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issue 3



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SIMPLICISSIMUS

The Harvard College Journal of Germanic Studies

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Editor's Note

Dear Reader,

It has been nearly one year since a small group of undergraduates at Harvard College and I, students interested in German, in Dutch, and in Scandinavia, released the first issue of *Simplissimus: The Harvard College Journal of Germanic Studies*, or what we lovingly call *Simpl.* It is with great joy and a pinch of disbelief that I may welcome you now, dear reader, to our third issue, the spring Netherlands issue.

What follows is a wonderful collection of pieces celebrating the Dutch- and Afrikaans-speaking world. We feature an interview with the fantastic artist Elisa Pesapane, original translations of Louis Couperus and Multatuli, wonderful pieces of art, and Dutch and Afrikaans prose. This, of course, is accompanied by once again stellar examples of German and Scandinavian scholarship and art at Harvard.

Further, I must also thank the Harvard Undergraduate Council, the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures, the Office for the Arts, and our local advertisers for their financial support. I also truly have to thank Frederik Bruggink, Martin Reindl, and Jelle Zijlstra for their great help with all of our projects.

However, of all the thanks given above, I must make special mention of a spectacular group of friends who have made *Simpl* possible. In particular, many members of our editorial board are graduating this year. To you I owe my dearest thanks for helping to make a dream of mine possible. My thanks and best wishes to: Danielle Lussi, Michael Feehly, Hunter Jones, Frederic Hua, Sarah Amanullah, Julie MacDonell, and Alexandria Rhodes. You all truly have made this a wonderful experience.

I hope that in the following pages, dear reader, you will discover some of the beauty and some of the gems of Germanic literature and culture and see the reasons why I and many others are enthralled by it. I hope above all, though, that you will simply take pleasure in reading our hard work. Without further ado:

What follows is a celebration of all things Germanic at Harvard College - enjoy!

Yours,


Cody Dales
Editor-in-Chief

CONTENTS



- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 8 | A Conversation with Elisa Pesapane | Pesapane & Dales |
| 20 | Impressions of Srebrenica | Darijn Zwart |
| 23 | Me, Him, and Her | Wilson Kuhnel with Kara Birkenmayer |
| 25 | "Death" by Louis Couperus | Cody Dales |
| 28 | Sketches of Mutatuli | Dales, Hiatt, Hua, & Wang |



- | | | |
|----|--|-----------------|
| 37 | The Vegetable Trade and a Madhouse | Julie MacDonell |
| 44 | Defining Identity in <i>The Transposed Heads</i> | Sophie Heller |
| 49 | "Spring Day" and Rilke's "Autumn Day" | Nick Induni |
| 50 | Hofmannsthal's "Ballad of the Sick Child" | Kevin Hong |



- | | | |
|----|---|-----------------|
| 53 | Translation of "The Ruin" from the <i>Exeter Book</i> | Owen Laub |
| 55 | Morfar and I Take a Run around the Charles | Sarah Amanullah |
| 57 | New and Forgotten Poems II | Michael Feehly |



Netherlands



The images I make can rise out of the little things I see, photograph, and take with me...



Interview

A Conversation with Elisa Pesapane

Translated by Cody Dales

Elisa Pesapane (1979) studeerde aan de Koninklijke Academie van Beeldende Kunsten in Den Haag en Italiaanse Letterkunde aan de Universiteit Leiden. Haar vrije werk, wat merendeels bestaat uit tekenwerk en olieverfschilderijen op paneel, wordt regelmatig geëxposeerd en is opgenomen in diverse privé- en bedrijfencollecties. Daarnaast is zij actief als portrettschilder en -tekenaar, illustrator, maakt wandschilderingen en ontwikkelt culturele trajecten en workshops voor het onderwijs, particulieren, musea en het bedrijfsleven.

Cody: Wat was uw eerste herinnering van lezen van Louis Couperus? Hebt u ooit een inspirerend moment terwijl u een van zijn gedichten hebt gelezen?

Tijdens mijn middelbare schooltijd las ik *Psyche* voor mijn eindexamen Nederlands. Ik vond het zo mooi dat ik het nooit meer terugbracht naar de schoolbibliotheek. Het staat nu nog steeds, gehavend en wel, in mijn boekenkast.

Elisa Pesapane (1979) studied at the Royal Academy of Art in The Hague (KABK) and Italian Language and Literature at the University of Leiden. Her noncommissioned work, consisting mainly of drawings and oil paintings on panel, is regularly exhibited and included in diverse private and corporate collections. Additionally, she actively does portraits, illustrations, murals, and develops cultural projects and workshops for schools, museums, private individuals, and companies.

Cody: What's your first memory of reading Louis Couperus? Did you have an "aha!" moment when you first opened one of his books or read one of his poems?

When I was in high school, I read *Psyche* for my final exams in Dutch. I thought it was so beautiful that I never brought it back to the school library. It's still on my bookshelf even now, albeit a bit tattered.

Wat is uw lievelingswerk van Couperus (boek of iets anders) en waarom? Is er iets unieks wat u aan zijn werk trekt?

Lastige keuze, maar ik kom toch uit bij *De berg van licht*: Een historisch drieluik wat de opkomst en val beschrijft van Antoninus / Heliogabalus, die op 14-jarige leeftijd door zijn grootmoeders slimme zetten keizer van het in verval rakende Romeinse rijk wordt: van het mystieke Syrië, waar hij zonnehogepriester was, naar de troon in het decadente Rome (van 218 tot 222).

Naast de (lange) mooie uitgesponnen zinnen van Couperus die deze antieke werelden met al haar geuren en kleuren tot leven brengt, zijn de beschreven massa scènes indrukwekkend en is het ook een realistisch rauw, spannend en sensueel verhaal vol intriges: In Syrië en later in Rome brengt hij naakt en woest dansend om de zonnesteen (een enorme zwarte fallus) hele menigtes in vervoering, verkleed als knaap van het volk prostitueert hij zich in de achterbuurten (waar hij zijn eigen moeder tegenkomt), zijn liefde voor de op macht beluste wagenmenner Hierocles die hem regelmatig mishandelt, dwingt een vestaalse maagd met hem te trouwen en trouwt 'officieel' met veel bombarie in trouwjurk zijn wagenmenner, de religieuze gebruiken worden uitvoerig beschreven; zelfs het gruwelijke offeren van een kind. Heliogabalus maakt steeds grotere bokkensprongen, hij is een jonge puber met nukken, onzekerheden, verlangens en angsten, product van zijn omgeving en opvoeding. Maar je kunt je ook voorstellen dat iemand van die leeftijd in die positie komt zich op die manier gaan gedragen. Hij is pion in het nauw van het web wat door zijn omgeving voor hem geweven is, die in zijn eigen mythe is gaan geloven en zich daadwerkelijk een tweeslachtige zonnegod, maan-maagd, waant.

Hij schiet door in zijn eigen waan en verliest door zijn handelen de steun van zijn familie en volk met als gevolg dat hij uiteindelijk in een slavenlatrine door zijn Praetoriaanse garde zal worden vermoord.

Een ontzettend knap werk waar zoveel in te vinden is. Historisch gezien een heel interessant verhaal,



What's your favorite piece by Couperus (book or otherwise), and why? Is there something unique there that draws you to his writing?

A difficult choice, but I have to say *The Mountain of Light* (*De berg van licht*). It's a history in three parts about the rise and fall of Antonius / Heliogabalus, who, while only 14 years old, becomes the emperor of a decaying Roman Empire through his grandmother's clever scheming, following him from mystical Syria, where he was high priest of the sun, to the throne of decadent Rome (from 218 until 222).

In addition to Couperus's beautiful (and long) spun-out sentences that bring that world from antiquity to life in all its detail, his descriptions of the mass scenes are impressive, and it's also a realistically raw, exciting, and sensuous story full of intrigue. In Syria, and later in Rome, Antonius, naked, goes into the desert and dances around the stone of the sun (an enormous black phallus), accompanied by huge crowds, dressed only as a common boy, and he prostitutes himself in the slums (where his own mother encounters him). His love for Hierocles, a power-hungry charioteer who regularly mistreats him, forces him to marry a Vestal Virgin, to marry 'officially' with much fanfare. The wedding dress, the charioteers, the religious customs, and even the gruesome sacrifice of a child are described extensively. Heliogabalus's antics are ever increasing. He is a young man with desires, uncertainties, urges, and fears, products of his surroundings and his upbringing. But you can also imagine that someone of that age and in that position would behave in that way. He is a pawn, bound in the web that is woven around by his surroundings, a pawn who will believe in his own myth, who falsely believes himself actually to be a hermaphroditic sun god and a maiden of the moon.

He goes too far in his self-conceit, and, through his actions, loses the support of his family and his people with the consequence that he is eventually murdered by his Praetorian Guards in a slave latrine.

It's an incredibly well-written book with so much inside to discover. Historically seen it is a very in-

een politiek spel en prachtige beschrijvingen van een twee oude werelden en hun gebruiken. De personages zijn zo waanzinnig goed geschreven dat ze voor de lezer helemaal tot leven komen en het voelt bijna alsof je met hun meeloopt en het hele relaas van dichtbij gadeslaat.

Dapper om in die tijd (1905) een boek met zulke gewaagde thema's uit te brengen. Vooral om een thema als homoseksualiteit zo prominent in je boek aanwezig te laten zijn.

Louis Couperus schreef aan zijn uitgever over *De berg van licht*:

"Mijn boek is een boek voor enkelen, zonder vooroordeelen van godsdienst en vooropgestelde moraal. Zij, die vooroordeelen hebben, doen beter het niet te lezen, want ze zullen ge-ergerd worden; en waarom een roman lezen, als het boek geen genoegen geeft, artistiek of psychologisch genoeggen?"

Couperus zijn taalgebruik heeft soms een wat stoffig imago. Dat is niet terecht. Na een paar pagina's ben je er aan gewend is het gewoonweg genieten. Zijn verhalen en beschrijvingen doen de prachtigste beelden in je hoofd ontstaan die nog dagen lang blijven nasudderden. Er kan nu bijvoorbeeld geen mooie gekleurde lucht aan mij voorbij gaan zonder dat ik aan zijn schrijven denk. Bij een mooie roze ochtendlucht denk ik aan Eos, de 'rozenvingerige dageraad' en als ik door de sneeuw en kou stiefel denk ik aan Iskander die met zijn mannen de berghellingen overtrekt.

Hij schrijft zo beeldend, hij schildert gewoon met woorden.

U hebt ooit gezegd dat u een grote passie voor literatuur hebt - wie zijn uw favoriete moderne Nederlandse schrijvers? Ziet u gelijkenissen of verschillen tussen hen en Couperus?

Literatuur is inderdaad een grote passie van mij. Tot mijn leermeesters reken ik evenveel schrijvers als schilders. Na het afronden van mijn studie aan de Koninklijke Academie voor Beeldende Kunsten in

teresting story, a political game and a splendid description of two ancient worlds and their customs. The characters are so insanely well written that they completely come to life for the reader. It's as if you were walking alongside them and observing the entire story happening right then and there.

It was brave to write a book with such bold themes at that time (1905) - above all, to show a theme like homosexuality so prominently in your book.

Louis Couperus wrote to his publisher about *The Mountain of Light*:

"My book is a book, for some, without prejudice of religion and dictated morals. Those who have prejudices would do best not to read it because they will be offended; and why read a novel, if the book doesn't give you pleasure, artistic or psychological pleasure?"

His stories and descriptions conjure up the most marvelous images...

Couperus's usage of language sometimes has a somewhat stuffy image. I disagree. After a few pages you get used to it, and then it's just sheer pleasure. His stories and descriptions conjure up the most marvelous images in your head that stay simmering days after. Now, for example, I can't even see a pretty, colorful sky without thinking about his writing. When I see a beautiful, pink morning sky I think about Eos, the "rosy-fingered dawn," and whenever I trudge through the snow and through the cold I think about Alexander crossing over mountaintops with his men.

He writes so visually. He simply paints with words.

You've said before that literature is a great passion of yours - are there any modern Dutch writers you particularly like? Do you see any similarities or differences with them and Couperus?

Literature is indeed a great passion of mine. I count as many writers as painters among my teachers. After finishing up my studies at the Royal Academy of Art in The Hague (KABK), I studied Italian Lan-

Den Haag heb ik Italiaanse letterkunde gestudeerd aan de Universiteit Leiden. Mijn werk is heel verhalend en door het bestuderen van allerlei soorten literatuur tijdens mijn studie heb ik veel geleerd hoe je een verhaal ‘bouwt’ en hoe je alle lagen van een werk/verhaal (compositie, techniek, verhaal, kleur etc.) in evenwicht houdt. Het belang van ‘evenwicht’ gaat volgens mij voor elke kunstvorm op.

Een Nederlandse hedendaagse schrijver die ik erg bewonder en respecteer is Arnon Grunberg. Bij het essay ‘Monogaam’, in 2002 verschenen onder Grunbergs pseudoniem Marek van der Jagt, zou ik graag tekenwerk maken. Grunberg en Couperus zijn ongelofelijk verschillend, ze vergelijken en dit in een paar zinnen te onderbouwen wordt lastig. Ik bewonder enorm hoe zij hun karakters schetsen en ze tot leven laten komen. Twee heel productieve schrijvers ook, die zich niet tot een bepaalde vorm van schrijven beperken.

Behalve dat ze naar mijn idee grootmeesters in hun vak zijn, bezitten zij een ongelofelijk brede blik en kennis, hun schrijven wankelt niet, alle lagen van hun werk zijn met elkaar in evenwicht. Ik hoop dat ik in mijn leven in, in mijn vakgebied, in de buurt van een dergelijk niveau mag komen.

Ik heb uw werk in het Rijksmuseum van Oudheden gezien - heel goed gedaan, als ik het mag zeggen - uw tekeningen waren natuurlijk gebaseerd op Couperus en de Oudheid. Als u nog een tekening van hem kon maken, wat zou u tekenen, en waarom?

Dat zou een van zijn bekendere werken als *De stille kracht* of *Eline Vere* zijn. Die komen er zeker nog. Na het werk bij zijn romans die zich in de Oudheid afspelen heb ik voor andere gelegenheden tekenwerk gemaakt bij zijn sprookje *Psyche*, een van zijn Japanse verhalen; ‘De Aestheet’ (uit *Het snoer der ontferming*) en zijn reisdagboek *Met Louis Couperus in Afrika*. Mijn wens is om bij alle soorten schrijven van Louis Couperus werk te maken en in de toekomst te bundelen in een mooi boek met tekst en beeld.

guage and Literature at the University of Leiden. My work is very narrative, and, through studying all sorts of literature during my studies, I've learned quite a bit about how you ‘build’ a story, and how you hold all the layers of a work / story (composition, technique, story, color, etc.) in balance. The importance of that ‘balance’ in my opinion applies to all forms of art.

A present-day Dutch writer I really admire and respect is Arnon Grunberg. I'd love to do some drawings inspired by his essay “Monogamous” (“Monogaam”) that appeared in 2002 under his pseudonym Marek van der Jagt. Grunberg and Couperus are unbelievably different, yet similar, but this is quite difficult to express in a few sentences. I truly wonder how they sketch out their characters and bring them to life. They're two very productive writers, too, and they don't confine themselves to one particular form of writing.

