

TRANSLATING ADOLF MUSCHG: TWO SHORT STORIES

TRANSLATING ADOLF MUSCHG:
TWO SHORT STORIES

By
SANDRA MIATTA PIEPER, B.A.

A Thesis
Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies
in Partial Fulfilment of the Requirements
for the Degree
Master of Arts

McMaster University

(c) Copyright by Sandra Miatta Pieper, September 1996

MASTER OF ARTS (1996)
(German/Modern Languages)

McMaster University
Hamilton, Ontario

TITLE: Translating Adolf Muschg: Two Short Stories

AUTHOR: Sandra Miatta Pieper, B.A. (University of
Calgary)

SUPERVISOR: Dr. Gerald Chapple

NUMBER OF PAGES: vi, 139

ABSTRACT

Certain Swiss authors, such as Gottfried Keller, Robert Walser, Friedrich Dürrenmatt, and Max Frisch, are more frequently translated into English than others. To this day, Adolf Muschg has belonged to the latter; his texts have been translated, but into Eastern European languages rather than English. I decided to translate him because his prose appeals to a wide audience and deserves to be introduced to English-speaking readers.

Muschg has concerned himself with literature and its related fields for many years. Contemporary Swiss and international issues are directly confronted in his writings, where he also analyzes the individual's relationships with culture and society. Not only does he use a variety of themes, but also an array of narrative techniques and structural elements. Diversity is extremely important when considering a text for translation, because the more diverse the author's writing style is, the more interesting and challenging the translation task will be.

After having read a selection of Muschg's short prose, the stories "Besuch in der Schweiz" and "Wullschleger Country" caught my interest, because of the similarities in

themes. The central figures in both stories come from different backgrounds: Swiss and German in the first; Swiss and Thai in the second. Thus Switzerland is observed from the perspective of natives and foreigners; by employing these opposing points of view Muschg can also voice his criticism of the respective culture and society.

Adolf Muschg's texts challenge the translator due to the cultural contexts of his themes and the structural variety of his style; I attempted to consistently incorporate these aspects in my translations. In addition, by discussing the difficulties associated with these aspects in a detailed commentary, it becomes evident how much the translation process has to rely on interpretation, or else not every textual element is accounted for.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would like to thank my supervisor, Dr. Gerald Chapple, for his guidance and assistance with the translations. His many suggestions were invaluable.

My appreciation also goes to Dr. Gerhard Teuscher and Dr. Hans Schulte for their time and input.

A special thanks goes to Dr. Esther Enns at the University of Calgary. I would not have made it this far if it had not been for her inspiration and challenging translation courses.

Finally, I would like to thank my parents for their encouraging words and patience, and my friends for putting up with my constant questions (especially the computer related ones!). I would not have survived these past two years without the special people at Cabin Cline.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I.	Introducing Adolf Muschg and his Short Prose	1
A.	Biographical Information	1
B.	Muschg's Place in Contemporary Swiss-German Literature	3
C.	Adolf Muschg's Short Prose	7
1.	Thematic Tendencies	7
2.	Stylistic and Linguistic Tendencies	10
D.	Reasons for the Selection of Texts	13
II.	"Besuch in der Schweiz" (1968)	15
A.	Introductory Comments and Observations	15
1.	Interpretation	16
2.	Translation Strategies	21
B.	The Translated Text	25
III.	"Wullschleger Country" (1982)	58
A.	Introductory Comments and Observations	58
1.	Interpretation	59
2.	Translation Strategies	65
B.	The Translated Text	69
IV.	Specific Challenges in the Translations	112
A.	The Cultural Context	112
1.	Tone	113
2.	Lexical Games	119
B.	The Discourse Structure	125
C.	The Aspect of Interpretation	131
V.	Bibliography	136

I. INTRODUCING ADOLF MUSCHG AND HIS SHORT PROSE

A. Biographical Information

Adolf Muschg has steadily gained recognition as an author, dramatist, essayist, critic, historian, academic, biographer and intellectual (Szabó 99) on both a national and international level. Born in 1934 in Zollikon near Zurich, he completed his degree in German, English and Philosophy at the University of Zurich, having studied two semesters in Cambridge. In 1959 he finished his doctoral dissertation on Ernst Barlach under the supervision of the germanist Emil Staiger. During most of the 1960s he held many teaching and research positions around the world, spending time in Tokyo, Göttingen and Ithaca (NY). Upon his return to Switzerland in 1969, he accepted a one-year post at the University of Geneva. Since 1970 he has been professor of German literature and language at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule (ETH) in Zurich (Dierks 351-353).

He first appeared on the literary scene in 1965 with his novel Im Sommer des Hasen, which deals with six young authors who spend time in Japan, having received a bursary

from an advertising agency. In this debut novel it is already apparent that Muschg possesses a high degree of talent. On the one hand he is able to present his own experiences (in Japan) behind many masks, on the other hand he can test the virtuosity of this masking process against the real-life market conditions through the use of ironic distance, because the author who gets the job as advertising manager is the one who cannot write (Käser 307).

His writing career then took off, and he won numerous literary awards; for example, the "Förderungspreis der Schweizerischen Schillerstiftung" (1965), the "Hamburger Leserpreis" (1967), the "C.F. Meyer-Preis" (1968), the "Hermann-Hesse-Preis" (1974), the "Literatur-Preis der Stadt Zürich" (1984), and most recently the "Georg-Büchner-Preis" in 1994 (Dierks 351). Over the years he has also kept himself busy with a number of speaking tours to England, the United States and Canada, Austria, China, the Netherlands and Italy, Taiwan and Japan, and Portugal.

Besides his various posts and lecture tours abroad, he has been very involved in the promotion of the arts and literature. In 1970 he was a founding member of the *Gruppe Olten*, the Swiss version of the German *Group of '47*. From 1979-80 he spent some time at the University of Frankfurt as

a guest speaker for a series of lectures on poetry, focusing on the topic of "Literatur als Therapie?" and analyzing the relationship between psychoanalysis and literature (Käser 308); in 1985 he was the "Swiss Writer in Residence" at the University of Southern California (Dierks 352). During the Seventies he also became actively involved in politics. He was a member of the "Kommission für die Verbreitung einer Totalrevision der Schweizerischen Bundesverfassung" from 1974 to 1977, and a *Ständerat* candidate for the Social Democratic Party of the Canton of Zurich in 1975 (Dierks 351).

B. Muschg's Place in Contemporary Swiss-German Literature

Even today, the names Friedrich Dürrenmatt and Max Frisch come to mind when one thinks of contemporary Swiss literature. These two authors, known as the first generation of Swiss writers after the Second World War, were mainly responsible for jump-starting the literary scene during the 1950s, influencing a large number of writers for years to come:

...two strands in German-Swiss narrative prose in the 1970s owe much to Dürrenmatt and Frisch respectively: the first, characterised by a grotesque exaggeration of reality, is represented by Walter Vogt,

Hermann Burger, Gerold Späth, Franz Hohler, E.Y. Meyer and Urs Widmer; the second, characterised by social criticism and psychological realism, is represented by Adolf Muschg, W.M. Diggelmann, O.F. Walter, Werner Schmidli and Christoph Geiser. (Pender 28)

These two groups made up the second generation of writers after Dürrenmatt and Frisch, and a third generation followed in the 1980s. Or, from the perspective of another critic, "die sechziger und siebziger Jahre waren für die Literatur aus deutschsprachigen Schweiz eine Epoche des Aufbruchs. Die achtziger Jahre sind eher ein Jahrzehnt der Kontinuität, der Weiterarbeit, des Haltens eines erreichten Niveaus" (von Matt, 1991, 21).

Just when the second generation was beginning to establish itself with searching examinations of Swiss society, Emil Staiger made a sweeping condemnation of aspects of modern literature, unleashing a controversy known as the *Zürcher Literaturstreit* of 1966 (Pender 25). During this period, the function of Swiss literature was questioned: Should it continue to go beyond the national borders and be more *weltoffen*, or should it restrict itself within the borders and encourage *Heimatdichtung*, because some critics felt that Swiss literature was too progressive and lacked distinctive Swiss characteristics (Pezold 168).

The formation of the *Gruppe Olten* in 1970 was a partial result of this conflict, as this more radically and

politically orientated group broke away from the Swiss Writers Union, formalising progressive and conservative attitudes in the writing profession (Pender 25). These opposing camps have been in existence since the 1950s and remain so well into the late 1980s:

In 1959 O.F. Walter's Der Stumme, which presents a confrontation indicative of wider change between the older and younger generation, was published, yet the same year conservative Swiss male voters rejected female suffrage. 1962 saw both the enormous success of Friedrich Dürrenmatt's Die Physiker and the refusal of the same electorate to endorse a proposal to ban nuclear weapons in Switzerland. The Swiss manifestations of the 1968 student movement did not initiate social change and this failure reflected in the dark tone of much writing of the 1970s. In 1980 the brutal reaction of the authorities and the hostility of the population at large to the youth protest in Zurich and other cities left the writer Reto Häny, for example, feeling "fremd und fern wie in Grönland." In 1986 the electorate, strongly supporting a traditional perception of national identity, rejected Swiss membership of the United Nations, and a year later the young writer Dante Andrea Franzetti claimed that "die Frage nach nationaler Identität zunehmend absurd [erscheint]." In 1989 the reaction to Frisch's Schweiz ohne Armee? Ein Palaver contained elements of hysterical xenophobia not dissimilar to those which greeted Otto Marchi's Schweizer Geschichte für Ketzer in 1971. (Pender 25-26)

One can understand how the attitudes of the general public evolve more slowly than those of the writers, and that these attitudes, despite the influence of environmental groups and others, remain broadly conservative, while much of contemporary literature reflects progressive views more

exclusively than it was the case forty years earlier (Pender 26).

Based on this overview, Adolf Muschg's place in contemporary Swiss literature is very clear: he is part of the second post-war generation and has witnessed these literary developments. For him it even has been a source of inspiration:

Und er hat ein thematisches Neuland entdeckt, weil sein Thema die "Zwischengeneration" ist, deren angeknackstes Selbstverständnis er schon früh nachgewiesen hat. Es sind die in den dreißiger Jahren Geborenen, hineingeboren zwischen die Generation des Wiederaufbaus und die Generation der Studentenproteste, Generationen, die es viel einfacher hatten, Ziele, Engagement, Identifikationsmodelle zu finden und sich in einer Kollektiverfahrung geborgen zu fühlen.

(Kienzle 70)

Furthermore, current issues (e.g., the elderly, divorce, suicide) and historical/political conditions (e.g., the Middle Ages, the situation in Asia, immigration) are examined in his fictional and non-fictional writing. References to Switzerland are also part of his texts, but he always places them in a larger context, so that there is a timeless and universal aspect to his writing; exactly how this is achieved will become evident in the discussions of the individual stories.

C. Adolf Muschg's Short Prose

According to Malcolm Pender, several reasons have contributed to the popularity of short prose as a means of expression among Swiss-German writers at the time of Peter Bichsel's Eigentlich möchte Frau Blum den Milchmann kennenlernen (1964): "the restricted form is an appropriate vehicle for literary concerns of those who employ it; experiment with form is a feature of the uncertainty of a transitional period such as the 1960s; *Kurzprosa* represents part of a search for a form suited to express a fragmented reality; and interest in previous practitioners of the genre revived..." (30). This statement precisely reflects Adolf Muschg's use of short prose; he knows how to express his thematic and stylistic concerns within this limited and restricted form of writing.

1. Thematic Tendencies

Muschg employs a wide range of themes which can generally be summarized as "Spiel und Wirklichkeit, Kunst und Moral, Fiktion und Engagement..." (Voris 108). These major groups also have the idea of "sickness" in common, literally and figuratively speaking: varying recurring forms of sickness in physically and mentally-ill characters; and

forms of it in society and in relationships which are revealed through "fraglich gewordene menschliche Kontakte, Probleme [Kranksein], die durch Unverständnis, Gefühlsarmut, Kommunikationsverlust, Lüge, nicht funktionierende, überholte Denkschemata, unüberlegte Verhaltens- und Handlungsweisen hervorgerufen werden" (Szabó 101).

One key form of sickness which manifests itself is the lack of communication. Its importance is explored in different settings and roles: be it in love and marriage, in ties to parents, in partnerships within a group, or in political engagement. There is always little freedom for individuals in these situations, since they are unable to express themselves within the given "sick" environment and often resign themselves to the circumstances. This holds especially true in love and parent/child relationships, which seem to be the least able to establish any communication (Kienzle 60).

Another factor of unhealthy communication is the concept of the *Fremdkörper*. Foreign elements in Muschg's texts can be concrete or abstract, and almost function as a *Leitmetapher* (Kienzle 62). They also work on personal, social or political levels; often questioning existing circumstances and/or creating alienation (as it is the case in "Der Zusenn oder das Heimat"). Being foreign and therefore often alien comes from a society in which

something is missing--life and love, warmth and spontaneity, strength and courage, health and joy are characteristics associated with these societal outsiders but not with their surroundings (Ricker-Abderhalden, 1979, 75).

Muschg uses these complex and interwoven themes to criticize bourgeois, capitalistic, Western and, sometimes very pointedly, Swiss society (Ricker-Abderhalden, 1979, 76). Such a society can even be frozen and life-threatening because one does not seem to learn how to live within it (77). Foreign elements disturb this society and upset the existing order (80), once again reflecting the idea of "sickness." If society acts in a way like this, then healthy relationships and communication are not possible, resulting in alienation from yourself and others (80-81). This is a pressing problem in today's society and with his criticism, Muschg "schneidet [] in die Wünsche und Illusionen" (Schütz 258), painting a realistic picture of current conditions. Furthermore, all of these thematic elements contribute to the interpretation of the two texts I chose to translate, and I will address them in the introductory comments to the translated texts.

2. Stylistic and Linguistic Tendencies

On a stylistic level, one can say that short prose forces an author "zur Ökonomie der Mittel und zu großer schriftstellerischer Disziplin" (Szabó 101). One way to make the most out of this restriction is to use a variety of narrative techniques, and this applies to Muschg's short prose. János Szabó suggests the following three categories: the "fictional I" which is expressed through letters, monologues and tape recordings; the "personal narrator" who describes, reports and speaks directly; and the "omniscient third person narrator" who presents comments by the author, direct addresses to the reader, reflections and psychological representations of the characters (101). These different techniques allow Muschg to experiment with the themes and to show them from different points of view. Again, the introductory comments to both stories and the translations themselves will demonstrate exactly how Muschg's narrative techniques function.

Another stylistic aspect which consistently occurs in Muschg's texts is "das Versteckspiel mit Wörtern, Motiven, Bildungsinhalten" (Szabó 101), also revealing his sense of humour and talent for precise, detailed observation and symbolism (Krättli 250). His writing is often chronologically broken and confusing (Kienzle 68), and "die

Technik der Auslassungen, Sprünge, Andeutungen, kaum ausgesprochenen Wahrheiten wird hier meisterhaft eingesetzt, [] der jeweilige Stil stellt sich in den Dienst der Aussage" (Szabó 101); it is this link between form and content which adds to the thematic and stylistic complexity of the stories.

On a linguistic level, there is the use of Swiss-German expressions (*Helvetismen*), which not only give the texts a Swiss flavour, but also point at the role and state of Swiss-German in literature. Swiss authors have been using High German as their literary language since the mid-19th century; often it is viewed as a foreign language, since the writer's own dialect is not used (Pezold 309). Authors who write in dialect restrict themselves to a specific market, and the use of Swiss German is considered a stigma or gag which limits the writer's expression. Tension exists on the Swiss literary scene, because authors wonder to what extent they should rely on "Idiolekt, Dialekt, Soziolekt und Standardsprache" (Pezold 310). Which one of the former is the most aesthetic and most suitable for literary use?

This raises a further question: as to whether there is a Swiss national language and literature. Muschg presents his views on the subject in his essay "Gibt es eine schweizerische Nationalliteratur?" (1975):

Wir haben keine schweizerische Nationalliteratur, aber wir geraten, wenn uns die Nachbarn schnell zu ihrem Bestand schlagen wollen, in die Versuchung, das Revier dadurch zu verteidigen, daß wir es auch literarisch für bindend halten - weil wir seine bindende Kraft benötigen, weil wir sie politisch gegen eben diese Nachbarn haben erproben müssen. [] Eine Schweizer Nationalliteratur? Es gibt sie nicht, ja es darf sie nicht geben, die deutsche Schweiz will nicht den Weg Hollands in die Sondersprache gehen. [] Weil das aber so ist, haben die Schweizer Autoren, hat ihre Literatur in ihren eigenen Augen, und seitens ihrer Nachbarn, das Zugeständnis der Identität nötig. Um an ihr, wie recht und billig, zweifeln zu dürfen, brauchen wir von unsern deutschen Freunden ein Benehmen, als gäbe es sie. (quoted in Pezold 313)

Here he makes the point that he is against the special status of Swiss literature; but at the same time, he wants foreign academics to find out if typical characteristics do exist, because by standing on the outside, they would see things differently (Szabó 107).

From this statement and the summary of Muschg's thematic and stylistic tendencies, it become clear how the label "Miniaturist von hohen Graden" (Blöcker 188) applies: even though he initially gained recognition as a novelist, it is his short prose which skilfully manages to combine the signature concerns and features of his larger works.

D. Reasons for the Selection of Texts

After reading Adolf Muschg's short prose collections, I decided to translate "Besuch in der Schweiz" from his 1968 collection Fremdkörper, and "Wullschleger Country" from his 1982 collection Leib und Leben. These stories are representative of two writing periods and indicate the development of his writing technique, since a change in thematic and stylistic complexity occurs.

The story "Besuch in der Schweiz" deals with a *Fremdkörper* in the form of a young German girl who enters a bourgeois Swiss household in Zurich. As the foreign element, she upsets the existing order in this household: the more the characters interact with each other, the more cultural differences surface. These differences go hand in hand with the themes of unhealthy communication and love, which are further pointed out through the stylistic aspects of tone and word play. It is this link between the features which pursued me to choose this text for translation; and at the same time, I also wanted to examine the relationships between the characters and Muschg's criticism of society more closely.

In the story "Wullschleger Country" a reversal takes place: now we see a Swiss bourgeois who finds himself in a remote Thai village. His marriage to a local girl results

in conflict once he returns to Switzerland with her, because all of a sudden he is a *Fremdkörper* in his own country, after already having been one in Thailand. By using the issue of Swiss men who marry Asian women and are unaware of the consequences, Muschg has taken the themes of communication and love from "Besuch in der Schweiz" to an even higher level of complexity. Furthermore, stylistic aspects such as word play, humour, and irony complicate the themes; and this is what drew me to this story--I wanted to examine the issues and connections on a deeper level.

I also chose these stories because of the similarities in the thematic and stylistic aspects and the differences in complexity. I felt that the common features would enable me to set up a translation approach which applied to both stories, and that the differences would automatically reveal the development in his writing style.

