

Reinterpreting the Literary Fairytale of Wilhelm Hauff:
An Emendation of His Life and Works

by

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Abstract

The aim of this dissertation is to analyse and revise contemporary critical discourse on the fairytales of Wilhelm Hauff. Its purpose is threefold: to offer an accurate assessment of the author's work and his contribution to the literary fairytale; to restore the structural aesthetic on which interpretation of authorial intent depends; and to remove the visible imprint of the translator by reassessing Hauff's subversive "attack on the mechanisms of stereotyping" (Thum, "Misreading" 19). Historical context is restored to the discussion. The importance of the court censor and the need for subterfuge is stressed through a meticulous study of the original texts. Satire is situated and explained. The method of approach is tailored to the poet rather than the interpreter and strives to identify, explain and correct the discrepancies between the original German prose and the numerous renderings into English. Textual and cultural anomalies are invalidated through a detailed analysis of translation and publication. Errors in supposition and fact are exposed. This treatise seeks to restore the contextual frame to the dialectic and thereby establish Hauff as the first to acknowledge, illustrate and insist upon a theoretical precept by which the fairytale could be defined.

To contextualise the tales and resituate their thematic and theoretical relevance in the broader context of the European tradition is the main objective. The narrative structure of the Hauffian fairytale is genre specific and distinct. Published successively from 1825, Hauff's three annuals of original 'keepsakes' repositioned the fairytale construct through "an ironic and satirical dismantling of societal norms" (2). Exploration requires explanation. The author's purpose was to confront preconceived notions of what a tale of wonder could be, "to provide an alternative view of reality informed by greater tolerance, enlightenment, and understanding" (13). But as satire is measured to time and audience and irony is aligned

with context, the connotation has shifted. Diversion into associated works and genres forms part of a requisite clarification. This analysis redirects critical focus back to the words of the author in relation to the age in which he lived and away from the anachronistic translations that have tarnished his legacy as a poet.

Reception of the Hauffian æsthetic by an English-speaking audience is problematic. The most significant issue is the lack of acceptable material on which to base a fair appraisal. At present there is limited access to a suitable translation of the fairytales. Of the renderings and adaptations spanning almost two hundred years, only the antiquated S. Mendel offering of 1886 (reprinted in 1914 and 1970) contains the narrative framework of the three almanacs. But even this ‘complete’ edition denies Hauff the “cue to his intentions” (5) - the allegorical “Fairytale as Almanac” preface. To facilitate reading, a new translation has been included and should be considered supplemental to the analysis. Interpretation of revolutionary style cannot be restricted by lacunæ. Abridgement of the three narrative frameworks and their related stories leads to a formulaic depletion of the broader context, which in turn leads to an inevitable misinterpretation of the author’s intent. A solution to the problem depends on an accessible rendering of the almanacs into “a modern English version that would include not only the tales themselves, but also the stories in which they are framed” (19). Hauff must be reclaimed from the margins of constructive academic discourse. With this end in view, the analysis has been honed to affect future critical debate and, ultimately, to pave the way for a modern, unabridged translation of the almanacs in measure with the original intentions of the author.

Acknowledgements

It is necessary to distinguish personal and professional acknowledgements from those that ought to remain private. To have shared a path on a futile quest is its own empty lesson and reward. Let love suffice for the unfaltering few.

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Those who indulged and critiqued the brambled path are with me at its culmination. First among them is Professor Mulvihill, who took the time to shepherd a boy Romantic too enamoured of Blake and Byron to see the world for what it would never be. The forewarning “One of these days, you’ll have to go through hoops” would become the unlearned lesson of my life. Of those early years, only the “Never!” response remains. The *Beautiful Madness* of Shelley’s ‘Lorn Maniac’ is testament to his influence and the unsounded melody of its refrain.

Professor Siemens handed me his *Artists and Women* at our only exchange as though he read without a word the aesthetic that would compass my life. Professor Bowers kept the errant youth in the classroom after an impassioned defence of Hamlet and safeguarded his progress as he ambled alone through the wildflowers of Shakespeare. Professor Gay taught Milton and the Bible with a gentleness and precision that ensured those who heard would not forget, his incisive humour and the students’ failure to fathom its import etching a lesson of profound significance. Professor Gordon-Craig approached the fairytale schooled and styled on the leaves of Tolkien, supporting my premise that Sméagol was the true hero of *The Lord of the Rings* long before film and fanfare would saturate the theme. These readings are engrained in mind and memory alike. The Wildean eulogy on *Nightingale* during our final meeting was the only one to bear resonance. Professor Bruce Stovel stepped in to secure the initial degree when political posturing threatened completion, setting aside two lunchtimes each week to provide a directed reading course on what

would become an homage to rhythm and blues, swing, rockabilly and early rock 'n' roll. The spirit of his smile and the prophecy of the three-legged Chair shall remain with me always.

Few take the time to explain the purpose of a principle. In passing on the quote “A false everything has zero value” and remaining true to context for more than twenty years, Professor Reimer drew the unmitigated spirit of *gentillesse* without conceding the moral to Sir Gawain’s misguided apologist. The manner of my own teaching owes more to these private conversations than to any knowledge that might have been acquired in the halls of academia.

