . directly confronted . . . white supremacist antagonists" (312). Similarly facile conclusions were advanced by *The Bright Ages* (Gabriele and Perry), a volume that promised a new and revisionist history of the Middle Ages, but whose aggressive public relations campaign included the torpedoing of a critical review for the *Los Angeles Review of Books*. As Jennifer Schuessler has indicated, this once again reveals that too many academic medievalists will rather engage in circular firing squads than collegial productive discussion and true engagement with the general public. For an excellent critique of facile and didactic conclusions about the nature of racism and popular medievalism, see Mondschein.

[8] The tendency to focus mostly on the abuses and misappropriations of medieval culture seems to be less prevalent in Francophone scholarship on medievalism, as the entries for the 2022 *Dictionnaire du Moyen Âge Imaginaire* would indicate.

sizeable groups of scholars have recently attempted to extricate their own work from the still predominant Eurocentric traditions of medievalism and medieval studies and to include regions, groups, and practices previously marginalized. Following in the tradition of numerous English departments, which extended their curricula and scholarship to world literatures in English translation in the 1990s, many academics have broadened their work to include world-wide cultural practices resembling and/or happening simultaneously with the European Middle Ages, as in the 2019 essay collection *Whose Middle Ages?* (Albin et al.); abandoned Eurocentric perspectives entirely by rejecting all existing historical terminologies and categories, rendering visible the achievements of non-Eurasian cultures, and revealing premodern forms of globalism, as exemplified in the work of Geraldine Heng; or refocused from researching the predominant national paradigms of medievalism to the yet underexamined postcolonial receptions and transformations of European medievalisms around the world, as in recent publications by Louise D'Arcens and Stephanie Matabang. What remains to be seen is if these three paths of scholarship can engender as much enthusiasm and interest on and off campuses as European medievalisms do. Unlike European medievalisms, these academic focus areas do not have centuries-long cultural foundations and memorial anchors that serve as daily reminders of regional and national medieval pasts.

Kisha Tracy's concise book on *Why Study the Middle Ages?* addresses many of these recent scholarly partialities. While she values the historicist lens so many traditional medievalists apply to the study of the medieval period, her preference is a radically presentist approach, one in which pretty much every aspect of modern and contemporary life can be viewed as in potential continuity with medieval human practices and thought. Addressing her fellow medievalists and current as well as prospective students of medievalia, she travels through temporal boundaries and academic categorizations to claim the Middle Ages as a world with immediate and direct contemporary relevance:

> There is a common belief that the peoples of the past were somehow exempt from (positive, especially) human nature, had less of a sense of morality (by any definition) than we do now, or were unaware of basic human dilemmas or triumphs. . . . Relegating the Middle Ages to "primitive" distances us from close examination of what has not changed in society—or what has, which might not be for the better. Exploring and exploding these (mis)conceptions is essential to experience the benefits of a liberal education. (Fitchburg State University News)

In her concise and inexpensive booklet, Tracy first traces the daily relevance of medieval culture for her own discipline, the humanities, which study human beings over the course of time with a focus on our common humanity. She then tackles the relevance of academic engagement with the Middle Ages for Science, Technology, Engineering, and Mathematics (STEM) and for the Social Sciences,

with disability, diversity, domestic abuse, and health as representative areas of interest we share with our medieval forebears, regional, national, and global ones. Her embracing treatment unites aspects of medieval studies with medievalism, removes the barriers against the Middle Ages erected by common narratives of technological progress since the Renaissance and the Enlightenment, and values medieval practices against the broad panorama of their receptions, benign through abusive.

Even Tracy's embracing treatment, however, remains directed toward an academic audience and may therefore share the limited impact of most academic studies and of publications with ideologically predetermined audiences. What we need to develop, therefore, is the kind of medium that parses valid scholarship and research into entertaining narratives accessible to broad audiences who may otherwise learn about the medieval past only via the often-biased contemporary meme, game, and media cultures examined, among others, by Andrew Elliott, Brent Moberly, and Kevin Moberly.

Books, because of their enduring resilience as icons of cultural credibility and social authority, may still be an appropriate venue for this task, and Danièle Cybulskie's 2021 *How to Live Like a Monk: Medieval Wisdom for Modern Life* offers an example of the kind of publication that, together with video programs and podcasts, might bring about some of the change the reception of the Middle Ages in postmedieval times needs. The book, listed as one of their bestsellers by Abbeville Press, an independent New York publisher of fine art and illustrated books, combines the paratextual features of a convenient coffee table tome (handy 5.3 x 8.3-inch format, aesthetically pleasing cover art and design, numerous high-quality color illustrations) with the delegated scholarly authority of twelve pages of endnotes, five pages of glossary, and three pages of "Recommended Reading." Like Kisha Tracy's *Why Study the Middle Ages?*, it suspends the limiting historicizing sense of otherness when looking at the lives and practices of medieval monks and nuns and argues instead for the psychic continuity of human beings across time. It continues the format of question and answer from the title of the book into the text, asking (and answering) "Why become a monk," "How did a person become a monk," and "What did a monastery look like?" Later, Cybulskie comes through with her promise, made in the subtitle *Medieval Wisdom for Modern Life*, about how medieval monastic life may inspire contemporary readers in their own desire for peace, simplicity, and purpose.[9]

[9] Focusing on topics like the mind-body dichotomy, the relevance of the divine in material existence, interpretations of death and how to cope with death, the pursuit of love in spiritual and earthly terms, and the significance of ideals like honor, the contributors to *Medieval Answers to Modern Problems* (2017) also try to flip the progressivist narrative governing views of the Middle Ages as dark and our own age as enlightened. However, this publication, too, will remain inaccessible because of its target audience and forbidding price tag.

The unusual achievement of this publication is that it presents a responsible and scholarship-based narrative of moderate historical difference within fascinating continuing human sameness. The book avoids simplistic inventions of ideological sameness and at the same time challenges scholarly claims of radical alterity between our own present and the medieval past.[10] Even more, it centers on aspects of spirituality and religion, which are too often disregarded due to the radically secularist mentality governing contemporary academe, but were and are of great daily importance to a significant number of people in the medieval past as well as today.[11] Like the simultaneous continuity and temporal difference represented by the *Lord's Prayer*, Cybulskie's book retains the notion – admittedly with a slight tinge of originalist nostalgia – that our current culture has lost something while pursuing its inexorable *telos* of scientific progress and accelerated technological advance. However, it does so without advocating for a wholesale return to monasticism or some of the other features of medieval society that accompanied monastic life and were misappropriated in postmedieval times. *Si sic omnes*!

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[10] These are the very qualities of one of the world's most popular sites for medievalia, *medievalists.net*, which, in 2022, had an audience of 4,170,011 and 7,077,314 page views (personal email from site owner Peter Konieczny, 12 April 2023). Danièle Cybulskie is a contributor to *medievalists.net*, and she engages medieval enthusiasts with *The Medieval Podcast*, a weekly show that has reached at least 1,5 million listeners worldwide since 2019.

[11] Cybulskie's choice of writing a popular book about monks, nuns, and monasteries could be viewed as a bold move when considering how aggressive some academic medievalists have been about any inclusion of spirituality and religion in medieval studies and medievalism studies. As Utz ("Of Monks") shows, such activist colleagues will launch social media attacks on anyone who does not submit to their narrow secularist ideological agenda. As a publication directed mostly toward non-academic audiences, *How to Live like a Monk* may simply have passed under their radar.

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Presentist Fantasies of the Middle Ages: A Case Study of Two Pen-and-Paper Role-Playing Games Based on Medieval Literature

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1. Introduction

Role-playing games are among the most popular (neo)medievalist cultural practices. David Mackay defines role-playing games as rule-bound, episodic, participatory narrative systems, in which players and gamemasters[1] collaboratively generate narratives through descriptions and performative representations of events, characters and actions (Mackay 4-5). Generally speaking, narratives in role-playing games are world-based rather than story-based. According to Ryan (2015) and Wolf (2012), world-based narratives offer frames for the continuous generation of new narratives which, in turn, function as gateways into the respective storyworlds. Within a storyworld, individual stories may exist independently and/or converge at certain moments, provided the storyworld retains its inner consistency. To facilitate improvisational play, storyworlds in role-playing games often rely on already existing narrative constituents (for example setting, character types, or plot patterns) from either cultural products (e.g. texts, movies or video games), myths or even history.

(Neo)medievalist elements have informed pen-and-paper role-playing game systems from the very beginning of the genre. J. R. R. Tolkien's works served as a core reliance for Gary Gygax when devising the first edition of *Dungeons and Dragons* (*D&D*; see Tresca 61). The collaboration of players in a fellowship of characters representing different races and classes is unmistakably indebted to Tolkien. So are the typical adversaries, such as orcs, goblins, or dragons; even if the scope of antagonistic characters and creatures has quickly expanded.

If most pen-and-paper role-playing games are set in pseudo- or neomedieval fantasy worlds, occasional systems emphasize more decisively a connection to medieval literature. My chapter is going to scrutinize two recent systems explicitly alluding to medieval epics: *The Green Knight: A Fantasy Role-Playing Game* (2020) and *Beowulf: Age of Heroes* (2021), exploring the various strategies of transforming their medieval literary models into the medium of pen-and-paper role-playing games. The individual analyses will gauge in how far the systems are informed by genres, tropes, plot elements or characters of their medieval reference points. How do the systems transform narrative and poetic features into game mechanisms? How do they relate the medieval past to the players' experiential world in

[1] Other terms may be dungeonmaster, storyteller or referee, depending on the specific profile this hub player is taking (see also Schallegger 72-84).

terms of alterity or/and continuities? In other words, this essay seeks to explore the cultural work those pen-and-paper role-playing games are engaged in when re-presenting and re-visiting medieval literature.

2. *The Green Knight: A Fantasy Role-Playing Game* (2021)[2]

My first example was produced as ancillary material to David Lowery's eponymous movie adaptation (A24, 2021; starring Dave Patel) of the anonymous Middle English verse epic *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. The medieval epic contains numerous features suitable to an adaptation for role-playing games. Its overt narrative voice foregrounds a storytelling performance, as it comments on characters, plot, or the narrative situation of oral traditions. Characteristic for this oral tradition is the epic's episodic structure and formulaic language. Moreover, the protagonist and the reader are both confronted with puzzles, and the hero is, of course, tasked with a quest after being challenged by a mysterious stranger. Magic also plays a role, even if only as an illicit sort of interference.

The key topic raised in *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight* revolves around chivalric ideals of honour and modesty – two virtues Sir Gawain eventually fails to fulfil. Although he survives the fatal blow by the Green Knight because he secretly wears a magic belt, he is only verbally chastised for his cheating. The humiliation to realize and admit his disloyal, dishonourable behaviour suffices for Sir Gawain to be reconciled with Bertilak de Hautdesert, who had been enchanted into the Green Knight by the sorceress Morgan Le Fay. Having learnt his lesson, the knight returns to King Arthur's court, keeping the girdle to remind him of his committed failures and thus to prevent a future one.[3]

The movie is far less lenient with its protagonist. Susan Aronstein and Taran Drummand perceive the topics "fame and legacy, narrative and destiny" in the movie, which is, to them, mostly "a film about stories" (92), full of metanarrative elements. Tison Pugh focuses on "duality and the contradictory meaning of signs" (43). Kevin J. Harty concludes that Lowery's movie is "intriguingly subversive" (51), without elaborating on the subversions in detail.[4] Amber Dunai, finally, highlights the movie's ambiguities, tracing them back to the director's engagement with Arthurian criticism and its unearthing of subtexts to the epic. Most notably, she hints at Geraldine Heng's reading of the epic "arguing that Sir Gawain contains within it a feminine text, which is perceivable 'at the limit of the

[2] Hence abbreviated as *GKRPG*.

[3] "This is the sign of sore loss that I have suffered there / For the cowardice and coveting that I came to there; / This is the badge of false faith that I was found in there, / And I must bear it on my body till I breathe my last" (*Sir Gawain* 65, ll. 2506-09).

[4] Harty sees the post-credit scene, for instance, as "a feminine antidote and alternative to the toxic masculinity of Arthur's court by having her [Morgan's] granddaughter place the crown on her own head" (50).

masculine narrative' Heng (1991) (500-1)" (Dunai 458). The movie's challenge to the concept of the hero is central to its subversive quality, for Dave Patel's Gawain is a flawed hero, whose 'heroism' ultimately consists in taking responsibility for his flaws and losing his life as a result. The movie's ending offers to Gawain only the choice between cowardice (leading to infamous death after temporary glory) or instant, yet honourable death. *GKRPG* capitalizes on the issue of honour raised in the movie, deploying it as a key mechanism.

Unlike *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*, the role-playing game splits up the singular hero into a cliché fellowship group of characters. Players can choose between the character classes of hunter, knight, noble, bard, and sorcerer. None of them can compare with the prowess of the knight of the Round Table. They rather represent the flawed heroism of Lowery's movie. The game's emphasis on virtues still reminds players of the idea of chivalric virtue and honour. The latter is, in fact, central to the role-playing game's mechanism (as I shall explain below). However, as the range of characters is expanded to non-chivalric character classes, the uniqueness of the chivalric hero in the original is levelled. On the one hand, the honour code is no longer exclusive to the knight. On the other hand, the levelling renders some character classes inconsistent because they typically would not follow an honour code.

As far as the adventure's context is concerned, there are only one adventure and a single story arch, divided into several episodes – very much like in the game's literary and filmic models. The episodes cursorily allude to some scenes in the movie, but only via topical cues: an encounter with robbers, an encounter with a magical fox, and rescuing St. Winifred's skull. In the medieval *Sir Gawain*, the episodic structure largely patterns Gawain's stay at Bertilak's castle, the host's hunts and Gawain's challenges by the lady. The journey is condensed in less than a hundred lines (*Sir Gawain* 21-23, ll. 691-784), summarizing valiant fights and encounters, yet none of them surfaces in the movie or the role-playing game. Although the game's episodes may help the players to props supporting them in the final encounter with the Green Knight, none of these props is in itself powerful enough to ensure the heroes' victory – quite unlike the belt in the poem. Lacking intrinsic connection and refusing the typical function of plot-constituting episodes in pen-and-paper role-playing games, the episodes in the Green Knight role-playing game achieve little in the creation of story and remain equally deficient with regard to their plot-solving potential.

The role-playing game's content-related link to the medieval epic largely rests on the eponymous figure of the Green Knight, who is both motivation and goal of the characters' quest. It also generates the characters' backstories, in which players must relate to each other, in the introduction to the session, how their characters once met the Green Knight, did damage to him, and what they expect as a

prospective retaliation. The figure of the Green Knight is, therefore, the constant element in this transmedial cluster, whereas Sir Gawain is replaced by the player characters.

Unlike most pen-and-paper role-playing games, where adventure stories are played in an elaborated storyworld, world building is irrelevant for *GKRPG*. The entire game is a one-shot adventure (i.e. to be played in one session only), with a linear story demanding strong railroading from the gamemaster, who decides on the honourability of the characters' actions. Like the story and its episodes, characters' actions are largely determined. So is the ending, although players and gamemaster are offered three options for possible outcomes of the adventure: if the characters decide to flee, their lives will be saved but their cowardice will spoil their happiness in the future – very much like the first ending in the movie. If the characters fight the knight victoriously, this standard ending for fantasy role-playing games assumes a bitter taste, since the gamemaster will then describe how everything in the Green Chapel is beginning to rot and die. The only ending leaving the players at least in a state of spiritual satisfaction occurs when they allow themselves to be beheaded. In that case, their dead bodies will merge with nature, granting the characters an eco-esoteric afterlife fusing human existence with nature.

None of these endings has been narratively prepared for in the previous episodes, nor does it bear any intertextual relation to the role-playing game's models – the rejection of the cowardly solution excepted.[5] The ending of the epic, with Gawain surviving the encounter a chastised and wiser man, is rejected by both movie and role-playing game. The Green Knight is transformed from an enchanted knight into a mythical incarnation of nature, visually reminiscent of the Celtic Green Man, whose association with the Wild Hunt may also underlie the hunting scenes and their implications. Whereas deviations from the model(s) are by no means problematic in adaptation, a severe point of criticism in the role-playing game concerns the potential dissatisfaction with the endings among those players who may have believed the game to follow the conventions of fantasy role-playing games, which typically reward players who fight victoriously, defeating the so-called 'endboss' in the last stand. In *GKRPG*, however, all the victorious players may take from the Green Chapel is a stone with some moss on it.

Equally disappointing is the central game mechanism: characters do not have life points or hit points indicating their level of physical health. The essential coinage in the game is (dis)honour: on a scale from 0 (impeccably honourable) to 20 (so utterly depraved that the adventure ends immediately if one character reaches this score), characters begin with a dishonour score of 10. Responding to an encounter

[5] The movie ends with Gawain's death but without the ecological apotheosis.

automatically entails one point of dishonour, for the characters allow themselves to be distracted from their progress to the encounter with the Green Knight.

At first sight, the honour system has an intriguing appeal because it forces players to consider the moral implications of their actions. Since role-players sometimes tend to act like riotous murder hobos, revelling in vice and slaughter, the honour system may prevent such excesses. However, the game mechanism actually counters such a moral impulse, for by treating honour like a commodity, the moral value of honour and the concomitant ethical decisions are superseded by utilitarian considerations. Honourable decisions are not taken because of their moral quality, or to increase characters' ethical depth. They tend to be motivated predominantly by the wish for profit on the honour scale. Although the honour system may invite players to discuss the possible moral implications of their choices, at least in the play sessions I have attended so far, *GKRPG* turned out to be a thoroughly agonistic game, encouraging players to simply focus on defeating the Green Knight. If players decided on honourable actions, they did so because they hoped to profit from them, reaching the story's ending with as little as possible dishonour, because this would give them an advantageous position in the final battle. Nevertheless, the plotline of *GKRPG* eventually thwarts all competitive aspirations because none of the predetermined endings offers any reward for the players – unless they were, indeed, satisfied with their characters' deaths. Although the description of that death imagines a transcendental, ecological fusion with nature, one may well doubt whether such an esoteric reward meets the taste of agonistic pen-and-paper gamers.

The obligatory loss of honour whenever players decide to engage with the adventure's episodes strictly contradicts the usual logic of pen-and-paper role-playing games, where the encounters structure and propel the plot, allow the players' agency to unfold, and reward players with loot and experience points. Since players lose honour when choosing to engage with an encounter, while they also risk to (and generally do) lose honour during the interaction, the motivation for narrative investment in the encounter dwindles considerably. Worse, both the inevitable loss of honour and the railroaded endings almost entirely deprive players of their agency. Their actions do not affect the predetermined plot. Since agency is important for immersion in a role-playing game, one may draw the paradoxical conclusion that the potential for immersion in this adaptation of a movie adaptation of a medieval epic is quenched by precisely the mechanism that was supposed to spark interaction.

In a character-driven pen-and-paper system, based on negotiating players' moral decisions, the honour system may have contributed to developing a thoughtful narrative collaboration. As a merely mechanical, utilitarian tool within an otherwise agonistic role-playing game that supports a gameist attitude among players

rather than role-playing or socializing, the honour system of the *GKRPG* fails to evoke the intricacies of the chivalric honour code of the medieval epic. It does not achieve Lowery's critical subversion of these values, either. The function of *GKRPG* as an ancillary product, hence, adds nothing to the engagement with the movie, nor does it fulfil such a purpose for the epic. And with its flaws as a game (such as railroading, inconsistent game mechanics, lack of reward, small replayability value), it hardly helped to increase sales profits, either.

3. *Beowulf: Age of Heroes* (2021)[6]

The setting of my second example tries to capture the atmosphere of an early medieval epic, which the authors of the role-playing game consider "the original source of so much in fantasy adventure" (Hodgson et al. 7). This claim probably alludes to references to the Old English epic in Tolkien's works. Arguably the most famous among them is certainly the encounter with Smaug in *The Hobbit*, which refers to an episode in the final part of *Beowulf*, where a thief steals an object from the hoard of a dragon, who vents his anger on a nearby village.[7] Moreover, the pattern of the superhuman hero who singlehandedly defeats marauding monsters has also become a generic element of fantasy narratives.

During the Covid pandemic, the creators of *BAH* sought to adapt the group-oriented game mechanics of the fifth edition of *D&D* for a role-playing game for just one player and one gamemaster. The Old English epic of *Beowulf* appealed to them as a template for this project because the epic centres on one single hero. The player will step into the role of that hero and will also control a group of followers (side characters with individual attributes, who may interfere with the action but whose character will not be elaborated or deepened).

The setting of *BAH* is determined by literary rather than political history, for the authors were particularly intrigued by the conditions of early medieval storytelling, especially the idea of a scop telling stories to a community by the fireside. Although the setting of *BAH* is dated in Anglo-Saxon times, the events of the adventures are entirely fictitious, or "mythical," as the authors put it. The atmospheric value of the pretexts is tantamount to the game. Hence, historical accuracy is discarded in favour of landscape descriptions or other elements of local colour. Player and gamemaster are encouraged to create stories that "can be larger than life, details can be made up, embroidered and exaggerated . . . and no one needs to worry too much about doing their homework. It is not possible to get it 'wrong'" (Hodgson et al. 6). Interest in the period is, nevertheless, helpful to imbue stories with consistency and coherence. The authors invite both approaches to the game:

[6] In what follows, the title is abbreviated as *BAH*.

[7] Considering Tolkien's academic works, one ought to add his seminal lecture "Beowulf: The Monster and the Critics" at the British Academy in 1936.

one displaying historical awareness and aiming at authenticity, or one enjoying mythical story patterns. Both are equally legitimate and enjoyable.

As far as game mechanisms are concerned, *BAH* adapts some features of Old English literature, integrating them into its rules, mechanisms, and/or plot structure. Most prominently, the "portent" serves to create poetic flavour. The portent is a combination of two compounds, each consisting of an adjective plus a noun. It is assembled with the help of adjective and noun tables in the rulebook. The player rolls dice to select the constituents of the portents from those tables. This mechanical process may yield ominous phrases like "Harried Winds – Ancient Grief". The portent's form is supposed to imitate both the grammatical compound structure of Old English kennings[8] and the caesura in the long lines of Old English poetry. The portent's meaning is open to the players' situational interpretations. Since *BAH* imitates Old English poetry for its sound quality rather than its meaning, Old English poetry retains an aura of fascinating, yet unintelligible alterity. Poetic form is, hence, functionalized into a game mechanism that generates atmospheric 'fluff'.

The portent has a structural function in opening the plot of an adventure when the characters will receive it in one way or another – maybe a wise person or soothsayer will pronounce it to the hero. It can be used to foreshadow the story and offers a frame or script for future character actions. The player is invited to apply the portent interpretatively to any situation in the game, suggesting how the portent may have foreshadowed that particular moment. The phrase mentioned above could, for example, be invoked when the player comes across a ruin caused by a storm (hence, 'harried winds'). The player might wonder whether the ruin may hide a dangerous secret – perhaps an ancient monster once hid there and has now been released to ravage the surroundings (hence, 'ancient grief'). If the player utters such speculations based on the portent, s/he may be granted advantage for, say, a dice roll in an investigation check. Within the game, the portent supports the player's creativity and agency. From a literary studies perspective, however, the portent mechanism insinuates that literary interpretation is something subjective and volatile, in the sense of 'anything goes'.

Apart from alluding to the poetic elements of the kenning and the long line, the portent also creates an intertextual reference to the Anglo-Saxon concept of *wyrd*, attempting to translate it into a game mechanism. *Wyrd* is an Old Germanic concept of fate, which combines the idea of predetermination with human agency. A human being's past, present, and future are believed to be woven into fateful threads by the norns (Germanic mythological beings). Destinies of human beings may interlace with those of others, thus weaving a veritable *wyrd* web. Since the

[8] *Kennings* are conventional compounds with figurative meanings, employed in Old Germanic poetry to circumscribe single-word nouns (e.g. hron rade – 'whale road' – for the sea).

actions of human beings may have an impact on their destiny, the concept of *wyrd* is not entirely predetermined (unlike Puritan ideas of predestination) but leaves room for human agency. The portent establishes the idea of a prefabricated, if yet obscure frame of fate. It simultaneously offers instances of agency to the players, whose own creativity can influence the action's further course in a positive way. However, this agency occurs foremost on the level of player-gamemaster communication (i.e. it is negotiated on a metalevel) and not on the level of character decisions on the story level.

Expanding on the poetic frame of the portent, the sea voyage establishes an additional narrative frame for the introduction of an adventure because it modifies and individualizes the player's further potential actions. Although *wyrd* constitutes one option for the challenges the player encounters on the sea voyage, the player has little agency in this context because the gamemaster rolls dice to select challenges from a table and then narrates what happens during the voyage. In the sea voyage, "wyrd" is largely synonymous for a deterministic fate, whereas Germanic *wyrd* can be influenced by somebody's actions. Apart from being a "framework and a tool", the sea voyage in *BAH* has no independent story value except encouraging the player to roleplay the exchanges between the hero and his/her followers and thus helping the player to get into the role.

A third, spatial, constituent borrowed from *Beowulf* is the meadhall, a location for social interaction between the hero and the local community, and an expository starting point for the player's investigations that eventually yield clues and tools to defeat the monster. In *Beowulf* as well as in *BAH*, the meadhall is also the site where the monster is introduced. Whereas heroes in *D&D* must explore the setting to gather help and tools that will support them to overcome the antagonist, the eponymous hero in *Beowulf* already possesses almost everything he needs to succeed. He does not need special preparations for Grendel but overcomes the monster by his own innate, superhuman strength in a wrestling fight. In the fight against Grendel's mother, the sword to deal her the lethal blow is found in the very moment and place of need and then dissolves once it has fulfilled its purpose. Unlike *D&D* heroes, who gain experience points and advance in their skills and abilities, the hero of the Old English epic undergoes no such development; he is fully accomplished and complete from the beginning.

The quintessential challenge for the hero faction consists in the monster haunting the site. In *BAH*, the concept of the monster largely corresponds to recent positions in teratology, which are informed by attempts at reducing the traditional othering and attempt a more inclusive stance towards monsters instead. Accordingly, the authors of *BAH* contend that monsters are, generally speaking, an index for a world feature that lies beyond the control of the community member. Reading *Beowulf* allegorically, they suggest that, for instance, Grendel represents the

power of evil as such, Grendel's mother embodies the danger of blood feuds, and the dragon signifies greed. This allegorical reading of the monsters as symbols resembles syncretistic interpretations of *Beowulf* that endow the Germanic tale of a warrior hero with Christian significance.

"Every Monster has its source" (Hodgson et al. 124), the authors of *BAH* assert, establishing a typology of monsters according to their origin:[9] Monsters that are born evil are irredeemable. They are also fictitious by definition, for such inherent evil "does not apply to people in the real world but is exceedingly helpful for a storyteller setting up a clear threat to a Hero" (124). With this remark, *BAH* not only distinguishes between the fictions it generates and the real world. It also highlights the dual awareness of player and gamemaster, nonchalantly disproving common allegations that role-players tend to confound fiction and reality.

The second type of monsters are perceived as veritable victims of a powerful person, creature or deity who has transformed the monster into what it is, either as a punishment or just out of an arbitrary whim. Implying a story arch of guilt and punishment, this type also contains the potential for atonement and redemption. The hero faction becomes an instrument for the redemption of the monster. The hero, in fact, assumes an almost messianic role of redeemer. Nevertheless, the rulebook leaves a gap as far as the consequences for the character who originally created the monster by transformation are concerned – for the monster's creator usually does not appear in the adventure.

The third monster type is "twisted by nature" (124). Originating from natural reasons, the monster is an ecological power, acting from natural necessity. Conflicts arise whenever the monster's needs clash or become incompatible with those of human beings in the habitat. The hero may resolve this conflict and reveal modes of cohabitation and conviviality between the conflicting parties. If this proves impossible, "to slay this kind of Monster is a grim need" (124), without the feeling of guilt experienced when a hero slays a monster of the previous type. Despite its ostentatious gesture to diversity policy, *BAH* thus cannot deny its anthropocentric stance.

The fourth and final monster type, the "unresting dead" (124), are locally mobile undead foes, whose ties to their eternal resting place have been severed. Heroes must either help the monsters to complete unfinished tasks or release their souls from their physical vessels. The latter implies that monsters do have souls, while their physical condition and appearance is what essentially constitutes their alterity. This alterity may warrant their destruction.

In sum, *BAH* endeavours to display a diversified, inclusive concept of the monster, offering alternatives to the verdict that monsters are always inherently evil.

[9] The following explanation of the monster typology in *BAH* is based on Hodgson et al. 124-25.

This idea is diametrically opposed to *Beowulf*, where Grendel and his mother were precisely that. Their otherness was enhanced with Christian implications, defining the creatures as bearers of Cain's mark (apparently without its protective qualities) and God's wrath. *BAH*, in turn, secularizes the monster by explaining most of its evil constitution by external circumstances. It therefore reduces the moral evaluation of the monster as a sinful 'Other'. Consequently, the monster narrative in *BAH* potentially offers alternative solutions to mere destruction. Such solutions, however, seem to be founded on a distinction between a physical and a spiritual/moral dimension of the monster. Slaying a monster is justified by moral or spiritual reasons, and killing a monster may even be considered a legitimate release – which turns the hero into a redeemer figure. Whereas Beowulf was presented as a redeemer to the community he relieved from the monster, the redeemer function of the hero in *BAH* is extended to the monster as well. Within such a narrative, the problematic part of the monster is located with the monster's physical appearance and strength. The decision of whether to destroy the monster's body or not is entrusted to the hero, and with it the ethical and moral responsibility over the monster's life or death. In *BAH*, the hero is not an executive instrument of God but assumes a God-like function him/herself.

Although the rulebook of *BAH* extensively discusses non-destructive options in conflicts, the system's focus on the monster's destructive skills and the absence of social stats for monsters betray a strict anthropocentric position. Only the human hero (unlike other *D&D* systems, there are no other species available in *BAH*), that is, the narrative agent of the human players, is allowed to decide on the fate of the nonhuman monster. While the rulebook adheres to contemporary notions of political correctness by admitting a certain awareness of the monster's plight, the game nevertheless endorses the traditional anthropocentric legitimation for the hero to eliminate the monster. Since this elimination is also the goal of the adventures, one cannot but notice a certain hypocrisy in this context.

This impression increases if one considers the narrative pattern of adventures in *BAH*: A hero approaches a location from the outside to release it from its native scourge. The narrative of this resourceful human hero overcoming an undefeatable monster may also allude to the narrative of David and Goliath or, more generally speaking, the narrative of the underdog defeating the overpowering bully, which is so cherished by Hollywood – and, one may add, in recent political narratives, too. Nevertheless, one can hardly overlook the colonial, hegemonial subtext underlying the concept and the task of the hero faction: the resourceful, successful hero may also come to represent the eventual supremacy of the (neo-)colonial agent, whose task it is to travel the known world and to 'liberate' remote places from their homegrown scourges. I would even argue that *BAH* resonates a particularly US American narrative in which a heroic faction crosses the sea to reach

more or less remote places in the world in order to relieve and release the indigenous inhabitants from troubles that were native to the place but which the indigenous community was incapable of handling on their own. That this act of liberation is mostly carried out with violent means and results in the extinction of the troublemaker is legitimated by the hero's status of a redeemer for the indigenous community, the monster (that needs redemption and/or extinction anyway), and the world at large. Of course, it is all for everybody's best (including the slain monster's).

The monster's initial undefeatability is necessary to make the hero a hero in the first place. Heroism consists in overcoming undefeatability. The monster is, hence, the defining other to the hero. Unlike in *Beowulf*, where the hero and the monster are intrinsically matched,[10] the human hero in *BAH* must first transcend his/her already superior human qualities by becoming mentally superior because exploration and investigation ultimately lay an intellectual foundation for the monster's defeat – even if that entails the use of powerful rituals, artefacts, or spells. Therefore, it is only too adequate that *BAH* has erased the implications of the Old English *Beowulf's* final fight, in which the hero's failures and hybris eventually lead to his death. In *BAH*, the hero is supposed to refrain from confrontations with a foe until his/her arsenal has been equipped well enough to guarantee victory. Since the role-playing game system ultimately does not rely on *wyrd* but on dice, however, the risk of lethal escalation always remains, especially if the hero underestimates that risk and acts without sufficient consideration.

From an ecocritical or posthuman perspective, the human being must become transhuman or hyper-human, sharpening and deploying his/her human skills to a superhuman extent in order to become a match to, or even to overcome, the nonhuman monster. Contrary to *Beowulf*, this transcendence is not explained with a religious subtext (e.g. Beowulf is God's warrior) but solely evolves from the human hero's capabilities. In *Beowulf*, God's protection and the supernatural force of *wyrd* have chosen the hero, endowing him with the necessary means to succeed from the start. In *BAH*, the deficient human being must overcome its human deficiencies by becoming superhuman if the monster is to be defeated. Humanity rescues and redeems their habitat on their own. In a similar vein, neither the portent nor *wyrd* bear traces of the supernatural. If these game mechanisms express anything, it is the human player's creative skills warranting the human hero character's success.

[10] Beowulf does not defeat Grendel with a superior weapon but in a wrestling match.

4. Conclusion

Both *GKRPG* and *BAH* explicitly allude to clearly identified literary pretexts. Their reliance on these pretexts mostly concerns plot patterns and game mechanisms. Both systems are story-based rather than interested in worldbuilding at large. Both insinuate that belief in the supernatural or enchantment are characteristic of medieval culture. Accordingly, they combine references to historical pretexts or models with fantasy elements: magic and/or monsters on the story level and mechanisms of popular role-playing games on the game level. In both role-playing games, the Middle Ages are a site of alterity, and the enchantment of the world, sometimes coupled with (Christian) faith, constitutes one part of that alterity. In fact, it is this alterity that renders the Middle Ages a sufficiently interesting playground for role-playing in the first place. Starting from these shared assumptions and insinuations, the two pen-and-paper role-playing systems under scrutiny establish different profiles in their particular re-presentations and transformation of medieval literature.

The dual structural reliance of *GKRPG* on established fantasy role-playing games and Lowery's arthouse movie overwrites the medieval pretext of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. *GKRPG* is exemplary for an adaptation of an adaptation, superseding and gradually substituting a historical pretext that is gradually sinking into oblivion in popular culture. As honour – the central ideological concept in the game and its pretexts – is turned into a utilitarian commodity, players will profit from their cultural knowledge of role-playing game rules and mechanisms or from familiarity with Lowery's movie adaptation. Knowledge of the medieval *Sir Gawain* will hardly help them – quite on the contrary, if one considers the discrepancies between the endings.

Like *GKRPG*, *BAH* adapts its material to the medium of a role-playing game by translating elements into game mechanisms. In this case, the elements largely concern poetic and narratological features of the Old English epic. The authors compare the situational *Sitz im Leben* of Old English epics, their thorough grounding in an oral culture, with the situational context of a pen-and-paper role-playing game. The alterity of the role-playing game's setting on the story level is, hence, balanced with a continuity on the level of communication, between Old English storytelling and the collaborative narratives emerging from a pen-and-paper role-playing game session. Nevertheless, the generic nature of these continuities and of the structural reliances to some extent prevents genuine historical flavour from developing in the game. The poetic and narrative features of the Old English epic are rather absorbed by modern genre features.[11]

[11] The long line, for example, dwindles into mere linguistic fluff in the portent. *Wyrd* is reduced to dice roles with special advantage or to one among several sections in a decision table for the sea voyage episodes.

Appropriation seems to be the most prominent adaptational mode in the two examples. Marketed as ancillary material to a movie, *GKRPG* has largely severed its ties with the medieval *Sir Gawain*. Its sole reliance on the epic consists in the eponymous Green Knight (who has metamorphosed from an enchanted knight into a Green Man), a fox (referring to the movie rather than the epic), and the residue of a generic idea of knighthood, represented in the option to play a generic knight as a character. Only the Green Knight is essential for the game's story – Sir Gawain has become dispensable.

In *BAH*, the modern players roleplay characters who are outsiders to the (pseudo)medieval setting. Their status as outsiders enables them to transform the medieval setting, diminishing its alterity and assimilating it to the experiential world of the modern players. This transformation entails grafting contemporary ideologies and narratives onto the medieval storyworld. I suggest that the two role-playing games discussed in this essay exemplify a cultural appropriation of medieval Europe in American popular culture – an appropriation that seeks to confirm the superiority of both the present and US American culture and ideologies over the past in general, and a European past (and culture) in particular. With this mode of appropriation, the role-playing games discussed in this essay exhibit an apparent attitude of presentism. At best, they endorse medieval literature and culture as eclectic elements for the creation of an atmosphere conducive to the players' immersion in the role-playing game. At worst, they try to overrule the alterity of the past, by imposing contemporary ideological narratives onto medieval literature and culture – always presupposing the superiority of present positions and the need for improvement of past concepts and representations. Although this may sound disparaging, I want to qualify this verdict by hinting at the fact that the previous assessment was largely based on written handbooks. Pen-and-paper role-playing games, however, depend on their realization in players' (and gamemasters') performances. Those are never one-to-one translations of the written material. Since players and gamemasters always reshape and flesh out the framework provided in rulebooks and sourcebooks, they may also make amends and compensate for the deficiencies of the authors' works. Where the authors of a role-playing game may have been blinkered by their presentism, historically interested and informed players and gamemasters may go beyond mere fluff and atmosphere. Instead of following a presentist, revisionist impulse, they may acknowledge and appreciate the alterity of the medieval models and allow themselves an immersion beyond the position of a reformist outsider as they are playing with the Middle Ages.

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Eine Rose ist eine Dame ist eine Rose, oder: Minnesang *forever*[1]

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Mittelalterlicher Minnesang und Popmusik scheinen auf den ersten Blick wenig miteinander zu tun zu haben, auch wenn es in den ausgehenden 60er und 70er Jahren vorübergehend zu einer wahren Renaissance des Mittelalters in der sogenannten deutschen „Liedermacher"-Szene kam: am deutlichsten wohl in den Liedern Franz-Josef Degenhardts, der nicht nur die Papstkritik Walthers von der Vogelweide im Gefolge Peter Rühmkorfs adaptierte („ei ei wie christlich sich der Papst vor Lachen biegt"), sondern auch das berühmte „Lindenlied" als „Ballade von der Emanzipation" neu entdeckte (Degenhardt, „Papstlieder"). Dass freilich ausgerechnet die modernen Rezipient*innen als spröde erscheinenden und schwer zugänglichen Werbungslieder des Minnesangs etwas mit einer der meist verkauften Pop-Einspielungen aller Zeiten zu tun haben könnten, bedarf doch einer eingehenderen Beweisführung, die ich hier in rudimentärer Form versuchen will.

Minnesang ist zunächst einmal – dies im Gegensatz zu unseren modernen Rezeptionsgepflogenheiten – keine Leselyrik im Sinne eines Goetheschen Gedichtes, sondern gesungene Vortragslieddichtung, Aufführungskunst (vgl. Kuhn) also, die sich im Vortrag des Sängers vor der Gesellschaft vollzieht. Diesen immer neuen Vortragssituationen vor wechselndem Publikum mit unterschiedlichen Ansprüchen und Erwartungshaltungen konnte der Text (und auch die Melodie) angepasst werden; greifbar wird dies in den unterschiedlichen Textfassungen, die die Handschriften überliefern („offener Text", „Mouvance"; vgl. Heinen; Bennewitz, „Philologie"). Minnesang vollzieht sich stets in Form einer Aufführung vor der und zugleich für die höfische Gesellschaft, d. h. der stellvertretende Charakter des Sprechens bleibt gewahrt, dahinter steht noch keine explizite „moderne" Subjektivitätserfahrung. Der Rahmen für die Aufführung von Minnesang ist das höfische Fest im weitesten Sinne, also adelige Repräsentationsanlässe vom Hoftag über Hochzeiten bis zu Trauer- und Gedenkfeiern. Minnesang wird im deutsch-

[1] Zu den vielen gemeinsamen Forschungsinteressen von Christoph Houswitschka und mir zählte insbesondere der Enthusiasmus für Fragen der Mittelalter-Rezeption/des „Medievalism" in Literatur und Kunst, Wissenschaft und Politik der Gegenwart. Diese Begeisterung führte uns unter anderem gemeinsam mit Bamberger Nachwuchswissenschaftler*innen zur weltweit größten mediävistischen Tagung in Kalamazoo/USA und diente als Ausgangspunkt zur Organisation der ersten Tagung der amerikanischen Society for Medievalism auf europäischem Boden in Bamberg. Eine Erinnerung an diese Aktivitäten bietet ein feature auf den Forschungsseiten unserer Universität. (vgl. https://forschungsprofil.uni-bamberg.de/mittelalter).

sprachigen Bereich von männlichen Autoren verfasst und von männlichen Sängern vorgetragen (auch die Frauenrollen!); die Personalunion von Autor/Komponist und Vortragendem ist häufig anzunehmen. Im Zentrum des Minnesangs steht die sog. Werbekanzone, in der ein männlicher Sänger eine für ihn unerreichbar bleibende Dame preist; auf diese weibliche Rolle werden normative Qualitäten projiziert. Die Dame wird zum Inbegriff alles „Schönen und Guten", zum höchsten irdischen Gut und gewinnt geradezu metaphysische Qualität (sie ist zum Beispiel in Christusanalogie der Auferstehungstag des Sängers[2]). Das Lob der Dame wird in Stil und Metaphorik austauschbar mit jenem der Gottesmutter Maria (vgl. Bennewitz, „Marienlieder"). Aus der perfekten Inszenierung der vollkommenen „güete" der Dame resultiert die „vreude" der zuhörenden höfischen Gesellschaft und dies, obwohl der Inhalt also „klage" ist; vergleichbar dem Hochgefühl der modernen Theaterbesucher*innen nach einer gelungenen Vorstellung trotz des Todes des Helden (vgl. Wagner/Marquart; Kellner et al. und Kellner).

Nun jedoch ein Sprung ins ausgehende 20. Jahrhundert: Der tragische Tod der Princess of Wales und zugleich – in der Formulierung von Tony Blair – „Princess of the hearts", Lady Diana Spencer, im Jahr 1997 löste nicht nur lange und weltweite Empathie und Trauer aus, sondern wurde in der Folge auch – wie erwartbar – zu einem medialen Großereignis und zu einem Lehrstück für das anhaltende öffentliche Bewusstsein der Bedeutung von Zeichen und Symbolen. Ich erinnere stellvertretend an die öffentliche Einforderung einer Staatstrauer und das damit verbundene Setzen der englischen Fahne am Buckingham Palace auf Halbmast. Die anschließenden Trauerzeremonien folgten über weite Teile den seit dem europäischen Mittelalter praktizierten Ritualen adeliger Trauerrepräsentation mit einzelnen Zugeständnissen an die individuellen Vorlieben der Verstorbenen. Zu diesen zählte zweifellos der Auftritt von Sir Elton John während der Verabschiedungszeremonie in Westminster Abbey.

Elton Johns Lied gilt einer (höfisch-adeligen) Dame, die wie die Dame des Minnesangs im Lied selbst anonym bleibt. Dieser Bezug auf eine konkrete Frau wurde wesentlich durch die Aufführungssituation erzeugt; er ist nicht Bedingung für das Verstehen des Textes, der für Literaturwissenschaftler*innen zunächst einmal als „Abschiedslied" mit Regionalbezug (England) kategorisierbar ist. Tatsächlich hat Elton John dieses Lied ja schon lange davor einer anderen Dame gewidmet und auch in dieser Version veröffentlicht, nämlich Marilyn Monroe, und hier offerieren sich zahlreiche Vergleichbarkeiten zur Vortragssituation des

[2] Bei Reinmar dem Alten heißt es demgemäß in MF 170,1: *si ist mîn ôsterlicher tac* (MF 170,19), und in MF 158,1 findet sich sogar der – im Rahmen der sog. Reinmar-Walther-Fehde vielbesprochene – Vers *stirbet sî, sô bin ich tôt* (MF 158,28). Die Gegenposition – das Primat des Sängers/Autors gegenüber seinem literarischen „Geschöpf" – vertritt Walther von der Vogelweide (vgl. hierzu: Bennewitz 2000 u. Bennewitz 2001).

Minnesangs. Ursprünglich hieß es eben nicht „Goodbye England's Rose", sondern „Goodbye Norma Jean", und wer nicht wusste, wer Norma Jean war, konnte den Text immer noch als Huldigung an eine weibliche Person verstehen. Auch hier gehen Autor/Komponist[3] und Vortragender eine Personalunion ein, was nicht bedeutet, dass nicht auch andere Sänger das Lied in ihr Programm aufgenommen haben bzw. aufnehmen werden. Den Rahmen des Vortrags bildete auch bei Elton John ein höfisches Fest, hier das Zeremoniell einer Trauerfeier. Sein Publikum (wenigstens innerhalb der Kirche) war vor allem der europäische Adel, der im Übrigen bereits im Mittelalter über jene europäische familiäre Dimension verfügte, die hier noch einmal sichtbar wurde, und die „Ministerialität" (wenn man den damaligen Premierminister Tony Blair und die anwesenden Politikerinnen und Politiker dafür stellvertretend vereinnahmen darf). Der Sänger Elton John trat vor das Publikum und sprach dennoch für die Gesellschaft. Er inszenierte den Trauergestus repräsentativ für alle in Form der Abschiedsklage seines Liedes. Auch bei Elton John ist die besungene Dame der Inbegriff des Schönen und Guten mit metaphysischen Qualitäten. So ist die Rose traditionell eine der wichtigsten Marien-Metaphern; Englands Rose verfügt nicht nur über Schönheit, sondern eine Schönheit, die zugleich Gnade ist und Heilung bringt (eine im Mittelalter dem Herrscher und der Herrscherin zugeschriebene Fähigkeit; vgl. etwa König Rother, V. 3162-3236), die Barmherzigkeit und Sinnstiftung garantiert: „you were the grace that placed itself where lives were torn apart". Wie die Dame des Minnesangs, die speziell bei Heinrich von Morungen mit dramatischer Licht-Metaphorik beschrieben wird (u. a. als Sonne, von der das männliche Ich sein „Licht" bezieht; vgl. MF 122,1-148,31), oder der Preis der Gottesmutter Maria als „Meerstern",[4] so wird auch die Dame des Popsongs als nicht erlöschendes Licht beschrieben: „a candle in the wind, never fading with the sunset". Diese Dame als „Rose" ist darüber hinaus nicht nur Inbegriff der „glanz-vollen" Seiten einer – jetzt modern gedacht – Nation („our nation's golden child"), sondern grundsätzlich die Freudenstifterin, deren Beschreibung den Sänger in seinen literarischen Qualitäten überfordert (der sog. „Unsagbarkeitstopos" zählt zu den Standardmetaphern mittelalterlicher Autoren, sowohl in Bezug auf die eigenen künstlerischen und intellektuellen Möglichkeiten als auch insbesondere für die vorgeblich mangelnde Kompetenz zum angemessenen Lob der Dame: „words cannot express the joy" – mhd. „vreude"/altfrz. „joie" – „you brought us through the years"), und wie die Dame des Minnesangs und wie Maria soll sie erhören, Mitleid zeigen, Anteilnahme geben, die mit ihr verschwindet: „you whispered

[3] Der Text von 1973 sowie auch die Änderungen in der Fassung von 1997 gehen auf Bernie Taupin zurück, mit dem Elton John eine jahrzehntelange Kooperation hatte. Vergleichbare Ko-Produktionen sind tatsächlich auch aus dem Mittelalter belegt, etwa im Fall des Liederdichters Hugo von Montfort, der selbst die Texte, nicht aber die Melodien verfasste.

[4] Diese Perspektive findet sich noch in dem religiösen ‚Volkslied' „Meerstern, ich dich grüße".

(das mittelalterliche Zeremoniell verlangt von der Dame nur leises Sprechen) to those in pain . . .; we'll miss the wings of your compassion". Ist der vom Minnesänger geforderte Lohn traditionell der Gruß der Dame und ihr Lächeln („roter munt, nu lache" (C 18; KLD 15 IV 3)) so vergeht dieses Lächeln hier mit ihrem Tod: „those empty days without your smile". Diese Beobachtungen in der Stilisierung der weiblichen Rolle ließen sich durch metrisch-musikalische Parallelen noch vertiefen (Liedform, etc.). Aber auch in anderer Hinsicht scheinen sich Analogien zwischen dem ausgehenden 12. und 20. Jahrhundert anzubieten: Nach wie vor ist es (weitgehend) ein männlicher Autor/Sänger, dem die Stilisierung der weiblichen Rolle obliegt und der damit im Besitz der Definitionsmacht über die normative Erfüllung dieser Rolle ist. Logische Konsequenz der literarischen Mythisierung der Frau ist die Beibehaltung ihres Objekt-Status. Und: Zwar gilt das literarische Gedenken der Dame, doch der Beifall und damit der literarische/künstlerische wie kommerzielle Erfolg gilt dem männlichen Sänger/Autor. „Erhöht" werden also im Minnesang wie im Pop-Business weder die Rose noch die Dame, sondern pointiert gesagt, der männliche Autor und ‚Produzent'; ein Abhängigkeitsverhältnis, das im Übrigen niemand geringerer als Walther von der Vogelweide zum ersten Mal in der deutschen Literatur mit unerbittlicher Schärfe analysiert hat: „sterbet si mich, so ist si tot" (C 258; L 73,16).

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Part IV:
Of Discoverers, Radicals, and (Wo)Men of Letters in the Long Eighteenth Century

The Reception of Captain Cook's Voyages in Eighteenth-Century Germany: Georg Forster and Georg Christoph Lichtenberg

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The knowledge of Captain Cook's important voyages of discovery (1768-1771; 1772-1775; 1776-1779) was disseminated in Germany by Georg Forster and Georg Christoph Lichtenberg. The physicist Lichtenberg assesses Cook as the man and the explorer from a continental point of view, without falling into the trap of narrow-mindedness. Georg Forster, a substantial natural philosopher, who together with his father Reinhold accompanied Cook on his second voyage, tried to assess Cook's achievements from the perspectives of his contributions to anthropology, geography, and natural history. It becomes evident in Forster that Cook's voyages can raise important questions about problems of the relationship between nature and culture, philosophy of history, progress and perfectibility as well as concerning the relativity of beliefs, systems of attitudes, and morals.

1. "Rule, *Britannia*, rule the waves"

In the early modern period, England needed a long phase of hard work and development until it became a powerful and efficient seafaring nation. The complete story of the maritime success was laid down in Richard Hakluyt's *Principal Navigations*. During the reign of Queen Elizabeth I, the political insight had grown that England's future was not any longer bound primarily to European territorial politics (Klein, *Elisabeth* 69-74, 128-32), England's keeping the balance of power in Europe gave free hand to her leadership in international trade and the concomitant construction of an Empire. Hakluyt's work is the first document of the English endeavours, discoveries, and overseas trade in the early modern period (Hakluyt; Klein, "Eastward Ho" 400-23; see also Froude; Kelsey; Bawlf).

After the English had counteracted the treaty of Tordesillas, they knew that they were not the only nation contending for the oceans. The other competitors, the Spanish, the Dutch, and the French, were also very active in maritime matters and thus it was not inevitable that *Britannia* should "rule the waves". The internationalisation of trade and politics later – in the eighteenth century – already widened the European outlook and horizon towards world-wide operations. The Age of Enlightenment already saw trade links between Asia and Europe (Schmidt-Glintzer 140-41; Osterhammel 300-01; 325-26). England intensified her interest in India after the decline of Mogul power (1707) and cherished contacts with China under the Manchus and Quing, whereas there rose a contest with France

for supremacy in the west. Parallel settlements in the two Americas were established and it came to war between the two nations concerning the domination of North American territories. Exploration concentrated on the empty spaces on the world map, which were being closed by using scientific instruments in navigation, such as the sextant or Harrison's chronometer, which nourished some hope that the problem of longitude would be solved (see Sobel).[1]

The unknown areas on the map encouraged voyages of discovery either to the Pacific, to eastern Siberia, or to the Bering Straits. French and English explorations of the Pacific took place after 1763, like for example the journeys of the famous mathematician and naval officer Louis Antoine de Bougainville (1729-1811) and of the naval officer and explorer Jean François Marie de Surville (1717-1770) (Plischke 97-98; Samhaber 342-43). Marc-Joseph Marion du Fresne sailed from Mauritius to the southern Indian Ocean and then via Tasmania towards New Zealand. In addition, the journey under Ambroise Bernard Marie Du Clesmeur to the Philippines took place from 1771 to 1773 to search for the South Continent (Popp 251; Lichtenberg, "Lebensumstände" 243-96; Forster, "Cook" 1-232; Forster, "Fragmente" 387-429.) It is very likely that these French voyages stimulated the English to intensify their discovery projects in the Pacific. James Cook's three voyages round the world began in 1768, 1772, and in 1776, respectively.

2. James Cook: Competences, Endeavours, Humanity, and Enlightenment

James Cook (1728-1779) (see Cook; Beyer) was an outsider, to which Dr Samuel Johnson's remark strikingly attests: "This mournful Truth is ev'ry where confest, SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPREST" (Johnson 16). The son of a day-labourer became the most famous English seaman of the eighteenth century. He rose from a common seaman on a coal freighter to a Master, then lieutenant, and finally captain in the Royal Navy and a fellow of the Royal Society (F.R.S.) (Watson 17; Beaglehole 438-40). Cook only attended the village school in his native Marton, but after that he studied with a private teacher and then autodidactically taught himself geometry, astronomy, navigation, and cartography, subjects in which he reached a well-rounded understanding and genial use of all this knowledge in nautical practice. Cook was the leading nautical expert in the eighteenth century, having acquired an excellent scientific training but also outstanding competence as a sea captain.

[1] "Captain Cook hat auf seinen letzten Reisen sich wieder der Harrisonschen Uhr bedient und nennt sie seinen treuen Gefährten" (Lichtenberg, *Schriften* 679).

His voyages of exploration, planned and financed by the British Admiralty, were not restricted to making sure scientific progress and the advancement of learning but had also political aims:

> Cook was a pathfinder for British commerce. He was also the representative of British seapower. It was essential if Britain was to remain paramount on *all* the world's oceans that the Admiralty possessed accurate maps of the Pacific, its islands and their anchorages. Furthermore, the appearance in the area of the French navigator Louis-Antoine de Bougainville in 1766 made it an urgent matter that the British flag was seen there and that the Pacific islanders were apprised of the existence and power of Britain. It was also vital, as international interest in the ocean increased, for Britain to find out more about the mysterious southern continents and possibly lay claim to them. (James 148)

3. Cook's Three Voyages

The Admiralty commissioned Cook to command HMS *Endeavour* as lieutenant in order to sail to the Pacific. Two tasks were given to him: (1) to determine the earth's distance from the sun and (2) to continue the geographical discoveries of Admiral John Byron (Beaglehole 439). Cook started in 1768 and sailed towards Tahiti. It was his first circumnavigation of the globe, during which he charted the coasts of New Zealand, East Australia, and a part of New Guinea. He had the famous botanist Joseph Banks and the Swedish researcher Dr Daniel Solander on board, who studied the flora of the newly discovered territories. But since he also had an astronomer accompanying him, the task which had been given to the voyage by the Royal Society, namely to observe and measure from a mountain in Tahiti the passage of Venus before the sun, could be fulfilled as well.

Cook started for his second journey in July 1772 from Portsmouth, sailed round the Cape of Good Hope for New Zealand traversing the southern part of the Indian Ocean. He advanced to 48^0 south latitude, reached the Society Islands and Tahiti, from where he continued his voyage towards the South Pole up to 71^0 10' south latitude. The ice fields made him return to Tahiti and to the Friendship Islands. He discovered the New Hebrides and New Caledonia, sailed round Cape Hoorn and tried again to approach Antarctica, but he came across icebergs at 60^0 south latitude, so that after his discovery of the Sandwich Islands he returned to England at the end of June 1775.

During his second voyage and like in the first, Cook was able and balanced in order to keep good relations with the 'discovered people'. At least, this was Georg Forster's impression of Cook, while his father Reinhold Forster held the opinion that Cook was kept from acting cruelly by the moral example of the scholars on board (Emersleben 108-09).

The third journey presented "another Cook", since this endeavour proved to be not so much a voyage of discovery as Cook gave priority to fulfil the orders of the

Admiralty. He had possibly become tired after so many years of unending crossings of the oceans. In contrast to the reports of the first two voyages, especially concerning Forster's assessment, it is said that Cook showed signs of cruelty (Emersleben, 107-08) towards his crew and the Indigenous peoples. But there remain doubts, whether this change in Cook's perspective can be validated. After all, the fundamental question of understanding other people, which he handled better in earlier days, came back to him. Even the debate on the state of nature with the extreme positions of Hobbes and Rousseau was revived (Cranston and Peters).

On his third voyage Cook wanted to find the North-West passage (Ogg 74-84), but he had to face failure. It is important, however, to note that Cook sailed along the Pacific coast of North America up to the Bering Strait and to Asia. On his way back to the Hawaii group of islands he lost his life.

When it comes to Cook's factual achievements and fame, one should not forget that the sea proved to be the realm of freedom for him but also the element of trial, the space of failure or success. Two important aspects of his achievements must be distinguished: (1) his contribution to the exact sciences as well as to natural history and then (2) his first steps into the fields of empirical anthropology (Mühlmann 53-58), ethnology, sociology, and comparative politics.

The first field presupposes methodical discovery of "other worlds", for which physical geography including biology (flora, fauna) is absolutely indispensable. But the same is true for the mathematical sciences (astronomy, navigation based on geometry and trigonometry). But Cook's eye is no camera eye but the subjective-objective organ of human observation, rational judgement, comparison, assessment. Cook uses his intellectual and methodical means to establish a meaningful order for the newly experienced or stated items/phenomena with an outlook towards a future encyclopaedia.

Recently, Judith Schalansky chose Cook's meeting with Indigenous people in his South Sea explorations as a theme for a chapter in her book *Verzeichnis einiger Verluste* (Schalansky 29-44). It is a literary digestion of the problem called *Other Minds (*Ayer 176-222*)*, which can be referred to Wittgenstein's sentence: "*The limits of my language* mean the limits of my world" (Wittgenstein 5.6). While reading Cook's *Journals*, the descriptions of his adventures on the oceans and on the new found territories in far off lands leave an impression of immediacy but at the same time remind the reader of entering an archive, whereas Schalansky connects the emotion of our imagined presence on Cook's ship with the "old reality" of Tuanaki. Of course, Schalansky mentions her research, her working with globes and maps, but her poetic imagination of Cook's third voyage captures the readers' fancy. We see the Indigenous people together with her and we are drawn into the imagined scenes of Schalansky's meeting the Indigenous people. Additionally,

we discover Schalansky's remark that Cook sailed exactly past Tuanaki. Then our attention is called to the distance in time between Cook's expedition and our presence and we see Schalansky thinking about the South Sea in the State Library of Berlin.

Anthropology and ethnology are closely related to the philosophy of man and the philosophy of history. In Cook's times the conviction of the equality of all human beings was discussed among philosophers like Rousseau, Herder (Herder 169-71, 177-96), Kant and Forster. But it was no common principle for anthropologists to claim that our customs and morals and that of any tribe in New Guinea were two possible social systems which deal with the solution of one and the same task (Benedict 7). This idea was propagated *in nuce* by Jean-Jacques Rousseau (Rousseau 61-269), who suggested an exceptional approach, but also by Denis Diderot (Diderot; Gay, vol. 2, 196-99). Diderot spoke up for a relativity of norms and codes in different societies and thus he castigated Eurocentric and at the same time Christian normative absolutism, for licentiousness in social behaviour was a strict taboo. Diderot instead started an anthropological debate on nature and civilisation. He doubted that the Edenic myth of Paradise could be applied to Tahiti. Even Tahiti was no society without norms and codes. But it offered an alternative form of life, so that in different regions of the earth free and repressive societies were simultaneously discovered.

In Cook's *Journals* the reader finds many examples of his application of methodically exact and empirically oriented sciences. But his studies in natural history, anthropology, and ethnology are also truly astonishing:

> Wie viele Völker, die wir zuvor auch nicht dem Namen nach kannten, sind nicht durch die unvergeßlichen Bemühungen dieses großen Mannes bis auf die kleinsten Züge geschildert worden! Ihre körperliche Verschiedenheit, ihre Gemütsart, ihre Sitten, ihre Lebensart und Kleidung, ihre Regierungsform, ihre Religion, ihre wissenschaftlichen Begriffe und Kunstarbeiten, kurz, alles sammelte Cook für die Zeitgenossen und die Nachwelt mit Treue und unermüdetem Fleiß. (Forster qtd. in Popp 26)

Though the diaries do not allow systematic treatment, the entries show that Cook looked at behaviour and factual situations as well as on living conditions with a highly discriminating eye and a thoughtful mind. He grasped the *system of attitudes* and the material and social structures to a far-reaching depth. Anticipations of social reflection can be found or even an insight into the many different political systems, which he encountered in the different archipelagos of the Pacific. Notwithstanding of his observations on agriculture, economy, the arts and aesthetics, Cook did not see life and culture in the Pacific as a revival of Paradise. True, some islands like Tahiti are described by him in such beautiful colours that his descriptions emphasise his susceptibility for the charms and pleasures of a world so different from Europe.

Cook understood that life in the Pacific was genuine and self-sufficient. But he saw at the same time that European discoveries had two negative or even dialectic aspects: (1) From the European point of view, discovery was connected with exploitation, colonisation, and the building of an Empire. (2) Discovery and trade in the South Sea implied a "dialectic of Enlightenment".[2] When the investigations into life of the Pacific archipelagos began, the "object" of research was transformed, changed, and disturbed. It was prophetic when Cook – before he left the Society Islands in November 1777 – wrote that it would be cruel to leave those people to themselves in the future after they had come into contact with the Europeans. This refers to the destructive effects of European influence. But the eighteenth-century discoverer claimed the obligation to supplement the Indigenous peoples for their deficiencies. These deficiencies are contrasted to European scientific, technological, and pragmatic superiority. To tell the truth: Indigenous peoples are no *Mängelwesen* (Arnold Gehlen) like the Europeans. Thus the British discoverers put forward a rather untrustworthy argument: the Europeans have to bear with their responsibility to return at least every fourth year in order to replenish the useful items they had introduced. If this does not happen a famine could break out since the people had learned to despise their old methods, which they had already forgotten. If their axes and their knives go blunt and their nails all used, they will lack the necessary tools (Beyer 332). The American *Declaration of Independence* and the ensuing war made it impossible for the English to send their convicts to the former colony. Cook's discoveries of Australia and his good maps made it possible instead to use Botany Bay from 1788 onwards as a substitute for North America (Plumb 132).

4. Forster and Lichtenberg – Two Great German Outsiders of the Enlightenment on James Cook

From the second half of the eighteenth century onwards, the English system already provided many impulses for a collective identity. "English system" means the successful interaction of institutions like administration/politics, science, technology, foreign policy/colonialism, trade, and military power. This was due to the advanced interrelation and functioning of these national sub-systems and to England's rise in cultural, scholarly, political, and economic matters, all of which were closely connected with the elaborate structure of the centralised, however civil government. England's infrastructure with Metropolitan London as the political and economic centre had no equivalent in Germany. The Germans lacked national identity, split up into hundreds of principalities and some free cities. No reasonable and functioning general political framework was in sight

[2] In the sense of Horkheimer and Adorno.

under the reign of German absolute princes. Germany existed – as Goethe remarked – in a "zero epoch":[3] without a civil society, without a national parliament and without freedom of the press (Habermas).

Georg Forster (Hettner 546-60), born in 1754 in Nassenhuben near Danzig, where his father Reinhold Forster (1729-1798) served as a protestant clergyman, was the son of an independent and restless mind. Since he was not the man to be buried in a village, Reinhold Forster carried out research work in Russia as a versatile biologist and natural philosopher. His son Georg went with him and quickly became so proficient in the Russian language that he translated a text by Lomonossov[4] into English. The Forsters then settled in England, where Reinhold Forster in 1772 got the chance to accompany James Cook as a botanist on his second journey and again his son Georg went with him as a helpmate and draughtsman. Both Forsters strove to produce a theoretical-anthropological digestion and summary of their travel experiences. On this voyage with Cook they had the chance to learn about enormous cultural differences among Indigenous tribes (Mühlmann 53 and *passim*), an experience which was still relevant in Claude Lévi-Strauss' *Tristes Tropiques*, published in 1955, but based on research in the 1930s.

After their return in 1775, difficulties with the Admiralty arose concerning the right to print a report of Cook's second voyage. Reinhold Forster was forbidden to publish the report and so twenty-two-year-old Georg fulfilled the task producing his brilliant *Johann Reinhold Forsters und Georg Forsters Reise um die Welt in den Jahres 1772 bis 1775* in two volumes. The book was first published in English in 1777 and then in German in 1779. George made a career for himself in no time: in 1778 he was installed as professor for natural history at the Collegium Carolinum in Kassel, simultaneously with his father's appointment to the professorship of botany at Halle.

Influenced by the *Sturm und Drang* movement and by the Weimar poets, Georg Forster made friends with Johann Heinrich Jacobi and he reflected on the Spinozism and pantheism *en vogue* in those days. During the later eighteenth century, a national identity was constructed in Germany through the rise of literature. It was Gotthold Ephraim Lessing who paved the way for a cultural and intellectual German self-consciousness and he found followers in the young poets of the period, for example in the Göttingen *Hainbund*, and later, of course, in Weimar Classicism. Overall, it is notable that utopian tendencies arose among the young German writers. Members of the *Hainbund* wanted to establish a utopian state

[3] Goethe called the early Enlightenment in Germany "nulle Epoche" (zero epoch) and pleaded for the inauguration of a literary and intellectual revival in his country (Goethe 269, 279-80).
[4] Michael Wassiljewitsch Lomonossow was the most important Russian universal scholar in the eighteenth century. He studied under Christian Wolff at the university of Marburg and later on at the famous mining college at Freiberg/Saxonia. The university of Moscow is named after Lomonossow.

on a South Sea island and therefore they planned to apply to Captain Cook to take them with him on his next journey (Krahé 65). In 1784, Georg Forster was appointed professor in Vilnius and he taught there until 1787.[5] He left that remote place on account of plans to start a new voyage to the South Sea, California, Japan, and China under the auspices of the Russian government. When that came to nothing, Forster in 1788 grasped the opportunity to take up the post of university librarian in Mainz, just when the turmoil of the French Revolution began. In the long run, the French Revolution ended the *Anciens Régimes* in Europe, starting a new epoch. Germany was directly affected (Alt, vol. 2, 112-18) because Mainz was conquered by the French revolutionary army. England was only indirectly influenced by what happened in France when the Friendly Societies were forbidden but not Godwin's *Inquiry Concerning Political Justice* (Klein, *Der Gotische Roman* 301-60) because it was too expensive.

In 1790, Forster undertook a journey to England to claim the money from the British government that was owed to him and to his father for their work on Cook's second voyage. Forster was accompanied by young Alexander von Humboldt (Forster, *Ansichten*, vol. 1, 5-14). Though Forster sympathised with the French Revolution, he had reservations against the Reign of Terror. Finally, he represented Mainz as a revolutionary deputy in Paris, where he died in 1794. When the German authorities regained power, they declared Forster a traitor.

In his substantial treatise *Cook der Entdecker* (1780), Forster supported an evolutionary view of natural development, which – similar to Herder – he also applied to the development of mankind. He shows in his writings an enthusiastic, but also a decidedly humanist tendency striving for a balance in society and following harmony in nature. Forster connected the problems of anthropology and philosophy with the question of the moral value of discoveries by disclaiming the call *back to nature*[6] because he esteemed perfectibility as the basic principle of human cultivation. According to Forster, the interplay of freedom and necessity connects self-preservation and the forming of a society via the abstract consciousness of the self, language, and a balancing of the passions. Inventions and discoveries for him are achievements of understanding, relevant for the sciences, for Enlightenment, and the perfection of mankind. He sees, however, the dangers of European trade as a form of capitalism or the hunger for expansion and economic greed. For Forster, Cook is nevertheless the genius of discovery, since he comprises the competence of an exact scientist measuring the heavens, the earth, and the sea as a mathematician, astronomer, and cartographer. Examples of Cook's competence as a scientist are his observation of the passage of Venus on his first voyage and

[5] Forster had entered the eventually unhappy marriage with Therese Heyne, daughter of the famous Göttingen classical philologist Christian Gottlob Heyne (1729-1812).

[6] "Back to nature" cannot be deduced from Rousseau's writings, but a demand like that is implied in his treatise from 1755: *Treatise on the Origin and the Basis of Inequality among Men*.

the approaches towards Antarctica on his second, thus ruling out the assumption of the existence of a southern continent.

On the other hand, Forster praises Cook as an anthropologist covering detailed ethnological studies, concerning the mentality, bodily structure, customs, clothes, government, arts, and warfare of the inhabitants in the South Sea Islands. Cook was a planning and rational mind for Forster, who overcame the dangers of scurvy for his crews by imposing healthy diet and hygiene rules, an excellent captain, who had all the practices of manoeuvring and sailing at his fingertips. Forster emphasises Cook's wise providing for his crews, his insight into the necessity to balance work time and recreation time based on fundamental principles of humanity and friendliness.

Georg Christoph Lichtenberg (1742-1799) was a sceptical mind, a man of wit and satire, as well as a distinguished mathematician and then a famous physicist at the University of Göttingen. He worked on questions of astronomy and of electricity and discovered the Lichtenberg figures. Time and again he criticised German life; the universities and their professors, but also the nobility, the gentry, and the citizens. He stood up against Teutonic stiffness and inflexibility in life, manners, thought, and attitudes with all his literary brilliance. Though he welcomed the *Sturm und Drang* movement, he criticised its irrational tendencies. He appreciated the idea of genius and opposed feudal absolutism. Lichtenberg spoke up for the introduction of publicity in the English sense – a *Strukturwandel der Öffentlichkeit* –, but like Lessing (Nisbet 712-13, 725-42)[7] he sharply repudiated reactionary Lutheran theologians like Hamburg's *pastor primarius* Melchior Goeze or the over-enthusiastic Christian pseudo-scholar Johann Caspar Lavater (Lichtenberg, *Schriften*, vol. 3, 205-36). It is no great wonder that Lichtenberg was one of the great Anglophiles of the age. He travelled to England in 1740 and in 1774/75 became a Fellow of the Royal Society (F.R.S.) and was gracefully received by George III (Sautermeister 59-82).

In his writings, Lichtenberg very often comes back to reflections on the idea of alternative worlds. The reader finds many thoughts on the necessity to humanise society in all of his prose works, especially in his notebooks, the famous *Sudelbücher*, but also in his essays and his *English Journals*.

Lichtenberg was so flexible towards, curious about, and receptive to new inventions and discoveries that Cook's journeys fascinated him. Thus, he was happy to meet the two Forsters and the Tahitian Omai in London in 1775 and when he shook hands with Omai he said, "It was not unpleasant to see my right hand in another, which just came from the opposite end of the earth". And then Lichtenberg asked Reinhold Forster, "Whether he believed that I could stand a journey

[7] On Lessing's controversy with the orthodox theologians see Nisbet.

round the world? Then he [Forster] looked at me, asked me some questions, and said: O like nothing! I loved this man only for that [remark]" (Promies 52).[8]

Lichtenberg's acquaintance with Georg Forster was the impulse for their collaboration as editors of the journal *Göttingisches Magazin der Wissenschaft und Literatur*, which they kept up from 1780 to 1785 (Böttcher 661). In London Lichtenberg also met Sir Joseph Banks and Dr Solander, who both belonged to the group of scientists who accompanied James Cook on his journey. In his essay "Einige Lebensumstände von Captain Cook" from 1781, Lichtenberg concentrates on Cook's achievements, whereas he criticises some darker aspects of his character and personality, which he, however, also explains from a psychological point of view. That does not mean that Lichtenberg calls Cook's great project into doubt. Lichtenberg gives an objective and fair account of Cook's life, career, and death,[9] and he writes in the essay on Cook:

> So starb einer der größten Weltumsegler, wo nicht der größte unter allen, und einer der berühmtesten Männer der neuern Zeit, mitten unter den Bemühungen, seinem Ruhm noch zuzusetzen, was ihm fast nur allein noch zugesetzt werden konnte – nämlich da er die Durchfahrt aus dem stillen Meer in das Atlantische suchte. . . . er [war] der erste, der die Welt von Westen nach Osten umschifft, und dieses sogar einmal in einer südlichen Breite, die man für fast unbeschiffbar gehalten; daß er die südlichsten Länder der Welt zuerst gesehen, und überhaupt die allgemeine Geographie mit einer Menge von Entdeckungen bereichert hat, die gewiß für unser Zeitalter, da weitläuftige feste Länder nicht mehr zu entdecken stehen, groß sind. (Lichtenberg qtd. in Popp 166)

In his essay Lichtenberg highly appreciates the mode of public life in England, but also the elegance and wit in polite society. Cook could not be his man in this respect. Nevertheless, Lichtenberg's general judgement is positive, since for him Cook was the man who possessed the English virtues he himself cherished in full scope: freedom of research, independent judgement, fundamental empiricism, and practical sense. Lichtenberg sees the necessity to make Cook known in Germany (141). In his biographical sketch, in which he criticises Cook's parsimony and greed (he left 70,000 pounds to his widow), he emphasises his mathematical and scientific competence as well as his achievements as a cartographer in Newfoundland, where Cook used the best methods and mathematical and astronomical instruments for his tasks. Lichtenberg appreciates that Cook – who always used his common sense and his practical genius as well as his scientific knowledge – criticised mere scholars.

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[8] "Es war mir nicht Unangenehm, meine rechte Hand in einer andern zu sehen, die gerade vom entgegen-Gesetzten Ende der Welt kam"; "ob er wohl glaubte, daß ich eine Reise um die Welt aushalten könnte? Darauf sah er mich an, tat einige Fragen an mich, und dann sagte er: O, w i e n i c h t s! Ich habe den Mann schon lieb bloß deswegen". Lichtenberg had breakfast with Omai in London on 25 March 1775 (Promies 52).

[9] Cook and four of his crew were murdered by people from the island O-Why-He on 14 February 1779.

He also admired his boldness, his victory over the scourge of scurvy and his investigations of Antarctica. As indicated, Lichtenberg's general assessment of Cook is positive (Lichtenberg qtd. in Popp 166-74): for Lichtenberg, Cook is the greatest circumnavigator in the history of seafaring. Cook widened the view of the German "Landratte" (landlubber) Lichtenberg to a universal horizon. Cook was the first man who saw the southern countries. He was able to reach these areas, since he was a strong-willed, sinister, and despotic man – with an absolute command over his crew. His Puritanism went together with his analytical and empirical stance. It remains true for Lichtenberg that Cook was an exceptional personality not only as a commander of his crews but also as a discoverer, who was able to communicate with the discovered people. In both aspects he far surpassed his predecessors and his successors.

Both Forster and Lichtenberg believed in the perfectibility of man (Baum; Neumeister 238-41), Forster more in an evolutionary vein, Lichtenberg from the perspective of education and Enlightenment. From the Enlightenment point of view, Lichtenberg criticised the Jacobins, although he generally accepted the historical movement as such.[10] It is very likely that Captain Cook, though he could be very straightforward and rough in his actions, had a more intensive presentiment concerning the problems arising from the dialectics of Enlightenment in the sense of his German contemporaries.

It seems necessary to ponder over all the consequences, which crop up by looking at the interrelation between Cook's voyages, Lichtenberg's and Forster's outlooks. In one way or the other these three men are representatives of Enlightenment. Western science and technology combined with colonial endeavours changed the world. Western supremacy discovered political and economic power by "conquering" colonies. The self-consciousness of the "conquerors", however, did not consider the dignity, human intelligence and the natural rights of Indigenous peoples. When Hegel in his *Phenomenology of Spirit* deals with the topic of the master and slave relationship, this does not only hold for European societies, but much more so for the colonies. What we see even in Cook is that the *disenchantment of the world* (Max Weber) by rationality, discovery, international trade, in short, by the Enlightenment implies the extinction of Indigenous frames of explanation, namely myth. Knowledge is substituted for *Le pensée sauvage* (Lévi-Strauss), but moreover the internal problems of progress and positivism are not too far hence. When Max Horkheimer and Theodor W. Adorno spoke of the loss of meaningfulness as one of the consequences of the dialectics of Enlightenment, we should

10 "Eine Republik zu bauen aus den Materialien einer niedergerissenen Monarchie ist freilich ein schweres Problem. Es geht nicht, ohne bis erst jeder Stein anders gehauen ist, und dazu gehört Zeit. Ich kann freilich nicht sagen, ob es besser wird, wenn es anders wird. Aber soviel kann ich sagen: Es muß anders werden, wenn es gut werden soll" (Lichtenberg, *Schriften,* vol. 2, 429).

not overlook the importance of their statement (Horkheimer and Adorno 12-14 and passim). Our contemporary dependence on science and technology has a long history. It goes back to the eighteenth century, but it reaches even further back than that. If we have to cope with a devastating materialist and functionalist transformation of the globe, we at least have to reflect on the constellation, where this highly problematic story started.

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Hester Thrale Piozzi's Marginalia on her Edition of Samuel Johnson's Letters: Irony and Insolvency

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On 1 August 1790, Hester Lynch (Thrale) Piozzi (1741-1821) noted in her diary, subsequently published as *Thraliana*: "I have a Trick of writing in the Margins of my Books, it is not a good Trick, but one longs to say something" (II, 780). This offhand remark conceals the significance of an activity that she practised for much of her life: writing in the margins of her books was not a trick but a way of supplementing, contending with, and revising whatever she was reading or re-reading – including her own publications. The auction sale catalogues of her library, beginning in 1823, reveal the remarkable extent of her marginalia, which she inscribed liberally in well over a hundred books (Tankard 87) – many extant in libraries and in private hands.

Despite the exceptional interest of Piozzi's marginalia, which collectively amount to the equivalent of thousands of printed pages, no systematic study of this body of writing has ever been undertaken. A number of articles and essays have been published on individual volumes annotated by Piozzi, by critics and collectors such as Peter Hall (1829), Edward Mangin (1833), Minna Steele Smith (1922), Hilaire Belloc (1925), James P.R. Lyell (1934), Marjorie Nicolson (1936), Majl Ewing (1943), R.W. Chapman (1943), Edward G. Fletcher (1953), James Allison (1956), Morris R. Brownell (1977), and Patrick Spedding (2021).[1] An edition of James Boswell's *Life of Johnson*, edited by Edward G. Fletcher (1938), furnishes her marginalia in two copies of the book, while an edition edited by Robert Halsband (1974) does the same for her marginalia on Boswell's *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*. General studies of marginalia, such as those by H.J. Jackson, Belinda Jack, and Patrick Spedding and Paul Tankard, typically devote at least some attention to Piozzi's copious annotations.[2]

Piozzi's marginalia, like those of other great book annotators such as her elder contemporary Horace Walpole and her younger contemporary Samuel Taylor Coleridge, are divided between her commentary on the works of others and that on her own publications. Among the latter are her two major works on Samuel Johnson, with whom she had a close friendship until her second marriage, to the Italian musician Gabriel Piozzi, in 1784: *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson* (1786)

[1] That only two such studies have appeared since 1956, despite the ever-increasing interest in women writers, is perhaps a sign of the changing nature of literary scholarship.

[2] There is also a monograph by Percival Merritt, *Piozzi Marginalia* (1925), of which the title promises more than it delivers: primarily concerned with Piozzi's commonplace books, Merritt considers only two of her annotated volumes, both of them copies of her historical work *Retrospection* (1801) which were then in his possession.

and *Letters to and From the Late Samuel Johnson* (2 vols., 1788). Her annotations on the *Anecdotes* have been preserved in a copy at Princeton University; those on her edition of Johnson's letters are in two copies, one at the Wren Library, Trinity College, Cambridge, and the other at Johnson's Birthplace Museum in his native Lichfield. Piozzi's marginalia on the Birthplace Museum copy, made in 1815 on a set that she presented to her literary executor, the military physician James Fellowes, are discussed by Abraham Hayward (1861). My focus here is on Piozzi's own copy of her pioneering edition, in which at various dates between 1803 and 1812 she added several hundred explanatory marginalia, ranging from single-word identifications of individuals to substantial reflective remarks. This set, which Piozzi bequeathed to her adopted son, John Salusbury Piozzi Salusbury, was acquired by Lord Rothschild and catalogued in *The Rothschild Library* (1954); it is now part of the Rothschild Collection at Trinity College.[3]

Piozzi's edition of Johnson's letters was preceded by her *Anecdotes of the Late Samuel Johnson*, published by Thomas Cadell on 25 March 1786 at four shillings in an edition of 1,000 copies which sold out immediately. By May, the work had already gone into a fourth edition (Clifford 263-64). Although its initial reception in daily newspapers was generally positive, many of Johnson's old friends and acquaintances objected to his depiction in Piozzi's work. Among them was Charles Burney, Jr, brother of Piozzi's former friend Frances Burney, who reviewed it at length in the *Monthly Review* for May 1786 and objected to Piozzi's "exposing [Johnson's] failings and his weaknesses, to the curious, yet fastidious eye of the Public" (374).[4] Undeterred, however, Piozzi began work on her edition of Johnson's letters for the same publisher, Thomas Cadell, who issued 2,000 copies of *Letters to and From the Late Samuel Johnson* on 8 March 1788, at twelve shillings in boards. There was no second edition, but it was swiftly followed by a Dublin printing and many of the letters were also included in a 1792 edition of Johnson's works (Clifford 314 and n. 1).

Letters to and From the Late Samuel Johnson was the first edition of Johnson's letters to be published. It consists of 322 letters from Johnson to Hester Thrale,[5] all predating her second marriage and usually addressed to her at the Thrales' country estate, Streatham Park, 27 letters from her to Johnson, and 19 letters from

[3] I am grateful to the Master and Fellows of Trinity College, who elected me as a Visiting Fellow Commoner in Lent term, 2019; to Nicolas Bell, Librarian of the Wren Library, who made the Rothschild copy available for me to study and assisted with my enquiries; to the Canada Research Chairs Program, which provided financial support; and to Nathan Richards-Velinou, for his invaluable assistance with this essay.

[4] Several critics have wrongly attributed this review to Charles Burney, Sr; see Sabor 13.

[5] Hester Thrale's second marriage took place on 23 July 1784, five months before Johnson's death on 13 December. I shall call her Hester Thrale when referring to her correspondence with Johnson, and Piozzi when referring to her later work as editor and writer of marginalia.

Johnson to others, including Henry Thrale and the Thrales' two younger daughters, Susanna and Sophia. Regrettably, Hester's formidable eldest daughter Hester Maria, known as Queeney, the recipient of many delightful letters from Johnson, withheld them all from her mother, whose marriage to Piozzi she deplored. Both newspapers and monthly magazines were divided over the merits of Piozzi's work, making her, as Clifford observes, "again the centre of acrimonious controversy" (313). In *Thraliana*, Piozzi herself wrote a witty mock-review, ostensibly for the *Monthly Review*, in which she summarizes its "Excellencies & Defects," concluding that "upon the whole we find eight or ten Shillings very ill bestowed upon a few loosely-printed Pages stamped with Johnson's Name" (*Thraliana*, II, 704, 705). Lisa Berglund contends that "this wryly written parody is arguably the most insightful review *Letters* ever received" (22).

The edition contains no commentary, as Piozzi notes herself in an editorial preface, where she justifies the inclusion of some of her own letters on the grounds that they help explain obscurities in the epistles by Johnson to which they respond:

> But on revisal of these letters when at last they were collected, some notes began to appear almost necessary; partly therefore to avoid writing what could in that form have given little satisfaction, partly from finding in my own answers to him, a better comment on his meaning than I could *now* have written, I was induced to print trifles not originally intended for the Publick, on whose indulgence I depend for protection. (I, v)

As both the Trinity College and the Birthplace Museum copies reveal, however, Piozzi was well aware that even with the inclusion of some of her letters to Johnson, many passages in his letters required explication. In the Trinity College copy, her commentary includes some fascinating discussions of Johnson's irony, which in some cases is far from obvious and which could easily be misunderstood. I shall begin with an analysis of these annotations before turning to Piozzi's marginalia on financial matters, another major topic in her correspondence with Johnson and one which shows that his ethical approach to economic issues was often ill equipped to deal with the perilous state of Henry Thrale's finances: while Johnson was urging the Thrales to invest wisely, they were teetering on the brink of insolvency. Piozzi's marginalia, as I shall show, often supplement and correct the commentary in the two admirable modern editions of Johnson's letters: by R.W. Chapman (1952) and by Bruce Redford (1992-94).

I

The first of Piozzi's remarks on Johnsonian irony occurs in a letter of 27 November 1772, beside a passage in which Johnson tells her: "I was yesterday at Chatsworth. It is a very fine house. I wish you had been with me to see it; for then, as we are apt to want matter of talk, we should have gained something new to talk

on" (I, 69). Read literally, the letter suggests that the correspondents, who had first met seven years ago and had been writing to each other ever since, have run out of things to discuss: "we are apt to want matter of talk" (I, 69). But Johnson's irony is at work; he and Hester Thrale were growing ever closer, and they had any number of subjects on which to dwell. Piozzi's marginal note, "Ironical," makes this clear.[6]

A year later, in a letter of 3 November 1773, Johnson congratulated Hester Thrale and her husband, the prosperous Southwark brewer Henry Thrale, on "the rising reputation of the brewery," adding the hope "that the sweets of doing right will so much engage us, that we shall never more allow ourselves to do wrong" (I, 199). Something rings false here; "the sweets of doing right" sounds more like Jane Austen's sanctimonious Mr. Collins in *Pride and Prejudice* than the forthright Dr. Johnson, with his celebrated loathing of cant. Piozzi's marginal comment explains that this was "a hack Phrase of Perkins's," Henry Thrale's chief clerk; Johnson's irony is in play again.[7]

Among a handful of letters from Johnson to Henry Thrale in Piozzi's edition is one of 2 January 1775, in which Johnson tells his friend: "This, I know, is a happy week; you will revel with your constituents in plenty and merriment" (I, 210-11). Chapman has no annotation here (II, 1); Redford notes simply that Thrale, the Member of Parliament for Southwark, "customarily entertained his constituents at the New Year" (II, 165, n. 3). Piozzi, however, writes "Ironical" in the margin, thus underlining Johnson's point that such entertaining was a dreary but necessary task for Thrale. Johnson adds his hope that "every man will go from your table more a friend than he came" (I, 211). Thrale, that is, was attempting to buy their votes, in time-honoured eighteenth-century fashion; rather than enjoying the company of his constituents, he was bribing them.

Five months later, on 13 June 1775, Johnson wrote to Hester Thrale, complaining, inter alia, about his sufferings from flatulence, which "distressed me again last night," and opining sententiously: "The world is full of ups and downs, as I think I once told you before" (I, 234). Neither Chapman nor Redford finds the remark in need of explanation. Piozzi, however, underlined the word "once" and wrote "Ironical" beside it in the margin. In doing so, she emphasized that Johnson is no Polonius, as he might seem in an unironic reading of his remark; instead, he is drawing attention to his own very human tendency to repeat himself. He is not, that is, congratulating himself on his own wisdom, but rather laughing quietly at his own foibles.

[6] R.W. Chapman quotes Piozzi's comment here (*Letters of Samuel Johnson*, I, 294, n. 2); Bruce Redford, however, fails to do so.
[7] Chapman, but not Redford, records Piozzi's comment (I, 388, n. 13).

Johnson uses a similar form of irony in a letter that he wrote to Hester Thrale on 21 July 1775. The context here is that Giuseppe Baretti, employed by Henry Thrale to teach Italian to Queeney, had received a letter from Frances Wilton Chambers, to whom he had formerly taught Spanish. Johnson, an old friend of Frances's husband Robert Chambers, now a judge in Bengal, had also received a letter from her, which he had enclosed in a previous letter to Hester Thrale, so that both the Thrales and Baretti could read it. In exchange, Baretti sent the letter that he had received to Johnson, addressing it to the poet Anna Williams, who shared accommodation with Johnson in London – as Johnson reports in his letter: "Mr. B-----i very elegantly sent his pupil's letter to Mrs. Williams without a cover, in such a manner that she knows not whence it was transmitted" (I, 283). By underlining the adverb "elegantly" and writing "Ironical" above it, Piozzi makes it clear that there was nothing elegant about Baretti's proceedings.[8] After reading the letter, sent from India to Streatham Park, he should have provided a fresh cover sheet with Johnson's London address, together with a note to Johnson and Williams on the verso. His failure to do so might have been in order to reduce the postage costs, born by the recipient, not the sender; as Chapman notes, Henry Thrale was then in London, and thus his frank could not be used (II, 72, n. 1). The additional cost of a single sheet, however, would have been small, and Johnson seems to have found this attempt at economy ill-advised.

In a letter to Hester Thrale of 20 September 1777, Johnson's irony is again directed against himself. Here he is asking for a loan from Henry Thrale, so that he can supply the impecunious Boswell with funds for a journey. He tells her: "I have not much with me, and beg Master to send me by the next post a note of ten pounds, which I will punctually return, not in opportunities of beneficence, though the noblest payment in the world, but in money, or bank-paper" (I, 380). Piozzi writes "Ironical" twice in the margin and underlines the phrases in question: "opportunities of beneficence" and "noblest payment in the world." She also adds an explanatory note: "a Trick he often plaid us." Johnson, that is, had a habit of receiving loans from Henry Thrale without repaying them. The grandiloquent underlined phrases are a way of satirizing his own failings: by not settling his debts Johnson has certainly afforded his friend opportunities to be beneficent, but he is well aware that this is not the form of payment desired. Neither Chapman nor Redford cites Piozzi's helpful marginalia on this page, without which readers might suppose that Johnson is being self-important, rather than self-mocking. The irony continues in the next paragraph, which is, as Piozzi observes, "A ridicule of the Newspaper Language The cant Phrases of the Day" (I, 381;

[8] Chapman states that he had at first thought "elegantly" must have been Piozzi's misreading of "negligently," until he came to understand the irony (II, 72, n. 1); Redford leaves the irony unexplained.

quoted by Chapman, II, 211, n. 5). Here Johnson claims that far from writing to borrow money, he is doing so to fulfil a correspondent's obligations:

> When I miss a post I consider myself as deviating from the true rule of action. Seeing things in *this light*, I consider every letter as something in *the line* of duty; upon *this foot* I make my arrangement, and *under whatever circumstances* of difficulty, endeavour to carry them into execution; for having in some degree *pledged myself* for the performance, I think the reputation both of my head and my heart engaged, and *reprobate* every thought of desisting from the undertaking. (I, 381)

As warning signals, Piozzi italicized the phrases "*this light*," "*the line*," "*this foot*," "*under whatever circumstances*," "*pledged myself*" and "*reprobate*": all examples of what Johnson terms cant.[9] Although Redford suggests that Johnson "is parodying the stock rhetoric of contemporary politicians" (III, 72, n. 11), Piozzi's reference to "Newspaper Language" seems more to the point; politicians, after all, are hardly alone in their habitual abuse of English.

Nine days later, in a letter of 29 September 1777, Johnson sends Hester Thrale news of Diana Langton, the mother of his old friend Bennet Langton: "Mrs. ***** grows old, and has lost much of her undulation and mobility. Her voice likewise is spoiled; she can come upon the stage now only for her own benefit" (I, 389). Readers might suppose from this that Mrs Langton is an ageing actress, near retirement, who would perhaps make a final appearance on stage for a lucrative benefit performance. Johnson, however, is being ironic, as Piozzi noted by underlining the word "benefit" and writing in the margin: "a Joke—She was too fond of Theatrical Conversation—it teized M^{r}. Johnson to hear her." Chapman provides this annotation (II, 217, n. 5); Redford, less helpfully, cites a marginal comment by Piozzi in the Birthplace Museum copy (III, 78, n. 8). There she writes of Mrs. Langton that Johnson "hated her perpetual Conversation about the Actors and Actresses, and said She waved her Head and hands in some awkward Manner" – a remark that underlines Johnson's dislike of the stage without explaining his use of irony in the word "benefit."

A letter to Hester Thrale of 27 October 1777 shows Johnson's use of irony at its most adroit. His subject is what he terms "the great epistolick art" (II, 14), which he defines in these words: "In a man's letters, you know, Madam, his soul lies naked, his letters are only the mirrour of his breast; whatever passes within him is shown undisguised in its natural process; nothing is inverted, nothing distorted; you see systems in their elements; you discover actions in their motives" (II, 14-15).

[9] Chapman (but not Redford) quotes Piozzi's marginal comment and notes the underlines, but seems unaware that they too are by Piozzi (II, 211, n. 5).

Johnson rapidly warms to his task, as he continues to pile on the rhetorical figures:

> Is not my soul laid open in these veracious pages? Do not you see me reduced to my first principles? This is the pleasure of corresponding with a friend, where doubt and distrust have no place, and every thing is said as it is thought. The original idea is laid down in its simple purity, and all the supervenient conceptions are spread over it *stratum super stratum*, as they happen to be formed. These are the letters by which souls are united, and by which minds naturally in unison move each other as they are moved themselves. I know, dearest Lady, that in the perusal of this, such is the consanguinity of our intellects, you will be touched as I am touched. I have indeed concealed nothing from you, nor do I expect ever to repent of having thus opened my heart. (II, 15)

In the margin beside this set-piece, Hester Piozzi wrote a telling remark: "This is very pretty Irony; He was always ridiculing Epistolary Correspondence & always tormenting his Friends to write Letters ... only to *himself* indeed, for if one wrote to anybody else, he was half angry" (II, 15; ellipses in the original). Neither Chapman nor Redford cites Piozzi's observation on this passage. Chapman, instead, refers his readers to Johnson's celebrated remarks on letter-writing in his "Life of Pope" and Redford follows suit (Chapman, II, 228, n. 2; Redford, III, 89, n. 2). Here Johnson denies outright that "the true characters of men may be found in their Letters, and that he who writes to his friend lays his heart open before him." Instead, he declares:

> There is, indeed, no transaction which offers stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse. In the eagerness of conversation the first emotions of the mind often burst out, before they are considered; in the tumult of business, interest and passion have their effect; but a friendly Letter is a calm and deliberate performance, in the cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude, and surely no man sits down to depreciate by design his own character. (IV, 58)

As Tom Keymer remarks, however, in a fine essay on Johnson and epistolary writing, even here Johnson is not merely hostile to the act of letter-writing. "In denying the letter its representational claims," as Keymer observes, "Johnson also elevates it as a creative art in which the writer's self is not so much naively reflected as constructed or willfully shaped" (228).

If irony were simply a way of expressing one thing while meaning another, the situation would be clear. In his letter about the power of epistolary correspondence to unite souls and minds, Johnson's "very pretty Irony," as Piozzi terms it, would be expressing the opposite of his true beliefs, which are to be found, instead, in the much more jaded remarks in his "Life of Pope." Elsewhere in his correspondence with Hester Thrale, however, Johnson writes more positively about the value of his letters, telling her that "though there is in them not much history of mind or any thing else, they will, I hope, always be in some degree the records of a pure and blameless friendship, and in some hours of languour and

sadness may revive the memory of more cheerful times" (2 August 1775; Redford, II, 260). And in the passage on letter-writing that Piozzi rightly termed ironic, Johnson was not only being negative: he was, I believe, both mocking exaggerated claims for the veracity of correspondence and recognizing its capacity for bringing sender and recipient closer together. Irony, after all, can either express one thing and mean another, or, at least on occasion, it can mean both one thing and another.

II

In her marginalia on financial matters, Piozzi often emphasized the gulf between Johnson's traditional views on economic prudence and her husband's rage for speculation. In a letter of 19 November 1772, for example, Johnson reminds her of the importance of maintaining capital so that annual interest can be generated: "Every two thousand pounds saves an hundred pound interest, and therefore as we gain more we pay less. We have a rational hope of success; we have rather a moral certainty, with life and health. Let us therefore not be dejected" (I, 66-67). His advice here elicited one of the longest of Piozzi's marginal comments:

> Dear Doctor Johnson had not yet learn'd the Grand Commercial Vice—Speculation. M^{r}. Thrale only wish'd to *do more Business* & consequently to run more hazards;—he never wish'd to *lay up Money* w^{ch} he said paid but 3 p^{r} Cent—much less to realize Land, w^{ch} he considered as a mere Joke.—Dirt & Houses,—Ploughs & Repairs to pay for, as he said.
>
> His Wish was to gain enough to lay out in Malt and Hops to brew *more* and to build *more* Vats & Warehouses in w^{ch}. to keep it. (I, 67)
>
> Johnson learned this afterwards, & combated the Opinion with unavailing Logic, & Rhetoric unregarded. See Second Vol.[10]

As Piozzi observes here, Johnson's increasing familiarity with Henry Thrale would later enable him to attempt, in vain, to dissuade Thrale from the speculative ventures that would be his undoing. "Rational" is a key word for Johnson, as his phrase "rational hope of success" indicates; for Henry Thrale, in contrast, the prospect of spectacular riches far outweighed the dull probability of modest financial gains.

Johnson's rational hopes are also manifested in a letter to Hester Thrale of c. 3 July 1775, in which his subject is the prospect of a good harvest – which should lower the price of malt. Such prospects, he acknowledges, have in the past "ended in melancholy retrospects," but, he continues, "I am of opinion that there is much corn upon the ground. Every dear year encourages the farmer to sow more and

[10] This remark is transcribed, with a full-page illustration, by Rothschild (I, 323). He mistakenly, however, gives the page number as I, 20 (instead of I, 66-67), and has several misreadings, including "Planks" for "Ploughs." Neither Chapman nor Redford provides Piozzi's marginalia here.

more, and favourable seasons will be sent at last. Let us hope that they will be sent now" (I, 259). Beside the final sentence, Hester Thrale has a marginal note: "very wise, & very true, & so the Event shows:—but Corn grows dearer notwithstanding."[11] Johnson, that is, had taken a rational approach: since farmers had sowed more malt, in the expectation of higher sales, the greater yield should eventually drive prices down. But as Hester Thrale observes, the laws of supply and demand are unpredictable; her husband was buying ever-increasing quantities of malt, but at ever-increasing prices.

A week later, in a letter to Hester Thrale of 11 July 1775, Johnson gives his advice on how a large sum of money of indeterminate origin, acquired by Henry Thrale, could best be put to use: "Fourteen thousand pounds make a sum sufficient for the establishment of a family, and which, in whatever flow of riches or confidence of prosperity, deserves to be very seriously considered. I hope a great part of it has paid debts, and no small part bought land" (I, 265). In a marginal comment, noted by Chapman (II, 62, n. 2) but not by Redford, Piozzi responds tersely: "Debts Yes, Land No." For Johnson but not for Henry Thrale, land acquisition was a sure way of preserving and increasing one's fortune. He gives renewed counsel to the Thrales on the proper use of wealth in a letter written two years later, on 15 September 1777:

> We have at last fair weather in Derbyshire, and every where the crops are spoken of as uncommonly exuberant. Let us now get money and save it. All that is paid is saved, and all that is laid out in land or malt. But I long to see twenty thousand pounds in the bank, and to see my master visiting this estate and that, as purchases are advertised. (I, 369)

Johnson here, as he frequently does in his letters to Hester Thrale, writes himself into her consciousness: "Let us now get money and save it" could be Hester writing to Henry, as could "I long to see" and "my master."[12] Hester, fully conscious of Johnson's identification with her, wrote "Ay so did I"[13] beside Johnson's wish for Henry Thrale to invest money in order to amass interest and to buy land, which would inevitably increase in value, while also knowing, unlike Johnson, that her husband would never take such prudential measures.

On 8 June 1779, Henry Thrale underwent a stroke, "a dreadful Event," which Hester recorded in *Thraliana*. He was, she writes:

> suddenly struck with the palsy as he sate at Dinner with his Sister Nesbitt last Tuesday: his Brain is apparently loaded if not for ever injured by the blow. poor dear Master! this

[11] Neither Chapman nor Redford provides this annotation.
[12] Berglund, discussing another passage in Johnson's letters, likewise notes his "use of the pronoun 'we' in recommending retrenchments," thus "emphasizing his identification with the Thrale family" (43, n. 24).
[13] Neither Chapman nor Redford provides this annotation.

> day have we been married sixteen Years and eight Months: & last Tuesday was he brought me home apparently Paralytick. (I, 389)

She wrote to Johnson about this misfortune in a letter to which he replied on 12 June; her letter is not extant, but she included his reply in her edition:

> Your account of Mr. Thrale's illness is very terrible; but when I remember that he seems to have it peculiar to his constitution, that whatever distemper he has, he always has his head affected, I am less frighted. The seizure was, I think, not apoplectical, but hysterical, and therefore not dangerous to life. (II, 47)

Piozzi here inserted two marginal glosses. The first was a single word, "True," endorsing Johnson's remark about Henry Thrale's ailments always affecting his head. Her second, much longer comment provides information that neither Johnson nor she could have had when Henry Thrale's stroke took place:

> It *was* Apoplectical –he had dined with his simple Sister M^{rs}. Nesbit, who had so lately lost her Husband;—and since these *Letters were printed* have I found out that talking the dead Brother in Laws Affairs over, it was fully certain that he died *Insolvent*; --& M^{r}. Thrale, knowing how he was bound for him, felt the Black Dog's Bite in his breast directly—but of all this dear D^{r}. Johnson & I had no suspicion. [14]

The "Black Dog" is depression, from which both Henry Thrale and Johnson suffered throughout their adult lives. And here, Piozzi ascribes it directly to the financial disaster brought about by the sudden death of her husband's brother-in-law, Arnold Nesbitt, whose debts Henry Thrale had guaranteed to pay.

Twelve years later, on 20 April 1791, Piozzi wrote an entry in *Thraliana* that expands on her marginal comment on Henry Thrale's stroke. She now goes further, suggesting that it was the direct cause of his death in April 1781:

> He died of sudden Shock & Terror I am now sure, which he received that fateful Tuesday 8th of June, when driving to London apparently in sound Health . . . [to] dine with his Sister Nesbitt, then lately become a Widow ... well might he be struck poor Soul! well might he! when it seems that Fellow Nesbitt died insolvent; at the Time my Husband was bound for him in a forfeiture of two Hundred & twenty Thousand Pounds. Well! M^{r} Thrale recovering, kept the Secret, tho' he lost his Wits ... his Health and Happiness forsook him from that Hour however, & tho' he lived near two Years ... he never looked up more. (II, 803-04)

In her marginal comment on Johnson's letter of 19 November 1772, quoted above, Piozzi had noted Johnson's ignorance of Henry Thrale's financial speculations. Those of Arnold Nesbitt, however, were much worse, and the sum for which Henry Thrale was liable was far greater than his own net worth. As Katharine C. Balderston, the editor of *Thraliana*, explains:

> Nesbitt . . . had bought French annuities, and later, needing money, had sold them at public auction, being permitted to do so by the Government on condition that security

[14] Chapman, but not Redford, provides this annotation (II, 290, n. 1).

> was offered for their payment. To provide the security Thrale and Nesbitt joined in a bond. At the overthrow of the French government, payment of the annuities ceased, and Mr. Thrale's estate became theoretically liable. A suit in Chancery was instituted which was still dragging out in 1805. (II, 804 n. 1)

In this instance, therefore, Piozzi could not have provided an accurate commentary in 1788, when her edition appeared; she could only have done so in 1791, when she seems first to have made the link between Nesbitt's bankruptcy and her husband's fatal stroke.

Even this brief analysis of Piozzi's marginalia on her copy of *Letters to and From the Late Samuel Johnson* has, I hope, demonstrated the significance of her unpublished commentary and its potential value in illuminating some aspects of Johnson's correspondence. The vast majority, however, of her marginalia remains unexplored. In a stimulating article growing out of his literary biography of Hester Piozzi, William McCarthy deplores the lack of attention paid to her major published works such as *British Synonymy* (1794) and *Retrospection* (1801), neither of which has received a modern edition or much critical study. Piozzi's manuscript writings, including her copious marginalia, have been similarly neglected. A six-volume selection of her letters, from her second marriage in 1784 to her death in 1821, has been published, but most of her earlier letters, except for those to Johnson, have never appeared in print. The successor to *Thraliana*, a commonplace book kept by Piozzi from 1809 to 1820 (now at Harvard), is likewise unpublished. While Piozzi may no longer suffer from what McCarthy terms a "rhetoric of belittlement" ("Repression" 108), her writings are still too often overlooked. And it is surely time, almost a century after its publication, for Percival Merritt's *Piozzi Marginalia* (1925) to be replaced with a much wider ranging study of this important but little-known part of Hester Thrale Piozzi's vast body of work.

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Insulare Osmose: Zum Import des *Gothic*-Modus in N.M. Karamzins „Ostrov Borngol'm"[1]

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Am Anfang der Entwicklung der Prosa steht im Russland des ausgehenden 18. Jahrhunderts der Übersetzer, Schriftsteller und Historiker Nikolaj Michajlovič Karamzin (1766-1826). Als jüngerer Zeitgenosse Johann Wolfgang von Goethes begab er sich im Revolutionsjahr 1789 auf eine Westeuropareise, deren Ertrag sich in seinen *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika / Briefen eines russischen Reisenden* niederschlug. Kurz nach der Rückkehr von seiner *grand tour*, die ihn über Königsberg, Danzig, Weimar, Frankfurt a. M., Basel, Genf und Paris bis nach London führte, veröffentlichte Karamzin scheinbar als Nebenprodukt des umfangreicheren Projekts der *Pis'ma* eine kurze Novelle mit dem Titel „Ostrov Borngol'm" / „Die Insel Bornholm".

In der Forschung ist umstritten, inwieweit dieser Text als eigenständiges Werk oder als Teil von *Pis'ma* angesehen werden soll. Hans Rothe zufolge dient die unscharfe Abgrenzung der Inselerzählung gegenüber den Reisebriefen „als Beglaubigung" (Rothe, *Reisen* 291). Während der dänische Slavist Kjeld Jensen das Werk als "a perfect sentimentalist story" (Jensen 57)[2] preist, ist „Ostrov Borngol'm" für Ol'ga Lebedeva lediglich ein „Epilog" (Lebedeva, *Istorija* 389) zu *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika*. In Bezug auf die Entstehungsgeschichte mag Letzteres zutreffen, doch komparatistisch betrachtet ist die Novelle mehr als dies: Sie ist die in eine Reisefiktion gekleidete künstlerische Auseinandersetzung mit neuen stilistischen Moden westlicher Literaturen von der Warte eines jungen russischen Literaten auf der Suche nach eigenen ästhetischen Ausdrucksformen. Traditionell wurde Karamzins Verhältnis zu maßgeblichen literarischen und philosophischen Tendenzen in West- und Mitteleuropa v. a. unter Rückgriff auf die Kategorie des *Einflusses* beschrieben (Gorbatov 187-217), doch wurden inzwischen auch modernere Ansätze vertreten, die auf der Annahme der Partizipation Karamzins an einem gesamteuropäischen Diskurs der Aufklärung basieren (Andrew Kahn in Karamzin, *Letters* 459-551). Dank diesem Paradigmenwechsel kann Karamzins Beitrag zur russischen Literatur stärker in jener Eigenständigkeit betrachtet werden, die in Bezug auf die sich im 19. Jahrhundert immer weiter ausdifferenzierenden literarischen Diskurse in Russland geboten ist.

