

A TRANSLATION OF THOMAS BERNHARD'S GEHEN

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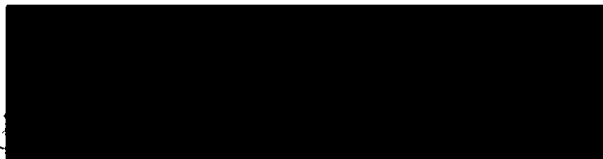
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A THESIS

Presented to the Department of Germanic Languages and Literatures
and the Honors College of the University of Oregon
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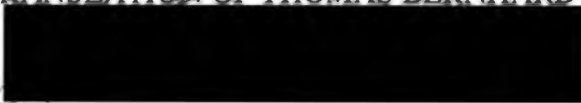
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APPROVED:



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The following is an original adaptation of the novel Gehen by the noted Austrian author Thomas Bernhard. The text has been rendered from German into English under the title Walking. It is a story of modern Vienna and a few of the old men who stroll through its streets, talking, reminiscing, and speculating about life, death, and madness. Bernhard's singular writing style gives rise to a tale that is an exercise in concentration. Both the reader and the translator must engage the prose with care in order to form an accurate understanding of its meaning.

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“A person who has not studied German can form no idea
of what a perplexing language it is.”

-Mark Twain

“The Awful German Language”

A Meditation on Translation

In the realm of literature, perhaps the most intense and demanding relation to a text is the attempt to translate it. The translator must not only find a similar meaning for the words of the original text, he or she must also grasp the words' connotations and the subtle nuances which may not be reproducible in the rendered language; at the same time, the translator must not become overly focused on a specific word or passage and lose sight of the greater structure and meaning of the text.

Indeed, the act of translation is not unlike the close reading of a poem, delving into the many layers of meaning. A translation often becomes complicated when, like a poem, the original texts has many structures and forms that must be preserved in order to create a new text that has all the power, meaning, and complexity of the original.

As all human languages are inherently, although sometimes distantly, related, it is possible to create a link between two different types of communication. A translation, then, "serves the purpose of expressing the central reciprocal relationship between languages".¹ The translator is the medium that bridges the two modes of transmission through an interpretation of how these two modes relate. The translation demonstrates the profound kinship of human communication. The creation of a translation that is not merely an adequate rendition of the original text, but rather a surpassing representation of language and intent, necessitates that the translator have an intimate understanding of both languages and the text.

¹ Walter Benjamin. "The Task of the Translator". in: Illuminations. ed. Hannah Arendt. trans. Harry Zohn. Frankfurt a. M.: Suhrkamp Verlag. 1955. pp. 70.

Furthermore, the translator fuses the role of an interpreter with the role of the artist, as the changing of words from one language to another becomes like the changing of a text to the stage, or a vision to paint on a canvas. Although the art of a translation is a derivative one, in that it is a reflection of the original text, it is nonetheless a distinct work of art, inscribed indelibly with the mark of the intellect formulating it. Thus, a person translating a work of literature takes on the mantle of the poet. This poet's burden is to discern the intent of the original text and reproduce it in the new language. Perfect fidelity to structure and syntax usually destroys the meaning and comprehensibility of a text, so the poet's art is one of observation and creation. If translators are to be successful, they must create a text that is a window to the original, allowing the vibrancy and brilliance of the original to shine through, while accenting their own talent as well; the window is not of glass, but rather of pure language.²

In an attempt to test my command of both the German and English languages, and to exercise my own creativity, I have chosen to assume the task of the translator. The object of my test has been Gehen, a novel by the Austrian author Thomas Bernhard. This work has been a true test of my understanding of both languages, with all their formulations and structural permutations. I have rendered Bernhard's text into an original English translation entitled Walking. This new translation conveys the original text's plot and sense while it maintains the complex and unique construction that is representative of Bernhard's work as a whole. My interest in Thomas Bernhard and Gehen stems from a course taught by Prof. Kenneth Calhoon during the spring of 1997. The course, German 460: "Spaziergänge," was a survey of German literature based around the theme of

² Ibid. pp. 76-79.

“walking” or “going for walks”; all of the poems, dramas and novels covered were in some way connected with walking. Bernhard’s book was by no means my favorite text from the course; rather, it was the one that stuck out most in my memory. Bernhard’s style made the text exhausting to read and understand; it was a linguistic jungle-gym. Nevertheless, this same complexity that made the text difficult to read has made it an exciting translation project.

Background and Biography

Thomas Bernhard occupies a nebulous position in the literary community; he defies simple definition and easy understanding. And yet, while his dogma and agenda may remain in question, his appeal, fame, and genius are beyond question. Bernhard is widely regarded as one of the premiere authors of contemporary German literature. One commentator boldly suggested that “we may be living in what, in the German-speaking world, at any rate, may soon come to be considered ‘the age of Bernhard’”.³ Another critic called him “one of the two or three most significant authors writing in German in the last half of the century”.⁴ Bernhard is famed for his vast and varied corpus of literary works, as well as for his iconoclastic nature. Bernhard produced a staggering number of texts, including over thirty novels and novellas, twenty plays, five full memoirs, and innumerable articles. He enjoyed a cultish sort of following in Austria owing to a core of intensely loyal admirers. His books were almost universally well-received and celebrated for their genius and excellence; Bernhard’s dramatic works, however, which were staged

³ Robert Boyers. “Tedium is the Message”. The New Republic. 23. April 1992. pp. 41.

⁴ Alan D. Bostick. “Thomas Bernhard: An Appreciation on the Occasion of his Death”. The Review of Contemporary Fiction. vol. 10, #1 Spr 1990. pp. 289.

in Austria and Germany often, were even more popular, likely due to their greater accessibility to the public.

He was also famous, or one might say, notorious for his eccentric and often caustic public behavior. This prolific, yet secluded author lived a reclusive life in a rural farmhouse near Vienna. He lived alone, without even a telephone to link him to the world at large. When he did venture out from his country retreat to appear at lectures, receptions or dinners, he often used them as pulpits from which he criticized, satirized, and embarrassed many people and institutions, often without provocation. Bernhard was famed for his turning dramas, interviews and speeches into scandalous polemics against Austria, European civilization, human nature, doctors, women, politicians, artists, and frequently, himself. In 1967, Bernhard was awarded the Austrian State Prize for Literature. At the awards ceremony, a government minister delivered a laudatory, but error-filled and inadvertently offensive speech. Bernhard responded with an acceptance speech criticizing the minister and deriding mankind in general; the speech was so insulting, that the minister stormed out of the room cursing.⁵ Due partially to these periodic diatribes, Bernhard's work has been compared to that of Swift. Both men, Dowden claims, protest the things they believe to be wrong in their countries by attacking those countries with vicious satire.⁶ This distaste for his homeland pervades many of his texts, including Gehen.

Bernard's life was as interesting as his writing. Indeed, most of his critics relate his often troubled history to the cynicism, nihilism, and outright misanthropy that appears

⁵ Stephen D. Dowden. Understanding Thomas Bernhard. Columbia: Univ. of S. Carolina Press. 1991. pp. 44-6.

⁶ Ibid. pp. xii.

in his works. Bernard's childhood was characterized by a poor family life and repeated bouts with life-threatening disease. These factors colored, and some would say twisted, his view of the world, and yet they also gave him a passionate will to live that defies his apparent nihilistic tendencies and a personal strength that overcame his difficulties.

Thomas Bernhard was born on the 9th of February 1931 to Herta Bernhard in a home for unwed mothers in Holland. She had fled Austria to avoid the disgrace of bearing an illegitimate child. Bernhard never met his natural father, Alois Zuckerstätter, who later committed suicide in Germany.⁷ Herta shortly returned to her parents in Vienna. In 1935 the family moved to Seekirchen, a village near Salzburg. Evidently, Bernhard was an indomitable child. In 1942 he was sent to a Nazi boarding school for maladjusted children in Thüringen; his was there harshly teased and abused for his bedwetting. In 1943, he returned to school in Salzburg. The diary of Bernhard's grandfather reports that he attempted suicide in 1945.⁸ During all this time, one of the primary influences on his life was his grandfather, Johannes Freumbichler, a minor novelist. Freumbichler wanted to raise his grandson as an artist, and lectured the young Bernhard on drawing and painting.

In 1947, Bernhard dropped out of school and began an apprenticeship under a local grocer, working in the damp cellar of a shop in one of Salzburg's poorest districts. These conditions eventually led to the first of his many illnesses; in 1949 he contracted a case of pneumonia. He was dismissed by doctors as a hopeless case and was placed in a hospital ward among terminal patients. Seemingly by the sheer force of his own will,

⁷ Manfred Mittermayer. Thomas Bernhard. Stuttgart: Verlag J. B. Metzler. 1995. pp. 13.

⁸ Ibid. pp. 13.

Bernhard made a slow recovery. Also, at this time, while bedridden, he began to explore the realm of literature seriously. Like many of his characters, however, his progress was pushed back by forces beyond his control. Just as Bernard's recovery was beginning to progress, his beloved grandfather died of kidney failure. Freumbichler's death came as a paralyzing blow to Bernhard, who was unable to leave the hospital to attend the funeral. He shortly contracted tuberculosis (likely from one of the other patients in his ward) and was again on the edge of death. His condition was further damaged a few months later by the loss of his mother, who died of cancer. It was during this period that the young author's preoccupation with death and literature began. Bernhard did not make a recovery until 1951, and never really fully recovered.⁹

From 1951 on, Bernhard continued his education and his career. He was a free-lance writer for a socialist newspaper, "Das Demokratische Volksblatt," but quit when the publisher wanted the apolitical Bernhard to join the socialist party. He began to produce and publish short stories and poetry, often for Radio Austria. Some of his short prose was published in Hans Weigel's periodical Stimmen der Gegenwart. In 1960, he staged three short dramatic pieces. He was also an itinerant music student in Vienna and at Salzburg's Mozarteum - a musical study which would prove decisive in the formulation of Bernard's unique style. His writing took on a distinct rhythm which Bernhard himself attributed to the feeling of music.¹⁰

Finally in 1963, Bernhard received his first real break. His first major work, Frost, was published by the Insel publishing firm (he was later published by a number of

⁹ Mittermayer. pp. 14. and Dowden. pp. 8-9.

¹⁰ Dowden. pp. 14.

presses, including Suhrkamp and Reclam). Although it was treated coolly by some German and Austrian reviews, the book was a sensation in the general public; much of this quick success was due to a well-placed, high-profile critique by Carl Zuckmayer. The book's style and daring break with literary convention established the author as a "literary presence".¹¹ Furthermore, Frost demonstrated many of the motifs that would come to typify Bernhard's work: the decline of Austrian and European society, incest, nihilistic and suicide-centered tendencies, the tribulations of a failed genius in an oppressive society, and the use of a long, flowing, swirling sentence construction that lends a musical lilt to his prose. In 1965, Bernhard bought an old farmhouse at Ohlsdorf in Upper Austria and withdrew; he spent most of his time writing intensely and visiting with a small circle of friends.

As previously mentioned, Bernhard's collected body of works is immense. He is best known for his many popular plays and his successful novels, including Verstörung, 1967 (translated as Gargoyles, 1970), Das Kalkwerk, 1970, (The Lime Works, 1973), Der Untergeher, 1983 (The Loser, 1991), and Holzfällen: Eine Erregung, 1984 (The Woodcutters, 1987). The text I have chosen to translate, Gehen, was written in 1971. It is among Bernhard's less well-known, less commercially successful novels (and thus is as yet untranslated).

An Overview and Analysis of Gehen

Gehen is neither easy to read nor simple to understand. Nevertheless, all of its complexity is layered atop a fairly simple premise. At its most basic level, Gehen is a story about old, stodgy mathematicians who spend their autumn years strolling the streets

¹¹ Dowden. pp. 21.

of Vienna and discussing life. There are only seven characters mentioned in the text: The Narrator, Oehler, Karrer, Hollensteiner, Scherrer, Rustenschacher, and Rustenschacher's Nephew. While this seems like a fairly manageable cast and framework, the tale is presented in a fashion which exponentially complicates an understanding of the events in the text. Almost the entire text is made up by the pedagogic, but not particularly organized ramblings of Oehler. Oehler's voice is repeated to the reader through the mediation of the narrator, a "nameless I",¹² who rarely interjects with his own commentary. The only means readers have to discern the voice of the narrator, besides the very few instances when he refers to himself, is the absence of a phrase, such as "says Oehler" or "so Oehler," that indicates Oehler is speaking.

Oehler concerns himself with a series of incidents surrounding their acquaintance, Karrer, who has gone mad and has been committed to an insane asylum called Steinhof (an actual institution near Vienna). Oehler tries to reconstruct and explain the circumstances under which Karrer reached his "final madness".¹³ Karrer went mad while debating the quality of trouser materials with Rustenschacher and his nephew in Rustenschacher's shop. Karrer was brought to such a level of excitement, that he made the final, decisive "border-crossing towards conclusive madness".¹⁴

Oehler believes that Karrer's madness is intimately connected with the suicide of Hollensteiner, a brilliant scientist and childhood friend of Karrer's. Hollensteiner was the head of a chemical research facility, dependent on outside sources for its funding, the

¹² Mittermayer. pp. 70.

¹³ Thomas Bernhard. Gehen. Frankfurt a. M.: Suhrkamp Verlag. 1971. pp. 48.

¹⁴ Ibid. pp. 26.

Austrian state notably among these.¹⁵ When the state cut off this funding - the “means” to continue his research - Hollensteiner elected to hang himself in his institute. Rather than seeking funding in Germany or the U.S., “where all means were put at his disposal for his scientific purposes”,¹⁶ this great mind committed suicide in his native land. The character of Hollensteiner embodies two themes prevalent in Bernhard’s books and that he felt in his own life: the threat of suicide and the opposition of “extraordinary minds” to an intellectually oppressive state and masses.¹⁷ Thus, Hollensteiner is a parallel to Karrer. Both men felt smothered by the intellectual atmosphere in Austria, and both effected a definitive “border-crossing”¹⁸: Hollensteiner through suicide, and Karrer through surrender to madness. And yet, Hollensteiner also serves as a foil to Karrer, not unlike the Young Fortinbras to Shakespeare’s Hamlet: Hollensteiner made a complete break with society by taking his own life. Karrer’s break was less demonstrative and less violent. He had practiced a controlled border-crossing before, as the last few pages of the text illustrate: at the end of each day, he would lie in bed and ponder the day’s events with “great intensity,” a sort of violent meditation.¹⁹ It was an increase in this intensity that finally pushed Karrer over the edge into complete madness; he examined all things, such as the trousers in Rustenschacher’s shop, too deeply and eventually his mind could no longer govern the vigor of his thinking. Yet this reaction is somehow less absolute than suicide. It was rehearsed, contemplated, and seems to fall short of the act of suicide.

¹⁵ Ibid. pp. 34.

¹⁶ Ibid. pp. 38.

¹⁷ Bernhard Fischer. “Gehen” von Thomas Bernhard: Eine Studie zum Problem der Moderne. Bonn: Bouvier Verlag. 1985. pp. 148.

¹⁸ Bernhard. pp. 26.

¹⁹ Ibid. pp. 100.

Oehler tries to illustrate his ideas to Scherrer, the psychiatrist working with Karrer; Scherrer is unreceptive and doesn't see the relation. For Bernhard's purposes, Scherrer portrays the Austrian state. Oehler angrily derides Scherrer to the Narrator for his "incompetence"²⁰ and his "complete ignorance",²¹ just as Bernhard himself denigrated Austrian government and society. Scherrer is an agent of the government and society. He is a part of the vicious anti-intellectualism, the "brutality of bureaucracy"²² that drives the text's characters to suicide, madness and despondent resignation, by which Bernhard also felt crushed.

Interspersed along this plot line are Oehler's various other digressions. Among these is the peculiar relationship between thinking and walking. Oehler and Karrer believe that there is a parallel between these two motions. Both processes require the other in order to function; one must think in order to walk, just as one must walk in order to think (like people who pace to organize their thoughts). Thus, Oehler puts such an emphasis on the different speeds with which he walked with Karrer and the Narrator: the different methods of walking determine the way Oehler could think while walking with his two companions. Because of this relationship, one can observe others' walking and conjecture about their thinking. However, the relationship is inversely proportional. The faster one walks, the slower he thinks, and the reverse. This is due, according to Oehler, to the impossibility of making "walking and thinking into a single total process"²³. It is possible to think intensely, and it is possible to walk intensely, that is, quickly, but "it is

²⁰ Ibid. pp. 71.

²¹ Ibid. pp. 51.

²² Ibid. pp. 40.

²³ Ibid. pp. 84.

not possible to walk for a long time and to think for a long time with equal intensity"²⁴.

In the text, this problem forms an intriguing, but poorly-defined alliance of mind and body. The movement of the intellect is bound to the movement of the flesh. This is relation is one of the driving themes in the book; all of the dialogues take place while Oehler, Karrer, and the Narrator are out on their weekly strolls, and thus their musings are linked to their walking.

Bernhard presents his plot to the reader in his typical prose style. The sentences are "of extreme length and complexity",²⁵ even by the standards of the German language, which tends to be fairly verbose. Gehen, like most of Bernhard's works, is made of up long blocks of prose, unbroken by paragraphs breaks or quotation marks. Indeed, when the exposition is broken up by its four paragraphs, there is little rhyme or reason to it.²⁶ The sentences are long and winding, with innumerable interjectory dependent clauses. These sentences are characteristically made up of several main clauses joined together with an "and" or "or"; often Bernhard makes his sentences even more complicated by leaving out the logically necessary copula. The text flows like the dialog it is meant to convey and the reader is quickly lost; it is impossible to read the book without adopting an almost stream-of-consciousness approach and simply absorbing the words. Sentence breaks rapidly lose their meaning. It is a "Schachtelsatzbauweise",²⁷ combining many short sentences into larger, monolithic constructions. Furthermore, as another translator of Bernhard has noted, "the logical transitions between clauses are often missing or

²⁴ Ibid. pp. 84.

²⁵ Thomas S. Edwards. "Fools and Charlatans: Translating Thomas Bernhard". Translation Review vol. 30/31 1989. pp. 61.

²⁶ Fischer. pp. 148.

²⁷ Ibid. pp. 76.

contradictory, and the verb tenses are rarely in agreement. Bernard's frequent and unpredictable underlining also defies common usage".²⁸

In addition, the book demonstrates Bernard's inclination to repeat key words or phrases over and over again. In Gehen, this "lingual tendency" reaches its apex; the text focuses on individual words and ideas and becomes obsessive about them.²⁹ It is a "maddening circular language"³⁰ which mesmerizes the reader. Ideas and concepts come under discussion, and then disappear, only to return a few lines or pages later. This style of writing is related to the poetic device of anaphora, which has been best employed in English by Walt Whitman. The format is illustrated on the first page of the text:

"You change your habit, says Oehler, in that you walk not only on Wednesday, but also on Monday with me and that means you now alternate with me in the one (in the Wednesday) and in the other (in the Monday) direction, while I thereby change my habit, that until now I always walked with you on Wednesday, but walked on Monday with Karrer, but now walk with you on Monday and Wednesday and therefore on Monday walk with you as well and therefore with you on Wednesday in the one (in the easterly) and on Monday with you in the other (in the westerly) direction."³¹

This type of prose is used to reinforce both the sense that the text is a verbal narration and the obsessiveness, and perhaps madness, of the speaker. The language is carried by long sentences and myriad short clauses that perhaps only German verb structure can adequately maintain. The sentences tumble across the page, running over and into one another. One is reminded of the young author, suffering from a horrible lung disease; for

²⁸ Jack Dawson. The Loser, by Thomas Bernhard. New York: Alfred Knopf Pub. 1991. In the translator's note to his translation.