Of these scholars, three insisted my place in this world lay elsewhere and far, if only to preserve and protect a mind out of flow with the modern university and a heart out of measure with its method. Professor Verdicchio pushed back the tide when the wayward path led astray, welcoming me back after years of wandering and ensuring a smooth transition into the doctoral phase of a misweighted academic ‘career’. This treatise on an unusual poet owes both origin and completion to the patience, tenacity and insight of a scholar who explored the essence of poetry through the unusual patterns of life. Massimo stood with me through the toil and trouble of the years, shielding me from myself and never once asking for anything in return. To have been the friend of one who treasured books yet knew how to live generously, joyfully and well has proven to be, time and again, the restorative light of a lifelong pursuit.

The fireside conversation that gave rise to a thesis pivoted on “Perhaps it would be wise to choose a less . . . *eccentric* topic?” Jonathan Hart was instrumental during the formative stages of development, ushering me swiftly through the examination process while redacting the “You know, fairytales are often a form of social dissent” commentary. More than anyone, Jonathan protected me from my own ‘discerning mind’, often silencing words before they were spoken. And for a while this kept the jackals at bay. But a professor whose interests rest with students and all that is admirable in education is an anomaly, and he too must travel elsewhere and far. An awareness that pale hearts and mediocrities play at politics remains one of the more painful pictorials of an opera that closed on the submediant chord.

My heartfelt regard is reserved for those who chose to ignore the politic incline. At a moment when all were cushioned to their chairs, Professor Braz had the decency to stand up and offer a word of ministrations from within the deafening silence. Gary Kelly conveyed this same sense of unobtrusive calm during a loss that demanded departure; but for the subtle calling of his scripture, which kept me rooted to the spot, the balance of my life would also have been lost. There is an artistry in never having to mention the subject of discussion.

In the absence of artistry, administration becomes an unfathomable greyness. For a brief moment in time, Victoria Ruétalo impelled me to discern grey from the grey; without her firm assistance and support, there would not have been a fellowship, and without the financial award, there would not have been a thesis. Eva Glancy attempted to impart the science—perhaps even the art—of handling administrative matters with prowess and perspective, encapsulating in a single sentence all that I failed to convey in a page. Through this failure the view reverts to grey without an official advisor who acts when words falter and fail. On Massimo's retirement, Odile Cisneros had the ethical conviction to assume a role no one else would have taken. And it was not the first time she alone had stepped forward when others remained safely ensconced in their shadows. Having literally grasped a hand to prevent me from taking an earlier turning into nowhere, she took hold of a convoluted task and guided me soundlessly and seamlessly through an administrative fen as alien to my senses as mixing water with wine. Odile was there when it mattered most. The blind stamp of her selflessness is appended to this treatise, as indelible as any printed word.

But the words themselves bear the note of a partnership. My editor and advisor through each stage of composition has been Professor Raleigh Whiting. He was brought in to shepherd the unshepherdable. From our initial meeting onward, I have deferred to his editorial mastery while remaining steadfast to an aesthetic no longer in true with the leaning tower of academia. His guidance has preserved a voice smothered by the archives of oblivion. The suppositions on which modern research often depend have been set aside: analysis has been structured on the principle of chapter and verse before theory. Under Raleigh's tutelage, irony has been restored to the dialectic and the phrasing of the poet has prevailed. The freedom with which I have been able to pursue Hauff's silhouette is consonant with a mutual respect borne on love of literature and the immanence of language, for those seemingly insignificant details few others have either the will or the wit to discern. It has been an honour to have weathered the bleak midwinter with a confidant who was there beside me every step of the way. His confidence in the literary pursuit has been invaluable, his encouragement inestimable. Reappraisal of the subject owes its success to the inexhaustible spirit of one whose support has been unwavering, no matter how darksome or brambled the passage became. Belief in this spirit was compass and guide to the end.

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Prelude



Beckford: Que diable peut faire le Poète dans la manœuvre?

Un moment d'attente.

Chatterton: Il lit dans les astres la route que nous montre le doigt du Seigneur.¹

Chatterton, Act III, Scène VI by Alfred de Vigny

*Odila, o popolo, là è la patria,
dove si muore colla spada in pugno!
Non qui dove le uccidi i suoi poeti.²*

Andrea Chénier, Act III by Umberto Giordano; libretto by Luigi Illica

Respect for language and expression is the guiding imperative of any treatise on the vagaries of translation. The poet ought to prevail. Narrative intent must be assessed. In the rare case of Wilhelm Hauff, the bust bearing his image has been defaced by centuries of misguided renderings and the misinterpretations they propagate. The distorted picture that remains is an anachronism. Few poets have been so poorly understood by society; fewer still bear the ignominy of the translator's stamp on their moral character and personal frame of reference. The chapters that follow comprise a belated attempt to rescript the scrawl of the revisionist. Doubtless the endeavour has already failed. In truth, the defence comes twenty-five years behind time; in the life of the author and as an emendation to the legacy of the poet upon whose fairytales the research has been structured, the attempt is a generation removed from relevance. The moment passed. And yet a sustained passion for the subject ought not to be interpreted as lack of objectivity. Although met with suspicion and even contempt in today's academia, passion was and remains the portal to a correct representation of the artist.