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[1] Der vorliegende Beitrag geht u. a. auf Inspirationen zurück, die der Verfasser aus einem unter dem Titel *Island Fiction(s)* am Lehrstuhl von Prof. Dr. Christoph Houswitschka als Lehrauftrag durchgeführten Seminar im Sommersemester 2016 beziehen durfte.

[2] Ähnlich anerkennend fällt auch das Urteil des deutschen Slavisten Reinhard Lauer aus, der sie als „wohl die beste Erzählung Karamzins" (Lauer 124) bezeichnete.

„Ostrov Borngol'm" schildert aus der Sicht eines in der Ichform berichtenden Reisenden eine vorgeblich persönliche Erfahrung: Auf dem Rückweg von London nach Russland muss das Schiff *Britanija* (!) infolge ungünstiger Winde zunächst an der unteren Themse bei Gravesend Station machen, wo der Erzähler kurz an Land geht. Dabei belauscht er einen jungen Mann, der zu Gitarrenbegleitung ein Lied von einer unmöglichen, den „Gesetzen" (Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 521)[3] widersprechenden Liebe zu einer jungen Frau namens Lila auf Bornholm singt, von wo er wegen eines elterlichen Fluches (oder Schwurs) verbannt worden sei. Bevor er der Sache auf den Grund gehen kann, kommt ausreichend Wind auf, und der Erzähler muss zurück an Bord. Als das Schiff nach einigen Tagen Bornholm passiert und dort die Nacht vor Anker liegend verbringen soll, ist seine Neugierde so groß, dass er sich gegen den Rat des Kapitäns an Land setzen lässt. Er findet ein Quartier in einer unheimlichen Burg und stößt bei einem nächtlichen Spaziergang auf eine Höhle mit einem Verließ und einer jungen Frau darin – jener Geliebten Lila aus dem Lied des dänischen Jünglings von Gravesend, wie der Reisende vermutet. Die angebotene Hilfe lehnt die Gefangene ab und bittet ihn wegzugehen. Ohne ihr Geheimnis zu erfahren, entfernt sich der Erzähler und schläft unter einem Eichenbaum ein. Als er wieder erwacht, sitzt der Burgherr, ein alter Mann, vor ihm und erzählt ihm schließlich die „in höchstem Maße schauderhafte Geschichte" (529) der geheimnisvollen Liebenden. Der Reisende freilich will dieses Geheimnis vorerst für sich behalten, verlässt Bornholm und kehrt an Bord seines wartenden Segelschiffes zurück ins Heimatland.

Im vorliegenden Aufsatz wird speziell Karamzins Beitrag zur Verbreitung eines von England ausgehenden, sich jedoch aus gesamteuropäischen ästhetischen Strömungen speisenden literarischen Modus in Russland in den Fokus genommen – der *Gothic Fiction*;[4] unter den Vertretern der auf Karamzin folgenden Generation russischer Schriftsteller brachte er es zu einer richtungsweisenden stilistischen Erscheinung, deren Auswirkungen noch bis zur Jahrhundertmitte deutlich spürbar waren (Cornwell, *Gothic-Fantastic* 12-21). Angesichts der Tatsache, dass der *Gothic*-Modus auch in seiner literarischen Ausprägung stark auf Visuelles setzt und damit in einer gewissen Nähe zu Architektur und bildender Kunst angesiedelt ist, scheint es hilfreich, bei der Beschreibung der innereuropäischen Verbreitung des Phänomens auf den Begriff der *Osmose* zurückzugreifen,

[3] Sofern nicht anders angegeben, stammen Übersetzungen aus russischsprachigen Quellen vom Verfasser.

[4] Laut Nick Groom (in Townshend 43) bot die Wiederbelebung des Goten-Mythos im England des 18. Jahrhunderts die Möglichkeit der Findung einer gemeinsamen kulturellen Identität des ‚Nordens' – auch in Abgrenzung von republikanischen Strömungen in Frankreich. Im Gespräch mit dem anonymen Ich-Erzähler beruft sich der Burgherr auf eine kulturgeschichtliche Einheit der „nördlichen Völker" (Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 525; möglich wäre auch die Übersetzung als ‚nordische Völker'), unter denen mithin vom Erzähler auch Russland ein Platz zugeschrieben wird.

der bisher eher in der Architekturgeschichte und Archäologie Verwendung fand als in der Literaturwissenschaft (Schümann 345-46). Im Gegensatz zum Paradigma des Kulturtransfers, das häufig von einer Verschiebung von Material und Ideen zwischen den Kulturräumen mit der Folge eines Mangels in einem seiner Kulturgüter beraubten Gebiet ausgeht, bietet die Rede von der *Osmose* den Vorteil, dass mit Hilfe dieser aus der Biochemie stammenden Metapher die Realität gleichzeitig-ungleichzeitig ablaufender Lebensprozesse in angrenzenden Gebieten in den Blick genommen werden kann. Osmose ist ein Mechanismus der Verteilung und der Bewegung von Molekülen zwischen voneinander abgegrenzten chemischen Milieus, der gerade auch in lebenden Zellen wirksam ist. Er kann also in evolutionstheoretischer Hinsicht helfen sowohl diachrone als auch synchrone Zusammenhänge zu erklären.

Bezogen auf die Migration literarischer Topoi und Motive, wie der für das Paradigma der *Gothic Fiction* typischen, bedeutet die Rede von (semi-)permeablen *Membranen* statt *Grenzen*, *Diffusion* und *Passage* statt *Transfer*, *Regulation* statt *Regierung*, dass erkennbar wird, wie ästhetische Inspirationen aus anderen Literatursystemen durch die Integration in bestehende lokale und regionale literarische Traditionen mit der Zeit ein produktives Eigenleben entwickeln können, wie sie gleichsam in neue kulturelle Stoffwechselkreisläufe integriert werden können. Die jeweils dominierenden Herrschaftsverhältnisse, die in geschichts- und gesellschaftswissenschaftlich orientierten Theoriesystemen von zentraler Bedeutung sind, sollen bei der nachfolgenden Analyse von Karamzins Erzählung eher nachrangig betrachtet werden.

Im Vergleich zu den *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika*, die ihrerseits als Wendepunkt in der Entwicklung der russischen Erzählprosa gelesen wurden (Lebedeva, „Narrativnaja struktura" 37), ist das Geschehen in „Ostrov Borngol'm" trotz der ähnlichen äußeren Einbettung in einen bekannten und damit intersubjektiv verifizierbaren geographischen Rahmen letzten Endes fiktiv. Das bereits in den *Pis'ma* eingeführte poetische Mittel einer Trennung zwischen realem Reisenden und dessen literarischer Stilisierung[5] wird hier noch weiter auf die Spitze getrieben, indem dem Leser eine offenbar sorgfältig komponierte Novelle mit klarem

[5] Auf die Unmöglichkeit, beide gleichzusetzen, hat in der Sowjetunion zuerst Jurij Michajlovič Lotman hingewiesen, der das Verhältnis zwischen beiden auf die Formel ‚Karamzin erschafft Karamzin' («Карамзин творит Карамзина», Lotman 16) gebracht hat. Mit seiner Hypothese, dass Karamzin bewusst Unstimmigkeiten zu seiner eigenen Reiseroute und deren Zeitplan in *Pis'ma* eingefügt habe, um seine Kontakte zu den unter Katharina der Großen in Ungnade gefallenen Freimaurern zu verschleiern, konnte sich Lotman freilich in der Karamzin-Forschung nicht durchsetzen (Andrew Kahn in Karamzin, *Letters* 463).

Spannungsbogen geliefert und zugleich betont wird, es handle sich um die Wahrheit, nicht um eine Erfindung.[6] In der rhetorischen Figur des spontanosmotischen Überfließens von Gefühlsempfindungen vom Erzähler zum impliziten Leser und zurück besteht ein innovatives Moment sentimentalistischer Prosa. Andrew Kahn hat zu Recht die auf die Rezeptionsästhetik (*reader response criticism*) vorausverweisende Rolle eines impliziten Lesers in den Fokus gerückt, die Karamzin in seinen Erzählungen und Teilen seiner *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika* schuf (vgl. Andrew Kahn in Karamzin, *Letters* 7).

Die fortgesetzten Bemühungen der Forschung um die literaturgeschichtliche Einordnung zeigen, dass „Ostrov Borngol'm" ein Text des Übergangs ist, der programmatisch zwischen Aufklärung, Empfindsamkeit und Romantik steht und damit in einem übertragenen Sinne zwischen Westorientierung und der Suche nach literaturgeschichtlicher Eigenständigkeit Russlands. Auf der Ebene des Sujets zeichnet die Erzählung den gleichsam amphibischen Weg nach, den literarische Stile und Stoffe so oft bei ihren Migrationen zwischen den Kulturen nehmen – übers Meer, von Insel zu Insel, von der siebtgrößten Insel der Welt, Großbritannien (ohne Nordirland!),[7] über Bornholm bis nach Russland mit seiner von Peter dem Großen auf diversen Inseln im Mündungsdelta der Neva erbauten

[6] Dies ist gerade im Sentimentalismus seinerseits ein konventionalisierter Topos fiktionaler Literatur, den Karamzin in seinen Werken immer wieder einsetzt. „[V]erisimilitude, despite the claims of Karamzin's narrators, is not of great importance in Sentimentalist fiction" (Offord 48). Bemerkenswert ist allerdings, dass Karamzin im narrativen Rahmen der Novelle eine mündliche Erzählsituation fingiert, in der das Erzählen von Sommererfahrungen bei loderndem Kaminfeuer helfen könne, die jahreszeitlich bedingte Schwermut im Herbst zu vertreiben. Nicht umsonst verwendet der Erzähler nicht das Verb *читать* (‚lesen'), sondern er lässt das Ganze als mündlichen Vortrag erscheinen:«слушайте – я повествую – повествую истину, не выдумку» (Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 520) (‚Hört her – ich erzähle – ich erzähle die Wahrheit, keine Erfindung'). Dass in dieser mündlichen Gesprächssituation um einen möglicherweise, jedoch nicht zwingend wahren Kern ‚herumfabuliert' wird, ist Teil der Konvention. Insofern ist auf der Ebene der textimmanenten Poetologie gerade das Gegenteil dessen gegeben, was Lotman in Karamzins literarisches Werk hineingelesen hat: Karamzin fiktionalisiert sich im Erzähler eben nicht selbst, sondern er nimmt in „Ostrov Borngol'm" von Anfang an die Pose eines fiktiven und bewusst in der Anonymität verbleibenden Ich-Erzählers ein (Lotman 16-25).

[7] Abgesehen vom Titel bezieht sich die erste Verwendung des Substantivs *остров* (‚Insel') in der Novelle auf die britische Hauptinsel, an deren Ufer die Wellen mit ‚dumpfem Geheul' («с глухим ревом»; Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 520) schlagen. Durch die Verwendung des Substantivs *рёв* an dieser Stelle wird der Kontaktbereich zwischen Meer und Insel zu einem belebten Raum stilisiert – mithin zu einer Zone potenzieller Osmose. Wenn Riggenbach (77), der sich allem Anschein nach bisher am intensivsten mit dem Inselmotiv in „Ostrov Borngol'm" auseinandergesetzt hat, v. a. die semantische Nähe zwischen Insel und Gefangenschaft konstatiert, so verdient auch das kreative Moment des Inseldaseins – die mutmaßliche Hauptmotivation für unzählige jährliche Inselbesuche weltweit – noch besondere Aufmerksamkeit an anderer Stelle.

Hauptstadt.[8] Nebenbei bemerkt schreibt sich Karamzin hier effektvoll ins literaturtopographische Stammbuch ein: Er lokalisiert die Rahmenhandlung in der Ortschaft Gravesend an der unteren Themse, wo manche Besatzung vor der Ausfahrt aufs Meer auf günstigere Wetterbedingungen warten musste und von wo aus unzählige Auswandererschiffe Europa verließen, wo aber auch zunehmend ein osmotischer Rückstrom aus den Kolonien einlief. Er tut dies rund siebzig Jahre, bevor man Gravesend bei Charles Dickens wiederbegegnet – etwa in *Great Expectations* – und rund einhundertzehn Jahre vor Joseph Conrad, der hier bezeichnenderweise die Rahmenhandlung von *Heart of Darkness* ansiedelt.

Die Eignung des Namens für volksetymologische Erklärungen um die semantischen Nuclei von *grave* und *end* herum mag zur Beliebtheit des Orts als literarischer Topos beigetragen haben.[9] Offenbar war der synchronsprachliche Verweishorizont dem 1787 selbst durch eine Übersetzung von Shakespeares *Julius Caesar* in Erscheinung getretenen Karamzin bewusst, denn der Erzähler nutzt die Konnotation von Grab und Friedhof in folgender Beschreibung:

> Ich legte mich aufs Bett, blickte auf die alten Waffen, die durch ein kleines Fenster vom schwachen Mondlicht erleuchtet wurden, dachte an meinen Gastgeber, an seine ersten Worte: „Hier wohnt ewige Trübsal", dachte an vergangene Zeiten, an jene Abenteuer, deren Zeuge diese alte Burg war, dachte – ähnlich wie jener Mensch, der zwischen Särgen und Gräbern auf die sterblichen Überreste der Entschlafenen blickt und diese in seiner Vorstellung zum Leben erweckt. Schließlich erschien meiner Seele das Bild des traurigen Unbekannten von Gravesend, und ich schlief ein.[10]

Zweifelsohne fügt sich der Name *Gravesend* nahtlos in einen Text ein, in dem Karamzin den ihm u. a. während seines kurzen Englandaufenthaltes begegnenden literarisch-ästhetischen Stil der *Gothic Fiction* erprobte. Mit deren Eindringen

[8] Wenn man „Ostrov Borngol'm" als bloßen literarischen Appendix zu *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika* ansieht, so endet die Reise in Kronštadt, das damals tatsächlich noch auf einer nur auf dem Wasserweg zu erreichenden Insel in der Bucht von Sankt Petersburg lag und wo der erst nach „Ostrov Borngol'm" publizierte letzte Brief von *Pis'ma* lokalisiert ist. Zur Veröffentlichungsgeschichte vgl. Riggenbach 66. Die Tatsache, dass der Reisende der *Pis'ma* seine Aufzeichnungen ausgerechnet in Kronštadt enden lässt, begründet Ingrid Kleespies mit der erzähltechnischen Notwendigkeit, hier keine abgeschlossene Reise, sondern den Prozess einer Bewusstseinsänderung durch Reisen in literarischer Form abzubilden (35). Offenbar bietet die Insel als Topos hierzu ideale Voraussetzungen.

[9] Über die Etymologie des Toponyms dürfte es freilich nahezu so viele Legenden geben wie Besucher des Orts. Einige der mit dem Ort verbundenen Geschichten hat Cole Swensen (35-60) gesammelt bzw. poetisch aufbereitet.

[10] Я лег на постелю – смотрел на древнее оружие, освещаемое сквозь маленькое окно слабым лучом месяца, – думал о своем хозяине, о первых словах его: «Здесь обитает вечная горесть», – мечтал о временах прошедших, о тех приключениях, которым сей древний замок бывал свидетелем, – мечтал, подобно такому человеку, который между гробов и могил взирает на прах умерших и оживляет его в своем воображении. – Наконец образ печального гревзендского незнакомца представился душе моей, и я заснул (Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 526).

in die russische Literatur haben sich im Westen v. a. die Russisten Mark S. Simpson und Neil Cornwell beschäftigt, in Russland selbst Vadim Ėrazmovič Vacuro und Natan Davidovič Tamarčenko. Nach Meinung einschlägig ausgewiesener Forscher ist Karamzin der erste bedeutende russische Vertreter des neuen ästhetischen Paradigmas (vgl. Cross 113; Simpson 37; Vacuro 78). Roger B. Anderson gebraucht neben *Gothic Literature* auch noch den Begriff des Ossianismus zur Beschreibung der von Karamzin stilisierten Atmosphäre auf der Insel Bornholm und bezieht damit den schottischen Kulturraum in den Diskussionsrahmen mit ein (vgl. 130, 137).

„Ostrov Borngol'm" ist insgesamt ein Text der Passagen und Transgressionen. Nicht umsonst nehmen diverse mit Grenzen verbundene Topoi eine besondere Stellung in der Erzählung ein. Folgende Gegensatzpaare lassen sich aufzählen:

- Sommer – Winter
- Heimat – Fremde
- Land – Wasser
- Dorf – Burg
- Volk – Adel
- Nacht – Tag
- Gegenwart – Vergangenheit
- Geheimnis – Wissen
- Familie – Gesellschaft
- Schlaf – Wachzustand
- Vernunft – Gefühl

Die Geschichte ist gleichsam durchzogen von einem feinen Geflecht begrifflicher Trennlinien, die wie Membranen die Grenzen zwischen den verschiedenen Bereichen markieren. Zunächst erscheinen die konzeptuellen Demarkationslinien undurchlässig, die Gegensätze miteinander unvereinbar. Bei fortschreitender Erzählung bzw. deren genauerer Lektüre erweist sich jedoch, dass die Begriffsgrenzen keinesfalls so stabil sind wie zunächst gedacht. Die Folge ist die kulturelle Füllung von Zwischenräumen im Akt des Erzählens, die Entstehung dessen, was sich als *third space* konzeptualisieren lässt (vgl. Bhabha 309-10). So stellen sich mit Blick auf den Ausgang des Textes die genannten Gegensatzpaare eher folgendermaßen dar:

- Sommer – Herbst – Winter
- Winter – Frühling – Sommer
- Heimat – Quartier – Fremde
- Land – Insel – Wasser
- Dorf – Burghof – Burg
- Volk – Reisender – Adel
- Tag – Abenddämmerung – Nacht

- Nacht – Morgendämmerung – Tag
- Gegenwart – Erinnerung – Vergangenheit
- Geheimnis – Erzählung – Wissen
- Familie – Liebespaar – Gesellschaft
- Schlaf – Traum – Wachzustand
- Vernunft – Kontemplation – Gefühl

Die Auslotung der genannten Zwischenräume und damit die osmotische Durchdringung der Grenzen, die sie von den konzeptuellen Kernräumen scheidet, ist die originäre Leistung des anonymen Erzählers, der bereits mit der Apostrophe der abwesenden Freunde zu Beginn der Erzählung seine Rolle als Vermittlungsinstanz bzw. – um im Bild der Osmose zu bleiben – als *Transmitter* markiert.

Karamzins Erzählung lässt den *Gothic*-Modus in der russischen Literatur um 1800 klar als synthetisches Produkt verschiedener Kulturen und diverser Zufallsmomente erscheinen: Ein im englischen Gravesend auf Dänisch singender Jüngling appelliert an die empfindsame Gefühlswelt eines zufällig zuhörenden russischen Reisenden, der obendrein, ebenso zufällig, zuvor von einem dänischen Freund in Genf auch noch genügend Dänisch gelernt hat, um das Lied auf Anhieb zu verstehen. Nicht zuletzt in dieser an erstaunlichen Kontingenzen reichen Konstellation wird deutlich, dass es sich eben um eine ideenbasierte literarische Fiktion, nicht um autobiographische Geschichtsschreibung oder kulturgeographische Deskription handelt.[11] Für Karamzins Zeitgenossen freilich war dieser Gestus noch völlig neu, weshalb Karamzins bewusste Mystifizierungen nicht bei allen Lesern gut ankamen.[12]

Auch wenn Karamzin sich nicht lange mit Schauergeschichten aufhielt, wenn er bald nach seinem Frühwerk vom fiktionalen Schreibmodus zum historiographischen wechseln sollte, um zum „Kolumbus der russischen Geschichte“ zu werden,[13] so war sein Abstecher in die europäische *Gothic*-Renaissance-Bewegung doch nicht folgenlos: Nach ihm griff u. a. der Romantiker Vladimir Odoevskij manche Elemente der Schauerliteratur wie auch den Inseltopos wieder auf, und

[11] Versucht man ein strukturalistisches Modell der Gattungsdefinition anzuwenden, so lässt sich der Unterschied zwischen Karamzins *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika* und seiner Erzählung „Ostrov Borngol'm“ dahingehend festmachen, dass in letzterer an die Stelle der von Ol'ga Lebedeva („Narrativnaja struktura“ 45) postulierten objektiv-skizzenhaften Ebene (*объективно-очерковой пласт*) eine spielerisch-fiktionale tritt.

[12] Letztlich wurde Karamzins Kunstgriff auch noch bis weit in die sowjetische Rezeptionsgeschichte hinein nicht als in erster Linie poetisch-rhetorisches Mittel verstanden. So kommentiert noch 1984 Lotmans Mentor Georgij Pantilejmonovič Makogonenko den Hinweis des Erzählers von „Ostrov Borngol'm“ auf den angeblichen Freund Doktor NN, der ihm in Genf Dänisch beigebracht habe, dahingehend, dass es sich hierbei um einen dänischen Reisegefährten Karamzins in der Schweiz handle (Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 664).

[13] Die Formulierung geht auf Aleksandr Sergeevič Puškin zurück (Lotman 565). Präziser müsste es eigentlich heißen: „Kolumbus der russischen Geschichtsschreibung“.

auch bei Dostoevskij finden sich Spuren der Lektüre englischer Schauerromane in jungen Jahren.[14] Rund ein halbes Jahrhundert später war für viele den vorrevolutionären Traditionen eher ablehnend gegenüberstehenden Schriftstellern der sowjetischen Epoche der ‚gotische' Schreibmodus keinesfalls obsolet (Maguire 23-41). Selbst namhafte postmoderne Autoren wie Vladimir Sorokin und Viktor Pelevin bedienten sich in ihren Werken wiederholt entsprechender Stilelemente (308).

Interessanter als die Frage, wie viel Originalität oder wie viel Epigonalität in der russischen Annäherung an die englischen *Gothicists* steckt, scheint der Umstand, dass das Wort *gotisch* (*готический*) bei Karamzin einerseits in *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika* als Adjektivattribut diverser genetisch kaum miteinander verbundener Architekturstile erscheint – u. a. zur näheren Charakterisierung eines Gebäudes in Moskau, das nach modernen Stilbegriffen als barocker Bau bezeichnet werden muss. Andererseits taucht die Bezeichnung in Karamzins fiktionaler Beschreibung der gespenstischen Burgruine auf Bornholm in „Ostrov Borngol'm" wieder auf.[15] So wird die Stilbezeichnung zum Sammelbegriff für ein aus russischer Sicht postuliertes kulturelles Kontinuum. Dieses reicht von England, eigentlich sogar von Schottland, über Dänemark bis in die von Hanse, Deutschem Orden und Schweden[16] geprägten östlichen Teile des Baltikums, amalgamiert also Kulturen, die aus westlicher Sicht durchaus keine Einheit bilden, die aus russischer Sicht jedoch mit der Vorstellung von Kulturimport aus Europa verbunden sind. Es mag für westliche Zuschauer befremdlich wirken, dass sowjetische

[14] Zu Dostoevskijs Bezügen zur Schauergotik, insbesondere in *Prestuplenie i nakazanie / Verbrechen und Strafe*, vgl. Tamarčenko 199-213. Ingrid Kleespies hingegen hat die Parallelen zwischen Karamzins *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika* und Dostoevskijs hiervon inspirierten *Zimnie zametki o letnich vpečatlenijach / Winterliche Aufzeichnungen über sommerliche Eindrücke* untersucht (23-46). Neil Cornwell (*Literary Fantastic* 64-66) benutzt für die weitere Ausstrahlung der Schauergotik auf die russische Literatur die biologische Metapher der kreuzweisen Befruchtung (*cross-fertilisation*) – durchaus auch im Sinne einer Zeugung von Hybriden. Demgegenüber hat die Metapher der Osmose den Vorteil, dass sie über die Frage nach generationenübergreifender Konstanz bzw. Veränderlichkeit hinausgeht und auch kurzfristige Entwicklungstendenzen, ephemere wie stabile, beschreiben kann.

[15] Bei dem «готический дом» (‚gotischen Haus') aus dem ersten Brief von *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika* handelt es sich – wenn man Makogonenkos Kommentar folgt – um den zu Beginn des 18. Jahrhunderts errichteten Menšikov-Turm, die heutige Erzengel-Gabriel-Kirche in Moskau, der zu Karamzins Zeit von Mitgliedern der örtlichen Freimaurerloge als Wohnung genutzt wurde. Vgl. Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 57; 628. Zur Baugeschichte vgl. Moiseeva 245-49. Die reale Burgruine Hammershus auf der Nordwestseite der Insel dürfte Karamzin zur Ausgestaltung der fiktiven Burg in „Ostrov Borngol'm" inspiriert haben, zumal die Festung in der Vergangenheit wiederholt als Staatsgefängnis genutzt wurde (Schwartz 62-68). Architekturgeschichtlich haben beide Bauwerke – Menšikov-Turm und Festung Hammershus – nahezu keinen gemeinsamen stilistischen Nenner.

[16] Dem späteren russischen Hof-Historiker Karamzin war sicherlich bereits 1794 bewusst, dass gerade das Motiv der anonymisierten Festung Hammershus unabgeschlossene kulturelle Hegemonialansprüche auf Bornholm zwischen Kopenhagen und Stockholm wachzurufen vermochte.

Regisseure die sich bis in die Gegenwart großer Popularität erfreuenden Sherlock-Holmes-Episoden aus den späten 1970er Jahren in Riga und Tallinn drehten, oder dass die grandiosen Shakespeare-Verfilmungen von Grigrorij Kozincev aus den 1960er und 1970er Jahren u. a. vor Kulissen im Baltikum aufgenommen wurden.[17] Letztlich folgt dies jedoch der bereits in Karamzins „Ostrov Borngol'm" angelegten Logik und Ästhetik.

Gritta Hammarberg zufolge lässt sich die Seereise des karamzinschen Erzählers auf einer spirituellen Ebene als Anspielung auf die sechs Tage der Schöpfung lesen, auf die als siebter Tag der ‚Tag des Herrn' – der Besuch auf Bornholm – folgt. An ebendiesem Tag erfolge der Erkenntniszuwachs, aber gleichzeitig auch das Zurückschrecken vor zu weit reichender Auflösung des Geheimnisses, wie es sich in dem selbstauferlegten Schweigegelöbnis des Erzählers am Ende äußere (Hammarberg 187). Angesichts der erklärten Gegnerschaft zumindest des jungen Karamzin zur Theologie ist dies eine durchaus gewagte Interpretation. Geht es in dieser Novelle wirklich darum, dass die Erfahrung des Schauderns, die Karamzins Erzähler während seiner Reise macht, auf eine metaphysische Ebene gehoben wird? Stehen im Zentrum des Texts nicht vielmehr eine ästhetisch-emotionale Erfahrung, eine sentimentale Reise nach dem Vorbild Lawrence Sternes und nationale Stilbildung inklusive vorgeblich unterwegs aufgenommener Inspirationen aus James Macphersons Ossian-Fiktionen? Es scheint, dass sich bereits in „Ostrov Borngol'm" mit seinen mehrfachen Apostrophen des Schöpfers die humoristische und selbstironische Haltung des Erzählers andeutet, die Gitta Hammarberg erst in den späteren Prosawerken Karamzins diagnostiziert (203-73).

Dass der Nimbus eines schrecklichen Geheimnisses für die kompositorische Gestaltung und ideologische Ausrichtung des Textes von entscheidender Bedeutung ist, darf kaum bezweifelt werden. Worin genau der Schrecken der Vorgeschichte des getrennten Liebespaares bestehen soll – in inzestuöser Geschwisterliebe oder dem (drohenden) Bruch einer gegen die Neigung geschlossenen Ehe zwischen Burgherr und junger Frau, gar in einem vertuschten oder erst noch zu vertuschenden Verbrechen – bleibt in der Ausgabe letzter Hand jedoch offen – wobei diese textimmanente Offenheit des Schlusses nicht von allen Interpreten gebührend zur Kenntnis genommen wurde.[18]

[17] Insbesondere ist hier an die ‚gotische' Szene des Auftritts des Geistes in Kozincevs *Gamlet / Hamlet* (1964) zu denken, nach Courtney Lehmann die „atemberaubendste Begegnung zwischen den Kulturen und Ästhetiken des Ostens und des Westens" (Lehmann 109). Bis heute ist die Stelle an der estnischen Nordküste in der Nähe des Dorfes Keila-Joa, wo die Szene in Kozincevs Film aufgenommen wurde, bei vielen Russen unter dem inoffiziellen Beinamen *Мыс Гамлета* (‚Kap Hamlets') bekannt.

[18] Der Erzählergestus der Geheimniswahrung legt den Schluss nahe, dass dem Rezipienten das sozial schwerer wiegende Vergehen vorenthalten wird, also der Inzest. Manche Leser

Indem er im Finale der Novelle das ungelöste Rätsel zum Teil einer neuen und bis in die Gegenwart virulenten Gattungsprogrammatik macht,[19] kehrt der Erzähler gleichsam dem Vernunftprinzip der nach Klarheit, detailgenauer Ausleuchtung und restloser Lösung strebenden Aufklärung den Rücken und weicht dem Wunsch des von ihm apostrophierten impliziten Lesers nach Wissen und Widerspruchsbereinigung nachdrücklich aus. In der bewussten Mystifizierung des Geheimnisses durch die Vervielfältigung potenzieller Lesarten[20] entfernt sich Karamzin in „Ostrov Borngol'm" vom dokumentarisch-faktographischen Schreibmodus der *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika* und begibt sich stattdessen trotz der Einkleidung seiner Erzählung in einen bekannten geographisch-kulturgeschichtlichen Rahmen auf unverkennbar fiktionales Gebiet. Dass hiermit auch ein anderer Umgang mit den Erwartungen von Rezipient*innen verbunden ist und dass sich für den nach dem neuen Literaturverständnis Schreibenden Klärungsansprüche von Leser*innen nicht einfach durch Fortsetzungsprosa befriedigen lassen, ist eine notwendige Folge der Emanzipation des fiktionalen Schreibmodus vom deskriptiven.[21]

Der fragmentarische Charakter des Textes ist also wohl nicht nur Teil einer bewussten ästhetischen Programmatik, sondern auch ein Resultat einer unbewussten gattungsmäßigen Evolution von Karamzins *Pis'ma russkogo putešestvennika*

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sprachen sich daher für diese Möglichkeit aus. Vgl. Jensen 52; Simpson 28; Riggenbach 70-76. Zwangsläufig ist diese Annahme jedoch nicht. Andere Interpreten formulierten deshalb eher einschränkend (Rothe, *Reisen* 291; im Gegensatz dazu Rothe, „Heritage" 177) oder erwogen beide Möglichkeiten – Inzest und Ehebruch (Offord 45). Die Interpretation, dass die junge Frau im Verließ eine uneheliche Beziehung zu dem jungen Sänger in Gravesend unterhielt, findet sich z. B. in Cross 114. Editionsphilologische Gesichtspunkte sprechen für die Variante des Inzests, der in einer nicht für den Druck herangezogenen (aber manchen Zeitgenossen Karamzins offenbar bekannten) Handschrift des Lieds des dänischen Jünglings explizit benannt wird (Vacuro 90-93). Innerfiktional ist gleichwohl auch noch eine weitere Variante am Text begründbar: Lila könnte zum Zweck einer sakralen Opferung eingekerkert worden sein (vgl. die Erwähnung heidnischer Opferbräuche in der Ostseeregion in Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 525). Freilich steht diese Lesart im Widerspruch zum offenbar zwischen Ich-Erzähler und Gastgeber bestehenden christlich-aufklärerischen Wertekonsens, der allerdings wiederum durch die unheimlichen Konnotationen des Ortes und seiner früheren Geschichte unterlaufen wird (Sobol 31-35).

[19] Vgl. die Gattungsbeschreibung in Maguire: "The Gothic mode resists conclusive interpretation; the tropes of Gothic fiction discover new relevance with every generation of readers" (304).

[20] Denkbar, wenn auch im protestantischen kulturgeschichtlichen Kontext von „Ostrov Borngol'm" weniger wahrscheinlich als etwa in Karamzins im katholischen Andalusien angesiedelter Erzählung „Sierra-Morena" (1795), ist auch die Annahme, die Einkerkerung Lilas könnte durch ein Versprechen gegenüber einem Kloster begründet sein (die im Lied des Jünglings erwähnte *клятва* lässt sich sowohl als ‚Fluch' als auch als ‚Schwur' übersetzen; Karamzin, *Sočinenija* 521).

[21] Valeria Sobol führt einen Brief an die Zarengattin Marija Fedorovna an, in dem Karamzin scherzhaft eine glückliche Auflösung des Geheimnisses und eine mögliche Nutzung des Verlieses zur Einkerkerung von Napoleon vorschlägt (31-32).

hin zu „Ostrov Borngol'm".[22] War der erste Teil des Projekts noch klar dem aufklärerischen Konzept eines sich durch Reisen bildenden jungen Mannes verpflichtet, so ist die Figur des Erzählers in der später entstandenen Novelle mit weniger deutlich suggerierter Parallele zu Karamzins eigener Westeuropareise zwar ebenfalls die zentrale Vermittlungsinstanz, doch scheint sich der junge Protagonist in der Zwischenzeit weiterentwickelt zu haben. Indem er die Maske des wohlig-schaudernden Touristen zur Schau stellt, gibt er seinem Text gleichzeitig eine eher oberflächliche Struktur. Schnell passt sich der Erzähler neuen kulturellen und lokalen Begebenheiten an, doch psychologisch und philosophisch in die Tiefe geht dieser Prozess nicht.[23] Der Reisende bereitet sein Unternehmen vor und nach, er hat zwischendurch Lesezeit – zumal auf einer Seereise lange vor dem Aufkommen der Dampfschifffahrt –, doch es zieht ihn, den in exotischer Umgebung fremd Bleibenden, bald wieder zu neuen Zielen. Bei Karamzin versprach diese die Historiographie, beim Erzähler von „Ostrov Borngol'm" bleibt die sentimentalistische Exkursion in die Schauergotik eine vorübergehende Passion. Es blieb anderen Autoren der russischen Literatur vorbehalten, den von Karamzin auf der baltischen Route durch insulare Ost-West-Kontaktzonen transportierten Modus der *Gothic Fiction* in komplexere Texte zu integrieren.

Welchen Vorteil bringt es, so sei abschließend gefragt, die in der aktuelleren Karamzin-Forschung kaum in Frage gestellte Bedeutung des Autors für die Verbreitung des *Gothic*-Modus in Russland bzw. im russischen Reich mithilfe der Denkfigur der Osmose zu beschreiben? Sind nicht bereits das theoretische Instrumentarium der Motivgeschichte sowie die Ansätze der *Postcolonial Studies* und der Kulturtransferforschung ausreichend? Der Mehrwert des Osmosemodells besteht in seiner Multidirektionalität und Mehrdimensionalität, die ihm das Potenzial verleihen, verschiedene bisher erprobte Ansätze komparatistischer und interkultureller Literatur- und Kulturwissenschaft zusammenzuführen. Zudem ermöglicht es eine gleichzeitige Betrachtung diachroner und synchroner Prozesse des kulturellen Austauschs.

Im Gegensatz zur Fokussierung auf Motive und/oder Themen, bei der zumindest implizit stets die Frage nach Originalität und Urheberschaft anklingt, im Gegensatz zum Blick auf in Texte eingeschriebene Machtverhältnisse und deren

[22] Für Vadim Vacuro ist dies der Übergang von der Vorromantik zur Romantik (97).
[23] In Bezug auf *Pis'ma* spricht Andrew Kahn von „literarischer Mimikry" (in Karamzin, *Letters* 461) als Wesensmerkmal des karamzinschen Erzählers. In „Ostrov Borngol'm" ist dieses Bemühen nach stilistischer und mithin oberflächlicher Anpassung an die Umgebung sogar noch stärker spürbar: Schnell, gleichsam osmotisch, nimmt der Reisende Stimmungen seiner Umgebung auf, doch ebenso schnell überlässt er seine in sentimentalistischer Manier vergossene Träne auch wieder der Diffusion durch den Seewind. Der Vollständigkeit halber sei noch erwähnt, dass es auch Interpreten gab, die „Ostrov Borngol'm" durchaus philosophische Tiefe zuschrieben – etwa die Frage nach dem Ursprung des Bösen in der Welt (Neuhäuser 65).

psychoanalytische Implikationen, bietet die Analogiebildung zur Biochemie von Stoffwechselprozessen die Möglichkeit, Exporteuren und Importeuren kultureller Ideen und Erscheinungen grundsätzlich denselben hierarchischen Status zuzugestehen. Damit stehen nicht Originalität und Epigonalität, Primogenitur und Erbschaft, Dominanz und Unterordnung, Sieg und Niederlage im Zentrum des Interesses, sondern ein Fließgleichgewicht ständiger Anpassung an variable kulturelle Rahmenbedingungen. In seiner Orientierung an ökologischen Kreisläufen der Natur macht das Osmosemodell nicht nur die Entstehung von Hybridität erklärbar, sondern auch den Umstand, dass es eben auch sehr wirkungsvolle biochemische und kulturgeschichtliche Gegenkräfte dazu gibt. Vielleicht ist gerade die erstaunliche Stabilität des von Karamzin und anderen in die russische Literatur importierten Schreibmodus der *Gothic Fiction* die beste Basis für die Prognose, dass unverkennbare Elemente dieser Genrekonvention auch weiterhin immer wieder gleichsam osmotisch in neue kulturgeschichtliche Kontexte eindringen werden.

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Dwelling with the Dead: Two Wordsworth Texts

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At Christoph's invitation, I presented a draft of what follows as a public lecture at the University of Bamberg in July of 2013. An earlier version formed part of a group of panels on "Genres of Dying" organized by Ian Balfour for the August 2008 conference of the North American Society for the Study of Romanticism (NASSR) and intended for publication as a volume, though this plan was unrealized in the event. Christoph himself had an association with NASSR by virtue of his work on eighteenth-century literature and political theory and had in fact prepared for their 2021 meeting a panel on the political reformer and poet John Thelwall, also unrealized in the event due to the pandemic. When Christoph and I team-taught one summer at the International Summer School in Seggau, Austria, we earned, I am told, the joking nickname of "Die Zwillinge," perhaps because of the myriad ways our interests and paths seemed to cross (I certainly couldn't hope to match Christoph in stature!). May my contribution of these pages to this Gedenkschrift count as a small perpetuation of what was for me an inestimable and now sorely missed transatlantic friendship.

My subject is two Wordsworth texts, one by William and one by Dorothy, in which the resting places of the dead and the dwelling places of the living interpenetrate.

I

Perhaps confirming a friend's anxiety that its publication would make the poet "everlastingly ridiculous,"[1] by 1820 "We Are Seven" was circulating in an anonymous chapbook for children entitled "The Little Maid and the Gentleman, or We Are Seven,"[2] and today it remains among William's most widely anthologized poems. What the reception history would have been had he followed through on his own plan to change its title to "We Are Seven, or Death" (Wordsworth 1992,

[1] Wordsworth recounts the story in the Fenwick notes:

> The said Jim [James Tobin] got a sight of Lyrical Ballads as it was going through the press at Bristol, during which time I was residing in that city. One evening he came to me with a grave face and said, "Wordsworth I have seen the volume that Coleridge & you are about to publish, There is one poem in it which I earnestly entreat you will cancel, for, if published, it will make you everlastingly ridiculous." I answered that I felt much obliged by the interest he took in my good name as a writer, and begged to know what was the unfortunate piece he alluded to. He said, "It is called We Are Seven!" "Nay," said I, "that shall take its chance however," and he left me in despair. (Wordsworth 1993, 43)

[2] Although the dating is uncertain, "Kendrew's Edition of We Are Seven" (as it is described on the half-title page) is commonly thought to have first appeared around 1820 (Davis 41).

73) is anyone's guess. But certainly his gloss of the poem in the "Preface to *Lyrical Ballads*" as seeking to illustrate "the perplexity and obscurity which in childhood attend our notion of death, or rather our utter inability to admit that notion" (747) has attached itself to the verse as a paratext and a warrant of due *gravitas*.[3] And with some exceptions, critical response to the poem has been guided by its indications. On this reading, "the little girl who is the Heroine" – again William's formulation (1993, 39) – persists in counting her dead brother and sister among her siblings, despite her interlocutor's equally persistent efforts to have her *discount* them, because she simply does not acknowledge that they are dead.

But is this what the "stand-off," as Frances Ferguson has aptly characterized the dramatic situation (164), is about? After all, the girl *says* quite explicitly, "The first that died was Sister Jane," and then of her brother John that "he was forced to go." We may say that the latter is a euphemism obscuring the truth, but if so, surely no more so than the narrator's insistence that "their spirits are in heaven."

What "The Little Maid and the Gentleman" *are* clearly at odds over is whether the dead and the living are to be numbered together, counted as members of the same set. He tries to enforce a prohibition or rule against doing so: you can't do that. She is impervious – one might say immune – to its imposition. And conditioning that imperviousness or immunity is a defining aspect of her world which I believe tends to get overlooked, though it comes increasingly to dominate the poem, namely the fact that she and her mother *live* in a graveyard.

That they do first surfaces in the two lines with which she wraps up her tidy and compliant response to the speaker's second question – the first having been "Sisters and brothers, little Maid,/ How many may you be?" – about her brothers and sisters: "And *where* are *they*? I pray you tell" (my emphasis). Insofar as those lines

[3] Compare with this, however, Wordsworth's insistence in "Essay Upon Epitaphs" (1810) that "the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality" – this over against those who would ascribe "the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child" to "blank ignorance in the child":

> Forlorn, and cut off from communication with the best part of his nature, must that man be, who should derive the sense of immortality, as it exists in the mind of a child, from the same unthinking gaiety or liveliness of animal spirits with which the lamb in the meadow, or any other irrational creature is endowed; who should ascribe it, in short, to blank ignorance in the child; to an inability arising from the imperfect state of his faculties to come, in any point of his being, into contact with a notion of death; or to an unreflecting acquiescence in what had been instilled into him! Has such an unfolder of the mysteries of nature, though he may have forgotten his former self, ever noticed the early, obstinate, and unappeasable inquisitiveness of children upon the subject of origination? This single fact proves outwardly the monstrousness of those suppositions: for, if we had no direct external testimony that the minds of very young children meditate feelingly upon death and immortality, these inquiries, which we all know they are perpetually making concerning the *whence*, do necessarily include correspondent habits of interrogation concerning the *whither*. (28-29)

go on to refer to *herself* and not her siblings, however, they also go beyond what she has been asked:

> "... two of us at Conway dwell,
> And two are gone to sea.
>
> Two of us in the church-yard lie,
> My sister and my brother;
> And, in the church-yard cottage, I
> Dwell near them with my mother."

Way too much information. Nor, to judge by the continuation, is it information her gentleman questioner cares to dwell on any more than on the awkward circumstance that two of the siblings into whose whereabouts he has just inquired are dead. Better to strictly reframe the limits of their exchange:

> "You say that two at Conway dwell,
> And two are gone to sea,
> Yet ye are seven! – I pray you tell,
> Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Since she has in fact just *told* him "how this may be," his response, which otherwise mirrors back to the maid her own words, systematically ignores this part of her accounting. The ostensible grounds of this disregard are, as it were, grammatical – counts of the dead are null, have no role in what, following Wittgenstein, we may call the language-game the narrator wants them to be playing. But that *formal* exclusion also clearly serves as the vehicle of a *substantive* suppression: he has heard and understood the implication of what she has told him but wants no dwelling on dwelling with the dead.

And yet what disturbs the narrator's sense of good order, after all, is not so much the *facts* themselves to which the girl refers as the more proximate fact that she has *spoken of them* and spoken of them *to him*. Child mortality was, of course, common in the Wordsworths' day, nor was it simply taboo to *live* in a graveyard. What may strike us as a maudlin gothic touch is actually grounded in sociological fact, as is characteristic of the lyrics of 1798: in this case the fact that parish houses for the poor, like the "churchyard cottage" where the little Maid dwells with her Mother, were not uncommonly associated with graveyards.[4] This would have

[4] "'[C]hurch houses' or 'townhouses' . . . were effectively parish owned, being funded either from endowments made by individual testators or from parish taxation. They were very common in the late medieval period, and were sometimes used as the venue for parish fund-raising events (church ales or wakes) and sometimes used to accommodate the poor. They were effectively administered by the parish officers (especially the churchwardens), and were most commonly situated very close to the church, often in fact abutting against the churchyard wall. In several places, they survived not only beyond the reformation but into the seventeenth, eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and by then became absorbed into what had effectively become parish housing stock" (Prof. Steve Hindle, now of Washington University of St. Louis,

been a matter of economy and convenience, since the churchyard of course belonged to and was administered by the parish church, but also a matter of custom and symbolic order.[5] As Mary Douglas has emphasized in *Purity and Danger* in her discussion of caste systems (in arguing against psychoanalytic derivations of pollution taboos), what is unclean for one group may be tolerated of and even enjoined upon another group:

> The whole [caste] system represents a body in which by the division of labour the head does the thinking and the praying and the most despised parts carry away waste matter . . . The sad wit of pollution as it comments on bodily function symbolizes descent in the caste structure by contact with faeces, blood, and corpses . . . It is a symbolic system, based on the image of the body, whose primary concern is the ordering of a social hierarchy. (153-54)

Thus in "We Are Seven" the same symbolic code which prohibits the narrator from dwelling with the dead consigns the impoverished and fatherless household of maid and mother to their neighborhood, reinforcing the separation of the abject (or "impotent poor," in the terminology of the Poor Law) from the social body. The structure of the *verbal* impasse, whereby she gathers together while he separates the markers of the living and the dead, reproduces the divided structure of the encompassing social system. But it also erodes it from within insofar as her articulation of who and what counts, who and what warrants counting, imports into the arena of linguistic exchange a zone of contact and dedifferentiation that is, for the interlocutor, properly consigned to the field of material practices.

With these considerations in mind, let us look more closely at two stanzas which mark a turning point in the poem's development, in that they initiate a shift from the back and forth of dialogue to what one might call the little Maid's six-stanza *solo*. "Least said, soonest mended" having failed as a tactic, the narrator now attempts to stitch closed with reasons and evidence the breach of discourse through which dead siblings and graveyard dwellings have begun to slip out. Only, however, to see his efforts backfire again:

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personal communication, June 2009). See also Hindle's *On the Parish?: The Micro-Politics of Poor Relief in Rural England C.1550-1750*.

[5] An act promulgated in 1768 "for the better Relief and Employment of the Poor within the Parish of *Saint Leonard, Shoreditch*, in the County of *Middlesex*; and for building a Workhouse, and for purchasing a Piece of Land for a Burial Ground, for the Use of the Said Parish" offers striking evidence of this relationship, though in connection with the newer institution of the workhouse, rather than the medieval tradition of the church-house (see note 5 above). The preamble having identified parallel problems, "Whereas the workhouse of the said Parish is too small for the Reception of the Poor thereof" and "whereas the Burial Ground of the said Parish is filled with dead Bodies, and the Parishioners are at a Loss for a Place to bury their Dead " (687-689), the statute then authorizes the purchase of land for the erection of a workhouse, with a supplementary instruction to "inclose a sufficient Part of the ground to be purchased as aforesaid . . . and to convert the said Grounds . . . for burying the Dead therein" (692-93).

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive.
If two are in the church-yard laid
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."

In his discussion of "We Are Seven" in *Wordsworth and the Enlightenment*, Alan Bewell remarks of this latter stanza, "[the child] boldly points to her brother's and sister's graves – 'Their graves are green, they may be seen' – as proof that death is not radically discontinuous with life" (196). But is she *pointing* to the graves at all? It seems to me rather that she is telling the speaker something *she* knows but that he does not see himself where he is – that her brother's and sister's graves are as visible and distinct as she is to him – and telling him where they *are* to be seen: "Twelve steps or more from my mother's door." In doing so she thus mimics but also displaces her questioner's immediately preceding emphasis on what is visible to *him*: "You run about, my little Maid,/Your limbs they are alive" – which is as much as to say, "You are alive because you can appear *here* before me."

The displacement is important, first of all, because it brings into further focus the poem's symbolic geography: on the one hand, the place of their encounter and verbal exchange, dominated by the adult male narrator's examining presence; on the other hand, and distinctly separate, the mixed place of dwelling and burial, centered on the grave sites and closely associated with the mother.

As important, though slightly more difficult to bring out, is the way in which that disjunction is taken up in a more extended structuring chain of identifications. This is clearest when we move from an intradiegetic perspective focused on the mimetic play of question and answer between adult and child to an extradiegetic perspective that takes into account the poet's relation to his readership. At one end of that chain, the reader stands in the same external, asymmetrical relationship to the scene of encounter which the narrator recalls as the narrator stands in relation to the burial ground on which the little Maid dwells in her words and in fact; while at the other end of the chain is her relation to her buried siblings, as suggested most clearly in the next stanza:

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem,
And there upon the ground I sit
And sing a song to them."

The figure of the maid "sitting upon the ground" as she sings her song to those lying just below (like a child singing to a doll in imitation of its mother but also

not unlike a reader animating with silent vocalizations the flat surface of the written page[6]) may be seen to absorb or condense into itself that more extended system of relationships. The distances, both temporal and spatial, which otherwise condition the poem's exchanges collapse into a relationship of simple contact or proximity without reciprocation, with the voice lending its *accompaniment* to the scene more than apostrophizing the dead. That the child and her words dwell in continuous proximity to her buried siblings may of course be read as a compensatory response to, and to that extent a denial of, their deaths. But one may also read the scene as disclosing an originary detachment or separation of language from its objects. This may explain in part why the flow of her sing-song speech gradually but inexorably surfaces as the dominant mode of the poem.

II

My second text is an entry from Dorothy Wordsworth's *Grasmere Journal* in which the stationing of a corpse in a house figures centrally (20-21; see figures 1a and 1b for holograph). As it happens, the entry, dated Wednesday, September 3rd, 1800, is also one of those that William drew on in his poetry, specifically for two passages of *The Excursion* (Book II, ll. 373-93 and 550-53) describing a traditional rural funeral "in which the bearers carry the coffin from house to grave" while lamenting the passing of local customs:[7]

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[6] A related image complex appears in the coda to "There was a boy …":

> And there, along that bank, when I have passed
> At evening, I believe that oftentimes
> A full half-hour together I have stood
> Mute, looking at the grave in which he lies.
> *Prelude* 1805 V. ll. 420-23

For discussion of the scene as a figure of reading or self-reading see de Man (82) and Wilner (58).

[7] See Darbishire's note for the former passage (V. 416-17) and the Fenwick notes for the latter (203). In fact, the practice in question was itself soon to die out, leading Wordsworth to specify years later in the Fenwick note that his own body be borne over the corpse road from Rydal Mount to Grasmere "on the shoulders of neighbors" rather than transported by hearse:

> [The hearse] has been the means of introducing a change much to be lamented in the mode of conducting funerals among the mountains. Now, the coffin is lodged in the hearse at the door of the house of the deceased, and the corpse is so conveyed to the churchyard gate: all the solemnity which formerly attended its progress, as described in the poem, is put an end to. So much do I regret this, that I beg to be excused for giving utterance here to a wish that, should it befall me to die at Rydal Mount, my own body may be carried to Grasmere church after the manner in which, till lately, that of every one was borne to that place of sepulture, namely, on the shoulders of neighbours, no house being passed without some words of a funeral psalm being sung at the time by the attendants. When I put into the mouth of the Wanderer, "Many precious rites and customs of our rural ancestry are gone or stealing from us; this I hope will last for ever," and what follows, little did I foresee that the observance and mode of proceeding, which had often affected me so much, would so soon be superseded.

> Many precious rites
> And customs of our rural ancestry
> Are gone, or stealing from us; this, I hope,
> Will last forever.

I mention first this passage because it helps to bring out an ethnographic motive shared by "We Are Seven" and the journal entry alike and that conditions not only how Dorothy writes about the funeral but, at least to some extent, the fact of her presence there at all. She evidently has no relation to the deceased, whom she identifies only as "the dead person 56 years of age buried by the parish" – thus a pauper – "with no near kindred, no children," and otherwise refers to as "the corpse" or, once, "she." Nor, with the exception of her neighbor John Dawson, whose farmhouse, a short distance from Dove Cottage, lay along the corpse road and thus would have served as a way station for the funeral procession,[8] does she indicate any connection to the other mourners, who are identified only as "10 men and 4 women."

If Dorothy's relation to the deceased and more generally to the assembled company seems marked by an added measure of detachment, it is thus all the more striking that she also stands out by virtue of her displays of emotion. That emotionality surfaces twice in her account, first in the statement, "I was affected to tears while we stood in the house, the coffin before me," and then a few sentences later, "I thought she was going to a quiet spot & I could not help weeping very much." By contrast, the unnamed neighbors "talked sensibly & cheerfully about common things," the men "with their hats off sang with decent & solemn countenances" (part of the complex of words and images picked up by William for *The Excursion*), and someone is heard wondering whether the parson will turn up at the churchyard with a hang-over. (He does.)

Of course, one does not have to look far for reasons why Dorothy might identify with the pauper woman whose funeral she is attending. To bring those reasons into focus we need only note her observation "there were no near kindred, no children," and then recall the "flood of tears" that appears on the first page of the *Grasmere Journal*, just after William and John have set off into Yorkshire on what

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See also the Cornell *Excursion* editorial note for II. ll. 406-14 (385).

[8] "A more bizarre type of road was that known as a 'corpse road'. In many parts of England, particularly in the remote areas, the establishment of churches did not keep pace with the growth of population. Thus enormous parishes survived, and although there were usually several subsidiary chapels in these large parishes, only the parish church would have had the right of burial" (B.P. Hindle 10-11). A "coffin-stone" may still be seen on the wayside between Dove Cottage and How Top, the former Dawson farmhouse (see figure 2). "This is a hangover from earlier times when, for want of consecrated burial ground in Ambleside, coffins had to be carried the four miles from Ambleside to Grasmere along the corpse road . . . This coffin stone was used to rest the heavy load while the bearers got their breath back" (Reid 212).

was essentially a courtship visit to Mary Hutchinson. These biographical particulars, while not irrelevant, nonetheless are subsidiary to a more basic relationship that obtains between the corpse itself as an alien impersonal presence in the house and amidst the assembled company and the impersonal character of the "spontaneous overflow of emotion" by which Dorothy is unsettled.

More generally, the journal entry is composed in such a way as to suggest a certain parallelism between the ritual transport of the corpse from its temporary stationing in the farmhouse to its "final home" in the churchyard and the stages in Dorothy's being "affected to tears." On the one hand, her extended account of the funeral – immediately flanked by the sentences, "I ironed till ½ past three – now very hot" and "I had not finished ironing till 7 o'clock" – is both embedded in and suspends a generally symmetrical narrative framework that marks in lapidary fashion the arc of her day, with its routines and cycles (the indentations are mine):

> Wednesday 3rd September. Coleridge Wm & John went from home to go upon Helvellyn with Mr Simpson. They set out after breakfast.
>
> I accompanied them up near the Blacksmith's. A fine coolish morning.
>
> I ironed till 1/2 past three – now very hot.
>
> I then went to a funeral at John Dawsons. About 10 men & 4 women. Bread cheese & ale - they talked sensibly & chearfully about common things. The dead person 56 years of age buried by the parish - the coffin was neatly lettered & painted black & covered with a decent cloth. They set the corpse down at the door & while we stood within the threshold the men with their hats off sang with decent & solemn countenances a verse of a funeral psalm. The corpse was then borne down the hill & they sang till they had got past the Town-end.
>
> I was affected to tears while we stood in the house, the coffin lying before me. There were no near kindred, no children. When we got out of the dark house the sun was shining & the prospect looked so divinely beautiful as I never saw it. It seemed more sacred than I had ever seen it, & yet more allied to human life. The green fields, neighbours of the churchyard, were green as possible & with the brightness of the sunshine looked quite Gay. I thought she was going to a quiet spot & I could not help weeping very much.
>
> When we came to the bridge they began to sing again & stopped during 4 lines before they entered the church-yard. The priest met us – he did not look as a man ought to do on such an occasion. I had seen him half drunk, the day before in a pot-house. Before we came with the corpse one of the company observed he wondered what sort of cue "our Parson would be in." NB. it was the day after the Fair.
>
> I had not finished ironing till 7 o clock.
>
> The wind was now high & I did not walk – writing my journal now at 8 o clock.
>
> Wm & John came home at 10 o clock.[9]

[9] Judging from the manuscript, the last sentence appears to have been inserted the following day.

On the other hand, the measured progression of the account of the funeral is in its turn suspended and to some extent broken up by the sequence of sentences in which Dorothy recalls the strength of feeling by which she was overcome. Thus while that sequence begins, "I was affected to tears while we stood in the house, the coffin lying before me," it ends "I thought she was going to a quiet spot & I could not help weeping very much," establishing an implicit relationship between the anticipated deposition of the corpse in a place where it will cease to disturb or be open to disturbance, and the movement of her own weeping towards quiet and composure – the composure, ultimately, of the journal entry itself.

In between, Dorothy records what she sees and what she feels as she accompanies the funeral procession and the coffin across the threshold to the outdoors:

> When we got out of the dark house the sun was shining & the prospect looked so divinely beautiful as I never saw it. It seemed more sacred than I had ever seen it, & yet more allied to human life. The green fields, neighbours of the churchyard, were green as possible & with the brightness of the sunshine looked quite Gay.

"The prospect" designates most immediately the landscape that greets Dorothy as she passes from the dark house into the open, but in context the word involves an implicit temporal, and ultimately anagogical, dimension of reference. For literally "the prospect" also indicates where the burial party is headed down, while allegorically it comes to encompass the entirety of "human life" apprehended in its being for death. It is not only the sun's transcendent radiance but its relationship to the immanent otherness of mortal remains that makes the ground at once "more sacred" and "more allied to human life."

That relationship is most nearly explicit in the sentence or half-sentence: "The green fields, neighbours of the churchyard, were green as possible" – so close in thought and imagery, be it noted, to the pivotal verse of "We Are Seven": "Their graves are green, they may be seen". While there is some suggestion, particularly in the poem, of an organic cycle linking decomposition and growth, passing away and coming into being, in both texts attention goes more to the juxtaposition, without gradation or mediation, of disparate realms. Indeed, it is the simple fact of juxtaposition that establishes a form of relationship, rather than some prior kinship.

In Dorothy's journal entry, the word which articulates this form of relationship is "neighbours." On the one hand, she uses the word to designate simple physical contiguity: fields and churchyard lie side by side. On the other hand, there is a muted element of personification at work: the word is clearly suggested by the relations among and between the funeral party and the corpse (nameless in Dorothy's account, although she observes that "the coffin was neatly lettered") and now transferred to the relationship between fields and churchyard. If Dorothy's description of the green fields adjoining St. Oswald's graveyard thus involves a measure of personification, it would be a mistake, however, to see that turn of phrase as enlivening her prose. The reverse, I would suggest, is truer: the word "neighbours" is (or contains) the corpse of a personification, the buried residue of a piece of figuration scarcely distinguishable in its occurrence from the ordinary use of the term. Indeed, who is to say it is not an ordinary, an apposite use? Situated within the account of a singular moment of illumination – "When we got out of the dark house the sun was shining & the prospect looked so divinely beautiful as I never saw it" – the appositive, "neighbours of the churchyard," simply discloses what has been there all along – a relation of proximity and disjunction between the living and the dead of which language is the condition.

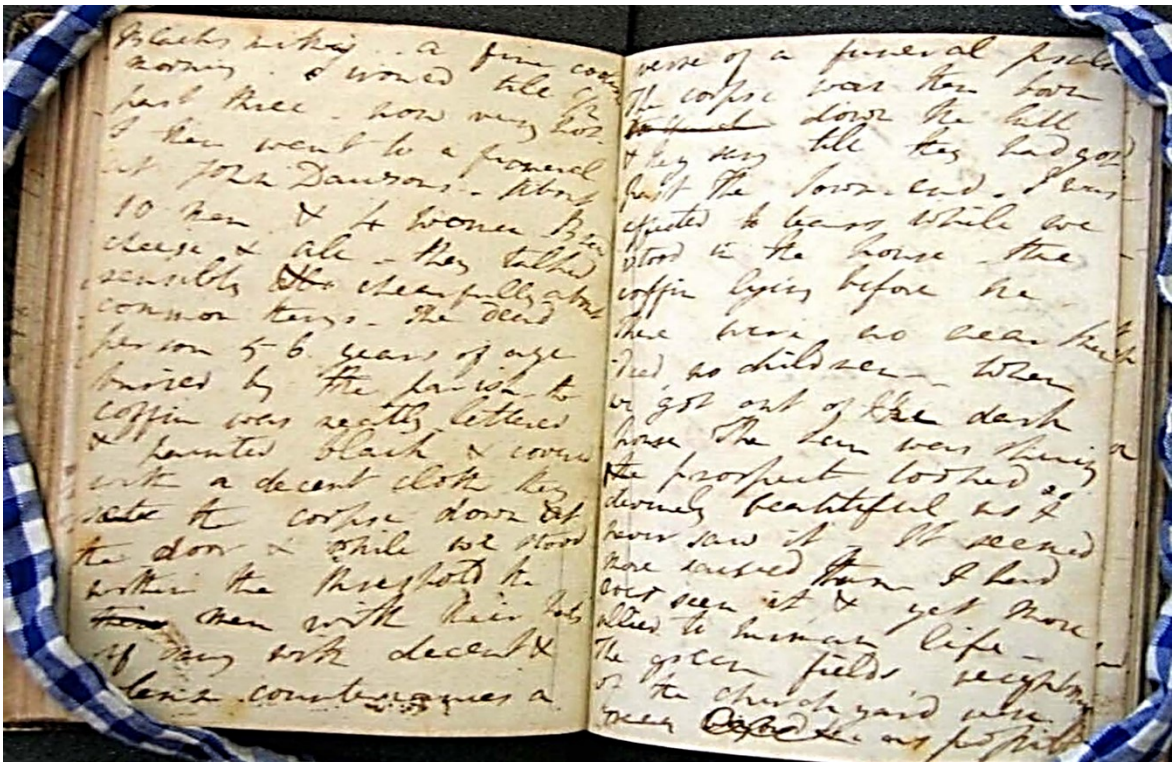


Fig. 1a: Two pages from Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere journal entry for Wednesday, September 3rd, 1800. With kind permission of The Wordsworth Trust, Grasmere, England. Author photos.

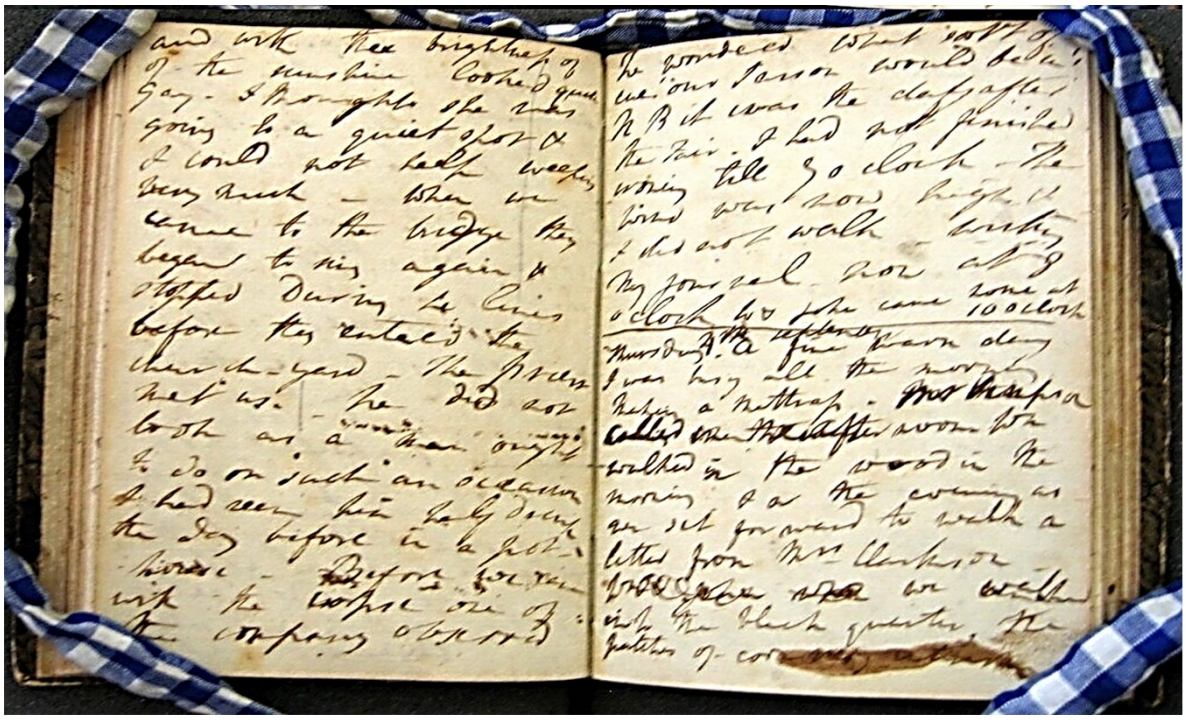


Fig. 1b: Two pages from Dorothy Wordsworth's Grasmere journal entry for Wednesday, September 3rd, 1800. With kind permission of The Wordsworth Trust, Grasmere, England. Author photos.



Fig 2: "The Coffin Stone at Grasmere."
https://www.flickr.com/photos/summonedbyfells/21635429406, used without changes as per creative commons license.

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Coming to Terms with the Enlightenment, Two Revolutions, and a Gothic Aftermath: Charles Brockden Brown's Novel *Ormond* (1799)

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No doubt, the focus of Christoph Houswitschka's research interest lay in the Age of Romanticism, that epoch around 1800 when significant convictions of the previous century underwent a profound crisis but also when important new directions towards a modern, industrial world were developed. An author of that period who analysed the conditions of the 1790s and came to a differentiated understanding of the situation is the American Charles Brockden Brown, due to his expertise in European literature. Especially his profound knowledge of the works of England's eminent thinker William Godwin proved to be fertile. Moreover, he was clearly aware of the special situation of the US as the first democratic nation newly founded on the principles of the late Enlightenment and its stance against the corrupt aristocratic societies of Europe (Goetzmann 3-8). Following the course taken by the US as a nation with a written constitution (allegedly) based on a 'natural' authenticity, he felt himself under a special obligation to assess the human condition. With his circle, *The Friendly Club of New York City*, he was ardently interested in establishing a sphere of cultural activities and philosophical reflection.

Of course, Christoph Houswitschka's domain was British literature. But if you look at Brown (1771-1810) as a case of William Godwin's philosophical and literary influence, dealing with him would appear as a good supplement to Christoph's activities. Interestingly, the first German translation of Brown's *Ormond* (published in Leipzig, 1802) was entitled *Ormond, oder der geheime Zeuge. Aus dem Englischen des Godwin* [sic]. This attribution to the famous English writer and thinker Godwin, obviously made in tacit recognition of the merits of this novel but also to boost sales, gives evidence that Brown was considered a substantial contributor to the trans-Atlantic socio-political discourse of the late eighteenth century. C.B. Brown wrote this novel in December 1798 and had it published by the end of January 1799 (Waterman 108). The American scholar Bryan Waterman characterises it as follows: "*Ormond* emerged directly from a nexus of *Friendly Club* discussions of education, gender, religion, and politeness. It tests – and ultimately vindicates – many of the club's fundamental tenets, in particular its members' confidence in the efficacy of women's education and improvement" (118). In doing this, the novel deals, directly as well as by implication, with relevant elements of contemporary thought and its reaction to political developments at home and abroad.

Let us, in extension of Christoph's research, take a look at *Ormond*.

1. A Long Letter Thematising Intellectual Traditions via Interacting Characters

The action of *Ormond* is narrated mainly via a long 'letter' written by Sophia Courtland (née Westwyn) to a female German friend (I.E. Rosenberg). This letter is, above all, populated by a group of female characters representing different attitudes based on variant combinations of individual education and experience. Sophia narrates her knowledge as a secret witness (as the subtitle says) to the life of Constantia Dudley between the (marriageable) age of sixteen to roughly eighteen. In Chapter VI of this novel/long letter, the situation of the Dudleys is as follows: Mr Dudley, a widowed, well-to-do merchant, and his daughter Constantia are ruined by the trickery of an employee. Mr Dudley, who now makes a scanty living as a scrivener, grows irritable, takes to drinking and loses his eyesight. Constantia – a telling name – however, leads the household with a firm hand and never falters or even complains. She keeps the family going by setting up as a sempstress. But then the yellow fever plague comes to Philadelphia, where the Dudleys live. It depopulates their surroundings, eradicates their friends, neighbours and customers. Constantia, the smart and highly rational being she is, discovers the possibility of eking out their livings for at least a few months by living on corn meal mush (*Ormond* 46).[1] And thus, the Dudleys survive this dreadful plague and their financial crisis. Another word for that food is *hasty pudding*. Even today, this term reminds some people of a frugal but delicious dish in a genuine American tradition. For Brown this had a very immediate meaning and even more implications. Joel Barlow, a former member of the *Friendly Club* (seventeen years older than Brown), had composed a 'mock heroic epic poem' under the title *The Hasty Pudding*. Barlow, who had been an active patriot of the American Revolution, was also actively participating in the events and discussions around the French Revolution. Brown became a French citizen in 1792, stood for election in the French National Assembly and accepted French citizenship. He contributed to the text of the French Constitution. He also spent several years in London, being a member of the *London Society for Constitutional Information*, a progressive democratic circle around such eminent philosophical and political thinkers like William Godwin and Thomas Paine.

In 1793 in revolutionary France, radical groups prevailed who were determined to liquidate everyone and everything that stood in the way of the abstract ideas of objective reason and individual freedom. At that point, Barlow, staying in Savoy and being offered a dish of *Polante* (Barlow, Canto I, l. 86), was suddenly overcome by an epiphany of the authentic American spirit which resulted in his famous *The Hasty-Pudding: A Poem in Three Cantos,* published in New York in 1795.

[1] My quotations from *Ormond* refer to the edition by Ernest Marchand (Hafner Library of Classics).

Barlow surmises that Nature in the shape of a dark-skinned Indigenous goddess of agricultural fertility, comparable to the Greek Ceres (I, 37), must have given the maize plant to the early Americans. Denying that it is only food for pigs (I, 111-19), he refutes the slander of the middle and lower classes as "swinish multitude" made by the English author and MP Edmund Burke in his *Reflections Upon the Revolution in France* (1790)[2]. For Barlow, corn stems look like time-honoured Corinthian columns (II, 61) and the fields where they grow offer sublime views of undulating verdant hillsides, i.e. authenticity confirmed by the aesthetic of the Sublime and Picturesque. This aesthetic, founded on the empirical and psychological experience of the workings of Nature, was developed in the course of the eighteenth century and would eventually prevail and carry the idea of an *organic historical process* far into the nineteenth century in movements such as Romanticism and Historicism (see Mohr "Picturesque" and "Picturesque and Sublime").

Outstanding is the corn harvest: for Barlow, it is a series of events combining work, culture and the celebration of life by collective, very democratic rituals. Constitutive of all this is nature as it is found in America as well as the traditions of dealing with it handed down by the ancestors: "So taught our sires and what they taught is true" (III, 78). Barlow now appears to remind the French and his fellow citizens in the US of a society where the notions of human rights and freedom have already come true. In America, these rights have been established and they grow naturally and organically.

Now back to Constantia Dudley. She, who is almost an embodiment of perfect rationality, is not ideologically enthusiastic about the hasty pudding. For her, it is not even an emotionalised soul food. She adopts it by necessity, in a very sober and pragmatic way, as a 'natural' antidote to the epidemic and it saves her and her father. Obviously, American nature and the people living there are not special. America's soil may provide rich harvests, but there is also the devastating epidemic. Constantia has been educated to become "eloquent and wise" (*Ormond* 23). Instead of the usual female education in music and drawing, her father had taught her Latin, philosophy and physical science, which according to Sophia, the narrator, made her superior to the rest of women whose education tends to make them "alluring and voluptuous" (23). Her father had also instructed her about the moral course of mankind, particularly exemplified by the experience of Italian landscapes and history (23). Constantia's reason tells her not to get married before the age of twenty-three, even against her father's advice and will. Her two caveats against marriage are (a) the inequality of partners in terms of mind, intellect and taste and (b) the fact that wives become the legal property of their husbands. She

[2] For this term and the discussion around it see Conor Cruise O'Brien's "Introduction" to Burke's *Reflections*.

also finds it inacceptable to waste her time with a man she is not morally and intellectually convinced of.

Quite the opposite of Constantia is Helena Cleves. She has been educated to excite emotions more voluptuous than dignified. She falls prey to Ormond, the eponymous hero, Constantia's male opponent. Ormond sets Helena up as his mistress. When Constantia tries to help Helena to correct her mistaken education and her decision, Ormond becomes attracted to Constantia and discards Helena. Helena thereupon commits suicide, although Ormond has financially provided for her. Like Constantia's name, Helena Cleves's name is telling: she is a beautiful woman who 'cleaves' to her lover, lacking rational distance and self-control. Ormond's relationship with her is based on sensual attraction but not on intellectual compatibility. This is actually the reason why he has declined to marry her.

The narrator (letter writer), Sophia Courtland, appears also as a novel character representing another variant of female attitudes. When Sophia's criminal and drinking mother deserted her, the Dudleys took her into their family and thus exposed her to the impact of what was then called 'domestic affections' (185-91). After the age of seven, then, she had been educated by Methodists and adopted a devout and sentimental belief in the workings of God. This attitude colours her letter-writing/narrative and occasionally makes her sententious. In this way she is an unreliable witness. But as her name Sophia suggests, she is, on the whole, understanding and wise.

For Constantia, on the contrary, religion is only a vague option because her father had withheld it from her. He did not want to influence her with religion until she had reached a mature knowledge of life.

Ormond's life is orientated at the pursuit of happiness, or rather: pleasure. He considers "Nature [as] a theater of suffering. What corner is unvisited by calamity and pain?" (141) and strives to distil as much satisfaction as possible from her. In this he is a late descendant of the libertine hero in the tradition of the Restoration Comedy and the ideas of Hobbes (see Underwood 12-46). In Brown's age the 'pursuit of happiness' reminds, of course, primarily of what the new American Constitution promises to ensure. But one should be aware that this is a phrase from the libertine tradition that found its way into Enlightenment thinking.

Ormond's French-sounding name is a combination of *or,* i.e. gold, and *monde,* i.e. world. Such a name seems well-suited to characterise a person who represents an elegant, refined person with an intensive, if not cynical awareness of the world as it is, and who strives to get the best out of it. Such a character has forerunners in, for example, Dorimant in Etherege's *The Man of Mode* (1676) or Mirabell and Millamant in Congreve's *The Way of the World* (1700). Nevertheless, Ormond does

not take to outright hedonism. He is too enlightened not to rise beyond the libertine tradition and its cynicism. Sophia judges, "No one could entertain loftier conceptions of human capacity. . . . But he carefully distinguished between men in the abstract, and men as they are" (92). For him "virtue and duty were [not] terms without a meaning, but they require us to promote our own happiness and not the happiness of others. Not because the former end is intrinsically preferable, not because the happiness of others is unworthy of primary consideration, but because it is not to be attained" (93). He believes (according to Sophia), "The principles of the social machine must be rectified, before men can be beneficially active. Our motives may be neutral or beneficent, but our actions tend merely to the production of evil" (93).

In the late 1780s, the Restoration libertine had reemerged in novels addressing the new middle-class mass-reading public as the 'Gothic villain' (Mohr, "Beginnings" 26). In 1794, William Godwin, author of the long and profound philosophical treatise *An Enquiry Concerning Political Justice* (1793), had the idea to spread his convictions in a more efficient way (Marshall 115-20). He found the then popular Gothic novel suited for his purpose and decided to write a novel using its narrative mould (see McCracken, "Introduction" x-xii). It usually dealt with an eighteenth-century heroine in her late teens and with an educational background of upper middle-class sense and sensibility who was (sexually) pursued by a libertine aristocrat. This was enacted in a late medieval scenario.

Godwin now adjusted this model to express the *contemporary* political confrontation between the aristocracy and the middle classes, which is the (implied) centre of his *Enquiry*. The full title of his novel is therefore *Things As They Are; or, The Adventures of Caleb Williams*. Godwin believed in the omnipotence of reason and truth. Human vices are not invincible and Man is perfectible. Waterman sums up: "Godwin's program was . . . the architecture for a progressive and optimistic intellectual republic whose citizens were men and women of benevolence, a republic that depended on free inquiry and free expression, and on the ability to shape public opinion" (100). Godwin's *Caleb Williams* deals with the social clinch between the aristocrat Falkland, who has committed a murder, and his inquisitive middle-class secretary Caleb Williams, who comes to know about the murder. The novel ends with Falkland's downfall; his pretensions to an elevated social rank justified by his moral superiority implode.

In *Ormond*, a similar confrontation seems to be represented by the interaction between Ormond and Constantia. In fact, Ormond employs a lot of Godwinian argumentation to persuade Constantia before she sees no way out but stabbing him. Of course, this scene echoes the pursuit of the virtuous orphan girl by the aristocratic seducer in the Gothic novel. But Constantia's killing of Ormond in an act of 'instinctive' self-defence, according to Sophia: "by a momentary frenzy"

(240), represents a new twist in (poetic) justice. Hitherto, punishment for the Gothic villain had come through self-destruction by his excesses or through providential intervention. But, as we have seen above, Ormond is a more complicated case. He argues with references to objectified reason and strives for "superiority to what he accounted vulgar prejudice, [and] . . . to emotion . . . vague and sensual" (97). He has killed the murderer of Constantia's father, believes that he has removed an obstacle to her felicity (232), and has – moreover – produced public, universal good. Now he expects Constantia – according to Sophia: in "a fatal perverseness of reasoning" (234) – to show her gratitude, exert "solace" and "beneficence" (235) by granting him sexual reward. Constantia, however, is resolved to die uninjured, if necessary by suicide. Not so much to preserve her virtue, but to preserve her personal honour: "To save a greater good by the sacrifice of life" (234). There we have a woman rescuing herself from being raped, or rather 'dishonoured', by killing the aggressor – a situation more concretely Gothic than the novels in the female (Radcliffean) school usually suggested.

Nevertheless, this was not far-fetched in an age where women armed with pitchforks and scythes had forced the French king to move from the detachment of Versailles to Paris, the centre of events (Thamer 39). It is also not unusual after Charlotte Corday's murder of Marat, after Olympe de Gouge's publication of her *Déclarations des droits de la Femme et de la Citoyenne* (1791)[3] and Mary Wollstonecraft's *A Vindication of the Rights of Woman* published one year later. This text by Godwin's partner and later wife (1797) was a critique of the traditional marriage and of female education. It stood in the centre of the discussions at the *Friendly Club* (Waterman 108-11).

Constantia's act is like an initiation from her abstract concepts into life, especially in the light of the fate of Martinette de Beauvais, who represents another important point of view in the spectrum of female characters that surround Ormond. She combines intellectuality, independence, and a mastery of existence gained from world-wide travel and experience at several hotspots of human history such as various wars in America, in Eurasia, and during the French Revolution, where she had even been involved in the killing of political and military opponents. Like a martin she has flown between the continents and she sees herself as a pioneer of liberation like *Martin* Luther. Martinette has met leading philosophers of the Enlightenment (157-76), especially Volney, the author of *Les Ruines,* the then highly admired book on the history of the rise and fall of empires (158). As it turns out, Martinette is Ormond's lost sister. Set against her, it becomes clear that Constantia's attitude is reasonable only to a degree. It is also rigidity derived from

[3] On these women see *Ormond*, ed. Barnard and Shapiro, 359-64. On de Gouge see Blanc. In rejection of her feminist and anti-slavery arguments, de Gouge was accused as a Royalist under the regime of Robespierre and guillotined on 3 November 1793.

inexperience. In the light of this, Ormond's death is as much *her* fault as it is *his*. Underneath Ormond's reasoning lurks an irascible temper, but Constantia is also unable to respond adequately.

2. Assessing Brown's Position

I hope I have shown that Brown's choice of characters represents the configuration of intellectual positions prevalent in the Western hemisphere in the Age of the French Revolution, thematising the arguments discussed in the *Friendly Club*. Ormond's, Martinette's and Constantia's attitudes converge in the conviction of the Enlightenment that man/woman partakes in the objective reasonability of Nature. Certainly, this is combined with individual traits. But, in a more generalised way this had become the orientating horizon for (collective) political action. Especially under Robespierre such reasoning was used to justify a regime of virtuous terror against alleged enemies of the Revolution (1793-94). On 8 June 1794, a famous *Fête de l'être supreme* (festival of the supreme being) was celebrated with a large crowd, first in the *Tuillerin* (Engl. Tuileries) and then on the *Champ de Mars*.

It was planned and carefully orchestrated by Robespierre and the painter Jacques-Louis David. It culminated in an oath spoken by the people up to a female allegorical statue of objectified reason, standing on top of a high column next to a 'mountain of liberty' (Thamer 85; Schulin 223-24). The painter Pierre-Antoine Demachy was engaged to visualise this (allegedly) sublime event for posterity in a famous painting.

However, there was a context, bloodier than a Gothic novel writer could think of at the time. Between 10 March 1793, the establishment of the revolutionary tribunal, and 27 July 1794, the overthrow of Robespierre, almost 3,000 people were



Fig. 1: "Fête de l'Etre suprême au Champ de Mars, 8 juin 1794" by Pierre-Antoine Demachy, 1794. Musée Carnavalet, Paris. This painting is in the public domain.

executed (mostly guillotined). And there was a Gothic aftermath to the festival. Two days after the festival, the *Décret de Prairial* was issued, speeding up political trials by prohibiting defence, with the effect that within 49 days 16,594 persons were sentenced to death and killed nationwide. The actual count is very likely much higher. This legalised terror came to a stop only when on 28 July 1794 Robespierre and 105 of his followers were also beheaded (Thamer 88; Schulin 224-25).

Back to C.B. Brown's novel. Sophia and the other characters are appalled not only at the bloody course of history, especially the French Revolution,[4] but also at the cruel and painful workings of nature, such as the epidemic. Thus, Brown rejects the late Enlightenment notion of the progress of reason or of man being able to shape history in a perfectionistic way. If there is anything like an objective reason working in Nature and history, man has certainly no privileged access to it. As to the people of America: they are just as ambivalent, of limited knowledge and morally unstable as other people. Mr Dudley's intellect did not prevent him from being cheated out of his fortune and from becoming a drunkard. As Brown shows in his characters, the use of reason is mostly instrumental and selfish. The strongest example is Ormond's attempted rape of Constantia using Godwin's highly rational arguments against marriage in view of the inequality between men and women. But Brown is not outrightly pessimistic. The following statement by Sophia seems to outline the human possibilities that remain: "Our power in the present state of things is subjected to certain limits. . . . A wise man will relinquish the pursuit of general benefit, but not the *desire* of that benefit, or the perception of that in which this benefit consists, because these are among the ingredients of virtue and the sources of happiness" (93, my italics). This is authenticated at least by Sophia's well-considered education and her expertise relating to the arts and history (see footnotes 5, 6, and 7) as well as her role in the novel and her standing among the other characters.

With the selection and the combination of his characters and their fates, Brown's novel diagnoses the virtual collapse of the driving force of Enlightenment optimism: its belief in the moral sovereignty of the collective individual of the middle classes. Historian Hans-Ulrich Thamer writes that the Enlightenment was the catalyst and the symptom of a surging crisis of authority. It established, extended and legitimised a new political discourse. Through its forms of organisation and communication it created a public sphere of critical debate with a tendency towards unlimited dynamics and radicalisation (Thamer 19). Objectified reason became the (allegedly) legitimate point of reference for the middle classes in their struggle against a corrupt aristocracy and clergy and for political representation.

[4] Sophia writes of "the great theatre of Europe" (155) and of "the sanguinary tyranny of Robespierre . . . and . . . [t]he blood which it occasioned to flow . . ." (170).

But Brown demonstrates that such reference is beyond the reach of man. It is this new, negative awareness that lies behind the despair of High Romanticism (1795-1815). In an article in Marie Mulvey-Roberts' *Handbook of the Gothic*, Christoph Houswitschka has shown that Hegel has articulated this state of mind in his *Phenomenology of Spirit* (1807) with the term 'Zerrissenheit', describing "a feeling of self-estrangement between the 'rent/lacerated consciousness' . . . caused by the tensions between the individual's desires and the limitations of experience, the fragmentation of man's perception in the empirical sciences and the disintegration of his social substance" (Houswitschka 263).

This existential despair was, of course, more present in a Europe devastated by social upheavals and successive wars than in America. The US were less aware of all this because of their open economic possibilities, their non-aristocratic, less hierarchical structures, their religious sense of mission (despite their areligious constitution), and their cultural lag (Goetzmann 53-70). Brown, however, distances himself from those normative convictions of America and the self-deceptions of revolutionary Europe. He acknowledges the failure of the Enlightenment notion to understand and to direct Nature. He can only accept it as a very desirable ideal.

What was to replace the failed notion of objective reason as an authentic orientation? As we have already indicated in the discussion of Barlow's *Hasty Pudding*, aesthetic experience became the new prime source of knowledge because the organism and history of Nature proved to be larger than what man would be able to comprehend by rational means. The favourite objects of such aesthetic experience are landscapes and the history enacted in them, but also music as the highest medium of sensation.[5] In the presentations of female lifelines in *Ormond*, there are, now and then, brief references to the categories of the Picturesque and the Sublime (*Ormond* 23,[6] 52, 175, 176, 221, 222) which are, in fact, aesthetic categories connected with organic (irrational) natural history. Both concepts conjoined would soon come to dominate the nineteenth century as the prevalent model of reality, especially when after the Napoleonic Era the novels of Sir Walter Scott had found a convenient and widely acceptable formula to express it, setting out in 1814 with his novel *Waverley* (Kroeber 168-92; Pittock 1-10, 293-312).

[5] Thus Sophia practices music and takes a strong interest in painting (e.g. Tititiano and Caracchi), e.g. *Ormond* 152-54.

[6] Sophia writes: "The most precious materials of the moral history of mankind are derived from the revolutions of Italy. Italian features and landscape constitute the chosen field of the artist" (*Ormond* 23).

This model of reality and natural history found its most striking visualisation in Thomas Cole's cycle of five paintings entitled *The Course of History* (1836, reproduced in Novak 11-13).[7]

Hand in hand with this goes a new emphasis on domestic affections. Until 1795, William Godwin, like the French Enlightenment, had insisted that domestic affections were limited, too specific and irrelevant in promoting the general well-being. In his later novels *St. Leon* (1799) and *Fleetwood* (1805), however, he conceded that domestic affections were the most important source for shaping a moral character and the basis for an authentic society. This is a position we have also found in *Ormond,* especially with Sophia and Constantia. Nevertheless, we should not forget that this novel is, above all, a study of the variance of human behaviour derived from perception, education, intellect, judgement, and 'instinct'. It shows men attempting to cope with a nature that evades/transcends the categories of human reason, but is, on the whole, as her aesthetic experience and her unfolding *qua* history show, benevolent to man. She is however – even at her most intense – ultimately inscrutable. Brown's novel, published in early 1799, offers an astounding depth of insight despite being still surrounded by the aftermath of the French Revolution and the turbulences of High Romanticism.

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[7] In his cycle Cole exemplifies the workings of natural history through the landscape between Palermo and Erice (Sicily) around the distinctive Monte Bonifatu (as I have experienced personally).

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From Deficient to Radical: Criticising the Female Guardian in the Gothic Parody

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The long eighteenth century in English literature must be regarded as a veritable treasure trove of literary developments – starting from the 'birth' of the novel in the first half of the century to the literary excesses of the Gothic novel in the 1790s via the melancholic Graveyard School of Poetry. This century, with its vibrant literature and, predominantly, its political upheavals, was one of the recurring areas of Christoph Houswitschka's interest, ranging from his in-depth study of the 1794 London Treason Trials (his habilitation monograph) to his varied contributions to the LAPASEC conferences on the eighteenth century (see Frédéric Ogée's contribution in this volume). My own PhD dissertation, which examines genre and reception in the Gothic parody using the example of Gothic parody heroines, then, also had Christoph repeatedly return to the long eighteenth century. It is thus only apt that my contribution in his memorial volume should cover a topic we often (and animatedly) discussed.

Gothic Heroines and Female Guardians

When the Gothic parody appeared as a literary reaction to the Gothic novel, it deviated quite significantly from the subtle subversion of its hypogenre, especially in its representation of the central female character. Instead of presenting self-reliant heroines in the female Gothic tradition who have to withstand anxiety and oppression, the parody heroine mostly becomes her own worst enemy by often engaging in novel-induced delusions that dictate their improper and partly potentially dangerous behaviour. In parading their deviant conduct, the parody heroines illustrate what contemporary critics of the novel feared reading would do particularly to women, whose reading habits allegedly differed significantly from men's because of their innate inability to judge based on reason (Williams 38). (Excessive) reading would only exacerbate this deficiency of women further because novels would "tend to give the mind a degree of weakness, which renders it unable to resist the slightest impulse of libidinous passions" and moreover "books . . . often pollute the heart in the recesses of the closet, inflame the passions at a distance from temptation, and teach all the malignity of vice in solitude", as Anglican priest Vicesimus Knox states (qtd. in Williams 32). In short, young women were believed to be voracious and even compulsive readers (34) whose reading habits caused their moral deterioration. Especially reading romances, in particular those romances we today call Gothic novels/romances, was regarded as detrimental and the Gothic novel was attacked for its "corruption of young female readers" (Münderlein 107). Seeing that the Gothic novel held the

highest market share of narrative literature in the 1790s and thus had indeed "flooded" the market, as contemporary critics of the novel claimed it had (see Miles), the alleged threat of reading women must have been ubiquitous – that is, ubiquitous in the well-off white middle to upper-middle class. Consequently, to avoid social repercussions caused by voracious women readers, a means of control was called for, anything that would alleviate the alleged radicalism of novel-reading women.

But did the novel really live up to its bad reputation and the demand for social control it entailed? Are the contents of a novel really as detrimental as James Fordyce claims in his sermon "On Female Virtue" (1766), addressing women reading virtually any other novels but those of Samuel Richardson:

> there seem to me to be very few, in the style of Novel, that you can read with advantage. – What shall we say of certain books, which we are assured (for we have not read them) are in their nature so shameful, in their tendency so pestiferous, and contain such rank treason against the royalty of Virtue, such horrible violation of all decorum, that she who can bear to peruse them must in her soul be a prostitute, let her reputation in life be what it will. (Fordyce 176)

In his attempt to protect women's virtue, Fordyce, besides failing to even read the material he tears apart with much vitriol, also misses the point. Not only Richardson's novels, but the sentimental novel in general propagated many of the ideas of the so called "Cult of True Womanhood" that was beginning to replace the socio-cultural image of women in the eighteenth century (see LeGates). Notably, "the image of the disorderly woman is replaced by the image of the chaste maiden and obedient wife, popularized in the sentimental novels particularly" (23). More so, as Marlene LeGates shows that especially "in the sentimental novels, the ideals of familial affection, marital fidelity, and female chastity were celebrated" (24). Novels, thus, were not the corrupters of innocent maidens Fordyce and others make them out to be (as has been shown throughout Gothic Studies countless times by now). The problem rather lay elsewhere, namely in the desire to exert control over women, which was heavily undermined by women's contribution to the literary market: "for women, to write and publish at all was by definition a transgressive and potentially liberating act, a penetration of the forbidden public sphere, and the virulence with which fiction was attacked as a corrupting 'female' genre is telling evidence of its disruptive potential" (Jones 12). The solution to this dilemma again – paradoxically – lay with the female writers: in order to avert criticism and pull the carpet from under the critics' attacks, (female) novelists would have to reject idle pursuits and instead produce texts that conformed to conduct book ideals to both invalidate social anxieties against reading women and counteract the presumed necessity for control.

Although women writers more often than not subtly circumvented such ideals (see Morrison's fascinating "How-To Guides for Romantic Women Writers"), they were not only not rejected outright (despite what Fordyce and Knox may want us to believe) by the literary scene of their own time. On the contrary, critic Vivien Jones even points out that contemporary appraisal did not simply denigrate women's literary pursuits (be that as readers or authors) but that women were particularly apt to chronicle certain human aspects in writing:

> Repeatedly in the texts [in Jones' anthology of eighteenth-century non-fiction texts] . . ., women's supposed special capacity for sympathy and feeling is assumed to make them peculiarly fitted for literary pursuits. Their influence on fiction particularly, both as readers and writers, has been seen as a major factor in the novel's emphasis on private experience generally, and, more specifically, in the development of the cult of sensibility. (Jones 11)

The Gothic novel, contemporaneous to the sentimental novel and thus very much influenced by this "cult of sensibility", shares these tendencies for overt virtue with the sentimental novel and presents female characters in keeping with conduct ideals – at least the Radcliffean School of Gothic or the 'female' Gothic novel. More so, the Radcliffean heroines also elude patriarchal control in that they are mostly orphaned and friendless and thus reliant on themselves. A case in point would be Ann Radcliffe's most famous heroine, Emily St Aubert in *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, who "has internalized the sentimental morality of the novels of her age" (Durant 176). A young reader could thus do worse than partake in Emily's adventures in the Italian Apennines and imitate her flawless behaviour, or could she? While it is true that Emily can serve as a paragon for 'True Womanhood' and "genuinely believes in the codes of morality and decorum", she, too, nonetheless "successfully navigates and sometimes eludes" them (Rogers 543). In keeping with what Jones points out, Emily's transgression is subtle but it is there and Radcliffe is as much a part of women's subversion of the literary scene as Mary Wollstonecraft and Charlotte Smith are, whose Gothic regularly "protested against arbitrary tyranny, particularly when its victims were members of her own sex" (Ellis 51)[1] – albeit more subtly so. Radcliffe's heroine(s) do just what Morrison claims real contemporary (literary) women did, namely: "while women recognized the duties and positioning traditionally dealt them, they subverted such constrictions" (Morrison 202) – and they got away with it. A Radcliffean heroine will always be rewarded with her hero by the end of the novel after she has successfully demonstrated her moral superiority over everyone else, withstood oppression and incarceration, and eventually fully matured from a girl into a woman. A Gothic heroine in Radcliffe's understanding is thus a young woman,

[1] For a fascinating (albeit brief) analysis of Charlotte Smith's subversive Gothic, see Ellis.

usually orphaned, who needs to assert herself in spite of adverse circumstances and – crucially so – without help or control.

Not so the Gothic parody heroine. Unlike her non-parodic sister, she is neither superior nor on her own; rather, she has read too many novels and is now unfit for polite society (although not a prostitute as Fordyce will have us believe) and thus in dire need of control. The heroines of the Gothic parody are quixotic figures or deluded reader figures, unable to demarcate reality from fiction (see Ivana; Münderlein; Ylivuori). They imitate their literary heroines literally instead of decoding their conventionalised behaviour and eventually end up becoming the laughing stock (or worse) of their own society. Reading novels in the Gothic parody, or rather reading wrongly or too much, is thus nearly as detrimental as the critics claim and the Gothic parody[2] thus makes it a point to re-educate the heroine.

The self-reliance of the heroine – that is, specifically the assumption of the capability of self-reliance in young women – in properly understanding and traversing the social and physical world must be regarded as one of the most fundamental differences between Gothic novel and Gothic parody. Gothic heroines are already paragons of propriety and can serve as models to be imitated for flawless behaviour, providing the reader is able to properly decode the (aesthetic) excesses of the Gothic mode and not merely imitate symbolic behaviour. This, however, is exactly what the parody heroines tend to do. They cultivate affected language, misunderstand the Gothic heroines' adventures as necessary steps on the way to matrimony instead of a metaphorical exertion of self-reliance under duress, dress inappropriately in alleged imitation of their literary role models, and – most prominently – they refute fatherly advice to their own disadvantage. To become normativised members of society, for women who would be under the control of male guardians, parody heroines need to be re-educated, usually by a male relative or love interest. Women play little to no part in this re-education. Like the Gothic heroine, the parody heroine usually has no mother to turn to as she is either orphaned or temporarily away from home; mothers tend to be conspicuously absent in both the Gothic novel and the Gothic parody. To make up for this (temporary) lack of a mother, both the Gothic novel and the Gothic parody often introduce a female character as a substitute, usually an older or even elderly relative or family retainer,[3] to chaperone the heroine. At least, that would be the general idea behind

[2] Specifically, one type of Gothic parodies, which I term "didactic" Gothic parodies (Münderlein 72-81), makes it a point to properly educate the heroine and to normativise her behaviour to conform to gendered social expectations.

[3] The Spanish and Portuguese word for female family retainer, "duenna", has sometimes been used to describe this type of character. However, in modern research the word is hardly to be found anymore. Hence, I will use the term "female guardian" – albeit not entirely legally

a female guardian figure. In both the Gothic novel and the Gothic parody, however, the female guardian fails in her task of chaperoning the heroine or serving as a proper psychological parent to them. Rather, female guardians tend to be egotistical, uninterested or simply incapable of fulfilling the role of motherly guardian and role model for proper adult femininity.

As such, the character of the inadequate female guardian becomes a potential locus for social criticism, but the targets of criticism differ between the Gothic novel and its derivative hypergenre, the parody. While, in the Gothic novel, criticising the adequacy of the female guardian leads to a valorisation of the heroine, the same method leads to a questioning of female homosociality in the Gothic parody. To show this, this chapter will now look briefly at the function of the deficient guardian in the Gothic novel before turning to case studies from three Gothic parodies. I claim that despite the similarity of the criticism directed at the female guardian, the Gothic novel retains its subtle subversion of patriarchal social order in continuing to defy the need for patriarchal control while the Gothic parody reinforces it and illustrates the detrimental effects of a lack of parental control.

In the Gothic novel, the absence of a mother figure and the deficiency of the usually elderly woman in her stead showcase the heroine's self-reliance and superiority as she prevails in the face of adversity even without a female guardian. Moreover, the dichotomy of the seemingly weak heroine who turns out to be the strongest and most durable character in the novel and the inadequate guardian who fails in her task of protecting and guiding her charge allows us to continue a subversive reading of the Gothic novel: because of the absence of any help or advice for young women outside their own families, the young women are forced to rely on their own strength and self-guidance. A notable example from the Gothic novel would be Mme Cheron (later Montoni) in Ann Radcliffe's *The Mysteries of Udolpho*. She is the heroine Emily St Aubert's rather egocentric aunt and becomes her guardian upon the death of Emily's parents in the first third of the novel. She exhibits a clear dislike towards Emily from the beginning of their relationship until close to her death when she repents the destructive role she has played in Emily's life. Through her marriage to Montoni, Mme Cheron/Montoni links Montoni, the villain of the novel, to Emily's wealth, and he proceeds to imprison her and her aunt to make her sign over her fortune. Mme Montoni thus not only fails to protect Emily from her predatory husband, she also becomes his victim and pays the ultimate price for her deficient judgement in choosing a husband.

correct – to refer to a (distant) female relative (or in rare cases a family friend), usually middle-aged, who is charged with chaperoning the heroine for a longer period of time.

With the example of Mme Montoni, we can show that her initial dislike of her niece and eventual failure to protect her from Montoni do not affect Emily's ultimate happiness permanently. On the contrary, although Emily experiences imprisonment and the dread of an arranged marriage or even rape while in Montoni's 'care', she remains steadfast and refuses to sign the papers relinquishing her legal right to her father's inheritance to Montoni. Her aunt's actions thus put her into a position in which she can for the first time try her mettle and, despite her anxiety, she passes this test with flying colours. Emily remains the paragon of feminine propriety throughout the novel and at the same time proves herself to be strong and self-reliant. As a figure of identification for the reader, Emily becomes a paragon of female strength in opposing patriarchal demands (she takes the decision to forgive her lover Valancourt his gambling habit and marry him, which surpasses the power of the negative given to women upon marriage). As such, she shows that women can be autonomous and firm without male guidance.

The opposite seems to hold true for the Gothic parody. Here, the deficient female guardian does not entice the heroine to rely on herself but rather puts her in harm's way for several reasons and to different degrees of severity. In the following, the inadequate female guardian figures of Sarah Green's *Romance Readers and Romance Writers* (1810), Eaton Stannard Barrett's *The Heroine* (1813), and Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey* (1817) will be taken into account to show how the female guardian in the Gothic parody helps establish male guidance as not only normative, but desirable.

Lady Isabella Emerson in Sarah Green's *Romance Readers and Romance Writers*

The first case study, Lady Isabella Emerson in Green's *Romance Readers and Romance Writers*, is the one character in this small sample with the severest effect on the heroine. Technically, Lady Isabella is no female guardian figure – she is not related to the heroine, too young and does not serve as a guardian in any legal sense to her young friend, Margaret Marsham. Rather, she becomes Margaret's close friend and fashionable role model and as such resembles Isabella Thorpe from *Northanger Abbey*, with whom she shares more than just a name. Still, given that Margaret has grown up in a small circle of friends and family, again similar to Austen's heroine in *Northanger Abbey*, Lady Isabella possesses all the social and worldly knowledge she needs to present herself as far superior to Margaret. Moreover, she cultivates the friendship of the seriously deluded Margaret, who fashions herself an oppressed Gothic heroine, to play with her and gloat over Margaret's stupidity. Their connection is formed over a shared habit of reading, but more so because of Margaret's lack of companionship, which is entirely due to

her quixotic behaviour.[4] When Lady Isabella is introduced in chapter three, the narrator shows that although she shares Margaret's delight in reading, her reading material is a lot more dangerous and thus a bad match for her overall mischievous and satirical disposition:

> Lady Isabella Emerson was . . . a great votary of fashion, but detested play, except that kind of play which a love of satire afforded her; and which the modern *quiz* and daily *hoax* were calculated to give to her mischievous abilities.
>
> Like Margaritta [Margaret's adopted name], she was very fond of modern publications, but her studies were of a different kind, and all consisted of false systems: the deluding sophistry of some freethinking German authors, with whose language she was well acquainted, and whose dangerous and delusive principles she imbibed; from whose fascinating descriptions she found vice stripped of its hideous appearance, and wearing an angel's form; while for her lighter reading she perused the loose sentiments contained in the French novels of *Faublas; Le Fils naturel*, and all the dangerous works of Diderot, and other revolutionary writers. The effects of such studies on a mind like that of Lady Isabella's may well be conceived; marriage she held in utter contempt, openly expatiated on the folly of all the outward ceremonies of religion, and was a very pretty female atheist. (Green, vol. 1, 16)

The narrator makes it abundantly clear that Isabella is not fit to be a role model for Margaret from the beginning, but due to her novel-induced delusions, Margaret nonetheless is very much in awe of the fashionable lady and follows her directions to the dot.

Like Isabella Thorpe, Lady Isabella wants a sidekick, not an actual friend, and the relationship she creates with Margaret is both hierarchical and self-serving with herself as the beneficiary and Margaret the subservient inferior. For Isabella, the friendship with Margaret serves two purposes: "[she] not only looked upon her as fair game for her satiric talents, but her ladyship's *penchant* for the elegant Harrington encreasing [sic] daily, she had imbibed some soft romantic sentiments with the passion of love, which made her find a *confidante* an absolute requisite" (vol. 1, 22). Possessed of fashionable beauty and a prepossessing appearance, Lady Isabella easily captures Margaret by simply flattering her: "'My sweet interesting girl . . . how happy am I to see you! . . . oh! my love,' added she, lowering her voice, 'I have much to impart to a congenial soul like yours!'" (vol. 1, 23).

As her alleged friend and role model, Lady Isabella is able to impart her radical social ideas, in particular on sexuality without marriage, to an eager Margaret. Lady Isabella advocates for sensual liberty and more or less panders Margaret to the predator Sefton, who shares Lady Isabella's ideas on free love:

[4] Although Margaret has a sister, Mary, Green's novel juxtaposes these two characters as 'wise' and 'foolish virgins' in the conduct book tradition (see Newton) with Mary being the ideal wise virgin and Margaret the flawed, lazy and reprehensible foolish virgin.

> "*Married*!" echoed Sir Charles, "how I do hate that odious word! Oh! my beloved, my angelic Margaret, I love you with that refined ardour that assures me I shall love you for ever! And I could not bear the idea of being obliged to love you because a priest muttered over a few vows, which vows are poor indeed, to those my heart would make to the charms of your mind and person!" (vol. 3, 15-16)

Eventually, these radical views ruin both herself and Margaret as they end up pregnant and unmarried and attempt to drown themselves. It takes a male educator, Margaret's father, to save the two women, and the novel closes with Margaret being exiled to Wales.

I am reading Lady Isabella here as an example of an inadequate guardian; yet it is entirely possible to read her as an example of the effects of detrimental fashion, thus criticising contemporary conviviality culture. Green's novel is very moralistic and she depicts Isabella as dangerous and potentially malicious, so there is little room for interpretation in this novel as to who is to blame: the bad friend and the amoral lover and their radicalism. Margaret's development is reminiscent of medieval allegorical plays, such as John Skelton's *Magnificence* or the anonymously written *Castle of Perseverance*. She is responsible for her own failure because she failed to listen to her father's good advice to outgrow her follies in time, and instead fell for Lady Isabella's and Sefton's bad advice to follow desires even she herself is wary of. After all, Margaret's repressed moral compass still works and she would much more have preferred married happiness had her Gothic delusions not overridden her judgement and cast the ugly Sefton as the hero of her lived romance, despite his visual and moral inappropriateness. What makes this interesting in the context of this paper is again the negativity with which female homosociality is depicted. The closest female bond in the novel, that between Margaret and Isabella, is the one that turns into a catastrophe for both women while Margaret's sister, Mary, in contrast, concentrates her development on both her father's advice and her husband's well-being and is ultimately rewarded for it.