²⁹ Mittermayer. pp. 69.

³⁰ Edwards. pp. 61.

³¹ Bernhard. pp. 8.

Bernhard, breathing was a “conscious act of living. . . . [His sentences] plunge forward at a dizzying rate almost impossible to achieve in English, the defiant act of language that is, in itself, a denial of death”.³² The prose, if read aloud, quickly reduces the reader to breathlessness. One can easily imagine the rhythm in the mind of the author, remembering his days in the tuberculosis ward, struggling for every breath. It is this complexity that gives the text its distinctive style; as Bostick remarks: “the repetition of words and phrases, the symmetry, the almost percussive rhythm and the tendency of the writing to aggravate even as it impresses are unmistakably Bernhardian”.³³

This usual repetitive style of writing also give Bernard’s books their unique musical quality. The rhythm of breathing and the framework of a classically trained musician show themselves in the texts. Bernhard claims that he attempted to give the German language, which he saw as “wooden and cumbersome,” a sublimated rhythm and a musicality.³⁴ The prose exhibits

“a rather small vocabulary with certain words or phrases often repeated in leitmotif fashion; almost interminable, parenthetical sentences with a language that is convoluted, dense, and difficult to penetrate, but once penetrated, difficult to escape; an undeniable musical quality, especially in a syntax often reminiscent of the principles of [musical] composition.”³⁵

This musicality is embodied in Gehen by means of the repetition. Phrases and ideas are repeated seemingly without end, but each time with some small, perceptible variation.

One is reminded of Bach’s fugues, which begin with a simple musical theme, and then

³² Edwards. pp. 64.

³³ Bostick. pp. 290.

³⁴ Mittermayer. pp. 189.

³⁵ Fetz. As quoted in Edwards. pp. 62.

develop this theme through repetition and variation.³⁶ The author himself admitted that his writing is decidedly related to music: “I would say it is a matter of the rhythm and has much to do with music. One can only understand what I write if one realizes that the musical components count first of all, and that what I write comes only in the second place”.³⁷ This musicality in the text is interesting and entertaining, but threatens to keep the reader from actually absorbing the content of the text. In order to grasp the details of the text, one is forced to concentrate on the grammar and structure words, which disrupts the flow of the musicality; if one just engages the rhythm of the language, the details escape notice. Often, the reader must read a passage several times in order to develop a sense of its meaning, because he or she was just reading “with the eyes” the first few times.³⁸

Besides the elaborate syntactic construction of the text, several additional problems interfere with an easy interpretation of Gehen. Among these are the aggregated narration, the multiplicity of time frames and the random-seeming shifts between them, Bernard’s belief in the inability of writing to convey thoughts or truth accurately, and the issue of the walks themselves. Beginning with this last, and perhaps easiest-resolved question, the reader has to ask whether the narrator’s long, rambling monologue is the result of one walk or many, a question which has some relevance to the understanding of the sequence of events in the story line. The text flows as if it were one long discussion between Oehler and the narrator; nevertheless, its very length and the diversity of topics covered implies that the narrator is relating a series of walks and talks, conglomerated

³⁶ Mittermayer. pp. 184.

³⁷ Bernhard. as quoted in Mittermayer. pp. 184.

³⁸ Fischer. pp. 140.

into a single mass. However, the truth of the matter is that this has little bearing on one's reading. Either way, the text is still in the form of a monologue relating a dialogue between two men on a walk, even if that dialogue is dominated by only one of the two speakers.

This previous problem is bound to the first: the plurality of narrative frames - almost everything that the reader confronts has passed through a number of mediating narrators. As with most writings composed in the first-person, one must be careful to evaluate the reliability of the narrator: could the narrator be lying to the reader? The potential for inaccuracy or falsification is multiplied each time a story passes through a narrator. For example, when the text relates Oehler's description of the events Rustenschacher's shop which led to Karrer's nervous breakdown, the dialogue between Karrer and Rustenschacher's nephew passes through four frames of narration. First, the actual discussion between Karrer and the nephew, then Oehler's discussion with Scherrer, which he then repeats to the narrator, and finally, the narrator delivers the dialogue to the reader. This compound description blurs the objective reality of the events. For instance, a reader could detect in Oehler an effort to deny his own culpability in causing Karrer's madness. Oehler claims that Karrer walked too fast for him to prevent him from entering the shop. He claims that he "no longer had the ability to bring Karrer out of Rustenschacher's shop in the deciding moment"³⁹ of his progression towards madness. But yet, he did not try to save Karrer, even when he recognized the gravity of the situation; he simply "stood there to the side and basically reacted to nothing".⁴⁰ Thus, the

³⁹ Bernhard. pp. 72-3.

⁴⁰ Ibid. pp. 30.

fact of the multiple narrative frames complicates an accurate understanding of the text. In practice, this problem cannot be resolved as well, but it still behooves the reader to take it under consideration when engaging Bernhard's text.

Yet another difficulty in reading Gehen results from the text's multiple time frames and the unannounced, unexplained shift from one time to another. Bernhard Fischer has identified four distinct times covered over the course of the narration: the deep past (the events in Rustenschacher's shop), the middle past (Oehler's discussion with Scherrer about those events), the near past (Oehler's discussions with the narrator), and the present (the time in which the narrator relates the tale).⁴¹ Fischer further argues that the text is centered around neither a specific time among these times, nor a specific narrator (since the multiplicity of narration allows the speaker to continually change, albeit nonetheless still eventually funneled through the "I", the final narrator); the time and space changes quickly and randomly, even within individual sentences, indicated simply by one of the intermediary phrases: "so Oehler to Scherrer," "so Oehler," "so Karrer," or "says Oehler." The most convoluted example of this obviously falls during the discussion of Karrer's outburst in the trouser shop, and Oehler's consequent discussion with Scherrer:

"Indeed, Rustenschacher heard everything from the background, observed everything from the background as well, thus Oehler to Scherrer, even when it appeared that Rustenschacher didn't observe the least between Karrer and his nephew, Rustenschacher's self-control, I say to Scherrer, thus Oehler, was the greatest, Rustenschacher had controlled himself over the heating of the debate between Karrer and Rustenschacher's nephew to a degree to which someone else could not have controlled himself."⁴²

⁴¹ Fischer. pp. 152.

⁴² Bernhard. pp. 62.

It is obvious how this intricate formation of sentences, mixing speakers and times, can easily disorient and befuddle the reader. Like the problem with the musicality of the sentences, the reader can read quickly through this material and get a general impression for it at the expense of the minutiae, or readers can entrench themselves in the structure, deciphering every phrase, but becoming bogged down in the process.

The last complication regarding the text that will be mentioned here is also possibly the most disconcerting. This has to do with some of Bernhard's own comments and attitudes towards language. The problem is essentially this: Bernhard was an author, a producer of words and communication, who held the fundamental belief that language was incapable of conveying ideas or truths. Like many other modern Austrian authors, Bernhard belongs to a school that avowed a "Sprachskepsis"; these authors are "skeptical about how words are able, if at all, to embody without falsity knowledge of the world".⁴³ Real understanding can exist only in the mind, in the realm of pure thought. To try to communicate something involves formulating it into words, which inherently limit it. To try to convey the essence of a thing is to define it, to drag it down with description, to misrepresent it. This school of thought holds that it is impossible to render the truth of anything accurately. "Herein lies the paradox and tension of Bernhard's work, despite its inability to yield the truth, Language. . . is the only means man has to arrive at the truth".⁴⁴ That is, language is useless, in that it permits only an approximation, and an equivocal approximation at that, so that everything transmitted through language is a lie, but nevertheless, language is our only mode of communication. We must communicate, and

⁴³ Dowden. pp. 14.

⁴⁴ Gabriel Motola. "The Entangled Self: Style and the Unconscious in the Work of Thomas Bernhard". Psychoanalytic Review. vol. 82 #2 Apr. 1995. pp. 274.

we learn everything by means of some sort of communication, so thus, everything we know is essentially false as well. This precept is certainly promoted in the text of Gehen, through the mouthpiece of Karrer (and by extension Oehler), who “always described everything only as So-called”.⁴⁵ Karrer felt that one could only refer to things as being “so-called,” because by labeling a thing with a title, it becomes different from its true existence. One must wonder then, how a person who feels this way could possibly be satisfied with writing as an artist and using his art as a means of supporting himself.

The answer to this question perhaps parallels the answer to a similar question. Many critics point out the apparent nihilism present in Bernhard’s work. They wonder how and why he never gave in to the natural logical extension of a nihilistic outlook: suicide. From all appearances, Bernhard, despite his troubled life of sickness and solitude, continued to live out of sheer stubbornness and force of will. Even in his last years, filled with pain, he never gave up. He was tempted by suicide, but choose to live on in “defiant isolation”.⁴⁶ In his early near-death experiences, he persisted in living, even when his doctors abandoned hope. Thus, as one observer puts it, Bernhard’s theme is “not so much the futility of life, but the struggle against death, no matter how hopeless that struggle may be”.⁴⁷ Similarly, when faced with the futility of communication, Bernhard chooses to keep striving in the face of vain hope. In his memoirs, he said, “We must say, we have never communicated something that may be the truth, but we have never in our lives given up the attempt to communicate the truth”.⁴⁸

⁴⁵ Bernhard. pp. 75.

⁴⁶ Bostick. pp. 293.

⁴⁷ Dowden. pp. 14.

⁴⁸ Bernhard. Der Keller. pp. 43. As quoted in Mittermayer. pp. 1.

Methodology

Finally, some notes on methodology. In rendering the text of Gehen into Walking, I have followed a few basic principles of translation. Naturally, I have labored to maintain the sense of the original. My cause was aided from the outset, since Bernhard used little in the way of imagery or metaphors in his text which could have caused stumbling blocks in my translation. One could make an argument that Gehen is naturally poetic due to the inherent rhythm in it, a meter almost, but one could also claim that it is prose farthest from poetry; in poetry, words are pregnant with suggestive imagery and multiple meanings, but the text at hand is fairly straight-forward as far as meaning of individual words or phrases is concerned. Nor does the text contain much in the way of colloquial usages in the character's discussion. The composition uses a fairly small selection of words, which are continually repeated to achieve the desired effect. This too has simplified the task of accurately rendering the original meaning.

The bulk of the work in this translation has been preserving as perfectly as possible the structure and feel of the text as a whole. This has mostly involved engaging long unwieldy sentences on an individual basis, deciphering their meaning, making a rough transition into English, and then rebuilding the sentence to fit English grammatical construction and word order. This usually involved rearranging the position of the subject, verb, and predicate in the main clause as well as the subordinate clauses to create a sentence configuration that makes sense in English. In some few cases, I have slightly altered the text in order impart to it a minimum of comprehensibility. Most of these instances involved word-order problems rooted in the nature of German verbs with

separable parts or the extended article. For example, in the event an extended article, which in English would look something like “I drank the by John given to me coffee,” I reformulated the sentence “I drank the coffee John gave to me,” or “I drank the coffee which (or, that) John gave me.” The greatest problems were naturally with the longest sentences, in which tracking down the subject and the verb of the sentence could often be a fairly involved process.

In addition, I was confronted by several German constructions in the text which were not easily translated. For instance, one of the phrases often repeated in the text, and therefore critical to its meaning is “es handelt sich bei. . .um. . .” and the various configurations it takes on over the course of the text. One rough translation might render this phrase as “with. . ., it concerns. . .” or “it is a concern of. . .” This was the first formula I used, but I quickly found that its sense broke down amidst Karrer’s ravings in Rustenschacher’s shop. I instead choose to use the version, “with. . . it is a matter of.” It seems to make more sense in most cases. And since one of the goals of this exercise was to consistently translate words the with the same rendering, in order to preserve Bernhard’s repetition of the same small vocabulary, I choose the construction that felt right in the majority of the scenarios. Admittedly, the construction is awkward at times, but one must remember that the text itself is fairly awkward as a whole. Another clumsy point is the rendition of the phrase “so Oehler,” or “so Karrer.” There is not a single method of translating this unit into English that is effective in every circumstance in the book. However, in the interest of maintaining a consistent form that emphasizes Bernhard’s limited vocabulary, I have chosen to uniformly render it as “thus.” This has

the advantage of limiting cumbersome instances of phrases like “said Karrer to Rustenschacher, said Oehler to Sherrer”⁴⁹ which blur the time frames of the text. A construction with “thus” allows a differentiation between times and places.

Lastly, it should be noted that I have page numbers in brackets demarcating the pages of Bernhard’s original Suhrkamp text. Since the text is not broken up by chapters or paragraphs, it is difficult to find references and pages in the original and the translation. These page numbers serve as road markers for navigating between the two. A mark such as “[22/23]” indicates the end of the 22nd page of the original text and the beginning of the 23rd.

Closing Thoughts

When Thomas Bernhard finally succumbed to his life-long illnesses in February of 1989, he left behind a rich, yet troublesome legacy. His remarkable, singular writing style confirmed him as a venerated, much-discussed figure in the literary world. His many works have left an indelible mark on the history of German literature and the world as a whole. And yet this record of published works is almost matched by the legends of his quirky, mischievous behavior. Long known for his penchant for declining prestigious awards and using his rare public appearances as platforms for fierce diatribes against Austria, Europe, literature, or the world in general, Bernhard saved his cruelest prank for last. Upon the reading of his will, it was revealed that Bernhard forbade the publishing of his books and the staging of his plays in Austria for seventy years, the duration of his copyright.⁵⁰

⁴⁹ Bernhard. Gehen. pp. 55

⁵⁰ Dowden. pp. 83.

I hope that my own work with Gehen will become some small part of the legacy surrounding Thomas Bernhard. The ultimate goal of my translation, as must be the goal of every translation, is to perhaps make more accessible a wider audience the exquisite work and literary tradition of one of the most intriguing authors of our time.

Walking

by Thomas Bernhard

Translated by Brian T. Hemphill

It is a continual state of being pushed and pulled between all the possibilities of a human head's thinking and between all the possibilities of a human mind's feeling and between all the possibilities of a human character.

Since I, before Karrer went mad, went walking with Oehler only on Wednesday, I now walk, since Karrer went mad, on Monday with Oehler as well. Because Karrer walked with me on Monday, you walk, since Karrer does no longer walk with me, on Monday with me as well, says Oehler, after Karrer went mad and was immediately committed to Steinhof. And without hesitating, I said to Oehler, good, we will walk on Monday as well, since Karrer went mad and is in Steinhof. Since we always walk on Wednesday in the one (in the easterly) direction, we walk on Monday in the westerly, and we walk strikingly faster on Monday than on Wednesday, probably, I think, Oehler always walked much faster with Karrer than with me, because he walks much slower on Wednesday, much faster on Monday. By habit I walk, you see, says Oehler, much faster on Monday than on Wednesday, because I always walked much faster with Karrer (that is, on Monday) than with you (on Wednesday). Because you walk with me, since Karrer went mad, not only on Wednesday, but on Monday as well, I don't need to change my habit to walk on Monday and on Wednesday, says Oehler, certainly you, because you walk with me now on Monday and on Wednesday, have been forced to change your habit and indeed in a probably unbelievable manner, says Oehler. However, it may be good, says Oehler and he says it in an unmistakably [7/8] lecturing tone, of greatest importance for the organism, now and then and in a not too great interval of time, to change habits,

and he thinks not only of change, but of a radical change of habit. You change your habit, says Oehler, in that you walk not only on Wednesday, but also on Monday with me and that means you now alternate with me in the one (in the Wednesday) and in the other (in the Monday) direction, while I thereby change my habit, that until now I always walked with you on Monday, but walked on Wednesday with Karrer, but now walk with you on Monday and Wednesday and therefore on Monday walk with you as well and therefore with you on Wednesday in the one (in the easterly) and on Monday with you in the other (in the westerly) direction. In addition I walk doubtless and naturally differently with you than with Karrer, says Oehler, because with Karrer it is a matter of a completely different person than with you and therefore in Karrer's walking (and therefore thinking), of a completely different walking (and therefore thinking), says Oehler. He, Oehler, had through the fact, that I, after Karrer went mad and was committed to Steinhof, Oehler says, and probably finally committed to Steinhof, rescued Oehler from the horror, and thus he says himself, of having to walk alone on Monday; I would have then never again walked on Monday at all, says Oehler, because there is nothing more horrifying, than to have to walk alone on Monday. Monday, says Oehler, and to have to walk alone, is the most horrifying. To me, the thought is simply completely unimaginable, says Oehler, that you do not walk with me on Monday. And that I therefore have to walk alone on Monday, which is completely unimaginable to me. While Oehler has the habit, to wear his coat completely closed, I wear my coat completely open. Which, I think, with him leads back to his [8/9] incessant fear of getting a chill and of a cold from an open coat, with me leads back to my incessant fear of having to suffocate in a closed coat. And thus

Oehler actually has an incessant fear of having to freeze, while I have an incessant fear of having to suffocate. While Oehler has high shoes which reach over his ankles on, I have half-shoes on, because I hate nothing more than high shoes, like Oehler hates nothing more than half-shoes. A rudeness (and a stupidity!), says Oehler again and again, to walk in half-shoes, a nonsense to walk in such high, heavy shoes, I say. If Oehler has a wide-brimmed black hat, then I have a small-brimmed gray. If you could just accustom yourself to wearing such a wide-brimmed hat like I wear, says Oehler often, while I often say to Oehler, if you could just accustom yourself to wearing such a small-brimmed hat, like me. No small-brimmed, rather only a wide-brimmed hat fits on your head, says Oehler to me, while I say to Oehler, only a small-brimmed fits your head, but not a wide-brimmed hat like you are wearing. While Oehler has mittens on, always the same mittens, thick, coarse mittens, which his sister knitted for him, I have gloves on, thin gloves, certainly lined with pig's leather, which my wife bought for me. Only in mittens is one really warm, says Oehler again and again, only in gloves and also only in such smooth leather gloves, I say, are the hands so movable like my hands. Oehler wears black, uncuffed trousers, while I wear gray trousers with cuffs. But we no longer concern ourselves with our clothes and so it is [9/10] nonsensical to say, Oehler should wear a small-brimmed hat, trousers with cuffs, not so small jackets, like he has on, et cetera, I should put on mittens, heavy, high shoes, et cetera, because we no longer concern ourselves with the clothes we have on when we go out, which we have had on for years already, had on for decades, when we go out, just as, where we are walking to, because over the decades these clothes became an absolute habit and therefore absolute clothing. If we hear

something, says Oehler on Wednesday, we test what we hear and test what we hear so long, until we must say, the heard is untrue, it is a lie, the heard. If we see something, we test it, what we see, so long, until we must say, that which we see is horrifying. Thus we never again come out of the horror and untruth and of the lie, says Oehler. If we do something, then we think it over, what we do, so long over until we must say, it is something vulgar, it is something lowly, it is something imprudent, it is something monstrously miserable, what we do, and that what we do is naturally false, is obvious. Thus every day becomes a hell to us, whether we want or not, and what we think becomes, when we think it over, when we have the required mental coolness and mental keenness thereto, in every case something vulgar and lowly and superfluous, which depresses us lifelong in the most deeply distressing manner. Then everything, which is thought, is superfluous. Nature does not need thought, says Oehler, only the human arrogance thinks it's thought uninterrupted into nature. What must depress us through and through, is the fact, that we come into, through this imprudent thought, into the [10/11] Nature, which is naturally fully immunized against this thought, still only in a bigger depression than that which we are already in. The conditions naturally become through our thought, says Oehler, still more unbearable conditions. If we think, we change the unbearable conditions into bearable conditions, we must soon realize, that we have not changed (can not change) the unbearable conditions into bearable conditions and also not into more bearable conditions, rather only into yet more unbearable conditions. And with the circumstances it is like with the conditions, says Oehler, and with the facts it is the same. The whole life-process is a worsening process in which, this law is the

most cruel, everything continually worsens itself. If we see a person, we must say to ourselves in a short time, what a horrible, what an unbearable person. If we see nature, we must say in a short time, what a horrible, unbearable nature. If we see something artificial, no matter what artificial, we must say in a short time, what an unbearable artificiality. If we walk, we say indeed in the shortest time, what an unbearable walking, like, when we run, what an unbearable running, like when we stand, what an unbearable standing, like, when we think, what an unbearable thinking. If we arrange a meeting, we think in the shortest time, what an unbearable meeting. If we go on a trip, we say to ourselves in the shortest time, what an unbearable trip, what unbearable weather, we say, says Oehler, no matter what weather, when we reflect on such weather. If reason is keen, if the thinking is the most ruthless and the most clear, says Oehler, we must say in the shortest time of everything, that it is [11/12] unbearable and horrible. Art is undoubtedly that, the most unbearable to bear and, what is horrible, not as such, horrible to feel. To describe this art as the most difficult is obvious. The art to exist against the facts, says Oehler, is the art which is the most difficult. Existing against the facts means existing against the unbearable and against the horrible, says Oehler. If we exist not constantly against, rather only constantly with the facts, says Oehler, we destroy ourselves in the shortest time. The fact is that our existence is an unbearable and horrible existence, if we exist with this fact, said Oehler, without existing against this fact, we destroy ourselves in the most pathetic and the most normal way, there should be therefore nothing more important as to exist constantly even if only in, so thus at the same time against the facts of an unbearable and a horrible existence. The same number of possibilities to exist in

