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ARTHUR SCHNITZLER:

Duel Motif and Leutnant Gustl translated

THE INSTITUTION OF THE DUEL IN
ARTHUR SCHNITZLER'S DRAMAS AND PROSE WORKS
with
A TRANSLATION INTO ENGLISH OF
THE NOVELLA LEUTNANT GUSTL

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ABSTRACT

This thesis discusses the Institution of the Duel in the dramas and prose works of Arthur Schnitzler, and presents a translation into English of the novella Leutnant Gustl.

A preliminary chapter provides short biographical details and outlines the general cultural, political and social atmosphere of the times.

The concluding chapter discusses the translation and points out certain specific problems.

All quotations from Schnitzler's Dramas and Prose Works are from the following editions:

Arthur Schnitzler, Gesammelte Werke: Die dramatische Werke.
2 vols. Frankfurt am Main: Fischer Verlag, 1962.

Arthur Schnitzler, Gesammelte Werke: Die erzählenden Schriften.
2 vols. Frankfurt am Main: Fischer Verlag, 1962.

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INTRODUCTION

When Arthur Schnitzler published his novella Leutnant Gustl in Vienna in December 1900, he could not have been totally unprepared for the hostility which greeted its reception. He was, after all, no stranger to violent criticism from the press. His two dramas Liebelei (1895) and Freiwild (1896) had already exposed him to bitter animosity and malicious slander. Yet, undaunted, he continued to write and to reveal the truth as he saw it.

The Vienna into which Schnitzler was born in 1862 was the then still glamorous capital of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy and a major cultural centre of Europe. Vienna itself was a rapidly expanding city, in an empire which comprised a realm of about thirty-eight million, embracing a vast cornucopia of peoples, languages, customs and creeds. People came to Vienna from all provinces, hoping to improve the quality of their lives. Jewish immigrants from the East arrived in large numbers, and by 1880 comprised nearly ten percent of the total population of the city. Such rapid growth inevitably brought with it many problems, and the working-class inevitably suffered most. A dense industrial population which had begun to grow up in the

suburbs with the development of machinery had provided one of the main driving forces in the revolution of 1848. This had been followed by a succession of revolutionary upheavals. There was no political stability and people felt it.¹ It was a time of social, political and economic unrest, of stagnation,² and a time which finally saw the collapse of the old Habsburg Dynasty with the First World War.

The Vienna of that period was not a romantic fairyland, the "Gay Vienna" of popular belief; this notion was but a myth. The Austrian used gaiety as an escape from reality, and reality seemed only bearable at times by taking refuge in dreams and illusions, in music and dancing. The sentimental melodies of Franz Lehar's operettas, and the popular waltzes of Johann Strauss and his son, all contributed to the myth of Viennese gaiety, yet that same quality of "Scherz und Ernst," gaiety and gravity, is as evident in their music as it is in the music of Schubert. The sadness and the melancholy always lay beneath the bright surface of Viennese life.

As the son of the renowned laryngologist and university professor, Dr. Johann Schnitzler, and of a mother who was a member of the prominent Markbreiter family, Schnitzler began life in secure and comfortable circumstances.³ He pursued the normal course of education

for young men of his social class, matriculating at the University of Vienna as a student of medicine, and receiving his degree in 1885. He had also been interested in music and writing from a very early age, his interest stimulated no doubt by the many famous artists, actors and singers who were regular guests at his father's house. In 1893, having completed additional clinical training, as well as his obligatory service as an army doctor, he began to practice medicine. But he soon became dissatisfied, not with the profession itself, but with the medical establishment, with the incompetence and cynicism of so many of its practitioners.⁴ Furthermore, his primary medical interest lay in the field of depth psychology, and he did substantial experimental work and research on hypnosis. After his father's death in 1893, he began to devote more time to his literary endeavours, finally giving up the practice of medicine altogether.

Outwardly Schnitzler's life as a young man differed little from that of his peers--full of activity and light-hearted love affairs.⁵ Yet these were truly years of apprenticeship for him, of growing up through experimenting, of self-doubt and self-discovery. His fascination lay with the constant interplay of beauty and ugliness, of truth and mendacity, of reality and farce.⁶ He had no illusions as to the foibles and weaknesses either of his own class, or

of society as a whole. He was a physician keenly interested in psychoanalysis, possessing acute diagnostic skills, yet while he understood and even sympathized with human frailties as a whole, he did not condone them.⁷ As a writer, and master of characterization, he exposed through subtle psychological probing the shortcomings of the individual, yet while he refrained from using his art for purely didactic reasons, he nevertheless revealed through dialogue and situation the social hypocrisies, the double standards of morality and the false codes of honour. Thus the false 'Code of Honour' which demanded appeasement through duelling was one of those institutions which Schnitzler attacked through the medium of certain prose-works and dramas, generally termed works of social criticism.

The Institution of the Duel

Schnitzler was born a Jew into a society with a formidable tradition of anti-Semitism.⁸ As a member of a generally persecuted minority, he was never allowed to forget that he was a Jew, nor could he ignore the injustices and hostilities meted out towards Jews at that period.⁹ While the developing anti-Semitism filled him with anxiety and bitterness, the religious factor itself played little or

no part in his reactions. He declared himself repulsed by all dogma, and no more inclined towards the Jewish beliefs than to any other organized religion. It was the predominantly psychological viewpoint, the behaviour of the individual living in the Vienna of the anti-Semitic mayor, Karl Lueger, that interested him more than that of the Jewish problem per se.

In his earlier school life the problem of anti-Semitism was rarely felt, but at the University of Vienna it became very real. Anti-Semitism was growing increasingly powerful in student ranks. The German-National association had begun to expel Jews and those of Jewish origin from their numbers. Open confrontations between anti-Semitic groups and liberal organizations of mostly Jewish origin were common, in streets, taverns and clubs. Challenges to individuals were commonplace, in lecture-halls, corridors and laboratories. Not surprisingly under these circumstances, many Jewish students became highly capable and dangerous fencers, and tired of the constant harassment and insults to which they were being subjected, began themselves to provide the provocation resulting in a challenge. Their embarrassing superiority in the duel was certainly the main reason for the infamous "Waidhofener BeschluB," in which the German-Austrian student body declared all Jews to be inferior

beings, without honour, and therefore incapable of settling insults honourably, i.e., by means of duelling.¹⁰

The institution of the duel was still so firmly esconced in Austrian society at that time that although on principle not supporters of the custom, neither Schnitzler nor his close circle of student friends would ever have considered refusing to accept a challenge. The hurt, anger and frustration of Jewish students can therefore be easily understood, since they were denied the only recognized means of honourable settlement of an insult, and there is no doubt that these incidents at the University of Vienna played an important part in turning Schnitzler's thoughts towards earnest contemplation of the duel and its place in society.

In various other European countries the duel of honour had already ceased to exist altogether, or was fast dying out.¹¹ In Germany various edicts were issued during the eighteenth century forbidding the practice, but the beginning of the nineteenth century witnessed the same resurgence of duelling as had occurred in France, and affairs of honour were being settled throughout the German states in defiance of the authorities.¹² By the turn of the century, however, duelling had been reduced to such an extent that it scarcely existed in Germany any longer as an institution.

In Austria, too, duel mandates had been published during the eighteenth century in an attempt to control the

practice, but the duel as a 'Code of Honour' had continued to find favour among the upper classes, and was an accepted condition of military service. This code held complete control over the relations between men who were 'satisfaktionsfähig,' i.e. all those qualified to carry weapons--officers, potential officers and reserve officers--and in the civilian world, all noblemen and their relatives, and the upper-class bourgeoisie. Among those considered 'satisfaktionsunfähig' were included any officer who had lost his commission, or who had conducted himself in opposition to the regulations, any officer who could not pay his gambling debts, or any who had been convicted under criminal law. Failure to comply with the regulations resulted in dishonourable discharge for an officer, and in the case of a civilian, complete ostracism within his own class.

The general decline of duelling in most countries was not only the result of strict legislation against it, but also of public concern at the waste of human life effected by duels over matters of comparatively little importance. The risk of death or serious injury became thought too high a price to demand for the satisfaction of wounded vanity or offended susceptibility. In the various campaigns waged against it through the years, one of the most effective weapons was undoubtedly ridicule. No

institution can survive indefinitely prolonged and general ridicule, and duelling proved to be no exception.

Schnitzler made good use of this device in his dramas and prose works, and most effectively in his crowning masterpiece of satire Leutnant Gustl.

The pen has ever been at variance with the sword, and for Schnitzler it became almost a moral duty to expose the duelling custom in his country as the ancient, barbaric institution of honour-bound obligation it truly was. His own avowed peace-loving nature, his dislike of all war and brutality, and the value he placed on human life, made such senseless and brutal destruction, with all its tragic consequences, particularly distasteful to him.¹³

It was typical of Schnitzler, in view of his concern for the individual, that he should focus his attention on the psychological aspects of duelling rather than on the actual duel itself with all its attendant formalities. Consequently it was the obligation to duel which he explored in depth, and which he recognized as a very complex problem.¹⁴ He discussed the matter thus:

Hier erst setzt die Frage ein; nicht um das Duell, sondern um den Duellzwang handelt es sich. Und zwar nicht um den augenfälligen Zwang, gegen den einzuschreiten eine verhältnissässig einfache Sache wäre, sondern um die vielfachen Formen des uneingestanden, unzufriedigen, gefährlichen Zwanges, der in unseren gesellschaftlichen Zuständen begründet ist.¹⁵

In November, 1896, an incident took place which further strengthened Schnitzler's obvious resolve to attack the institution of the duel. The incident was related to the famous Dreyfus trial, which took place in Paris. A close friend of Schnitzlers, Dr. Paul Goldmann, the Paris correspondent for the Frankfurter Zeitung, had expressed in various articles the opinion that the conviction of the French officer rested on an error of justice. On account of these articles Dr. Goldmann was so slanderously attacked by the former French Deputy, Lucien Milleboye, in the Paris newspaper La Patrie that there remained no option for him but to challenge Milleboye to a duel. Happily there was no serious outcome from the incident--neither received any injury. Schnitzler was extremely concerned for the life of his long-time friend and subsequently sent him a congratulatory telegram: "Also dazu schrieb ich extra Stücke gegen Duell - Tausend Gruße und Glückwünsche - Arthur."¹⁶ The "Stücke" were the two dramas Liebelei (1895) and Freiwild (1896). Both attacked the obligation to duel and both ended in tragedy as a result of this obligation.

The three-act drama Liebelei not only condemns the duel, which results in death, but also leaves open to criticism the double standards of morality, and the shallow

and frivolous way of life of upper class society, which contributed in no small measure to such tragedies. The action in this drama is confined to two couples. Theodor has persuaded his friend Fritz to enter into an affair with Christine, a single girl from the suburbs, in order to put an end to the affair in which he was involved with a married woman which was threatening to become dangerous. But just as Fritz was growing aware of his sincere love for Christine, the husband of his former lover arrives, having discovered incriminating letters from Fritz to his wife, and full of icy anger and contempt, challenges Fritz to a duel. Fritz meekly bows to convention and is killed in a duel the following morning. Christine knows nothing of the affair until it is all over and Fritz is dead and buried. The shock is overwhelming and it is implied that she will probably take her own life. This was her first affair and Fritz had meant everything to her. The knowledge that it appeared, after all, to have been only a distraction for him was too much for her to bear. Life then loses all its value for her.

In the case of Theodor and Mizi, the situation was quite different. Mizi was everything a "SüBe Mädle"¹⁷ is supposed to be. She played the game of love as Theodor expected her to, knowing that their relationship was purely

temporary and when it ended she would go on to the next without regrets.

Theodor and Fritz are both independent young men from a wealthy upper-class background, and as such belong to the society which is 'satisfaktionsfähig.' The risk associated with an affair with a married woman of the same class is therefore always present, but the absurdity of a duel as a means of resolving such a situation is obvious. The affair was already over and done with. Nothing could erase what had already taken place. For a young life to be taken as a means of revenge, of appeasing wounded vanity and outraged feelings, was totally without justification. And the tragedy did not confine itself to one individual alone but seriously affected the lives of others.

In this drama Schnitzler also portrays the way of life of members of the upper-class society, which so often contributed to situations giving rise to a duel, with tragedy as a result. When Christine asks Fritz what he does with his days, he is at some difficulty in replying:

Aber Schatz, das ist ja sehr einfach. Ich geh' ins Kaffeehaus...dann les' ich...manchmal spiel ich auch Klavier - dann plauder' ich mit dem oder jenem - dann mach' ich Besuche...das ist doch alles ganz belanglos. Es ist langweilig, davon zu reden.¹⁸

The truth is that he scarcely knows how his time is employed, and what little he does is indeed insignificant. But the

sheer emptiness and boredom of such a life, like the boredom of military life, was an incentive to moral laxity and an encouragement to the numerous sexual involvements which generally filled the life of a young man of that class, and which so often ended in loss of life.

But the question still remained--was not society wrong in demanding that a man such as Fritz should be required to submit himself to a duel and thus lose his life for the sake of a woman in whom he no longer had the slightest interest? Was this really a matter of 'honour' at all? And was it really necessary, or desirable, or justifiable, that Fritz should be expected to prove his courage in this way, since a refusal to duel carried the stigma of cowardice?

Schnitzler then turned his attention to the problems arising when a man decides not to succumb to the demands of the 'Code of Honour' and refuses to accept a challenge. This is the situation he describes in Freiwild.

In this three-act drama the action takes place at a small resort town near Vienna, where a summer theatre is in progress. But the theatre turns out to be a kind of pleasure establishment and its director a procurer, the whole operation catering to the sexual desires of the public, in particular to the military officers stationed there. Tragedy results when a young actress, Anna Riedel,

fulfilling her first engagement, discovers the true nature of the theatre and refuses to cooperate in selling herself, thus risking her job, which she desperately needs. Her friend, Paul Rönning, a wealthy young man convalescing under the care of his friend and physician, Dr. Wellner, supports her stand. When one of the officers, First Lieutenant Karinski, provokes Paul with an insulting remark concerning Anna, Paul slaps his face and calls him a scoundrel. As a result Karinski challenges him to a duel. But Paul has already been close to death once and is now experiencing so much joy in just being alive that he does not intend to risk his life for such a stupid reason. He refuses to duel. Karinski waylays him and shoots him down.

Thus did Schnitzler portray the tragedy resulting from a conflict between rational behaviour and blind adherence to an absurd and outworn convention, the military 'Code of Honour.'

Paul had possessed sufficient moral courage to take a stand against the domination of the social code. Karinski had forced the issue in the first place, had behaved like a scoundrel and had been treated like one, but for Karinski then to be allowed the privilege of killing Paul was neither logical nor just. The slap in the face was deserved, but does Paul deserve probable death for administering it? He does not think so. But Dr. Wellner

points out that the slap does not in itself signify a slap, but a mortal insult: "Der Schlag aber bedeutet nicht den Schlag, sondern eine tödliche Beleidigung, wie du sehr wohl weißt."¹⁹ Paul maintains, however, that what would happen to him in the duel would not signify something but would be something: "Was mir in dem Duell geschähe, würde nichts bedeuten, sondern etwas sein...und das ist ein wesentlicher Unterschied."²⁰ For a man to expose himself to danger or death for the sake of a holy conviction or a high ideal, or for everything he believes in with his whole heart and mind, could be understood and perhaps commended, but to be pushed into such a "blödsinnige Duell", without any good or real justification, in order to satisfy an absurd convention--that would be totally ridiculous. Neither did he consider it necessary to prove his courage by standing face to face with a scoundrel armed with a pistol.

For Karinski the situation was different. He had to fight. The army 'Code of Honour' demanded it. And when Paul refused, then Karinski faced dishonourable discharge from the army. But he had made it clear that he would take his own life rather than allow this to happen: "...Als was soll ich weiterleben, nachdem ich der Oberleutnant Karinski gewesen bin?...Meine Welt ist da... unter meinesgleichen, unter denen, die mich bis jetzt als ihresgleichen gelten lassen. Wenn's damit aus ist, ist

alles für mich aus, alles. Und es muß aus sein."²¹
 Paul, however, could not allow this to influence his decision. Karinski knew perfectly well what he was doing when he provoked the incident, and the fact that he could not accept a life outside the military was his own choice, but this should not have conferred on him the right to take another's life merely to conserve his own and to keep his supposed honour intact. But Karinski could not and would not allow what he considered a mortal insult to his honour to go unavenged. He took Paul's life knowing that he would then be obliged to take his own.

The stigma of cowardice associated with a refusal to accept a challenge, and the symbolical effect of a 'slap in the face,' formed the object of Schnitzler's own observations on the obligation to duel:

...Solange Leute als feig gelten werden, die eine Duellforderung ablehnen und solange Leute den Vorwurf dieser sogenannten Feigheit als diffamierend empfinden werden, solange wird auch der Duellzwang bestehen. Keine behördliche Vergütung, kein Gesetz wird die Macht haben, jemanden, der einen andern wirklich oder im Sinne der geltenden gesellschaftlichen Anschauungen beleidigt hat, davor zu schützen, daß er eine Ohrfeige bekommt. Und solange diese Ohrfeige ihre innerhalb der Gesellschaft nun einmal feststehende symbolische Bedeutung behält, wird keine behördliche Verfügung die Macht besitzen, den Geohrfeigten glauben zu machen, daß sein Beleidiger durch eine Geldstrafe von fünf bis hundert Gulden oder selbst durch Arrest von vierundzwanzig Stunden genügend bestraft und damit seine, des Gezuchtigten Ehre

wiederhergestellt weiß. So wird also diese Ohrfeige, wenn andere Mittel versagen, in all den Kreisen, wo sie eben als Symbol gilt, einen absoluten Zwang zum Duell bedeuten. Es ist also unbedingt erforderlich, diese Beleidigung innerhalb von Kreisen, wo einer Strafe zu belegen, die dem symbolischen Ernst der Beleidigung angemessen ist; unter Umständen mit schweren Kerkerstrafen.²²

In order to abolish the obligation to duel, therefore, he concluded that it would be absolutely necessary for punishment to be inflicted such as imprisonment and hard labour, commensurate with the symbolical seriousness of the insult, in order for the person insulted to feel that true justice had been done and offended honour suitably recompensed.