Biddy, the Governess in E.S. Barrett's *The Heroine*

Unlike the other two guardians or role models discussed here, Biddy, the governess in *The Heroine*, does not have an active part in the narrative. When the novel starts, she has just been fired by the heroine's father, Mr Wilkinson, for kissing the Butler in the pantry (L1)[5]. Still, despite her physical absence from the plot itself, Biddy fulfils a vital function: throughout this epistolary novel, Biddy serves as the sympathetic addressee for the main character Cherry's letters as Cherry sets out to discover her 'true parentage' on a quest to become a heroine. Letter 1

[5] Since this is an epistolary novel, I quote the letters not the pages and indicate them as such (L1). This example thus refers to letter 1.

already gives us most information on Biddy and her relationship to Cherry. As a "motherless" young woman "at the sensitive age of fifteen", Cherry regards Biddy as the "guardian of [her] youth" and is desolate when she is forced to leave the household: "Motherless, am I to be bereft of my more than mother" (L1).

While Cherry does not provide any more detail about the bond they share or about Biddy's influence on her in her formative years, we can assume that their relationship must at least be regarded as partly responsible for Cherry's eccentricity and her delusions. Cherry's nostalgic description of Biddy in the beginning of the first letter paints the governess as yet another female victim of uncontrolled reading coupled with lacking common sense: "No more, at breakfast, find your melancholy features shrouded in an umbrageous cap, a novel in one hand, a cup in the other, and tears springing from your eyes, at the tale too tender, or at the tea too hot? Must I no longer wander with you through painted meadows, and by purling rivulets?" (L1). Given this invocation of novels and their effect on Biddy and judging by Cherry's overwrought and thus parodic writing style, which imitates contemporary romances, and her reference to a novel in letter 3, it stands to reason that novels, specifically romance novels, have played a significant part in Cherry's upbringing as overseen by Biddy. Moreover, Mr Wilkinson blames books, particularly "your romances" (L1) for the situation in the pantry and accordingly burns all of them.

Hence, while we do not get Biddy's perspective on Cherry's adventures, we can conclude that their shared love for novels has led to Cherry's delusions, visible in her linguistic eccentricity and, of course, her adventures. Even if it cannot be proven that Biddy is the instigator of Cherry's quixotism, she is at least a co-conspirator – and has to bear the consequences for herself after her dismissal.

Cherry is thus a victim of detrimental influence (in the form of an inadequate governess and the wrong reading material), which leads her to not only repudiate her father's guidance but actively reject it and misread her father as her oppressor, just as Margaret Marsham does in Green's novel. She is thus misguided and suffers from improper female guardianship which, over the course of the novel, leads her into danger. Biddy the governess is certainly morally questionable both for kissing the butler and for allowing her charge to lose touch with reality to a degree that causes Cherry to abandon her home in search of her allegedly true parentage on her quest to become a heroine. Cherry has prepared herself for this task under Biddy's tutelage and with the help of their shared reading habit: "prepared as I am, too, by a five years' course of novels (and you can bear witness that I have read little else), to embody and ensoul [sic] those enchanting reveries, which I am accustomed to indulge in bed and bower" (L1). As such, Biddy must be regarded as an unfit guardian, morally deficient, too much engaged in the wrong literature and oblivious to the dangerous path Cherry has taken.

Like Margaret, by the end of the novel, Cherry needs to be re-educated into normativity to abandon her erroneous ways and detrimental literature and submit herself to male control by a male educator, in this case her future husband Robert Stuart. Her re-education also concludes her communication with Biddy and the last letter also signifies the dissolution of the bond these two women have shared. Left to themselves, Biddy's lack of propriety and, potentially, judgement has ruined her own life – she loses her post and her reputation – and nearly that of her charge. The novel fulfils the demand for a responsible person with a male character, Stuart, who must set Cherry to rights; the homosociality of the women and their judgement without the corrective impact of a man is thus criticised once more in this Gothic parody.

Mrs Allen in Jane Austen's *Northanger Abbey*

The least offensive and problematic but still inadequate guardian in this group can be found in *Northanger Abbey*. Initially, Mrs Allen is introduced as a typical female guardian figure and in keeping with the novel's overall parodic treatment of Gothic stock elements:

> It is now expedient to give some description of Mrs. Allen, that the reader may be able to judge in what manner her actions will hereafter tend to promote the general distress of the work, and how she will, probably, contribute to reduce poor Catherine to all the desperate wretchedness of which a last volume is capable—whether by her imprudence, vulgarity, or jealousy—whether by intercepting her letters, ruining her character, or turning her out of doors. (Austen 9)

In contrast to this parodic introduction, Mrs Allen proves to be as regular a person as Catherine does after her similarly parodic introduction in chapter 1. Instead of "reduc[ing] poor Catherine to all the desperate wretchedness" (9), Mrs Allen turns out to be "a gentlewoman, [possessed of] a great deal of quiet, inactive good temper, and a trifling turn of mind" (9); a woman "of that numerous class of females, whose society can raise no other emotion than surprise at there being any men in the world who could like them well enough to marry them. She had neither beauty, genius, accomplishment, nor manner" (9). While the narrator claims that her love for dress, really her only distinguishing feature, makes her "admirably fitted to introduce a young lady into public" (9), there is otherwise little to recommend her for the role of Catherine's female guardian, especially because she is presented as somewhat inconsiderate and self-centred. As such, she causes Catherine some degree of distress, but her failure lies not in malice but in carelessness.

Predominantly, Mrs Allen fails to behave properly in polite society and is thus unable to spot any misbehaviour in Catherine. After making them late for their first ball in Bath because "Mrs. Allen was so long in dressing that they did not

enter the ballroom till late" (9), she also proves to be a rather useless guardian in not effecting an introduction for Catherine. Instead, she only bemoans the fact that they know nobody and thus Catherine has nobody to dance with (10). Besides not being able to provide an acquaintance for Catherine to dance with, there is also no party to sit with during tea, so to be able to sit down and save her gown, Mrs Allen impolitely forces them into another party, leaving Catherine embarrassed. Her main point of concern remains her dress, however:

> Mrs. Allen congratulated herself, as soon as they were seated, on having preserved her gown from injury. "It would have been very shocking to have it torn," said she, "would not it? It is such a delicate muslin." . . . "How uncomfortable it is," whispered Catherine, . . . The gentlemen and ladies at this table look as if they wondered why we came here—we seem forcing ourselves into their party." (10)

Mrs Allen also neglects her duties as a guardian while chaperoning Catherine in her encounters with both Mr Tilney and Mr Thorpe. Upon meeting Mr Tilney, Catherine animatedly chatters with him until she is interrupted by Mrs Allen asking her to remove a pin from her sleeve. Oblivious to Catherine's good luck in having found a possibly good match for herself and thus allowing her to converse with Mr Tilney some more, Mrs Allen takes over the conversation with Mr Tilney and discusses first fabrics and then the merits of Bath with him. While this presents Mrs Allen as silly and inconsiderate, it has the opposite effect for Tilney: he is able to distinguish himself as well versed in feminine matters and he "was polite enough to seem interested in what she said; and she kept him on the subject of muslins till the dancing recommenced" (16). To the reader, Tilney's animation in talking muslins with Mrs Allen can either be read as him subtly mocking her and thus exposing his ironic disposition, or as him being entirely serious and indeed interested in feminine topics. In either case, it shows him off positively in comparison with Mrs Allen and thus, implicitly, as the better guardian for Catherine, foreshadowing the ending of the novel and Tilney's eventual position as Catherine's educator in worldly matters.

Mrs Allen's worst function in the novel, however, is to broker the acquaintance of Catherine and Isabella and John Thorpe, children of Mrs Allen's old school friend. Since most of Catherine's distress can be ascribed to the Thorpe siblings, Mrs Allen plays a crucial role in allowing them into her young charge's life. Especially John Thorpe takes much liberty with Catherine and her reputation as he drives out with her without a chaperone. With two young men in Catherine's life, a guardian's job would have been to carefully guide and monitor her and make sure she would not do anything improper. Yet when Mr Thorpe bursts in to take Catherine out in an open carriage, Catherine looks in vain for Mrs Allen's guidance: "'Well, ma'am, what do you say to it? Can you spare me for an hour or two? Shall I go?' 'Do just as you please, my dear,' replied Mrs. Allen, with the most

placid indifference. Catherine took the advice, and ran off to get ready" (41). Unlike Catherine, Mrs Allen seems unconcerned about the potential impropriety of such an outing, which is mainly due to her lack of interest in anyone but herself. This breach of etiquette – driving out unchaperoned with a man – causes Catherine some distress later on in the novel as her behaviour is misinterpreted by John Thorpe: he takes her eagerness to drive out as an eagerness to see him, a misunderstanding a reasonable guardian could easily have prevented, and soon after proposes to her.

Catherine fails to see the social repercussions her conduct might have, both on her reputation and on her relationships, yet she herself can hardly be blamed for her misbehaviour. Instead, she is in need of feminine guidance to help her manoeuvre the treacherous waters of the season in Bath without making too much of a blunder. Mrs Allen, who should be aware of the social rules during the season, distinguishes herself mainly through her inactivity, which can be read as a form of egotistical inconsideration. Her lack of prudence and empathy towards her young friend make her unfit to be a female guardian, even for a short time. Instead of providing good advice and support for Catherine, she allows her to get herself into potentially detrimental situations or fails to recognise a fortunate situation for what it is. Like in Green and Barrett, the heroine needs a proper guardian to supplant the inadequate female guardian; while away from home, this function is eventually fulfilled by Henry Tilney, although he equally fails to recognise the effect he has on Catherine and plays with her imagination on the drive to Northanger, causing her to perceive his home as a Gothic locus by stirring her novel-fuelled imagination. Yet Tilney does not remain the only proper guardian Catherine has: by the end of the novel, Catherine comes back home and reunites with her mother, her actual female guardian; yet her stay in Bath and her adventures at Northanger and with the Tilneys have changed her so much that her mother can no longer be the same guardian to her as she used to be:

> [Catherine's] loss of spirits was a yet greater alteration. . . . For two days Mrs. Morland allowed it to pass even without a hint; but when a third night's rest had neither restored her cheerfulness, improved her in useful activity, nor given her a greater inclination for needlework, she could no longer refrain from the gentle reproof of, "My dear Catherine, I am afraid you are growing quite a fine lady. . . . Your head runs too much upon Bath; but there is a time for everything—a time for balls and plays, and a time for work. . . . I hope, my Catherine, you are not getting out of humour with home because it is not so grand as Northanger. (249-50)

While Mrs Morland does not know about Catherine's attachment to Tilney and misreads her pining for him as pining for the grander life at Northanger, Catherine's unresponsiveness to her mother's ministrations show that she has started to leave the world of her mother behind. Right after the end of this exchange be-

tween mother and daughter, Henry Tilney comes to visit and the narrator juxtaposes Catherine's dejected behaviour in her mother's presence (and his absence) with her nervous animation upon seeing him. Tilney has by then replaced Mrs Morland as the new guiding figure for Catherine. Catherine thus leaves behind motherly guidance, Mrs Allen's inadequate guardianship, and Isabella's worldly influence – and thus all three homosocial bonds she has been cultivating – in favour of a heteronormative relationship with a male educator who informs her of his father's motives for sending her away and John Thorpe's deceit that caused her reputation to be distorted. He thus fills the blanks and, flippantly speaking, tells her what's what – in this scene quite literally.

Conclusion

The female guardian in the Gothic parody does not provide the stability and guidance a young woman should be able to expect from her. On the contrary, she is either inadequate, corrupted or downright dangerous. Her effect on the heroine depends on whether she is deliberately corrupt (Lady Isabella) or potentially as quixotic as her charge (Biddy the governess) or simply inadequate (Mrs Allen), but there is one unifying effect: her inadequacy strengthens the normativising influence of the male educators on the heroine. Moreover, her effect also depends on the gullibility or, conversely, inner strength of the heroine. In the first case explored in this chapter, a corrupt person is coupled with a deluded heroine, which leads directly into a catastrophe for both women. In the second case, the guardian has failed in her task to correct the aberrant behaviour of her charge and allowed her to develop novel-induced delusions, which eventually lead her to her quixotic quest. Biddy passes on her own penchant for romances and thus negatively affects Cherry's ideas of the world and her place in it by regarding it as a romance to be acted out. In the third case, the most realistic scenario, an inconsiderate but kind guardian is coupled with a naïve and sheltered heroine. Mrs Allen does not cause danger outright, but fails to guide Catherine in her decisions and, what is more, does not spot Catherine's naivety and her budding Gothic delusions to keep her from them. Even when turned to for help, she is too uninterested to consider the consequences Catherine's actions might have for her.

All these women have in common that they are (temporarily) assuming the role of the motherly guardian in the absence (or temporary absence) of the heroine's real mother. They fail in their tasks or deliberately use their position to corrupt their young charges so that eventually the heroines must be saved by a male character, their father and/or future husband, that is, they must be placed under male control. Hence, instead of depicting a strong bond of homosociality between women, the Gothic parody criticises the lack of judgement women left to themselves exhibit. The parody does continue the criticism of the inadequate guardian

figure of the Gothic novel, but it discards the subtle social criticism of not providing any guidance for young women without familial attachments. Instead, the parody adds a wholescale criticism of women's sensibility, often induced by novel-reading that needs to be corrected by a male educator. Unlike in the Gothic novel, where the abandoned heroine develops her strength, women left to themselves are regarded as deluded, inadequate or simply too naïve to uphold the propriety their sex demands from them.

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Part V
“Time will explain”: Perspectives on Politics

The Politics of Democratic Resilience in the USA from its Founding to the Present Day

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One of the main characteristics of the current political debate – in Europe as well as in North America – is to lament the decline of democracy in a context where 'illiberal regimes' like Russia have turned into explicit threats on the international stage. In the US, the national lament was made even stronger with the rise of Donald Trump who, despite all the judicial actions against him, remains a looming presence. The aim of this chapter is not to add another element to the countless number of publications on 'democratic decline'; rather, it aims at discussing the nature of democratic resilience in the US.

Currently, 'resilience' is a category that is very much in fashion, especially in the context of a Biden Presidency dedicated to the restoration of proper civic norms domestically and to the strengthening of an alliance of democracies at the international level. Resilience is a notion that originates in physics: it refers to the capacity for a material to absorb external shocks until it eventually breaks. In the field of social sciences, it has taken on another meaning, that is the ability to reinvent or to rebuild oneself. The US has been a prime example of such a 'reinvention' ability throughout its history. Even though the constitutional frame has remained the same since the 1787 constitution, the nature of American democracy and the practices that support it have thoroughly evolved. For instance, the Fourteenth Amendment adopted in 1868 and providing a common citizenship for both Blacks and Whites led to profound constitutional changes (the "incorporation" of constitutional rights); another example of such 'reinvention' would be the rise of the presidential branch with reformist leaders like Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson and Franklin Roosevelt, which turned American democracy into the presidential regime that we still know nowadays where the President is the main engine of national institutions and drives the national debate.

Of course, the next question would be to ask when adaptation is about resilience or losing sight of the profound nature of the system. When do changes eventually alter and modify the very core of the regime? When does alteration become stronger than resilience? There are no easy and definitive answers to these questions, but there is one way to capture the tension inherent in American democratic resilience by relying on the ideas of the French philosopher Paul Ricœur (1913-2005), whose popularity was boosted again in 2017 since French President Emmanuel Macron used to work for him as a student (1999-2001) and publicly stated he was a personal source of inspiration for him. Among a vast number of topics, Ricœur touched on the issue of identity and foregrounded a distinction between two forms of identity by relying on the two Latin words to translate "the

same": *idem* and *ipse*. The former designates objective characteristics that are structural and non-changing (*identité-mêmeté*), whereas the latter has to do with the way in which people speak about themselves, the subjective self or the *réçit de soi* in Ricœurian terms (*identité-ipséité*). This opposition between *idem* and *ipse* nicely captures the inherent tension that exists when discussing American democratic resilience. As an *idem*, American resilience is to be understood as the preservation of permanent fixtures of the regime – like the Constitution – and this is the kind of analysis that is found mainly on the conservative side; as an *ipse*, American resilience is to be understood as a constant democratic experiment that keeps on reinventing itself (and which is politically more progressive). Both are actually relevant to some extent and account for the national pride of a country that never missed an electoral deadline (elections were held during the British invasion of 1812-14, in the middle of the Civil War and during both World Wars), thus constantly preserving accountability, while expanding the franchise very early, in the 1830s (at least for White men without property), amending the Constitution, expanding individual rights and creating a new balance between national institutions.

Historically, each of these developments has triggered its own brand of criticism, lamenting the new turn in political practices. This chapter is based on a selection of three of these 'new turns,' none of them being completely in the past; they still impact current political practices, thus making American politics an authentic palimpsest where the past, as William Faulkner said,[1] is *"*never dead. It's *not even past"*:

- The founding and its ambiguities until the Civil War
- The 'party regime' in the late nineteenth century
- The rise of presidential power and contemporary challenges

The Republican Founding and Antebellum Developments

The US was founded by people who were deeply influenced by the Whig ideas inherited from British intellectual and political debates since the seventeenth century. Many historians have highlighted decades ago the ideological dimension of the War of Independence between "Whiggish" colonists and Tory England (see the studies by Bernard Baylin, Gordon Wood, and John G.A. Pocock in the 1960s and 1970s). Their conclusions are straightforward: American insurgents were radicalized Whigs who resented the monarchical and centralizing impulses from the Center. They won the War of Independence and created a string of thirteen independent colonies that embodied strict Republican and Whig values. Alas, these newly independent republics proved unstable within a few years, so that a

[1] In *Requiem for a Nun* (1951).

reform movement that called itself "federalist" (because it wanted to create a centralized federal power to provide the stability that was missing) pushed for a new constitution that is the one still in existence today. This constitution created a unitary executive (a President) and a firm central government with an explicit list of major powers. As such, the text was extremely criticized by opponents who stood for the old Whig ideas of the War of Independence and who, for lack of a better word, called themselves "anti-federalists." Far from the consensual image illustrated in civic textbooks, the ratification debate was fierce. Anti-federalists considered that federalists built a new kind of aristocratic and monarchical regime on American soil. For these opponents, the new Constitution represented political reaction. Federalists were purely and simply organizing a counter-revolution.

Federalists, however, insisted that they created a republic in which the "People" of the Preamble[2] are the basis of political authority. All national institutions are elective (Congress, the Presidency) or dependent on election returns for their own membership (Supreme Court); the Preamble also clearly states that the people are in charge ("We The People Do Ordain and Establish"). At the same time, the Founders in Philadelphia, who represented the social elites of their time, created all sorts of mechanisms to screen the popular will and prevent excessive popular impulses, collectively known as "checks and balances." Each national branch thus has the ability to block the decisions of the others. For instance, the Senate has longer terms than the House of Representatives, so that the upper chamber would cool the passions in the lower chamber; the President has a veto power over congressional bills and is also elected indirectly through an electoral college; finally, the Supreme Court can declare laws unconstitutional. National power itself is limited by a vertical separation of powers (federalism) that protects powerful state governments.

The antifederalist fears were allayed through two means: the ratification of ten amendments in 1791 (the Bill of Rights), which included the antifederalist criticisms and the choice of George Washington, a consensual republican hero, as the first President. During his two terms, Washington created proper Republican precedents (starting with his self-limitation to two terms). Thanks to both political maneuvers, the new Constitution quickly became a symbol of national unity and has kept this status to this day. However, the Constitution left a lot of issues unresolved, thus creating ambiguities that are still with Americans today and that nearly led to the end of the American democratic experiment in 1860 with the Civil War. Three main developments turned out to raise major issues and tested

[2] The exact limit of who the "People" are is not specified in the Constitution. It is up to each state to decide on who has the franchise. In 1787, wealthy white men made up the "People" of the Preamble.

the resilience of the new institutional framework: the early rise of the Judicial branch, the development of political parties and, finally, the Southern secession.

As for the first point, it was striking to see that the Founders had not anticipated a Supreme Court that would play a pivotal role in politics. Article 3 set up a Supreme Court (whose number of members was not specified) that was tasked with preventing unconstitutional laws from being implemented. Its interpretation power was not detailed though and the first Chief Justice, John Marshall, used a minor case to successfully claim a vast construction power of all laws (Marbury v. Madison, 1803). The power of "judicial review" as Americans know it today was thus born a few years after the ratification of the Constitution. It was a brand-new role for the Supreme Court, which became the "storm center" of American politics, as David O'Brien aptly put it (see O'Brien). By the mid-nineteenth century, the Court started cancelling federal laws and its first try in 1857 illustrated the dangers of the exercise. Indeed, the Supreme Court, being unelected, is always in danger of deciding against a majority of the people, which is called the "counter-majoritarian" difficulty (see Bickel). In 1857, the infamous Dred Scott decision – giving a constitutional status to slavery – decisively contributed to the polarization of public opinion three years before the start of the Civil War. Decisions since then have been far less dramatic but nonetheless, the counter-majoritarian argument always looms large when the Court touches on sensitive issues: the constitutional status of the New Deal (Schechter, 1935), Black segregation (Plessy, 1896), Black emancipation (Brown, 1954), or abortion (Roe, 1973; Dobbs, 2022). This string of historic cases is the result of the 1803 decision and the vast power it provided the Supreme Court, a power that systematically comes with the inherent risk of being out of touch with public opinion.

The second point is the rise of "factions" that quickly paved the way for political parties. The early Republican and Federalist factions of the 1790s were replaced by a second party system after the so-called "spoiled bargain" of 1824 that prevented Andrew Jackson from becoming President. Jacksonians thus created a brand new "Democratic Party" for the 1828 presidential contest that represented a change in the nature of political organizations. Unlike the first party system, where parties were elite networks, the Democratic Party had deep roots in civil society and was meant to mobilize voters in favor of Andrew Jackson. As Maurice Duverger explained in his famous typology of party organizations (1951), the American Democratic Party was the first example of a 'mass political party' entirely devoted to winning elections and supporting candidates. The Grand Old Party of 1854 followed the same path. This evolution was a major change considering that the Constitution was largely "anti-party," as Richard Hofstadter explained in his classic 1966 article: indeed, the separation of powers prevents the kind of political accountability that is central to parliamentary regimes in most

Western European democracies. The coordinating task of political parties is always a challenge in the US so that "unified government" between Congress and the Presidency is no guarantee for a smooth collaboration between both institutions.

The third development is the rise of the South and the related questions of slavery and Black emancipation. Most of the well-known Founders (Jefferson, Madison, Washington, etc.) came from the South (Virginia in these three cases), and the constitutional text included clauses meant to protect the South and its "peculiar institution." One of them was the federal nature of the Union and the creation of a Senate that was made up of two senators per state, whatever its population, thus preserving a voice for states in the South whose 'free' population was smaller than Northern states. By the 1830s, equality of representation among states had turned the Senate into a bastion for Southern states. Indeed, immigration consistently increased the population of Northern states (where major immigration ports were located), which translated politically into Northern majorities in the House of Representatives. The Senate also turned out to be a fundamental institution for Southern leaders in the context of Westward Expansion. The Frontier was indeed a highly loaded political question in that the creation of free states or slave states would determine the balance of power within the upper chamber; Southern leaders were thus determined to push for the creation of slave states and the preservation of the status quo in the Senate. Southern leaders could also call the Supreme Court one of their allies: when John Marshall retired, he was replaced with Roger Taney (from Maryland) who favored Southern interests in many instances, the most famous being the 1857 Dred Scott decision. Considering that the two institutions that were the less responsive to public opinion were heavily in favor of the South,[3] an increasing number of people, especially among abolitionists, worried that national republican institutions were slowly being hijacked by a minority of Southern leaders mimicking a kind of American-bred aristocracy. They altogether eventually joined forces in a brand-new Republican Party (1854), whose main goal was to restore the republican nature of the regime and expel Southern forces.

By the late 1850s, all three developments had joined to trigger the Civil War: the contradictions within the political system were so blatant that it broke down in the bloodiest war that the country ever experienced. But despite its cost in human lives, the War paved the way for a reinvention of American republicanism. For one thing, states were clearly relegated and the American nation was not doubted in its existence any longer: the vocabulary testifies to this change in that "United

[3] Like today, Supreme Court Justices were nominated by the President and then confirmed by the Senate; the Senate, however, was elected indirectly by state assemblies till 1913 and not directly by the people of their state.

States" was henceforth used in the singular ("The US is") and not in the plural ("The US are"). Besides, the War led to an ambitious constitutional reconstruction through Amendments Thirteen (1865), Fourteen (1868) and Fifteen (1870). Amendment 14 was by itself a new constitution for the country: by creating a common American citizenship for both Blacks and Whites, it initiated major changes in constitutional law (collectively known as "incorporation") with massive consequences for American citizens, starting in the 1920s. In the late nineteenth century however, Reconstruction was largely limited to its constitutional dimension. It failed to initiate a new cycle of political and social reforms for American democracy. On the contrary, the last thirty years of the nineteenth century testified to a sort of paralysis.

The Post-Civil War Party Regime

Politically, the late nineteenth century was characterized by the complete dominance of political parties. All national institutions were subordinated to party decisions, including both the Presidency and Congress. How can this configuration be explained?

Even though political parties were major institutions in all Western democracies at the time,[4] in no other country have they come to play such a decisive role. The reason for this omnipresence in the American context is to be traced back to the late 1820s, precisely when Andrew Jackson, Martin Van Buren and others created the Democratic Party. Once elected, Jackson launched an all-out war against traditional political elites. He kept on denouncing the 'elites' that had prevented his election in 1824. He claimed that these political elites were a pseudo aristocracy in the making; for him, this aristocracy had to be uprooted and he committed himself to doing precisely that once he was in charge. By removing top ranking civil servants after his election and replacing them with political friends and supporters, Jackson initiated what came to be known as the "spoil system." This patronage was shrouded in a democratic rhetoric according to which a new majority had to have its say by replacing all civil servants. That evolution quickly became common practice: Jackson's opponents took up the very same tactics when they returned to power and by 1860, when Abraham Lincoln was elected the first Republican President, presidential patronage was entirely part of the political mainstream. After the Civil War, things went even further. Patronage was not just a means anymore but had become the very end of politics. 'Bosses' operated 'political machines' in major urban centers and all elected officials, at both the national and local levels, routinely indulged in patronage, including the President, whose main duty was to be purveyor of jobs and advantages to his political allies. This

[4] Political Science as an academic discipline was born precisely at that time to study the rise and consequences of party politics on democratic regimes.

constant 'struggle for patronage' paved the way for an increasing polarization between Democrats and Republicans, which was a key characteristic of politics at the time.

Unlike polarization nowadays, party polarization in the late nineteenth century had thus little ideological basis. More precisely, both Democrats and Republicans were divided into two branches, one being more conservative than the other, which explains why contemporary analysts voluntarily referred to both parties in Carrollian fashion as "Tweedledum and Tweedledee." Democrats gathered a very heterogeneous coalition of poor and racist Bourbon Democrats in the South (who resented the Republican Party for the War), recent European immigrants made up of White Ethnics (Irish, Poles, etc.) concentrated in major cities, and finally indebted farmers from the West. To some extent, Democrats at the time represented the "America from below," that is segments of society that stood at the margins of the new industrial order in the making under the supervision of Republican administrations. The Grand Old Party stood for those who were included and benefitted from this new industrial order. The Republican Party was made up of urban and WASP middle or upper-middle classes with some support among working classes (Italians) and Blacks.

By itself, this partisan configuration represented a hurdle for national institutions. And it was made even worse by a series of additional developments. For instance, the Presidency at the time was not the leading institution that exists nowadays. As a reaction to 'strong' Presidents during and immediately after the Civil War – Republican Abraham Lincoln and Democrat Andrew Johnson – most Presidents, starting with Ulysses S. Grant in 1872, returned to what they saw as the proper balance of power, namely a Presidency whose role was exclusively to implement the bills voted by Congress and not to lead the country politically. This understanding of executive power – known as the "Whig" theory of the Presidency – was dominant from 1872 to the early years of the twentieth century. This paved the way for what Woodrow Wilson critically termed "Congressional Government" in his 1885 book of the same title. He saw in this lack of presidential leadership a radical defect of the political system that accounted, among other things, for the omnipresence of lobbies and all sorts of grafts and peddling. Besides, the infamous racial compromise of 1877, restoring "home rule" for Southern states, allowed the former Confederate states to implement segregation under the supervision of so-called "Bourbon Democrats." Finally, another leading characteristic of the political order of the time was the part played by an activist and conservative Supreme Court that validated segregation (*Plessy v. Ferguson*, 1896) and prevented social regulation at the state level (*Lochner v. New York*, 1905).

Taken together, all these developments – party configuration, congressional government, Whig Presidency, segregation and judicial activism – pointed in the

same direction: a political system that was out of sync with the larger social and industrial changes that characterized the country. Or so it was criticized by the powerful reform movements that emerged from 1892 to the 1900s. Agrarian reformism was the first to make an impact on the national stage. It slowly made its way from the 1870s to 1892, when it finally became a national party – the People's Party – and adopted its own platform. By 1896, it had become an ally of the Democratic Party but failed to impose its ideas. Nevertheless, another reform movement emerged in its wake. It was an urban movement made up of middle-class leaders who, unlike the Populists of the 1890s, deeply impacted both national parties: on the Republican side, Theodore Roosevelt took up many of their ideas, soon followed by the Democrat Woodrow Wilson. The Progressive movement set the tone for national politics from the 1900s to the First World War and implemented its principles of democratic restoration against the downward slides of congressional government. This took the shape of several initiatives: party reforms (rise of primary elections to fight against party bosses), constitutional reforms (direct elections of Senators, national income tax, right to vote for women), direct democracy at the state level (especially in the Western states with recalls, propositions, referendums), dismantling of big corporations (and the first campaign finance laws) and a merit-based hiring of civil servants (to limit the impact of the spoil system).

The Rise of the Presidential Institution and Contemporary Challenges

For us, the major impact of Progressivism was in the institutional dynamic that it created. To achieve many of the ends listed above, Progressives relied on a renewed presidential power. Far from sticking to the old Whig theory of the Presidency, they advocated a Presidency meant to act as a "spokesman for the people" as Theodore Roosevelt put it. In other words, the President was not supposed to be exclusively subservient to the will of Congress. He was, first and foremost, the leader of the country and imposed the will of the majority that elected him against constitutional checks and balances. Theodore Roosevelt (1901-1909) and Woodrow Wilson (1912-1920) were the first two architects of American presidentialism. But the main builder of the modern Presidency was Franklin Roosevelt (1932-1945). His program of reform was implemented thanks to the creation of a presidential institution dedicated to the supervision of the brand-new Welfare State that constituted the core of the New Deal. Since then, the US has become a presidential regime where the national rhythm of politics is the result of presidential action and not congressional initiatives.

This major evolution was labelled a form of "plebiscitary" politics (see Lowi, *Personal President*) whereby the President relies on their popularity to promote changes. The disruptive force of the Presidency initially did marvels. It made it

possible for Franklin Roosevelt to face the economic crisis and to lead the country throughout the Second World War. Later, his successors Harry Truman and Lyndon B. Johnson could, respectively, manage the Cold War, strengthen the Welfare State and promote Black emancipation (Great Society).

But this new balance also imposed a series of new costs on the political regime and they all count as current challenges for American democracy. All institutions are impacted. First and foremost, political parties are downgraded (see Milkis): the charismatic legitimacy of the national leader is a direct competitor to partisan structures. It is also a reason why electoral turnout becomes weaker after the 1930s, especially for midterm elections. The high turnout levels of the nineteenth century, when the influence of political parties was at its top, have definitely become a thing of the past. Congress suffers a similar fate by becoming a secondary institution that largely reacts to presidential initiatives; the "first power" according to the Constitution has become a subordinated institution. The Supreme Court itself is not left untouched. Indeed, the Supreme Court becomes an explicit tool for furthering the program and ideas of the President who succeeded in appointing new Justices. Of course, this had always been the case, but with far less intensity when the President stuck to the Whig conception of his own powers during most of the nineteenth century. Finally, the rise of the Presidency directly impacted federal relations. Since presidential power resulted in the creation of a Welfare State made up of a great many national programs – Medicare or Social Security for instance – that contributed to a high degree of centralization that Theodore Lowi characterized as the "United State" in 1978 (see Lowi, "Europeanization").

Such a powerful presidential institution distorts the constitutional checks and balances inherited from the Founding Fathers. Historically, it first paved the way for the creation of a Welfare State and national regulations. But this positive emulation reached its end by the mid-1970s when Arthur Schlesinger published *The Imperial Presidency* (1974). The Watergate scandal shook the foundation of the political system and illustrated the risk of overreach that characterized the Presidency. Schlesinger explained that the President is now in a position to confiscate constitutional powers attributed to Congress in the name of "inherent" powers for the Executive. According to Schlesinger, this is especially the case for war powers but also the budget power and the nomination process. This is a huge qualitative leap when compared to 'strong' Presidents in the nineteenth century: Andrew Jackson or Abraham Lincoln never claimed to have inherent powers placing them above the other branches.

The presidential framework inherited from the 1930s has constantly hovered between these two poles, reformist disruption on the one hand and overreach on

the other. After Watergate, the scandal resulted in a power shift in favor of Congress, as illustrated by the numerous pieces of legislation adopted in the second half of the 1970s that were all meant to tame potential presidential excesses.[5] Starting in the 1980s, and again after the terrorist attacks of 2001 and the Bush Presidency, the presidential institution was rebuilt (see Rudalevidge).

Contemporary presidentialism, however, takes place in a very different partisan environment from its first version between the 1930s and the 1970s. Over the past fifty years, the US political stage has witnessed the rise of a vast polarization movement, so much so that some analysts (see Brewer and Maisel) talk about a new party system even though the party labels have remained the same for over one hundred fifty years. Indeed, the political upheavals of the 1960s paved the way for a re-sorting of political forces: the Republican Party succeeded in its "southern strategy" (see Phillips) and captured the overwhelming majority of Southern Whites over a thirty-year period. Consequently, "Bourbon Democrats" disappeared and both parties have become more clearly associated with a distinct ideology. The Republican Party has become a clearly conservative vessel while the Democratic Party is a coalition of centrist and progressive forces. This evolution took place at a time when parties decided to change their internal organization by promoting 'in-party' democracy. The Democratic Party initiated the move after the disastrous 1968 Chicago convention and the Republican Party followed suit a few years later. Parties increasingly relied on Primary elections and Caucuses to designate their candidates, in an effort to shift power back to 'regular' voters. But these reforms actually empowered activists of all kinds and various donors (see Polsby; see La Raja), who all share the same ideological goals and tend to reject pragmatism and compromise. In other words, "party democracy" did not favor the "median voter" (see Downs) but rather the most ideologically committed elements of the voting coalition, on the Right as well as on the Left.

The outcome to these party processes that played out over several decades are visible in the various forms of polarization plaguing contemporary American politics. In Congress, polarization created a near-constant state of gridlock (especially for confirmations and budget issues) explaining a regular decrease in legislative productivity.[6] In periods of "divided government," the paralysis is near complete, whereas a "unified government" creates a supine Congress that exerts a limited control over the administration. In the Senate especially, the constant use of filibuster has turned the upper chamber into a legislative cemetery. As a result, the

[5] Early examples would include the War Powers Resolution of 1973 and the Congressional Budget and Impoundment Act of 1974.

[6] The Pew Research Center has data on that count here: https://www.pewresearch.org/short-reads/2021/01/21/nothing-lame-about-this-lame-duck-116th-congress-had-busiest-post-election-session-in-recent-history/.

popularity rate of Congress has often been under 10% over the past fifteen years.[7] Polarization also has a geographical dimension and is visible at the state level. Most states now have a clear partisan label, so that each presidential administration can expect a certain group of states to contest their decisions in courts – this was for instance the case between Barack Obama and Texas or between Donald Trump and California. The common practice of "gerrymandering" – that is the drawing of district lines that heavily favor one party or the other –, which was admitted as unavoidable by the Supreme Court (*Rucho v. Common Cause*, 2019), has turned the overwhelming majority of districts into bastions where incumbents cannot be defeated. Finally, polarization is also a matter of increasing separation between electorates. In his book *Post-racial or Most-Racial?* (2016), Michael Tesler brilliantly documented that under Obama, virtually all political questions became even more racialized than they already were. The Obama Presidency made race more salient and both parties became more divided along racial lines. The Republican Party became essentially the Party of White men and Evangelicals (the largest religious group in the US, representing one quarter of the total population), while regularly making inroads among Hispanics and Asians. Taken together, the Republican Party has become less diverse than the general population, while the Democratic Party has gone the other way, to become more diverse than the country as a whole. The story of the 2020 presidential election followed this pattern. The Republican candidate won the white vote (54% to 44 %), and the Democratic candidate won the overwhelming majority of the African American vote (90% to 8%), the Asian American vote (67%) and the Latino vote (63% – down from 71% in 2016). According to the progressive consultant firm Catalist, over 85% of Trump's voters were White voters, with or without a college degree, while around 70% of non-White voters supported Joe Biden (and they made up close to 40% of his electorate; see Catalist). So, for better or for worse, the Republican Party is an overwhelmingly White party and the Democratic coalition is much more racially diverse.

These two blocs increasingly consider each other as 'enemies,' rather than as mere 'adversaries,' which is known as "negative polarization." This stems from the alignment of partisan identities and other social identities. The degree of resentment toward the opposite party goes way beyond political disagreement. Party identifications have become channels for different forms of intolerance and resentment. The complexity of identity politics today is that party affiliation has turned into what Amy Chua calls "tribes" (see Chua) and Liliana Mason calls "mega-identities" (see Mason) because they channel so many aspects of Americans' lives. Religion, for instance, can be a strong source of identity that is heavily correlated to voting behavior and more aligned with the partisan divide. These

[7] Gallup trends are available here: https://news.gallup.com/poll/4732/supreme-court.aspx.

strong identity markers are solidified, some would say calcified, by a media environment that reinforces the "echo chamber" phenomenon. In other words, the US has been witnessing the most consistent alignment of race, party, and ideology since 1965 (see Zhang and Cain; see Richomme).

Concluding Remarks

Throughout its history, American democracy has had many opportunities to testify of its resilience. The same constitutional framework accommodated different regimes, and popular government was never endangered, even considering the 2021 assault on the Capitol. But is it possible to identify one – or several – cause(s) for this resilience?

This overview of two centuries of American history has illustrated that political, institutional, and partisan configurations actually play a fairly limited part or, more precisely, that the very same factors played out very differently depending on the context. For instance, the constitutional rigidity inherited from the Philadelphia Convention currently appears to be one of the most solid pillars protecting democracy; but in the mid-nineteenth century, the English observer Walter Bagehot, in *The English Constitution* (1867), decried the rigidity of American institutions as one of the causes for the Civil War. The Founders also considered that states would be the proper safeguards of republicanism, an opinion updated by Justice Brandeis when he wrote in the 1932 Lieberman decision that states were "laboratories of democracy"; historically however, the greatest threats to individual freedoms came from states, starting with slavery and segregation in the nineteenth century and continuing to this day, with Republicans' attempts at the state level to restrict the right to vote. Political parties devoid of a strong ideological identity were criticized in the late nineteenth century because they made it impossible to nurture a political accountability similar to the British Westminster model. One century later, with sharply polarized political parties, many analysts seem to rediscover the virtues of bipartisanship (see Ornstein and Mann). Finally, all the filters created by the Founding Fathers to protect republicanism (the Senate or the Electoral College for instance) are currently regarded as obstacles for the proper functioning of a majoritarian democracy: the Electoral College is heavily tilted in favor of Republicans (who dominate small and rural states) so that they won all of their presidential contests since 1992 while being in the minority in terms of votes (except for 2004); the Senate is apportioned in such a way that it currently gives some 30% of the population 70% of the votes (here again, in favor of Republicans).

Considering this, maybe the key element accounting for democratic resilience in the US has less to do with institutions and more with the individual integrity of actors. The little-known *55 Federalist Paper*, penned by James Madison, Alexander

Hamilton, and John Jay emphasized the permanent need for a civic virtue to operate the brand-new institutions properly (see Wu). As such, the Trump Presidency between 2016 and 2020 was kept in check by the 'virtue' – or put differently, by the mere professionalism – of key actors like federal prosecutors, top-military generals and state secretaries. In other words, the famed checks and balances never operate by themselves and require more than the mere institutional configuration carefully planned out by the Founding Fathers. To that extent, American democracy is no different than its Western counterparts.

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Writing on the Wall: The 'Second World' in Contemporary British Writing

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This contribution investigates contemporary British writing that has been published since the fall of the Berlin Wall, but whose narrative focus lies on the East-Central European past of the Cold War period – the so-called 'second world.'[1] It will give an overview of narrative fiction that can be thus categorized and discuss selected novels that exemplify major characteristics and developments of this corpus. The presence of the 'second world' in post-1990 British writing will be considered as demonstrating the cultural significance of the Cold War as a shared history and also as a literary response to persistent philosophical and more recent social, cultural, and political concerns that invite imaginative comprehension through the lens of this particular historical experience.

In the decades of the Cold War (1947-1989), characters, motifs, and settings of the 'second world' were popular in British writing and helped to define genres like the British thriller and the spy narrative. Prominent among these were the novels by Len Deighton and John le Carré, as well as Ian Fleming's *James Bond* series, whose globally successful film adaptations established the eponymous protagonist as an icon of twentieth-century popular culture within and beyond British borders. Patrick Major attributed the leading role British writers had in the production of Cold War spy novels to a particularly British "love of secrecy" (339), which was thriving in the period not least because it "permitted the fiction that individuals could make up in quality what Britain's modest military-industrial complex could no longer achieve in quantity" (340-41). The distinctive masculin-

[1] See Berndt and Wells 11. While

> First World countries were . . . the industrialized states of Europe, the United States, Canada, Greenland, Australasia, . . ., and Japan . . . with multi-party, parliamentary systems of government[, the historical] Second World societies meant communist countries of what was [during the Cold War] the Soviet Union (USSR) and Eastern Europe, including, for example, Czechoslovakia, Poland, East Germany, and Hungary. Second World societies were centrally planned economies [. . . in which] the Communist party dominated both the political and the economic systems. (Giddens 42)

The terms can reflect both ideological and economic meanings. For example, the ordinal numbers can reflect the belief that democracy, pluralism, and freedom from totalitarian oppression are valuable achievements; in this regard, the historical 'First World' can be considered as preferable to the historical 'second world', a belief that appears to have been shared by those individuals and communities who initiated the downfall of the Communist systems in East-Central Europe. In this chapter, the 'second world' designation is used in lowercase and inverted commas as an umbrella term for the past and present representation of these now historical times and regions of Cold War Central and Eastern Europe in British writing.

ities of their leading characters – both the suave, "mindless patriotism" of Fleming's Bond (Hawthorn 105) and the modest, scrupulous intellectualism of le Carré's George Smiley – provided appealing combinations of "[e]scapism and realism" (Major 340) that allowed Britain to come to terms and reconcile with its diminished military and economic power.[2]

A different kind of imaginative East-West encounters were dystopian novels that addressed totalitarianism and "what they considered the ideological failures of socialism" (Hammond 15), most notably *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (1948) by George Orwell, "whose surname has [subsequently become] transformed into an adjective for the attributes of modern dictatorship" (16-17). Moreover, the political and ideological separation of Europe into 'East' and 'West' contributed to an interest in travel writing, and in fantasy (see Heyl 305-06). Similar to dystopian fiction, these genres enabled the exploring and investigating of the present in an 'elsewhere' but, like espionage fiction, combined them with an affirmative, escapist appeal.[3]

During the Cold War period, literary-cultural exemplifications of the 'second world' provided entertainment, a foil to post-imperial Britain's national identity, and motifs to comprehend ideologies and mass phenomena in the twentieth century. As a consequence of their popularity, considerable research on these imaginative travels to, and encounters with, the 'second world' has been conducted before and since 1990.[4] In noticeable contrast, scholarship has paid much less attention to the ways in which British writers in the three decades since the fall of the 'Iron Curtain' have continued to engage with what had been, and arguably still is, viewed as a possible alternative to both capitalism and democracy for many in Britain as well.

This observation has been the point of departure for an investigation whose preliminary results will be presented in this contribution. The research has been further motivated by a number of questions. To begin with, if the now historical times and regions of the 'second world' are still visited by contemporary British writers, have the particular formal and thematic attributes of its Cold War representation also been continued? Or has the imaginative depiction of 'second world' places, characters, and motifs, for example, become either nostalgically romanticized, or much less escapist? Would it be possible to argue that the continuing

[2] "The Suez crisis of 1956, in particular, rubbed home the message that she [Britain] was now a second-rank power. By default, however, the realities of nuclear stalemate and systemic competition also created a renewed demand for human agency in the face of such anonymous forces" (Major 340).

[3] If nostalgia is "but one member of the rather extended family of affectionate relationship with an 'elsewhere'" (Bauman 3), then travel writing and fantasy are its first cousins.

[4] See, for example, Korte, Pirker, and Helff (2010), Frenk and Krug (2011), and Hammond (2017).

engagement of British novels with the Eastern Bloc is (still) indicative of Britain's role in Europe and on the world stage? And has the historical failure of European communist dictatorships encouraged new utopian fictions – or further (and dystopian) evaluations of old ideas? Has British fiction responded to the fact that the collapse of 'second world' authoritarian societies, in which fulfilment was supposed to be obtained not as individual happiness, but through structurally institutionalized commitment to the well-being of the community, was brought about by their communities? Have British writers after 1990 portrayed the 'second world' and its notions of engagement, autonomy, privacy, work, and civic virtues (to name but a few) in ways that appear meaningful for their present-day society, in which both the "idea of 'progress'" and "the prospect of human happiness" arguably have become "individualized, privatized and personalized" (Bauman 4)?

The following overview will identify and briefly characterize developments in post-1990 British fiction that has re-imagined settings, characters, and motifs of the 'second world.' It will also suggest a preliminary typology based on narrative genre, themes, and significance for contemporary British culture. To begin with, the fascination with secrecy is still a prominent feature of British fiction that draws on Cold War Eastern Europe. Likewise, genres like the spy novel and the espionage thriller are also still important forms for its depiction, chosen by both established writers such as John le Carré (*A Legacy of Spies*, 2017) and by new arrivals to the field like Henry Porter (*A Spy's Life*, 2001; *Brandenburg*, 2005) and Jack Grimwood (*Moskva*, 2016; *Nightfall Berlin*, 2018). And their agents have got company: conventional espionage narratives have been joined by a number of works that also feature intelligence characters but belong to other suspense genres. These include David Young's popular 'Stasi' crime fiction series, and psychologically complex novels with pronounced gothic features such as Ian McEwan's *The Innocent* (1990) and *Black Dogs* (1992) and Anthony Underhill's *The Killing Strip* (2010).[5]

Moreover, the motif of secrecy itself has become formally and thematically more diversified. In addition to various secrets in characters' stories, also in the form of pasts haunting the present, manifestations include actual or anticipated encounters with members of the secret service (foreign and/or domestic); concealed identities (of agents and civilians); surveillance as an overall atmosphere and mood, or as the lived experience of a character under observation; and an element of mystery or danger in otherwise realist depictions of love stories in 'second world' settings. In novels such as McEwan's *The Innocent*, Philip Sington's *The*

[5] David Young's series on (the fictional) GDR People's Police Oberleutnant Karin Müller includes six books so far: *Stasi Child* (2015), *Stasi Wolf* (2017), *A Darker State* (2018; the e-book edition was published under the title *Stasi State*), *Stasi 77* (2019), *Stasi Winter* (2020), and *The Stasi Game* (2020).

Valley of Unknowing (2012), and Fiona Rintoul's *The Leipzig Affair* (2014), the motif also informs topics, character psychologies, and plot. The character constellations of some love stories have been informed by secrecy as well for a considerable number are conceived as love triangles between romantically involved partners from both the 'East' and the 'West,' with at least one of the three usually engaged in some kind of conspiracy or informal intelligence work.

Several of these attributes are well represented in one of the few texts of the corpus that has already attracted some scholarly attention: Ian McEwan's *The Innocent* (1990), an early example of post-Cold War British 'second world' fiction.[6] The full title of the work – *The Innocent or The Special Relationship* – points to one of its major themes, the relations between the UK and the US. The novel contributes to a debate that occupied Britain in the second half of the twentieth century, when it responded to the challenge of finding a new role on the world stage as a post-imperial nation. As such, it had entered a cautious and often conflicted alliance with the new imperial power – the US.

The Innocent is set in Berlin – East and West – in the mid-1950s and features several of the characteristics that would come to distinguish 'second world' fiction in subsequent years. It combines established narrative conventions of the spy novel with historical fact and a tragic love story (including a 'triangle' constellation). In addition to the title, the novel's main themes, characters, and their constellation can be read as symbolizing the development of UK-US-relations after the Second World War. The story fictionalizes "a joint CIA-MI6 venture and operation" (McEwan, *The Innocent* 227), the historical "Operation Gold (MI6 labeled it Operation Stopwatch) . . . one of the greatest tunnelling operations devised within Berlin's boundaries, many years before the Wall was constructed" (MacGregor 176). The main (fictional) characters involved in this mission are Leonard Marnham, a young English technician in a British-American surveillance team; his love interest, Maria Eckdorf, a German woman who works for the British army; and Leonard's superior, the US-American intelligence officer Bob Glass, who will eventually marry Maria. The novel's predominantly realist form is enhanced with an element of crime, and with gothic aesthetics – Leonard and Maria are shown to dismember the body of her former husband Otto, whom Maria had killed in self-defence. Set immediately before "the notorious double-agent George Blake" betrayed the operation, the story combines "real history and spy fiction" and "invites the reader to investigate its source materials and to revel in the intertextual play they represent" (Brown 77, 78). The story raises fundamental questions about innocence, courage, loyalty, and the human potential to violence.

[6] McEwan had written the novel before but published it after the fall of the Berlin Wall.

Scholars have analysed the main couple's relationship and the dissection of the corpse as metaphor and allegory, respectively, which demonstrate how private lives become politicized (see Heiler 105). The partition of the dead body was also understood to signify the "division of Berlin, Germany and Europe after World War II" (104). According to Dominic Head, "the novel's dismemberment scene [. . . figuratively represents] the domination of weak nations by strong ones" and "makes a gruesome point about the carving up of the global body politic" (Head 91). This reading is corroborated by Lars Heiler, who understands "the relationships between the main characters [as] indicative of the links between their countries of origin," an interpretation confirmed by "the fact that Leonard eventually loses Maria" to a US-American agent, whose position alludes to "Britain's fading influence in the post-war world order" (Heiler 104). The characterization and typified behaviour of Leonard and Glass in particular reflects British perceptions of their own nation's post-WWII role and the concurrent rise to global dominance of the US. While young Leonard is not only drawn as an idealized, self-effacing gentleman, whose ingénue qualities render him feminized, the uncouth and occasionally bullying masculinity of his US-American superior Glass provides a stark contrast and antagonism. Glass's language is permeated with slurs and vulgarities, for example when he introduces the purpose of their collaboration with boastful glee:

> "This operation is costing the government, the US government, millions of dollars. You guys are making a useful contribution, especially with the vertical tunnelling. You've also supplied the light bulbs. But you know something?"
>
> They were standing on either side of the Beetle, looking at each other over its roof. Leonard felt obliged to make his face quizzical. He did not know something.
>
> Glass had yet to unlock the driver's door. "I'll tell you. It's all political. You think we couldn't lay those taps ourselves? You think we don't have amplifiers of our own? It's for politics that we're letting you in on this. We're supposed to have a special relationship with you guys, that's why."
>
> They got in the car. Leonard longed to be alone. The effort of being polite was stifling, and aggression was, for him, out of the question. (McEwan, *The Innocent*, 22)

Like his nation, Leonard is shown to have accepted a subordinated position but as also having retained a now outdated understanding of civility. Interestingly, the apparent transparency of the US-American turns out to be not openness but a clever deflection, for "Glass was serious in a punchy way" (35). The secret to his – or, allegorically, to US-American power – is grounded not in the belief in his nation's cultural superiority, but in his belief in the irrelevance of civil values. The idea of cooperation among allies is not inherently valued but merely has to fulfil the purpose to ensure economic and military dominance. When the operation is threatened by an error made by one of Leonard's British colleagues, Glass is swift to denounce their partnership: "We should have done this thing alone.

Collaboration leads to errors, security problems, you name it. . . . We let you in on this for politics, for some half-assed trade-off we'll never know anything about" (111). In his response, Leonard's resentment of his US-American superior becomes palpable; his defence makes a moral rather than a strategic case: "No one fought Hitler for as long as we did. We saw the whole war through. . . . We gave it everything, so we have the right to be in on everything, and that includes the security of Europe. If you don't understand that, you belong on the other side" (111). Interestingly, his 'othering' of (the) US-American(s) condemns their pursuit of dominance as not dissimilar to that of their common enemy, the Eastern Bloc. Again, Glass does not pretend to be motivated by any ethical considerations. His concluding remarks simply state their power imbalance, placing Britain's importance firmly in the past: "you were formidable. It was your moment. And this is my point. . . . That *was* your moment, now *this* is ours" (112; emphases added). In their exchange, Britain and the US are personalized, their global roles and dominance – or lack thereof – represented: like Leonard in divided Berlin, Britain has to accept second rank in the Cold War hierarchy.

The novel concludes with a "Postscript" episode set in June 1987, which tentatively suggests a happy ending for the main couple and, symbolically, for the divided city; it also includes a cursory retrospective glance at the Cold War decades, with references to locations, ideological squabbles, and events signifying the period. In the episode, Leonard returns to Berlin after having received a letter from Maria, who is now widowed. Back in the still divided city, Leonard imagines a reunion with his former lover and the fall of the Berlin Wall. The choice of location is again "emblematic" for the national histories involved in the story: whereas the Wall was "the starkest and most corporeal symbol of the division and incommunicability between nations and their beliefs," the tunnel that Operation Gold had tried to build "represent[ed] the squalor and confusion of latter twentieth-century society, illustrating that individuals prove to be little more than pawns mired in the cataclysmic struggles of arrogant and unredeemable powers" (Slay 135). In his 2005 introduction to the English translation of West German novelist Peter Schneider's *The Wall Jumper* (1982), McEwan describes how in the context of his research for *The Innocent*, he had learned that there were hardly any West German novels about the Berlin Wall: "[W]riters, whose politics were generally well to the left of centre, found the Wall an embarrassment as a subject, an intractable problem posed by socialism. Merely to describe the Wall was to attack it, and thus appear to be a stooge of the CIA" (McEwan, "Introduction" xii). The temporal setting of the "Postscript" chapter is as significant in this regard as McEwan's selective adaptation of historical facts: in June 1987, celebrations for Berlin's 750th birthday took place separately in both parts of the divided city. US president Ronald Reagan gave a famous speech in which he demanded that the then leader of the Soviet Union, "Mr Gorbachev, tear down this wall!" (Hoyer

373). The historical context of Reagan's imperative was Gorbachev's policy of *glasnost* and *perestroika*, which was supposed to bring the Soviet Union (and, subsequently, the Eastern Bloc) economic transformation, more democratic transparency, and freedom of expression. In the final episode of *The Innocent*, however, this speech and the 1987 celebrations are not mentioned; only the hope that the Wall would indeed be torn down is included, and it is expressed here by "students [who] were demonstrating in East Berlin" and who were attacked by the GDR police because they were "shouting . . . the name of the Soviet General Secretary," which is now considered "a provocation in East Berlin" (McEwan, *The Innocent* 214, 215). The novel, in other words, concludes not only with a possible happy ending for the British-German couple. It also includes a 'second world' setting where the original demand and initiative for change is made by its people. In line with the novel's allegorical quality, this 'second world' representation suggests that the recognition for the eventual bringing down of the Berlin Wall must be theirs as well.

Another novel that exemplifies developments in contemporary British 'second world' writing is Carl Tighe's *Burning Worm* (2001), whose formal diversity excels at the "particularly intriguing forms of genre crossing" that "historical novels" set in Cold War East-Central Europe regularly "exhibit" (Szczekalla 398). The subtitle "memoirs, notes, and diaries" (Tighe 7) announces the work as a compilation of several modes of autobiographical fiction. Together, they form the embedded story, whereas the frame story purports to be editorial in kind: it includes a foreword and postscript by a fictional editor, contents in the style of visual poetry, a chronology of the temporal setting's historical events, and extensive footnotes which provide political, historical, and linguistic information as well as general annotations, not all of them factual. The novel's formal design produces an overall metafictional quality that is further substantiated by the inherent subjectivity of the memoir, the quixotic narrator-protagonist, and the self-conscious endeavours of the editor, "a professor at the University of Cracow, [who is presented as] a generous man mildly puzzled by some of [the protagonist's] crankier judgments" (Szczekalla 399). Occasional intertextual insertions of poetry and prose quotations round off this postmodern allegory that personifies the struggles of its particular 'second world' setting as well as post-Cold War British disillusionment with failed utopian promises.

The *Burning Worm* documents the experiences and contemplations of Eugene Hinks, who works as a university teacher of English in Kraków, Poland, in the months between the Gdańsk Agreement that ended the shipyard strikes in August 1980 and the declaration of martial law in December 1981. The embedded narrative is a collection of loosely connected encounters, observations, "judg-

ments and . . . aspersions cast on his host country" (Szczekalla 400) of a psychologically evasive protagonist, whose personal frustration and disillusionment coincide with and reflect the political chaos and economic deprivation in Poland in the early 1980s. The frame story is set in the post-communist period twenty years later and so offers a historicizing view on the autobiographical fiction. The foreword and postscript appear to authenticate the story, with the editor claiming that "[i]n Poland we take *Burning Worm* to be an accurate personal account of the year 1980-81" (Tighe 14). The editorial footnotes mainly substantiate this view, but also include information which would not be necessary to understand Hinks's narrative, from random miscellanea ("food coupons were not introduced until April of the following year"; Tighe 32 fn2) to somewhat petty corrections of the protagonist's figurative language ("[s]lightly misused Polish idiom. 'Under the slipper' actually means 'hen pecked'"; 40 fn3). Such editorial comments subvert the suspension of disbelief and are a recurrent reminder to readers that they are engaging with a historical world whose understanding of mundane, but also abstract concepts such as betrayal, idealism, and opportunism – all notions reflected on by the protagonist – might be different from their own.

The central motif is the metaphor of the worm, through which the difference between resistance and subjugation – and to what – is explored. In addition to the main title, the motif is used several times as a term of abuse (Tighe 43, 149) and later as a self-description (140), further illustrated by a poem written by the protagonist (153). Whether Hinks alleges his own position is indeed "vermicular" (Szczekalla 399) or whether, as one of his Polish acquaintances suggests, it is the Polish people who are "worms" (Tighe 43) remains unclear. The editor, in his attempt to "solv[e] the riddles surrounding the enigmatic Eugene Hinks" (220), claims that the metaphor "speaks of the stress of being caught up in a massively important political event, but at the same time captures the agony of unresolved personal issues" (224). This reading puts a rational spin on Hinks's otherwise fatalistic and cynical responses to an overall situation beyond his control and helps to clarify it, as the passionate conviction displayed by some of Hinks's Polish acquaintances indeed appears to be towering over him. Therefore, it is not so much his personal (means of) resistance that is explored, but the everyday living situation in a brief period in which the Polish government had allowed political opposition. Hinks documents the straitened supply situation, tries to comprehend the resistance narratives of Polish union members, artists, and ordinary citizens, and judges the romanticized idea of resistance fantasized about by Western communists. While the Polish opposition "wished to hear . . . that resistance to Communism was romantic, noble, inspired, popular with the West" (37-38), Hinks's French visitor Marie-Therese, a communist union member, fancies herself as heroine in her own utopian romance. To support the "first genuine workers' revolution" (138), she smuggles expensive French-language publications

about Solidarność into Poland to learn not only that they are now legal, but also that basic commodities might have been a better "manifestation of solidarity with the Polish worker" (138):

> She could not get it into her head that her beautiful books were no big deal, that there was no risk in bringing them to Poland or in touting them about the place. She threatened to take them out onto the street to sell them on the Black Market. But I think she had begun to appreciate that the Black Market was busy with other things: the books remained in a sloppy heap on my sitting room floor, a sackful of political pornography. (139)

In one of his few decisive moments, Hinks eventually forces Marie-Therese to leave after she ate all of his honey out of sheer boredom, neither realizing nor caring that the jar had been his one and only treasured sweet.

According to Jeremy Hawthorn, the preoccupation with what John le Carré once described as "the moral search of a lonely man" (Murphy) is "one of the most familiar elements in the serious spy novel" (Hawthorn 105). Unlike le Carré's George Smiley, Tighe's protagonist Eugene Hinks is not an intelligence agent; but he is a humble and intellectual character, whose self-conscious presentation of Poland and its people culminates in the confession that

> [t]he landscape I presented was also that of my mental state. I saw Solidarność and Poland through my own frustrations, depression, loneliness and hunger. Perhaps it was a state of mind, after all. But there is another way to look at it. Perhaps what I wrote was accurate enough, and the country merely reflected, by some odd coincidence, the feelings I had. Perhaps this was the state of Poland. Is it possible for a country to read a state of mind? (Tighe 126)

This subjective assessment is seconded by the fictional editor, who suggests that Hinks's "narrative [is] made up of recollections and stories about a society revealing itself to itself, turning itself inside out, recognizing what it had become, seeing itself for the first time in over forty years. It is a portrait of a state and a state of mind" (14). Read as an allegory of Britain in the years leading up to the turn of the millennium, this 'state' does not have to be Poland after all. The novel's often sarcastic humour and cynicism ridicule the group thinking and opportunism of both Western left-wingers and Polish Solidarność supporters, as well as naiveté towards and romanticization of workers' struggles and liberation movements in general. Their salvific potential, Hinks tentatively suggests in his concluding observations, has always been the result of a projection – and that we remain "housed in dreams" (219).

To a greater extent than the novels discussed so far, Fiona Rintoul's *The Leipzig Affair* (2014) foregrounds common experiences and personal encounters in the quotidian, social life of ordinary characters. While McEwan's *The Innocent* and Tighe's *Burning Worm* fictionalize politically significant episodes in which their

characters are placed, *The Leipzig Affair* does not dwell on extraordinary events of Cold War history. Some incidents are referred to, but they are encountered in line with the overall focus on ordinary life. The Chernobyl catastrophe in 1986, for example, is dealt with briefly, but only to comment on differences between the coverage in East German news and the BBC (Rintoul 113). The novel draws a detailed picture of everyday culture in the last decade of the GDR, including material and ideological aspects, with an emphasis on recreating the complex, conflicted mood of its citizens about both their society's socialist achievements and its deprivations. Significantly, the main 'second world' setting is Leipzig, an East German city that offers a more typical, average environment than Berlin and that is therefore more suited for an exploration of ordinary 'second world' life. Leipzig also would become a centre of the protests and demonstrations of the 'Peaceful Revolution' in 1989, a development which the novel foreshadows:

> The sunshine changed things. Not only did the city look shabbier in the bright spring light, suddenly there was nowhere to hide. Roaming Leipzig's dark streets muffled in winter coats and hats, it had been possible to feel anonymous. . . . Spring has also brought a flurry of political activity that made it harder for us to forget where we were. (112)

The novel describes the experiences of Robert McPherson, a Scottish PhD student in Leipzig in the 1980s, who becomes involved with Magda Reinsch, an East German woman and fellow student, who has become disenchanted with the system. Magda is planning her escape from the GDR and uses her acquaintance with Robert as a smokescreen to shield her, and her partner Marek's, preparations from the Stasi. The novel alters the love triangle that can be found in many 'second world' novels (and much espionage fiction) into a cycle of treason that lays bare a morally corrupt society. All of the major characters are shown to betray one another, and sometimes themselves, at some point, and for various reasons: to serve their own ambitions, to pursue a hidden agenda, to secure an exit permission, or simply because they give in to fear. What begins as romantic, secret longing is corrupted by the circumstances and by the decisions characters make under them. The plot element of the love triangle shows how totalitarian ideology informs and permeates people's private lives, and their civic virtues, as well.

Another genre convention is the narrative perspective, which "presents history mediated through the personal experience of a young Briton" (Szczekalla 399), a popular device of historical fiction since Sir Walter Scott had Edward Waverley join the Jacobite rebellion. In the three novels discussed here, all protagonists – Leonard Marnham, Eugene Hinks, and Robert McPherson – are young British men in their twenties who find themselves in morally challenging situations in an unfamiliar culture, which forces them to confront their own capacities for courage, and for cowardice:

> The "hero" of a Scott novel is always a more or less mediocre, average English gentleman. He generally possesses a certain, though never outstanding, degree of practical intelligence, a certain moral fortitude and decency which even rises to a capacity for self-sacrifice, but which never grows into a sweeping human passion, is never the enraptured devotion to a great cause. (Lukács 32)

In *The Leipzig Affair*, Robert is such a "hero": a somewhat inexperienced but decent man who, while not committed to a particular ideology, is willing to protect others he cares about, but who fails to fully comprehend the totalitarian system and the corrosion of personal loyalties and trust it effects. When he is arrested and interrogated under the suspicion of assisting an escape, his initial attempt at bravery soon deflates under pressure and intimidation:

> I stuck to my story and felt quite proud of myself. Here I was standing up to the Stasi to save the woman I loved. Then they asked me about Marek. I was tired by then. Five hours or more had passed. I hadn't had anything to eat or drink. [Their] tactic was to wear me down . . .
>
> [The officer] moved away from me and stood for a moment staring at the wall. Then he came over, put his hands on the arm rests and leant his face in closer than before. His breath smelt of cigarettes and onions. I waited for the next instalment, but it didn't come. He leant back and punched me hard in the stomach. (Rintoul 143, 144)

After this assault, Robert gives in and betrays what he believes to know about Marek's plans for escape. He is expelled from the country after the incident, and returns to Scotland, where he soon learns that Marek was shot in the back when trying to cross the border. The second temporal setting of the novel, about fifteen years after the events in Leipzig, shows Robert still struggling with his betrayal: he is in therapy to conquer his alcoholism and eventually returns to the now reunited Germany to confront his past and to meet Magda again.

The two temporal settings in *The Leipzig Affair* alternate between the 'second world' GDR past and the early twenty-first century, with locations in both Germany and Britain. Through this device, the reader learns about the impact his actions have had on Robert before he commits them. It allows the novel to allegorize Robert's personal experience in both settings: his struggles also critically reflect on concerns of present-day society, such as emotional isolation, drug abuse, and the equation of meaning and fulfilment with economic success.

The literary device of two temporal settings is mirrored in the novel's two narrative perspectives that alternate as well: in addition to Robert's first-person account, the text presents Magda's, rendered in the rare second-person perspective. These modes of narration invite considerations of the possibility of autonomy, responsibility, and the persistence of subordination, albeit to different pressures and norms. Through her second-person narration, Magda, a lapsed communist whose political disillusionment impairs her sense of self-worth and her personal relationships, refers to herself consistently by the pronoun 'you.' She addresses

herself, and so renders herself an object of her own story, illustrating the emotional corruption she has had to allow in order to conceal her escape plans:

> [Robert] looks into your eyes and smiles. "We could get married, you know." He takes your hand. "I mean, I love you, so why not?"
>
> *I love you*. For a moment, you're tempted. There are thousands of East German girls who pray for an offer like this every night. But it's impossible. . . . You've told the westerner too much. It's time to stop talking.
>
> "I'll think about it," you say, leaning over and kissing him. "Thank you for the offer." (Rintoul 126)

Magda's second-person perspective, a "communicational device [. . . that is] a form of narrative self-address" (Schinko et al. 300), foregrounds the emotional and moral impact of an authoritarian system that is creating its own others. The lack of transparency and openness of this 'second world' alienates those who had supported its original, utopian promise and who consequently find themselves as 'others' in an environment which should have been very much their own – as individuals and as citizens of their community. Instead, systemic corruption is shown to have permeated various levels of social and personal engagement, preventing rather than realizing happiness and progress.[7] The novel appears to echo some post-1990 assessments of the British intellectual left, who believed that Eastern European communist states failed because they were Stalinist rather than socialist, and therefore "could not have been reformed from within without collapsing under their internal contradictions and conflicts" (Berg 21). It recalls the hopes that had been invested into building a better society but expresses solidarity with those who had been the guinea pigs of this experiment: "Things happened that can't be excused" (Rintoul 229).

To conclude, in the last three decades, British fiction has indeed continued to depict the 'second world' of the Cold War period. Using both established genre conventions and an increasing variety of forms and themes, contemporary British writers have employed its settings, characters, and motifs to explore failed utopian ideas, notions of secrecy, loyalty, and betrayal, and they have deployed its 'otherness' to discuss past and present notions of individualism, responsibility, and the validity of political convictions. What is more, they have validated the importance of imaginative embraces of the past as a shared history. The epilogue in *The Leipzig Affair* invests a minor character with a third-person perspective, a friend of Magda's who looks back on their friendship before the Wall had been torn down, "where it all began. An innocent time, that seems like now. A simple time. When

[7] In fact, East German oppositionist Rudolf Bahro famously stated that "there is no area in which really existing socialism has made greater progress than in the breadth, depth, and diversity of the process of bureaucratization" (Bahro 187; translated by the author of this chapter).

the enemy was clear. Or so it seemed. And an exciting time. Romantic" (294). Whatever it seemed, or whether it seems like now: having become past, the 'second world' can be written.

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"It's what you deserve": A.L. Kennedy's Short Story "Everybody's Pleased to See You" (2020) and Brexit

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(Written in memory of many conversations I had with Christoph about Brexit.)

"You have to go, you have to be there. Unless you go, you just won't understand. You'll see it's perfect for you, what you deserve" (Kennedy 25). Thus the narrator in A.L. Kennedy's short story "Everybody's Pleased to See You", published in her most recent book, *We Are Attempting to Survive Our Time* (2020), entices us into the text. As this is an in medias res beginning, we can, at this stage, have no idea what the narrator is talking about. From the very first line of this short story, we as readers are involved in a guessing game, filling in a multitude of gaps and blanks. While we are beginning to struggle with this task, the narrator frustrates us just one little bit more by bringing up the topic of ignorance:

> Of course, if you're not in the know, you could walk right past and never notice. It isn't garish or demanding, quite the reverse, it's somewhere almost infinitely subtle. To the left is an old-school ironmonger's with a window full of brass. You can tell you're in a quality neighbourhood just from that. To the right is a tailor's shop full of tight dress waistcoats and mess jackets having their seams let out. They'll both let you know that you're safe, now, somewhere peaceful and permanent. And between the two, quite ready for you, is the Salazar. (Kennedy 25)

We are about to be introduced to a place, and this introduction proceeds via two neighbouring places. The "old-school ironmonger's" points to a continuity with the past. One cannot help wondering what the objects in the "window full of brass" might be. It is reasonable to assume that these will include locks, bolts and such like, contraptions that are all about controlling access, about keeping people out. The tailor's shop is equally rich in associations. It appears to specialise in the sort of formal dress worn by a privileged minority, men of a certain age who have physically outgrown the trappings of rank, both civilian (dress waistcoats) and military (mess jackets).

Situated between the brass-bound security of the ironmonger's and the tailor catering to pillars of the establishment, there is, "quite ready for you, the Salazar" – whatever this may be. Our reading of the text will substantially depend on whether or not the name "Salazar" rings a bell. To some, it might just be an exotic, vaguely Mediterranean name. Others might immediately think of António de Oliveira Salazar (1889-1970), dictator of Portugal from 1933 to 1968 (see Gallagher). As we are still very much in the dark about "the Salazar", some readers may regard this name as entirely innocent, while others may sense something deeply sinister. Although the narrator talks about being safe, about peacefulness and permanence,

the paraphernalia displayed in the shop windows framing "the Salazar", the locks and bolts as well as the military uniforms can be read as dark hints introducing a note of ambiguity and unease.

It is only in the second paragraph of the short story that we are given an idea of what "the Salazar" is: "It's not a café, not a restaurant, it's there to be home, as permanent and comforting as good order and kings" (Kennedy 25). So this is about a place that is, presumably, more than just a café or a restaurant. It is characterised as safe haven, and this feeling of safety is bolstered up by a conservative vision of the world. It is a place where traditional hierarchies ("good order and kings") prevail.

The narrator then launches into a lengthy and enthusiastic introduction to "the Salazar". Architectural details suggest that its history goes back a long way, and that, over the centuries, new elements were added which have now become venerable antiques: "leaded glass windows", "Georgian double doors" and "art deco metalwork" (25). Everything seems to speak of history and continuity, imbued with "the patina you only find on objects maintained at their peak for lifetimes" (25-26). Its understatement and instant emotional appeal are praised: "You'll take in the whole effect . . . and you'll relax" (25).

Throughout the story, the narrator's tone is conversational, apparently addressing a single person rather than a readership consisting of a multitude of people. There are strong reasons – to be discussed later – for identifying and imagining the narrator as male. He seems to get carried away by his own enthusiasm for what he is talking about, launching into a long monologue, perhaps addressed to a would-be interlocutor who does not manage to get a word in.

The narrator talks to and at the same time constructs the addressee, who, as we shall see, is also very probably to be imagined as being male. This process of constructing the addressee, "the Salazar kind of person" (26), already begins in the first paragraph ("You'll see it's perfect for you . . ."; 25), and it continues throughout the text. Thus, the understated style of the Salazar is made into a character ascribed to the addressee: "A modest brass plate is all that tells you where you are. You're not the type to need anything garish" (26).

The restaurant is located in Chelsea, or rather, it is a nostalgic embodiment of Chelsea as it once was: "The Salazar is sacrosanct, a glorious survival of Old Chelsea, a jewel no one could ever mar, or sell" (26). In this instance, the narrator's elevated register is clearly over the top, which may lead us to treat what he says with caution.

> Chelsea is not as it was. . . . For many years, to take one example, it was possible to stroll along Chelsea without socks in winter, to swing about in ragbag clothing, a derelict hat, and be quite unremarkable. You were simply eccentric, artistic, aristocratic, divorced, abandoned, broke, just in that kind of mood – whichever might fit. You were neither

> resented nor remarked upon, because you were still Chelsea no matter what. . . . You weren't so badly hurt by your condition, whatever it was, and really very little money could ease you by. Everybody stayed just where they should be. (26)

The narrator's Old Chelsea was a place where dereliction was not really something to worry about because it could very well be a matter of style and therefore of choice. It was, above all, a world exempt from social change, a world in which everybody kept their station according to some kind of pre-ordained hierarchy. The narrator points out that this is now a thing of the past and that Old Chelsea landmarks are gone, places embodying a notion of self-sufficient Britishness, such as "little shops with rails of handmade clothing in British cloth" (26). Although all of this has fallen victim to change (which, to the narrator, is never a good thing), the Salazar "remains to demonstrate that what is truly precious will always remain" (27).

Now that we have been introduced to the Salazar's surroundings, the narrator takes us into its interior. It is very obviously not a place for everybody. The very act of crossing its threshold turns out to be a test that will only be passed by those in the know:

> You'll begin your visit with a harmless ritual.
>
> To enter push open the left-handed door. The right-hand door is always latched, as any regular would know. To be foxed by it will make you appear foolish. This is the Salazar's first way of testing visitors. (27)

The narrator comments on how this restaurant creates an atmosphere encouraging its patrons to behave in a certain way:

> So press the left-hand fingerplate with a little more force than you'd expect: there's an elderly but mighty spring in place to shut the oak again behind you and it has to be mastered. There's a knack to the motion, which you'll acquire. In a way the Salazar is asking you to be more confident and forceful, to leave apology behind you. No outright shoving, of course, no battering. Brutality would make your fellow patrons stare. After all, the Salazar is British, has British values. (27)

This is where one may begin to suspect that what we have just read might be about more than a restaurant and how to get into it. The description of a simple but powerful mechanism controlling access to a space emphatically described as "British" is likely to prompt a sense of déjà vu. It will appear loaded with meaning to anyone familiar with the arguments that made people vote for Brexit, as these were to a significant extent about the promise of controlling access to Britain, and also about much more assertive notions of Britishness. This goes well with some key phrases in this paragraph: "more confident and forceful", "leave apology behind you". The mere presence of the words "battering" and "brutality", together with "forcefulness" and "to leave apology behind you", is significant. They add to an emerging cluster of irritations, such as the locks, bolts, and military uniforms

displayed in the shop windows framing a restaurant whose name, after all, is also that of a dictator.

As we progress further into the story, more significant details establishing analogies with Brexit emerge. Once again, there is a conspicuous presence of defensive mechanisms, separating a cosy space from an uncomfortable outside world: "Enter in winter you'll be faced – just for an instant – by a cosy plum-coloured curtain, drawn *shut* on its rounded track and *defending the interior* from draughts" (27, emphases added).

We learn that this restaurant is staffed by people with foreign-sounding names such as Claude, Marceline, Dominic and Amaranthe (27-28) and that this is in fact a French restaurant. This may at first appear to be very much at odds with the insistent emphasis on the Britishness of this establishment. The narrator deals with this apparent contradiction in a surprising way:

> As a new patron you will be escorted into the Salazar's genteel grove of tables, their pure cloths as stiff as justice, their settings immaculate. The bread you will be offered is crisp and warm from the oven, sweet and breathing Paris at you like the arch of a Métro entrance, for this is, inevitably, a French restaurant. We can be better than the French and yet still indulge them, it's the kind of thing that makes the world think well of us. (28)

So the Salazar is a British and therefore a better version of a French restaurant. Once again, a simile put into the mouth of the narrator introduces a sinister note. There are "pure cloths as stiff as justice", which may well make us think of the implacable arbitrary notions of purity and justice that have always been characteristic features of dictatorships.

This British and therefore 'improved' version of a French restaurant evokes a very specific idea of Frenchness, both culinary and otherwise:

> The aromatic wraiths of the immortal city in 1914 will surround you, dishes from La Maison d'Or, or La Vachette, or Les Frères Provençal. You will eat from a time-honoured *carte*: plump *escargots* seething in garlic, fat radishes with sea salt, *confit* of duck, rare *fromages fermiers*, *cassoulet de Toulouse* and *steaks frites* with various butters. The Salazar's *pâtisserie* would raise the great Carême from the dead, should he find such a thing convenient. This isn't cultural appropriation, this is refinement, this is translation into common sense. (28)

Much as the Salazar is part of "Old Chelsea", belonging to what the narrator regards as the good old times before things changed for the worse, it is also based on a nostalgic version of *belle-époque* Paris. The year 1914 is significant: this is an imagined Paris, not affected by the changes brought about by two World Wars and the subsequent processes of modernisation that transformed both the social and the physical reality of the French capital. What is more, it is Frenchness "translated into common sense", which implies that French cuisine is really wasted on the French, that it is in need of being refined.

The narrator puts his consummate knowledge of French cuisine on display, employing conspicuously elegant diction and sophisticated vocabulary: "The brothers Chaviero, guardians of the Salazar's bakery, are *pâtissiers* of thaumaturgical skill. Their *entremets* are constructed from layers of miracles and clothed in mousses as flawless as saints' hearts, as vulnerably giving as their wounds" (28). Talking about the delights of French pastry made in England, the narrator's language begins to resemble a heavy sugar coating. However, just then, something unpalatable surfaces from underneath this smooth and shiny surface: "it will all be perfect. It's important, when so many are starving, to eat well, to appreciate" (29). This casual statement is deeply disturbing, suggesting that the way to react to starvation is not to do something about it but to eat well oneself. On the other hand, this is all of a piece with the narrator's delight in structures controlling and limiting access, such as the heavy oak door falling shut, propelled by an "elderly but mighty spring" (27), and with his enthusiasm for an unapologetic forcefulness that only just avoids the appearance of brutality.

The Salazar is a place where you are free to follow your whims: "You can, of course, simply appear, reservation-free. The Salazar understands the spontaneous working of your will expresses the spirit of the nation. You will be accommodated" (29). If (and because) you are British, your wish will be the command of the foreign staff. Once again, we encounter a mechanism controlling access: this peculiar French restaurant is implicitly British and *for* the British.

Inside the Salazar, the British Empire does not appear to be a thing of the past – quite on the contrary:

> You may also simply opt to be led *starboard*. The Salazar employs naval terms of direction as tribute to a naval race. *Starboard* lie the ox-blood leather booths and the elegant stools ranged along the exquisite Honduran mahogany bar. . . . The long, glistening bar lets you feel what it would be to sip a coffee or an aperitif on the deck of a well-kept day cruiser, or perhaps a picnic boat. You will be put in mind of bright, athletic people in the 1930s, 1890s, or the other decades with real taste. (29)

"Spirit of the Nation", "naval race" – if you belong here, you do so by birth. The Salazar's apparent cosmopolitanism is founded on very firm hierarchies. The rest of the world exists to provide fine cuisine (to be improved by British common sense), exquisite exotic raw materials such as Honduran mahogany, and a loyal, subservient workforce: "Mireille, Paul, Augustine, Frank – there are others – they will truly love you, as good servants should" (29). The Salazar is a backward-looking place, and this, according to the narrator, is what makes it attractive. Once again, the decades mentioned here are significant. The 1930s may put us in mind of King Edward VIII's flirtation with fascism and its fascination with athletic people. This is made perfectly explicit a few pages later when a photograph displayed in the restaurant is mentioned: "Beside them is a dashing snap of Edward VIII

and Mrs Simpson. The Salazar cherishes your culture" (32). The 1890s may point to the heyday of the British Empire and perhaps also to the decadence of the "naughty nineties", neatly combining imperialism and self-indulgence. The Salazar is a place for people who, resenting the modern world in general, would rather prefer to live in this sort of past: "The Salazar understands you and what you need, it knows you feel the chill of a loveless age, of brutal changes and discourtesies" (29).

As the narrator continues to talk about "the Salazar kind of person" (26), the person who would find this place utterly congenial, it emerges more and more clearly that one of the characteristics of that sort of person must be a liking for brutality. "You will feel more yourself, high on your bar stool and well informed by the Salazar's latest mirrors, said to have once reflected the Ceauşescus" (29).

By now it has become clear that, Salazar having been a dictator, the "Salazar kind of person" is someone tolerating or espousing an authoritarian mindset. The "Salazar kind of person" would therefore bask in the past glory of the Ceauşescus, perhaps the most cliché dictator couple in recent history. This restaurant allows its patrons to become, for a little while, would-be dictators in miniature, elevating them (if only high on a bar stool) and offering them a unique opportunity to indulge in a peculiar kind of narcissism. Here they may admire their own reflections in mirrors that once reflected an actual dictator couple. To put themselves in this place, so the narrator insists, gives them a chance to feel they can truly be the person they are at heart.

We have come a long way from the early paragraphs of a text that, in the beginning, appeared to do no more than to sing the praises of a restaurant. By now, the reader has become attuned to spotting the deeply sinister notions that are part and parcel of the narrator's enthusiasm. As the text progresses, the narrator becomes even more enthusiastic and more confident, and the darkness and menace in what he has to say comes to the fore. The following example is a case in point. In this discussion of "Everybody's Pleased to See You", it has been assumed that the narrator is male. Five pages into this short story, we come across the sentence that makes it plausible to imagine the narrator as male, and a male chauvinist to boot: "Somewhere as special as the Salazar doesn't develop by accident; it must be tended like a garden, like a pregnant spaniel, like a new wife" (29). It is clear where the narrator's priorities lie: land, dog, wife, in precisely this order. Note also that a wife needs to be "tended" while "new", and perhaps only then.

Whenever ways of controlling access to this restaurant are mentioned, the Salazar reveals itself more and more as an allegory of Brexit. Those who do not fit in need to be expelled without further ado. "If visitors weren't sometimes asked to leave it would be much harder for anyone else to stay" (29-30). The place allows its patrons to make their own rules, encouraging them to form their own ideas of

reality, or rather, to pick and choose at will from what appears to be a multiplicity of realities.

> The Salazar *lifts you above* the usual habits and *realities*. Your plate, the *Victorian* egg trivet, the silver cruet, the linen napkin and the tiny procedures of egg-eating are all joys and *yours by right*. The Salazar reminds you of *your right, your pride and delightful changes in your character can be established*. You will be *returned to your inheritance*, reminded of *the thefts and impositions modern life indulges*. Come to the Salazar and you'll learn to *resist*. (30, emphases added)

Providing the paraphernalia of Victorian luxury, the Salazar suggests that one can, as it were, go back in time, leaving modern life behind, ignoring it because one is heir to an alternative, much more congenial reality. It is as if one could simply opt out of today's world, hoping to resist it simply by living in denial.

This is followed by more references to violence, revisiting the theme of brutality. Once again, something dark and sinister appears from below a sugary or otherwise appealing surface:

> The bar also expresses itself in little biscuits – both savoury and sweet – crisp as the commands of finer minds. The chefs make them with such a formidable snap that were they any thicker than a watch glass they'd break teeth. But they are like whispers in your mouth. Like alibis and consciences, they melt. (30)

It is significant that the breaking of teeth is mentioned just after a phrase giving expression to an authoritarian mindset, the idea that those possessed of finer minds are naturally in charge of things, issuing "crisp . . . commands". The last sentence in this paragraph brings authoritarian attitudes in close proximity with the world of criminals, a world in which alibis and consciences may just melt away. Violence, or rather allusions to violence, clothed in metaphors or similes, always seems to hover discreetly in the background. Here is a characteristic remark the narrator makes a bit later: "The Salazar's waiters – like angels and torturers – can see and perfectly interpret wishes, intentions and hearts" (33).

The idea of the Salazar as a place firmly anchored in a glorious past – and therefore bringing this past back, making it accessible in the present – keeps reappearing as a leitmotif. There seems to be no end to the tangible evidence of this restaurant's venerable past: "Above the bar is a smoke-darkened portrait of Charles Aylward – the Founder – all whiskers and watch chain. He's our kind of person, it's unmistakable" (30).

The Salazar is where the past seems to speak, for instance through old postcards on the wall. It speaks in a comforting way, so comforting that it makes it easy to lapse into a soothing state of utter thoughtlessness. "You may lack a friend for chatting, you may no longer wish to think, the Salazar foresaw this and provides the postcards to divert you" (30-31). We may conclude from this that thinking does not always agree with "the Salazar kind of person". One of the postcards

pinned to the wall depicts a pop or rock band of the 1970s. For the narrator, it embodies the emergence of the kind of popular culture patrons of this place are encouraged to look down upon:

> A heavily scuffed image shows a leather-clad quartet of musicians pouting through an especially orange-aired moment of the 1970s. They are completely unrecognisable and yet familiar as an idea. It's not that one is ignorant of popular culture, it is that one understands it and is disappointed. The band clearly failed without a trace – that's why they're here. The unsuccessful can be petted, like dogs with no pedigree, the Salazar knows that, and knows they exist to remind us that the wrong kind of people shouldn't overreach. (31)

As always, his choice of words is telling. The narrator distances himself from popular culture by talking about the band in a particular way, using the kind of register that would be appropriate for discussing classical music ("a quartet of musicians"). As the dog simile suggests, "the wrong kind of people" are those lacking the right kind of pedigree, the right kind of origins and background. Given what we know by now about the narrator's mindset, it is not entirely surprising that this category includes those who are not white:

> And the wrong kind of people are never in the Salazar.
>
> One card shows Louis Armstrong sitting in monochrome, wearing Jazz Age evening dress and a white fez. Satchmo's face is fixed, not in the customary Thomas-avuncular grin, but something like a grimace. Terror was something that men of his shade learned to express. It was a kind of deference, apology. Slyly acquired self-confidence should always be avoided, lest the weak be confused and everyone else offended. No matter how great his talents, Mr Armstrong should not relax. (31)

Not being white is something that needs to be apologised for. Those of Armstrong's skin colour were (and still are) weak, should not be confident, should live not only in perpetual deference but also in perpetual terror. The narrator vaunts his sense of superiority by using Latinate diction, saying "Thomas-avuncular grin" instead of "Uncle Tom grin". As he becomes more and more explicit, he seems to expect his silent addressee (who, however, is not to be confused with the reader) to go along with what he has to say. Just when we might think things cannot get much worse, they do:

> Your sense of humour can feel at home here. And drinkers can sit . . . and look at the postcard of Pops Armstrong in his laughable tuxedo, laughable fez – and wearing his Star of David pendant – there's so much to laugh about, really. And one can feel optimistic on Armstrong's behalf. He was, after all, not murdered as an example to discourage others. He lived a natural life. His grimace was convincing and now that he's dead, he must be completely contented. There's nowhere like the Salazar for letting you feel that humanity's well arranged. (32)

In other words: humanity is well arranged in a hierarchy, with those who are not white being the lowest of the low. They ought to be grateful for not being murdered, especially if they have become conspicuous for their talents and achievements. To the narrator, the notion of a man who is not white wearing formal evening wear is ridiculous. Likewise, non-European headgear or a Jewish religious symbol are dismissed as comical.

There is a place for foreigners in this restaurant, or rather: for a certain type of foreigner, the French or otherwise European chefs, waiters, waitresses preparing and serving French dishes appealing to British palates. "The Salazar's staff are of many nations, staff always should be. They work long hours and thrive on it, endlessly smiling. You will see them and realise they are the way that strangers always should be" (32). Their purpose is to be useful in a subservient position, as uncomplaining staff working long hours. This, and only this, is what they are good for – unless, of course, they happen to be someone like the Ceauşescus.

The narrator proceeds to sing the praises of the Salazar as a place that cancels out the outside world, keeping out people who do not fit in, and also keeping out any acknowledgement of current affairs that might make the customers of this place uncomfortable. It provides a comfortable cocoon shielding those inside from all that might be disturbing both in the wider world and closer to home:

> Peaches and cream and cornflowers: sitting inside the Salazar it's plain that nothing else has strength, or value. The Salazar can accommodate anybody, but not everyone. Some people fit in more easily and comfortably in other atmospheres. That's only common sense and nature's way. Periods of temporary turmoil can feel perplexing, but inside the Salazar they don't exist and habitués can be calm in any crisis. There is a place for everyone and everyone is happier in their true place. Though the world burns, this remains. (32-33)

The word "inside" is used twice in this paragraph, and indeed the distinction between inside and out (and therefore the perceived necessity to keep certain people out) is fundamental to the nature and purpose of this place. The basis for keeping people out is the archetypal conservative idea that everybody is happier in their "true place", and that processes of exclusion are not arbitrary but a good thing based on common sense. Here we may remember that common sense has been mentioned before by the narrator, who identified it as something quintessentially British (28). Now he goes one step further, associating common sense (and therefore Britishness) with nature's way.

It turns out that the Salazar is all about living in denial, about disregarding the unpalatable realities and challenges of the outside world. This is embraced as an entirely British and therefore self-evidently right and legitimate form of splendid isolation of the mind, aided and abetted by the splendid physical isolation provided by the luxurious and deeply reassuring interior of the Salazar. A number of

paragraphs explore the topic of putting up fabricated façades, of trying to mould reality to what one wants it to be rather than what it is. We are introduced to some regulars, and what they have in common is that their lives are based on heavily adjusted versions of reality or even outright lies. There are, for instance, two ladies whose faces have been turned into masks by means of cosmetic surgery:

> You might take them for sisters, although they are not related. Look with intelligence and you will notice the semi-identical startled eyes, the whittled-thin noses, the arresting conformation of their lips. They don't share a mother, they share a surgeon. Their faces were both expensive on the date of purchase and if they are currently passé no one at the Salazar will say so. (33)

It is not just faces but also reality as a whole that gets a facelift here. This is what the Salazar is all about, and part of its attraction is that such façades, fictions and fabrications will be tacitly ignored, even though they may have been recognised for what they are. One can be sure that there will be no inconvenient moment of embarrassment, that façades will be upheld, and, likewise, lies will go unchallenged. After the two ladies, the narrator introduces a character calling himself Little Rhody, who drinks Manhattans and pretends to be from Rhode Island. "Helena Brill, who loves dogs, or Ruaridh Cecil, or maybe old Knox, could tell you that Little Rhody is from Esher. This doesn't matter. Little Rhody is the right kind of liar, so his lies will always be benevolent" (34). Benevolent lies are fine, and should the liar get a bit out of line, this can be corrected by a spot of violence, which is as acceptable as the lying: "Little Rhody used to mess his wife around and tell her lies, but then her brother did something bad to him, is the story. They say that he can't have sex any more – only Manhattans. It's a wonderful story, the sort to make you feel your life is pure" (24).

The Salazar is home not only to this liar, but also to a shady investor:

> There are lots of stories. The Salazar hums and jingles with them. If you're lucky Hugo Mont will catch you – he does business in a booth most weekdays. He has a fund that gives you ten per cent. People beg him to take their money and he turns them down flat, because he doesn't need them. That's his story – that he knows how to get ten per cent. He will also recite tales from Chile: the one about the young, inexperienced student suddenly running a nation's finances, or about the Economic Miracle, or the bold general and his bolder men who defeated the forces of darkness with just strength. He will tell you that the rumours of torture were untrue, although if you're soft on criminals you get chaos. Chaos is a midnight, sharky ocean that will wash away your ten per cent. Hugo is unbearably endearing when he gets that sentimental look. (34-35)

Hugh Mont's business model is based on a fiction, a tale told by himself, presenting himself as someone who can generate substantial profits no matter what. He obviously has a liking for military dictatorships. His business model appears to work best in countries run by an authoritarian government. Once again, torture is mentioned, and it is given a barely veiled approval. The military dictatorship

might not have tortured people, but torture may be necessary in order to uphold and safeguard an economic system that makes the shady businessman's profits feasible. And as before, something sinister suddenly breaks through a veneer of harmlessness and charm. These sentiments are, after all, expressed by a lovely person, or so the narrator says. As the narrator appears to become more enthusiastic and therefore also more explicit, the reader may experience an increasing sense of unease – that is, unless he or she happens to share his sentiments. This irritation may become more intense while reading the following paragraph:

> The Salazar will offer you characters and help you become one. Characters are so much more reliable than friends. And they will tell you the finest stories, all of them true, all of them with a home-grown taste, eternal values familiar to our nation and an uplifting effect. (35)

We have just learned about such stories, which were all about fake faces, lies, mutilation, torture and such like. This is what is here described as "eternal values familiar to our nation" and as "uplifting".

Towards the end of A.L. Kennedy's "Everybody's Pleased to See You", we encounter an unexpected twist in the text. The narrator points out that one needs to be inside the Salazar to hear the right stories and that, outside of it, one may encounter very different ones – stories that would be unpleasant and disturbing, which is why they have to be kept out of the cocoon that is the Salazar.

> If you're not in the Salazar you won't hear the right stories. Someone, anyone, might tell you any story, even about a dirty little garage near the corner of a nowhere street that burned out on a Saturday night two years ago. Its two neighbours – a dirty little newsagent and a bookmakers – went with it. (35)

Just when our attention might be about to flag a bit, being fatigued by an overdose of the narrator's increasingly disturbing and increasingly predictable rhetoric, he comes up with a story differing a great deal from the ones he has been serving up so far. And this is how he goes on, suddenly adopting the register of the estate agent:

> This provided an opportunity to reclaim the whole block, strip out the old apartments and remodel them into exclusive residential opportunities. At street level an old-school ironmonger's opened with a window full of brass, and a tailor's shop for upscale alterations and between them a brand-new restaurant designed to have been there forever. (35)

This is the moment when things begin to fall into place. It turns out that the entire place is the opposite of what it appears to be:

> Hard-hat men with nasty accents and machinery behind plywood fences – that would be too unglamorous an idea and so there's no need to have it. The Salazar's seafaring bar top, the sonorous clock that had hung above the kitchen doors since Mahon relieved the

> siege at Mafeking, the soup spoons, the Founder's portrait, all those postcards – they were delivered in vans over a weekend. (35)

The reality behind the Salazar is that, far from being a survival from the past, it really is a very recent fiction, a fabrication of such a place. It consists of a pastiche of props assembled to achieve the desired effect. The remarkable thing is that the narrator is not at all troubled by any of this. For him, *this* reality is just a set of unpleasant, unglamorous ideas, and he maintains that there is simply no need to have such ideas. If the lie appears to be more useful than the truth, it is perfectly acceptable to prefer the lie, to stick with it no matter what:

> But the Salazar combines so many things we hold so dear that it must always have been here. It's important that once you believe a thing is true you keep on believing. One mustn't be subject to change, only weak people alter, people who want to feel uncomfortable.
>
> We can all have the Salazar and have it forever, any one of us, anyone who is a Salazar kind of person. It takes strength, but strength is rewarded among those who do it justice, those it fits. It takes courage and faith, but inside the Salazar we can feel brave and be faithful to all the good things in life and keep out the strangeness. (Kennedy 35-36)

There is no need to be apologetic about a set of lies if it appears to serve a deeply felt need, the need to "keep out the strangeness". This desire to "keep out the strangeness" was one of the key sentiments that were used to promote Brexit. As we progress through A.L. Kennedy's short story, it becomes more and more obvious that the Salazar as a whole can be read as an allegory of Brexit. It is an embodiment of the notion that Britain can be turned into a cocoon keeping everything unpleasant out. This includes any type of change associated with the modern world because this sort of thing is regarded as change for the worse. It also includes unwelcome people, unwelcome ideas, and unwelcome realities of any sort. The Salazar (just like Brexit) is founded on an elaborate fiction that has a lot to offer to those susceptible to such offers: it promises a chance to return to a glorious past, a time when Britain enjoyed its God-given privilege of ruling the waves and much else besides. It also promises a chance to re-instate what is regarded as a natural hierarchy, restoring white British people to the top of this order of precedence. It appeals to those seeking comfort in very firm distinctions between us and them, between those who have an innate right of being in and those who may and must be kept out.

All of this comes with a veneer of rationality. The way the Salazar operates is said to be based on that wonderful British trait, common sense, which, according to the narrator, is only natural. Thus a trinity of powerfully suggestive ideas – Britishness, common sense, nature – is assembled, insinuating that to reclaim one's Britishness is to reclaim one's common sense, which at the same time amounts to returning to a natural order and a natural way of doing things.

On top of this, there is yet another, equally thin veneer of what might at first glance be taken for Europhile and even cosmopolitan sophistication and open-mindedness. The fact that the Salazar is a *French* restaurant appears to be a nod in this direction. The narrator revels in his connoisseurship of French cuisine, casually referring to Marie-Antoine Carême, a great French chef of the early nineteenth century. More name-dropping suggests that his connoisseurship extends to continental culture as well, as he mentions the twentieth-century French actor and mime artist Jean-Louis Barrault (31). He makes liberal use of French words, knowing perfectly well where to put an *accent aigu*, an *accent circonflexe* or a *cédille*. His culinary erudition also appears to cover North America. He mentions – once again in an almost provocatively casual manner – "Ensslin", i.e. Hugo Richard Ensslin, a German-American bartender who created cocktails in the early twentieth century.

However, this ostensible cosmopolitanism has its limits. For the narrator, the wider world primarily exists to provide luxuries in the shape of food and drink. If something can be turned into a luxury, if it can be commodified and consumed, it will be appreciated. The narrator admires French cuisine but despises the French and others "from many nations". Their purpose in his greater scheme of things is to provide underpaid staff working long hours. Therefore, he expects subordination and deference from foreigners, or, as he prefers to say, "strangers" (32), emphasising an unbridgeable gulf of social distance.

The narrator's voice emerges as a peculiar voice of British chauvinism while he does his best to recruit a new chauvinist, someone he wants to become "a new patron" of the Salazar (28). As he becomes more and more enthusiastic, presenting his world view in an increasingly unguarded way, the reader – unless she or he happens to be of the same persuasion – will come to realise how Kennedy's short story has an implicit bearing on recent and even current events, how it can be read as an allegory of Brexit and the immediate post-Brexit era.

The Salazar is a place embodying a mindset. The narrator praises the liberating effect it has on its patrons, welcoming them as "the Salazar kind of person" and at the same time turning them into that kind of person. It becomes increasingly obvious how this place brings out the worst in its patrons: thoughtlessness, brutality, authoritarian phantasies of elevation, entitlement and omnipotence, admiration for dictators, imperial nostalgia, male chauvinism, xenophobia, and violent racism laced with a dash of antisemitism.

Perhaps the most sinister thing about the Salazar is the reason why it has been brought into being. It does not exist to comfort those who have a desire to retire into a make-believe world of British and imperial nostalgia, a dream of national destiny. Its true purpose is both to stimulate and at the same time to commodify this desire. It is all about making money, about bringing in paying customers,

selling them an experience that is not available in the real world and pretending that this experience *is* the real world, the world as it should be. The values it purports to serve are merely a means to an end. In this respect, the parallels to Brexit are once more conspicuous, as the Prime Minister who prided himself on getting Brexit done notoriously followed his own primary agenda of self-advancement.

Another manifest connection between Kennedy's tale about the Salazar with recent developments in politics can be found in the narrator's attitude to falsehood and truth. Far from concealing how this restaurant actually came into being, he brazenly recounts the story, situating it in a multiplicity of stories out of which one may pick at will the one that is most useful. He feels free to openly promote what we have come to know as "alternative facts", a memorably ignominious phrase coined by one of President Trump's aides right after his inauguration in 2017 ("Kellyanne Conway" n.p.). This disregard for the truth is eerily reminiscent of the post-factual politics embraced by populist conservative leaders both in Britain and the United States within recent memory. In connection with Brexit, one may think of the notorious red buses bearing slogans and messages taking considerable liberties with the truth: "We send the EU **£350 million** a week [/] let's fund our NHS instead [.] Vote Leave. [/] Let's take back control [.]" (Asthana n.p.). One may perhaps also think about other liberties taken with the truth by the Prime Minister who got Brexit done, including those that have come to light after the publication of this short story.

A.L. Kennedy's criticism of Brexit and the kind of post-factual thinking espoused by the sort of populist conservatism that helped to bring it about is both subtle and hard-hitting. "Everybody's Pleased to See You" is a text helping to break what has been described as the "utter cultural silence with which Brexit has been met in the Scottish literary scene" (Introna 1). It is a measure of Kennedy's consummate skill how she manages to comment on Brexit without ever mentioning the word.

This is how, in the last paragraph of her story, the narrator created by Kennedy sums up what the Salazar has to offer: "So come to the Salazar. You have to come, you have to be here. Unless you come, you won't understand. You won't see it's perfect for you, it's what you deserve" (Kennedy 36). These sentences are almost the same as those found at the beginning of the story, but now they have lost their enigmatic character. The patrons of the Salazar are taken for a ride, and as they are willing to be deceived, the deception offered by the Salazar is precisely what they deserve. The same goes for Brexit.

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Die Krise der Männlichkeit, oder: Die ewige Wiederkunft des Gleichen

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Ebenso alt wie das Reden über Männlichkeit dürfte das Phänomen der medial ausgerufenen *Krise* der Männlichkeit sein, einer zutiefst nostalgischen Litanei, die von diversen Mitspielern produziert und regelmäßig wiederbelebt wird.[1] Sie trägt verschiedene Gesichter in den Medien und reicht vom Entfesselungsaufruf, wie ihn Männerzeitschriften kultivieren, wenn sie ihre Verweichlichungshysterie mit Bildern bärtiger Großstädter am Holzkohlegrill oder am Steuer eines Geländewagens zu besänftigen suchen, bis hin zur rechten Polemik eines Akif Pirinççi, der in seinem Skandalbuch *Deutschland von Sinnen* (2014) den „zur Memme transformierten deutschen Mann" betrauert, der sich unter der vermeintlichen Knute von Feminismus, Political-Correctness-Zeitgeist und dem Diktat „abnormale[r] Sexualität" selbst abhandengekommen sein soll (Pirinççi 13, 15).

Dieser Choral hob in jüngerer Vergangenheit unter anderem anlässlich der Bestattung des letzten ‚echten Kerls' an, als der von Daniel Craig gespielte James Bond in *No Time to Die* (2021) nicht nur das Zeitliche segnete, sondern sich darüber hinaus noch symbolisch von seinem alten Leben lossagte, den Pfad der Monogamie und der fürsorglichen Vaterschaft wählte, ein paar Tränen vergoss und seinen Frieden damit schloss, als Doppelnullagent von einer schwarzen Frau beerbt zu werden. Schwer zu sagen, was davon in den Augen der zahllosen enttäuschten Fans am schwersten wog, die *No Time to Die* auf der Amazon-Seite mit Ein-Sterne-Bewertungen überzogen und in ihren Kurzkritiken deutlich machten, dass das nicht mehr ‚ihr' Bond sei. Kostprobe im O-Ton: „Ich bin zwar erst 50 (gefühlte 25), aber warum wollen die jungen [sic] immer alles besser machen und verschlimmern es dann?" (kermit). Ein anderer Nutzer hingegen äußert sich anlässlich des Films erleichtert darüber, „in einer Welt aufgewachsen zu sein, in der Männern noch nicht aus Angst vor einem weiblichen Shit-Storm jegliches Gefühl für die eigene Stärke abtrainiert wurde", und beklagt, „dass unsere jungen männlichen Nachkommen kein Vorbild mehr haben, dass [sic] ihnen hilft, in dieser Welt klarzukommen" (In Auskultatio).

Derlei Einlassungen stehen durchaus symptomatisch (wenn auch besonders zugespitzt) für die andauernden publizistischen Erfolge von Titeln wie *Was vom Manne übrig blieb* (2008), *So wird der Mann ein Mann!* (2010), *Das entehrte Geschlecht* (2012), *Der ungezähmte Mann* (2018), *Männlichkeit stärken: Der Weg zum selbstbewussten Mannsein* (2019) oder *Das Einmaleins der toxischen Männlichkeit*

[1] Der Text ist eine aktualisierte und erweiterte Version von Horlacher und Schwanebeck 2019.

(2020). Diese Manifeste tauchen regelmäßig auf den Bestsellerlisten auf und beschwören mit Vorliebe den ‚Krisenmann'. Dessen Stunde schlägt vor allem dann, wenn Debatten über Gewalt im großstädtischen Raum oder über männliche ‚Bildungsversager' geführt werden oder wenn es gilt, das maßlos idealisierte, in einer nicht näher lokalisierbaren Vergangenheit vermutete Ideal einer vermeintlich ‚authentischeren' Männlichkeit gegen allerlei Schreckgespenster zu verteidigen. Letztere reichen von dem als omnipräsent wahrgenommenen Primat der Genderfluidität bis hin zu den nebulösen Feindbildern, die unter Hashtags wie #Gendergaga regelmäßig auf Twitter bzw. X trenden.