(and with) the fact of the unbearable and horrible existence is the same as against the unbearable and horrible existence and therefore in (and with) and at the same time against the fact of a unbearable and horrible existence. A person always has the possibility to exist in (and with) a and therefore in every and against every fact, without existing against this fact and against all facts, like he always has the possibility to exist admittedly in (and with) a fact and all facts and against the fact that the existence is unbearable and horrible. It is always a question of mental coolness and mental keenness and of ruthlessness of mental coolness and mental keenness, says Oehler. Most people, over ninety-eight percent [12/13], says Oehler, have neither mental coolness nor mental keenness and never have reason. The entire previous history doubtless proves this. Wherever we look, neither mental coolness, nor mental keenness, says Oehler, everything is a huge, deeply distressingly long history without mental coolness and without mental keenness and therefore without reason. If we look at history, its reasonlessness depresses most of all, to say nothing of mental coolness and mental keenness. In so far that it is not an exaggeration to say, all of history is a fully reasonless history, whereby it is also an entirely dead history. We have indeed, says Oehler, if we look at history, if we look into history, for which a person like me does not lack the boldness from time to time, a monstrous nature behind, actually under us, but in reality no history at all. History is a historical lie, I claim, says Oehler. But back to particulars, says Oehler. To have reason meant nothing else than to finish with the history and of first priority with one's own personal history. To accept absolutely nothing more from one moment to the other means to have reason, no person and no thing, no system and naturally no thinking as well,

nothing more totally simple and to kill oneself in this single actually revolutionary recognition. But to think so leads inevitably to sudden mental madness, says Oehler, as we know and for which Karrer had to pay with sudden total madness. He, Oehler, doesn't believe in that, that Karrer will ever again be released from Steinhof, his madness is too elemental for that, says Oehler. To always train himself more and more in the most exciting [13/14] and in the most gigantic and in the most epoch-making thoughts and to be always completely at the mercy of such individual thoughts, which were still possible for him, with a still always greater determination, was his day-to-day discipline, but always only to the extreme degree before absolute madness. If one goes so far, says Oehler, one becomes suddenly decidedly and absolutely mad and all at once worthless. Thinking and always more and always more with always greater intensity and with an always yet greater ruthlessness and with an always yet greater fanaticism for discovery, says Oehler, but not thinking too far for a moment. Every moment we can think too far, says Oehler, simply go too far in our thinking, says Oehler, and everything is worthless. I now come back to that again, to where Karrer always came back to, says Oehler, that namely there is in the world, or better than that, what we describe as the world, because we always described it as the world, absolutely no reason, if we analyze what reason is, we must say, there is absolutely no reason, but Karrer already analyzed this, says Oehler, that there is namely, like Karrer completely correctly said and whereupon he came through continual activity with this unbelievably fascinating subject, no reason, but only a lower reason. The so-called human reason, says Oehler, is, like Karrer said, always only a so-called lower reason, or sub-reason. Then if reason were possible, says Oehler,

history would also be possible, but history is not possible, because reason is not possible, and out of lower reason or sub-reason, a discovery of Karrer's, [14/15] says Oehler, reason does not arise. However, the fact of the under-reason or the so-called sub-reason, says Oehler, doubtless makes possible the survival of nature through the people. If I had reason, says Oehler, if I had uninterrupted reason, he says, I would have killed myself a long time ago, but I did not kill myself, because I do not have uninterrupted reason. What is to be understood by that or from that which I say, says Oehler, is thereby to be understood, which thereby is not to be understood, is thereby not to be understood. Even when everything is not to be understood, then everything is unequivocal, says Oehler. What we define as thinking has nothing to do with reason, says Oehler, herein Karrer is right, when he says, we have no reason, because we think, because to have reason means not to think and therefore to have no reason. What we have is nothing more than substitute reason. Substitute reason makes our existence possible. The entire thinking, which is thought, is substitute reason, because there is no real thinking, because nature excludes real thinking, because it must exclude real thinking. You want to consider me mad now, says Oehler, but real and that means, actual thinking, is completely excluded. But we define what we consider thinking as thinking, like we define as walking what we consider walking, like we say, we walk, if we believe we walk and walk, says Oehler. What I just said has absolutely nothing to do with cause and effect, says Oehler. And if we calmly say thinking, where it is not a matter of thinking, and if we calmly say reason, where it cannot be a matter of reason at all, and if we calmly say, it is a matter of all concepts, of which it cannot be a matter of at all [15/16]. Only thereby that we define

actions and things as actions and things, which are not these things at all, because they absolutely cannot be these actions and things, do we come further, only thereby, says Oehler, something is possible, therefore everything is possible. Experience is a fact we come to, and most importantly with, under no circumstances, says Oehler. But on the other hand, it is equally so factual that we always deal exactly with this fact or, however, even much more, which I do (and recognize), if I say, these children that we see here on Klosterneuburger street, were created, because reason has failed, is not that which is. But I say, although I know that it is not correct, because it is false, these children, that we see here on Klosterneuburger street, were created because reason has failed, although we know, that the concepts which are used in the sentence, and consequently the words which are used in the sentence as well, are false, and therefore, as we know, everything in this sentence is false. But, if we could rely on our experience, which is one of the first order, we could not talk at all, because we would no longer exist at all, says Oehler. I therefore readily say, these children that we see here on Klosterneuburger street were created because reason has failed. And everything is possible only because I do not rely on experience. Only thus is it possible to say a sentence like, the people simply walk on the street and create a child, or the sentence, the people created a child because their reason has failed. Oehler says, these people who create a child never question anything, is a sentence which is completely correct and simultaneously completely false, like all sentences. One must know, says Oehler [16/17], all sentences which are spoken and which are thought and which exist at all are simultaneously correct and simultaneously false, if it is a matter of correct sentences. Now he breaks the discussion off and says:

these people actually never ask themselves anything when they create a child, although they indeed know that to create a child and most importantly to create one's own child means to create a misfortune, and therefore to create a child and therefore to create one's own child is nothing other than a disgrace. And if the child is created, says Oehler, they, who have created it, allow the child, who was created by them out of free will, to be paid for by the state. The state must be responsible for the millions upon millions of children who were created totally out of free will, for those, as we know, completely superfluous children who brought nothing else than new, millions-fold misfortune. The hysteria of history, says Oehler, overlooks, however, the circumstance that with all created children it is a matter of created misfortune and created superfluity. One cannot spare the creators this reproach, that they created their children entirely thoughtlessly and in the most base and most low way, although they, as we know, are not thoughtless. No greater catastrophe, says Oehler, than all these thoughtlessly created children, who the state, which is burdened with these children, must pay for. He who creates a child, says Oehler, belongs among those punished with the harshest punishment and not supported. Nothing else than this completely false, so-called social support-enthusiasm of the state which, as we know, is absolutely not social and of which must be said that it is nothing else than an unappetising anachronism which exists, is guilty that the crime to create a child and to set a child in the world, which I define as the greatest [17/18] crime of all, says Oehler, that this crime, says Oehler, is not punished, but rather supported. The state should have the responsibility, says Oehler now, to punish people who create children, but no, it supports these crimes. And that all children who are created are created thoughtlessly,

says Oehler, is a fact. No children are created with the mind, says Oehler, and what is created without the mind, and most importantly what is created thoughtlessly, should be punished. It would be a task of the Parliament to pass and to enforce laws against the thoughtless creation of children and to introduce and to apply the harshest punishments for thoughtless creation of children, and everyone has his own harshest punishment, says Oehler. The world would change itself to its advantage, says Oehler, very quickly after the introduction of such a law. A state which supports creation of children and not just the thoughtless creation of children, says Oehler, is a thoughtless state, in any case not a progressive state, says Oehler. The state which supports the creation of children has neither experience nor knowledge. Such a state is criminal because it entirely deliberately blind, such a state is no state of the present, says Oehler, but as we know, the state of the present or we say, the so-called state of the present is not possible and so can this, our state, is not a state of the present. He who creates a child, says Oehler, knows he creates a misfortune, he creates something which will be unhappy, because it must be unhappy, something by nature through and through catastrophic, which also must be nothing else than by nature through and through catastrophic. He creates an unending misfortune, in that he only creates a child, says Oehler. It is a crime. We may [18/19] never go away from that, that we say, he who creates a child, whether he creates it thoughtlessly or not, says Oehler, commits a crime. The circumstance that now, as we walk along Klosterneuburger street, so many children, indeed hundreds of children are on Klosterneuburger street, provokes Oehler to a continuation of his observations about the creation of children. To create a person of which one knows that he does not want the life

which one has created for him, says Oehler, since it turns out sooner or later no person wants to have his life which was made for him, but with certainty with every person, before this person is no longer, to make such a person is actually criminal. The people only talk themselves into believing in their baseness, disguised as helplessness, says Oehler, they want their life, while in reality they never want to have their life, because they do not want the fact that they detest nothing more than their life and basically nothing more than their irresponsible parents, whether these parents have already raised these children or not, because they do not want to be ruined by this fact. All these people talk themselves into believing this unbelievable lie, says Oehler, millions talk themselves into believing this lie. They want to have their life, they say, they actually testify in public, but the truth is they do not want to have their lives. No person wants to have his life, says Oehler, everyone came to terms with his life, but he does not want it, if he has once his life, says Oehler, he must show himself how, that his life may be something to him, but in reality and in truth is it nothing other than horrible to him. Not a single day is life worthwhile, says Oehler, when you only make the little effort to look at these hundreds of people on this [19/20] street, when you have your eyes open where people are. If you walk only a single time with open eyes along this street, along these streets that are over-run by children, says Oehler. So much helplessness and so much awfulness and so much wretchedness, says Oehler. The truth is nothing else than what I see here: terrifying. That so much helplessness and so much misfortune and so much wretchedness is possible at all, says Oehler, I question myself. That nature can produce so much misfortune and so much substance for horror. That nature can produce so much

ruthlessness against its most helpless and most pitiable creations. This boundless capacity for suffering, says Oehler. This boundless wealth of ideas for production and for endurance of misfortune. This actual nausea of individuals who walk alone here along this street in the thousands. You must watch, understanding- and helpless, says Oehler, as new and ever-greater human misfortune is created daily in droves, so much human ugliness and human abomination, he says, every day, with a regularity and with a dullness beyond comparison. You yourself know, says Oehler, as I know, all these people are nothing else than us, indeed only miserable and helpless and lost from the bottom up. He, Oehler, would be, said radically, for the slow total extinction of humanity, if things went according to him, no more children, not a single one, and therefore no more people, not a single one, the world would slowly die out, says Oehler, ever fewer people, finally only a few more people, finally no people at all, nobody left at all. But that, what he just said, the earth dying out little by little and the [20/21] people lessening little by little through the most natural methods and finally completely disappearing from the Earth, is only the outgrowth of a mind which already only still works together with thinking, completely and through the most total method, and so Oehler says thereby literally, a nonsense. Admittedly, an Earth, which dies out little by little and is finally completely depopulated would probably be the most beautiful Earth, says Oehler. Thereto, this thought is naturally nonsense. However, that changes nothing about the fact, says Oehler, that you must watch entirely uncomprehending as ever more people are created with an always greater inadequacy and with an always greater misfortune, who are nothing other than the same capacity of suffering and the same dreadfulness and the same ugliness and

monstrosity as you yourself and will grow with the years to a still greater capacity for suffering and dreadfulness and ugliness and monstrosity. Karrer had the same views, says Oehler. Oehler says again and again, Karrer had the same views or Karrer had a similar view or Karrer had a different view or Karrer had the opposing view (or opinion).

Karrer's quote rings out again and again, says Oehler: like the people, who don't know how they come to it, and who are asked questions which don't concern them, as we must establish again and again, and most importantly asked not the most basic questions, how all these people, with whom we, if we think, must identify with the greatest accountability always and always again, through their entire life, no matter who they are and no matter what they are and no matter where they are, with all detestable methods, therefore with the human methods, in which they are set atop, under and into complete, final misery, with an ever-more-intended [21/22] speed. I have defended myself my entire life against the creation of a child, said Karrer, says Oehler, to the person, that I am and that sits in the most horrible prison that one can imagine and that science ruthlessly defines as the human nature, to put a new person in here, to add another person to the most horrible prison there is, which has my name to bear. If one walks along Klosterneuburger street and most importantly, if one walks with along Klosterneuburger street with open eyes, says Oehler, one thoroughly passes by the creation of children and everything which is connected with the creation of children. Then one passes by everything, Oehler quotes Karrer. It occurs to me how often Oehler quotes Karrer without explicitly making it clear that he is quoting Karrer. Oehler often says Karrer's uttered sentences and often thinks Karrer's thoughts, I think, without explicitly saying, that which I now say is Karrer's, that

which I now think is Karrer's. Basically everything which is said is quoted, is also a quote of Karrer's, which occurs to me in this context and which Oehler often, if it suits him, uses. The continual use of the concept human nature and nature, and in this context horrible and nasty and gruesome and endlessly unhappy and awful and monstrous, leads back to Karrer. I have walked with Karrer, I think now, says Oehler, along Klosterneuburger street for twenty years, like Karrer, I grew up on Klosterneuburger street, and both of us knew what it meant to have [22/23] grown up on Klosterneuburger street, and this consciousness was in each of our dealings and in our entire thinking and most importantly, while we walked with one another, always in us. Karrer's discussion was the most clear, Karrer's thought the most correct, Karrer's character the most perfect, says Oehler. At the end, however, I had already detected signs of fatigue in his person, in his mind most importantly, says Oehler, on one hand, says Oehler, signs of fatigue in his mind, on the other hand an unbelievable, never-before-in-him-observed activity of his mind. On one hand Karrer's suddenly, quickly-aged body, says Oehler, on the other hand Karrer's unbelievably sharply enabled mind. His physical frailty on one hand, says Oehler, the sudden peculiarity and the sudden giganticness of thought on the other hand. While most importantly Karrer's body was very often to be observed already in the last years as an already declining and decaying body, says Oehler, the capacity of his brain simultaneously became to me, which concerns its giganticness, actually a frightening capacity. To what monstrosities Karrer's brain is suddenly enabled, I had to suddenly think, says Oehler, on the other hand, how suddenly frail Karrer's body is, an older-than-itself body. Doubtless, says Oehler, Karrer went mad at the peak of his thinking. Science

could make this observation again and again about such people like Karrer, that they suddenly go mad at the peak of their thinking and therefore at the peak of their capability for intellectual achievement. It is a moment, says Oehler, in which the madness enters. It is a single [23/24] moment in which the affected person is suddenly mad. Again Oehler says: with Karrer it is a matter of total, conclusive madness. Thus, that Karrer, like eight years ago, will be released from Steinhof again, is not to be thought. We will probably never see Karrer again, says Oehler. All signs are for it, says Oehler, that Karrer stays in Steinhof and never again comes out of Steinhof. The depression of a visit to Karrer in Steinhof would be in all probability of such a fierceness, says Oehler, that would effect most importantly his brain and as a result naturally his thinking in the most disastrous way, that a visit to Karrer in Steinhof is not to be considered. Even if we were to visit Karrer together, says Oehler. If I go alone to Karrer, I will be ruined for weeks, if not for months, if not forever, says Oehler. If you visit Karrer, says Oehler to me, you will ruin yourself as well. And if we went together, such a visit would have the same effect on both of us. To visit a person in the condition in which Karrer now is, is nonsense, because to visit a person who is completely and conclusively mad is nonsensical. Totally apart from the fact, says Oehler, that a visit to Steinhof completely depressed me. To visit a mental institution is among the greatest conquests, says Oehler, if the visitor is not an emotional- or a mental-retard. The approach to Steinhof already causes nausea in me, says Oehler, not to mention if I go in. The world outside the mental institutions is already a barely bearable world, he says. If we see hundreds and thousands of people, of whom we can no longer say with best

intention and under the greatest self-denial [24/25], that it is a matter of people, he says. When we see that each time in the mental institutions it is much worse than we suspected before we went into a mental institution. Then, if we are in Steinhof, says Oehler, we recognize that the intolerableness outside of the mental institutions, from which we always separated living and existing and existence from life and existence and existing inside of the mental institutions, outside of the mental institutions is actually laughable compared to the intolerableness in the mental institutions. If we are enabled to compare for ourselves to our satisfaction, says Oehler, the integrity of the concepts of inside and outside, therefore of inside of the mental institution and outside of the mental institution, with the integrity of the concept of the so-called intact world to difference from the concepts of the so-called unintact world. When we must say to ourselves, to come to Steinhof is only a matter of the brutality of a moment. And when we know that this moment can be every moment. When we know that every moment can be the border-crossing towards Steinhof. If you had said to Karrer three weeks ago, he would be in Steinhof today, says Oehler, Karrer would have doubted it, even if he had taken into consideration the possibility to be in any moment in Steinhof again. Here, on this place, Oehler says and remains standing, I said to Karrer: if it is possible to master the moment which no person has ever mastered, the moment of the conclusive border-crossing towards Steinhof, and that means towards conclusive madness, without being able to finish speaking the unfinished sentence [25/26], says Oehler. Karrer said then, he does not understand the doubtless unfinished sentence, but he knows what may be meant by this unfinished sentence. Karrer had no success where no person has yet had success,

says Oehler, the consciousness of the moment of the border-crossing towards Steinhof and therefore the consciousness of the moment of the border-crossing into conclusive madness. We may, if we do something, not think about it, why we do what we do, says Oehler, because then it would be suddenly completely impossible for us to do something. We may not make what we do into a condition of our thinking, because then we come in deadly doubt first, lastly in deadly desperation. Like we may not reflect on that which happens around us and happened and will happen if we do not have the strength to break off such a reflection about that which happens around us and happened and will happen, therefore about the past, present, future, exactly in the moment in which this reflection is deadly for us. The art of the reflection is in the art, says Oehler, of breaking off the thinking exactly before the deadly moment. We can, however, drag out this deadly moment entirely consciously, says Oehler, more or less long, it depends. It depends that we know when the deadly moment is. But no one knows when the deadly moment is, says Oehler. The question is not that I know when the deadly moment is, the question is, can it be that the deadly moment is not yet and then is still not yet?, upon which we cannot rely. We may never think, says Oehler, how and why we do what we do, because we are then, if not already momentarily nothing, condemned momentarily exactly in the degree of the consciousness about this question to [26/27] complete idleness and to complete immovability as well. Since the clearest thought, that which is the deepest, simultaneously clearest transparency, is the most complete idleness and the most complete immovability, says Oehler. We may not think, why do we walk, says Oehler, because then it would soon be no longer possible for us to walk and logically further it

would soon be absolutely no longer possible, like then, when we think, why we may not think, why do we walk and so forth, like we may not think, how do we walk, how we do not walk, therefore stand, like we may not think, how we, when we do not walk and stand, think, and so forth. We may not ask ourselves: why do we walk?, like others who may (and can) ask themselves without a second thought, why do they walk. The others, says Oehler, may (can) ask themselves anything, we may ask ourselves nothing. If it is a matter of objects, we may not ask ourselves exactly, as when it is not a matter of objects (of the opposite of objects). What we see, we think about, and consequently do not see, says Oehler, while others see what they see without a second thought, because they do not think about what they see. What we call opinion is for us basically a standstill, motionlessness, nothing, Nothing. The happening is thought, not seen, says Oehler. So we see nothing, when we see, totally naturally, nothing, and simultaneously think everything. Suddenly Oehler says, if we were to visit Karrer in Steinhof, we would probably be exactly as shocked as eight years ago, but now Karrer's madness may be actually not only a much worse madness than eight years ago, but a conclusive madness, and when we think, how shocked we were eight years ago during our visit with Karrer, it is also [27/28] senseless to think only a single moment, now that with Karrer's condition it is a matter of a dreadful condition, about visiting Karrer. Karrer probably may not receive any visits, says Oehler. Karrer is accommodated in Pavilion VII, in the most feared pavilion. This dreadful prison, in which one locks up the most unfortunate of all creatures, says Oehler. Nothing but filth and stink. Everything rusted and rotted. We hear the most unbelievable. We see the most unbelievable. Oehler says: The world of