Other than being masters in their field, as I see it, they possess an unbelievably broad perspective and amount of knowledge, and their writing doesn't fail to keep all the layers of their work in balance. I hope that, in my lifetime, I might approach such a level in my own field.

I was able to see your work in person at the Dutch National Museum of Antiquities - spectacular job, by the way - your sketches were of course centered around Couperus and the ancient world. If you were to sketch another piece, do you have an idea of what you'd like to do, and why that?

That would have to be one of his more well known works like *The Hidden Force* (*De stille kracht*) or *Eline Vere*. Those are certainly coming. Besides my work with his novels that take place in antiquity, on other occasions I've also done drawings for his fable *Psyche*, one of his Japanese stories “The Aesthete” (“De Aestheet”), from *The String of Compassion* (*Het snoer der ontferming*), and his travel diary *With Louis Couperus in Africa* (*Met Louis Couperus in Afrika*). My wish is to do work inspired by all sorts of Couperus's writing and bundle it all together into a nice book of text and images.



Kissed by Aeolus

Wat is het verhaal van de Couperus tekeningen, die u voor de Couperus tentoonstelling hebt gedaan? Was deze ervaring anders dan uw meer humoristisch werk, bijvoorbeeld uw portretten *Gekust door Aeolus*?

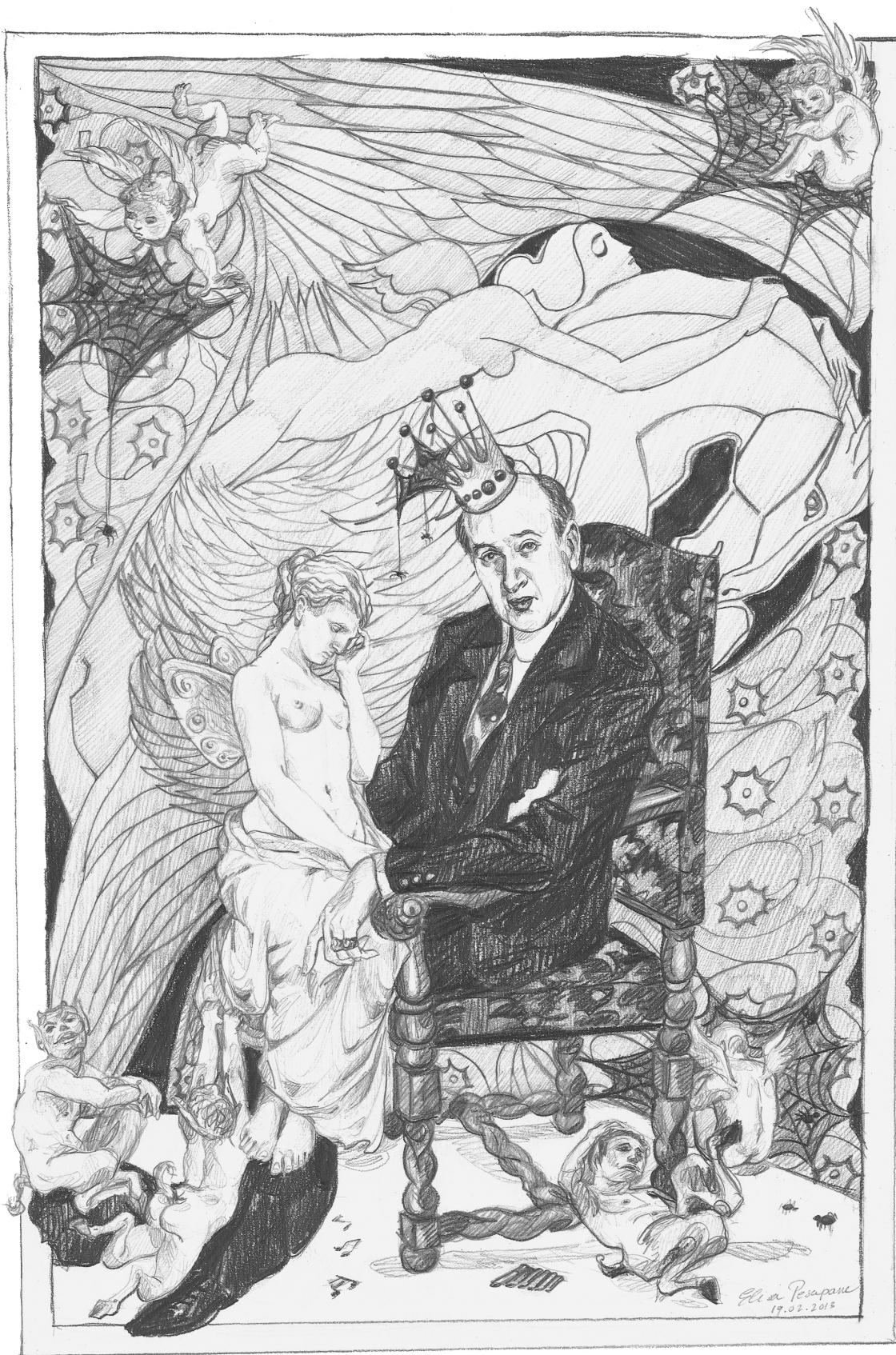
Couperus en de Oudheid was een fijne uitdaging om binnen een gesteld kader de samenwerking aan gaan met verschillende elementen: De werken moesten de roman en het voor de tentoonstelling gekozen citaat illustreren, een link hebben met de tentoongestelde objecten uit de collectie van het Rijksmuseum van Oudheden en een portret van Couperus bevatten. Een goed portret is een complex iets, je moet mensen kunnen 'lezen', je kunnen inleven, mensenkennis hebben. Want in een portret moet je tenslotte in een oogopslag een geschiedenis tonen. Ik heb mij, naast het lezen van de romans, goed ingelezen over Couperus en zijn leven, lezingen bezocht, de conservatoren hebben mij ook geweldig geholpen met hun kennis over de Oudheid.

Zo woonde ik voor mijn werk bij *Antiek Toerisme* een lezing bij over Alexandrië. Alles wat in de lez-

What was the story of producing the Couperus sketches for the exhibition? Was this experience much different than what would appear to be some of your more humorous work, say, your series of portraits *Kissed by Aeolus* (*Gekust door Aeolus*)?

Couperus and Antiquity (*Couperus en de Oudheid*) was a fine challenge to do a collaboration within a given context with its own specific elements. The pieces had to illustrate the novel and the quotation that was chosen for the exhibition. They also had to have a link to the objects in the exposition that were from the collection of the Dutch National Museum of Antiquities, and also contain a portrait of Couperus. A good portrait is a complex thing. You have to be able to 'read' people, to empathize, to have a knowledge of human nature, since in a portrait, ultimately, you have to show a story in the blink of an eye. Besides reading his novels, I read quite a bit about Couperus and his life, and also attended lectures. The curators also helped me immensely with their knowledge of antiquity.

I thus attended a lecture about Alexandria for my work with *The Tour: A Story of Ancient Egypt* (*An-*



Psyche & Couperus

ing voorbij kwam was terug te vinden in Couperus' boek. Fantastisch om te ontdekken hoe goed onderlegd hij ook nog eens was.

Wanneer jouw werk wordt tentoongesteld naast de objecten uit de klassieke oudheid en met het werk van Couperus een dialoog mag aangaan, dan maakt je kunstenaarshart toch een sprongje.

Gekust door Aeolus is veel persoonlijker omdat het mijn eigen vrije werk betreft. Het begon met een tweetal portretten van koppen die een kus naar de toeschouwer bliezen, daar kwamen er al vlug meer bij en uiteindelijk groeide het uit tot een groot project wat vele jaren zal beslaan. Het laat een grote variëteit aan koppen zien die een kus naar de toeschouwer lijken te blazen. Het zijn portretten van familie, vrienden, kennissen en allerhande passanten uit mijn leven. Iedere ontmoeting in je leven (hetzij het vluchtige momenten, hetzij jarenlange omgangen) laten hun sporen na in de vorming van jou als individu. De serie is een lappendeken van ontmoetingen die samen het portret van één leven vormen. Het werk is dus constant in 'beweging' en verandert mee met mijn leven. Er zitten geportretteerde tussen die ooit een stel waren en nu uit elkaar zijn, mensen waarvan ik meer ben gaan houden en personen die ik nooit meer wil zien. Het is een 'levend' portret wat elk jaar wordt uitgebreid. Momenteel bestaat het uit 48 portretten. Het is een ode aan de diversiteit van mensen. In beide gevallen, is het portret de rode draad en werk je binnen een kader. Voor de Couperus tentoonstelling stonden de al vast, bij *Gekust door Aeolus* stelde ik ze zelf.

Wat is uw artistieke proces? Wat geeft u de meeste inspiratie?

Ik ben een liefhebber van de *Divina Commedia* van Dante Alighieri, die ik al jaren lees, herlees en bestudeer. Hier luister ik vaak voordrachten van terwijl ik werk in mijn atelier. Een groot inspirator en leermeester voor mij is ook Italo Calvino. Naast zijn boeken heeft de lezingenreeks die hij voor de Charles Eliot Norton Lectures aan Harvard schreef en zijn uitgebracht onder de titel *Six Memos for the Next Millennium*, mij erg geïnspireerd. Mijn vrije werk is heel persoonlijk en communiceert over alle facetten van het leven, over leven en dood, over geluk en ongeluk. En tevens een registratie van mijzelf en hoe ik verander. Je zou hierbij kunnen

tieke Toerisme). Everything that was mentioned in the lecture was also in Couperus's book. Fantastic to discover how well versed he was.

When your work is shown along with objects from antiquity, when quotations and work by Couperus accompany it, then your artist's heart just skips a beat.

Kissed By Aeolus (*Gekust door Aeolus*) is much more personal because it concerns my own personal work. It began with a couple of portraits of faces blowing a kiss to the viewer. Then soon more and more came and it eventually grew into a huge project that will span years. It shows a great variety of faces who appear to be blowing kisses to the viewer. There are portraits of family, friends, acquaintances, and all kinds of people from my life. Every encounter in your life (be it a fleeting moment, be it a relationship lasting years) leaves its traces in the formation of yourself as an individual. The series is a patchwork of encounters that together form the portrait of a life. The work is thus constantly 'in motion' and changes with my life. There are portraits that were once together that now are separated from another, people I will see again, and people I never want to see again. It is a 'living' portrait that is expanded each year. At the moment, it consists of 48 portraits. It is an ode to the diversity of man. In both cases, the portrait is the red thread and you work within a framework. For the Couperus exhibit it was already fixed. For *Kissed by Aeolus* I set it myself.

What's your artistic process like, and what types of things do you most enjoy drawing inspiration from?

I love Dante's *Divine Comedy*. I've read it, reread it, and studied it for years. I'll often listen to recordings of it while I work in my studio. Also, a great inspiration and teacher of mine is Italo Calvino. Besides his books, his lecture series, released under the title *Six Memos for the Next Millennium* and presented by him for the Charles Eliot Norton Lectures at Harvard, inspired me very much. My own work is very personal and handles all aspects of life, of death, of happiness and unhappiness. It is, at the same time, a registration of myself and how I change. You could think about this in the way that Michel de la Montaigne began to work

denken aan hoe Michel de la Montaigne te werk ging voor zijn Essais, “*de mens te beschrijven, speciaal mijzelf (...) en dat men dan evenveel verschil zal vinden tussen ons en onszelf als tussen ons en de ander.*”

“Want ook wat ik nu schrijf zijn mijn gevoelens en meningen. Ik breng ze naar voren als dat wat ik geloof, niet als wat men geloven moet. Het gaat er mij alleen om hier mijn eigen ik te ontdekken, dat er morgen misschien anders uitziet, als ik verander met het nieuwe dat ik leer.” (*Essais* Boek I, 26).

Wij mensen vergeten soms, hoe wij echt mens moeten zijn. Ik ben bang om dat te verliezen, er is zoveel afleiding tegenwoordig dat je vaak de belangrijke dingen vergeet. Aan hele simpele affec ties als samen eten of lachen om elkaars stommiteiten komen mensen vaak niet toe. Ze hollen met oogkleppen maar door. Uiteindelijk ben je straks oud en ga je krampachtig op zoek naar datgene waar je je best voor hebt gedaan om te vergeten. Ik probeer de ‘Homo Ludens’ in mezelf te handhaven.

De beelden die ik maak kunnen ontstaan uit kleine dingen die ik zie, fotografeer en meeneem en hun weg vinden in een verhaal wat ik wil vertellen. Het kan iets heel eenvoudigs zijn wat heel simpel is en zich slechts een klein element aan toevoegt: Een paar forellen die mijn man op de markt kocht, deze vond ik zo mooi dat ik ze tekende en mijzelf erbij tekende die naast hun ligt te slapen. Soms ga je bouwen aan een ‘ingewikkelder werk’ wat veel gelaagd is. Van alles wat mij inspireert maak ik een personage, attribuut of setting. Alles heeft zijn plek en functie als onderdeel van het grotere geheel. Het zijn als het ware korte tragi-komische toneelstukken geschreven met olieverf of potlood.

Hebt u andere projecten nu?

Ik heb zojuist een mooie solo tentoonstelling met vrij teken- en schilderwerk afgesloten in Amsterdam. Mijn *Gekust door Aeolus* project loopt uiteraard gewoon door, verder werk ik momenteel aan een serie illustraties bij Griekse mythen en een 1,5 meter hoog drieliuk in olieverf voor mijn multidisciplinaire *Danse Macabre* Project wat over een paar jaar af zal zijn.

on *Essais*, “*To describe man, and especially myself (...) and that one will find that there is as much difference between us and ourselves as there is between us and others.*”

“*For what I now write are my feelings and opinions. I present them as what I believe, not as what one must believe. I do this only to discover my own self, that tomorrow it might appear different as I change with all new things that I learn.*” (*Essais* Book I, 26).

We humans sometimes forget how we must genuinely be people. I’m afraid to lose that. There are so many distractions nowadays that you often forget the important things. People don’t even do simple things like eating together or laughing at each other’s stupidities. They just run through life with their eyes covered. Eventually you’re old, and you’ll go convulsively to those things you did your best to forget. I try to maintain the ‘Homo Ludens’ in myself.

The images I make can rise out of the little things I see, photograph, and take with me, and find their way in a story that I’d like to tell. It can be something very simple and that only adds a small element: My husband bought a few trout once at the market, and I thought that they were so pretty that I drew them and myself sleeping beside them. Sometimes you’ll build upon a ‘complicated work’ that’s quite layered. Of all that inspires me I make characters, attributes, or settings. Everything has its place and function as a part of the greater whole. It’s as if it were a short play, a tragicomedy written in pencil and oil paint.

Do you have any other projects now?