Schnitzler also laid open to criticism the boredom and emptiness of army life, which contributed in no mean way to the general moral dissipation seen among military officers, which in itself paved the way for the type of tragedy seen in Freiwild. Thus Karinski was alleged to be a man out of his proper environment, a man who needed war to be able to justify his existence, his training as a soldier:²³

Um sich haun müßt' er können. Was fangt so ein Mensch in ewiger Friedenszeit mit seinem Temperament an? Wo soll er hin damit? Es ist ja wahr, solche Leut' wie der Karinski sollen Soldaten sein, aber für solche Soldaten gehört der Krieg, sonst haben sie überhaupt keine Existenzberechtigung.²⁴

Any writer daring to criticize a long-standing institution leaves himself open to abuse, and Schnitzler, being of Jewish extraction, was doubly vulnerable. The play infuriated reactionaries and militarists alike and aroused ominous reactions in influential circles. For a time the play was forbidden by the censors because of the 'slap in the face' administered to an officer of the Imperial Army, and further, Schnitzler had presented such a realistic picture of the sordid conditions prevalent in provincial theatres that many actors, feeling self-conscious, refused to take a part in it.²⁵ But the play was performed in Berlin on November 1, 1896, in Prague on November 27, 1897, and on February 1, 1898 for the first time in Vienna.

In the tragi-comedy Das weite Land, produced in October, 1911, Schnitzler treats the duel in relation to the problem of youth versus age, combined with the problem of marital faithfulness. The duel is regarded as a game, but a game, nevertheless, which turns into a life and death confrontation. The play presents a number of characters in complex interrelation with each other, where games of love and intrigue are played out against a background of other sports.

A wealthy manufacturer, Friedrich Hofreiter, reproaches his faithful wife, Genia, for not having

yielded to a love relationship with his close friend, a talented pianist, Alexei Korsakov, on account of which Korsakov has taken his own life. Hofreiter himself has been involved in many affairs, of which Genia is fully aware. Yet when Genia allows herself to be lured into a brief love affair with a young naval ensign, Otto von Aigner, Friedrich quite deliberately and without any provocation insults the young man in public, thereby leaving him with no option but to issue a challenge. In the ensuing duel Otto is killed.

When Genia demands to know the reason for her husband's incredulous behaviour, Friedrich admits that there had been no question of hate, anger, jealousy, or love: "Na ja, von all dem verspür' ich allerdings verdammt wenig. Aber man will doch nicht der Hopf sein."²⁶ It was, after all, only a question of pique, of vanity. And when, in shock and horror, Genia begs him to tell her that he had not intended to kill Otto--that it had all been an accident--Friedrich cold-bloodedly disillusioned her: "In den Augenblick, da er mir gegenübergestanden ist, da ist es wahr gewesen...Wie er mir gegenübergestanden ist mit seinem frechen, jungen Blick, da hab' ich's gewußt... er oder ich."²⁷

Friedrich points out that although he will himself go to the police and report the matter, no action will be

taken against him since everything was conducted according to the rules and he was ostensibly only fighting to save his honour: "Geschehen wird mir ja nichts. Ich hab' ja nur meine Ehre gerettet.."28

For the first time, Friedrich has been brought face to face with the knowledge of his own aging, and ultimate death, and he bitterly recoils from it. He is now forty-two years of age. He has been forced to realize that his skill on the tennis courts will soon give way to more youthful opponents, and that his success in love affairs will soon begin to diminish. He has always maintained that no matter what a man has achieved in life, the only things of real importance to him are his conquests in love. And he knows that these will soon meet with less success for him in competition with younger admirers.

Out of envy, and in cold blood, he has killed young Otto von Aigner because of the taunt of youth, but he cannot destroy all youth--they will ever be there, all around him, relentless and mocking--and the knowledge fills him with despair.

In this way Schnitzler showed clearly how the 'Code of Honour' was abused in order to strike out at a situation to which there was no solution. To destroy a young life out of mere pique, out of a sudden and savage revolt against the inevitability of aging was monstrous, and

achieved nothing. This was no 'duel of honour'--there was no 'honour' at stake--only a man's vanity, his inability to come to terms with the unavoidable process of his own aging. He had robbed a young man of his life and it was murder--but it would go unpunished. The 'Code of Honour' allowed him to bend its provisions to protect him from legal and just retribution, but there was no means of giving back the life he had taken or of assuaging the pain and misery inflicted on others. He would save his own life with a lie--an ironic and ridiculous situation indeed when the lie is protected under the authority of a code professing 'honour' as its maxim.

The tragedy perpetrated by the aging seducer, which Schnitzler demonstrated in Das weite Land, is treated again in Casanova's Heimfahrt, a novella published in 1918, one of the few works in which Vienna is not the locale for the story.

This time Schnitzler goes to Italy, and takes as his hero Casanova de Seingalt, the eighteenth century Italian adventurer. Casanova is depicted returning to Venice, the place of his birth, from which he had been banished twenty-five years earlier. He is now fifty-three years of age, some ten years older than Friedrich Hofreiter of Das weite Land, and unlike Hofreiter, has already reached

that stage where, in spite of his name and reputation, he is no longer able to attract the young girls he has always enjoyed in earlier years.

While staying briefly at the castle of an acquaintance in the area of Mantua, he meets Marcolina, a young girl of great beauty and intellect. She is said to be of such purity and virtue, and of such intellectual aspirations, that she will never belong to any man. By chance Casanova sees Lieutenant Lorenzi, an extremely handsome young officer, climbing from the window of Marcolina's room just before daybreak one morning, and the knowledge fills him with violent anger and jealousy.

At a game of cards arranged for the guests, Casanova wins everything and Lorenzi is left in debt for a considerable amount to the Marchese of Celsi. Aware of his wife's feelings for the handsome young officer, the Marchese venomously insults Lorenzi and demands the return of the money the following morning. He knows that Lorenzi's regiment is moving out the next day for active service at the front, and that Lorenzi will have no hope of obtaining the money in time. Consequently, in deference to the military 'Code of Honour', Lorenzi will take his own life rather than allow himself to be dishonourably discharged from the service.

Casanova offers to give Lorenzi the money if Lorenzi allows him to take his place with Marcolina that night. Under cover of darkness she will not know she has been deceived. But when Casanova steals away from Marcolina's room at daybreak, Lorenzi is waiting for him outside the castle walls and insists that they will duel then and there, to the death. In the confrontation Lorenzi is killed. But Casanova has experienced his last adventure. The swashbuckling adventurer of unperturbable immorality is now just as dead as the young man who lies before him; He had recognized in Lorenzi, when they first met, the image of his former youthful self:

Nur eine Sekunde lang überlegte Casanova, an wen ihn Lorenzi erinnerte. Dann wußte er, daß es sein eigenes Bild war, das ihm, um dreiBig Jahre verjüngt, hier entgegentrat. Bin ich etwa in seiner Gestalt wiedergekehrt? fragte er sich. Da mußte ich doch vorher gestorben sein...Und es durchbebte ihn: Bin ich's denn nicht seit lange? Was ist denn noch an mir von dem Casanova, der jung, schön und glücklich war?29

By his very presence Lorenzi had made Casanova aware of his own age, and this was intolerable to him. He had tried in his vanity to regain his youth through Lorenzi, to take his place with Marcolina, and in so doing had destroyed a young life. His whole existence had been filled with a continuous stream of erotic adventures at the expense of all else, and now there was nothing left. He had gambled his life on the continuation of love and

adventure as an all-consuming passion, without being able to conceive of, or to accept, a time when such a life would be over for him. And then to be faced with Lorenzi, possessing all the attributes he had himself once possessed, and still longed for, had filled him with such anger and such jealousy that no trick would have been base enough to prevent him from attempting to attain his ends. But it had been an empty victory after all. He could not cheat time. The void that now stretched before him he knew would be filled with the ongoing miseries and indignities of old age, and there was no escape. It was a living death he now must face.

Although the fate of the aging seducer forms the focal part of the story, yet the terms of the military 'Code of Honour,' which demanded dishonourable discharge from the service for failure to settle gambling debts, provided an even greater tragedy. Such an inane, brutal decree invariably resulted in suicide. The very concept of honour embodied in the code made it virtually impossible for any officer to accept the shame of dishonourable discharge, which then also rendered him 'satisfaktionsunfähig.'

For Lorenzi to have to consider taking his own life at the mercy of the Marchese, a jealous and spiteful old man, was an abomination. And then to be obliged to enter into a shameful pact to save his life, just to satisfy the

vanity and lust of another old man, was equally appalling. The duel was the only means open to him to assuage his own shame and anger, and to avenge the outrage to the girl he loved--indeed, he had to duel. The terms of the 'Code of Honour' made it obligatory to issue a challenge under such circumstances, or to be discharged dishonourably from the service for failure to appease an insult. But Lorenzi was no coward. He had already proved his courage on the field of combat, and he had prepared to duel with Casanova in great anger and determination: "Alles Gemeine war aus seinem Antlitz weggelöscht; er schien so bereit, zu töten als zu sterben."³⁰ And he had lost his life in the process. It was murder, but again murder within the authority of a socially accepted institution.

The incidence of gambling, which paved the way for the tragedy occurring in Casanova's Heimfahrt, is given much wider treatment in the novella Spiel im Morgengrauen (1927).

Lieutenant Wilhelm Kasda is approached by an erstwhile comrade, Otto von Bogner, for the urgent loan of one thousand gulden, to save him from prosecution for fraud. Kasda tries to obtain the money for him by gambling with acquaintances in Baden that same day. He wins two thousand gulden and then leaves to catch the last train

back to Vienna. But Fate takes a hand--he is delayed briefly and misses the train. He returns to the café and continues to gamble. He wins a total of four thousand two hundred gulden, but then a sudden inexplicable feverish excitement possesses him and a fiendish desire to win more and more. He continues, but by the time play stops at 2:30 the next morning he has not only lost all he had won but is in debt to Consul Schnabel for the grand sum of eleven thousand gulden, and this money has to be repaid by noon the following day.

Kasda's only hope lies with an elderly uncle of independent means, whom he has not seen for several years. But the uncle is now married and has turned over the whole of his fortune to his young wife. Kasda recognizes her as a girl with whom he had shared a brief one-night liaison some years before. She promises to consider a loan, and arrives at his rooms that same evening. After spending the night there, she leaves early the following morning, giving him a note for one thousand gulden. She explains that she is paying him for their night together, in the same way that he had left her ten gulden for their night several years earlier, when he had crept away at daybreak, debasing her feelings with money.

Kasda is momentarily filled with shame, and then

anger. In a mood of bitterly ironic humour, he encloses the money in an envelope and sends it to Otto von Bogner. Three hours later Lieutenant Kasda is found shot to death in his room, his revolver lying on the floor beside him. And just then his uncle arrives, bringing the eleven thousand gulden his wife has given him for the Lieutenant, in full settlement of his debt.

The prevalence of gambling was all too commonplace among officers of the Imperial Army, and failure to settle gambling debts was a common enough reason for suicide. But while the practice of gambling beyond one's means was a vice which could not be condoned, yet the concept of saving honour by sacrificing life for such a reason was ludicrous. The military 'Code of Honour' which protected such false values was neither humane nor just. The boredom and emptiness of army life was an undeniable incentive to gambling as a means of passing time and affording some little excitement in an otherwise dreary environment. But the difficulty of maintaining complete control and denying the natural urge to continue beyond sensible limits is only too well known. Officers of the Imperial Army were paid just a small salary, not sufficient to permit more than minimal risk. Consequently, gambling debts were an inevitable and ongoing problem.

Nevertheless, to be expected to forfeit life in such a situation is to exact a preposterous punishment for

something which is, after all, only the result of a very human weakness. There was no 'honour' as such in this at all, where a man's fate was decided purely on his ability to raise money; it was only a purely mechanical means of terminating an issue.

While the duel as a means of avenging marital infidelity was an accepted practice, yet rarely was the finger of blame pointed at the woman involved. But in a five-act comedy entitled Ritterlichkeit Schnitzler questioned the validity of a chivalry which would knowingly protect a woman who was utterly immoral, and in so doing allow a young man to lose his life for her sake.

Frau Antonia Sternhof is such a woman. She possesses physical beauty but no moral virtues. She has been involved in numerous affairs, and is selling herself to one of her husband's closest friends. She is devoid of compassion and cares nothing for the lives and feelings of others--a woman who is no better than the meanest prostitute.

Her husband has discovered her affair with a young lieutenant, and believing it to be her first and only infidelity has issued a challenge to the lieutenant, although confessing that he feels neither anger, jealousy, hate, nor desire for revenge--absolutely nothing --yet the social 'Code of Honour' demands that he should duel. The young lieutenant is also unaware of the woman's true nature and believes their affair to be of mutual love, for

which he is prepared to sacrifice his life.

There is evidence in the form of a letter which would reveal the truth about Frau Sternhof, knowledge of which would cause her husband to appear ridiculous in the eyes of society so that he would both refuse to duel on her behalf, or ever allow her in his house again. But the owner of the letter considers that to reveal this would be unchivalrous, even though he had himself been treated shamefully by her to a point where he had at one time contemplated suicide.

The brother of the young lieutenant, eager to prevent ~~of~~ the duel at all costs, bitterly condemns the suppression of a letter which would protect such a woman at the expense of a good young life, all in the name of such empty drivel as "Diskretion, Ritterlichkeit and Ehre." He cannot believe that logic will not prevail and that a life will not be held to be more valuable than all the "blödsinnige Formelkram" of the social code.

Schnitzler worked intermittently on this play from 1891 to 1912, but never finished it. The first three acts were completed, with the obligation to duel as the central theme, while the concepts of chivalry were revealed as a total absurdity. There is no indication as to how he intended the drama to end, but although he designated it a comedy, there is little of the comic element to be found

in the first three acts, except in the satiric form of the two seconds, Egyd and Poldi. Poldi is described as a so-called professional second, of whom it is said that for seven years no duel had taken place in the vicinity of Vienna without Poldi attending in the capacity of second. For him the duel is total entertainment.

Egyd is caricatured. He is a buffoon, a man who looks forward happily to the coming duel as if to a show. He regards the whole thing as comedy and considers it perfectly splendid that men will go to their deaths for absolutely nothing. He expresses his feelings to Sternhof:

Lieber Baron, ich finde es herrlich, einfach herrlich, für nichts und wieder nichts in den... pardon, aber es ist ja immerhin möglich... in den Tod zu gehn.³¹

Denn, bester Baron, verzeihen Sie, Sie spielen Komödie.³²

Ja, lassen Sie mich gestehen, ich freue mich. Ich will nicht besser machen, als ich bin... Ich freue mich wie auf ein Schauspiel. Ich sehe Sie vor mir, nicht mit der Wimper zucken, den Lauf der Pistole auf sich gerichtet, eventuell hinsinken...³³

Gestehen wir es uns, meine Frende: man muß etwas beschränkt sein, um den Tod so ruhig ins Antlitz zu sehen.³⁴

He is a clownish figure, but his comments are nevertheless valid. The duel was indeed a comedy, and in a case such as this would have been even more than usually nonsensical.

Der Sekundant, a short story published in 1927, looks back in retrospect to the period before the First World War. The narrator, in an attempt to glorify the institution of the duel, succeeds only in revealing the truth, which is a condemnation, not a justification of it.

He looks back to his youth, reminiscing about the many duels he had attended in the capacity of second, and recounts one of these experiences to a young man, chiding his listener the while for the fact that it had since become the custom to make fun of such institutions. He insists that life was indeed finer in the 'good old days' - at least it 'presented a nobler appearance.' He claims that because one sometimes had to risk one's life for something that was not tangible--for one's honour, for the virtue of a loved wife or the good name of a sister, and other such things 'more from vanity than anything else' and no longer regarded by the present society as being worthwhile--lent a certain dignity to the social life of the times, or at least a certain 'style'.

He describes a duel he had attended as a second, where one of the contestants, Eduard Loiberger, an industrialist of some fifty-three years of age, was shot to death by his opponent, Captain Urpadinsky of the Lancer Regiment, by reason of Loiberger's affair with Frau Urpadinsky.

The narrator confesses that the duel now appears in memory as being more like a puppet show than a real-life occurrence:

Das Duell selbst ist mir beinahe wie ein Marionettenspiel in Gedächtnis geblieben; als Marionette lag Eduard Loiberger da, als die Kugel seines Gegners ihn auf den Boden hingestreckt hatte, und eine Marionette war auch der Regimentsarzt, der den Tod feststellte, ein hagerer, ältlicher Mann mit polnischem Schnurrbart.³⁵

The narrator then recalls a discussion with the other second, after the duel had taken place, but remembers that they both spoke without any sentiment whatsoever, in spite of the tragic outcome, but rather discussed it from an 'aesthetic, sportsmanlike point of view.'

He recounts his subsequent visit to the Loiberger villa in Ischl, to inform Frau Loiberger of her husband's duel and death, and how she had seduced him, in the name of love, before he had been able to give her the information. He recalls her behaviour after she had learned of her husband's death, and the calculating and cold-blooded manner in which she had immediately established her material rights.