Karrer, however, is in equal measure, as it is his world, as ours. Just as easily, says Oehler, I could now walk here with Karrer along Klosterneuburger street and talk with Karrer about you, if the issue were such, that not Karrer, but you were at this moment in Steinhof, or if the case were to occur, that you had taken me to Steinhof and had interned me in Steinhof and walked with Karrer along Klosterneuburger street and talked about me. We are not sure whether we will not come into the situation in the next moment, in which he is, about which we talk and which is the object of our thinking and our discussing. I could have just as easily went mad in Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler, if I had gone into Rustenschacher's shop on the day in Karrer's condition, in order to get myself involved with Rustenschacher in the debate in which Karrer got himself involved in and if I had not drawn the consequences, as did Karrer, and would be now in Steinhof. But actually it is impossible that I would have acted like Karrer, says Oehler, because I am not Karrer, I would have acted like me, exactly, like you would have acted like you [28/29] and not like Karrer, and I would have gone into Rustenschacher's shop like Karrer, in order to begin the debate with Rustenschacher and his nephew, I would have conducted the debate in an entirely different way and it would have naturally played itself out entirely differently than it played itself out between Karrer and Rustenschacher and Rustenschacher's nephew, the debate would have been a different debate, it would never have come to such a debate, since in Karrer's position I would have conducted the debate entirely differently and possibly would not have conducted it at all, says Oehler.

Coincidence often leads to more deadly circumstances, which taken for themselves, are not deadly circumstances at all, but become deadly circumstances when they coincide,

become such a misfortune as the Karrerian misfortune in Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler. Then we stand there, because we were witnesses and react like concussion victims. Unthinkable, that I, if I had been Karrer, would have gone into Rustenschacher's shop that afternoon at all, says Oehler, but Karrer's intensity was on this afternoon a greater intensity and I followed Karrer into Rustenschacher's shop. But to ask why I followed Karrer into Rustenschacher's shop that afternoon is nonsensical. We then say, it is a matter of a tragedy, we say, says Oehler. We judge an unforeseen incident, like the incident in Rustenschacher's shop, as unalterable and as preordained, when the concepts unalterable and preordained have no justification at all. Because nothing is unalterable and nothing is preordained, but many, and often the most, horrific things occur entirely simply [29/30]. I can now say, my passivity in Rustenschacher's shop, my unbelievable quietness surprises me, that I stood there to the side and basically reacted to nothing, that I indeed feared something without knowing (or suspecting) what I feared, but that I did nothing in view of such a fear and in view of Karrer's condition. We say the circumstances lead a person into a condition. If that is true, then Karrer's circumstances led to the condition in which he suddenly went mad in Rustenschacher's shop, conclusively mad. I must say, says Oehler, that it is a matter of a case of fear of the outbreak of a nonsensical patience. We observed a person in a desperate situation which we recognize as a desperate situation and also the concept of a desperate situation is clear to us, but we do nothing about this person's desperate situation, because we cannot do anything about this person's desperate situation, because we are unconscious in the truest sense of the word to the desperate situation of such a person, although we do not have to

be completely unconscious to such a person and his desperate situation, which we admit, says Oehler. Suddenly the inescapability of a desperate situation comes into our consciousness, but in this moment it is already too late. The guilt lies not with Rustenschacher and his nephew, says Oehler, these two both behaved themselves as they had to behave themselves, obviously in order to not be Karrer's victims. But, the circumstances never arose in the shortest term, says Oehler, it is always and in every case circumstances as the result of a process which lasted a long time. Not on this day and not on this afternoon and not just [30/31] twenty-four hours or forty-eight hours earlier were these circumstances arisen, which led to Karrer's madness in Rustenschacher's shop and therefore to the Karrer's argument with Rustenschacher and his nephew. We always look for everything in immediate proximity, that is an error. If only we didn't try to look for everything in immediate proximity, says Oehler, to look in immediate proximity proves nothing besides incompetence. One must in every case always go back to everything, says Oehler, and it may be in the deepest, and therefore already barely establishable and observable past. Naturally it is the most nonsensical, says Oehler, to ask oneself, why one went into Rustenschacher's shop with Karrer, let alone, to give oneself a reproach. He must say in this case again, that everything, simultaneously nothing pointed to Karrer's sudden madness. If we don't pose ourselves the simplest questions, then we may not pose a question like the question, why did Karrer go into Rustenschacher's shop at all, for which there was not the slightest cause, if one refrains from the idea that Karrer's sudden fatigue after our walking through Alserbach street and back again was a reason, and also not the question, why did I follow Karrer into Rustenschacher's shop. But we also may

not, because we don't ask, say, everything may be a matter of course, everything is obvious. Suddenly it would be impossible, which is until this point still possible, says Oehler. On the other hand is, what is, obviously. What he, while we walk, observes, he sees through and observes it not for this reason, since something that one can (completely) see through, one cannot observe [31/32]. Karrer made this observation also, says Oehler. If we look through a thing, we don't see the thing, we must say, on the other hand no one else sees the thing, since he who does not look through a thing, also does not see the thing. Karrer had the same views. The question can (must) be absolutely deadly: Why do I get up in the morning?, when it was so posed, that it really was posed, and when it is taken to the end or must be taken to the end. Like the question: Why do I lie down at night?, like the question: Why do I eat? Why do I get dressed? Why am I totally (or very much, or very little) connected with the one person, with the other not at all? If they are taken to the end, which means that he who asks the questions, which he takes to the end, because he takes them to the end or because he must take them to the end, is also taken to the end, the question is answered, conclusively answered, he who asked the question exists no longer. If we say, this person is in the moment, in which he answered the posed question, dead, we make it too simple however, says Oehler. But on the other hand, we find no better description than that, that we say, then he who asked the question is dead. In that we can not describe everything and thereby never absolutely think, we exist and there is existence outside of us, says Oehler. But don't ask what the existence outside of us is, says Oehler. If we have come so far as we have now (in thought) come, says Oehler, we must draw out the consequences and break off these (or the) thoughts,

which made it possible that we have come so far. Karrer practiced this ability with a virtuosity which is to be described, without a second thought, as mental skillfulness, thus said Karrer [32/33], says Oehler. If we imagine, I and not Karrer were now in Steinhof, says Oehler, and you were talking with Karrer here about me. This thought is nonsensical, says Oehler. The suicide of the chemist Hollensteiner affected Karrer in a catastrophic way, says Oehler, had to affect Karrer so, as it did affect Karrer, in the most devastating way, to chaoticise Karrer's unprotected mental condition in the most deadly way. Hollensteiner, who had been a childhood friend of Karrer's, had killed himself, as will be recalled, at the moment in which essential means for his Chemical Institute were withdrawn from him by the side of the so-called Ministry of Education. The state withholds the essential means, says Oehler, from the most extraordinary minds and thereby it comes to pass that the extraordinary and the most extraordinary minds, and Hollensteiner was one of the most extraordinary, immediately kill themselves. He doesn't even begin to count out the series of extraordinary and of most extraordinary minds, all young, brilliant minds, says Oehler, who, because the state, in some form or another, withheld the essential means from them, killed themselves. And that it was with Hollensteiner a matter of a genius is for me without doubt. Immediately in the moment, which was the most essential for Hollensteiner's Institute and therefore for Hollensteiner, the state withdrew the means from him (and therefore from his Institute). Hollensteiner, whose name has already had a great reputation among the currently important experts of chemistry for some time, here in his country not one person knew his name, today as well no one knows the name Hollensteiner when you ask, says Oehler, [33/34] we name an

entirely and utterly extraordinary person's name, says Oehler, and have the experience that no one and most importantly they, who had to know this name, know this name not once, we always have this experience, the people, who had to know the name of their most extraordinary scientist, don't know this name or don't want to know this name, in this case the chemists didn't once know Hollensteiner's name or didn't want to know Hollensteiner's name, and so Hollensteiner was driven to suicide, like all extraordinary minds in this country. While in Germany the name Hollensteiner was the most respected among the chemists, Hollensteiner was completely silenced here in Austria, the most extraordinary was in this country, says Oehler, always and indeed at all times silenced, so long silenced, until he killed himself. If a Austrian mind is extraordinary, says Oehler, we don't need to wait for it, that he kills himself, it is only a question of the time and the state counts on that. Hollensteiner had so many offers, says Oehler, all of which, however, he didn't accept. In Basel they would have received Hollensteiner with open arms, in Warsaw, in Copenhagen, in Oxford, in America. But to Göttingen, where one would have put all means at Hollensteiner's disposal which he wanted, Hollensteiner didn't go, because he could not have gone to Göttingen, a person like Hollensteiner, says Oehler, is unable to go to Göttingen, to go to Germany at all, before such a person goes to Germany, he kills himself. And he kills himself, and that means the state kills him, exactly in the moment in which he [34/35] was remitted in the most shocking way upon the help of the state. The genius is left in the lurch and driven to suicide. A scientist in Austria, says Oehler, is a poor dog, who sooner or later, but most importantly then, when it seems most nonsensical, must perish from the dullness of the environment, and that

means the dullness of the state. We have an extraordinary scientist and ignore him, no one is assaulted with greater baseness than the extraordinary, and the genius goes to the dogs, because he must go to the dogs in this state. If a capacity like Hollensteiner only had the strength and the talent for self-denial in such a high degree, in order to give up Austria, and that means Vienna, without a second thought and to go to Marburg or to Göttingen, just to give two examples which concerned Hollensteiner, and there, in Marburg or in Göttingen, continue the scientific work which became impossible to continue in Austria and in Vienna, says Oehler, but a man like Hollensteiner was not in the position to go to Marburg or Göttingen, Hollensteiner was not a person who could have gone to Germany at all. But even to go to America was impossible for Hollensteiner, as we see, because then Hollensteiner, who couldn't have gone to Germany, because this country had been strange and repugnant to him in the highest degree, would then have gone to America instead. The smallest have the strength, the aversion to the country, which basically received them with open arms and was prepared to receive them with a good nature without equal, to give up and to go to this country. They would rather kill themselves in their own land, because in the end the love for one's own land, or better said, to one's own, [35/36] to the Austrian landscape is greater than the strength to carry one's science to another country. With concern to Hollensteiner, says Oehler, we have an example of how the state avoids an uncommonly clear and important head. For years Hollensteiner begged for the means which he needed for his research, says Oehler, for years Hollensteiner humiliated himself in front of a bureaucracy which is the most repulsive in the world, in order to come into his means, for years

Hollensteiner tried what hundreds of extraordinary and genius minds already tried before him: to achieve a meaningful, and not just for Austria, but doubtless for all of humanity, meaningful intention of scientific nature with the help of the state. But he must have recognized that one cannot achieve anything in Austria with the help of the state, at least nothing extraordinary, nothing meaningful, nothing epoch-making. The state, to which a nature like Hollensteiner comes in deepest desperation, has little time for such a nature like Hollensteiner. Then such a nature like Hollensteiner must recognize that he exists in a state which, we must say without hesitation and with the greatest lack of consideration for this state, hates the extraordinary and which hates nothing deeper than the extraordinary. That in this state only dullness and poverty and dilettantism are protected and supported again and again and that in this state only in the most incompetent and in the most superfluous of all means is stopped, is clear. This we see daily in hundreds of examples. And this state wants to be a so-called culture state and wants to be described as such at every opportunity. Let us not fool ourselves, says Oehler, this state [36/37] has nothing to do with a culture state and let us never grow tired, to say that constantly and uninterrupted and at every opportunity, and let us grow out of this unbroken repetition of the same realization, that this state is a borderless understanding- and feelingless state, even the greatest difficulties. Hollensteiner's misfortune was to be bound to this country, not to this state, you understand, with all his senses. And what that means, says Oehler, to love a country like ours with all senses versus a state which undertakes everything in order to destroy one, instead of coming to help, to lame one, instead of coming to help, we know. Hollensteiner's suicide is one suicide among many, every year we must

establish that many who we value and have had the talent and genius and were the extraordinary and the unusual, killed themselves, since we always go to the cemetery for funerals of people, says Oehler, who killed themselves out of desperation against the state, if we consider, who threw themselves out of windows or hung themselves or shot themselves, because felt left in the lurch by this state, our state, and actually were left in the lurch by this state. We go to cemeteries, says Oehler, in order to bury a genius who was ruined by the state and driven to death by the state, that is the truth. When we juxtapose the beauty of this country with the baseness of the state, says Oehler, we reach suicide. That which concerns Hollensteiner, it was clear that his suicide must have distressed Karrer, after all the two stood together in an unbelievable friendship. Only I always believed [37/38] Hollensteiner would have the strength to go to Germany, to Göttingen, where he would have had everything at his disposal, says Oehler, that he didn't have this strength, killed him. It wouldn't have done any good to talk to Hollensteiner with yet greater intensity, thus said Karrer, says Oehler. A not-entirely-so-sensitive nature as Hollensteiner would have naturally had the strength to go to Göttingen, no matter where, simply to go there, where all means were put at his disposal for his scientific purposes, says Oehler. But to a nature like Hollensteiner it is naturally completely impossible to settle down in an area to work for scientific purposes and similarly for a scientific discipline which is unbearable to him. And it would be senseless, says Oehler, to leave a country that one loves, in which, however, one must little by little, as one sees, perish in a mire of indifference and stupidity, to go to a country in which one never comes out of the depression which develops against this country, out

of a condition which must, just the same, little by little lead to ruin; then, better to commit suicide in the country which one, even if only out of habit, loves, says Oehler, than in the country that one, entirely openly said, hates. People like Hollensteiner may be the most difficult, admittedly, says Oehler, and it may not be easy to keep contact with them, because these people continually offend, but on the other hand there is still no greater pleasure than to be in contact with such, most difficult people. We must put everything on that, says Oehler, and always [38/39] lay the greatest value on that entirely consciously, especially to be in contact with the most difficult people, with the most extraordinary and the most unusual, because only this contact actually has value. All other contacts are worthless, says Oehler, they are necessary, but worthless. What a pity, says Oehler, that I didn't meet Hollensteiner much earlier, but a strange premonition about this person, who I always admired, I must say, says Oehler, only much later, only twenty years at least after I first saw Hollensteiner, allowed me to take up closer contact with Hollensteiner, and also this contact was not the intensive contact, which I wished for. These people like Hollensteiner, says Oehler, don't let one get close to them, they draw a person in and always push them away again in the decided moment. We believe we are in a close relationship to these people, while in reality we could never be in a close relationship with such people like Hollensteiner. Actually, we are completely captivated by such people like Hollensteiner without exactly knowing what the cause of such behavior is. Since on one hand it is actually not the person, on the other hand not their science as well, since we really don't understand either of them at all. It is something of which we cannot say what it is and that thereby has the greatest effect on us. Since one

must, like Karrer, go to elementary school and to high school, therefore to a university with a person like Hollensteiner, in order to know what it is, says Oehler. A person like me does not know it. With actually frightening helplessness we comment on an issue or a case or simply just a misfortune, like the issue and [39/40] like the case or simply just like Hollensteiner's misfortune. I spoke with Karrer about that on this spot exactly, a few hours after we were at Hollensteiner's burial. Alone in the Döbling cemetery, says Oehler, in which we buried Hollensteiner and buried him in the simplest way and manner, he naturally wanted a very simple burial, says Oehler, he had once dropped a hint to Karrer, and indeed very early, already at twenty-one, he dropped a hint, that he wanted a very simple burial, alone in the Döbling cemetery, says Oehler, many of the most extraordinary people, who all were ruined by the state, who were failed by the brutality of the bureaucracy and the dullness of the masses, are buried so. We comment on an issue or a case or simply just a misfortune and ask ourselves, how could it have come to this misfortune?, how was this misfortune possible?, we deliberately avoid speaking about a so-called human tragedy. We have an individual person before us and must say to ourselves that this individual is failed by the state, but reversed, the state is failed by this individual as well. Now it is simple to say it is a matter of a misfortune, says Oehler, of the individual's misfortune, or of the state's misfortune. It is nonsensical to now say to ourselves, Hollensteiner could be in Göttingen (or in Marburg) now, because Hollensteiner is not in Göttingen and not in Marburg, Hollensteiner doesn't exist anymore. We buried Hollensteiner in the Döbling cemetery, that is also false. We are also left alone, which concerns Hollensteiner, with our absolute helplessness (of

thinking). What we do is exhaust ourselves in meditation about unsortable [40/41] facts, among which we do not consider thinking, which we, however, define as thinking, says Oehler. We make our restlessness known to ourselves again, in that we concern ourselves with Hollensteiner and with Hollensteiner's suicide and with Karrer's madness, which, as I believe, is immediately connected with Hollensteiner's suicide. We misuse a theme like that about Hollensteiner in connection to Karrer, in order to create satisfaction for ourselves. An odd recklessness, which cannot even be recognized as recklessness, rules a person like Hollensteiner, says Oehler, and we are completely captivated by this recklessness when we recognize that it is an unbelievably astute emotional state, of which we can also say, a state of mind. He who knew Hollensteiner had to ask himself now and then, where did Hollensteiner's way and manner lead. Today we see entirely clearly where Hollensteiner's manner and way led. With Karrer together with Hollensteiner it is a matter of the two most unusual people that I ever got to know, says Oehler. The fact, that Hollensteiner hung himself in his Institute, had doubtless a demonstrative character, says Oehler. The shock over Hollensteiner's suicide was, however, like all these shocks over suicides, the shortest. If the person is buried, his suicide and he himself are forgotten, no one thinks about it any more and the shock turns out to be hypocrisy. Between Hollensteiner's suicide and Hollensteiner's burial much was said about the rescue of the Chemical Institute, says Oehler, that people would give Hollensteiner's successor, as if there was such a person!, cries out Oehler, the means which people refused Hollensteiner [41/42], the newspapers wrote about that, that the ministry wants to carry out a so-called extensive and far-reaching redevelopment of Hollensteiner's