In the following pages I will discuss the translations in greater detail by giving brief interpretations and identifying the translation strategies. On the basis of the two texts, I will also look at specific challenges in translation, and at the same time, my analysis will indirectly point out the links between the themes and style. Finally, I will demonstrate how I used translation as a tool for interpretation--how translation helped me to piece together my textual interpretation.

II. "BESUCH IN DER SCHWEIZ"

A. Introductory Comments and Observations

The translator has to keep in mind the cultural and social dynamics as well as the interpersonal and psychological ones when approaching a text. Such is the case in Adolf Muschg's short story "Besuch in der Schweiz." He develops the personal dynamics by focusing on various relationships: the relationship between the mother and her son Heinz, Heinz and his fiancée Franziska, and the mother and Franziska; and these three sets of interpersonal relationships belong to the wider realm of the cultural dynamics.

The latter are exposed largely through the use of humorous linguistic misunderstandings, created mainly by the alternation of Swiss and German diction, idiomatic expressions and phrases. The importance of the cultural dynamics in connection with the personal ones will become evident in the following brief interpretation and discussion of the individual characters and their relationships to each other. This in turn will clarify my translation strategies, which I will subsequently identify.

1. Interpretation

The mother in "Besuch in der Schweiz" is extremely concerned with her son and is the dominant one in the relationship. Once Franziska, a person from a different culture, enters the household, the relationship in her home is disturbed. In the beginning the mother is willing to welcome her into the bosom of the family (e.g., "Möge Ihr Eingang gesegnet sein in dieses Haus, liebes Kind" 185), since she is expected to make Heinz happy (e.g., "Wir freuen uns sehr. Heinz konnte es fast nicht erwarten" 182). But the longer Franziska remains in Switzerland, the more frustrated the mother gets. Her growing awareness that Franziska is not the right girl for Heinz causes a change in the personal dynamics of the relationship.

At first her disapproval is subtle, even polite, but then her true feelings surface when she brings up the German post-war mentality in connection to Franziska's own personality, attitude and behaviour (211-212). This passage is central to the story, as it reveals the mother's stereotypes towards Germans; on a larger scale it also serves as an example of the bourgeois mentality. In fact, the mother can no longer tolerate Franziska: instead of trying to understand her teen-age perspective, she blames her behaviour on her cultural identity and the psychological

state of the nation. The personal dynamics are now subject to the cultural ones, which to this point have been exposed through linguistic misunderstandings (e.g., "Habt ihr euch lustig gemacht?" 202). These difficulties are not only humorous but also indicate the level of the tension among the three, as Heinz's awkward silences further illustrate.

Heinz resigns himself to the changing situation more and more, to the point where he moves out. In principle he is a momma's boy: dependent, inhibited and inexperienced, and these qualities are indirectly revealed through the relationship with his mother. That relationship in itself is very interesting, considering that Muschg himself did not have a close relationship with his mother, yet mother-son relationships dominate his writing (Voris 21). In contrast to the protective and caring mother-son relationship, the relationship between Heinz and Franziska is superficial and unrealistic because he is only able to open up to her through his letters. Once they are face to face, they cannot communicate: in his apartment it is his seriousness which holds him back. He is too preoccupied with the music and does not pay any attention to Franziska. This psychological inability to communicate and to relate to women breaks down the relationship they once had. He simply disappears from the picture, and Franziska takes his place in the mother's life.

Franziska is the catalytic element in the story, as an opposite to the conventional mother and the passive Heinz. As a modern, young German woman, she does not fit into this conservative, bourgeois Swiss household. She is the foreign element, foreshadowed by the title of the collection, and represents not only another generation but also a different culture, all of which create the central conflict. As the outsider who is able to experience life and love (Ricker-Abderhalden 75), she stands in contrast to the mother and Heinz. They are incapable of precisely those qualities, and therefore Franziska's "Körperlichkeit, Unbeschwertheit und Lebensfreude machen das Bedrückende, Lebensfeindliche des kultivierten Schweizer Milieus umso deutlicher" (Ricker-Abderhalden 76). But, as János Szabó states: "Franziska ist mit ihrer primitiv aggressiven Weiblichkeit genauso lächerlich wie die gestelzten Zürcher, Heinz und seine Mutter" (102).

The entire story exemplifies one of Muschg's main themes: the lack of communication, the "sick" communication revealed by the behavioural and psychological interaction between the characters: "Muschg zeigt jeweils die Kontaktstörung auf, Kommunikationsbrüche nach innen wie außen, die Bruchstelle zwischen persönlichem und gesellschaftlichem Anspruch, zwischen Bedürfnis und Rolle" (Kienzle 53).

For example, the mother builds up an image of her son and sees him in a particular way, since she only has "das Glück ihres einzigen Sohnes im rasch gerührten Auge" (180). She does not attempt to get to know his real personality. Instead, she likes to speak for Heinz and plays the role of the protective mother (e.g., "Heinz will Ihnen so viel zeigen" 190, or "Heinz ist jemand, der viel Liebe gebraucht hätte" 213). Such possessive, even anal traits are also symbolically present: the decor of Franziska's room reflects the Swiss obsession with control and order.

Heinz does not attempt to express himself to his mother or Franziska: he lets himself be molded by them and plays the role of the good son or the incapable lover. He also suffers from a loss of language due to his alienation from himself through both of them, often responding mechanically and repressing his emotions. His unhealthy relationship with his mother transfers over to his unhealthy relationships with women, perhaps part of a psychological block against them. Another aspect of Heinz is his fascination with his hollow-faced icons. He treats these artifacts religiously, and this fits in with his monk-like and scientific life: with its books and bones, his room almost resembles a cloister and an alchemist's laboratory.

Franziska, on the other hand, expresses herself freely (and often inappropriately), but within this "sick"

environment, she is not understood and communication remains one-sided. Realizing that she cannot stay with them anymore (her time has run out), she leaves; and interestingly enough, she carries one of the icons in her suitcase. Ironically, the icon holds no artistic value to her; she does not even understand art (193, 216-217). But then why did she take it? Is the icon merely a souvenir of her visit (to be touched up and reframed once she is at home), or a symbol of her failed relationship with Heinz (she can have the icon but not him)?

This type of duality is also present in the final sentence: "In der Schweiz hatte Franziska nur einen einzigen Regentag gehabt." Literally speaking it refers to the nice weather she has had during her visit (she was able to obtain a nice tan, turning the visit into a vacation); figuratively speaking it refers to the fact that it had rained on her parade--that things didn't work out as planned, leading her to write the lies on the two postcards. Did she leave because she was getting bored or because she could no longer take advantage of the mother and Heinz? Unfortunately, the extent to which Franziska deliberately acts is left open-ended; it remains unclear how aware she is of herself and of her actions. But knowing that the cultural and social dynamics can shape the personal and psychological ones makes one thing clear: through Franziska's character, Adolf Muschg

cleverly manages to point out the effects of such a combination.

2. Translation Strategies

Having interpreted "Besuch in der Schweiz," I realized that the cultural dynamics (and to a lesser degree the personal ones) were the overall difficulty I had to deal with. I thus had to set up a translation strategy which I then could apply to other, sometimes related problems such as the level of familiarity between the characters and the narrative structure.

In order to convey the cultural dynamics (including the linguistic misunderstandings), I considered a rather radical approach at first: I wanted to portray the mother and Heinz as being British and Franziska as American. But this would have been more than confusing, because I would have had to change the setting as well, which in turn would have meant a loss of the original cultural dynamics. I then decided to show the Swiss aspects of the mother and Heinz by using formal and proper expressions, and the German characteristics of Franziska by using a casual tone and slang expressions. This principle enabled me to maintain the cultural and personal dynamics and to portray the conflict stemming from these differences.

It also seemed logical to use North-American English and to make the text suitable for a North-American audience, since there are already "American" references: to the musical group "Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich," and to Mary McCarthy's novel The Group, published in 1963. The resulting overall tone of the translation is thus based on North-American expressions, slang and spelling. This also helped me with the linguistic misunderstandings.

For example, there is a lexical difference between the Swiss "Kasten" and the German "Schrank" (181). Both mean "closet," but when the Swiss term is understood according to German it can acquire other meanings (e.g., "box" or "jail"), causing the linguistic misunderstanding. By applying the principle just mentioned I came up with the following pair: "cupboard" and "closet." The term "cupboard" is readily associated with the kitchen, thus creating confusion and resulting in Franziska's correction.

A second culturally-based problem was how to portray the change in the level of familiarity among the three. The mother and Heinz each address Franziska formally in the beginning of their relationships with her, and only after a certain time has passed do they use the informal and familiar form (191). The "Sie versus du" distinction is an important part of Swiss and German culture, and this switch has to be apparent in the target language. I ended up

choosing the terms "familiar form of address" and "first-name basis" to indicate the changes in the level of familiarity, which are also revealed by the narrator. For example, after the mother offers the first-name basis to Franziska, the narrator refers to her as "Mama" instead of as "die Mutter," "seine Mutter," or "Heinzens Mutter."

Finally, my strategy had to include a technique of dealing with the narrative structure, because "Die Entwicklungen werden aus der Perspektive von Franziska beschrieben, aber nicht mit ihren Augen, sondern wie wenn er [der Erzähler] mit einer Kamera hinter ihr stünde" (Szabó 102); I had to adapt the level of language to these subtle perspectives in the narration. For example, whenever Franziska is in the role of the observer (as in the opening paragraphs), the language should be more personal or warmer, since her real thoughts come across in these observations. But then there are instances where there is a definite shift in the narration (as between pages 217 and 218). Here the narration becomes matter-of-fact and removed, since Franziska's actions are seen through the narrator's camera. This is of course crucial to the plot and reflects the title of the story, because now Franziska is no longer part of the cultural or personal dynamics--she is leaving Switzerland (the cultural aspect) and she is not a visitor anymore (the personal aspect).

With these selected examples I wanted to identify the main concerns I had before I started the translation of the text. More specific challenges in translation will be discussed in the fourth chapter, where I will provide concrete examples of my solutions, basing them on the text and its interpretation.

B. The Translated Text

VISIT TO SWITZERLAND

The first thing she detected, even while standing in the doorway, was the odour, a peculiarly strong and slightly sweetish odour filling the entire apartment; it was the most intense in this room. Then she saw her photograph. It was sitting on his desk, on the spot where his eyes would automatically fall when raised from his books, a little over to the left, between two candles. He had written her about the two candles, and here they were in reality, two fancy, turned wax candles. They were unused, with white wicks; the burnt-down ones had been replaced before she arrived. The colour photograph had turned out a bit too whitish. This made Franziska look like she was floating in the air,¹ turning from her hips to face a thin stand of birch trees whose branches seemed touched up against the background of the pale sky. Her childlike head, weighted by a lot of hair, was held up at an angle towards the foliage; the line of her neck was slightly convex and repeated, less clearly defined, the rise of the bodice of her dress, its fabric

¹The adjective "luftiger" implies lightness and airiness; I used an extended phrase to include both connotations. (Throughout the footnotes I base my definitions and choice of words on the dictionaries I mention in the bibliography, as well as textual context.)

flapping away from her body--partly puffed out by the wind and partly gently pressed in by it.

Squinting at the picture, she scrutinized herself. Her glance then wandered over test-tube holders and bookcases; on top of one of the bookcases were a hinged skull and numbered bone pieces. Above Heinz's bed hung a type of a saint's image; portraying a man's heavily blackened and hungry-looking face, with a beard and a regularly patterned ornamental band around his forehead.

Her skin glistened² from the journey; she hadn't stood the cab ride very well. The knuckles of the hand holding her small purse were white. But the feeling of how she, in the eyes of the others, was standing in the doorway, gave her a renewed freshness.

"What a great view," she said. She went over to the window that was concealed by a dense tulle and peered through the woven material, her short skirt revealing her thighs, sturdy yet sinewy like a child's.³ She then swung around and put her hands on the window-sill to support

²The most obvious translation of "glänzend" is "glowing," but this is too positive for the context, since her skin is wet and sweaty. I decided to use "glistening," because it combines the attributes of "glow" and "shine" associated with physical discomfort.

³The term "eingepflanzten" creates the image of "being planted," but in English it is not common to use it in reference to thighs (the phrase "firmly planted feet" comes to mind), whereas "sturdy" contains the idea of being strong and solid (e.g., a sturdy tree).

herself; the sill was a bit too high, causing her to raise her shoulders.

"So this is where you work," she said, "it sure is nice and cosy. Can we listen to a nice record later on?"

The two figures were standing in the doorway, not entering the room. Heinz in front, tall and looking somewhat morose; his slightly cloudy⁴ and near-sighted eyes in his yellowish tanned face were fixed on her, almost shamefully⁵ delighted, still looking up at her, just the way he did in Bochum at the party for the medical students four months ago:

That Swiss guy. He didn't dance then, not even with her, after she, stimulated by the punch, had asked him, but he'd just smiled in his weary⁶ way, and during the dances that followed he'd watched her, glowing with approval, embarrassing her so much that she once again sat at his table in the early morning hours. Seeing him up close, his staring was not as harmful; it was easier to take; you could

⁴The terms "verdrückt" and "beschlagen" also signal aspects of Heinz's personality, since he lives with a mother who represses him mentally; and this connection influenced my word choice.

⁵"vorwurfsvoll" in this context goes beyond referring to blame and reproach; here Heinz almost experiences shame while watching Franziska.

⁶Other choices for "mühselig" were "laboured," "laboriously," "tediously," or "tired." I believe that "weary" mirrors his personality and state of mind the closest, because it also shows his reluctance and inhibition towards Franziska and women.

watch how he cleared his throat, how his cheeks⁷ formed the words; it was actually touching. As the party was breaking up he invited her to drop in some day and listen to some music, and a few days later she showed up at his place, both out of curiosity and because it was on her way. Even back then she'd noticed the odour. He hadn't said much; she only remembered that at some point he'd wanted to know her age. But, he put on some records, one after the other, Bach, Debussy, Shostakovich. He devoted all his attention to the needle, to make sure he could lower it without shaking; the record player would then often idle on for several seconds while they didn't look at each other. He'd urged her to sit in the only armchair there, which was covered with a shaggy sheepskin; he kept standing in a corner, still not looking at her, as long as the music lasted. There weren't any other chairs in the room, but he could've sat on the couch; that didn't seem to occur to him. During the breaks he got busy, brought lemonade and little pastries, apologizing for not having any ice. Once the music was on again, she didn't dare chew because she felt her surreptitiously moving mouth would look awkward; that when she swallowed, it was embarrassing and excessive; but then again, he wasn't

⁷In English it would be more common to use "lips" instead of "cheeks," but in this context the term "cheeks" makes Heinz look more ridiculous: his cheeks expanding like those of a fish, because he is trying to say something with great effort.

watching. When she left he didn't hold her hand for a long time. His music still seemed to occupy his thoughts, this treasure shared with great effort; his face was pale. Nothing led her to expect the type of letter he'd sent her after his return to Switzerland, ten typed pages written while preparing for an exam, a sort of story of his life.⁸ This confession also contained detailed explanations for everything he'd failed to mention or do during the evening of dancing or the afternoon he played the records, something he's been reproaching himself for ever since.⁹ So many excuses. The letter ß apparently didn't exist where he'd gone to school; his vocabulary was otherwise flawless. She answered his letter; not in too unrefined a manner she hoped; while taking blood samples from the ears of her boss's patients or measuring their deposit levels, she was constantly thinking of different expressions, writing them down in a notebook when she had the time, to have them ready after work. All the same, her letters in her small blue handwriting stayed a lot shorter than his. Sometimes he enclosed songs with many verses and prayers, with certain

⁸"Lebensbeichte" contains the words "life" and "confession," sounding very heavy and important. By using the phrase "story of his life," his mundane life is elevated to something exciting. Referring to the letter as a confession in the next sentence stresses the point that he had revealed his innermost feelings.

⁹"Vorwürfe" echoes the earlier use of "vorwurfsvoll;" here he is reproaching himself, wishing he acted differently and this is occupying his thoughts constantly.

phrases underlined. She never knew for sure if he'd composed the songs himself or if they came from a Chinese or Persian philosopher; she didn't have the nerve to ask about that. After enclosing a song that often addressed the reader directly, he started to use the familiar form of address; he did apologize for this, but kept on doing it. She didn't accept this right away; only after the brevity of his next letter irritated her and he'd mentioned that he'd fallen ill as a postscript, did she use the familiar form, out of sympathy for him. His next letter was once again very long, and came with many stamps on it; her little brother Helmut was crazy about these stamps. After Heinz had passed some exam or other, there was mention, if she understood him correctly, of an engagement. And now, here she was.

"Sure," he said, referring to the nice record, "I'd be glad to." That's right, he could smile in that way of his, she'd forgotten how; now there was something of the host in his smile, a fairly high and until now unfamiliar level of ease; she examined this to see if she liked it. She walked towards him before she'd completed her examination; and gently, her fingers tapped his shoulder twice¹⁰ as he was

¹⁰"krabbeln" was very difficult to translate since it literally means "to crawl or wriggle" or else "to scratch or tickle." Here it means to gently scratch or tickle somebody, but "scratch" implies harshness and "tickling" is usually associated with laughter, and something stronger

making room for her in the doorway. His mother was standing in the hall. Franziska was aware of being watched by Heinz's mother the whole time, from the darkness of the hall. At the same time she felt she had nothing to fear from her gracefully withheld gaze,¹¹ the maternal gaze of a sheltered woman whose eyes so easily revealed her feelings and envisioned nothing but her son's happiness.¹² It couldn't be hard for Franziska to act like the happiness she envisioned.

"Would you like to freshen up, Miss Franziska?" Heinz's mother asked in her deep voice and in High German with a broad Swiss accent,¹³ a prim and proper dialect¹⁴ that struck Franziska as being both timid and trustworthy.

"This will be your room," the woman said and opened the nearest door. The room was bright, without any books except

than "touched" or "brushed" is required. In the end I decided on "tapped gently," which still shows Franziska making playful physical contact.

¹¹"zurückgeblieben" literally means "to be behind in mental development" or "to physically stay behind someone," but here it refers to the mother watching Franziska closely--she doesn't want to appear obvious, so her gaze is gracefully withheld or reserved.

¹²The expression "das Glück im Auge haben" is idiomatic and is further complicated by combining it with "rasch gerührtem Auge." It has to be translated with two different expressions to show the double meaning.

¹³An explanation has to be added to the translation, since Muschg is talking about somebody speaking High German with a Swiss accent--the mother is not speaking in Swiss-German but rather a Swiss-German version of High German.

¹⁴The word play of "artige Mundart" is lost in the translation, but the phrase "prim and proper" uses alliteration and stresses the meaning of "artig" which is appropriate for the context.

for several art books that stood on a carved shelf. The bed unit¹⁵ that included some shelves was also carved, the only massive object in the room; a bouquet of yellow roses and a radio were on it. Another bouquet of dull-coloured, pedantically painted plants hung on the wall: some fruit and bunches of vegetables, loosely scattered around a slaughtered guinea-hen, were depicted on the tablecloth, also pedantically painted. Not a scale, not a claw was absent from the stiffly outstretched feet.