In recalling this whole event, the narrator unconsciously revealed what he himself could not see--the utter emptiness of such a life, where there was no real love, no loyalty--nothing but hasty, clandestine relationships. Everything was a sham. He himself declared that life

'presented a nobler appearance'--but that was all it was--an appearance, a façade for the lies and deceit that lay beneath. There was no honour and no dignity in losing one's life for the sake of a shabby little affair which was, after all, only one in a round of similar cheap little adventures. Sexual experience was just a pastime, a game to be given the outward appearance of love but never the real quality. But once the mask was stripped away then the utter hypocrisy of such a life was revealed.

What kind of a society was it that could see a man shot to death for such a trivial reason, without recognizing the stupidity and the tragedy of it? And to discuss the affair in a cold-blooded, sportsmanlike manner, as if it were a game and the victim just a 'thing', a mere target? No wonder in memory the duel had appeared as a puppet-show, for puppets they truly were--wooden-like figures with the outward appearance of life but with none of the true qualities which make life honourable and worthwhile. And like puppets on a string they were all manipulated by a brutal and inhuman social 'Code of Honour.' Only puppets, incapable of reasoning, could have allowed themselves to be bound by such an institution. It was just as impossible for the duel to be permitted to continue as it was for the society that believed in it to prevail.

Nowhere did Schnitzler strip away the mask so ruthlessly as he did in the novella Leutnant Gustl, published on December 25, 1900, and the impact was such that the military authorities reacted officially and Schnitzler was summoned to appear before a Court of Honour. He declined to do so since he did not acknowledge that the council had any jurisdiction in literary matters, but as a result of the publication he subsequently received notification that his commission as a medical officer in the Austrian Reserve had been revoked.

Comments on this action in the newspapers were sharply divided, but the vast majority protested against such unwarranted interference in literary matters on the part of the military.³⁶ The Vossische Zeitung published an article by Alfred Klaar which warned that the adoption of such a policy could lead to the subordination by the military of all literature forthcoming from men in their most productive years if the Court of Honour for each regiment had the authority to decide on the admissability of each literary work.³⁷

That the military powers saw fit to discipline Schnitzler was an abuse of their authority, and the fact that their action was also partially based on Schnitzler's failure to challenge to a duel a newspaper critic who had written a denunciatory article in the Reichswehr shortly

after the publication of Leutnant Gustl, was ridiculous.³⁸

The nationalistic and anti-Semitic press, on the other hand, heartily approved of the decision of the Court of Honour and welcomed the opportunity to make Schnitzler once again the target of their hostile articles.³⁹ The Österreichische Volkspresse took a strictly anti-Semitic view.⁴⁰ The Deutsche Zeitung considered that he had been treated too leniently.⁴¹ The Kikeriki, not satisfied with a bitterly anti-Semitic article entitled Aaron Schnitzler, followed this up with a cartoon labelled Der fliegende Literatur-Hebräer, showing Schnitzler being bodily kicked out, and later published a verse suggesting that Leutnant Gustl was also a Jew and a coward, like Schnitzler himself.⁴² The Figaro derived some humour from the fact that Schnitzler's demotion was motivated partly by his failure to challenge the author of the denunciatory article in the Reichswehr to a duel.⁴³

But in spite of these many denunciations Leutnant Gustl proved to be one of Schnitzler's most successful works. The whole story is presented in 'Innerer Monolog,' a technique which permits complete objectivity.⁴⁴ Schnitzler was not the first writer to have employed this technique. The French author, Édouard Dujardin, had published his short story Les Lauriers sont coupés in 1888, also in the form of interior monologue. Schnitzler was

aware of this work and in a letter to his friend, Georg Brandes, in June, 1901, he acknowledged his indebtedness to Dujardin for the idea, but at the same time recognized the weakness in the French work:

Ich freue mich, daB Sie die Novelle vom Leutnant Gustl amüsiert hat. Eine Novelle von Dostojewski, Krotkaja,⁴⁵ die ich nicht kenne, soll die gleiche Technik des Gedankenmonologes aufweisen. Mir aber wurde der erste AnlaB zu der 'Form' durch eine Geschichte von Dujardin gegeben, betitelt les lauriers sont coupés. Nur daB dieser Autor für seine Form nicht den rechten Stoff zu finden wußte.⁴⁶

Several literary historians, among them Kurt Bergel, have called Leutnant Gustl the first "accomplished example" of the inner monologue in German literature.⁴⁷

Through the medium of this technique Gustl's innermost thoughts are revealed without reservation, and thus the complete moral emptiness of his mind is laid bare.

Gustl has challenged to a duel a Doctor (ostensibly a lawyer), a man who had made a remark which Gustl had taken personally and considered to be insulting. By reason of his class, the Doctor is 'satisfaktionsfähig' and therefore obliged to accept the challenge.

The evening before the duel is to take place Gustl becomes involved in an incident with a masterbaker, and because the man is 'satisfaktionsunfähig' and Gustl had neither the courage nor the quick-wittedness to strike

him down on the spot, Gustl is left with his honour besmirched. He then has no choice but to resign from the service dishonourably or hide his shame from the world by taking his own life. Paradoxically, he lacks the courage to make a new life for himself as a civilian, and so must contemplate committing suicide. Throughout the course of the night he wanders around Vienna, ruminating over the act and trying to discover some means of avoiding it, while his thoughts run amok covering the whole period of his life.

It soon becomes clear that the duel he is to fight the next day is utterly devoid of justification. The remark made by the Doctor was in fact a perfectly reasonable and accurate observation: "Herr Leutnant, Sie werden mir doch zugeben, daß nicht alle Ihre Kameraden zum Militär gegangen sind, ausschließlich um das Vaterland zu verteidigen."⁴⁸ The fact that this applied exactly to Gustl's own situation--he had been expelled from secondary school and consequently put into Cadet School--only made him particularly sensitive to the truth of the remark. This, combined with his natural hostility towards all professional men, and his hotheadedness, aggravated by drinking, had led him to such a state that by his own admission he had been quite incapable of responding to reason.

Such a duel, therefore, was absolutely ridiculous-- the concept of any insult to honour completely ludicrous-- and the possibility of the doctor losing his life on such grounds, monstrous in the extreme.

The affair with the baker also proves to be equally irresponsible. As a result of Gustl's rudeness and impatient pushing and jostling in the cloakroom after the concert, Herr Habetswallner calmly and quietly puts him in his place and calls him a 'dummer Bub.' But this was thoroughly deserved and is completely justified. Gustl is a 'dummer Bub.' His whole existence is living proof of this. His behaviour in the cloakroom was that of an ill-bred youth, not a mature adult. And the pattern of his whole life up to this point leaves little doubt as to his immaturity and foolishness, his selfishness and lack of moral discipline. His early dissipation had helped to spoil his sister's life and greatly distressed his family, yet he is completely unaffected by it. Like a selfish immature youth, he expects his mother to take responsibility for his gambling debts, though he knows that obtaining the money places a great strain on her.

Military service, demanding only physical aggressiveness and blind adherence to regulations, suits him admirably, and in the emptiness of this life he is able to pursue to excess his natural inclination for

drinking, gambling, and sexual affairs. In summing up his life he concludes that he has experienced everything--everything, that is, except a war, and this is his only regret. The only real pleasure in life, he declares, is sexual experience, but the partner is immaterial: "Ob so ein Mensch Steffi oder Kunigunde heit, bleibt sich gleich..."⁴⁹ His conceit will not allow him to admit, even to himself, that Steffi's constant stalling is just a means of putting an end to their relationship, but in a brief moment of truth he has to accept that only his immediate family and Kopetzky would be grieved at his death.

He is mortally afraid to die, yet afraid not to die. He blames everyone for his predicament except himself. He desperately wants to live and cannot bring himself to face the reality of his own death, yet though he frantically searches for a way out, his crowning stupidity is that he lacks the maturity and intelligence to question the value of the code to which he gives allegiance. He knows that afterwards everyone will say that there was no need for him to have taken his life for such a silly reason: "...Ja, nacher mchten's gewi alle sagen: das htt' er doch nicht tun mssen, wegen so einer Dummheit;.." ⁵⁰ but yet, if they were asked before, they would all have to agree that he had no alternative. He only once comes close to

wondering about the necessity of bowing to convention:
 "Wenn ich wollt', konnt' ich noch immer den ganzen
 Krempel hinschmeiBen...Amerika...Was ist das "Krempel?"
 Was ist ein "Krempel?"⁵¹ But the thought is too much
 for him and is instantly abandoned: "Mir scheint, ich
 hab' den Sonnenstich!..."⁵²

Gustl's is a mind so responsive to military training that he is no longer able to think independently. Outward appearances mean everything to him and he is terrified of being seen to behave in any way not strictly in accordance with military decorum. He shelters behind the mask of a military uniform, enjoying the certain authority and protection it affords, and the appearance of one who commands respect, and the mere thought of life as a civilian is inconceivable to him. He acts the part of an officer and a man of honour, and must even remind himself from time to time that there is no longer any need for pretence: "Herr Leutnant, Sie sind jetzt allein, brauchen niemandem einen Pflanz vorzumachen..."⁵³ But a glimpse behind the facade shows not a dashing young officer at all, but only a very ordinary individual, possessing neither courage nor stature, with only a modicum of intelligence but considerable bravado--in short, exactly what Herr Habetswallner had called him: a "dummer Bub."

Gustl's extreme subjection to the role he is playing drives him from one sexual experience to another and from one duel to another--his sense of superiority must always impress itself on others through aggressive behaviour. He acts the part of an officer who cannot endure an unappeased insult, and thus is prepared to take his own life to preserve his honour, but at the same time he must constantly try to convince himself that this is now the real thing and no longer play-acting. Indeed, though he had declared that he could not possibly continue to wear the uniform in shame (even though no-one else knew of it), yet immediately upon hearing of the baker's sudden death, all thoughts of honour and suicide are completely forgotten and with great joy he looks forward to the continuation of his shallow, empty life. His ego is completely restored and, full of confidence, he anticipates the duel he is to fight with the Doctor, and the brutal pleasure he will take in destroying the man: "...na wart', mein Lieber, wart', mein Lieber! Ich bin grad' gut aufgelegt...Dich hau' ich zu Krenfleisch!"⁵⁴

He had no real desire to die for the glory of the code; for him it had never been a matter of moral integrity. He never once realizes the absolute absurdity of being expected to forfeit his life for such a trivial reason; he never once considers the hypocritical and

inane honour concept, and the absolute fatuity of the code to which he is bound. Such was the power of the military 'Code of Honour' and the mindlessness of those who submitted to it.

NOTES

¹The Emperor's son, Crown Prince Rudolph, wrote to a friend in 1888: "We live in a wearisome and corrupt age. Who knows how long it will continue?" Five months later he took his own life. (Tschuppik, Karl, The Reign of the Emperor Francis Joseph, 1848-1916, trans. C. J. S. Spriggs, (London: G. Bell, 1930), p. 297.)

²Hermann Broch described Austria as a rejected State since 1848, a vacuum in which the Emperor Franz Joseph identified the doom of the realm with his own; how the Emperor inevitably saw everybody, people, aristocracy, and members of the House of Habsburg, as destroyers driven by an urge for change, so that he alone had to be immovable and unchangeable. (Ilsa Barea, Vienna (New York: Knopf, 1966), pp. 259-60.)

³Robert O. Weiss, trans., Some Day Peace Will Return, by Arthur Schnitzler, ed. Robert Weiss (New York: Ungar, 1971), pp. 8-9.

⁴Weiss, p. 10.

⁵Weiss, pp. 10-11.

⁶The juxtaposition of 'Schein' and 'Sein', the image of the world as a stage and man as a player on the stage of life, had its roots in the Baroque. The baroque harmony of contrasts constitutes a basic 'leitmotif' of Austrian literature. Life and death, reality and illusion, dreaming and waking--these are the themes which occur again and again, not only in the writings of Schnitzler but also in those of Grillparzer, Hofmannsthal, and others. The interrelation of illusion and reality, of theatre and life, is the common theme in the two one-act plays by Schnitzler--the puppet play Zum großen Wurstel (1906) and the 'Grotteske in einem Akt' Der grüne Kakadu (1898) - and in the prose work Traumnovelle (1926).

⁷In an interview with G. S. Viereck in 1930, Schnitzler commented thus: "Understanding by no means implies forgiveness. "Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner" is a vicious falsehood. To forgive all implies surrender of one's personality, the forfeiture of one's judgment. I do not forgive all. (George Sylvester Viereck, Glimpses of the Great, (New York: The Macauley Co., 1920), p. 401.)

⁸Weiss, p. 9.

⁹Schnitzler described the situation thus:
 Es war nicht möglich, insbesondere für einen Juden, der in der Öffentlichkeit stand, davon abzusehen, daß er Jude war, da die andern es nicht taten, die Christen nicht und die Juden noch weniger. Man hatte die Wahl, für unempfindlich, zudringlich, frech oder für empfindlich, schüchtern, verfolgungswahnsinnig zu gelten. Und auch wenn man seine innere und äußere Haltung so weit bewahrte, daß man weder das eine noch das andere zeigte, ganz unberührt zu bleiben was so unmöglich, als etwa ein Mensch gleichgültig bleiben könnte, der sich zwar die Haut anaesthetisieren lieb, aber mit wachen und offenen Augen zusehen muß, wie unreine Messer sie ritzen, ja schneiden, bis das Blut kommt... (Jugend in Wien: Eine Autobiographie (Wien-München-Zürich: Verlag Fritz Molden, 1968), p. 328.)

¹⁰The actual wording of the "Waidhofener Beschluß" went as follows:

Jeder Sohn einer jüdischen Mutter, jeder Mensch, in dessen Adern jüdischen Blut rollt, ist von Geburt aus ehrlos, jeder feineren Regung bar. Er kann nicht unterscheiden zwischen Schmutzigem und Reinem. Er ist ein ethisch tiefstehendes Subjekt. Der Verkehr mit einem Juden ist daher entehrend; man muß jede Gemeinschaft mit Juden vermeiden. Einen Juden kann man nicht beleidigen, ein Jude kann daher keine Genugtuung für erlittene Beleidigungen verlangen. (Schnitzler, Jugend in

Wien, p. 156.)

Although this manifesto was not declared official until 1896, the practical results of these principles were evident right from the early 1880's.

¹¹In England the practice had come under intermittent censure since the 17th century. In 1843 an Anti-Duelling Association was formed, and this, together with amended legislation the following year, the obvious determination of judges and juries to convict duellists of murder, the sarcasm of the press and the sheer pressure of public opinion, gradually succeeded in suppressing all duelling. (Robert Baldick, The Duel (New York: Clarkson N. Potter, 1965), p. 114.)

In France the "Édit du Blois" (1602) was one of the earliest and most effective pieces of legislation designed to suppress duelling, and was the origin of the 'point of honour' later embodied in the "Édit des Duels" (1579) during the reign of Louis XIV. (Baldick, p. 54.)

In Italy duelling in some form can be traced back to the 7th century. At various times Italian rulers tried to suppress the practice but with little success except in the 16th century. By the end of the 19th century, however, duelling had fallen into the same general disfavour as in most other European countries. (Baldick, p. 144.)

In Spain duelling was practised intermittently from Roman times until the early 20th century. In the 14th century efforts were made to abolish the practice, and legislation provided for death, banishment and confiscation of property for duellists and their seconds. Various edicts were issued during the following centuries against it, but it was not until the turn of the century that it had dwindled to insignificant proportions. (Baldick, p. 145.)

¹²Baldick, pp. 146-7.

¹³These sentiments are expressed most succinctly in Schnitzler's Betrachtungen "Und einmal wird der Friede wiederkommen..." (Arthur Schnitzler, Gesammelte Werke: Aphorismen und Betrachtungen, hrsg. von Robert O. Weiss (Frankfurt am Main: S. Fischer Verlag, 1967), pp. 187-231.)

¹⁴Theodor Fontane, one of the great 19th century German ballad writers and novelists, also condemned the obligation to duel, in his novel of social criticism Effie Briest, published in Berlin in 1895. In this work Baron von Instetten is suddenly faced with the knowledge of his young wife's infidelity, although the affair had occurred some six to seven years previously. As a man of extreme integrity and one who has always behaved strictly in accordance with the social code of his caste, he feels obliged to challenge the man (Major Crampas) to a duel, and as a result Crampas is killed. But Instetten's marriage is now over, his happiness and contentment lost, and Effie (his wife) must be banished from his house, ostracized by the society to which she belongs. Instetten bitterly condemns the cult of honour in Prussian contemporary society as idolatrous:

Die Welt ist einmal, wie sie ist, und die Dinge verlaufen nicht, wie wir wollen, sondern wie die andern wollen. Das mit dem "Gottesgericht", wie manche hochtrabend versichern, ist freilich ein Unsinn, nichts davon, umgekehrt, unser Ehrenkultus ist ein Götzendienst, aber wir müssen uns ihm unterwerfen, solange der Götze gilt.

(Theodor Fontane, Effi Briest (Frankfurt am Main: Insel Verlag, 1976), pp. 282-3.

Further, Instetten held as an absurdity a code which was dependent upon age and the time factor for its validity:

Ich bin jetzt fünfundvierzig. Wenn ich die Briefe fünfundzwanzig Jahre später gefunden hätte, so war ich siebzig. Dann hätte Wüllersdorf gesagt: "Instetten, seien Sie kein Narr." Und wenn es Wüllersdorf nicht gesagt hätte, so hätt' es Buddenbrook gesagt, und wenn auch der nicht, so ich selbst. Dies is mir klar. Treibt man etwas auf die Spitze, so übertreibt man und hat die Lächerlichkeit. Kein Zweifel. Aber wo fängt es an? Wo liegt die Grenze? Zehn Jahre verlangen noch ein Duell, und da heißt es Ehre, und nach elf Jahren oder veilleicht schon bei zehneinhalb heißt es Unsinn. Die Grenze, die Grenze. Wo ist sie? (Fontane, p. 290.)