Institute, the state will now repay to the Chemical Institute what it until now denied the Chemical Institute, but today, a few weeks later, says Oehler, everything is as good as forgotten. Hollensteiner demonstrates, in that he hangs himself in his Institute, the complete crisis of the entire indigenous science, says Oehler, and the World and therefore Hollensteiner's surroundings feign shock and go to Hollensteiner's burial and forget in the moment, in which Hollensteiner was buried, everything which is connected to Hollensteiner. Today no one talks about Hollensteiner and no one talks about his Chemical Institute and no one thinks to change it, the condition which led to Hollensteiner's suicide. And then some one else commits suicide, says Oehler, and again another, and the same process repeats itself. Slowly but surely by this method the complete extinguishing of the intellectual activity in this land is carried out, says Oehler. And what we observe with Hollensteiner in his area, we can observe in all of the other areas of science, says Oehler. Until now we always asked ourselves whether a state and a country can afford it, to let its intellectual property decay into such a really shabby condition, says Oehler, but now the question doesn't present itself anymore at all. Karrer spoke of Hollensteiner as a model example of a person who is not to be helped, because he is extraordinary, unusual. Karrer explained to me completely clearly the concept of eccentrics in [42/43] connection with Hollensteiner, says Oehler. If it was a matter of a less elementary, of a distanced relationship between them, Karrer and Hollensteiner, Karrer said to Oehler, he, Karrer, made Hollensteiner into the contents of an article with the title The Connection between People and Characters like Hollensteiner as Chemists to the State which little by little destroys and murders them. Actually many of Karrer's

remarks about Hollensteiner still exist, says Oehler, hundreds of letters, about you as well, says Oehler to me, hundreds of Karrer's letters still exist, about me as well. That it is a matter of not allowing all these Karrerian ideas, remarks and thoughts to become lost is obvious, but one gets close to these Karrerian sketches only with difficulty, because one, if he wants to protect the Karrerian writings, must go to Karrer's sister, who, however, doesn't want to know any more about anyone who is connected with the Karrerian thinking. He, Oehler, wonders whether Karrer's sister has not already annihilated the Karrerian writings, since as one observes again and again, the dull relatives, like for example sisters and wives or brothers and nephews of thinkers who have died or finally been committed to mental institutions, act entirely, if it is a matter of such brilliant characters like in the case of Karrer, quickly, they don't wait longer than the moment of the final death or of the conclusive madness of the hated object, says Oehler, but rather annihilate, that is most people burn, still before the final death or before the final internment of their hated thinker, their irritating writings. Like Hollensteiner's sister annihilated everything which Hollensteiner wrote [43/44] immediately after Hollensteiner's suicide as well. It is an error to suppose Hollensteiner's sister placed herself on Hollensteiner's side, says Oehler, on the contrary Hollensteiner's sister was ashamed of her brother and placed herself on the side of the state and therefore on the side of baseness and stupidity. When Karrer sought her out, she threw him out, says Oehler, that means, she didn't even let Karrer into her apartment. And upon the question of Hollensteiner's writings she answered, Hollensteiner's writings no longer exist, she burned Hollensteiner's writings, because they seemed like crazed writings. The fact is,

says Oehler, that the world has lost gigantic thoughts, a gigantic philosophy, a gigantic science. Hollensteiner was a continually-thinking, scientific mind, says Oehler, who continually brought this continually-scientific-thinking to paper. Actually with Hollensteiner it was a matter not only of a scientist, but also of a philosopher, in Hollensteiner the most disciplined and therefore the most productive scientist and philosopher could be concentrated in a single clear mind. So one could, if one speaks of Hollensteiner, speak of a scientist who was at heart a philosopher, or of a philosopher who was at heart a scientist, says Oehler. Hollensteiner's science was at heart philosophy, Hollensteiner's philosophy was science. says Oehler. Otherwise we are always forced to say, here we have a scientist, but (unfortunately) no philosopher [44/45], or, here we have a philosopher, but (unfortunately) no scientist. Not so in the judgment of Hollensteiner. A very Austrian quality, says Oehler, as we know. If we get involved with Hollensteiner, says Oehler, we simultaneously get involved with a philosopher and with a scientist, even if it may be completely false to say, Hollensteiner was a philosophical scientist and so on. He was a completely scientific philosopher. If we talk about a person, says Oehler, as now about Hollensteiner (and if about Hollensteiner, then at heart about Karrer or if about Karrer, then very often at heart about Hollensteiner and so on), we talk constantly on the basis of a result. We are mathematicians, says Oehler, or at least we always try to be mathematicians. When we think, it is less a matter of philosophy, says Oehler, more of mathematics. It is all a gigantic, we have established it from the beginning on, completely simple calculation. But, we are not always in the position which we have reached, to have it as an entirety in mind, and we break off what

we think and are satisfied with that which we see, are satisfied with millions and billions of pictures which lay atop one another and under one another and push at one another and shift around one another. Again we can say that that which appears extraordinary to a person like me and that is actually extraordinary to him, because it is extraordinary, says Oehler, means nothing to the state. Hollensteiner meant nothing to the state, because he meant nothing to the masses, says Oehler. But we won't get any further [45/46] with these thoughts, says Oehler. And while the state and while the society and while the masses do everything to abolish thinking, says Oehler, we defend ourselves with all of the means at our disposal against this development, although we ourselves believe most times in the meaninglessness of thinking, because we know that thinking is complete meaninglessness, but because on the other hand we know exactly that we are nothing without the meaninglessness of thinking. We restrain ourselves then from the effortlessness with which the masses dare to exist, although they deny this effortlessness in each of their remarks, says Oehler, but naturally we do not succeed in being actually effortless in the effortlessness of the masses. We can however do nothing else, than to restrain ourselves from the error from time to time, says Oehler, to be at the mercy of the error, and that means all errors in general, and to be in nothing else but in error. Then, taken exactly, says Oehler, everything, as you know, is in error. However, we exist inside this fact, because outside we could not exist at all, in any case not the whole time. Existence is an error, says Oehler. We must come to terms with that early enough, so that we have a foundation upon which we can exist, says Oehler. The error is logically the only real foundation. But to think on this foundation as a principle, we are not always

obligated, we don't have to, says Oehler, we cannot. We can only say Yes again and again in that, to which we must unconditionally say No, you understand, says Oehler, that is the fact. Thus Karrer's madness is causally related to Hollensteiner's suicide, which has nothing to do with madness, says Oehler. A nature like Karrer's had [46/47] to cause, in a manner of dealing such as that of Hollensteiner, if one takes into consideration Hollensteiner's relationship to Karrer and the reverse, damage in the manner like Hollensteiner's suicide caused damage to Karrer's nature, says Oehler. Very often Karrer had spoken to Oehler, long before Hollensteiner committed suicide, of the possibility that Hollensteiner could commit suicide. But there it was a matter of the thought about Hollensteiner's suicide from inside out, not of such a suicide caused from the outside, says Oehler, if one leaves out of consideration that inside and outside for natures like Hollensteiner and Karrer are identical. Since, Karrer said, says Oehler, the possibility that Hollensteiner could commit suicide out of inner causes has always existed, then, with the development of Hollensteiner's Institute and with Hollensteiner's obvious success in his science, simultaneously with the ignoring and torpedoing of this scientific success of Hollensteiner's through his environment, from an external cause as well. While it is characteristic and typical of Hollensteiner, says Oehler, that he finally committed suicide, as we now know and which we, until the point in time, in which Hollensteiner committed suicide, could not have been known, it is typical for Karrer that he didn't commit suicide, but rather that he, Karrer, went mad, and thereby, that he finally went mad, is fallen in the hands of people like Scherrer. On the past Saturday Oehler made various statements which concern Karrer [47/48] to Scherrer, which, thus said Scherrer, says Oehler, for him,

Scherrer, are important in view of Karrer's actions. He, Oehler, doesn't believe that that which he brought before Scherrer on Saturday, most importantly about the incident which was decisive to Karrer's madness, the incident in Rustenschacher's trouser shop, that therefore that, which Oehler told Scherrer about his perceptions in Rustenschacher's shop shortly before Karrer's madness set in, still has meaning and purpose. For Scherrer's scientific work yes, for Karrer no. The facts of Karrer's madness won't change anymore, says Oehler, since Scherrer now knows what I perceived in Rustenschacher's shop before Karrer went mad in Rustenschacher's shop. The events in Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler, were indeed only the moment which caused Karrer's final madness, nothing more. For example it may have been much more important, says Oehler, if Scherrer would have concerned himself with Karrer's relationship to Hollensteiner, but Scherrer didn't want to know anything about this relationship, Karrer's relationship to Hollensteiner didn't interest Scherrer at all, says Oehler, many times I made the effort to point out this relationship to Scherrer, to point out to him this actually important connection between Karrer and Hollensteiner and the actually important incidents during the year- and decade-long connection between Karrer and Hollensteiner, but Scherrer didn't respond to it, says Oehler, as is the way of these people, these entirely unphilosophical and thereby entirely useless psychiatric doctors, he [48/49] continually poked into my opinion about the indeed illuminating, but yet not decisive incidents in Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler, but he grasped nothing of the importance of the Karrer/Hollensteiner relationship. Again and again I was asked by Scherrer, why we, Karrer and I, went into Rustenschacher's shop, to which I answered every time, that I may

not be able to answer this question and that I may not understand how Scherrer was able to ask this question, says Oehler. Scherrer always posed questions which in my opinion were unimportant questions, upon which Scherrer naturally, says Oehler, received an unimportant answer from me. These people continually pose unimportant questions and therefore continually receive unimportant answers, but they don't notice it at all. Like they don't notice that the questions they pose are unimportant and thereby nonsensical, it doesn't occur to them that the answers which they receive are unimportant and thereby nonsensical. Had I not mentioned the name Hollensteiner again and again, says Oehler, Scherrer would have never come across Hollensteiner at all. It is something uncommonly depressing when you sit across from a person who through his past alone continually claims to be competent and is not competent in the smallest matter about which it is an issue. We make this observation again and again, says Oehler, that we are together with people, who should be competent and who also claim and assert, and indeed continually assert, to be competent in the matter in which we came together with them while they are incompetent in irresponsible and frightening and virtually repulsive ways. Almost all people with whom [49/50] we, in a matter, come together, and it may be the most important, are incompetent. Scherrer, says Oehler, is in my opinion the most incompetent, if it is a matter of Karrer, and the thought that Karrer was handed over to Scherrer, because Karrer is interned in Scherrer's department, is one of the most awful thoughts. The gigantic pride which you feel when you sit across from a man like Scherrer. After the shortest time you ask yourself, what does Karrer (the patient) have to do with Scherrer (his doctor) at all? For a person like Karrer to be handed over to a

person like Scherrer is a human monstrosity without equal, says Oehler. For Karrer it is, however, because we know his condition, inconsequential whether he was handed over to Scherrer or not. Whether Karrer is in Steinhof or not became basically inconsequential in the moment in which Karrer finally went mad, says Oehler. But the completely unphilosophical nature of a man like Scherrer is not the most repulsive part, says Oehler, although a man in Scherrer's position should have to be philosophical next to his medical knowledge, it is shameful ignorance. No matter what I say, Scherrer's ignorance is expressed, says Oehler, again and again Scherrer's ignorance comes to light, I had to think again and again, says Oehler, when I said something to Scherrer, no matter what, or when Scherrer answered something, no matter what, I asked. But even when Scherrer says nothing, we hear from him nothing but ignorance, says Oehler, a person like Scherrer doesn't need to say anything ignorant, and we know, it is a matter of a completely ignorant person. This observation shakes us when we are [50/51] together with doctors and they practice in complete ignorance, says Oehler. But among the doctors ignorance is a custom with which they have lived for centuries, says Oehler. Leaving exceptions out of consideration, says Oehler. Scherrer's lack of ability to think logically at all and therefore to pose questions logically, to give answers, and so forth, says Oehler. Directly in the past of this person, I came to it again, says Oehler, that people like Scherrer can never go mad. As we know, psychiatric doctors become mentally ill with time, but never mad. Out of ignorance about the theme of their lives, these people become finally and at the end mentally ill, but never mad. Due to inability, says Oehler, and basically through their continual, decade-long incompetence. And in that moment I recognized again in

how great a degree madness is something which happens at the most unbelievable heights. That with madness in a moment it is a matter of everything. But to say such a thing to Scherrer, says Oehler, meant to overestimate Scherrer in everything, so I soon gave up telling Scherrer anything which directly hinted at actual madness by definition, says Oehler. Probably, what happened in Rustenschacher's shop didn't interest Scherrer at all, says Oehler, only because he didn't know any better, he let me come into Steinhof in order to question me about the incident in Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler. The psychiatric doctors like to note what one says to them without thinking about it, and it is completely inconsequential what one says to them, therefore completely inconsequential to them, what they don't think about [51/52]. Because a psychiatric doctor has to investigate, they investigate, says Oehler, and pursue the most unimportant of all trails. Naturally, the incident in Rustenschacher's shop is not insignificant, says Oehler, but it is only one of hundreds of incidents, which precede the incident in Rustenschacher's shop and have the same standing as that in Rustenschacher's shop. No question about Hollensteiner, says Oehler, no question about Hollensteiner's environment, no question which concerns Hollensteiner's position in today's science, no question about Hollensteiner's philosophical relationships, about his notes, not to mention about Hollensteiner's connection to Karrer, Karrer's to Hollensteiner. Naturally, Scherrer must have been already interested in Hollensteiner and Karrer's schooling together, says Oehler, in their walk to school together, in their upbringing and so forth, in their common and their different opinions and intentions and so forth, says Oehler. Scherrer insisted that I made statements the entire time only about the incident in Rustenschacher's shop,

here, in connection with the incident in Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler, Scherrer demanded the greatest exactness from me, don't leave anything out, he said again and again, says Oehler, I still yet hear how he said, don't leave anything out, the whole time, thus said Oehler, while I spoke uninterruptedly about the incident in Rustenschacher's shop. This incident was a so-called causal incident, I said to Scherrer, says Oehler, but it is doubtless not an elementary incident. To this remark, which I made to Scherrer not just once, I made this remark several times, says Oehler, but Scherrer didn't react [52/53] and I had to concern myself again and again with the incident in Rustenschacher's shop. All of that is entirely grotesque, said Scherrer several times during my portrayal of the incident in Rustenschacher's shop. This exclamation had nothing other than a repulsive effect upon me.

Oehler to Scherrer among other things that they, Oehler and Karrer, went into Rustenschacher's shop completely unforeseen, we suddenly said, thus Oehler, let's go into Rustenschacher's shop and went into Rustenschacher's shop and immediately allowed ourselves to be shown several of the thick, warm, simultaneously resistant winter trousers (thus Karrer). Rustenschacher's nephew, his salesman, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, who had often served us, got down a heap of trousers from shelves labeled with all possible waist-sizes and threw the heap on the counter and Karrer had all these trousers held in front of the light by Rustenschacher's nephew, while I stood out of the way, on the left side next to the mirror, if seen from the entrance, thus said Oehler to Scherrer. And as was his, Karrer's way, thus Oehler to Scherrer, again and again Karrer again and again with an ever greater emphaticness pointed out with his walking stick the many thin spots which these trousers, if one holds them in front of a light, show, thus

Oehler to Scherrer, the actually unignorable thin spots, as Karrer continually expressed it, thus Oehler to Scherrer, Karrer always only said, these so-called new trousers, thus Oehler to Scherrer, while he had the trousers held in front of the light and most importantly he continually said the entire time, these odd thin spots [53/54] in these so-called new trousers, thus Oehler to Scherrer. He, Karrer, again let himself get carried away to the observation, why these so-called, Karrer had said these so-called new trousers again and again, again and again, thus Oehler to Scherrer, why these so-called new trousers, which, if actually new, because as yet unworn, nevertheless seem already second-hand for years, and therefore already of a no longer entirely attractive appearance, which he, Karrer, didn't want to conceal from Rustenschacher, like he, Karrer, didn't want to conceal anything at all from Rustenschacher which concerns the trousers, because he could not conceal anything which concerns these trousers which lay upon the counter and were held in front of the light again and again, it was not his, Karrer's way, not in the slightest, to conceal anything from Rustenschacher, which concerned these trousers, just as he could not conceal much from Rustenschacher, which didn't concern these trousers, while it was surely for him, Karrer, an advantage to conceal from Rustenschacher that which he didn't conceal from Rustenschacher, why these trousers have these unignorable thin spots in such a way that immediately makes one mistrustful of these trousers, thus said Karrer to Rustenschacher with a deeper sense of meaning, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, especially these new, even if second-hand and therefore no longer very attractive appearing, but yet completely unworn, trousers have these thin spots, said Karrer to Rustenschacher, and thus Oehler to Scherrer. It was a matter of whether the

trouser materials, which stood in question, out of which these trousers were made, were perhaps reject goods from Czechoslovakia, thus said Oehler to Scherrer. Several [54/55] times Karrer repeated the description of Czechoslovakian reject goods, thus Oehler to Scherrer, and indeed repeated thus often that Rustenschacher's nephew's, the salesman's, self-control was finally at its end. Rustenschacher himself busied himself in the background exclusively with the labeling of trousers during our entire stay in Rustenschacher's shop, thus Oehler to Scherrer. The salesman's self-control was at its end from the moment in which we, Karrer and I, had stepped into the shop. Although at our entrance into Rustenschacher's shop everything already pointed to a coming catastrophe (in Karrer), thus Oehler to Scherrer, I never actually believed for a moment it could have come to such a catastrophe, which was naturally dreadful for Karrer, thus Oehler to Scherrer. I had made this observation during each of our visits in Rustenschacher's shop, thus said Oehler to Scherrer: that Rustenschacher's nephew controlled himself for long times, for the longest time, and indeed was always controlled until Karrer used the expression or the definition of Czechoslovakian reject goods. And Rustenschacher himself was always the most controlled during all of our visits to his business, until the point in time, thus Oehler to Scherrer, in which Karrer suddenly, barely audible on purpose, but thereby with a much greater effectiveness, used the definition or the expression Czechoslovakian reject goods. The salesman, Rustenschacher's nephew, immediately protested every time against the words reject goods, thus Oehler to Scherrer. In that the salesman said to Karrer in a naturally irritated tone, the materials [55/56], which were made into the trousers lying on the counter, are neither reject goods, nor