"Stylish," Franziska said, "very stylish."

Heinz had gotten her suitcase from the hall and placed it in the room. He then folded his hands behind his back.

"Make yourself comfortable," his mother said. "Just let us know if you need anything. You can put your things in the cupboard over there."

She meant: in the closet.¹⁶

"There's another blanket in the cupboard if you get chilly during the night," Heinz's mother said, in a warm tone of voice. "And dear Miss Franziska, when you're finished, we would be delighted if you would join us. But please take your time. You've had such a long journey."

¹⁵The German concept of "Bettumbau" sees the bed, nighttables and shelving as one unit; since there is no term in English for the entire set, I added "included some shelves" to the translation.

¹⁶Linguistic misunderstanding, please refer to Chapter Four.

We're very happy that you are here. Heinz could hardly wait to see you."

"Thank you so much," Franziska said.

She found herself alone among the greyish light with its two dark spots--the bed unit and the picture--and the very bright strip of afternoon sun that had pushed itself through the windows and the French door and that was patterned by the tulle, being completely motionless. The trip was now buzzing through all of Franziska's limbs. She put a hand on the carved shelf; there was a slight movement and she immediately pulled her hand back. Perplexed, she stared at her hand for a moment. She then turned the radio dial. She recognized the voices: Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich. Franziska turned them off immediately. She then listened and turned the radio back on, keeping it on a very low volume. She stepped to the windows and opened the glass door; the back offered the view; even a few snow-covered mountains were visible. The balustrade she was looking over was part of a narrow and tiled balcony that also ran over to Heinz's room. An aluminum hook was inserted into the wall on both sides; a dark-blue man's suit was hanging on the hook on the far side. The hook on her side wasn't being used. No breeze could be felt; yet the suit on the other side was slightly swaying back and forth. Franziska closed the door and washed her hands and face at

the sink. She unpacked her suitcase while standing right next to Dave Dee; she didn't wish to move away from the closed-voiced harmony and the beats of the percussion. But she turned the radio off, brushed her hair, touched-up her lipstick and dabbed on some deodorant.¹⁷ After she opened the door and the draft carried the odour of the familiar product¹⁸ over to her, she felt more secure.

Heinz stood up as she entered the living room. His mother extended her soft childlike hand towards her and led her to the armchair. Franziska took a cautious look around. The grand piano was to be expected. The carpet was probably made of silk, light-blue and greyish glimmering silk with flat yellow vines and birds. The dark-looking images of saints hung on the walls in groups.

"Heinz restores them himself," the mother said, "he's so incredibly skilful. Isn't that so, Heinz?"

Heinz cleared his throat. "Except when I'm darkening," he said, "darkening the pictures can be tricky."

¹⁷"betupfen" is slightly ambiguous; it is not clear if she uses a cloth to freshen up or if she used deodorant. I interpreted it as using deodorant to freshen herself up, and this carries over to the next sentence.

¹⁸The word "Produkt" is unusual and also ambiguous in this context; it can refer to the odour of formaldehyde in the apartment (a chemical product) and this is familiar to her; or else it refers to the deodorant she just put on (a cosmetic product). I decided to just translate it as "product," in order to maintain the ambiguity.

"And the gold ground," the mother said, "the gold ground as well, Heinz, isn't that so?"

Heinz cleared his throat again.

There were small, neatly garnished sandwiches and a cake; and just in time Franziska realized that it was probably home-made and should be praised. And really, it did taste quite good.

"Delicious," she said.

This time she didn't understand why Heinz was clearing his throat. But his mother gave her an intensive smile.

"May your entering into this house be blessed, my dear child," she said, "stay as long as you wish."

"For as long as I'm on vacation," Franziska said.

"You're on holiday,"¹⁹ Heinz's mother said, "how very nice. A person really needs them, these times of peace and quiet. Working in a practice must be demanding. Now that Heinz is studying medicine, I can just imagine how much."

"Can I smoke?" Franziska asked.

"We have an ashtray somewhere," the woman said, in a gentle voice. "Just keep sitting beside your sweet little bride-to-be, Heinz. I'll find one sooner."

The ash was already crooked and at the point of falling when the mother came back in with a small dish.

¹⁹Cultural difference, please refer to Chapter Four.

Since it was so quiet in the living room, Franziska said: "We're just talking about Heinz's letters. I like them."

"That's nice," his mother said, in a gentle voice. "He'd always made me very happy with them, too. Every time I got one from Bochum, I would feast on it for an entire week. And of course he wrote me every week. He is such a good son."

Franziska talked about her friends in Bochum. About Jutta, with whom she'd travelled to Norderney last summer, and about Antsy, who wears glasses and is an ugly duckling, but she's a great buddy. She's called Antsy because she can't sit still. And about Hein, who's part of the clique, even though he's the quiet type; and how strange it was that all conversations end up with Hein. Nobody knows why they concern themselves with Hein, but it's a fact. Uwe's totally different, actually a show-off with his light-blue Porsche he's paying off, but they still like him. He's just a helpless kid at heart.

"Helpless people especially need a lot of love," Heinz's mother said, with emphasis.

"Yeah, he's part of the clique," Franziska said, eagerly. "Meta's also part of the clique, even though she's had a lot of bad luck. She's expecting a child. On October twenty-third."

"Oh no," Heinz's mother said.

"Miscalculated," Franziska said. "If it's a girl, it got lucky after all. Then the baby will be a Libra. Libras suit girls."

"Is the father known?" Heinz's mother asked, sounding distressed.

"She's not revealing the name," Franziska said. "Meta's really firm with that. It's said that he's pretty groovy. As if she is. You have to save something up for later on,²⁰ I think. At least that's my personal view."

"Today, many young girls are too concerned about the superficial things, isn't that so, Heinz?" the mother said and poured more tea. "And that's when they get unhappy. So many have lost their sense for true values today. And often a broken home is a cause of it."

"Well, not with Karlheinz," Franziska said, "his parents' marriage practically runs smoothly, and Karlheinz is a pretty awful guy. With his floral pants. What a character. Karlheinz really is a character," she laughed and lit another cigarette. "But anyway, Karlheinz isn't really part of the clique," she said, inhaling and at the same time accidentally blowing out the flame with a puff

²⁰"aufsparen" not only means to save financially, but also to be sexually careful, and this is what Franziska is referring to.

when she voiced that thought; but it didn't matter, because the cigarette was already lit.

Then they talked about Rome. Heinz and his mother were there in March; you have to be there in March when it's not that crowded, and when the Renaissance has a special glow.

"I'll go there some day," Franziska said, "but not before I'm twenty. Those Italian Romeos, *papagalli*,²¹ all of them. You can't even cross the street by yourself."

"Something could change until then, my child," Heinz's mother said, and with her fork she carefully broke off a corner of her piece of cake. After she'd swallowed, she asked: "Have you ever seen it before, Franziska?"

"What, Rome?" Franziska asked.

"No, our city."

"Oh, you mean this place here,"²² Franziska said, "Zurich. Until now never, unfortunately."

"Heinz wants to show you so much," his mother said, moved.

Only after supper, when they'd sat for a while and had, to play it safe, talked about Rome again, did Heinz's mother offer her first name to Franziska. This seemed to happen

²¹In the original, Franziska only uses the Italian term when referring to Italian men who leer at women. This is not a common term in North America and needed an addition for clarity.

²²Linguistic misunderstanding, please refer to Chapter Four.

here rather quickly. Heinz got a bottle of bubbly, they called it champagne;²³ the uncorking didn't go over too well, the cork popped unexpectedly early. Heinz forgot to point the bottle neck towards the ceiling, and in his panicked state he didn't think to pour, and in the meantime the foam was flowing; they're pushing their glasses against the bottle and are laughing. Heinz's mother quickly gets a rag and "repairs the damage;" there's enough left over to still make a toast. Franziska already has a Mommy, now she gets a Mama, stress on the first syllable, just the way it is back home.²⁴ She'd put on the dress with the stripes, the same one she's wearing in the picture.

"He's not always that clumsy, isn't that so, Heinz?" his mother says, "that's not something you'd want to happen when you're performing an operation."

"We won't turn on the lights yet," Mama says. "I find the twilight creates such a nice mood. Don't you agree, you two?"

She'd washed herself carefully, before she'd put on her pyjamas. She didn't want to take a bath on her first evening here, even though Mama had mentioned it to her. She

²³Cultural difference, please refer to Chapter Four.

²⁴She means that the Germans also use the term "Mama" and that they pronounce it the same way as the Swiss do. Also refer to Chapter Four.

didn't know how long people bathed in this country. She hadn't applied any moisturizer but put on a bit of perfume. Maybe Heinz would buy her perfume tomorrow; she decided to ask him for some. People spoiled each other here; it was elegant and now she belonged to them. This thought made her hungry, she didn't know why it did. She quietly got up again and opened the closet, taking out the bar of chocolate she'd already started during the journey. She devoured two pieces; then she looked over to the French door and broke off a third one and shut the closet quickly. While she was still chewing, she squeezed toothpaste onto her toothbrush. This was the third time she was brushing her teeth tonight. She bared her teeth to examine them; then she loosened her hair at the back. She took the mouthspray to bed with her, just in case. For a while she was lying there in the glaring light, hands behind her head. She then took one of the art books off the shelf: Icons of Russia; the text was written in English, it was difficult for her to follow it. She didn't like the hollow-cheeked figures, they were the same as the ones hanging on the walls here. The gold ground hadn't been reproduced very well; it came across as a pale ochre. She looked at the clock: it was eleven; she'd already been looking at art for fifteen minutes. It was dead quiet over there; no sounds came from the apartment. Only sometimes the sound of a car passing by came in through

the French door she'd left ajar. The air contained the scent of an unfamiliar ornamental shrub. She was thinking about Uwe's blue Porsche: that new colour was called Dracula blue. She then got up for the second time and took Heinz's letters out of her bag. Only after they were lying in a pile beside the pillow, did she put the book Icons of Russia away. That was the way Heinz should find her. She lay there for a long time, her head resting on her upper arm. And then she did pick up a letter, tried to read it, accurately, like operating instructions. Her head fell forward several times. Before she managed to turn over the page, it fell from her hand for good. The light stayed on the rest of the night.

"Cool," she said, tapping her foot. He'd asked her how she'd liked the National Museum. A lot of new things had been tried with the displays, for instance in the prehistoric section. The exhibited objects, such as hand-carved stones, once smooth curved pieces of wood, bracelets, and urns, seemed enlarged below all this glass. The thick foliage of the chestnut trees in the park where they were sitting formed a roof, only letting through lonely drops of pulsating sunlight; the passers-by would be walking along with happily green faces, as if they were looking at a lit-up fish tank; the subdued warmth like that of a green

house had placed itself over the strong colours of the flower beds: canna lilies, salvia, stocks.

"Sure," Franziska said. "I've already seen the other one, in Munich, the real thing."

They were silent for a while. Then she tapped his shoulder gently. He smiled weakly.

"It's strange," he said, "if you don't want to run into any people in Zurich, you just need to go to the National Museum."

"Why don't you want to run into anybody?" she asked. "You haven't even introduced me to any of your friends."

A little girl pointed her finger at her and screamed "Waa." Her mother took her by the hand and reprimanded her; she smiled about it. When the girl didn't stop, she pulled her along. Screaming "Waa" had now become a sport, an endurance test. The light-green face, growing increasingly unrecognizable, kept throwing itself back towards them, tearing a hole each time.²⁵ You could hear the sound almost all the way to the streetcar stop, a disappearing child's trumpet. Heinz was looking after it.

²⁵When I read the original, I picture the girl's mouth creating a hole in her greenish face whenever she screams, even though it is unclear if "riß ein Loch auf" refers to the mouth or the entire body of the girl. I left it as ambiguous in the translation, but added "each time" to make the connection to the girl's actions clearer.

"Rolf's doing his practicum in Neßlau," he said, "and Marcel went to his house. In Greece."

"And what about the others?"

"The others?" he asked. "I don't have any other friends."

"Aha," she nodded and looked at him, almost respectfully.

"But they're especially good friends," she asked, "Rolf and the other one?"

"I guess so," he said. "Rolf to talk to and Marcel to be--to be quiet with."

She nodded again, several times in a row.

"Your mother must really be attached to you?" she asked.

"Isn't every mother," he said.

"Sure," she said.

They kept on sitting there.

"Should we go," he said, already moving.

"Soon," she said.

He looked at her.

"I'd first like to know what you're thinking."

He blinked; just as usual she had the feeling he didn't dare to look any higher than her mouth.

"You're thinking about something," she insisted.

"Not now," he said. "Absolutely not."

"Then before."

"When the child was screaming?"

"For example."

Now he sat up straight.

"You see," she said, "just then you were thinking about something."

"No," he said.

"Did you have a lot of girlfriends before me?" He actually is turning red. He's blushing. How easy it is to make things difficult for him.

"A few," he said then. "Two or three. Three," he corrected himself, full of determination, and then he bit his lip. "I don't--I don't really think in terms of numbers."

"Were they pretty?"

"It's not important as . . . they seemed pretty to me."

"What is important?"

He was silent.

"Did you really have one?" she asked.

"What do you mean?" he asked, but she knew, looking at him, that he immediately understood. The tip of his nose was white. His fingernails too.

"If you've ever really had one?" she asked.

"No," he answered, completely calm. Suddenly his hands were steady.

"Aha," she said again, in a respectfully thoughtful voice, the way a student would.

"Do you see the bench over there?" he asked.

"The one with the two grannies?"

"An Austrian man stabbed a young guy there. From behind. Right on the bench where the young guy was sitting with his girlfriend."

"Just like that?" she asked, with a hint of interest.

"They haven't found a motive."

"What a pervert," she said. "But there are many people like that. Let's go."

By the time they reached home, it'd gotten late. They'd also gone to the theatre.

"You've been waiting up, Mama?" Franziska said as she was placing her raincoat over a hanger and smoothing it down. She hadn't thought of letting Heinz help her.

"Not so that you have to tell me all about your evening," Mama said. She was wearing a purple cotton kimono, and the way she was holding her slender arms out of the winged sleeves made her look young. "I've kept a little something warm for you."

"We went for a walk in the forest," Franziska said while chewing. "What a beautiful forest."

"Did you breathe in and out deeply?" Mama asked and pulled her forearms back into the sleeves. "But not through the mouth? Night air can be harmful."

"It's July, Mama," Heinz said, coldly.

"You're the doctor," Mama said, "you have to know."

"You two would rather be in Rome, right?" Franziska said.

"What are you saying, my child," Mama replied, "in that heat."

"And since I'm here," Franziska added.

"Precisely," Mama said and quickly glanced at her. She then stood up. "Did you have a gay old time?" she also asked.

"Excuse me?" Franziska asked and looked at Heinz.

"She means, did we have a good time,"²⁶ Heinz said, in a mocking tone of voice.

"For sure!" Franziska laughed. "That was a neat opera."

"Knappertsbusch," Heinz said. "Salome like last time. But O'Hara as Jochanaan."

"Ooooh," Mama said, with appreciation. "But you two have to be tired. Finish up, but very slowly, and then have a good sleep together."

²⁶Linguistic misunderstanding, please refer to Chapter Four.

When she was gone, Franziska said: "What was that? Have a good sleep together?"²⁷

"People just say that here," Heinz said; he's not turning red anymore. "Doesn't mean anything."

She nodded once more, cautiously.

"Wouldn't mean anything if Metta had said it," she said slowly. "Metta can tell you things, and you can only think 'How gross!,' did I hear her right, that's totally severe, for a girl. But what she says isn't really that far out. Basically, Metta's an innocent little lamb, you know, a real angel. Basically. And a buddy. No, no, Metta's real."

"Metta," he said. "So far her name was Meta."

"You're wrong," Franziska said, "you're mistaken, Heinz. Metta's somebody totally different. Metta has freckles and a complex; besides, she's friends with Hein, only: that's no longer working out that well."

"Meta's part of the clique, and Metta isn't!" he said, in a harsh tone of voice.

"You can't put it like that," she replied, after some reflection, "it's more complicated. Metta's part of us, only in a different way. She's a bit like Mama. Comes across as a Virgin Mary too, sort of."

²⁷Linguistic misunderstanding, please refer to Chapter Four.

"Leave my mother out of this," Heinz said, quietly. And then he left the room.

The following day when she was eating breakfast with Mama--Mama seemed slightly absent-minded today--Heinz had already gone; Mama had said: to the clinic. He didn't come home for lunch, and excused himself over the phone for not coming to dinner. It was a nice day. Franziska was tanning herself, the door was open, and she was lying on a chaise-lounge and letting her arms and legs turn brown, always switching to her arms and face, but more carefully. She slept for a couple of hours in the afternoon. Late in the evening she thought she heard muffled voices coming in from the outside. But she was tired from the sun and couldn't be bothered to focus on them.

The next day she was leafing through a half a year's worth of Swiss magazines for women, and during that time she had her legs in the sun. Heinz didn't show up today either. But at some point Mama stepped out onto the narrow balcony and stood beside her.

"Don't you want to write, Franziska?" she asked.

"Cool idea," Franziska said, "but to whom?"

"Well . . . ," Mama said, "I guess your mother. She's probably worried about you."

"Not in the least bit," Franziska said, and in vain she tried to look up; the brightness facing her was too strong. "Okay, I guess I could still write."

"I'll bring you some paper," Mama said.

"Not necessary," Franziska said. "A postcard's enough."

"I'll ask Heinz to bring some picture postcards with him," Mama said in a serious tone of voice.

Franziska kept on leafing through the magazines. That evening she discovered five picture postcards lying on her night table. Cultural monuments: the Großmünster Cathedral, a detail of the Portal, a wrought-iron gate, and the Rennweg Street Gate²⁸ taken from an old engraving, since it was no longer standing. A little bit of nature too: a view of the Alps, swans in the foreground. But not a single one in colour.

While the lotion on her face was melting, she wrote on the back of the Cathedral: "Dear Mommy, I arrived safely and I'm enjoying myself a lot. So far we've only had a little bit of rain once. Getting a tan is totally easy. Thanks for the tip about Ambra 69, it's working out well."

²⁸I had to add the terms "Cathedral" and "Street" to the names of the places, or else it would not be clear what is shown on the postcards (even though it sounds redundant to a German reader).

By the way, everything's nicer and better in Switzerland. Hugs and kisses (to Helmut too), your Franziska."

On the card with the swans she wrote: "Dear Jutta, everything is really cool over here. Every day I go for a drive with Heinz, in his Simca Sport. Only he's really busy with his practice. There's not a cloud in the sky and I wonder if it's this hot at home. Zurich is smaller than Bochum, but the people drink their Martinis in the street. I've seen a yellow dress with dark flowers and a flared skirt. The prices are insane. Heinz still wants to buy it for me. More in person. Greetings to Meta, Jochen and the entire click.²⁹ Your F."

"Should Heinz take them along with him tomorrow, Franziska?" Mama asked.