Beim medialen Konstrukt des ‚Krisenmanns' handelt es sich, zumindest auf den ersten Blick, um einen tragischen Helden der Moderne, der sich beruflich permanent auf dem absteigenden Ast befindet, seine Triebe bis zur Selbstverleugnung sublimiert, als ewiger Höhlenmensch von den modernen Kommunikations- und Selbstreflexionsgeboten überfordert ist und um seine vermeintlich verlorengegangene stabile Identität trauert. Auch ein weiterer Hashtag, der regelmäßig Konjunktur hat, soll hier kurz erwähnt werden, nämlich #EchteMänner. Er wird in der Regel von Kontrastbildern flankiert, die das Vorher/Nachher-Klischeeformat der Werbung persiflieren, zum Beispiel mit dem Wandel von den rebellischen Protagonisten aus *Easy Rider* (1969) hin zu urbanen E-Bike-Fahrern, die zu allem Überfluss auch noch mit Helm unterwegs sind.

Aus einer stärker akademisch geprägten Perspektive treten beim Stichwort Krise eher die zahlreichen kulturellen Erschütterungen von Männlichkeit im Zuge der postmodernen Philosophie mit ihrer radikalen Infragestellung des Subjekts in den Vordergrund; verwiesen sei nur auf Denker wie Michel Foucault, Jacques Derrida und Roland Barthes. Mit ihren Formeln vom ‚Verschwinden' bzw. von der ‚Dekonstruktion' des Subjekts lösten sie weit über die Philosophie hinaus Irritationen und Verstörung aus. Das ist nicht zuletzt deshalb bemerkenswert, weil sich mit ihren Attacken auf das Subjekt als epistemologische Grund- und Orientierungskategorie vor allem auch eine Kritik phallogozentrischer Herrschaft verbindet, was zahlreiche Vertreter*innen des Feminismus ermunterte, sich der männlichen Kritik an den Grundkategorien kulturell verankerter männlicher Dominanz anzuschließen.

Mittlerweile wird der Krisenbefund allerdings derart häufig aufgewärmt, dass man nur noch bedingt, wenn überhaupt, an ihn glauben mag. Nicht nur der Germanist und Männlichkeitsforscher Walter Erhart bekräftigt daher, dass die sogenannte ‚Krise der Männlichkeit' mit dem Männlichkeitsdiskurs an sich untrennbar verwachsen ist, weshalb sie paradoxerweise auch nicht im eigentlichen Sinne eine Bedrohung darstellt, sondern „sogar die implizite Voraussetzung jeder ‚normalen' oder erfolgreich verlaufenden männlichen Geschichte [ist]" (Erhart 222). Wirklich zentral sind in diesem Zusammenhang die Begriffe ‚Geschichte' und

‚Erzählung': Wenn nämlich Erzählung, Geschlechtsidentität und Männlichkeit so eng miteinander verknüpft sind, wie es der *linguistic turn*, aber auch zahlreiche (de)konstruktivistische Theorien und nicht zuletzt der gerade zitierte Walter Erhart suggerieren, kann Männlichkeit am treffendsten als historisch kontingente, variable erzählerische Struktur begriffen werden, die nach Kohärenz strebt und von Fluidität und Instabilität geprägt ist, von einer prekären narrativen Plotstruktur und einem stetigen Ausbalancieren von Wandlungsfähigkeit und Veränderung (vgl. Horlacher, „In Reality" 83).

Der ebenso essentialistische wie positivistische Glaube maskulinistischer Bewegungen an eine ‚einzig-wahre' und beständige, in der Biologie verankerte Männlichkeit wäre dementsprechend nichts weiter als das Sehnen nach einer ordnungsstiftenden Fiktion, die dazu dient, über die der Männlichkeit innewohnende Pluralität, aber auch Unsicherheit, Beweglichkeit und Fragilität hinwegzutäuschen. Beim Nachdenken über kriselnde Männlichkeit(en) sollte man sich daher bewusst machen, dass es keine kohärente und stabile ‚Männlichkeit' gibt, die durch eine Krise erschüttert werden könnte – eben weil Männlichkeit etwas Plurales und Dynamisches ist –, und dass der hysterische Krisendiskurs zumeist nur als Anlass für eine im Kern äußerst reaktionäre Heilungserzählung dient.

Zwar kann sich die Vorstellung einer Krise im Feld der kulturellen Produktion durchaus positiv auswirken, wenn sie Innovation nährt und Überholtes auf den Prüfstand stellt (vgl. Haschemi Yekani 10) – sie ist demnach an eine konkrete Heilungs- und Besserungsperspektive geknüpft, gemäß der ursprünglichen Fassung des Krisenbegriffs im antiken *Corpus Hippocraticum*, also im klinischen Zusammenhang –, doch geht von der Art der Krise, wie sie im medialen Geschlechterdiskurs andauernd wiederkehrt, kaum dauerhafte Besserung oder gar Innovation aus. Hier scheint es sich eher um eine reaktionäre Kreisbewegung zum Zwecke der Resouveränisierung sowie des Festklammerns an schwindenden Privilegien zu handeln. Das Gerede von der Krise der Männlichkeit ist damit ein „*Ideologem*", dessen Funktion es ist, „die dauernde Re-Produktion männlicher Hegemonialität in allen möglichen Diskurszusammenhängen und Alltagspraktiken" zu verdecken (Tholen 47). Dies zeigt sich nicht zuletzt am Widerspruch zwischen der medialen Obsession, Symptome für die vielbeschworene Krise der Männlichkeit zu identifizieren und das vermeintlich geschwächte ‚Alphatier' auf diese Weise im Gespräch zu halten, sowie der mangelnden Bereitschaft zu einer gründlich kontextualisierenden Diskussion, die doch gerade vonnöten wäre, um eines so vielschichtigen und widersprüchlichen Phänomens wie Männlichkeit habhaft zu werden.

Wenn in den Feuilletons oder in der einschlägigen Ratgeberliteratur also von „Männerdämmerung" oder vom „Abschied vom starken Geschlecht" die Rede ist, dann sollte nicht nur gefragt werden, ob dieses vermeintlich verlorene Paradies

wirklich jemals existiert hat, sondern auch, wer von diesen Untergangsphantasien profitiert und warum die archaische Vorstellung unverbrüchlicher männlicher Dominanz und Souveränität überhaupt einen erstrebenswerten Zustand darstellen sollte. In diesem Zusammenhang sei daran erinnert, dass die zu Beginn der 2000er-Jahre noch als ironische Fußnote zum Männerdiskurs erzählten Chuck-Norris-Witze („Chuck Norris kann ein Feuer entfachen, indem er Eiswürfel aneinander reibt"; „Chuck Norris trinkt seinen Kaffee schwarz – ohne Wasser"), die nach wie vor gelegentlich im Netz geteilt werden, in den 2010ern einfach der bizarren Ikonographie Wladimir Putins in seinen Auftritten als archaischer Naturbursche übergestülpt wurden („Putin ist so taff, dass ihm nicht mal sein eigener Schatten den Rücken zuwendet") bzw. kuriose Crossovers inspirierten („Seit Chuck Norris für ihn gestimmt hat, kommt Putin in den Wahlen auf 140 % der Stimmen"). Das Lachen über Putins retrograde und ironiefreie Selbstinszenierung in den staatlichen Medien dürfte uns allen spätestens seit dem völkerrechtswidrigen Angriff Russlands auf die Ukraine im Februar 2022 im Halse steckenbleiben; die Auseinandersetzung über Russlands außenpolitisches Gebaren hat nicht ohne Grund auch kritische Kommentare über Putins ‚toxische Männlichkeit' inspiriert (vgl. Hassan).

Schon deshalb darf sich kein seriöser Problemaufriss damit zufriedengeben, Teil der Litanei zu werden und kritiklos an die herbeigeredete Krise zu glauben. Denn die reichlich heterogenen, komplexen und zuweilen miteinander unvereinbaren Männlichkeitskonzepte, die sich im 20. und 21. Jahrhundert in Europa und darüber hinaus beobachten lassen, sind nur die an der Oberfläche erkennbaren Erscheinungsformen erzählerischer Tiefenstrukturen, die in diversen Kulturen die Vorstellungen von Männlichkeit prägen. So reicht etwa das Vaterschaftsnarrativ vom ‚Rabenvater' über den ‚Erzeuger', den ‚Brotverdiener', ‚Versicherungsnehmer' und ‚Versorger' bis hin zum ‚Über-Vater' und produziert im Verbund mit anderen Narrativen – genannt seien nur das Risiko-Narrativ, das geschlechterspezifisches riskantes Verhalten diktiert, oder eben das Krisen-Narrativ – eine beinahe allgegenwärtige, auf der Textoberfläche unterschiedlich entfaltete Erzählung, die jedoch tiefenstrukturell unzählige der dominanten Männlichkeitskonzepte verbindet und letztlich auch vereinheitlicht.

Bedenkt man zudem, dass Männlichkeit beinahe *immer* in einer Krise zu stecken und *immer* anfällig für körperliche Ausrutscher und Fehlschläge jeder Art zu sein scheint, dann ist es möglicherweise genau diese Kapazität für ein Scheitern, für Krisenhaftigkeit, welche die körperliche, performative Reiteration von Männlichkeit überhaupt erst antreibt, im Sinne der Gender-Theoretikerin Judith Butler, für die Geschlecht immer wieder aufs Neue produziert und dargeboten werden muss. Männlichkeit wäre demnach also eine *Performance*, die grundsätzlich

durch ihre Fähigkeit oder Eigenschaft fehlzuschlagen definiert ist, durch Schwachstellen, die immer wieder ‚behoben' werden müssen (vgl. Butler 49-50).

Auf basale Art und Weise geschieht dies bereits in den einfachsten Geschichten, die in den meisten Kulturen schon von den Kindern ‚eingeübt' werden. Besonders Märchen pflegen da sehr zügig auf den Punkt zu kommen: „Es war einmal ein armer Mann", heißt es dann etwa im ersten Satz. Ohne diesen anschaulich gemachten Mangel, der im Märchen häufig ein *Geld*mangel ist, bei dem es sich aber auch (man denke an den Vater von Hänsel und Gretel, den armen Holzhacker) um das für die männliche Subjektkonstitution nicht minder problematische Fehlen der Erwerbsarbeit handeln kann, gäbe es keine Geschichte. Einmal mehr erweist sich Krisenhaftigkeit als Bedingung und Ausgangspunkt für eine Geschlechter-Erzählung, die anhebt, diese Krise zu meistern. Die Gattung des Märchens ist deshalb auch ein Refugium äußerst fragiler Mannsbilder, die keinesfalls nur dem simplen Stereotyp des klassischen, zupackenden Abenteurers entsprechen, sondern ihm sogar zuwiderlaufen. Diese Krisenmänner gehen so weit – bleiben wir beim namenlosen Vater aus *Hänsel und Gretel* –, ihre Aufsichts- und Fürsorgepflicht zu vernachlässigen und die eigenen Kinder im Wald auszusetzen. Zur Verzweiflungstat wird der ‚arme Mann', der Anfang des Märchens verrät es uns, von der Armut getrieben, denn der Holzhacker „hatte wenig zu beißen und zu brechen, und einmal, als große Teuerung ins Land kam, konnte er auch das täglich Brot nicht mehr schaffen" (Grimm und Grimm 77).

Die ‚böse Stiefmutter' mag sich im kollektiven Gedächtnis als Hauptschuldige eingebrannt haben, passt sie doch gar zu gut an die Seite der Hexe, mit der es Hänsel und Gretel später zu tun bekommen werden. Aber der Holzhacker setzt ihr nichts entgegen und lässt sich völlig von ihr um den Finger wickeln. Die Gebrüder Grimm kennen noch einige solcher Fälle: den Holzhacker im *Marienkind*, der die Tochter weggibt; den armen Müller im *Mädchen ohne Hände*, der sein Kind an den Teufel verspielt; oder den kaum in Erscheinung tretenden leiblichen Vater von *Brüderchen und Schwesterchen*, der tatenlos zusieht, wie die Kinder unter der Fuchtel der Stiefmutter verwahrlosen. Über mehr Handlungsmacht verfügen die Protagonisten in Abenteuergeschichten, wie sie Joseph Campbell in seinem berühmten ‚Monomythos' beschrieben hat (vgl. Campbell). Hier werden die männlichen Helden auf eine gefahrvolle Reise geschickt, damit sie im Zuge zahlreicher Bewährungsproben und im Kampf ihre Männlichkeit mittels Initiationsriten beweisen bzw. verteidigen.

Die ‚mangelhaften' Männer des Märchens und der Abenteuergeschichte haben viel mit dem in den Medien immer wieder prominent in Erscheinung tretenden Krisenmann zu tun. Letzterer wird von Schuldenbergen erdrückt und muss sich derartig in Abhängigkeit vom (weiblich gezeichneten) Wohlfahrtsstaat begeben,

dass an seinem Beispiel die Finanzkrise bequem als Männlichkeitskrise erfahrbar wird; eine Krise, die zudem ihren Ausgang im männerdominierten Bankenwesen genommen hat. Christoph Kucklick (2008) spricht von einer regelrechten „Kausalitätspornografie", die den Mann niemals aus der Krisendiagnose entlässt und darüber hinaus geflissentlich ignoriert, dass beispielsweise in den USA und in der BRD die Hauptfelder der sog. *he-cession* auch diejenigen waren, die als erste (und wesentlich umfassender als weiblich dominierte Branchen) wieder von der Konjunktur profitieren konnten. Opel wird gerettet, Schlecker dagegen nicht, also keine *he-cession* ohne *he-covery*, so Michael Kimmel in diesem Zusammenhang (692). Verstummt ist das Gerede von der Männlichkeitskrise übrigens auch während der Corona-Pandemie nicht, obwohl hier an allen Ecken und Enden (Stichwort: Retraditionalisierung) ersichtlich wurde, dass die Mehrbelastung Frauen wesentlich härter traf als Männer.

Die beiden Krisenmänner des Märchens und der öffentlichen Debatte unterscheiden sich allenfalls im Grad der Individualisierung. Verleiht das Märchen dem verzweifelten Ernährer eine konkrete Gestalt (mag sie auch namenlos und zeitlos-typenhaft daherkommen), existiert der mediale Krisenmann häufig bloß als quantifizierbarer Typ, als gesichtslose Legende zum Statistikbalken. Insgesamt scheint das Krisenkonzept damit auf viele Typen von Männlichkeit anwendbar zu sein, doch stellt sich nicht zuletzt aufgrund seiner Dominanz die Frage, ob es nicht sowohl auf der Objektebene (also als Bestandteil von Männlichkeit) als auch der Beobachtungsebene (als Bestandteil der beteiligten wissenschaftlichen Disziplinen) angesiedelt ist und welche Konsequenzen sich hieraus ergeben.

Möglicherweise stellt gerade die *Komplexität* von Männlichkeit – und dies gilt für jede Geschlechtsidentität, also nicht nur für die männliche – das eigentliche Problem dar, das mit Hilfe des Krisennarrativs gebändigt werden soll. Kehren wir deshalb abschließend zurück zum bereits diskutierten Verständnis von Männlichkeit als historisch kontingente, variable erzählerische Struktur, d. h. zu einem Verständnis, das dem maskulinistischen Schrei nach Stabilität diametral entgegengesetzt zu sein scheint. Ironischerweise ist aber gerade dieses Verlangen nach einer Sicherheit suggerierenden, ‚natürlichen' Männlichkeit ein unbewusster Beleg für deren schillernde Pluralität, Beweglichkeit und Fragilität. Man könnte sogar noch einen Schritt weitergehen und argumentieren, dass das Verlangen nach einer ‚natürlichen' Männlichkeit in letzter Konsequenz über einen tiefen ‚Mangel an Sein' hinwegtäuschen soll, der sich nicht zuletzt in den oben diskutierten Märchen regelmäßig als oberflächenstruktureller ‚Mangel an Haben' manifestiert.

In letzter Konsequenz könnte Männlichkeit in Anlehnung an Homi Bhabha sogar als ein unendliches, letztlich undefinierbares Phänomen verstanden werden, das weniger aus sozialen Konstrukten per se als aus einer endlosen Reihe von

Fragen besteht (vgl. Bhabha 68; Reeser 34); aus Fragen, die um einen ‚Seinsmangel' kreisen, der so profund ist, dass – in Übereinstimmung mit Bhabhas Frage „Are you a man or a mouse?" (Bhabha 58) – in einem gewissermaßen permanenten Akt der Verleugnung immer neue Versionen stabiler und starker Männlichkeit entsprechend der oben angesprochenen Heilungserzählungen entworfen und herbeigesehnt werden. Diese vermeintlich starken Männlichkeiten dienen als imaginäre Identifikationsflächen, um die der Männlichkeit zugrundeliegende Fragilität und ‚Fraglichkeit' in einem an Jacques Lacans Spiegelstadium erinnernden ‚jubilierenden' Schritt der Selbstverkennung zu überwinden (Horlacher, „Überlegungen" 224). Der Preis für diese Identifikation besteht in der Entfremdung und Verdinglichung des Subjekts. In diesem Sinn entpuppt sich das Gerede von der ‚Krise der Männlichkeit' als genau die reaktionäre Erzählung, die männliche Selbstverkennung genauso garantiert wie traditionelle Machtstrukturen. Ein Freund des Mannes (oder zumindest der meisten Männer) ist die Krisenerzählung sicher nicht, sehr wohl aber des Patriarchats.

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Part VI:
“All the ingredients are equally important”:
Of Refugees and Immigrants

Refugee Tales: An Essay in (Re-)Classification of Literature by and about People on the Move

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Against their conventional heterostereotype, the British have time and again opened a door (yet maybe not also their arms) wide to "bloody foreigners" in need (see Winder). A distinctive instance of Britons reaching out to persecuted Europeans from the Continent is the *Kindertransport*, which brought about 10,000 Jewish children from Hitler's Third Reich to Britain in 1938-39. Over time, *We Came as Children* (1966), a non-fictional collection of refugee tales edited by Karen Gershon, became accompanied by Gershon's thematically related poems and novels as well as *Kindertransport: The Play* by Diane Samuels (1993). Among literary scholars of English, Christoph Houswitschka stood out for his long-standing commitment to increase public awareness of the *Kindertransport* and its reflection in English-language refugee literature, a commitment which he followed up in numerous academic essays for a variety of audiences.[1] In this, he did not pursue merely a special and therefore necessarily limited interest. By contrast, he embedded the object of his research in wider contexts over and above those of Holocaust literature, as delimited by titles of his further publications, such as *Staging Displacement, Exile, and Diaspora* (co-edited 2005) and "Crossing Borders in English Literature" (2015). Both the special interest in refugee literature and the (re-)consideration of its position in a much wider framework is shared in the present essay.

A personal recollection: Christoph Houswitschka had already left the University of Regensburg for its counterpart at Dresden when I arrived at Regensburg in April 1995. By the nearly exactly full year that he was older than myself, he preceded me in completing his doctoral and post-doctoral studies (in 1991 and 2001, respectively), and in being appointed to a professorship at the University of Bamberg (in 2002) before I followed suit at LMU Munich (in 2006). For the next decades, we continued to meet each other at British Council seminars and on the academic circuit. Christoph proved to be an enrichment to any academic meeting he attended and continued to be relied upon for good advice. To the study of literature in English, he brought both professionalism and a personal touch. He is missed as much for his professional curiosity and commitment as for his habitual friendliness, basic humanity, and sense of humour.

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[1] As one of Christoph Houswitschka's publications in recent years, "Vicarious Witnesses and Translation in Kindertransport Poetry" (in *Translated Memories: Transgenerational Perspectives on the Holocaust,* edited by Bettina Hofmann and Ursula Reuter, Rowman & Littlefield, 2020, pp. 183-98), built upon earlier essays that had appeared in 2004, 2009, 2011 and 2013.

In 2016 – the year of the 'Brexit referendum' – two innovative and still topical collections of migrant and refugee tales of travel and of traumata were brought out in Britain. Already in their titles, they reflect the by now well-rehearsed distinction between economic migrants and refugees seeking asylum. When those parables of *The Good Immigrant* (edited by Nikesh Shukla, 2016) plus all four volumes of *Refugee Tales* (edited by David Herd and Anna Pincus, 2016-2021) are being read together, they will be seen to add new facets to the already colourful variety of tales of travel.

In order to recalibrate the position of migrant literature, the present essay ventures to take an aerial view on those two groundbreaking collections in wider literary and generic contexts, namely of mobility and migration as well as of tales on and from 'people on the move'.[2] It will not exactly be a "Journey Without Maps" (to quote Graham Greene's account of travels in Liberia). Instead, it will amount to a journey that sets out from, and all the while will continue to fill in details in, a road map of its own (see table 1, pp. 426-27).

A first and yet unsystematic overview on the range of such documentary or fictional accounts of migration may not stop at motivations to leave one's personal habitation such as either economic advancement or relief from prosecution. In addition to such reasons for escape, or interest in upward mobility, one comes across other and widely different motivations for 'leaving home', be it for an interval or forever.

In acceptance of such diversity of travel accounts and motivations for going on a journey, a more systematic arrangement of both documentary and fictional literature on or by real or imaginary 'people on the move' seems called for. The types of such diversity might be usefully arranged on a scale and along a continuum directed to increasing *pleasure* and relaxation as one of its ends and increasing *pressure* as its other end (see table 1, pp. 428-29). The number of categories is open to be modified or extended, as the array of types of personal mobility, though detailed and illustrated by literary examples, cannot claim to be exhaustive.

(1) At one extreme of the continuum, therefore, we find an individual who decides to seek contact with landscape and nature for its own good as well as means to find relaxation, yet also and by contrast, to establish or increase, through physical exertion, personal awareness of one's own self. The type of individual **wanderer** that immediately springs to mind has been established – long before Wordsworth's lyrical persona who "wandered lonely as a cloud" – by the two Old English

[2] The term 'people on the move' is met for example in statistical publications, and it is exactly its ambiguity that renders it useful as an umbrella term – for example to comprise emigrants and immigrants, exchange students, commuters, cross-border workers, travellers and tourists (Eurostat 2020) as well as discreet denominations for migrant groups (Meyer 5-6).

elegies from the *Exeter Book* entitled "The Wanderer" and "The Seafarer". Although altogether less mobile than other specimens falling into this category (as for example the **hunter by vocation**), the sit-and-wait **angler** is also covered by the definition. (As most prominent example, see Walton.) The **runner** principally moves into the same direction as the wanderer, if only faster. Thus, Alan Sillitoe's short story "The Loneliness of the Long-Distance Runner" is a literary example that clearly belongs into this category, too; and – without stretching the definition too far – so do tales centring on the **swimmer** and the **scuba diver**. (Up-to-date lists of relevant fictional and non-fictional literature are available on the internet.) Moreover, when the pleasure principle is kept in view as motivation to go on the move, even though the stress falls less on the strictly pedestrian sort of nature experience, then "The Seafarer" might be taken as a hint to include the sailor, the cyclist, the rider on horseback, and possibly also the motorist and the pilot within this category; otherwise see categories (4) and (5) below.

(2) In the ***flâneur***, stroller or loafer – as a relaxed individual pedestrian who, by contrast, seeks pleasurable contact with citizens, cityscape and urban renewal rather than with rural landscape and the sounds of nature – one can discern a second category and not merely another variation on the first type of pedestrian wanderer. In response to Edgar Allan Poe's "man of the crowd", Charles Baudelaire's "gentleman stroller of city streets" and Marcel Proust's *passante* as its female counterpart,[3] the German critic Walter Benjamin developed a (fragmentary) concept of such casual passers-by found rambling along the boulevards and passageways in revamped nineteenth-century metropolitan cities. Such literary representations and conceptualisations of *flâneurs*, however, were not altogether new to English readers, who might have made out similar, if earlier, examples. In that most famous of early eighteenth-century weekly magazines, namely *The Spectator*, London was mapped twice, in different though complementary ways, by essayists Joseph Addison and Richard Steele. Addison's "The Cries of London" had charted the urban microcosm by listening to the milkman's, vendors', or watchman's calls from morning to night. In "Twenty-Four Hours in London", Steele followed suit by taking his readers on a day's journey by boat and coach passing from Richmond to the City and to Covent Garden.

(3) In yet another category of its own, we find the pilgrimage as a time-hallowed form of internal rather than external migration (with the *Camino de Santiago de Compostela* as one exception of border-crossing that proves the rule). For centuries and the world over, **pilgrims** have embarked on their (pedestrian) journey either alone or in a group, motivated by religious – though still not altogether pressing – grounds for travel. However, ritual cleansing and the absolution from sins may

[3] Apart from the *passante* as a singular gender-specific exception, the types and kinds listed in the typology under discussion are principally used in a gender-neutral fashion.

be incentives to visit a shrine and to have established closer contact with the Sublime or a Supreme Being along the road. Well-known and in themselves unique examples from British literature, then and now, include – besides *The Canterbury Tales* (the medieval comic masterpiece written by Geoffrey Chaucer and first printed by William Caxton) – also *The Pilgrim's Progress* (an allegory published by John Bunyan, a Puritan preacher). They were succeeded first by *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (a 'travelogue' in verse from the quill of Romantic poet Lord Byron) and more recently by Rachel Joyce's prize-winning and best-selling debut novel entitled *The Unlikely Pilgrimage of Harold Fry*.

(4) External migration is moreover the cue for the **true traveller** (again single or within a group) who tells of his or her personal, social, and cultural travel experience abroad, usually gained in a foreign context. Between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries, a new kind of pilgrimage took place, however towards different shrines. For a long time (and with Lady Mary Wortley Montagu as a singular exception) predominantly men of the upper classes embarked upon the Grand Tour and on other travels to the Mediterranean. If indeed some pressure was exerted on young, well-off British males of that time to follow convention and the itinerary of the Grand Tour to raise their social esteem, there were other and more pleasurable incentives, too, namely the promise not just of a cultural but eventually moreover also of a sexual initiation abroad. For its cultural and educational motivation alone (whatever may be additional incentives), that kind of *Bildungsreise* finds its modern equivalent in **student and scholarly exchange**.

From the 1790s, the Wars with Revolutionary and Napoleonic France and the Continental Blockade effectively hindered Britons in travelling to Continental Europe (except Lord Byron who broke new ground with his entertaining as well as opinionated "travelogues"). When such *Reiselust* set in among Britons with new vehemence after Waterloo, leisurely travelling turned away from the former ideal of the *Bildungsreise*, focussed instead on new tourist hotspots within Britain or abroad, and now involved more women, too. A point at which the true traveller here met with the **tourist** (on record since 1780) may have been when (in 1855) the travel operator Thomas Cook & Son offered its first organised package tour up the river Rhine. The equivalent, in print, of the guided tour is the tourist guide (see Murray and Cook).

By contrast, what is sometimes called the Home Tour (see Korte) had set in after the establishment of the United Kingdom of Great Britain (in 1707) with Daniel Defoe's *A Tour through the Whole Island of Great Britain*, which is not the account of one single journey but a synthesis of several of Defoe's travels, always seen with a merchant's eye. In *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, by comparison, the Scottish novelist Tobias Smollett contributed his share of nation-building when he cast his account of an eccentric family's Home Tour by stagecoach from South-

West England up to Scotland in the form of a comical novel in letters. By the turn to the nineteenth century, the 'tourist' mapping of the United Kingdom in the age of the stagecoach was completed and waited to be revised and updated for twentieth-century **motorists** (who might eventually find their place in this category, too) in the *Shell Guides* published in the half-century between 1934 and 1984. It was John Betjeman – then already a published poet but not yet the epitome of a popular Poet Laureate and conservationist – who initiated this series and moreover contributed the first instalment on Cornwall. Two years after the establishment of the *Shell Guides,* Victor Hugo Green followed suit with another and very particular sort of what could be labelled mo-tourist guides. With his self-published and continuously updated issues of *The Green Book* (1936-66), the New York City mailman addressed himself to fellow Black US-American motorists, told them how to travel safely, and recommended where to stop in times of segregation. Each in their very own fashion, both the *Shell Guides* and the *Green Book* have not only become remarkable literary and socio-cultural documents themselves but also had an intermedial impact on film. The Shell oil company sponsored *Discovering Britain with John Betjeman*, a promotional series of 26 nostalgic, black-and-white short films produced for British cinemas in which Betjeman appeared himself on screen in 1955 while reading his travelogue as a voice-over. *Green Book*, by comparison, inspired the eponymous US movie directed by Peter Farrelly and released in 2018.

Now, before we resume our inspection of further categories and respective types on the continuum, let us come back to the fourth category under discussion. Covered by its definition of travelling for pleasure, the Welsh and Georgian poet W.H. Davies rightfully referred to himself as *The True Traveller*, albeit of a special kind. Another pedestrian on the move, Davies however distinguished himself from the types mentioned so far by roaming the countryside and hitting city streets alike, yet neither as a religious traveller nor as a secular tourist, and moreover not as a gentleman stroller. By contrast, Davies' form of travel and perspective on society was very different, as he lived much of his life as a **tramp** in Britain, Canada, and the USA. It is just because of this peculiar way of going on the move, which does not seem to fit properly into either of the first three categories mentioned above, that *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp* – Davies's travel memoir from which the British pop group Supertramp derived its name – is perhaps best assigned to this fourth category, into which not only George Orwell's social reportage on living *Down and Out in Paris and London* seems to fit as well, but also the broad range of picaresque travel narratives.

(5) The point on the continuum at which pressure rather than pleasure becomes the dominant reason to go on the move seems to have been reached when earning a salary to make a living begins to stick out as the primary incentive to travel. The

appearance of **shepherds and shepherdesses** on the Arcadian scenery of pastoral literature might already be said to mark that point on the continuum from which on (internal) travelling happens less by choice than by profession. Without doubt, that turning point has been passed in William Wordsworth's anti-pastoral poem "Michael", with its description of an old shepherd and rural labourer who must make up for misfortune and make ends meet for his family. By extension, **drovers** moving cattle also belong in this category. When Walter Scott told a tale about "The Two Drovers", he focussed once more (as in his *Waverley Novels*) on a contrastive characterisation of (male) Highlanders, Lowlanders, and *Sassenach*, and moreover combined it with a study of masculinity. **Travelling showmen** and **circus artists** (as represented in Angela Carter's fantastic novel *Nights at the Circus*) should be assigned to this category, too. There, they rub shoulders not just with travelling journeymen, but also with the **commercial traveller** or sales representative, such as Willy Loman in Arthur Miller's stage hit *Death of a Salesman*.

Travelling by profession rather than by vocation is also typical of persons with an official brief or specific order, such as the **messenger**, the **summoner**, or the **soldier** – the **mercenary** in particular. Examples of messengers' and mercenaries' tales abound in the (dramatic) literature since Antiquity and need not be summoned. "The Summoner's Tale" from Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* however seems worth mentioning, if only for its intermedial impact upon *Ten Summoner's Tales*, that is, pop songs released six centuries later by Gordon Sumner (!), better known as 'Sting'.

Sailor and soldier, the ship's pilot and the plane's pilot are much alike, and for their mobility due to profession are best subsumed together in category (5). Without doubt, economic pressure is in evidence: the simple fact that the sailors' pay allowed them to earn a living must have had entailed a strong appeal for most common sailors to sign on – much stronger an appeal certainly than to follow a professional ethos that went together with a social sense and a service mentality ('my pleasure'). The latter ethos – as a motivation that likewise falls into category (5) – may be more in evidence with, say, **a ship's or airplane's captain, pilot**, **steward and stewardess**, or with other professional travellers employed in general transport of goods as well as of people, such as **lorry/bus/coach/taxi/tube/tram or train drivers**. What common sailors and soldiers as well as their captains may have lacked in public service motivation when they crossed the seas and oceans, they made up with military values and explorers' ethos. Captains and crews went on the move and embarked on journeys that were not free from pressure, yet also came with the promise of material gain and public fame. Those early modern voyages of discovery, scientific explorations, and eventually circumnavigations of the globe that extended the limits of what had hitherto been known of the world, clearly were *not* voyages of pleasure: first, because those forays into the unknown

were replete with dangers, and second, because they were undertaken under royal – and eventually the Royal Society's – commission. It seems fit to revert once again to category (5) to account of all those persons involved in such a commissioned journey – and especially so when a 'letter of marque' had been included in such commission, authorising the captain of a ship to roam the seas as a **privateer**, to his own benefit. One nation's privateer truly was another one's pirate, yet might eventually and unexpectedly turn **explorer**, too, as in the case of Sir Francis Drake, whose *Famous Voyage* around the world (1577-80) was told by Richard Hakluyt. By comparison, Charles Darwin reported himself on his commissioned voyage to the discovery of Evolution. In yet another century, such endeavours in travelling space – now undertaken by **flight pilots**, **astronauts** and **cosmonauts** – would be extended first into air and then to outer space. Time-travelling, by contrast, remains at present an experience provided by fiction and film only (see Wells, Niffenegger and Gabaldon).

For all the reasons and motivations that have been stated, it does seem fit to summon all those who made the move to become involved in such a commissioned journey (sailors, soldiers, and explorers alike) and allocate them to a **single category**. This could best be category (5), which would moreover accommodate people in the service trade – steward and stewardess, for instance, as mobile modern equivalent to manservant and maid – as well as public servants who have become 'travellers by profession'. Communal taxi drivers, local bus or tram drivers, ferry boat captains and even conductors fall in this category, especially when they regularly serve the same route as well as clientèle and moreover trade stories that might travel on. Under the mobile public servant's umbrella, one might also meet **(time-)travelling priests**, **nurses, and midwives**. Travelling priests who feel a responsibility towards their rural congregations to offer them an individual churchman's service on top of a routine church service, frequently roam the countryside in Irish short fiction, as for example in William Carleton's "The Death of a Devotee" and in Daniel Corkery's "The Priest". The epitome of a (time-)travelling nurse from popular fiction is Claire Beauchamp, the protagonist and autodiegetic narrator of Diana Gabaldon's *Outlander* series of historical romances and its adaptation for the television screen (2014-20[24]): Beauchamp, a trained nurse and later physician, time-travels in the Scottish Highlands between 1945 and 1743-45 to witness military action both at Culloden and on the battlefields of the Second World War.

Yet there are **cases in which one or more categories overlap** and thus seem to preclude their affiliation to a single category only. Let me illustrate such overlapping once more with persons who regularly move to the rivers and lakes, to the seaside and onto the sea. Depending upon the specific circumstances and motivations of their travel, their particular kind might be allocated to a different, and

altogether to more than one category – for example next to category (5) also to category (1) above. This is because the Old English elegy *The Seafarer* had already marked out the sailor, and Izaak Walton in the seventeenth century also the "complete angler", as non-pedestrian variations upon *The Wanderer* in regard to their title characters' reflected experience of nature. Among sailors, such an outlook seems most true for single-handed yachtsmen and -women, particularly when sailing round the world alone (in contrast to the crews sailing with Drake or Cook). And would such an overlapping, and perhaps combination of categories (1) and (5) not also solve practical problems of how to account for

a) ship-wrecked people involuntarily halted in their movement, like the travelling slave-trader by vocation called Robinson Crusoe (in Daniel Defoe's novel), or

b) whale hunters by profession and also with an obsession, out to kill a giant albino whale, like Ishmael and Captain Ahab (in *Moby-Dick*, the epic tale by Herman Melville, himself a sailor), or

c) professional yet aging fishermen like Santiago the Cuban, who has time to reflect on "the Old Man and the Sea" (in Ernest Hemingway's eponymous novella) while first winning and ultimately losing the fight of his life against huge carnivorous predator fish such as a marlin or sharks,

all of them literary characters and people who, while on the move, find the time to contemplate and come to terms with nature, humanity, and metaphysics.

Finally, and depending on the proportion of pressure and pleasure in their motivation to roam the seas, sailors could moreover be subsumed under category (6) on the continuum, which is reserved, for instance, for migrants who have become victims to human trafficking ending up in forced labour. However, before this sixth category is going to be shifted into focus, let us at first come back to the example of sailors as a kind of people on the move whose ambivalence has them turn up in more than one category. Such overlapping and possible combination of categories may turn out a blessing rather than a blemish once the typology here discussed is used for analysis. Ambivalence in the type and kind of person on the move is not limited to the sailor. It is for example found also with the **airplane pilot**, namely when such a one is a traveller both by profession (5) and by vocation (4), and moreover finds the time to taste of nature (1) or alternatively to put humanity and urbanity to the test (2). Brief examples may suffice. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's reminiscences from a pilot's point of view spring to mind easily. They compare with the opening scene of Julian Barnes' novel *Staring at the Sun* which centres on the mind of a fictional pilot of a Hurricane fighter plane during the Battle of Britain.

And now to category (6) as one that is reserved for **migrants**, who however will arrive or leave in different fashion and may be motivated by a variety of reasons.

One could take such diversity as a cue for a finer distinction of categories and subcategories than is marked out on the continuum presented here. For purely practical reasons, therefore, migrants are here subsumed under two major subcategories (and not under further categories of their own), namely as persons

a) who arrive under circumstances which necessitate a move, *for economic reasons but in the absence of physical force*; as distinct from those other migrants

b) who arrive under circumstances in which, *to the contrary, migration – perhaps, but not necessarily including labour migration – is physically enforced*.

Subcategory (a) allows for a subdivision into the following (and possibly more) cases:

- regular short-distance labour migration, or to put it simpler: **commuting** between residence and workplace (for a humorous treatment of which, see A.L. Kennedy's short story "Night Geometry and the Garscadden Trains");
- individual or mass migration for economic reasons (as depicted in *The Emigrants*, George Lamming's novel about the Windrush Generation);
- a singular major move of external and long-distance labour migration (exemplified for example by Deepak Unnikrishnan's experimental short stories about South Asian **contract workers** in the Arab Gulf States, such as "Gulf Return" and "Birds", both from his relevant collection *Temporary People*);
- external and long-distance migration that leads **expatriates** to stay put in a permanent settlement far away from home (in this subcategory, Nikesh Shukla's collection *The Good Immigrant* could find its proper slot on the continuum);
- by contrast, one major move which eventually leads to others, and may include **return migration** as a further option: for a fictional treatment of such a **cycle of migration**, Samuel Selvon's 'Moses Trilogy' of comic novels (setting in with *The Lonely Londoners* in 1956 and ending with *Moses Migrating* in 1983) is one of the usual candidates that spring to mind, beside Selvon's earlier humorous short stories in Caribbean Creole English, such as the picaresque account of "Finding Piccadilly Circus".

By contrast, subcategory (b) could be used to systematically fork out into further subcategories that address cases of

- temporary forced labour (**sex workers** included);
- forced labour for life (**enslavement** on colonial plantations and in Great Houses, etc.);
- eviction and resettlement, as for instance in Johannesburg's Alexandra Township and in Cape Town's District Six under the Apartheid regime in South Africa;
- as well as abduction and imprisonment;

all with or without economic exploitation. This cluster (b) would account for the consummate experience of **child soldiers, captives or hostages, prisoners and slaves**, as told through prison memoirs, captivity tales or (neo-)slave narratives.

For more detail, let us review cases of human trafficking ending up in temporary forced labour. This has happened to children as well as adults, male or female. Over centuries, the practice of *shanghaiing* – that is, the kidnapping of people to serve as sailors – provided the most striking example of the sheer use of force set against an individual's independent motivation to go on the move. In various parts of Africa, for example, that practice of abduction and forcible recruitment of child soldiers has persisted to the present day. There is a gender dimension to human trafficking: by contrast to the mostly male victims of *shanghaiing* into naval or army service, the victims of human trafficking for sexual exploitation are predominantly women who end up in unfree labour as sex workers.

(7) **Refugees** – homeless and displaced persons as well as asylum seekers – would be relegated to a single category of their own. Subdivision would of course be possible for that category, too. Displaced persons may have been forced to take flight from home because of natural disasters (such as famine or drought), poverty and hunger, or military conflicts up to open war. By comparison, asylum seekers may have had to escape from various forms of persecution and unfree internal or external migration (including forced removal, 'ethnic cleansing', or genocide) to come to need shelter and a 'safe haven' abroad. Literary examples drawing attention to refugees seeking asylum on political, religious, or ethnic grounds abound and included in recent years – apart from the publication of *Refugee Tales I-IV* – also Kay Adshead's stage-play *The Bogus Woman* and Salman Rushdie's *Joseph Anton: A Memoir*.

(8) An eighth and final category could be reserved for remaining instances, varied as they may be. Here, one would take note of the pressure to go and stay on the move that is exerted by convention, that is, a traditional way of life of a distinct ethnic and cultural group such as the Romani people (formerly called 'Gypsies'), yet also of 'Irish Travellers' or Tinkers. In addition, one could take this last, heterogenous category to moreover include those haunted characters from literary legend who are given out as bound by a curse to eternally stay on the move, like the Wandering Jew, S.T. Coleridge's Ancient Mariner and Richard Wagner's Flying Dutchman.

This is the end of our aerial view on migrants' and refugees' tales in the wider frame of literature on and from people on the move. The two recent collections edited by Nikesh Shukla as well as by David Herd and Anna Pincus, respectively, were not only taken as a good opportunity to place them in such a wider frame, but also as a cue to reconsider the whole variety of a literature concerned with mobility and migration as motivated by a highly individual yet at the same time

characteristic mix of pressure and of pleasure. This effort can be said to have reached out to Ottmar Ette's programme of research into "a bordercrossing literature on the move". Departing from a kind of travel literature, it then allows for opening up a view on other "patterns of movement, which will shape the literatures of the 21st century . . . [as] for a major part *literatures with no fixed abode*" (Ette 9, original emphasis). Here, however, our understanding of literature by and about people on the move differs. When Ette refers to 'literature on the move', he concentrates less on a literature of travel than indeed on a travelling literature among whose major features are a trans-national and global outreach together with intertextuality and travelogue as modes of writing. This agrees with Schaff (2020). In such an understanding, the major stress falls on the mobility of literature rather than, as here, on a literature about mobility and migration.

A word on the two collections themselves. Together, they are united in their opposition to a policy of hostility rather than hospitality that led to the 2018 Windrush Scandal. Yet there are also distinctive features. Beginning with its ironic title, *The Good Immigrant* confronts the allegedly disrespectful treatment of labour migrants and their descendants by countering it with stories of success, eventually across generations. Editor Nikesh Shukla, the son of Asian migrants to Britain, and the twenty contributors chosen from his circle of friends ostensibly stress their individual experience of living in Britain as a 'person of colour'. Yet their generally autodiegetic narration does not rule out seeing them as representative of their section of society.

> This constant anxiety we feel as people of colour, to justify our space, to show that we have earned our place at the table, continues to hound us. For, while I, and the 20 other writers included in this book, don't want to just write about race, nor do we only write about race, it felt imperative, in the light of . . . the backwards attitude to immigration and refugees, the systemic racism that runs this country to this day, that we create this document, of what it means to be a person of colour now. Because we're done justifying our place at the table.
>
> For people of colour, race is in everything we do. Because the universal experience is white. (Shukla xv)

'People of colour' serves as an umbrella term to share an individual or an ethnic group's varied experience of migration, race, and racism in Britain. In Shukla's collection, this happens in a random order with regard to geography, ethnicity, gender, age, and profession, as well as theme and style. Some of the contributors simply narrate their personal history and experience, others conduct interviews among their peers (Wei Ming Kam). Still others – like Kieran Yates, "the typical Southall girl" (112) – leave London for a route to roots in the Punjab left by their grandparents. And besides those who abstract from their personal mixed-race experience to talk about Blackness (Varaidzo), one finds also the opposite, namely

Reni Eddo-Lodge who would spark controversy (in the year 2017) with *Why I'm No Longer Talking to White People About Race*.

Shukla's collection will appeal on aesthetic grounds, too. My own four favourites? Stylistically, Shukla's own story "Namaste" (1-9) sticks out for his change of language register from his "normal voice" to "Guy-lish" (5). Then, "Airports and Auditions" by performance artist Riz Ahmed is a well-written, entertaining, and ironical piece on identity politics (159-68), and so is "Shade" by Salena Godden (181-97) – another spoken-word artist and the only contributor in the entire collection with a Windrush Generation background. Finally, then, "Flags" by Coco Chan (119-29) comes across as both a well-told and stylishly-written account of the sex life of a woman of colour, including a tryst with the enemy and a surprising twist at the ending.

On the continuum, the categories of refugee and migrant tales themselves were not broken down into further, more clearly specified subcategories, but the random list drawn up of respective keywords helps to address a cycle of migration across generations, including further and return migration. This view is supported by *The Penguin Book of Migration Literature* (2019), which in the meantime was brought out with the subtitle: "Departures, Arrivals, Generations, Returns".[4] Such a cyclical view of migration may also help to identify those instances in *The Good Immigrant* when Kieran Yates returns to her roots (108-18); when Musa Okwonga decides to leave Britain, "The Ungrateful Country" (224-34) of his upbringing, for a more tolerant Berlin amidst the 2015 Refugee Crisis; or when Chimene Suleyman actually moves on to the USA (22-32).[5]

The Good Immigrant does not only mingle stories of successful integration with protest against pervasive racism and xenophobia. Shukla's collection is moreover special in that it was the outcome of a creative kind of crowdsourcing in connection with the website of Unbound, the publisher. Earlier on within the year 2016, Comma Press, a Manchester publishing house committed both to the political refugees' plight and to the promotion of the short story, had offered the initial

[4] Dohra Ahmad's Penguin anthology is built upon this image of a cycle of migration. The words in the subtitle are used to mark out (as here) respective stages of migration to which the selected texts are affiliated. There is no distinction made between, for example, migrant and refugee tales, and there is no topical reason stated for bringing out the collection. The assembled corpus ranges over centuries and continents, from Olaudah Equiano to Deepak Unnikrishnan but consists principally of English-language literature. "Tea in the Harem" (200-02), the passage lifted from Mehdi Charef's French novel and translated into English, remains the singular exception that proves the rule.

[5] After Chimene Suleyman's move to the USA, Nikesh Shukla teamed up with the Turkish-Cypriot/American performance poet as his co-editor, to bring out a companion volume entitled *The Good Immigrant USA: 26 Writers Reflect on America* (Little, Brown 2019).

collection of by now four volumes of altogether 63 *Refugee Tales* originally modelled on *The Canterbury Tales*.[6]

Over 600 years after Chaucer's death, various British charities organised a non-violent form of resistance to the alleged violation of refugees' human rights in Britain: a protest march to Canterbury instead of a pilgrimage. From the outset, Chaucer's medieval classic was not just part of the packaging but moreover suggested the form of narration. During the walk, refugees were interviewed about their experience by another person who would take down what had been told, then pass it on to a wider audience, first of all in a form of oral storytelling and reported experience during the walk, and later in print. As a rule, this "collaborative model of storytelling" (in editor David Herd's words, *RT* III.AW.192)[7] was followed up in most of the tales and through all the four volumes. It is at this point that the varied interests of asylum seekers, of the non-profit organisations who seek to support them, and of an independent publisher committed to furthering short fiction on the book market coalesce.

The two co-editors teamed up lesser-known writers of fiction with more household names such as Patience Agbabi, Monica Ali, Bernardine Evaristo, Jackie Kay, Kamila Shamsie, Gillian Slovo, Ali Smith, Marina Warner, and – last but not least – Abdulrazak Gurnah. An Emeritus Professor at Kent University and also a novelist, Gurnah won the Noble Prize Laureate in Literature when the fourth volume of *Refugee Tales* was published. Inua Ellams is the only person contributing to both collections, with a workshop focusing on an "Unaccompanied Minor" (*RT* I.04.17-24) as well as with a report of his African journey (Shukla 130-43).

The intertextual engagement with Chaucer's "The Man of Law's Prologue and Tale" in "The Migrant's Tale as told to Dragan Todorovic" is given pride of place as the very first refugee tale in the original collection (*RP* I.02.01-12), following right upon David Herd's "Prologue". In "The Migrant's Tale", Todorovic pairs and compares the Syrian-related refugee experience of Chaucer's Lady Custance (or Constance) with that of a real-life Syrian refugee called Aziz, in which both of them have to flee from Syria, cross the Mediterranean Sea by boat, to end up in England – in Aziz' case in a detention centre. Moreover, in terms of form and style, Todorovic is the first in a series of contributors to use Parallel (Dual) Narration: in "The Migrant's Tale", focus and voice are constantly shifting from an interview in the present between an unnamed homodiegetic narrator (read: Todorovic?) and Aziz, the Syrian refugee, with the author's prose adaptations of consecutive extracts from the medieval "The Man of Law's Tale".

[6] In Nowak (2023) I refer to the same corpus but with a stronger stress on the intertextual link with Chaucer.

[7] In the following, references to *Refugee Tales I-IV* will be quoted as such: volume number, number of prologue/tale/afterword, page number.

In many of those refugee tales, the 'collaborative model of storytelling' is transformed into a combination of a split narrative with Parallel (Dual) Narration. Moreover, second-person narration is encountered much more frequently than in average collections of short stories today, where it is still exceptional. In these instances, the matching of a tale first told and then transformed for the printed page appears adequate and convincing, as for example in "The Appellant's Tale as told to David Herd" (*RT* I.10.69-84), which reads like an explicitly Kafkaesque story of 'Hostile Environment'. There are ethically questionable borderline cases, though, in which the transformation of the refugee's tale looks like a welcome opportunity for writers to bolster their own Modernist credentials, for example by producing an imitation of the Penelope Episode at the end of Joyce's *Ulysses*.[8]

By contrast with 'good immigrants' tales, the refugee tale is distinctive with regard to

- its storyline: from persecution and eventually torture in the past over flight to the routine stages of the asylum process, from application to eventually refusal, judicial review and appeal;
- its constellation of characters (refugee – supporter – opponent);
- its typical events and situations;
- the media of transport during the flight (rafts, damaged boats and refrigerated lorries) which may take on an iconic value, and;
- finally, the lessons to be learned, namely about xenophobic tendencies in society and their impact, about the resilience of refugees, and about support (through the organisation of walks and collections alone, but moreover also through the statements of contributing writers within the tales).

Let us once more come back to *The Good Immigrant*. Shukla's collection reports successful integration from the immigrants' side across the generations, if also a lack of toleration from members of the host society. Yet again, by the time of the coronation of King Charles III in 2023, two other 'good immigrants', persons of colour, and 'firsts' had risen to the top job in government both in Britain and in Scotland. Prime Minister Rishi Sunak, the first Hindu in office, descended from East African Asian immigrants, while First Minister Humza Yousaf is also the first Muslim in office, coming from a family of Pakistani immigrants. This raises questions as to what extent the situation is still the same as in 2016 or whether it has improved since. And if so, for whom among migrants and refugees? What about the Windrush Scandal, for instance, which has not concluded with a happy ending yet?

[8] Further examples of second-person narration can be found in vols. II (02.03-09; 09.72-83), III (09.85-97) and IV (05.29-36; 07.47-54; 12.93-102). For an ethically questionable example of Modernist style, see the "Chaplain's Tale" (I.03.13-16); for more thoughtful uses of Modernist features, see vols. II (09.82-83) and III (08.71-83).

And while the 2012 'Hostile Environment' policy, the 2015 European Migrant Crisis and the 2016 'Brexit' Referendum are at the heart of the *Refugee Tales* collections, this does not affect the contributors to Nikesh Shukla's collection at all. Judging from that comparison, Shukla's circle of 'good immigrants' seems to have arrived indeed. And quite so has the new Conservative Prime Minister of colour who, in his first months in office, stressed the continuity with the policies of his immediate predecessors, and used every opportunity to advertise an *Illegal Immigration Bill* in order to 'stop small boats crossing the Channel'. Sadly, one remembers that such an image was once used to illustrate a Dunkirk spirit, read: to make a move and reach out, in bad times for everybody, to those with the greatest need.

Pleasure

cat.	type	motivation	kind	literary example
1	**wanderer**	contact with landscape and nature; relaxation; physical awareness of one's own self	(individual) rural pedestrian wanderer, walker, runner hunter, angler, swimmer, scuba diver (sailor, cyclist, rider, motorist, pilot)	Old English elegy "The Wanderer" (*Exeter Book*)
2	***flâneur***/ stroller or loafer	contact with cityscape and citizens; curiosity; relaxation	(single) urban pedestrian wanderer "man of the crowd" (Poe), "gentleman stroller of city streets" (Baudelaire)/(female) *passante* (Proust)	
3	**pilgrim**	religious motivation: visit to a shrine, absolution	(pedestrian) pilgrimage (undertaken alone or in a group)	Chaucer, *The Canterbury Tales* (1387-1400)
4	**traveller for pleasure**	individual vs. mass travel experience *Bildungsreise*: educational purpose; cultural (and maybe sexual) initiation; social esteem	**true traveller** vs. **tourist** vs. **travel liar** **exchange student/scholar** (pedestrian) **tramp** sailor; cyclist; **motorist** external journey: Grand Tour internal journey: Home Tour	
5	**traveller by profession**	making a living: salary	**shepherd/-ess, drover** **travelling showmen, circus artists** travelling journeymen; *picaro* **commercial traveller, salesperson**	
		official brief/order	**messenger** **summoner** **(mercenary) soldier**	Chaucer, "The Summoner's Tale"
		voyage of discovery scientific exploration circumnavigation time-travelling	**sailor**, incl. **captain** of a ship, **privateer**, (ship's) **pilot** **explorer; astronaut/ cosmonaut** **time-traveller**	
		salary vs. social sense orpublic service	**travel(ling) mid-wife/nurse/priest** **steward/-ess; conductor** **taxi/bus/coach/train driver**	

Pressure	**6**	**migrant**	economic aspect: free-willed or forced labour; regular commuting and seasonal migration (agriculture, mining)	**commuter; contract worker** **emigrant, immigrant; ex-pat(riate)** individual or mass movement permanent settlement or further (return) migration	*The Good Immigrant*, ed. Shukla (2016) Unnikrishnan, *Temporary People* (2017)
			forced labour, temporary	human trafficking: 'pressed' sailor/(child) soldier/**sex worker**	
			forced labour for life	domestic/plantation **slave**	
			imprisonment	**prisoner, captive, hostage**	
	7	**refugee**	flight from poverty/ famine/ drought/ hunger military conflict, war	**homeless/displaced person**	Chaucer, "The Man of Law's Tale" *Kindertransport* on stage, in fiction and non-fiction *Refugee Tales I* (2016) – *IV* (2021), eds. Herd and Pincus
		political religious ethnic	escape from various forms of persecution, incl. ethnic cleansing/genocide in need of shelter 'safe haven'	**asylum seeker**	
	8	further types	traditional way of life of distinct ethnic and cultural group	*'Irish Traveller'/Tinker* **Roma(ni)** ['Gypsy']	
			haunted person from literary legend, bound by a curse	"The Wandering Jew'' (character from 13th-century legend) "The Flying Dutchman" (ghost ship, 17th-century legend)	

Table 1: Typology of 'people on the move' and their literature

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Identity and Social Reality in Aleksandar Hemon's *The Book of My Lives*

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Writing for the memorial volume for Christoph Houswitschka is not easy; however, I try to take a step back from my emotion and think about my first encounter with him. I met him for the first time in the seminar room of building U9 (An der Universität 9) at the University of Bamberg. It was the summer semester of 2014, and I attended his seminar on Eastern European writers in English. Attending this seminar changed both my academic as well as personal life. In that seminar, Christoph introduced us to Bosnian-American writer Aleksandar Hemon, one of my favourite contemporary authors since then. I wrote a term paper on Aleksandar Hemon for the seminar and subsequently decided to write my Master's thesis with Christoph on Aleksandar Hemon's writing. Our last conversation on Hemon was in January 2022, a few weeks before his sudden death. He came to a guest lecture that I organised within the framework of my own Aleksandar Hemon seminar. After the guest lecture, we discussed Hemon's most recent memoir, *My Parents: An Introduction/This Does Not Belong to You* (2019). So, when thinking of contributing to Christoph's memorial volume, I thought what else would be better than writing an essay on Aleksandar Hemon's first non-fiction, *The Book of My Lives* (2013), which Christoph and I admired and talked about a lot.

The Book of My Lives is Aleksandar Hemon's fifth book, but unlike his previous books, this book is not fiction; instead, it is a collection of essays forming a life narrative of the different lives that Hemon has lived so far: a child in socialist Sarajevo, a refugee in America, a loving husband, a father, and a writer.

At the very outset of the book, Hemon acknowledges the struggle of writing non-fiction by saying, "I write fiction because I cannot not do it, but I have to be pressed into writing non-fiction" (Hemon ix). This sense of forcefully writing non-fiction can be traced in *The Book of My Lives* in the framework of evasiveness that hangs around the essays. Furthermore, this collection of essays does not conform to the conventional way of memoir writing, which reflects the fact that Hemon was pressed into writing it. The essays in the book do not follow a chronology; instead, their temporal and spatial irregularities become the backbone of the collection, which gives Hemon the freedom to move between various settings and timelines. The decision to give a chapter-by-chapter guide of adaptation history of the collected essays at the end of the book with the title "Table of Discontent" uncovers a feeling of pain and dislocation. This is not surprising because of

Hemon's life story as a Bosnian living in the United States and watching the violence of war and destruction of his beloved country from many a mile away.

As social reality plays a huge part in this collection of autobiographical essays, my analysis of *The Book of My Lives* focuses on Hemon's depictions of the different selves, namely his various identities, from a young Yugoslav boy to becoming a refugee to a popularly acclaimed writer in the United States. This essay argues that social reality in Hemon's writing is different from the kind of social reality philosophers or sociologists commonly discuss; social reality appears more as a representation than an interaction between persons and groups.

In general, from a sociological point of view, we represent ourselves to others depending on the situation and our life experiences. The representation of ourselves (I would rather call these social representations 'identity' in many forms) is strongly influenced by our upbringing and instilled beliefs about the world, society, and surroundings. According to Zygmunt Bauman,

> [one] thinks of identity whenever one is not sure of where one belongs; that is, one is not sure how to place oneself among the evident variety of behavioral styles and patterns, and how to make sure that people around would accept this placement as right and proper, so that both sides would know how to go on in each other's presence. (19)

The behavioural styles and patterns Bauman talks about influence our understanding of reality and indirectly influence our identity. Our identity is also influenced by our perceptions of others and others' perceptions of us. In short, our perceptions of reality and our identity are formed by our beliefs and backgrounds. Hemon's way of writing about different life experiences upholds this representational mode of social reality and its function in forming identity.

According to Woodward, for the last few decades, the concept of identity came to matter "both in terms of social and political concerns within the contemporary world and within academic discourses, where identity has been seen as conceptually important in offering explanations of social and cultural changes" (1). Furthermore, Stuart Hall and Paul du Gay point out, "identities are never unified . . . [but] increasingly fragmented and fractured; never singular but multiply constructed across different, often intersecting and antagonistic, discourses, practices and positions" (4). In reply, Appiah argues that "in constructing an identity, one draws, among other things, on the kinds of person available in one's society" (21). In other words, social reality is relevant to identity, and it determines how a person is going to behave depending on the group that person represents. But of course, there is not just one specific way of behaving that is universally valid for a black person or a white person or a man or a woman or a gay or a straight person or people from other social categories; rather, there are plenty of different ways that people can conduct themselves. However, these notions set by society and social reality provide some models for shaping our life plans. Moreover, according

to Alasdair MacIntyre, it is because we all live out narratives in our lives and "because we understand our own lives in terms of the narratives that we live out that the form of narrative is appropriate for understanding the actions of others" (qtd. in Appiah 22). Therefore, a narrative unity is important to form a compelling collection of individual stories that sustain as a collective identity in a society. But this does not mean that each individual story has to be identical; rather, it needs to be relatable to the collective memory of the society. Ethnicity and nationality play a vital role in bringing individual stories close to a larger narrative; for Kwame Anthony Appiah, "ethnic and national identities fit a personal narrative into a larger narrative" because "an individual's life depends deeply on something socially created and transmitted" (23). An individual identity, therefore, consists of narratives created and transmitted from society, which refers to the plural nature of identity.

The Book of My Lives reverberates the plural nature of identity through Aleksandar Hemon's personal account of his life within a larger narrative of ethnic and national identities. Hemon starts the collection with "The Lives of Others", a seven-section chapter exploring identity in numerous forms. He begins the sub-chapter "Who Is That?" by detailing a life-changing event that the birth of his sister brought into his life. The birth of his sister disturbed the general way of four-year-old Hemon's life: "Thus, my sooty alleged sister's arrival marked the beginning of a tormentful, lonely period in my early development" (Hemon 4). This is the first time Hemon understands the existence of an Other; young Hemon has realised within a few days that this sooty alleged sister of his is going to stay forever in his life and his house and that he is not going to have his parents only to himself. In realisation of this truth, Hemon writes, "In our house, in my life, in my mother's life, every day, all the time, forever, she was there—the soot-skinned not-me, the other" (5). To get out of this pain, Hemon tries to 'exterminate' her by stifling her, but he cannot do it:

> she was my little sister, because I loved her. But the body is always ahead of the thought and I kept up the pressure for another moment, until she started vomiting curdled breast milk. I was terrified with the possibility of losing her: her name was Kristina; I was her big brother; I wanted her to live so I could love her more. (6)

Before anything devastating happens, Aleksandar Hemon's mother comes to the scene and rescues the baby from her brother, but this incident leaves a lasting influence on his sense of identity. Hemon states,

> The recollection of that sororicide attempt is the earliest memory in which I can observe myself from outside: what I see is me and my sister. Never again would I be alone in the world, never again would I have it exclusively for myself. Never again would my selfhood be a sovereign territory devoid of the presence of others. (7)

Hemon keeps exploring different aspects of his identity in the remainder of the chapter: the significance of the *raja*[1], a teenage group culture where neighbourhoods are divided and controlled by youngsters; his parents' and sister's experience of being a refugee in Canada; the vital significance of ethnic identity in Bosnia, where it overshadows every single other aspect of identity.

In the next sub-chapter, Hemon talks about the significance of otherness and loyalty towards the nation as a whole. Each small *raja* has their demarcated territory that protects them from intruders: "The Park was therefore our rightful domain, our sovereign territory, on which no stranger, let alone a member of another *raja*, could trespass—any suspected foreigner was subject to preemptive frisking or punitive attack" (8). This small territorial concept of *raja* among the youngsters of Sarajevo in the 1970s suppresses the ideology of ethnic identity and even questions national identity, where national or ethnic identity remain abstract ideas, and *raja* becomes the most powerful collective identity for them:

> My primary loyalty was to my *raja* and any other collective affiliation was entirely abstract and absurd. Yes, we were all Yugoslavs and Pioneers and we all loved socialism, our country, and its greatest son, our marshal Tito, but never would I have gone to war and taken blows for those. Our other identities—say, the ethnicity of any of us—were wholly irrelevant. (9)

What Hemon articulates here can be seen from the perspective of social representation theory. By affirming his allegiance to his *raja*, Hemon is establishing his relationships with the world and others, which, in retrospect, establishes a system of interpretation to understand the idea of loyalty to a collective identity. According to Jodelet, social representation as a cognitive phenomenon helps people to connect with "social affiliation to affective and normative implications, interiorisation of the experiences, practices, behavioural and thought patterns socially instilled or transmitted through the social communication they are bounded to" (30). Besides, social representation allows a constructing of reality that leads to stamping and fortifying groups. In Hemon's case, his *raja* becomes the social reality that he is a part of, and this reality, in turn, forms a part of his collective group identity. Each *raja* has their own head in the group, and other group members obey his instruction, but the *raja* that Hemon belongs to has no particular leader. Everyone has the authority to contribute to the group's decision. Their *raja* breaks after a birthday party joke by Hemon goes wrong. Hemon goes to the

[1] The Bosnian word *raja* comes from the Ottoman word *reaya* or *râya*, which originally means all the non-Muslim subjects of the empire. However, like many other words, the meanings of the word have changed, and its current meaning refers to anybody who is considered to be a member of the urban community, or to friends and acquaintances, irrespective of their religious affiliation. In the context of Hemon's use in the book, *raja* is used to denote the young and urban teenage groups who hang out in the street corners and parks and who forms kind of an in group alliance to control and protect neighbourhoods.

birthday party of one of their fellow companions, Almir, with all his *raja*. At the birthday party, everyone dresses well, and Almir wears a fluffy sweater that he has got from Turkey. In response, Hemon tries to make a joke by saying, "So you are a Turk!" (10), without knowing that the word 'Turk' is a slang word for the Bosnian Muslim population. Because of this failed joke, the atmosphere of the entire party changes, and everybody goes home before the party is even over. Then, Hemon realises, "What I said othered Almir, it made him feel excluded from the group I was presumably unimpeachably part of, whatever group it was" (11).

In the section on his parents' immigration to Canada in 1993, Hemon explores the stereotypical immigrants' attitude towards finding differences between "we being Bosnians or ex-Yugoslavs, they being purely Canadian" (14). However, Hemon argues that this spontaneous process of demarcation between *us* and *them* stems from the immigrants' abstract awareness of their belonging, and his parents are not an exception either. The immigrants feel dislocated and inferior to the local people who they are living with now, who are already at their homes. Therefore, this constant comparison between *us* and *them* creates a rhetorical balance between the immigrants and the locals. It thus creates a sense of belonging to a place, because "as long as we know who we are and what we are not, we are as good as they are" (16).

In this time of globalisation, concepts such as home and belonging have been much discussed. However, feminist studies debated these concepts well before they became a hot topic in migration and postcolonial studies. Biddy Martin and Chandra Talpade Mohanty in "Feminist Politics: What's Home Got to Do with It?" critique the concept of home. In their essay, Martin and Mohanty argue about two distinct aspects of home, which they label as "modalities":

> being home and not being home. "Being home" refers to the place where one lives within the familiar, safe, protected boundaries; "not being home" is a matter of realising that home was an illusion of coherence and safety based on the exclusion of specific histories of oppression and resistance, the repression of differences even within oneself. Because the locations acquire meaning and function as sites of personal and historical struggles, they work against the notion of an unproblematic geographic location of home. (196)

Martin and Mohanty's essay problematises the traditional and patriarchal notion of home by pointing to the fact that the role of community is paramount in understanding concepts like belonging and identity. Rosemarie Buikema, in her article "A Poetics of Home: On Narrative Voice and the Deconstruction of Home in Migrant Literature", uses Martin and Mohanty's essay to argue that a feminist reading of home could be applied to other similarly marginalised discourses such as migration literature: "Home . . . is tied up with dominant discourses at the cost of marginalised discourses. The concepts of home and identity are thus strongly

related to discursive space, to the possibility and the ability to share experiences through storytelling" (178).

It can, therefore, be argued that the concept of home is revisited in postcolonial narratives of migration, which ultimately severs any connection that it had with the geographical sense of a homeland. In the context of literature written by migrants or anyone with a migration background, according to Susheila Nasta, storytelling acts as "a desire to reinvent and rewrite home as much as a desire to come to terms with an exile from it" (7). Therefore, migrant stories are the texts that redefine the migrant's sense of self and home.

As the title shows, Hemon has lived numerous lives, and the essays frequently grapple with a transitory feeling of home and displacement. In his mid-twenties, there is no place he feels more established at than in Sarajevo, a residential area of a city where he has an individual base that, from hairdressers to local butchers, recognises him, and vice versa. But the sudden refugee status in the United States has, of course, created a sense of being displaced and directs Hemon towards a 'self-othering' process. Hemon writes, "Displacement results in a tenuous relationship with the past, with the self that used to exist and operate in a different place, where the qualities that constituted us were in no need of negotiation" (17). An immigrant tries to find a balance between the past they belong to and the present, which is completely new and changing from time to time, to cope with the new life. Therefore, an immigrant or displaced person "strives for narrative stability—here is my story!—by way of systematic nostalgia" (17). Hemon finishes this chapter by anticipating a plausible answer to the age-old question of defining oneself:

> So I say I am complicated. I'd also like to add that I am nothing if not an entanglement of unanswerable questions, a cluster of others.
>
> I'd like to say it might be too early to tell. (24)

Most of the chapters in *The Book of My Lives* do not adhere to a single theme; however, they keep revealing different aspects of Hemon's identity. In "Family Dining", *borscht* in Chicago takes Hemon back in time and space to the family dinners in Sarajevo. Fiction becomes reality in "The Kauders Case", when Hemon's fictional character, Alphonse Kauders, turns out to be a criticism of Tito. In this essay, Hemon talks about himself and his friends getting into trouble because of their discussion of abolishing "the Tito cult and the related state rituals" at a friend's birthday party (48). The State Security office "interrogated [him] for thirteen hours straight, in the course of which [he] discovered that all the other people who attended the party had visited or were going to visit the warm State Security offices" (49). In another essay, Hemon talks about the mountain lodge where he spent most of his summer vacations and talks about the 1991 Croatian War:

> My monastic mountain living was now about rudimentary thought protection, for once war got inside my mind, I feared, it would burn and pillage it. I read *The Magic Mountain* and Kafka's letters; I wrote stuff full of madness, death, and whimsical wordplay; I listened to Miles Davis, who died that fall, while staring at the embers in our fireplace. On my hikes I conducted imaginary conversations with imaginary partners, not unlike the ones between Castorp and Settembrini in Mann's novel. I chopped a lot of wood to ease my rising anxiety. Occasionally, I climbed a steep mountain face without any gear or protection. It was a kind of suicidal self-soothing challenge: if I made it all the way to the top without falling, I thought, I could survive the war. One of the daily rituals was watching the nightly news broadcast at 7:30, and the news was never good, always worse. (70)

Watching the siege of Sarajevo on television news in Chicago brings back Hemon's memory of the Croatian war. "The Lives of a Flaneur" describes Hemon's experience volunteering at the International Human Rights Law Institute of DePaul University. Hemon volunteered in a project to identify the destroyed and damaged structures in Sarajevo caused by the Bosnian war. This story explores how emotionally difficult and challenging this work was for him. Many of the buildings in the photographs Hemon must analyse are without any roof, entirely damaged by fire, hole-ridden, and with blown away windows. Every now and then, Hemon finds pictures with people in them; however, he always feels like sorting out corpses in those photos. He cannot resist recalling his memories of those buildings or places; those places are so well-known to him that he considers those photographs unreal. There is, for instance, a photograph of an intersection between Danijela Ozme and Kralja Tomislava; right on the other side of this intersection, he used to wait for his secondary school girlfriend, Renata. The building next to it used to have a grocery shop where he would buy some sweets while waiting for his girlfriend. That building he knew everything about was a substantial part of his life. But the building or the abandoned street are no longer a part of his present life in Chicago until he sees a picture of them. "In the photograph, the building was hollow, disemboweled by a shell, which had evidently fallen through the roof and dropped down a few floors. The supermarket now existed only in the flooded storage space of my memory" (150). This instance of Hemon talking about a photograph of a building from Sarajevo echoes Benedict Anderson's assumption that identity "cannot be 'remembered'" but needs to be "narrated" (204). By narrating his attachment to the photographs and his memories of the places represented in these pictures, Hemon accentuates his Bosnian-American identity.

Aleksandar Hemon has given Sarajevo a life that has nothing to do with what media images represent. In popular media, the siege of Sarajevo by the Serbian army is commonly represented as another news of a war and atrocities that happened in the Balkans. However, Hemon's description of the city depicts more than just atrocities by the Serbian army. Instead, his portrayal of a sieged city is

populated with individuals who are not just victims of the occupiers' army but individuals with plans and ideas for life.

Hemon's attention to detail, along with his passion for the absurd, can be traced in the chapter "If God Existed, He'd Be A Solid Mid-Fielder". In this chapter, Hemon shares his experience of playing football with other migrants in Chicago. The chapter is full of insightful descriptions of the fellow migrants with whom he is playing football regularly on the weekends.

> Meanwhile, on the bike path, Lalas (nicknamed after the American soccer player) stands beside his wife, who is in a wheelchair. She has a horrific case of fast-advancing MS and cannot move fast enough to get out of the rain. They stand together, waiting for the calamity to end: Lalas in his Uptown United T-shirt, his wife under a piece of cardboard slowly and irreversibly dissolving in the rain. The Tibetan goalie and his Tibetan friends, whom I'd never seen before and never would after that day, are playing a game on the field, which is now completely covered with water, as if running in slow motion on the surface of a placid river. The ground is giving off vapor, the mist touching their ankles, and at moments it seems that they're levitating above the flood. Lalas and his wife are perfectly calm watching them, as if nothing could ever harm them. (She has passed away since that day, somebody rest her soul.) They see one of the Tibetans scoring a goal, the rain-heavy ball sliding between the hands of the goalie, who lands in a puddle. He is untroubled, smiling, and from where I sit, he could well be the Dalai Lama himself. (170)

This attitude of minute observation is evident in other essays in the book, too. For example, while writing about the days just before he leaves Bosnia for the United States, Hemon feels that the Sarajevo city dwellers sense that war is coming; to get away from this uneasy feeling they start to party every night, hang out with friends and family more than before. Hemon even writes an editorial contending that "it was everybody's urgent duty to dance more if we wanted to stop the oncoming catastrophe" (64).

The war breaks out when Hemon is visiting Chicago, where he is sheltered yet feels guilty about being unable to save his city from destruction, watching news footage of snipers and bomb blasts. In the chapter "The Book of My Life", Hemon talks about the disintegrating neighbourhoods of Sarajevo that he knows or the people he knows, dying at the hands of Serbian soldiers, and as unthinkable as it appears, he talks about a literature professor, Professor Nikola Koljevic, whom he once considered a friendly and light-hearted mentor, who is presently one of the "highest-positioned members of the Serbian Democratic Party" (127) monitoring the genocide. Perhaps this is the most disturbing chapter of *The Book of My Lives*. When Radovan Karadzic starts whipping up partisan disdain and setting up the obliteration of Sarajevo, Professor Koljevic supports Karadzic and attends public conferences with him. Hemon does not exaggerate the loathsome irony of the connoisseur turning warmonger. Instead, he showcases the disjunction and

writes: "He had to shoot twice, his long piano-player finger apparently having trembled on the unwieldy trigger" (127).

This is typical of Hemon, a specialist in subversive depreciation. His perfectly assembled description of events is regularly digressive; however, the narrative perpetually returns to the main point of the essay, which is generally not what a reader anticipates. Hemon also believes that life does not follow a single straight line and does not continue in straight narrative lines either. This understanding of life is strongly confirmed in the final chapter of the book, "The Aquarium". This essay details a heart-breaking story of the death of Hemon's infant daughter, Isabel, because of a brain tumour. The heart-wrenching story touches upon parents' pain and suffering in losing a child. Although one expects Hemon to be sentimental, his acute ability to tell stories keeps him and the reader at bay. This chapter has a narrative that moves back and forth between the hospital and Hemon's home, depicting plainly the struggle of himself and his wife, Teri, to live their everyday lives. They have to ensure their older daughter Ella has a normal life, given that her younger sister, Isabel, is in the hospital and her parents are mostly away at the hospital with her. Hemon talks about Ella talking about an imaginary brother, who later appears to be only an inflatable blue space alien balloon. The chapter ends with Hemon talking about Ella's imaginary brother, whom she named Mingus, as a tool for Ella to cope with the tragedy of losing her sister. Hemon concludes the chapter by stating the following:

> Mingus is still good and well, going steadily about his alternative-existence business. Although he stays with us a lot, he lives around the corner yet again, with his parents and a variable number of siblings, most recently two brothers, Jackon and Cliff, and a sister, Piccadilly. He has had his own children—three sons, at one point, one of whom was called Andy. When we went skiing, Mingus preferred snowboarding. When we went to London for Christmas, Mingus went to Nebraska. He plays chess ("chest" in Ella's parlance) pretty well, it seems. Sometimes he yells at Ella ("Shut up, Mingus!" she yells back); other times he loses his own voice, but then speaks in Isabel's. He is also a good magician. With his magic wand, Ella says, he can make Isabel reappear. (239-40)

This quote specifically and the essay in general show the interplay between hope and despair in times of painful events. Elaine Scarry remarks that the banality of painful events is that words fail to articulate the severity of the situations or even represent the pain itself accurately. She argues that "whatever pain achieves, it achieves in part through its unsharability, and it ensures this unsharability through its resistance to language" (4). But in Hemon's case, pain becomes the source of his inspiration, and words become his only tool in articulating his sufferings.

The Book of My Lives is, therefore, a love song to two unique cities; it is a heartfelt eulogy to the obligations of the family; it is of Hemon's mixed feeling about playing football with fellow migrants; and finally, it is a book that represents Hemon's

depiction of his different selves. In the end, by strolling around in the streets of his new city, playing soccer and chess with international oddballs, falling in love, marrying and having kids, Hemon finds in the United States what he got from Sarajevo: a geology of the spirit. *The Book of My Lives*, therefore, amazingly delineates Hemon's constant endeavour to modelling and remodelling himself. In short, *The Book of My Lives* records Aleksandar Hemon's struggle of making and remaking of identity in Sarajevo and Chicago.

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Running into Memories in the Work of Viet Thanh Nguyen

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I set up a research group in 2017 on contemporary literature and war narratives. Christoph was one of our partners and led the first of our seminars with an inspiring lecture on borders and border theory. Unfortunately, Covid-19 and confinement determined that that first seminar would also be the last. The project's major event was a conference held in September 2021 that featured lectures from the novelist Rachel Seiffert, author of such outstanding war fiction as *The Dark Room* (2001) and *A Boy in Winter* (2017), the critic Kate McLoughlin, whose *Authoring War: The Literary Representation of War from the Iliad to Iraq* (2011) remains essential reading for anyone interested in the subject, and that most eminent of historians, Jay Winter. There are few more impactive publications in the enormous world of First World War studies than his *Remembering War: The Great War between Memory and History in the 20th Century* (2006). That conference was the final flourish to several years' work; however, Christoph was unable to attend but in later correspondence set out what his personal contribution would be to our renewed project.

For a new volume of essays we were planning, he wished to work on two novels centred on the near East, specifically on the Arab-Israeli conflict. The first was Elias Khoury's *The Gate of Sun*, first published in 1998, then translated from Arabic into English in 2006. The other text was Yoran Kaniuk's *Adam Resurrected* which appeared in Hebrew in 1969, to be translated into English in 1971. A brief look at the similarities and differences between the two novels not only provides a glimpse of what Christoph's contribution might have touched on, especially if we recall that his seminar focused on borders and border theory, but additionally underwrites some of the major approaches of this paper.

Neither author is English, but their translations have been well received worldwide. Both texts have been adapted into films. Khoury's took the form of a French-Egyptian venture directed by Yousry Nasrallah and was screened *out of competition* at the 2004 Cannes Festival. Adam was resurrected by Jeff Goldblum in the 2008 version directed by Paul Schrader. Both novels deal with cataclysmic events and their aftermath: the clown's madness and trauma are attributable to the Shoah. Khoury deals with the Nabka, the catastrophe of war and displacement of Palestinians brought about by what, for the lack of a better term, is referred to as the Arab-Israeli War (1948-49). If, for the Israelis, war occasioned a new state, for Palestinians, the consequences were dire, epitomised by the setting-up of refugee camps that have turned out to be more or less permanent. The physical and ideological centre of Khoury's text is Shatila and the 1982 massacre. In both cases,

horrific events are narrated unsparingly, whether death, bodily assaults, humiliation, and their aftermath, PTSD. In both instances, the madness depicted is located in places of healing where medical staff play a prominent role. And so on.

However, without going into too much detail of the events narrated in these two novels, I would be wary of the comments that surround these publications which describe them as "realistic". Nothing could be further from the truth when discussing their narrative style. To begin with, both are fragmented, both are mysterious and full of gaps. In short, they seem to combine the classical tenets of high modernism with awareness of how PTSD is played out in those damaged by conflict. The events narrated may focus on real occurrences, but the reality described is psychological or subjective. Subsequently, few if any readers would consider either of these texts an easy read. Their complex narrative style requires considerable concentration which benefits from an understanding of narratology, however basic. Their use of flashbacks, interweaving narratives, and several leading characters certainly create a wider sense of trauma as collective rather than merely individual, the more common approach in many veteran narratives where ex-combatants are exceptional, the odd-one-out, the one unable to socialise. Readers more accustomed to the filmic present tense so current in contemporary fiction must radically change their mindset if they wish to enjoy these two challenging texts.

What has this got to do with the subject of this paper, the contemporary author Viet Thanh Nguyen, best known for his 2016 Pulitzer Prize winning novel*, The Sympathizer*? That question will be most succinctly addressed in the conclusions. I would therefore like to set out a series of questions that Nguyen tackles, the first being nomenclature. *Nabka* indicates disaster and defeat for Palestinians whereas for Israel it is nothing less than the War of Independence, a victory to be celebrated. Considering that this instance of radical disagreement has clearly demarcated borders, Nguyen, I will argue, is aware not only of the tendentious nature of nomenclature and all it implies, but also provides a strong case for articulating why and how these conflicts are narrated, celebrated, or lamented. This paper therefore analyses the nature of remembrance and explains its consolidation. The subjects covered include emigration, language, film, audiences, and violence. Nguyen's approach, and therefore my own appraisal, is not theoretical in the sense of being abstract, rather it is material both in exposition and the location of sources. To begin with, Nguyen opens his essay *Nothing Ever Dies: Vietnam and the Memory War* (2016) with some basic but far-reaching reflections. After establishing his own personal feeling of ambivalence as an immigrant, he proposes that Vietnam marked the end of victory culture, to use Thomas Engelhardt's term. He argues that imperial powers suffer defeat, sometimes ignominious defeat, but

these are seen as temporary setbacks, in his words, "mobilizing preludes to victory" (Engelhardt 4). Vietnam changes all this, so Nguyen proposes, as for many Americans, in everyday language, to talk of "Vietnam" means really to talk about the Vietnam War (*Nothing Ever Dies* 1), so melded have the two items become in the American psyche. For a Vietnamese immigrant this causes mental anguish if not confusion, as the same conflict in Vietnam is known as the American War (4). Even our most basic terms of reference are infused with political and cultural assumptions.

In terms of structure, the simplest of Nguyen's fictions of place and displacement is his short story "Fatherland" (2017). In the light of the remarks above, we expect the story to develop all the many meanings and implications of that powerful term, and so it does. The story is a variation on the Mark Twain *Pudd'nhead Wilson* dilemma. What happens to two children genetically linked but brought up in widely different social circles? In Nguyen's story, the fatherland is literally the fatherland of Mr Ly, in short, Vietnam. The first Mrs Ly went to live in the USA with their three children while Mr Ly married his ex-mistress who thus became the second Mrs Ly and gave birth to three children, so, as the opening sentence reads, "[it] was a most peculiar thing to do, or so everyone said on hearing the story of how Phuong's father had named his second set of children after his first" ("Fatherland" 181). In a fable to this sort, there is nothing mysterious in fabricating a distorted mirror in which the two sides of the family will look at each other, though what they actually see, in the sense of understanding themselves or their trans-Pacific counterparts, appears to be very little. In this particular instance, the story is simplified by concentrating on the two eldest children, the two half-sisters named Phuong. The American Phoung will visit the fatherland and become familiar with her counterpart. Partly to avoid confusing readers, American Phoung goes by the name of Vivien. Her half-sister knows she took that name from Vivien Leigh, and, pondering on *Gone with the Wind*, the narrative voice, let us note, not Phoung, inquires whether it would be "too much to suppose that the ruined Confederacy, with its tragic sense of itself, bore more than a passing similarity to her father's defeated southern Republic and its resentful remnants?" (183). A more open invitation to amplify the implications of a short fable into multiple meanings would be harder to find.

Vivien is "seven years older, fifteen centimeters taller, twenty kilos heavier" ("The Fatherland" 181) than Phuong. Vivien's parents are wealthy, perhaps her mother was a genuine tiger mum, because her daughter received a private education and became that figure that stamps immigrants' success in their new fatherland, a qualified doctor. The Vietnamese family is thinner, poorer, quieter, having less aspirations. Indeed, within the new Vietnam they are essentially the remnants of the old southern regime, outcasts within their own country. However, in the end,

the successful immigrant myth is popped: Vivien, it turns out, is not a doctor but merely a receptionist; her "wealth" comes from a redundancy payment. Phoung burns the photographs she sends and detests her half-sister's false memories of her good time in Vietnam. Again, we see that the pillars of identity are shaky. The successful immigrant story falls flat; there is no new Vietnam depicted here, just the sad plight of the defeated, adjusting, as best they might, to new times after prison camp.

A playful fable is one thing, but a bitter, confessional novel of almost four hundred pages is a completely different enterprise. However, one trait that runs continually through Nguyen's work, as we have seen in this fable, is the importance we attach to names and identities, partly due to their unreliable nature. This can be seen in the overt intertextuality of *The Sympathizer's* opening lines: "I am a spy, a sleeper, a spook, a man of two faces. Perhaps not surprisingly, I am also a man of two minds. I am not some misunderstood mutant from a comic book or a horror movie, although some have treated me as such. I am simply able to see any issue from both sides" (1). These words recall Ralph Ellison's prologue to *The Invisible Man* (1952): "I am an invisible man. No, I am not a spook like those who haunted Edgar Allan Poe; nor am I one of your Hollywood-movie ectoplasms. I am a man of substance, of flesh and bone, fiber and liquids—and I might even be said to possess a mind. I am invisible, understand, simply because people refuse to see me" (Ellison 3). Ellison's words promote affirmation that the African-American has flesh and blood, and, perhaps recalling Shylock, should be considered as a citizen who should be included in the first-person plural as an integral part of "We, the People". Perhaps the most striking word is "simply", as it suggests that diagnosis, if not prognosis, is straightforward enough for any of his readers to understand. Just stop refusing to see us! Nguyen's narrator's "simply" is more slippery. His opening pronouncement makes sense for someone who is a spy, a communist infiltrator working closely with a high-ranking officer in the decaying South Vietnamese military. After exile, he will follow his boss to California where he will now have more than two faces, as in Orange County he is potentially both Vietnamese and American. Two "minds" evoke Stevenson's fable *The Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde,* but it is easy to gloss over the words that follow Jekyll's famous pronouncement at the beginning of his full statement: "that man is not truly one, but truly two. I say two, because the state of my own knowledge does not pass beyond that point. Others will follow, others will outstrip me on the same lines; and I hazard the guess that man will be ultimately known for a mere polity of multifarious, incongruous and independent denizens" (Stevenson 55-56). Whether they reside in Vietnam or the United States, The Sympathizer and the South Vietnamese exiles are essentially incongruous.

Humankind may be multifarious, as The Sympathizer most certainly is, but the multifariousness in Nguyen's world does not stem from psychological order or disorder at play. Instead, it results from a continuous process of displacement. On returning to Vietnam, Nguyen ironically remarks that "veterans of the revolution are remembered by their country . . . those who fought for the losing side are disremembered" (*Nothing Ever Dies* 33), surely a suggestive pun on "dismember". Just as limbs can be severed, memory can be wounded, mutilated, or even amputated. Nguyen visits what was formally the National Cemetery of the Army of the Republic of Vietnam, in other words, that short-lived state that collapsed in 1975. "Someone has vandalized the photographs of the dead on these desecrated tombs, scratching out the eyes and faces. I do not have time to count the numbers of the defaced dead" (37). Nguyen provides a photo of one which, in addition to being defaced, has been adorned by a swastika. On a subsequent visit, the military cemetery has been renamed the "People's Cemetery", as if the former state had had no regular army at all or never deserved to have one. Nguyen narrates the culmination of *disrememberment* when citing a refugee looking for his brother's grave only to discover the cemetery for Southern soldiers has been replaced by a new military training camp. Some dead are indeed a lot more equal than others.

For Nguyen, whatever the outcome of conflict, the principal player in war memory is easy to pinpoint. "I always run into American memories" (16). And this, despite the fact that there are excellent novels that describe the American War from the viewpoint of those whose dead companions are buried in the heroes' rather than in people's cemeteries. One such example Nguyen highlights is Bao Ninh's *The Sorrow of War*, which was first published in 1991, translated and published in the West in 1994. What's in a name becomes an interesting question. Its title in its original tongue, *Thân phận của tình yêu*, translates literally as "the destiny of love". What might explain such a radical change? Many reasons present themselves. First, the destiny of love suggests something more akin to Mills and Boon than screaming souls, mountains of decaying bodies, rape, and other forms of extreme violence. Second, I propose that it taps into that tradition of World War One, the "pity of war". In Ninh's novel, the hero certainly walks into the war as a Rupert Brooke and emerges as a Wilfred Owen, Siegfried Sassoon, or Robert Graves. In common with First World War narrative, the novel additionally includes a summer-before, innocent, idealistic romance that war literally rapes. Mud and bones appear with as much intensity here as in the Somme.

The novel is presumably deeply autobiographical in its description of horror, as Ninh himself was one of the ten survivors of the 500-person strong Glorious 27th Youth Brigade. Such depletion of youth, by sheer weight of numbers, would only with difficulty become the basis for a glorious patriotic novel. In fact, it shares a similar fate to Vasily Grossman's *Stalingrad* (1953): a totalitarian state persecutes

it for its graphic depiction of violence that challenges the party line. However, Ninh's work eventually saw the light of day, becoming a bestseller in Vietnam while receiving excellent reviews in its English translation. The novel deals at length with precisely the problems of writing, in both the sense of the difficulty in describing the indescribable before considering the obstacles to publication and distribution.

It would be safe to say that *The Sorrow of War* retains a quasi-iconic status as a novel unafraid to describe barbarity perpetrated by whoever is responsible. In the case of Nguyen, it becomes essential to his analysis of rape in wartime, as we shall see. Thus, we arrive at a paradoxical situation where we encounter a significant novel on the American War, written by a veteran, challenging both the official, glorious line of his own country and that narrated in those multifarious places where Nguyen runs into American memories. To put it simply, why is such a great novel not impactive at all? Roger Stahl, for example, provides a thought-provoking suggestion that a "striking feature of these nominally 'anti-war' films, however, is the lack of a critique of war policy . . . Instead these films are defined by the ghastly purposelessness of war" (Stahl 79). Owen yet again!

For Nguyen, the answer lies in the many pages that *The Sympathizer* dedicates to the film industry. In a novel of twenty-three chapters, four, eight to eleven, are dedicated to the shooting, and chapter seventeen deals at great length with how the film is viewed. In addition, the text resorts to identifying the main cinematic characters by labels only, as if they were part of a *commedia dell'arte*. The most outrageous is the director, referred to as "the Auteur", that is someone who sees himself primarily as a great artist, the Michelangelo of his age. The two leading actors are referred to as "the Thespian" and "the Idol", as if they had no names, no identity beyond that. Only their screen identity, the created, fake one, exists or matters.

That said, the questions of authenticity and political orientation are fairly easy to unravel. Nguyen states that he would love to hate *Apocalypse Now* (1979), but the ingenuity of the gunsmith – Nguyen's label for its director – has produced a fine film, a prime example of "the war machine's industrial memory" (*Nothing Ever Dies* 116). Nguyen takes exception to these remarks Francis Ford Coppola made at the 1979 Cannes Film Festival:

> My film is not a movie. My film is not about Vietnam. It is Vietnam. It's what it was really like. It was crazy. We made it very much like the way the Americans were in Vietnam. We were in the jungle. There were too many of us. We had had access to too much money, too much equipment, and little by little we, we went insane. (*Nothing Ever Dies* 116)

Arguably, Nguyen has used the term Auteur for its similarity in look, sound and meaning to "hauteur". Coppola's claim that authenticity lies primarily in his film

borders on the hubristic. The concluding sentences modify the initial view through highlighting that what the movie authenticates is primarily the experience of American youth in a terrible war. However, we may not equate Coppola's film with such masterpieces as Eric Maria Remarque's *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1929) for at least one simple reason. Earlier, Nguyen remarked that for many Americans "Vietnam" means essentially the war, but now it becomes exclusively the war from the point of view of those who went mad in the jungle. No one else seems to exist in this worldview, turning perpetrators into victims while their enemy is nowhere to be seen, in the Ellison sense of the word. Only one subject is worth our attention, the tragedy of American youth. *The Sympathizer* suggests that Coppola's movie creates wilful amnesia. For example, when referring to their withdrawal from Saigon, we are informed, in a ghastly sexual pun, that "Americans are the only people who don't know they're pulling out" (*The Sympathizer* 7).

The central section of the novel, a parodic picture of Coppola and *Apocalypse Now*, should be seen as just that, the centre of the whole perplexing question of the memory industry. Hired as an expert, but really because he is the nearest available Vietnamese speaker, The Sympathizer becomes an aid to the Auteur. In a replica of general West-East relationships, the latter talks all the time without letting the other get a word in edgeways. In a blustery monologue, the Auteur informs him, without waiting for a reply, "You're the first Vietnamese I've ever met. Not too many of you in Hollywood. Hell, none of you in Hollywood. And authenticity's important" (*The Sympathizer* 129). Whether there have been any or not is rendered irrelevant as the whole of Asia is simply othered to form an anonymous mass with no real sense of specificity. This situation is exemplified by the actor, James Yoon, who actually has a name and thus a personality. He plays many roles. "Yoon was the Asian Everyman . . . Yoon was, in fact, a Korean-American in his mid-thirties who could play a decade older or a decade younger and assume the mask of any Asian ethnicity, so malleable were his generically handsome features" (158). Not only does he appear in film but is also responsible for uttering one of the most popular slogans in advertising, "*Confucius say, Clean With Sheen*" (159). The wise oriental has been reduced to promoting cleaning fluids. In the spoof *Apocalypse Now*, he plays the role of a martyred heroic resistance fighter. In order not to supply information to the Viet Cong, he bites "off his own tongue and drown[s] under a faucet of fake blood" (170-71). He can no longer speak.

This might sound ironical, amusing, macabre, or an example of over-deliberate symbolism, but let us not forget that the Auteur has insisted on authenticity while Yoon's life and death would appear to indicate that that is not the case. Yoon's demise, whatever figurative value we attach to it, merges the inability to speak with death. Throughout the novel, this particular motif of speech is played and

replayed, most pointedly, I would argue, in the exchange between Auteur and the expert. The Sympathizer becomes increasingly irritated when the script paints the Viet Cong as consistently dastardly, cruel, and born rapists. In an exchange of views, The Sympathizer points out the significance of screams. He states that when a little girl sacrifices her life by warning the Green Berets that the Viet Cong are nearby, she yells "*AIIIEEEEE!!!*" (*The Sympathizer* 131), whereas, if the film were authentic, that scream would be rendered, "*IAAHHH!!!*" (131), as that utterance corresponds more closely to how Vietnamese scream.

At the risk of repetition, this incident shows authenticity matters little. But there is more to be said. The language motif requires us to think more deeply, as it is further developed and displayed. The Sympathizer asks whether in the film the Vietnamese could at least "speak a heavily accented English—you know what I mean—ching-chong English—just to pretend they are speaking an Asian language" (132). Such a suggestion is dismissed. The Vietnamese audience are unlikely to watch the film, and in the end, the Auteur reneges on his previous comment by stating that in such cases authenticity matters very little if at all because "No one gives a shit" (133). The Sympathizer, rather dumbfounded by such a brutal reply, remains "wordless", as have the heroic Vietnamese girl, James Yoon, and now The Sympathizer himself. Clearly, to ponder Gayatri Chakravorty Spivak's question *Can the Subaltern Speak*? (2008), the answer would be that speech requires articulation, and that in American war movies the subaltern either has that power removed – witness Yoong's tongue – or else the voice is registered so erroneously that even the most elemental sounds are widely inaccurate in their transliteration. The subaltern is not even allowed to grunt properly.

This radical proposition puts the emphasis on how a message is conveyed as much as if not more than on its content. Nguyen's subjects do not speak because they are silenced or humiliated but because they have no tongue. Thus, they cannot communicate either in their own language or in English. As it stands, this sounds thoroughly convincing and persuasive yet does not square entirely with the recognition given to such outstanding fiction as Ninh's. Of course, the immediate response would be that the American militainment industry (see Stahl) steamrolls any attempt to question the orthodoxy imposed by American memories. That might read as a persuasive answer, but only so far as it goes. For, if Ninh's novel speaks despite all the obstacles put in its way, that guarantees that tongues utter meaningful discourse both within Vietnam and outside through the auspices of such a powerful publishing house as Vintage. The analogy does not make total sense.

Nguyen's contribution to our understanding of the power of American memories is, first, to acknowledge the skill of Auteurs while simultaneously asking us to consider other scenarios. The Auteur, we are informed, should be admired for

"the technical genius of a master gunsmith. He had hammered into existence a thing of beauty and horror, exhilarating for some, and deal for others" (*The Sympathizer* 287-88). Let us note that "hammer" might recall the godlike figures of Vulcan and Thor, but as a description of a film, it suggests that film directors are not artists at all, as the Auteur would like us all to think, but that they produce through brute force, by insistent hammering, by brawn rather than brain. *Apocalypse Now* certainly possesses an almost Walter Benjamin-like aura, with several special editions for its many fans. Yet rather than get involved in rather fruitless arguments about the quality and ideology of the film, in other words, what Coppola did or intended to do, achieved or failed, Nguyen takes a different tack by leaving Coppola to one side by shifting our attention to the audience, from author to viewer in order to see whether anyone, in the audience, gives a shit.

The Sympathizer, while in Bangkok, unwilling to visit a brothel featuring minors, goes to the cinema to watch the film in which he had played an advisory role. It is a very disquieting experience. The Bangkok audience, unaware "that cinema was a hallowed art form, that one did not, during the performance, blow one's nose without a tissue" (*The Sympathizer* 285), respond rapturously to the biggest blowup: "They [the fictional Viet Cong] certainly looked exactly like my fellow spectators, who whooped and laughed as a variety of American-made weaponry vaporized, pulverized, lacerated, and splattered their not-so-distant neighbors" (286). Incidentally, as questions of authenticity recur in both novel and essay, the real Coppola film and *The Sympathizer*'s spoof version were both filmed in the Philippines, so they will never be Vietnam in that literal sense that Coppola promoted in 1979. My objection might seem nit-picking to some, but that should not divert our attention from the fact that we are not talking about Vietnam and the USA but two further countries, the Philippines and Thailand. Yet to the Asian audience authenticity does not matter at all, and all Asian races have fused into one. James Yoon was the Asian everyman, a condition that might have its own twisted logic thousands of miles away in the USA, but that this bland othering is replicated and accepted in a diverse continent remains puzzling, yet is living proof of the gunsmith's skill.

To address this problem, I would like to focus briefly on three somewhat interrelated topics Nguyen tackles in his account of cinema: helicopters, sounds and music, and finally rape.

Just as tanks epitomize the First World War, helicopters perform the same function in the Vietnam/American War. The last scene of the movie, which has arguably the worst pun imaginable – it is titled *The Hamlet*, royal prince and village – shows "innocent Danny Boy sitting in the open doorway of a Huey helicopter ascending slowly in the clear blue heavens, weeping as he gazed over his war-ravaged homeland" (*The Sympathizer* 287). Essential to the film's effectiveness in

the climactic battle scene are "the hissing helicopter blades, reduced to slow motion sound" (287). In the next sentence, they are referred to as "airborne steeds" (286). Coppola used helicopters in arguably the most famous scene of *Apocalypse Now*, renowned for its musical accompaniment. In his essay, Nguyen comments:

> The same industrial society that produces the American movie and the American helicopter, spectacular machines that hover over alien lands, slaughtering to a haunting soundtrack, elicit the reaction of pure sex from admirers. In the end, both movie and the helicopter are more memorable to most of the world than the savages lined up in their sight. (121)

Stacey Peebles expresses a similar idea, though in rather more brutal language, when analysing Antony Swofford's *Jarhead* (2005): "Swofford sees watching, fighting, and fucking as roughly equivalent" (Peebles 28). *The Sympathizer*'s portrayal of Yoon and account of Bangkok audience would confirm this phenomenon. The subaltern neither speaks nor is visible as a human being. Again, Nguyen's contribution to the debate is to point out that this perception pervades in the subaltern's own land. Gunsmith-art reduces if not eliminates the ideological content to a mere struggle between good and evil. In short, not very different from a fairy story.

The movie's soundtrack relies on Beethoven whereas Coppola's preference lay in linking the helicopters with Wagner's *Die Walküre*. Nguyen observes that D.W. Griffiths (another fine gunsmith?) also used the Ride of the Valkyries "in his Civil War and Reconstruction era epic *The Birth of a Nation*, the score accompanying the heroic Ku Klux Klan as they ride to rescue whites besieged by lascivious blacks" (*Nothing Ever Dies* 117). The Klan do not have helicopters but horses, so one would presume that Nguyen's use of "steeds" in *The Sympathizer*, cited in the previous paragraph, must be intentional. In addition, the use of such language in Vietnam was current, thus reinforcing the belief that the conflict was essentially between civilisation and the wilderness. He dismisses the possibility that Coppola had any intention of being critical, of comparing the US forces to the Klan. Quite the opposite, as we have seen: the Bangkok audience loved the scenes of horror and blanket obliteration. This would initially seem peculiar if we accept such ideas as those proposed by Adrian Cavarero, who argues for a distinction between terror and horror, the latter characterized by a particular form of violence that exceeds death itself (Cavarero 32). This pertinent distinction additionally facilitates our understanding of rape, to which we will shortly turn.

The Hamlet narrates the events that surround an assault by the Viet Cong on a hamlet that culminates in the rape of Mai. The Auteur does something unusual here; he dispenses with music completely. In this silence, the blood, violence, and cries take on greater prominence. Mai can only utter a long scream, and in reference to The Sympathizer's earlier remarks on their correct transliteration,

"Mama…." is extended over almost a whole line. The Auteur reverses the camera so that the "red-skinned demons are seen from Mai's eye, faces flushed from home-brewed rice wine, bared teeth crusty with lichen, squinty eyes squeezed shut in ecstasy, the only possible feeling burning one's gut was the desire for their utter extinction" (*The Sympathizer* 287). As in a fairy story, nothing exists outside the struggle between good and evil. In fact, however ironic it seems, the Bangkok audience, and even The Sympathizer himself, desire self-extinction. At least temporarily. Against his own expectations, the communist agent no longer sees the world through Marxist eyes but through those of the propaganda he opposes. Highlighting the Auteur's "technical genius of a master gunsmith" (287) becomes both a genuine and back-handed compliment that recognizes its global impact and toxic nature. For fighting America in memory, in the memory industry, has become a lost cause. Perhaps this realization underwrites his anger: "By the time the soundtrack and film stock credits had passed, my grudging acknowledgment of the Auteur had evaporated, replaced by boiling murderous rage" (289). In other words, he acknowledges that in film, might is right.

Why does rape loom so large in Nguyen's narrative? James Hillman provides us with a simple explanation, "Rape is *pars pro toto* for war's transgression of human limits" (Hillman 54). Similarly, in Ninh's novel, rape is also central. The hero, Kien, volunteer and later chronicler, witnesses rape carried out by American soldiers, "black and white" (*Nothing Ever Dies* 31). The victim, Hoa, has acted as a decoy and will suffer the terrible consequences. Similarly, Kien cannot prevent his idolised girlfriend from being raped by his fellow soldiers. In short, the female body is not safe either from friend or foe. Witnessing rape contributes to Kien becoming a killer, in other words, he channels his hostility down the same avenues taken by the brutal soldiers he has despised.

The rape of Mai, in similar terms, brings together these two representative acts of violence. In the case of murder, civil life condemns – whereas war legitimises – killing in certain circumstances. If we apply the same formula to rape, the picture becomes more complicated. Does war legitimise its practice? The immediate response might be no, but if wartime does not condone rape, that in no way contradicts the fact that it is a widespread practice. Nguyen constantly, both in his prose and fiction, brings together the erotic and the violent. Although the true extent of this particular overlap lies outside the scope of this paper, I would like to focus on two points that he succinctly makes in this respect. First, rape destroys "the masculine fiction that war is a soldier's adventure and a man's experience, or that war . . . can be separated from the domestic world" (*Nothing Ever Dies* 32). This ties in with the general tendency of modern warfare that foregrounds the civilian as victim.

Later in the essay, which serves as a running commentary on *The Sympathizer*, Nguyen comments that "while not all soldiers are rapists every army rapes" (*The Sympathizer* 227). We should note the use of "not all" and "every". Hence, the inevitable conclusion is that rape is a universal wartime phenomenon prevalent among friends and enemies. This surely explains why Ninh insists that Hoa is violated by both white and black. Nguyen thus asks a question, both explicitly and implicitly, which really has no answer at all. How does this affect collective memory if the practice is "endemic" (*Nothing Ever Dies* 227)? He argues that "memorials to rape victims are 'rare'" (227). In broad terms, the issue is swept under the carpet for its highly tendentious nature. One thing is to talk about victims, but what about the perpetrators? "Rape is one of war's unspeakable consequences, denied in the heartwarming images of solders being sent to war or greeted on their return by faithful wives and adorable children" (228). One does not need much imagination to glimmer how an in-depth inquiry into the subject would potentially disable any ethical justification for war and impair any construction of heroism. It is curious how Homer dispatches with this issue right at the beginning of the *Iliad*, in the struggle between Agamemnon and Achilles over the body of Briseis. Once that issue has been settled, and only when it has been settled, can battle commence.

My first conclusion proposes that like the texts Christoph had chosen, Nguyen's are keenly aware of how important nomenclature is when defining our memory and views of conflict. This might seem obvious, as illustrated by such clichés as one man's terrorist is another's freedom fighter. Yet Nguyen's contribution surely rests on proposing how profound and extensive the power of nomenclature has become. We could argue that *The Sympathizer* goes to extraordinary lengths to develop the subject: exiled families move from North to South Vietnam, across the Atlantic to live in Orange County where the internal division is further complicated by both conquered and defeated Vietnamese being immigrants in a new home. That immigrants bring their divisive identities with them becomes a recurrent theme in his latest novel, *The Committed* (2021), set in the former capital of Empire, Paris. The constant process of splitting identities confounds at least, and at most creates collective schizophrenia. For this reason, and in line with concerns about borders, in a critical essay Nguyen writes, "So far as we believe the category of a Pacific Rim literature is useful, it is because it allows us to address how people and culture are not easily contained in national categories like American or its subsidiary Asian American" ("Pacific Rim and Asian American Literature" 192). As the basis of affiliation resides in specificity, it is difficult to gauge whether this approach would attract more enemies than Sympathizers.

Hence my second conclusion follows. One might begin to wonder whether this ties in with the effects of contemporary globalisation. Yet, this might not be a

novelty at all. In Olivia Manning's *Levant Trilogy* (1982), more precisely in the first volume, published previously as a separate novel, *The Danger Tree* (1977), one character states that "We're all displaced people these days" (Manning 167). In both cases, it would seem that wartime has brought about this state of affairs, yet the nagging question might be another one, both in the case of Manning's character's views and Nguyen's explicit remarks on Pacific Rim literature. Is this displacement, with the accompanying fragmentation of identity, when reliant on borders, becoming a truly universal trait, whether in the Near East or Vietnam, whether in peacetime or at war? In other words, however valid a challenge it is to concentrate and analyse a specific theatre of conflict, we run the risk of losing sight of the universal implications of local issues. If we combine this word of warning with Nguyen's remarks about the Pacific Rim, we are surely heading towards the belief that displacement and globalisation may lead to fewer borders and greater cooperation. Or, to put it another way, what joins is greater than what separates us.