I just recently concluded a wonderful solo exhibition in Amsterdam of some of my noncommissioned drawings and paintings. My *Kissed by Aeolus* project is of course going to continue. Beyond that, I’m working on a series of illustrations about Greek myths at the moment and also on a 1.5 meter tall triptych in oil for my multidisciplinary project *Danse Macabre* that will be finished in a few years.

Er staat ook nog een publicatie op stapel van de Tunesisch historicus en publicist Hatem Bourial, mijn tekenwerk begeleid zijn onderzoek naar Louis Couperus' reisdagboek *Couperus in Afrika*. Het Rijksmuseum van Oudheden in Leiden had hem uitgenodigd om te komen spreken op de openingsavond van de Couperus en de Oudheid tentoonstelling. Hij hield een fantastisch bevlogen verhaal en nam alle aanwezigen mee op reis in de geschiedenis en de literatuur, van het ene boek naar het andere om te eindigen met een verhaal over Couperus in Afrika. Hij heeft ook zijn oog laten vallen op een andere Nederlandse schrijver, Cees Nooteboom en zijn Nacht in Tunesië. Dus mochten jullie een interessante spreker zoeken....

De siciliaanse schilder Renato Guttuso vertelde in een documentaire dat Picasso eens tegen hem zei toen ze hun werk aan het bespreken waren: "Voor mij zijn al deze werken, klein of groot, gelijk. Ik geloof niet in de metaphysische beschouwingen over de schilderkunst. Ik geloof in het werken, elke dag werk ik, maak ik iets."

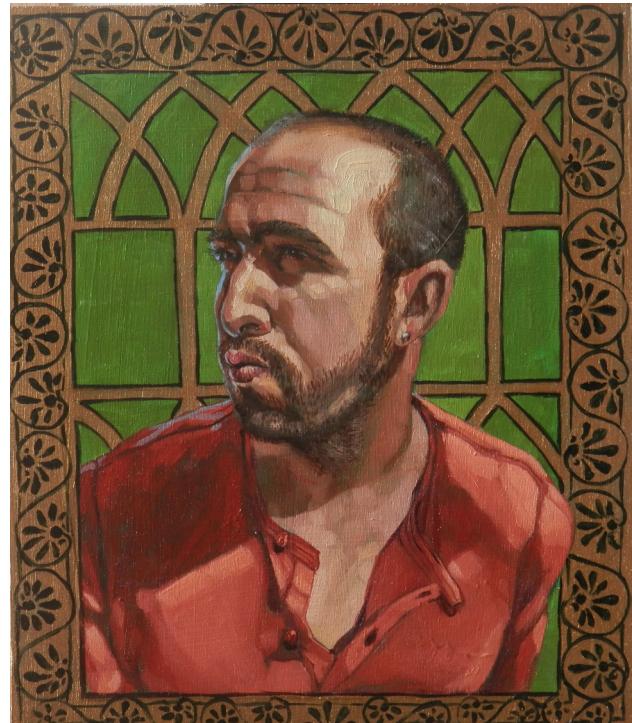
Dat vind ik heel herkenbaar .Ik kan mij niet voorstellen dat ik een dag niet met mijn 'werk' bezig zou zijn, alles wat ik doe, denk, voel, zie en hoor is ermee verbonden.



There's also a publication by the Tunisian historian and journalist Hatem Bourial called *Couperus in Africa* that's about his research on Louis Couperus's travel diary that my drawings accompany. The Dutch National Museum of Antiquities in Leiden (Rijksmuseum van Oudheden) invited him to come and speak on the opening night about the Couperus and Antiquity exhibition. He told a fantastic and inspirational story and took all those present on a trip through history and literature from one book to another, ending with a story about Couperus in Africa. He also let his attention fall on another Dutch writer, Cees Nooteboom, and his travel essay "A Night in Tunisia" ("Een nacht in Tunesië"). You all might then seek out an interesting speaker...

The Sicilian painter Renato Guttuso said in a documentary that, when they were talking about his work, Picasso once said to him, "For me, all this work is alike, big or small. I don't believe in any metaphysical stances about painting. I believe in work. Each day I work, I make something."

I find that really recognizable. I cannot imagine there ever being a day when I would not be busy with my 'work.' All that I do, think, feel, see, and hear is bound to it.





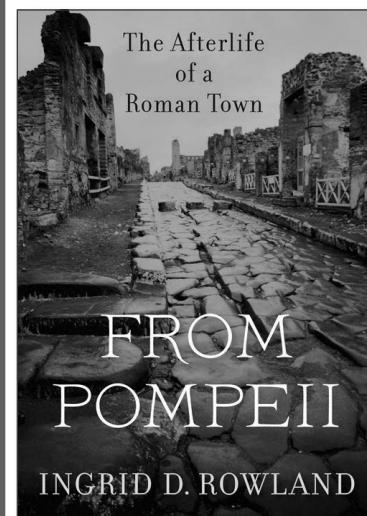
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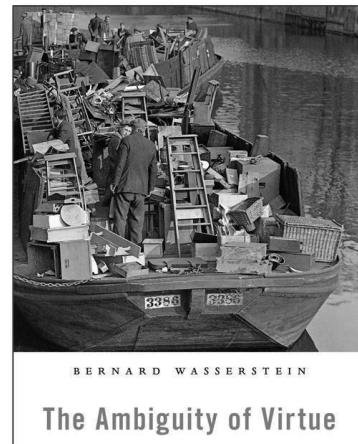
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in the Twenty-First Century

THOMAS PIKETTY

TRANSLATED BY ARTHUR GOLDHAMMER

*Capital in the
Twenty-First Century*

Thomas Piketty

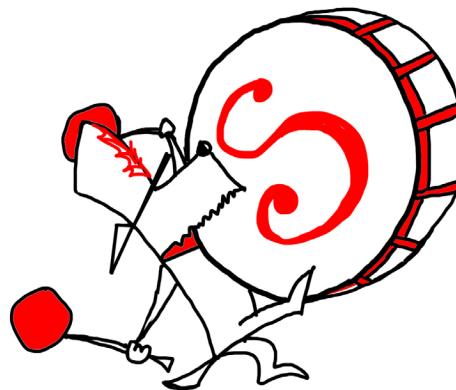
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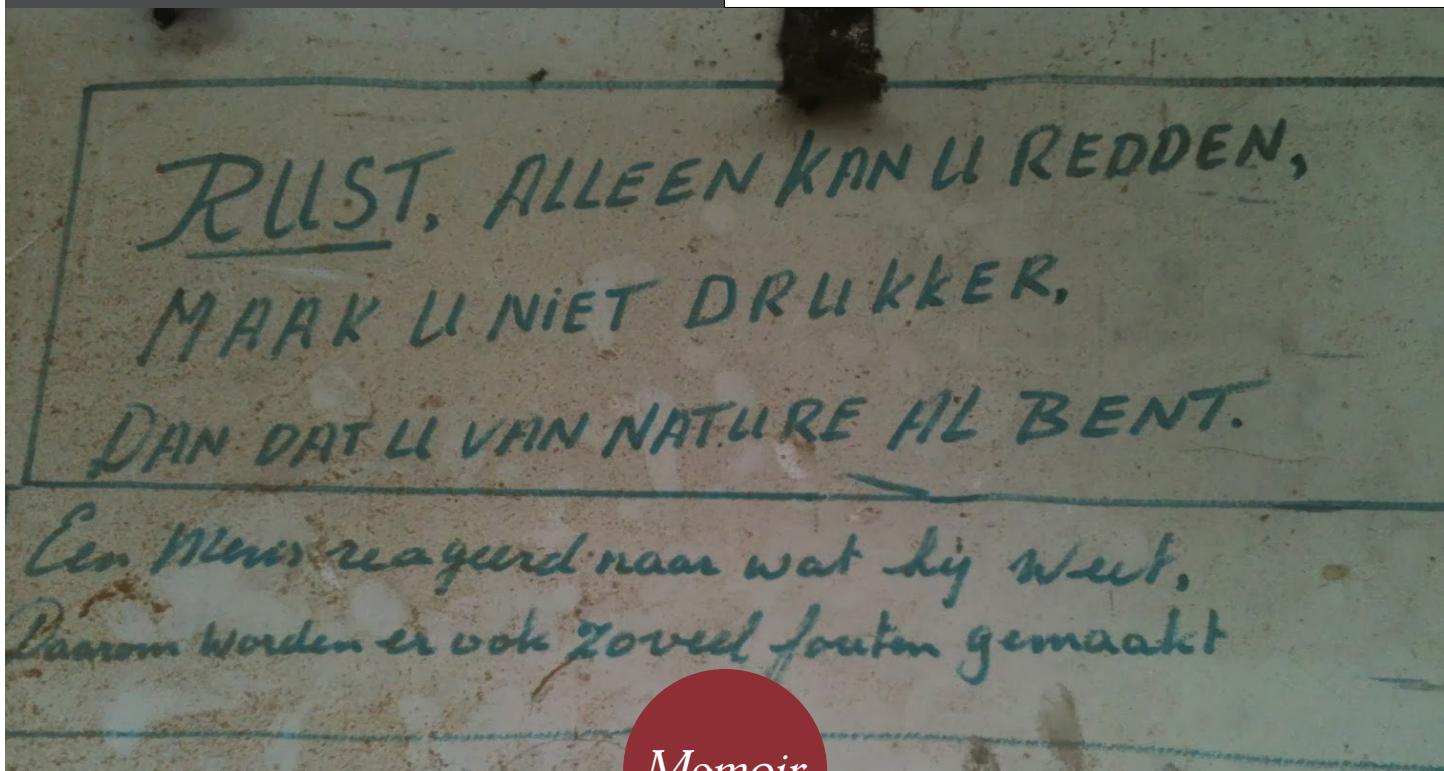
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Impressions of Srebrenica

Indrukken van Srebrenica

Darijn Zwart

Dit semester vind ik mezelf in ‘de Balkan,’ een plek die voor veel mensen nog steeds anders en mysterieus is. Hoe ben ik hier terecht gekomen? Mijn ouders zijn Nederlands en ik ben in Amerika opgegroeid. Ik wou graag ergens spannend gaan voor mijn studie in het buitenland. Ik ben dus vorige zomer naar Bosnië gegaan, en realiseerde snel dat ik totaal onvoorbereid was. Ik had nauwelijks over oost Europa geleerd of gelezen. Ik wist vaag dat Nederland in de 1990 Balkan oorlog geïnvolveerd was, en dat die rol fout is gegaan. Maar verder wist ik niet veel.

Na tien weken in Bosnië wist ik dat ik graag terug wilde komen om meer over dit gebied van de wereld te leren. Dus, nu vind ik mezelf voor tien weken in Servië, een week in Kosovo, en een maand in Bos-

This semester I find myself in the Balkans, a place that's still different and mysterious for many people. How did I ever end up here? My parents are Dutch and I grew up in the states. I wanted to go somewhere exciting for my semester abroad so I went to Bosnia last summer, and I quickly realized that I was totally unprepared. I had barely heard or read anything about Eastern Europe. I knew vaguely that the Netherlands was involved in the Yugoslav Wars in the 90's, and I knew that that went badly, but I didn't know anything more.

After ten weeks in Bosnia, I knew that I'd gladly come back to learn more about this little corner of the world. I've now been in Serbia for the last ten weeks, a week in Kosovo, and a month in Bosnia.

nie. Ik volg colleges, ik woon met een gast gezin, en ik doe mijn eigen antropologische onderzoek.

Het is belangrijk voor het programma waar ik deel in neem dat wij, de studenten, de verschillende verhalen en aspecten van de geschiedenis te leren kennen. Een van de moeilijkste aspecten van deze geschiedenis hier is de rol van de internationale gemeenschap, vooral Nederland, tijdens de recente Balkan oorlog.

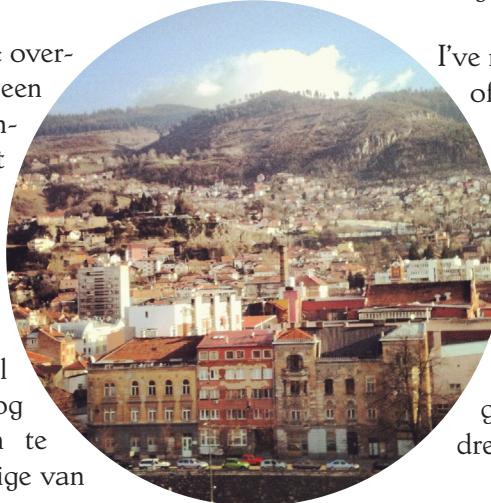
Wat is er hier gebeurt?

De nederlanders zijn naar Bosnië gekomen om de mensen van het dorpje Srebrenica te bewaken. Deze mensen zijn gevlogen voor de Bosnische Serviërs, die Bosnië probeerden te verdelen. Maar op 11 Juli 1995 hebben de Bosnische Serviërs Srebrenica veroverd, en meer dan 7.000 jongens en mannen vermoord.

Ik ben er nu twee keer geweest. De overlevenden van de genocide hebben een gedenkplaats gemaakt om de slachtoffers te eren en in de hoop dat zoets nooit meer mag gebeuren. De gedenkplaats is een begraafplaats tegenovergesteld van de gebouwen waar de Nederlanders waren tijdens de oorlog. Het is moeilijk om zo een groot getal - 7.000 - voort te stellen. Het is nog moeilijker om zoveel grafstenen te zien, sommige van jongens, sommige van oude mannen.

In de gedenkplaats heb ik deze recente graffiti gevonden. Ik geloof dat het geschreven is met diepe gevoelens van verdriet en schaam. Er is hier veel ellende gebeurt. De geschiedenis en de feiten van Srebrenica in 1995 worden nog steeds gedebatteerd.

Srebrenica is nog steeds voor Nederland een open wond. Ik vind het belangrijk om te reflecteren op mijn eigen rol hier, als buitenlander, als Nederlander, en als Amerikaanse. De rol van de Nederlanders wordt nog steeds door veel als lafheid gezien, ook al hadden de Nederlanders geen mandaat van de U.N. om kracht te gebruiken. In tegenstelling, wordt Amerika vaak als de held gezien. Na de genocide in Srebrenica heeft Amerika via NATO de Bosnische Serviërs gebombardeerd en de oorlog beëindigd.



I'm taking courses and living with a guest family while I do my own anthropological research.

It's important for the program that I'm working with that we, the students, learn the different stories and aspects of the local history. One of the most difficult aspects of that history is the role of the international community, above all, the Netherlands, during the Yugoslav Wars.

What happened here?

The Dutch came to Bosnia to guard the people of the village of Srebrenica. These people fled from the Bosnian Serbs who attempted to divide Bosnia. However, on the 11th of July, 1995, the Bosnian Serbs took control of Srebrenica, and more than 7,000, including children, were killed.

I've now been here twice. The survivors of the genocide have made a memorial to honor the victims in the hope that such a thing will never happen again. The memorial is just opposite from the buildings where the Dutch were during the war. It is difficult to imagine such a large number - 7,000 dead. It is even more difficult to see so many gravestones, some of them for children, some of them for the old.

I found some recent graffiti on the memorial. I believe that it is written with deep feelings of grief and shame. There is much woe and misery that occurred here. The history and the fighting in Srebrenica in 1995 is still debated.