"I'll take them to the mailbox myself," Franziska said, "I'd rather do that on my own. Only, I don't have any stamps."

Mama brought her the stamps too.

It now was quiet in the evening. It seemed that Heinz had moved out, into the apartment of his friend. Probably the one belonging to the guy with the French name and who had a house in Greece. This made a lot of things easier.

²⁹ Franziska spells the German "Clique" as "Klicke;" I had to show her mistake by changing "clique" to "click."

After the meals she took with Mama, Franziska retreated to her room immediately. After all, Mama did have a dishwasher. In the afternoon she went out most of the time, maybe to meet Heinz; and then Franziska would have the empty apartment entirely to herself and have time to look at the furniture, the curtains, the pictures and the silk carpet. Somebody in his family seemed to have been a sculptor. Either way, there were clay heads all over the place, on the grand piano, on the shelves. It was always the same head, a child's head; probably the one of Heinz. Jaunty, with a sturdy neck and hair parted too precisely; gazing into the lively world outside:³⁰ a sailor's head. Maybe she thought of it, because a sailor-collar had been sculpted around the base of it. Maybe an aunt had made the heads, or Mama herself? Franziska decided to ask Mama about that. Once she wanted to get more stamps from the small, glass-paned cabinet standing beside the piano, but the key had been removed. That didn't upset Franziska. She laid herself on her tanning bed, this time wearing a bikini. Whenever she looked at herself in the mirror, she might as well have been in St. Tropez. She didn't undo her bikini top, because there were two balconies above her, and there are perverts everywhere, peeking through the cracks.

³⁰I understand "Weite" to mean the world outside of the apartment; that the head has a look which expresses the want to be somewhere else.

Now and then Mama would bring her a plate of cookies. Would she normally sit down beside her? Oh well, Mama had her own, bigger balcony.

"Wouldn't your mother be worried about you, Franziska?"

Franziska finished her orange juice. She then said: "Nonsense. Not when I'm on vacation."

Mama cleared away the glass. She then came out to the balcony again.

"Does your mother even know where you are?"

Soon she'll ask: do you even have a mother, Franziska thought.

She squinted her eyes, looking in the direction of the mountains.

"Sure," she said. "I've written her the postcard, didn't I?"

On another day Mama was friendlier.

"You all went through a lot," she said, "isn't that right?"

Franziska was wearing her green beach outfit today, with the shorts underneath it; she had folded the skirt back over her hips. She realized she could wear this risqué green now; her legs were dark enough. She then put her head back into the sun. The light was in full blaze, even through her eyelids, but you had to put up with it. She

couldn't stand these annoying sunglass rings around her eyes.

"Not me," she said, keeping her eyes closed.

"I don't really know," Mama said. "It must be buried deep inside of all of you. How should I put it: the feeling that you all have to take some liberties to just manage to live. It doesn't matter how the other people feel about it. That's this typical post-war mentality, isn't it. All of you have been sinned against over and over again."

"Maybe," Franziska said. She didn't think much of such pompous remarks. Due to the way she was lying, she felt she'd gained weight. She'd already noticed it on her clothes, and now on the chaise-lounge: she sprawled herself out a little bit more. I don't care, I'm on vacation and nothing is happening here anyway. Once I'm home I'll lose it.

"Heinz should be able to take it easy right now," Mama said, "after that tough exam. His health has always been a bit unstable . . . "

"I thought it was something like that," Franziska said.

"Heinz," Mama said, "is somebody who would've needed a lot of love, quite a lot of love and understanding. A type of love that doesn't expect the same in return."

"You've known him much longer, of course," Franziska said. "Is he even here?"

"No," Mama said in a soft voice, "he thinks that this is no longer possible."

In that case Franziska could take off her top. She did it, despite the perverts. She didn't like these idiotic lines on her body either.

"It doesn't bother you," she said.

"I can show you the way to the public pool on the lake. There you'd probably find suitable people your age."

"Thanks," Franziska said, warily, "I like it here perfectly fine."

From now on Mama didn't put a lot of effort into the preparation of the meals anymore. She would read the newspaper while they were eating. Only water was served with dinner. The silence didn't bother Franziska at all.

"Tell me something about Rome," she said one day.

But Mama didn't answer. Only at the end she said: "Tomorrow Heinz and I are going to the Engadin³¹ for a week, so that he still has something of a holiday."

"Great," Franziska said. "I can't come with you, unfortunately. I'm also going."

³¹The Engadin is a popular tourist area in South-Eastern Switzerland.

"I've asked Doctor Fröhlich," Mama said. "If you want to stay in Switzerland for a year, she needs help right now."

"Did her maid take off?" Franziska asked. "I saw that coming." From the balcony you had a good view into the kitchen of Dr. Fröhlich. The kitchen was perfectly equipped.

"Can you cook?" Mama asked.

"Now that you can buy all those prepared foods?" Franziska laughed.

"Can you sew?" Mama asked.

Franziska squinted into the sun. She felt how she was stretching herself a little.

"Can you iron? mend?" Mama asked. Now her voice was higher.

"I have to go tomorrow, unfortunately," Franziska said. "My train leaves at 9:20 am. It doesn't stop until Basle."

Mama stepped up to the railing and took a deep breath.³² When Franziska stole a glance at her, she could see how Mama's head was quivering.

"I still have a favour," Franziska said.

³²I interpreted the German "atmete" to mean that the mother was taking deep breaths to calm herself down. Just translating it as "breathed" or "inhaling" seemed unfinished, so I decided to use the expression "to take a breath," adding "deep" to emphasize the mother's frustration.

"And that would be?" Mama asked and didn't look in her direction.

"An icken," Franziska said.

"A what?" Mama asked sharply, and now she turned in her direction.

"An icken," Franziska repeated, with uncertainty in her voice.

"Where in the world did you pick up that word?" Mama asked.

"From those books," Franziska said. "From the English art books, with the reproductions."

Mama turned away again. Her head was quivering more strongly, and it looked like she wasn't breathing at all.

"Icons," she said. "Icons are works of art and very rare."

"I know that," Franziska said, "and tomorrow I'm leaving."

"I shall have to talk to Heinz about that," Mama said and left the balcony.

"Do you have anything to declare?" the German officer asked.

Franziska looked up from her book she'd bought in the train station in Zurich. It was called: The Group.

"No," she said, "I was only in Switzerland for a short visit."

The customs officer went on his way. Only after the train had rattled into the Rhine plain for half an hour, did she get her suitcase, unlocked it and took out the flat package lying among her clothes. Then she peeled the paper away from a small and dark wooden plate bearing traces of man's bearded face; to the right of his face he was holding up two fingers. One of the wide open eyes was slightly scratched. A few traces of gold were stuck in the corners. She was looking at the picture. She still had some bronze paint at home, half a jar, left over from colouring nuts at Christmas. And a frame wouldn't cost her a fortune.

"Great," she said and put the picture, just wrapping it hastily, back into the suitcase. Fine, broken up strands of rain were trembling along the windows. The wind kept adding new ones; the mountains behind the plain were just barely visible. In Switzerland Franziska had met with only one single rainy day.

III. "WULLSCHLEGER COUNTRY"

A. Introductory Comments and Observations

During the fourteen years after Adolf Muschg had published Fremdkörper, he managed to produce four novels and two more short prose collections, indicating his prolific and innovative nature. It is this innovation which pursues him to constantly approach and cover a variety of issues; as expected, this also applies to his fourth collection of short prose, Leib und Leben, from which I chose the story "Wullschleger Country."

This story features three characters and revolves around the Thai sex trade. By placing the issue in a Swiss setting, Muschg is able to not only criticize both societies, but to also expand the thematic and stylistic tendencies of "Besuch in der Schweiz." At the same time, a close link between the characters and the extremely interwoven narration is established. In this chapter, I will first explain the narrative structure and then I will offer a short interpretation of the story. Finally, I will identify my translation strategies, which I derived from the most problematic aspects of the text.

1. Interpretation

In "Wullschleger Country," the interpersonal and psychological relationships are not as directly shown as in "Besuch in der Schweiz;" instead they are revealed through a nameless first-person narrator who relates a story he has heard to a woman called Sandra. Little is known about these two: the narrator is married to Lisa, and Sandra works for a company. The dialogue between the two forms the frame of the story; it is Consul Büttikofer who had told him the actual story. In this story, Erich Wullschleger and his wife Patscharin are the central characters, and since their relationship is only described, the reader never hears or sees them interact directly. Such interlocked narration makes the understanding of the personal dynamics all the more problematic.

The personal dynamics are seen from four different perspectives--the narrator's, Büttikofer's, Wullschleger's, and Patscharin's. The narrator does not know the couple at all, he only reports what he has heard from Büttikofer who seems to know everything. The consul actually sees himself as an authority on the situation, relating both sides of the story: Wullschleger talks about himself and Patscharin; Patscharin talks about herself and Wullschleger. Therefore there are three male perspectives as opposed to a single

female one. Büttikofer also represents the points of view of the government, the bureaucracy and the Rotary Club, whereas Wullschleger represents the views of the bourgeoisie and the common man.

The narrative complexity is further increased by the connection of the cultural dynamics to the already multi-levelled personal ones--Thai culture is directly portrayed through three different Swiss or European perspectives, and Swiss culture through the one Thai or Asian perspective. Both are also indirectly revealed by the characters' cultural role and identity. Understanding this connection between the personal and cultural dynamics with the help of narrative techniques brings the translator and the reader closer to understanding one of the major themes--communication.

Communication is crucial to any relationship (this has already been discussed in reference to "Besuch in der Schweiz") and here it is no different. The first word is "Erzählen" and this is precisely what takes place. The narrator tells a story within a story, and in essence, the central story is about the lack of communication, based on cultural differences.

Wullschleger knows little English and nothing about Thai culture, and suddenly he finds himself married to Patscharin (e.g., "Als er sich nach dem Bräutigam umseh, war

er es schon selber" 148). Suddenly he is thrown into something he has neither knowledge nor experience of; he deals with the consequences once he returns to Switzerland. Unfortunately he doesn't handle them efficiently--there is an extreme malfunction of communication. As a matter of principle, he assumes that Patscharin wants to know how to operate appliances and how to shop wisely: he focuses on material possessions, instead of on love and attention. Misunderstanding her unhappiness, he concludes that she wants to return to Thailand and gives up everything. He confuses her tears of frustration for tears of joy--the cultural gap is so wide that he cannot even understand her physical reaction to the news (167).

Patscharin wants to stay in Switzerland and hold on to her freezer (a symbol of both progress and entrapment--she has advanced materially but is stuck in a frozen relationship and society). This is brought into the open during their session with Consul Büttikofer. Ironically, Patscharin turns out to be more Swiss than some Swiss women are, something Wullschleger had failed to see. But this goes beyond the absence of communication. Through the use of the different perspectives, Muschg can also critically point at and question people's focus on national identity and stereotypes. Instead of asking what is typically Swiss or Thai, the question should be, what is human? Only then

can the cultural barriers be broken down and real communication be established.

Not only is there no real communication between the two (during the session Büttikofer talks to them individually and speaks to Patscharin in Thai, which Wullschleger cannot understand), but there is also no true love. Muschg presents this other major theme through the consul who describes aspects of their marriage and personalities, i.e., second-hand. However, it is important to keep the consul's personal opinions separated from the narrator's version of the story.

Their marriage is one of convenience and practicality, a business deal with the bonus of gaining a Swiss son-in-law. The arrangement Wullschleger finds himself in also allows Muschg to criticize European men who use Asian women for sex and don't think of the consequences (155, 163), and Asian society which forces women to use those men as a means of escape (163). And if the couple returns to Europe, culture shock and unwanted attention cause many unforeseen problems (160-161). Love seems to have no value--once the initial attraction to the exotic wears off, there is no bond between the couple, resulting in the "Erschöpfung des Mißverständnisses, das tägliche Ende der Geduld" (160). Or as the consul observed earlier, "Aber ihm machten ja alle

Dorfmädchen Augen, dafür war er fremd, oder nicht mehr ganz fremd" (149).

Such generalizations can be found throughout the text, because the consul enjoys voicing his opinion in this manner, even though he wants to be seen as a wise and understanding man. For instance, his statements that "Kulturvölker brauchen nicht mit dem Maul zu reden" (144) or "Aber als Thaimädchen hatte sie eben die Erfahrung von tausend Jahren sinnlicher Kultur in den Gliedern!" (154) are based on stereotypes, revealing his very narrow-minded and one-sided point of view. This also comes across in Büttikofer's portrayal of Wullschleger.

He paints an unflattering picture of him, but we have to keep in mind that it is tainted by Büttikofer's bias. In fact, when he says, "Er war nie politisch gewesen" (145), "An dem sei sogar der Mohn spurlos vorübergegangen" (146), or that Patscharin was "gezeichnet von ihrer Ehe mit einem Schweizer" (159), Erich and the Swiss male population are put down. There definitely is a fine line between Wullschleger's personality and how the consul portrays him. It is easy to overlook that line, but at the same time, we have to remember that Erich is also a product of that society (which the consul represents, and because he acts as a symbol, I capitalized "consul" in the translated text).

But then again, Wullschleger is not the kind of European male who travels to Thailand for cheap sex; just like Heinz, he is a naive, good boy whose feelings are sincere. It actually comes as a surprise that despite his constant put-downs of Erich, Büttikofer acknowledges that Wullschleger and Patscharin are the exception. Wullschleger wants to make Patscharin happy and is willing to leave behind his Swiss life for her. Patscharin, on the other hand, is convinced that he just wants to get rid of her, insisting that she has been a good wife and liked what he has offered her. She also keeps emphasizing her new-found love for Switzerland, by creating a negative picture of Thailand.

Patscharin criticizes her homeland for its lack of progress and comfort, saying she wants to stay in Switzerland, instead of going back "in den Dreck" (169). Her love might not be as sincere as Erich's; it seems to be guided by an ulterior motive--the freezer. This obsession with the freezer is exaggerated and even absurd, but does have a purpose. Besides the symbolic functions which I already mentioned, it also stands for the cultural gap and stereotypes. This is another instance where the consul plays a role.

He makes generalizations when referring to Patscharin's nationality (e.g., "Thai sei eine blumige Sprache" 172, or

"Für offene Erleichterung sei eine Asiatin nicht roh genug" 174), but at least he admits that "Er habe sein Thai zusammennehmen müssen" (168), once she started to express herself. Suddenly she is no longer the typically childlike and passive Thai wife, but an adult human being who has been misunderstood.

By comprehending the narrative structure and seeing beyond Büttikofer's obnoxious remarks, we can make out the true nature of Wullschleger and Patscharin. They manage to reach an understanding and can now start to communicate and learn to love each other. It is questionable, though, if they can ever experience true love: he, in the narrator's opinion, would have preferred to go to Thailand, and she still thinks about material possessions. But Muschg leaves the reader with an important final point: they have overcome the cultural differences and obstacles the consul kept mentioning; the real test is whether or not they will be able to handle living in a society where stereotypes still exist.

2. Translation Strategies

The key to my translation approach was the dissection of the narration. Once I understood its role and its link to the perspectives of the characters, I could transfer it

into the target language. This also helped in dealing with other problematic elements, such as idiomatic expressions, unusual descriptions, word play, slang terms, speech patterns and indirect speech.

Idiomatic expressions and unusual descriptions restrict themselves to the culture of the source language and also establish Büttikofer's shallow character. For example, some expressions do not have an idiom in the target language (e.g., "not having a feeling for fundamentals" for "jemandem die Antenne fehlen" 158), and some descriptions can only be made with a loss of imagery (e.g., "Delicately shaped wrists" for "Pflanzenhafte Handgelenke" 154). In those circumstances my translation strategy had to be creative and culturally sound, without interfering with the meaning and the context.

When it came to the word play and the slang terms, I was able to apply a similar strategy. For instance, the pun on "Recherchen/Gartenwerkzeug" (146), or the derogatory terms "Körpermuffel" (153) and "Gefrierfleisch" (155, 156) required some creativity and linguistic manipulation, and still needed to suit the consul's personality. This was very important in connection with the slang synonyms for men; I didn't want the text to sound too modern or too vulgar, especially since in the consul's case he is an older man and uses a higher level of language.

Büttikofer also uses a chopped and fragmented speech and is very long-winded; I had to keep a similar speech pattern in the target language to indicate his emotional state of mind. Filler particles such as "ja," "doch," or "nur" are constantly inserted, interrupting his thought process and the logic behind his statements. I therefore also had to follow his conversational tone very closely, or else his personality would have been inconsistent.

Due to the indirect speech, the changes in narration and in chronology were unclear at times, and this also required a strategy. In German the changes are accomplished by alternating between the indicative and subjunctive mode. In addition, there is flexibility within the tenses of the indicative mode, signalling shifts in speakers and in chronology; sometimes such a shift is not obvious and, with significant loss, can be overlooked in the translation process.

I tried to stay as close as possible to the original dialogue structures and narrative breaks: the source text is not always easily understandable and contains awkward passages, and these have to present in the target text. The story is not meant to be rewritten in an easier, more logical sequence; the North-American reader has to see it the same way as the German one does.

In the case of "Wullschleger Country," my translation strategies had to take the complexity of the narration and the complexity of the situation into account, since there is such a strong link between the two. The stylistic features reveal much about the personal and cultural dynamics; to ignore this in the translation would not do the story justice.

B. The Translated Text

WULLSCHLEGER COUNTRY

Tell you the story, Sandra?

I don't know if she's waiting. We haven't seen each other, not since the trip. I mean, haven't had an evening together. Needed to discuss lots of things, after three weeks.

I don't *have* to drink, Sandra.

Do you know the Consul Büttikofer? He could tell you stories. Just lives from stories now. Pretty much alone. He does have family. Grandchildren, too.

Bangkok? We were there for an hour, no longer. Until the plane was refuelled. The Consul spent half his life there. Insisted that I experience Bangkok.

No, I didn't experience a thing.

An hour isn't worth it, Lisa said.

We can miss a flight or two, I said, you really should see Bangkok, at least once in your life.³³

Enough other people go there, Lisa said, I'm tired.

Lisa, I say, I don't want to claim that I know Bangkok, but if there happens to be an opportunity . . .

³³I added "at least once in your life" for emphasis, because the German "müßtest" suggests that meaning.

Then take the opportunity, Lisa said, and let me sleep now.

Why do you ask?

The plane is freezing, I say. Lisa, you can't just wrap yourself up in your blanket. Take the few steps to the transit area with me. Catching a cold? If you're going to catch a cold, you'll certainly do it in here. You don't even have to look at anything, we'll have a cognac and you buy your postcards.

Didn't work. So I went alone. Cheers, Sandra. Yeah, and then I thought of Wullschleger again.

Have I told you the story already? Haven't told it to anybody, Sandra. A love story.

It didn't happen to me.

And not to the Consul either. Not a lot has happened to him, that's why he tells so many stories.