My third and final conclusion would be that Nguyen provides us two warnings against such optimism. The Sympathizer is deeply attracted to the daughter of the general he serves and spies on. Yet, the General warns him against any attempt to try and approach her. "You are a fine young man, but you are also, in case you have not noticed, a bastard" (*The Sympathizer* 291). (The Sympathizer is the son of a French priest and his Vietnamese servant.) What lies beyond bastardy? The remark is somewhat ironic, as the condescending general is himself little more than a nobody, a general of a corrupt, defeated regime, exiled permanently to the USA where he struts about as a generalissimo. In terms of identity politics, it would be difficult to tell who is more of a "bastard" than the other. In a similar fashion, American war memories, as illustrated in the Bangkok cinema, show how successfully global entertainment removes ideological content or any critical comment other than that which it promotes. Have we at certain moments behaved like the audience in Bangkok? Nguyen's work would suggest so. Nguyen's and my own modest findings do not critique such profound thinkers as Paul Gilbert when arguing that "the construction of identity and difference is made in terms of characteristics that carry a specific emotional charge, namely in terms of people's perception of themselves" (Gilbert 71), they merely suggest that complex forms of affiliation may originate in something so banal as *Hamlet* and be evident in the behaviour of a cinema audience. Perhaps we have all integrated "war into consumerist practices" (Stahl 72), consciously or otherwise, whether in Bamberg, Barcelona, or Bangkok.

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Between Maternal Absence and Intensive Mothering: The Challenges of Black (Single) Mothering in Candice Carty-Williams's Novels

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When my – then – nine year-old daughter told me, in a disconcerted tone of voice, how she had realised that in the last five books she had read, every single mother was either dead, enchanted, or otherwise absent, I was proud to tell her – in a vocabulary suitable for her age group – that she had just discovered that the "trope of dead and absent mothers" (Åström 1) permeates recent children's fiction. Little did she know that she had touched on "a transhistorical phenomenon, a cultural conversation about mothers, mothering and motherhood that transcends historical and generic divisions" (1). And even less did she know at the time that I had – in the context of writing my doctoral thesis – made a similar observation for Caribbean literatures of migration: here, too, the absent mother trope is fulfilled and the female *Bildungsroman* or "novel of transformation" (Stein 29), written between the 1970s and 2000s, abounds with examples of dead or traumatised and thus emotionally inaccessible mothers as well as fraught mother-daughter relationships.

While the recurrent topic of absent or traumatised mothers and generational conflict eventually did not feature prominently in my PhD project, I continued to look out for more recent examples in Black British writing. The memorial volume for Christoph Houswitschka, with whom I had the honour to work at the Chair of English Literature for a total of 20 years, seemed a very fitting context for a contribution thematically linking back to the doctoral thesis he supervised. Numerous were the times he would show up in the door frame to my office, a book in hand and an impish smile on his face, telling me that he had – yet again – accidentally bought a book that he had forgotten he already possessed and that he would like to give it to me, thinking I could be interested. Most of the time, it would have been a piece of diasporic fiction, a topic that we had a joint interest in.

In what is to follow, I will examine a new and celebrated voice in Black British writing,[1] Candice Carty-Williams (born in 1989). Her first novel and immediate bestseller *Queenie* (2019) won the Book of the Year title at the 2020 British Book Awards, "making Carty-Williams the first black writer ever to get the prize" (Allardice), and was celebrated by the judges as "a book that was capable of changing

[1] The author of this contribution is aware of the marginalising tendencies behind the label 'Black British literature', which have recently been voiced, among others, by Bernardine Evaristo and Jackie Kay (Burkitt 84-85).

industry perceptions of what stories can be commercially and critically successful" (Flood par. 6). While *Queenie* has been broadcast as a TV drama on Channel 4 since June 2024, Carty-Williams's second novel *People Person* (2022), categorised as 'domestic noir', has not met the same critical acclaim. Both novels are set in a post-Brexit-referendum, #MeToo, Black-Lives-Matter South London and revolve around young Black British adults struggling with (institutional) racism and sexism, with toxic masculinity, destructive family dynamics and generational trauma, the detrimental effects of excessive social media consumption, mental health issues, and – last but not the least – absent mothers and strained mother-daughter relationships. It is the latter two aspects which I address in this paper showing that Carty-Williams's fiction perpetuates and innovates "the maternal loss pattern within black female diaspora literature" (Putnam 123)[2] and the post-colonial motif of the fraught mother-daughter relationship for young third-generation Black Britons and at the same time criticises intensive mothering practices. By exposing maternal absence, intensive mothering and mental health problems to be the negative effects of black (single) mothering, Carty-Williams voices a feminist critique of the contemporary challenges of black mothering, of its stigmatisation as well as the lack of social and financial support for black (single) mothers.

The Absent Mother Trope and Mother-Daughter Conflicts in Caribbean Diasporic Literature and Black British Fiction

In her introduction to the essay collection *The Absent Mother in the Cultural Imagination* (2017), Berit Åström deplores that the absent mother trope has not gained adequate critical attention although it has permeated literature across the globe and the genres for centuries: "She [the absent mother] tends to slip by unnoticed" (4). Åström elaborates on the four different approaches to the topic that she identifies in past research, categorising them into biographical and socio-cultural readings, psychoanalytical approaches, where the mother poses a threat to the daughter's individuation, requiring matricide as a way out of the dilemma, and narratological readings, in which "the dead mother is simply a plot device that creates a conflict which needs to be resolved" (2) in the narrative. Importantly, the author stresses that in the context of fictional representations of maternal absence, 'dead' does not automatically mean 'absent', as the dead mother may still haunt her children, while 'physically present' often needs to be equated with 'emotionally or psychologically absent' (11).

[2] The absent mother trope has also been identified in recent Latina writing by Deborah Paredez (2010) as well as third-generation Nigerian women's fiction by Sola Owonibi and Olufunmilayo Gaji (2017).

In the early 2000s, the absent mother trope was identified for Caribbean diasporic writing by scholars like Amanda Putnam, Caroline Rody and Simone A. James Alexander. It can predominantly be found in narratives featuring a daughter in her teenage or early adult years having to negotiate her cultural identities. These are essentially "daughter-centric stories" (Podnieks and O'Reilly 2; see also Mollegaard 175) where the narrative voice and perspective of the daughter dominate ("daughterly voice"; Willey 275), and the mother's voice is only ever filtered through her daughter's – biased – perspective. Alexander equates the mother with the motherland (i.e. the Caribbean island) so that mother-daughter conflicts and maternal absence will not just point to a rift in maternal lineage and the passing-on of transgenerational knowledge but also to the daughter's jeopardised feelings of belonging, of being at home (8). Even if they have been themselves the victims of rape and abuse, the mothers in novels written by Jamaica Kincaid, Edwidge Danticat, Michelle Cliff, Paule Marshall, Maryse Condé, or Gisèle Pineau are perceived by the daughters as essentially "compromised or alienated figure[s]" (Rody 121) "aligned with colonial forces" (Homer 1). The daughters eventually reject their biological mothers because they, i.e. the daughters, "are seeking a cultural identity beyond the constraints of the colonial powers" (Homer 1).

In Black British novels which have the daughter generation grow up on the British Isles, the mother-daughter relationship is no less fraught. Andrea Levy's novels, for example, revolve around second-generation Black Britons whose parents emigrated from the Caribbean and continue to suffer from feelings of uprootedness and alienation with an unwelcoming, xenophobic 'mother country'. In these texts, the daughters are confronted with conservative gender roles and traditional educational principles in the home, where their mothers take on the function of gatekeepers,[3] while paradoxically the mothers also insist on their daughters to become strong and independent women as well as academically and professionally successful, to have the success they themselves, being new to the country, have been barred from.[4] In this situation of overlapping generational and cultural conflicts, the daughters have to negotiate, without adequate maternal support, how they can be black *and* British and carve out a space for themselves to feel at home within British society.

[3] According to Philippa Kafka, who focuses on Latina writing, gatekeepers are "senior women in Puerto Rican and other cultures [functioning] as cultural collaborationists, as gatekeepers. Latina writers depict these gatekeepers as the group that perpetuates the patriarchal rules and regulations, acting as their custodians, like vigilant watchdogs. . . . [They are] perpetuating inequitable gendered power relations" (xxvii).

[4] For an assessment of how intensive mothering practices can be interpreted as "a self-interested way for mothers to feel as if they are gaining status through their children" (Hays 159) see Hays and Ennis.

In both of Carty-Williams's novels, the hardships of black mothering continue into this second generation. Carty-Williams has her mothers suffer from domestic abuse and the ensuing trauma and depression, alcoholism and unemployment. Without exception, they are single mothers and are confronted with the negative stereotypes which come with being a so-called 'baby mother' (definition see below). The struggles of the mother generation, however, are not those of the daughter-protagonists, which is what distances the two generations from each other. For members of the third generation, the challenges of defining a black identity are no longer limited to a national dimension, i.e. the task of negotiating a Black *British* identity. The challenges of these daughters blend with those that Generation Z has to face as a whole as well as with global concerns of social inequality, racism and sexism as voiced by the Black Lives Matter and #MeToo movements – movements which these characters sympathise with. This third generation has earned their college degrees, with a tendency to be over-qualified, but has to come to terms with Gen Z's problems of job insecurity and the ensuing lack of financial stability, of gentrification and finding affordable housing, of social media dependence as well as mental health problems like anxiety or depression. These problems are intensified by their ethnicity when, for example, Queenie realises she is the token 'BAME' in her journal's office (Q[5] 182, 213), when the estate agent makes inappropriate advances when she is desperately looking for an affordable apartment (Q 33-34), when gentrification changes the face of mostly 'Caribbean' South London irretrievably (Q 210) or when her dating app only yields messages from men with abusive sexual fantasies fetishising her black female body (Q 60). The rising social antagonisms in British society, which the Brexit referendum has merely made more tangible, affect these characters, too.

These intersections of specifically Black British concerns with those of Gen Z, the social conflicts preceding and following Brexit and a concern with global anti-discrimination movements cannot only be found in Carty-Williams's fiction but also in characters like Yazz from Bernardine Evaristo's *Girl, Woman, Other* (2019) and the unnamed protagonist of Jo Hamya's *Three Rooms* (2021), to name but two recent examples.

New Momism, Intensive Mothering, and the Repercussions for Black Mothering

Seen from a different angle, the absence of mothers in diasporic writing not only comments on the social stigmatisation of black mothers but also points to their

[5] The abbreviation Q will be used for quotes from the novel *Queenie*; PP will refer to *People Person*.

marginalisation in scientific research. Black mothers started to receive scholarly attention as late as the 1990s (Caplan xxi) because they seemingly did not

> fit the dominant ideology, according to which the ideal mother is heterosexual, at least middle-class, 'white,' able-bodied, neither too old nor too young, born in the country where she resides, and not imprisoned, as well as having children to whom she gave birth and being married to the children's 'white' father. (Caplan xxi; see also Garcia Coll et al.)

It was in 2004 when American scholars Susan J. Douglas and Meredith W. Michaels published *The Mommy Myth* and coined the gender ideology of 'new momism', whose beginnings they identify in the "media obsessions" (7) with motherhood starting in the mid-1980s. The core assumption of new momism is "that no woman is truly complete or fulfilled unless she has kids, that women remain the best primary caretakers of children, and that to be a remotely decent mother, a woman has to devote her entire physical, psychological, emotional, and intellectual being, 24/7, to her children" (4). Importantly, the co-authors criticise that this motherhood ideal comes with norms, practices, and "standards for success [that] are impossible to meet" (4).

Within the new momism ideology, mothers are invested with agency: they can actively decide to pursue professional careers or stay at home, to raise their children with or without a partner, etc. However, this autonomy is paradoxically limited by the premise that, before any other active decision, the only 'true' choice for women "is to become a 'mom' and to bring to child rearing a combination of selflessness and professionalism" (5). New momism thus links back to what American sociologist Sharon Hays has identified as the ideal of intensive mothering. In *The Cultural Contradictions of Motherhood* (1996), Hays explains that for American society, intensive mothering is the only socially accepted, "gendered [child rearing] model that advises mothers to expend a tremendous amount of time, energy, and money in raising their children" (x). In this "logic of unselfish nurturing" (x), it is always the mother, as the primary nurturer, who is to be held responsible for the well-being and thriving of the child (8), with motherblame the 'logical' result in case the children's development is a little less than perfect. It goes without saying that this ideology cements gender hierarchies and paves the way for a neoliberal market logic to invade the home, where children become their mothers' social capital (Vandenbeld Giles in Ennis; see also Hays 50).

In her study *Black Mothers and Attachment Parenting* (2021), Patricia Hamilton has very recently revisited the ideologies of new momism and intensive mothering for black mothers in Britain and Canada. She identifies the intensive mothering ideal as "white and middle-class in origin" and thus as "implicitly exclud[ing] and exploit[ing] marginalized women" (19). Acquiring 'perfect' mothering skills, according to Hamilton, depends essentially on "race, class, dis/ability, sexuality

and other socially produced categories" (18) and the contradictions inherent in intensive mothering will be felt much more by black women, who are more likely to be working-class single mothers and to work in low-paid positions (19-20).

The British author and journalist Candice Brathwaite, in her turn, laments the stigmatisation of Black British mothers in her 2020 memoir-slash-manifesto *I Am Not Your Baby Mother*. The label 'baby mother' derives from Caribbean English and denotes unmarried single black mothers who have been abandoned by the biological father of their child(ren) either before or soon after childbirth. According to Brathwaite, baby mothers are "often painted as one of the lowliest [groups] in black British society" (1) and the term has come to be used pejoratively "to dismantle and disable the legitimacy of black women's version of motherhood in general. It's used in a way to demean and perhaps unintentionally put a red mark through any ideas along the lines of assimilating black motherhood with positivity and success" (4). Thus while the single-motherhood of white, middle-class, working women will be interpreted as a deliberate choice, their black counterparts are immediately branded with a set of negative stereotypes. In a context where intensive mothering is the all-encompassing ideal against which mothers across classes and ethnic groups are measured, thereby marginalising alternative, non-Western mothering practices like communal mothering or othermothering,[6] the baby mothers of Carty-Williams's novels need to be read as a critical comment on the stigmatisation inherent in social constructions of black motherhood.

"It was no way to live at thirty, this emotional dependence": Intensive Mothering

It is in Candice Carty-Williams's second novel *People Person* that we encounter the best-elaborated example of intensive mothering through the characters Janet and Dimple. The novel makes sure to construct Dimple, the daughter and protagonist, as the outgrowth of a too enmeshed and controlling motherly care. Dimple is one of five half-siblings, who grow up in South London unaware of each other as they are raised by four different baby mothers in their joint biological father Cyril Pennington's absence. Aged 32, Dimple still lives with her mother Janet, a barrister, in a comfortable house, is trapped in a toxic relationship with her boyfriend Kyron, 'works' as a mediocre social media "influencer in the sense that she believed she was one" (PP 28) and has no plans for the future ("She still had goals. She didn't know exactly what they were. But she had goals.", PP 30). Dimple deduces her self-worth from "how many likes she got on a selfie [and] the emojis

[6] Othermothers can be defined as "women who participate in the parenting of a child, though the child may not be related to them through either blood or marriage" (McCandless 1). They engage "in all actions of mothering while respecting and valuing the bond between the biological/adoptive mother and her child" (1).

[her followers] dropped" (PP 26). Early in the novel, we learn of Janet's overindulging behaviour: "She'd grown up getting spoiled by her mum when it came to presents, to make up for nothing from Cyril every Christmas and birthday" (PP 28). Janet is characterised as a very encroaching mother: "Janet always knew what was best for her daughter, even when her daughter didn't agree" (89). She relishes in being Dimple's sole attachment figure and makes sure to remind her daughter that "she [Dimple] didn't *have* any friends" (108).

When Dimple decides to end her relationship with the abusive Kyron, the latter attacks her and, in the fight, accidentally knocks his head against the kitchen counter and faints (36). In this emergency situation, Dimple, assuming Kyron dead, cannot think of any other solution but to call her barely known half-siblings to help her dispose of Kyron's body in one of London's big construction sites. Dimple and her half-siblings gradually start bonding with each other over the jointly committed crime. Janet, however, is unaware of her daughter being in touch with her half-siblings. When one night Janet finds "these strangers" (116) sitting over dinner in her kitchen, she initially believes she has been broken into and warns the half-siblings: "I am fiercely, fiercely protective of my girl. And if anything at all were to happen to her, if any harm were to come to her, I would do everything in my power to ruin the persons responsible in every single way a person could be ruined" (PP 122).

Dimple eventually sees through her mother's manipulative behaviour and comes to interpret her current problems as deriving from intensive mothering practices: "she [is] completely unable to be self-sufficient, emotionally and otherwise, and leaned heavily on her mum (and, before the break-up, Kyron too . . .) for everything, up to and including: support, money, and especially love and attention" (29). In *People Person*, intensive mothering is thus presented as one way in which the black baby mother overcompensates the biological father's absence. Additionally, the supposedly 'unselfish nurturing' (Hays x) that intensive mothering entails is exposed as the exact opposite, as egotism on the part of the mother claiming the daughter for herself, pretending to protect her from the dangers of the 'real world' while in fact selfishly inhibiting her development into an independent, responsible adult and her emotional stability: Janet's happiness inherently depends on Dimple's "emotional dependence" (PP 32), the daughter's need for motherly care and support. *People Person* thus exposes intensive mothering as detrimental to the child's development and an over-reaction to an assumed lack of a paternal attachment figure.

"Eventually she stopped speaking to me": Maternal Absence, Daughterly Crisis, and Motherblame

In Carty-Williams's first novel, first-person narrator Queenie has fond memories of a happy childhood spent with her mother Sylvie, but the novel leaves no doubt that Sylvie, another of Carty-Williams's baby mothers, used to be as overbearing and enmeshed as Dimple's mother Janet. During one of her therapy sessions late in the novel, Queenie nostalgically reminisces: "We lived together, me and my mum, in a tiny little house in Mitcham. We were obsessed with each other, I remember. I couldn't go anywhere without her, and she couldn't go anywhere without me. We had our own world, me and my mum" (Q 296). The mother-daughter bond is severed, however, when Sylvie finds a new partner, Roy, and both mother and daughter become victims of domestic abuse. During Roy's verbal attacks on Queenie, Sylvie remains passive and thus, in the eyes of the daughter, becomes her stepfather's accomplice: "He [Roy] hated me. He made her hate me. It was destroying me" (298). At the age of eleven, Queenie's random punishments range from having to sleep in the car to spending an extended period in a separate flat all by herself, making her feel completely abandoned.

We learn about Queenie's childhood memories as late as in chapter twenty-three of thirty, i.e. only once Queenie finds herself at the bottom of a downward spiral into anxiety and depression and has taken up therapy. Up until the novel's ending, Queenie's mother is marked by her physical absence and, in the short instances in which she *does* feature, by her silence and uneasiness around her daughter: "Eventually she stopped speaking to me" (297). Thus, the reader is left to speculate until late in the novel what brought about the rift between Queenie and her mother.

At the novel's opening, Queenie has just had a miscarriage and it is not her mother but her Aunt Maggie she asks to pick her up from the hospital. Her (white) boyfriend Tom has recently broken up with her (17) and asks her to move out of their flat and Queenie plunges herself into a series of casual sexual adventures with white men fetishising her black body (Q 52, 60, 116), which effectively "diminish [her] self-worth" (Q 78) and risk her friendships, job (Q 269), physical (Q 118, 130) and mental health: "I couldn't seem to stop myself from self-destructing" (Q 207). Overwhelmed by the overt sexism and racism and the more subtle classism she is being confronted with at her workplace, within her friend group, the self-proclaimed 'Corgis', and within dating culture, Queenie descends into an identity crisis: "'What do you think about yourself?' . . . 'That I'm insane, mainly'" (290).

Although we are still left in the dark about the reasons behind Queenie's rejection of her biological mother, both Queenie and her friends, her therapist Janet (Q 296) and even Sylvie herself consistently construct a cause-and-effect relationship

between maternal absence and Queenie's abandonment and attachment issues. During her first of many visits to a sexual health clinic, Queenie realises that she is "desperately lacking some sort of maternal figure in [her] life" (Q 127), and her Jewish, upper-class friend Cassandra actively blames Sylvie for Queenie's lack of self-esteem when she comments, "[y]our self-esteem is a joke. . . . With a mum like yours, it's no surprise" (Q 262). Cassandra is convinced that Queenie's break-up with Tom "must be bringing up all sorts of mum abandonment stuff" (Q 161). Sylvie has internalised the new momism narrative as well, blaming herself for Queenie's mental health issues: "I've let her down, I should have been better to her, that way she might have been better to herself. . . . I shouldn't have left her" (178). Over the course of multiple therapy sessions, Queenie comes to interpret her compulsive sexual encounters as a desperate yearning for attention coupled with a fear of abandonment that she retrospectively blames on her mother's original abandonment of her as a teenager: "I wanted someone to like me after they'd had sex with me. Isn't that pathetic? . . . It's because I'm so damaged, Janet. Years of being told I was nothing, years of being ignored! I'll take any attention, even if it is being fucked!" (326). Queenie has lost any sense of agency ("some sort of male-voice-command-activated sex-bot", Q 118; "some sort of idiot incapable of independent thought", Q186) and has developed a negative and unstable self-image: "I guess I don't matter. Not to Cassandra, not to Guy, not to anyone. My mum, my dad, Ted. Tom. Nobody has ever wanted me, not properly" (Q 239).

In summary, motherblame in *Queenie* is voiced by virtually all female characters. As the following section, however, is going to show, motherblame is eventually exposed as unfounded and thus an attitude which Queenie and her friends cannot uphold for very long. The novel ends with signs of transgenerational reconciliation and the daughter's recognition that Sylvie was the co-victim of Roy's domestic abuse and is thus as traumatised as her child.

While *People Person* has been termed a novel about "daddy issues" (Allardice; Teo), my argument is that it would be wrong to reduce the half-siblings' problems to a joint *paternal* absence. Of course, Cyril Pennington's abandonment of all four baby mothers and the one meeting he forces upon all of his five teenage children constitute major launching events of the novel. But it is only when we take the absence of the baby mothers into consideration that we fully understand the siblings' struggles. Importantly, Cyril Pennington is himself the 'victim' of maternal absence as he is born out of wedlock in Jamaica in 1970 and is left behind when his mother Delores emigrates to England with her new husband soon afterwards. He is raised by his grandparents, whom he takes to be his biological parents, and is allowed to join his mother in London only as a teenager of fifteen: "It was no wonder he had attachment issues" (276). In old age, Delores blames herself for

Cyril's carelessness and unsteady, irresponsible behaviour towards his children: "Your dad was just afraid of love . . . And it was my fault" (196).

Four of the five half-siblings are presented as struggling with problems which identify them at the same time as members of Gen Z and as underprivileged black South Londoners confronted with racial prejudice: Danny is a plumber and doting single father with a criminal past; Nikisha is an unemployed baby mother of two with an unstable housing situation (PP 142): "It's like history repeating itself, I guess" (PP 119). Prynce, a womaniser like his father, lives with his mother Bernice in a council estate and is "even more unemployed than his big sister" Nikisha (PP 60). Dimple, as we have seen, grows up more privileged thanks to her mother Janet's good income but is financially and emotionally dependent on her mother and stuck in a toxic relationship. Lizzie, who is born only two weeks apart from Dimple, is the only successful sibling: she is a medical student and can afford a London apartment together with her partner Patrice, with whom she has plans for a family. As she does not emotionally nor financially depend on the siblings' support, she feels least drawn to their company and, for most of the novel, feels no emotional attachment to them: "Lizzie couldn't give a fuck about any of them. She wanted to go home and tell her mum that Cyril had basically kidnapped her and forced her to spend time with a group of Jamaicans" (PP 17). Lizzie is embarrassed that her half-siblings confirm many of the prejudices held against young Black Britons and blames their mothers for their shortcomings: "From what *her* mum had told her about Nikisha and Prynce's mum, they probably didn't grow up with any real discipline, which meant that they were surely *primed* to be criminals, *ready* even" (PP 75).

Overall, the baby mothers Bernice, Tracy, Janet and Kemi are mostly absent throughout the novel. The pattern of absence is set by grandmother Delores, who is represented as an emotionally cold, gatekeeping Caribbean matriarch with little empathy for her son and grandchildren. The baby mothers of the next generation are merely the objects of conversations among the third generation of half-siblings but are hardly ever physically present. The relationship Bernice has with her two children Nikisha and Prynce, for example, is dominated by maternal neglect: "She's doing her own thing. We never know what it is, but we know she's busy, so. That's good" (195). Left with very little maternal care, Nikisha has no other choice but to revert to self-mothering and to stepping in as a mother figure for her younger brother: "that girl raised herself and then Prynce, too" (PP 283). The maternal loss pattern continues even into the third generation as Nikisha herself is a baby mother and lives with only one of her two children. Dimple concludes: "Watching Bernice in action, Dimple could see why Nikisha was the way she was . . . It was both a trauma response and a survival technique" (217).

After her fight over her daughter's growing attachment to her supposedly good-for-nothing half-siblings, Janet takes up drinking (again) and leaves for a "detox retreat" (PP 201). We learn that she has had problems with alcoholism in the past so that Dimple's childhood presents itself as an alternation of intensive mothering periods on the one hand and of maternal absence on the other due to Janet's alcohol abuse and rehabilitation schemes: "Dimple was too frustrated to feel sorry for Janet. She didn't want this to be happening again. She thought her mum had left all of the drinking alone a couple of years back after some intensive therapy, and yet here they were" (127).

We meet Lizzie's Nigerian mother Kemi only once in the epilogue to *People Person* when she attends Cyril's funeral. She is viewed by the other baby mothers with disdain and judged as "[t]oo stush" (PP 217), i.e. too snobbish and stuck-up, to seek the company of "the rest of [Cyril's] litter" (PP 20). It is through the Lizzie-Kemi pair that *People Person* subtly undermines the logic of motherblame: when Dimple reflects on her own mental health problems in contrast with Lizzie's resilience and unwavering personality, it becomes clear that the differences between the same-aged sisters cannot simply be explained by the way they have been reared by their mothers as they have both been rather encroaching and enmeshed in their daughters' lives:

> Dimple thought how Lizzie was like the better, sharper version of her. Lizzie actually had her life together. She was in a functioning relationship, had an actual career ahead of her, was more focused.
>
> But why? . . . Neither of them had a present dad. Both of them, from what Dimple could tell of Lizzie, had stifling mums. (PP 234)

When the baby mothers *do* meet on the occasion of Delores's wake and Cyril's funeral, they are not presented as caring mothers but rather – and interestingly with the exception of Danny's *white* mother – as jealous rival ex-lovers engaged in a ridiculous competition over whose relationship with Cyril lasted the longest and whom he eventually preferred: "She think she's better than the rest of the babymother's [sic]?" (PP 196). This competition is clear evidence of how much pressure is on the black baby mothers' shoulders. With little other assets to call their own, they define themselves via their attractiveness and through the social capital which their children represent. While Janet "saw Bernice as her main competition" (PP 216), Bernice in her turn "had always seen Janet as her main competition" (PP 216). Bernice prides herself with being "babymother number one. The original" (PP 217) and, in a passive-aggressive venture, pretends not to recognise Janet at the wake: "'And your name is?' she asked, knowing full well what Janet's name was" (PP 217).

Just like Queenie, Dimple undergoes an identity crisis after she has lived through a series of negative experiences which expose her lack of resilience and self-esteem: it soon turns out that Kyron is not dead but had merely been unconscious. He now blackmails Dimple with revenge porn, which he threatens to publish on the internet. When Dimple is repeatedly let down and financially exploited by Cyril, when grandmother Delores dies and Janet confronts her in a drunken state about her growing attachment to her half-siblings, Dimple experiences a breakdown and flees to Lizzie's flat: "She felt so disjointed inside herself. She didn't feel like she belonged to a place, didn't feel like her company belonged to a person" (PP 255). Lizzie, the prettier, successful and more rational foil to Dimple, helps Dimple realise how giving up her fake Instagram self will help her invest in relationships and a career in the 'real' world and eventually improve her overall situation: "The person you are on the internet isn't as good as the person you are in real life" (PP 272).

Both intensive mothering *and* maternal absence become functions of black baby mothering in Carty-Williams's novels and set a pattern that transcends several generations of a family. Intensive mothering is shown to be a means of over-compensating the missing father figures as well as social disadvantages and financial precarity and at the same time exposed as egotistical as the mothers try to bind their daughters to themselves, thereby inhibiting their development into independent adults. Maternal absence is presented as an effect of the trauma following domestic abuse, of alcoholism or long working hours in underpaid jobs. Both mechanisms expose and criticise – by way of negative example – how much pressure is on black baby mothers' shoulders in contemporary Britain and how they are stigmatised as black single mothers by society as a whole, including their black communities. There is a moment in both novels when the daughters parrot the narrative of motherblame and interpret their mental health issues as the logical effect of their mothers' shortcomings in rearing them. It is only at the very end of both novels that the daughter generation initiates a process of transgenerational reconciliation.

"[W]e are gathered here to celebrate": Forging Female Solidarity, Celebrating Families of Choice and Diversity

Before they seek reconciliation with their biological mothers, the daughters look elsewhere for nurture and emotional support. We meet several female characters who support both Queenie and Dimple in times of crisis and fulfil the roles of othermothers for the protagonists: Queenie's white, middle-class colleague Darcy is an unwavering pillar of support and Dimple's older sister Nikisha takes on a parenting role for Dimple, helping the younger solve the problems with Kyron (PP 210). Veronica unquestioningly takes her granddaughter Queenie in after her

panic attack (Q 252) and gives her the maternal warmth and security she is craving for (Q 105). After a few weeks spent in her grandparents' home in South London, however, Queenie feels suffocated by the Caribbean matriarch's strict regiment and conservative views on how Queenie can heal mentally and physically. Reconnecting with her ethnic roots is thus only a temporary solution. Eventually, it takes talking therapy for Queenie to resolve her mental health problems and come to terms with her Black (British) identity.

Dimple, in her turn, quickly realises how her despotic grandmother Delores is not an apt attachment figure. In a venture that can easily be discovered to be a marketing strategy to fashion her online self, Dimple briefly considers to 'go back' to the Caribbean for healing:

> [I]n the video she spoke about how it was so important to connect to her family history, and to think about the women she came from, the place she came from. She spoke about how learning about the past of this strong woman [Delores] had woken something up in her, a new determination, a new drive. She added that she'd like to go to Jamaica to trace her family history, if any travel companies wanted to sponsor her. (PP 274)

The touristic vocabulary used in the online video and the praise for the "strong woman" but in fact not very caring grandmother expose Dimple's half-heartedness about her plan to travel to the Caribbean as well as her skill of anticipating what her online followers want to hear.

In the final pages of both novels, the protagonists have started to heal and are shown surrounded by their respective network of important others. It is essential to note here that Carty-Williams herself, in a clever marketing coup, initially labelled Queenie a 'Black Bridget Jones'. As Heike Mißler has very convincingly established in her article "A Black Bridget Jones? Candice Carty-Williams's *Queenie* (2019): Challenging Discourses of Race and Gender in the Chick-Lit Genre" (2023), *Queenie* "has innovatively politicised the chick-lit formula by rewriting and subverting the neoliberal and postfeminist elements" (2) of earlier white, middle-class chick-lit texts and thereby exposed the "whiteness of the genre per se" (2). In one important aspect, *Queenie* deviates from earlier chick-lit when the novel's ending highlights the relevance of "self-acceptance" as well as "female friendships and solidarity" (7) and thus shifts the focus away from the love plot and the eventual bliss found in heterosexual relationships 'Bridget Jones style'. It is telling that virtually all the heterosexual relationships in *Queenie* and *People Person* are abusive and that examples of toxic masculinity abound. It is certainly no coincidence that Darcy, one of Queenie's most important attachment figures, is not an attractive, successful white lawyer as in *Bridget Jones's Diary* but a female white middle-class colleague. Heike Mißler concludes: "*Queenie* constructs an ending that appears more timely in the days of the MeToo and the Black Lives

Matter movement, as it privileges self-care, strong community ties, and female solidarity over romantic ambitions" (11).

Queenie congregates her family of choice in a restaurant to "celebrate the well health and recovery of your girl and mine, our warrior, our badboy, Queenie Jenkins" (Q 379). The novel's ending cannot but be read as a celebration of female and transgenerational solidarity and diversity: Queenie's support network consists of biological family – Queenie's grandparents, her aunt and cousin as well as her mother Sylvie – and intentional family represented by her three best friends Darcy, Cassandra, and Kyazike. While Darcy represents white middle-class Britain and positively stands out among the "well-meaning white liberals" (Q 99) Queenie encounters at work, Cassandra, educated, Jewish, upper-class, has supported Queenie financially throughout the novel and has reconciled with her after a major fight. Kyazike's family immigrated from Uganda. She is proud of her cultural heritage and bonds with Queenie over a Black Lives Matter march in Brixton. The novel concludes with the soothing affirmation of continued support: "We, all of the people who love you, who have been there for you, will be behind that door" (Q 385).

Queenie has come to understand that she wrongfully accused her mother of not loving her enough and resolves, in a list of New Year's resolutions reminiscent of Bridget Jones, "to repair relationship with Mum" (Q 193). She even reproaches herself for not having realised how her mother has been traumatised even more than her by two consecutive partners:

> How could I have been so selfish, how couldn't I have seen? This tiny, meek woman being swallowed by an armchair was the same woman who started to raise me, the woman who'd been so obsessed with me that we wore matching outfits until I was eight, who always told me that I was strong enough to be a queen. She'd been so mentally and physically battered by men that she couldn't find her voice anymore. But she was still my mum. (Q 320)

Dimple, too, includes her mother Janet in her social network. In the epilogue of *People Person*, Dimple's extended family – part (Indian-)Jamaican, part white British, part Nigerian – assembles to attend Cyril Pennington's funeral. Five years have elapsed since Dimple's final, unsuccessful confrontation with her father and her acceptance that she and her half-siblings would "have been worse" (PP 331) with Cyril in their lives. It has also been five years since the first signs of reconciliation between Dimple and Janet. As we can gather from the following dialogue, the two women start negotiating their roles and try to find a new balance between emotional closeness and daughterly independence:

> "I get it. You don't need me, Dimple. I'm receiving that loud and clear."
>
> "It's not that, Mum,' Dimple said. 'I'll always need you. I just don't need you today."
>
> "Oh." Janet nodded. . . .

> "I love you, Mum," Dimple said. "You're still my best friend. And Cyril won't ever come close to that. You were the one who was there."
>
> "Damn right I was," Janet reminded her daughter. "When you come home, let's talk about me doing the ... detox thing for a bit longer."
>
> "I think that's a good idea." Dimple smiled. (PP 315)

From the way the half-siblings interact with each other at Cyril's funeral, we can infer that they have formed stable relationships. Dimple has developed into a responsible adult: she is mother of a baby girl, whose father Roman is "the opposite of Dad" (PP 336). All the baby mothers are present, too, and Nikisha ends her eulogy with the recognition: "I want to say thank you to our mothers, Bernice, Tracy, Kemi and Janet. They raised us for you [Cyril], too" (PP 341).

Conclusion

At a moment when "Brexit [threatens to] fuck us all over" (Q 383), Carty-Williams's novels call for solidarity and mutual acceptance across age and generation, sexual and gender identity, ethnicity and class. In their final constellations, the novels prioritise transgenerational, female solidarity over heterosexual relationships. With the only stable relationship in both novels being that of bisexual Lizzie and her lesbian partner Patrice, Carty-Williams also celebrates diverse family structures.

In rejecting intensive mothering, exposing maternal absence as the inevitable outcome of trauma and social disadvantage and in having the daughters grow out of motherblame, both *Queenie* and *People Person* fight against the stigmatisation of black single mothers in contemporary British society, expose the social challenges of black mothering and turn against the logic of new momism. By making their protagonists weave a truly diverse network of important other(mother)s, the texts question Western ideals of mothering and conventional ideas of what constitutes a family.

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Part VII:
“Life is like a box of chocolates”:
Assorted Scholarship

Variation and Change in English Second Person Pronouns: (Why) Did YE die?[1]

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1. Introduction

It has long been a commonplace in the literature on English second person pronouns that the erstwhile plural subject pronoun YE[2] as well as the entire singular paradigm of THOU died out in standard English and that the erstwhile object form YOU is the only surviving unmarked pronoun in the second person for all sentence functions, both in the singular and plural (e.g. Graband).[3] The present contribution will argue that this is a simplification. The next chapter sketches the history of English second person pronouns. Then follows a discussion of examples from *A Representative Corpus of Historical English Registers (ARCHER)* and the *Freiburg English Dialect Corpus (FRED)*. By drawing on phonetic variation from historical and present-day sources, I will argue that YE does not only survive in English dialects but also in today's standard Englishes on both sides of the Atlantic.

2. Historical Sketch: Second Person Pronouns from Old English to Present-day English

The historical situation in Old and Middle English is given below in examples (1) to (4), which are gleaned from the *Oxford English Dictionary* (*OED*) and the historical *Helsinki Corpus*. At least until 1300, four distinct forms with different functions existed.

Singular:

(1) **þu** æart dust. (*Lamb. Hom.* 223, c.1175)

'thou (subj. sg.) art dust'

---

[1] This is a slightly revised part of my inaugural lecture given at the University of Bamberg in 2007, which my dear colleague and friend Christoph Houswitschka had to miss due to his many obligations outside Bamberg. The topic befits this commemorative volume: Just as YE survives into modern English in various guises, so Christoph continues to live on through the inspiration he passed on to his students and colleagues. I am grateful to Gabriele Knappe for valuable comments on an earlier version. This publication essentially builds upon the state of the art in 2007. For an excellent synopsis of more recent work, see Busse (2017).

[2] This study uses small caps to indicate that all actual forms of the pronouns are included. THOU is used to cover the entire paradigm, i.e., *thou*, *thee*, *thy*, *thine* with their spelling variants and earlier forms. Due to the present focus, the variants and earlier forms of the two plural pronouns YOU and YE, however, will be distinguished.

[3] In 1965, Graband stated what is clearly the majority position to this day: "N[eu]e[nglisch] *you* [ju:; ju] ist das in der modernen Hochsprache allein gebräuchliche Pron[omen] der Anrede im Subjekt- wie Objektkasus des Sing[ulars] und Plurals" (238-39).

(2) Hiderr amm icc sennd **to Þe** þiss blisse **Þe** to kiÞenn. (Orm. 210, c.1200)

'I am sent here to thee (oblique sg.) to make known to thee (obj. sg.)[4] this bliss'

Plural:

(3) 3**ee** sint salt eorðes. (*Lindisf. Gosp.* Matt. v. 13, c.950)

'you (subj. pl.) are the salt of the earth'

(4) Ic **eow** bidde, leofe men, . . . (*Helsinki Corpus\cmbodley*, c.1175)

'I bid you (obj. pl.), dear men, . . . '

The major developments, including case and number syncretisms, from Old to standard Present-day English can be sketched as follows:

	OE (-1100)	ME (1100-1500)	EModE (1500-1700)	PDE (standard)
2 SG subj.	*þu*	*þ(o)u (~ ȝe ~ you)*	*thou (~ ye ~ you)*	*you*
2 SG obj.	*þe*	*þe(e) (~ you)*	*thee (~ ye ~ you)*	
2 PL subj.	*ȝe*	*ȝe(e) > ye*	*you ~ ye*	
2 PL obj.	*eow*	*ȝow > you*		

Fig. 1: Overview Second Person Pronouns from Old to Standard Present-Day English

Figure 1 is essentially based on the pronoun systems provided in *The Cambridge History of the English Language* (Hogg, ed. 1992; Blake, ed. 1992; Lass, ed. 2000; Romaine, ed. 1999); the forms that dominate in a given period occur without parentheses; additional, emerging and recessive forms are given in brackets in the same cell underneath. Sporadic or doubtful uses (such as the earliest instances of YOU in subject positions in the fourteenth century, Mustanoja 125) are omitted. Obviously, there existed many orthographic variants (see, e.g., *OED s. v.* "you",

[4] While the English noun phrase system obviously is not (and never was) coextensive with classical Latin case systems, 'object case' and 'oblique case' are used widely in the literature, and here, too, to cover both direct and indirect objects as well as prepositional uses; 'oblique' is preferred for pronouns that follow a preposition.

which lists over 100 variant forms), especially during Middle English. The spellings used for each period in Figure 1 typically reflect common forms in the dialects that come closest to the notion of a contemporary standard variety (due to political or linguistic reasons) but at the same time represent a compromise between frequency of usage and transparency for the modern reader.

Needless to say, there are many dialectal forms for second person pronouns in present-day Englishes, both conservative (including *ye, thee, thou, 'ee*) and innovative (e.g. *you all, y'all, you guys, aay', yufela; you...together; all of you; you ones/'uns, you people, youse*) and combinations of old and new (such as *yez, yiz*).[5] It should also be noted that Middle English uses of YOU and YE for the singular, which started to appear in the thirteenth century according to most sources, were not functionally or pragmatically identical with THOU forms but represent the polite or distal form of address (e.g. Mossé 94; but see Honegger for the complexities involved in analysing Chaucerian dialogues).

To state a truism, case and number syncretisms in pronominal systems do not happen overnight, nor at identical periods in social and regional dialects. Figure 2 is an attempt at depicting the spread and obsolescence of the second person pronouns in the history of English while retaining a certain degree of simplicity for processing and memorization purposes:

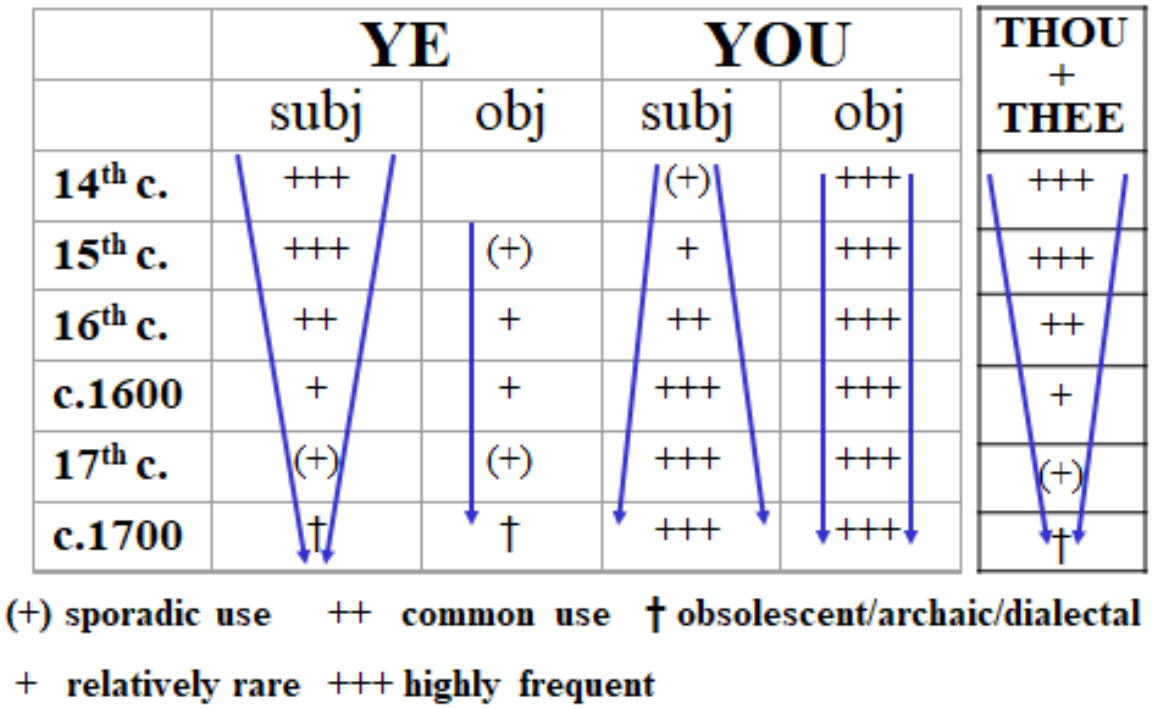


Fig. 2: Chronology of YE-YOU-THOU/THEE syncretism

[5] Kortmann and Szmrecsanyi find special forms of second person plural pronouns among the most commonly attested eWAVE features (1154-57; see also features 34 and 35 in Kortmann et al., or Hickey).

The details are considerably more complicated, of course: Studies based on the *Corpus of Early English Correspondence (CEEC)* and the *Helsinki Corpus of English Texts (HC)* have advanced regional and social factors for the spread of YOU at the expense of YE from about 1480. According to Raumolin-Brunberg, YOU in subject position was first adopted in the South of England (London and the Court), while East Anglia and the North lagged behind. Her study suggests that the spread of YOU was a change from below (social awareness), "because YOU was preferred in oral genres and informal registers in the earliest stages of its use" (55). She also finds that during the critical stages of YOU's diffusion (c.1520-1570), women were in the vanguard of the change compared to men (see also Nevalainen and Raumolin-Brunberg 119). In a tripartite division of social classes (Upper vs. Middle vs. Lower), Raumolin-Brunberg finds the Middle classes to be most innovative in the replacement of subject YE by YOU (65). This ties in with Nevalainen's findings based on a more fine-grained social classification, suggesting that YOU gained ground first in the upper and lower gentry, but not the nobility, which in the early sixteenth century was in fact the most conservative social stratum in the spread of YOU (66). According to Nevalainen's study, social aspirers and lower ranks were also slow to adopt the change.

There is a substantial body of research dealing with the pragmatics of second person pronouns in English. Politeness (including genteel French conventions, i.e. using plural forms for politely addressing a single person), social relations and expression of the emotional states of speakers, then, are widely known to have played significant roles in the spread of YOU and the concomitant loss of THOU (e.g. Finkenstaedt 51-62; Brown and Gilman, "Pronouns of power", "Politeness theory"; Barber, "*You* and *thou*", *Early Modern English* 153-154; Wales; Görlach, *Introduction* 85; Calvo; Hope; Lutz; Mazzon; Raumolin-Brunberg). This is particularly evident from the following famous example, in which the speaker (the Attorney General) explicitly marks his contempt for the addressee (Sir Walter Raleigh) by using THOU forms and by using *thou* as a verb:

(5) All that Lord Cobham did was by **thy** instigation, **thou** viper; for I **thou thee**, **thou** Traitor! (1603 Coke in Hargrave *State Trials*, quoted in, e.g., Howe 172 or Hejná and Walkden 156)

We would expect, then, swearwords in Shakespeare to co-occur with THOU. Surprisingly, however, in *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare* (eBook from Project Gutenberg), there are 18 instances of *you rogue,* four of *ye rogue* and only one *thou rogue* (and not a single *thee rogue*), which calls for an explanation. A noteworthy example is given in (6), uttered or shouted by Falstaff (*King Henry IV*, II, ii).

(6) **You** lie, **ye** rogue!

A quantitative analysis of *you* vs. *ye* yields interesting results (see also Busse, "*Stand, sir*", *Linguistic variation*). In a search of *The Complete Works of William Shakespeare,* I found a clear preference for *you* (c.14,000 instances of *you* vs. 292 instances of *ye*). Importantly, the parting, i.e. fixed, expression, "Fare ye well" is one of the strongholds of the recessive *ye* (even though this, too, is already clearly outnumbered by the incoming "Fare you well"). I then analysed two random samples of 100 occurrences of each pronoun for syntactic functions.[6]

ye	Subject or Subject Complement	Direct Object	Indirect Object	Complement to a Preposition	Exclamation	Other	Sum
Random 100	**41**	15	9	**8**	**21**	6	100
Extrapolated *Cmpl.Works*	120	44	26	23	61	18	292
Frequency per 100kw	14	5	3	3	7	2	34

Table 1: Analysis of random sample of 100 ye *in Shakespeare's* Complete Works

you	Subject or Subject Complement	Direct Object	Indirect Object	Complement to a Preposition	Exclamation	Other	Sum
Random 100	**56**	18	6	**15**	**4**	1	100
Extrapolated *Cmpl.Works*	7748	2490	830	2075	553	138	13834
Frequency per 100kw	880	283	94	236	63	16	1572

Table 2: Analysis of random sample of 100 you *in Shakespeare's* Complete Works

In the random sample of *ye*, 21% occur in exclamations (see Table 1), i.e. often as low-stress items which accompany swearwords. This is over five times higher than the share of *you* in exclamations (which is only 4%, see Table 2). Significantly, *you* is also about twice as common, in relative terms, as a complement to a preposition (15% vs. 8%), i.e. in a syntactic context that strongly favours stressed pronouns. Both findings support the hypothesis that *ye* is commonly employed as a weak form in Shakespeare (a speculation already voiced by Jespersen 264) – and beyond Shakespeare, as we shall see shortly.

Let us now look at typical examples from *ARCHER*, which covers the time after Shakespeare, from 1650 to 1990, and which contains 1.7m words. We need to differentiate *ye* meaning 'the', as in (7)

[6] Since samples of 100 random examples were analysed, the figures of occurrences in the rows headed "Random 100" can be read as percentages.

(7) Wee went out into **ye** ['the'] towne of Rochdale to see it & **ye** ['the'] fairs. (BrE\1661newc.j1)

from the focus of this study, YE meaning 'you', as in (8) and (9).

(8) Lock my Doors, **d'ye** hear; till I return from the Coffee-house, . . . (BrE\1709cent.d2)

(9) . . . ; she'll tell **ye** the same. (BrE\1697pix.d1)

When we look at late instances of YE in *ARCHER*, which date from the late nineteenth century, we realize that *ye* occurs in unstressed syllables, e.g.:

(10) I, a desperate man, desperate and crazed with drink – **don't ye, don't ye do** it! (AmE\1876hart.d7)

Significantly, there seems to be a certain regularity, as the following example suggests, in which an unstressed YE (in a routinized greeting) contrasts with a following neutral or stressed YOU:

(11) **How d'ye do**, good people – quite well? Eh? Didn't **you** meet Dixon? (BrE\1867robe.d6)

3. YE in the *Freiburg English Dialect Corpus* and Corpora of Present-Day English

Typical examples of YE from the *Freiburg English Dialect Corpus* (containing 2.5m words at the time of consultation) are uttered by older speakers from Scotland and include discourse markers such as tag questions:

(12) And this wire had been diggin' in this creature's ribs, **ye ken**?
(Scotland, Lanarkshire; retired ploughman from Perth; b. 1902, recorded 1986)

(13) And uh, hm why that was about? Not any dykers went round, I would say, **ken ye** ['kɛnəɪ]**?** (Scotland, Lanarkshire, born c.1910, recorded c.1985)

(14) Now, if there were nae-- there werenae many dykes, I would say, it was all FENCES, **ye ken** [jɪ'gɛn]. (Scotland, Lanarkshire, born c.1910, recorded c.1985)

A younger speaker from Scotland varies between probably unstressed *ye* in the discourse marker *ye ken* and *you* in other positions:

(15) So I walked up to him, I got him in the corridor and I says: Come here, were **you** ever that high? **Ye ken?** He sort o' looked at me and started backing away, What's up? and eh, I says, Can we have a photo **of you** when **you** were that? . . . So we pestered him and pestered him, and he was just getting more

> and more embarrassed, and he started to refuse to bring one, so we says to his wife we're having bother with **your** husband, will **you** bring us a photo of him, **ye ken**. (Scotland, East Lothian, 18-year-old female high-school student)

When we compare the frequency of *you, ye, thou* and *thee* in *FRED*, we see a clear and unsurprising dominance of *you* (with about 50,000 occurrences). At the same time, we find strong evidence that the remaining second person pronouns survive in dialect speech (with between 50 and 500 attestations). Figure 3 throws into relief the relative frequencies of the less dominant forms. Figure 4, then, shows that *ye* is regionally widely attested in Scotland and England (except in London and the surrounding Home Counties in the Southeast), but not in Wales. Figure 4 also reveals, however, that the incidence in these regions differs dramatically: Scotland (at 167.5 *ye*'s per 100,000 words) can boast a 15-fold higher text frequency than the second-most *ye*-prone area, the Southwest of England (at 11.0), which in turn exhibits still more than twice the incidence found in Northern England (at 4.5 occurrences of *ye* per 100,000 words). In all other regions, the form *ye* is marginal (in the Midlands and East Anglia at 0.6 and 0.7 instances per 100,000 words, respectively) or unattested.[7]

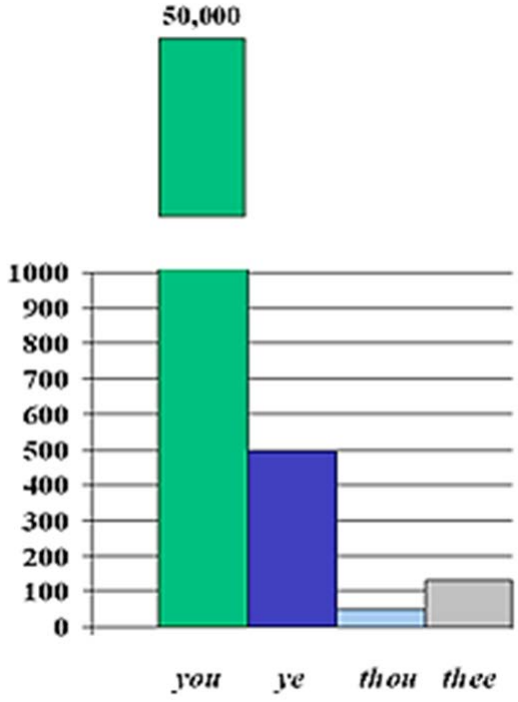


Fig. 3: Frequencies of you, ye, thou, thee *in* FRED *(as of 2007)*

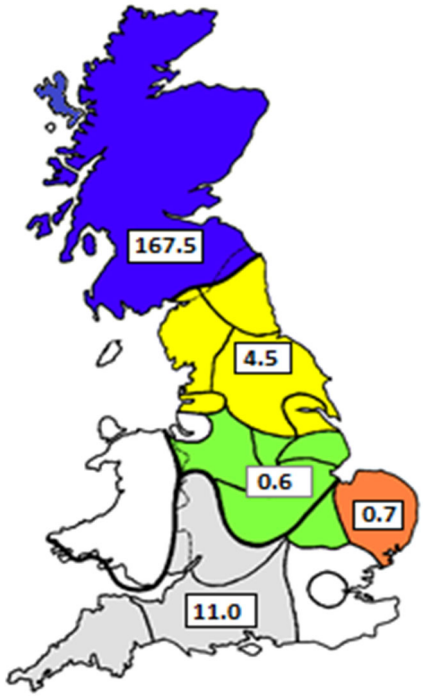


Fig. 4: Incidence of ye *in* FRED *per 100,000 words*

[7] No claims regarding the existence of *ye* can be made for Merseyside and the Isle of Man, for which there were no texts in the transitional *FRED* corpus used in 2007. Data from the *Survey of English Dialects* (Orton and Dieth 1962-71), published as Map 33 "YOU" in Upton and Widdowson (78) and Map 17 "you are" in Viereck and Ramisch, would support the existence of YE particularly for the north-eastern regions of England bordering on Scotland.

While the *English Dialect Dictionary Online* (*s.v.* "YE"), which comprises traditional dialect material up to c.1900, lists pronominal *'ee* under the entry for YE, closer inspection of the dialect corpus shows that there are indeed quite a number of transcriptions that are functionally ambiguous between *thee* and *ye*.[8] Consider the following passage uttered in 1981 by a then 76-year-old speaker from Southwest England, who varies between *thee, you* and *'ee*:

(16) Now I'm not telling **you** lies, that's when the War were on. That's true. That's – that's how we used to have to do it 'cause we never had the kip like other farmers got **you** know. Hardly knew what was going on even if we did have it! We enjoyed the hard work, I – I'll tell **thee** one thing; I'd sooner – I'd sooner, I'm telling **thee**. I'd sooner go out . . . **You**'d better take he back where **you** had him from then. So how much money have '**ee** got on '**ee**? . . . **You** have a fifteen bob don't '**ee**? (male, Somerset, born c.1905; recorded 1981)

Another reason to assume that there are in actual fact more instances of YE is that some transcribers regularized spoken *ye ken* to *you know*, e.g. in the speech of the same 18-year-old female high-school student from Scotland who was quoted above in example (15):

(17) Everybody got it right, Mr C Lyon, it was a joke on us (reg sic=**ye ken**) **you know**.

We can find similar examples of non-random variation between fuller forms of *you* in stressed positions and reduced forms *ye* in unstressed positions (i.e. before nouns in exclamations and in tag questions) as early as Shakespeare:

(18) What, **ye** knaves! . . . **You** are grandjurors, ARE **ye**? (*First part of King Henry IV*, II,ii)

Let us, for the moment, leave Britain's traditional dialect areas and consider mainstream American English data. As is well known – and as we saw above – transcribing involves interpretation. Take, for instance, Jurafsky et al., who note that in the Switchboard Corpus of twentieth century spoken American English, items transcribed as *you* may vary dramatically, and are often phonetically much reduced (234). For their analysis, they differentiate between 'full' and 'reduced forms', listing the following common pronunciations, which are all subsumed by the spelling <you> in the transcribed corpus.[9]

(19) 'full forms': [ju], [u], [jʉ], **[jɪ], [ɪ], [i]**;

[8] While dental fricatives are sometimes deleted in definite articles, the loss of the more sonorant initial glide /j/ in *ye* seems more likely than that of the fricative /ð/ in *thee*.
[9] Their criterion for *full forms* is, thus, the presence of a rounded close back or centralized back close vowel or of a non-centralized close or near-close front vowel. Weak forms include all variants with centralized front vowels as well as variants lacking a vowel.

(20) 'reduced forms': **[jɨ],** [j], **[ɨ]**

There are many more variants of *you*, of course. Kretzschmar and Tamasi, for instance, demonstrate the ubiquity and abundance of (about 50) vowel variants with the word *broom* (197), for which two vocalic variants [u: ʊ] are listed even in pronouncing dictionaries (e.g. Wells, *Longman's Pronunciation Dictionary*; Jones, *s.v. "*broom*"*) but which one would assume to vary less than the polyfunctional, high-frequency pronoun *you*. I have argued elsewhere (Krug, "Frequency", "Chapter 14") that high-frequency items (like first- and second-person pronouns) develop reduced variants below the level of linguistic awareness, as repetition automatically leads to reduced motor activities (cf. Schuchardt 24-27). According to the same principles, *sequences* of high-frequency linguistic items undergo reduction and chunking (similarly Bybee 187-89). What is important for the present study is that many variants of *you* feature the vowels [i] and [ɪ]. Taking recourse to a dialectal allophone [ɨ] for Standard American /ʊ/ (Wells, *Accents of English* 534-35) is one way to account for second person (YOU) forms that contain front vowels in contemporary American English. A second plausible path, however, is for such forms to derive from YE. Even in modern corpora that have no focus on regional dialects, a large number of items transcribed as *you* would therefore be adequately transcribed as *ye* on phonetic grounds. Apart from variants with a front or centralized front close vowel (i.e. the ones given in bold print in (19) and (20): [i ɪ ɨ]), *ye* could also cover variants featuring the central vowel schwa or no vowel. And those variants which contain a (possibly centralized) front vowel but no glide /j/ would best be rendered as *'ee* and are therefore ambiguous between THEE and YE. In fact, YE seems somewhat more likely as glides are more easily lost from speech than dental fricatives (see footnote 8).

Some *FRED* transcribers apparently differentiated between *you* and *ye*, as is obvious from example (21). The example is not available in audio format, but one can reasonably assume a classification where the quality of the vowel of *you* is similar to [u], while that of *ye* is closer to [i] or [ə], i.e. different from the classification applied above by Jurafsky et al.

(21) And she's that fill o' 't, **ye see**, and the cat, he followed her up, **you see**, everywhere she went. (84-year-old male speaker from Scotland, Perthshire, born 1902, recorded c.1986)

If we isolate the two high-frequency sequences *you know* and *you see* in *FRED*, the apparent quantitative ratio of 100:1 between *you* and *ye* (see Figure 5) requires reconsideration.

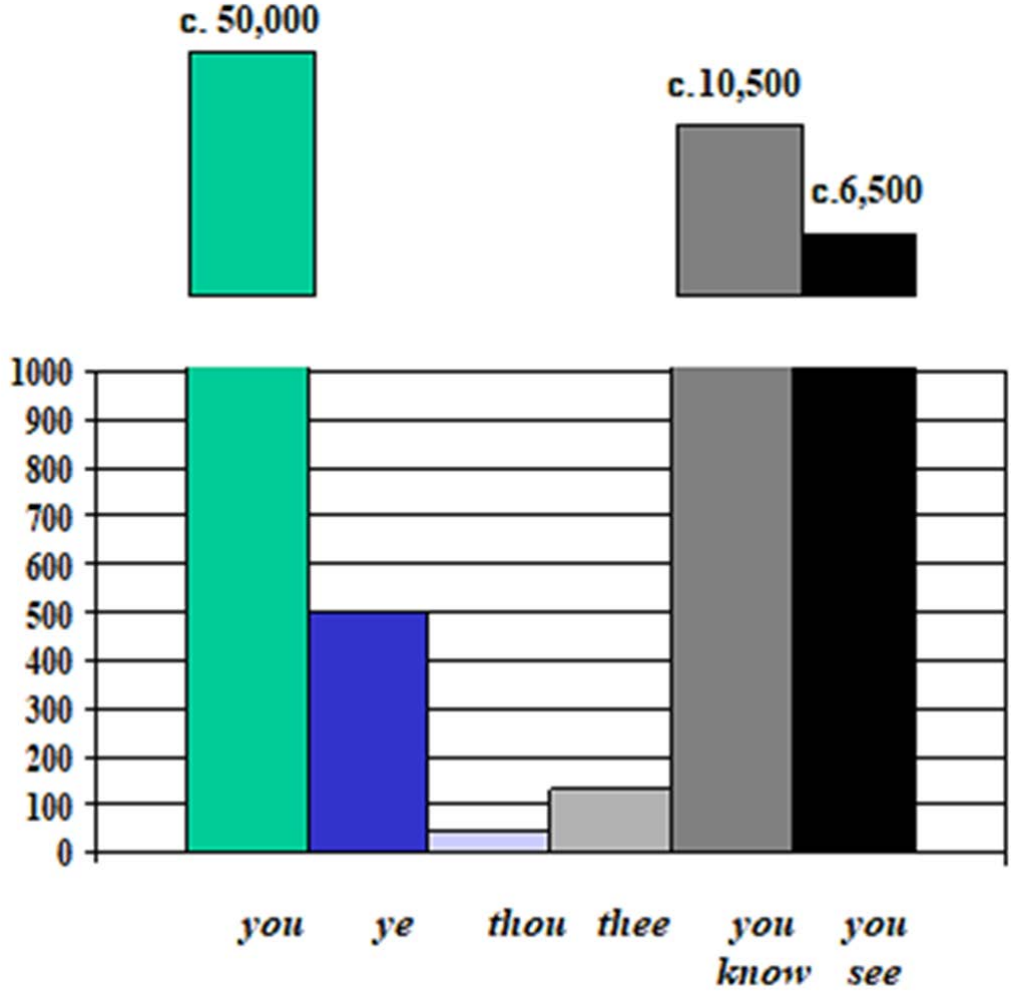


Fig. 5: Frequency in FRED *(including discourse markers* you know *and* you see*)*

Out of roughly 50,000 instances of transcribed *you* forms, some 17,000 (i.e. one third) occur in the two contexts *you know* and *you see*, where reduced forms are highly likely (see right side of Figure 5). While at the time of writing, *FRED* cannot be accessed in its transitional 2007 version any longer, it seems that only a few instances of these high-frequency sequences were transcribed *ye know* and *ye see*, judging from the small number of speakers on the 2023 online platform (five and eight speakers, respectively) for whom *ye* transcriptions are attested. Quite apart from the reasons advanced above, we can therefore assume the proportion of *you* transcriptions that would be more adequately represented as *ye* or YE (i.e. including phonetic variants with [ə, i, ɪ, ɨ] or no vowel at all) to be substantial in any corpus containing English conversation.

4. Conclusion

Phonological confusion of weak forms of YOU and YE – partly in combination with case analogies based on phonological similarities (of especially *you* and *thou*, but also *ye* and *thee*) – was proposed to be a factor in YOU's spread as early as 1894 by

the great Danish linguist Otto Jespersen (249, 253-254, 261-263), a position echoed in Strang (140-41), Görlach (*Einführung* 69) or Barber (*Early Modern English* 149), inter alia. And it was also Jespersen (265) who stated what has remained the dominant view, *viz*. that "*ye* must be considered completely extinct in spoken Standard English."[10] The present study capitalizes on earlier observations but deviates slightly in its conclusions. I have furnished evidence for the position that reduced forms of both *you* and *ye* live on in all (spoken) standard varieties of English, especially in fixed expressions like multi-word discourse markers, where the vowel will often be a schwa or altogether omitted. Examples include *(D')you/ye know?* and *How d'you/ye do?*[11] There are other common expressions likely to feature reduced or even front vowels in the second person pronoun, e.g: *(I'll) tell you/thee/ye (what)!* or *(Ye/You) see?*[12]

Often, therefore, words that in corpora are transcribed as *you* do not contain a back vowel but a front vowel, in which case they derive historically at least equally plausibly from YE or THEE as from *you*. The observation that *ye* can be a weak form in modern English, is of course not new. Hickey, for instance, stresses that "[c]are must be taken to distinguish orthographic *ye* as a reduced form of *you* [jə] and as a continuation of the older /ji/, the nominative second-person plural pronoun" (365). He cites the *ye* reported for Newcastle in Upton and Widdowson (66) as reduced *you* [jə], while contrasting it with the plural *ye* /ji/ reported by Beal. The present analysis differs somewhat because it casts doubt on the possibility of a straightforward disambiguation of the two forms for three reasons: firstly, the presence of a gamut of phonetic variants for each form, which include, secondly, homophonous items, and, thirdly, because YOU has supplanted YE in most contexts but probably not in highly entrenched and naturally reduced sequences. The issue therefore requires further exploration and explanation.

The essence of the present contribution, then, can be illustrated as Figure 6.

[10] The loss of YE from standard English seems undisputed, the exact timing varies considerably, though: Jespersen assumes its obsolescence not long after Shakespeare's death (*Progress in Language* 265). Jucker takes a similar stance (85-86) but points to Busse (*Stand, sir*), who finds YE in Sheridan plays at the end of the eighteenth century, i.e. 250 years later. Walker also finds text types that retain considerable shares of YE in the late sixteenth and even in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries (316).

[11] Letters given in brackets indicate common deletions in conversation, especially in allegro speech.

[12] Needless to say, there are many other relevant expressions, some of which have obligatory reductions, such as the modern high-frequency farewell greeting *goodbye*, which is fused and reduced from *Go(o)d be with you/ye* (see *OED* s.v. "goodbye"). *Look you/ye,* which is first attested as *Loke ye* in 1484 and survives into the twenty-first century according to the *OED* (s.v. "look"), has a similarly long and uninterrupted history into modern English.

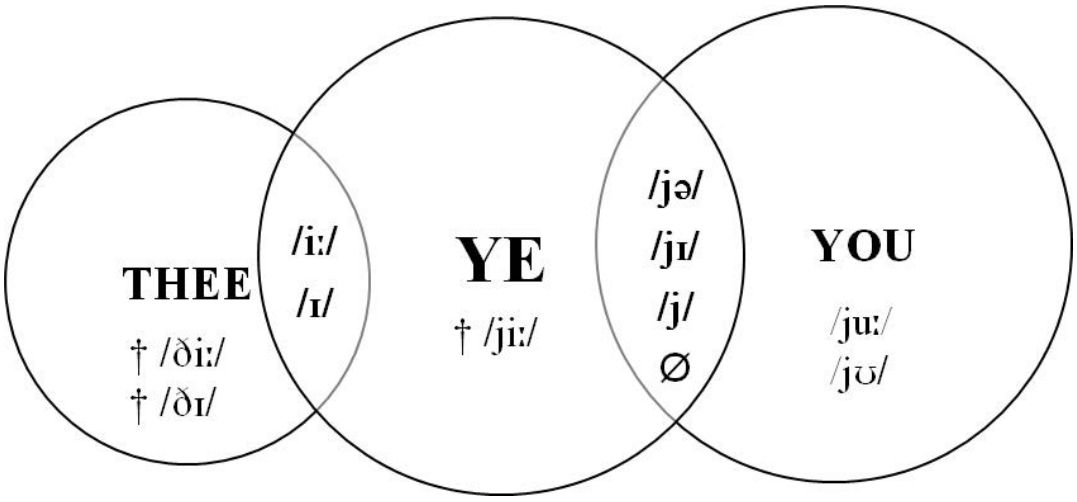


Fig. 6: Overlapping THEE, YE *and* YOU *(† stands for 'obsolete in standard English')*

The diagram tries to capture the following aspects:

(i) YE overlaps phonetically with both THEE and YOU, which is graphically represented with the help of overlapping circles.

(ii) Realizations that are ambiguous between two second person pronouns occur in their intersections.

(iii) While the strong fo´rm of YE is obsolete in standard varieties of English (but not in some Scottish dialects), reduced forms of YE are not obsolete in standard spoken Englishes (cf. Jurafsky et al. 234).

Moreover:

(iv) YE is the most adequate interpretation for all second person pronouns that feature a glide plus a (near-)close front vowel, even if that front vowel is centralized (hence the phonemic notation in figure 6, which can cover centralized and semi-long vowels).

(v) YE is also the most adequate interpretation etymologically for all second person pronouns that feature a glide plus a schwa in time-worn high-frequency sequences, the reason being that strong entrenchment makes it unlikely for these sequences to be transmitted via an interrupted lineage. Replacing a long-established and usually phonetically reduced pronoun in a conversational routine like YE *know* or YE *see* with a full and originally case-marked form *you* /juː/ *(know* or *see)* seems highly unlikely. This holds both for the lifespan of individual speakers but also for intergenerational transmission, because such high-frequency word strings (see Krug "String Frequency", "Frequency") are acquired and routinized prior to reading and writing.

In sum, YE survives in the centre of second person pronouns, (d'ye) see?

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When Did Late Antiquity Come to an End for the Eastern Christian Churches? Some Considerations

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Introduction

Throughout his professional career Christoph Houswitschka dealt with questions related to the Middle Ages. His areas of interest also included studies in the reception and transmission of Late Antique and Mediaeval motives or characters, as it is evident, for example, from the conference on the literary and cinematic reception and transformation of the mediaeval and late antique characters of the saviour and healer, which he organised in Bamberg in June 2005, together with Dina de Rentiis. Consequently, it seems fitting for a memorial volume for such an esteemed scholar as Christoph Houswitschka to focus on the reception process between Late Antiquity and the Middle Ages. In particular, it is the aim of this paper to contribute to the much-discussed question of the transition from the world of Classical Antiquity to that of the Middle Ages – with a special emphasis on the Eastern Christian Churches. This contribution, therefore, first describes the recent state of research (Cameron ix). It then tells the origins of the Eastern Christian Churches and argues why the age of the (Eastern) Roman Emperor Justinian (527-565) and the Rise of Islam (after 622) mark deep turning points in their early history. Finally, this essay presents a concluding perspective regarding the transition from Late Antiquity to the Middle Ages for the Eastern Christian Churches.

1. The Transition from Late Antiquity to the Middle Ages: The Current State of Research

For a long time, for historians the transition from Late Antiquity to the Middle Ages was marked by certain caesuras, as for the example by the end of the Western line of Roman Emperors in the year 476 (Meier, "Ostrom-Byzanz" 187-91). However, with his suggestion to understand the transition from Antiquity to the Middle Ages as a longer lasting process, during which the world of Antiquity was transformed into that of the Middle Ages, Irish historian Peter Brown introduced a new approach to the discussion in the early 1970s. In the introduction to his book *The World of Late Antiquity, AD 150–750*, he writes:

> This book is a study of social and cultural change. I hope that the reader will put it down with some idea of how, and even of why, the Late Antiquity world (in the period from about AD 200 to about 700) came to differ from "classical" civilization, and of how the headlong changes of this period, in turn, determined the varying evolution of Western Europe, of Eastern Europe and the Near East. (Brown 7)

Since the publication of Brown's study, different aspects of longer lasting changes of "classical" institutions or self-identities have been studied in closer detail – for example the aftermath of the Roman-Persian wars in the sixth and seventh centuries, the decline of urbanism in the Roman East in the seventh century, or the religious and political circumstances in which Islam developed (Cameron xi).

Since the publication of Peter Brown's book, historians have either followed his fundamental approach and spoken in translation of a "longer-lasting late antiquity" (Meier, "Ostrom-Byzanz" 195-96; Cameron xi), or they have remained sceptical and still favour fixed caesuras – as, for example, the British historians Peter Heather and Bryan Ward-Perkins. Their focus lies on the Western areas of the Roman Empire where, in their eyes, certain historical processes gained the character of decisive caesuras. Bryan Ward-Perkins, for example, points to the destruction of the classical civilization that the Germanic invasions brought to the Western regions of the Roman Empire (Ward-Perkins 10). Peter Heather explains that "the fall of Rome, and with it the western half of the Empire, constitutes one of the formative revolutions of European history, and has traditionally been seen as heralding the end of the ancient world" (xi).

With respect to the Eastern regions, Mischa Meier, in contrast, proposes a sort of combination of both the fundamental approaches of caesuras and transmission by focussing on what a Tübingen research centre calls the "threatened orders". According to this model, the transition from Late Antiquity to the Mediaeval Byzantine Empire in the Roman East occurred in three steps: in the fifth century the institution of the Roman Emperor itself was threatened. During the reign of Emperor Justinian (527-565) the self-identity of the people of Constantinople was challenged by military and natural disasters; and during the reign of Emperor Heraclius (610-641) the loss of the Eastern provinces to the Muslim Arabs transformed the (Eastern) Roman Empire into the Byzantine Empire (Meier, "Ostrom-Byzanz" 205).

In recent years, new perspectives on the transition process have contributed to the ongoing academic discussion. With respect to *geography*, for instance, the Austrian Byzantinist Johannes Preiser-Kapeller integrated the Sasanian Empire into his descriptive account of Late Antiquity, published in 2018, and depicted connecting lines within the "Eurasian-African region" (Preiser-Kapeller 10). Likewise, Mischa Meier's *Geschichte der Völkerwanderung* broadens its horizon beyond the Eastern and the Western regions of the Mediterranean world by including neighbouring areas such as the Persian Empire.[1]

[1] "Vor allem aber sollte dadurch, dass ab etwa 500 nur noch der ehemalige Osten und der Westen des *Imperium Romanum* als Großräume thematisiert wurden, eine bisher vernachlässigte Zäsur . . . herausgearbeitet werden, an der eine einheitliche 'Reichsgeschichte' in eine multipolare Verflechtungsgeschichte übergehen muss. Mit diesem Vorgehen sollte

Moreover, in relation to *religious processes*, the Qur'ān in interreligious-discursive studies is understood more and more as a text belonging to Late Antiquity with numerous entanglements and interrelations to theological traditions of pre-Islamic Arabic religion and poetry, Rabbinic Judaism, and Eastern (Greek and Syriac) Christianity (Neuwirth 107; Reynolds 35-36; Griffith 214; Stroumsa 1-20). For example, the US theologian Gabriel Reynolds describes the reception and transformation of Biblical stories, motifs, or persons in the Qur'ān as an "allusion" to Biblical narratives which the Qur'ān processed according to its own religious messages (Reynolds 36). Because of this entangling and intermingling with Late Antique religious traditions, the Berlin professor for Oriental Studies Angelika Neuwirth calls the Qur'ān in my translation a "work of Late Antiquity" ("ein Werk der Spätantike;" Neuwirth 107).

It is against this historical background that a Synod of Constantinople (536), summoned by the (East) Roman Emperor Justinian († 565), and the Rise of Islam (after 622) mark deep turning points with long-lasting effects for Christian Churches both within and outside the (Eastern) Roman Empire.

2. The Transition from Late Antiquity to the Middle Ages for Eastern Christian Churches

2.1 The Emergence of the Eastern Christian Churches

Although Christianity is a religion which originated in the Near East, today it is often seen as a Western religion due to its present spread in Europe, the Americas, or Africa (for an overview of the present situation of the Eastern Christian Churches, see Oeldemann 65-144). Therefore, the Protestant theologian Karl Pinggéra recalls to our attention that the Eastern Christian Churches are no result of missionary efforts in modern time but have continued to exist from the early beginnings of Christianity to the present day (Pinggéra and Lange, "Einleitung" ix).

These Eastern Christian Churches, which are an expression of such a continuation from Antiquity to the present day (Hage 17), can be divided into two groups with respect to their geographical extension in Late Antiquity. There are these churches whose beginnings lie within the boundaries of the Roman Empire, and there are those churches which originated outside of Rome's domination.

nicht zuletzt auch innerhalb der Diskussion um die Konzeptualisierung der Spätantike als Phase der Transformation oder der Zäsuren und Brüche, die inzwischen die Forschung polarisieren, ein alternativer Weg vorgestellt warden" (Meier, *Geschichte der Völkerwanderung* 1090-91).

2.1.1 Eastern Christian Churches Within the Roman Empire

As for the Churches within the Roman Empire, they are primarily represented today by the Churches and Ecclesiastical Communities within the Latin tradition of Christianity and the Orthodox Churches of the Byzantine tradition.[2] In the Near East, these are the Greek-Orthodox Patriarchates of Antioch, Jerusalem, and Alexandria (Oeldemann 84-92; Winkler, "Die orthodoxen Kirchen im Orient" 23-32). In contrast, Latin hierarchies in the area were established only during the time of the Crusades (eleventh to thirteenth centuries; Hage 56-58) or in the nineteenth to twenty first centuries – as for the example the Latin Patriarchate of the Holy City, which the Roman Pope Pius IX († 1878) canonically re-erected in the year 1847 (Hage 60-61).

However, ecclesiastical unity within the Church of the Roman Empire, as it was established by the Roman Emperor Constantine I († 337) in the fourth century,[3] was lost during the sixth century. This was due to the differing reception of the "Ecumenical", i.e. Roman,[4] Council of Chalcedon (451) to which the Roman Emperor Marcianus († 457) summoned the bishops of the Roman Empire (recent description in Gemeinhardt 293-299). While the Latin traditions and the Orthodox Churches of the Byzantine tradition received and still hold the Council as dogmatically binding, many Christians in Syria and Egypt did not accept the Christological Formula of the Council, according to which the Christ existed in two "natures" (*en dyo physesin*) but one "person" and "hypostasis" (*kai eis hen prosōpon kai mian hypostasin*) after the incarnation of the God-Logos.[5] These Christians were only prepared to accept the Council of Chalcedon (451) as a synod

[2] The divisions within the Latin tradition of Christianity occurred during the so-called "Reformation" in the sixteenth century (with regard to Protestant Communities) or in the year 1724 when the canons of the Church of Utrecht elected a bishop without asking for Rome's permission (referring to the Old Catholic = "altkatholische" Church. Therefore, in Late Antiquity there was just a single Latin tradition with local centres such as Rome, Carthage, Mediolanum, Lugdunum, or Spain.

[3] Constantine identified the "Catholic Church" with the church of the Roman Empire, as is clear from the anathemata of the first "Ecumenical" (i.e. Roman) Council of Nicaea (325): "Those who say . . . are anathematized from the catholic and apostolic church (toutous anathematizei hē katholikē kai apostolikē ekklēsia)". For the Christian penetration of ancient society within the Roman Empire during the fourth century, see Gemeinhardt 181.

[4] The term "ecumenical" means "world-wide". See Chadwick 134-35. Athanasius of Alexandria used the term "ecumenical" to explain the special value of the Council of Nicaea (325), given that all the bishops of the oikumene attended the synod (dia touto gar kai oikumenikē gegonen hē en Nikaia synodos) – in contrast to "local" synods (hina mēketi kata meros prophasei pisteōs ginōntai). See von Stockhausen chapter 2.1.

[5] The Christological formula of the Council defines: "Following our holy fathers we teach it to confess that the Christ exists . . . in two natures (*en dyo physesin*) . . . but one person and hypostasis (*kai eis hen prosōpon kai mian hypostasin*)" (Wohlmuth 86). For a discussion of the Christological content of the formula see Grillmeier 751-75.

which had condemned Eutyches of Constantinople († 456) and his doctrine of Monophysitism.[6]

In the first 85 years which followed the Synod of Chalcedon (451), the (Eastern) Roman Emperors at Constantinople sought to find a compromise between the two rivalling parties in order to preserve the unity of the Church of the Empire (Lange, *Mia Energeia* 143-364). Following an intervention of the Roman Pope Agapetus († 535) (Lange, *Mia Energeia* 348-54; Brimioulle 126-93), however, Emperor Justinian deposed the anti-Chalcedonian Patriarchs of Antioch, Severus († 538), and Alexandria, Theodosius († 566), together with Anthimus of Constantinople (year of death unknown), after a Synod at Constantinople (536). Justinian replaced them by Pro-Chalcedonian successors (Evagrius Scholasticus FC 57/2, IV,11). Volker Menze, therefore, calls the Synod of Constantinople (536) the "turning point" in the establishment of the Syrian Orthodox Church, given that the deposed anti-Chalcedonian patriarchs and bishops began to ordain not only priests and deacons, as they had done up until the synod of 536, but also bishops, so that a rivalling Christian clergy was created (Menze, "The Establishment of the Syriac Churches" 105-18, esp. 114). Because of these ordinations, two Christian churches came into being beside the Imperial Church: the West-Syrian or Syrian-Orthodox Church in Syria, and the Coptic Orthodox Church in Egypt (Winkler, *Koptische Kirche und Reichskirche* 153; Menze, "The Making of the Syrian Orthodox Church" 105). Despite temporary unions with the Imperial Church during the reign of Emperor Heraclius (610-41) (Lange, *Mia Energeia* 531-616), the ecclesiastical hierarchical split following the deposition of the anti-Chalcedonian patriarchs after the Synod of Constantinople (536) has not been healed up to the present day. In that respect, the time of the (Eastern) Roman Emperor Justinian (527-565), indeed, marks a deep turning point in the history of the Eastern Christian Churches, even though these churches still belonged to the Late Antique world and its cultures.

2.1.2 The Eastern Christian Churches Outside the Roman Empire

The history of the Eastern Christian Churches outside the Roman Empire in Africa south of Egypt, Armenia, and Mesopotamia differs from that of the Churches within its boundaries – even though the Christian Churches remained connected with each other (Hage 200-313). Whereas, for example, Christianity arose in the Roman Empire, the first Christian communities outside the Imperium

[6] During a religious conference in Constantinople 532, summoned by Emperor Justinian, the Syriac speaking opponents of the Council of Chalcedon (451) were ready to anathematise Eutyches, see Brock, "The Conversations with the Syrian Orthodox" XIII (94). As for the Coptic Church, Patriarch Timothy Aelurus († 477) excluded two supporters of Eutyches from the Egyptian Church (Ebeid and Wickham 321-69, esp. 338-41; see also Lange, *Mia Energeia* 148).

Romanum were founded by missionaries who brought the Christian faith to these areas from within Roman-ruled regions.[7] In the case of the Church in the Persian Empire, it is generally assumed that it was merchants, prisoners of war, or itinerant preachers who travelled along the main trade routes from the shores of the Mediterranean Sea to the East, probably first approaching Jews who represented a recognisable minority in Mesopotamia since the time of the "Babylonian Exile (597-39 BC)" (Taylor 68-87; Winkler, "Zeitalter der Sassaniden" 13-42). Christian tradition regards the apostle Thomas as main Christian Missionary of the East (17). Already in the third century, the *Acts of Thomas,* possibly written in Edessa, describe how Parthia was assigned to the Apostle Thomas by a lottery among the Apostles (*Acts of Thomas* 17). Origen of Alexandria († 253/254) tells the same narrative in his *Commentarii in Genesim* (91a). In the fourth century, Eusebius of Caesarea († 339) adds that Thomas the Apostle had sent Thaddaeus/Addai, one of the "Twelve" (Mark 3:18), as Christian Missionary to King Abgar of Edessa when the city's ruler asked Jesus to come in person to Edessa to heal him of sickness (Eusebius Caesariensis I 13,2,1-4). Besides these literary traditions regarding an Apostolic origin of the Church in Persia, archaeological evidence points to Christian tombs on the island of Kharg in the third century (Winkler, "Zeitalter der Sassaniden" 13-14). Around the same time Philippus, a disciple of the philosopher Bardesanes of Edessa († 222), knows of Christians in Persia and Media (*The Book of the Laws of the Countries* 61). As a consequence, the Church in the Persian Empire claims an Apostolic origin, just as the Imperial Church in the Roman Empire does. Whereas, however, the unity of the Imperial Church was lost in the sixth century, the Church of the East was able to keep its unity up until the sixteenth century when some of its Bishops entered into a union with the Apostolic See of Rome and the Catholic Chaldean Church emerged.[8]

While Christianity reached Persia by way of missionaries from the Roman Empire, it was, in contrast, according to the Armenian historian Agathangelus (possibly second half of the fifth century), the initiative of the Armenian King Tiridates III († c.317) who is responsible for the spread of the Christian faith to Armenia. For Agathangelus testifies that King Tiridates asked from Bishop Leontius of the Roman City of Caesarea in Cappadocia that an Armenian noble called Gregorius may be consecrated Bishop for Armenia (Agathangelus 796-806). Back in Armenia, this Gregorius, who was awarded the honorary title of "Illuminator"

[7] In his response to the pagan philosopher Celsus, Origenes of Alexandria underlines the fact that all peoples who were united in the Roman Empire favoured the rapid spread of early Christianity (*Origenes Alexandrinus* FC 50/2, II, 30).

[8] It was the East Syrian abbot of the monastery of Rhabban Hormizd, Johannes Sulaqa († 1569), who sought an ecclesiastical union with the Apostolic See of Rome and was ordained patriarch in Rome by Pope Julius III († 1555) in the year 1552, see Baum 101; Oeldemann 118.

(*lusaworitsch*), is said to have baptised the Armenian King in the year 301, although the exact date of this event is uncertain (for a discussion see Hage 230). Because of this early date of the king's conversion to Christianity, C. Detlef Müller calls Armenia in my translation "the first official Christian state" (Müller 354).

Just like in Armenia, the extension of Christianity to Aksum in North-Eastern Africa is related to a King – in this case to Ezana of Aksum († c.370) (Pinggéra, "Die Äthiopisch-Orthodoxe Kirche" 41). While in Armenia a local nobleman was sent to a representative of the Church of the Roman Empire, in Aksum it was a man from the Roman city of Tyrus called Frumentius († 383) who, together with his brother Edesius (year of death not known), came to Aksum as a slave due to a shipwreck (Rufinus X,9). As teacher of the future king Ezana, Frumentius was allowed to go to Alexandria where he was ordained Bishop for Ethiopia by Pope Athanasius of Alexandria († 373) (*tum vero Athanasius . . . tradito ei sacerdotio, redire eum cum domini gratia, unde venerat, iubet*, Rufinus X,10), perhaps in the years 340 to 356 (Pinggéra, "Die Äthiopisch-Orthodoxe Kirche" 42; Hage 203). After his return to Aksum, Frumentius baptised Ezana as the first Christian king – a conversion that is well attested in inscriptions and coinage (Hage 203). According to Wolfgang Hage, Aksum, thus, became the third Christian country after Armenia and the promotion of Christianity in the Imperium Romanum by Constantine I (203).

These connections with Christianity within the Roman Empire, however, underline that the Eastern Christian Churches belonged to the classical world of (Late) Antiquity. In Armenia, it was up to the time of King Pap(as) († 374) that the Armenian Catholicos was consecrated in the Roman City of Caesarea in Cappadocia (231). In Ethiopia it was even until 1959 when the Alexandrian Pope Shenuta III († 2012) granted to the Church of Ethiopia the right to elect its own patriarch that the Ethiopian Church was dependent on Alexandria (215).

2.2 Language and Literature of the Eastern Christian Churches

While in the churches within the Roman Empire Greek and Latin were the dominant languages of councils, letters, liturgy, or canon law,[9] the Eastern Christian Churches have preserved their ancient traditions in other languages. The variety of their rites includes Semitic languages (such as Ethiopic or Syriac), Afro-Asian languages (such as Coptic), or Indo-European languages (such as Armenian) (Pinggéra and Lange, "Einleitung" xiii). In order to underline the importance of

[9] This general observation shall not minimise the importance of other languages spoken in the Roman Empire. For example, Irenaeus of Lugdunum († 200), who was a Greek-speaking clergyman from Asia Minor, noted that he had to learn the Gallic language in order to fulfil his duties as bishop of Lugdunum in southern Gaul (Brox I Praef.). For the challenge which other languages than Greek and Latin represented to early Christian mission see Brox 232-37.

the Eastern Christian languages, Sebastian Brock stresses that the rich literature that was composed in the Syriac language can be understood as a "third component" of early Christianity besides Greek and Latin (Brock, "Zum Geleit" 7). Not only is it likely that Jesus himself and his disciples spoke a dialect of Aramaic, but Syriac-speaking Christians also composed their poetry, their historical writings, or their theological tractates from the second to the thirteenth centuries in Syriac. Syriac literature even reached its peak not in the classical world, but in the eleventh to thirteenth century under Muslim domination during the so called "Syriac Renaissance" (7-8).

While the first Christians in Mesopotamia, thus, could rely on Syriac, an Armenian alphabet was introduced, according to the Armenian historian Koriun (Koriun, § 33-42), by Mesrop Maschtotz († 440) in the first half of the fifth century – a time when the Persian shahs brought independent Armenian kingship in 428 to an end and sought to integrate Armenia closer into the Persian Empire (Pinggéra, "Armenisch-Apostolische Kirche" 53). Based on Mesrop's script, the Armenian language, literature, and culture strengthened the unity of the Armenian people during times in which no Armenian "state" existed (54).

Likewise, the Semitic language of Ge'ez, which might have reached the region of modern Ethiopia and Eritrea in the first to second centuries, is still used in liturgy by the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, whereas modern dialects like Amharic are spoken by the people in everyday life (Pinggéra, "Die Äthiopische Kirche" 41).

It is an expression of respect for the Eastern Christian traditions that the Second Vatican Council of the Catholic Church (1962-1965) noted that the Eastern Churches in their liturgical life preserved a rich treasure from which the Western traditions of Christianity greatly benefited (*Unitatis Redintegratio* 14,1). Liturgy celebrated in a different language than Greek or Latin is, therefore, not an expression of a separation from the Classical World by the Eastern Christian Churches, but rather a sign of the plurality of ancient Christianity in the (Late) Antique World.

2.3 The Reception of Synods in the Eastern Christian Churches

Another field of connection with the Church of the Roman Empire was the involvement of the Eastern Christian churches in the theological discussions which destroyed the Unity of the Church of the Roman Empire. In particular, it was the reception of dogmatic constitutions composed at councils or synods taking place in the Roman Empire that were either received or rejected by the Eastern Christian Churches. Considering that it was the Roman Emperor who called the bishops of his Empire to "Ecumenical" councils, it is important to emphasise that there was no general need for the Christian Churches outside the Imperium to

receive the decisions of these Councils (Brock, "Christology of the Church of the East" 129-30). If Churches outside the Roman Empire accepted the doctrinal or juridical determinations of Councils of the Roman Imperial Church, then they did so out of their free will. This was the case, for example, when the Armenian Catholicos Aristakes († 333), a son of Gregorius Illuminator, attended the Council of Nicaea (325), according to Moses of Choren (Moses of Choren 90). Therefore, the Armenian Church accepted the creed of the synod of the Roman Church and sided with the Imperial Church (Winkler, "Zur 'Rezeption' Ökumenischer Konzilien" 629-31).

Like the Armenian Church, the Church of the East in the Persian Empire accepted the creed of the Council of Nicaea (325) at a synod which took place in Seleucia-Ctesiphon in 410, benevolently accompanied by the Persian Shah Jazdgird I († 421). However, it did not accept the Greek Creed in the way of a literal translation, but rather in a Syriac revision of its theological content. (Winkler, "Zeitalter der Sassaniden" 21; Winkler, "Zur 'Rezeption' Ökumenischer Konzilien" 623-29). Therefore, Western theological vocabulary which characterises the Churches outside of the Roman Empire as "Pre-Ephesian" or "Pre-Chalcedonian" seems unjustified, given that these labels assume that the Christian churches outside the Imperium Romanum would have been obliged to consent to "Ecumenical" Councils of the Roman Imperial Church; and if they did not do so, then they must be regarded as either "Pre-Ephesian" or "Pre-Chalcedonian" (Winkler, "Ostsyrisches Christentum" 12-13). Therefore, Eastern Christian Churches outside the Roman Empire which did not accept a synod of the Church of the Empire did not separate themselves from the classical world. Rather the other way around, the Church of the East in the Persian Empire understood itself as fifth patriarchate of the single "Catholic" Church besides the four "Western" patriarchates of Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria and Antioch even in the sixth century (Canon 29, Chabot 160). The explanation for this self-identification is to be found in the fact that the Church of the East did not accept the Roman Council of Chalcedon (451) which elevated Jerusalem to patriarchate in the Roman Imperial Church (Winkler, "Ostsyrisches Christentum" 40). Therefore, there was a felt gap which allowed the Church of the East to declare the bishop of Seleucia-Ctesiphon the fifth patriarch of the universal, the "Catholic" Christian Church.

2.4 Interim Conclusion

My remarks on the emergence, literary tradition, and theological relationship of synods of the Church of the Roman Empire show that Christianity in the fifth to seventh centuries is adequately described as "polyphonic" or "plural" (Gemeinhardt 7). Following the Synod of Constantinople (536) within the Imperium Romanum, there existed the anti-Chalcedonian West-Syrian and the Coptic

Churches besides the pro-Chalcedonian Imperial Church. Outside the Imperium, there were the Church of the East and the Armenian Church in the Persian Empire which resembled a minority in a predominantly Zoroastrian state. Finally, there was the church in North-Eastern Africa South of Egypt depending on the Patriarch of Alexandria who ordained its bishop up until the twentieth century. All of these churches had their own literary language, their own theological tradition, and their own liturgy. Despite this variety, they belonged to the world of Late Antiquity.

When, however, was this world transformed into that of the Middle Ages?

2.5 The Transition to the Middle Ages for the Eastern Christian Churches

In his study *Die Spätantike* (2014), Rene Pfeilschifter argues that the transition from the world of Antiquity to that of the Middle Ages happened when Christianity could not be passed on to the conquering Arabs in the seventh century, whereas in the Latin West Christianity reached the Germanic tribes which established their own kingdoms in the former Western regions of the Roman Empire from the fifth century (Pfeilschifter 17). Following the loss of the Eastern provinces of the (Eastern) Roman Empire in Syria, Palestine, or Egypt, what remained of the (Eastern) Roman Empire was different to the state prior to the Arab invasions. Various institutions had disappeared, others had emerged anew. The inhabitants of Constantinople did no longer know the past of their own city so that travel guides had to be composed in order to explain to them their own past (14). And their rulers were no longer called *imperator* in the Latin tradition of the Roman emperors since Augustus († 14 AD), but referred to with the Greek word *basileus* – a term which designated biblical kings such as David (265). Therefore, at the end of the seventh century, so Pfeilschifter says, the (Eastern) Roman Empire was, in my translation, a "transformed state" ("ein verwandeltes Staatswesen"; 14).

Pfeilschifter's conclusions seem convincing when looking at the (Eastern) Roman Empire. Considering, however, the different historical development in the Latin-speaking West of the Mediterranean Sea, Peter Gemeinhardt suggested to differentiate between the historical processes in both regions (Gemeinhardt 6). Whereas, according to his analysis, in the West deep cuts in theology, art and science accompanied the disintegration of the Roman Empire, in the East they continued up to the seventh century (6). Consequently, Gemeinhardt included the Christian reaction to the rise of Islam into his historical account of Christianity in Late Antiquity, accepting the arguments provided by Pfeilschifter or Neuwirth (6). Therefore, he understands the period from the second to the seventh

centuries as a continuum which he calls "Late Antiquity" because of its continuities in culture and belief despite regional upheavals in politics, society, and religion (6).

Indeed, with reference to the Eastern regions, the rise of Islam changed the conditions of life for the Eastern Christian Churches fundamentally (Gemeinhardt, 380-89; Lange, "Dogmengeschichtliche Orientierung" 16-19; Hage 42-50; Tropeau 392-97). In the centuries after the Arab conquests, all the Eastern Christian Churches melted down to weaker or stronger minorities within the "House of Islam" (Tropeau 399-472). In principle, Christians, as "people of the book" (*ahl al-kitāb*), were allowed to live their lives according to their faith, but in fact they had to accept certain restrictions due to their religion – for example, a conversion from Islam to Christianity was strictly forbidden, and children in interreligious marriages had to become Muslims (Hage 49). Moreover, Christians, as *dhimmis*, as people in need of the protection of the (Muslim) ruler, had to pay a special tax (*dschizya*) – except for women, children, or monks (Hage 47; Tropeau 393-94). Christians were not permitted to bear weapons. They were instructed to dress differently from Muslims (Hage 47). And they were not allowed either to build new churches or to repair damaged church buildings (Hage 47; Tropeau 394-96). For any care of ecclesiastical buildings Christians had to seek permission from the Muslim rulers. Therefore, Gerard Tropeau concluded that the Christians exhausted themselves in this wear and tear with the Muslim authorities (Tropeau 395-96).

The new rules that were established by the new rulers applied to members of all Eastern Churches within the House of Islam (Hage 45). Whereas, however, this situation was nothing new for the Church of the East or the Armenian Church, which had always been religious minorities in the Persian Empire, it was especially the pro-Chalcedonian communities of the Roman Imperial Church that had to deal with a political reversal unknown to them so far. The same counts for the anti-Chalcedonian Churches in the former Eastern Provinces of the Roman Empire which had had to face persecutions by the (Eastern) Roman Emperors (45). Therefore, Wolfgang Hage underlines that these Churches were, now under Muslim domination, in a position to reestablish an official liturgical life which they had not been able to enjoy under (Eastern) Roman pressure (136). In that sense, the situation for the Eastern Christian Churches differed significantly.

These differences can, likewise, be observed in other fields. Whereas, for example, both the West and the East Syrian Churches enjoyed a new literary blossoming in Syriac, pro-Chalcedonian theologians such as Theodorus Abū Qurrah († 825) soon started to compose their writings in Arabic, in which the other Eastern Christian Churches followed them (Winkler, "Orthodoxe Kirchen im Orient"

27; Tropeau 406-07). Pro-Chalcedonian circles in Antioch, which was reconquered for about a century by the (Eastern) Roman forces in 969, translated Greek patristic texts into Arabic (Tropeau 407).[10] In Bagdad, founded in 762 as new residence of the Abbasid khalifs, it was East Syrian scholars like Hunayn ibn Ishaq († 873) who, together with their West Syrian and pro-Chalcedonian Melkite counterparts, translated Greek philosophical texts such as those of Aristotle or medical writings like those of Galenus of Pergamon († 216) from Greek into Syriac and from Syriac into Arabic (Pinggéra, "Apostolische Kirche des Ostens" 27). A new type of Syriac literature emerged that mostly took the form of fictional dialogues between a Christian bishop or monk and a Muslim representative (Griffith 251-73). The Church of the East succeeded in bringing Christianity all the way along the silk road to India and China, where the Sian-fu tablet, a stele with a Syriac heading and a Chinese inscription dating from 781, attests that an East Syrian monk called Alopen – and with him Christianity – had reached China around 635 (Pinggéra, "Apostolische Kirche des Ostens" 30). Moreover, West Syriac writers such as Michael Syrus († 1199) or Gregorius Barhebraeus († 1286) contributed to the "Syriac Renaissance" (Pinggéra, "Kirchen der syrisch-orthodoxen Tradition" 81-84).

As for Egypt, the change in the relation between the pro-Chalcedonian Patriarch and his Coptic rival was made manifest when the Muslim conqueror of Egypt, 'Amr ibn al-'As († 664) allowed the anti-Chalcedonian Coptic Patriarch Benjamin I († c.665) to return to Alexandria where he was welcomed by many inhabitants (Hage 172). In the centuries after the Arab invasion, the Coptic Church benefited from the Fatimid khalifs in their new residence Cairo (since 973). These, belonging to a Shiite minority among a Sunni majority, sought support from other minorities like the Christians, who could reach high administrative offices (174).

Moreover, the arrival of the Muslims changed the situation for the Armenian Church as well (240-41). Armenian local rulers were able to gain a certain independence from the khalif in the ninth century so that an ecclesiastical life could revive (240). This revival came to an end when the (Eastern) Roman armies conquered the region in the eleventh century, for the pro-Chalcedonian Emperors sought to reintegrate the Armenian Church into the Imperial Church (240).

Finally, in Ethiopia the situation was different, given that a decline of the kingdom of Aksum set in which lasted a few centuries (Pinggéra, "Äthiopisch-Orthodoxe

[10] The attraction to the Arabic language and culture in the pro-Chalcedonian patriarchate of Antioch was made manifest in 1724, when a part of the Greek-Orthodox Church of Antioch concluded a union with the Apostolic See of Rome (Hage 90). While the Greek-Melkite Catholic Church, which was the outcome of the union, still used Greek in its liturgy, the Greek-Orthodox Patriarchate stressed its Arabic roots. Consequently, Wolfgang Hage speaks of the "Rum-Orthodox" Church of Antioch (90-95).

Kirche" 43). It is not before the twelfth century that sources speak of a new Christian dynasty at Roha which stressed its Jewish heritage and is called "the Salomonic dynasty" (43). The self-identity of this dynasty still shapes the anti-Chalcedonian Ethiopic Orthodox Church until today (43).

However, all these developments differed from those of Late Antiquity in one decisive point: the Christian churches in the Near East – with the exception of the Ethiopic Church in Africa – did no longer have to deal with neither the (Eastern) Roman Emperor in Constantinople nor the Persian Shah in Seleucia-Ctesiphon, but with Muslim khalifs in either Bagdad or Cairo. In this sense, the transition from Late Antiquity to the Middle Ages began with the rise of Islam which initiated a process of transformation in which the situation of the Eastern Christian Churches developed a new face, which we, then, at some point in time can call the "Middle Ages".

3. Perspective Conclusion

This paper has shown that recent historical studies prefer not to tie the transition from Late Antiquity to the Middle Ages to a fixed, generally valid point in time, but to look at the developments in the different regions around the Mediterranean Sea in a differentiated way. Whereas in the Latin-speaking West the establishment of Germanic kingdoms brought with it changes in the political, social, and religious life, in the East the Rise of Islam led to new living conditions for Christians and their Churches. The same accounts for the Eastern Christian Churches. Even though pro-Chalcedonian communities did not enjoy the support of the Emperor in Constantinople any longer, the anti-Chalcedonian Churches flourished and expanded along the Silk Road to India, Tibet, and China – even though they melted down to minorities in the House of Islam. Just as for the Eastern Roman Empire, so, likewise, the establishment of Muslim rule marks the beginning of the transition from the world of Late Antiquity to the Middle Ages, which was reached at some time when Christians realised that the Muslim domination was to last for longer when they adapted to a new political system rather different from that of Late Antiquity, when they got used to a new language (Arabic) in everyday life and to a different culture, and when they settled within these new surroundings. The author hopes that Christoph Houswitschka would have been happy with this description of the transformation of Antique characters, motives, and *topoi* with respect to the Eastern Christian Churches within and without the Roman Empire.

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The Female "I" in Drag: Shakespeare's Lucrece

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William Shakespeare's *The Rape of Lucrece* was first published in 1594, probably from his own manuscript, by Richard Field, who had also printed *Venus and Adonis* the previous year. Like so many other works of literature, the text comes to us wrapped up as it were in other texts calling for our attention. The poem is preceded by a dedication and "The Argument", a summary of the Roman legend of Lucrece. French narratologist Gérard Genette has argued most persuasively that we must not ignore such paratexts precisely because they are both "thresholds" of and ways into the major text, guiding (and sometimes deliberately misguiding) us in our first steps (1987). Like *Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece* bears a dedication to Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton. In the humble and self-denigrating manner that distinguishes such dedications, Shakespeare describes his "untutored Lines" in mock-marital terms as "a superfluous Moiety" (Greenblatt et al. 702). More important for the sexual and textual play that follows is the fact that he gives voice to a love between men, a desire that – even if it excludes sex – reconfirms and verbally represents the powerlines of a discursive field controlled by men. I hope to show that the mentality and ideology created in this masculine field proved overwhelming even for Shakespeare when he tried to create a female voice. The language of power affected the very metaphors by which Renaissance intellectuals lived, and the power of this gendered language thoroughly permeated art and literature.

The introductory "The Argument" is a text in prose providing a summary not of the poem but of the Latin versions of the Lucrece myth as told by Livy and Ovid. Since Shakespeare's poem makes no reference to the larger political context – specifically the tyranny of the Tarquins and the subsequent revolt against their rule – the Shakespeare industry has had great trouble with this prose text whose style and syntax are modelled on Latin. Thus J.W. Lever argued that "it is hard to see why Shakespeare should have wished to introduce his poem with an account so little related to its contents" (108). Lever wonders why the story's political implications are brought in at the very beginning and then suggests that "the 'Argument' was not by Shakespeare at all, but was commissioned by the printer from someone else in the hope that this would help to make the poem more readable" (108). But the inclusion of "The Argument" does make sense precisely because it sets the entire plot of the subsequent poem, and ultimately the rape and death of the heroine, in a context that is both political and patriarchal, suggesting a reading of *The Rape of Lucrece* in ideological-political terms. The major body of the poem does not make it entirely clear because it contains a number of disparate narrative

and artistic traditions, yet the initial paratext guarantees that Lucrece's suffering and suicide are understood not as the heroic deed of a chaste and faithful woman but as a necessary event in the political arena, a sacrifice required for the establishment of a new republic.