Srebrenica is still an open wound for the Netherlands. I think it's important to reflect on my own role here, as a foreigner, as a Netherlander, and as an American. The role of the Dutch is still seen as cowardice, although the Dutch had no mandate from the UN to use force. On the contrary, America is often seen as the hero. After the genocide in Srebrenica America bombed the Bosnian Serbs via NATO and ended the war.

Natuurlijk in realiteit zijn de rollen van beide landen veel compliceerder. Maar de gevoelens van schaamte, schuld en verantwoordelijkheid blijven belangrijk vooral in de zin van hoe landen met elkaar - en hun gemeenschappelijke geschiedenis - om gaan.

Srebrenica is een pijnlijke plek om te bezoeken. Maar ik heb veel hoop dat de pijn van het verleden op een positieve manier kan getransformeerd zo dat de mensen die nu in Bosnië leven elkaar kunnen vertrouwen. In een paar weken ga ik naar Mostar, Bosnië, en stad waar ook veel ellende gebeurt is tijdens de oorlog. Ik ga niet om de oorlog te studeren, maar te begrijpen wat mensen voor de toekomst wensen. Sinds februari zijn er protesten in Bosnie aan de gang - protesten voor een betere toekomst voor iedereen in het land. Misschien is dit het moment waar ik mijn perspectief als buitenlander op een positieve manier kan gebruiken om de mensen op hun pad naar vrijheid van het verleden te helpen.

Naturally the roles of both countries are in reality much more complex. However, the feelings of shame, guilt, and responsibility remain important in the sense of how countries interact with each other - and with their common history.

Srebrenica is a painful place to visit, but I have much hope that the pain of the past can be transformed in a positive way so that the people who now live in Bosnia can have faith in one another. In a few weeks I'm going to Mostar, a city in Bosnia where much misery also took place during the war. I'm not going there to study war, but rather to understand what these people wish for in the future. Since February there have been protests in Bosnia - Protests for a better future for everyone in the country. Perhaps this is where I can use my perspective as an outsider in a good way to help the Bosnians onto the path of freedom from their past.

*“Rest, alone can save you,
Don’t make yourself more upset,
Than how you naturally already are.
Man reacts to what he knows.
That is so many mistakes are made.”*

This man clearly did not know the pain the last five years had held for me.

Story

Me, Him, and Her

Ik, Hy, Sy

Wilson Kuhnel with Kara Birkenmayer

Dit was bewolk, en ek kon gesweer het dat ek verby myself gery het: ongeërg en doelloos agter die wiel van die kar waarna my vrou altyd gesmag het. Hierdie was die tweede keer daardie dag. Dit was nie 'n eksistensiële veronderstelling nie - dit was ék. My eerste reaksie was om hom te volg, maar dis maar moeilik om op 'n hoofpad om te draai. En ook - ek het nogsteeds gehoop dat realiteit nog nie op my verlore was nie.

Die eerste keer was nie so kortstondig nie. Ek het myself vir 'n hele halfuur van oorkant die kroeg bewonder. Dit was na werk, en ek het by die Castle Bar gestop vir 'n vinnige dop. 'n Mens sou dink dat ek myself sou benader, maar ek was al gemaklik besig om my whisky te geniet. Buitendien, ek het dit nog altyd gehaat om deur vreemdelinge aang-

It was overcast, and I could have sworn that I drove by myself: casual and nonchalant behind the wheel of the car my wife had always pined after. This was the second time that day. It was not an existential supposition - it was really me. My first reaction was to follow him, but it is rather difficult to turn around on the highway. And also - I was still hoping that reality was not yet lost on me.

The first time was not so brief. I admired myself for a full half-hour from across the bar. It was after work, and I had stopped by the Castle Bar for a quick drink. One would think that I would have approached myself, but I was already comfortably enjoying my whiskey. Besides, I have always hated being accosted by strangers. I knew it was me be-

espreek te word. Ek het geweet dit was ek, omdat toe hy gekyk het hoe laat dit is, het ek gesien dat hy my oupa se horlosie gedra het. Die enigste ding wat onbekend was, was sy uitdrukking. Of my uitdrukking. Nee - nie myne nie; die laaste keer wat ek so geglimlag het was op my en Lisa se 15de huweliksherdenking in die Drakensberge. Ons 20ste sou gister gewees het. Hierdie man het duidelik nie die pyn geken wat die laaste 5 jaar vir my behels het nie.

16de herdenking. Hulle het ons gewaarsku dat die behandeling nie permanent sou wees nie. 17de. 18de. Ons het elke dokter probeer - van Johannesburg tot Kanada. Teen die 19de was haar bed nie meer 'n hawe nie, maar eerder 'n teken van die onvermydelike.

Maar die man oorkant die kroeg het niks hiervan geweet nie. Hy was 'n man in goeie geselskap, met stories te vertel, waarvan nie een die weer - of my gemoedstoestand - sou weerkaats nie. Maar steeds kon ek hom nie benader nie. Hierdie man, wieokal hy was, was besig om 'n lewe van vervulling te lei waarop Nietzsche, die proponent van onbeteuelde genot, sou trots wees. Ek was jaloers, maar het ook al vrede gemaak met 'n lewe waarin ek Lisa se herinnering, eerder as Lisa self, moes koester.

Die weervoorspeller was reg - die weerlig het begin. As daar 'n tyd was om om te draai, was dit verby. As hierdie vreemdeling 'n voortdurende teenwoordigheid in my lewe word, sal ek nie omgee nie. Ten minste sal ek weet dat my vrou goed besorg word.

cause when he checked the time, I saw that he was wearing my grandfather's watch. The only unfamiliar thing was his expression. Or my expression. No - not mine; the last time I smiled like that was on my and Lisa's 15th anniversary in the Drakensberg. Our 20th would have been yesterday. This man clearly did not know the pain the last five years had held for me.

Sixteenth anniversary. They had cautioned us that the treatments would not be permanent. Seventeenth. Eighteenth. We tried every doctor - from Johannesburg to Canada. By the 19th, her bed was no longer a haven, but rather an omen of the inevitable.

But the man across the bar knew nothing about that. He was a man in good company, with stories to tell, none of which reflected the weather or my mood. But I still could not approach him. This man, whoever he was, was busy living a life that Nietzsche, the proponent of uninhibited happiness, would have been proud of. I was jealous, but had also resigned myself to a life in which I had to cherish Lisa's memory rather than Lisa herself.

The weatherman was right - the lightning had begun. If there were a time to turn around, it had passed. If this stranger were to become a constant presence in my life, I would not care. At least I would know that someone is taking good care of my wife.



Poetry

Death

De Dood

By Louis Couperus, Translated by Cody Dales
 From *Orchids: A Bundle of Poetry and Prose* (1886)

De blanke doode rust op blanke sponde
 In 't als met glans gewaterd gouden hair,
 En van heur aanzicht straalt een licht zoo klaar,
 Dat alle zweem van schaduw is verzwonden.

Of in haar doodstrijd zij vermarmerd waar',
 Zoo ligt ze in wijde, witte wade omwonden,
 Zoo ligt zij in blinkend-blank, de bleeke blonde
 In sneeuw van rozen op heur sneeuwen baar.

De priester keer' de geel-gekrulde bladen
 Bij 't preevlen des Latijns vroom-biddend om,
 Der rozen geur zweeft op met zoeter beê beladen.

En is de laatste zonnestraal vervlogen
 -Of met zijn glans alle aardsche hoop verglom -
 Zoo wiekt haar reine ziel in rozengeur ten hooge.

Pale death rests himself on her pale bed,
 In the shined soak of her shimmering hair,
 And a light beams so clear from her head,
 That not a shadow is left anywhere.

As if set in marble with woeful glare,
 Just so she lies in wide, white wraps wound round,
 Just so she lies bleach blank, the bleak blonde
 In a snow of rose on her snowy bier.

The priest turns the page yellowed up by wear
 and pious Latin whispers drift about,
 A rosen scent wafts up with their sweet prayers.

Now flees with her the last of the sun's light
 - With that glitter all human hope runs out -
 Her pure soul with the rosen scent takes flight.







Poetry

Sketches of Multatuli

Image and Verse from the Max Havelaar

Translated by Cody Dales

Saïdjahs Lied

Ik weet niet waar ik sterven zal.
Ik heb de grote zee gezien aan de Zuidkust,
Toen ik daar was met mijn vader om zout te maken.

Als ik sterf op de zee,
En men werpt mijn lichaam in het diepe
Water, zullen er haaien komen.
Ze zullen rondzwemmen om mijn lijk, en vragen:
'Wie van ons zal het lichaam verslinden,
Dat daar daalt in het water?'

Ik zal 't niet horen.

Ik weet niet waar ik sterven zal.
Ik heb het huis zien branden van Pa-Ansoe,
Dat hijzelf had aangestoken
Omdat hij *mata-glap* was.

Als ik sterf in een brandend huis,
Zullen er gloeiende stukken hout
Neervallen op mijn lijk.
En buiten het huis
Zal een groot geroep zijn van mensen, die
Water werpen om het vuur te doden.

Ik zal 't niet horen.

Ik weet niet waar ik sterven zal.
Ik heb de kleine Si-Oenah zien vallen
Uit de klapa-boom,
Toen hij een klapa plukte voor zijn moeder.

Saïdjah's Song

I don't know where I'll die.
I saw the great sea on the south coast once,
When I was there making salt with dad.

If I die at sea,
And my corpse is thrown into the deep
Water, sharks will come.
They'll swim around it and ask
Who'll devour the corpse
Sinking into the water.

I won't hear it.

I don't know where I'll die.
I saw Pa-Ansoe's house burn.
He set it on fire himself
Because he went *mata-glap*.

If I die in a burning house,
Glowing embers will fall
Down on my corpse.
And outside the house
There'll be a great mob of people who'll
Throw water to kill the fire.

I won't hear it.

I don't know where I'll die.
I saw little Si-Oenah fall
Out of a palm tree
When he grabbed a coconut for his mom.



Multatuli - Sketch by Sherrie Wang '14

Als ik val uit een klapa-boom,
Zal ik dood nederliggen aan de voet,
In de struiken, als Si-Oenah.
Dan zal mijn moeder niet schreien, want zij is dood.
Maar anderen zullen roepen: 'Zie, daar ligt Saïdjah!'
Met harde stem.

Ik zal 't niet horen.

Ik weet niet waar ik sterven zal.
Ik heb het lijk gezien van Pa-Lisoe,
Die gestorven was van hoge ouderdom,
Want zijn haren waren wit.

Als ik sterf van ouderdom, met witte haren,
Zullen de klaag-vrouwen om mijn lijk staan.
En zij zullen misbaar maken
Als de klaagvrouwen bij Pa-lisoe's lijk.
En ook de kleinkinderen zullen schreien,
Zeer luid.

Ik zal 't niet horen.

Ik weet niet waar ik sterven zal.
Ik heb velen gezien te Badoer, die gestorven waren.
Men kleedde hen in een wit kleed,
En begroef hen in de grond.

Als ik sterf te Badoer,
En men begraft mij buiten de desa,
Oostwaarts tegen de heuvel, waar 't gras hoog is..
Dan zal Adinda daar voorbijgaan,
En de rand van haar *sarong*
Zal zachtjes voortschuiven langs het gras...

Ik zal het horen.

If I fall out of a palm tree,
I'll lie dead on the ground,
In the bushes, just like Si-Oenah.
Then mom won't cry because she's dead.
But others will cry out, "look, there lies Saïdjah!"
Voices heavy.

I won't hear it.

I don't know where I'll die.
I saw Pa-Lisoe's corpse.
He died of old age
Because his hair was white.

If I die of old age, with white hair,
Women will be paid to stand around my corpse.
And they'll weep, just like the women
Were paid to do with Pa-Lisoe's corpse.
And the little kids will shout,
Loudly.

I won't hear it.

I don't know where I'll die.
I saw many in Badoer who died.
They put white shrouds over them
And stuck them in the ground.

If I die in Badoer,
And I'm buried outside the village,
Up, east, on the hill, where the grass is high...
Then Adinda will go by,
And the edge of her *sarong*
Will brush softly against the grass...

I'll hear it.



Adinda - Sketch by Frederic Hua '14

Op de Salak

't Is zoeter hier zijn Maker luid te loven;
't Gebed klinkt schoon langs berg- en heuvelzij;
Veel meer dan ginds rijst hier het hart naar boven:
Men is zijn God op bergen meer nabij.
Hier schiep Hijzelf altaar en tempelkoren,
Nog door geen tred van 's mensen voet ontwijd;
Hier doet Hij zich in 't raat'lend onweér horen...
En rollend roept Zijn donder: Majesteit!

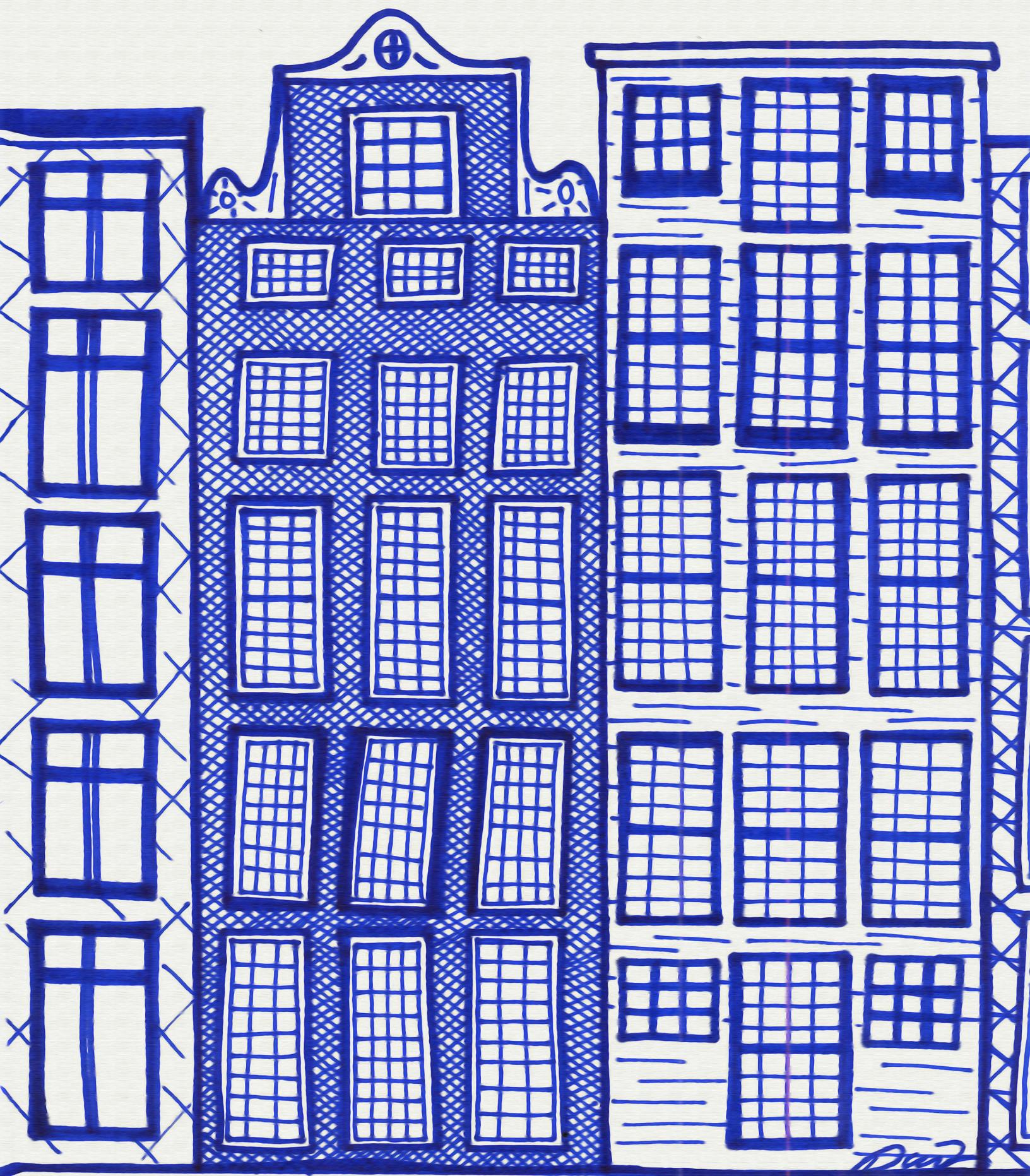
Atop Mount Salak

Here it is sweeter to praise your Maker;
Up in the mountains your prayers please Him more;
High on the peaks your heart rises in prayer:
Up in the mountains you approach the Lord,
High on the peaks God gives his temple form,
Untouched, far up above humanity,
Here our God thunders in the mighty storm...
And His rolling thunder roars: Majesty!