Wullschleger. As I'm walking towards the transit area, by myself, I recall his story. He sure can tell stories, the Consul can. I even saw the transit area through his eyes. Through Wullschleger's eyes. Patscharin was her name. Wullschleger's wife. She still calls herself that. And then they lived happily ever after.³⁴ They must be

³⁴The German "Wenn sie nicht gestorben sind, leben sie noch heute" is the standard phrase for a fairytale ending, and I chose the English equivalent, "And then they lived happily ever after."

happy, when you hear the Consul telling the story. I looked the ground crew over. The girls. Tried the name out on them, Patscharin. I've never seen Patscharin, maybe she only exists in the Consul's imagination, but she's on my mind. Things like that happen, Sandra.

Another one, Oskar. A double. I haven't told the story to a soul. Not even to Lisa. Lisa already knows my stories, even the ones I don't tell her. Or so she thinks. Maybe she's right.

Wullschleger only wanted to go there for three weeks, the Consul said, last March, on a holiday, you know, something different. He knew nothing about Thailand, not even what everyone knows.

Two years of high school. Not much English. A certified ventilation technician.³⁵ Worked for Swissair, three years. Cheap flights, but where should he go?

Thailand. When I was young, we still had these magazines called *Atlantis*.³⁶ Ten pages about mysterious Thailand. But Wullschleger isn't that old.

³⁵The term "Techniker" has many connotations which depend on the schooling, the field, and the degree of expertise: technician, mechanic, expert, or specialist. I decided on "technician," because Wullschleger's profession sounds more like a service-industry job than one which requires much training and many qualifications.

³⁶*Atlantis* was a type of European *National Geographic* magazine.

Last call for passengers boarding for Bangkok. The right voice at the right moment. An inspiration. Sometimes that's all it takes.

He didn't spend any time in Bangkok. Immediately took a bus, a local wooden one, and into the country. To the northeast. All that was going on there was some guerilla activity. Once he was arrested: prohibited area. Three days in prison. They thought he was a Russian spy. Couldn't speak English very well. Our embassy got him out. For the time being, his passport was the only thing Wullschleger could show them. And his friendly face. Wullschleger has always been especially nice to the police. Learned that from his mother. The local police chief had been sincerely touched: Wullschleger hadn't even thought of bribing him. So that's why he sent him to the nearest provincial capital. Even booked him a hotel room. A flop house³⁷ for pimps and elephant guides. Wullschleger had kept his guardian angel fully occupied, the Consul says. Nothing was taken away from him. Just the camera, but it didn't matter if that was taken.³⁸ Taking pictures no longer entered his mind. He used his eyes. Only after his

³⁷"Absteige" refers to a sleazy, flea-bag hotel with hourly rates; the term "flop house" comes the closest to the German without having to add a lengthy description which would work against the shortness of the sentence.

³⁸Please refer to Chapter Four.

camera was offered to him on the street, did he notice anything. Didn't buy it back, instead he invited the guy to dinner. They couldn't communicate with each other, but apparently the guardian angel did his best again. Anyway, the thief or the fence saw himself as Wullschleger's friend. He showed him around the provincial capital. Please don't ask me to recall its name. Of course you would've seen the whole city in two hours, but Wullschleger accompanied the guy out of courtesy. Why bother letting him know that this wasn't Bangkok. Besides, Wullschleger hadn't seen Bangkok himself anyway.

The thief or the fence had friends, the friends also had some: Wullschleger acquired a circle of friends. He laughed a lot, since he couldn't communicate with them. They like that, the Consul said. Civilized nations don't have to open their traps. They pick up all the vibes. Whenever Wullschleger used his school French so that he wasn't quiet, they at least sensed his politeness. Soon he didn't have the chance to treat people, even though everything was very cheap, even for a ventilation technician. With his traveller's cheques he would've been as rich as Croesus, even on the last place on Earth. But they didn't take anything from him. Treating him was an honour for them. He didn't stay long at the flop house, he moved into a middle-class home. It belonged to another

policeman. If he knows when to look the other way,³⁹ a policeman can live in style, in Thailand. Maybe the people also thought that the move was playing it safe.⁴⁰ At that point, they couldn't have been all that comfortable with Wullschleger.⁴¹ They kept him in a sort of honorary custody.

The heat didn't bother him. His diet apparently had been odd. He lived on durian fruit⁴² that smells like vomit and tastes like cheesecake.⁴³ Wullschleger was used to finishing all the food on his plate; that was a good thing, otherwise the shack would've gotten uninhabitable. The policeman's villa looked exactly like a shack, of course. But you have to be able to forget about European standards, the Consul said. Durian is only eaten outside of human settlements. If the wind's right, it's bearable. When everybody stinks the same way, they've got nothing to

³⁹The German "nachichtig" refers to more than leniency and caution; it implies that Thai policemen who are careful and ignore certain actions by accepting bribes can lead a life of comfort.

⁴⁰I added "the move" for clarity because the German is vague.

⁴¹"nicht ganz geheuer" implies suspicion and discomfort, and I felt "not all that comfortable" contains these connotations.

⁴²Large trees in SE Asia produce this oval spiny fruit containing a creamy pulp with a fetid smell and an agreeable taste.

⁴³I translated "Sahnetorte" as "cheesecake," even though it is not its equivalent. I needed to make a cultural adaption by transferring the taste and richness of a "Sahnetorte" to what is associated with "cheesecake" in North America.

blame each other about. Eating durian is a male thing, the Consul said, it's enjoyed as a ritual. There's even stronger stuff. Wullschleger tried everything, even honey-coated spiders. That really impressed them. He must've been blessed with a great digestion. No worries about typhoid fever. Not even diarrhea. He couldn't talk to them, but his tongue still had been busy. He communicated with his appetite.

The landscape was charming, even though you couldn't go through it. It consisted of jungle, through which the worker elephants laboriously ploughed clearings. Wullschleger watched them doing it. His friends showed him where the land mines were, that way he wouldn't step on them so easily. He didn't know who they were meant for. He'd never been the political type. Once in a while he heard artillery, but it always sounded like it was far away. *Inward going* wasn't as comfortable as *outward going*, but since there aren't any shots fired on national holidays⁴⁴ in Thailand, like there are in Switzerland, the sound was limited to just a few days of the year.

⁴⁴I translated "Festtage" as "national holidays," because it is traditional in Switzerland to set off fireworks on its National Holiday which is celebrated on August 1st. Muschg added "anders als in der Schweiz" as a reference to this practice, also showing how the consul sees Thailand from a Swiss perspective.

Wullschleger still had his watch, Swiss-made. He could tell from the displayed date that his vacation was over. He sent a telegram home, saying he was stuck,⁴⁵ but that they didn't need to worry about him. The text was obscure and must've reached Zurich in a garbled state or not gotten there at all. They didn't speak German in the Thai telegraph offices, and the area Wullschleger was in was a designated war zone. It was obvious the telegram turned out to be invalid. I used to think that invalid referred to sick people.⁴⁶ You, too? Wullschleger no longer had any concerns. He must've lived some kind of life there, the Consul said, enviously. Twenty years in Thailand and never made it to that area. Back then it was already considered inaccessible, Wullschleger's Corner, *out of bounds* for diplomats. After all, the Consul wasn't allowed to put his country at risk. Wouldn't have been worth it. A few second-rate Khmer ruins and some poppy fields blowing in the wind. He knows enough, the Consul says. It's pretty easy to know too much about that area. One morning you wake up with a knife in your back. Wullschleger didn't know anything. Even the poppies went right over his head. It wasn't part of his education, as little as the great Khmer

⁴⁵Please refer to Chapter Four.

⁴⁶Please refer to Chapter Four for the explanation of the changed pun.

civilization was too. He'd just experienced elephants and friendliness. Good thing. It's possible, the Consul says, they thought of Wullschleger as a good-luck charm. A talisman. Maybe they thought he'd prevent robberies or floods. Or was good for business. The gods certainly must've had something special in mind for someone who's always at a loss for words.⁴⁷ At any rate the people returned his camera to him, just in case. He no longer wanted it, just showed them how to use the exposure meter and take better pictures. He even permitted them to take some of him. The girls didn't mind smiling into the camera with him. Things had been different in Adliswil.

But he did look at his watch more often. He didn't want to forget his duties. For the second time the date display had shown the number 31. Something wasn't quite right here. The wooden bus was no longer operating either. This wasn't a type of peace you could trust. Wullschleger should've been back in Adliswil a long time ago. The world couldn't just stop turning.⁴⁸ That's why one day he

⁴⁷The expression "nicht aufs Maul gefallen sein" refers to someone who knows all the answers and has a glib tongue. Here it is changed to "aufs Maul gefallen sein," implying that Wullschleger does not know all the answers and never knows what to say. This is not only consistent with his personality but also is ironic, since one would think that the gods have something special in mind with the person who always knows what to say.

⁴⁸I felt that the phrase "the world stops turning" comes very close to the idea of "vorbei sein;" it also emphasizes that Wullschleger still has a life in Switzerland and he can't get rid of it that easily.

pointed towards the mountains. He wanted to go on. His hosts were alarmed. They probably were the wrong mountains. They didn't let him go. They paid twice as much attention to him. He couldn't take a single step anymore without having an escort. The children were constantly following him. Although deaths were kept from him, the people invited him more kindly to the wake. He also wasn't allowed to miss weddings. In a way he was being worshipped, that's how it seemed to him. In any case the bonzes⁴⁹ in their saffron robes treated Wullschleger with mixed feelings of devotion and jealousy. He'd never been in such a powerful position. It couldn't be a sin if he'd continued to get used to it for a few more weeks. The wedding of the year was when the eldest daughter of the village's chief magistrate got married to a young man who was permitted to give up his saffron monk's robe. Whole mountains of durian were piled up.⁵⁰ The Chinese merchant had to fork over his entire stock of fireworks. There were explosions all through the night, so that the government troops retreated from their

⁴⁹This is the proper term for Buddhists priests, the same as in German.

⁵⁰At first I wanted to translate "Ganze Berge von Durian kamen ins Rollen" as "Whole mountains of durian were being moved," because I wanted to use an idiomatic expression which contained "mountain." But the English has a different meaning, so I ended up with "piled-up," which still implies that large quantities were used up.

nearby positions and the use of B-52 bombers was averted only by a miracle.

The Consul thinks it's likely that the village people credited Wullschleger with this miracle too. In any event, his marriage to the second daughter of the village elder was celebrated on a large scale. Now he really was stuck.⁵¹ He hadn't seen it coming. Nobody could really explain it to him. He just noticed that there were preparations for another celebration. Why not celebrate with them once more, he must've thought. After all, you never know how long things will last. His sense of time had gotten sharper, and he no longer needed his watch. It was something deeper, it had to do with everything in life, or with its brevity. He was still thinking about this, so to speak, when he was standing with a beautifully-adorned girl in front of a tower of delicacies. If he hadn't been so lost in thought, he would've realized earlier that it was the altar. When he looked around for the groom, he himself was the groom. And the whole gang of sour-looking bonzes chanted a long sutra⁵² throughout the ceremony.

Now this girl had been giving him the eye for quite some time, although in a shy manner. But all the village

⁵¹cf. footnote 46 above.

⁵²This term refers to a type of narrative in Buddhist literature.

girls were giving him the eye, because he was foreign, or maybe not *that* foreign anymore. That was part of his exotic nature. But he didn't see the implications of this, that wasn't part of his nature. All he thought was that looks from girls on the outskirts of the jungle meant something different than in Adliswil, where there hadn't been any for him. He wasn't the type to get them and he always tried not to be hurt by this. His mother, who had died, had taught him to believe in fate. The fact they were giving him the eye here was a type of fate, but not one he wanted to profit from, or else it would no longer be one; it'd maybe turn into something bad instead. It didn't bother him that he'd been brought up strictly. What you don't know, can't hurt you.

But at that moment fate didn't care about his caution. The girl kneeling beside him held a hibiscus flower between her folded, slightly trembling hands. She wasn't giving him the eye; her eyes were lowered. Her name was Patscharin, if he correctly understood the ceremonious words being exchanged over the towers of fruit and meat. His name always came right after hers: Erich. This was his only name here, because the people couldn't pronounce Wullschleger. He didn't like that name himself. It was just that nobody had called him Erich for a long time. So he sat down beside Patscharin at the table that had been set. Everyone was so

loud and happy that his silence wasn't interfering with anything. He'd always laughed a little when he was quiet. He didn't laugh today, but it wouldn't have suited the tradition anyway. Patscharin didn't laugh either. That was something he had in common with this girl. When newlyweds show too much happiness at their wedding, it's a bad omen. But the father of the bride, who now was also Wullschleger's father-in-law,⁵³ talked to Erich across the table with even greater enthusiasm.

No, Sandra, the Consul wasn't present. But he's experienced and knows what the village chief tried to explain to Erich. That his daughter was unworthy to be handed over into Erich's arms. That she was ugly and unable to run the household properly. That it obviously should've been the older one, but she'd already been promised as a child. Patscharin's groom died when he was nine. After his death Patscharin was seen as someone special. Her fertility should make him forget her plainness. She was guaranteed fertile. That had been prophesied three times, and besides, you could already tell by looking. The dowry could be discussed. Erich had been wanting to leave for a long time.

⁵³In German, the dual structure of "Braut- und Schwiegervater" is very important, because now Patscharin's father is buttering Wullschleger up as the father-in-law. The duality of the father's role can only be shown by adding "and now also Wullschleger's" to "father-in-law," or else it can be understood as being two different people.

He could leave a few cheques behind in the village and take Patscharin along. It must also be customary in Erich's homeland for a wife to follow her husband. Patscharin would follow him very willingly. At home she's always been a bit restless, sometimes even stubborn. Not too often, he knew how to put a stop to that. The husband's present to the bride, well now. But a future in Europe wasn't so bad, from what he'd heard. He was looking forward to his daughter's letters. And Erich could certainly enclose something. The magistrate said he was a person who likes to receive presents. But please, he preferred cheques payable to him.⁵⁴ The mail was certainly still safe, but the postal clerks weren't. There were all types of collectors here. Of stamps too. The father-in-law recommended not stamps but machine cancellation, although he'd miss the pretty little pictures on them. But then, some clerks would let the letters disappear too, out of great love for the pretty little pictures. It'd be a shame to lose the husband's present to the bride.⁵⁵ The dowry paled in comparison to such generosity.⁵⁶ But the heroin was of the better kind,

⁵⁴I needed to add to the English to show how the father-in-law is trying to obtain financial support from Erich through flattery.

⁵⁵I added "lose" to explain the German "schade sein," because it implies that it would be bad if something happened to the present.

⁵⁶Again, the father-in-law is using understatement and flattery to get more out of Erich; this is also supported by calling him "engineer."

he guaranteed that. People elsewhere were just crazy about it. Erich would make a deal and think of his distant in-laws with great affection. Of course, a whole pound wasn't easy to hide, he said. But as an engineer Erich would know how to help himself. He was a lucky guy, after all. And the father-in-law hadn't given a thought to the wedding costs either. Erich was probably used to different things in Europe. But Patscharin would know how to serve him, him and the many sons she'd bear for him, and that's the main point to having a family.

Erich didn't even touch the white powder, the Consul said. He probably thought it was sugar. They already had that in Switzerland. Why should he weigh himself down with a pound of sugar. A lucky guy, the Consul said. Patscharin was more than enough for him. Almost too much of a good thing, when he stole a glance at her in her silk dress. He chewed his dried squid and an occasional nut he wasn't familiar with. His appetite couldn't take more. Now he could go home and suddenly had a wife.

Are you still with me, Sandra?

Pretty?

I've never seen her. But the Consul knows a lot of Thai girls. Most of them are prettier, something for the eye. When Patscharin was sitting in front of him in his office, he looked at her carefully. A child--that's what

the Consul says, Sandra, of course I'd never call a woman a child--a child with a face that turned out a little chubby, a child with tiny eyes and a slightly irregular walk. All of them walk this way. It'd already struck me in the transit area. When they're wearing shoes, at least. And have to have the highest of heels. Patscharin's voice was strong, even when she cried. Her body was also rather strong. But the Consul could communicate with the woman in Thai. The minute she spoke, there was something about her. A woman of great natural intelligence, of grace and dignity, you just have to be able to talk with her. And when she cried at the end, oh my God, her situation was something to cry about, when you found out what the situation was, and that's why his name was Büttikofer. Consul Büttikofer is not one to give up easily.⁵⁷ He didn't spend twenty years in Thailand for nothing. He savoured this wedding for quite a while. First he lingered over the banquet and praised Erich's quiet presence, his occasional nods. He just had a feeling for when he had to nod. He didn't make any mistakes. Erich always did the right thing, the Consul said, also applying that observation to the wedding night. Good God, it wasn't entirely due to Erich. Any normally

⁵⁷I understood "schnell an ein Ende kommt" to mean that the consul likes to talk and is someone who does not give up until he knows what the problem is, which also implies that he takes his time about things.

functioning⁵⁸ male clod on the face of this earth would've reached Heaven that night. The Consul snorted in contempt over the charter planes full of married holiday-goers⁵⁹ that fly to Bangkok, so that those guys would experience the joys of the flesh once in their life--that's the solemn expression Büttikofer used. Even though it also sounded a bit like a beating.⁶⁰ One hour in paradise, for sale or not for sale--of course for sale, the Thai people would be stupid not to!--could give the guy some sort of idea, what he was capable of. And what hadn't happened during all those years of marital duties and those little adventures on the side. Happiness, that's right!

The Consul almost slammed his fist on the table, he was so excited about that type of happiness. I didn't know whether he envied the blockheads who didn't deserve it? Or whether he was bitter at the idea that you had to go to Bangkok to get close to a basic human right. Even in this

⁵⁸"Funke" means "spark," and this also implies the human sexual drive. I used "functioning" rather than "spark," because this term has sexual connotations and makes more sense in this context.

⁵⁹The term "Ehe-Urlauber" has a double meaning: Muschg refers to married men who go on a vacation by taking a vacation from their marriage. This double meaning is not very clear in the translation, but I did not want to further complicate this already dense sentence by expanding the term with an explanation.

⁶⁰The term "Prügel" also has various meanings: it could refer to the consul's lecture ("verbal beating" or "tongue-lashing") or to a type of sexual perversion ("flagellation"). I chose "beating" instead of "lashing" or "whipping," because I wanted to maintain both connotations and the other options would have been too specific.

day and age, for a low tip, those cripples, those body-obsessed whiners⁶¹ can get a taste of what they could've been capable of if they'd been really human! And that's what made it even sadder, sadder than hell. God hadn't granted them anything else but the ability to make dirty jokes about their happiness. The quiet Erich Wullschleger had been damn lucky! Innocent and repressed, just like his mother had left him, he'd fallen into the right hands-- hands, the Consul whispered, clenching his own. And then he got--ah, the Consul had already said what it was. The Consul didn't want to say another word.

Of course, the Consul insists, as if I'd contradicted him, of course Patscharin was also inexperienced. As an individual! But as a Thai girl she had the experience of thousand years of sensual culture coursing through her veins. As far as he was concerned, Erich could be a klutz-- he just had to touch her and she'd blossom, so that the klutz would have to blossom along with her, whether he wanted to or not.