And when a period of years had elapsed and there was no longer any emotion involved, no feelings of hate or revenge,

then the mandatory duel became nothing more than a mere performance, a comedy:

Ja, wenn ich voll tödlichem Haß gewesen wäre, wenn mir hier ein tiefes Rachegefühl gesessen hätte...Rache ist nichts Schönes, aber was Menschliches und hat ein natürlich menschliches Recht. So aber war alles einer Vorstellung, einem Begriff zuliebe, war eine gemachte Geschichte, halbe Komödie. Und diese Komödie muß ich nun fortsetzen und muß Effi wegschicken und sie ruinieren und mich mit...(Fontane, p. 291.)

¹⁵Arthur Schnitzler, Aphorismen und Betrachtungen, p. 322.

¹⁶Schnitzler followed this telegram with a lengthy letter in which he deplored the fact that people such as Dr. Goldmann were at the mercy of such possibilities, or believed themselves to be so. Further, that although he (Dr. Goldmann) had behaved admirably in the affair, contributing considerably to the enforcement of a new trial for Dreyfus, and that although he had, in addition, proved himself to be a man of great courage, yet the incident was just as idiotic as it was noble. Had the outcome been different and Dr. Goldmann had been shot to death, then the enormity of such stupidity would have swallowed up everything else. Schnitzler further expressed the hope that Dr. Goldmann would share with him his thoughts and frame of mind during the affair, all of which was a matter of great interest to him. (Arthur Schnitzler, Ritterlichkeit, hrsg. von Rena R. Schlein, (Bonn: Bouvier Verlag Herbert Grundmann, 1975), p. 6.)

¹⁷This was a term normally used to describe single young girls from the outskirts involved in affairs with young men of better social position, lured by excitement and romance outside their normal dull environment. The girls were easy prey, involving no social risk for the man, and no permanent commitment of any sort. To Schnitzler's dismay, however, the term came to be applied indiscriminately, by critics and public alike, to all his female characters who were unmarried, despite the many variations in character and destiny he allotted to them.

¹⁸ Arthur Schnitzler, Gesammelte Werke: Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 1, (Frankfurt am Main: Fischer Verlag, 1962), p. 251.

¹⁹ Schnitzler, Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 1, p. 302.

²⁰ Schnitzler, Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 1, p. 302.

²¹ Schnitzler, Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 1, pp. 316-7.

²² Schnitzler, Aphorismen und Betrachtungen, p. 322.

²³ This need was again emphasized in the drama Der Ruf des Lebens by Schnitzler, published in 1906. The colonel declares that a soldier needs to be able to practice his profession, as a doctor and a lawyer need to practice theirs:

Als ich in die Armee trat, war ich neunzehn, ich hatte Dienste genommen, um zu kämpfen, und an dem Tag, da ich ins Feld rücken sollte, wurde der Friede geschlossen. Da war mir natürlich zumute wie einem, dem man die Türe vor der Nase zuschlägt. Und vor der Türe stand ich zehn, zwanzig, dreiBig Jahre - bis heute. Man tut da allerlei, um sich die Zeit zu vertreiben. Keinem andern kann ja so was passieren wie unsereinem. Es gibt keinen Doktor, dem sie dreiBig Jahre lang Puppen für Kranke in die Betten legen, - keine Advokaten, die an gemalten Verbrechern ihre Kunst probieren, - und sogar die Pfaffen predigen öfters vor Leuten, die wirklich an Himmel und Hölle glauben. Ich aber war gezwungen, meinen Beruf zur Spielerei zu machen... (Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 1, p. 998).

²⁴ Schnitzler, Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 1, p. 294.

²⁵ Otto P. Schinnerer, ed., Viennese Novelettes, by Arthur Schnitzler, (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1931), p. xx.

²⁶ Schnitzler, Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 2, p. 311.

- 27 Schnitzler, Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 2, p. 318.
- 28 Schnitzler, Die Dramatischen Werke, v. 2, p. 319.
- 29 Arthur Schnitzler, Gesammelte Werke: Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 2, (Frankfurt am Main: Fischer Verlag, 1961), p. 259.
- 30 Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 2, p. 313.
- 31 Schnitzler, Ritterlichkeit, p. 39.
- 32 Schnitzler, Ritterlichkeit, p. 40.
- 33 Schnitzler, Ritterlichkeit, p. 41.
- 34 Schnitzler, Ritterlichkeit, p. 41.
- 35 Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 2, p. 886.
- 36 Otto P. Schinnerer, "Schnitzler and the Military Censorship: Unpublished Correspondence", Germanic Review V, (1930), 244.
- 37 The actual article read as follows:
 In dem Falle Arthur Schnitzler tritt der innere Widerspruch derartiger Maßregelungen besonders kraß zu Tage. Das Heer ist seit der Einführung der allgemeinen Wehrpflicht in Deutschland und in Österreich das Volk in Waffen; es schließt prinzipiell die ganze wehrfähige Bevölkerung in sich, und das tritt ja auch in dem Falle, um den es sich handelt, deutlich genug zu Tage; denn Arthur Schnitzler ist, wie männiglich bekannt, seinem wesentlichen Berufe nach Schriftsteller und leistet nur--da er Doktor der Medizin ist--als Regimentsarzt in der Reserve seiner Militärpflicht Genüge. Wenn nun tatsächlich Volk und Heer identisch sind, und andererseits jedes Ehrengericht eines Regiments über die Zulässigkeit einer literarischen Produktion einen scharfen, praktisch wirksamen Urteilsspruch fällen kann, - ist da nicht mit einemmale die ganze von Männern der besten Jahre ausgehende Literatur der Anschauung der Regimenter unterstellt? (Schinnerer, 244).

³⁸Schinnerer, p. 246.

³⁹Schinnerer, p. 245.

⁴⁰The article read as follows:
 Literarjude Schnitzler...Schundwerke...
 Schandstück...alle anderen Schunderzeugnisse
 dieses Juden...Wir sagen: 'Unsere Armee'...
 denn diese, den Ehrbegriff und die Mannesvorzüge
 verkörpernde Einrichtung ist durch und durch
 eine arische, daher dem jüdischen Wesen strikt
 entgegengesetzt und von den Hebräern von Grund
 aus verhaßt. (Schinnerer, 245).

⁴¹The article read thus:
 Wir glauben, daß für ein Subjekt, das so
 niedriger Denkmungsart fähig ist, daß es
 sich devor nicht scheut, den Stand, dem
 anzugehören es gewiß nicht würdig war,
 zu besudeln und in den Augen anderer
 herabzusetzen, ein moralischer Fußtritt
 viel zu wenig ist. (Schinnerer, 245).

⁴²The verse read as follows:
 Leutnant Gustl, der vom Schnitzler
 Als ein Feigling hingestellt,
 Der nicht Mut noch Ehre kennet
 Und als Kneifer sich gefällt:
 War der etwa nicht ein Jude,
 Wie es Schnitzler ist und bleibt?
 Und wenn ja, warum dann klagen
 Daß ein Jud' 'nen Jud' beschreibt?
 Schnitzler kann doch das nur sagen,
 Was er selber glaubt und fühlt,
 Anders denken, anders schreiben,
 Könn't er nur, wenn er's wo stiehlt."
 (Schinnerer, pp. 245-6).

⁴³The article read thus:
 Wenn ich jemals erkrankte, lasse ich mich
 durch den Dr. A. Schnitzler behandeln;
 dem kann man das Honorar schuldig bleiben,
 denn wie ehrenrätlich festgestellt ist,
 fordert er nicht. (Schinnerer, 246).

⁴⁴Schnitzler used this technique again with great success in his novella Fraulein Else, published in 1924. James Joyce also used the same device in his famous work Ulysses (1922).

⁴⁵This is the short story Кюмкая by Dostoevsky, published in 1876, and translated into English under the title A Gentle One: A Fantastic Story. The story gives expression to a similar theory of realism seen in the works of Edgar Allan Poe, which Dostoevsky greatly admired. The work is entirely in 'interior monologue'; the narrator speaks to himself as if to "some kind of judge," as Dostoevsky himself describes it in a preface, in order to arrive at truth through clarification, and it is this "supposition about a stenographer writing everything down" which Dostoevsky calls the fantastic in the story.

Victor Hugo also employed a similar method in his prose tale Le dernier jour d'un Condamné (1832), a work to which Dostoevsky also paid great tribute. In this story the condemned man writes down all his thoughts and observations, revealing the full extent of his suffering, right up to the last moments when he is led away to the guillotine for execution. Memories from his past mingle with dreams and hopeless fantasies for the future while he analyses his situation and experiences all the dread and horror of waiting in solitary confinement for the end, and for the longed-for pardon which did not come.

The Russian writer V. M. Garshin also used interior monologue for a similar effect in his short story Четыре Дня (in English translation The Four Days), published in 1877. This story, said to be based on a true event, recounts the thoughts and suffering of a Russian soldier, wounded in both legs, and forced to lie helplessly for four days near the body of a Turkish soldier he had killed in battle, until he is by chance found by his own troops.

⁴⁶Kurt Bergel, Georg Brandes und Arthur Schnitzler, Ein Briefwechsel (Bern: Francke, 1956), p. 88.

⁴⁷Theodor W. and Beatrice W. Alexander, "Schnitzler's 'Leutnant Gustl' and Dujardin's 'Les Lauriers sont coupés!'", MAL, 1-2 (1968-9), 7.

⁴⁸Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 1,
p. 341.

⁴⁹Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 1,
p. 356.

⁵⁰Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 1,
p. 347.

⁵¹Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 1,
p. 361.

⁵²Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 1,
p. 361.

⁵³Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 1,
p. 351.

⁵⁴Schnitzler, Die Erzählenden Schriften, v. 1,
p. 366.

LEUTNANT GUSTL¹

Just how much longer is this going to go on for? Have to take a look at my watch...probably not the thing to do at such a high-class concert as this. But who'll notice anyway? And if anybody does, then he's not paying any more attention than me, so needn't feel embarrassed on his account...Only a quarter to ten?...Already seems more like three hours I've been sitting at this concert. Simply not used to it, that's all...Just what is this? Must have a look at the programme...Ah yes, there it is: Oratorio? I'd 've thought Mass. Things of this sort should be kept in the church. And there's another thing about the church, you can always get up and leave whenever you want to. - If I'd at least had a seat on the aisle! - Alright now, easy does it, just be patient! Even oratorios have to end sometime! Maybe this is really very nice but I'm just not in the mood. Well, how could I be in the mood? When I think that I came here to relax...Better if I'd given the ticket to Benedek, he enjoys this sort of thing; even plays violin. But then I'd 've insulted Kopetzky. And it was really very nice of him, well meant anyway. A good sort, Kopetzky! The only one you can really rely on...His

sister's singing up there with all the others. Must be at least a hundred young women,² all in black - how could I spot her in that crowd? Because she's one of those singers, that's how he got the ticket - Kopetzky... Well why didn't he go himself then? - Really, they're singing very nicely. It's inspiring - yes it is! Bravo! Bravo!...Of course, we'll applaud too! This fellow beside me is clapping like mad. Wonder if he's really enjoying it that much? - That girl in the box over there is certainly pretty. Is she looking at me or at that gentleman there with the blond beard?...Ah, a solo! Who is it? Alto: Fräulein Walker, Soprano: Fräulein Michalek...That's probably the soprano there...it's a long time since I went to opera. Always enjoy myself at the opera, even when it's boring. Might go again day after tomorrow, to Traviata. Well, day after tomorrow I might even be a corpse! Oh rubbish, don't even believe that myself! Just wait, my dear Doctor - you'll learn not to make remarks like that! I'll slice off the tip of your nose right from under your very eyes...³

If I could only get a good look at that girl in the box there! I'd like to borrow the opera-glasses from this fellow next to me but he'd slap me down⁴ for sure if I interrupted his devotions..Wonder just where Kopetzky's sister is placed? Or if I'd recognize her? After all,

I've only seen her two or three times, last time at the Officers' Club...Wonder if they're all decent, virtuous gals,⁵ the whole hundred? Just look at this!..."With the cooperation of the Choral Society" - Choral Society... that's a laugh! I've always really thought that meant something like the Vienna Chorus Girls, I mean, I knew for sure that it's really nothing like that!...Happy memories! That time at the Grünen Tor⁶...What was her name now? And then she sent me a postcard from Belgrade... nice country too! - Kopetzky's lucky, sitting a long time in the café, smoking his cigar!...

Why's that fellow keep staring at me? Seems he probably sees I'm bored and don't belong here...Let me give you a piece of good advice - take that cheeky look off your face or I'll call you out later in the foyer!⁷ - Already looking the other way! Funny how afraid they all are when I look at them..."You have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen", Steffi told me the other day. O Steffi, Steffi, Steffi! - It's really Steffi's fault that I've got to sit here and listen for hours to all this yammering. - Oh these everlasting notes from Steffi putting off our meetings - they're really getting on my nerves! This evening could've been such fun. I'd love to read that little note from Steffi...It's right here. But if I take it out of my wallet this fellow beside me'll make such a

fuss. Anyway, I know well enough what's in it...she can't come because she's got to go out to dinner with 'him'...Oh that was funny a week ago when she was with him at the Gartenbaugesellschaft⁸ and me across from them with Kopetzky; and all the time she was making our private signs to me with her sweet little eyes. And he never noticed a thing - unbelievable! Probably a Jew! Yes, for sure, - he's with a bank, and that black moustache of his...also supposed to be a lieutenant in the reserve. Well he'd better not come to exercises in my regiment! Why do they keep on commissioning so many Jews anyway - so I don't give a damn about all this anti-semitism!⁹

The other day at that party at the Mannheimers - where that business with the Doctor cropped up...The Mannheimers are supposed to be Jews themselves, baptized of course...¹⁰ you'd never think it to look at them, especially the wife... so blond - figure pretty as a picture...it was a lot of fun all in all. Wonderful food, first-class cigars... Well there you are then - who is it's got all the money?...¹¹

Bravo! bravo! Surely it's bound to be over soon? - Yes, there you see, that whole lot up there is getting up... looking great, too - impressive! Organ as well? I really like the organ...Ah, that's just what I go for- really nice! It's absolutely true, you ought to go to concerts more

often. It was beautiful I'll tell Kopetzky...Shall I see him in the café this evening? - Oh I don't really feel like going to the café; got so angry with myself there yesterday! A hundred and sixty florins¹² lost at one sitting - so stupid! And who won the lot? Ballert - just the one who doesn't really need it at all...Ballert is really to blame that I had to go to this stupid concert...Well, otherwise I'd 've been able to play again today and maybe even won some of it back. But it's really a good thing I've promised myself, word of honour, not to touch another card for a whole month...Mother'll make a face again when she gets my letter! - Oh let her go and see uncle - he's rolling in money;¹³ a couple of hundred florins is nothing to him. If I could only get him to give me a regular allowance... but no, you've got to beg for every farthing.¹⁴ And then it's the same old story: last year the harvest was poor!... Wonder if I shouldn't go to uncle's again this summer for two weeks? Really it's enough to bore you to death there... But if I could...what was her name now?...Funny how I can't recall a name!...Oh yes, Etelka!...didn't understand a word of German, but that was hardly necessary after all...I never needed to say a thing!...Yes, it won't be bad at all - fourteen days of country air and fourteen nights with Etelka, or somebody...But I really ought to spend a week with Papa and Mama again...She looked bad this Christmas...

Oh well, she will've got over that affront by now. If I were in her shoes I'd be happy that Papa has retired. - And Clara is still sure to land a husband before long... Uncle can surely contribute something...Twenty-eight, that's not so old after all...I'm sure Steffi's no younger...but it's funny how women of that kind always stay young longer. When you think of it, Maretti, who was just now in Madame Sans-Gêne¹⁵ - thirty-seven she must be, at least - and looks...Well, I wouldn't 've said no!...Pity she didn't ask me!...

It's getting hot in here! Still not over yet? Ah, how I'm looking forward to the fresh air! Will probably take a little stroll around the Ring¹⁶...Tonight it's early to bed, to be fresh for tomorrow afternoon! Funny how little I think about it, just doesn't matter to me at all! The first time it really bothered me a bit. Not that I was afraid, but I was nervous the night before...To be sure, First Lieutenant Bisanz was a formidable opponent. - And yet nothing happened to me!...And it's already been a year and a half since then. How the time goes! And if Bisanz couldn't harm me, then the Doctor certainly won't. And yet it's precisely these inexperienced fencers who are sometimes the most dangerous. Doschintzky told me once that a fellow who'd never held a sabre in his hand before came within a hairsbreadth of running him through: and today Doschintzky

is a fencing instructor for the militia. But then - was he as capable in those days as he is now...The most important thing is - keep cool! I don't feel the slightest bit angry any more, and yet it was certainly a piece of insolence - incredible insolence! There's no doubt, he wouldn't have dared do it if he hadn't been drinking champagne earlier...Such impertinence. Definitely a socialist! The legal tricksters¹⁷ are all socialists these days, anyway! A gang...they'd like nothing better than to do away with the whole army - but who'd come to their aid when the Chinese invade - they never think of that. Idiots! You have to make an example occasionally. I was absolutely right. - I'm glad I didn't let him get away with that remark. Just to think of it makes me furious. But I behaved capitally; the Colonel said himself it was perfectly correct. It'll certainly be to my advantage, this business. I know some who would've let the fellow slide out of it. Müller, for certain, - he for one would've been 'objective' or something. This objectivism always makes a fool out of everybody..."Lieutenant"...just the way he said "Lieutenant" was impertinent!..."You will surely have to admit..." How did we get involved in this? How did I get into conversation with a socialist? Just how did it all start?...If I remember rightly, the dark-haired woman I escorted to the buffet was there too...and

then this young fellow who paints hunting scenes - what was his name now?...Great Heavens, he's to blame for the whole thing! He was talking about the manouvers, and then this Doctor came up and said something I didn't care for, about playing at war or something of the sort - but I couldn't say anything just then...That's right, and then there was some talk about the cadet schools...yes, that was it...and I was telling them about a patriotic ceremony...and then the Doctor said - not right away, but it came up out of the talk about the ceremony - "Lieutenant, you will surely have to admit that not all your comrades have entered military service for the sole purpose of defending the Fatherland!" Such insolence! How dare such a person say that to an officer right to his face! If only I could remember what I said in reply! Ah yes, something about people who meddle in things they know nothing about... yes, that was it...and then someone was there who wanted to settle the whole thing amicably - an older gentleman with a chronic cold...but I was too incensed! The Doctor had said it in just the tone of voice that implied it was meant for me alone. He only needed to add that I'd been thrown out of grammar school and for that reason they put me in cadet school...People just can't understand our sort, they're too stupid for that...When I remember how I felt the first time I wore the uniform - not everyone has a

chance to experience something like that...Last year during manouvers - I'd 've given a lot if it'd suddenly been for real. And Mirovic told me he'd felt the same too. And then, when His Majesty rode up to the front, and the address from the Colonel - only a common scoundrel wouldn't 've been moved by that...And then along comes this scribbler¹⁸ who's never done a thing in his life except pore over books and has the nerve to make an insulting remark like that!...Ah, just you wait, my good man - 'till you see how unfit you are to fight a duel!... yes, indeed, you'll be so helpless...