Multatuli - Sketch by Sachi Hiatt '14





A circular image showing a rural landscape with rolling green fields, some brownish harvested areas, and a dense forest in the background under a blue sky with white clouds.

German

“We can achieve the tragic out of comedy.”

Essay

The Vegetable Trade and a Madhouse

Dark History in German Comedy

Julie MacDonell

Adolf Hitlers Aufstieg zur Macht und der nukleare Rüstungswettlauf, die zu den prägendsten und düstersten Ereignisse des 20. Jahrhunderts zählen, scheinen kaum die geeignetsten Kandidaten, als Vorlage für komische Interpretation zu dienen, jedoch sind zwei der bedeutendsten im 20. Jahrhundert geschriebenen deutschen Komödien auf diesen Ereignissen basiert. Genauer gesagt handelt es sich dabei um *Der aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Uli* vom deutschen Dramatiker Bertolt Brecht und *Die Physiker* vom Schweizer Schriftsteller Friedrich Dürrenmatt. Während klassische Theorien Tragödie und Komödie als einander ausschließend kategorisieren, forderten Brecht und Dürrenmatt mittels ihrer Theaterstücke klassische Charakteristiken der Komödie heraus. In seinem Aufsatz „Theaterprobleme“ argumentiert Dürrenmatt: „Wir können das Tragische aus der Komödie heraus erzielen“, und zwar erforschen beide Stücke die dunklere und beunruhigende Seite der Gesellschaft und Menschennatur, als die Handlungen auf dem Seil zwischen das Tragische und das Ko-

Adolf Hitler's rise to power and the Nuclear arms race, two of the most influential and darkest events of the 20th Century, hardly seem the most likely candidates for comic inspiration; however, two of the most distinguished German comedies written in the 20th Century are based on these events, namely *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Uli* by the German dramatist Bertolt Brecht and *The Physicists* by Swiss author Friedrich Dürrenmatt. While classical theory categorizes tragedy and comedy as mutually exclusive, Brecht and Dürrenmatt challenged these classical characterizations of comedy through their plays. In his essay “Theater Problems,” Dürrenmatt argues, “We can achieve the tragic out of the comedy.” Indeed, both pieces explore the darker and more disturbing side of society and human nature as the plots dance on the tightrope between the tragic and the comic.¹ This tension is achieved mainly through the use of the *Verfremdungseffekt* (Alienation Effect) and the grotesque. Although these methods create distance between the comedy and the audience, the paradoxical basis of these

mische tanzen.¹ Diese Spannung wird hauptsächlich durch die Nutzung des Verfremdungseffekts und des Grotesken erreicht, und obwohl diese Methoden Distanz zwischen der Komödie und den Zuschauern schaffen, ist die paradoxe Handlung in historischer Wirklichkeit eine Aufforderung für das Publikum, ihre eigene Welt in einer moralischen und politischen Weise zu beurteilen.

Der aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Ui wurde 1941 von Brecht geschrieben, während der im Exil in Finnland lebte, nachdem er aufgrund seiner Angst vor der NS-Verfolgung dorthin geflohen ist. Das allegorische Theaterstück entspricht dem Aufstieg Adolf Hitlers doch während Schilder, die Anfang der Szenen und zwischen den Szenen gezeigt werden, den Zusammenhang mit den tatsächlichen Ereignissen beschreiben, wird die Handlung durch eine Satire dargestellt, die den Aufstieg von Gangstern in Chicago, die eine Verschwörung anzetteln, um den sogenannten „Blumenkohlhandel“ zu übernehmen, in den 1930er Jahren zeigt. Während der gesamten Aufführung verwendet Brecht mehrere Methoden, die viel Gelächter beschwören und von denen viele ganz typische Elemente der Komödie im Laufe der Theatergeschichte sind. Eine der am häufigsten benutzten Methoden, die man in *Arturo Ui* findet, ist die Überreibung von Gesten der Figuren, die am deutlichsten in einer Szene zum Ausdruck kommt, in der Ui ein Schauspieler anstellt, der seine Aussprache und Rhetorik verbessern soll. Der zerlumpt gekleidete Schauspieler lehrt Ui: „Wie man klassisch auftritt, kann der alte Mahonney Ihnen in zehn Minuten beibringen“, Bezug nehmend auf den Stil „Cäsar, Hamlet, Romeo,...Shakespeare.“² Aber der Stil sieht ganz und gar nicht natürlich aus, wenn Ui die Hände beim Gehen vor seinem Geschlechtsteil überkreuzt und danach neue Armhaltungen und sitzende Stellungen im Spiegel probiert. Weil Ui glaubt, dass Leute ihn bemerken werden, wenn er unnatürlich scheint, wirken seine übertriebenen Gesten in dieser Szene insgesamt lächerlich. Das komische und übertriebene Aussehen wird auch in der Figur Giri, der Hermann Göring in der Wirklichkeit darstellt, offenbart, der als Clown dargestellt wird. Darüber hinaus wird die Figur auch im Prolog ausdrücklich als Clown vorgestellt: „Und nun zu Emmanuele Giri, dem Superclown! Heraus mit dir, laß dich anschauen!“³

Wie kommt es, dass Hitler, Göring und andere NS-Mitglieder, die berüchtigte Personen in der

works in historical reality is an invitation for the audience to judge their own world in a moral and political way.

The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui was written in 1941 by Brecht when he was living in exile in Finland out of fear of Nazi persecution. The play allegorizes the rise of Adolf Hitler, and by means of display panels at the beginning and between scenes which relate the context of the corresponding actual events, the story becomes a satire of this rise played out by Chicago gangsters in the 1930s and their conspiracy to take over the so-called “cauliflower trade.” During the course of the play, Brecht uses several methods that summon laughter from the audience, many of which are quite typically used in comedies throughout the course of theater history. One of the most widely used of these methods is the exaggeration of gestures of the figures. An obvious example of this is observed in a scene when Ui hires an actor to improve his pronunciation and speech skills. The raggedly dressed actor says to Ui, “The old Mahonney can teach you in ten minutes how to perform classically,” referring to the style of “Caesar, Hamlet, Romeo, ... Shakespeare.”² But the actor’s proposed style looks certainly unnatural as Ui crosses his hands in front of his genitals when walking and afterwards when he tries new arm postures and seated positions in the mirror. Ui, however, believes that if he carries himself in an unnatural way, people will be more likely to notice him; thus, his exaggerated gestures result in an altogether ridiculous appearance in this scene. The comic and exaggerated appearance is also seen in the clown-like figure Giri, who represents Hermann Goering in reality. Not only is Giri, however, depicted as a clown, he is even explicitly presented as a clown in the prologue: “Emmanuele Giri the Joker next, the Super Clown! Come take a bow, let’s look you up and down!”³

How is it that Hitler, Goering and other Nazi Party members, all of whom are among the most infamous people in history, are comically represented? Brecht achieves this chiefly through the *Verfremdungseffekt*; he writes in “New Technique of Acting,” “It is the purpose of the *Verfremdungseffekt* to alienate all the mechanisms underlying social gestures,” and that inhibits the viewer from identifying with the narrative.⁴ In this way, the plot of *Arturo Ui* effectively presents itself as an impossible scenario. The idea of the cauliflower trade

deutschen Geschichte sind, als komisch dargestellt werden? Brecht erreicht das hauptsächlich durch den Verfremdungseffekt. Zum Verfremdungseffekt schreibt er in „Neue Technik der Schauspielkunst“: „Es ist der Zweck des Verfremdungseffekt, den allen Vorgängen unterliegenden gesellschaftlichen Gestus zu verfremden,“ was bedeutet, dass der Zuschauer davon abgehalten wird, sich mit dem Erzählten zu identifizieren.⁴ Auf diese Weise präsentiert sich die Handlung des *Arturo Uli* effektiv wie ein unmögliches Szenario. Die Vorstellung des Blumenkohlhandels spielt eine wichtige Rolle in Hinblick auf dem Gedanken, wie eine anscheinende harmlose Sache solch Chaos verursachen kann. Dieses Szenario ist letztendlich lächerlich und schafft eine Distanz, womit man sich nicht identifizieren kann. Ein anderes Beispiel dafür ist die Rolle der Musik in der Komödie. Während des Speicherbrandprozesses, als der Gemüsehändler Hook im Zeugenstuhl sitzt und vom Verteidiger verhört wird, gibt er Belastungsmaterial gegen Giri preis, das Unruhe im Gerichtsaal beschwört. Gleich nach diesem Moment wird die Bühne dunkel und die Orgel spielt „Chopins Trauermarsch als Tanzmusik“.⁵ Die Nutzung des düsteren Lieds als Tanzmusik wirkt komisch und widersprüchlich zugleich und die Szene kommt zu einer Zeit während des Theaterstücks, die kaum logisch erscheint. Dies ist eine weiteres stilistisches Mittel Brechts, mit dem er es schafft, Distanz zu schaffen, und den Zuschauer vom Mitleid des Geschehens wegzu ziehen. Es gelingt dem Autor mittels dieser Verfremdungseffekte, dass der Zuschauer daran erinnert wird, dass die Welt auf der Bühne anders ist, und dadurch wird es einem möglich, „über den Weinenden“ zu lachen und „über die Lachenden“ zu weinen.⁶

Etwa dreißig Jahren nach dem Aufstieg Hitlers befand sich die Welt im Kalten Krieg und dadurch im Mittelpunkt neuer bedrohlicher Spannungen. Während dieser Zeit schrieb und veröffentlichte Dürrenmatt in 1961 *Die Physiker*. Als er über die Ereignisse des Zweiten Weltkriegs nachdachte und über damalige technische Errungenschaften brütete, schrieb er die Komödie als Parabelstück, um damit verbundene Ethikfragen zu erforschen. *Die Physiker* handelt von einem Irrenhaus, in dem drei Wissenschaftler als Patienten leben, die von sich selbst glauben, die Physiker Einstein, Möbius und Newton zu sein. Im Laufe des Theaterstücks tötet jeder der Physiker seine Krankenschwester und die Handlung dreht sich folgend um die Ermittlung

plays an important role in this effect, as the viewer considers how an apparently harmless thing could cause such chaos. This scenario is ultimately ridiculous and creates a distance that one cannot identify with. Another example of this effect can be seen by the role of music in the comedy. During the warehouse fire trial, as the grocer Hook sits on the witness chair and is interrogated by the defense, he gives evidence against Giri which evokes commotion in the courtroom. Right after this moment, the stage goes dark and the organ plays “Chopin’s Funeral March as dance music;” the morbid piece is played to the style of a waltz.⁵ The use of the gloomy song as dance music is weird and contradictory, and the presentation comes at a time during the play that hardly seems logical. This is further a stylistic medium Brecht uses to create distance, and as a result, the audience is pulled away from the center of the plot. It is by the author’s use of the *Verfremdungseffekt* that the audience is reminded that the world on the stage is different from their own, and thus they are free to laugh “about those crying” and cry “about those laughing.”⁶

About thirty years after the rise of Hitler, the world was in the midst of the Cold War and thus confronted with a new set of tensions. During this time, Dürrenmatt wrote and published *The Physicists* in 1961. As he reflected on the events of World War II and brooded over the technical advancements of the time, he wrote the comedy as a parable play in order to explore ethical issues related to these themes. *The Physicists* is about a madhouse in which three scientists who believe themselves to be the physicists Einstein, Newton, and Möbius live. In the course of the play, each of the physicists kills his own nurse and the plot revolves around the investigation of the deaths of the nurses as well as the lives of the physicists and their doctor, Fräulein Doktor Mathilde von Zahnd. Like in *Arturo Uli*, the exaggerated appearance of characters is a frequently employed comedic technique in *The Physicists*. This is presented early in the play as Newton greets the inspector “in costume and wig of the early eighteenth century.”⁷ The apparent madness of the three physicists during the first part of the comedy evokes a feeling of superiority in the audience, which again is a typical technique in comedy as the audience is often quicker to make fun of characters to which they consider themselves superior. Apart from this, the comic is derived from the motif of opposition as well as the idea of separation between two dis-

der Todesumstände und das Leben der Physiker und ihrer Doktorin, Fräulein Doktor Mathilde von Zahnd. Ähnlich wie in *Arturo Uli* ist das übertriebene Aussehen eine oft benutzte komödiantische Technik in *Die Physiker*, beispielsweise wenn Newton „in einem Kostüm des beginnenden achtzehnten Jahrhunderts mit Perücke“ kommt, um den Inspektor zu begrüßen.⁷ Der scheinbare Wahnsinn der drei Physiker während des ersten Teils der Komödie weckt ein Überlegenheitsgefühl im Zuschauer, das wiederum eine typische Technik in der Komödie ist, denn der Zuschauer macht sich eher über die Figuren lustig, denen er sich überlegen vorkommen. Das Komische stammt außerdem vom Motiv des Widerspruchs ab sowie von der Idee der Trennung zwischen zweieigenständige Welten, namentlich die Außenwelt und die Irrenanstalt. Während die Außenwelt scheinbar Ordnung, Gerechtigkeit und Verstand hat, sind Geisteskrankheit und Chaos in der Irrenanstalt zu finden. Diese Trennung ist während der Gespräche über den Tod der Krankenschwestern insbesondere übertrieben dargestellt, wenn die Figuren festlegen die Tode aufgrund der Geisteskrankheit der Physiker „Morde“ oder „Unglücksfälle“ zu benennen. Im ersten Akt sagt der Inspektor: „Zwei Morde-“ und Frl. Doktor unterbricht: „Bitte, Inspektor.“, und sie korrigiert den Inspektor: „Unglücksfälle.“⁸

Die Physiker ist voll von Widersprüchen und Paradoxem, und diese Techniken werden durch Dürrenmatts Nutzung des Grotesken erreicht. Das Groteske beschreibt die Sachen, die als merkwürdig, phantastisch, unpassend, wunderlich oder irgendwo dazwischen wahrgenommen werden und wie er in seinen „21 Punkten zu den Physikern“ verdeutlicht, ist eine „solche Geschichte zwar grotesk, aber nicht absurd (sinnwidrig). Sie ist paradox.“⁹ Diese Unterscheidung meint, dass das, was als Grotesk dargestellt wird, doch nicht außerhalb des Bereichs des Möglichen liegt, ganz im Gegenteil werden diese Paradoxe im Bereich der Wirklichkeit dargestellt. Zum Beispiel sind die getöteten Krankenschwestern Kampfsportlerin: „Schwester Dorothea Moser war Mitglied des Damenringvereins und Schwester Irene Straub Landesmeisterin des nationalen Judooverbandes“ Es ist paradox, dass sie den Kampf mit den vermutlichen schwächeren Physiker verloren haben und ermordet wurden und eben weil es unerwartet ist, wirkt diese Darstellung komisch.¹⁰ Das hauptsächlich groteske Element der gesamten Komödie ist wohl die Umkehrung,

tinct worlds, namely the outside world and the madhouse. The outside world seemingly has order, justice, and reason, while insanity and chaos are found in the asylum. This separation is especially exaggerated during the discussions about the death of the nurses as the characters determine whether the deaths are “murders” or “unfortunate accidents” due to the mental illness of the physicists. In the first act, the inspector says, “Two murders-” and Frl. Doktor interrupts, “Please, Inspector.” and she proceeds to correct the inspector, “Unfortunate accidents.”⁸

The comic is derived from the motif of opposition as well as the idea of separation between two distinct worlds, namely the outside world and the madhouse.