Büttikofer almost made it sound like Erich didn't really want to. Erich must've still owed Patscharin something, so that the Consul could really enjoy himself.

⁶¹The term "Körpermuffel" can be broken up into two parts: "Körper" referring to the body and physical contact, and "Muffel" to people who are grouchy, cranky and hard to please. My translation does not have the same ring as the German term, but contains both parts.

They can do it, he'd said, all of them can do it. They can do everything. It's worth paying with your life. There really is no better way to die.

The Consul will be seventy next year, he has three nice grandchildren--their pictures are on his desk and he also carries them around in his wallet. This time he forgot to show me his grandchildren.

You know, he said, they know no shame. Wrong. They're made of nothing but shame. When it melts, then the soul melts along with it. What a delicate flower of a soul!⁶² They're as sensitive as--as saints. They're ashamed when they've missed a nuance of sensitivity.⁶³ A life of convention! Just hearing that! The Consul constantly gets to hear such crude nonsense from his Swiss husbands, and every time he's left speechless. He'll never learn to keep his cool when faced with a lack of culture. A life of convention! Right. And now the gentleman uses me as his wailing wall, because his porn mags aren't up to his high standards. Shall I bring you up to date? You are that wall! That's putting it mildly! And if somebody has reason to wail, then it would be the wonderful person who had the

⁶²The German "Pflanzenseele" implies that the soul is delicate and vulnerable. I translated it as "delicate flower of a soul" to keep the plant imagery as well as the idea of vulnerability. See footnote 67 below.

⁶³I added the term "sensitivity" for clarity.

bad luck to meet you, you slab of frozen meat!⁶⁴ So you think you paid? And now you probably want your money back, you money-grabber? Provide for yourself, young man! Most of the time they aren't even that young. If a woman is a real human being, then they're at their wits' end. That's why they want a blow-up doll, batteries included. But not too much, though! A little bit of risk-free service, an adventure in felt slippers, once a week. Sex for five cents and maybe even get a gold piece in return! Still putting it mildly! You're the wrong man for your wife, are you aware of that? She isn't a whore for the rest of your life. It's not quite enough to pick her from a catalogue! Have to be somebody yourself, have you noticed that? Treat yourself to a girl from the Moulin Rouge after work,⁶⁵ and pay a decent sum for your indecency, then she'll be of some value to you! That guy has neither style nor family and speaks of a life of convention.

They don't exactly achieve anything, these girls, that's true. Achieve! Where would we get if we also had to

⁶⁴The German "Gefrierfleisch" is a coined, unusual term which the consul uses in a derogatory way to describe men who are unemotional ("frozen") and only care about sex. I needed to create a term which possessed these qualities and came up with "slab of frozen meat," which is uncommon and still reflects the meaning behind the German one.

⁶⁵Besides "after work," "Feierabend" is also a play on words: suggesting an evening of celebrating or partying. This is difficult to express in the target language, and I decided to use the conventional meaning, since it still implies that the person is having fun.

achieve something in love! The Consul laughed, too loudly. And then he got quiet. In love! he said, raising his index finger. Not that he wished for the collapse of achievement-oriented society.

And you, he'd said right away, you don't have to achieve anything either. To live is enough. But to really be in life. Tooth and nail and with all of your five senses. Love in Thailand, do you know what that is? Nothing fast. Nothing you can quickly grab and run off with. A miracle of togetherness! He wouldn't call it intimate. That sounds too personal to him. It's a bit like . . . like I was making love outdoors, in a clearing in the woods, but with no ants. With no irritating grasses. With no wet butts. It might've been like that at sixteen, if you hadn't been a stupid kid at the time. A delirious young man who didn't understand what happiness was. Even when he was holding it in his arms! It's not only the flesh that's blossoming. It's your whole being. A taste of the homeland, so to speak. It lingers on the tongue. If your tongue is a little bit educated. It's not something powerful, not at all powerful. Just nice.

Nice, the Consul repeated. You see, our words are all distorted. They always miss the mark. Wasn't a mistake that Wullschleger couldn't talk. Didn't need to. And then they fly in tons of dirty-joke-telling slabs of frozen meat!

The Consul swallowed hard, then he laughed again. He always laughed, when his immoral strictness took over. A human being with all his contradictions. A Rotarian, what else. Because of his connections he doesn't have to do this anymore. He's beyond all that, beyond Good and Evil. I still have to. Okay, okay, Sandra. If you say so. In that case I want to. We're still sitting in the coffee shop, the Consul and I. He's heard that I have to go to Manila, on business, so he pins me down. Wants to reroute me via Bangkok, no question about it. After he hears Lisa is travelling with me, he just has to get rid of his Wullschleger. After all, he said, we couldn't have a sensible conversation over lunch! You know, we had to put up with a person who was all worked up. He wanted to keep us from investing in South Africa. The president of our Rotary Club is a theologian who sometimes introduces such strange birds to us. Cruelty to animals. The strange bird wants to discuss things and doesn't realize he's only there as the cherry on top. My dear Doctor, do you have a family? the Consul asked him.

The doctor, with an A in philosophy, was somewhat frustrated. Probably thought the ruling class is opening his mouth, so that he can cross it and get stuck in its craw. And then there weren't even any questions, not even one tired question.

Do you have a family, my dear Doctor? The doctor turned pale. Suppose you have 100,000 francs, the Consul says.

Wouldn't that be nice, the doctor says.

Even if it were so nice, how would you invest the money, or would you keep it in a sock? The doctor stares at him, of course he has his 100,000 francs, and of course he has invested it, you can read the faces of these intellectuals like an open book. Existential fear comes right along behind their activism and if they do have some money, they're even proud of their guilt feelings.

Your South Africa is only an excuse, my dear Doctor, Büttikofer says. You've got a bad conscience, and that's why you want to punish people who can make those deals you Leftists live off like everybody else. If you've invested your money wisely, it wends its way through South Africa or similarly charming countries. How else can your nest-egg earn the interest that gets eaten up by the rising cost of living? That's why guys like us have to come in and exploit. You need South African gold mines, my dear sir, or else even your Marxism won't be profitable in the long run.

The Consul hadn't heard the lecture. In such instances he tends to tune out. He hasn't got a feeling for

fundamentals.⁶⁶ After being in Thailand for twenty years, he only pays attention to the details. He calls this his personal Buddhism. He takes me away from the doctor who was just about to respond, leaving him standing like a servant. We need to talk, he says in an off-hand manner. Hopefully, it's clear to the doctor he has no say when he's around adults. So he pulls up two leather armchairs. So you want to go to the Philippines, and Thailand's on the way, he says. Even though I should have been in the office by now. No way: the Consul has to get rid of his Wullschleger. You're travelling alone, he says, and it sounds like an order. I'm not travelling alone. Wullschleger was travelling alone, the Consul says. Who's Wullschleger? You're going to hear all about him, Büttikofer says. As a matter of fact, he was in my office this morning, with his wife, a Thai woman. Patscharin. She's had enough. She wants to go home, her husband said. She can't stand Adliswil anymore. As a dual citizen she likely won't need a visa. But he needs one, as a Swiss citizen, a permanent visa. That's why he's here. That is, he wants to go with her. He *is* her husband.

⁶⁶"fehle ihm die Antenne" is idiomatic, and there is no idiomatic expression in English which uses the image of an antenna. The translation is based on the actual meaning of the expression, even though the result is a loss of the imagery.

Büttikofer had never seen this couple before. They hadn't taken part in any social events, not even in the Society of Friends of Thailand, and Büttikofer is the president. Erich seemed rather small, he said. When the Consul was studying the man, as a psychologist, the man was out of proportion to his natural height. At first glance he was wiry and upright, by God, no intellectual, that was the last thing he needed. Human decency was written all over his face, even when he was looking at the floor. After a second glance, a lost person. The Consul has always granted every person that second glance, in his love for detail. A second glance wasn't necessary for the wife, he said. The resigned misery the Consul recognizes right off the bat in these foreign people. But then he still permitted himself his second glance. Out of sympathy. Somewhat plain maybe, but she's got substance, the wife. Marked by her marriage to a Swiss, very gently marked. The Consul didn't know yet what he wanted to find out. And what he found out, he'd never heard before. The two standing in front of him presented something new, and for the time being, he asked them to have a seat.

No, I don't have to go home.

I don't want to go home, okay.

The Consul's seen many mixed marriages fall apart. Built on misunderstandings, after all. A little bit of

charmingly incorrect English beneath a lot of black hair. Delicately shaped wrists.⁶⁷ A few nights that you can brag about at home, in front of the guys at the office. So much for that great first love. And then marriage. The exhaustion of the misunderstanding, reaching the daily limit of your patience.⁶⁸ The doctor would call this "turning things upside down."⁶⁹ Great, what would he have to turn upside down, just because he doesn't have the guts to put his foot down. Dialectics have to take care of it instead of him, or the dead Father Marx. Those service-oriented types. Oh well, in a marriage to a Thai woman several things can be turned upside down. Vanity turning into boredom, pleasure into displeasure. A couple of nice nights don't really turn into years of good. It starts with breakfast. One day the gentlemen want solid food again. And not so hot. Where was the child supposed to have

⁶⁷"Pflanzenhafte" creates the idea of delicate and pretty wrists. I translated it as "delicately-shaped" to portray this image, but unfortunately I could not transfer the plant imagery. Also see footnote 62 above.

⁶⁸The phrase "das tägliche Ende der Geduld" sounds colloquial and I changed the word "Ende" to "limit," because in English the expression "to reach the limit" is common and also suits the context.

⁶⁹The term "Umschlagen" has several connotations: in the doctor's case it is Marxist; in reference to marriage it is personal, and there is also the pun with "heiße Umschläge." I decided that "turning things upside down" was the best choice, because it can be understood on a political and personal level (Marx stood Hegel on his head, and in a marriage things can change dramatically), even though it meant that the pun had to be sacrificed (which cannot be made with any of the other possibilities anyway).

learned how to shop? The things she knows about aren't there, and what is there she doesn't know about. She sees a cauliflower and doesn't know if you stick the thing in a vase, use it for hot compresses or make tea with it. If it weren't for the supermarkets. What good are your eyes if they just see and don't know? The things the child thinks of as staples aren't even carried by the delicatessen stores. Adliswil doesn't have an *Oriental Store*, for example. And where there is one the child can't get to, she'd have to know how to communicate with the people. And besides, then it'd be too expensive for a ventilation technician's household. And not even fresh. And the neighbours' wives, they just watch this happen, instead of helping out a little. Loud-mouths with no grace, but they sure know it all, and better too. Consider themselves nice when they call the child by her first name instead of whispering behind her back. And when you've finally bought a few things, they're not the right ones; and after you've been standing in the kitchen for three hours so you can shred, grind, knead, oil, season, mix, separate, the husband comes home and everything's foreign to him. Moves his fork around in the hot stuff, for as long as that first love lasts. He goes out to the pub later on, or doesn't even come home anymore. An expensive way to live. You've also got to understand the man, the Consul says. Maybe he'd

bought his own groceries and then has to make his own meals too. He's lucky if he knows how to cook. But then why does he have a wife. Not just for that one thing. That also loses its appeal, if everything else is missing.⁷⁰ Once in a while he'd maybe like to exchange some rational words, or some irrational ones. Even one single word. If he's got a conscience, this can drive him crazy. What's he doing to the person next to him. Is he actually doing something good to his wife, and how can he get close at her, always into her isn't enough. And what's she thinking then? It's highly unlikely she doesn't think anything of it. Has she been crying again? She's gotten thinner, that too. That guy's earning a few thousand a month and his wife's losing weight. Gets more transparent, yet more and more non-transparent to him. Most of all when she suffers. Can't he do anything for her? Just spoiling her isn't the right thing either. You don't want a woman like that to fade away before your very eyes, just because you can't talk to her.

Sometimes there's a husband who notices when his wife isn't feeling well and starts to think about it. But hardly

⁷⁰The translation of "Umschwung" needed to be radical, because that term is very odd. Besides "change, reversal," it also has a special meaning in Swiss: it refers to the property around a house, implying that the Wullschlegers don't have their own garden (in other words, a house with a white picket fence). I felt that "everything else is missing" solves the problem of specifying the meaning; it fits the idea that there is no change on a personal and sexual level, and also that this marriage is not proceeding as expected (they are still living in an apartment and have no children).

the right thoughts. That's the type of husband who was sitting in front of the Consul; if he wasn't completely mistaken, this wasn't your average case. Your average case: the blockhead resents his wife for not understanding her, and one day he throws his toy away. Tragedies like that are Büttikofer's bread and butter. What was he to do? He always has to do everything . . .

No more whisky, Oskar.

I don't have a clue, the Consul says. How awkward and messy those divorces can get. Not to speak of the misery. One day the two worlds collide head on, and in the end there's nothing between the two except the Consul and he gets ground down. And the costs of getting the wife a lawyer. In our legal language her problems can either be translated not at all or only very roughly. Büttikofer's got a young lawyer, a specialist for Thai divorces, himself married to a Thai woman--the Consul was not entirely innocent in that matter. But until it gets to that point, the child has to stay somewhere. How can she feed herself, every day she misses the floating markets, the fresh mangoes, the juicy pineapples, the durian, and once again, the Consul came up with a whole wedding banquet. Where was I, he said, licking his lips. Right, in that case I bring the women to my house. To our house, he corrected himself, my wife speaks Thai like I do and is familiar with their

mentality. If you could only see how the girls flourish in our house. How they help us out. They're full of good will. Sometimes we're almost running a house-keeping school for half-divorced Thai women. And let me tell you, in the end they don't even want to leave, that's Part Two of the tragedy. Technically, they're Swiss. A few try it again with their husbands, but patchwork like that doesn't tend to last very long. Others scrape through being temporary workers, become cleaning women in hospitals. A massage salon is definitely more profitable. Then they've returned to the point where they started from. White slave trade, one way or the other.

If I asked him how the girls let themselves be transplanted; what they were actually thinking; what they saw in a white man to follow him into marriage: he could tell me right away. They think nothing of it, and they see everything in that twit: wealth and culture, security and the big wide world, class and advancement. When such an accountant from Niederbipp throws his traveller's cheques around in Bangkok, he'll easily look like a man of the world to an outcast thing from the bush. He travelled from Niederbipp to Bangkok for this feeling. And when he promises marriage in his intoxicated state and bad English, you just follow him to Niederbipp. This isn't love. More like the desire to belong to a prince, to enjoy his

protection. And once they're there, the principality looks like a three room apartment in a housing complex in Niederbipp, and the protection like a perplexed mother-in-law. He swears to me: the sensation of being allowed to operate a blender or a vacuum dies off damn quick, especially if it's pointed out to you every day--but unmistakably, with all ten fingers--that you can't even operate those miracles of technology and will never learn how to.

That's the usual thing, according to Büttikofer. But he's certainly noticed that with Wullschleger and Patscharin the usual thing wasn't sitting in front of him. Especially because a Swiss citizen wanted to go to Thailand with his wife, to live there with her. A Swiss who was neither a missionary nor a millionaire. First he ordered drinks for the couple. Oh please, the Consul still has a secretary, even after his retirement from the business. They always want so much from him. Now and then a report. His memoirs, of course. The person who transcribes his tapes has to be reliable. Anyway, the Consul's used to company, and the more time he has for his company today, so much the better. That I should be in the office by now, for example, doesn't matter to a man like the Consul, that's not the last thing, not even the next to last thing.

I'm keeping you.

The ending? There is no ending.

He let Wullschleger talk. Now and then tossed a polite comment to the wife, in Thai. Then she'd light up. Wullschleger said he hadn't learned how to tell a story. How can you even describe a feeling. The feeling, his wife's much too fragile for Switzerland. She can't even defend herself. When he's with her, she doesn't cry. But whenever he comes home, she's been crying. He said he can't stand the thought or feeling of this. They can hardly communicate with each other. Most of the time he notices when she's enjoying herself, and really, he'd married her for that. In Adliswil she's gotten quieter than was necessary. He thinks the language they share, a language of their own, is no longer the same. For a while he thought this was normal. First the change. Second the habits. In general they don't bother him, especially the nice ones. But his wife hadn't made them as apparent earlier. She's been resourceful, so to speak. With the little things in life. Now she no longer is, if he can put it that way, and the little things matter to him. Every day he drives to his job in Kloten, taking the West highway. This gives him enough time to think about his wife. He even turns off the radio to do so. Okay, the whole day she's alone. Sure, that's a reason. You don't have to be a foreign woman to shrivel up in Adliswil, when the husband goes to work and no

children are on the way. Even though this was a nice apartment and Wullschleger doesn't think having children is a pastime for women. When they're treated as such, he feels sorry for the children. For the women too. But whenever he thinks about it, he can't get past this point.

He hasn't told the guys at work what was on his mind. After all, they also don't know how to deal with their own wives, and they aren't even foreigners, are at best from Germany. One guy advised him to offer Patscharin more. Unfortunately, he doesn't have holidays all the time. He'd taken an advance on his holidays for three years and had to be glad that Swissair had taken him back. To begin with, he offered Patscharin a trip through Switzerland, after he'd married her again properly in Zurich. In his new Fiat. She should at least see something of her new country. He showed her the scenery around the Silsersee, and the Schynige Platte, among other places. They didn't stay in the cheapest hotels either. In a few places they took him for a playboy. Fourteen days of Switzerland, then Adliswil, for now. And in Adliswil, that's it.

At this point the Consul interrupted and asked about the familiar sources of trouble: the cauliflower, the blender, the mother-in-law.

There had been mishaps. But Wullschleger ensured him they've only been amusing. Really, he's had a lot of fun.

His whole life he's looked forward to showing these things to a beloved wife. How you operate a shower, how you shop for healthy food, how you barbecue a steak. Every Friday night and Saturday morning they've spent trying out things. She even learned to how make flambés. The thought that Swiss women already knew how to do everything had always depressed him. They just believed they knew, and then you have to keep quiet and praise the tough steak, out of politeness. He's shown every domestic manoeuvre to Patscharin. He was almost sorry that she was a quick learner. And there was no mother-in-law. He'd been an orphan since he was twenty-two. He's kept his distance from those relatives who were still around. But, oh well. He can't replace all those things for Patscharin. She's used to people. At home she was surrounded by noise, but no car noises. A village with weddings and funerals, with chickens and pigs, fireworks and open markets. In Adliswil she wasn't even allowed to touch the produce in the supermarket. At least the Italians turned around to look at her. The Swiss only looked at her out of the corner of their eye. For them a beautiful Thai woman is just an easy woman. He's always felt that. And she must've felt it even more strongly.