Czechoslovakian reject goods, but rather first-class English materials, he threw the trousers, which he was currently holding in front of the light, as Karrer said, with all of these trousers it is a matter of Czechoslovakian reject goods. into the heap of trousers and made preparations to leave the shop and enter the office behind the shop. Always the same, thus Oehler to Scherrer: like lightning Karrer says Czechoslovakian reject goods, the salesman throws the trousers, which were currently being held in front of the light, into the heap of trousers and says irritatedly first-class English materials and makes preparations to leave the shop and enter the office behind the shop, goes a few steps too, thus Oehler to Scherrer, and indeed towards Rustenschacher, stands for a moment before Rustenschacher, turns around and comes back to the counter, at which Karrer says with his walking stick raised: I have nothing against the workmanship of the trousers, no, nothing against the workmanship, I am not talking about the workmanship, nothing against the workmanship at all, rather against the quality of the materials, nothing against the workmanship, nothing against the workmanship at all, you understand me, repeats Karrer several times to the salesman, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, admittedly the workmanship of these materials is the best, thus said Karrer, thus Oehler to Scherrer and at once Karrer says to Rustenschacher's nephew: besides, I've known Rustenschacher far too long not to know that the workmanship of these materials is the best that one can imagine. But the in remark, it is with these trouser materials, entirely apart from their workmanship, a matter of reject goods and, as one can entirely clearly recognize, of Czechoslovakian reject goods, he, Karrer, could not desist, he had to say entirely simply [56/57] again and again that it was with these trouser materials a matter of

Czechoslovakian reject goods. Suddenly Karrer again raised his walking stick, thus Oehler to Scherrer, and knocked loudly with the walking stick several times on the counter and said with emphasis: you must admit to me, that with these trouser materials it is a matter of Czechoslovakian reject goods! you must admit it to me! you must admit it to me!, to which Scherrer asked me, whether Karrer said, you must admit it to me, several times and in what sort of loudness exactly, to which I told Scherrer, five times, since I still had in my head how often and exactly how Karrer said you must admit it to me! five times and I demonstrated the loudness to Scherrer exactly, thus said Oehler. In the moment in which Karrer says, you must admit it to me! and you must admit it to me, gentlemen! and you must admit it to me, gentlemen, that with these trousers lying on the counter it is a matter of Czechoslovakian reject goods, Rustenschacher's nephew again holds a pair of trousers in front of the light and indeed a pair with an especially thin spot, I say to Scherrer, thus said Oehler, I repeated to Scherrer two times, with an especially thin spot, with an especially thin spot in front of the light, I say, thus Oehler, each of these trousers, which you show to me here, thus Karrer, thus Oehler to Scherrer, is the proof that with all of these trouser materials it is a matter of Czechoslovakian reject goods. The odd and the astonishing and the instantaneously ponderable things, thus Oehler to Scherrer, to him, Karrer, are not the many thin spots in these trousers at all, not even the fact that with these trouser materials it was a matter of reject goods and indeed, as he always said again and again [57/58], Czechoslovakian reject goods, all that is basically neither odd, nor surprising nor shocking, odd and surprising and shocking was the fact, thus Karrer to Rustenschacher's nephew, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, that a salesman,

even more if he were the nephew of the owner, can be excited if the truth, which is said to him, and he, Karrer, says nothing but the truth, when he says these trousers all have thin spots and are nothing else than Czechoslovakian reject goods, to which Rustenschacher's nephew says, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, he swears that with the materials in question it is not a matter of Czechoslovakian reject goods, but rather of the best first-class English [58/59] materials, several times the salesman swore to Karrer, with the materials in question it is a matter of the best first-class English materials, the best first-class, the best first-class, not first-class, I repeated again and again, says Oehler to Scherrer, again and again the best first-class and not first-class, because I was of the opinion that it is decisive whether someone says first-class or the best first-class, the best first-class, I say again and again to Scherrer, actually with the materials in question it is a matter of the best first-class English materials, says the salesman, thus Oehler to Scherrer, whereby I had to explain to Scherrer again and again, the voice of the salesman, of Rustenschacher's nephew, had an unpleasant pitch, the voice of Rustenschacher's nephew is already unpleasant, I say to Scherrer, thus Oehler, and so it is the most unpleasant when this person says, the best first-class English materials, I know no more unpleasant voice than the voice of Rustenschacher's nephew when he says, the best first-class English materials, thus said Oehler to Scherrer. That the materials are not labeled, says Rustenschacher's nephew, alone makes possible their absolute minimal price, thus Oehler to Scherrer, these materials are not labeled as English materials on purpose, it is totally clear that it is a matter of evading customs duties here, says Rustenschacher's nephew, Rustenschacher himself out of the background, thus Oehler to Scherrer, so these materials can come to

market so inexpensively, they are not labeled. Fifty percent of the goods from England are not labeled, thus said Rustenschacher to Karrer, I say to Scherrer, thus Oehler, and thereby less expensive than the labeled, which concerns quality, but there is no difference at all between labeled and unlabeled goods. The unlabeled goods, most importantly, if it is a matter of textiles, are often about forty, very often even about fifty or about sixty percent less expensive than the labeled and for the buyer, but most importantly for the user, it is completely inconsequential, whether he uses labeled or unlabeled goods, whether I have on a coat of a labeled, or a coat of a unlabeled material, is really completely inconsequential, says Rustenschacher out of the background, thus said Oehler to Scherrer. For the customs authorities it is naturally a matter of reject goods, of so-called Czechoslovakian reject goods, as you say, Karrer, says Rustenschacher, thus Oehler to Scherrer. However very often in reality, what are defined as Czechoslovakian reject goods, and therefore declared as such by the customs authorities, are the best first-class English or different best first-class foreign goods, thus Rustenschacher to Karrer. During this debate between Rustenschacher and Karrer [59/60], Rustenschacher's nephew again and again holds a new pair of trousers in front of the light for Karrer, says Oehler to Scherrer. While I myself, thus Oehler to Scherrer, leaned against the counter, completely uninvolved in this debate, please note, completely uninvolved in the debate between Karrer and Rustenschacher, they both conducted their debate, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, as if I had not been in the shop at all, exactly this circumstance enabled me, however, to observe both of them with the greatest attentiveness, whereby I naturally directed the most attention to Karrer, for whom I already feared at this moment, thus

Oehler to Scherrer. Again I say to Scherrer, that I, seen from the entrance, stood to the left of Karrer, again I had to say, next to the mirror. because Scherrer didn't remember that I had already said once that during our stay in Rustenschacher's shop I constantly stood next to the mirror. On the other hand Scherrer noted everything, thus Oehler, Scherrer even noted my repetitions, thus said Oehler. It obviously pleased Karrer to have as many trousers as possible held in front of the light, but that was nothing new, that Karrer had all the trousers held in front of the light and would not leave Rustenschacher's shop until Rustenschacher's nephew had held all the trousers in front of the light for him, thus Oehler to Scherrer; basically, the same thing always played itself out when I went into Rustenschacher's shop with Karrer, but never with such a fierceness, with such an unbelievable intensity, and, as we now know, with such an awful collapse. To the impatience and to the aversion and to the actually [60/61] uninterrupted fearfulness of Rustenschacher's nephew towards Karrer, Karrer took not the smallest consideration, thus Oehler to Scherrer, on the contrary, Karrer put the salesman, Rustenschacher's nephew, to the test again and again and with always new sadistic intentions, almost conspicuously directed against him, the salesman. Rustenschacher's nephew always reacted too slowly to Karrer, you react too slowly to me, says Karrer several times, says Oehler to Scherrer, you have basically no reaction speed, how you come into the position to serve me, and you come into the position at all, to work here in your uncle's actually excellent shop, is inexplicable to me, thus said Karrer several times to Rustenschacher's nephew, thus said Oehler to Scherrer. While you hold two pairs of trousers in front of the light, I could hold ten or twelve pairs in front of the light, says Karrer to Rustenschacher's

nephew. How unhappy Rustenschacher himself was over the debate between Karrer and his, Rustenschacher's nephew, is proved by the fact that Rustenschacher several times went out of the shop and into the office, probably in order to avoid intervening in the almost embarrassing debate. I myself feared every moment of having to intervene in the debate, but then Karrer lifted the walking stick once again and knocked with it on the counter and said: it is probably a matter of a state of exhaustion, possibly it is a matter of a state of exhaustion, but I can take no consideration for such a state of exhaustion, no consideration, he said to himself while he knocked on the counter with the walking stick in the exact rhythm with which he always knocked on Rustenschacher's counter, probably, in order to subdue his inner excitement [61/62], thus Oehler to Scherrer, and then he, Karrer, began again with his excesses of claims and charges against the salesman which concerned the trousers and the materials. Indeed, Rustenschacher heard everything from the background, observed everything from the back ground as well, thus Oehler to Scherrer, even when it appeared that Rustenschacher didn't observe the least between Karrer and his nephew, Rustenschacher's self-control, I say to Scherrer, thus Oehler, was the greatest, Rustenschacher had controlled himself over the heating of the debate between Karrer and Rustenschacher's nephew to a degree to which someone else could not have controlled himself. But the way and manner with which Karrer entered Rustenschacher's shop at certain times, and because Rustenschacher knew how Karrer always acted in this barely bearable way in Rustenschacher's shop and how Karrer always reacted to everything, but always finally calmed himself again was known to Rustenschacher. Actually each time when we went into Rustenschacher's shop,

Rustenschacher had shown a much greater capacity for judgment with concern to Karrer's constitution than Scherrer. Suddenly Karrer says to Rustenschacher, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, if you, Rustenschacher, stand directly behind these trousers, which are presently held in front of the light for me by your nephew, directly behind these trousers, held up behind the light by your nephew for me, I can see your face through these trousers with a clarity with which I don't want to see your face at all. But Rustenschacher controlled himself. Where to Karrer said, Enough with the trousers!, Enough with the materials!, Enough with that!, thus Oehler to Scherrer. But once again Karrer [62/63] said about it, thus Oehler to Scherrer, with these materials lying on the counter it is one hundred percent a matter of Czechoslovakian reject goods. Apart from the workmanship, says Karrer, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, it is a matter with these materials entirely obviously of Czechoslovakian reject goods, and for the layman as well. The workmanship is the best, naturally the workmanship is the best, says Karrer again and again, that has demonstrated itself in all these years in which Karrer visited Rustenschacher's shop again and again. And how long had he visited Rustenschacher's shop and how many pairs of trousers had he already bought in Rustenschacher's shop, thus Oehler to Scherrer. Not a single button ripped off!, says Karrer, thus Oehler to Scherrer, not a single stitch ripped out!, says Karrer to Rustenschacher. My sister, says Karrer, has not yet had to sew back on a single ripped off button for me, that is true, that my sister has never had to sew back on a single button for me on one of my trousers that I bought from you, Rustenschacher, because all of these buttons on trousers bought from you are sewed on with such a strength that one cannot rip off any of the buttons. And not a single stitch has come out

in all of these years on a single one on my trousers that I bought from you! Scherrer notes, in the so-called shorthand used by psychiatric doctors, what I say. And I come dreadfully to the thought, says Oehler, that I am sitting here, in Pavilion VI, in front of Scherrer and making these statements about Karrer, while Karrer is interned in Pavilion VII, we say interned, because we don't want to say locked up or locked up like cattle, says Oehler. I sit there in Pavilion VI and talk about Karrer in [63/64] Pavilion VII, without Karrer knowing, that I am talking about him in Pavilion VII in Pavilion VI. And naturally I didn't visit Karrer, neither as I went into Steinhof, nor as I went out of Steinhof, says Oehler. But probably Karrer could not have been visited at all. Visiting those interned in Pavilion VII, says Oehler, is not allowed. He who is in Pavilion VII may not receive any visits. Rustenschacher says suddenly, I say to Scherrer, thus Oehler, Karrer could try to rip a button off of these trousers lying in the counter. Or try to rip out one of these stitches! says Rustenschacher to Karrer, subject all of these trousers to a precise test, says Rustenschacher and Rustenschacher calls upon Karrer to rip or to pull or to tear all of these trousers lying on the counter as he would like, thus said Oehler to Scherrer. Rustenschacher called upon Karrer to do with the trousers, what ever he wanted to do with the trousers. Possibly Rustenschacher thought instructively at this moment, thus Oehler to Scherrer. Oehler to Rustenschacher about that: so directly called upon, to rip apart all of Rustenschacher's trousers, thus Oehler to Scherrer, he, Karrer, refrained from it. I would rather not do such a rip-test!, says Karrer to Rustenschacher, thus Oehler to Scherrer. Because if I tried, thus Karrer, to rip out even only a single stitch from one of these pairs of trousers or to rip off even only a single button from one of

these pairs of trousers, it immediately means I am mad, which I guard myself against, because that, that one is described as mad, one should guard against, thus Oehler to Scherrer. But were I really to rip these trousers, thus Karrer to Rustenschacher and his nephew [64/65], I would doubtless rip all of these trousers to shreds in the shortest time, not to mention that I would rip all of the buttons off of all of these trousers in the shortest of all times. This carelessness, to call upon me to rip apart all of these trousers! says Karrer. This carelessness! Several times Karrer says This carelessness!, thus said Oehler to Scherrer. Then Karrer returns again to the thin spots, thus Oehler to Scherrer. Karrer says again, thus Oehler to Scherrer, that it is odd, that all of these trousers, if one holds them in front of the light, show thin spots, these thin spots which are entirely typical for inferior reject goods, says Karrer. To which Rustenschacher's nephew says, one may not, as one knows, hold a single pair of trousers in front of the light, because all trousers, if one holds them in front of the light, show thin spots. Show me trousers from anywhere in the world which you can hold in front of the light, says Rustenschacher in the background to Karrer. Not the newest, not the most expensive, says Rustenschacher, thus Oehler to Scherrer. In every case one would find at least one thin spot in the trousers held in front of the light, says Rustenschacher's nephew, says Oehler to Scherrer. To that Rustenschacher suddenly out of the background: every knitted item held in front of the light would show, if one holds them in front of the light, a thin spot. To that Karrer, that if every intelligent buyer naturally holds an item, which he wants to buy, in front of the light, he doesn't want to be cheated, thus Oehler to Scherrer. Every one, no matter what sort of item, must, if one wants to buy it, first hold it in front of the light, thus said Karrer.

Even if the business people fear nothing with a greater dread than that one holds their goods in front of the light, thus Karrer, says Oehler to Scherrer. But naturally there are trouser materials and therefore trousers, I say [65/66] to Scherrer, thus Oehler, which one can hold in front of the light readily, if it is a matter of first-class materials, I say, one can actually readily hold them in front of the light. But probably, I say to Scherrer, thus Oehler, it was a matter with the materials in question of English materials and not, as Karrer believed, of Czechoslovakian materials, therefore not of Czechoslovakian reject goods as well, since I myself saw these thin spots in all of these trousers. Only I would naturally have not spoken my mind in the way that Karrer spoke his mind about these thin spots in these trousers and therefore in all of these materials, I say to Scherrer. Probably I would have never gone into to Rustenschacher's shop at all, had we not been in Rustenschacher's shop two or three days in front of this visit to Rustenschacher's shop. At this penultimate visit, the same as well: Karrer let Rustenschacher's nephew hold the trousers in front of the light for him, but not so many pairs of trousers, after a sort time, Karrer says, thank you, but I'm not buying any trousers, let's go, to me and we left Rustenschacher's shop. But now the situation was completely different. Karrer had gone into Rustenschacher's shop already in an excited condition, because we had spoken about Hollensteiner the entire way from Klosterneuburger street to Alserbach street, Karrer had come to an ever greater excitement on the way and at the climax of this excitement, such an excitement as I never previously observed in Karrer, we had gone into Rustenschacher's shop. Naturally [66/67], we should not have gone into Rustenschacher's shop in such a condition of excitement, I say to Scherrer. It would have

been better not to have gone in Rustenschacher's shop, but rather back along
 Klosterneuburger street, but Karrer had not agreed with my suggestion to walk back along
 Klosterneuburger street, I have decided to go into Rustenschacher's shop, says Karrer to
 me, thus Oehler to Scherrer, and because Karrer's tone had the character of an
 unquestionable command, I say to Scherrer, thus Oehler, nothing else remained to me,
 except to go with Karrer into Rustenschacher's shop this time. And I would have never
 allowed Karrer to go into Rustenschacher's shop alone, thus Oehler, not in this condition.
 That we take a risk when we go into Rustenschacher's shop, was clear to me, I say to
 Scherrer, Karrer's incensed condition hindered me so that I had yet to say a word against
 his plan to go into Rustenschacher's shop. If one knows Karrer's nature, I say to
 Scherrer, thus said Oehler, one knows, says Karrer, he goes into Rustenschacher's shop,
 that it is meaningless to do something against it. Just what Karrer planned in such
 conditions, he was not to be hindered, not to be brought back. On one hand it was
 Rustenschacher, who let him go into Rustenschacher's shop, on the other hand
 Rustenschacher's nephew, both basically repulsed him. as basically all people repulsed
 him, my person repulsed him as well, one must know that, he was always repulsed by all
 people, even from those with whom he associated by his own choice, if one associate
 with him by his wish, one was not excluded from the fact that Karrer [67/68] was
 repulsed by all people, I say to Scherrer, says Oehler. No person with so great a
sensitivity. No person under such fluctuations of consciousness. No person with so high
an excitability and with so great a readiness for injury, I say to Scherrer, says Oehler. The
 truth is that Karrer continually felt observed and that he always reacted thus, as if he felt

continually observed, therefore he never had only a single moment of peace. This uninterrupted uneasiness is also that, which separated him from all others, if the continual uneasiness separating one from all people can be a person, I say to Scherrer, says Oehler. And to be together with a continually uneasy person, who always imagines himself to be uneasy, even then, when he in reality is not uneasy at all, is the most difficult, I say to Scherrer, says Oehler. Even if nothing points to one or more causes of uneasiness, if everything doesn't point to the slightest uneasiness, Karrer was uneasy, because he had the feeling, (the sentiment) to be uneasy, because he had cause for that, as he believed. The theory, whereby one is everything that one imagines oneself to be, could be studied in Karrer, as he always imagined, and probably imagined his whole life long, to be deathly ill without knowing by which sickness he was deathly ill and therefore probably and surely by this theory, I say to Scherrer, says Oehler, actually was deathly ill. If we imagine a mental condition for ourselves, no matter which, we are in this mental condition, which we imagine for ourselves, in every condition, which we imagine for ourselves. And we don't let ourselves be disturbed by that which we imagine for ourselves, I say to Scherrer, and therefore we don't get excited about the imagined [68/69] because of nothing, most importantly because of nothing from outside. The unbelievable self-assuredness on one hand and the unbelievable instability and helplessness of the psychiatric doctors on the other hand, I think, how I sit across from Scherrer and speak these statements about Karrer and most importantly about Karrer's behavior in Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler. Scherrer listened attentively, but utterly without discernment, says Oehler. After a short time I asked myself, why am I sitting