Written in rhyme royal, also known as the Chaucer stanza, which is composed of seven five-stress lines rhyming ababbcc, *The Rape of Lucrece* has 1855 lines. A part of its continuing attraction lies in the fact that as a narrative dramatic poem it contains important rhetorical and poetic forms reaching back to Chaucer and the Middle Ages. As an epyllion, a little epic, it is also a supreme example of Renaissance *copia*, as Shakespeare expands the short passage in Ovid's *Fasti*, II (ll. 721-852) into almost 2,000 lines while incorporating a number of details from Livy's *History of Rome*. To Samuel Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond* (1592) he is indebted not only for the stanza form but also for an entire genre, the formal complaint or lament, in the part where Lucrece seizes the word after the rape. Preceded by what Stephen Greenblatt has diagnosed as a violent form of erotic "chafing" (Greenblatt 88, 183n27) – i.e. the passage where Tarquin and Lucrece engage in a debate –, Lucrece's complaint gave Shakespeare

> the opportunity to fuse his classical material with a popular vernacular form, the lyrical lament of the (frequently female) victim who has been deserted by a lover or otherwise abused. This genre . . . had a rich medieval pedigree and a storehouse of examples in the *Mirror for Magistrates* (1559), one of Shakespeare's major sources. (Bate, *Ovid* 66)

Shakespeare was 30 years old when *Lucrece* was published. His outstanding plays as well as his best poetry were still to come. In the 1590s, Shakespeare was working on *Titus Andronicus* and some comedies – *The Comedy of Errors, The Taming of the Shrew,* and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* (see the chronology in Suerbaum 326). It is hardly surprising then that *The Rape of Lucrece* shows Shakespeare's great talent for borrowing (in this case from Renaissance treatments of the Lucrece story based mainly on Ovid), a talent that presents minor strains for postmodern readers, as we become aware of an "excess of ornamentation and conceit, an addiction to paradox, oxymoron and antithesis" (Lever 9) as well as an excessive and at times tedious reliance on the soliloquies of the Senecan revenge tragedy, which is most obvious in the first part, when Tarquin deliberates on the consequences of the rape, and especially in Lucrece's lament in which she "endlessly reduplicates verbal figures without achieving any emotional advance" (Bate, *Ovid* 75). One example should demonstrate both Shakespeare's traditional use of the blazon[1] and the embedding of this poetic-rhetorical form in a patriarchal culture.

[1] Shakespeare was later to attack the blazon in his sonnets: see especially no. 130: "My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun / Coral is far more red than her lips' red / If snow be white why then her breasts are dun."

In this passage, Tarquin has penetrated into Lucrece's chamber and first takes possession of her with his gaze:

> Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
> Coz'ning the pillow of a lawful kiss,
> Who, therefore angry, seems to part asunder,
> Swelling on either side to want his bliss;
> Between whose hills her head entombed is,
> Where like a virtuous monument she lies
> To be admired of lewd unhallowed eyes.
>
> Without the bed her other fair hand was
> On the green coverlet, whose perfect white
> Showed like an April daisy on the grass,
> With pearly sweat resembling dew of night.
> Her eyes like marigolds had sheathed their light,
> And canopied in darkness sweetly lay
> Till they might open to adorn the day.
>
> Her hair like golden threads played with her breath –
> Oh, modest wantons, wanton modesty! –
> Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
> And death's dim look in life's mortality.
> Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
> As if between them twain there were no strife,
> But that life lived in death, and death in life.
>
> Her breasts like ivory globes circled with blue,
> A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
> Save of their lord no bearing yoke they knew
> And him by oath they truly honòred.
> These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred,
> Who like a foul usurper went about
> From this fair throne to heave the owner out. (ll. 386-413)[2]

This is surely a perfect example of pictures (and iconotexts, i.e. verbal-visual constructs) as agents, of what has been discussed in art theory (e.g. by Lacan; W.J.T. Mitchell, *Iconology* and *Picture Theory*; Wagner; and Louvel) as "the ability of artistic and visual objects to attain a form of emotional and psychological agency with regard to the beholder" (Elam 31). The passage stages the female body in a conventional erotic topography that invites the voyeuristic male gaze to enjoy and finally conquer this helpless, sleeping victim as if it were a landscape, a monument, a field, or a newly discovered world. Most interesting is the final stanza of the blazon with its conceit of the breasts as globes. Since the blazon is a mapping

[2] Subsequent quotations are from the *Norton Shakespare*, 2016, edited by Stephen Greenblatt et al., 695-744.

of woman's body, one must not forget that mapping is also a means of control, much as the active gaze serves as such a means. "Tarquin is like an ambitious Elizabethan adventurer setting out to conquer the virgin land of the New World, so that it can be mapped and appear on the globe emblazoned with a name . . . he wants the 'maiden worlds' for himself and that entails displacing the rightful owner" (Bate, *Ovid* 73). There is no questioning here of the husband-wife relationship, of Collatine's right of possession; the closing couplet of the stanza states the (Roman and Elizabethan) marital conditions in simple if brutal terms: women are bound to their husbands and can be treated like chattel (Fletcher 1995 and Belsey 2001). The ornamental rhetoric of the conceit is thus clearly embedded in a gendered discourse which, paradoxically, seems to be devised to praise women but ultimately subordinates them to the law of the father, husband and king (on sympathy and consent in the poem, see Arkin).

In his analysis of the metaphors of the poem, for which Shakespeare drew on both Ovid and Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, Koppenfels terms *The Rape of Lucrece* "ein rechtes Stiefkind der Shakespeare-Forschung" (76). He is right in so far as the modern editors, in their introductions to the poem, do not make high claims for *Lucrece*. In fact, Prince, in 1960, argued that the poem "as a whole, is a failure", with "glaringly obvious ... defects of rhetoric". Maxwell, in 1966, considers Lucrece "unsatisfactory, uneven, and inchoate", and Lever (1971) too believes that the poem is artistically faulty, not least because "the lady protests too much" (qtd. in Wells 1990, 70-71). Only very few male critics have given the poem some attention, and that attention has invariably focused on moral issues (see the survey in Wells 71-72). Over the past decades, the major critical analyses have come from feminists mostly concerned with gendering, the verbal representation of rape, and the issue of a female voice, with James Heffernan's insightful study of the ekphrastic aspect as a notable exception (the debate can be said to have started with Nancy Vickers's essay of 1985; see also Heffernan 1993).

In what follows I want to reassess what seems to be a *fait accompli* for Stanley Wells, surely one of the best-known Shakespeare critics of our time, when he argues that *The Rape of Lucrece* presents "an extended and fully articulated exploration of a female consciousness" (72). Focusing on some visual representations of the Lucrece myth, I will argue that Renaissance art constituted a very important discursive space for Shakespeare in that it helped shape the ideology of his texts. In a second step, I shall then turn to the problem of Lucrece's female voice in the context of its cultural embedding, including visual art. It can hardly be denied that visual representations were extremely important for Shakespeare, precisely because they were an 'obvious' part of his culture. My interest lies in the world view propagated by this art, in the ways it gendered the contemporaries' ways of seeing and judging, and, ultimately, in the manner in which the Shakespearean texts

adapted the rhetoric and ideology of the pictures circulating in his time. Maus holds that the story of Lucretia as a sexual melodrama held wide appeal for Renaissance painters who

> portrayed Tarquin stealing into Lucretia's bed, Lucretia stabbing herself, and Lucius Junius Brutus exhorting over her body in the marketplace, often incorporating all three scenes into the same picture. Lucretia became a focus of especially fierce debate . . . Lucretia could be held up, variously, as a model of female propriety and as an example of pagan willfulness, as a woman who breaks from usual constraints upon her sex even while she seems most strenuously to endorse them. (696)[3]

Perhaps the best known of all the paintings of the story is Titian's *Tarquin and Lucretia* (fig. 1), completed around 1570 (discussed in Donaldson 13-20).[4] What makes this picture remarkable, apart from a highly dramatic and pathetic mode, which for the post-modern viewer verges on the ridiculous, is the painter's handling of the shadows, of light and dark, and of the colours red and white. Shakespeare also uses such contrasts in his verbal conceits. The problem with the painting as well as with numerous others of the same subject is its appeal to the lustful male gaze once again. A typical example, often copied and imitated in the nineteenth century (when the notion of pornography arose in the middle class), is Felice Ficherelli's (or Ficarelli's) *The Rape of Lucretia* from the late 1630s, now in the Wallace Collection (fig. 2).

More than any other painterly version of the story, this stages an aggressive, voyeuristic view (with the observer mirrored in the servant watching the brutal scene) and unbridled male lust. The commentary on this painting in the Wallace Collection tells us that

> Ficherelli favoured violent scenes infused with an aura of morbid sensuality. In this work he represented the dramatic moment of confrontation between Lucretia and Sextus Tarquinius . . . Ficherelli invests the scene with an atmosphere of claustrophobic intimacy. The painting is a close, reduced replica of a much larger canvas by Ficherelli in the Accademia di San Luca, Rome. There are several known versions of the composition, dateable from the late 1630s (see Ficherelli).

[3] Maus's introduction to the poem contains black-and-white reproductions of Raphael's *Lucretia* (a drawing dated 1508-1510); Titian's oil painting *Tarquin and Lucretia* (1570), unfortunately without date, state/version and location, and a picture containing two scenes from the story in Jost Amman's *Icones Livianae* of 1572. For discussions of the importance of visual art for Shakespeare's work, see Sabatier 2016, Elam 2017, Marrapodi 2017, and Bate, *Classics*.

[4] Of the three existing versions (in Bordeaux, Cambridge, and Vienna), the one in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, is generally accepted as Titian's own work. See Pedrocco 297-98.



Fig. 1: Titian, Tarquin and Lucretia*, c.1570. Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge, UK. Public domain.*



Fig. 2: Felice Ficherelli (or Ficarelli), The Rape of Lucrece*, c.1638. Wallace Collection, London, UK. Public domain.*

More to the point, however, is the fact that the painter, like many other artists and writers of the period, obviously catered to the taste of an audience that cherished a combination of violence, eroticism, and the adulation of male aggression in the act of what we now consider a terrible crime. Instead of (also) showing the horrible suffering of the female victim, the artist attributes to Lucrece the part of inviting, irresistible object of desire to be conquered and subdued. Titian and Ficherelli show the moment before the rape, thus clearly stimulating the erotic-aggressive imagination of the male viewer of the scene. One would expect that other painters focussing on Lucrece's suicide scene, such as Lucas Cranach the Elder (who left us countless versions of the subject), would have shown some sympathy for the cruel fate of the heroine. But in the dominating masculine spirit of his time, Cranach too shows a tempting Lucrece who is naked and, in some cases, engages the interest of the observer with what comes across as a mixture of defiance and seduction (fig. 3), whereas the classical sources stress the fact that she killed herself in front of witnesses. When Tarquin first touches her in Shakespeare's poem, Lucrece seems to be naked or half naked – later on, she is described as sleeping in a "nightly linen" (l. 680). The Renaissance painters frequently depicted Lucrece for a number of reasons: as many artists before and after them, they delighted in the beauty of the female body even while manoeuvring the observer into a voyeuristic position similar to that of the slave in Titian's painting and to the servant in Ficherelli's rendering. Thus, one of Cranach's Lucreces

produced between 1525-30 even displays her sex in a painterly scene where contemporary notions of woman as tempting Eve, vulnerable virgin, and innocent saint meet and mingle (fig. 4).



Fig. 3: Lucas Cranach the Elder, Lucrece, *1525. Private collection. Public domain.*



Fig. 4: Lucas Cranach the Elder, Lucrece*, 1525-30. Private collection. Public domain.*

If the Titian painting of 1570 seems to represent a dramatic scene, it is because of two reasons. Firstly, the story of Lucrece's rape and suicide was a popular dramatic story in the Renaissance and was enacted as such, a fact that clearly inspired Veronese's treatment of the myth (1580-83). Secondly, women appeared in the role of Lucrece at masked balls and dances and as models for painters. A typical example is Lorenzo Lotto's painting with the telling title *Portrait of a Woman Inspired by Lucretia* (c.1530-32; fig. 5). The picture contrasts the fate of a naked Roman Lucretia in the painting (held at arm's length by this Venetian lady) with the chastity of the sitter, who indicates that she understands but does not share her Roman namesake's predicament. Like most of Cranach's Lucretias, Lotto's sitter looks us straight in the eye, as though to assert that she has no cause for shame, and the words on a scrap of paper, lifted from Livy (*Nec ulla impudica Lucretiae exemplo vivet*: Never shall Lucretia provide a precedent for unchaste women; my translation), seem to confirm this rhetorical message of the painting.

This very brief look at visual representations suggests a few preliminary conclusions. To begin with, we must remember that the Renaissance pictures of Lucrece



Fig. 5: Lorenzo Lotto, Portrait of a Woman Inspired by Lucretia*, c.1530-32. National Portrait Gallery, London, UK. Public domain.*

represented "a mythology invented, sustained, and extended largely by men" (Donaldson 19); these versions, in collaboration with the verbal representations, eventually produced a gendered view of the story that was powerful enough even to determine the way women painted. When Artemisia Gentileschi, who was probably raped around 1612, painted *Tarquin and Lucrecia* (1645-50; fig. 6), she stayed "entirely within the conventions established by male artists such as Titian", providing a "tacit invitation to voyeurism" while never questioning or disturbing the male gaze and gendered view of her predecessors (Donaldson 20). For their predominantly male audience, the artists of the Renaissance thus celebrated in their renderings of the Lucrece story the pleasure of seeing the naked female body and the prerogative of the male gaze at work; at the same time they titillated the erotic imagination of their customers (mostly aristocratic or upper-class men) who could imagine themselves in the role of Tarquin or as an observer/voyeur of what most of them would have seen as an erotic conquest rather than a despicable crime.



Fig. 6: Artemisia Gentileschi, Tarquin and Lucrecia, *1645-50. Neues Palais, Potsdam, Germany. Public domain.*

I am not arguing that this is the only way of reading these paintings. But such visual representations, popularised in prints and imitations, contributed to the creation and cementing of a male-dominated cultural discourse that eventually produced a world view entailing the acceptance of Lucrece's fate as seen and interpreted by men.

When he devised the poetic, female, consciousness of Lucrece, Shakespeare worked in a culture or, as Gordon Williams terms it, climate (Williams 769-76), that had already defined the female voice. The voice of Lucrece emanates from an area of patriarchal ideology. This is clearly reflected in the very metaphors she employs once she is allowed to speak. It is significant that for much of the first part of the poem (almost 600 lines are dedicated to the description of Tarquin's deliberations) Lucrece is the silent and sleeping object of Tarquin's gaze and desire. The heroine first speaks to Tarquin in the "chafing scene", just before the rape (ll. 575-672), after he has threatened her in a most terrible manner. The brutal act is described by the authorial voice in an extremely short passage brimming with contrasting metaphors of good and evil, purity and corruption:

> This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
> For light and lust are deadly enemies.
> Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
> When most unseen, then most doth tyrannize.
> The wolf hath seized his prey, the poor lamb cries,
> Till with her own fleece her voice controlled,
> Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold.
>
> For with the nightly linen that she wears
> He pens her piteous clamors in her head,
> Cooling his hot face in the chaste tears
> That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
> Oh, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
> The spots whereof could weeping purify,
> Her tears should drop on them perpetually. (ll. 673-86)

This is followed by Lucrece's lament. Coppélia Kahn has argued persuasively that in the first part of this complaint, as Lucrece delivers three diatribes against night, opportunity, and time, "the poem sinks into a bog of platitudes" (Kahn 153). At the end of this first passage, when Shakespeare compares her to the raped and voiceless Philomela in a related story from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, the narrator places Lucrece's rhetoric in the tradition of male representations of rape. The lines yield unintended irony in that Shakespeare praises his own trite comparisons lifted from Senecan revenge tragedies, Marlowe's poetry, and previous complaints, such as Daniel's *Complaint of Rosamond*.

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tuned warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow sad gait descended
To ugly hell, when lo, the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light with borrow.
But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloistered be. (ll. 1079-85)

In an intertextual allusion (the poem is studded with such references to mythological figures) that foreshadows her suicide while reminding the reader of another rape victim often portrayed in Renaissance literature and art, Shakespeare has his Lucrece identify with Tereus's victim:

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment:
Make thy sad grove in my disheveled hair
As the dark earth weeps at thy languishment,
So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear:
For burden-wise, I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descants better skill.

And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy part,
To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife to affright mine eye,
Who if it wink shall thereon fall and die." (ll. 1128-39)

The second part of Lucrece's complaint (ll. 1366-1568) is fascinating for several reasons: it combines the complaint with an ekphrasis while allegedly giving voice to a female consciousness; it provides a psychological dimension; and, last but not least, it has been consistently misread by critics who insist on formal aspects and exclude the gendering, ideological function of the entire passage (Hawkins 149-64). Introduced by Shakespeare as a "means to mourn some newer way" (l. 1365), it constitutes the paradoxical attempt of the heroine to find in art what she cannot express in words. The passage is an ekphrasis (a verbal representation of a visual representation) that pretends to come from a female voice even while situating that voice in a discursive, poetic-literary field that is marked by patriarchal features. There is some unintended irony in the fact that Lucrece – a woman just threatened, raped, and debased – now turns to a

skillful painting made for Priam's Troy,
Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
For Helen's rape the city to destroy,
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy,
Which the conceited painter drew so proud
As heaven (it seemed) to kiss the turrets bowed. (ll. 1368-72)

Ignoring the plight of Lucrece for three pages, the authorial voice provides a detailed description of this notional painting to which Lucrece turns for solace, "to find a face where all distress is stelled" (l. 1444). One must admire Shakespeare's handling of the ekphrastic tradition in this case when he makes Lucrece single out and identify with the silent, mourning Hecuba, then condemn Helen, "the strumpet that began this stir" (l. 1471), and finally turning Lucrece into a real iconoclast trying to scratch Sinon's face. Eventually, she realizes that she is faced not with a real traitor but with a visual representation: "'Fool, fool', quoth she, 'his wounds will not be sore'" (l. 1568). Derived from Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (Book XIII) and Virgil's *Aeneid* (Book I), but perhaps also based on a real picture (Heckscher), this lengthy ekphrasis (ll. 1366-1568) is not a digression, as Lever has argued (138). On the contrary, it perfectly fits the ideological pattern when we consider its function. For Lucrece, and for Shakespeare and his readers, the painting of Troy is an apposite representation of rape. If Lucrece spends so much time reading the picture as it were, it is because she feels like a city invaded: in line 1547, she refers to her body and chastity as "my Troy" (see the detailed discussion in Heffernan 78-82). The entire conceit thus introduced by the ekphrastic passage, the beautiful city or fortress invaded and destroyed with the help of a liar or cheat (Sinon and Tarquin: ll. 1499-1568), recalls the importance of the metaphors of war and hunting used throughout the poem (Koppenfels 79-83). Tarquin is portrayed as a predator seizing his prey or as a warrior attacking a fortified city, while Lucrece is identified – even before her lament – with the besieged city, thus taking a "traditionally feminine position in the same discourse as victim of and also witness to the pathos and grandeur of its agons" (Kahn 144). Heckscher notes that "when Shakespeare composed his *Lucrece*, folk literature, ballads, and bawdy songs . . . eulogized the pleasure of subduing cities as well as maidens" (28). Given the metonymy of woman for city, which has lasted from Shakespeare's time to our own day and age, the rape is "culturally speaking, inevitable" (Kahn 156).

If we ask with Mary Jacobus, "Is there a woman in this text?" (1982), one answer might be that Shakespeare gives us a female "I" in drag (I borrow the term from Miller), a voiceless creation which Nancy Vickers sees as the product of a rhetorical tradition through which the male gaze verbalises itself in the blazon (1985). This is especially true for the first part of the poem in which Lucrece is an object of description. In the second part, which contains the long ekphrastic passage allegedly mirroring her mind, Shakespeare tried to refashion a Lucrece as a subject somewhere between Roman and Christian values.[5] Simultaneously, Shake-

[5] The Christian reading of the story of Lucrece extends from medieval times through Chaucer to Rembrandt. See, for instance, Rembrandt's two versions of *Lucretia* of 1664 (National Gallery of Art, Washington D.C.) and 1666 (The Minneapolis Institute of Arts), both discussed extensively by Bal, see especially the chapter on "The Rape of Lucretia", 64-86.

speare was looking for a new position for himself as poet. If he fails in both attempts, as Kahn argues (143), it is because he was overpowered by the rhetoric, both visual and verbal, of his age which upheld an ideology of gender in which women speak with the voices of men, with 'I's' in drag, or, as Harvey puts it, with ventriloquised voices (1995; see also Hehmeyer). If there was a masculine dominance in Shakespearean drama in that boys played the roles of women, his poetry presents an even more interesting case of gendering that demonstrates the social construction of the feminine (Quilligan 230). Significantly, when Lucrece has finally killed herself in the poem, Roman men seize the word again to put her deed in a political perspective. Brutus promises revenge, kisses "the fatal knife" – now a symbol of phallic rule, of threat, rape, and death – and decides with his friends to "show [Lucrece's] bleeding body through Rome" (l. 1851). Collatine's dead wife has become a mere cypher, a dead female body that has engendered a new Roman republic (Jed).

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Figure 6. Artemisia Gentileschi, *Tarquin and Lucrecia*. 1645-50. Oil on canvas. 261 x 226 cm. Neues Palais, Potsdam, Germany. Public domain.

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A Landscape of Love: Courtly Spatial Structures in Thomas Hardy's *Two on a Tower*

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Fortunately, now emerged from the shadows, Thomas Hardy's *Two on a Tower* (*ToT*) has received attention from readers and scholars alike, mostly as a deep and tragic love story, an outstanding example of astronomy in Victorian literature or within its connections to Hardy's oeuvre as a whole (see Henchman, Armstrong). Another approach lies in the discourse of space. Here a number of aspects has been covered, like references to local geography (see also Bullen) or Hardy's "use of geographic descriptions to promote empathic engagement with his characters" (Sorum 180). From an interdisciplinary point of view, there are other striking perspectives just waiting to be recognized: the skilful use of spatial structures and their corresponding to the court epics. Naturally, there are numerous elements contemporary to Hardy's own period, but they too are part of a tradition of building up poetic space that spans from the hero tales of the ancient world to modern science fiction.

The universal structures of poetic space have been described with the example of medieval literature. Focussing on the balance between the actions of the protagonists and the spaces around them, there are three basic kinds of poetic space (Lorenz, *Raumstrukturen* 46-74):

Gesellschaftsräume (fixed spaces of social interaction). Many modern novels contain fictional maps that help the readers to imagine the geography of the poetic world. Apart from distances and boundaries, they show cities and towns or individual bulidings like castles, houses and cottages, all of which are clearly identifable by their name and location. Each of these *Gesellschaftsräume* confronts the protagonist with a unique blend of characters, requirements, chances, comforts and dangers. Depending on their size and the details of description, they can contain sub-divisions with individual features. *Gesellschaftsräume* are animated and shaped by their inhabitants and the social interaction that takes place may alter the protagonist as well as the space itself.

Transiträume (transitional spaces) create a sense of distance. Such spaces separate places on the map from each other and show the protagonist in motion, travelling, making unexpected encounters, which are often dangerous and remain unnoticed. While this can be problematic when the heroic slaying of a dragon remains without witnesses, it also gives the hero a certain kind of freedom. Transitional spaces are usually stretches of land or water such as forests, grassland plains, moors or oceans.

Schwellenräume (threshold spaces). Just as a knight will have to pass through a gatehouse before entering a castle, or a modern traveller goes through a security check before reaching the interior rooms of an airport, protagonists frequently meet with threshold spaces sorting out which character may proceed into the spaces beyond and which will be kept out. Threshold spaces are confined but nevertheless influential types of space. Thresholds are often guarded, can provide information about the adjacent spaces and also mark a divide in protagonists' attitudes: the hero within the castle may behave very differently from the hero in the dark forest – and may also meet with different challenges.

Most works of sophisticated narration show an elaborate use of these three structures as well as a dynamic evolvement of spaces as the *Gesellschaftsräume* change along with the protagonists' actions. At the same time all poetic space can appear in a different light according to the narrator's or recipient's point of view (see also Haug, "Schreckensorte"). This is also true for *ToT*.

The Tower

The most complex spatial structure in *ToT* is undoubtedly the tower itself with its surroundings. It is a structure embedded in a carefully painted landscape, experiencing change throughout the novel and equipped with a history of its very own.

Two on a Tower starts with the picture of a rural landscape, which combines mild beauty with silence, wintry paralysis and a panoramic view. The stretch of land is a prototypical space of transition, defined by its vastness and the road leading through it. The only human and mobile elements are a lady and her coach driver, and it is their point of view that the reader assumes. The readers' eyes are being drawn into a diorama-like scene "through the opening afforded by a field-gate" (*ToT* 3), on "a circular isolated hill, of no great elevation" (3). While at first glance introduced as a purely natural feature, its distinctiveness also lies in a manmade addition: "This pine-clad protuberance was yet further marked out from the general landscape by having on its summit a tower in the form of a classical column, which, though partly immersed in the plantation, rose above the tree-tops to a considerable height" (3). Only now does the aural sphere align with the gaze, as the lady asks her driver "Then there is no road leading near it?" (3). Having been answered in the negative, the drive is resumed and the first picture of the tower concluded.

The next two scenes employ a step-by step approximation towards the tower. The lady's wish to get there by coach despite the lack of a road is rejected because of the tower's inaccessibility after heavy rain. That the driver is now called by his name, Nobbs, also sharpens the difference between these two characters as visitors in a landscape characterized by muddy unnavigable space and the arcane

structure of the tower: "Although the pillar stood upon the hereditary estate of her husband, the lady had never visited it, owing to its insulation by this well-nigh impracticable ground" (4).

At the third visit, conditions allow her advance. Now, the coach physically follows her former gaze: off the road, through the gates and over the fields towards the island-like hill. Having negotiated this transitional space and reaching the new territory, there is a remarkable change on the level of characters as the lady separates herself from her coach and driver, sends them back and submerges herself into the thick trees all by herself. This is a classical construction of a threshold space: the trees are neither part of the surrounding fields, nor part of the tower itself. They shield the base of the column and, like the doorway, are stretches of space that only some characters may pass through.

Now that the protagonist has entered this space, the narrator unfurls a range of information. Some refers to the structure itself, the hilltop being a link to the ancient past with its Roman, old British and old Saxon origins remaining in the mists of time. The tower has its own history as well, and while it can be traced back three generations and appears in a state of neglect, it still remains solid and sound. The levels of space and characters intermingle. The lady's disinterest in the tower as a memorial column stems from the poor relationship between her and her husband, and her motivation to explore the space now is a mixture of boredom, curiosity and the dire need for any mind-lifting experience. "She would have welcomed even a misfortune" (5). Once there, the first impression is less thrilling than tranquil: the forest around the tower, with its brambles and abundance of fauna as well as the lichen and mildew on the masonry, adding a fairy-tale like sense of timelessness and solitude.[1]

> Few unaccustomed to such places can be aware of the insulating effect of ploughed ground, when no necessity compels people to traverse it. This rotund hill of trees and brambles, standing in the centre of a ploughed field of some ninety or a hundred acres, was probably visited less frequently than a rock would have been visited in a lake of equal extend. (6)

It is vital to notice that none of this creates a sinister or forbidding atmosphere, especially the tower itself: "the pillar rose into the sky a bright and cheerful thing, unimpeded, clean, and flushed with the sunligh" (5). However, even though the lady had heard of the magnificent view, "[s]he had no intention of ascending, but finding that the door was not fastened she pushed it open and entered" (6). The

[1] Greenhill remarks that these characteristics could be read as a connection between the space and the protagonists, foreshadowing Lady Constantine's pregnancy: "So integrated is the story of Viviette and Swithin with the natural landscape, that here the product of their natural love match is indistinguishable from the environment. We can see early signs of this symbiotic relationship at work in the first chapter, when the natural vegetation entwines itself around the masonry of the tower" (Greenhill 150).

open door and her unobstructed step into the tower concludes the threshold-process, immediately followed by the discovery of a fresh piece of paper on the floor signalling human presence and an accessible staircase to lead her to it.

When the lady now ascends and finds a young man with a telescope on the rooftop, with regards to the correlation of space and action both the tower and the characters are transformed. The tower is no longer an abandoned structure but from now on the place of social interactions. This is most visible in the lady's reaction, when her desperate wish for emotion is fulfilled and described with a similar cheer of expression as was the tower: "a warmer wave of her warm temperament glowed visibly through her, and a qualified observer might from this hazarded a guess that there was Romance blood in her veins" (8). Aptly, her view from the tower is not drawn to the wintry countryside, but the burning sun. The change of spatial perception also shows in the intermingling of ownership and occupancy: while the tower belongs to her husband's family, the young man is here not illegally as his family has been trusted with the keys for as long as the tower has been standing. When she playfully argues that the tower is actually hers and expresses her wish to return, she is called by her full name, Lady Constantine, for the first time. Notably the young man's name, Swithin, is not mentioned in this first encounter.

The disassembly of this scene is spatially reflected: "He helped her down the stairs and through the briers. He would have gone further, and crossed the open cornland with her, but she preferred to go alone" (11). The two characters separate in the threshold space, while leaving both with a changed perception. Swithin ascends the steps with a different focus: "He then retraced his way to the top of the column, but, instead of looking longer at the sun, watched her diminishing towards the distant fence, behind which waited the carriage" (11). Lady Constantine makes her way across the fields and changes from her new and secret role to her former social position.

The space of the tower keeps evolving along with the actions and emotions of the two protagonists. For quite a while, Lady Constantine manages to keep her visits secret and the narrator emphasizes the isolation of the hill and the tower:

> A person who had casually observed her gait would have thought it irregular and the lessenings and increasings of speed with which she proceeded in the direction of the pillar could be accounted for only by a motive much more disturbing than an intention to look through a telescope. Thus, she went on, till, leaving the park, she crossed the turnpike-road, and entered the large field, in the middle of which the fir-clad hill stood like Mont St. Michel in its bay. (26)

The tower is not only the space where most of the love story unfolds, which redefines it as a very select social space; it also provides the jumping-off point into the depths of interstellar space. Here, Swithin conducts his observations and also

opens up the view to Lady Constantine. Concerning the perception of space, there are still the basic structures of focal points and transitional spaces, just as on earth, yet the journey cannot be undertaken physically but only through vison enhanced by sophisticated equipment. These astronomical observations are not only Swithin's profession but also an allegorical mirror of the lovers' relationship and this, in return, makes the tower a unique place for it is only here that they can both actively take part in watching cosmic infinity. Other spaces linked with astronomy remain either solely Swithin's territory (Greenwich, his travels to Africa and America), or remain shallow and lifeless (the books at Welland house, or the unused instruments in grandmother's cottage).

The perception of extra-terrestrial space oscillates along with the changes concerning the tower and the lovers: when Lady Constantine first finds Swithin and his telescope, he shows her a cyclone in the sun: "It was a peep into a maelstrom of fire, taking place where nobody had ever been or would ever be" (9). Subsequently he warns her against taking further interest in astronomy: "'Is enlightenment on the subject, then, so terrible?' 'Yes, indeed.'" (11) – a statement that is simply bound to enhance her curiosity and fascination regarding the terrible beauty of the cyclone combined with the young man's intellectual and physical attractiveness. On her second visit to the tower, Swithin's role as an explorer and lone wayfarer in unknown territories is emphasized, creating a heroic touch: "If it annihilates your ladyship to roam over these yawning spaces just once, think how it must annihilate me to be, as it were, in constant suspension amid them night after night" (29). While these images are mostly impressive and poetic, there is also the laborious scientific side of Swithin's observations.[2] As the love story evolves, so does the range of astronomical studies, extended by her investing in enhanced equipment:

> The top of the column was to be roofed in, to form a proper observatory. A wooden cabin was to be erected at the foot of the tower, to provide better accommodation for casual visitors to the observatory than the spiral staircase and the lead-flat afforded. . . . Finally, a path was to be made across the surrounding fallow, by which she might easily approach the scene of her new study. (50)

This brings another tremendous change to the tower as a spatial structure: the path eliminates the insularity and inaccessibility of the hill that had been so characteristic (and her reason for curiosity in the first place) and is now open to anyone. The hut may vary in function, either as a space of its own or as a threshold to the tower, but while it is invisibly hidden among the trees, the alterations to the top of the tower including the distinctive dome are clearly visible to anyone in the open landscape – and so is the change in Lady Constantine's mood despite all her efforts to remain inconspicuous. The lurking pressure of gossip is pressing on

[2] On the scientific side of space in *ToT* see Harumi 145.

her and her strategy of neutralizing it is a two-way approach on both the personal and spatial level. Publicly, she appears to be only casually interested in astronomy while making the amendments a gift to Swithin and financing them in secret so he can appear publicly as the sole principal of the project. Also, Lady Constantine decides to stay away from the tower until Swithin's thesis is published – a severance that she cannot bear for long and the loss of interaction eventually leaves her locked outside alone, and learning from others that Swithin is seriously ill and being tended to in a different space, his grandmother's cottage. After Swithin's recovery, the space of the tower appears changed as well: for the first time, there are other strangers, villagers, who have to be stalled and distracted within the threshold space so Lady Constantine can make her escape unnoticed. The narrator proves his subtle and maybe humorous depiction of space: "The men had stupidly placed the bench close to the door, which, owing to the stairs within, opened outwards; so that at the first push by the pair inside to release themselves, the bench must have gone over, and sent the smokers sprawling on their faces" (79). After this narrow escape, Lady Constantine evades the tower and the company of her beloved for a full three months, leading up to a final moment of the tower in its combination as both an observatory and lovers' space, when Swithin asks Lady Constantine to marry him on the rooftop (95).

From now on, there is a steady deconstruction of the tower and an altered usage of the whole structure of the tower. At first, a storm destroys the dome, leaving the precious instruments unprotected. In the subsequent confusions of trying to get married, being confronted by Lady Constantine's brother and the Bishop's proposal to Lady Constantine, the hut serves as a hideaway and shelter for the lovers, a home for Swithin, a place of near discovery and the space for contemplating their parting without the tower playing any vital part in it. After Swithin sets off on his journeys, Lady Constantine orders the whole alterations to the tower that physically accounted for this particular space of their relationship to be undone:

> she experienced the unutterable melancholy of seeing two carpenters dismantle the dome of its felt covering, detach its ribs, and clear away the enclosure at the top till everything stood as it had stood before Swithin had been known to the place. The equatorial had already been packed in a box, to be in readiness if he should send for it from abroad. The cabin, too, was in course of demolition, such having been his directions acquiesced in by her, before he started. Yet she could not bear the idea that these structures, so germane to the events of their romance, should be removed as if removed for ever. Going to the men, she bade them store up the materials intact, that they might be re-erected if desired. (226)

Though this space will never be called to life again, the tower has one more part to play – the very final one. It is here on the rooftop that the lovers meet again: Swithin returns from his travels and Lady Constantine, now the widow of the

Bishop and in company of her child, dies in his arms when their mutual love and prospect of unhindered marriage are expressed freely.

It is hardly surprising that the tower, also titling the novel, receives the most detailed and most dynamic spatial composition. Nonetheless, it is closely linked to the other structures of space in the text, especially the two other major *Gesellschaftsräume*, Welland House and the grandmother's cottage. Being less complex than the tower but still equipped with a sophisticated internal order and encircled by thresholds and adjacent transitional spaces, the protagonists enjoy or suffer the interplay between them.

Welland House

The existence of a grand place like Welland House can be guessed when the lady admires the view over the lands that belong to her husband's family. It is not, however, until twenty pages later that the house is actually mentioned, and even then, combined with a very different perspective than the elegant aristocratic one. Mr Torkingham, the local parson, makes his way there through transitional and threshold spaces, "he performed the remainder of the journey on foot, crossing the park toward Welland House by a stile and path, till he struck into the drive near the north door of the mansion" (21). The transition that the character undergoes in this passage is clearly visible when compared to his previous stop: "His boots, which had seemed elegant in the farm-house, appeared rather clumsy here" (22). At the same time, this reflects upon Welland House and its characteristics as a *Gesellschaftsraum*. Apart from the parson, few others are permitted to make their entry, and each of these constellations of characters is unique.

Welland House is the stately home of the family that Lady Constantine has married into. While her husband is away, she is more or less confined[3] to this space, creating a wanting and imbalanced atmosphere, always waiting to be either refreshed by his return or redefined by his death and her taking over. Welland House is also the space of Lady Constantine's life without Swithin – here, she secretly misses him and the sphere of the tower while playing her part as a well-known member of nobility and with a status of distinction that sets her apart from the villagers. Consequently, Swithin is kept away from, or at least outside of, Welland House for most of the time: the few times that he does enter the house, the clash between the spatial structure as it is and his presence is only too visible.

The need to keep up Lady Constantine's dual life brings the difficulty of keeping Swithin and Welland House apart. Spatially, this causes problems whenever the

[3] Fjagesund goes as far as comparing her to a bird in a cage, see Fjagesund 89.

desire to make contact becomes overwhelming. When Swithin returns from London with information about Lady Constantine's missing husband, she diverts the encounter into the threshold space as deeply as possible:

> His way homeward would lie within a stone's throw of the manor house, and though for certain reasons she had forbidden him to call at the late hour of his arrival, she could easily intercept him in the avenue. At twenty minutes past ten she went out into the drive, and stood in the dark. (35)

The same technique is employed when Swithin feels the desire to thank her for a precious lens; only he covers a much wider range, oscillating between threshold and transitional space:

> he started off for the Great House. On gaining its precincts he felt so shy of calling, never having received any hint or permission to do so . . . All afternoon he lingered about uncertainly, in the hope of intercepting her on the return from a drive, occasionally walking with an indifferent lounge across glades commanded by the windows, that if she were in-doors she might know he was near. But she did not show herself during the daylight. Still impressed by her playful secrecy, he carried on the same idea after dark, by returning to the house, and passing through the garden door on to the lawn front, where he sat on the parapet that breasted the terrace. (41)

How much this is part of an elaborate spatial concept becomes clear when the two protagonists do meet – by chance, in the nowhere of transitional space between Welland House and the village: "The distance was short; and she returned along a narrow lane, divided from the river by a hedge, through whose leafless twigs the ripples flashed silver lights into her eyes. Here she discovered Swithin, leaning over a gate, his eyes bent upon the stream" (44). As the love between the protagonists unfolds, the need for secrecy and keeping the worlds of Welland House and the Tower apart from each other grow stronger. Lady Constantine hands Swithin the money for the construction works through the window at night without asking him in (53). And meeting on a path in transitional space, their words paint a clear picture:

> "I have just sent my page across to the column with your book on Cometary Nuclei", she said softly; "that you might not have to come to the house for it. I did not know I should meet you here." "Didn't you wish me to come to the house for it?" "I did not, frankly. You know why, do you not?" (86)

Even though she leaves it open as to whether she means the fear of gossip or her feeling uncomfortable at the thought of him seeing the state of her impoverished life, the gap between the two spheres is obvious. Setting her apart from Swithin, Welland House functions as a place of Lady Constantine's very own decisions: planning the alterations to the Tower (50), thinking how to avoid servants' and villagers' gossip (51), or trying to decide whether to postpone the marriage (222) – all this takes place at the house.

There are two passages where Swithin enters Welland House and both show the transition of a character insecure in dealing with unfamiliar spaces. The first one is when Lady Constantine decides to be his patron. Swithin, unaware of this, arrives at Welland House in a state of anxiousness, reflected on the spatial level by dense fog, clinging to his appearance (46). Contrary to his apprehensions, Lady Constantine is most benevolent, making him her "Astronomer Royal" (47), which leaves her to "be his Queen" (47). Notably, their conversation lacks any romance as it is focussed on finance and in this corresponds to the setting. Swithin is then allowed deeper into the space of Welland House to explore the library. Here, the rift between the static atmosphere and the social conventions that characterize the *Gesellschaftsraum* of Welland House and Swithin's youthful and inexperienced character fully shows. The books on astronomy hold no interest for him as they have long been out of date. All the same Swithin fails to take the opportunity to have lunch with Lady Constantine and has his meal all by himself in the reading room. Moreover, he keeps wondering how much of an appetite is appropriate.

While this scene has a ring of innocence and playfulness to it, Welland House takes on a very different appearance when Lady Constantine's brother Louis arrives. Now the family's position in society is emphasized, as well as Lady Constantine's position as wife (or widow) of Sir Blount. This conflict instantly shows on the spatial level – Swithin must hide or leave (133). That he borrows the late Sir Blount's clothing to make his escape may serve the purpose, but seeing the lover in the attire of the dead husband leaves a feeling of uneasiness and emphasizes the might of the clash (134). This becomes even more evident in the talk at the festive luncheon Louis holds for the Bishop: Swithin is regarded as a gifted young man but hardly an equal in social standing (149). Louis even claims to have noticed Swithin holding an affection for a village girl named Tabitha Lark. The last stage is reached, when Swithin is asked to dinner a few days later. Again, he is shown the outdated books in the library, only this time not left to himself but with Louis who is pressing a protracted conversation with him and tricks him into staying over. While Louis' intention to catch Swithin and Lady Constantine redhanded fails, he still succeeds in extracting a confirmation of being in love on her part and causes Swithin to oversleep and miss an important appointment in Greenwich (187).

As static as the social space of Welland House may seem at first, change seems to be imminent when Lady Constantine's fortune declines. Threatened with poverty, she sells her horses and carriages, lives in the smallest rooms, lays off the servants and contemplates going to live abroad (73-74). This directly leads to two lines of thought. First: the social structures of Welland House as it was are gone for good: "I wish I could never see my great gloomy house again, since I am not

rich enough to throw it open, and live there as I ought to do" (125). Second: unlikely as it may be, there is the idea of completely redefining Welland House as a place of love and companionship between her and Swithin: "'Will the house ever be thrown open to gaiety, as it was in old times?' said he. 'Not unless you make a fortune,' she replied laughingly" (129). That she would consider reviving Welland House as a restructured *Gesellschaftsraum* is an immensely powerful statement, even though it would require Swithin to gain a large amount of money in time.

The Grandmother's Cottage

Grandmother's cottage represents Swithin's family background and therein forms a contrast to Welland House. It too is visited by mobile characters from the village, like the parson or Tabitha, but lacks any grandeur and is characterized as rustic and cosy. It too is equipped with an incomplete family structure and shows internal spatial sub-divisions not accessible to everyone. When a group of villagers gathers downstairs the bourgeois pleasures of chatting, laughing, and singing, Swithin retreats to his private chamber on the first floor, where a hole in the ceiling still permits him to listen in on their conversation (15-20).

This chamber is also the place where Swithin remains when in imminent danger of dying. Only under such unusual circumstances can Lady Constantine be allowed into the depths of the private rooms: "Her presence having been made known to the sufferer, she was conducted upstairs to Swithin's room. ... Old Mrs. Martin sat down by the window, and Lady Constantine bent over Swithin" (64). In an unobserved moment, the privacy of the chamber becomes the space for total secret honesty: "Scarcely knowing what she did, Lady Constantine ran back to Swithin's side, flung herself upon the bed, and in a paroxysm of sorrow kissed him" (65).

Swithin's chamber is also a space of study, equipped with books and a small telescope, setting this bit of space apart from the usual equipment of a country cottage and linking it to the tower and Welland House. When things become more complicated on the character level, the spatial structures change accordingly: while Welland House is threatened by poverty, the storm that damages the tower's dome also hits the cottage: "The wind have blowed down the chimley that don't smoke, and the pinning-end with it; and the old ancient house, that have been in your family so long as the memory of man, is naked to the wide world!" (101). The decisions being made in other social spaces also affect the cabin. When Swithin sets off on his travels, his chamber is tidied and kept waiting for him, the old housekeeper remarking, "'now that he is, as a woman may say, dead and buried to us'" (231). Again, Lady Constantine is permitted into his room and gives vent to her feelings crying for the loss of Swithin. The three women arrange his

books and astronomical instruments in a museum-like style, even preserving his scribbles on the wall.

A lot more could be said about these and the other places and spaces and their intermingling with the characters. Some are English towns like London, Pupminster, and Warborne, some gain meaning as landscapes defying exact positioning like Sir Blount's travels in Africa or as faraway spots on the globe connected with Swithin and his studies. Also, a meticulous analysis of the village with its subspaces would be well worth conducting and sure to lead to fascinating findings. On the other hand, the basic spatial structures have become quite clear by taking a closer look at the three main *Gesellschaftsräume* as outlined above. Therefore, instead of going into a lengthy further discussion, this paper will conclude on a little comparative experiment and highlight some striking narrative similarities between *ToT* and the medieval court epics.[4]

Two on a Tower and the Tradition of Medieval Court Epics

Together with the spatial structures, especially the concept of *minne* (love) is distinctive: just as in *ToT*, the lady is of higher social standing than her knight (see Tanoori 64-80). She may also act as a patron, rewarding his deeds with financial or symbolic gratuity, here in the form of the costly astronomical instruments, the building work, and the permission to make use of "her tower" (*ToT* 9). This role of the lady is widely used in *Minnesang* (minnesong) where love in most cases has to remain an unfulfilled desire because the lady is already married (see Schweikle 169-95). In the epic tales, it is not uncommon for the hero to marry the widow of a former opponent, sometimes even killed by the knight himself (see for example von Aue ll. 2434-41). While there is no direct conflict between Swithin and Sir Blount, there is also little sympathy (*ToT* 73), and they compete indirectly in their roles as voyagers and explorers, successfully in the case of Swithin, who achieves fame through his studies and returns, while Sir Blount is proclaimed dead after years of dubious reports about his whereabouts. An incomplete or dysfunctional family background is visible in Swithin and Lady Constantine, which is also common in court epics: Parzival, Lanzelet, and Tristan grow up without a father and do not even know their family names and even the great King Arthur's procreation is aided by black magic (Mertens 291).

Lady Constantine is a typical courtly lady with regards to her conduct in dealing with the incompatibility of her feelings for Swithin and her role in society. Towards others, she tries to keep up a perfect façade; towards Swithin, she expresses her feelings very subtly while having a quicker and deeper understanding of the

[4] This especially applies to the first part of the story, from the very beginning till Swithin leaves on his journeys.

evolving love between them than he has. The male part being slower to understand love can be found in a number of medieval texts, including *Parzival*, *Lanzelet*, *Tristan* (see for example von Straßburg ll. 11710-12043). Lady Constantine is also the first to include a physical component when she secretly clips a curl off the sleeping Swithin's head (*ToT* 40). While this remains completely unnoticed, her kiss in the cottage is misinterpreted as an act of kindness (66)

There is also the interlacing between themselves and astronomy that becomes part of their bond but remains Swithin's own exploit when it comes to the professional and academic part of it. Thus, science here is not altogether different from the deeds of the knights that are regarded with interest, praised by and sometimes even achieved in the honour of the lady. Furthermore, the coquettish sulking or even real sorrow when the knight sets off alone on his adventures is also visible in Lady Constantine when Swithin pays more attention to his observations than to her: "'I feel that I have been so foolish as to put in your hands an instrument to effect my own annihilation'" (58).

Swithin also shows a close and merry likeness to the young and inexperienced knights when first confronted with an unacquainted castle, or in his case, Welland House, as has been shown above. The library is a distinctive space within the house, and with all the books on astronomy around him he appears curious and confident, but the very moment that other rules are to be adhered to, he becomes unsure how to behave. It is not without a touch of humour that this shows in the connection with food. A hero who does not know how to behave at the table displays a lack of education and experience and may even appear as a subject of ridicule like the jung Parzival, who gorges like a pig in the castle of a kind-hearted elderly king on his first adventures. Swithin at least poses the question to himself as to how much is appropriate to eat but fails to be polite enough to join Lady Constantine, who reprehends him laughingly for tucking in all by himself in the library and makes him join her for dessert in the dining room (47). This also shows that there is still a long way ahead of them before Swithin could become master of Welland House.

Mobility is a most important category to understand the protagonists' ways of action. In *ToT*, Lady Constantine is the first character to move freely in the spheres of her house, the countryside around it, and the neighbouring village. While in the medieval epics it is definitely the knight who is the most mobile character, and by definition riding around for adventure, the ladies in these tales are often much more mobile and ready to pursue their will than the modern recipient might assume. Still bound to secrecy or their courtly ways of conduct, they can pretty much be seen as predecessors of the Victorian Lady Constantine. The male characters are still more mobile in their actions; the longest journeys are

undertaken by Swithin, Sir Blount, and Lady Constantine's brother Louis. A typical mobile character is the messenger- or informer-type, appearing somewhere in transitional space and providing the protagonist with valuable information for the scenes to come (Lorenz, *Raumstrukturen* 87). In *ToT* there is a perfect example in Haymoss, whom Lady Constantine meets in the middle of the fields and who tells her the story of Swithin's family and living (*ToT* 11). Greenhill notes that he even blends in physically with the landscape and "appears as a speck or dark spot, indistinguishable from the lumpen earth" (Greenhill 143).

Last but not least, there is the tower itself. Already by its shape linked to the architecture of fortresses and castles, it proves to have all the admired characteristics: a stately appearance, a very select personnel, and a view over its surroundings. While these are common in the description of castles in the court epics, the tower can also be seen as a place of safe and secluded love, especially as long as there is no path over the fields and the whole hill appears like an island within the fields. This triggers a wealth of literary associations: castles on lone islands often hold secrets, are inhabited by magical folk, and can only be reached by the chosen (see Brunner). In its existence as an entity combining its physical form with the story of Swithin and Lady Constantine, the tower has a particular shape and function for a limited period of time. This also stands in the tradition of similar places of intimacy: Lanzelet receives a tent that reflects the glory of love (von Zatzikhoven ll. 4749-4931). Set up in nature, it provides comfort and courtly artworks for the inhabitants, and in *Tristan* there is a grotto hidden in the forest that mirrors the beauty and infinity of love, just as the interstellar space does in *ToT* (von Straßburg ll. 16705-17245).

Literary Reflections

Thinking through this wealth of findings, the question is how to deal with them in a wider perspective. It has been well recognized that Hardy took a lively interest in medieval literature (see for example Farrell; Rogers). However, it would be misleading and grossly oversimplifying to assume that Hardy was simply adopting an eclectic variety of elements of the court epics into *ToT*. The key rather lies in the literary process itself, in dealing with the same discourses as well as in reflecting on literature on a bigger scale. Harumi points out:

> Just as John Tyndall remarks that the world embraces a Newton, a Shakespeare, a Boyle, a Raphael, a Kant, a Beethoven, a Darwin, a Carlyle and so on, Hardy himself, as a humanist, embraces the great Victorians as well as the classical authors. We witness Hardy filtering the great minds and creating his own philosophy, a large part of which is to observe human pain and to hope, even if "forlornly", to meliorate it. (Harumi 155)

The emerging courtly literature of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries constitutes an important step towards the modern novel (see Haug, *Brechungen* 233-48). For

the first time, secular literature is put into writing in popular speech instead of Latin. Apart from antique sources, a major part of these narrations is derived from tales and legends of the British Isles, refined and adapted to courtly society by the French aristocracy and then renarrated at the German courts (see Mertens 295-317). The urge to experiment on the basic discourses like love, faith, gender, or individuality throughout these texts reflects the fundamental changes in human thought and society, a topic also very much present in the poetic space of *ToT*: "They live in a Christian world built on the ideological remnants of past cultures, much as the tower is built on a hill rich in ancient customs, the meanings of which no one is certain, though the effects are 'curious and suggestive'" (Sylvia 50). This also goes for the discourse of space and, when regarded as part of a timeline rather than by itself, interlinks medieval, Victorian, and modern thinking. At the same time as illuminations in medieval manuscripts acquire signs of central perspective, some texts begin to introduce individual perspective into the poetic landscape, like in Ulrich's *Lanzelet* (von Zatzikhoven ll. 8108-25). Perspective is also a major issue in *ToT*, not only in landscaping that always requires a point of view,[5] but also in the lovers' perception as Sorum points out: "Indeed, as Lady Constantine prepares to ask Swithin to leave her, despite their love for each other, the narrator describes her act as one that takes her outside of her own limited perspective to an unprecedented point" (Sorum 181).

Whilst the discourse of space is intermingled with individuality and consequently emotionality[6] in this approach, similar observations can be made concerning gender. A most enigmatic character in this aspect is Tabitha Lark. She first catches the eye because of her mobility in poetic space – not only between the *Gesellschaftsräume* of Welland House, grandmother's cottage and the church, but also, and on her very own behalf, between the village and London. She is not only a potential spouse for Swithin throughout the novel but also part of Swithin's and the recipients' last images in *ToT*: "In the concluding scene of *Two on a Tower,* a single speck of colour on a horizon of monochromatic browns and greys denotes Tabitha Lark – her very name suggesting blithe, airborne animation" (Greenhill 149). This again stands in the medieval tradition of identifying love or lovers with singing birds including the lark or birds of prey: *der minnen verderspil Isôt*, Isolde, the falcon of love (von Straßburg l. 11989). Just like in the beginning, the image is deciphered by linking the conception of space to the characters' and recipient's

[5] "Landschaftsdarstellungen im genauen Sinn des Wortes implizieren Raumerfahrungen, die einen bestimmten Blickpunkt voraussetzen. Der Ort, von dem aus eine Landschaft im Bild wiedergegeben wird, muß auch vom Betrachter eingenommen werden" (Haug, "Schreckensorte" 57).

[6] "My choice of the term 'empathy' points to Hardy's position as a bridge between Victorian and modernist social and aesthetic norms, for the possibility of imagining others was increasingly up for debate during the period when Hardy was writing and revising his novels" (Sorum 130).

point of view: a female figure in a vast rural landscape – only this time one that can fly and is not trapped in a cage.

It is by shedding such an interdiscursive and interdisciplinary light that *ToT* starts to shine like a prism and becomes alive with a wealth of colours reflecting both, its literary quality and its timeless beauty.

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Ghosting, Hauntology, and "Dinner for One"

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The dead – especially those we care about and miss – are still living among us, somehow: "we act as if the dead are somewhere even if we claim to believe that they are nowhere; we speak as if they remain or return individually to the world of the living even when many of our rituals, practices, and professed beliefs suggest the opposite" (Laqueur 80-81). We mourn the dead, we remember them, and – as in this volume – we commemorate them by way of texts. A much better option would be to bring the dead back to an evening of conviviality and Houswitschkean laughter. Ghosts are an approximation of this wish and a classic way of dealing with the paradoxes of death. They bridge the gap between the actually present material remains of a dead person and the imagined community of the dead – souls, spirits, or inhabitants of an afterlife – and point towards the "permeability of the world of the living and that of the dead" (72).

Ghosts purvey intimations of that "undiscovered country, from whose bourn / No traveller returns" (Shakespeare 160). Hence, their existence has always been precarious. Even in epistemologies that include a belief in a life after death, undead people exist in an unstable state of "as if" (Laqueur 77). In this oscillation between real and unreal, they also reflect on "texts and textuality as such" (Davis 378; see also Wolfreys 71). In the theatre, the spectral 'as if' gains a concrete material dimension as real people pretend to be other people in otherworlds. Physically present ghosts on stage seem to be unmistakeably existent, at least in the world of the play in which there are "more things . . . than are dreamt of in your philosophy" (Shakespeare 108).

The corporeality of actors produces another, metaphorical case of ghosting, which Marvin Carlson connects with the "recycled body and persona of the actor" (53). An actor's body and the roles they play leave their traces, or rather: ghost their performances. Actors in an ensemble are cast as specific, reiterated types, and especially in the twentieth century, film and television create global stars whose stage personae are shaped by their former roles and their public image (88).

Some roles, however, are associated with one specific actor only. One will find millions of Hamlets, but to be or not to be butler James is not a question. It has to be Freddie Frinton. Although the actor died in 1968, he still haunts German television in repeats of "Dinner for One" every New Year's Eve, bringing four dead people back to life. At a closer look, the sketch contains more ghostings and eerie resurrections: of posh people, of the music hall and revues, of Blackpool, "the great working-class Mecca" (Sandbrook 132), of black-and-white television. Furthermore, since its premiere in the 1930s, "Dinner for One" has accrued quite

a few myths, and it produces hauntings that go beyond the text and are connected with its author, its transfer to Germany, and its status as cult viewing.

Dinner for Eminent Edwardians: Bringing Back the Dead

"Dinner for One" works with the premise that butler James – for reasons unknown – has to impersonate four dead people during the birthday dinner of his employer Miss Sophie (played by May Warden). Because of the multiple toasts in honour of the nonagenarian, he has to consume vast amounts of alcohol. James's advanced age and his growing state of inebriation lead to slurred speech, lapses in professional conduct, and funny accidents. The evening ends with the butler escorting Miss Sophie up the stairs promising to do his "very best" (17:10-17:12) – whether as James, one, or all four of the special guests, remains open.

The sketch uses a comic standard – a drunken man behaving badly – and applies the "mechanics of farce", "a well-oiled machine where each little cogwheel serves its purpose" (Schwanebeck 158), to accelerate disaster and to play with a set of very peculiar ghosts: Sir Toby always asks for one drop more and toasts his friend with a gravelly "Cheerio, Miss Sophie"; Admiral von Schneider clicks his heels; Mr Pommeroy has mild manners and a tiny voice; Mr Winterbottom likes a bit of swagger and flirts with his "old lovely" (07:15).[1] Over the four courses – soup, fish, chicken, and fruit – and the accompanying beverages – sherry, white wine, champagne, and port – the established idiosyncrasies of the ghost characters get more idiosyncratic. Admiral von Schneider misses the heel and throws the drink up in the air; Mr Pommeroy's voice gets tinier and tinier; Mr Winterbottom's compliments slightly go awry. After his "You look younger than ever, love! Younger than ever", he does a double take at Miss Sophie's face and blurts out laughing (10:30-10:36). After the next course, he declares "the bazaar opened", burps heartily, and tilts Miss Sophie's chair (13:47-14:06). At the end of the evening, he drinks the water from the vase and afterwards promises: "I'll kill that cat" (16:30-16:32).

The succession of courses works like a running gag on the macro-level, framed by the recurring dialogue "The same procedure as last year, Miss Sophie?" "The same procedure as every year, James". This is enhanced by some running gags on the micro-level, most prominently focussed on the tiger-skin rug. From the opening, James stumbles over it. But just as the toasts of the ghost guests combine repetition with variation, the running gag reaps the loudest laughter from the studio audience in the NDR recording when James manages to steer clear of

[1] In the 1930s and 1940s, a Mr Winterbottom was part of the popular radio comedy act "Mr Winterbottom and Mr Murgatroyd", starring Ronald Frankau and Tommy Handley. The names seem to stem from the cosmos of Gilbert & Sullivan operettas.

the dangerous tiger (09:08; 12:31) or when he drunkenly jumps over it (15:50; see also Mayr, *A-Z* 119-20).

"The same procedure" also marks the first level of ghosting. By impersonating Sir Toby, Admiral von Schneider, Mr Pommeroy, and Mr Winterbottom, James brings them back to life. They may all look like an old, gap-toothed butler on the surface, but they have their own very special personalities. By repeating the drinking rituals before each course, the four get blurrier and more anarchic, the "procedure" gets more and more out of hand until the Dionysian-Bakhtinian ending. "The same procedure as every year" implies that this has been going on at least since the death of the last friend, 25 years ago (as Heinz Piper informs us before the sketch begins), and that the contingency of James's behaviour is a central part of the annual birthday celebration. On the performative level, the repetitions and variations serve as a vehicle for Frinton's (and Warden's) perfectly timed and expertly rehearsed antics (Rompa 00:09-0:10). In their interplay, death is suspended and comically transcended. Paradoxically, at the same time, death looms large due to the age of the characters: will James survive the night? Will Miss Sophie live to celebrate her 91st birthday?

A second level of ghosting concerns the world of the play. "Dinner for One" refers back to a time of country-house hospitality and the lush lives of the English aristocracy. When the sketch premiered in 1934, English country-house culture was said to be in decline. In Agatha Christie's *The Murder of Roger Ackroyd* (1926), for example, the narrator states that genuine country squires have gone out of fashion and are replaced by "immensely successful manufacturer[s]" (Christie 12). When the sketch is revived after the Second World War, authors like Evelyn Waugh declare country houses a phenomenon of the past. "It seemed then", Waugh writes in the 1959 Preface to *Brideshead Revisited* (1945), "that the ancestral seats which were our chief national artistic achievement were doomed to decay and spoliation like the monasteries in the sixteenth century" (8). Miss Sophie's world belongs to a time of long ago. Sir Toby brings to mind Shakespearean, twelfth-night revelry and the robust charm of the gentry. Admiral von Schneider is a caricature of Prussian military pomposity; at the same time, he evokes the bygone era before the First World War when the Windsors were still the Sachsen-Coburg-Gothas, and Prince Louis of Battenberg was an Admiral of the Fleet. The naval overtones also fit perfectly with the imperial grandeur of tiger-skin rug and Mulligatawny soup.

Music Hall, Revue, and the Spectres of Mass Entertainment

Intriguingly, the country house as British institution has survived and seems to be more alive than ever thanks to the heritage boom. In contrast to *Brideshead Revisited* or series like *Downton Abbey* (2010-2015), "Dinner for One" foregoes nostalgia. Although both Miss Sophie and James might be endearing in their

frailties, they also seem stuck in an absurd loop similar to Vladimir and Estragon's in *Waiting for Godot* (1953) – "Must I, Miss Sophie?" "James. We're waiting for Godot." "Skol." – and the escalating mechanics of farce undermine all attempts to find the "kind of gluttony, for food and wine, for the splendours of the recent past" (Waugh 7) characteristic of heritage novels, films, and television. The sketch mocks the eccentricities of the upper classes. A slight whiff of nostalgia and another layer of ghosting, however, can be connected to its cultural context.

Without meaning to do so, the 1963 studio recording by the NDR preserves a form of entertainment that many people also deemed soon to be extinct. Since the 1920s, cultural critics regularly have declared the death of the music hall (and working-class culture in general). In 1922, T.S. Eliot, for instance, combines a eulogy for Marie Lloyd, one of the great stars of the music hall, with ruminations about rapidly changing times:

> The working man who went to the music-hall and saw Marie Lloyd and joined in the chorus was himself performing part of the act; he was engaged in that collaboration of the audience with the artist which is necessary in all art and most obviously in dramatic art. He will now go to the cinema, where his mind is lulled by continuous senseless music and continuous action too rapid for the brain to act upon, and will receive, without giving, in that same listless apathy with which the middle and upper classes regard any entertainment of the nature of art. He will also have lost some of his interest in life. (qtd. in Raab 14)

After the Second World War, John Osborne goes a bit further. In the prefatory note to his play *The Entertainer* (1957), he links the decline of the music hall directly with the decline of Britain and the British Empire, its values, traditions, and standards: "The music hall is dying, and, with it, a significant part of England. Some of the heart of England has gone; something that once belonged to everyone, for this was truly a folk art" (7). The same year, in his seminal *The Uses of Literacy*, Richard Hoggart likewise reminisces about the days of variety shows, popular songs, pantomimes, and music hall, their "raucous and earthy flavour" (117) and "rococo extravagance" (118). Like Eliot, he correlates this with "authentic" working-class culture of decent, solidary, and down-to-earth people. In this respect, "Dinner for One" can indeed be read as exuberant working-class extravaganza. The basic premise relies on spiralling excess, approximating the life of "Them", the members of the upper class, with plenty of food and drink, "in the style in which posh folk are hazily assumed to pass their every day" (123), albeit with a parodic twist.

Whether explicitly or implicitly, Eliot, Osborne, and Hoggart juxtapose older forms of entertainment with the then "new" media, the cinema, radio, or, in the 1950s, the jukebox and television as part of the manipulative and ideology-laden mass culture (Hennessy 536). But, as Stuart Hall points out, "There is no separate, autonomous, 'authentic' layer of working-class culture to be found" (510),

least of all in popular culture. Emerging in the middle of the nineteenth century, the music hall developed into "a very mixed institution" (Williams, *Revolution* 307): clearly a product of the Industrial Revolution and urban mass entertainment, conservative and patriotic, often to the point of jingoism, but at the same time geared towards a working- and lower-middle class audience, making fun of authorities and their moral values (Schneider 15; Raab 10-14). Music halls distinguished themselves from the (legitimate) theatres by a more relaxed, "free and easy atmosphere" (Andrew Wilson qtd. in Schneider 80). The audience could eat, drink, and smoke, talk back at the performers and sing along (46). Around 1891, there were about 500 music halls in London alone (81). Other industrial cities like Manchester, Birmingham, or Glasgow as well as the popular seaside resorts boasted their own music-hall culture (Raab 4). The beginning of the twentieth century saw the heyday of the music hall and the moment of its greatest profitability. When other forms of mass entertainment emerged in the 1910s and 1920s, instead of dying, the music halls negotiated their position in a constantly changing media culture.

Like country houses, music-hall culture survived due to a process of adaptation and appropriation. Artists and producers collaborated across the different media. "Dinner for One", its creator Lauri Wylie, and his family serve as case in point. Lauri Wylie's brother Julian Wylie worked as a theatre agent and was known as "King of Pantomime" (Sivan 204). His other brother, George Berthold, aka G.B. or Bertie, Samuelson was one of the pioneers of British film. Lauri Wylie wrote scripts for film, radio, and variety and adapted popular German operettas for the British stage. The music hall as commercial institution might have been in decline by the 1920s, but its general principle of an evening with song, dance, and comedy remained very much alive, not least because of the new media: "variety made a come-back in the Thirties, especially by means of the radio" (Graves and Hodge 297). Robert Graves and Alan Hodge cite Noël Coward's *Cavalcade* (1932) as one of the big successes on the London stage, like "Dinner for One", a text dealing with a bygone era, "which evoked the sentimental charm, the belief in progress, and the patriotism of the Victorian age" (296-97). In 1933, *Cavalcade* was turned into an equally successful Hollywood film. This was not overly exceptional. Quite a few music-hall stars appeared in movies. Samuelson, for instance, collaborated with Vesta Tilley (Sivan 208). Conversely, many stars of early Hollywood like Charlie Chaplin or Stan Laurel started their careers in the music hall. This also holds true to a certain extent for British television. In the 1950s, music-hall and variety artists and their shows became the staples of early television comedy (Williams, *Television* 63). Today, the music hall as institution may have gone for good, but its underlying principles survived in the shape of sketch comedies like *The Fast Show* (1993-97), *Goodness Gracious Me* (1998-2001), or *Little Britain* (2003-6). Moreover, variety is still going strong at seaside resorts.

In this respect, the history of "Dinner for One" seems to be a model case for the development of popular entertainment in the twentieth century. The sketch premiered as part of the revue *En Ville Ce Soir* in March 1934 at the Prince of Wales Theatre in London's West End.[2] This fits in with the revival of variety shows, although – unlike *Cavalcade* – its success was rather limited; it closed after a month (Parsons). "Dinner for One", however, lived on irrespective of its theatrical vehicle. The sketch resurfaced in 1948, in the revue *Four, Five, Six* at the Duke of York's Theatre in London (with Bobby Howes and Binnie Hale as James and Miss Sophie) and on Broadway (Mayr, *A-Z* 13; 29). Frinton regularly played James at Blackpool together with varying stage partners as Miss Sophie. According to the official story by the NDR, Blackpool is also where producer Heinz Dunkhase and television compere Peter Frankenfeld discovered the playlet in 1963 and invited Frinton and Warden to Germany. With the help of German television, Frinton managed to own and haunt "Dinner for One" in several respects.

The Ghost of Freddie Frinton

The NDR recording of "Dinner for One" and, more importantly, the annual repeats bring the then 54-year-old Frinton (and Warden) back to life, at least for 18 minutes. Frinton's personal career follows a similar trajectory as the music halls, from working-class origins to television stardom. He was born Frederick Bittiner Coo in 1909, an illegitimate child who grew up with foster parents and started working at a fish factory in Grimsby at the age of fourteen. After having been fired (supposedly for entertaining his colleagues at work), he joined several performance troupes who toured through pubs. Later, he worked as singer at Cleethorpes, a seaside resort in Lincolnshire. The pay for these performances does not seem to have sufficed to earn a living, because he continued to work as fish packer (Follows). In the 1930s and 1940s, under the stage name Freddie Frinton, he started a mildly successful comedy career, appearing in pantomimes, on the radio, in films, and, last but not least, in "Stars in Battledress", a concert party for entertaining the troops during the Second World War.

Unlike comrades such as Tony Hancock, Spike Milligan, or Frankie Howerd, Frinton did not become a big radio and television star in the course of the 1950s and at one point even contemplated giving up the stage: "After the war there were four or five years with no working coming along when I'd sign on at the labour and do anything", he told James Green for *The Liverpool Echo* in 1966 (qtd. in Lincolnshire Lass). Over time, however, his versatility secured stage engagements the whole year round, making use of all the popular forms of entertainment from

[2] Both Stefan Mayr and the documentary by Paul Anthony Sorensen and Martin Turner claim that the premiere took place in 1948 (02:06; Mayr, *A-Z* 13; 135). Ian Parsons's list of London revues, however, unmistakeably documents the first performance in 1934.

Christmas pantomimes to comedies and variety shows during the holiday season. It also helped that he had a broad repertoire of dramatic types, playing female and male, middle-aged and old characters, "alternating Christmas appearances as the Dame with variety shows in the warmer months – in which he often appeared as a drunk, introducing himself with the catchphrase 'Good evening, ossifer' and brandishing his trademark broken cigarette" (Follows).

The figure of the drunk earned him regular appearances on the *Arthur Haynes Show* on ITV, since 1955 the commercial broadcaster in competition with the BBC. It is only a small leap over the tiger-skin rug from there to James and "Dinner for One". Many aspects of the sketch that fans deem indispensable were invented by Frinton. The tiger-skin rug was a gift by the mayor of Bexhill-on-Sea. Frinton worked it into the sketch after "he accidentally tripped over it" while performing (Sorensen and Turner 06:20-07:07).[3] In exchange with his audiences, the performer developed more and more stage business – running up the stairs, throwing drinks into the air – and found funny quirks for his characters – Sir Toby asking for a drop more and Admiral von Schneider clicking his heels, for instance (Mayr, *A-Z* 14). The artist not only made the sketch his own in and through performance, he also owned it in a legal sense, buying the copyright from Wylie in the course of the 1950s.

Frinton and his British audience profited from the period of post-war affluence and social democratic consensus politics that tried to give especially the members of the working class material security and at least nominal equality through the implementation of the Welfare State. Since 1938, Britons were entitled to a paid holiday and quite a few people went to seaside resorts. Before this, places like Blackpool, Weston-super-Mare, or Skegness had already been popular destinations for day trips by motor coach (Hoggart 120-23). Seaside resorts offered plenty of affordable food, drink, and "amusements" (Kynaston 217), among them variety shows. This is also the reason why Frankenfeld and Dunkhase went to Blackpool for their recce.

During the 1960s, the German television audience only occasionally saw "Dinner for One" and remained underwhelmed by the sketch. In Britain, however, Frinton became a sitcom star. The relatively new genre supplemented (and partly superseded) the traditional sketch- and variety shows. In contrast to variety, sitcom plots revolve around a stable set of characters in a fixed situation. Frinton played

[3] According to Mayr ("Lachen"), this happened in Burgess Hill. Intriguingly, both the documentary by Sorensen and Turner and Mayr quote Len Howe as their main source, a colleague of Frinton's and the son-in-law of May Warden. Bexhill-on-Sea appears the more plausible option because it is yet another seaside resort with entertainment facilities. Burgess Hill does not even seem to have a proper theatre building.

alongside Thora Hird in *Meet the Wife* (BBC, 1963-66),[4] a family sitcom with a simple premise: plumber Fred wants his peace, his upwardly-mobile wife Thora seeks novelty and improvement. Here, Frinton played someone his actual age and original class. He could build his performance on previous collaborations with Hird. The two had regularly worked together at seaside theatres, often playing a mismatched married couple. The BBC took their cue for the sitcom from these popular stage personae – yet another indication of the ongoing cross-media appropriations. Frinton was about to star in another sitcom and to record a version of "Dinner for One" in colour at the behest of the NDR when he died in 1968. He did not live to see his triumph on German television. Today, only specialists on comedy know about him in Britain.

The Ghost of New Year Past

"Dinner for One" gradually became cult viewing thanks to the decision by the then director of light entertainment at the NDR, Henri Regnier, who decided to broadcast the sketch on New Year's Eve in 1972. In the following years, the other regional West German television stations followed suit and so did broadcasters in Austria, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxemburg, and Denmark (Mayr, *A-Z* 137). Today, watching "Dinner for One" is one of the central rituals of New Year's Eve in Germany, and, due to this, the sketch is the broadcast with the most repetitions in the world, which has earned it an entry in the *Guinness Book of Records* (Mayr, *A-Z* 61; 137-41; Rompa 02:20). "Cheerio, Miss Sophie" and "the same procedure as every year" have entered the active vocabulary of many continental Europeans (101-04).

What characterises the efficacy of the sketch – repetition with variations – can also be observed on the meta-level. The sketch is probably not popular because of its verbal brilliance or originality, but because almost everyone can understand its humour and because it is part of a traditional ritual. One watches it because one watches it. The additional "Dinner-for-One" effect results from the long gap between the broadcasts and the ensuing cheerful anticipation and the discovery of new or forgotten funny details with each viewing. Watching the sketch together with a group of people and drinking along with James creates a sense of community. "Dinner for One" thus also triggers memories of other New Year's Eves, convivial moments with friends and family – some of them long gone. The cult value is enhanced by adaptations and appropriations, all of them ghosting Frinton and Warden, in regional dialects, with new guests, with Miss Sophie's four friends alive, recreated with Lego figures, or re-enacted by Bernd das Brot (for an exhaustive list, see Mayr, *A-Z* 142-45). Live performances by professionals and

[4] Even The Beatles paid tribute to the sitcom with a brief reference in "Good Morning, Good Morning" from *Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* (1967; Mayr, *A-Z* 24).

amateurs alike are legion. And so are the special events in restaurants or shopping malls.

Although the sketch does not foster nostalgia for the Edwardian squirearchy, by now it has attained nostalgic overtones, indirectly celebrating the times of black-and-white, three-channels-only, family-viewing television. James, Miss Sophie, and especially master of ceremonies Heinz Piper in their evening clothes exude solidity and a slightly stuffy form of light entertainment, in Germany personified by comperes like Frankenfeld or Hans-Joachim Kulenkampff.

Here, the ghostings start to merge with cultural hauntings. Today, the sketch evokes images of a double past – Edwardian times and the black-and-white Sixties (and probably also one's own youth) – connected with a lost future. According to Mark Fisher, this form of haunting oscillates between two poles: "the no longer of actually existing social democracy, but the not yet of the futures that popular modernism trained us to expect, which never materialised" (27). And these are not the only hauntings.

Hauntings of Forgotten Pasts

The official title of the NDR recording – "Freddie Frinton: Der 90. Geburtstag oder Dinner for One" – implies that Frinton himself wrote the sketch. Then and now, not many people seem to care about the real author. Dunkhase deemed it the "Furz irgendeines Autors" (6), and the NDR website "'Dinner for One': Alles zum Silvester-Klassiker" does not mention Lauri Wylie. Although Frinton's performance added many important elements, the basic situation, the comic escalations, and the dialogue were provided by Wylie. With him, the story of "Dinner for One" intriguingly swerves back to Europe.

Wylie's family came from Poland and Prussia. They were Jews who emigrated to Britain at the end of the eighteenth century. Wylie's paternal family (whose members changed their names from Metzenberg to Samuelson) emigrated to Britain from Lissa. Depending on the exact time of emigration, Lissa was either part of Poland or Prussia; today the town is known as Leszno in Poland (Sivan 203). Wylie's mother came from Vandsburg in Prussia, today Więcbork in Poland (Ancestry.com). Both parents were practicing Jews and probably part of an "increasingly middle-class, anglicized, mainly latitudinarian body" (Roth et al. 416) who arrived in Britain before the great wave of immigrants from Eastern Europe at the end of the nineteenth century.

Born in Southport as Maurice Laurence Samuelson in 1880, Lauri and his brother Julian later changed their names to Wylie, an anglicised version of their mother's maiden name Weile. In one way, Lauri's life can be read as an example of the trend towards assimilation (and growing invisibility) of British Jews. He "married

a non-Jewess in 1904" (Sivan 207) to the disappointment and chagrin of his mother. And it is probable that he stopped practicing his religion. In another way, the careers of him and his brothers can be seen as indication of the special position of Jews in British popular culture. Their engagement in variety, pantomime, and cinema can be explained by the low status of these genres, which therefore were more accommodating to members of minorities than the legitimate theatre (Sivan 201). Wylie wrote for the stage, radio, and film, not seldom in collaboration with his brothers. In the 1930s and 1940s, he regularly contributed to the programme of BBC national radio, working with stars like Dan Leno, Lupino Lane, or George Formby, with variety shows like *60 Smiles an Hour* and *Lauri Wylie's Wireless Puppets* or pantomimes (produced by his brother Julian). BBC television broadcast the musical comedy *Sweetheart Mine* (co-written by Wylie and Lane) in 1946. Unfortunately, not much else can be gleaned about his life. He seems to have sold the rights to "Dinner for One" to Frinton at some point and died in 1951 in Shoreham-by-Sea, West Sussex (Ancestry.com).

The story of how "Dinner for One" came to Germany is equally full of erasures and hauntings. The still dominant story provided by the NDR claims Dunkhase and Frankenfeld as the comedy pioneers, who discovered Frinton in Blackpool in 1962 at 11 o'clock in the morning and hired him on the spot. But "the truth is never pure and rarely simple" (Wilde 259). The sketch seems to have been discovered three times. The German theatrical premiere of "Dinner for One" took place in Munich in March 1959. Ernest Egon Regon translated and performed the sketch in German together with his wife and stage partner June Royal under the title "Gedächtnismahl" (Mayr, *A-Z* 114).

Not much is known about the artists. According to journalist and renowned dinnerologist Stefan Mayr, Regon was the son of an "English" father and an Alsatian mother (114). At a certain point, he must have moved to Czechoslovakia, or he invented an Anglo-Alsatian biography after the war to fit his stage persona. An Egon Ernest Regon, born in 1913, is listed in the Holocaust Survivors and Victims Database (giving his birth name as Schönherz).[5] Regon must have fled to Britain in the 1930s[6] and became a British citizen on 24 December 1947 (National Archives). In February 1948, *The London Gazette* lists him as "Regon, Egon Ernest (formerly Egon Schoenherz); Czechoslovakia; Variety Artist, 128, Ralph Court, Queensway, London, W.2.". I could not find out where exactly he performed on stage, but the BBC records regular appearances on radio and television from 1943

[5] Referring to files from the Public Record Office HO294/612 and HO294/613 "regarding registered individuals and associated persons, by the British Committee for Refugees from Czechoslavakia and later, the Czech Refugee Trust Fund Documents".

[6] It seems plausible to assume that Egon Ernest is identical with Eddie Regon listed in the *Handbuch des deutschsprachigen Exiltheaters*. Eddie Regon had performed in revues of the *Freier Deutscher Kulturbund* (Free German League of Culture) since 1939 (Trapp 761).

to the late 1950s (sometimes together with June Royal) in music hall, variety shows, and programmes for children. Regon might or might not have had contact with Lauri Wylie. In any case, he somehow must have got hold of the script of "Dinner for One" and obtained the rights for translating and performing the sketch. It is also not known when, how, and why he and Royal moved to Germany.

Regon claims to have presented a more "authentic" version of "Dinner for One": the name of the butler is not James, but Higson;[7] the Admiral does not have a name at all, shouts "cheers" instead of "skol", and the meal has only three courses (Mayr, *A-Z* 115-16; 129). The comedy duo Regon and Royal seems to have done fairly well with their live performances of "Gedächtnismahl" and other variety acts. They even did the sketch on East German television. Despite the German translation of the text, they presented themselves as "English" as the short notice in *Neues Deutschland* from 20 March 1978 corroborates:

> Am Ostersonnabend [25 March] serviert Reiner Süß [in the popular television show *Da liegt Musike drin*] ein buntes Programm. Der Gastgeber begrüßt zum erstenmal den humoristischen Lyriker Hansgeorg Stengel sowie Miß Royal und Mr. Regon. Dieses englische Komödiantenpaar spielt die weltberühmte Story von der steinalten englischen Lady und ihrem vertrottelten Butler im "Dinner for one".[8]

The very first broadcast of "Dinner for One" in East Germany seems to have been a one-off. The sketch was never shown on East German television on New Year's Eve. The first broadcast of the NDR version took place on 30 December 1988 at 21.25 (Deutsches Rundfunkarchiv).

More erasures and hauntings can be observed concerning the first broadcast on West German television: "Dinner for One" premiered on 9 December 1961 on *Bitte lassen Sie sich unterhalten*, starring Evelyn Künneke (Mayr, *A-Z* 15).[9] Dunkhase worked as director and producer of the show and seems to have actively suppressed knowledge about this (40). One wonders what he and Frankenfeld were really discovering on their trip to Blackpool and why most people still cling to the old story. Mayr published his findings about the first broadcast in an article in *Die Süddeutsche Zeitung* in 2010, and they are occasionally mentioned in publications on the internet along the lines of "Zwölf skurrile Dinge zum Silvesterspaß". Documentaries and the website of the NDR, however, still reiterate: "Am 8. März 1963 wird 'Dinner for One' in *Guten Abend, Peter Frankenfeld* zum ersten

[7] Pointing out that butlers in Britain were never addressed by their first names. Regon has a point here, although there are some counter-examples in fiction. The name of Hercule Poirot's butler is George (or Georges); he does not seem to have a last name. Michael Carr's song "Dinner for One, Please James" (1935) even features a butler called James (Mayr, *A-Z* 83-4).
[8] Unfortunately, the broadcast has not been archived and all traces of "Gedächtnismahl" seem to be lost (Deutsches Rundfunkarchiv).
[9] Which is a nice twist because Lauri Wylie adapted an operetta by Künneke's father Eduard, *Song of the Sea* (German title: *Lady Hamilton*, 1926), for the London stage in 1928.

Mal im Fernsehen ausgestrahlt" (NDR). Maybe an unsuccessful show presented by a woman (known for her unconventional moral values) was less palatable than the story of a popular television personality known for his debonair paternalistic charm on the razzle with his chum Dunkhase in Blackpool.

The legendary first, actually the second, broadcast on German television in the show *Guten Abend, Peter Frankenfeld* has equally been questioned. Graham McCann points out that the official run of the show had ended in 1961. At least, the studio recording in 1963 took place without any doubt between 30 April and 4 May at the NDR studio in Hamburg. Frinton and Warden got a remuneration of 4,150 Deutschmark (plus travel expenses and per diems).[10] This version was first aired on 8 June 1963 (Mayr, *A-Z* 15; 59; McCann). So far, so cheerio.

But there is more than one version of this recording. Frinton and Warden first did a take without audience. After this, at the behest of Frinton, NDR employees were invited to watch – and to react to – the show. In Germany and Austria, the viewers are accustomed to the loud laughter by the studio audience. Other countries show the laughterless version. In Sweden and Norway, people even watch a completely different production. Swiss television SFR recorded the sketch in March 1963, without an introduction in German, with a slightly different set, different camera positions, and less comic stage business. This was first broadcast the same year as part of a revue called *Night Club*, the Swiss entry for the Montreux Festival. Despite its slightly shorter and less elaborate setup, the Swiss version of "Dinner for One" sold to Sweden and Norway and has become traditional viewing on New Year's Eve and Christmas respectively.

The Spirit of the BBC

The popularity of "Dinner for One" is mainly a continental European phenomenon, enhanced (and maybe produced?) by the regular repetitions. In the United Kingdom, only specialists and ardent fans know about the sketch. British commentators see the "Dinner-for-One" phenomenon as continental whim, based on a lacking sense of taste and humour. Lydia sums up the general sentiment in her comment:

> I have to say it was painful to sit through. Painfully, painfully bad and unfunny. That's why it has never caught on in Britain. I suppose we must have a very different sense of humour to that of Scandinavia and the German-speaking countries. We don't consider it funny if someone falls over something. (qtd. in Eger)

"We" not only seem to forget that Frinton was very successful in Britain with the sketch, but also ignore British comedy giants like Monty Python and sketches like

[10] This does not sound much today, but at the time it was a respectable sum. The average yearly income in West Germany was 7,775 Deutschmark (Statista).

"Upper Class Twit of the Year" (1970) where the characters constantly fall over something, to great critical acclaim.

Common knowledge also has it that the BBC never broadcast "Dinner for One". This is only half true, however. It is true that neither the BBC nor the commercial broadcasters indulge in the televisionary New Year's Eve ritual and that neither of the British companies recorded their own version. But the BBC did show the SFR's *Night Club* (including "Dinner for One") in connection with the Montreux Festival on 9 June 1963 (McCann; BBC). Thus, the claim of BBC spokesperson Mark Herley in 2003 that the broadcaster has "never heard of" the sketch (qtd. in Knauer) is wrong. Meanwhile, the NDR recording of the sketch premiered in 2018 on Sky Arts, without any discernible effects on the British public.

Herley, Lydia, and other experts on British humour imply that television in the UK ignores "Dinner for One" for reasons of quality.[11] McCann offers a more pragmatic and very plausible motivation, not due to disinterest on the side of the BBC or ITV, but because Frinton "resisted filming 'Dinner for One' for British television – because he feared that such nationwide exposure would diminish its ongoing appeal as the central element of his theatrical productions" (McCann).

Spectral Speculations

German scholars and experts explain the BBC's reluctance with general cultural factors, betraying peculiar ideas about Britain. Media scholar Rainer Stollmann, for instance, assumes that Frinton's origins "vom Tingeltangel" are to blame, because "der Graben zur ehrwürdigen BBC" is too wide (qtd. in Knauer). But even the old Reithian BBC with its emphasis on news and education broadcast variety shows, pantomimes, and comedy like Wylie's *Wireless Puppets*. In the 1960s, with Director General Hugh Carleton Greene, the programme-makers ostentatiously supported popular formats. During his directorship, sitcom and satire flourished (Briggs 335-40). Moreover, the BBC did not shy away from offering genuine "Tingeltangel": *The Black and White Minstrel Show* (1958-78), which featured singers and dancers in blackface, was a "popular favourite" among (probably white) viewers (Briggs 341). Variety stars like Danny LaRue – famous for his drag acts – transferred their nightclub performances to the small screen. There was even a long-running nostalgic reverence to the music hall with the fitting title *The Good Old Days* (1953-83). It tried to recreate the atmosphere of early twentieth-century music halls. Both performers and audience wore period costumes and the audience was invited to sing along and interact with the people on stage. Almost as a

[11] Maybe this is going to change after King Charles III earned empathetic laughter at the State Banquet and a round of applause in the Bundestag when he mentioned "Dinner for One" and "the same procedure as every year, James" in his speeches on the close Anglo-German relationship on 29 and 30 March 2023. Or maybe not.

matter of course, Frinton was a guest with his "drunk" in July 1966 (Lincolnshire Lass).

Mayr supplies another hypothesis connected with the sketch itself: its content might have been deemed offensive. This comprises "die Darstellung stark alkoholisierter Adliger wie Sir Toby" and the similarities between Miss Sophie and Queen Elizabeth. In his article for *Der Spiegel*, Sebastian Knauer sums up: "So ein 'knallhartes Antimonarchie-Stück', vermutet Mayr, sende die BBC als 'Körperschaft des öffentlichen Rechts mit königlichem Charakter' einfach nicht" ("Lachen").

Maybe Mayr's hypothesis got lost in translation, and maybe Knauer should have taken it with a pinch of salt. The BBC is a corporation with a royal charter, but its character is far from royal or regal. Moreover, British comedy thrives on drunk and silly aristocrats with Sir Toby Belch from *Twelfth Night* as classic example. British comedies of the early twentieth century were often peopled with aristocrats in undignified positions, among them the very popular *Me and My Girl* (1937) and Wylie and Lane's *Sweetheart Mine*. Especially music hall and variety operated with the "debunking" of authority figures (Hoggart 66). Admittedly, monarchy was exempt from this, but the parallels between 90-year-old Miss Sophie and ostentatiously happily married mother in her prime Elizabeth Windsor (by the time "Dinner for One" was first broadcast) seem spurious, if non-existent.

Conclusion

The "Furz aus einem Variété-Theater" (Dunkhase 5) leaves many open questions, starting with the lives and deaths of the 'real' Sir Toby, Admiral von Schneider, Mr Pommeroy, and Mr Winterbottom and the hung-over morning after the dinner, continuing with the lives of Lauri Wylie, Ernest E. Regon, June Royal, the original text of "Dinner for One", and its transfer to Germany, and ending with the reasons for the diametrically opposed reception of the sketch in Britain and on the continent. In this respect, "Dinner for One" is a truly haunted text, it resists closure and "one cannot assume coherence of identification or determination" (Wolfreys 70).

Both text and context are haunted by "voices from the past" (Jean-Michel Rabeté qtd. in Wolfreys 72). Intriguingly, most of these voices come from the margins: from Blackpool, Grimsby, Bexhill-on-Sea, and Shoreham-by-Sea, from the British Jewish community, European immigrants, members of the working class. The notion of "Dinner for One" being not more than a "fart" fits in with the paradoxical oscillations involved in these hauntings. Apart from highlighting the limits of research and learned speculations, maybe the story of "Dinner for One" indicates that borders between Britain and the rest of the world, between high and

low, British and German humour, between the living and the dead are more permeable than is dreamt of in our current philosophy.

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Part VIII:
“I am no bird; and no net ensnares me”:
Miscellanea

Franz Anton Neu (1698?-1758): Ein Barockbildhauer der Todesnot aus dem Raum Regensburg

Jutta Göller, Regensburg/Kelheim

Die Verfasserin hat noch Anfang Januar 2022 mit Christoph Houswitschka zum Thema „Barockbildhauerei“ telefoniert, und er hat ihr in diesem Telefonat aus Italien wertvolle Literaturhinweise gegeben.

Es ist ein erschütternder Eindruck: Der tote Christus vom Heiligen Grab in der Kalvarienbergkirche von Mariaort bei Regensburg oberhalb der gleichnamigen Wallfahrtskirche. Geschaffen hat die Holzplastiken in einer ziemlich einzigartigen Rauminszenierung der Prüfeninger Bildhauer Franz Anton Neu (1698?-1758), so vermutet der Kunsthistoriker Karl-Heinz Betz (Betz 141).

Unter der dreifachen Treppe befindet sich das Heilige Grab und hinter einem Gitter der tote Christus mit dem leichenblassen Gesicht, noch halb geöffneten Augen und blau-violetten Lippen.

Androgyne Figuren, männlich?, weiblich?, divers?, nämlich lebhaft bewegte große Engel, zum Teil leicht bekleidet, laden am Fuß der Treppen in der Mariaorter Kalvarienbergkirche zum Aufstieg bis zum Kreuzaltar ein, mit Christus am Kreuz, flankiert von den beiden Schächern und den „Assistenzfiguren“ am Boden, einer schmerzvollen jugendlichen Maria und einem androgynen Johannes. Eine ähnlich große dramatische Kreuzigungsszene hat Franz Anton Neu vermutlich auch für die Hauptkapelle des Kelheimer Kalvarienbergs auf dem Goldberg geschaffen.

Die Kalvarienbergkirche in Mariaort entstand im ersten Viertel des 18. Jahrhunderts nach dem Muster der „Scala Santa“, der Heiligen Treppe in Rom im Bereich des Lateran. Der Legende nach sollen es die Stufen sein, die Jesus zum Palast des Pontius Pilatus emporstieg. Die Treppe soll im 4. Jahrhundert von der Heiligen Helena, der Mutter Kaiser Konstantins, nach Rom gebracht worden sein.

In der Barockzeit entstanden auch in Bayern Nachbildungen der Heiligen Stiege, aber nur wenige davon sind erhalten. Die Mariaorter Kalvarienbergkirche ist ein hervorragendes und seltenes Beispiel (Motyka 13).

Die Kreuzwege und Kalvarienberge der ersten Hälfte des 18. Jahrhunderts appellieren in expressiven Stilformen dramatisch an das Mit-Fühlen der Gläubigen an der Leidensgeschichte Jesu Christi von der Gefangennahme bis zur Kreuzigung und Grablegung.

Was war oder ist der Sinn einer solch aufwühlenden Inszenierung des Karfreitags-Geschehens? Wie es in einem der bekanntesten ökumenischen Passionslieder heißt, Text von Paul Gerhardt, vertont vom evangelischen Barock-Komponisten Johann Sebastian Bach: „Wenn ich einmal soll scheiden, / so scheide nicht von mir. / Wenn ich den Tod soll leiden, / so tritt du dann herfür. / Wenn mir am allerbängsten/ wird um das Herze sein,/ so reiß mich aus den Ängsten / kraft deiner Angst und Pein“ (*Gotteslob* 289).

Das ist ganz im Sinn der antiken Katharsis, d. h. des Begriffs der „Reinigung“: Nach der Poetik des Aristoteles kann der Zuschauer einer tragischen Szene die Emotionen von Rührung, Mitleid, Schauder und Schrecken durchleben und als Wirkung eine Läuterung seiner Seele erfahren.

Der erschütternde Eindruck des toten Christus im Heiligen Grab zu Mariaort wird etwas gemildert durch die schlafenden Grabwächter links und rechts. Der eine hält sein müdes Haupt nach rechts, ein elegant gekreuztes Knie nach links. Der linke lächelt selig im Schlaf. In der Literaturwissenschaft nennt man das „Aufheiterung einer tragischen Szene durch Komik“ („comic relief“).

Die Bildhauer-Kunst im Raum Regensburg in der ersten Hälfte des 18. Jahrhunderts ist wenig erforscht. Es gab natürlich die Asambrüder, Cosmas Damian und Egid Quirin, europäische „Spitzenklasse“ sozusagen, die den Bühnenaltar für den bayerischen Barock erfanden und in den von ihnen gestalteten Kirchen, von der heutigen Schweiz bis nach Schlesien, nicht nur das Mit-Leiden, sondern auch das Mit-Freuen für die Gläubigen inszenierten.

Auf der Ebene „darunter“ war der führende lokale Regensburger Bildhauer zu Beginn des 18. Jahrhunderts der aus Mähren stammende Anton Joseph Machalky (1669-1746), der sich im kurbayerischen (und katholischen) Stadtamhof nördlich der Donau bei Regensburg ansiedelte. Regensburg war zu dieser Zeit evangelische Reichsstadt und Katholiken konnten kein Bürgerrecht in der Stadt erwerben. Machalky war der Lehrer Franz Anton Neus aus Prüfening, westlich von Regensburg. Neu war der Sohn des Landshuter Bildhauers Anton Neu und heiratete 1720 in Prüfening Maria Josepha Haz. Das Paar bekam zwischen 1722 und 1740 fünfzehn Kinder, von denen die meisten bald nach der Geburt starben.

Sehr viel berühmter als seine Lehrer Machalky und Neu (auch Ney geschrieben nach der Dialektaussprache) wurde schließlich ein dritter Regensburger Bildhauer im 18. Jahrhundert: Simon Sorg (1719-92). Er war gebürtiger Kelheimer, wovon in seinem Geburtsort bisher kaum jemand Notiz genommen hat. Seine Eltern waren Getreidelager-Arbeiter, „Waizenstreicher“, im damals kurfürstlichen Weißen Brauhaus zu Kelheim. Für die Alte Kapelle und die Dominikane-

rinnen-Kirche Heilig Kreuz in Regensburg hat Simon Sorg einen Rokoko-Altarraum und Kirchenschmuck geschaffen, dass einem die Augen flirren, wenn man die Kirchen betritt. Höhepunkt der Karriere Sorgs war die Ernennung zum Hofbildhauer der Fürsten von Thurn und Taxis in Regensburg.

Wodurch hat sich die Regensburger Bildhauer-Schule Machalky-Neu-Sorg ausgezeichnet? Laut der Doktorarbeit des Kunsthistorikers Karl-Heinz Betz von 1980 durch ausdrucksvolle Gesichter und dramatische Gestik der Gestalten, sprechende Hände, vor allem aber durch „gebrochen gegeneinander versetzte Körperachsen“ (Betz 133). Also zum Beispiel: Hände nach rechts, Körperdrehung und Blick nach links.

In Altessing im Altmühltal gibt es in der Kirche St. Martin einen monumentalen Heiligen Nepomuk aus der Mitte des 18. Jahrhunderts, Urheber bislang unbekannt. Damals wirkten in Essing die Jesuiten und sie förderten im Zuge der Gegenreformation die Verehrung des böhmischen Brückenheiligen und Patrons des Beichtgeheimnisses. Johannes aus (Ne-)Pomuk in Westböhmen war eine historische Persönlichkeit. Er lebte von 1350 bis 1393. Nach der Priesterweihe in Prag und dem Studium in Padua wird er Generalvikar des Erzbischofs von Prag. Er gerät in machtpolitische Auseinandersetzungen zwischen dem böhmischen König Wenzel IV. und dem Erzbischof. Der König lässt Johannes 1393 verhaften, foltern und von der Karlsbrücke in die Moldau stürzen, wo er ertrinkt. Nach mehreren Tagen wird sein Leichnam unversehrt am Ufer der Moldau gefunden, sein Haupt angeblich umkränzt von fünf Sternen. Bereits kurz nach seinem Tod wird Johannes als Märtyrer verehrt und sein Leichnam um 1400 in den Veitsdom von Prag überführt.

Die Legende macht nun aus dem politischen Konflikt des 14. Jahrhunderts einen privaten: Der König soll seine Gattin des Ehebruchs verdächtigt und von ihrem Beichtvater Johannes Nepomuk die Offenlegung ihrer Beichte verlangt haben. Als Johannes sich weigert, das Beichtgeheimnis zu brechen, habe der König ihn töten lassen.

Im 18. Jahrhundert „explodiert“ die Nepomuk-Verehrung geradezu. Große Förderer sind die Habsburger, zu deren Reich die spätere Tschechoslowakei gehört, und die Jesuiten. Letztere bauen schon im 17. Jahrhundert Johann Nepomuk als „Gegen-Heiligen“ zum tschechischen Reformator und Luther-Vorläufer Jan Hus (ca. 1370-1415) auf. Hus wurde auf dem Konzil von Konstanz als Häretiker verurteilt und verbrannt.

Im frühen 18. Jahrhundert beginnt der Seligsprechungsprozess für Johann Nepomuk und 1729 wird er heiliggesprochen. Die Jesuiten erwählen ihn 1732 zu ihrem zweiten Ordenspatron. Im Zuge der Gegenreformation wird Nepomuk

sozusagen zum „Staatsheiligen“ des Habsburgerreiches und seiner Verbündeten. Als Fluss- und Wasserheiliger wird er verehrt und seine Statuen zieren viele Brücken und Flussufer.

Ein anderes „Alleinstellungsmerkmal“ macht ihn zur idealen Figur für die gegenreformatorischen Bemühungen der katholischen Kirche: Er ist der Heilige und Bewahrer des Beichtgeheimnisses. Das unterscheidet ihn von der protestantischen Kirche, in der die Beichte kein Sakrament mehr ist und die Ohrenbeichte so gut wie nicht mehr praktiziert wird. Die fünf Sterne um sein Haupt werden gedeutet als die Buchstaben des lateinischen Worts „tacui“ – ich habe geschwiegen. Der Beichtvater als Therapeut, der nach dem Bekenntnis und der Lossprechung von den Sünden zum Stillschweigen verpflichtet ist.

Von Weitem scheint es sich beim Altessinger Heiligen um eine elegante Rokoko-Holzfigur zu handeln, mit dynamisch bewegtem Chorgewand, Hände nach links mit verschränkten Fingern, Kopf und Blickrichtung nach rechts. Tritt man jedoch näher heran und schaut der Statue ins Gesicht, so ist man sehr betroffen. Das ist kein abgeklärt lächelnder Heiliger, sondern ein verzweifelter Mensch in Schmerz und Todeskampf.

Dieser Perspektivwechsel bei der Skulptur, abhängig vom Standort des Betrachters, weist voraus auf perspektivische Erzähl-Techniken in der Literatur, die es im Roman z. B. erst im 20. Jahrhundert gibt.

Das Gesicht des Altessinger Nepomuk weist eindeutige Ähnlichkeiten zum Kopf des Mariaorter toten Christus auf, und so ergibt sich der Schluss, dass auch die Nepomuk-Figur vermutlich ein Werk von Franz Anton Neu ist, vielleicht sein letztes.

Die Tragik des Franz Anton Neu war, dass er, der sein ganzes Künstlerleben lang unzählige Heiligenfiguren geschaffen hatte, also vielfach Helfer in der Not, sich selbst nicht helfen konnte, als sein künstlerischer Stern zu sinken begann. Am 13. Mai 1758 wurde Neu in seiner Werkstatt von Großprüfening bei Regensburg tot aufgefunden. Er hatte sich mit seiner Jagdflinte erschossen. Der Ort gehörte damals nicht zu Regensburg, sondern unterstand dem kurfürstlichen Pfleggericht Kelheim. In seinem Auftrag führte der Kelheimer Landschaftsphysikus, heute würden wir sagen der Amtsarzt, Prunwißer, eine Untersuchung durch. Er kam zu dem Ergebnis, dass der Bildhauer im Zustand der „Schwermütigkeit“ und mit „verfinsterter Urteilskraft“ seinem Leben selbst ein Ende gesetzt habe. Er sei seiner selbst „nicht mächtig“ und seines „vernünftigen Sinnes beraubt“ gewesen (Morsbach U3). Nachbarn in Großprüfening bestätigten, dass Neu seit Jahresbeginn zutiefst deprimiert gewesen sei und den Umgang mit anderen Menschen gemieden habe. Aufgrund dieser Befunde bekam der Künstler ein

christliches Begräbnis auf dem Friedhof von Dechbetten westlich von Regensburg. Das Grab ist allerdings nicht erhalten, wohl aber die Grabplatten der Malerfamilie Gebhard, mit der Neu oft zusammengearbeitet hat. Der kleine Neyweg, der zur Kirche von Dechbetten hinführt, erinnert noch an den Bildhauer.

Was war die Ursache für die tiefe Depression des Bildschnitzers, aus der er keinen Ausweg mehr wusste? Es war vermutlich der aufsteigende Stern seines Schülers Simon Sorg, des gebürtigen Kelheimers. Sorg verfeinerte den Spätbarock zum Rokoko und vollzog im späten 18. Jahrhundert auch den Übergang zum Klassizismus. Er gestaltete die Alte Kapelle in Regensburg zum Rokoko-Juwel um und machte sich einen Namen als Ausstatter der Dominikanerinnenkirche Heilig Kreuz im Regensburger Stadtwesten. Nach 1755 bekam sein Lehrer F.A. Neu keine Aufträge mehr; sein Schüler Sorg wurde „fürstlicher Hofbildhauer" bei den Thurn und Taxis und das bedeutete eine „Festanstellung" mit garantiertem Gehalt. Das muss für F.A. Neu erhebliche finanzielle Einbußen zur Folge gehabt haben. Vielleicht war er auch enttäuscht über seinen Sohn Andreas Sebastian Neu (1734-1801), der das Bildhauerhandwerk bei Simon Sorg erlernte, aber nicht sehr erfolgreich war und seinen Lebensunterhalt hauptsächlich als Gastwirt in Dechbetten verdiente, vermutlich im Vorläufer des „Dechbettener Hofs" neben der Wallfahrtskirche von Dechbetten.

Über die Malerfamilie Gebhard, mit der F.A. Neu oft zusammengearbeitet hat, gibt es eine schöne, reich bebilderte Doktorarbeit von Christina Grimminger aus dem Jahr 2000. Es wäre an der Zeit, dass sich auch ein jüngerer Forscher oder eine jüngere Forscherin um Franz Anton Neu kümmert, der seiner „Angst und Pein", wie es beim Barockdichter Paul Gerhardt heißt (*Gotteslob* 289), vermutlich in manchen seiner Figuren ein erschütterndes Denkmal gesetzt hat.

Die Verfasserin bedankt sich bei Pfarrer Michael Götz, Pfarrei Eilsbrunn-Mariaort, und Pfarrer Hans-Jürgen Koller, Pfarrei Ihrlerstein-Essing, für die Abdruckerlaubnis der folgenden vier Fotos aus Mariaort (Abb 1. und 2.: Kalvarienkirche, Hl. Grab) und Altessing (Abb. 3 und 4).






Abb. 1 (oben links): Christuskopf*; Abb. 2 (oben rechts):* Grabwächter*;*
Abb. 3 (unten links): Nepomuk*; Abb. 4 (unten rechts)* Nepomuk-Gesicht

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Der American Club: Eine Episode aus dem Bamberger Wirtschafts- und Gesellschaftsleben in den Jahren um 1870

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Wir schreiben das Jahr 1868. Am 15. September dürfte sich die Leserschaft der *Bamberger Neuesten Nachrichten* gewundert haben, ein fremdsprachiges Inserat vorzufinden: „Notice given to all Americans who reside in this City and its vicinity to meet on Saturday the 19th inst. at eight p. m. at Feil's restauration for the purpose of adjoining the American Club. The Committee." (*BNN* 15.09.1868). Wer Englisch verstand, wird erstaunt gewesen sein, dass es in Stadt und Umgebung viele Amerikaner geben könnte und ihre Anzahl sogar für eine Vereinsgründung ausreichen würde.

I Ein neuer Verein und sein lokaler Rahmen

Am 5. Oktober ging beim Magistrat der Stadt Bamberg ein Schreiben ein, in dem angezeigt wurde, der neu gegründete American Club habe sich als Verein konstituiert (StAB C 2 XV+900). Die Statuten waren beigefügt. Das Gesellschaftslokal befinde sich in der Restauration Feil.

§1 der Satzung nennt als Vereinszweck 1. „gesellige Unterhaltung zu pflegen", 2. „zur Förderung allgemeiner Bildung seinen Mitgliedern geistige Anregungen jeder Art zu bieten", 3. „die englische Sprache zu üben", und 4. „die Mitglieder über die Zustände und Vorkommniße in Amerika jeder Zeit unterrichtet zu halten". Die Vereinsmitglieder wurden unterschieden in „Amerikaner" und „Freunde der Union", d. h. der Nordamerikanischen Union bzw. der Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika. Unter „Amerikanern" verstand man Mitglieder, die sich einige Zeit in Amerika aufgehalten hatten. Als „Freund der Union" konnte jeder aufgenommen werden, der sich für die Union interessierte oder soweit mit der englischen Sprache vertraut war, dass er eine Debatte in dieser Sprache verstehen konnte. Der Jahresbeitrag wurde auf 5 Gulden festgesetzt. Bamberg war zum Zeitpunkt der Vereinsgründung eine bayerische Provinzstadt von 22.000 Einwohnern ohne die Militärpersonen. Der Größe nach lag Bamberg unter den Städten des Königreichs auf Rang sechs (Verw.-Ber. 1872, 6). Wer konnte damals Interesse an den USA haben, es sei denn, die Auswanderung stand zur Diskussion? Und wer hätte gar selbst dort einige Zeit verbracht? Eher wäre ein griechisch-bayerischer Club vorstellbar, residierte doch in Bamberg der „Königlich griechische Hof mit Ihrer Majestät Königin-Witwe von Griechenland" mit gemischtem bayerisch-griechischem Personal (*AB* 1872). Bestimmt gab es weitere Personen, die sich unter der Herrschaft des Wittelsbachers Otto I. in

Griechenland aufgehalten hatten. Gewiss war Bamberg nicht so kosmopolitisch wie es heute ist oder erscheinen mag.