One day Wullschleger made a decision. He wrote a letter to the personnel department of Swissair and put an

end to his job. He wrote a letter to the general management firm Heierli and also put an end to the lease on his apartment. He took out a loan from his life insurance to pay for two one-way tickets to Bangkok. It wasn't very easy to explain everything to Patscharin. A return to Thailand can hardly be expressed with your hands. The school atlas was hardly any help either. But after he started to pack, only the essentials--you always need less than you think you do--she must have finally understood. She started to cry, for the first time to cry very loudly. What kind of tension was released! A real struggle! He'd understood this well. He wanted to comfort her but even any tenderness was of no avail. He then used words as an aid. It won't be long!, he told his wife. Only three weeks! Only twenty more nights of sleep! Soon! At home! Us! The two of us!--and she was crying, it almost broke his heart, she just couldn't believe it.

Sure, Sandra. You see it coming.

Man to man? By no means. The Consul just asked Erich if he could have a word with his wife. The Consul with the wife. Certainly, Wullschleger said, and was about to wait outside. But please, the Consul said. If it doesn't bother you: we'll be speaking Thai, of course. Picture this, the Consul speaks with the woman in Thai about her marriage, her feelings, her expectations, and her husband sits there and

doesn't understand a word. She was inhibited, the Consul said, to speak Thai with him, but if Erich had left . . . then it would've been even more behind his back.

Now then. He'd never experienced anything like this. A dam burst and a reservoir poured out. Now she no longer kept quiet. It sounded like loud singing, like the shrill song of a bewildered bird. He had to concentrate on his Thai, the Consul, to be able to follow her, his over twenty-year old Thai. In the end he sat there, struck with amazement. A fine woman, the Consul said, what a fine woman.

I'll keep it short.

For several weeks, she's told the Consul, her husband has been strange. He hadn't been acting like other Swiss men anymore. All of a sudden he starts to sell their furniture. Trucks come to their house and men come up the stairs to carry away one piece after another. Her husband holds her back when she fights against this. Finally, they clear her kitchen. Her husband doesn't work anymore. He stays at home and rips down the curtains. He buys one suitcase, as big as a closet. Forces her to pack her clothes into it. When she doesn't want to, he takes over. And doesn't even know how to handle quality silk. Finally, he packs his own suits. And not even the best ones. And locks the suitcase and takes it away. While he's doing that

he keeps looking at her in a funny way and laughs a lot. He must've gone crazy or bankrupt. And yesterday he also sold the car. She cries all night, and he? He does too, and then he laughs again.

But, the Consul interrupted her, had he not explained to her that they wanted to go home, back to Thailand, both of them, forever.

So he's crazy and bankrupt after all, Patscharin sighed and pushed Wullschleger's hand away, who wanted to stroke her. That's madness, madness, she uttered in her border dialect. So her husband has a car and a good job. And married her. And now he wants to go back to the filth--the Consul winced because she'd used a stronger expression--where everything's indescribable and completely impossible, where no civilized person would ever want to go. She'd put a lot of effort into being a grateful wife to him. She ran the household well and better every day. That wasn't just magic. And now he's gone bankrupt and wants to take her back to that shit, where his profession won't do him any good. They won't have use for ventilation technicians for a long time. He'll have no choice but to become a farmer or drug dealer, and then she'd hang herself, for sure. And the family! Back to that horrible clan, to the sisters-in-law, nieces, grandmothers and water buffaloes, to make a fool out of himself with his pride. A rag that every dog would wipe

his butt with. She wouldn't survive their gloating. But she won't even experience this. The whole thing's only a scheme of her husband's. He doesn't really want to come with her. He's actually found someone else, a Swiss woman he doesn't have to show how to do everything. In fact you don't have to show her anything anymore, for a long time she's known better than Wullschleger how to shop economically, but what good is it when you take the freezer away from her. The freezer broke her heart more than anything else. You have to imagine, the Consul says, what a freezer means to a woman who's from the bush. The Consul cautiously asked about homesickness. If she's ever been homesick. And Patscharin stared at him, while sobbing, as if he's told a dirty joke at an open graveside. Homesick for the jungle, for the land mines, for the water pigs. The Consul had to lower his eyes, no Asian person had ever looked at him with such big eyes, even though hers were rather small. He means, doesn't she want to see her home once more, the parents, the siblings, the nieces and nephews. Sure, she wants to, why not, maybe in a few years, when you can get there by car, when there'd be a decent hotel, where you can stay without feeling ashamed, when the people know how to appreciate what you brought them from Switzerland--then yes. Not any earlier.

But, she said softly, it doesn't happen that quickly. She has a Swiss passport. Nobody could just tell her to pack her bags, not even her husband. She won't let him near her passport, she'd buried it and nobody knows where. Only I know where.

It's a big deal, the Consul said, when an Asian woman decides to say "I." Actually, there is no polite word for it. Now he realized that she meant business.

Wullschleger didn't realize this. He'd kept his eyes lowered, infinitely embarrassed, because he had to listen to how his wife cried or screamed. He'd also struggled with a kind of happiness. Finally she was able to get rid of everything, even if he didn't know what it was. He didn't want to find out on the spot. Pity and compassion were written all over his face, stronger than any expectation.

They were silent now, the three of them, it was a very deep silence. Patscharin opened her purse in order to fix herself up a little. Wullschleger spoke first, when she just wasn't able to pull herself together.

What did she say?

She said she loves you.

Wullschleger blushed; he wasn't used to hearing love being screamed out to him like that. But now he needed to know, he'd gone through a lot himself.

Is she happy?

On the whole, the Consul said. On the whole she's happy. There's something that's on her mind. She'd like to stay here.

Here? Where? Wullschleger asked.

In Adliswil.

She doesn't want to go home?

Home to Adliswil. Rather not home to Thailand.

She clearly said that?

As clearly as her language permits it. Erich should know that Thai is a flowery language, and it'd been clear to the Consul.

And now? Wullschleger asked.

Very simple, the Consul said. You keep your job. You keep your apartment. Your wife stays with you, you've heard that, assuming you don't want a separation from her.

Wullschleger didn't even shake his head.

You have to buy a few things again, the Consul said. Particularly the freezer.

Now Wullschleger was shaking his head. He was busy thinking and this started, just like with any disaster, from the unimportant end. A positive disaster is no exception. He was thinking about his suitcases. They were already shipped. How could he catch up with those suitcases, maybe they were already floating around the Cape of Good Hope. Didn't they have to travel because of the suitcases? The

Consul was familiar with the practices in the shipping industry.

You can have them sent back. Contact your agency. Your job's more important.

Wullschleger had put an end to that.

I know, the Consul said. He then reached for the phone. He said: Get me Swissair, personnel manager, personally. Mention my name. It's urgent.

He put down the phone.

No guarantee, he said. Miracles do take a little longer.

Until the phone connection was established, he inquired about Wullschleger's apartment.

He couldn't do anything about it. The new tenant was determined; he'd already measured the walls and the windows, for the curtains.

Aha, the Consul said and picked up the phone. The manager was on the line, but he wouldn't give in. Not a Rotarian. He couldn't stand hearing the name Wullschleger anymore. First he had hung around in Thailand for months, without permission, then he took his holidays into his own hands, was re-employed out of pure generosity, and now his resignation. The personnel manager had nothing else to say about the resignation. A case of human hardship--that's all

very well. The man had to make up his mind at some point. Swissair was sincerely sorry.

Oh well, the Consul said to Wullschleger afterwards, an expert like you. A ventilation specialist. You can pick and choose, after all. Buy the daily newspaper right away, there's got to be thousands of want ads.

That's right, Sandra. There aren't thousands. The Consul has no need to bother himself with the labour market. Obviously he couldn't promise him an apartment either. An affordable apartment. Well, Wullschleger has initiative, the Consul said to console him. Things you say when you can't help. Wullschleger had to blame himself a little bit for the situation he was in. He should understand that.

Patscharin? Good question, Sandra.

He had to explain it to her, of course, the Consul. That she can stay. In the best Thai, spoken in the capital, he'd announced to her: everything's all right. A refined Asian woman isn't rude enough to express relief openly. Everything takes its time.

Sure she must've been bitter. Having to buy everything new. Definitely not quite the same dishes she'd liked so much. The same red for the curtains. Maybe Wullschleger hadn't given those away. But then they wouldn't fit in the new apartment. If he even finds one. A bigger loan for the car, stereo, freezer, but you need a secure job . . .

The Consul sincerely had urged Wullschleger to learn Thai. Language courses for travellers are offered in the city. He can practice at home. Not everybody has it this good. He'd rather not mention Patscharin's border dialect.

Yes, that's it. Ten thirty. Lisa will have gone to bed. She gets tired more easily than before.

Why am I telling you all this?

Wullschleger would've liked to have gone to Thailand, I think. He's had enough of the bumper-to-bumper traffic on the West highway. The land mines wouldn't have bothered him, not even the flies. He'd had the best time of his life there. Patscharin was only a bonus in paradise, a paradise for men, sure, Sandra. But now she has closed it for him. Patscharin, the Swiss citizen. No homesickness, no way José. Prefers a freezer in Adliswil to a sunset in Klong. Yes, they'll gradually have to learn how to talk to each other. She'll definitely teach him how, if necessary in the Zurich dialect, and he can forget about the courses.

He loves Patscharin, as best he can. Wouldn't you like to do something for him?

At work, in your company. You do need ventilation technicians. The Consul can't perform miracles, but you can. Do something for a marriage, Sandra.

IV. SPECIFIC CHALLENGES IN THE TRANSLATIONS

Although the introductory observations and footnotes for the translated texts have already pointed out many of the problematic aspects of translation, two areas which are challenging to the translator need to be further examined: the cultural context and the discourse structure. Both pose specific challenges because of the differences between the source and target language, and they have to be addressed to make the translation process as clear as possible. Furthermore, this process is considerably influenced by the translator's initial textual analysis; by discussing the aspect of interpretation, I will demonstrate how valuable this aspect is to translation and its challenges.

A. The Cultural Context

The two texts belong to a distinct cultural and historical context. This context cannot be ignored in the translation; before the text can be translated, the original context has to be carefully examined because it affects the translation. In both stories, the cultural context is mainly exposed through tone and lexical games.

The tone is based on the physical setting, the interpersonal dynamics, and the individual characters. The lexical games are based on semantic differences and consist of word play in the form of idiomatic expressions and puns, which can also lead to linguistic misunderstandings.

1. Tone

"Besuch in der Schweiz" is set in Zurich, Switzerland and its time frame is the 1960s. The story was published in 1968 and there are references to the music and art of that time period. These are the only concrete indications of the cultural and historical context and can easily be transferred. They remain, however, in the background; it is the tone of the characters' interpersonal dynamics which further reveals the cultural context, the strongest being those between the mother and Franziska.

The mother embodies the older generation of the Swiss middle class, and she is clearly offended by Franziska's behaviour. But when the time period and their backgrounds are considered, they suit the mother's viewpoints and Franziska's actions. In addition, Franziska is a foreigner, and this puts the mother on guard, placing a strain on the interpersonal dynamics. The cultural context becomes even

more evident once the tone of the language and personal comments between them is examined.

The mother's German is formal and polite; her language was more straightforward to translate, because I could use neutral and standard words. Franziska's language stands in contrast to hers because it is casual and based on the slang of the 1960s. In her case I had to use teen-age expressions and slang terms which were neither too outdated nor too modern, but suitable to the cultural context. For example, when she talks of her friends in Germany, her language is very colourful: "lässig" (188), "doch ganz schön übel" (189), "igitt," "das ist ja dicke," and "doll" (203). I used the following terms because they met the cultural and historical context the closest: "groovy," "pretty awful," "gross," "that's totally severe," and "far out."

Another challenging aspect of transferring the cultural context was the tone behind the generalizations and stereotypical statements. The mother makes several moralizing and generalizing comments, e.g., "Hilflose Menschen brauchen besonders viel Liebe" (187), or "Viele junge Mädchen hängen heute zu sehr am Äußerlichen" (188). But when she finally has enough of Franziska, her statements gain a strong stereotypical tone: "Ihr habt viel durchgemacht, nicht wahr" (211) and "Es steckt so tief in euch. [] Diese typische Nachkriegsmentalität, nicht wahr."

An euch ist viel, viel gesündigt worden" (212). It is obvious that she pigeon-holes Franziska and her contemporaries in Germany. At the same time, the implications of her comments are lost on Franziska, who is more concerned about her weight and tan. It is therefore crucial that the harshness and coldness of these remarks and Franziska's indifference are present in the target language, or else the tension between the two is weakened, and the cultural context loses its importance.

In Franziska's case, generalizations are not as openly expressed, but their tone still points at the underlying cultural context (they have to be understood in this light, or else they seem trivial). Thoughts such as, "Den Buchstaben ß schien es in seiner Schule nicht gegeben zu haben" (177), "...bot Heinzens Mutter Franziska das Du an. Das schien hier schnell zu gehen" (191), "Sie wußte nicht, wie lange man in diesem Lande badete" (192), "Ich habe ja auch schon das andere [Museum] gesehen, in München, das richtige" (195), or "In der Schweiz ist übrigens alles schöner und besser" (207) seem immature and insignificant when the cultural context is overlooked. But the tone is more than innocent and frivolous: it contains feelings of ignorance and supremacy, which can also be seen as a comment on stereotypes the Swiss and the Germans have of each other.

These few examples of differences in tone of the dynamics between the mother and Franziska highlight the differences in their culture. The challenge lies in understanding the link of the tone to the cultural context and translating it accordingly. Otherwise certain comments or passages could be mistranslated and would further interfere with the interpretation of the English text.

In "Wullschleger Country," the setting is once again Switzerland (Adliswil), with Thailand acting as a secondary one. The information about Thailand comes from second-hand sources; it acts more as a backdrop than an actual setting. The time frame is the late 1970s or early 1980s, even though it is never specified as such. Nevertheless, it is relatively contemporary, especially since the issues Muschg deals with are still current. Based on the setting and time frame, the tone can partially be established; in this case, each character separately influences the tone and supports the cultural context.

The most influential character is the consul, as demonstrated by his pompous and arrogant tone and his upper-class, Rotarian background: "Man will ja soviel von ihm. Hie und da ein Gutachten. Die Memoiren natürlich" (164). He can also be very biting and irrational; before the actual story of Wullschleger and Patscharin is discussed, two-

thirds of "Wullschleger Country" deal with Büttikofer's generalizing, moralizing, and getting off topic by addressing Thai culture, sex, love, and South Africa. The translator has to pick up these variations in tone, because they reflect the consul's mind set. His statements belong to a certain cultural context and this has to be evident in the translated text.

Wullschleger, on the other hand, represents the total opposite, being the naive and upstanding citizen, also commonly referred to as a *Spießbürger* (philistine). This especially comes across when Büttikofer speaks about him: "Nichts habe er gewußt über Thailand, nicht mal, was jeder weiß" (142), "Mit der Polizei sei Wullschleger immer besonders nett gewesen" (143), or "Die Landschaft sei reizvoll gewesen, auch wenn man sie nicht habe betreten können" (145). Such comments belittle Wullschleger through their condescending and cruel tone, but they also have another purpose: they point at people's naivety and ignorance about other cultures.

When Wullschleger speaks, a slightly different tone surfaces. Yes, he still is naive, but he did everything out of "love" for Patscharin--misguided perhaps, but with good intentions, sounding sincere and at the same time pathetic. The mixture of all these tones definitely has to be part of the translated text, since Wullschleger's personality is

shaped by his cultural background. The same goes for Patscharin.

Her character represents Thai culture, and at first she is described in very stereotypical terms (e.g., 148-149). When the consul describes the "marriage business" in Thailand to the narrator, he assumes that she is being put down by her father, because by insulting Patscharin and flattering Wullschleger, the chief magistrate is selling her to her husband (150-151). The passage is very syrupy and full of cultural generalizations, such as, "Daß die Frau dem Mann folge, sei doch wohl auch in Erichs Heimat gebräuchlich," or "Erich sei in Europa vielleicht noch anderes gewohnt." The real meaning of this can only be understood by being aware of the connection between the tone and the cultural context.

Once Patscharin tells her own story, a different tone emerges. The tone is angry and upset; she uses strong words, such as "Dreck" and "Scheiße," or vivid images, such as "Ein Lappen, an dem sich jeder Hund den Hintern abwische" (169, 170). In fact, Patscharin does not miss her family or home; she doesn't want to give up her new life. Once again, the tone reveals much about the culture; it allows us to see beyond the generalizations of the European and Asian perspectives. These various undercurrents in tone reinforce

the cultural context of the story and it is crucial to keep them present in the target language.

2. Lexical Games

The story "Besuch in der Schweiz" contains lexical games which are based on sociolinguistic differences in Swiss and German vocabulary and idiomatic expressions. These differences can lead to linguistic misunderstandings, and because they are culturally-specific, it is challenging to achieve the same effect in the translation.

One such lexical game is the variation between the Swiss and German diction for certain terms: "Kasten/Schrank" (181), "Champagner/Sekt" (191), "Ferien/Urlaub" (185, 213, 215), or "Mama/Mutti" (191). All of these examples are part of the cultural background of the characters and show that even though they speak similar languages, sociolinguistic differences exist. They also illustrate that the gap between the two cultures extends beyond the geographic location--that it also influences communication in terms of creating misunderstandings.

I was fortunately able to find terms which had sociolinguistic counterparts in English: "cupboard/closet," "champagne/bubbly," "holidays/vacation," and "Mama/Mom" are the pairs I came up with. By using a more standard term for

the Swiss and a more colloquial one for the German, I was able to transfer the linguistic misunderstandings and differences, as well as being consistent within the given cultural context.

An especially complicated lexical game takes place in an exchange between the mother and Franziska on page 190, because the Swiss and German pronouns "da" have different meanings. The mother's "da" refers to Zurich, meaning "hier" (here). Franziska sees it as meaning "dort" (there), thus thinking the mother is referring to Rome. Only when the mother adds "bei uns" does Franziska understand what she is saying. If "da" is translated as only "here" or "there," then it would not achieve the same effect in the target language. I decided to omit "da" altogether and used the vague "it" to obtain the misunderstanding: "Have you ever seen it before, Franziska?"

Lexical games with idiomatic expressions are far more challenging to translate, because even within the same language family, they often cannot be understood. The mother again transfers a Swiss expression into German: her "Habt ihr euch lustig gemacht" (202) cannot literally be understood as "Did you make fools of yourselves." But this is exactly how Franziska interprets it, and it makes no sense to her. Heinz has to supply the German meaning of "did we have a good time," before she understands the

mother's remark. In order to show Franziska's initial confusion, I had to use a phrase which could be misunderstood. I came up with "did you have a gay old time," because this more old-fashioned phrase which uses the adjective "gay" could be unclear and be misinterpreted by Franziska.

Another example is the expression "Schlaft gut miteinander" (202), which the mother literally transfers from Swiss into German, thus changing the meaning. She meant to say "Sleep well, you two," whereas Franziska understands "sleep well together." Again, I had to come up with an expression which had a double meaning. "Have a good sleep together" is unfortunately not as idiomatic as the original, but I felt that in this case the misunderstanding and humour were more important than the idiomatic nature of the saying.