across from Scherrer and making these statements, these declarations about Karrer? But, I didn't occupy myself with this question very long, in order to give Scherrer no opportunity to think about my unusual behavior towards him, because I had characterized myself as ready to say as much as possible to him about Karrer on this afternoon. It would have been better, I now think, to stand up and to walk away without consideration on what Scherrer would think, were I to, against my assurance to speak about Karrer for one or two hours, walk away, I thought, thus Oehler. If I could only walk away, I said to myself, while I sat across from Scherrer, out of this terrible, barred, white-painted room and walk away, walk as far as possible away. But like every person who sits across from a psychiatric doctor, I had only the one thought, to arouse no suspicion in my opposite in view of my mental condition and that means in view of my accountability. I thought that I basically acted against Karrer, in that I went to Scherrer, said Oehler. My conscience was suddenly impure, you know what that means, if one suddenly has the feeling, that one is impure to a friend and if it is such a friend in Karrer's situation, then it is worse, I thought. To speak only [69/70] of a bad conscience would be already inadmissible too weak, says Oehler, I was ashamed of myself. Since I doubtlessly soon recognized in Scherrer's person an enemy of Karrer, only this circumstance had come to confidence to me after a longer time, after a long observation of Scherrer, who I have known indeed two years already, since Karrer was in Steinhof the first time, and who, because of our acquaintance, I gave my pledge to visit him, to whom I was indeed not so acquainted, however, that I could have said, I know this person, in this case I would have not gone along with Scherrer's invitation to go to Steinhof, in order to talk about Karrer. I thought

about it several times, to get up and to walk away, says Oehler, but then I gave up these thoughts, I said to myself, it is indifferent. Scherrer was a strange person to me just because of his superficiality. I had believed to have sought out a scientific person in a scientific doctor, but I sat, as I had soon recognized, across from a charlatan. Too often we recognize too late that we should not have let ourselves get into something which humiliates us unforeseen. On the other hand I had to accept that Scherrer had a useful function for Karrer, says Oehler, but more and more I saw, Scherrer, although he is defined as the opposite and himself believes this opposite, is convinced of this opposite, is behaving in the role of the benefactor as a doctor in a white shirt as Karrer's enemy. Karrer is to Scherrer nothing more than only an object abused by him, Scherrer. Nothing more than a victim. Nauseated by Scherrer, I say, Karrer says, actually there are indeed trousers and trouser materials which one [70/71] can readily hold in front of the light, but these, says Karrer and breaks out in laughter, in such an unusual laughter for him, an uncharacteristic laughter for Karrer, because only characteristic of Karrer's madness, one doesn't need to hold these trousers in front of the light, thus Karrer, simultaneously knocking on the counter with the walking stick, in order to see, that it is a matter of Czechoslovakian reject goods. Now I noticed for the first time entirely clear signs of madness, I say to Scherrer, to which Scherrer immediately notes Oehler (that is, me) says in this moment: for the first time entirely clear signs of madness, as I see, says Oehler, because I see everything which Scherrer notes while I speak, I observed not only how Scherrer reacts, I observe what and how Scherrer notes as well. It doesn't surprise me, says Oehler, that Scherrer underlined my remark: for the first time entirely clear signs of

madness. That only proved his incompetence. Rustenschacher still labeled trousers in the background, it occurred to me, I say to Scherrer, and I thought, that is understandable and therefore unusual that Rustenschacher labeled so many trousers, possibly Rustenschacher's unceasing labeling of trousers in the background affected Karrer's unbelievably risen excitement, actually Rustenschacher never sells as many pairs of trousers, I thought, I say to Scherrer suddenly, as he labels and he probably supplies other smaller businesses in the outlying districts as well, such as in the twenty-first and in the twenty-second and in the twenty-third districts, in which one can therefore also buy Rustenschacher's trousers [71/72], I thought, that therefore Rustenschacher plays the roll of a trouser-wholesaler for a series of such textile-only businesses. With this pair of trousers here, which you just held in front of my face, instead of in front of the light, says Karrer now, thus said Oehler to Scherrer, it is entirely obviously a matter of Czechoslovakian reject goods. Just that Karrer didn't injure Rustenschacher's nephew's face with these new objection against Rustenschacher's trousers, thus Oehler to Scherrer. Karrer drug out the first visit to Rustenschacher's shop because of his leg pain, I say to Scherrer, says Oehler, entirely obviously we walked too far before the entrance into Rustenschacher's shop and not only too far, but also with too great a speed, simultaneously with a very tiring discussion about Wittgenstein, I say to Scherrer, says Oehler, I name this name deliberately, because I knew, Scherrer never heard this name before, which I immediately confirm, as I say the name Wittgenstein, says Oehler, but then Karrer probably no longer thought about his painful legs, but entirely simply for the reason of no longer being able to leave, to no longer be able to leave Rustenschacher's

and pulled between all the possibilities of a human head's thinking and between all the possibilities of a human mind's feeling and between all the possibilities [73/74] of a human character, says Oehler. On the other hand we are, if we are together with a person like Karrer, in uninterrupted completely natural intellectual readiness and not for a moment long in artificial intellectual readiness. We gain an increasing, radical, and indeed an increasingly radically clear view, a relation towards all objects, even when these objects are such objects which normally are outside human access. That which for us until now, until the point in time in which we suddenly come together with a person like Karrer, was inaccessible, because unfathomable, is suddenly accessible and fathomable to us. The world is suddenly made not just of entirely layers of darkness, but entirely of layers of clarity, says Oehler. Therein however, to recognize that, and to recognize that in the uninterrupted readiness, says Oehler, lie the difficulties, to be together continually then with such a person like Karrer. Such a person is naturally feared, because he himself has fears (of fathomability). Now we occupy ourselves with a person like Karrer, because he actually escaped from us (through his admission into Steinhof). If Karrer were not now in Steinhof and if we didn't know definitely that he is in Steinhof, if this were not a complete fact for us, we would not dare to speak now about Karrer, but because Karrer is now finally mad, as we know, which we confirm without science, rather need to establish entirely simply through our minds and which we established through our minds and which sciences confirmed for us, since doubtless with Scherrer it is a matter, says Oehler [74/75], of a typical practitioner of science, which Karrer always described only as so-called science, we dare to speak about Karrer. Like

Karrer, says Oehler, described absolutely everything only as a So-called, nothing, that he shouldn't have described as only a So-called, wherein his authority reached an unbelievable firmness. He, Karrer, had never said, says Oehler, even if he said it very often and perhaps also in many cases uninterrupted, in such uninterruptedly-spoken words and uninterruptedly-used concepts, it is a matter of science. always only of so-called science, it is a matter of art, only on so-called art, not of technology, only of so-called technology, not of sickness, only of so-called sickness, not of knowledge, only of so-called knowledge, as he always described everything only as So-called, he reached an unbelievable possibility of authority and credibility without equal. We have, if we have to do with people, to do only with so-called people, like if we have to do with facts, only have to do with so-called facts, like all substance, because it is from nothing else than from the human mind, is also only so-called substance, because, as we know, everything is from the human mind and from nothing else, if we understand the concept knowing and accept it as a concept understood by us. To which we continually think and uninterruptedly justify everything on this basis and on nothing else. The fact that the things and the things in themselves are only so-called things, to be exact, only so-called so-called things, thus Karrer, says Oehler, is obvious. The structure of the entirety is, as we know, a completely simple structure, and [75/76] if we always proceed from this entirely simple structure, we come forwards. If we do not proceed from this entirely simple structure of the entirety, we describe that, which we describe as absolute standstill, but also the as entirety as a so-called thing. How could I, thus Karrer, dare myself to describe something not as only a so-called thing, and to set up a calculation with it and

design a world with equal size and equal rationality or irrationality, if I would only always say (and act thereon), it is always only a matter of a so-called thing, then again and again, a so-called so-called thing, and so forth. Like the manner of dealing in its repetition is like its absoluteness only a so-called manner of dealing, thus Karrer, says Oehler. As we also have only a so-called position to take up, all things which we comprehend, like everything which we don't comprehend, which we however consider as actual, therefore as true. To walk with Karrer was a uninterrupted series of thought processes, says Oehler, which we often developed for a long time next to one another and then suddenly brought together at someplace, a stand-spot or a think-spot, but usually at a certain stand-and think-spot. If it is a matter of that, says Oehler, one, my thoughts, with another (his) thoughts, to make a single, not a double, since a double thought is, as we know, impossible and therefore nonsense. There is always only a single thought, as it is also false, to say, to the side of the thought is a thought and what then, in such an impossible combination, is very often described as a side-thought, which is complete nonsense. If Karrer had a thought, and I myself had a thought, thereto it must be said, that we were [76/77] uninterrupted in such a condition, because a different condition than such a condition was no longer possible for us, we both always had an uninterrupted thought, or, as Karrer would have said, even if he didn't say it, a so-called uninterrupted thought until the moment, in which we dared to make our two separate thoughts into a single, as we claimed it from entirely great thoughts, therefore so-called entirely great thoughts, which are, however, not thoughts, since a so-called entirely great, a so-called entirely great is never a thought, it is a summary of all thoughts related to a so-called great issue, says

Oehler, therefore there is not entirely great thought, we dare, if we said to ourselves in such a case, says Oehler, if we walked next to one another for a long time and had next to one another for a long time a thought; each held for themselves and each held these thoughts for a long time, to both make at once completely clear thoughts into a single thought. It was that, one can say, nothing more than playing around, but then one could say that everything is only playing around, says Oehler, we have, with whatever that has to do with playing around, that possibility as well, says Oehler, but I don't think about that. The idea is entirely correct, says Oehler, as we stand in front of Hotel Obenaus, suddenly standing in front of Hotel Obenaus, Oehler says this sentence: The idea is entirely correct, that Karrer will never go to Obenaus again. Karrer will really never go to Obenaus again, because he will never come out of Steinhof again [77/78], therefore we know, that he will never go into Obenaus again. What will he miss? we ask ourselves immediately, says Oehler, when we get involved with this question, although we know that it is nonsensical to have posed this question, let us get involved in it and move towards the answer of this question. What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again? The question is simply posed, but the answer is complicated, since we can answer neither only with Yes, nor only with No to a question like the question, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again? Although we know that it would have been simpler not to pose this question (no matter which question), we posed this (and therefore a) question. We posed an unbelievably complicated question and indeed posed it entirely consciously, says Oehler, because we believe that it is possible for us to answer even a complicated question, we therefore do not fear a question like the question,

What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again? Because we believe we know that we know so much about Karrer (and so deeply), that we can answer the question, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again?; we therefore dare to not answer the question, we know that we can answer it, we believe we risk nothing in this question, although we alone thought that, in that we make this remark, we don't risk anything in this question, risk everything and not only in this question. I will, however, not go so far that I explain, how I answer the question, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again? says Oehler, I will therefore also not answer the question without explanation and indeed without explanation of how I came to the answer of the question [78/79] and then of how I came to the question at all as well. If we want to answer such a question as the question, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again?, we must answer it itself, which assumes however the complete knowledge of Karrer's circumstances in relation to Obenaus and as a result naturally the complete knowledge of everything connected with Karrer and everything connected with Obenaus, whereby we come to that, that we cannot answer the question, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again?. The claim, we answer the question, in that we answer it, is therefore false, because we answered the question well and, as we believe and know, answered it ourselves, as we now know however, didn't answer at all, we didn't answer the question itself, because it isn't possible to answer a question, like the question, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again?, because we didn't ask, Will Karrer go into Obenaus again?, which would be answered with Yes or with No, in the actual case with No, and therefore creates difficulties, but because we ask, What

will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again?, it is automatically a matter of a question that cannot be answered, says Oehler. Apart from that, we still answer the question, in that we describe the question, which we posed for ourselves, as a so-called question and the answer, which we give, as a so-called answer. In that we deal and therefore think with the concept of So-called, the answer to the question, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again?, is therefore possible for us. But the [79/80] question, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again?, is also applicable to me, I can ask, What will I miss, if I never go into Obenaus again?, or you could ask yourself, What will I miss, if I never go into Obenaus again?, whereby the probability is the greatest, that one day I will go into Obenaus again and probably you too will go into Obenaus once again, in order to eat something or to drink something, says Oehler. I can say, says Oehler, in my opinion Karrer will no longer go into Obenaus, I can even say, Karrer will probably no longer go into Obenaus, I can say, with certainty or certainly Karrer will no longer go into Obenaus, says Oehler. But I cannot ask, What will Karrer miss, if he never goes into Obenaus again?, because I cannot answer this question. But if we just simply make the attempt to ask ourselves, What will a person, who was often in Obenaus, miss if he suddenly no longer (and indeed never again) goes into Obenaus? says Oehler. If such a person just simply no longer walks among the people sitting there, says Oehler,. In that we ask so, we see that we cannot answer the question, because we meanwhile extended it into an unending number of questions. But we ask nevertheless, says Oehler, and we begin with the people sitting in Obenaus. First we ask, What is or who is sitting in Obenaus?, so that we can then ask, Who will miss a person,

who suddenly no longer (never again) goes into Obenaus? Then we immediately ask ourselves, With which of the people sitting in Obenaus do I begin? and so forth. You see, says Oehler, we could pose a question, no matter what sort of a question, we cannot answer the question [80/81], if we really want to answer it, in so far as no question is to be answered in the world of concepts at all. Apart from that, however, millions and billions of questions are posed and answered by questions, as we know, and those who ask and those who answer do not concern themselves whether it is false, because they cannot concern themselves with it, they don't stop, and suddenly nothing is there at all, says Oehler. Here, you see, says Oehler in front of Hotel Obenaus, up here, on the forth floor, I once occupied a room, a very small room, after I came back from America, says Oehler. He came back from America and said to himself, there, where you lived once, thirty years ago, in the ninth district, take a room, and he took a room in the ninth district in the house above Obenaus. Suddenly he could no longer bear it, no longer in this room, no longer on this street, no longer in this city, says Oehler. During his stay in America, everything changed in a decisive way for him in the city, in which he now suddenly lived again thirty years later, I hadn't counted on that, says Oehler. Suddenly I realized that I in reality have nothing more to seek in this city, says Oehler, but I have come back to it once and indeed with the intention, forever, I couldn't immediately turn myself around again and go back to America. I left America with the intention to leave America forever, says Oehler. I recognized, that have nothing more to seek in Vienna, says Oehler, and with complete mental sharpness Oehler says, on the other hand, that I now have nothing to seek in America as well [81/82], and he walked through the city for days and for weeks

and for months and thought about the manner and way with which he would kill himself, since that I would kill myself was clear to me, says Oehler, completely clear, only not how and also not exactly when, but that it would be soon, because it had to be soon, had been clear to me. Again and again he was in the inner-city, says Oehler, and stood at the inner-city doorways and sought out on these inner-city doorways a certain name familiar to him from his childhood and youth, loved or feared, but trusted name, but found not a single one of these names anymore. Where did all of these people who are connected with these names which are familiar to me and which I cannot find on any of these doors anymore go? he asked himself, says Oehler. For weeks and for months he asked himself this question. We often pose the same question for months, he says, to ourselves or to others, but most importantly we pose them to ourselves and if we have not been able to answer this question, not even in the longest time, not even in years, because the answer to the question is not possibly for us, says Oehler, we pose a different, a new question, but perhaps again a question which we already asked ourselves and so the whole life long, until the mind can no longer function. Where did all of these people, friends, relatives, enemies go? he asked himself and always sought further and further after names, even during the night this asking after these names granted him no peace. Was it not hundreds and thousands of names? he asked himself. Where are all these people with whom I had contact with then, thirty years ago? he asked himself. If I [82/83] would only meet a single one of these people. Where? he asked himself uninterruptedly, and why? Suddenly it was clear to him that all these people, who he sought, no longer existed. These people don't exist anymore, he suddenly thought, there is no sense in looking for

these people, because they no longer exist, he suddenly said to himself and he gave up the room over Obenaus and went into the mountains, to the country, I went into the mountains, says Oehler, but I couldn't bear it in the mountains either and I am back again in the city. I stood here very often with Karrer outside of Obenaus, says Oehler, and spoke to him about all of these dreadful connections. By then we, Oehler and I, were on the Friedensbrücke. It had been Karrer's habit, to explain one of Wittgenstein's principles to me on the Friedensbrücke, out of exhaustion Karrer referred to the name Wittgenstein not once more on the Friedensbrücke, I myself had been no longer able to refer to the name Ferdinand Ebner, thus Oehler. So, in recent times we often were in a state of exhaustion, in which we suddenly could no longer explain what we had planned to explain, we used the Friedensbrücke for lessening our states of exhaustion, thus Oehler. We had both wanted to explain two principles to each other, says Oehler, I, a principle by Wittgenstein to Karrer which was completely unclear to him, he, Karrer, a principle by Ferdinand Ebner to me which was completely unclear to me. But due to exhaustion, we had been no longer able at all to speak the names Wittgenstein and Ferdinand Ebner on the Friedensbrücke at all, because we made our walking and our thinking, the one from the other, said Oehler, into an unbelievable, almost no longer [83/84] bearable nervous strain. That this practice, to make walking and thinking into the most gigantic nervous strain, cannot be continued for a long time without harm, we had suspected and actually we could not continue this practice, says Oehler, Karrer must have drawn the consequences from it, I myself was weakened as well by Karrer's, as I must say, complete nervous breakdown, since I can readily describe Karrer's madness as such,

in a manner, that now I can not once more speak the word Wittgenstein on the Friedensbrücke, not to mention I cannot say something about Wittgenstein or something connected with Wittgenstein, like I no longer say anything at all, Oehler says and looks at the traffic on the Friedensbrücke. While we always thought we can make walking and thinking into a single total process for a long time, I must now say, that it is impossible to make walking and thinking into a single total process for a long time. Since actually it is not possible to walk for a long time and to think for a long time with equal intensity, one time we walk more intensively, but think not as intensively as we walk, then we think intensively and walk not as intensively as we think, one time we think with a much higher presence of mind than how we walk and one time we walk with a much greater presence of mind than how we think, but we cannot think and walk with the same presence of mind, says Oehler, like we cannot walk and think with the same intensity for a long time and cannot make walking and thinking still more for a long time than a total entirety and a total [84/85] equality. If we walk more intensively, our thinking decreases, says Oehler, if we think more intensively, our walking. On the other hand, we must walk, in order to be able to think, says Oehler, like we must think, in order to be able to walk, one out of the other and one out of the other with a still greater artificiality. But everything always only to the level of exhaustion. We cannot say, we walk like we think, because we cannot walk like we think, nor think like we walk. If we walk for a long time intensively in intensive thought, says Oehler, soon we must soon break off the walking or soon break off the thinking, because it is not possible to walk and to think equally intensively for a long time. We can readily say that we often succeed to walk evenly and to think evenly,

but this art is obviously the most difficult of all and least controllable. Of the one person we say, he is an excellent thinker, of the other we say, he is an excellent walker, but we cannot say of an individual, he is an equally excellent (or an outstanding) walker and thinker. On the other hand, walking and thinking are two completely similar concepts and we can readily say (and claim), that he who walks and therefore he, who walks excellently, for example, also thinks excellently, like he, who thinks and therefore thinks excellently also, also walks excellently. If we observe a walker exactly, we also know how he thinks. We observe a walker for a long time most exactly and little by little come to his thinking, to the structure of his thinking, like we, [85/86] if we observe a person for a long time, how he thinks, little by little come to how he walks. Therefore, observe a thinker for a long time and observe then, how he walks, reversed, observe a walker for a long time and observe then, how he thinks. There is nothing more illuminating than if we see a thinker walking, like there is nothing more illuminating, than if we see a walker who thinks, through which we can readily say, we see how the walker thinks, as we can say, we see how the thinker walks, because we see the thinker walking, reversed, the walker thinking and so forth, says Oehler. Walking and thinking stand together in an uninterrupted trust-relationship, says Oehler. The science of walking and the science of thinking are, taken basically, a single science. How this person walks and how he thinks! we often ask ourselves as a statement, without actually posing ourselves this question as a statement, like we also often pose the question as a statement (without actually posing it), how this person thinks and how he walks! Can I therefore always, when I see a thinker, infer from that how he walks? I ask myself, says Oehler, when I see a walker, how he