The Physicists is full of contradictions and paradoxes, and these techniques are achieved by Dürrenmatt's use of the grotesque. The grotesque describes the things that are perceived as strange, fantastic, incongruous, whimsical, or somewhere in between, and as he clarifies in his “21 Points to The Physicists”, “such a story is indeed grotesque, but not absurd (nonsensical). It is paradoxical.”⁹ This distinction means that that which is presented as grotesque, lies still not outside the realm of possibility; on the contrary, these paradoxes are presented in the realm of reality. For example, the slain nurses are martial artists: “Sister Dorothea Moser was a member of the Ladies Ring Association and sister Irene Straub was national champion of the National Judo Association.”¹⁰ It is paradoxical that they then are killed in a struggle with the presumably weaker physicists, and precisely because it is unexpected, this representation has a comic effect. The main grotesque element of the whole come-

die passiert, wenn die wirklichen Identitäten der Physiker und von Frl. Doktor Zahnd preisgegeben werden. Bis zu diesem Punkt der Komödie lacht der Zuschauer über die Physiker, weil ihre Taten unter der Maske von Wahnsinnigkeit übertrieben und lächerlich dargestellt werden. Fortan jedoch wird die Handlung umgekehrt, weil sich Frl. Doktor Zahnd als die einzige Verrückte der Figuren entpuppt. Das Ergebnis dieser Enthüllung ist, dass Frl. Doktor Zahnd Möbius die ganze Zeit beeinflusst hat, ohne, dass es ihm bewusst gewesen ist. Damit wird eine klassische Technik der Komödie grotesk benutzt, genauer gesagt folgt die Machart dem Gedanken von Henri Bergsons Werk „The String-puppet“: „One of the characters thinks that he is speaking and acting freely, and consequently retains all the essentials of life, whereas viewed from a certain standpoint he appears as a mere toy in the hands of another playing him.“¹¹

Schon Immanuel Kant hat beschrieben, dass die Erwartung eine wichtige Rolle in Komödien spielt: „Das Lachen ist ein Affekt aus der plötzlichen Verwandlung einer gespannten Erwartung in nichts.“¹² Inwiefern sind diese Verwandlungen jedoch in *Der aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Ui* und *Die Physiker* erkennbar? Beide Stücke sind auf wahren Geschichten basierend, und deswegen liegt das Unerwartete in den absurd Elementen. Allerdings durchbrechen beide Stücke die allgemein erkannten Regeln der Komödie, dass alles am Ende „viel Lärm um nichts“ ist. In seinem *Theory of Comedy* schreibt Elder Olson über die Katastase, die im Gegensatz zur Katharsis in der Tragödie den Zuschauer beruhigt und den Grund zur Sorge aufhebt. Wenn man jedoch bedenkt, dass am Ende der Werke sowohl der bösartige Arturo Ui als auch die verrückte schlecht gemeinte Frl. Dr. Mathilde von Zahnd erfolgreich sind, während andere wohlwollende Figuren letztendlich scheitern, kann man kaum glauben dass der Zuschauer beruhigt wird.

Die Katastase kommt ganz im Gegenteil durch den Verfremdungseffekt und das Groteske und hindert das Publikum, in beiden Komödien mit dem Geschehen mitzufühlen weil Brecht und Dürrenmatt die Wirklichkeit, auf dem die Stücke basieren, abwandeln. Aus diesem Grund wird dem Zuschauer die Realität aufgezeigt und genau deswegen erreichen diese Komödien das Ziel des epischen Theaters. In Brechts „Betrachtung über die Schwierigkeit des epischen Theaters“ geht es darum, dass der Zus-

dy is arguably the inversion which happens when the real identities of the physicists and Frl. Doktor Zahnd are revealed. Up until this point, the audience is provoked to make fun of the physicists because their actions are represented as exaggerated and ridiculous under the guise of madness. Henceforth, however, the plot is turned on its head as Frl. Doktor Zahnd turns out to be the only character to truly be insane. The result of this revelation is that Frl. Doktor Zahnd had been manipulating Möbius unbeknownst to him. Thus, a classic technique of comedy is grotesquely used, more specifically, Henri Bergson's concept of “The String-puppet”: “One of the characters thinks he is speaking and acting freely, and consequently retains all the essentials of life, whereas viewed from a certain standpoint he appears as a mere toy in the hands of another playing him.”¹¹

Even earlier, Immanuel Kant posited that expectation plays an important role in comedies: “Laughter is an emotion which results from the sudden transformation of a tense expectation into nothing.”¹² But to what extent are these transformations in *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui* and *The Physicists* recognizable? Both pieces are based on known historical events; therefore, the unexpected lies in the absurd elements. Still, both comedies breach the generally recognized rule of comedy, the feeling of “much ado about nothing” that comes to the audience at the close of the play. In his *Theory of Comedy*, Elder Olson writes about the catastasis which, in contrast to catharsis in tragedy, calms the audience and removes the cause for alarm; however, when one considers that at the end of both works both the malignant Arturo Ui and the ill-intentioned Frl. Dr. Mathilde von Zahnd are triumphant while others benevolent figures ultimately fail, one can hardly believe that the audience is reassured.

The catastasis comes, quite to the contrary, through the *Verfremdungseffekt* and the grotesque and these techniques prevent the audience of both comedies from empathizing with the events on stage because Brecht and Dürrenmatt distort the events of reality off of which the plays are based. For this reason, the audience is ultimately shown reality and in this way, these comedies achieve the goal of epic theater. In *Reflection about the Difficulty of Epic Theater*, Brecht explains that in contrast to traditional theater, in epic theater, the viewer is “no longer abducted from his world into the world of art,

chauer im Gegensatz zum traditionellen Theater im epischen Theater „nicht mehr aus seiner Welt in die Welt der Kunst entführt, nicht mehr gekidnappt werden; im Gegenteil sollte er in seine reale Welt eingeführt werden, mit wachen Sinnen.“¹³ Der Verfremdungseffekt in *Arturo Uli* erlaubt dem Zuschauer eine kritische Distanz, wodurch er den Aufstieg Hitlers aus sozialer Sicht analysieren kann. Das Lachen über ein Symbol eines der unmoralischsten Scheusale der Geschichte kann als Kritik verstanden werden.

In *The Comic in Situations* untersucht Bergson die Idee des Lachens als Kritik: „It therefore expresses an individual or collective imperfection which calls for an immediate corrective...laughter is a kind of social gesture that singles out and represses a special kind of absentmindedness in men and in events.“¹⁴ Die Handlung des *Arturo Uli* ist unbekannt, durch den Verfremdungseffekt, und bekannt, durch seine Wurzeln in der Wirklichkeit, zugleich und genau deswegen versteht der Zuschauer die Kritik, die im Lauf der Komödie sich entwickelt, und diese kann in Form einer Analyse auf die wirklichen Ereignisse der Geschichte anwenden. In ähnlicher Weise spielt das Groteske eine Rolle in Form vom Verfremdungseffekt in *Die Physiker*. Dürrenmatt schreibt in „Dramaturgische Überlegungen zu den Wiedertäufern“: „Die Identifikation, zu welcher der Zuschauer neigt, ist erschwert, weil der Zuschauer durch die paradoxe Handlung gezwungen wird, zu objektivieren, wird jedoch als Wagnis möglich.“¹⁵ und deswegen wird dem Zuschauer durch das Paradoxe in der Handlung *Die Physiker* ermöglicht, eine objektive Sicht auf die Frage der Wissenschaftsethik zu bekommen. Dürrenmatt hebt allerdings in seinem Aufsatz hervor, dass „Das Theater nur insofern eine moralische Anstalt [...], als es vom Zuschauer zu einer gemacht wird.“¹⁶ Geschichtliche Ereignisse und Stimmungen stellen die Grundlage der Wirklichkeit in *Der aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Uli* und *Die Physiker* dar, jedoch kann der Zuschauer aus sozialer Sicht nicht konstruktiv kritisieren, wenn er diese Beziehung nicht erkennt. Der Verfremdungseffekt und das Groteske erlauben diese Kritik auf der Grundlage der Wirklichkeit und ohne diese würde die Distanz, die durch die Komödie geschaffen wird, keinen Zweck, außer der Gelegenheit für unüberlegendes Lachen, erfüllen. Dürrenmatt schreibt: „Das Komische muss uns nicht ‘nahe gehen’ wie das Tragische [...] das Komische wirkt auf

no longer kidnapped; on the contrary, he should be brought into his real world with alert senses.“¹³ The *Verfremdungseffekt* in *Arturo Uli* allows the viewer a critical distance whereby he can analyze the rise of Hitler from a social perspective. The laughter over a representation of one of the most immoral monsters of history can be understood as a criticism.

In *The Comic in Situations*, Bergson examines the idea of laughter as a criticism: “It therefore expresses an individual or collective imperfection which calls for an immediate corrective...laughter is a kind of social gesture that singles out and represses a special kind of absentmindedness in men and in events.”¹⁴ The plot of *Arturo Uli* is unfamiliar as a result the *Verfremdungseffekt* and at the same time familiar due to its roots in reality. Exactly for this reason, the audience is allowed the opportunity for criticism, which develops in the course of comedy, and this can be applied in the form of an analysis to the real corresponding events of history. The grotesque plays a similar role in the form of the *Verfremdungseffekt* in *The Physicists*. In *Dramaturgical Reflections on the Anabaptists*, Dürrenmatt writes, “The identification, to which the viewer is inclined, is aggravated because the viewer is forced through the paradoxical plot to objectify, but this, however, makes a venture possible,”¹⁵ and therefore the viewer is enabled through the paradox of the plot in *The Physicists* to achieve an objective view on the question of scientific ethics. However, Dürrenmatt also emphasizes in his essay that “The theater is only insofar as a moral institution, as it is made into one by the spectator.”¹⁶ Historical events and morales are the foundation of reality in *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Uli* and *The Physicists*, but the viewer cannot constructively criticize from a social perspective if he does not recognize this relationship. The *Verfremdungseffekt* and the grotesque allow this criticism on the basis of reality and without this, the distance that is created by the comedy would have no purpose other than the opportunity for unreflective laughter. Dürrenmatt writes, “The comic does not ‘bring us near’ like the tragic does; the comic affects us because we take distance from it.”¹⁷ The two comedies, which Brecht and Dürrenmatt bring quite close to the tragic, bring this tension to the viewer’s attention which seems oftentimes comical and at the same time evokes a feeling – “that I would not have thought.”

uns, weil wir von ihm Abstand nehmen.“¹⁷ Die beiden Komödien, mit denen Brecht und Dürrenmatt dem Tragischen ziemlich nahe kommen, wecken gerade

diese Spannung die Aufmerksamkeit des Zuschauers, wirken oft komisch und rufen zur gleichen Zeit auch ein Gefühl hervor-„das hätte ich nicht gedacht.“¹⁸

ENDNOTES

1. Friedrich Dürrenmatt, „Theaterprobleme“ (1955), 251.
2. Bertolt Brecht, „Der aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Ui“ (Berlin: Suhrkamp, 1985), 54.
3. Ibid., 2.
4. Bertolt Brecht, „Schriften zum Theater“ (Frankfurt am Main: 1963), 163.
5. Brecht, „Der aufhaltsame Aufstieg des Arturo Ui“, 71.
6. Brecht, „Schriften zum Theater“, 99.
7. Friedrich Dürrenmatt, „Die Physiker: Eine Komödie in Zwei Akten“ (New York: Oxford UP, 1965), 18.
8. Ibid., 25-26.
9. Ibid., 92.
10. Ibid., 16.
11. Henri Bergson, „The Comic in Situations“ (London: Macmillan, 1911), 28.
12. Immanuel Kant, „Kritik der Urteilskraft“ (Leipzig: Reclam, 1986), 200.
13. Brecht, „Schriften zum Theater“, 100.
14. Bergson, „The Comic in Situations“, 30.
15. Friedrich Dürrenmatt, „Dramaturgische Überlegungen zu den Wiedertäufern“ (Zürich: Arche 1968), 262.
16. Ibid., 263.
17. Ibid., 261.
18. Brecht, „Schriften zum Theater“, 99.



Defining Identity

*An Examination of the Mind and the Body
in Thomas Mann's The Transposed Heads*

Sophie Heller

Mystical forests, human sacrifice, and learned Brahmins - we have certainly left the bleak northern towns and sinister Italian resorts Thomas Mann often favors. Instead, in Mann's 1941 novella *The Transposed Heads*, we find ourselves in an Indian legend that recounts the adventures of two friends who experience a singular identity crisis. After the two youths, refined Shridaman and burly Nanada, both ritually behead themselves, it is left to Sita, wife of the former and desired by the latter, to reassemble their separated limbs. Sita's actions, however, do not reach their intended results: Shridaman's learned head now sits atop Nanda's strong body, the head of the friend atop the body of the husband. The narrative follows the two friends as they debate the ownership of Sita and of

their own bodies, a construct that allows Mann to examine the nature of identity. Mann presents the dichotomy of mind and body, forcing the reader to question which one determines a person's identity and behavior. By exploring both Nanda and Shridaman's complementary friendship and Sita's inability to choose one of them as her lover, Mann forces us to conclude that the influences of the mind and the body on each other are inseparable, even when the two cease to meet physically.