Well, what's this? Must surely be over soon... "Ye, His Angels, praise the Lord"...Of course, that's the final chorus. Beautiful! - there's no other word for it. Really beautiful! Oh, but I completely forgot that girl in the box - the one who was starting to flirt with me earlier...Where on earth is she?...Gone already...That one over there seems very nice too...What a stupid thing I don't have any opera glasses with me! Brunenthaler is pretty clever - he always leaves his glasses in the café at the cash desk, then they're always available. If only that nice little girl in front of me would turn around just once! She's been sitting there so properly all the time. The woman next to her must be her mother. - Wonder if I shouldn't seriously think of getting married one of these days? Willy wasn't any older than me when

he took the plunge. There's something to be said for it, I dare say - always a pretty little wife on hand at home...So annoying it's today Steffi doesn't have any time! If I at least knew where she was I could be sitting across from her again. That would be a pretty pass if he ever caught on to her - then I'd be the one to be saddled with her...When I think what it costs Fliess for his affair with that Winterfeld woman!... And for all that, she deceives him right and left. One of these days the thing will blow up...Bravo, bravo! Ah, it's over!...Ah, that feels good to be able to get up and move around...Well, maybe! Just how much longer is that fellow going to take putting his opera-glasses back in their case? Pardon me, pardon - won't you let me through?

What a crush! Better to let people get by... Elegant person...Wonder if those are real diamonds?... That girl there is nice...The way she's looking at me!... Oh by all means, young lady, I'd be glad to...Oh, what a nose!...A Jewess...And another one...It's really amazing - half of them here are Jews - you can't even enjoy an Oratorio in peace any more...so let's get in line now... Why's that idiot behind me pushing like that? I'll cure him...Oh, it's an older gentleman!...Who's that bowing to me over there?...Charmed, charmed,¹⁹ I'm sure! No idea who

it is...easiest thing 'ld be to go straight over to Leidinger's for a meal...or should I go to the Gartenbaugesellschaft? After all, maybe Steffi 'll be there too. Why didn't she simply say in her note where she was going with him? Probably didn't even know then herself. Really it's a dreadful way of life, so dependent on others...poor thing! Ah, here's the exit... Oh, that girl's really beautiful! And all alone? And she's smiling at me...That's an idea - I'll follow her!... Down the steps now...Oh, a major from the Ninety-Fifth...²⁰ very cordial, the way he returned my salute...So I'm not the only officer here after all...But where's the pretty girl? Ah, there she is...standing by the banisters... So now for the cloakroom...Better not let the little thing escape me...She's got somebody already! The wretch! Gets some man to call for her and now she's laughing across at me! - They're all worthless, the whole lot... Good Lord, what a jam in the cloakroom!...Better wait a bit...Well! isn't that idiot ever going to take my number?... Here - Number 224! It's hanging there! Confound it man, are you blind? It's hanging there! At last, thank God!...There, you see!...That fat chap there takes up nearly the whole cloakroom..."If you please!"....

"Easy does it now - just be patient!"

What's the fellow saying?

"Just have a little patience!"

Well, I'll certainly have to reply to that..."Just move aside!"

"All in good time! You're not going to miss anything." What did he say? Did he say that to me? That's really a bit much! I don't have to take that! "Be quiet!"

"Just what do you mean by that?"

Ha, what a tone of voice! That beats everything.

"Don't push!"

"Just shut up!" I shouldn't 've said that, it was too rude...Well, too late now!

"What did you say?"

Now he's turning round...But I know him! - Good Lord, it's that baker who always comes to the café...What's he doing here? Must have a daughter or something at the singing school...Well, what's going on? What on earth's he doing? Seems like...yes, Great Scott, he's got the hilt of my sword in his hand...Is the fellow mad?... "You, sir..."

"You, lieutenant, just be perfectly quiet."

What's he saying? For Heaven's sake, did anyone hear that? No, he's talking very softly...Well, why doesn't he let go of my sword then?...Oh God...Ah, now I must be strong...I can't budge his hand off the hilt...Let's not

have any scandal now!...Maybe the major's behind me?...
Can anybody see that he's holding the hilt?...What's this!,
he's talking to me! Now what's he saying?

"Lieutenant, if you make the slightest fuss, I'll draw
your sword out of its sheath, break it in two, and send
the pieces to your regimental commander. D'you understand,
you young fool?"²¹

What did he say? I must be dreaming! Is he really
talking to me? I ought to say something...But the fellow
really means it - he's really pulling the sword out.
Good God, he's doing it! I can feel it, he's already
tugging at it. What's he saying now?...For Heaven's sake,
no scandal - why's he still talking?

"However, I don't want to ruin your career...So just
behave yourself!...No need to worry, nobody's heard anything...
Everything's fine...Alright! And so that no-one will think
we've been arguing, I'll be very pleasant to you now!
I am honoured, Lieutenant - it's been a great pleasure -
delighted."

In Heaven's name, did I dream that?...Did he really
say that?...Where is he?...there he goes...I simply have
to draw my sword and cut him to pieces...Oh Lord, did
anyone actually hear us?...No, he really was talking very
softly -right in my ear...Then why don't I just go after
him and split open his skull?...No, it can't be done, can't

be done...I should've done it right away...Why the devil didn't I do it then and there?...I couldn't, that's why... He just wouldn't let go the hilt, and he's ten times stronger than me...If I'd said just one more word, he really would've broken my sword...I really ought to be glad that he didn't talk loudly! If anyone had heard, I simply would've had to shoot myself on the spot... Perhaps it really was only a dream after all...Why is that man there by the pillar looking at me like that? - Did he hear something after all?...I'll go and ask him...Ask? - I really must be out of my mind! - Wonder what I look like? - If anyone suspects anything? - I must be quite pale. - Where is the scoundrel?...I've got to kill him!...he's gone... in fact, the whole place is quite empty now...Then where's my coat?...Oh I've already got it on...just didn't notice... Then who helped me on with it?...Ah, he did...must give him a coin...Here! But what's all the fuss? Did it really happen? Did anyone really talk to me like that? Did someone really call me a 'young fool?' And I didn't cut him to bits on the spot?...But I just couldn't...he had a fist like iron alright...I just stood there as if I was nailed to the floor...No, I must've been out of my mind or I'd 've used the other hand...But then he would've pulled out my sword and broken it and that would've been the end - the end of everything! And after, he went off, and then it was too late...I couldn't have run him through with my sword from behind.

What, I'm out on the street already? How did I get here?...Oh, it's so cool - what a lovely breeze...But who's that over there? Why're they looking at me? Did they really hear anything?...No, nobody could've heard anything...I'm quite certain of that. I looked around immediately!...but he said it, even if nobody heard it - he said it alright. And I just stood there and took it as if somebody had hit me over the head!...just couldn't say or do a thing; but there was nothing else for me to do, except just keep still, very still!...but it's frightful, more than I can stand; I've just got to kill him, if ever I happen to meet him!...That anyone should say that to me! A fellow like that - what a swine! And he knows me...Great Heavens, he knows me, knows who I am!...He can tell everybody exactly what he said to me!...No, no, he wouldn't do that, or he wouldn't have talked so quietly... He only wanted me to hear it, just me!...But who can say for sure he won't talk about it, today...tomorrow, to his wife, or his daughter, or his friends in the café. - - Good Lord, I'll be seeing him again tomorrow! When I go to the café tomorrow, he'll be sitting there as usual, playing cards with Schlesinger and the fellow who sells artificial flowers...²² No, no, that simply can't be, it simply can't...If I see him, I'll have to cut him to pieces... No, I can't do that...Should've done it immediately,

immediately! If only I'd done it! I'll go to the Colonel and report the whole thing...yes, that's what I'll do, go to the Colonel...The Colonel is always very friendly - and I'll say to him: "Colonel, Sir - I am dutifully reporting, he grasped hold of the hilt and wouldn't let go; it was just as if I were completely unarmed...What will the Colonel say? What'll he say? There's only one thing he can say: dishonourable discharge - discharge!...Are those officer-cadets²³ over there?... Revolting - at night they look just like officers... they're saluting! - If they knew - if they only knew... There's the Hochleitner Café...almost certain to be some from my Company there...perhaps even one or two I know... Wonder if it'd be best to tell the first one I meet all about it, but as if it had happened to somebody else?... I really am getting quite crazy...Where the dickens am I going? What the devil am I doing here on the street?... But where can I go? Wasn't I going to the Leidinger café? Haha! - to sit down with people - I'm sure they'd be bound to notice something...Well, something would be bound to happen...But what?...Nothing, nothing - nobody heard anything...nobody knows a thing...at least, for the time being nobody knows anything...If I went to his house now and got him to swear he'd never tell a soul?...Oh, better a bullet through the head right now rather than do

that! That might just be the cleverest thing to do in any case!...The cleverest? The cleverest? - But there's no other alternative - no alternative...If I were to ask the Colonel, or Kopetzky - or Blany - or Friedmair - they'd all say the same thing: There's nothing else for you to do!...What if I had a word with Kopetzky?... Yes, that might well be the most sensible thing after all... since I have to see him in any case about tomorrow...Yes, of course, tomorrow...at four in the cavalry quarters... I'm supposed to be fighting a duel at four o'clock tomorrow - but I'll never be able to do it - I'm not entitled to give satisfaction²⁴ now...Nonsense! Nonsense! Not a soul knows anything - not a soul! There are all kinds of people running around who've had worse things happen to them than me...What about all those stories about Deckener, how he'd duelled with Rederow with pistols - and the committee decided the duel could still take place...But what would the committee decide about me? - Young fool - young fool... and I just stood there! Ye Gods, but it makes no difference whether anybody else knows it or not...I know it, and that's all that matters! I feel I'm no longer the same now as I was an hour ago - I know that I'm not entitled to challenge now, and so I must shoot myself. Wouldn't have a minute's peace for the rest of my life...there'd always be the worry that somebody might tell me sometime to my face what happened

tonight! What a happy man I was an hour ago...Then Kopetzky had to give me the ticket, and Steffi had to call off our meeting, the hussy! Your fate depends on such things...This afternoon everything was going well, and now I'm a lost man and have to shoot myself...Then why am I running like this? No need to...What time is the clock striking?...1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9,10,11...eleven, eleven...I should get something to eat! Must end up somewhere...might find some little restaurant where nobody knows me - after all, a man has to eat even if he's going to shoot himself directly afterwards...Haha, death is no child's play...who said that just a while ago?...What's it matter...

I'd like to know who'd suffer the most?...Mama, or Steffi?...Steffi...My God, Steffi...she wouldn't dare let anyone see there's something wrong, not even once, or 'he' will throw her out...the poor thing! Nobody in the regiment will have the faintest notion why I did it... they'll all rack their brains...why did Gustl kill himself? - But no-one will hit upon the real reason - that I had to shoot myself because of a wretched baker, a low-down fellow who just happened to have the stronger fist... it's all so stupid - so stupid! And so a chap like me, young, dashing, has to...Yes, and afterwards everybody'll almost certainly say: he really didn't need to do it - not

on account of a stupid thing like that; such a pity!...
But if I asked anyone right now, they'd all give me the
same answer...and so would I, if I asked myself...confound
it all!...we're all quite helpless against civilians...²⁵
People think we're better off because we carry a sword...
but if ever one of us uses his weapon just once, they're
all down on us as if we were born murderers...It would be
in the papers too: "Young Officer Commits Suicide"...How
do they usually put it?... "Motives Shrouded in Mystery"...
Haha!..."Mourning at his coffin were..." But it's really
true....I feel as if I'm always telling myself a story...
but this is real...I do have to kill myself - there's no
alternative - I just can't let Kopetzky and Blany hand me
back their mandate and say: We can't be your seconds!...
I'd be a scoundrel if I saddled them with that...A fellow
like me, to stand there and let myself be called a young
fool...Tomorrow everybody'll know it, for sure...how
stupid, that I could fool myself for one minute into thinking
a fellow like him wouldn't spread it around...he'll tell it
everywhere...his wife knows already...tomorrow the whole
cafe'll know...the waiters'll know...Herr Schlesinger - the
cashier girl -- and even if he'd decided not to say anything
about it, he'd still tell the whole story the day after
tomorrow...and if he doesn't tell it the day after tomorrow,
he'll tell it in a week...And even if he dropped dead
tonight, I would still know it...I know it...and I'm not

the kind of a fellow who could still wear the uniform and carry the sword after swallowing an insult like that... So I've got to do it, and what's it matter! There's nothing much to it! Tomorrow afternoon the Doctor might just as well run his sword through me...it's happened before... and Bauer, poor fellow, he got brain-fever and was dead three days later...and Brenitsch fell off his horse and broke his neck...and when all's said and done, there's nothing else to do - not for me, at any rate - definitely not for me! Of course some fellows could take it more lightly...But God, what sort of men are they!...Ringeimer got clouted around the ears by a butcher when he was caught with his wife, and so he quit and is living somewhere out in the country now, and married...To think there are women who'll even marry men like that!...²⁶ 'pon my word, I'd never shake him by the hand if he ever came to Vienna again!... So you've heard it all, Gustl - it's all over - your life's finished! Once and for all!...So now I know it - the story's quite simple...So! I'm really quite calm... it's something I've always known in fact - that if it ever came to this, I'd be quite calm, absolutely calm...but that it should really come to this, that I'd never have believed... that I'd actually have to kill myself because a man like... Perhaps I really didn't understand him properly after all... maybe he said something quite different...I was just a bit fuddled from all the singing and the heat!...Perhaps I was

just crazy and it's all not true?...Not true, haha!
Not true! - I can still hear it...it's still ringing in
my ears - and I can still feel it in my fingers, how I
tried to pull his hand away from the hilt of my sword -
a powerful fellow - a real Hercules...²⁷ I'm no weakling
myself...Franziski is the only one in the regiment who's
stronger...

Here's the Aspernbrücke...²⁸ How far am I going
to run?...If I keep on like this I'll be at Kagran²⁹ by
midnight...Haha! - Lord, how happy we were last September
when we arrived there. Only two hours more, and then
Vienna!...dead-tired I was when we got there...Slept like
a log the whole afternoon, and we spent that very evening
at Ronachers³⁰...Kopetzky, Ladinser and...who else was with
us then? - Oh yes, of course, the volunteer...the one who
told us Jewish stories while we were marching...Sometimes
they're quite decent chaps, these cadets, but they should
all be just substitutes...or else what's the point of it?...
All of us have to slave for years, and then along comes a
fellow like him and serves just one year and then gets
exactly the same rank as we do...It's unfair!...But what's
it all matter to me now? - Why should I bother about things
like that? - A private in supplies counts for more than I
do right now...I'm no longer a part of the world - I'm
finished...When honour's lost, all's lost!...There's

nothing left but to load my revolver and...Gustl, Gustl! Seems you still don't really believe this...Just come to your senses...there's no other way...even if you rack your brains, there's no other way! Now all that's left is for you to behave yourself properly at the end - to act like a gentleman and an officer so the Colonel can say: He was a good chap, we will keep him in faithful remembrance!... How many companies attend the funeral of a lieutenant?... That's something I really should know...Haha! Even if the whole battalion turns out, or the whole garrison, and even if they fired twenty salvos, it still couldn't wake me up! - Here I am in front of the café where I went once with von Engel last summer after the army steeplechase!... Funny I've never seen him since then...Wonder why he had a patch over his left eye? Always wanted to ask him about it, but it wouldn't have been proper...There go two artillery men...they're thinking for sure I'm after that creature there...must take a look at her anyway...Oh, how awful! - I'd like to know how anyone can earn a living looking like that...I'd sooner...'though beggars can't be choosers...In Przemysl³¹ I was so disgusted afterwards I thought I'd never touch another woman again...That was a dreadful time up there in Galicia...really we were dead lucky to come to Vienna. Bokorny is still there in Sambor and might be there for another ten years, until he's old

and grey...But if I'd stayed there, then what happened to me today wouldn't have happened...and I'd rather grow old and grey in Galicia than...than what? than what? - What's going on anyway? - what's going on? Am I really crazy, that I keep forgetting? By Heavens, I'm doing it all the time...has anyone ever heard of someone who has to put a bullet through his head in a couple of hours, but still keeps on going over all sorts of things that no longer concern him? Good Lord, I feel as if I'm drunk! Haha! quite drunk! deathly drunk! dead drunk!³² - Ha! Joking, eh? that's great! Yes, I'm in quite good humour - must've been born with it!...Really, if I were to tell anyone, they wouldn't believe it! I think if I had the thing with me... I'd pull the trigger right now - and in a second it'd all be over. Not everyone's so lucky - some have to suffer months of torment...my poor cousin - she lay there for two years and couldn't move - put up with terrible agony - a crying shame! Isn't it better to take things into your own hands? You only have to be careful and aim well, so there couldn't possibly be a mistake, like what happened to that cadet-substitute last year...poor devil, didn't die but went blind...Wonder whatever happened to him? Where's he living now? Terrible, having to run around that way, like him... I mean, not to run around - he can't do that - has to be led - such a young fellow, too - can't be twenty yet...

he did a much better job shooting his girl - died instantly... Incredible why people shoot themselves! How can anyone really be jealous? In my entire life I've never felt like that...Right now Steffi is happily sitting in the Gartenbaugesellschaft and afterwards she'll go home with 'him'...doesn't matter to me in the slightest - not the slightest! Nice things she's got there - that little bathroom with the red lantern. - The way she came in the other day in her green silk robe...I'll never see that green silk robe again - Steffi neither...and those nice wide steps on the GuBhausstraBe³³ I'll never walk up them again...Fräulein Steffi will just go on amusing herself as if nothing had happened...she won't even be able to tell anyone that her beloved Gustl took his own life...but she'll cry alright...oh yes, she'll cry...Actually quite a few others 'll cry too...Good Lord, Mama! No, no! I daren't think about that! - Oh no! definitely couldn't stand to think about that!...No thoughts of home, Gustl, understand? Not even the slightest...