In "Wullschleger Country," word play in the form of idiomatic expressions and puns are the most challenging lexical games I had to deal with. Often there are no equivalents in the target language due to the differences in culture, making a translation solely based on transference impossible. Adaptions which keep the spirit of the lexical game have to be made. There are countless examples, most of which I tried to point out in the footnotes. The following

ones are the most interesting, because they illustrate how creative and radical a translator sometimes has to be.

The first word play occurs with "Nichts kam ihm weg. Nur die Kamera, aber die konnte ihm gestohlen bleiben" (143). Muschg is using an expression which has a double meaning ("gestohlen bleiben:" the camera was stolen but Wullschleger also does not care about the theft), plus making a pun with the previous sentence ("wegkommen:" the camera was indeed taken away). My solution to this word play ("Nothing was taken away from him. Just the camera, but it didn't matter if that was taken") is not as witty as the original, since it was very difficult to find two expressions which worked on those levels. I decided to express the meaning as closely as possible by creating a word play on "take," in order to show the pun relationship between the two sentences, although the double meaning is not as strong.

Another problematic phrase was the idiomatic expression "es habe ihn erwischt" (146, 148). I needed to use a word which has similar connotations as "erwischen" (to catch, get a hold of), which could also be understood idiomatically (to get it). I first wanted to use "he was caught," but then I thought that "he was stuck" was more fitting; Wullschleger is physically stuck in and emotionally attached to this country--and being in Thailand gets him stuck in a mess.

The most frustrating translation was the following word play: "Niemand nahm sich die Mühe, Recherchen [inquiries] anzustellen. Hast du dir unter Recherchen [a common Swiss diminutive of rake] auch immer Gartenwerkzeug vorgestellt?" (146). My first impulse was to leave this pun out, because I had no idea how to translate it. As time passed, I realized how this pun worked and that it was not impossible to create; I just needed to consult homonym dictionaries and experiment with homonym pairs.

I actually needed to find a homograph (homonyms which are spelled alike but pronounced differently), because if I used a homophone (homonyms which sound alike but are spelled differently), the word play would have been too obvious, and it is not obvious in German. I also wanted a pair which had the same morphological function (noun/noun or verb/verb), but I came across a problem: English homographs are often a noun/verb pair because stress is used to differentiate between the two. The other problem was how to fit it into the text. I needed something which I could connect to the situation, so that it was plausible. I also had to be careful with verbs, since using them in the past also changes the form and pronunciation. In the end I decided to use the pair "invalid/invalid," since it met most of the requirements (it is a homograph, it is not obvious and it fits into the text): "It was obvious the telegram turned out

to be invalid. I used to think that invalid referred to sick people."

Muschg also often plays lexical games with related and connected terminology: "Überfälle/Überschwemmungen" (147), "heulte/zum Heulen" (152), "anständig/Unanständigkeit" (155), "leisten/Leistungsgesellschaft" (155), "Vögel/Tierquälerei" (157), "Lust/Unlust" (160), "vernünftig/unvernünftig" (161), "durchsichtig/undurchsichtiger" (161), and "Personalchef/ persönlich" (173). These connections have to be evident in the translation, since it is characteristic of the consul's personality and story-telling method.

I managed to create most of them, although in some cases more accurate translations which are closer to the meaning of the individual term were possible. But sometimes they had to be pushed aside to create the word play: e.g., "undurchsichtiger" could be translated as "mysterious," but then the connection to "transparent" is not clear. Unfortunately, the only one which I was unable to reproduce was the repetition of "Überfälle/Überschwemmungen," because they have completely different structures in English.

B. The Discourse Structure

In both stories, the discourse structure poses challenges for the translator: "Besuch in der Schweiz" contains direct speech and dialogue; "Wullschleger Country" contains indirect speech and multiple layers of narration. Furthermore, such structures often have a connection to the personality traits of the characters. I started out by analyzing the German discourse structures of both stories and relating them to the characters. I then based the discourse of the target language on these observations. This discourse needed to sound as natural as possible; in the case of "Wullschleger Country," it also had to signal the shifts between narrators.

In "Besuch in der Schweiz," an important part of the discourse structure are filler particles. For instance, the mother often attaches the common Swiss particle "gelt" (184, 185, 188, 191) to the end of a sentence. Since there is no real meaning attached to it, the challenge lies in finding an appropriate particle in the target language which adds the necessary emphasis to a statement. Depending on that statement, the emphasis can be serious, humorous, impatient, frustrated, and so forth. In the mother's case, it shows her hold over Heinz, since it stands for control and

affirmation. I chose the English phrase "isn't that so" instead of the particle "right," because it suits the mother's conservative and possessive character and expresses her need to receive affirmation, since she never waits for an answer; Heinz's reaction is already implied by the addition of her saying "isn't that so."

A second challenge was understanding Franziska's role as an observer. This means that we see the developments from Franziska's and the narrator's point of view. Sometimes she takes the place of the narrator and expresses her opinion, but at other times her opinions are directly stated by the narrator. For example, in the opening paragraphs, the apartment is seen from Franziska's perspective, even though the narrator is reporting it to us. This is even stronger in the flashback telling how she met Heinz.

When the narrator comments, "Als sie ging, hielt er ihre Hand nicht lange" (176), her voice comes through, hinting at the lack of the physical contact she expected. Even when Heinz writes the ten-page letter and opens up to her, she just concludes that it was full of "viele Entschuldigungen" (177); and similarly, Franziska thinks, "Er schmeckte ihr auch wirklich" (185), when she tastes the home-made cake. These statements are consistent with her personality and express her opinion. Other comments, such

as, "es konnte Franziska nicht schwerfallen, sich wie das Glück zu benehmen" (180), or "So durfte sie sich finden lassen" (194), are made by the narrator, who slips into her character. Such shifts occur throughout the text, and once I understood their function, the translation became more straightforward; it often involved paying attention to the language level and applying the appropriate English discourse structure.

The next challenge was the translation of the dialogue. In the two longer exchanges between Heinz and Franziska (195-200, 202-204) the discourse structure is based on a natural conversational flow and reveals the contrasts between the two. Here I had to put myself in the shoes of a blunt nineteen year-old and her reserved older partner in the conversation. I always weighed the importance of each sentence and expressions against their personality and the situational context before I translated them. Fortunately, I was also able to apply the same approach to show the deterioration between the mother's and Franziska's relationship, because the discourse structure of their dialogues clearly supports this.

In "Wullschleger Country," the discourse structure plays a different role since the story uses indirect speech. Here I focused on the narrative shifts to obtain the

discourse structure of the target language, because whenever I came across an inserted comment, it was challenging to decide whether it was spoken by the nameless narrator or belonged to the consul's version of the story. Sometimes the narrator talks directly to his listener Sandra; other times the consul back- and side-tracks, upsetting the chronology. This type of mixture interrupts the flow of the story, also making it difficult to decipher the indirect speech.

Certain paragraphs which contained many switches I decided to reproduce in the same manner, so that the reader of the translated text got the same impressions and feelings of confusion (e.g., 142, 152). Generally speaking, it is not up to the translator to make adjustments in the author's writing style, especially since the style is often created for a purpose. The link between the way the story is communicated and the actual theme of communication is strong enough that the translator cannot change it, even if it hinders the reading of the text at times.

There were a few instances where I included a logical connection between sentences, elaborated on a statement, or changed the punctuation to add to the clarity of the English; most of these are pointed out in the footnotes. I also added clarity to the discourse structure by replacing the German dashes which indicate a change in speaker with a

new paragraph; in English, this method is more common and helped me to clarify many unclear passages, because it also naturally separates the discourse and the narration (e.g., 141, 154).

The most challenging passage was the one where the narrative voice is difficult to distinguish within the discourse structure. It occurs when the story about Wullschleger is interrupted with a lecture on South Africa (157-158). This section starts out with some observations from the consul and then the narrator interjects, "Immer wieder hat er gelacht, wenn seine unmoralische Strenge mit ihm durchging," even calling him "ein Mensch in seinem Widerspruch" (156). Then the narrator switches back to the moment when they are sitting in the coffee shop at the airport, also going back to an earlier moment in the day--their lunch.

The narrator talks about that experience, inserting his own comments into the exchange which took place between the doctor and Büttikofer. There is an inconsistency in the tenses and voices; it seems it is the consul who is being quoted by the narrator. But the next paragraph starts out with, "Der Konsul hatte den Vortrag nicht gehört" (158). It is unclear if the lecture is the one which was just related, or if it had taken place earlier and the exchange between the doctor and the consul in the presence of the narrator is

based on that lecture. Finally the narrator adds, "Er [Büttikofer] zieht mich vom Doktor weg, der gerade antworten will" (158), and at this point Wullschleger's story continues.

This lengthy section exemplifies not only the various viewpoints, but also switches back and forth between three different types of discourse: the narrator's, the consul's, and the doctor's. I closely followed these elements, because of the complex stylistic structure of the story. The only change I made was using separate paragraphs instead of the dashes.

I wanted to maintain the source text's discourse structure, even though I was tempted to make my interpretation of the speakers even more obvious. But then I thought that the ambiguity would be lost and the reader would get a different impression of the characters. It might seem the easy way out, but I object to rewriting a story when translating. Some adjustments are necessary, and it often can't be helped that the translator's voice surfaces; but when it comes to the plot or structure of the story (its skeleton), no alterations should be made.

C. The Aspect of Interpretation

The task of the translator is to render a text so that it can be read in another language and still evoke similar reactions in the target language reader. The term target has been chosen for a reason: the translator can either adapt or transfer textual aspects but still has to focus on the target set by the source text. This target can be met by establishing translation strategies, since the translator has to clarify how the text will be approached. In turn, this helps to keep the tone, style, and diction of the translation consistent and "on target." Another part of this analysis is what I call the aspect of interpretation.

Initial thematic and structural elements leave impressions on the translator and can influence her/his interpretation of the text. These elements might be very minor but do provide the translator with building blocks for the translation. In "Besuch in der Schweiz," I immediately noticed the cultural differences; in "Wullschleger Country," it was the complex narration which struck me. As I became more involved with each text to prepare myself for its translation, the elements started to fit together like puzzle pieces; in fact, translation can be called a puzzle.

Each piece (i.e., meaning unit) has a counterpart with which it fits together, and the translator has to search for

the missing pieces. By forming sentences with the individual pieces, the text gradually gets completed and meets the target. Occasionally, the translator has to use differently-coloured pieces, but the end result must look the same, with no gaps or extensions. At the same time, the translator builds on the initial impressions, creating a three-dimensional puzzle, so to speak. By being aware of the text's language levels and how the style connects to the themes, the process of translation acts as a tool for fine-tuning a text's interpretation.

The key to keeping the translation of "Besuch in der Schweiz" on target was the interpretation of the characters' personalities and interaction in terms of the language levels and tone. The translation process forced me to associate every phrase with its respective speaker; by applying this method to my word choices, my awareness of the individual character's personality increased. In fact, it is the last sentence, "In der Schweiz hatte Franziska nur einen einzigen Regentag gehabt," which demonstrates this the closest.

My final translation, "In Switzerland Franziska had met with only one single rainy day," was based on the duality of this sentence (which I already discussed on page 20 above). It was the translation itself which led me to notice this duality. At first, I wanted to use a straightforward

translation ("one day of rain"), but my analysis of Franziska's personality made me see "einen einzigen Regentag" in a different light: that she did have nice weather, but also that she experienced bad weather in the figure of the mother. By maintaining the duality, the ambiguous aspect of Franziska's personality is reinforced, also illustrating the value of translation as a tool for literary interpretation. The same applies to "Wullschleger Country."

Once I had established that the theme of communication (or its absence) and the narration were central to the text, I read it more carefully and noticed how many times the verb "reden" appeared. I immediately related this to the lack of communication, because it most often occurred in the context of "er/sie konnte nicht reden." Having made that connection, I realized that I had to go over the translation to make sure I had translated "reden" appropriately. Besides implying "not talking/speaking," it also refers to "not being able to communicate [with someone in a certain language]." I had to vary it according to the context; unfortunately it was not possible to use one expression consistently throughout the target text. Most of the time I used the verb "to communicate [with someone]" to establish the connection to the theme.

There are also instances where "erzählen" is used, which supports the link between the theme of communication and the narrative structure. It also brought another possible interpretation to mind: that Muschg could be making a statement about an author's role as a writer and storyteller, as a type of transcriber. An author is a person who tells stories about people and events, much like the nameless narrator does in "Wullschleger Country;" and this led me to retranslate the opening sentence as "Tell you the story, Sandra."

Another aspect which I failed to notice at first was the repetition of "Glück" (146, 150, 153, 156, 171) and terms associated with it: "Glücksfigur" (147), "Talisman" (147), "Fügungen" (149), "Glückspilz" (151), and "Schwein haben" (153). In the beginning, I translated every instance with "luck," but then I realized that there is an ambiguity behind the term--it had to be interpreted as either "luck" or "happiness." It was especially important to change the occurrences on page 153 to "happiness," because here Büttikofer criticizes the men who are only after physical, sexual happiness. They are not lucky; in the eyes of the consul, the lucky one is Wullschleger, who is not like them. At the same time, we have to wonder to what extent Wullschleger is aware of this, and how much control (if any) he has over his luck, or even his fate. This came to mind

only after noticing the ambiguity of the term "Glück," because it caused me to take a closer look at my interpretation and to revise it.

In both cases, aspects of textual ambiguity made the translation extremely demanding, since the text can lend itself to many layers of interpretation. Or, as Adolf Muschg says himself, "I don't think that I am a particularly difficult author, but many of my texts are ambiguous, and this ambiguity must be preserved in the translation. Translators apparently find it much more rewarding to translate these kind of texts than the plainer ones" (quoted in Ricker-Abderhalden, 1982, 19).

Translation is first and foremost a means of making texts and ideas available to the widest audience possible. The concept of interpretation is interesting, because it is often not associated with translation. In this thesis I hope to have shown how the two are connected and how much the translator has to rely on that connection to successfully create a translated text. Translation in itself is a meaningful and worthy task, and using it as a tool for interpretation makes it even more challenging and exciting.

V. BIBLIOGRAPHY

Primary Works

- Muschg, Adolf. Blue Man and Other Stories. Trans. Marlis Zeller-Cambon and Michael Hamburger. Manchester: Carcanet, 1983.
- . Entfernte Bekannte. Frankfurt a.M.: Suhrkamp, 1976.
- . Fremdkörper. Zürich: Arche, 1968.
- . Leib und Leben. Frankfurt a.M.: Suhrkamp, 1982.
- . Liebesgeschichten. Frankfurt a.M.: Suhrkamp, 1972.
- . Afterword. Mars. By Fritz Zorn. Trans. Robert and Rita Kimber. New York: Knopf, 1982. 221-241.
- . Der Turmhahn und andere Liebesgeschichten. Frankfurt a.M.: Suhrkamp, 1987.

Secondary Works

1. Reference Works

- Duden: Deutsches Universal Wörterbuch A-Z. Mannheim: Dudenverlag, 1989.

- Franklyn, Julian. Which Witch. London: Hamish Hamilton, 1966.
- Griesbach, Heinz, and Dora Schulz. Langenscheidt: 1000 deutsche Redensarten. München: Langenscheidt, 1986.
- Langenscheidt's New College German Dictionary. München: Langenscheidt, 1990.
- The Oxford Encyclopedic English Dictionary. Eds. Joyce M. Hawkins and Robert Allen. Oxford: Clarendon, 1991.
- The Oxford-Harrap Standard German-English Dictionary. Ed. Trevor Jones. 3 vols. Oxford: Clarendon, 1977.
- Powell, David. Look-Alike, Sound-Alike, Not Alike Words: An Index of Confusables. Washington: UP of America, 1982.
- Taylor, Ronald, and Walter Gottschalk. A German-English Dictionary of Idioms: Idiomatic and Figurative German Expressions with English Translations. München: Hueber, 1960.
- Wahrig, Gerhart, et al., eds. Brockhaus-Wahrig: Deutsches Wörterbuch. 6 vols. Wiesbaden: Brockhaus, 1981.

2. Works on Adolf Muschg

- Blöcker, Günter. "Miniaturist von hohen Graden." Ricker-Abderhalden 1979. 188-191.

- Fringeli, Dieter. Von Spitteler zu Muschg: Literatur der deutschen Schweiz seit 1900. Basel: Friedrich Reinhardt, 1975.
- Käser, Rudolf. "Muschg, Adolf." Literaturlexikon der Autoren und Werke deutscher Sprache. Ed. Walter Killy. 15 vols. München: Bertelsmann, 1990.
- Kienzle, Siegfried. "Adolf Muschg." Ricker-Abderhalden 1979. 53-71.
- Krättli, Anton. "Gegenwart in Einzelheiten." Ricker-Abderhalden 1979. 249-252.
- . "'Leib und Leben' oder Ernst und Unernst." Schweizer Monatsheft 62 (1982): 523-27.
- Matt, Beatrice von. Antworten: Die Literatur der deutschsprachigen Schweiz in den achtziger Jahren. Zürich: Verlag NZZ, 1991. [quoted as von Matt, 1991]
- . Lesarten: Zur Schweizer Literatur von Walser bis Muschg. München: Artemis, 1985.
- Noke, Knuth. "Zur linguistischen Charakteristik der deutschen Literatursprache bei Schweizer Erzählern der Gegenwart am Beispiel ausgewählter Kurzprosa von Peter Bichsel, Adolf Muschg, Jürg Federspiel und Gerold Späth." Entwicklungstendenzen der deutschsprachigen Literatur der Schweiz in den sechziger und siebziger Jahren. Leipzig: Karl-Marx-Universität, 1984. 58-67.

- Pender, Michael. "Trends in Writing in German-speaking Switzerland since 1945." Rejection and Emancipation: Writing in German-speaking Switzerland 1945-1991. Eds. Michael Butler and Malcolm Pender. New York: Berg, 1991. 24-38.
- Pezold, Klaus, ed. Geschichte der deutschsprachigen Schweizer Literatur im 20. Jahrhundert. Berlin: Volk und Wissen, 1991.
- Ricker-Abderhalden, Judith. "An Interview with Adolf Muschg." Translation Review (1992): 18-21. [quoted as Ricker-Abderhalden, 1982]
- . "Das Motiv des Fremdkörpers im Werk Adolf Muschgs." Ed. 72-97. [quoted as Ricker-Abderhalden, 1979]
- , ed. Über Adolf Muschg. Frankfurt a.M.: Suhrkamp, 1979.
- Schafroth, Heinz F. "Über das Zunehmen von Aufmerksamkeit in der Sprache: Zur schriftstellerischen Entwicklung Adolf Muschgs." Ricker-Abderhalden 1979. 13-36.
- Schütz, Erhard. "Traum von Unversehrtheit." Adolf Muschg. Ed. Manfred Dierks. Frankfurt a. M.: Suhrkamp, 1989. 256-259.
- Szabó, János. Erzieher und Verweigerer: Zur deutschsprachigen Gegenwartsprosa der Schweiz. Würzburg: Königshausen und Neumann, 1989.
- Voris, Renate. Adolf Muschg. München: Beck, 1984.