II Bamberg und Amerika

Zum Stichwort Amerika würde heute an erster Stelle ohne Zweifel die Auswanderung nach Nordamerika genannt werden, die in Bamberg wie in ganz Franken während des 19. Jahrhunderts eine wichtige Rolle spielte. Sie war sowohl in den in Bamberg erscheinenden als auch von auswärts bezogenen Zeitungen allgegenwärtig. So fanden sich amtliche Bekanntmachungen über Auswanderungswillige, um festzustellen, ob an sie finanzielle Forderungen bestanden (z. B. *BTB* 27.10.1854). Auswanderungsagenturen gaben Schiffspassagen bekannt und vermittelten die Aufnahme in die Passagierliste. Davon abgesehen gab es eine ständige Berichterstattung über Vorgänge und Erfahrungen in den Zielgebieten der Auswanderer. Von dort kehrten auch immer wieder einmal einzelne Personen in die Heimat zurück. Sie hätten, da sie das Aufnahmekriterium, sich einige Zeit in Amerika aufgehalten zu haben, erfüllten, Mitglied im Club werden können. Waren sie aber mit ihrem Traum von der besseren Neuen Welt gescheitert, gab es keinen zwingenden Grund, sich weiter für die hinter ihnen liegenden Zeiten und Örtlichkeiten zu interessieren oder gar Debatten in englischer Sprache zu verfolgen.

Doch nicht jeder, der die zeit- und kostenaufwändige Reise über den Atlantik antrat, hatte die Absicht, für immer zu bleiben. Es versteht sich, dass es auch Geschäftsreisende gab, die Kontakte knüpfen wollten und dabei eventuell bereits entstandene familiäre Verbindungen nutzten.

Ein Beispiel ist der Kaufmann und Betreiber einer Auswanderungsagentur Ludwig Otto, der mit einem „mehrjährigen Aufenthalt in Amerika“ für seine Dienste warb (*Schmidt's* 22). Otto war als Spezialagent für den Norddeutschen Lloyd, Bremen, und für die Hamburg-Amerikanische Packetfahrt-Actien-Gesellschaft, Hamburg, tätig. Die General-Agenten beider Unternehmen für das Königreich Bayern waren in Aschaffenburg ansässig. 1869 bot Otto einen allgemeinen Abendkurs in englischer Sprache an (*BTB* 29.11.1869).

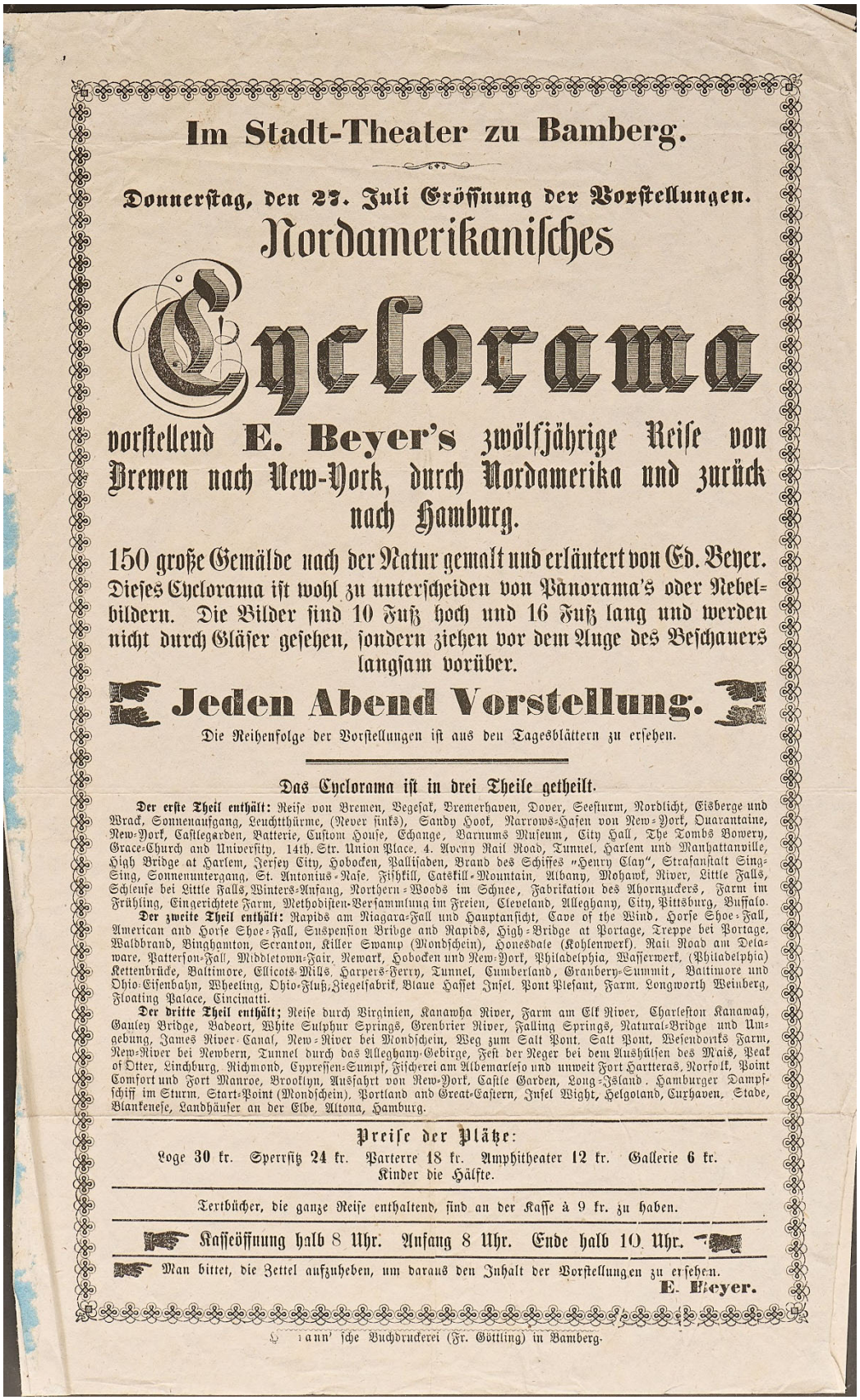
Die Auswanderung ließ nicht nur familiäre Verbindungen mit der alten Heimat entstehen. Sie erzeugte auch eine Nachfrage nach vertrauten Produkten, die in der neuen Heimat noch nicht oder nicht in ausreichender Menge oder Qualität verfügbar waren. In der Gegenrichtung gelang es, abgesehen von den allbekannten Industrierohstoffen Tabak und Baumwolle, amerikanischen Industrieprodukten einen Platz auf dem deutschen Markt zu sichern. Das machte sich in den 1860er Jahren auch in Bamberg bemerkbar, als beispielsweise Nähmaschinen aufkamen (*Meyers* 14, 389-90). Sie waren gewerblich, aber auch

im privaten Haushalt einsetzbar. Auf der Herbstmesse 1863 präsentierte Joseph Wertheim aus Frankfurt (Engel n. pag.) im Gasthof zum Bamberger Hof am Grünen Markt „die in der letzten Londoner Ausstellung [Weltausstellung 1862] preisgekrönten Nähmaschinen von Wheeler und Wilson in New-York“ (*BTB* 21.10.1863). Noch vor Jahresende bot die Eisenhandlung J.B. Kreutlein Maschinen dieses Herstellers an (*BTB* 21.12.1863). Später betrieb Wilhelmine Limpert eine Nähmaschinenagentur (*BTB* 05.09.1868,).

Was die transatlantischen Kommunikationsmöglichkeiten betrifft, so ist hier einzuflechten, dass in den 1860er Jahren eine wesentliche Verbesserung erzielt wurde. Es gelang nach anfänglichen Fehlschlägen, ein unterseeisches Telegrafenkabel zu verlegen. Im *Bamberger Tagblatt* war zu lesen: „Aus London, 27. Juli wird gemeldet: Der Riesendampfer Great-Eastern ist glücklich in Trinity-Bay (Neufundland, Amerika) angekommen.“ Der Redakteur ergänzte: „Somit wäre die Legung des transatlantischen Kabels glücklich vollendet und die telegraphische Verbindung zwischen Amerika und Europa hergestellt“ (*BTB* 29.07.1866). Besagten, als Kabelleger eingesetzten britischen Dampfer hatten die Bamberger bereits 1863 bestaunen können. Ein Hamburger Schiffsmodelleur hatte ihn im Modell ausgestellt (*BTB* 23.02.1863). Nachrichten aus Amerika wurde in der Folgezeit die Angabe „Durch das atlantische Kabel“ vorangestellt.

In Bamberg waren nicht nur Informationen in gedruckten bildlosen oder zumindest bildarmen Medien verfügbar. Es gab auch Angebote völlig anderer Art, die nämlich visuelle Eindrücke von Amerika vermittelten. Bereits 1852 hatte sich im Theater der Vorhang für ein so genanntes *Moving Panorama* geöffnet, vorgeführt von einem Mister James Taylor aus New York. Dieser bot dem Publikum die Illusion einer Flussschiffsreise: „Es ziehen . . . die wunderbaren Gegenden der Mississippi- und Ohio-Ufer . . . langsam an dem Blick während eines Zeitraumes von zwei Stunden vorüber“ (*BTB* 31.07.1852). 1865 gab es wiederum im Stadttheater ein als „Cyclorama“ bezeichnetes *Moving Panorama*: „E. Beyer’s 12jährige Reise von Bremen nach New-York, durch Nord-Amerika und zurück nach Hamburg“ (*BTB* 12.08.1865)[1] (Abb. 1).

[1] Der Schausteller Eduard (auch Edward) Beyer (1821-1865) stammte aus Düsseldorf und hatte die dortige Kunstakademie besucht. 1848 wanderte er mit seiner Frau in die USA aus. 1854 bis 1857 wirkte Beyer als Maler in Virginia. Über diesen Staat brachte er ein Album mit Lithographien nach eigenen Werken heraus. Danach kehrte er nach Deutschland zurück und begann eine Tournee mit dem Cyclorama, das er mit Darstellungen nach eigenen Werken ausgestattet hatte (Grabrede, *ANN* 30.12.1865).



Im Stadt-Theater zu Bamberg.

Donnerstag, den 27. Juli Eröffnung der Vorstellungen.

Nordamerikanisches

Cyclorama

vorstellend **E. Beyer's** zwölfjährige Reise von Bremen nach New-York, durch Nordamerika und zurück nach Hamburg.

150 große Gemälde nach der Natur gemalt und erläutert von Ed. Beyer.

Dieses Cyclorama ist wohl zu unterscheiden von Panorama's oder Nebelbildern. Die Bilder sind 10 Fuß hoch und 16 Fuß lang und werden nicht durch Gläser gesehen, sondern ziehen vor dem Auge des Beschauers langsam vorüber.

Jeden Abend Vorstellung.

Die Reihenfolge der Vorstellungen ist aus den Tagesblättern zu ersehen.

Das Cyclorama ist in drei Theile getheilt.

Der erste Theil enthält: Reise von Bremen, Vegesak, Bremerhaven, Dover, Seesturm, Nordlicht, Eisberge und Wrack, Sonnenaufgang, Leuchtthürme, (Never sinks), Sandy Hook, Narrows-Hafen von New-York, Quarantaine, New-York, Castlegarden, Batterie, Custom House, Echange, Barnums Museum, City Hall, The Tombs Bowery, Grace-Church and University, 14th. Str. Union Place, 4. Avenu Rail Road, Tunnel, Harlem und Manhattanville, High Bridge at Harlem, Jersey City, Hobocken, Pallisaden, Brand des Schiffes „Henry Clay", Strafanstalt Sing-Sing, Sonnenuntergang, St. Antonius-Nase, Fishkill, Catskill-Mountain, Albany, Mohawk, River, Little Falls, Schleuse bei Little Falls, Winters-Anfang, Northern-Woods im Schnee, Fabrikation des Ahornzuckers, Farm im Frühling, Eingerichtete Farm, Methodisten-Versammlung im Freien, Cleveland, Alleghany, City, Pittsburg, Buffalo.

Der zweite Theil enthält: Rapids am Niagara-Fall und Hauptansicht, Cave of the Wind, Horse Shoe-Fall, American and Horse Shoe-Fall, Suspension Bridge and Rapids, High-Bridge at Portage, Treppe bei Portage, Waldbrand, Binghamton, Scranton, Killer Swamp (Mondschein), Honesdale (Kohlenwerk), Rail Road am Delaware, Patterson-Fall, Middletown-Fair, Newark, Hobocken und New-York, Philadelphia, Wasserwerk, (Philadelphia) Kettenbrücke, Baltimore, Ellicots-Mills, Harpers-Ferry, Tunnel, Cumberland, Granbery-Summit, Baltimore und Ohio-Eisenbahn, Wheeling, Ohio-Fluß, Ziegelfabrik, Blaue Hasset Insel, Pont Pleasant, Farm, Longworth Weinberg, Floating Palace, Cincinatti.

Der dritte Theil enthält; Reise durch Virginien, Kanawha River, Farm am Elk River, Charleston Kanawah, Gauley Bridge, Badeort, White Sulphur Springs, Grenbrier River, Falling Springs, Natural-Bridge und Umgebung, James River-Canal, New-River bei Mondschein, Weg zum Salt Pont, Salt Pont, Wesendonks Farm, New-River bei Newbern, Tunnel durch das Alleghany-Gebirge, Fest der Neger bei dem Aushülsen des Mais, Peak of Otter, Linchburg, Richmond, Cypressen-Sumpf, Fischerei am Albemarleso und unweit Fort Hartteras, Norfolk, Point Comfort und Fort Manroe, Brooklyn, Ausfahrt von New-York, Castle Garden, Long-Island. Hamburger Dampfschiff im Sturm, Start-Point (Mondschein), Portland and Great-Eastern, Insel Wight, Helgoland, Cuxhaven, Stade, Blankenese, Landhäuser an der Elbe, Altona, Hamburg.

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Kasseöffnung halb 8 Uhr. Anfang 8 Uhr. Ende halb 10 Uhr.

Man bittet, die Zettel aufzuheben, um daraus den Inhalt der Vorstellungen zu ersehen.

E. Beyer.

[illegible]ann' sche Buchdruckerei (Fr. Göttling) in Bamberg.

Abb. 1: Anschlagszettel für die Vorführung des Moving Panorama *des Eduard Beyer, 1865. StAB D 2002 + 223. Repro J. Schraudner.*

Nicht zuletzt sollten die Bamberger sogar einmal einen lebenden indigenen Bewohner Nordamerikas zu Gesicht bekommen. Der Schausteller Johann Probstmayer aus Tirol bot einen solchen „als außerordentlich merkwürdige Natur-Erscheinung“ zur Frühjahrsmesse 1865 auf. „Derselbe ißt rohe Speisen Dreimal des Tages“ (*BTB* 21.05.1865). Die Echtheit des „Indianers“ wurde offensichtlich mit Recht angezweifelt (*Schweinfurter Tagblatt* 20.06.1865).

III Die Erwerbsquellen der Clubmitglieder

Wenn also für den American Club nicht die Unterstützung der Auswanderung das Motiv für den Zusammenschluss war, kamen alternativ nur wirtschaftliche Interessen in Frage. Worauf aber hätten diese Interessen beruhen sollen? Zwar verstand sich Bamberg traditionell als Handelsstadt, verfügte über zwei Messen und Viehmärkte, doch stand es bedeutungsmäßig deutlich hinter Nürnberg, Frankfurt oder Leipzig zurück. Immerhin war die Stadt mit diesen Zentren durch die Eisenbahn verbunden. Das brachte Vorteile, so vor allem für den stark vertretenen Erwerbsgartenbau, der nunmehr frische Ware absetzen konnte. Nachteilig wurde die Eisenbahn für den Wasserweg. So beklagte Bamberg „den Verlust der Spedition der schweren Thüringer Fabrikate, welche früher auf dem Main- und Rheinfluß den Weg nach Holland und England suchten, während sie jetzt auf der Eisenbahn bis Bremen laufen“ (*HGK* 1873, 82-83). Die Industrie war mit einigen kleineren Unternehmen, so zur Tabakverarbeitung, vertreten. Der einzige Großbetrieb war die Mechanische Baumwollspinnerei und Weberei A.G., die Ende der 1850er Jahre ihre Tätigkeit aufgenommen hatte. Sie dürfte anfangs ausschließlich amerikanische Baumwolle verarbeitet haben. Im Jahresbericht für 1859 ist lediglich angegeben, von wo der Rohstoff bezogen wurde, nämlich zu 37% „direct von America“, zu 38% aus England und zu 25% aus Bremen und Holland (StAB D 5011+2). Bald verteuerte der Sezessionskrieg die Ware erheblich, aber ab 1867 lief der Betrieb wieder normal. In Sachen Baumwolle war also in Bamberg eine Wirtschaftsbeziehung mit Amerika gegeben.

Aufschluss über die im American Club versammelten wirtschaftlichen Interessen gibt die Liste der Gründungsmitglieder. Betrachten wir zunächst die Vorstandschaft. Gewählt wurden die Herren S. Treumann zum Präsidenten, B.-H. Leutemann zum Vizepräsidenten, L. Wachtel zum Geschäftsführer (Sekretär) und S. Rosen zum Kassenwart (Cassier). Samuel Treumann, geboren 1831, war Hopfenhändler und Inhaber der Firma M. Treumann & Sohn. Er war Jude und Vorstand der Chefra Kedischa, der israelitischen Bruderschaft für Krankenpflege und Sterbefälle. 1873 konnte er nach siebenjährigem Aufenthalt in Bamberg das Bürgerrecht erwerben (StAB C 9 + 63 T 32). Sein Vater, der Hopfenhändler Moses Treumann, geboren 1801, stammte aus Mühlhausen im Steigerwald, erwarb 1864 ein Haus in Bamberg und beabsichtigte, mit seiner Familie (Ehefrau, 2

Söhne, 2 Töchter) überzusiedeln. Sein Gesuch wurde genehmigt (StAB C 9 + 63 T 10). Der Wirtschaftszweig Hopfenhandel war in Bamberg stark vertreten, wie noch zu zeigen ist. Die Wahl eines Hopfenhändlers war demzufolge kein Zufall.

Über Leutemann war nichts auffindbar, außer dass er bei der Feier des 137. Geburtstags von George Washington eine Rede gehalten hat, die erkennen lässt, dass er mit amerikanischer Geschichte vertraut war (Abdruck *BNN*, Sonntags-Blatt 28.02./07.03.1869). Möglicherweise war er Amerikaner. Dies könnte auch auf das Mitglied M. [Mister?] Learner zutreffen. Dabei war die Zahl der in Bamberg ansässigen Ausländer gering.[2] Nach der Volkszählung 1871 waren es 119 Personen (0,5 %); die Herkunftsstaaten der Person sind nicht genannt (*Verw.-Ber.* 1872, 9).

Louis Wachtel war Privatier. Bei besagter Feier würdigte er Washington in englischer Sprache (*BNN* 26.02.1869). Auf ihn dürfte das Kriterium, sich einige Zeit in Amerika aufgehalten zu haben, zugetroffen haben. 1863 erschien unter den Personen, die im Bamberger Hof abstiegen, ein „Wachtel von Philadelphia" (*BTB* 17.06.1863). Der Name Wachtel verweist auf Bischberg, wo mehrere Namensträger nachweisbar sind.

Was den Kassenwart Rosen betrifft, so fanden sich Dokumente, die auf seine Person zutreffen dürften. 1867 wird Nathan Rosen als Vorstand der israelitischen Kultusgemeinde Frensdorf genannt (*BTB* 23.11.1867). 1868 kündigte er, nunmehr mit Adresse in Bamberg, an, Immobilien zu versteigern (*BTB* 08.12.1868). 1873 verlieh die Stadt dem Kaufmann das Bürgerrecht (*BNN* 14.10.1873).

Unter den Mitgliedern befanden sich weitere Hopfenhändler, nämlich Wilhelm Emminger, Samuel Feldheim, Moritz Gerst, Jakob E. Goldmann, Benno Lessing und Daniel Obermaier.

Feldheim, geboren 1813, war gelernter Seifensieder und Lichtzieher. Da ihm versagt wurde, sich in diesem Handwerk in Bamberg ansässig zu machen, ging er 1841 nach Amerika. 1850 kam er als reicher Mann zurück. Der Verkauf seines Geschäfts in Selma, Alabama, hatte ihm 12.000 fl. eingebracht. Nunmehr gelang es ihm, die Genehmigung zum Hopfenhandel zu erwirken und in eine freigewordene Matrikel eingewiesen zu werden (Brachs 176-79).

Emminger, geboren 1834, war als einziger kein Jude, sondern katholisch getauft. Er war ein Kaufmannssohn aus Württemberg. Seine Ausbildung zum Kaufmann erhielt er in Freiburg im Breisgau und in Erlangen. Zwischenzeitlich, von 1853 bis 1859, hielt er sich in Amerika auf und erwarb das dortige Staatsbürgerrecht. In

[2] Ein undatiertes, vor der Reichsgründung angelegtes „Verzeichniß derjenigen Personen, welche dahier wohnen und Nichtangehörige von Bayern sind" (StAB C 2 + 43415) enthält achtzehn Personen mit der Staatsangehörigkeitsangabe „Amerika".

Bamberg erbat er 1861 die Konzession zum Großhandel mit Kolonialwaren sowie die Ansässigmachungs- und Eheschließungserlaubnis (StAB C 9 + 63 E 11). Er muss sich dann aber auf den Hopfenhandel verlegt haben.

Mitglied August Adlerstein handelte mit Rauchwaren, also Pelzfellen. 1867 inserierte er: „Haasen-, Kanin-, Marder-, Iltis-, Fuchs-, Dachs-, Otter-, Ziegen- und dergleichen Felle werden stets zu guten Preisen bei mir angekauft“ (*BTB* 17.02.1867). Damit ist schwer vorstellbar, dass er auch mit amerikanischer Ware, die nach der kanadischen qualitativ als die beste betrachtet wurde, gehandelt haben könnte. Im Dezember gleichen Jahres bot er dann allerdings Bärenfelle möglicherweise amerikanischer Herkunft zu Schlittendecken an (*BTB* 09.12.1867).

Als Kaufleute sind Franz Scharnagel und Adolph Wald genannt. Scharnagel vertrieb Tabakwaren und Raucherartikel. Dadurch könnte ein Amerikabezug gegeben gewesen sein. Gewissheit bringt die Ankündigung eines Vortrags über „Urbarmachung der amerikanischen Wälder“, die der Kaufmann auf der VI. Stiftungsfeier des Gartenbau-Vereins halten werde (*BTB* 05.01.1867). Wald betrieb ein Wollwarengeschäft.

Was den Fotografen Hugo Hesselbach bewogen haben könnte, Clubmitglied zu werden, ist den bekannten örtlichen Nachweisen nicht zu entnehmen. Möglicherweise ging es ihm lediglich darum, Kundschaft für seine Porträtaufnahmen zu gewinnen. Hesselbach stammte aus Würzburg und war mit dem Fotografenkollegen Wilhelm Cronenberg (1836-1915) bekannt, der sich einige Zeit in Amerika aufgehalten hatte. Beide trafen 1858 zusammen als Kurgäste in Bad Kissingen ein und wohnten dort auch zusammen (Kurliste Nr. 503).[3]

Das Mitglied Arnold Schmidt (1837-1906) erscheint 1872 mit dem Zusatz „Malerinstitut“ (*AB* 1872). Am Jakobsplatz 13 befindet sich noch heute ein stattlicher Bau im Maximilianstil, der 1861 für besagtes Institut errichtet wurde. Arnold war der Sohn und Nachfolger des Unternehmensgründers Carl Schmidt (1791-1874). Die Manufaktur war spezialisiert auf hochwertige Porzellanarbeiten, genauer das Bemalen von zugekauften glasierten Rohlingen, die dann in eigenen Öfen gebrannt wurden. Zu diesem Zweck waren zahlreiche, auf diese Technik spezialisierte Maler angestellt, daher die Bezeichnungen „Malinstitut“ oder „Malerinstitut“. Zu Ausbildungszwecken wurde eine Mal- und Zeichenschule unterhalten. Um was es sich bei den Erzeugnissen genau handelte, änderte sich im Laufe der Unternehmenstätigkeit, die von 1833 bis 1912 reichte. In den 1850er bis 1870er Jahren waren Gemälde mit Porträts, Stadtansichten u. a. sowie besonders Farbreproduktionen von Gemälden großer Meister bei Kennern und

[3] Kurliste = Liste der im Jahre 1858 angekommenen und abgereisten Kur- und Badgäste von Bad Kissingen und Bocklet.

Sammlern begehrt. Entscheidende Merkmale waren Farbechtheit und Farbbeständigkeit, die damals auf andere Weise unerreichbar waren. Die Preise reichten von 10 fl. bis 1000 fl. per Stück (Bernhard 181).

Da altes Porzellan ein beliebtes Sammelobjekt ist, wurden seit Langem grundlegende Informationen zu den einzelnen Herstellern zusammengetragen, so auch für Bamberg durch Franz Friedrich (1907-1994). Dank dieser Vorarbeit lässt sich im Fall Arnold Schmidts dessen Amerikabezug angeben. So erfahren wir, dass er sich 1853 nach Amerika einschiffte und erst im Mai 1856 zurückkehrte. Noch im selben Monat begab er sich erneut auf die Reise (Friedrich 113). Wie lange diese zweite Unternehmung dauerte, ist bei Friedrich nicht angegeben. Ebensowenig sind Reiseroute und -ziele genannt. Reisezweck dürfte gewesen sein, Absatzmöglichkeiten für die Bamberger Erzeugnisse zu erkunden. Unerlässlich war dazu die Kenntnis der Einfuhrbestimmungen und der Handelspraktiken und auch deren künftige Entwicklung war im Blick zu behalten. Die Handels- und Gewerbekammer für Oberfranken stellte in ihrem Jahresbericht 1872 fest, das Institut beschäftige 40 Künstler, „deren Werke selbst bis England und Amerika Ruf und Absatz haben“ (*HGK* 1872, 90).

IV Die Hopfenhändler

Wenden wir uns der Berufsgruppe zu, die die meisten Clubmitglieder stellte, den Hopfenhändlern. Angaben zu Tätigkeit und Aktionsradius dieses hochmobilen Personenkreises sind rar, was damit zu erklären ist, dass es sich überwiegend um Juden handelte. Es war die Elterngeneration derjenigen, die der nationalsozialistischen Rassenpolitik ausgesetzt waren und ihr entweder entkommen konnten oder zum Opfer fielen. Die Grabstätten auf dem Jüdischen Friedhof sind inzwischen inventarisiert (Exner und Ruderich. 601-711; Register 1447-93). Von möglicherweise erhaltenen Firmenunterlagen ist nichts bekannt. Keine der Firmen hat das Dritte Reich überlebt.

Über die verliehenen Matrikel bis zur Aufhebung des Matrikel-Paragraphen im Judenedikt 1861 liegt eine tabellarische Zusammenstellung vor (Brachs 180-85). Die darin nicht vorkommenden Namen müssen solche von späteren Zuwanderern – vor allem aus dem Umland – sein, ausgelöst durch die grundlegende rechtliche Statusänderung sowie nach Gründung des Deutschen Reichs die Verleihung der Gleichberechtigung durch die Reichsverfassung 1871 (Brachs 170).

Auf dem Friedhof sind die Grabstätten von fünf Clubmitgliedern identifiziert. Der bekannteste Name ist Lessing. Er lebt in der heutigen Willy-Lessing-Straße, der ehemaligen Sophienstraße, fort. Der Namensgeber wurde Opfer des NS-Terrors in seiner Heimatstadt. Er war ein Enkel des Firmengründers Samuel

Lessing (1808-1887), der aus Mühlhausen stammte und seinen Lebensunterhalt als Maurermeister verdiente, dann aber in den Hopfenhandel einstieg. 1862 wurde sein Übersiedlungsgesuch nach Bamberg genehmigt (*BTB* 14.11.1862). Mühlhausen war eines der zahlreichen ehemals reichsritterschaftlichen Dörfer im Steigerwald, in denen Juden, aber auch Glaubensflüchtlinge (Exulanten) sich infolge herrschaftlicher Peuplierungsmaßnahmen im 17./18. Jahrhundert hatten niederlassen können. Die Landwirtschaft war unbedeutend; dafür prägten besondere Erwerbsarten das Wirtschafts- und Sozialleben (vgl. Heller). Nach 1861 setzte dann allerdings die Landflucht ein, d. h. die Abwanderung in Städte mit Eisenbahnanschluss wie Nürnberg und Bamberg (Mistele 16) oder die Auswanderung. Beides trifft auf die Lessings zu. Samuel, der Maurermeister, gründete 1862 zusammen mit einem Partner, dem Kaufmann Moritz Joseph Heßlein, ein Unternehmen zum Betrieb einer Ziegelei in Gaustadt, d. h. zu dem Zeitpunkt, an dem in Bamberg die Stadterweiterung einsetzte. Als Prokuristen wurden ein Sohn Heßleins und der älteste Sohn Lessings, Anton (1840-1915), eingesetzt (*BZ* 19.04.1863). Der Hopfenhandel wurde weitergeführt, indem Samuel mit Sohn Anton und Sohn Benno, letzterer Clubmitglied, gleichfalls 1862 die Firma Lessing & Söhne gründete. Anton erreichte, dass er 1864 aus der „Armee-Pflichtigkeit“ entlassen wurde. Er ging ins Ausland, aber nicht nach Amerika, sondern nach Russland mit Wohnsitz St. Petersburg, nun unter dem Namen Anton Iwanowitsch Lessing. Er beteiligte sich an wichtigen Unternehmensgründungen, darunter einer Maschinenfabrik in Kolomna, die er bis 1913 leitete (Lessing n. pag.). Nach dem Ausscheiden Antons führte Benno das Hopfengeschäft mit Bruder Simon Lessing fort (*AB* 1878, 72).

1867 führt ein Verzeichnis unter Bamberg 42 Händler bzw. Firmen (mit zwei Partnern) auf. Das klingt nach viel, aber das eigentliche Zentrum des süddeutschen Hopfenhandels war Nürnberg (98 Nennungen) zusammen mit Fürth (24) (*AHZ* 02.04.1867). 1876 war in Bamberg die Zahl auf 110 gestiegen (Loebl 297). Das Adressbuch 1878 enthält über 140 Nennungen (*AB* 1878). Bei Firmen sind neben dem Firmennamen die Inhaber eigens aufgeführt. Die tatsächliche Zahl war demnach niedriger.

V Allgemeines zum Bamberger Hopfenhandel

In Bamberg und Umgebung gab es Hopfenanbau (Abb. 2), meist als Nachfolgekultur des Weinbaus, aber er war nicht von besonderer Bedeutung. Das Eigengewächs war auch nicht der Grund, weshalb sich der örtliche Handel mit Hopfen so stark entwickelte. Hier dominierte fremde Ware aus anderen Anbaugebieten Frankens, aber auch solche aus Böhmen. Nach jeder Ernte ergab sich die Notwendigkeit, Räumlichkeiten für die natürliche Trocknung des eingekauften Hopfens zu finden. Hierbei hatte Bamberg einen Standortvorteil. Zwar gab es



Abb. 2: „Hopfen Pflanzung und Gerste Ernte auf einer bayerischen Farm nahe Bamberg, Deutschland."

Stereofoto der Keystone View Company, Manufacturers, copyrighted Publishers, Meadville, Pa., New York, N.Y., Chicago, Ill., London, Berlin. Bildnr. 10438, undatiert. Privatbesitz. Repro G. Raab.

eigens für den Zweck errichtete Lagerhallen, aber darüber hinaus stellten Privatleute und öffentliche Einrichtungen geeignete Dachböden zur Anmietung oder Ersteigerung auf Zeit bereit, was per Zeitungsanzeige bekannt gegeben wurde. Das muss den Fuhrverkehr in der Stadt zeitweise stark geprägt haben. Was den Handel betrifft, so deckte der Begriff eine wesentliche Komponente, nämlich die gewerblich-industrielle, nicht ab. Sie umfasste das Darren (künstliche Trocknen) und Schwefeln der Ware. Da in Bayern geschwefelter Hopfen nicht verwendet werden durfte, war das Vorhandensein entsprechender Einrichtungen im Lande ein mehr als deutliches Anzeichen für den Export.

England und Nordamerika sahen die Einfuhr ausschließlich von geschwefeltem Hopfen vor (Braungart 840-41). Als Bayern das Verbot zunächst für Mittelfranken, dann aber 1862 allgemein aufhob und damit Hopfenschwefelungsdarren behördlich genehmigungsfähig wurden, gab das dem Export starken Auftrieb. Bis in Bamberg die Anlagen genehmigt, errichtet und betriebsfertig waren, verging allerdings einige Zeit. Die Handels- und Gewerbekammer für Oberfranken beklagte noch in ihrem Jahresbericht für 1871, die polizeilichen Vorschriften erschwerten die Anlage von Schwefeldarren (*HGK* 1871, 62). Dazu ist anzumerken, dass es unverantwortlich gewesen wäre, sie in der inneren Stadt zuzulassen. Erst eine Stadterweiterung sollte annehmbare Voraussetzungen schaffen.

Die Hopfenhandlungen, die sich zunächst in der engen Altstadt befanden, erwarben ab den 1860er Jahren große Grundstücke im – damals noch überschwemmungsgefährdeten – Stadterweiterungsgebiet der südlichen Inselstadt, d. h. in der Hainstraße und der Sophienstraße (heute Willy-Lessing-Straße). Dort

konnten die Darren, von denen auch Feuergefahr ausging, mit behördlicher Genehmigung ihren Platz finden (Abb. 3-4). Es entstand eine städtebaulich einzigartige Struktur durch die Kombination von Villen mit parkartigen Gärten und Emissionen verursachenden Gewerbeanlagen, saisonal begleitet von regem Frachtfuhrverkehr (vgl. Eidloth).



Abb. 3: Die Sophienstraße als Allee vor dem Erreichen der Sophienbrücke über den rechten Regnitzarm mit Blick auf die Treumann'sche Hopfenhandlung, Nr. 13.

Die kleinen Öffnungen unterhalb der Dachtraufe am Hauptgebäude links zeigen einen Trockenboden an. Auf dem Gartengrundstück befindet sich heute der Neubau Heinrichsdamm 6 (Brücken-Apotheke).

Foto Alois Erhardt, 1895. StAB BS(B) + 333 Willy-Lessing-Straße 13 – H001 B001



Abb. 4: Rückwärtige Ansicht der ursprünglich Treumann'schen Hopfenhandlung, vorn die Brückenstraße, die rechts in die Sophienstraße mündet. Letzter Nutzer war die jüdische Fa. Gebrüder Heßberg. Sie erlosch Ende 1938.

Bildunterschrift: „Dieses Hopfenlager mit Trockenanlage und Schornstein stand neben der Reichsbank [Nebenstelle Bamberg, re. angeschnitten, Sophienstr. 13]. Das Gebäude samt Schlot wurde 1934 eingelegt." (Schneidmadl 164).

VI Hopfengeschäfte mit Amerika

Mit den Einwanderern aus Europa hatten in Nordamerika Bierbrauerei und Hopfenbau früh Fuß gefasst und um 1860 die Westküste erreicht (Barth 124-54). Auf Zufuhren aus dem Alten Kontinent war man aber weiter angewiesen. Dass Hopfen ein wichtiges Element im Warenaustausch mit den USA wurde, steht außer Frage. Das gilt für Nürnberg (und hier sogar bis heute),[4] aber zeitweise auch für Bamberg. Die *Allgemeine Hopfen-Zeitung* brachte eine Statistik über den monatlichen „Hopfen-Export Bayern's, vorzugsweise der Städte Nürnberg, Fürth und Bamberg nach Amerika im Jahre 1867" (*AHZ* 21.01.1868). Die Firma Rosenwald soll bereits vor 1866 Geschäftsbeziehungen mit New York unterhalten haben (Loebl 298). In umgekehrter Richtung funktionierten die Beziehungen ebenfalls. In dem Hopfen-Bericht, in dem die Firma H. Strauss & Cie. mit Sitzen in Bamberg und London ihre Einschätzung der Ernteaussichten in den Haupterzeugerländern bzw. -gebieten bekanntmachte, heißt es am 10.09.1866 zu Amerika: „produzirt ausreichend, um seinen Absatz in der Ausfuhr suchen zu müssen" (Loebl 298, Abb. 15.5.). An dieser Stelle ist daran zu erinnern, dass

[4] BarthHaas GmbH & Co. KG.

gerade das transatlantische Kabel nutzbar geworden war und der rasche Informationsaustausch allen spekulativen Geschäften sehr zugute kam.

Auch wenn für die Bamberger Händler keine einzelnen Lieferungen nach Amerika nachweisbar sind, dürften die vorstehenden Ausführungen doch plausibel gemacht haben, dass das Auslandsgeschäft florierte. Jedenfalls trug es zu dem heute noch im Stadtbild nachvollziehbaren Wohlstand der am Hopfenhandel beteiligten Akteure bei. Es wurde sogar Kapital in industrielle Unternehmungen investiert. Die Firma J. Morgenroth & Söhne (ab 1863 Louis Morgenroth) betrieb seit 1860 eine Fabrik für Brauer- und Schusterpech, die jährlich 8.000 bis 10.000 Zentner amerikanisches Harz verarbeitete und „eines der bedeutendsten Etablissements dieser Art im Zollverein" gewesen sein soll (Bernhard 265). Simon Lessing errichtete zusätzlich zu der väterlichen Ziegelei, die er weiterführte, 1885 die erste Großbrauerei (mit Eisenbahnanschluss) und ergänzte sie um das Vergnügungsetablissement „Tivoli". Carl Isidor Dessauer gründete 1885 eine Malzfabrik (mit Eisenbahnanschluss, heute noch im Betrieb; Kestel 113).

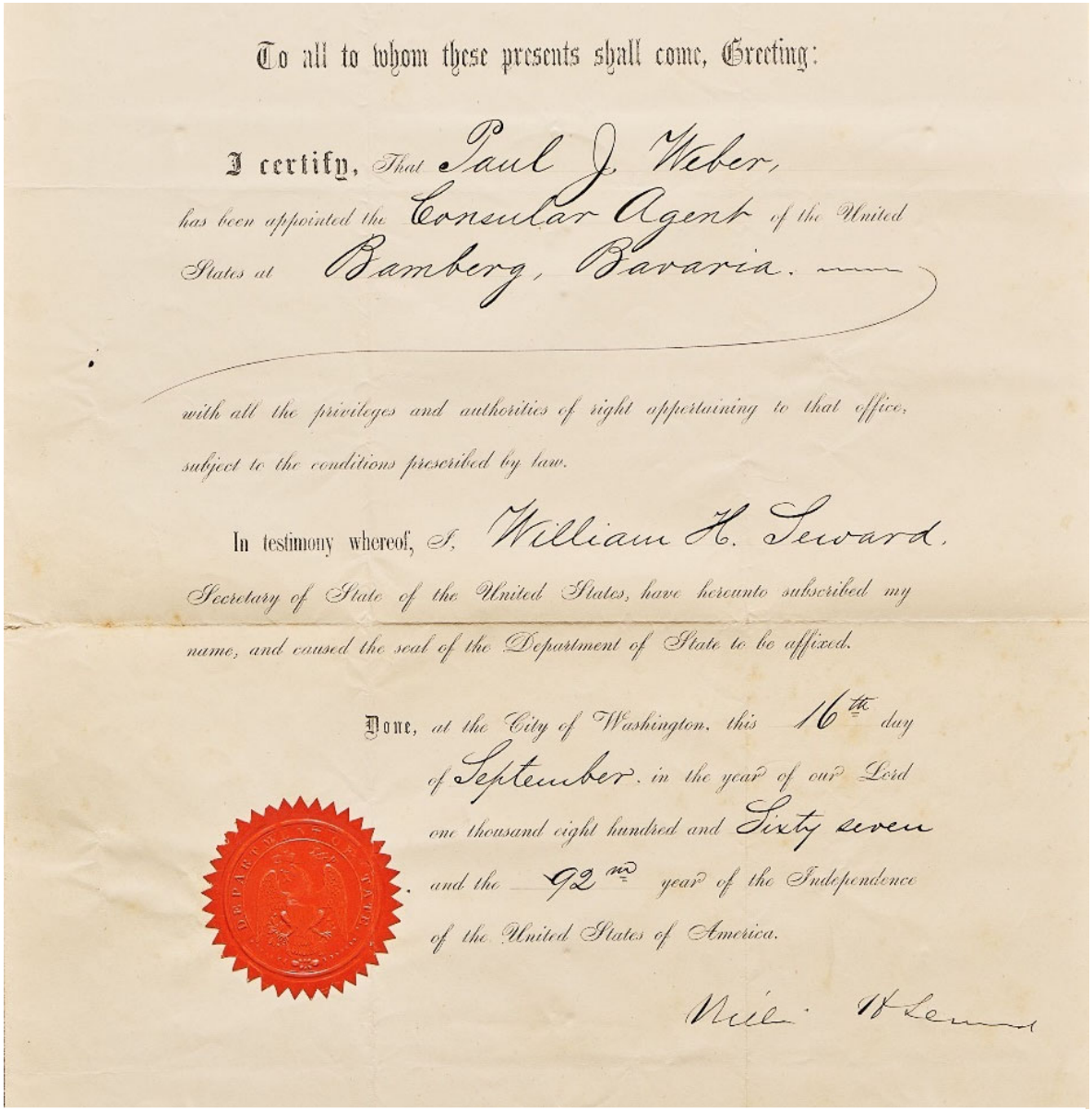
VII Amerikanische Konsuln und Konsularagenten

Die meiste Zeit war Bamberg Sitz eines Konsuls bzw. Konsularagenten der Vereinigten Staaten.[5] 1865 stellte der in Nürnberg residierende Konsul C. Gilbert Wheeler dem Bamberger Kaufmann F.J. [Friedrich Justus] Weber als „General-Agent für ganz Bayern" ein Zeugnis aus. Weber sei ihm – Wheeler – „persönlich als ein sehr humaner, für das Wohl der Auswanderer besorgter Mann" bekannt (*BTB* 17.06.1865). 1866 inserierte Wheeler in der *Hopfen-Zeitung*: „Angesichts des zunehmenden Exportes von Hopfen nach den Vereinigten Staaten erlaube ich mir, die Herren Hopfenhändler darauf aufmerksam zu machen, daß die Facturen [Rechnungen] aller Sendungen aus dem nördlichen Bayern von dem hiesigen Konsulat beglaubigt werden müssen" (*AHZ* 29.03.1866). Als Konsul wäre er in Nürnberg am falschen Platz gewesen, hätte er selbst nicht etwas vom Hopfen verstanden. Das zeigte er mit einem Aufsatz in einer Fachzeitschrift, in dem er die Ergebnisse seiner Analysen von Hopfen verschiedener Anbaugebiete vorstellte (vgl. Wheeler). 1867 sollte dem inzwischen verstorbenen Weber auf Vorschlag Wheelers der Sohn und Geschäftsführer der Firma, Paul J. Weber, nachfolgen (StAB C 30 + 17). Die Ernennungsurkunde, gegeben zu Washington am 16.09.1867 und im 92. Jahr der Unabhängigkeit, unterzeichnet vom *Secretary of State*/Außenminister unter Präsident Andrew Johnson, William H. Seward (1801-1872)[6], wurde jedoch vom Magistrat einbehalten (Abb. 5). Weber Junior war wegen „Unregelmäßigkeit" in seinem Geschäftsgebaren von seiner Mutter des

[5] Zu den Anfängen vor 1860 siehe Guth.

[6] Seward handelte 1867 mit Russland den *Alaska Purchase* aus. Der letzte Montag im März ist im Bundesstaat Alaska als *Seward's Day* gesetzlicher Feiertag.

Hauses verwiesen worden und nach gegen ihn eingeleiteten Ermittlungen untergetaucht, um der drohenden Verhaftung zu entgehen.



To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

I certify, That Paul J. Weber,
has been appointed the Consular Agent of the United
States at Bamberg, Bavaria.

with all the privileges and authorities of right appertaining to that office,
subject to the conditions prescribed by law.

In testimony whereof, I, William H. Seward,
Secretary of State of the United States, have hereunto subscribed my
name, and caused the seal of the Department of State to be affixed.

Done, at the City of Washington, this 16th day
of September, in the year of our Lord
one thousand eight hundred and Sixty seven
and the 92nd year of the Independence
of the United States of America.

Abb. 5: Ernennungsurkunde für den amerikanischen Konsularagenten Paul J. Weber, 1867. StAB C 30 + 17. Repro J. Schraudner.

Nach den Adressbüchern 1887 und 1890 (*AB*) bekleidete der Kaufmann Maro Rosenwald, Hainstraße 9, einer von fünf Inhabern der Hopfenhandlung Moritz Rosenwald, die Funktion des Konsuls. Einer der Inhaber war Theodor Rosenwald in New York.

Für 1896 war eine Statistik über den Wert der Ausfuhren aus dem Zuständigkeitsbereich des Konsuls auffindbar (*HGK* 1896, 59). Sie stellt sich wie folgt dar:

„Aus dem Bezirk des Amerikanischen Consulats Bamberg wurden 1896 nach den Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika exportiert“:

Warenart	Wert in Mark	%-Anteil
Porzellan	988.439	41
Korbwaren	768.571	32
Hopfen	437.933	18
Stahlkugeln	109.688	5
Bier	61.893	3
Verschiedenes	11.910	
Drogen	7.748	
Wein	7.116	
Kunstgegenstände	5.025	
Sa.	2.398.323	

Die ersten vier Warenarten machten 96% des Werts aus. Das Porzellan stellte Nordostoberfranken, die Korbwaren das Obermaingebiet um Lichtenfels. Der Hopfen war, wie ausgeführt, Bamberger Handelsware. Stahlkugeln (zur Kugellagerherstellung) waren eine damals noch junge Schweinfurter Spezialität. Entwickelt hatte sie sich erst ab 1883 mit der Erfindung der Kugelschleifmaschine durch Friedrich Fischer (1849-1899). Unter Drogen liefen „medizinische Vegetabilien“ (Heilkräuter) aus der Gegend von Wunsiedel. Unter Kunstgegenstände dürften hauptsächlich Erzeugnisse des Bamberger Malerinstituts gerechnet worden sein. Da ein einzelnes Porzellangemälde bis zu 1.000 fl. (1.710 M.) kosten konnte, dürfte der Export aus nur wenigen Stücken bestanden haben.

VIII Aktivitäten des American Club

Hinweise auf die Aktivitäten des American Club geben lediglich Zeitungsinserate. Vereinsinterne Unterlagen wie Protokollbücher sind, soweit bekannt, nicht erhalten. 1882 ließ der Stadtmagistrat in Erfahrung bringen, „ob der Verein ‚American Club‘ noch besteht, nachdem seit 14 Jahren [1868, d. h. seit der Gründung] keine Anzeige bezüglich der Vorstandschaft gemacht worden ist.“ Die Beantwortung erfolgte umgehend: „Fraglicher Verein besteht nicht mehr“ (StAB C 2 XV+900). Zeitungsinserate reichen lediglich bis in den Jahresanfang 1870. Im März wurde zu einer Sondersitzung eingeladen, in der Wahlen vorgenommen werden sollten (*BNN* 22.03.1870). Da keine weiteren Meldungen auffindbar waren, könnten die Wahlen fehlgeschlagen sein. Im Juli gab die Redaktion der *Neuesten Nachrichten* in einer kryptischen Formulierung bekannt: „Die anonyme ‚Anfrage‘ betr. des American Club kann nicht aufgenommen werden und liegt der mitgesandte Betrag zum Abholen bereit“ (*BNN* 09.07.1870).

Während der kurzen Bestandsdauer des Vereins fanden sämtliche Veranstaltungen die längste Zeit in „Feils Restauration“ statt. Heute dürften Name und Lage des Lokals kaum noch bekannt sein. Dabei ist zumindest das Vorderhaus erhalten, erscheint aber als schlichtes Wohngebäude. Es handelt sich um Sophienstraße 14 (heute Willy-Lessing-Straße). Es entstand als erstes Anwesen „auf der Bleiche“, noch bevor die Fluchtlinie der neu angelegten Straße im südlichen Stadterweiterungsgebiet festgesetzt wurde, denn es liegt hinter der Fluchtlinie in einem spitzen Winkel zurück. Das Gebäude ist als Baudenkmal eingetragen. 1868 wurde das Lokal in einem Reiseführer wie folgt beschrieben: „Restauration zunächst der Sophienbrücke, Restaurant in warmen und kalten Speisen, Glasbier, Café, geräumiger Garten mit guter Kegelbahn, besucht“ (Bernhard 180). Die Qualifizierung als „besucht“ beruhte nicht zuletzt darauf, dass unterschiedlichste Veranstaltungen geboten wurden, so Aufritte von Militärkapellen und Gesangsgruppen, Vorträge und Versammlungen. Bei der Gründung des American Club erfüllte das Feil’sche Lokal gehobene Ansprüche. Zu Beginn des Jahres 1870 wechselte der Club jedoch das Lokal: „Those members ever sticking to the flag assemble this evening at 7½ o’clock at the new Club rooms at Mr. Noeth’s restauration“ (*BNN* 16.02.1870). Konrad Noeth betrieb sein Restaurant, Café und Billard am Schillerplatz (Theaterstraße 2).

Was ließ sich nun konkret über die Clubaktivitäten ermitteln? Was für Franzosen der *Quatorze Juillet* (*Bastille Day*) ist, ist für Amerikaner *the Fourth of July*. Am Vortag des 4. Juli 1868 erschien folgender Aufruf: „Look out! All Americans and friends of the Union are invited to call at Feil’s restauration (saloon) this evening at eight p. m. for the purpose of arranging the celebration of the 4th of Juli [sic]“ (*BTB* 03.07.1868). Von einem Club ist nicht die Rede, die Gründung erfolgte, wie eingangs ausgeführt, etwas später, im September. Gleichzeitig lud Feil im *Tagblatt* für Samstag, den 4. Juli, „am Befreiungstag der Vereinigten Staaten Nordamerika’s“, zu einem großen Konzert des Theaterorchesters ein. Für „besondere Beleuchtung und Feuerwerk“ werde Sorge getragen (*BTB* 03.07.1868). Offensichtlich rechnete Feil mit einigem Andrang.

Am 7. November 1868 wurde die feierliche Einweihung der neuen Clubräume bei Feil angekündigt. Weiter heißt es dann: „Discussion offered on the most important news from across the ocean. Long live our great and noble general – Ulysses Grant – the elected president!“ (*BTB* 07.11.1868). Grant (1822-1885) wird hier als General angesprochen, weil er Oberbefehlshaber des US-Heeres im Sezessionskrieg war. Die Republikanische Partei hatte ihn im Mai 1868 in Chicago zum Präsidentschaftskandidaten gewählt; er hatte die Wahl gewonnen und amtierte als 18. Präsident vom 4. März 1869 an (*Meyers* 8, 229-30). In Bamberg konnte er offensichtlich auf Anhängerschaft zählen. Grants politisches Wirken

tut hier nichts zur Sache, und wie die Bamberger Clubmitglieder es am Ende bewerteten, ist nicht überliefert.

Ein Höhepunkt in der kurzen Vereinsgeschichte war die Feier von Washingtons 137. Geburtstag am Montag, den 22.02.1869. Feils Lokal war festlich geschmückt. Treumann begrüßte die Anwesenden, Louis Wachtel gedachte des „großen Verstorbenen“ auf Englisch, danach hielt Vizepräsident Leutemann seine Rede auf Deutsch. Das Souper wurde von Musik begleitet. Der Musikmeister des 5. Infanterieregiments, Rudolph Remmele, trat mit einem Teil der Regimentskapelle auf, ein Quartett des Liederkranzes sang zusammen mit dem in der Stadt gastierenden Bariton Karl Friedrich Eibenschütz (1829-1874), der einer jüdischen Budapester Musikerfamilie angehörte. Clubmitglieder trugen amerikanische Lieder vor. Die knappe Zeitungsmeldung endet mit dem Satz: „Dem folgten verschiedene frohe Toaste und war die ganze Feier eine gehobene, welche die Anwesenden bis 3 Uhr Morgens höchst vergnügt vereint hielt“ (*BNN* 26.02.1869).

Die Leutemann’sche Rede wurde im Nachhinein komplett abgedruckt (*BNN, Sonntags-Blatt* 28.02., fortgesetzt 07.03.1869). Darin heißt es, der Name Washington zähle „zu den Gefeierten in der Geschichte aller Länder und Völker“.[7] Den Gefühlen für den „Begründer der amerikanischen Freiheit und Unabhängigkeit“ wolle man festlichen Ausdruck geben. Amerikaner und Deutsche seien aus Anlass des Geburtstags „in Freundschaft und brüderlicher Eintracht unter dem Sternenbanner vereinigt“. Der Redner schilderte den Werdegang Washingtons in Krieg und Frieden. Als Präsident (ab 1789) sei er „im Triumphe, den ihm die allgemeine Hochverehrung, Dankbarkeit und innige Liebe bereiteten, wie er niemals einem Fürsten zu Theil wurde – ein wahrer Vater des Vaterlandes“ nach Philadelphia gezogen.[8] Wäre diese Aussage in München bekannt geworden, hätte sie vermutlich den König nicht gerade froh gestimmt, ebenso wenig wie der Hinweis des Redners „auf den Stolz jedes amerikanischen Bürgers, auf die würdige und unantastbare Stellung, welche sich die Vereinigten Staaten gegenüber allen Einflüssen und Umtrieben des monarchischen Europa unerschüttert bewahrt haben“.

[7] Wann die Bamberger erstmals etwas über Washington lesen konnten, wäre noch zu klären. 1783 erschien in deutscher Übersetzung: „Höchstwichtiges Schreiben. Wir werden hoffentlich unsern Lesern keinen unangenehmen Dienst erweisen, wenn wir denselben das schöne Zirkularschreiben, welches der fürtreffliche General Washington an die vereinigten amerikanischen Staaten [hat] ergehen lassen, unbeschnitten mittheilen. Im Haubtquartier Newbury, den 18 Junius, 1783.“ (*Hochfürstlich-Bambergisches Wochenblatt* 09.09./12.09.1783). Gemeint ist Newburgh im Staat New York, am Hudson 100 km oberhalb von New York City. Originaltext aufrufbar über die Webseite *George Washington’s Mount Vernon*.

[8] Bezüglich Philadelphias irrte Leutemann; die Hauptstadt war New York, wo die Vereidigung stattfand. Erst im folgenden Jahr übernahm Philadelphia die Funktion, die dann im Jahr 1800 an die fertiggestellte neue Hauptstadt Washington, D.C. überging.

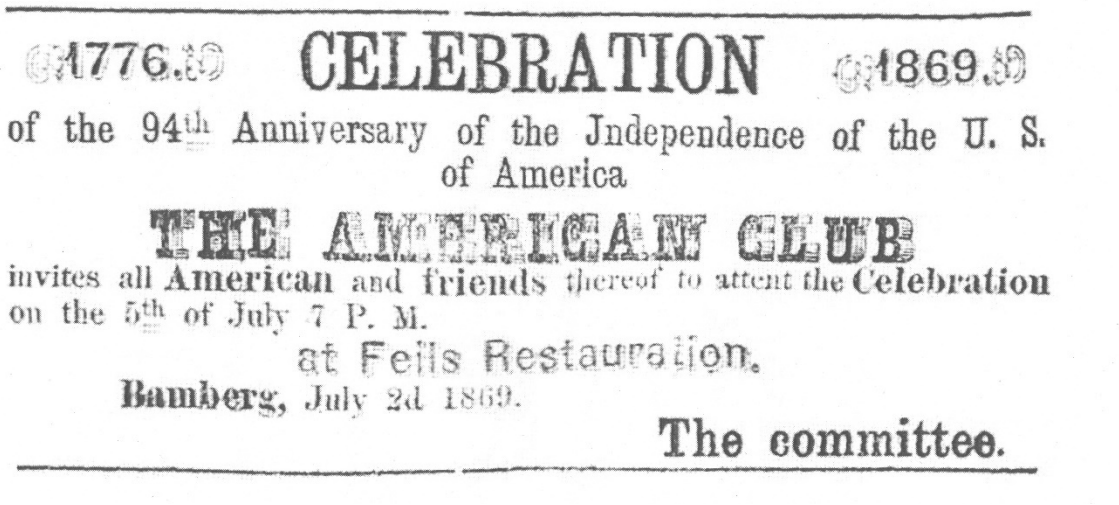
Gegen Ende seiner Rede glaubte Leutemann, feststellen zu können:

> Sie wird eine große sein, diese Zukunft für das nordamerikanische Land, das bisher die Heimath so Vieler geworden ist aus allen Landen der alten Welt, die dem neuen Vaterlande ihr Blut geopfert haben im Kampfe für Humanität und Menschenrechte – ja sie wird eine große sein, denn fest steht das Bollwerk ihrer Verfassung, weite Gefilde bieten noch Tausenden Obdach und Unterhalt, großer Unternehmungsgeist in Handel und Industrie beseelt die Bewohner und mit Recht macht Nordamerika dem stolzen Albion bereits den ausschließlichen ersten Rang als seefahrende Nation streitig.

Die Ansprache endete wie damals üblich mit einem dreifachen Hoch:

> Ein Hoch George Washington, dem Gründer der amerikanischen Freiheit, ein Hoch Allen, die in seinem Sinne wirken und auf seinen Pfaden ihm folgten, ein Hoch endlich dem Lande selbst – den United States, dem Hort unserer Hoffnung, unserer Liebe, unseres Glaubens – for ever!

Im Juli 1869 wurde zur Feier der Unabhängigkeitserklärung in den Feilschen Garten eingeladen (*BNN* 04.07.1869; Abb. 6).



1776. CELEBRATION 1869.

of the 94th Anniversary of the Independence of the U. S. of America

THE AMERICAN CLUB

invites all American and friends thereof to attent the Celebration on the 5th of July 7 P. M.

at Feils Restauration.

Bamberg, July 2d 1869.

The committee.

*Abb. 6: Einladung zur Feier des Fourth of July (*BNN *03.07.1869).*

1870 erging wie im Vorjahr Einladung zur Feier von Washingtons Geburtstag (*BTB* u. *BNN* 22.02.1870). Sie fand erstmals nicht bei Feil, sondern bei Noeth statt. „Englische und deutsche Gesangvorträge wechselten mit geistreichen Toasten, von welchen der des Herrn Frank, wegen seiner kühnen und freimüthigen Sprache, besonders entzückte." Frank ist hier als deutsches Mitglied bezeichnet, „das sich schon vielfach Verdienste um die Gesellschaft erwarb" (*BNN* 24.02.1870). Das Adressbuch 1872 führt zwei Personen mit Namen Frank auf, beide Hopfenhändler (*AB*).

Über den Fourth of July 1870 war nichts zu finden. Im selben Monat begann der Deutsch-Französische Krieg. Ein Jahr später, am 4. Juli 1871, lud der Bürger-Verein für den kommenden Tag zu Gartenfesten bei Burkart (Promenadestraße 12) und Feil ein. Veranstaltet wurden sie „zu Ehren unserer aus dem Feldzuge

heimkehrenden Truppen“ (*BNN* 04.07.1871). Auch in diesem Jahr scheint es demnach keine Feier gegeben zu haben.

Wer sich etwas in amerikanischer Geschichte auskennt, weiß, dass 1871 der Stadt Chicago eine Katastrophe widerfuhr, die als „The Great Chicago Fire“ bezeichnet wird. Dabei fiel die in kurzer Zeit zur Großstadt (1850: 30.000, 1870: 300.000 Einw.) herangewachsene Ansiedlung (*Meyers* 4, 18) – im Deutschen fiel der Begriff „Treibhausstadt“ – mit ihrer vorherrschenden Holzbauweise zu großen Teilen dem Feuer zum Opfer. Das musste in Deutschland auf Anteilnahme stoßen, denn deutsche Auswanderer machten etwa ein Viertel der Einwohnerschaft aus. Große Hilfsbereitschaft setzte ein, die selbst Bamberg erfasste. Hier erschien ein Aufruf (*BNN* 24.11.1871), in dem um „Unterstützungsgaben für Chikago“ gebeten wurde. Die Unterzeichner waren hauptsächlich Kaufleute und Fabrikanten. Clubmitglied Arnold Schmidt gehörte dazu. Der Hopfenhandel war mit Moritz Sack vertreten.

Im Jahr darauf erschien zum Fourth of July eine Einladung an „all Americans“ zu einer Feier „at Otto’s Restauration, Bug“ (*BNN* 03.07.1872).[9] Ein Veranstalter ist nicht genannt, was dafür spricht, dass der American Club mittlerweile tatsächlich eingegangen war. Weshalb die Einladung ausdrücklich nur an Amerikaner erging, muss offenbleiben.

IX Amerika-Erinnerungen in Bamberg und Umgebung heute

Die geschilderten Vorgänge um den American Club sind vergessen. In keiner neueren stadtgeschichtlichen Veröffentlichung fand ich den Verein erwähnt. Trotz der kurzen Bestandsdauer verdient der Zusammenschluss jüdischer und nichtjüdischer Bamberger Geschäftsleute mit amerikanischen Staatsbürgern, die sich in der Stadt oder ihrer Umgebung aufhielten, einen Platz im kollektiven Gedächtnis der Stadt. Auch wenn der Verein bald nach seiner Entstehung nicht mehr in Erscheinung trat, der persönlichen Bekanntschaft der Mitglieder untereinander tat das schließlich keinen Abbruch.

Was heute greifbar an Entwicklungen im 19. Jahrhundert erinnert, die mit Amerika zu tun hatten, ist überschaubar. An erster Stelle ist Buttenheim zu nennen, wo es gelang, die Familiengeschichte und Karriere eines Auswanderers aus dem Landjudentum, Levi Strauss, im Stammhaus der Familie museal aufzubereiten. Dagegen wurde in Reckendorf 2019 beschlossen, das so genannte Judenhaus abzureißen, und der Beschluss wurde auch ausgeführt. Es war das

[9] Das Dorf Bug, damals noch nicht eingemeindet, war seit der zweiten Hälfte des 18. Jahrhunderts das beliebteste Ausflugsziel des Bamberger Bürgertums. Franz Otto, Inhaber eines Zigarrengeschäfts, hatte die „Caffe-Wirthschaft der Frau Wild“ 1868 käuflich erworben und betrieb sie unter seinem Namen bis 1873 weiter. Es handelt sich um das heutige Hotel/Café Lieb, Am Regnitzufer 23.

Stammhaus der Familie Hellmann, die wie diejenige des Levi Strauss einen prominenten Platz in der amerikanischen Einwanderungsgeschichte einnimmt (vgl. Dinkelspiel). In Bamberg war die Familie mit einem Bankhaus vertreten (Willy-Lessing-Straße 2, heute VR-Bank). Die Villa Dessauer steht – auch äußerlich ablesbar – für den Hopfenhandel. Als „Stadtgalerie" ist sie zugänglich und bietet Räume für Sonderausstellungen. Von der Innenausstattung ist fast nichts erhalten. Museale Objekte zur Bürgerkultur des 19. Jahrhunderts und zur Geschichte der Juden werden in der Alten Hofhaltung der Bamberger Fürstbischöfe gezeigt, einem Gebäude, in dem beide Objektgruppen Fremdkörper darstellen. Davon abgesehen sind zahlreiche Gebäude, in denen Mitglieder des American Club lebten, erhalten, ohne dass äußerlich etwas auf ihre früheren Nutzer hindeutet. Der stattliche Bau des Schmidt'schen Malerinstituts verschwindet im Sommer fast hinter hohen Bäumen. Am ehemaligen Kontor- und Wohnhaus des Clubpräsidenten Treumann befindet sich heute ein Schild mit dem bayerischen Staatswappen und der Aufschrift „Arbeitsgericht Bamberg".

Abkürzungsverzeichnis

AB Adressbuch der Stadt Bamberg 1872, 1878, 1887, 1890.

AHZ Allgemeine Hopfen-Zeitung

ANN Augsburger Neueste Nachrichten

BNN Bamberger Neueste Nachrichten

BTB Bamberger Tagblatt, Tagblatt der Stadt Bamberg

BVB Bamberger Volksblatt

BZ Bamberger Zeitung

HGK Jahresbericht der Handels- und Gewerbekammer für Oberfranken pro 1871, 1872, 1873; *Jahres-Bericht des Bezirks-Gremiums für Handel und Gewerbe Bamberg pro 1896.*

StAB Stadtarchiv Bamberg, Signatur

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Hawkers, Imperialists, Secret Role Models: England and America
An Example in Stereotypes and Identity Policies

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The following article is intended in the sense of fictional dialogue publications of the Early Modern period. It reflects my delightful visits to Christoph's mill, where we used to discuss everything and anything.[1]

Introduction

Christoph and I used to discuss a wide range of topics. Rarely, we shared every detail in opinions on this and that. But even when we only agreed to disagree, there was deep mutual understanding for the reasoning of the other one. The following considerations derive from of a book of mine that has just been published. I would have liked to discuss its topic with Christoph.

This is about self-images and images of others. It is about views and attributions of German ideas of identity; it is about stereotypes, about figures of thought coagulated in time. Auto-stereotypes (of oneself) as well as hetero-stereotypes (of others) simplify our views of the world; they are efficient "pictures in our head" (Walter Lippmann). Stereotypes take advantage of mental inertia; they are long-lasting, stable, and acquired from earliest socialization on. Due to the use of stereotypes, we do not need to grasp every detail. Stereotypes support self-affirmation; commonly shared preconceptions enable any society to mutual and efficient self-understanding; the errors of stereotypes, however, have destructive effects.

First, on the positive side of stereotypes: if we tried to comprehend the world, complicated as it is, we could not make any decision. We would be overwhelmed by the feeling of being – more or less helplessly – at the mercy of an accelerated development of world affairs. We feel the coercion of information overload. Schemata and stereotypes exist in order to reduce the world's complexity. Stereotypes depend on time; their basis is continuous repetition. Stereotypes are *tessera* of both, national self-images and images of other nations. Schemata and stereotypes belong to the (analog) compression algorithm, which casts the overabundant flow of information into a form that makes it possible for us to comprehend the complicated world. Stereotypes and schemata facilitate both, the pragmatic coping with everyday life and the formation of identity.

[1] In terms of content, this text echoes some of the thoughts I expressed and verified in *Deutschland-Bilder: Spiegelungen nationaler Identität* (Bremen, edition lumière, 2023).

And now, on the negative side of stereotypes: they are supposed to reduce cognitive (individual and collective) stress. However, this strategy only works momentarily because any simplifying interpretation can be false; it then has to be corrected, and this later becomes time-consuming and expensive. The war in Ukraine demonstrates this in an existential way. Buzzwords, slogans, and stereotypes condense, shorten and thereby make all the complexities of the context invisible. This works thanks to repetition: the more often stereotypes are repeated, the more effective they become. Thus, the complexities of reality are over-simplified. Buzzwords, slogans and stereotypes influence the schemata of (individual and collective) action. Repetitions condense into rituals and narratives. Then again, many believe the most obvious lies to be true. The most outlandish rituals become "sacred" acts. If preconceptions are strongly ideologized and societies run on "autopilot," then everything becomes possible. Hitler and Goebbels already knew this, not just the populists of present times. Whether they are right or wrong is no longer decisive; the stereotypical historical image has an identity-forming effect either way.

So, let's look at an example: at German preconceptions of Britain, the British, the US, and the US-Americans.

The Example

The British had been Prussia's allies since the Seven Years' War. Frederick II's state, junior partner in this relationship, was Britain's "continental dagger." Johann P. Palm's pamphlet of 1806 exclaimed: "Europe [remains] in slavery unless England breaks its bonds."[2] British naval power and British resources were regarded as the only protection against the French: the wealth of the trading nation and British naval power were supposed to put Napoleon in his place. The "naval hero Nelson" had shown this in the then recent past. That offered some hope for the Germans. At Waterloo, the combined forces of Wellington and Blücher decisively defeated the French Emperor. According to Blücher, the battle was mostly called the "Battle of Belle Alliance" in German history books, especially by Heinrich von Treitschke. Napoleon set up his headquarters at the inn "La Belle Alliance"; Wellington and Blücher supposedly met there on the evening of the battle. More importantly, Belle Alliance, the good alliance, gave the British-German alliance a more positive frame than the neutral place name "Waterloo" that is in use today. Since then, Waterloo has been a cipher for heavy defeats; the positive connotations have gotten lost.

[2] All translations of German primary texts from German to English are my own.

Thus, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, anti-English stereotypes barely existed. At least, they were less common than in later decades. Jonas Ludwig Hess, who had spent some years in exile in London, lauded the British:

> A nation is more closely related to the North Germans: The British emerged, as it were, from them [the North Germans] and the Scandinavians. The British confirm very clearly the assertion that the North of Germany has preserved the old Germanic independence more faithfully than the southern parts of the vast lands of German-speaking peoples. This mongrel people consists of Britons, Saxons, and Normans; in the spirit of its laws, this nation has interwoven its great empire with the highest esteem of freedom and independence; this nation for centuries has set an example of monarchical republican government which has not yet been equaled by any other great monarchy.

Hess praised the "merits of the English state constitution," its "freedom of writing and speech," the "equality before the laws," and Britain's "sovereignty of laws."

In the 1840s, Hoffmann von Fallersleben wrote in a mixture of condescension and hope:

> You great grocer nation,
> You richest country in the poor world,
> You sing of freedom, of freedom in a jubilant tone,
> And yet you only have money on your mind. . . .
> O would you were what you could be,
> Freedom's shield and guardian,
> Ah, for Europe alone!
> All the universe, all the universe would sing to you:
> Rule, Britannia, Britannia great and noble!
> Thanks to you, land and sea are singing thanks to you.

From the perspective of a liberal democrat, everything seemed to be possible: England just would have to renounce its hucksterism; on that condition even the Germans would like to submit themselves to Britain's (moral) supremacy. Prior to 1848, Wilhelm von Kügelgen, a constitutional liberal, regarded the well-balanced English political system as a role model. The adaptation of the English system would prevent two extremes which were equally bad: mob rule (democracy) on the one hand and despotism on the other. But it would be necessary to bring about reforms in time: "Where is the throne more secure than in England? By freedom, the educated today understands guaranteed rule of law, and this rule of law, however, has developed historically in England."

The stereotypes of America initially sounded similarly positive. America, usually a cipher for the United States, offered an alternative to the cramped and oppressed conditions in Germany. Political hopes were combined with economic aspirations. Everyone sought "unlimited opportunities" (America's promises) for themselves. "America, you have it better" and "America, the land of unlimited

opportunities" were two positive colloquial associations. Goethe had poetized "To the United States" in his *Zahme Xenien*:

> America, you have it better
> Than our continent, the old,
> You have no decayed castles
> and no basalt rocks.
> You are not disturbed from the inside
> Or in lively time
> By useless remembering
> And futile strife.

The poem was written after 1815, first published in 1823. As the German anthology of quotations *Büchmann* (from 1864) proves, Goethe's first line entered the proverbial vocabulary of the Germans. The "decayed castles" are a metaphor for an aristocracy that had become obsolete; the "basalt rocks" are a synonym for petrification and stagnation. Thus, America was utopia and projection: but only the first line condensed into Germany's collective memory. The other lines were soon forgotten; the other lines actually were political, although Goethe himself was an advocate of the old Germany, and, therefore, an opponent of mass politicization. The first line, on the other hand, was ambivalent and innocuous. "America, you have it better" suited the German mood in the nineteenth century. Mainly, it was to be understood as a promise of economic prosperity. Because no one emigrated without necessity. Another phrase, "America, the land of opportunities [*Gelegenheiten*]," became a standing expression. The authorship of that phrase is uncertain. In the nineteenth century, the ambiguous phrase was very common.

In 1840/41, August Heinrich Hoffmann von Fallersleben wrote *Unpolitische Lieder* (*Apolitical Songs*). This is one of the most political anthologies of poems ever published. Von Fallersleben listed all the things a German emigrant should take with them to America:

> Many Bundestag's minutes,
> Many a budget and many a tax roll,
> A whole load of templates
> For government proclamations – . . .
>
> Swagger sticks and other beautiful canes,
> A hundred thousand three-score servants' coats,
> National cockades, colorful caps,
> Ten times a hundred thousand buttons with coats of arms – . . .
>
> Chamberlain's keys and many wallets,
> Pedigrees and family trees in thick packages,
> Rapier sheaths a thousand loads,
> Medal ribbons in a hundred thousand boxes – . . .

> Sloppiness, wine bottles and wigs,
> Privileges, easy chairs and crutches,
> Ceremonial titles and conduct lists
> Hundreds of thousands of chests – . . .
>
> Confirmations of taxes, clearances, births, baptisms, marriages and deaths,
> Passports and travel books, big and small ones,
> Many a hundred censorship instructions,
> Police mandates, three million
> Otherwise in the New World
> The German will be discontent.

The "souvenirs" reflected on the image of Germany inversely: the Bundestag's minutes and swagger sticks are allusions to the *auto-da-fé* at Wartburg Castle in 1817. Wigs are symbols of the oppressive nobility; keys are insignia of state officials; wallets are a synonym for material advantages; the saber (rapier) is a metonym for the military. Hoffmann von Fallersleben criticized the lack of freedom of movement; he mocked a bureaucracy that was as inefficient as it was rampant. In sum, the enumeration evokes images of unfreedom in Germany and freedom in America. One may assume that Hoffmann von Fallersleben and his readership shared similar associations.

Adolf Glaßbrenner introduced a narrator of peep-box shows (*Guckkästner*) as a propagandist for emigration:

> Here you are presented the magnificent city of Philiadelphia [!] in North America; in the background you see beautiful mountains and flourishing landscapes; all around the city there is freedom and there the inhabitants feel happy. The people, whom you may notice in the foreground, are German emigrants; they left their fatherland, because they could no longer feed themselves and were oppressed.

People wanted to escape poverty, firstly; but additionally, emigration for political reasons played an important role before and after 1848: America was promising; America possessed the power of the youth; America was a synonym of progress; Germany and Europe did not provide anything, just stagnation and starvation. Thus, Glaßbrenner put it into the mouth of a politicizing have-not: "we do not need to look far to notice among us a kind of Asian obstinate insistence to stagnate; the youth of America already peeks out of Europe's decrepitude."

After the revolution had failed, Adolf Glaßbrenner had his *Guckkästner* take a look back. For once, the narrator did not comment as stupidly and half-educatedly (indicated by the mispronunciation of Philadelphia) as he usually did:

> That's the trouble with it. Because, look, California happens to be in America, and no American state is lending money for the suppression of the peoples, as European states usually do. Not a single silver coin! That's because . . . the Americans don't use their money to feed courtiers and nobility and thousands of useless civil servants. They don't spend so many millions on police and gendarmerie and couriers and the like; they don't

> waste so many hundreds of millions on useless armies; the people there govern themselves; they use their savings for their own benefit and pursuit of happiness.

The idealized image of America (with budget control, efficient use of funds, a frugal civil service and diplomatic apparatus, and no military power) was, like Hoffmann's, the antithesis of the *Anciens Régimes* in Europe.

While democrats usually placed high hopes in America, the monarchists otherwise recognized America's political freedom as a sign of rebellion and revolution. But even the moderate forces rejected US democracy as too radical: Wilhelm von Kügelgen wrote before 1848: "In America, public opinion is everything, regardless of its immediacy and crudeness – just as the Russian monarch is." After the Revolution, he judged democracy even more negatively; he became a supporter of constitutional monarchy. In the Restoration, Gustav Freytag had Mr. Friedrich von Fink, a protagonist of his famous novel *Soll und Haben* (*Debit and Credit*), philosophize positively about the unsentimental, energetic, optimistic Americans:

> There I praise what you call the American's lack of spirit. He works like two Germans, but he will never fall in love with his hut, his fence or his draft animals. What he owns has to him just the value that can be expressed in dollars. Very mean, you will say with disgust. I praise this meanness, which thinks every moment of how much and how little a thing is worth. For this meanness has created a powerful free state. If only Germans had lived in America, they would even now be drinking their chicory instead of coffee; they would endure any tax that a cozy government from Europe would impose on them.

Freytag's von Fink has the appearance of the "tough Yankee" himself. Freytag usually characterizes any person by outward appearances. In doing so, the characterization is as unspecific as it is descriptive. However, von Fink is the white raven in the novel. Therefore, von Fink's sentiments are not equal to those of common Germans.

Karl May divides the world into good and evil even more than Freytag. Mostly, May charted a rather positive picture of US Americans and Englishmen. Americans, usually referred to as "Yankees," were smart and fearless; they possessed a certain toughness and were quite intent on their advantage. May's colportage technique did not vary much: "He was . . . a real Yankee, had a sharply protruding nose, mirror-bright eyes without guile or deceit, a broad, sharp mouth, a square chin, and yet, despite the good-naturedness that was apparent in him, could perhaps be a little mischievous and cunning when he thought it well serving."

May described a sailor by the words: "Everyone said unanimously that, despite his good Spanish name, he was an American, a real Yankee, who did not care about the devil." A third one is portrayed as such: "He was a 'real Yankee . . . of that sort whose cunning has become proverbial.'" Americans worked hard and always thought about business.

Karl May's typical Englishman was quite different; even readers at that time must have noticed that May's Englishman really could not be typical. May's stereotypical Englishman was a nobleman – very often a lord. His (stereotypical) lord had an incredible amount of money; the lord did not have to work for money; he could spend it liberally on educational and adventure travel. His lord cultivated his quirk. Particularly, one characteristic trait distinguished May's stereotype of the Englishman from the others that circulated in Germany of those years: May's Englishman was an "honest soul," true to his word; he stood by his friends and even the most dangerous consequences would not hinder him. Old Shatterhand met the Lords in the Wild West, Kara ben Nemsi traveled with them through the Orient. Germans and Englishmen were good friends in East and West:

> The good, honorable Sir John was an Englishman in the extreme. He was an owner of an immense fortune and he had never thought of marrying; but he was one of those taciturn, buttoned-up Englishmen, who scour all corners of the earth, make even the most distant countries unsafe; they endure the greatest dangers and adventures with infinite equanimity. Finally, they return home tired and sated; they just want to make monosyllabic remarks and share the travel experiences with their fellow members of some famous travel club. Sir John had the quirk in such a degree that his long, lanky, but extraordinarily powerful personality showed only in very rare moments a small touch of enjoyability. Nevertheless, he possessed a very good heart, which was always gladly prepared to compensate for the small and large oddities in which he tended to please himself. . . . I had joined him because of his experiences and connections. They could be of great use to me, and I had become so dear and friendly to him that, in spite of his apparent aloofness, he displayed a truly brotherly affection for me.

In the novel *Der Schatz im Silbersee (The Treasure of the Silver Lake)* May says: "Either he is out of his mind or really an English lord with five yards of quirk and ten hectoliters of liver troubles."

When Kara ben Nemsi meets his later friend, Lindsay, an English lord, the following dialogue unfolds:

> "May I ask your name?" "Lindsay, David Lindsay – title not, no need – say Sir Lindsay." "You really intend to go to the Euphrates and Tigris?" "Yes. Have steamboat – go up – get off – steamboat waiting, or back to Baghdad – buy horses and camels – travel, hunt, excavate, give British Museum, tell Traveler club. Do you come along with me?" "I prefer to be independent."

Later, Lindsay and Kara ben Nemsi travel together, anyway. They separate and find each other once and again; occasionally they rescue one another from great and imminent danger.

The parallel stereotype to the downright obscenely rich British lord became the "rich uncle" from America. Rich uncles were emigrants who had made their fortune "over there." Lion Feuchtwanger disparagingly dubbed rich Americans "dollar shitters." Feuchtwanger put the same word into the mouths of different people

– the factory owner Reindl, the engineer Pröckl (= Bert Brecht), and Johanna Krain (= Marta Feuchtwanger). One may assume that "dollar shitter" was a generally understood synonym for the Americans in the 1920s; at least the synonym flourished during the inflation in the early 1920s. The stereotype of the "rich uncle" from America reached its last peak after World War II – due to the Marshall Plan and the care packages. The image of the rich uncle conjured up an inferior, poor Germany. Since the German perception of a crisis of the "American Dream" more recently, the notion "land of opportunity" has acquired a rather ironic connotation.

Preconceptions of individual political freedom and personal happiness joined political stereotypes. As Heinrich Heine wrote in *Deutschland. Ein Wintermärchen* (*Germany: A Winter's Tale*):

> French and Russians own the land,
> The sea belongs to the Britons,
> But we own the "airy kingdom" of the dreams.
> That rule is undisputed.

This was as ironic as it was self-deprecating. In the Crimean War (1853-1856) between France and Great Britain on the one side and the Tsarist Empire on the other, Prussia had maintained neutrality. In the wars of unification since 1864, the United Kingdom did likewise. Initially, there were no occasions for negative images of England. However, Bismarck repeatedly faced "English" opposition at court and believed himself threatened by a liberal "Gladstone Ministry." He indulged in anti-English jibes in his memoirs. Among Bismarck's hard-core supporters, such passages may have fostered or at least reinforced anti-English resentment. After Bismarck's resignation, the resentments increased further.

At the end of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth centuries, the image of England became darker. Resentments in both countries intensified reciprocally, fueled by the nationalistic press in both countries. Heinrich von Treitschke had evoked the "perfidious boasts of the English press," long before the slogan of the "perfidious Albion" circulated in World War I. Heinrich Mann had Diederich Hessling rant in *Der Untertan* (*The Loyal Subject*): "Just as I hate England; Frederick the Great hated this nation of thieves and merchants. That is a word from His Majesty, and I subscribe to it."

The catalyst for negative evaluations became the Boer War (1899-1902). The British colonial war in South Africa reinforced collective attitudes across all party lines. Hardly any political decision has been criticized more harshly by historians of later times than Wilhelm II's grandiose telegram to "Ohm Kruger." Hardly any other decision was received with greater enthusiasm in contemporary Germany. England's political class and the public saw themselves diplomatically snubbed.

Among German contemporaries, on the other hand, the dispatch was very popular. A Hamburg policeman noted in 1899: "You would think it quite nice of the German Kaiser to have sent a dispatch to President Kruger of his own accord."

The German media reported atrocities and "concentration camps." The German public accused the British of contempt for humanity, cruelty towards the defenseless and unchivalrous action against civilians. For this reason, Wilhelm II's trip to England in November 1899 was very unpopular: the trip was criticized as a lack of commitment to the Boers. Furthermore, the German press condemned the emperor's refusal to grant "Ohm Kruger" an audience.

Even a hundred years later, there were some references to the Boer War. A derivative stereotype is the "invention of the concentration camp" by the British. Günter Wallraff noted from a conversation of workers:

> Alfred: "Listen, who started KZ? Now let's be honest." And he gives himself the answer (aloud): "The Englishman." Udo: "The Yank, the Yank started it." Alfred (insists): "The Englishman did it, the Englishman. That Churchill . . . – in the colonial war he was a first lieutenant, yes, so sergeant [!]."

The uncertainties in matters of military rank indicate the workers' lack of education. More importantly, the stereotype of the "British" invention of concentration camps has not disappeared from populist discourses. It regularly pops up in social media.

The atrocities of the Boer War may have had a strong impact on the image of England in Germany. Structurally, the change of German perceptions had more to do with the German-British competition in different spheres: in the colonial, the power-political, and, last but not least, the economic-industrial sphere. Therefore, behind the widespread stereotypes, colonial and naval politics highlighted the lines of conflict.

Before World War I, German Fleet Propaganda appealed to deeply rooted convictions of law and justice. It probably fell on fertile ground: why should Germany be denied the place that other nations had long since taken? A quote by Bernhard von Bülow, State Secretary for Foreign Affairs, became proverbial. In the *Reichstag*, he demanded a "place in the sun" for Germany and received great applause for this:

> Finally, we are willing to take into account the interests of other great powers in East Asia; [that will be taken into account] in the certain foresight that our own interests will also find the appreciation we deserve. (Bravo!) In a word, we do not want to outshine anyone, but we also demand our place in the sun. (Bravo!) In East Asia as in the West Indies, we shall strive . . . to safeguard our rights and our interests. (Loud applause.)

The relationship with Great Britain was a matter of economic and colonial rivalry. Before World War I, the district president in the Lüneburg government thought

it was quite "remarkable . . . that the bellicose, even hostile mood is directed far more against England than against France."

So, an attempted policy of détente only temporarily improved the negative perception of the English. Baroness von Spitzemberg offered a political explanation: "the hatred of the German people is directed primarily against this country [Great Britain], because this country stiffens France's back and it is insolent beyond measure in its speeches against us."

The quote may be partly the Baroness' distorted perception, partly deliberate misinformation. Later, Thomas Mann interpreted the balance of power more psychologically: from the German perspective, the English were the "master race" (*Herrenvolk*); the Germans wanted to step beside them: "you were under the envious compulsion to copy England . . . ; it was your dream to outdo it and to put yourselves in England's place; not only a Herrenvolk – *the* Herrenvolk you wanted to be."

Although written more than four decades later, Mann's psychological explanation showed some similarity with Karl May. The Yankee of May's adventure novels is in a similar position to the Germans. In contrast, the Englishman always appears as the master of the world. Due to their wealth, May's lords and sirs had unlimited resources. On the other hand, the "unlimited opportunities" of America depended on hard labor. Mann's ambiguous perception followed that of May, Freytag, Glaßbrenner, and many other authors.

The National Socialists pronounced their "Herrenvolk" claim instead of the English. Mann's explanation fits well with Hitler's "monologues" in the Führer's headquarters: "The Englishman is superior to the German because of his self-confidence. Self-awareness only exists in those who can command. . . . For the English ruling class, the advent of Germany was the misfortune."

Later Hitler repeatedly expressed his conviction in a similar way: "It is natural by itself: through colonial wealth England has become a master nation. . . . The Englishman, but also the Russian, they have the self-confidence that depends on large spaces. I hope we get that now!"

So, Hitler framed his aggressive war of conquest in the East as an educational tool for the Germans. He wanted to create unlimited opportunities and provide endless resources for Germany. Consequently, a new biography of Hitler imputes an "Anglo-centric perspective" to Hitler: Hitler launched the invasion of the Soviet Union only as a secondary consequence of his primary goal. Hitler's main objective was targeted against the "Anglo-Saxons," in whom he saw the "real master race." This causality that is turned on its head must be disputed. The "Anglo-centric" thesis has been criticized as "peculiar" and "exaggerated." Nevertheless, it did exist: a connection between Hitler's criticism of capitalism and his anti-

Americanism and his anti-Semitism. Furthermore, the stridency of anti-Soviet and anti-Anglo-American Nazi propaganda differed little. The "Herrenmenschentum" is compatible with Hitler's ultimate goal of world domination. At first, Hitler's Germans had to win the final victory over the Anglo-Americans.

Obviously, some perceptions possessed great stability – both over time *and* across social differences. Once again, quotes of Thomas Mann may underline the continuance. In his *Betrachtungen eines Unpolitischen* (*Reflections of a Nonpolitical Man*), written in World War I and published soon after, Mann criticized America: the "New German spirit," the "German lifestyle" is subject to "Americanization" and a "clumsy [kind of] corruption." The Englishman only wants to "rant." Thomas Mann wrote: "It is a tragic oddity that each of the great European nations in its own way forms a doom for all Europe – (Germany no less than others)." He added: "England, however, does it in a particularly selfish, unconscious, cold, imperturbable and clever way."

Mann reproached the English for having "conducted the war [from the first day on] in the most radical way." Later, in his World War II exile novel *Doktor Faustus* (*Doctor Faustus*), Mann cites pre-war discussions of fellow students. The discussions provide abundant negative stereotypes of England. Mann's exile novel cites points of view that once had been his own.

In contrast, many US stereotypes were ambiguous. Nazi propaganda attributed the most contradictory characteristics to the United States: on the one hand, the United States was "highly capitalistic," on the other it was "infiltrated by Bolshevism." On the one hand, the US was a potent economic power, on the other hand, unemployment and mass poverty flourished. In Nazi propaganda, the US had feet of clay. Its economy and culture were "Jewish," "racial chaos" prevailed. Shallow culture, film kitsch, "trash and filth" and organized crime rounded off the Nazis' negative picture. It must remain uncertain which of these stereotypes were shared by most Germans in wartime. It is difficult to judge which effect the Nazi propaganda against the Jewish-dominated "plutocracy" had on the German people. The propaganda about wonder weapons and retaliation created mainly cynical jokes. The propaganda had a rather counterproductive effect. Many Germans remembered well the US's entry into the war that changed the course of World War I. Nazi propaganda just seemed to be effective with regards to America's "lack of culture."

The Anti-Anglo-Americanism did not vanish after 1945. On the one hand, the Berlin Blockade, the Marshall Plan and the Cold War promoted pro-Anglo-American attitudes. In particular, the US was seen as a protector (thanks to military strength), reconstruction helper (investors and sales market) and provider of bread and butter (care packages). On the other hand, a continuity of prejudices existed. Former Nazis greeted each other with "Friend of the USA" after 1945.

The greetings did not indicate a change of opinion. Instead, USA was a cipher for "Unser seliger Adolf" (Our blessed Adolf).

The cabaret artist Wolfgang Neuss performed a sketch about the atomic bomb tests on Bikini Atoll in the Pacific:

> The English are fine people, by all that is right and fair. . . . They go to the Bikini Atoll with their ships. They have pigs on them. And, of course, Englishmen. And here it comes: First they throw the pigs into the water. Then, they throw the atomic bomb. Do you know what happens? Some of the pigs go down, the other pigs go home.

The effects of the atomic bomb were to be tested on the pigs in the water. The pigs who went home referred to the (Anglo-American) military personnel. The military staff left ground zero before the atomic detonation. Crude jokes like this provoked laughter in 1950s West Berlin. Remember, West Berlin depended on the guarantee of the Western Allies.

The post-war clash between Germans and Americans produced clichés galore. Helmut Käutner's film *Schwarzer Kies* (*Black Gravel*) drew a double image of the Americans and the Germans. The film is about the construction of an airbase in the Hunsrück region: the Americans are in charge, interested in cheap amusement in their leisure time. The Americans are efficient and pragmatic when on duty; they snatch up the most beautiful women; they offer the women security and prosperity. The Germans either serve this need for amusement, or do black market business, or they are auxiliaries to the Americans (as labor force, in administration and police). The film flopped at the box office in 1961. The negative stereotypes of the Germans explain the flop sufficiently. In the early 1960s, the Germans did not like to recognize themselves in such a way.

The connection between anti-Americanism and anti-militarism was given a boost by the Indochina Wars from the mid-1960s onwards. The Vietnam War, which the Americans had inherited from the French, motivated student protests around the world, including in Germany. These protests combined a mixture of diverse attitudes, not only anti-American ones. Although the movement of 1968 lacked open anti-Semitism, it shared distorted images of Uncle Sam and nourished critical attitudes towards America's capitalism. This fatal combination reminded some observers of the recent Nazi past. Loyal friends of America heard the tone become "similar to that of the 'Völkischer Beobachter'." "German Vietnam protests" sounded "unpleasantly self-righteous." It seemed like "retaliation," an FAZ-journalist wrote.

The bridge across ages is further illustrated by Siegfried Lenz's *Deutschstunde* (*The German Lesson*). *Deutschstunde* was published in 1968. Its story is set in World War II. Various people comment on Americans:

> Americans. Everything is a job for them, . . . even war. – They don't know any attachment; . . . to them, an inner mission is unknown; they feel at home everywhere. – They eat only cotton candy and drink colored lemonade. . . . American life: living on revocation, without permanent commitment. For the time being. Let's put it this way: in a covered wagon. – [They are] Civilians, . . . all civilians, even in uniform.

The novel's protagonists express accumulated invectives. Thereby, the author implicitly distanced himself from the anti-American resentments of his protagonists.

Even in a completely different area, subliminal animosities shone through. An ARD live report on the launch of the moon rocket Apollo 11 in July 1969 at Cape Kennedy explained: The US commercialism was producing strange effects. The children played with "tiny astronauts." The sentimentalized toys are examples of a lot of "souvenirs according to American taste." The disparaging characterization of the US-Americans was countered by the positive image of Germany: "Wernher von Braun was a German. . . . We did everything that is humanly possible, says the man who developed the moon rocket, Wernher von Braun."

The commentary certainly corresponded to the expectations of the German television audience. On the one hand, there is a certain feeling of superiority over the allegedly cultureless, commercial- and kitsch-oriented average Americans. On the other hand, the German TV reporter expressed his national pride in Wernher von Braun. Neither did he address von Braun's SS past, nor did he mention that von Braun had developed the V 2 rocket. The V 2, demonstrably, was the only weapon that killed more people by its production than by the bombshells of the rockets themselves. Instead of the atrocities of war, the live report referred to Braun's composure and skill. The moon-shot project had been tackled with German thoroughness. To put it bluntly: without German ingenuity, the Americans would never have made it to the moon.

In the present, the German image of America is overlaid with economically motivated criticism of globalization. Under President Barack Obama, the criticism of US policy was more quiet and anti-American reservations less vocal. The criticism returned all the louder after Donald Trump took office and became quiet again after the start of the Ukraine war.

Final Remarks

The phil-Anglo-American biases and anti-Anglo-American stereotypes discussed here were merely examples. Some biases are more serious, especially the anti-Semitic ones. Nevertheless, similarities obviously refer to the two groups of stereotypes: on the meta-level, all stereotypes follow a certain comprehensible logic; it is the laziness of thought. In this respect, many hetero-stereotypical perceptions of the foreign are fundamentally the same: they have a formative

effect on identity. However, as Edmund Husserl, who was a descendant of a German-Austrian-Jewish family, laconically stated c.1900: "Identity is absolutely indefinable." What cannot be defined positively, however, can quite easily be defined negatively: in opposition to others. Particularly, anti-Semitism follows this logic of efficiency; it follows the human inertia of thought. While it is difficult to define a German positively, negative definitions come more easily: when Germans are perceived as the opposite of non-Germans all the problems of (racial) definition are solved. Of course, that is a strategy of lazy thinking: the *topos* that a German is "non-Jewish" and any German is the opposite of any Jew (or Semite) provides a fine example of this strategy of simplification. One could just as well define the Germans as "anti-English," "anti-French," "anti-Russian," or the like. Therefore, not every preconception leads into a genocide; nevertheless, antithetic stereotypes are the core of any national self-perception and any nation's identity.

Auto-stereotypes (of oneself) as well as hetero-stereotypes (of others) simplify. It doesn't matter if they are right or wrong. Attributions develop a life of their own; they create a reality *sui generis*. Sometimes, false ideas are even more powerful than true ones: it does not matter, for example, whether the Germans were "decent;" it only matters that they thought they were (and many still think they are). Ideas construct identity. The constructs of identity have two aspects: one is procedural, and one is substantive. Procedural: stereotypes shorten even the most complex contexts. At their core, they are based on buzzwords and slogans. Auto-stereotypes (of oneself), hetero-stereotypes (of others), and meta-stereotypes (about the stereotypes of others) expand on catchphrases and slogans. They may or may not result in complex narratives or myths. Myths coated in historical varnish and current narratives reduce complexity. They tell more of a story than the precursors (catchphrases, slogans, stereotypes) do. They combine their storytelling into a coherent and plausible identity construction. They sort many details into a pattern.

If patterns are recognized where they do not exist, we do have conspiracy theories. Slogans, catchphrases, stereotypes, myths, and narratives (including conspiracy theories) follow one another in the process of condensation and consolidation like onion skins; every skin is very similar to the other ones. The Anglo-American example is one of many substantive identity markers. As it was said, the Anglo-American example did not have the most fatal effects. It was chosen for Christoph's memorial volume for obvious reasons.

I would have liked to discuss this topic and its implications with Christoph. Especially, I would like to hear his opinion on the résumé of my reasoning: that is, any use of stereotypes is as understandable as potentially dangerous; especially if it is part of a larger framework of identity policies – regardless of which color. Maybe,

there is a time to come when we can discuss the matter. Maybe, we will discuss it in his mill; of course, not the one in Upper Palatinate, but that in Elysium.

The first draft of this contribution was translated with www.DeepL.com/Translator (free version). For proofreading of the second draft, I owe thanks to Holger Müller, lecturer in Communication Science at the University of Bamberg and once one of Christoph's students. For further proofreading I owe thanks to the editors of this volume. Any error concerning the wording is up to me.



Part IX:
“We are such stuff as dreams are made on”:
Creative Contributions

La Belle Iseult
A Biographical Fantasy on Jane Burden

Beatrix Hesse, University of Bamberg

It starts with a man looking at a woman. Doesn't everything start that way? The man and the woman are in a hotel room, she is just getting dressed. Behind her a bed with crumpled sheets. But it's not what it looks like. The woman, Janey, Jenny, is standing perfectly still. And the man, Mr. Morris, is sitting behind an easel, painting her. Only he is not really painting her but La Belle Iseult from his imagination – or rather, Malory's. She must not move, but she can still think, and that's what she does, feverishly. How did she get here?

She is here because, before Mr. Morris, another man looked at her: Gabriel. He looked at her and publicly declared her beauty. It was a surprise to be suddenly beautiful, after she had always been ugly, a changeling child left behind by gypsies. Being an ugly girl, she has always known she needed to be accomplished, in reading and writing and needlework. Bessie was the lucky one, the pretty sister. With her as her foil, Bessie looked even fairer and prettier. And so one evening, Bessie and she went to the theatre together. Maybe, they thought, they would be picked up by young gentlemen. They were almost drunk with the sense of risk, with the sense of their own courage. For when two young gentlemen meet two young girls, it doesn't really matter if one of the girls is prettier than the other. However stupid or drunk the two young men may be: they will still be able to count to two. And then it so happened that it was Janey who was singled out. They were sitting ever so high up on the gallery, right beneath the roof, and way down in the stalls, a young gentleman was turning around, and saw her, and raised his arm. Just that he didn't actually point at her.

Gabriel. She has never known anybody by that name, only an Angel on the stained glass window in a nearby church. It is the Angel Gabriel who enters the room of the Virgin Mary, who raises his arm and singles her out and changes her life forever. Gabriel also paints pictures of angels and the Virgin Mary, but he doesn't want her to sit for the Virgin. He prefers his sister in that part. Funny, if you think on it, since she is a virgin after all (well, technically), though nobody would believe it, watching her stealthily climb the stairs in this hotel to call on a gentleman in his room. One false step may ruin your life.

And are these young men good painters, after all? Or has she placed her bet on the wrong horse? It is hard to tell: she likes their paintings because they are lively and bright and colourful, but when Gabriel and Mr. Morris and their friends painted the walls in the Union, the local craftsmen made fun of them: "That's not the way to prepare a wall for a painting!" Gabriel has painted her on one of the

walls, as a queen with an unpronounceable name. That name soon became "Gwinny", as she herself became "Janey" until finally they were both "Jenny", impossible to tell apart. Gwinny married the king, and not just any old king, but King Arthur, only in order to go and betray him with Sir Lancelot. Who would do such a thing? When she was Gwinny, she wore the same dress she is wearing now. The Unfaithful Queen Dress.

Mr. Morris has written a poem about Arthur's unfaithful queen. He has made her read it, but she couldn't make much sense of it. What she remembers: that the queen had a Choice, the choice between the red cloth, and the blue. And she was not told, and we are not told, what these colours mean; and afterwards one colour would send you to heaven, the other one to hell. She remembers the same principle from a children's game, "London Bridge Is Falling Down", where you choose apples over pears, silver over gold. And then you go to hell, or heaven. She mostly ended up in hell, as far as she remembers. It doesn't seem so very long ago that she was playing this game with the other children. One moment you are playing in the school yard, the next moment you are getting married. Who to? The red cloth, or the blue?

And now she is playing the part of another unfaithful queen. Iseult, who married King Mark, only to betray him with Sir Tristan. But that wasn't really their fault, you know, it was a magic potion. Mr. Morris has told her the story as it is described in the book they are all in love with, called "The Death of Arthur". On the bed in the painting (though not on the bed in the room) a little whippet lies sleeping. Mr. Morris says that it is also in the book, where the whippet is Queen Iseult's heart that leaps up when Tristan returns. And the whippet (so Gabriel has told her) also appears in another book, a new book, a dirty book – dirty, probably, because it is French. The subject of the French book – how could it be otherwise? – is adultery. Aren't there any other stories to tell? And in this book, the whippet signifies the woman's thoughts, roaming about in the meadows. A woman's thoughts are not easily disciplined.

Iseult is called "Iseult of the White Hands". But she is also Iseult of the Red Eyes. In the scene Mr. Morris is trying to capture, she is mourning for Sir Tristan, and Mr. Morris has painted her lower eyelids very red indeed. She has asked him, what kind of face should she make, and he has answered, none at all. Her face, resting, left to itself, looks melancholy. ("Stop sulking, Janey!" – "I wasn't sulking, Mother!") So hard to read the mind from the face. What is the meaning of Mr. Morris's face, for instance? He says that he wants to marry her, but how could he? He is a gentleman after all. And sometimes she feels that he foresees a terrible future for them, full of Tristans and Lancelots. What is she to do? What is she to do?

She is standing perfectly still.

Artist: William Morris (1834-1896)

Medium: Oil paint on canvas

Dimensions: Support: 718 x 502 mm; Frame 960 x 755 x 61 mm

Collection: Tate

Acquisition: Bequeathed by Miss May Morris 1939

Reference: N04999

Jakob und Esau – Thema mit Variationen

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Anlässlich der Trauerfeier für unseren Kollegen und Freund Christoph Houswitschka haben Jürgen Bründl und ich je eine Interpretation der biblischen Erzählung von Jakobs Ringen mit dem Boten Gottes am Jabboq (Bereschit/Genesis 32,23-33.34,1-11) vorgetragen – als eine Erinnerung an etwas, das leider nicht mehr stattgefunden hat.

Wir alle haben viele Themen, die wir mit Christoph noch besprechen wollten. Etliche Probleme, bei denen wir ihn um Rat fragen; Projekte, die wir mit ihm auszuhecken und anzuschieben hofften.

Was hätte ich Dir gesagt, Christoph, wenn wir zu unserer beider Lebzeit darüber ins Reden gekommen wären? Zunächst einmal: Es ist wirklich nicht erstaunlich, dass es gerade diese Erzählung war, für die Du Dich interessiertest. Ein komplexes Rätsel um den Sinn eines Segens, der nicht freiwillig erteilt wurde. Ein Fluss als liminale Erfahrung. Eine Missetat, die über die Jahre immer wieder andere Konsequenzen nach sich zieht.

Mich hat das Verhältnis der beiden sprichwörtlich antagonistischen Zwillingsbrüder immer wieder beschäftigt, so dass ich für diesen Erinnerungsband insgesamt drei Nach-Erzählungen zu den biblischen Narrativen anbieten möchte – ich denke, es hätte Christoph mehr interessiert als der Versuch einer wissenschaftlichen Stellungnahme zu Genesis 32.

Der Kampf am Jabboq – Oder: Warum man Jakob Israel nannte

Ein Mensch kehrt heim.

Nach zwanzig Jahren in der Fremde. Es war ein schwerer Gang, ein wirklich schwerer. Was vor allem damit zusammenhing, dass er nicht eben triumphal von zu Hause ausgezogen war, damals, vor zwanzig Jahren. Man sollte es eher als eine heimliche Flucht bezeichnen. Sie war nötig, nachdem er in seinem jugendlichen Übermut seinen Vater und seinen Bruder betrogen hatte. Nun wollte er heim, musste er heim, denn er hatte auch die Stätte seines Exils eher fluchtartig verlassen – als ein betrogener Betrüger.

Mehr als vierzehn Jahre hatte er seinem Onkel gedient, dessen Schafe gehütet. Aus Liebe zu seiner Cousine tat er es. Aus Liebe zu Rachel. Sieben Jahre waren vereinbart, sieben Jahre Schafe hüten für Rachel. Aber dann fand er Lea in seinem Ehebett vor, die ältere Schwester. Die er nicht gewollt, dafür aber bekommen hatte. Noch einmal hütete er sieben Jahre für die Jüngere. Dann war's genug.

Noch einmal fand er zu alter Gewohnheit und knöpfte seinem wütenden Onkel den Großteil seiner Herden ab. Als Revanche für den Betrug mit Lea.

Im Traum sah er den Boten des Ewigen, der Schutz versprach; aber im Licht des Tages blickte er in das Antlitz seines Onkels, das glühte von Rachedurst. Es war Zeit zu gehen. So floh er dann ein zweites Mal: nach Hause. Soweit man denn mit zwei Ehefrauen, elf Kindern, Sklaven, Sklavinnen und Schafen, Ziegen, Rindern, Eseln und säugenden Kamelen nebst Hausrat und gestohlenen Familiengötterbildern noch recht vom „Fliehen“ sprechen kann. Ein schwerer Gang.

Zumal ihm klar sein musste, dass irgendwo des Wegs sein Bruder Essaw auf ihn lauern würde, sich an ihm zu rächen. So schickte er denn Boten aus zu seinem Bruder und suchte ihn mit Gaben zu besänftigen. Die Boten kehrten dann zu ihm zurück und wussten zu berichten, dass sein Bruder ihm entgegen zöge mit vierhundert Mann Begleitung. Da packte ihn die Furcht, was man verstehen kann. Und deshalb teilte er die Leute, die er bei sich hatte, das Viehzeug auch, in insgesamt drei Teile. Eins war Geschenk für Essaw, ein Lager mit den nicht so teuren Menschen und mit Vieh und dann ein drittes mit den Seinen. Und legte immer einen Abstand zwischen seine Lager, damit die erste Wut des Bruders nicht die Menschen träfe, die ihm wichtig waren. Und dann, man kann nie wissen, warf sich der Mann auf seine Knie und betete. Verhandelte mit seinem Gott und mahnte Ihn an Sein Versprechen, sicher heimzukehren. Doch auch in diesem Fall erfolgte keine Antwort, die seine Furcht gemildert hätte.