thinks? No, naturally I may not pose this question, because this question is one of those questions which may not be posed, because they cannot be posed without being nonsensical. But we naturally cannot reproach a walker, whose walking we analyzed, before we know his thinking. As we may not reproach a thinker, before we don't know his walking, for his walking. This person walks in such a negligent way, we often think and very often: how negligently this person thinks, and we [86/87] soon come to it, that this person thinks exactly how he walks, walks how he thinks. But we may not ask ourselves how we walk, because then we walk differently than we walk in reality and our walking is not to be judged at all, like we may not ask ourselves how we think, because then we can, because it is no longer our thinking, no longer judge how we think. While we can readily observe another person without him knowing (and perceiving), therefore his walking is like his thinking, we can never observe ourselves without knowing (perceiving) it. If we observe ourselves, we never observe ourselves, rather always another person. We can therefore never talk about self-observation, or talk about it, that we observe ourselves as that, which we are, if we observe ourselves, which, however, we never are, if we observe ourselves, never they, whom we intended to observe, but rather another person. The concept of self-observation, therefore of self-description as well, is therefore false. Seen so, all concepts (ideas), says Oehler, like self-observation, self-sympathy, self-accusation and so forth, are false. We don't see ourselves, we never have the possibility to see ourselves. However, we also cannot explain to another person (a different object), how he is, because we can only explain him, as we see him, which probably corresponds to that, that he is, but that we cannot explain so that we can say, he

is so. So everything is always something entirely different than it is for us, says Oehler. And always something entirely different than it is for everything else. Completely apart from that, that the descriptions as well, with which we describe [87/88], are entirely different than the actual descriptions. In so far that all descriptions are not correct, says Oehler. But if we have such thoughts, he says, we soon see that we are lost in these thoughts. We are lost in every thought, if we deliver ourselves up to these thoughts, if we really deliver ourselves up to only a single thought, we are lost. When I walk, says Oehler, I think and I claim, I walk and suddenly I think and I claim, I walk and I think, because I think while I walk. And if we walk together and think these thoughts, we think, we walk together and suddenly, we think, even if not together, we think, but it is something else. When I think, I walk, it is something different, than if you think, I walk, like it is something different if we both think equally (or both simultaneously), we walk, if that is possible. Let's walk on the Friedensbrücke, I said earlier, says Oehler, and we walked on the Friedensbrücke, because I thought, I think, I say, I walk on the Friedensbrücke, I walk with you, therefore we walk together on the Friedensbrücke. But it is completely different if you had had these thoughts, if you had thought, we walk on the Friedensbrücke and so forth. If we walk, says Oehler, the mental movement comes with the physical movement. We make this remark again and again, that when we walk and our bodies therefore come into motion, then our thinking comes into motion as well, that no thought was in mind. We walk with our legs, we say, and think with our mind. But we could also say, we walk with our mind. To walk in such an unbelievably delicate state of mind, we think, if we see a person walking, which we suspect in such a state of

mind [88/89], as we believe and say. This person walks completely mindlessly, we say, like we say, this mindless person walks unbelievably fast or unbelievably slow or unbelievably purposefully. Let's walk, we say, into the Franzjosef Train Station, when we know that we will say, let's walk into the Franzjosef Train Station. Or we think we say, let's walk on the Friedensbrücke, because we have foreseen what we do, namely walking on the Friedensbrücke. We think, what we have foreseen and do, what we have foreseen, says Oehler. After four or five minutes we had the intention to seek out the park by Klosterneuburger street, walking in the park by Klosterneuburger street, says Oehler, assumes that we knew for four or five minutes that we would walk into the park by Klosterneuburger street. Like, when I say, let's walk into Obenaus, means, that I thought, let's walk into Obenaus, independent from, whether I walk into Obenaus or not, whether we walk into Obenaus or not. But we are lost in such thoughts, says Oehler, and it is pointless to occupy ourselves with such question for a long time. So we are always close to them, the thoughts we have and which we always have, because it is our habit to always have thoughts, to throw away thoughts, we throw away thoughts, as far as we know, our whole lives, we do nothing else, because we are nothing else than people, who continually turn over and empty out their minds like trash baskets, wherever they are. If we have a mind full of thoughts, we turn the mind over like a trash basket, says Oehler, and not everything in a pile, says Oehler, but rather wherever, where we are. Therefore [89/90] the world is full of stench, because everyone everywhere empties out their minds like trash baskets. By this stench, which is caused by this unending waste of thoughts, says Oehler, the world will, and we will, one day doubtless suffocate if we don't find

other methods. But it is improbable that there are other methods. Everyone fills up their minds thoughtlessly and inconsiderately and empty them out wherever they want, says Oehler, it is this idea which is the most horrible of all ideas to me. The thinker understands his thinking as a walking as well, says Oehler. He says my or his or this train of thought. It is therefore completely correct to say, let's walk into this thought, like if we were to say, let's walk into this house. Because we say it, says Oehler, because we have this idea, because we, Karrer would have said, have this so-called idea from a so-called train of thought. Let's walk (in thought) further, we say, if we want to further develop a thought, if we want to come forward in a thought. This thought walks too far and so forth, is said. If we believe we have to walk faster (or slower), we think we have to walk faster, although we know that thinking is not a question of speed, indeed it is a matter, like if were a matter of walking, of something which is walking, but thinking has nothing to do with speed, says Oehler. Between walking and thinking there is the difference, that thinking has nothing to do with speed, but walking actually always with speed. Therefore to say, let's walk fast into Obenaus or let's walk fast on the Friedensbrücke, is completely correct, but to say, let's think faster, we think fast, is false, it is nonsense, and [90/91] so forth, thus Oehler. When we walk, says Oehler, it is a matter of so-called use-concepts (thus said Karrer), when we think, it is simply just a matter of concepts. But we could readily, says Oehler, make thinking into walking, reversed, walking into thinking, without us going away from the fact that thinking has nothing to do with speed, walking everything. We can also say again and again, says Oehler, now we have walked to the end of the path, no matter which path, while we can never say, now we have taken this

thought to the end, that doesn't exist and it is connected with that fact, that indeed walking but not thinking has to do with speed, not thinking at all, walking is simply just speed. But under that, like in everything, says Oehler, there is the world (and therefore the thinking) of use- or the help-concepts. Through the world of the use-concepts or the help-concepts, we come further, not through the world of concepts. We are actually now in the intention of seeking out the park by Klosterneuburger street, and after four or five minutes are in the park by Klosterneuburger street. We still have the bird feed intended for the birds under the Friedensbrücke in our coat pockets. Oehler says suddenly: do you still have the bird feed intended for the birds under the Friedensbrücke in your coat pocket? to which I answer, Yes. To our stupefaction, we, Oehler and I, both still have the bird feed, which had been intended for the birds under the Friedensbrücke, still in our coat pockets in the park by Klosterneuburger street. It is absolutely unusual, says Oehler, that we forgot to feed our bird feed to the birds under the Friedensbrücke. Let's spread out our bird feed now, says Oehler, and we spread out our bird feed [91/92]. We throw our bird feed under the birds very quickly and the bird feed is quickly eaten up. This is a totally different, much faster way that these birds eat up our bird feed, says Oehler, than by the birds under the Friedensbrücke. Almost simultaneously I say as well, this is a totally different way, with certainty I wanted to say, before Oehler said his sentence, the words a totally different way, as we said it. This oddity should be occasion for us to occupy ourselves with this oddity. But not today. Never before have I walked so fast from the Friedensbrücke to Klosterneuburger street, says Oehler. That was our, Karrer's and mine, intention also, to go back from the Friedensbrücke directly to Klosterneuburger

street, but no, we went into Rustenschacher's shop, today I don't know why we really went into Rustenschacher's shop, but this thought is pointless. I still hear myself say, says Oehler, let's go to Klosterneuburger street, that is, to here, where we now are, because I always walked here with Karrer, certainly not in order to, as with you, feed birds here, I still here myself say, let's walk back to Klosterneuburger street, we'll relax on Klosterneuburger street, I had already had the impression, Karrer had nothing more necessary than relaxation, his entire organism was at this point in time already nothing but agitation, let's walk to Klosterneuburger street, actually several times this, my invitation, but Karrer didn't hear, I invited him to walk to Klosterneuburger street [92/93], but Karrer didn't hear, suddenly he stopped in front of Rustenschacher's shop, which I hate, says Oehler, the fact is that I hate Rustenschacher's shop, and said, let's go into Rustenschacher's shop and we went into Rustenschacher's shop, although we had not planned at all to go into Rustenschacher's shop, because we had said yet at the Franzjosef Train station, today neither to Obenaus, nor to Rustenschacher's shop, still I hear both of our categorical declarations, neither to Obenaus (in order to drink our beer) nor to Rustenschacher's shop, but suddenly we had gone into Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler, and you know the result. The senselessness, an once-grasped decision from reason, like we (afterwards) must say, to throw around for such a dreadful misfortune, says Oehler. A walking, never so hectic until now, was then, as I walked with Karrer from the Friedensbrücke down here in the direction of Klosterneuburger street and then into Rustenschacher's shop, noticeable to me in Karrer, says Oehler. We had never even crossed the square in front of the Franzjosef train station so fast. Despite the people

running out of the train station, despite these hundreds of people suddenly running into us, Karrer had walked to the Franzjosef train station, at which I thought we would, as was his habit, sit down one of the old benches intended for the travelers in the middle of the dreadful filth in Franzjosef train station, as was his habit, says Oehler, to sit on one of the benches and observe the people who [93/94] jump out of the trains and flood the train station in a short time, but no, shortly before we, entered the train station, as I believed, in order to sit on one of these benches, Karrer makes a turn and runs to the Friedensbrücke, says Oehler, runs, says Oehler several times, runs to the Friedensbrücke, past the Kleiderhaus Zum Eisenbahner across the Friedensbrücke and from there into Rustenschacher's shop, with an unimaginable speed, says Oehler. Actually, Karrer ran away from Oehler, Oehler could only follow Karrer at a distance of ten, or for a long time at a distance of fifteen or twenty meters, during this run behind Karrer Oehler thought again and again, if only Karrer doesn't go into Rustenschacher's shop, if he only isn't so careless, to go into Rustenschacher's shop, but exactly that, which Oehler, while he ran behind Karrer, feared, had happened, Karrer said, let's go into Rustenschacher's shop and Karrer, without waiting for a comment from the side of the exhausted Oehler, went directly into Rustenschacher's shop, Karrer ripped open the door to Rustenschacher's shop with an unbelievable vehemence, but could then control himself, says Oehler, but naturally lost the self-control again. Karrer runs to the counter, says Oehler, and without arguing the salesman begins to show Karrer, whom he had already shown all the trousers in the previous week, all the trousers, to hold then in front of the light. You see, thus Karrer, says Oehler, his speech is suddenly, probably because we are standing, so quiet, I

have known this street from childhood on and I went through everything, which this street went through [94/95] and there is nothing on this street, which I would not have trusted, he, Karrer, knows every regularity and every irregularity on this street and be it also one of the most ugly, he loves this street like no other. How often he, Karrer, said, you see these people day-to-day and it is always the same people, who you see and who you know, always the same faces and always the same mind- and walk- motions, the mind- and walk-motions characteristic for Klosterneuburger street. You know these hundreds and thousands of people, thus Karrer to Oehler, and you know them too, even if you don't know them, because it is basically always the same people, all these people are the same and differentiate themselves only for the superficial on-looker (as judge). How they walk and how they don't walk and how they shop and how they don't shop and how they behave themselves in summer and how they behave themselves in winter and how they are born and how they die, thus Karrer to Oehler. You know all of these dreadful relationships. You know all of these attempts (to live), who come to nothing from these attempts, this whole attempt at living, this whole condition of attempting at living, thus Karrer to Oehler, says Oehler. You went to school here and you outlived your father and your mother here and others will, like you outlived your father and your mother, outlive you, thus said Karrer to Oehler. To all the thoughts to which you have ever come, you came to them on Klosterneuburger street (if you know the truth, to all of your ideas which concern all of your mathematical proofs, environment, inner world). With how many monstrosities is Klosterneuburger street filled for you (thus said Karrer to Oehler). You need only to walk along Klosterneuburger street [95/96] and the whole wretchedness and

bleakness of living comes to you. These walls, these rooms, with and in which you have grown old, these many sicknesses characteristic for Klosterneuburger street, he, Karrer, thinks, thus Oehler, this dog and these old people tied to these dogs. The way and manner that Karrer said this sentence, thus Oehler, was not surprising as a result of Hollensteiner's suicide, everything had something bleak for Karrer, a dejection, which I had not observed in him previously, had strengthened itself in him after Hollensteiner's death. Everything suddenly had the gloomy colors which appear, for those who see nothing else, as the dying and are never to appear as anything else than only dying around him. But Scherrer, thus said Oehler, had not been interested in all these changes in Karrer's personality connected with Hollensteiner's suicide. How, as a child, they often dragged you into the doorways and smacked you around in these doorways, says Karrer in a tone frightening to me, says Oehler. As if Hollensteiner's death had darkened the whole human, or better, inhuman scene, says Karrer, says Oehler. How they beat your mother and how they beat your father, says Karrer, says Oehler. These hundreds and thousands of windows shut tight in summer and winter, says Karrer, thus Oehler and says it as hopelessly as possible. I will never forget these days before the seeking out of Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler, how Karrer's condition worsened day to day, how everything darkens still more, from the point at which one believes, it is already completely darkened. This outcry [96/97] and this downfall and this silence on Klosterneuburger street, which followed this outcry and this downfall, thus Karrer, says Oehler. And this dreadful filth!, he says, as if there had been nothing else in the world for him but filth. Just the fact that everything was always as is it on Klosterneuburger street

and that one, if one thought about it, must always fear that it will always stay the same, thus said Karrer, says Oehler, had little by little made Klosterneuburger street into an unyielding and unsolvable problem for him. This waking up on Klosterneuburger street and this going to sleep on Klosterneuburger street, said Karrer again and again. This unceasing giving up and giving in on Klosterneuburger street. This helplessness and immovability on Klosterneuburger street. In the last two days these sentences and shreds of sentences had repeated themselves uninterrupted, says Oehler. We don't possess the ability to leave Klosterneuburger street. We have no more power of decision. What we do is nothing. What we breathe in, is nothing. If we walk, we walk because of an inescapability in the other. We walk and walk always into a more inescapable inescapability. Walking away, nothing but walking away, said Karrer, thus Oehler, again and again. Nothing but walking away. All these years I thought to change something, and that means everything, and leave Klosterneuburger street, but it changes nothing (because he changed nothing), thus Oehler, and he didn't leave. If one doesn't leave early enough, said Karrer, it is suddenly too late and one can no longer leave. Suddenly it is clear, one can do what one wants, but one can no longer leave. This problem, to not be able to leave, [97/98] to never be able to change anything, then occupies one for the whole life, Karrer was to have said, and one then occupies oneself with nothing else. Then one becomes more helpless and more weak and only ever says, one should have left easily enough, and asks oneself, why one didn't leave early enough. But if we ask ourselves, why we didn't leave and indeed didn't leave early enough, which means, leave

in the moment, in which it was the highest time, we no longer understand, thus said Karrer to Oehler.

Oehler says: Because we didn't think intensely enough on change, where we actually always should have thought intensively on change and actually thought intensely on change, but not intense enough, because we simply didn't think about it in the most inhumanly intensive way, to change something, and that means, most importantly to change ourselves, and therefore to change everything, thus Karrer. The circumstances had always been such, which made it impossible for us. The circumstances are everything, we are nothing, thus Karrer. In what sort of conditions and circumstances I could have changed myself at all in all these years, because it was to a matter of conditions and circumstances for changing, thus said Karrer. Thirty years ago, like you, Oehler, went to America, even if under the most dreadful circumstances, as I know, Karrer was to have said, I should have left Klosterneuburger street, but I didn't leave; now I feel this whole humiliation as a dreadful punishment. This whole life was put together from nothing more than dreadful, simultaneously awful circumstances (conditions) and if one takes them out of one another, it disintegrates into purely [98/99] dreadful circumstances and conditions, thus Karrer to Oehler. And if one is on such a street for so long, so long, that one has the discovery that one has grown old already behind him, one can naturally no longer leave, in thoughts yes, but in reality no, but to leave in thoughts and not in reality, means doubled anguish, thus Karrer. After forty the strengths of will are so weakened that it is senseless to leave, even to make the attempt. A street like Klosterneuburger street is, for a person like me, at my age, a tightly-shut

tomb, in which one no longer hears anything but horrible things, thus Karrer. Karrer should have said the words malicious dying process, several times the words early ruin. Like I hated these houses, Karrer was to have said, and yet went into these houses again and again with a life-long devotion, which is nothing but depressing. All these hundreds and thousands of mentally ill people, who died out in these houses, thus Karrer. This mindless population increase, which we can observe here and is the most repulsive of all Europe, thus Karrer. To each of the people who died dreadfully in these gray, decaying houses, two or three new dreadful people were created in these houses, Karrer was to have said to Oehler. For weeks I have no longer walked into Rustenschacher's shop, said Karrer still one day before he went into Rustenschacher's shop, says Oehler. It is a time, in which one must be thirty or at least twenty years younger, in order to bear it. There was never such an artificiality, such an [99/100] artificiality with such a naturalness, for which one must, however, not be over forty years old. Wherever you look, you look into nothing but artificiality, thus said Karrer. Two, three years ago this street was not yet of such frightening artificiality, thus Karrer. But, I cannot explain this artificiality, thus Karrer. Like I can no longer explain anything, thus Karrer. Filth and age and absolute artificiality, thus Karrer. You with your Ferdinand Ebner, thus Karrer again and again, I with my Wittgenstein first, then you with your Wittgenstein and I with my Ferdinand Ebner, thus Karrer. Even if one is instructed on it by a female, my sister, thus said Karrer. But suddenly to again place all of these people (in Obenaus) after years of absence, is dreadful, thus Karrer. If you suddenly are dragged into your filth again, thus Karrer. Into the filth which has doubtless grown for thirty years, thus Karrer. After thirty

years it is a much filthier filth than thirty years ago, thus Karrer. If there is peace around me, there is restlessness in me, an ever greater restlessness around me and reversed, thus Karrer. If I lie in bed, provided that my sister gives me peace, that she doesn't go in and out of her room next to me, thus Karrer, that she doesn't, as it is her habit, just then, when I lie down, open up all the chests, all the drawers and suddenly cleans out all of these chests and drawers, I think about that which I thought about on the previous day, thus Karrer. I close my eyes and lay my hands flat on the blankets and pursue the whole previous day with great intensity, thus Karrer. With a still rising [100/101], a still to rise intensity, thus Karrer. The intensity will rise yet more, it may be that one time this exercise will cross the border to madness, to that I can take no consideration, thus Karrer. The time in which I took consideration is past, I take no more consideration, thus Karrer. The condition of perfect indifference in which I then exist, thus Karrer, is an entirely philosophical condition.

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