Although Shridaman and Nanda come from the same village and are roughly the same age, Mann's descriptions in the opening chapter of their contrasting statuses and physiques immediately allude to the idea of difference, a concept that will play a

large role throughout the novella. Mann opens the section with a portrayal of Shridaman, a merchant with religious tendencies. He is well educated and versed in the Vedic scriptures, a relic of his father's study of the "Brahman way of life," an elevated sect of Hinduism (5). Shridaman's delicate features and slight body enhance his spiritual refinement, serving as a physical depiction of his mind's higher calling. As Mann tells us, "Soft too were his limbs, not moulded by exercise as cowherd and smith, even rather Brahmanlike" (6). Shridaman's friend, however, lacks this elegance of mind and body. Instead, Nanda is a so-called "son of the people" known for his physical strength: "His work as a smith had made powerful his arms; that as a shepherd had been further an advantage, for he had a well set-up body" (5). Indeed, Nanda's facial structure mirrors his powerful body; as opposed to Shridaman's fine features, Nanda's face sports "rather thick lips and the suggestion of a goat-nose" (5). Mann's sparse descriptions of the two friends and their defining characteristics allows the reader to understand his imminent discussion of the powers of the head and the body, two equally strong forces that greatly influence Shridaman and Nanda's identities.

This rudimentary description of the two friends' appearances will allow us to delve deeper into the nature of their identities, which stem from the head in Shridaman's case and the body in Nanda's. Let us consider now the influence of the head on Shridaman, for the powers of the mind will play a dominant role for the majority of the narrative. Mann's description of the aftermath of Shridaman's unexpected, ritual beheading is perhaps most telling in establishing the supremacy of the head in determining a person's identity. We first see this bias toward the head during Sita's discourse with the Mother Goddess, where the two rehash the events that have recently transpired in Durga's temple. Sita's description of Shridaman's actions clearly marks the head as central to her husband's identity: "He did this frightful deed, robbing his limbs of their revered head, or rather his revered head of its limbs" (63). It is interesting to note that the head gains the modifier "revered," while the rest of Shridaman's body is simply referred to as his "limbs," a stylistic distinction that stresses the importance of the mind over Shridaman's scrawny body. The fact that the dignified head has been "robbed" of its limbs only adds to this distinction between the

two; the limbs are equated to one of the head's possessions, certainly not valuable in their own right. We continue to see Shridaman's head favored over his body in Nanda's speech at the sight of his beheaded friend, a speech that further emphasizes the power of the head in forming Shridaman's identity. In looking at his friend's severed head and body, Nanda sobs, "Still remains the soft fatness where it was, but reft of sense and meaning, unallied with that noble head of thine" (49). Here, Nanda reinforces the idea that Shridaman's limbs derive their importance from his "noble head;" in other words, his body is nothing but "soft fatness" without the presence of the learned head that is so central to the figure of Shridaman. Nanda's use of the verb "ally" makes it seem as if Shridaman's body must strategically align itself with his head if it is to survive; it retains a modicum of power only through association with Shridaman's defining characteristic. The dominant nature of Shridaman's head over his body continues to be seen after Sita incorrectly reassembles the severed heads and limbs of the two friends. Confused at how to address the curious amalgams that stand before her eyes, Sita finally settles on calling each man by the name of the head that sits upon his mismatched shoulders. According to Mann, "Sita had been quite right in addressing the resurrected friends according to their heads; for it was definitely by these that their I-and-my-feelings were conditioned" (70). In this case, even burly Nanda recognizes his own identity by his head, for both men are wired to perceive the man composed of the friend's head as the friend, even when that familiar face sits atop the beholder's former body. Although Nanda's physical force is unrecognizable in Shridaman's puny body, this figure is still referred to as Nanda: "You behold Nanda - if he is Nanda, who wears Nanda's nice little head atop - in the smock and draped trousers enveloping Shridaman's plump, slender-limbed body" (68). The recognition of their true identities solely by the location of their heads creates a strong argument for the dominance of the head over the body in determining identity, for it is the head that continues to determine where Shridaman ends and Nanda begins.

Having considered the role of the head, we must turn our attention to that of the body, whose power is demonstrated through the person of brawny Nanda, whose work in physical labor and simple ways stray far from Shridaman's Brahman leanings and metaphysical speech. In contrast to Shrida-

man's "revered head" and its parting from his lowly limbs, Nanda's dissolution as described by Sita is a crime against his strong body. "[He] hacked his own head from his Krishna limbs, so that they are now useless" (63). In this description, Sita equates Nanda's limbs to those of a god, conferring upon his limbs a greater status than that given to Shridaman's "revered head." Sita bemoans the fact that his beautiful body will not work without being attached to his head, which must be symbolically present in order for Nanda's limbs to work. The conception of the body's importance over the head continues well after the friends' initial transformation, and is particularly visible in Nanda's recreation of his identity as a Nanda-head on a Shridaman-body. Although the head seems to play the most important role for a large part of the novella - Shridaman is celebrated for his intellect despite his puny body, Sita addresses the two by the name belonging to their heads after the transformation - the body has an equally strong effect on the head, as we see when Nanda's head becomes more refined above Shridaman's Brahman body. Sita may have been initially distressed by the combination of Nanda's rustic face and Shridaman's unathletic body, but she is quite pleased by what she sees when she visits the now ascetic Nanda several years after their separation: "His arms were strong like those that had swung her up to the sun; but his nose came down towards the only moderately thick lips in a refined way that could by no stretch be called goat-like" (105). We see here that the Brahman body has exerted its powers over the smith's head, allowing it to become more elegant and thus correspond better to the slim body it sits atop. The fact that Shridaman's body has so much influence on Nanda's head would seem to disprove the supremacy of the head, showing that both appendages are equally likely to control their owner's identity.

Having examined the respective powers of the head and the body over Shridaman and Nanda, we turn now to a survey of their friendship, for it is a complementary relationship that serves to emphasize the symbiotic nature of the mental and the physical in determining a person's identity. Indeed, we find out about the close nature of their friendship

*"His arms
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those that had
swung her up to
the sun."*

before we encounter Mann's descriptions of the friends' appearances, a structure that points to the importance of friendship in this narrative on identity. Mann's first allusion to the two men alludes to their close bond, establishing a friendship between two young men of varied attributes: "At such a time it was that two youths, little different in age and caste, but very unlike in body, were vowed to friendship" (3). Mann's choice to use a word as strong as "vowed" in reference to friendship seems odd because it is a word commonly associated with more binding institutions, such as marriage or religion. This choice, however, succeeds in suggesting from the narrative's first page that Shridaman and Nanda's relationship is far more intense than mere ordinary friendship. Indeed, their friendship is steeped in something heavier, a force of reciprocation that Mann dubs the "I-and-my-feelings," a sort of attraction between two people that pulls them closer together: "The friendship between the two youths was based on the diversity in their I-and-my-feelings, those of the one yearning towards those of the other. Incorporation, that is, makes for isolation...difference makes for comparisons, comparisons give rise to uneasiness" (4). According to Mann, the differences between the two friends act as a double-edged sword: they prevent the two from heading towards the loneliness of "incorporation," but at the same time give rise to uncomfortable comparisons of the mind and body. The word to stress in Mann's description of the friend's relationship is certainly "difference," for Shridaman and Nanda's initial attributes are as far from each other as can be: the former's talents stem from the mind while the latter's strengths are those of the body. As Mann explains, "It [Shridaman's body] was a body proper to serve as adjunct and appendage to a noble and knowledgeable headpiece, that was of course head and front of the whole, whereas with the whole Nanda the body was, so to speak, the main thing, and the head merely a pleasing appendage" (6). We see here that the "difference" between the friends is not solely one of personality, but is also reflected in their physical compositions: each friend is known for his strongest attribute, be it the head or the body, while the remaining part is reduced to an "appendage" of no importance.

Having established the strength of the two mens' friendship, Mann creates a platform in which his descriptions of the complementary nature of friendship argue for the integrated nature of identity. Just as the head and the body cannot exist in a separated state, Shridaman and Nanda depend on each other for their mutual survival and happiness. While one might think that the vast mental and physical differences between Shridaman and Nanda would preclude their friendship, it seems that the two men complement each other through their dissimilarities. A good example of this complementary nature is the playful nature in which each friend regards the other's idiosyncrasies, showing that both find pleasure in harmlessly mocking the ways in which his friend differs from himself: "Nanda privately made fun of Shridaman's fair fatness, his thin nose and punctilious speech. Shridaman, on the other, hand, smiled at Nanda's goatnose and rustic simplicity" (7). We see here that each man has a similar attitude toward his compatriot, that of friendly mockery that stems from amusement and not from wish to harm. This phenomenon of shared attitudes between very different men will continue to appear throughout the novella, emphasizing the close relation between Shridaman and Nanda. Mann's description of the friends' meal during their business journey at the beginning of the narrative highlights their status as halves of a perfect whole: "Here like brothers they shared their bite, though one had no different from the other, and each might have eaten his own" (10). The fact that the two share equal portions of the same food is significant, for it serves to equate the two men despite the divide between the favorable aspects of their appearances. The shared food becomes an equalizing factor for Shridaman and Nanda, whose similar status helps put the mind and the body on level footing. Perhaps nowhere is this equalizing friendship so strong as during the novella's final scene, where the friends decide to resolve the conflict that comes from Sita's wavering attentions by perishing together in a ritual fire. As Nanda tells his lifelong friend: "You know too that I was always resolved not to outlive you, and I followed you without hesitation into death when you sacrificed yourself to the goddess" (III). In referencing his recent choice to die in accordance with his friend, Nanda only strengthens his desire to sacrifice himself again for Shridaman. Nanda's decision presents the idea that the friends cannot live without each other, choosing to die by ritual flames rather than survive in good fortune as Si-

ta's only husband after the other has perished. The fact that one must be lost with the other underlines the prevalence of friendship as a meta-phor for the combined nature of identity throughout the novella, showing that neither the head nor the body can exist alone, just as each of their human incarnations cannot survive with the loss of his dear friend.

The inability to choose either the head or the body as the prevalent influence on a person's identity is only strengthened by Sita's wavering attitudes throughout the novella. Originally married to Shridaman, Sita fancies Nanda for his strong body and rustic simplicity, attributes certainly not awarded to her husband. After their fateful accident, Sita believes she has found her ideal husband in the juxtaposition of Shridaman's learned head

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and Nanda's muscular figure, a seemingly ideal version of her original husband. Although Shridaman is now blessed with Nanda's perfect body, even a metaphysical accident cannot change his true nature. As Mann puts it, "Shridaman, the Brahman's grandson, continued, even with Nanda's body, to be what he had been and to live as he had lived. He was no smith nor herd" (96). It should come as no surprise, then, that Shridaman's new body quickly starts to reassemble his natural physique, losing the muscles that Sita had so admired and acquiring Shridaman's habitual plumpness. It is hardly surprising that Sita, who yearned after her husband's friend even before the events at the temple, would again entertain thoughts of the Nanda head on the Shridaman body, imagining that it had fared well in its ascetic existence. When Sita shifts her allegian-

es to this melange of the husband and the friend, we become aware that Sita's indecision is a continual matter; she will never be able to fully decide which man to take as her husband, each one is representative of a sole characteristic of a balanced human identity. As Nanda says, "My body could rejoice in her in the consciousness of your head and yours in the consciousness of mine, as she rejoiced in me in the sign of your head and in you in the sign of mine" (110). Throughout the novella, Sita's inability to choose one of them reinforces the idea that identity cannot be defined by a single feature, for neither the supremacy of the head, as represented by Shridaman, nor the dominance of the body, as seen in Nanda, succeed in completely winning her over.

The Transposed Heads may follow the adventures of two friends whose heads are displaced from their bodies, but it surely does not lead to the conclusion that one appendage is always superior to the other. Indeed, Mann's description of Shridaman and Nanda

throughout the course of their accidental transformation points to the fact that the head is inextricable from the body both literally and figuratively, pointing to the complex nature of identity. Perhaps identity is grounded in non-identity, as seen in the multiplicity of incarnations of the Hindu gods; Durga, Kali, and Devi can all be traced back to the same mother goddess, yet her varying identities are invoked throughout the course of the novella. Just as the goddess never takes on a constant form, so too are the Shridaman-Nanda composites unable to contain themselves to a single, defining feature, be it the head or the body. Or, as Nanda eloquently states, "For as your fellow I have a part in you, and so I am a little bit Shridaman; but without you I were only Nanda, and that is not enough" (30).

Cited from: Thomas Mann, *The Transposed Heads*, trans. H. T. Lowe-Porter (New York: Vintage, 1959).

"Kali" by Frederic Hua '14

"Indian Paisleys" by Danielle Lusi '14



Ballad of the Sick Child

Ballade vom Kranken Kind *by Hugo von Hofmannsthal*

Kevin Hong

Das Kind mit fiebernden Wangen lag,
Rotgoldene versank im Laub der Tag.
Das Fenster hing voller wildem Wein,
Da sah ein fremder Jüngling herein.

“Laß, Mutter, den schönen Knaben ein,
Er beut mir die Schale mit leuchtendem Wein,
Seine Lippen sind wie Blumen rot,
Aus seinen Augen ein Feuer lobt.”

Der nächste Tag verglomm im Teich,
Da stand am Fenster der Jüngling, bleich,
Mit Lippen wie giftige Blumen rot
Und einem Lächeln, das lockt und droht.

“Schick, Mutter, den fremden Knaben fort,
Mich zehrt die Glut und mein Leib verdurrt,
Mich ängstigt sein Lächeln, er hält mir her
Die Schale mit Wein, der ist heiß und schwer!”

Ach Mutter, was bist du nicht erwacht!
Er kam geschlichen ans Bett bei Nacht:
Und, weh, seinen Wein ich getrunken hab
Und morgen könnt ihr mir graben das Grab!”

There lay the child with the feverish face,
While red and gold sank into the leaves.
Outside the window, full of wild vines,
A strange young lad stood under the eaves.

“Mama, let the nice boy in,
He’s brought me a cup of glowing wine.
His lips are red like flowers in bloom,
And in his eyes are crowds of flame.”

The next day burned out in the pond,
And there was the lad by the window again,
With lips like red and lethal fronds,
And a smile both tempting and threatening.

“Mama, send the strange lad forth,
My fever saps my withered body.
His smile frightens me, but now he pours
This cup of wine, hot and heavy!

Oh, mama! Why didn’t you awake!
He snuck into my bed at night:
And woe, now I have drunk his wine
And come morning you’ll help to dig my grave!”





Frühlingstag

Spring Day by Nick Induni

Der Frühling kommt: erst wie ein kleines Lamm.
Er taucht von Schutzort auf, heimlich zu spähen.
Mit offenen Augen wird der Schnee gesehen,
der vom Winter bleibt, seine schmelzende Scham,
der wird in kommend' Wochen zügig gehen.