That's not bad going - now I've got as far as the Prater³⁴...in the middle of the night...that's something that would never have entered my head this morning, that tonight I'd be taking a walk in the Prater. Wonder what that watchman over there is thinking?...Oh well, let's go on a little farther...it's quite nice...the meal's not

going to come to anything, nor the café either; the air's pleasant and it's quiet...very quiet...of course quiet is something I'll have plenty of soon enough, as much quiet as I could ever wish for. Haha! - but I'm really right out of breath - 'course I've been running like a half-wit...slow down, Gustl, slow down, you're not going to miss anything - you've got nothing more to do - nothing, but absolutely nothing more! Seems I'm getting chilled...It's because of all the excitement no doubt... and then, of course, I haven't eaten anything...What's that curious smell?...surely there can't be anything in bloom yet?...But what's the date today? - April 4th - of course, it's rained a good deal in the last few days... but the trees are still practically bare...and it's dark, ugh! - almost enough to scare you. That was actually the only time in my life I was scared, as a small boy - that time in the woods - well, perhaps I wasn't really so small - fourteen or fifteen - How long ago was that? - nine years... yes, right, at eighteen I was a substitute - at twenty a lieutenant...and next year I'll be...what d'you mean - next year? What does it matter anyway - next year? What does next week matter? - or the day after tomorrow?... What's going on? - Teeth chattering? Oho! - Oh well, they can chatter for a while. - Lieutenant, you are now alone - no need to put on an act for anyone...It's bitter, bitter...

I'll just sit down on this bench...That's better!...

So how far have I come? - How dark it is! - That place behind me - that must be the 'zweite Kaffeehaus'...³⁵

I was there once last summer when our band was giving a concert...Kopetzky was there, and Rüttner - and a couple of others...I'm really a bit tired...no, I'm as tired as if I'd been on the march for ten hours...That would be something, eh? - to fall asleep here - Ha! a homeless lieutenant...Yes, in fact I really ought to go home... but what can I do at home?,,,come to think of it, what can I do in the Prater? - Oh, the best thing for me would be never to get up...to fall asleep here and never wake up... Yes, I think that would be nice and easy! - No, it's not going to turn out that nice and easy for you, Lieutenant...

So how, and when? Well, now I might think the whole thing over properly once and for all...everything must be duly considered...life was ever thus...So let's consider...What?... No, how good the air is...ought to go walking at night in the Prater more often...Yes, should've thought about this earlier...now there'll be no more Prater, no more air, and no more walks...So, alright then. Ah let's get this cap off; feels as if it's been clamping down on my brain... can't think properly with that on...That's better...So, now keep your wits about you, Gustl...Make your final arrangements!...So, tomorrow morning I'll call it quits...

Tomorrow morning, at seven o'clock...seven o'clock is such a nice time...Haha! - so at eight when school begins, everything will be over...but Kopetzky won't be able to take school, he'll be so shocked...but perhaps he won't know by then...after all, nobody might hear anything... they didn't find Max Lippay until the afternoon, and he shot himself early in the morning, but nobody heard a thing...But what difference does it make to me whether Kopetzky has his class or not?...There's nothing more to consider...I'll shoot myself in my room, and that's it! On Monday the funeral...I know somebody who'll be pleased - the Doctor... Duel can not take place due to Suicide of one Combatant... Wonder what they'll say at the Mannheimers? - well, he won't care that much...but his wife, the pretty blonde...something might have come of that...Oh yes, I think I might've had a chance with her if I'd only pulled myself together a bit...yes, with her it would've been quite a different thing from Steffi, that creature...no slovenly behaviour would do for this one - you'd have to court her properly, send flowers, talk sensibly - out of the question to say: Meet me tomorrow afternoon at the barracks! Yes, with a decent woman like that it would've been really something! Our captain's wife in Przemysl, now, she was no decent woman!...I could swear that Libitzky and Wermutek, and the shabby substitute...they all had affairs with her...

But Frau Mannheimer...yes, that would almost have made one a different man - would have given one a different polish - a respect for oneself. --But this kind of person always... and I began so young - still a boy that time when I had my first leave and went home to my parents in Graz...³⁶

Reidl was there too - a Bohemian woman, she was the one... must have been twice as old as I was - it was early morning when I finally got home...How father looked at me...and Clara...I was most ashamed of all because of Clara...At that time was was engaged...wonder why nothing came of it?

Really I didn't trouble my head much about it...Poor little thing, never had any luck - and now she's going to lose her only brother...Yes, you'll never see me again, Clara - it's all over! You didn't think, did you dear sister, when you saw me off at the station on New Year's Day, that you'd never see me again? - and Mama...Good Lord, Mama...no, I daren't think of it...if I think about it I could do something cowardly...Ah, if I could just go home first... and tell them it's a one-day leave...just to see Papa, Mama and Clara once more before I put an end to it -...Yes, I could take the first train to Graz at seven and be there at one...God bless you, Mama...Hello Clara!...Well, how are you?...No, this is a surprise!...But they might just notice something...if anybody'd notice, Clara would - Clara definitely would. Clara's such a shrewd girl...How nicely

she wrote to me recently, and I still haven't answered yet - and the good advice she always gives me...such a kind-hearted soul...Wonder whether it all would have turned out differently for me if I'd stayed at home? I'd have studied agriculture and gone to uncle's...after all, that's what they all wanted for me when I was a boy...And I'd probably already be married by now to a sweet, decent girl...perhaps to Anna - she used to be very keen on me...and still is, even now, I noticed last time I was home, though to be sure she has a husband and two children now...I saw the way she looked at me...And she still calls me 'Gustl' the same as she always did...She'll be really shocked when she finds out how I've ended up... but her husband will say: I could have seen it coming...a scoundrel like that! They'll all think it's because I had debts...and it just isn't true...everything's settled...there's only the remaining 160 florins...and that'll be there tomorrow...Yes, I still have to take care of that, to see that Ballert gets his 160 florins...I must make a note of it before I shoot myself... It's terrible, terrible!...If I could only run away from it all - to America where nobody knows me...In America not a soul knows what happened here tonight...nobody cares a fig there...Recently there was something in the papers about a Count Runge - had to get away because of some sordid affair, and now he has a hotel over there and doesn't care a rap for

the whole lot!... and in a few years one could come back... not to Vienna of course...and not to Graz...but to the estate³⁷ - I could go there...and Mama and Papa and Clara would much rather I stayed alive. And what do I care about all the other people?...Who cares what happens to me? Except for Kopetzky, I could go to hell...Kopetzky is really the only one...And he was the very one who had to give me the ticket today...and the ticket's to blame for everything.. without the ticket I wouldn't have gone to the concert and nothing would have happened...Just what did happen after all?...It's almost as if a hundred years had gone by since then, but it can't even be two hours yet...Two hours ago somebody called me a 'young fool' and was thinking of breaking my sword...Good Lord, I'm starting to shout out loud here in the middle of the night! But why did it all happen? Couldn't I just have waited a little longer 'til the cloakroom was quite empty? And why on earth did I say to him: "Shut up!" How could I ever have let that slip out? I'm usually quite a polite chap...I've never once been that rude even to my man...But of course, I was on edge - everything had happened at once...The bad luck at cards, and Steffi's eternal stalling - and the duel tomorrow afternoon - and too little sleep these nights...and all the drudgery in the barracks - impossible to stand all that for long!...Yes, sooner or later I'd 've been ill - would 've had to apply for leave...Now it's no longer necessary - now

I'll get a long leave - without pay - Haha!

Just how long am I going to keep sitting here?

It must be past midnight...Didn't I hear it strike a little while ago? What's that?...a carriage going past? At this hour? Rubber-tyred³⁸ no doubt...They're better off than me - perhaps it's Ballert with his Bertha...Why should it be Ballert of all people?...Just carry on!...What a handsome carriage His Highness had in Przemysl...he was always travelling in it in the city on the way to that Rosenberg woman...Very congenial His Highness was - really one of us, on familiar terms with everybody...They were happy times, but yet the place was dreary, and in summer hot enough for you to die of thirst...one afternoon three men were overcome by sunstroke...even the corporal from my Company - a handy fellow he was...In the afternoon we used to lie down naked on the bed...Once Wiesner came into my room suddenly - I must've still been dreaming and got up and drew my sword lying there beside me - must have been a pretty sight...Wiesner half killed himself with laughing - and now he's already a cavalry officer...pity I didn't go into the cavalry...but the old man didn't want that - an expensive lark that would've been - but it's all the same now - But why? Yes, I know well enough: I have to die - that's why it's all the same - I've got to die...But now? Look, Gustl, you came here specially to the Prater in the

middle of the night, where not a soul would disturb you... now you can think everything over in peace...that's just tommy-rot about going to America, and you're much too dim-witted to start again with something new - and if you were a hundred years old and thought back to when someone was going to break your sword, and called you a young fool, and you just stood there and couldn't do anything - no, there's nothing to think about - what's done is done - and all that about Mama and Clara is also rubbish - they'll get over it - you can get over everything...Just look how Mama moaned and groaned when her brother died - but after four weeks she scarcely gave it another thought...she went out to the cemetery, every week at first, then every month - and now only on the date of his death...Tomorrow is the date of my death - fifth of April. - Wonder if they'll take me to Graz? Haha! If they do, the worms in Graz will enjoy it! - But that doesn't interest me - Let others worry about that. - ... So, what really does matter to me?...Yes, there's the 160 florins for Ballert - that's the lot - no further obligations to settle. Letters to write? - But why? Who to?...Send in resignation?...Oh to the devil with it, that's clear enough when a man shoots himself! - The others 'll soon notice he's quit the service!...If people only knew how little I care about the whole thing they'd never feel sorry for me - no loss to anyone...After all, what have I had out

of my whole life? - One thing I'd really like to have done - gone to war - but I'd have had to wait a long time for that...And everything else I've done already...Whether a person's called Steffi or Kunigunde makes no difference. - And the nicest operettas I've already seen - Been to Lohengrin³⁹ twelve times - and this evening even went to an oratorio - and a baker called me a young fool -- Good God, it's enough! - And I'm not curious... - So let's go home, but slowly - quite slowly - Absolutely no need to hurry. - Just a few more minutes rest here in the Prater, on a bench - no home. I'll never climb into bed any more - I'll have more than enough time to sleep my fill. - Ah, the air! I'll miss that...

What is it? Hey, Johann, bring me a glass of fresh water...What's going on?...Where...Am I dreaming?...Oh, my head...hang it all! Damnation!...I can't open my eyes! - I'm dressed! - Where am I? - Good Heavens, I've been sleeping! How could I have been sleeping? Must take a look at my watch...Can't see a thing...Where's my matches?... Won't any of them light?...Three o'clock...and I'm expected to fight a duel at four - no, not a duel - to kill myself! - There won't be any duel, I've got to kill myself because a baker called me a young fool...But did it really happen? My head feels so strange...my neck feels as if it's in a vise - I can't move - my right leg's gone to sleep. -

Stand up! - Stand up!...Ah, that's better now! - It's already getting lighter...And the air...just like that time one morning on outpost duty when I'd camped out in the woods...That was a different awakening - a different day lay in front of me then...Seems I still can't get it straight yet. - There's the street, grey and empty - I'm sure to be the only one in the Prater right now - I was here once before at four o'clock in the morning, with Pausinger - We'd ridden out here - I was on Captain Mirovic's horse and Pausinger was on his own - that was in May, last year - everything was in bloom then, and it was all green. Now it's all still bare - but spring will soon be here - in a few days it will really be here. Lily-of-the-valley - violets - pity I won't be around to enjoy them again. - Every ragamuffin will enjoy them, but I have to die! What rotten luck! And others will sit at supper in the café as if nothing had happened - just as we did on the evening after the day they carried off Lippay. And Lippay was so well-liked - more popular in the Regiment than me - so why shouldn't they sit in the café too, when I kick off? - It's quite warm - much warmer than yesterday - and what a scent - surely some things are already in bloom... Wonder whether Steffi 'll bring me flowers? - Not her, it'd never occur to her! Not even to go there...Now if it were Adele! Ah, Adele! Don't believe I've thought about her

for some two years. - What a fuss she made when it was all over...In the whole of my life I've never seen a wench cry so much...That was really the sweetest thing I've ever known...She was so modest, so guileless. And she really was fond of me - that I could swear to. She was altogether different from Steffi - wonder why I gave her up...what a silly ass I was! It got too tame for me, yes, that was the thing...Going out every evening with the same one...Then I was worried that I'd never really break free of her - she whimpered so...Well, Gustl, you should've been able to hang on...She was the only one, after all, who really cared for you...Wonder what she's doing now? Well, what could she be doing? She's got somebody else of course...Certainly this thing with Steffi is easier - when you're with her only at your convenience - somebody else has all the bother and you've got only the pleasure...So, you can't really expect her to go out to the cemetery...Who'd actually go if he didn't have to? - Kopetzky perhaps, and that's about all! It's really sad, not having anyone...

But that's nonsense! there's papa and mama and Clara...True enough, I'm the son, and brother...but what else do we have in common? They're fond of me, of course, but what do they really know about me? That I'm in the service, play cards, and run around with women...but what

else? - That I'm sometimes disgusted with myself - that's something I've never written to them about - well, probably because I've never really known it properly myself. Ah, why keep coming up with such things now, Gustl? All that's needed is for you to start crying...Sickening! Step smartly... that's right! Whether you're going to a rendez-vous, guard duty, or to battle...Who was it said that?...yes, Major Lederer, in the canteen when they were telling us about Wingleder, how he'd turned so pale before his first duel and vomited...Yes, whether you're going to a rendez-vous or to certain death, a true officer will never let it be seen either from his looks or from his walk. So, Gustl? - that's what Major Lederer said! Ha!

It's getting lighter all the time...you could already read by it...What's that whistling over there?...Oh yes, there's the north railway station...The Tegetthoff column⁴⁰ - it's never looked that high before...And there are some carriages...but nothing except street-cleaners around... my last street-cleaner...Ha! I just have to laugh whenever I think of it...can't understand it myself...Wonder if it's the same with everyone - whether they ever really know for sure? Half-past four by the north railway station clock... Now the only question is whether I shoot myself at seven by railway time or Vienna time...Seven...well, why at the stroke of seven?...As if it couldn't be any other time...I'm hungry...