Dann brach die Nacht herein und unser Mann nahm seine Frauen und all die Kinder und brachte sie ans andre Ufer, sicher durch die Furt des Jabboq. Er überschritt die Furt und kehrte dann allein zurück. Er blieb allein zurück, als plötzlich dort ein Jemand war, der mit ihm rang. Ein Ringkampf, bis zum Morgen unentschieden. Er konnte nicht erkennen, wer da mit ihm kämpfte. Es war ja dunkel. Ein Ringkampf in der Nacht an einer Furt vor einem Treffen mit dem Bruder, den er einst betrogen hatte. Der Mann, der stets mit Tricks und Kompromissen durchs Leben sich geschlagen; ein Mensch, der auch mit seinem Gott bei jeder möglichen Gelegenheit verhandelt hatte: Lässt du mich heil nach Hause kommen, will ich dir dienen – ein solcher Mensch, beladen mit zwei Frauen und elf Kindern und mit säugenden Kamelen, ein Mensch, gequält von Angst und Ungewissheit vor dem nächsten Tag, ein solcher Mann muss plötzlich kämpfen. Hart auf hart. Und weiß nicht mal, mit wem.

War es sein eignes Selbst, das plötzlich ihm entgegenstand? Er war ja doch allein zurückgeblieben jenseits des Flusses Jabboq. So kündet es die Bibel. War es ein Bote, der gegen ihn gesendet wurde? Ein Dämon? Gar der Ew’ge selbst, all des Verhandelns überdrüssig, der endlich wissen wollte, ob dieser Mensch auch anders konnte als zu lavieren, zu verhandeln? Vermutlich war’s von jedem etwas, sonst wäre es zu leicht gewesen zu gewinnen. Sich selbst kann man betrügen,

einen Boten ignorieren, einen Dämon bannen – und seinen Gott? Den kann man durch geschickte Interpretation zum Schweigen bringen. Für dies Geschäft gibt es die Theologen, die Gottesdienste, die Myriaden frommer Bücher, Gebetsvereine und Posaunenchöre. Vor allem aber dies: Gewohnheit und Gewissheit. Man geht zu einem Ort, von dem man glaubt, dass man den Ewigen dort träfe. Dann tut man Dinge, letztlich für sich selbst, die man als frommes Werk betrachtet. Da ist man in Gemeinschaft (gut!), danach kommt Alltag, was normal ist, und dann ist wieder Schabbes oder Sonntag oder Freitag. Und alles geht von vorne los. Dann kommen die elf Kinder oder die Kamele oder der Beruf, die tägliche Routine eben und man ist nicht allein mit sich und alles fühlt sich ganz normal an, so dass man sich zwar gern beklagt, und dennoch heimlich froh ist, weil die tiefen Fragen schweigen. Schweigen müssen unter all dem Tageskrach.

Doch manchmal, mitten in der Nacht, am Ufer, einem Scheideweg, kommt alles anders. Du bleibst allein zurück, wie unser Mann, und triffst den Ewigen, wo du und wie du ihn hast gar nicht treffen wollen. Ein Ringkampf bis zum Morgen und keiner kann gewinnen. Du kämpfst in klaftertiefer Schwärze: Was eben noch gewiss war, scheint zerstoben. Was eben noch erträglich war, das wiegt zu schwer. Was eben noch bedeutete, bedeutet plötzlich gar nichts. Da sind die Zweifel an dir selbst und auch die tiefen Fragen an den Herrn der Welt; da ist das klare Wissen um die eigne Unzulänglichkeit und das alltägliche Versagen, vor allem an den Menschen, die man liebt. Da schleicht auf leisen Sohlen sich der Schmerz ins Denken und schnürt den Atem ein. Dann gilt es, irgendwo in sich das Ja zu finden, ein klares Ja, und kein Vielleicht oder Wenndann, ein schlichtes Ja, die Quelle aller Kraft. Und das Verrückte an dem Ja ist, dass dieses Ja zwar in dir steckt, doch nicht aus dir sein kann. Das wäre ja kein Trost. Aus dir kommen Zweifel und Vielleicht, doch du bist auf der Suche nach dem Ja in all der Dunkelheit.

Ein Ringkampf bis zum Morgen und keiner kann gewinnen. Die Kraft des Mannes war einhundert Mal zu Ende und dann doch nicht; an irgendeiner Stelle fand sich noch ein Fetzen Energie und es ging weiter. Irgendwie. Da schlug der Unbekannte seinen Gegner auf die Hüfte: etwas blieb zurück. Warum die Hüfte? Warum nicht der Kopf, das Bein, die Hand, die Schulter? Weil nicht das Denken, nicht der Gang durchs Leben, auch nicht die Fähigkeit zu tragen, zu ertragen, auch nicht die Sorge für die Menschen, die man liebt, in jenem Kampfe zur Debatte stehen. All dies muss weiter gehen. Es muss weiter gehen, doch etwas anders als zuvor. Ein bisschen hinkend – etwas erdenschwer, ein Stückchen Dunkelheit bleibt immer kleben.

Denn keiner kann gewinnen. Der Mann, der immer nur verhandelt hat, kämpft weiter bis zum Morgengrauen. Dann fordert er den Gegner auf, ihm seinen Segen zu verleihen. Nun hat er drei davon: Zwei von seinem Vater, einen davon

erschlichen, den anderen bekam er, weil er plötzlich fliehen musste. Nun erst, nach vielen Kindern und nach Myriaden Viehzeugs erringt er sich den dritten. Ganz allein und ohne jede Trickserei. Ein echter Segen, quasi.

Und als er schließlich wissen will, wer da die ganze Nacht mit ihm gerungen hat, da stellt sein Gegner ihm genau dieselbe Frage. Er wird gefragt, wie denn sein Name wäre. Und es zeigt sich, dass sich der Mann geändert hat. Sein Name, einstens Ja'akov, ist nun Vergangenheit. Nun wird er Jissra'el geheißen. Aus Ja'akov (hat festgehalten) wird Jissra'el: er kämpft mit Gott. Wenn das nicht eine Wandlung ist. Der Mann, der einst wie alle Menschen festhielt, was zwischen seine Finger kam, und sei es auch der Ewige; der Schönling bei den Zelten, der nahm und gab und manchmal mehr nahm, als ihm zukam: Er rang die ganze Nacht – mit allem, was er war und hatte.

So ist das, wenn in Dunkelheiten das eigne Selbst, der Ewige, die Engel, das dunkle Personal der Gegenseite, all diese Kräfte-Stimmen-Fragen-Zweifel tätig werden. Jetzt gibt es keine Flucht und keine Ausflucht, kein Lavieren, keinen Handel. Nun wird gerungen Angesicht in Angesicht. Und irgendwann wird's Tag und heller. Und klarer. Man versteht, dass man dem Ewigen begegnet ist und standgehalten hat. So erst verdient man sich den Namen: Jissra'el – Er hat mit Gott gekämpft.

Vom Gott der Erwachsenen

Ein Mann kehrt zurück. Nach zwei Mal sieben Jahren in der Fremde, kehrte er in seine Heimat zurück. Jung und arm war er ausgezogen, reich an Erfahrungen, Kindern, Kamelen und anderem Nutzvieh kam er schließlich heim. Leicht war es ihm nicht gefallen, nun wieder die Stätte seiner Kindheit aufzusuchen. Immerhin war er vor Jahr und Tag in keinem guten Einvernehmen fortgezogen. Man sollte es eher als eine Flucht bezeichnen. Eine Flucht vor dem Zwillingsbruder Essaw, den er um sein Erbe betrogen; eine Flucht vor dem entsetzten Vater, dem er den Segen aus der Hand gewunden; eine Flucht mit Hilfe der Mutter, die ihn seinem Bruder stets vorgezogen hatte.

Anfangs war ihm die ganze Aktion noch irgendwie gelungen vorgekommen. Er wollte den Zufall seiner Geburt korrigieren; sich selbst und seiner Familie beweisen, dass nicht dem Essaw, sondern ihm, dem Ja'akov, der Segen des Ewigen wahrhaft gehörte. Und dann erschien ihm der Ewige auch noch höchstpersönlich, gleich nachdem er seine Familie verlassen hatte. Er sah den Himmel offenstehen und eine Leiter, die von der Erde bis zum Ewigen hinaufreichte. Und dieser hatte ihm Beistand versprochen, „ich bin mit dir", hatte er gesagt. „Ich werde

dich überall beschützen", hatte er geschworen. Wie sollte Ja'akov je daran zweifeln, dass er nicht gesegnet war? Dass er recht daran getan, den Bruder zur Seite zu schieben? Ihm stand der Himmel offen; Essaw musste sehen, wo er blieb.

Später schlichen sich dann schon erhebliche Bedenken ein. Als er selbst nämlich der Hintergangene war, als ihn sein Onkel Lavan betrog um seiner Arbeit Lohn, um seine Rachel. Als er die Ältere bekam und nicht die jüngere Schwester, der er sich nahe wusste. Als Lavan eben nicht das Recht der Älteren verkürzte, wie Ja'akov es zu Hause als normal empfunden hatte. Als Ja'akov am eigenen Leibe, in eigener Seele erfahren musste, wie es sich anfühlt, wenn fest Versprochenes *nicht* gehalten, wenn der schon sicher eingeplante Segen *nicht* den Weg in seine Hütte fand: Da war doch irgendetwas faul. Oder nicht? Wie war das noch, als Ja'akov den Himmel offen vor sich sah? Sollte er, der Erbe jenes väterlichen Segens, nicht begleitet und behütet werden? Er und nicht die anderen? Doch langsam regten sich schlummernde Zweifel: Warum eigentlich er und nicht die anderen? Was, wenn der Ewige auch mit dem Onkel redete, mit Lavan, oder seinem Zwilling Essaw? Was, wenn er ihnen auch verheißen hatte, sie zu schützen – und, wenn ja, vor wem? Vor den Betrügereien allzu unbedarfter Auserwählter? Wie konnte er nur denken, dass der Ewige ausschließlich Ja'akov des Nachts in dessen Träumen aufschien?

Nun, schließlich – noch einmal nach sieben Jahren harten Dienstes – bekam er seine Rachel und betrog den Onkel, der ihn betrogen hatte, um Schafe und um Ziegen. Und floh erneut und musste nun den Essaw vor sich fürchten und den Lavan hinter sich.

Wie ausweglos das alles! Da war er endlich reich gesegnet, mit Kindern und mit Frauen und mit Viehzeug, schwer an Gütern, und fühlte – nichts als Angst und Zweifel. War dies die Summe der Verheißung? Oder nur ein Missverständnis? Ein falscher Weg, den er in jugendlichem Überschwang einst eingeschlagen hatte? Was meinte denn das Bild vom Himmel und der ihm zugesagte Beistand?

Da schrie der eben noch so Selbstgewisse zu seinem Gott – und dieser schwieg. Kein Traum, kein Himmel, keine Antwort. Absolute Stille.

Wenn keine Reaktion, dann musste Ja'akov ganz auf seine Art dem Zwillingsbruder gegenübertreten. Er teilte seine reiche Habe, den Essaw zu besänftigen: Widder, Böcke, Mutterschafe, Eselinnen, säugende Kamele, viele, viele. Er teilte seine Frauen und die Kinder: die ihm am liebsten waren, hinten, die anderen vorweg. Dann brachte er sie alle sicher durch den Fluss, den Jabboq.

Und blieb allein zurück. Nacht war's, und Ja'akov war ganz allein, vor sich den Fluss, die Frauen, Kinder, Tiere, Haushalt, Zelte, das Geschenk und den betrog'nen Zwilling; in sich die Ängste. Und der Zweifel grub und wühlte sich

durch sein Gehirn. Am Ende half es nichts, er musste durch den Fluss. Zum Bruder Essaw.

Plötzlich aber, in der tiefen Dunkelheit der Nacht, mitten in dem Jabboq, da trat Er ihm entgegen. Und rang mit ihm. Ist das die Antwort auf mein Flehen, Ewiger?, schrie Ja'akov. Und: was soll das? Hattest Du nicht Deinen Schutz versprochen? Gib mir doch Deinen Segen, denn am Morgen muss ich den Essaw treffen. Der dunkle Widerstand wich keinen Millimeter. Und Ja'akov kämpfte mit dem Mute der Verzweiflung. Er hörte Seine Stimme: Hast du gedacht, du Jungenhafter, dass sich mein Segen nur in Schafen, in Kindern und Besitz bemisst? Dass du allein den Himmel offen siehst; dass außer dir sich niemand Hilfe flehend an Mich wendet? Was weißt du von den Leiden deines Bruders? Meinst du, er hätte nicht verzweifelt und verlassen Meinen Rat gesucht? Was glaubst du, fühlte Essaw, als halb verhungert, er dich nach Linsen fragte und du ihm seinen Segen nahmst? Meinst du, Ich hätte nicht auch ihn begleiten, schützen und verstehen sollen?

Ja, dies ist Meine Antwort auf dein Flehen: Wenn du Meinen Segen willst, dann öffne deine Augen und halte endlich stand.

Wer bist Du, stöhnte Ja'akov, dass Du mich in meiner tiefsten Dunkelheit bedrängst? Gott meiner Ahnen, sagtest du, von Abraham und meinem Vater Jitzchak – und kämpfst mit mir?

Wer bist denn du? Kam es zurück. Bist du nicht Ja'akov, der Zwilling Essaws? Ist Abraham nicht euer beider Ahn und Vater eures Vaters Jitzchak? Mehr brauchst du nicht zu wissen; was Mein Name ist, erfährst du nicht, solange du dem Essaw nicht ins Angesicht geblickt. Jetzt hast du in der Dunkelheit mit Mir gerungen; hast deine Schafe ziehen lassen; hast aufgehört zu zählen und zu rechten. So will Ich dich noch einmal segnen und hoffe, dass dich diese Meine letzte Gabe zu deinem Bruder führt.

Der Morgen dämmerte herauf und Ja'akov war müde. Seine Hüfte schmerzte, doch er wusste, der Dunkle, der mit ihm gerungen hatte, war der Ewige. Der Gott der Väter, der Erwachsenen, der Seinen Segen nachts erteilt, wenn keine Schafe, Zelte und Kamele den Blick auf Wesentliches trüben. Er hatte Sein Gesicht gesehen, in tiefster Finsternis.

Nun war es Tag und Ja'akov hob seine Augen. Er sah den Bruder aus der Ferne, mit dessen Mannen. Als Ja'akov vor seinem Zwilling stand, da warf er sich vor ihm zu Boden, sieben Mal. Doch Essaw lief zu ihm und hob ihn auf und fiel ihm um den Hals. Er küsste seinen Zwilling und die beiden weinten, weinten lange.

Was soll die große Menge um dich her? So fragte Essaw. Die Folge jenes Segens, sagte Ja'akov, den ich dir als junger Mann gestohlen habe. Ich möchte mit dir

teilen, nimm dir von meinen Schafen und Kamelen! Ich möchte Frieden schließen, Bruder, und Verzeihung finden. Ich möchte deine Tiere nicht, so ließ sich Essaw hören. Ich will auch nicht, dass du vor mir am Boden liegst mit deinen Frauen.

Das wäre auch zu leicht gewesen, dachte Ja'akov. Das war der alte Segen. Und er schaute seinem Bruder in die Augen. Und sah in seines Bruders Antlitz das Antlitz seines Gottes, der mit ihm gerungen hatte in der Nacht. Es spielte keine Rolle, wer welche Sorte Schafe hat und wo er sie zur Weide bringt. Und Ja'akov wusste, dies endlich ist der wahre Sinn des Segens: Im Antlitz seines Bruders das Antlitz Gottes wiederzuerkennen.

Nun erst konnte Essaw die Gabe seines Bruders annehmen und auch der erste Segen entfaltete seine Wirkung und verbreitete sich im Lande. Auch wenn sich beider Wege wieder trennten.

Wer Jakob sein darf und wer Esau sein muss

Ich bin Essaw: derjenige, der dumm genug war, seinen Rang in der Familie um ein Linsengericht zu verkaufen. Derjenige, der dann auch den Segen seines Vaters nicht erhielt. Der Sohn, der den falschen Beruf hatte, die falschen Frauen heiratete; derjenige, den sein Bruder so gründlich in den Schatten stellte, dass man seinen Namen nicht ausruft im Lande. Oder kennen Sie jemanden, der das Pech hat, Esau zu heißen?

Dennoch denke ich, dass ich das Recht erhalten sollte, meine Geschichte zu erzählen. Ich möchte Ihnen meine Sicht auf die Dinge zeigen. Es wäre mir eine Genugtuung, wenn Sie mir zuhören würden.

Meine Misere soll schon begonnen haben, bevor Ja'akov und ich das Licht der Welt erblickten. Glauben Sie es oder nicht – aber so etwas gibt es: man wird geboren und hat eigentlich schon keine Chance mehr. Irgendetwas hängt einem an der Hacke, bei mir war es mein Bruder. Er blieb dort kleben, Tag um Tag, Jahr um Jahr. Natürlich könnte es sich bei einer solchen Feststellung um eine billige Ausrede handeln, das muss aber nicht so sein.

Mein Bruder und ich sollen schon im Mutterleib miteinander gerangelt haben. Bevor es uns gab, kämpften wir schon gegeneinander. Ich kann mich daran zum Glück nicht erinnern, musste aber feststellen, dass meine Mutter mich von klein auf nicht mochte. Erst dachte ich, dass es etwas mit meinem Aussehen zu tun hatte. Rote Haare – wohin das Auge schaute. Das entsprach mit Sicherheit nicht den gängigen Vorstellungen von einem niedlichen Kind. Außerdem trieb ich mich gerne herum, wie meine Mutter zu sagen pflegte. Ich mochte den Wald und die wilden Tiere darin. Für die heimischen Schafe war ich eher nicht zu haben. Die rochen nicht gut und glotzten einen immer so trübselig an.

Ja'akov war da ganz anders. Glatte Haut, schönes kastanienbraunes Haar. Ein Charmeur, wie er im Buche steht. Alle Frauen und Mädchen schmachteten ihm hinterher und er genoss das. Er hatte auch ein Händchen für Schafe. Kein Wunder, das waren ja auch fast alles Weiber. Jedenfalls scharwenzelte er immer um die Zelte herum, und meine Mutter liebte ihn und mich nicht. Gut, dafür hatte ich bei meinem Vater einen Stein im Brett – aber was besagt das schon? Er war schon ziemlich alt und saß fast nur noch im Zelt, wo er hin und wieder etwas sehr Weises äußerte, was ich in der Regel nicht verstand. Da ihm aber außer mir keiner zuhörte, dürfte der Nachwelt da wohl leider einiges verloren gegangen sein. Eigentlich war meine Mutter Rivka der Herr im Haus, wie ich zu meinem Leidwesen noch erfahren sollte. Und die war eine wundervolle, strahlende, energische Frau. Nur dass sie mich eben überhaupt nicht mochte.

Mein Vater Jitzchak nahm mich immer in Schutz, wenn ich in die Wildnis wollte. Als ich alt genug geworden war, lernte ich das Bogenschießen, damit ich ihn wenigstens von Zeit zu Zeit mit Wildbret verwöhnen konnte. Das wurde mir zur Gewohnheit: Essaw ist ein Jäger, flüsterte man hinter meinem Rücken und die Entfremdung zwischen mir und meiner Familie wuchs. Jäger fand man bei uns Schafhirten unheimlich. Das kam gleich nach Söldner und Dieb. Außerdem kam ich auch viel herum in der Gegend und traf eine Menge Leute, die nicht zu meiner Sippschaft gehörten. Meinem Ansehen hat das nicht geholfen, wenn Sie verstehen, was ich meine.

Mit der Zeit wagte ich es immer seltener, mich mit meiner Familie zum Essen zu setzen, weil ich ja beim Schafhüten nicht mitgemacht hatte und mich alle so befremdet anguckten. Manchmal hob sogar mein Vater missbilligend seine Augenbrauen und das tat mir weh. Also versuchte ich, mir mein Essen im Wald zu beschaffen, was aber nicht immer gelang. Dann ging ich hungrig zu Bett oder holte mir heimlich etwas aus einem Vorratskrug.

Einmal war ich tagelang in der Wildnis umhergestreift, ohne etwas zu erlegen. Mit wachsender Verzweiflung entschloss ich mich, heimzukehren und eine Magd zu bitten, mir etwas zu essen zu geben. Als ich aber die Zelte erreichte, sah ich meinen Bruder draußen sitzen. Er kochte irgendetwas und ich wusste nicht, ob ich erleichtert oder enttäuscht sein sollte. Ich stürzte auf ihn zu, völlig ausgehungert und entkräftet und bat ihn um etwas zu essen. Ja'akov sah mir lange und intensiv in die Augen. Dann sagte er: Klar kriegst du etwas. Du musst dafür aber auf deine Rechte als erstgeborener Sohn verzichten. Ich weiß noch, wie verblüfft ich war: auf meine Rechte verzichten? Als Erstgeborener? Was hatte das alles damit zu tun, dass ich gerade vor Hunger krepierte? Irgendwie war mir in dem Moment alles egal: Was nützten mir irgendwelche Rechte, wenn ich nichts zwischen den Zähnen hatte? Wenn ich hungerte, während mein Bruder genüsslich

in einem Eintopf herumrührte? So stimmte ich zu. Ich schwor es ihm sogar, weil er es von mir verlangte.

Ich weiß, Sie sind es gewohnt, mein Verhalten von damals als leichtfertig zu empfinden. ‚Für ein Linsengericht' so etwas Großartiges wie Gottes Erwählung aufzugeben. So lesen Sie meine Geschichte doch, oder? Könnte es sein, dass Sie keine Ahnung davon haben, was man alles eintauscht, wenn man wirklich Hunger hat? Ich will Ihnen das nicht zum Vorwurf machen. Ich bin eher froh, dass Sie niemals richtig Hunger hatten. Ich möchte aber, dass Sie mit Ihrem Urteil über andere Leute etwas vorsichtiger sind.

Vielleicht habe ich den Handel mit meinem Bruder zunächst nicht richtig ernst genommen. Wissen Sie, ich bin kein Theologe. Die Familientradition war mir wirklich wertvoll, aber möglicherweise hatte ich sie bis dato nicht richtig verstanden. Ich wusste, dass mein Großvater Abraham seine Einsichten über Gott nur an Jitzchak weitergegeben hatte, nicht aber an Onkel Jischma'el, den man aus der Familie ausgestoßen hatte. Ich habe die Erzählungen darüber so hingenommen. Ich dachte mir, Abraham hatte bestimmt seine Gründe gehabt, seinen jüngeren Sohn, meinen Vater, dem Onkel Jischma'el vorzuziehen. Das Gerede von Erwählung und Segen war mir zu abstrakt. Dann aber traf es mich. Da erst begann ich mich wütend zu fragen, ob es auch zur Tradition gehörte, immer einen älteren Sohn auszusortieren.

Erst in dem Moment, als Mutter und Bruder mich auch noch um den Segen meines Vaters betrogen hatten, erst als ich völlig verzweifelt und am Boden war, verstand ich, warum man mir so übel mitspielte. Warum ich seit meiner Geburt der Falsche war. Ich denke, irgendwann hat sogar Jitzchak eingesehen, dass Rivka Recht hatte. Obwohl mein Vater mich liebte. Immerhin hatte er genauso geweint wie ich, als ihm der Betrug ins Bewusstsein drang. Eigentlich war es ja auch ganz einfach: Ich passte nicht ins Konzept. War kein Schafhirte, sondern Jäger. Ich liebte die Wildnis, nicht die Zelte. Kurz: Ich konnte meinen Clan nicht führen, nicht bewahren, nicht ernähren, was ich ja hinreichend bewiesen hatte. Meine Mutter hatte das sofort verstanden: Mein Vater, der Theologe, nicht. Er hatte mir einen Bauernsegen verpassen wollen – aber ich wusste nicht einmal, wie man einem Schaf die Hufe reinigt. Ja'akov hingegen hatte ein Händchen für Haustiere… Er, der Hüter der Zelte, der Herden und nicht zuletzt der Tradition.

Ja, so einfach ist das manchmal. Und so schwer. Dann rannte Ja'akov davon. Die offizielle Version lautete, er würde sich bei Onkel Lavan eine koschere Frau besorgen. Ich hatte ja auch in dieser Frage mal wieder versagt. Plötzlich war ich der einzig verbliebene Sohn und kümmerte mich nach besten Kräften um meine Eltern. Geholfen hat es meinem Ansehen im Clan nicht; ich fungierte ja nur als Aushilfsanführer, bis mein Bruder zurückkehrte. Irgendwann im Laufe der Jahre hatte ich mich darauf eingestellt, dass der Clan bei Ja'akovs Heimkehr vor Freude

ein Mastkalb schlachten und ich dann wieder die Rolle des Verlorenen Sohns übernehmen würde. Schwerer fiel es mir, dass alle das so selbstverständlich fanden.

Wenn ich die Geschichte von mir und meinem Bruder weiterverfolge, dann wird mir ganz schlecht. Jahrhundertelang haben sich die Leute darum gestritten, wer Ja'akov sein darf und wer Essaw sein muss. Ja'akov war man selbst und Essaw immer der Andere. Ob nun Israel und Edom, Judäer und Römer, Christen und Juden. Auf den ersten Blick verstehe ich schon, dass man lieber Ja'akov sein möchte. Wenn ich die Wahl hätte, würde ich mich auch lieber mit einem reichen Schafzüchter und Frauenschwarm, mit dem Erwählten Gottes, identifizieren als mit einem schwarzen Schaf auf zwei Beinen, das erfolglos in den Wäldern herumstreicht und nirgendwo zu Hause ist.

Was mich viel eher stört, ist all die fromme Heuchelei, die in dem Streit steckt. Als sei es klar, wer hier der Gute und wer der Böse sei. Als träfe Segen und Erwählung naturgemäß den ethisch Sauberen, mit dem man sich ganz selbstverständlich identifizieren kann. Dabei hat doch das eine mit dem anderen, Moral und Segen, nicht mal das Allermindeste zu tun. Ich konnte meine Leute nicht führen und ernähren, das ist alles. Ich hatte mich dem Clan durch meine Lebensart entfremdet, weiter nichts. Das nennt man Tradition und ich hatte, ohne es wirklich zu wollen, ein gespanntes Verhältnis zu ihr.

Und überhaupt, die fromme Heuchelei: Seit wann darf man sich denn mit den Reichen identifizieren, mit denen, die erfolgreich und geliebt sind? Steht nicht in Euren Heiligen Büchern, dass man den Armen lieben soll, dass er erwählt ist und dass der Reiche nicht in das Königtum der Himmel passt? Wie war das denn mit dem Kamel und mit dem Nadelöhr?

Naja, im tiefsten Grund gefällt mir das: Ihr, die Ihr reich seid; die Ihr in der Regel niemals Hunger hattet – Ihr Ja'akov-Leute – Ihr müsst die Armen lieben, die Deklassierten, und sei es nur aus Prinzip. Das nenne ich wahrhaftig Ironie: Am Ende werde ich gewissermaßen aus Versehen geliebt. Von Leuten, die sich mit Ja'akov identifizieren, aber aus Prinzip den armen Essaw, den Hungrigen und Deklassierten, lieben müssen.

Als Ja'akov und ich nach mehr als vierzehn Jahren Trennung wieder aufeinandertrafen, da haben wir uns schließlich miteinander versöhnt. Übrigens direkt nachdem der gute Ja'akov den schweren Ringkampf mit dem Engel hatte und einen neuen Namen, Jissra'el, bekam. Da hat mir mein Bruder einen großen Teil von seinem Reichtum abgeben wollen. Vermutlich hatte er ein schlechtes Gewissen, wie die meisten Reichen und Etablierten, wenn ein wildes Schwarzes Schaf ihre Fährte kreuzt. Oder er hatte Angst vor mir, dem Jäger Essaw. Oder er war noch ein bisschen entkräftet, weil er gerade mit seinem Gott gekämpft hatte.

Lass gut sein, hatte ich ihm gesagt. Ich wollte seine Schafe und Ziegen nicht, auch keine dreißig säugenden Kamele, Kühe, Stiere, Eselinnen – was sollte ich mit ihnen anfangen? Ich war kein Hüter mehr, weder von Tieren noch von Traditionen. Dafür hatte doch der Clan selbst gesorgt. Ja'akov drängte mir das Viehzeug regelrecht auf, da nahm ich seine Gabe an.

Ich dachte, man wollte mich nun doch als Hüter, wenn man mir schon die Tiere anvertraute. So wünschte ich mir eigentlich, in seiner Nähe zu bleiben, mit ihm gemeinsam weiterzuziehen. Derart geblendet war ich von all der plötzlichen Brüderlichkeit. Aber mein Bruder drängte vehement auf eine sofortige Trennung. Seiner vielen Kinder und des Viehzeugs wegen, sagte er. So lautete die offizielle Begründung. Zunächst war ich erstaunt: Nun konnte doch der Jäger Essaw zum Hüter werden; der arme Wildling verfügte nun sogar über säugende Kamele! Warum, in aller Welt, gehörte denn Essaw immer noch nicht dazu?

In dem Moment vergaß ich wohl, dass ich zwar Sohn derselben Eltern war, aber doch ein Fremder bleiben musste. So funktioniert sie eben, die Tradition. Da werden schon mal Weltordnung und Clangewohnheit gleichgesetzt. Nur weil ein Fremdling Schafe hat, ist er noch lange kein Hüter. Nur weil jemand hin und wieder eine Spende bekommt, ist er noch kein Besitzender. Der Arme empfängt sein Almosen auch nicht im Salon, sondern an der Wohnungstür. Damit man ihn draußen lassen kann. Man kann ja auch nicht jeden reinlassen. Ich verstehe das. Wäre ich zu einem Zeltbewohner geworden, würde ich auch keinen Wildling an meine Frauen und Kinder und Besitztümer lassen. So bleibt jeder hübsch bei dem, was er ist.

Das ist ein schönes Dilemma, da bin ich jetzt mal ein wenig schadenfroh: Ihr müsst die Armen und Deklassierten lieben, aber dafür sorgen, dass sie arm und deklassiert bleiben. Wären sie nämlich nicht arm und deklassiert, hättet Ihr niemanden zum Lieben, außer Euren Clan. Oder Ihr könntet nur euch selbst lieben, was ja kein besonderes Verdienst wäre. Das finde ich so schwierig an Eurer Tradition.

Ihr braucht den Armen als Armen, den Outlaw als Outlaw, der Hüter muss Hüter bleiben und der gute alte Essaw bleibt ein Jäger und vor der Tür. Wenn ich damals den Handel um das Linsengericht empört zurückgewiesen hätte, wenn ich auf meinem Recht als Erstgeborener bestanden hätte, was wäre dann passiert? Hätte ich darauf bestanden, ein Jäger zu bleiben, dann müsstet Ihr so leben wie ich. Alles wäre ins Wanken geraten, woran Ihr glaubt. Kein bequemes Leben, keine Zelte, kein Besitz. Hätte ich hingegen den Platz meines Bruders beansprucht, dann wäret Ihr nichts als ein jüngeres Geschwister in den Zelten Eures himmlischen Vaters. Oder Ihr säßet davor, wie es mein Schicksal gewesen ist. Den Segen und das Sagen besäßen andere.

Jakob hat mit seinem Gott gekämpft, bevor er mich traf. Treffen musste. Ich habe mein Leben lang mit diesem Gott gerungen und mit Eurer Tradition. Nie hat es jemand für nötig gehalten, davon zu erzählen.

Hund und Herrchen

Rolf Breuer

Wie alles begann

Neben einer Reihe von Büchern waren die wichtigsten Ergebnisse meiner vielen Jahre am Schreibtisch Bandscheibenverschleiß und Rückenverspannungen. Nach Besuchen beim Orthopäden musste ich vor einigen Jahren meinen Wortschatz um Termini wie „Spondylose“ und „Spinalkanalstenose“ erweitern. Als ich dieses Wissen am Abend bei unserem üblichen Glas Wein an meine Frau weitergab, wollte sie mir das Versprechen abnehmen, jeden Nachmittag einen großen Spaziergang zu unternehmen. Ich gedachte, ihr meinen Lieblingsspruch „ne ultra posse“ entgegenzuhalten, als mir gerade noch rechtzeitig einfiel, dass ich ja seit Jahren pensioniert war und Zeit hätte. Und meine Frau wusste natürlich, dass ich nach dem Mittagsessen – das sie mir an den Tagen, da sie morgens zum Dienst fuhr, als Tiefkühlpizza oder Graupensuppe in der Dose herausgelegt hatte – bei einer Tasse Kaffee ausführlich die *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* zu studieren pflegte, also auch spazieren gehen konnte. Ich nehme an, dass sich der Zwiespalt der Gefühle auf meinem Gesicht zeigte, denn da sagte sie: „Vielleicht sollten wir uns einen Hund anschaffen, auch zu unserer Sicherheit.“ Ich interpretierte das so, dass sie mir Verlegenheitslügen wegen dann doch ausgefallener Nachmittagsspaziergänge („Es sah nach Regen aus.“ – „Genau da rief der Verlag an.“) erschweren und damit ersparen wollte. Aber es stimmte, dass wir hin und wieder darüber gesprochen hatten, dass unser Grundstück auf zwei Seiten von Wiesen und Buschwerk umgeben ist, und dass wir älter wurden – vor allem ich –, und dass die Kinder aus dem Haus waren.

Jetzt zur Sache. Herumreden ist mein Problem, sagt meine Frau.

Vor vielen Jahren, als die Kinder noch im Haus lebten, hatten wir schon einmal einen Hund, Tessa, eine Golden-Retriever-Hündin, sehr lieb, ein richtiger Familienhund. Von ihrer Intelligenz hatte ich mir falsche Vorstellungen gemacht. Ich hatte immer geglaubt, Golden Retrievers seien Labradoren sehr ähnlich, und ein Labrador hatte mich einmal sehr beeindruckt. Ich befand mich damals für einige Wochen auf der Dingle-Halbinsel im Westen Irlands, um an einem Buch zu schreiben. Mit dem Sohn des Hotelbesitzers machte ich oft Spaziergänge am Strand von Brandon Bay. Immer wieder warf er einen Kiesel in die Brandung, und immer wieder brachte sein Labrador einen Stein zurück. Ich lachte über die Cleverness des Tieres, das, wie ich annahm, irgendeinen x-beliebigen Kiesel zurückbrachte, um seinen Herrn zufriedenzustellen oder um ihm zu imponieren. Nein, sagte Michael, das seien schon die richtigen Steine. Ich wollte es nicht glauben, nahm einen Kiesel, merkte mir Gestalt und Maserung und warf ihn weit hinaus in die sich brechenden Wellen. Rhett stürzte sich in die Brandung, tauchte

unter und kam mit einem Stein im Maul zurück, den ich als den richtigen erkennen musste. Nein, so war Tessa nicht, dafür sehr kinderlieb und willig, sich an letzter Stelle in unser Rudel einzuordnen.

Übrigens hatten wir auch immer Katzen, wegen der erwähnten Wiesen hinter dem Haus, von wo ein unerschöpflicher Nachschub an Mäusen unseren Rasen zu unterminieren, unseren Dachstuhl zu erobern drohte. Zur Zeit von Tessa war Panther unsere Katze, genau genommen ein kastrierter Kater, ein kleines, schwarzes Kraftpaket, das in der Blüte seiner Jahre gelegentlich im Überschuss der Energie durch die Wiese sauste, Anlauf nahm und dann den Stamm der Birke fünf oder sechs Meter hinaufschoss, bis der Schwung aufgebraucht war. Im Sommer verbrachte er 22 der 24 Stunden des Tages – und der Nacht – draußen, im Winter immerhin zehn oder zwölf Stunden. Morgens lagen stets Mäuse als Geschenk für meine Frau, die als erste aufsteht und die Zeitungen hereinholt, vor der Haustür, leider gelegentlich auch ein Vogel. Sein Gesicht, wenn man es so nennen darf, war das eines Raubtiers, keiner Schmusekatze. Wenn er einem ab und zu auf der Brust lag und den Milchtritt machte, konnte man sich vor seinem wilden Aussehen so knapp vor den eigenen Augen geradezu fürchten. Einmal dachte ich bei einer solchen Gelegenheit: Was, wenn der mir jetzt ins Gesicht springt!

Aber jetzt!

Nun war Tessa seit einigen Jahren tot, hatte wegen Bronchialkrebs eingeschläfert werden müssen. Die Kinder waren aus ihren Studienorten angereist und brachen in Tränen aus, als Tessa nach der tödlichen Spritze alle Viere von sich streckte und aus den Körperöffnungen Sekret floss. Mit Panther, der inzwischen älter und ruhiger geworden war, musste ich einige Tage nach dem Hunde-Gespräch wegen Impfung und Entwurmung zum Tierarzt. Im Wartezimmer fiel mein Blick auf ein Buch über Hunderassen. Ich notierte mir Autor, Titel und Verlag und bestellte es bei meiner Buchhandlung. Der Band war alphabetisch gegliedert, jeder Eintrag begann mit einem Foto des Kopfes der Rasse. Es sollte nicht wieder ein Apportierhund sein, das waren wir dem Andenken Tessas schuldig. Auch kein Jagdhund, dem würde ich nicht gerecht werden können; der würde letzten Endes mich jagen, dachte ich, eingedenk meines Body Mass Index. Ich blätterte weiter, war jedoch mit keinem Anblick so richtig glücklich. Boxer, nein; Pudel, nein; nichts Überzüchtetes mit Hüftluxation; kein Modehund; nicht zu groß, nicht zu klein. Ich war mit dem Buch schon fast durch, es waren nicht mehr viele ungelesene Seiten übrig. Da erblickte ich einen schön geformten Kopf, dreifarbiges Fell – „trikolor“ las ich –, schwarz-weiß-braun, ein kluges Gesicht, lebhafte Augen, ein wacher Blick, an einen Collie erinnernd, aber kleiner, feiner. Ich kannte den Namen der Rasse nicht. Es war ein Schafshütehund von den Shetland-Inseln, ein Sheltie.

Meine Entscheidung war gefallen, vorbehaltlich der Zustimmung meiner Frau, aber die war sogleich einverstanden, schaute in ihren Hundebüchern nach und googelte nach Züchtern in der Region. Tatsächlich gab es eine Adresse kaum 30 Kilometer entfernt von unserem Dorf, einem Vorort der am Fuße des Wiehengebirges gelegenen Stadt.

Wir telefonierten und stellten uns am nächsten Samstagnachmittag bei der Hundezüchterin vor. Ich in meinem Alter hätte wahrscheinlich vor ihrem prüfenden Auge keine Gnade gefunden, denn der Welpe, der ja erst noch gezeugt, geboren und dann acht Wochen von der Mutter gesäugt werden musste, würde frühestens im nächsten Jahr zu uns gelangen, und ob ich bis zum Ende seines Lebens noch der dem Hunde entsprechenden Wanderungen fähig sein würde? Meine jüngere Frau jedoch, als Kind schon Hundehalterin und dann 14 Jahre lang Hauptbetreuerin von Tessa, zeigte sich in dem folgenden Gespräch als Hunde-Expertin, der noch viele Jahre als Rudelführerin zuzutrauen waren. Bei zwei weiteren Gesprächen bewährten wir uns in Hinsicht auf die Finanzen, auf Auslauf sowie auf die Bereitschaft zur Teilnahme an Hundeschule und „agility"-Training. (Ja, das wurde englisch ausgesprochen.) So erhielten wir nach dem nächsten Wurf des Muttertiers die Erlaubnis, uns einen der vier Welpen auszuwählen. Wir entschieden uns für das kleinste Tierchen, ein Mädchen, und nannten es Molly, da sie als Shetländerin ja Schottin war, und „Molly" ist die Kurzform von „Mary", dem Namen der berühmtesten Schottin.

Jetzt die 14-Uhr-Pille, dann geht's los.

Mollys Kindheit

Mit zwei Erwachsenen als Anführern sowie deren vier Kindern, zwei Enkelkindern und einem Kater ist Mollys Rudel relativ groß und diversifiziert. Mit Panther hat sich im Laufe der Zeit eine Freundschaft entwickelt, wobei es vielleicht von Vorteil war, dass die im ausgewachsenen Zustand ja kleinere Katze zuerst da war und daher zunächst überlegen war. Beide beschnuppern ihre Nasen, wenn sie sich begegnen, liegen oft nebeneinander auf dem Teppich oder jagen im Spiel hintereinander her. Beim Fressen allerdings gibt es von Seiten Mollys kein Pardon. Wenn ich esse und für beide heimlich ein kleines Leckerchen vorbereite – ich bin psychologisch schwächer als meine Frau, die streng auf die Trennung der Mahlzeiten zwischen uns und den Tieren hält –, etwa indem ich, wenn meine Frau zwischendurch in die Küche geht, eine Scheibe Salami in zwei Teile teile, dann weiß Molly sofort, was das bedeutet, und versucht, Panther abzudrängen, damit sie beide Teile bekommt. Und auch bei der Zuteilung von Liebe und Aufmerksamkeit achtet Molly darauf, nicht zu kurz zu kommen. Wenn Panther abends seiner geliebten Chefin auf den Schoß springt – sie ist seine Futterspenderin –, dann springt Molly ihm nach aufs Sofa und muss ebenfalls dabei sein.

Auch ich wecke in solchen Situationen leicht ihre Eifersucht. Manchmal schmuse ich mit dem Kater, indem ich mich hinknie und er zwischen meine Beine kriecht. Wenn er mit dem Kopf voran kommt, sozusagen hinten herausschaut, kratze ich ihn am Rücken, wo der Schwanz anfängt, und dann bäumt er sich vor Lust auf, öffnet seine Hinterbeine, und ich soll seinen Bauch kraulen. Wenn er mit den Augen vorne hervorschaut, reibe ich an seinen Wangen, die er mir hinhält, oder kratze seinen Kopf. Wenn in solchen Situationen Molly im Zimmer ist, macht die seltsame Laute – so eine Art Jammern – und stellt sich vor mich hin und tapst mit einer Pfote auf meine Hand, damit ich auch sie am Bauch kraule.

Unsere Kinder, ich sagte es schon, leben bereits ihr eigenes Leben in anderen Städten. Wenn sie kommen, ist Mollys Freude unbändig; sie springt auf und ab, sie bellt – Shelties heißen ja auch „Bellties" –, das Wedeln nimmt kein Ende, und wenn einer einmal das Alphatier gibt und gebieterisch „Platz!" ruft – eigentlich sollte ich das wohl sein, biete ihr es jedoch offenbar zu selten –, dann plumpst sie geradezu auf den Boden, und ich verstehe, wieviel es ihr bedeutet, einmal so richtig gehorsam sein zu können. Als das erste Enkelkind bei uns zu Besuch war, geriet Molly ganz außer sich; Füße, Hände, Gesicht, der ganze Körper, alles wurde unentwegt beschnuppert, unentwegt, immerzu, den ganzen Abend lang. Und das Baby lachte.

Meine Frau ist Mollys Chef für besondere Aufgaben, ich bin mehr für den Alltag zuständig. Sie ging mit Molly zur Hundeschule, sie geht mit ihr zum Hundefriseur, und das muss zwei- oder dreimal im Jahr sein, denn Mollys Unterwolle ist, wie es sich für eine Rasse aus dem windigen Nordatlantik gehört, sehr dicht. Wenn an den Arbeitstagen meiner Frau abends die Zeit ihrer Heimkehr naht, liegt Molly an der Auffahrt ganz vorne am geöffneten Gartentor und schaut die Straße entlang in die Richtung, aus der dann irgendwann der Mini One angesaust kommt. Mit mir hingegen verbringt sie ihren Alltag; ich nehme sie im Auto zu Besorgungen mit in die Stadt, wo sie, wenn ich ausgestiegen bin, vom Fahrersitz aus Verkehr und Passanten betrachtet und nach mir Ausschau hält, dass ich zurückkomme. Ansonsten muss sie leider viel schlafen und ruhen, wenn ich lese oder am Schreibtisch sitze. Bei der Fahrt auf Feldwegen darf sie dafür auch einmal auf meinen Oberschenkeln stehen und schauen, wohin wir fahren; denn ich finde, die vielen Orte, an denen wir Spaziergänge machen und sie ihre Geschäfte verrichtet – ich seit der Prostata-OP manchmal auch meine Number One –, sollen für sie keine unverbundenen Flecken sein; sie soll verstehen, dass die Welt ein räumliches Kontinuum ist. Normalerweise liegt sie vor dem Beifahrersitz auf einem Kissen und sieht nichts. Die Leine habe ich für Notfälle dabei. Einmal war ich beim Zurücksetzen des Autos halb in einen Graben gefahren und musste mich freischleppen lassen. Da war es gut, sie an einen Zaun anbinden zu können, von wo aus sie zitternd vor Aufregung verfolgte, was ich tat – nein, ich müsste

wohl sagen: wo sie aufgeregt meine Aufregung verfolgte. Aber sonst läuft sie ohne Leine neben mir, sei es auf Feldwegen, durch Wiesen, sei es durchs abgefallene Laub eines Buchenwaldes und hütet mich. Wenn sie sich entfernt, wendet sie immer wieder den Kopf, um zu sehen, wo ich bin, ob alles mit mir in Ordnung ist. In den ersten zwei Jahren schaute ich bei unseren Spaziergängen oft nach Molly, weil ich – in Gedanken bei einem neuen Buchprojekt – sie aus den Augen verloren hatte. Beunruhigt blickte ich umher, schaute dann auch an mir selbst nieder, und da war sie, 50 Zentimeter entfernt hinter mir, fast unter mir, und passte auf mich auf. Am Eingang zu einigen Waldwegen versperren Schranken unbefugten Autos die Zufahrt. Um diese Schranken herum haben Fußgänger links und rechts Fußpfade ausgetreten, und auch ich benütze diese Umgehungen. Molly, begierig in den Wald zu gelangen, saust voraus. Natürlich könnte sie geradeaus unter der Schranke durch laufen, aber tatsächlich macht auch sie den kleinen Umweg um die Schranke herum, von dem sie weiß, dass ich ihn benutzen werde – um zu sondieren, ob der Weg in Ordnung ist. Wenn meine Frau und ich auf einem gemeinsamen Spaziergang einmal nicht nahe genug beieinander gehen, stellt das Molly vor ein Dilemma. Bei wem soll sie bleiben, wen soll sie hüten? Das mag sie gar nicht, entschließt sich dann jedoch für meine Frau. Entweder ist das emotionale Band zwischen den beiden Geschlechtsgenossinnen enger, oder Molly meint, da werde das Hüten noch mehr gebraucht als bei mir.

Molly als Schafshütehund ist entsprechend den kleingezüchteten Schafen und Pferden auf den Shetlands ziemlich klein; ihr Idealgewicht wäre acht Kilogramm, aber leider kommt sie wegen meiner Wurst- und Käsestückchen, gelegentlich auch eines Plätzchens, auf etwas mehr als neun Kilo.

Insgesamt muss ich fürchten, Mollys Potential zu wenig gefordert und damit zu wenig gefördert zu haben. Was Collies können, habe ich vor langer Zeit einmal in einem Film gesehen. Da trieb ein Collie eine Schafsherde von ungefähr 60 Tieren von einem Pferch aus über einen mit Buschwerk durchsetzten Bergabhang durch einen Bach in einen anderen, ungefähr einen Kilometer entfernten, Pferch hinein. Mit unermüdlicher Ausdauer und kluger Übersicht umkreiste er die unruhige Herde, trieb sie in die ihm vorgegebene Richtung, scheuchte einzelne zurückgebliebene oder ausbrechende Tiere in die Herde zurück. Ich weiß noch, dass ich sehr beeindruckt war.

Zur Sache! Würde meine Frau sagen.

Nein, das könnte Molly nicht, und die Schuld daran trage ich. Aber welch differenzierte Gefühlswelt! Als sie nach ihrer ersten Läufigkeit kastriert wurde, holte ich sie noch halb betäubt zu uns nach Hause zurück. Ich legte mich aufs Sofa und tat sie mir auf den Bauch, und da schlief sie wieder für zwei oder drei Stunden ein, in denen das Band des Vertrauens zwischen uns unverbrüchlich wurde.

Nun, ganz fair war das nicht von mir, denn ich hatte ihren Zustand der Hilfsbedürftigkeit, den ich schützte, ja überhaupt erst herbeigeführt. Ihre Augen. Eigentlich soll man Hunde bekanntlich nicht mit seinem Blick fixieren, aber bei Molly bedeutet Blickkontakt mit mir keinen Kampf des Willens. Im Vergleich zu Panthers Augen, die mir manchmal, wenn die Pupillen schmal werden, wie Reptilienaugen vorkommen – Säugetiere stammen ja auch wirklich von Reptilien ab, kaum 220 Millionen Jahre ist es her –, sind Mollys Augen wie Menschenaugen. Ihr Blick ist wie Menschenblick. Viele Hunde mögen es nicht, wenn man sie, von oben herab kommend, am Kopf streichelt. Eine Hunde-Expertin wie die englische Königin kraulte ihre Corgies bei der Begrüßung ganz richtig an der Brust. Auch ich grüße Molly morgens so, wenn sie merkt, dass ich wach werde, und an mein Bett tritt. (Man erkennt hier, fürchte ich, dass Molly bei meiner Frau und mir im Schlafzimmer schläft. Da steht ein zweites Körbchen. Das erste Körbchen steht in der Diele hinter der Haustür.) Aber ich berühre auch oft ihren Kopf – ich muss mich korrigieren – und streichle über das Fell, unter dem sich das Gehirn befindet, der Sitz der Persönlichkeit. Und sie hat überhaupt keine Angst vor der von oben auf sie niederkommenden Hand. Sie ist aber selbstverständlich auch noch nie geschlagen oder auch nur streng gerügt worden. Ein erhobener Zeigefinger genügt. Wenn ich sie im Dunkeln einmal aus Versehen mit dem Fuß anstoße, weil sie mitten im Weg liegt, macht das gar nichts; sie weiß, das kann nur ein Versehen sein. Panther hingegen springt dann mit einem wilden Fauchen weg.

Mit der ersten Läufigkeit war Mollys Kindheit biologisch beendet; psychologisch behält sie jedoch uns gegenüber kindliche Züge, weil wir sie durch Kastration, Futtergabe und Wohnung im Haus abhängig halten, sozusagen infantilisieren. Anders als Panther könnte sie draußen nicht überleben. „Das ist nicht schön von euch“, dürfte sie sagen, wenn sie es verstünde. Aber sie sagt es nicht, und so muss ich es sagen und mit dem Vorwurf leben.

Unsere besten Jahre

Molly und ich haben das Glück, in einem von Wiesen, Äckern und Wäldern umgebenen Dorf zu leben. Wir wohnen am Rand des Dorfes und sind nach 50 Metern auf freiem Feld. Wir absolvieren täglich drei Spaziergänge mit Molly, deren morgendliche und abendliche vor allem den beiden Geschäften gewidmet sind, die Molly nach der Nacht und vor der Nacht erledigen muss. Der Mittagsspaziergang dient Mollys Glück und dem Training meiner abgenutzten Gelenke und Bandscheiben, jedenfalls insofern ich die Mittagswanderungen übernehme. Abends geht manchmal meine Frau, um sich nach dem langen Arbeitstag zu entspannen. Dazu dient die sogenannte „kleine Runde“, ein etwa zwei Kilometer langer Rundweg direkt vom Haus aus. Für Molly ist das die tägliche Wiederkehr

des Gleichen mit den vertrauten Gerüchen, die die Hunde der Nachbarschaft hinterlassen haben. Ich hingegen bin für Abwechslung zuständig. Die bringen die Mittagsausflüge, für die es eine Auswahl von 30 bis 50 Strecken gibt, je nachdem, wie man zählt, alle im Umkreis von ungefähr sechs Kilometern, zu deren Ausgangspunkten wir mit dem Auto fahren. Mal geht es auf einem Feldweg hin und zurück, mal auf einem Rundweg über eine Wiese und zurück durch ein Tal. Manche führen auf Wanderwegen durch einen Wald, andere führen im Gelände zu Fuchsbauten, in die Molly interessiert hineinschnuppert, einer führt zu einer Brücke über die Zugstrecke nach Bremen, wo ich zu bestimmten Zeiten vorbeirauschende ICEs sehen kann. (Ich weiß, wann mittags die Züge kommen, ich leugne es nicht.) Oft, vor allem im Winter und im Frühling, wenn die Buchenwälder unbelaubt sind, streifen wir mitten durch einen Wald, denn Molly liebt es, durch abgefallenes Laub zu sausen. Gerne spazieren wir zu einem Pestfriedhof – in einem Buchenwald hinter Eiben versteckt –, auf dem die Opfer einer Epidemie während des Dreißigjährigen Krieges begraben liegen. Da wir ohne Leine unterwegs sind – genauer: ich trage die Leine um die Schulter geschlungen –, kommt es vor, dass Molly, wenn wir einen Hasen oder ein Reh aufstöbern, losrast. Nach 100 Metern bleibt sie jedoch wieder stehen, denn sie erkennt, weiß es eigentlich schon vorher, dass die Jagd aussichtslos ist. Die Wildtiere sind doppelt oder dreimal so schnell wie sie. Aber deren Flucht erregt Molly, und wenn wir Wochen später erneut an den Abhang kommen, von wo das Reh losrannte, schaut sie voller Erwartung, ob da nicht vielleicht wieder eines steht.

Ich kenne die 50 Wege auswendig. Wir Augentiere haben eben den Vorteil des Überblicks. Dazu kommt bei mir das Studium von Landkarten – ich habe im Laufe des Lebens sicher 1000 besessen, dazu geographische Tafelwerke und historische Atlanten. Dagegen schnüffeln sich Hunde mit der Nase am Boden durch die Welt und können, so dachte ich, unmöglich Orientierung über große Flächen haben. Einer Spur folgen: ja natürlich; ein Gesamtbild des Terrains: wohl kaum.

Sorry, wieder Tablettenzeit.

Nun, einmal ging ich einen weiter entfernten Waldweg entlang, den ich wegen zweier Operationen mit Komplikationen und Rehabilitationen länger als ein Jahr nicht gegangen war. Dann kam die Weggabelung, wo ich zwei- oder dreimal links abgebogen war, um zu einem Unterstand für Pilger und einem Futterplatz für Tiere zu gelangen. Molly wanderte fünf Meter vor mir her und bog ganz selbstverständlich links ab. Aber das Gras dieses Jahres war doch neu, die Gerüche des letzten Jahres waren verflogen! Und vor Kurzem ging ich mit ihr einen Rundweg in einem Wald, den ich ebenfalls lange nicht gegangen war, und diesmal spiegelbildlich verkehrt, also anders herum: hinten war vorne und umgekehrt. An einer Stelle stutzte ich, hier führte der Weg über eine Lichtung mit Dornengestrüpp und bedeckt mit Tannennadeln. Der Weg ist nicht deutlich sichtbar. Ging es

rechts weiter oder links? Gras und Buschwerk waren nachgewachsen, man konnte keine Spur sehen. Rechts schien mir richtig. Nach einer Minute –- ich war wieder am Nachdenken – vermisste ich Molly und blickte umher. Da saß sie, 20 Meter seitlich entfernt, inmitten von Wurzelwerk und Erdbeeren, so schien es, und schaute zu mir herüber, die Ohren aufgestellt. Ich rief sie, jedoch sie kam nicht. Ich ging ihr durchs Unterholz entgegen, und da hüpfte sie über die vielen Hindernisse zu mir. Ich ging nun mit ihr das, was ich für den Weg hielt, weiter, aber dann war vor Gebüschen definitiv Schluss. Zögernd ging ich dahin zurück, wo ich gestutzt hatte. Von da aus rannte Molly voraus zu der Stelle, an der sie angehalten hatte, um nach mir zu sehen. Der Hütehund hatte sich über sein Schaf gewundert. Nun waren wir wieder richtig. Ich nahm ihren Kopf in meine Hände, brachte meine Nase an ihre und sagte: „Was für ein kluger Hund du bist!“

Wenn wir an Weggabelungen kommen, wo wir manchmal links gehen und manchmal rechts, wartet sie und blickt mich an. Wenn ich dann mit dem Arm nach vorne zeige, entweder dahin oder dorthin, dann saust sie los, voller Glück, meine Vorgabe in die Tat umzusetzen. Das Schaf ist dann doch der Chef.

Einige Gedanken habe ich mir auch über Mollys Riechen, Sehen und Hören im Vergleich zu mir gemacht. Bei Hunden denkt man, was die Sinne angeht, zuerst ans Riechen, wo sie uns am deutlichsten überlegen sind. In Plastikbeutel eingeschweißte Drogen unter einer Schiffsladung Bananen oder im Tank eines Lasters: kein Problem! Die niedrigste Wahrnehmungseinheit ist naturgemäß 1 Molekül, und das können trainierte Hunde, so scheint es, erkennen und anzeigen. Dagegen sind wir Menschen Analphabeten des Riechens, obwohl, immerhin: Wenn im Winter der erste Schnee fällt, und ich trete vor die Haustüre, dann erinnert mich der Geruch an die Ferien über Silvester mit meinen Eltern bei einer Tante im Schwarzwald, und das ist 60 Jahre her, und Schnee riecht ja eigentlich nicht. Na ja, dann passt das nicht wirklich. Weiter. Mit Riechen und Schmecken ist für uns die Empfindung des Ekels verbunden, die Hunde nicht kennen; einem Tier, das die Welt mir der Schnauze am Boden wahrnimmt und sich riechend orientiert, dürfen Ausscheidungen nicht widerwärtig sein, während wir uns schon vor unserer eigenen Spucke ekeln, sobald sie den Mund verlassen hat. Wir sind eben Lebewesen der Distanzsinne Sehen und Hören.

Vor allem des Sehens, unseres Leitsinnes. Nun gut, ich bin ziemlich kurzsichtig, aber dafür gibt es bekanntlich Brillen. Sodann, ich muss es zugeben, hatte sich vor einigen Jahren Grauer Star entwickelt, aber dafür, nein: dagegen gibt es ja Operationen. Verblüfft war ich, als sich kürzlich ein Nach-Star zeigte; ich wusste gar nicht, dass es das gibt; aber auch dagegen kriegte ich eine OP. Vielleicht muss ich jetzt auch noch gestehen, dass ich vor langer Zeit in einem Auge eine Makulablutung hatte, so dass ich da nicht mehr viel erkenne; aber dieser Rest hilft immerhin bei der Dreidimensionalität des Sehens auf dem anderen Auge. Vielleicht

hätte ich mit dem Leitsinn Sehen gar nicht erst anfangen sollen. Dann habe ich in dem gesunden Auge, wenn es man es bei -8,5 Dioptrien gesund nennen kann, noch „mouches volantes“, aber an die gewöhnt man sich, bemerkt sie bald nicht mehr. Jedenfalls bin ich größer als Molly und habe deswegen einen größeren Überblick.

Gleich geht es weiter, eben hat Molly gebellt, meine Frau kommt und wird mich an die 6-Uhr-Tabletten erinnern.

Ich schmeichle mir, auch in meinem Alter immer noch gut zu hören. Meine Mutter brauchte bis zu ihrem Tod mit fast 94 kein Hörgerät. So höre ich beispielsweise durch Haustüre und Küchentüre hindurch, wenn vorne auf unserer Straße – einer verkehrsberuhigten Spielstraße – ein Nachbar zwei Häuser weiter seine Autotüre schließt. Vielmehr, meine scharfen Sinne spüren eine leichte Druckwelle auf dem Trommelfell. Nicht schlecht, finde ich, und dachte lange Zeit, in dieser Hinsicht könne Molly mir nichts vormachen, obwohl meine Frau – der ich manchmal zu selbstgewiss erscheine – sagte, wie extrem gut Hunde hören. (Auch von unserem Kater sagt sie das.) Und es stimmt, dass Molly mich manchmal damit überrascht hat, dass ihre Ohren fast unentwegt spielen, links-rechts, vor-zurück, auch wenn sie bequem auf ihrem Kissen neben mir liegt, auch, wenn gar nichts passiert. Obwohl, hier musste ich gelegentlich erkennen, dass dann doch etwas passiert war. Dann klingelte zum Beispiel fünf Minuten später der Postbote. Bellen tut Molly bei ihm nicht, denn sie weiß, dass es bloß der Postbote ist, dessen Auto sie anscheinend vor fünf Minuten in unsere Straße einbiegen hörte. Wenn es jedoch ein fremdes Auto ist, das vor unserer Auffahrt hält, oder ein Unbekannter, der die 20 Meter lange Auffahrt zur Haustüre heraufgegangen kommt, dann regt sie sich furchtbar auf, und ich lobe sie, denn sie soll ja als unsere Alarmanlage fungieren.

Am meisten beeindruckt mich jedoch – sagte ich es bereits? – Mollys Verstand, ihre Gefühlswelt, ihre Persönlichkeit. Hat sie eine „theory of mind“? Hat sie ein Bewusstsein ihrer selbst? Als sie acht Wochen alt war, nach ihrer Umsiedlung zu uns, sah sie sich zum ersten Mal selbst, nämlich als Reflexion in der Glastüre, die von meinem Arbeitszimmer auf die Terrasse führt. Wir inspizierten alle Räume des Hauses, und da stand auf einmal ein Hund vor ihr, nicht sehr deutlich, denn das Dreifachglas reflektierte im Licht der Stehlampe leicht unscharf, und dieser Hund bewegte sich genauso wie sie. Sie bellte ihn an, sah offenbar einen fremden Hund. Aber dann. Einige Wochen später nahm ich sie zum ersten Mal mit in die Universität, wo ich immer noch einen Schreibtisch habe. Ein emeritierter Kollege wurde 75 und spendierte abends im Besprechungsraum des Instituts ein Glas Sekt für den Lehrkörper. Angesichts der Verhältnisse unter der Professorenschaft dachte ich, es wäre eine gute Idee, wenn ich mit dem niedli-

chen Welpen auf dem Arm für etwas Auflockerung sorgte. Als ich im Erdgeschoss mit Molly an der Leine den Aufzug betrat – Molly mit großem Misstrauen, denn sie war noch nie Aufzug gefahren und kannte sich von selbst öffnende Türen nicht –, da wurde sie überraschend mit ihrem Spiegelbild konfrontiert, denn die Kabine ist an der Rückwand verspiegelt, und dazu war es ein sehr deutliches Spiegelbild, denn die Kabine ist hell erleuchtet. Sie schaute das Spiegelbild an, der Aufzug ruckelte los, sie wandte sich ab, blickte dann so seitlich schräg zurück und schaute auf eine Art drein, dass ich dachte: Wenn sie ein zweijähriges Kind wäre, wüsste ich, was in ihr vorgeht: Sie ist peinlich berührt, verlegen. Sie sah einen Hund und verstand: Das bin ich.

Schuldbewusstes Dreinschauen, eifersüchtiges Sich-Vordrängen, schwanzwedelnde Begrüßung, all das sind typische Fähigkeiten eines Säugetiers im Rudelverband, für das Kooperation überlebenswichtig ist, und zu verstehen, was andere Mitglieder der Gruppe vorhaben, von einem halten oder wollen und so weiter. Einem Einzelgänger-Raubtier tue ich mit einem Vergleich mit dem Menschen unrecht, er muss zu seinem Nachteil ausfallen. Dabei würde, im Falle, dass er draußen in der Natur alleingelassen wäre, Panther überleben können, Molly nicht. Ich wiederhole mich.

Molly und ich, so könnte man wegen unserer Spaziergänge durch Wiesen und Wälder denken, wir litten unter einer folie à deux. Oder, wenn wir meine Frau einschließen, wir seien eine ménage à trois. Tatsächlich tut sich Molly mit Hundebekanntschaften leicht. Ich sage gerne, sie sei instinktsicher. Nur vor Schäferhunden hat sie Angst und hält sich bei Begegnungen hinter mir und lugt mit ihrem Fuchsgesicht zwischen meinen Beinen hindurch. Ja, wenn man sie von vorne von oben anschaut, ähnelt ihr Gesicht dem eines Fuchses, und wenn man sie von der Seite sieht, und sie hat ihren Schwanz vor Erwartung ausgestreckt, ähnelt ihre Silhouette der eines Fuchses. Vor den Toren der Stadt gibt es einen Hügel, der unter einer Grasnarbe und leichtem Buschwerk aus dem Schutt der bei einem Bombenangriff zerstörten Stadt besteht. Das ist ein beliebtes Geschäftsgelände für die Hunde der Südstadt, und auch wir fahren da ab und zu hin, wenn ich in der Nähe Besorgungen zu machen habe, und dann begrüßt Molly fremde Artgenossen ohne Scheu, ja mit Neugier. Auch auf Hunde im Fernsehen reagiert sie stark, zum Beispiel bei der Sendung „Tiere suchen ein Zuhause“ oder bei Krimis. (Ich schaue die meiner Frau zuliebe mit.) Dann rast sie auf den Fernseher zu, als wollte sie hineinspringen, kaum kann sie rechtzeitig bremsen. Sie versteht auch zwischenmenschliche Spannung, wenn böse Männer streiten, das Opfer schreit, oder düstere Musik uns auf einen Mord, etwa von hinten drohend, vorbereitet. Dann macht sie growl, growl, und ich finde, das ist

mehr als Knurren. So schicke ich Molly, wenn meine Frau und ich etwas ausdiskutieren müssen, in den Garten, denn ich möchte ihr ersparen, sich entscheiden zu müssen.

Etwas Besonderes zwischen Molly und mir sind die Spiele, die wir spielen. Damit meine ich nicht Einen-Ball-Werfen, damit sie ihn zurückbringt. Das tut sie nicht, Apportieren interessiert sie nicht. Ich meine auch nicht, dass sie mir einen Stoffhasen vor die Füße legt, an dessen Hals ein Band befestigt ist, woran ich ziehe, wenn sie in das Tier gebissen hat. Ich meine das Spiel mit Uneigentlichkeit.

Wir machen einen Spaziergang. Auf einmal ändere ich meine Stimme und tue so, als sei ich böse, wackele mit dem Körper hin und her, grabsche mit den Händen in der Luft herum und sage Sachen wie „Jetzt kriege ich dich“ oder „Jetzt schnapp ich dich, damit ich dich fressen kann“, und das R in „fressen“ rolle ich besonders grausam. Da strafft sich Mollys Körper, und sie rennt zur Sicherheit erst einmal 20 Meter voraus. Dann schaut sie zurück und rast um mich herum und an mir vorbei, so nah, dass es für sie gefährlich ist, aber weit genug, dass ich sie nicht erwischen kann, höchstens einmal mit den Fingern am Rücken streifen kann. Dabei macht sie Täuschungsmanöver, scheint links an mir vorbei zu wollen, biegt aber im letzten Moment nach rechts ab. Und wenn sie doch einmal gerade an mir vorbeiläuft, ist das die Täuschung einer Täuschung, eine Meta-Täuschung, das Wort ist nicht zu stark. Wenn ich dann nach einigen dieser Fangversuche außer Atem bin, ändere ich meine Stimme wieder zu normal und sage „So, jetzt ist alles wieder gut“ oder etwas Ähnliches. Und sofort hat sie verstanden, dass das Spiel des So-tun-als-ob zu Ende ist, und kommt zu mir und lässt sich den Kopf tätscheln. Wie unsere Kinder, als sie drei waren, versteht Molly Ironie.

Gerade kommt wieder meine Frau, jetzt mit den Sieben-Uhr-Pillen. Später diktiere ich weiter.

A Manchester Girlhood

Julia Pascal

Running time 60 minutes

A variety of styles seamed into the text: vaudeville, American musical, classical Greek, Brecht, Kantor, Littlewood. There is no need for set. Costumes and suitcases are useful to show changes of time and location.

CASTING

A minimum of five performers needed for the following roles.

ESTHER	The mother (Romanian)
ISABEL	First daughter (Manchester, England. The voice is educated middle class)
EDITH	Second daughter (Manchester, England. The voice is educated middle class)
PEARL	Youngest daughter (Manchester, England. The voice is educated middle class, which is later inflected with New Orleans tones)
One man	or more to play
EMANUEL	Esther's husband (Romanian)
CECIL	Isabel's husband (Dublin, Irish)
ALBERT	Pearl's husband (German-American)
THE TEACHER	(female)
THE RECRUITING OFFICER	(female)
THE VICAR	(male)

These men can also be voiced by the Chorus.

All the cast play the chorus and ensemble at different points.

The three sisters are revealed throughout their lives from childhood until death in their 80s. The director can cast any age that seems suitable. Esther, the mother, does not need to be seen as an older casting than her daughters. She can be a young performer and her daughters can be older to challenge conventional concepts of 'age'. However, the three daughters should be the same age. If they

are 50-year-old actors they can easily jump from the mid-point towards youth and age.

Every 80-year-old is a 16-year-old inside

Emanuel and Esther sing "Romania, Romania" while other characters back them. Live music. (Transliteration and translation.)

Ahh, Romania, Romania, Romania	
Geven amoi a land, a zise, a shayn.	*Once there was a land, so sweet. A beauty.*
Ekh! Romania Romania Romania	
Geven amoi a land, a zise,a fayne shayn	*Once there was a sweet land, a fine beauty.*
A mamaligele, a pastramele, a karnatsele.	*A polenta, a pastrami, a spicy*
sausage. Un a gleyzele vayn.	*And a little glass of wine.*
Ay in Romania iz dokh git.	*In Romania it is so good.*
ven keyn dayges veyst men nit.	*Nobody has any worries.*
Vay'n trinket men iberal.	*Men drink wine even when it's late.*
M'farbayst mit kashtaval.	*And bite of pickled cucumber.*
Hey, digadi dagdi dam	
Hey, digadi diagdi dam	
Ay in Romania iz dokh git.	*In Romania it is so good.*
vin keyn zorgn veys men nit.	*When no man has any worries.*
Vay'n trinkt men, s'meg zyn shpet.	*We drink wine til late at night.*
Men farbayst a kastrover.	*And bite of pickled cucumber.*
Hey, digadi diagdi dam	
Hey, digadi diagdi dam	
Ahh! Romania, Romania, Romania!	

SCENE ONE – THE STORY OF ESTHER

CHORUS Once upon a time there was a Romanian Jewish woman.

ESTHER Esther Goldenberg.

CHORUS "You must marry

An old man"

ESTHER I won't.

CHORUS What does she mean she won't?

ESTHER Not an old man .

CHORUS Difficult girl!

Here is a young one.

ESTHER I see his postcard on the mat. 'How much is the dowry?' He wants me for my dowry? No!!!!!

CHORUS Difficult girl! You've turned down two!!

You can't refuse a third.

ESTHER Leave me alone!

EMANUEL Emanuel

CHORUS His Hebrew name is Moses.

Moses led his people away from danger.

Romania is dangerous for Jews.

He sells shoelaces door to door.

He works hard.

He loves you.

ESTHER He is small. All that curly hair! Feh!

CHORUS Say yes.

ESTHER No!

CHORUS You must.

ESTHER Why must Esther Goldenberg become Esther Jacobs?

CHORUS Because, because, because

Esther circles Emanuel while the chorus sings 'siman tov and mazel tov'. Emanuel steps on the glass.

ENSEMBLE Mazel Tov!

EMANUEL Now that we are husband and wife We will leave Romania

CHORUS "Dirty Jews". *(Chorus spits)*

ISABEL Where will you go?

ESTHER I love Germany.

CHORUS Does Germany love Jews? Does Germany love Jews?

EMANUEL England.

ESTHER No!

PEARL Out of danger.

ESTHER From the sunny streets of Bucharest

CHORUS to the rain-filled Manchester sod.

EMANUEL Fast comes a son

ESTHER and three daughters.

ISABEL Isabel

EDITH Edith

PEARL Pearl

CHORUS Three sisters.

EDITH Birth

ISABEL Marriage

EDITH Children

ISABEL *(With disgust)* Children.

PEARL Death.

ESTHER They say that in your last moments

CHORUS all

your

life

flashes

before you.

SCENE TWO – JOURNEY TO A WET, COLD COUNTRY

A doll is thrown onstage. Edith runs to grab her. Isabel pulls it from her.

PEARL Give her to me, mother.

ISABEL Me!

EDITH Me!!

Esther takes the doll. She suspends it from a hook where it remains.

Now old, Isabel, Edith and Pearl are upright with a sheet around their necks as if in three separate beds.

ISABEL The doll is mine. I am the oldest. I deserve it. My daddy would have given it to me. Why are you dead, my darling daddy?
You love me best. I know it.

ESTHER I speak no English. My husband forbids me to go to night school to learn. "What if other men see you?"

EMANUEL What if other men listen to your voice, look at your beautiful long hair, sense the warmth of your body, put their hands on your breasts, what shame will I feel with my wife in a room full of men who want to fill you up with their mouth? Their hands? Their everything?

ISABEL My husband Cecil won't let me wear trousers.
A doctor's wife should not dress like a man. I am ill. Look how unwell I am.

Looking at Edith and Pearl.

What are you laughing at, you bitches?
And you? Did you do such great things with your lives? Did you marry a doctor?

Pearl sings "The Star-Spangled Banner".

ISABEL *(Interrupting her)* Running around with the soldiers. Staying out late. Daddy so worried about you.

PEARL Albert! Dance with me. Five. Six. Seven. Eight.

The ensemble sing "The Star-Spangled Banner". Pearl and Albert jitterbug.

ISABEL You married a refugee. A nobody.
(to Edith) You married a Christian.
I married a Jewish doctor! I am a doctor's wife. Who are you?!
I am not well. Leave me alone. All of you.

ESTHER Come on girls. Time for school.

EMANUEL They will leave at fourteen.

ESTHER Sixteen! They will learn languages.

EDITH *(Proudly)* Je m'appèlle Edith. Je suis née à Manchester.

PEARL *(Proudly)* Hablo español!

ISABEL *(Proudly)* I can speak French, Spanish and German.

EMANUEL Waste of time.

ESTHER They will learn everything I did not. They will not leave school.

EMANUEL Yes, they will. At fourteen.

ESTHER Sixteen!

EMANUEL We need geld.[1] You think we are safe? Who knows when we will need to take our suitcases again. Cash to get out of here fast. Let the girls earn it.

ESTHER No! Education is never too heavy to carry around.

CHORUS Education

PEARL is never

ISABEL too heavy

EDITH to carry around.

ISABEL I want to be an actress. "There's rosemary for you. There's fennel for you.

EDITH Oh you must wear your rue with a difference.

PEARL I would give you some violets…"

ESTHER Vos iz doss?[2]

DAUGHTERS Shakespeare!

ESTHER Shakespeare! Shayn![3] My clever, clever girls.

Esther hugs her daughters.

EMANUEL Clever is cash in the pocket to get out fast.

ESTHER NO! NO!! NO!!!

[1] Geld is Yiddish for 'money'.
[2] Yiddish for 'What is this?'
[3] Yiddish for 'beautiful'.

SCENE THREE – PREPARING FOR WORK

Sound of typing

TEACHER "The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog".

Why do we type this sentence?

PEARL, EDITH, ISABEL Because it contains all the letters in the English language.

ISABEL I can type

EDITH sixty words

PEARL a minute.

The next three speeches are inner monologues

PEARL I don't want to be a secretary, I want to run the office.

ISABEL I don't want to be a secretary. I want to be Elizabeth Taylor.

EDITH I am going to be something more than a secretary but what?

TEACHER The clerical secretary

PEARL must know

EDITH shorthand.

TEACHER Two hundred and forty words

EDITH a minute!

ISABEL She must have excellent spelling

EDITH "i" before "e" except after "c"

ISABEL punctuation

EDITH no comma before 'and' or 'but'

TEACHER excellent

PEARL paragraphing

ISABEL whenever you change the subject

TEACHER and

EDITH excellent precision.

ISABEL The letter must look good on the page.

(To Edith) Did you marry a doctor?

TEACHER The clerical secretary must also have a sense of humour when it is needed to diffuse a difficult situation. Knowing how to

make a joke, that is in good taste, will always be useful for the working girl.

Isabel walks arm in arm with Pearl and pretends to be her friend.

ISABEL *(To Pearl)* Did you marry a doctor?

EDITH For example, what's the difference between god and a doctor?

PEARL I don't know.

ISABEL What is the difference between god and a doctor?

EDITH God knows he is not a doctor.

CHORUS Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

TEACHER Now girls. Remember this job is important even if it is just something you do while you wait to get married. Family is all.

DAUGHTERS "Family is all."

EDITH Time for another joke.

Manchester accent. During this joke the actors walk through the action in the style of Yiddish Theatre. This is Jews mocking Jews.

EDITH Mr. Goldstein was walking down the street in New York City one Sunday morning on his way to buy some bagels when suddenly, a terrible thunderstorm began. Along with hundreds of others trying to escape the rain, Mr. Goldstein ran through the open doors of the nearby St. Patrick's Cathedral. Everyone was pushing and shoving to get in, and before he knew it, Mr. Goldstein was standing in a line. Not comprehending what was happening, he opened his mouth to ask a question, and in popped a communion wafer from the priest! Reeling with shame and shaking from the cold rain, Mr. Goldstein calls his daughter. She doesn't pick up. He calls his son. He doesn't pick up. He calls his wife. Line is busy. Disgusted, Mr. Goldstein hangs up the phone and mutters to himself, "I've been a Catholic for ten minutes and already I hate three Jews!"

CHORUS Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

SCENE FOUR – WAR

Sound of air raid sirens

CHORUS All men are to present themselves for call up.

EDITH I must do my duty. I must fight Hitler.

ISABEL How will I find a husband now?

PEARL When will the Americans come to save us?

Edith holds her army uniform against her body. It still fits. She shows it to the rest of the ensemble, her arms outstretched.

EDITH Army? Navy? Airforce? Army. The Army has the best uniform. I can serve. I can fight. Freedom!

SCENE FIVE – JOINING THE ARMY, THE RECRUITING OFFICE

EDITH I want to join, serve my country.

OFFICER Name?

EDITH Edith Jacobs – *I vow to thee my country, -*

OFFICER Nationality?

EDITH *(Proudly)* British. *–All earthly things above -*

OFFICER Parents?

EDITH Romanian. – *Entire and whole and –*

OFFICER Naturalized?

EDITH They don't have the money. – *Perfect, the service of my love; –*

OFFICER Your parents are Romanians and you want to join the British Army?

EDITH Yes. - *The love that never falters/*

OFFICER Romania is our enemy. Germany's ally. (*Violently)* Get out of here before I have you arrested!

EDITH *the love that pays the price, The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice*

Sound of a single typewriter

EDITH 89 Albert Avenue, Sedgley Park, Prestwich, Manchester, 31st August 1940. To The Under-Secretary of State War Office,

CHORUS Dear Sir,

EDITH May I take the liberty of respectfully approaching you regarding my application for enlistment in the Auxiliary Territorial Service. Being desirous of doing my utmost to serve the country of my birth and noticing the frequent and urgent appeal for women volunteers displayed in Manchester. I therefore completed the necessary form for service in the capacity of shorthand typist in the Auxiliary Territorial Service, six weeks ago. I would mention here that my parents are of

EMANUEL Romanian origin and have resided

ESTHER in this country for twenty-eight years,

EDITH and so it was necessary for me to complete an Alien's form. I myself am born in Manchester. I would like to inform you that my application was

CHORUS refused

EDITH and this caused me some surprise and, I must admit, great disappointment, for I am most anxious to do all in my power to be of service. I wonder if you would be so kind as to reconsider my application in view of the above mentioned particulars and the urgent need for shorthand typists in this connection as I am particularly experienced in this type of work. I would deem it

CHORUS an honour

EDITH if my letter could be favoured with your attention and would at any time furnish any further particulars required. I am

CHORUS Dear Sir, Your obedient servant.

EDITH Edith Jacobs

PEARL The War Office

ISABEL London SW1

ESTHER 25th September, 1940. Tel. No. Whitehall 9400

MALE ACTOR Madam. I am directed to refer to your letter, dated 31st August 1940, and to thank you for your excellent spirit which prompts you to apply for enrolment in the Auxiliary Territorial Service.

CHORUS New paragraph.

MALE ACTOR I am delighted to say that your application will be accepted

Edith jumps up in the air with delight.

CHORUS Comma

MALE ACTOR provided you are passed medically fit.

CHORUS Full stop.

Edith runs on the spot.

ISABEL Look at her. So mannish. Who does she think she is?

Looks up at the doll.

Little Dolly Day Dreams. Don't watch her. I want to tell you a secret soon. You must never tell anybody. Do you promise?

Edith sings "God Save the King" and intersperses it with the oath of allegiance. Company sing "Oh God, our Lord arise" while Edith speaks

EDITH *God save our gracious*
I, Edith Jacobs, swear by Almighty God, that I will be
Long live our
noble Faithful
and bear true
Send him
Allegiance to
his Majesty
King George VI (Saxe
Coburg Gotha) His heirs
and successors
Oh God our Lord arise
Scatter his enemies and make them fall

CHORUS *And make them fall, and make them fall*

EDITH Saxe Coburg Gotha???

Edith walks to another side of the stage to suggest the passing of time and the discovery of the Shoah.

All the king's horses
And all the king's men
Couldn't put Jewman
Together again.[4]

[4] This is a parody of Humpty Dumpty, the English nursery rhyme.

SCENE SIX – SOLDIERING. HOW TO MAKE A WW2 GRENADE FROM A RUSTY WW1 DEVICE

EDITH Manchester to Carlisle. One hundred and eighteen miles. Not far from Gretna Green. Now girls. Pay attention. We will examine these grenades. We will take them apart. Pay attention. When I say it is safe, you can polish and clean.[5] We'll soon have these little darlings put back together again and sent directly to Fritz. Achtung, Adolf. We English women are going to blast you to smithereens.

The women cheer. The women dance together.

Sleeping in the barracks with all those girls. Women in bed together. What are they doing? Makes me sick. It's not normal. It's not normal. It's not normal.

She sings. "He who would valiant be".[6]

The ensemble join her. This becomes a choir.

CHOIR He who would valiant be
'Gainst all disaster
Let him in constancy
Follow the Master
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avowed intent[7]

SCENE SEVEN – TO BE A CHRISTIAN

Inside of a church. The ensemble hum "Jesu".

EDITH Father

VICAR Yes, my child.

EDITH I have to talk to you.

VICAR Yes, my child?

EDITH I am a Jew. I want to be a Christian.

VICAR What brings you to this decision?

EDITH "Our father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name"

[5] When WWI grenades were being cleaned, sometimes they went off killing women.
[6] The English Hymnal version of 1906, based on John Bunyan's poem of 1684.
[7] The hymn stops abruptly.

VICAR "Thy kingdom come"

EDITH You believe that Christ's kingdom will come?

VICAR Do you?

EDITH Jesus was a Jew.

VICAR Why do you want to be one of us?

EDITH 'One of us'?

VICAR Why?

EDITH I have met a pilot. He is a Christian. We will marry.

VICAR You want to be a Christian for marriage? You don't want to come to our Lord for your faith?

EDITH Faith in Jesus. Jesus was a Jew. It is the same God.

VICAR Yes, the same God. Our father. And Jesus is his son. Say it. Jesus is his son. Say it! Jesus is his son! Say it!!

EDITH *(Inner monologue)*I don't want to be the daughter of foreigners. Daughter of the enemies. But how can mother and father be enemies. They are Jews. God save the King. The King? But I hate privilege. I hate bending my knee. A "subject"? I am a freeborn English woman. I am as good as anyone whose parents were born here. I am British and I love being British. I don't speak Romanian. I don't speak Yiddish. I am going to be a Christian. But they tell me that the Jews killed their Lord. I mean my Lord. But Jesus was a Jew. Why would a Jew kill Jesus, son of the carpenter?
Jesus was a teacher not a god. He was killed by the Romans for making trouble. The Romans crucified Jesus, and Jesus was a Jew. I love Christianity but I am a Jew. Hitler says so. But I can turn away. I can be a Christian. Jesus, I love you. Will you love me?

VICAR Are you ready my child?

EDITH Ready?

VICAR To be baptized into Jesus Christ our Lord and savior.

EDITH Ready.

ESTHER Edith. Voz machs du? Voz machs du? What are you doing?

SCENE EIGHT – BUCHAREST 1939. A FIANCÉE IN WAITING

Music playing low under the monologue. Clara Schumann Piano Concerto in A minor, Op. 7

ISABEL Dolly, dolly, dolly. Little Dolly Daydream! Look at Edith. Won't she be green when she finds out I am marrying a Jewish doctor from a respectable Irish family? Cecil with his Dublin accent. *(She imitates him)* Shall we be going to the filums?
Shall we? When he is in ordinary clothes I can't quite see him. But the shiny buttons, the khaki gives him shape. He's in India now at the Military Hospital. Deolali. Did you know Dolly that Deolali is the same word as "doollally"? It's the Indian hospital where they sent the mad British soldiers. *(Beat)* When Cecil comes home I shall find white parachute silk for my dress.
Darling Cecil. I am sending you my photo so that you do not forget me when you are surrounded by pretty Indian nurses. My white blouse with my hair all curls and a cameo at my neck. I know the censor will read this but I don't care. Don't tell Cecil but the handsome pilots come to the house. Tonight comes Mark. When Mark comes to see us, I have this feeling of I — don't-know-where-to-look. And there is Edith talking to him so easily as if he were our brother which he is not. She talks army to him and I can't. He likes her more than he likes me, I can't bear it! I will make him love me. I can if I want to. I must just catch my breath. *(Beat)* Oh dolly, what happens if Cecil never returns? Mark is so handsome. Maybe I should marry him? But a pilot has a short life. I am twenty-one years old. There is a big party with an orchestra and dancing. And there is a young man. Andrei. Tall. Smooth hair. Green-green eyes and a mouth with such full lips I want to burn my fingers on them. And he takes my arm and walks me out on to the balcony, and the smell of the roses is so strong and he gives me a glass of champagne, and he whirls me around to the music. Everything turning with the bubbles in my mouth and in my head and then, what do you think! He puts his nose into my dimples! So naughty! His hand where it is tingly and his full-full lips on my mouth. And bang! A firework and the sky a Catherine Wheel and the people come out and he whispers *I must see you tomorrow.* I don't care if it is wrong, I have to see him and he has to touch me like he did last night. Look, dawn is breaking.

Look at me. I am lovely. I want to walk across a stage and for everyone to admire my beauty.

ESTHER enters

Mother. What are you doing in my room so early?

ESTHER A telegram from your father.

ISABEL What is it?

CHORUS WAR! COME HOME. STOP. URGENTLY. STOP.

SCENE NINE – MANCHESTER 1942. THE WEDDING

Singing. The wedding and before the wedding. Isabel in her wedding dress with Cecil next to her. Edith is in her uniform. Cecil is in his uniform.

ISABEL And Edith, if you think you are wearing that uniform to my wedding, you've got another thing coming.

CHORUS Do you take this man to be your lawful wedded husband?

ISABEL *(To Edith)* No uniform. I forbid it. Here! Grey dresses.

PEARL Grey?

EDITH Grey?

ISABEL Everyone must look at me. Not at you

EDITH I am not allowed to appear in public unless I am in my uniform

ISABEL *(Bullying)* You will wear what I say

EDITH Do you want me to be court-martialled?

ISABEL Mummy, daddy. She's a bully. If she wears that uniform, I will cancel my wedding! *(To the doll)* I am right, aren't I, dolly?

ESTHER Come on, Edith. Do as your sister wants. Come on, be a good girl.

CHORUS Think of the shame.

ISABEL You will do what I say it is MY WEDDING!

Edith takes the dress. Music resumes. The circle of Esther's wedding is repeated as the cast walk around the bridegroom. A glass is smashed. The group shout Mazel Tov! They applaud. One by one the clapping stops as each cast member, apart from Cecil and Isabel, opens a newspaper. They read. Isabel is alone.

PEARL Look at today's paper! She helps to save £1,000,000. Edith Jacobs. First woman munitions officer in the British Army.

EDITH The only ammunitions officer in the ATS is a 22-year-old Manchester girl leading 50 ATS girls who have just completed the job of salvaging £1,000,000 worth of flooded ammunitions.

Upstaged at her own wedding, Isabel howls with rage.

SCENE TEN – BLITZ

EDITH What are we going to eat, dolly? Our food is torpedoed in the convoys coming to feed us. While there is breath in my body, dolly, I promise we won't let them win.

Sound of sirens

CHORUS Piccadilly is blazing! Blitz! Run to the Anderson Shelter. Come on Pearl. All single women must work.

The cast throw bandages at Pearl. She rolls them as fast as she can.

PEARL When are the Americans coming?

ISABEL When are they coming?

EDITH When? When? When?

Albert in GI uniform dances with Pearl.

ISABEL All those young Americans. So handsome. If only I were not married. Why should she get an American and a Jew? I am sick, sick, sick of all this grey, grey, grey. Coupons for food. Coupons for clothes. Why does she get all the fun? Look at her! And look at me waiting for a husband who may never come back.

Edith marches across the stage. Albert salutes her. He jitterbugs with Edith.

EDITH You are a German Jew?

ALBERT Now, I am an American. Hitler/

EDITH May his name be wiped from face of the earth.

ALBERT /killed my father.

EDITH And your mother?

ALBERT Concentration camp.

ISABEL You are very good-looking. Schön. Do you know that I learned German in school? Speaking German is like eating a very juicy steak. Not that we do that anymore. *Ich weiß nicht, was soll es bedeuten, daß ich so traurig bin*. That's Goethe!

EDITH Not Goethe. Heinrich Heine.

ISABEL Shut up! *(To Albert, flirtatiously)*

Say something to me. Auf Deutsch.

ALBERT I will never speak German again.

ISABEL Oh?

ALBERT I am an American now! Oversexed. Overpaid. And Over Here!

He motions to Pearl. He goes down on one knee. She nods

US SOLDIER *(American accent)* This is a US Army directive.

ALBERT "A British woman officer or non-commissioned officer can command and often does give orders to a man private. The men obey smartly and know it is no shame.

EDITH For British women have proven themselves in this war. They have stuck to their posts near burning ammunition dumps,

ALBERT delivered messages afoot after their motorcycles have been blasted from under them.

CHORUS *(American accent)* They have pulled aviators from burning planes.

ENGLISH WOMAN 1 They have died at gun posts and

ENGLISH WOMAN 2 as they fell

PEARL another girl has stepped directly into the position and 'carried on'.

ALBERT There is not a single record in this war of any British woman in uniformed service quitting her post or failing in her duty under fire.

EDITH So when you see a girl in khaki or air force blue with a bit of ribbon on her tunic –

ALBERT remember she didn't get it for knitting more socks than anyone else in Ipswich."

CHORUS Ha! Ha! Ha!

Company sing "This Is the Army Mr Jones"[8] and mix it with "The Battle Hymn of the Republic".[9]

SCENE ELEVEN – THE NEW WORLD

CHORUS June 6, 1944. Deliverance Day. D-Day.

EDITH The whole country is shaking. I feel the island trembling as jeeps, trucks, every vehicle you can think of is moving to the sea. Every man in uniform is standing or lying in a ship, his blood high in his brain, will I live through the day, the hour, the second?

AMERICAN And every man climbs out of the ship and into the sea, and as he is hit by a German bullet, another young man takes his place and, as he is hit, another young man from Arkansas, from Idaho, from Louisiana and

PEARL Don't get killed Albert!

ISABEL When the war is over, Cecil comes back!

PEARL Albert comes back.

WOMAN SOLDIER Women army officers are to be demobilised. You have choice. A university degree!

PEARL Oxford?

ISABEL Cambridge.

AMERICAN You. Jacobs. You are good with munitions. Come and work in Germany. Help build a new world in the ruins.

EDITH No. I'm getting married.

ESTHER Three sisters become three housewives.

Pearl waves a small American flag.

PEARL Look at me! A war bride on the Queen Mary!

EDITH I will marry a good-looking pilot. A Christian.

ISABEL You are killing our father. Marry a goy and it will end in divorce!

EDITH Sister, I will marry him.[10]

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[8] Copyright https://www.scribd.com/document/333280827/This-is-the-Army-Mr-Jones
[9] Reference here is https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Jy6AOGRsR80
[10] Adapted from Charlotte Brontë's novel *Jane Eyre*.

CHORUS Married women are not allowed to work.

PEARL In America I shall work. In America women are free!

ISABEL I will have a boy and a girl!

PEARL I will have a boy and a girl!

EDITH I will have two boys!!!

ISABEL I hate you.

Sound of babies crying.

All the women hold their hands to their ears to shut out the sound in a comic moment that demystifies motherhood.

SCENE TWELVE – POSTWAR

EDITH A new life. I vote Labour.

CECIL A National Health Service. I don't have to pay for a practice.

We buy a house in Blackpool.

ISABEL Six thousand pounds. My daddy pays. Blackpool where the wind is high even on a summer's day.

CECIL The sea air is good for the health.

ISABEL I marry a doctor but we live like poor people. A socialist.

CECIL The worst thing that could happen to a human being is to win millions in the lottery.

ISABEL Why don't I have a maid like other women? Cecil with his meschugass.

CECIL We don't want strangers in the house.

ISABEL Why don't I have nice clothes like other women?

CECIL You have enough to last many lifetimes.

ISABEL And my son, what does he do? Running after girls when he should be looking after me. And my daughter, busy with her own life instead of looking after me. I like it when she washes and sets my hair every few days. Why can't she get married and live close by so that she can

CHORUS look after me.

ISABEL I am a good mother. I teach my daughter.

CHORUS Give the largest portion of meat

MALE VOICE to your husband.

ISABEL When you wash your husband's shirts

ESTHER scrub the collar and cuffs with a brush and some soap.

ISABEL Men are dirty and women must

CHORUS clean up after them.

ISABEL I work like a slave cleaning the house. Daddy, why aren't you here? Take me home, daddy. I wish I was dead! I am a doctor's wife and I wish I was dead. My daddy reads the *Manchester Guardian* every day. He is very clever. My daddy takes us to the Hallé Orchestra. We hear Myra Hess playing music about Jesus. *(To the audience)* She's a Jew, you know.
Daddy, why did you die and leave me? Why did I marry Cecil instead of Mark or an American. What a mistake.

EDITH You have children.

ISABEL They exhaust me.

EDITH Two boys. Their little arms around my neck!

ISABEL Two boys, when I have only one.

EDITH You have a daughter.

ISABEL A girl! What use is a girl? Give me the doll.

Pearl dances.

PEARL Oh, look at me. How did I get old? How did I get a granddaughter? She lives in Sugarland. That's where the blacks worked the fields. Albert calls them schwarzes. I hate that. The Nazis killed Albert's father and he says

ALBERT *why can't they pull themselves up by their bootstraps like we did?*

PEARL I keep my tongue in my head when he calls Martin Luther King

ALBERT a rabble rouser.

PEARL Can't he see that they are us and we are them and aren't we all the same under the skin? Did I choose to be a Jew? Did our gardener Amos choose to be black? Hello, Amos.
Why are you crying?

AMOS "A noose. I open the mail and there it is".

PEARL I want to kill whoever did that. And I can't tell my husband. I can't tell anyone that I see a fine man cry because someone sent him a lynch rope. *(She sees something scuttle)*
Oh, what is that? A cockroach.
(She stamps) I hate you! I want a cat to kill you.
Albert's coming home soon. I had better make dinner. This weekend we will see his mother. The woman whose husband was injected by the Nazis and who was sent to her in a parcel of ashes. The woman who survived the camps. Hello, mother-in-law.

ALBERT'S MOTHER Don't think you will be the most important woman in Albert's life. I am number one.

PEARL You are number one. And what am I? Mother, where are you?

ESTHER I'm sitting at my kitchen table. Staring out of the window. This is Prestwich so far from the streets of Bucharest. The rain trickles slowly.

PEARL My stomach is raw with emptiness. Just like the war. Have to get out of the house.

ESTHER Why isn't someone here to buy my Peter Stuyvesant? And where is he? The man who sold shoelaces? Hello, Emanuel. Do you hear me down there? There is a swastika on your head-stone. Who would do that?

PEARL Mummy, where are you? Daddy, I want to work with you.

EMANUEL No that's for your brother. Not for girls.

ESTHER Why do they hate us? Why do they want to kill us? Even when we are dead?

PEARL I am walking in the Louisiana rain and I don't care if I never go back to Albert.

ESTHER Emanuel. You waiting for me to fill the hole next to you?
Granddaughter, there's cash in my purse. Twenty cigarettes mit filters.

PEARL Daddy, please can I work with you? Import. Export. What lovely words. I will help you make money. My brother's no good. He won't love the business as I will.

EMANUEL Women don't work, madele.[11]

[11] Affectionate Yiddish expression for 'little girl'.

PEARL I want to touch the rolls of fabric, take them out on the wooden table and measure how many yards we cut and send to make curtain and dresses. I want to open the warehouse every day and meet Indians in Manchester who want to export to Delhi and Bombay. I want to learn about balance sheets, tariffs, taxes, and transport. I want to travel, to hear different languages, meet different people with different-coloured skin. From the suburbs of Manchester to the suburbs of New Orleans. Mother, you are so far away. I want to swim the Atlantic and find you.

SCENE THIRTEEN – EDITH'S THIRD CHANCE

EDITH I've met a man. Well, why shouldn't I? Seventy is not old. Today. He's a widower. I am a widow. Did I tell you, dolly, that he is a doctor? *(To the doll)* Why am I even talking to you. You are not mine. I come down on my fifth birthday. Mummy, daddy, this doll in the window. I want her for my birthday.

The doll is sitting or standing ready to be given as a gift. Edith goes to get her.

ESTHER No! She is not for you.

EMANUEL She is for Isabel.

EDITH But it's my birthday. You promised.

EMANUEL Don't make a fuss.

ESTHER Shush, madele, you will make yourself ill.

EDITH It's not fair!

Isabel triumphantly takes the doll.

ISABEL You being born after me, that's what's not fair.

Isabel throws the doll on the ground in rage.

EDITH *(To Isabel)* This widower who I see. He is a doctor! He's retired but he's still Doctor Freeman. He and I are going to go for a walk in Tatton Park where the Americans were stationed in the war.

And what are you doing with your empty little life? I teach public speaking. I have letters after my name. I teach young men. Chinese. African. Beautiful young men who love my lessons. I am not sure I am the only woman he sees. There is this chatterbox in her fifties from Didsbury. And the way she flirts with him. I can't stand it.

But I am still attractive. I have kept my figure. I've bought new underwear. Dr Freeman, I mean Jack and I, well, alone, in my flat, just the once, don't want the neighbours to see. He couldn't do it. I read up about that. Men who take pills for their blood pressure – you know. But nothing comes from nothing, so I help him. Even when it's not up a man can – you know. But such a mess all over my bed. Just like my sons when they were fourteen. I didn't say anything to them. Just like I don't say anything now to Jack. I want to say *You are a doctor how come you don't know what to do with a woman?* I haven't done 'that' for thirty years. Young women today, they can have it all. What did I know when I got married. I loved my Christian pilot. I thought that he was forever. But what do you think? He brought his friends back to our house and left them alone with me. *You can go with my wife. She likes it.* With you, not with them! Husband number Two – they all say *he is a respectable Jew with a head for business* – oh yes? After ten years, his heart stops.

What does he leave me? Gambling debts and a fancy woman down in London. You think you have married one man and he turns out to be someone else. This time will be different. A doctor's wife. If only I can stop him marrying that flibbertigibbet.

SCENE FOURTEEN – END OF LIFE

ESTHER How did I get so old? Give me a cigarette.

Actors "smoke".

In Bucharest the oil runs through the streets. Daddy takes me to Germany to look at the clothes we will buy for our shops. I speak German. I want to go to Germany. Why can't I run his business for him in Bucharest? Why must I stay in the Manchester house and watch the rain for sixty years? In England the fog is so thick I can't see my hand in front of me. I can walk and walk and nobody will find me. I want to run away from mother and father and the men wanting my dowry. But I have no money. What can I do?

She looks at the "smokers".

Granddaughter. If you can't get Peter Stuyvesant, get anything. I need to relax. I need to stop thinking about the man who sold

shoelaces when he was a boy. Why can't I call him my husband? For God's sake he's been dead twenty years.

EMANUEL I have to ask you.

ESTHER Voss?

EMANUEL I want a divorce.

ESTHER Voss??

EMANUEL I met a woman. *(Laughs)* She makes me feel alive.

ESTHER And I make you feel dead?

EMANUEL My last chance?

ESTHER And me?

EMANUEL I am sorry.

ESTHER Liar. If you were sorry, you would not ask.

EMANUEL Please!

ESTHER I am an old woman.

EMANUEL I don't want to be an old man.

ESTHER We have children. Grandchildren.

EMANUEL Please?

ESTHER *(Ignores him)* My girls, my darling girls. Isabel so pale, she must be ill. Edith so busy with her boys, so busy teaching, Pearl so far away in New Orleans. Granddaughter, write to her, will you?

PEARL I am walking. It is hot in the French Quarter but I have to get away from him. From the house, the washing machine, dishwasher, plates, the sheets, the endless meals, and the children. I have to be alone.
Look at all those big houses on St Charles Avenue. The houses of the slave owners. The houses of the rich. Did they sell their cotton to Manchester? The big houses in Manchester, are they also from slave money?

ESTHER There's an aerogramme in the drawer and a pen. Write to Pearl. How is she? What is she doing? How are the children? Her husband? Is she happy out there? No, don't write that.

PEARL Black men with voices that make me cry.

ESTHER He sneezes. He pulls a handkerchief from his pocket and out drops a contraceptive.

PEARL Look at that black man. Carrying a trombone. He looks at me and I want to ask, "Want to get some coffee? Maybe a drink?"
"Where would we go? A white woman and a black man?"
"What if you tell me your life?"
"You want to know my life?"
"I understand. Why should you trust Mrs Whitey".
"What do you want?"

PEARL A wife does not always think like her husband.

ALBERT *Let the black man pull himself up by his bootstraps.*

EMANUEL Give me a divorce.

ESTHER I am going back to eighteen. I will say yes to the old man. Then he will die and I will be free! I won't be here with this shmuck asking me for a divorce. He humiliates me. He humiliates our lives. Why did I marry him?

PEARL Because he promises America! A new life.

EMANUEL It is my last chance.

PEARL A new world. I am so tired of the grey.

EMANUEL *(Shouting)* Esther!

ESTHER *(Shouts)* No.

EMANUEL *(Shouting)* Esther!

ESTHER No!

EMANUEL *(Shouting)* Esther!

ESTHER No. No. No!!

Emanuel howls.

ESTHER For two years he is silent before his heart stops.

ISABEL Daddy!

ESTHER His penis is in the belly of the worms. And I am supposed to cry?

PEARL Mother is dying.

EDITH Mother is dying!

ISABEL Mother is dying!!

Esther collapses as if dying. She stands up suddenly.

ESTHER You want to hear a joke? Two men are waiting for a train. The younger man asks the older man for the time but the older man ignores him.

ISABEL How did I get so old? Why am I in the hospital?

ESTHER After a while, the younger man again asks for the time and again the older man ignores him.

ISABEL How did I get here?

EDITH Frustrated, the younger man finally asks, "Why won't you answer me when I ask you for the time?" The older man sighs and explains:

"Look, if I tell you the time, we'll start to talk. Then when the train comes, you might sit down next to me.

ISABEL Did my son drive me? My son is sixty. Sixty! And I am only twenty-one.

EDITH Perhaps we'll get to know each other, and maybe I'll eventually invite you to my house for Shabbat dinner.

ISABEL Mark is coming today. His wife is dead. He is free!

EDITH Maybe then you and my daughter would really get along – why, you might even get engaged!

ISABEL We can get engaged!

EDITH And why would I want a son-in-law who can't even afford a watch?"

CHORUS Ha! Ha!! Ha!!!

PEARL Will I die tonight? How many more breaths will I take?

EDITH I would like to kill myself but I can't do that to my boys.

PEARL The war bride has leukaemia. Oh, look, a lizard. A tiny alligator. Mummy look, there are mice everywhere. Oh no, they are running all over my face. I want a cat. If I can't have a doll, I want a kitten. Not for me. For the mice.

EDITH My uniform still fits you know.
The women touching each other and the noise.

PEARL Come here little cat. Let me stroke you. Will I die tonight? Will you stay with me so I can feel your breath as you purr me away?

EDITH Who is that soldier? Tall and thin. She wears a Canadian air force flying jacket. There is something about her. At night, I see her in my head. Her smell, like cigar smoke, I like it.

Pearl dances. Thelonius Monk, Blue Monk.

PEARL Will I die tonight? Where is the man with the trombone? I want to see him. I am dancing with him. He is touching me. Very softly. Oh Mister, I like you so much.

ISABEL Mark! Mark!! You are coming here now! I am not ready. My daughter must wash and set my hair. Powder my face. Put on my high heels. He must not see me like this. He must remember me young.
They say I was like Vivien Leigh. Like Margot Fonteyn. Like Audrey Hepburn. My dimples! Where have they gone? *Oh Mark (flirtatiously) have you come to see me? (Beat)* No. I am a shrivel. Go away! Why are all these tubes in my arms? And this thing in my hand? Out. Out! Out!!

She pulls out her tubes. She gives them to Edith, Pearl and Esther.

There's rosemary for you. There's fennel for you. Oh you must wear your rue with a difference.
I would give you violets...
And they will lay me in the cold, cold ground.
Daddy!

SCENE FIFTEEN – KADDISH

Music. Myra Hess playing "Jesu Joy of Man's Desire". This overlaps with the male actor reciting kaddish. Esther gives three hard-backed books to each daughter. There is a moment between them. The daughters raise the books to their lips as lights fade to Blackout.





Pictures of the rehearsal of A Manchester Girlhood *(April 2023) by Claire Griffiths. Reproduced with permission.*

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Dieser Gedenkband für den 2022 viel zu früh verstorbenen Bamberger Professor der Englischen Literaturwissenschaft Christoph Houswitschka ist so facettenreich wie die Forschungsinteressen des Verstorbenen und beinhaltet wissenschaftliche Beiträge aus seinen verschiedenen Forschungsfeldern, persönliche Nachrufe und Erinnerungen sowie kreative Beiträge. Von zeitgenössischen Jüdischen Studien vor allem des englischsprachigen Raums über Politikgeschichte, Refugee and Migration Studies, Medieval Studies, dem langen 18. Jahrhundert und weiteren wissenschaftlichen Beiträgen bis zu Gedichten, Traueransprachen, Kurzgeschichten und sogar einem ganzen Theaterstück — dieser Band bringt Kolleg*innen, Weggefährt*innen und Freund*innen Christoph Houswitschkas zusammen, um sein Leben und (wissenschaftliches) Wirken zu ehren und ihm und seiner Forschung zu gedenken.

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