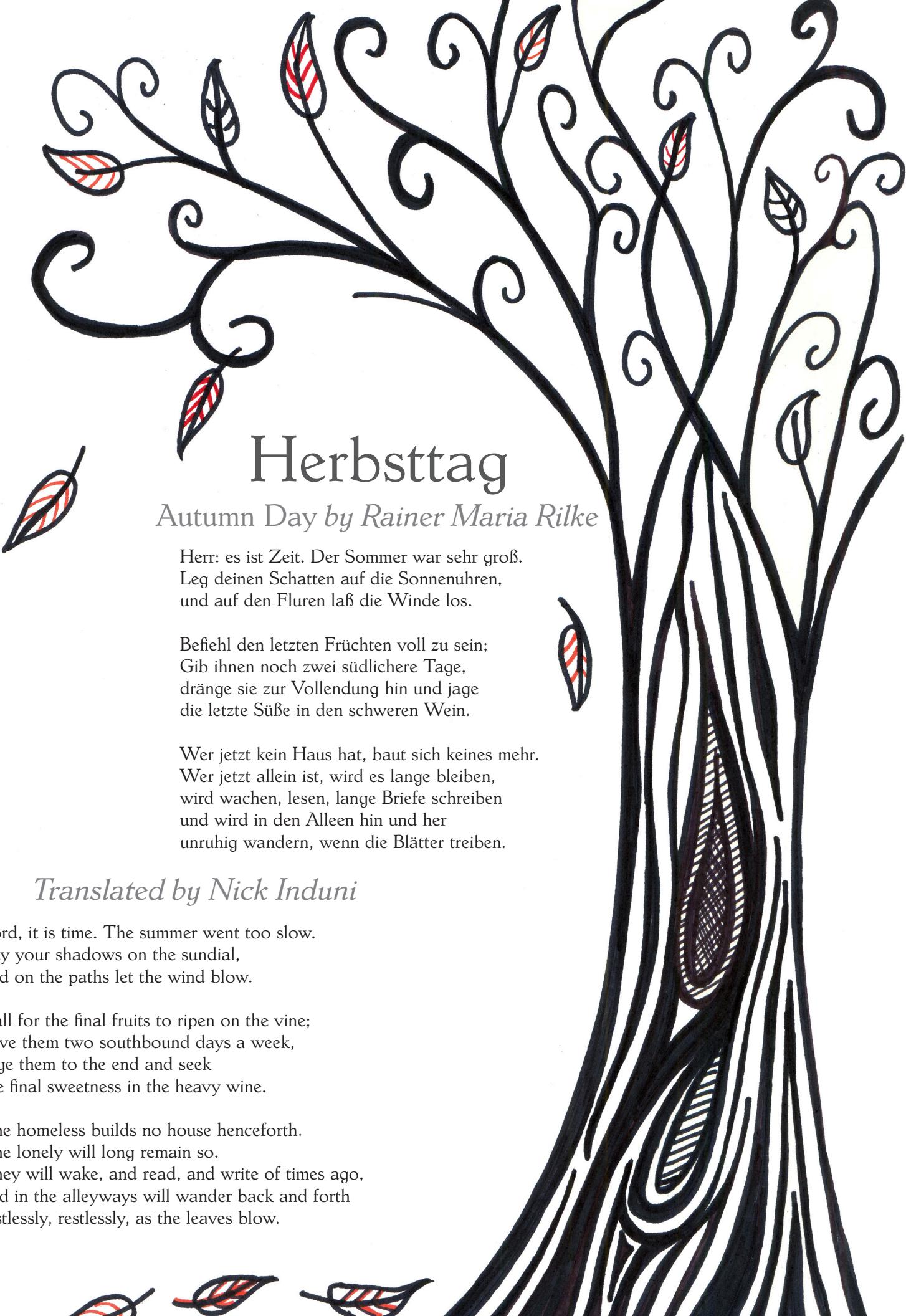
Man fühlt sich wohl von wärmend' Licht das scheint,
und sät seinen Samen in die frische Erd'.
Dann erntet später, mit dem Pflug und Pferd,
nachdem der lebenbringend' Himmel weint.

Zieht schnell und frei die Kleidung aus, und trag
nur nackte Füße—renn und spiel da draußen.
Sei froh, denn endlich kommt der Frühlingstag!

Springs comes: at first, like a little lamb;
Hesitantly it wakes, then arises.
With open eyes it sees the snow
That remains from winter—this melting
shame will in the coming weeks quite quickly go.

Men feel full of the warm light that shines;
They sow their seeds in the fresh earth,
And later with horse and plow they reap
After the live-giving stormclouds weep.

Take off the clothing that winter brings,
With feet all bare, run and play outside
Be happy, for at long last it is spring!



Herbsttag

Autumn Day by Rainer Maria Rilke

Herr: es ist Zeit. Der Sommer war sehr groß.
Leg deinen Schatten auf die Sonnenuhren,
und auf den Fluren laß die Winde los.

Befiehl den letzten Früchten voll zu sein;
Gib ihnen noch zwei südlichere Tage,
dränge sie zur Vollendung hin und jage
die letzte Süße in den schweren Wein.

Wer jetzt kein Haus hat, baut sich keines mehr.
Wer jetzt allein ist, wird es lange bleiben,
wird wachen, lesen, lange Briefe schreiben
und wird in den Alleen hin und her
unruhig wandern, wenn die Blätter treiben.

Translated by Nick Induni

Lord, it is time. The summer went too slow.
Lay your shadows on the sundial,
and on the paths let the wind blow.

Call for the final fruits to ripen on the vine;
Give them two southbound days a week,
urge them to the end and seek
the final sweetness in the heavy wine.

The homeless builds no house henceforth.
The lonely will long remain so.
They will wake, and read, and write of times ago,
and in the alleyways will wander back and forth
restlessly, restlessly, as the leaves blow.

Scandinavia





The Ruin

Se Hryre

Translated from Old English by Owen Laub

"The Ruin" can be found near the end of the Exeter Book, an 8th century corpus of Old English poems and riddles. Portions of the text are missing due to damage by fire. The author of the Exeter Book is unknown. Art by Danielle Lussi.

Wrætic is þes wealstan, wyrde gebræcon;
burgstede burston, brosnað enta geweorc.
Hrofas sind gehrorene, hreorge torras,
hrungeat berofen, hrim on lime,
scearde scurbeorge scorene, gedrorene,
ældo undereotone. Eorðgrap hafað
waldend wyrhtan forweorone, geleorene,
heardgripe hrusan, oþ hund cnea
werþeoda gewitan. Oft þas wag gebad
ræghar ond readfah rice æfter oþrum,
ofstonden under stormum; steap geap gedreas.
Wonað giet se... ...num geheapan,
fel on...

grimme gegrunden...
 scan... ...heo
 ...g orþonc ...ærscraft
 ...g ...lamrindum beag
 mod mo... ...yne swiftne gebrægd
 hwætred in hringas, hygerof gebond
 weallwalan wirum wundrum togædre.
 Beorht wæron burgræced, burnsele monige,
 heah horngestreon, heresweg micel,
 meodoheall monig
 ɔþbæt þæt onwende
 Crungon walo wide, cwoman woldagas,
 swyld eall fornom secgrofra wera;
 wurdon hyra wigsteal, westen stabolas,
 brosnade burgsteall. Betend crungon
 hergas to hrusan. Forþon þas hofu dreorgiað,
 ond þæs teaforgeapa tigelum sceadeð
 hrostbeages hrof. Hryre wong gecrong
 gebrocen to beorgum, þær iu beorn monig
 glædmod ond goldbearht gleoma gefrætwed,
 wlone ond wingal wighyrstum scan;
 seah on sinc, on sylfor, on searogimmas,
 on ead, on æht, on eorcanstan,
 on þas beorhtan burg bradan rices.
 Stanhofu stodan, stream hate wearp
 widan wylme; weal eall befeng
 beorhtan bosme, þær þa baþu wæron,
 hat on hrebre. þæt wæs hyðelic.
 Leton þonne geotan
 ofer harne stan hate streamas
 un...
 ...þbæt hringmere hate
 þær þa baþu wæron.
 þonne is...
 ...re; þæt is cynelic þing,
 huse... burg...

grimly ground to dust...
 ...she
 ...the ancient artifact
 ...the clay crust of the earth gave way
 the soul... ...swiftly devised
 to bind the wall-roots in rings of wire;
 strong-counsel, strong-mind: a wonder together.
 Bright were the urban abodes, the many bath-houses,
 high and horn-strewn. The thunderous throngs,
 many mead halls, days full of joy,
 all but for that unalterable power ~ fate.
 Slaughter spread as came the days of death ~
 a death devouring all men;
 peons perished, defenses were deserted,
 the dominion decayed. Atoners fell
 to the earth. So the great hall was dreary,
 and the broad roof dripped blood-red tiles from its
 crown. A ruined mountain, it tumbled
 to the ground, broken. There, many men of yore
 good in soul, adorned in magnificent golden splendor,
 beaming in battle-gear and filled with wine, had gazed;
 gazed on gold, on silver, on gem-studded ornaments,
 on pearls, on opulence, on fortune itself,
 on that bright city and its broad domain.
 A house of stone once stood where a hot stream spewed
 forth a frothy spring, all circled by a wall:
 a bright bosom. There were the baths,
 hot to the core. That was true comfort.
 Let those pour...
 hot streams over gray stone
 not...
 ...until the hot round pool
 ...there the baths were.
 then is...
 ...that is a kingly thing
 house... city...

Morfar, he taught us to love nature, to never let ourselves be trapped in the cage of a boring life.

Story

Morfar & I Take a Run around the Charles

Morfar & Jag Springer Runt Floden Charles

Sarah Amanullah

Jag springer vid vattnet men än är jag i stan,
inte exakt vad min Svenska morfar var vid van
Om jag ser orange och vit
Betyder det knappt nå mil
Hellre är det säkert bara en notifikation på min mobil.

Jag börjar lite sakta och ofta undrar
Hur jag kan knappt springa en runda
När morfar min var en sådan stor mästare
De generna blev given, men bara till Steven

Han är ofta på min hjärna
om jag springer långt,
eller uppbacka,
eller bland träd (jag kan åtminstone låtsas att det
är en skog) eller om jag känner mig speciellt svag
den dagen-

I run by the water, but am still in a city
Not exactly what my Swedish grandfather was used to
If I see a flash of orange and white,
It doesn't mark a thing
It's probably just a notification on my cell phone

I start off slowly and often wonder
How I can barely run a few laps
When my grandfather was such a champion
Those genes were given only to Steven

He is often in my thoughts
if I am running far,
or uphill,
or among trees (I can at least pretend it's a forest)
or if I'm feeling especially weak that day-
wondering how I could have inherited so little of his

och undrar hur jag kunde ha fått så lite av hans talang.

Rätt så trångt på min asfaltstig
Inte exakt som han sprang.

I skogen, över mossan:

Bara han och jorden
När ända valet var att hoppa i floden
Då orienterings kartan flög ur hans händer,
ta igen kartan och fortsätta
springa
Genom tystnaden, stillnanden, vad än den må
bringa

Morfar, han lärde oss att älska naturen
Att låta oss själva ej fastna i buren
av livets tråkigheter

Av honom har jag knappt några minnen
Men än är det svårast att veta
om de verkligen är mina
Mamma, hon delade ofta av sina
Men, än kommer jag ihåg trädgården på våren,
och backen, och skogen
Allt annat är sudigt

Jag fortsätter spring rundan, seg som jag än är
Fast morfar är än med mig:
Han är i min glädje att hitta en stig av lera,
Jag vill bli lite lerig.
Han är i min glädje när jag springer förbi
björkträden, jag har bara denna falska naturen,
så till den klänger jag
Efter jag sprungit, så kommer jag hem till min vanliga värld
Jag tänker knappt på honom när jag forsätter springa i stället fram och tillbacks med min att-göra lista
Jag glömmer honom snabbt
Men snart ses vi-
 nästa springtur.

talent.

It's crowded on the asphalt path.
Not exactly the way he ran.

In the woods, over the moss:

Just him and the earth
when the only choice was to jump in the river
as his orienteering map flew out of his hands.
Grab the map, and keep on
running.
Through the quiet, stillness, whatever comes
next.

Morfar, he taught us to love nature,
To never let ourselves be trapped in the cage
of a boring life

I barely have any memories of him
But it's the hardest to know
whether the memories are my own
or my mom, who often shared hers
But still I have memories of the garden, the hills,
and the woods
Everything else is blurry

I keep running my loop, slow as I am
But morfar is still with me.
He is in my happiness when I find a nice dirt
path to run on,
I want to get a little muddy.
He is in my happiness when I run by a handful
of birch trees,
This fake nature is all I have, so I cling to it.
After running, I rejoin my regular world
I barely think of him as I instead run back and forth
with my to-do list
I forget him quickly.
But we'll see each other again soon-
Next run.



Poetry

New and Forgotten Poems II

Nye og Glemte Sanger II

From *Ny Nordnorsk Lyrikk* (1978) translated by Michael Feehly

Johannes Eines
Nokon

Det er nokon
som ventar på
at du skal komme-

banke tre gonger
på døra og få svar.

Det er nokon
som ber namnet ditt
attom fire veggar-

kviskrar det om
og om att livet ut.

Knut Holte
Livsens ondskab

heter ei bok
jeg ikke har lest

skrevet av Gustav Wied
som tok livet av seg i 1914

Tittelen får meg til å tenke
på et bilde
fra ghettoen i Warszawa

Johannes Eines
Someone

There's someone who
waits for when
you'll come-

knock three times
on the door & earn answers.

There's someone who
begs for your name
from behind the fourth wall-

whispering it for a lifetime
& all over again.

Knut Holte
The Wickedness of Life

is the name of a book
I have not read

written by Gustav Wied
who took his own life in 1914

The title got me thinking
about a photo
from the Warsaw Ghetto

tyske soldater
med maskinpistoler

en skrekkslagen femåring
med hendene over hodet

tyske soldater
maskinpistoler

en femåring
noen kvinner og menn
med hendene over hodet

maskinpistoler
en femåring

Bjørn Erik Stemland Så rart

Så rart
å holde hodet ditt
i hendene mine
se inn i ditt rolige blikk
kysse munnen varlig
streife den flyktige linjen
av et smil
og kjenne
den trygge roen
ømheten sige inn
over meg

Intet er
mere fullkommen
intet rører meg mer
enn ditt åpne ansikts
nærhet

Jeg slutter aldri
å undres over det
mirakelet
det er
å være sammen

German soldiers
with submachine guns

a petrified, frightened five-year-old boy
with his hands held overhead

German soldiers
submachine guns

a five-year-old boy
some women and men
hands up over their heads

submachine guns
a five-year-old

Bjørn Erik Stemland So odd

So odd (so queer?)
to hold your head
in my hands
look into your steady eyes
kiss your mouth carefully
touch the fleeting lines of your smile
and know
the assured calm
and the tenderness creeping
over me

Nothing is
more complete
nothing more stirring
than your face,
near mine

I can't stop marveling
over the miracle that is
being together.