Good Lord, I'm hungry - No wonder...I've eaten nothing since when?...Since...since six o'clock yesterday evening in the café...yes, indeed! When Kopetzky handed me the ticket⁴¹ - just one coffee and two rolls, that's all I had. - Wonder what the baker will say when he finds out what's happened...the damned scoundrel! Ah, he'll know why - he'll see the light - he'll realize then what the word 'Officer' really means! A fellow like him can get beaten up on the street and nothing happens, but if they insult one of us, even in private, we're as good as dead already.⁴² If only scoundrels like him were at least at liberty to fight a duel - but no, in that case they'd be more careful, wouldn't dare risk it. And the fellow goes on living, in peace and quiet, while I have to snuff it! Yet he's the one who's destroyed me...Yes, Gustl, d'you realize that? - he's the one who's destroying you! But he won't get away with it that easily! - No, no, no! I'll write a letter to Kopetzky and tell him everything, the whole story...or better still, I'll write to the Colonel - I'll make a report, just like an official report...well, just you wait... you think something like this can be kept secret, do you? Well you're wrong. It'll all be written down and remembered for ever - and then I'd like to see whether you'll dare show your face in the café again - Ha! "I'd like to see" is good!...I'd like to see many things, but it's a pity that won't be possible - It's over! -

Just about now Johann will be coming into my room - now he'll notice the lieutenant didn't sleep at home...Well, he'll imagine all sorts of things, but that the lieutenant spent the night in the Prater, that, by Heaven, is something he'll never think of...Ah, the Forty-Fourth! marching out to target practice. Let's see them pass - alright, I'll position myself here... Somebody's opened a window up there...pretty creature - well, I'd at least put something on if I were going to the window!...Last Sunday was the last time...I'd never have dreamt Steffi would be the last. - Oh God, that's really the only true pleasure...Well now, in two hours the Colonel will ride after them in grand style...they have a good time of it, these fine fellows - yes, yes, eyes right!... That's it...If you only knew I don't give a hoot for any of you!...Ah, that's not bad - it's Katzer...Since when has he been transferred to the Forty-Fourth? - Greetings! greetings! What's he making such a face for?...Why's he pointing to his head? - My dear chap, your noddle is of very little interest to me...Oh, so that's it! No, my dear fellow, you're wrong - it was in the Prater I spent the night... you'll read all about it today, in the evening papers. "It's not possible," he'll say, "this morning when we were marching out to target practice I met him on the PraterstraBe!" - Who'll be put in charge of my platoon? Perhaps

they'll give it to Walterer? - Well that'd be a pretty pass - a fellow without guts - better if he'd been a cobbler...What, the sun coming up already? - It'll be a beautiful day - a real spring day...Devil take it! - that cabby will be up and at it at eight o'clock in the morning, and I...well, what about it? Hey, that would be a fine thing if I lost my nerve at the last minute, and all because of a cab-driver...What's going on, that my crazy heart's suddenly started thumping like this? - It won't be because... No, oh no...it's because it's been so long since I've eaten anything...but Gustl, just be honest with yourself...you're afraid. - Afraid because you've never put it to the test before...But that doesn't help at all. - Fear has never helped anyone. Everybody has to go through it once, some sooner, some later, and you just happen to come to it sooner...You've never amounted to much after all, so at least behave decently just this once! - I demand it of you! And now I've just got to think about - think about what? I'm always thinking about something...but it's really quite simple - in my night-table drawer, that's where it is - ready and loaded - all I have to do is pull the trigger - surely that'll be easy enough! -

That girl's going off to work already...poor girls! Adele used to work in a shop too...I fetched her once or twice in the evening...When they've got a job in the shops

they don't usually become 'that kind' of girl...⁴³

If Steffi had only agreed to be mine alone, I'd 've let her become a milliner or something...Just how is she going to find out about it? From the newspapers!...She'll be annoyed that I didn't write and tell her about it...Think I must be going crazy...What does it matter after all, whether she's annoyed...How long has this affair been going on? Since January? No, it must have been before Christmas...I brought her some candies from Graz, and she sent me a note at New Year's...Of course, the letters! I've got them at home. Are there any I ought to burn? Yes, perhaps that one from Fallsteiner - if anyone happened to find it...the fellow could get into trouble...As if I cared about that!...Well, it's really no great effort... but I can't search through that lot for just one scrap... Best to burn them all together...who'd want them anyway. My few books I could leave to Blany. - "Through Night and Ice" - pity I'll never be able to finish it. Haven't had much time for reading lately... Organ? - ah, from the church... early mass - haven't been to one for ages... Last time was in February when my platoon was ordered to go...But that didn't really count - I had to keep an eye on all my men to make sure they were being devout and conducting themselves properly... I'd like to go to church - there's probably something in it after all...well today,

after supper, I'll know for sure... Ah! "after supper"⁴⁴
 that's very good!...So, what's it to be, shall I go in? -
 I think it might be some solace to mama if she knew!...
 Clara wouldn't care so much... Well, might as well go
 in - can't do any harm anyway!

Organ - Singing - hm...what's happening? -
 I feel quite dizzy... Oh God, oh God, oh God! I'd like
 somebody to talk to before it happens! That would be
 something - to go to confession! That'd make him open
 his eyes, the old priest,⁴⁵ if I were to say at the end:
 Good-day Reverend Father, now I'm going to kill myself!...
 Better if I lay down on the stone floor and started to
 howl...Ah no, you can't possibly do that! But crying is
 sometimes such a help...Let's sit down just for a minute -
 but not to go off to sleep again like you did in the Prater...
 People who have a religion are really better for it...Well,
 even my hands are beginning to tremble now!... If it goes
 on like this I'll be so disgusted with myself in the end
 I'll kill myself out of pure shame! That old woman there -
 what's she still praying about?...Might be an idea to ask
 her: "Hey there, say one for me too... I never learned how
 to do it properly"... Ha! Seems like dying makes you stupid!...
 Stand up! - Just where have I heard that melody before?...
 Heaven's above! Last evening! - Get out, get out! I can't
 take any more!...Pst! don't disturb people in their

devotions - at last! - it's better outside...Light...
Ah, it's getting nearer and nearer - wish it was already
over! I should've done it at once - in the Prater...
you should never go out without a revolver!... If only
I'd had one last evening... Oh God! - I could go and
get breakfast in the café... I'm hungry... I always
thought it funny that condemned people still had their
coffee and smoked a cigar on the morning... Good Lord,
I haven't even had a smoke yet! Never even felt like
smoking! It's funny, but I'd like to go to my café...
Yes, it's open already and there's none of our lot there
yet either - and even if there was... it'd just be a show
of 'sang-froid' on my part! "At six o'clock he was having
breakfast in the café, and at seven he shot himself"...
I feel quite calm again now... walking is so nice - and
the best part is, no-one's forcing me to do it... If I
liked I could still chuck the whole business...America...
What's it mean, the 'whole business?' Just what is a
'whole business?' - think I have a sunstroke!... Oho!
maybe I'm so calm because I keep fooling myself I don't
have to!... I do have to! I have to! No, I want to!
Can you really imagine yourself, Gustl, taking off your
uniform and running away? And that damned swine laughing
himself silly, and Kopetzky never shaking hands with you
again...Seems I'm blushing at the thought... - The watchman's

saluting... I have to acknowledge him... Good-day! Now I've said 'Good-day' to him... That always makes these poor blighters happy... Well, nobody could complain about me - Off duty I was always sociable. - When we were on manouvers I always sent cigars to all the officers in the Company. Once I heard a private behind me at rifle drill saying something about 'damned drudgery' and I didn't report him - I only said to him: "Just be careful, somebody else could hear that and then you'd be in trouble!" - The Burghof...⁴⁶ Who's on duty today? - The Bosniaks⁴⁷ - looking good - Just recently the Colonel said: When we were fighting down there in '78, no-one would have believed that they would knuckle under... God, I'd like to have been with them at something like that - They're all getting up from the bench. Greetings, greetings! It's just too bad that our chaps didn't see any action there. - Would've been so much nicer - on the field of honour for the Fatherland - than like this. Yes, Doctor, you're really getting off very lightly!...Wonder if somebody couldn't take over for me? - Yes, By Heaven, I ought to leave arrangements for Kopetzky or Wymetal to take my place and fight the fellow... Ha, then he wouldn't get out of it so easily after all! - But then, does it really matter what happens afterwards? I'll never know! The leaves are beginning to come out on those trees over

there... In the Volksgarten⁴⁸ I picked up a girl once - she was wearing a red dress - lived in the Strozsigasse⁴⁹ - later on Rochlitz took her off my hands... I believe he still keeps her but never says anything about it - ashamed, probably... Steffi will still be asleep now... looks so sweet when she's asleep... as if she couldn't count to five! Ah well, when they're asleep they all look like that! Perhaps I should drop her a note... Yes, why not? They all do it, write letters before. - Really ought to write to Clara too and ask her to comfort papa and mama - whatever you usually write in cases like this! - and to Kopetzky too - Good Lord, think it'd probably have been a lot easier to have said a final farewell to a few people... And the official notification to the Regimental Command - and the 160 florins for Ballert...really there's still quite a lot to do... Well, nobody's forcing me to do it at seven... time enough after eight for being dead! Deceased, yes - that's what they say - you can't do anything about that...

Ringstrasse - now I'll be at my café soon. Even beginning to look forward to breakfast...it's amazing. - Yes, after breakfast I'll light up a cigar and then I'll go home and start writing... Yes, first of all I'll deal with the notice to the regiment, then the letter to Clara - then to Kopetzky - then to Steffi - what should I say to

the little slut?... "My dear child, you probably did not think"... Ah no, that's nonsense! - "My dear child, I thank you very much"... "My dear child, Before I depart from this life, I do not want to fail to"... Oh well, letter-writing was never really one of my strong points..."My dear child, A final farewell from your Gustl"... How she'll stare at that! It's certainly a lucky thing I wasn't in love with her... That must be sad, when you really care and all that... Well, Gustl, leave well alone - it's bad enough as it is... After Steffi there'd probably have been plenty of others, and no doubt even one who was worth-while - a young girl from a good family, with a dowry - it might've been rather nice... I'll have to write a really detailed letter to Clara explaining that I couldn't do anything else... "You must forgive me, dear sister, and please comfort our dear parents. I know that I've caused you all a good deal of sorrow and pain, but believe me, I've always loved you all very much and hope that you will be happy sometime, my dear Clara, and not forget your unfortunate brother completely... Ah, better if I don't write to her at all!...It'll make me start to cry... My eyes are beginning to smart already just thinking about it. If anything I'll just write to Kopetzky - a man-to-man farewell, and he's to tell the others... Is it six already? - Oh no, half-past five - quarter to. - What a

sweet little face!...the pretty little minx with the black eyes I meet so often in the Florianigasse⁵⁰ - what will she say? - But she doesn't know who I am - she'll only wonder why she never sees me any more... Day before yesterday I made up my mind I'd say something to her the next time. - She's flirted with me enough...so young, too - probably still an innocent!... Yes, Gustl! Don't put off 'til tomorrow what you can do today!... That fellow there probably hasn't slept all night. Well, now he'll go home and lie down - me, too! Haha! Now it's getting grave, Gustl!...Well, if there wasn't a bit of fear in it, there wouldn't be anything to it - and I must say I think I've behaved admirably on the whole... Ah, where to now? There's my café...they're still sweeping it out... Well, let's go in...

There's the table at the back where they always play cards...Funny, I can't imagine that the fellow who always sits back there against the wall is the same one who... Nobody here yet?... Where's the waiter?... Ah, here he comes from the kitchen...in a rush to slip on his jacket... Really isn't necessary!... ah, but it is for him...he's got to serve other people today too! -

"At your service, Lieutenant!"

"Good morning."

"So early today, Lieutenant?"

"Oh just leave it - I don't have much time, I can sit there with the cloak on."

"What would you like, Lieutenant?"

"Coffee with cream."

"Thank you - right away, Lieutenant."

Ah, there are the papers - today's papers already?...
Wonder whether there's already something in there?...
Well, what? - Think I'll look through and see whether it says I've committed suicide! Haha! - What am I still standing up for?... Let's sit down here by the window...
He's already brought my coffee... I'll just draw the curtains - don't like people staring in... Though there's nobody passing by just now... Ah, that coffee tastes good - something to be said for it after all, this breakfast idea!...
You feel like a completely different person - so stupid not to have eaten last night... Why's the fellow back again? - Ah yes, he's brought the rolls...

"Has the Lieutenant already heard?"

"Heard about what?" For God's sake,⁵¹ does he know about it already?... No, that's nonsense, he couldn't possibly!

"Herr Habetswallner..."

What? That's the name of the baker...what's he going to say now?... Could the fellow have been here already?...

Could he have been here yesterday and told them?...

Why doesn't he go on?... Oh he is...

"...had a stroke last night at twelve o'clock."

"What?"... I mustn't shout like that...no, I can't have anyone suspecting anything...but perhaps I'm dreaming... I must ask him again...

"Who had a stroke?" Wonderful, wonderful! - I said that so naturally.

"The baker, Lieutenant!... The Lieutenant must know him...he was the fat fellow who played cards every afternoon at the table next to the officers, with Herr Schlesinger and Herr Wasner from the artificial-flower shop over the way."

I'm wide awake - it all seems to be true - and yet I still can't believe it - I've got to ask him again...but in all innocence...

"He's had a stroke?... But how did it happen? Who told you about it?"

"But Lieutenant, who but us would be the first to know? - The roll the Lieutenant is eating there is one of Herr Habetswallner's. The boy who brings us the baking every morning at half-past-four told us about it."

For Heaven's sake, I mustn't give myself away...but I'd like to shout... I'd like to laugh out loud... I'd even like to give Rudolph a kiss... But I must find out a bit

more...A stroke doesn't necessarily mean he's dead...
I've got to ask whether he is dead...but very calmly...
after all, what's the baker to me? - I'll have to glance
at the paper while I'm asking the waiter...

"Is he dead?"

"But of course, Lieutenant, he dropped dead on the spot."

Oh wonderful, wonderful! It's probably all because I
went into the church...

"He was at the theatre in the evening. He collapsed
on the stairs - the caretaker heard him fall...Well, they
carried him inside but by the time the doctor arrived
it was already all up with him."

"That's very sad. After all, he was still in the prime
of life." I said that just right - nobody'd ever
notice anything...but I've simply got to keep a hold on
myself, no screaming or jumping up on the billiard-table...

"Yes, Lieutenant, very sad. He was such a pleasant
gentleman - he'd been a regular here for the last twenty
years - was a good friend of the owner's! And his poor
wife..."

I don't think I've ever been as happy as this in my whole
life... Dead - he's dead! Nobody knows a thing, and
nothing's happened! What a fantastic piece of luck that
I came into the café...or I'd have shot myself for sure,
all for nothing - it's like a stroke of fate!... Where's

that Rudolph? - Ah, there he is, talking to the furnace lad... So he's dead - he's dead! I can still hardly believe it! Wouldn't I just love to go and see for myself. - Probably had a stroke from anger, from bottled-up rage... Anyway, it's all the same to me why! The main thing is - he's dead, and I can go on living, and the world is mine again!... Funny how I keep on crumbling up this roll, the very roll that Herr Habetswallner baked for me! Tastes great, Herr Habetswallner! Excellent! And now I'll just smoke a cigar...

"Rudolph! Hey, Rudolph! Leave that lad alone there for a minute!"

"What can I do for you, Lieutenant?"

"A cigar"... I'm so happy!... What'll I do?... What'll I do?... Something's got to happen or I'll have a stroke too - from sheer joy!... In a quarter-of-an-hour I should go over to the barracks and have Johann give me a cold rub-down!... At half-past-seven there's rifle-practice, and at half-past-nine drill. - And I'll write to Steffi, she's got to get away this evening, no matter what!⁵² And this afternoon at four...well, just you wait, my good man, just you wait! I'm in just the right mood... I'll hack you to ribbons!⁵³

TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

¹ A fascination with "Das Duellmotiv" in Arthur Schnitzler's works led me to a close scrutiny of the novella Leutnant Gustl with a view to providing a translation into English which would do justice to the original. The translation None but the Brave (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1926. Richard L. Simon, tr.) does not appear to me to convey adequately enough the highly colloquial language of the German text. There is an excessive use of the first-person 'I' and an insufficient use of verbal contractions to indicate a man thinking to himself - of a shallow mind, in fact, leaping from one half-expressed thought to another without any formal coherence. In addition, the work contains a number of mis-translations which detract from the subtlety of certain allusions. The following are a few examples which serve to illustrate these points: (Page references in parentheses refer to the following volume: "Leutnant Gustl", Arthur Schnitzler. Gesammelte Werke: Die erzählenden Schriften, v. 1, (Frankfurt am Main: Fischer Verlag, 1961).

"Das Nasenspitzel hau' ich Ihnen herunter..."(p. 338)
Translated: 'You'll get what's coming to you!...'
This does not sufficiently convey the ferocity of Gustl's intention, nor indeed give any mental picture of the duel and its deadly purpose.

"...der merkt, daß ich mich langweil' and nicht herg'hor'..."
(p.338)
Translated: '...I suppose he notices how bored I am...'
This misses out the rest of the phrase "und nicht herg'hor'" ("and don't belong here"), which is an indication of just how completely Gustl is out of his element.

"...daß ich dasitz' und mir stundenlang vorlamentieren lassen muß." (p. 338)

Translated: "...that I'm sitting here bored by the hour.' This does not express the sound of the choir which Gustl hears only as a lot of 'yammering.'

"Ich hätt' große Lust, das Brieferl von der Steffi zu lesen." (p. 338)

Translated: 'Think I'll read Steffi's letter again.' This is not strictly correct - there is no again - the indication is rather that Gustl has not yet read the note at all but knows only too well from all the previous notes just what it will say.

"...wie sie mit ihm in der Gartenbaugesellschaft gewesen ist, und ich vis-a-vis mit'm Kopetzky; und sie hat mir immer die Zeichen gemacht mit den Augerln, die verabredeten." (p.338)

Translated: ',...when she was at the garden party with him and I was sitting opposite Kopetzky; she was continuously flirting with me.'

This does not correctly describe the situation. Gustl was sitting with Kopetzky at another table across from Steffi and her companion. She was not flirting with him as much as 'making their pre-arranged signals to him with her eyes.' The 'Gartenbaugesellschaft' was not a garden party but an elegant restaurant in the Ringstraße.

"Überhaupt, daß sie noch immer so viel Juden zu Offizieren machen - da pfeif' ich auf'n ganzen Antisemitismus!" (p.338-9)

Translated: 'They keep on commissioning too many Jews-- that's the cause of all this anti-Semitism.' Gustl is actually saying: "Why do they keep on commissioning so many Jews - then I don't give a damn for all this anti-Semitism.' The attitude is not radical enough for him - to commission so many Jews makes a mockery of anti-Semitism in his opinion.

"Neulich in der Gesellschaft, wo die G'schicht' mit dem Doktor passiert ist bei den Mannheimers..." (p.339)

Translated: 'The other day at the club when the affair came up between the Doctor and the Mannheimers...'

This is incorrect. It was a party given by the Mannheimers and the affair was between Gustl and the Doctor - on account of which Gustl challenged the Doctor to a duel.

"...Na ja, wer hat's Geld?..." (p.339)

Translated: '...They must have piles of money.' This misses the general implication, not only that the Mannheimers have the money but that Jews in general are the ones with the money. The translation is also far too mild for Gustl's way of thinking.

"Und die Klara wird schon noch einen Mann kriegen..."(p.339)
 Translated: 'And Clara'll be married some time.'
 This is again too formal and too nice for Gustl. His meaning is that Clara will be sure to 'hook' a man - to 'land' a husband,

"...daß ihn ein Kerl, der das erstemal einen Säbel in der Hand gehabt hat, auf ein Haar abgestochen hätt'";(p.340)
 Translated: '...that a fellow who had never had a sword in his hand before almost killed him;'
 Again this translation does not do justice to the coarseness of Gustl's thoughts and misses out entirely the picture of a man almost within a hairsbreadth of being 'stuck through like a pig.'

"Die Rechtsverdreher sind doch heutzutage" alle Sozialisten!" (p.340)
 Translated: 'All the enemies of law and order are Socialists these days.'
 The term 'Rechtsverdreher' is more correctly 'legal tricksters' and refers back to Gustl's previous remark that the Doctor is definitely a Socialist, therefore the implication is that the Doctor is in fact a lawyer - but in Gustl's estimation 'a legal trickster.'

"Der Brunnthaler ist ganz gescheit, der hat sein Glas immer im Kaffeehaus bei der Kassa liegen, da kann einem nichts g'scheh'n..."(p.342)
 This sentence has been missed out of the translation altogether.

"Der Willy war nicht älter als ich, wie er hineingesprungen ist. Hat schon was für sich, so immer gleich ein hübsches Weiberl zu Haus vorrätig zu haben..."(p.342)
 Translated: 'Willy was no older than I when he married. He'd done well by himself--and always a pretty wife at home.'
 This is not correct. The second sentence refers not to Willy but to marriage in general - that there's probably something to be said for it, always to have a pretty little wife ready and available at home. Again the language and expression of the translation does not pick up the coarseness and vulgarity of Gustl's sentiment.

"Wenn ich wenigstens wüßte, wo sie ist, möcht' ich mich wieder vis-a-vis von ihr hinsetzen."(p.342)
 Translated: 'If I only knew where she was, I'd like to have a little tête-a-tête with her.'
 This is incorrect. Gustl is saying that if he knew where she had gone (with the man who keeps her) he would like to go and sit across from her again - so that they could once again make their private signals to each other - the satisfaction to Gustl being the fact that he is openly deceiving the other man (a Jew) behind his back.

"Dem Ringeimer hat ein Fleischselcher, wie er ihn mit seiner Frau erwischt hat, eine Ohrfeige gegeben..."(p.348)
Translated: 'Fleischselcher slapped Ringeimer's face when he caught him with his wife.'

The translator has mistaken 'Fleischselcher' for a proper name, and thereby missed the meaning behind this reference - that the man is, in fact, a butcher and therefore 'satisfaktionsunfähig' so that Ringeimer would have been expected to commit suicide to appease the insult, or leave the service dishonourably. He chose the latter and thereby earned Gustl's contempt.

"...die denken gewiß, ich steig' der Person nach...Muß sie mir übrigens anseh'n..."(p.349)

Translated: 'They probably think I'm following that woman.. Does she have to solicit me?'

This is not correct - the latter half of the sentence should read: "Must take a look at her anyway." She is not soliciting Gustl.

"...oder soll ich in die Gartenbaugesellschaft."(p.342)
This has been missed out of the translation.

"...Oh, ein Major von Fünfundneunzig..."(p.342)

Translated: 'Oh, a Major--a recent graduate...'

He is not a 'recent graduate' but a major from the 95th Regiment.

"...sie täten sich alle den Kopf zerbrechen..."(p.347)
Translated: '...They'll have their theories.'

This is again too formal and refined for Gustl - an expression such as 'rack their brains' would be far more appropriate.

"...meine arme Cousin', zwei Jahr ist sie gelegen, hat sich nicht rühren können, hat die gräßlichsten Schmerzen g'habt - so ein Jammer!...ist es nicht besser, wenn man das selber besorgt?"(p.350)

Translated: '...my poor cousin, on his back for two years, couldn't move, had the most excruciating pains, what a time.' The cousin was not a man, but a female. The last phrase has been omitted entirely - 'Isn't it better to take things into your own hands,' the possible inference being that had the cousin been a man he would have taken his own life to put an end to the misery.

"...wenn ich daran denk', bin ich imstand, eine Gemeinheit zu begehen..."(p.353)

This sentence has been omitted from the translation.

"...Der Riedl war auch dabei--eine Böhmin ist es gewesen..."(p.353)

Translated: '...The Riedl woman was also along - she was Bohemian...'

This is not correct. Riedl was a man, and the context leads to the assumption that he was in fact Clara's fiancé. The engagement came to nothing, ostensibly on account of Gustl's shameful behaviour, beginning at an early age, as he indicated, with 'a Bohemian woman,' - she was the first.

"...mit dem ist er immer in die Stadt hinuntergefahren zu der Rosenberg..."(p.355)

Translated: '...He used to ride in it all the time on his way to see Rosenberg.'

This was not a man, but 'the Rosenberg woman' that he (His Highness) used to visit - an indication that sexual involvements were commonplace at all levels.

"Wie mir der Kopetzky das Billett gegeben hat - eine Melange und zwei Kipfel."(p.358)

Translated: 'When Kopetzky handed me the check - coffee and two rolls.'

This is not correct - it was not the check for the coffee but the ticket for the concert that Kopetzky handed to Gustl - and this was where it all began.

"...Ah, heut nach Tisch werd' ich's schon genau wissen..."

Ah, "nach Tisch" ist sehr gut!..."(p.360)

Translated: 'Well, this afternoon I'll know all about it.'

Ah, "this afternoon" is good!"

This translation entirely misses the point of reference to 'the Last Supper' - Gustl is treating the religious connotation in a jocular sense and relating it to his own 'last supper' - and subsequent suicide - and expects to find out 'after supper' whether 'there's anything in this religion business or not.' The timing is also ironic - this is early April and therefore the Easter passion period.

"Wie wir auf Manöver waren, hab' ich den Chargen von der Kompagnie Brittannikas geschenkt;"(p.362)

Translated: 'When we were at the manouvers I let off the officers of the Kompagnie Britannika.'

This is incorrect - 'Britannika' is the name of a cigar and Gustl is saying that when they were on manouvers he used to send cigars to all the officers in the Company.

"...so jung war die - am End' war die gar noch eine

Unschuld!"(p.363)

Translated: '...She was so young - but I'll bet no angel

at that.' Gustl is actually saying just the opposite - that she was probably still innocent - a virgin in fact - which now makes him regret even more that he had not accosted her a day or so before.

The principal task in translating this work was to render suitably in English the extremely colloquial and common language of the Viennese, and in particular of the Austrian Imperial Army of that period, and at the same time to convey the haphazard stream of sometimes unfinished thoughts which serves to reveal the true nature of the individual and thus to permit a glimpse into a mind stripped of pretence. The mask is peeled away--the thoughts speak for themselves. Gustl's is a mind shallow and crude, and this is revealed through the language he uses. Thus not only must a comparable English be found to correspond with the original German, but the considerable number of contractions of German verbs, nouns and pronouns throughout the work must find comparable expression in English.

Yet though the text may be translated into another language the ethnic milieu cannot similarly be transposed. Certain institutions which formed an integral part of the Viennese culture have no exact counterpart elsewhere. There is nothing in England, for example, which could adequately compare with the Viennese coffee-house, mention of which occurs in practically all Schnitzler's works. Indeed the legend of the coffee-houses of Vienna around 1900 was well-known across Europe, and in particular as the scene of political, artistic and literary debates, which played such an important part in the intellectual life of the city. It was in one of the famous coffee-houses, the "Cafe Griensteidl," that Hermann Bahr had gathered around himself a group of the young 'moderns,' among them Arthur Schnitzler. Here many a literary conversation was held and many a literary work read aloud by the author, discussed and criticized. The group became known as "Jung Österreich" and later "Jung Wien." But as is

evident in Leutnant Gustl, the coffee-house was also the social gathering place for all classes--indeed it was a way of life for the Viennese which was unique to that culture.

Similarly, the Austrian Imperial Army officer of the late 19th century could not really be compared with a British officer of the same period. The multi-national nature of the Austrian Army with its German, Austrian, Czech, Polish, Hungarian, and Slavic officers and men, was obviously looked upon with distrust by civilians in general (and not without reason,) the remark made by the Doctor to Gustl bearing witness to this. In contrast, the British military officers were almost exclusively drawn from very upper-class English backgrounds, the majority being products of Britain's most exclusive public schools--Eton and Harrow. Consequently their language and etiquette was that of an extremely polished and well-bred English gentleman.

Further, the wearing of side-arms had ceased to be customary in England by around 1765, so that the situation described in Leutnant Gustl could not have happened to a British officer in similar circumstances. In addition, duelling had come to an end in Britain by 1845, and there was no longer any means of settling a dispute except through legislation.

In spite of such insoluble difficulties, however, it is in the belief that a work can be produced in English which does justice to the total art of Schnitzler's Leutnant Gustl that this translation is presented.

² "Jungfrauen": This word carries the meaning 'virgin' - (Die Jungfrau Maria - the Virgin Mary). It was in the sexual sense that Gustl wonders later whether they (the choir) are indeed 'virgins' - the whole hundred.

³ "Das Nasenspitzel hau' ich Ihnen herunter..." This refers to the duel which Gustl is to fight the next day with the Doctor. The expression is highly colloquial and gives some indication of the malice and ferocity of Gustl's intentions.

⁴ "der frißt mich ja auf" - the expression means literally 'to gobble up' - but in this figurative sense implies a verbal lashing, a severe put-down.

⁵ See note #2.

⁶ A Viennese dance hall.

⁷ "sonst stell' ich Sie mir nachher im Foyer!" Literally "I'll intercept you later in the foyer". This means that Gustl will 'call him out' - in other words will challenge him to a duel - a typical example of Gustl's constant aggressive behaviour.

⁸ An elegant restaurant in Vienna.

⁹ "da pfeif' ich auf'n ganzen Antisemitismus!" The expression conveys that in Gustl's opinion anti-semitism is not radical enough, and to commission so many Jews merely makes a mockery of the movement.

¹⁰ In German-speaking countries it was seldom possible for a Jew to pursue a successful career without professing to the Christian religion. Heinrich Heine, who was himself a converted Jew, called the baptism certificate "an admission ticket to European culture."

¹¹ "Na ja, wer hat's Geld." This implies that the Jews are the ones with the money - a thorn-in-the-flesh to Gustl, who is constantly in debt, and strongly anti-Semitic.

¹² "Gulden" - A monetary unit, the value of a florin.

13 "der hat Geld wie Mist"; The word 'Mist' means 'dung' - 'manure'. Gustl's uncle is an agriculturist and Gustl uses this very common and coarse expression to indicate that his uncle is in fact 'filthy rich.'

14 "Kreuzer" - A coin of very small value, comparable to a farthing.

15 A comedy by Victorian Sardou and Émile Moreau.

16 A series of eight interlinked majestic boulevards sixty yards wide and over two-and-a-half miles long which encircled most of the historic inner city of Vienna.

17 "Rechtsverdreher." Literally a 'pettifogging lawyer' - one who is chiefly employed on mean or petty cases, resorting to tricky methods.

18 "Tintenfisch" - This word has the literal meaning of a 'cuttlefish.' This fish can darken the water as it moves by pouring out an inky substance containing sepia. Ink made from sepia was widely used in ancient times. Thus Gustl used the word in a derogatory sense to describe the Doctor's profession - as someone constantly 'writing' or 'scribbling.'

19 "Habe die Ehre." Literally 'have the honour' - a form of greeting for which there is no exact counterpart in English.

20 A major from the 95th Regiment.

21 "Sie dummer Bub." 'Bub' has the meaning 'boy' or 'lad.' 'Sie' in German is used in the singular to persons with whom one is not on equal or familiar terms. A child would normally be addressed as 'du'. In this case, however, the formal 'Sie' must be retained, and this gives greater emphasis to the degrading of Gustl to the stature of a 'stupid boy', or a 'young fool'.

22 "Kunstblumenhändler." Literally a man who trades in artificial flowers - probably made of paper.

23 "Freiwillige" - Graduates of the German and the Austrian system of higher education, who had the privilege of 'volunteering' for a year of military service instead of serving the regular two years. They often received special training for commissions in the reserve. Army career men often looked down on them. Gustl had not graduated from secondary school, hence his bitterness.

24 "Satisfaktionsunfähig" - Incapable of giving satisfaction. Gustl's honour is now besmirched and under the terms of the military "Code of Honour" he cannot be permitted to fight the duel of honour to which he is committed the following day.

25 The reference to 'civilians' refers to those of the lower classes who were not entitled to duel, therefore in the case of a quarrel, if an officer used his sword it was condemned as 'murder', and justifiably so - 'though not according to Gustl, for whom it was the only means of settling any altercation.

26 Ringeimer was boxed around the ears by a butcher, but since the man was not qualified to duel, Ringeimer had the choice (like Gustl) of either committing suicide to clear his honour, or leaving the service, dishonourably. He chose the latter - and this is the reason for Gustl's contempt.

27 "Jagendorfer" - A popular athlete and wrestler of the time. Since the name is not universally remembered, I have substituted a mythical figure to indicate the great physical strength which is implied here.

28 Bridge over the so-called Danube canal, by which means Gustl was able to cross over from the Ringstraße to the Praterstraße.

29 Industrial suburb in the eastern section of Vienna.

30 A Viennese dance hall in the inner city.

31 A fortress and garrison in Galicia on the eastern border of the Habsburg empire.

32 "ein schöner Rausch! ein Mordsrausch! ein Selbstmordsrausch!" The word 'Rausch' means 'drunkenness' - Gustl feels as if he were drunk, and uses the combination of 'drunkenness' and 'death' for a jocular play on words. Exactly the same equivalent is not possible in English, so I have used 'deathly drunk' and 'dead drunk' to render a similar repetition of the basic words.

33 Really 'GuBhausgasse' - a suburban district of Vienna.

34 Extensive national park - an area occupying some 2,000 acres outside the inner city of Vienna, and encircled by the river Danube. The area contains, among other things, a huge amusement park, a zoo, and scores of restaurants and coffee houses, in addition to large areas of natural parkland.

35 A well-known restaurant on the main avenue of the Prater.

36 Capital of the Austrian province of Styria and a popular place for retirement.

37 "aufs Gut könnt' ich" - This implies his uncle's estate - the agricultural property he owns in the country. Gustl is thinking that he could 'hide out' there, to conceal his shame.

38 Coach with rubber tyres instead of wooden wheels.

39 Gustl has seen 'Lohengrin' twelve times because he likes to identify himself with the dashing hero, the 'swan knight.'

40 Monument to the Austrian admiral Wilhelm Freiherr von Tegethoff, victor in the naval battle of Lissa in 1866.

41 This was the ticket to the concert (the oratorio) which Gustl had just attended.

42 This again refers to men who are not qualified to duel. If one of them should insult an officer, the officer can strike back immediately (and then face an investigation), or commit suicide to erase the insult to his honour, or face dishonourable discharge from the service.

43 "werd'n sie doch keine solchen Menscher..."
 Gustl is saying that girls who work in shops do not usually become the kind of women who are 'kept' by a man - such as Steffi, for instance, who is kept by a Jew. But Gustl then destroys his own theory by saying that if Steffi had only agreed to belong to him alone he would have had her become a milliner or something - in other words, she would still have been obliged to earn money for her keep.

44 "nach Tisch" - 'after supper' - Gustl is making fun of the 'Last Supper'. The period is early April - the time of the Easter celebrations. Gustl has heard passion music at the concert, and hears some of the same music from the church, where early mass is in progress. He relates the religious experience to his own 'supper' he will have in the coffee house, and then expects to find out 'after supper' (i.e. after he has committed suicide) whether there is really anything in this "Religion business" or not.

45 "der Pfaff'," The word is actually 'der Pfaffe' - the priest - but by leaving off the final 'e' there is a note of disrespect introduced - a cheapening, which is not possible in English. I have therefore translated this as 'the old priest' - to convey a measure of familiarity.

46 Inner courtyard of the Imperial Palace where the sovereign's bodyguard was on duty.

47 Regiment of the Bosnia-Herzegovina troops. Bosnia-Herzegovina, a kind of equilateral triangle forming the northwestern section of the Balkan peninsula, with a short frontage on the Adriatic Sea, was assigned by international mandate in 1878 to the occupation and administration of Austria. When Austrian troops moved in to occupy the country in 1878 they met with fierce resistance from a large number of insurgents. The rebellion was finally crushed, but over 150,000 Habsburg soldiers were needed to subdue the natives. In so doing they earned the undying hatred of the Bosnians and suffered some loss of military prestige, the result of a large power unleashing its military weight against a much smaller nation.

48 Public park between the Imperial Palace and the Ring.

49 A district in the suburbs of Vienna.

50 A district in the suburbs of Vienna.

51 "um Gotteswillen" - This is but one of the many similar oaths which punctuate the whole piece:
Um Himmelswillen - Meiner Seel' - Herrgott noch einmal -
Heiliger Himmel - Herrgott - Ach Gott - they are all a natural part of the debasing language Gustl uses.

52 "und wenn's Graz gilt" - An analogy to 'wenn's das Leben gilt' - meaning 'at all costs' - 'even if your life depends on it' - but it was no accident that Gustl used this particular expression. Graz was his home-town and the place held only disagreeable memories for him. He was therefore only too willing to put Graz at stake.

53 "...Dich hau' ich zu Krenfleisch!" Full of confidence, and with his ego fully restored, Gustl now uses the familiar form 'Dich' to the Doctor - to indicate his contempt.

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