¹ Beckford: *What the devil does the poet do amid all this manœuvring?*

(There is a short pause.)

Chatterton: From the stars, he reads the course pointed by the finger of God.

² Gérard's censure is part of the broader revolutionary context in which the name of justice is 'Tyranny'. A literal translation proves insufficient. 'Comrades, do you hear? Out there our people are dying for their fatherland with the sword in hand! But in here we murder our poets' conveys the essential spirit of the appeal to the tribunal.

The manner of composition and analysis may prove irksome for the modern reader. Stripped of the theoretical crutch and the ism on which it so often leans, the method may even appear outdated to some, but this is the preference of those to whom the author owes allegiance. Neither critics nor academics are the object of this address. They are merely the fugitive funnel through which it must pass. There remains an expectation the ‘good reader’ of Vladimir Nabokov may yet be found amid the unlettered ruins, standing a voice apart from those who cannot approach the written page without technological navigation and external interruption. To find *this* reader is the object of the pursuit. Reading should always come from within, even if the stars are no longer there to be seen. Exegesis is required. This treatise was not intended for the person who fails to acknowledge the poet’s course.

Not every path is linear. A sustained focus is demanded of the reader. Attention to detail must be meticulous. Connotation and context transpose with each turn of sentence and paragraph: the reader must remain alert. Composition is sequential and accretive; to mislay a reference in an earlier chapter is to lose hold of those that follow. Not every question requires an immediate answer; not every point should be conveyed by precipitate illumination. Patience is not a material object. Reading ought to be a detailed exercise in comprehension and interpretation; expression should not be limited or curtailed merely to placate the mediocrities of modern life. Mastering vocabulary is an art: a vignette of an astrolabe is more than an illustrative headpiece. The poet may have passed to memory, but the course remains. Despite sensible, sustained objections to the method of this ‘abstract’ approach, there are few signposts for the fainéant to follow, the author holding firm to the belief that those who require them are already out of their depth. For those intent on losing their way, Hoffmannesque epigraphs must again suffice as compass and guide.

The chapters are labyrinthine. Art is not a science. In Chapter One it is necessary to explain a life that has no parallel in literature, if only to frame the portrait of the poet who emerges from the analyses that follow. Chapter Two requires a digression through the floral allegories of Novalis as a comparative means of establishing the principle of negation on which the Hauffian fairytale is structured. It is therefore incumbent on the author to provide a translation of the allegory of departure that defines the onward path. Together, these two chapters serve as a comprehensive prelude to the first collection of ‘Oriental’ fairytales, and yet a further digression is imperative to provide the context that substantiates the premise

on which Chapter Three depends. Chapter Four necessitates an extended discussion on two novellas and a propaganda film: to omit relevant content on the subject of anti-Semitism in a fairytale is to obviate the analysis. A defence of the poet should not raise more questions than it seeks to answer or redress. With this in mind, Chapter Five comprises a meticulous reading of one tale as a structural basis for interpretation of an entire history of translation.

The analyses bridge two centuries of composition, translation and politics. There are noticeable discrepancies in spelling, grammar, syntax, punctuation and format that reflect historical changes and developments that ought not to be 'corrected'. The good reader will observe the dates of volumes bearing the words 'Mährchen' and 'sämmtliche' and contrast them with the 'Märchen' and 'sämtliche' of later editions. These 'errors' are too numerous to categorise seriatim. It is sufficient to state that an effort has been made to remain faithful to the original content in both the source material and its various 'translated' forms, however incorrect this practise may appear to a modern interpretation. Published material has not been altered. MLA 'Style' has been adapted to accommodate an absence of common sense. Spelling is unchanged. The tendency to circumscribe language and homogenise content is thrust aside: the right of the individual to determine the correct course takes precedence over political manœuvring. Language matters. History matters. The heedless reader will seize upon perceived mistakes without consideration of context and write them to the wrong of the unarmed author, but that is and should remain beside the way.

The contemporary paradox proves particularly problematic when grappling with the thorny issue of Americanisms entering the English language. This treatise was prepared for a Canadian university and funded by the Government of Canada: it is therefore composed in *Canadian* English. Over the past two decades, American English has supplanted our own to an extent that the two versions have become virtually indistinguishable. They are not. The difference ought to be respected and preserved. Honour decrees that 'colour' remain 'uncolored' by appropriation. Inverted commas are not 'single quotations', nor should they be used or punctuated as such. (A standard exception applies when inverted commas replace quotation marks for brevity [e.g., as in novels], in which case punctuation adheres to direct speech.) The academic who employs air quotes to convey meaning fails. In proper English usage, sentences do not necessarily grind to a halt at a question or exclamation mark; a word introduced by a colon seldom requires initial capitalisation. Proper nouns of Greek, Latin or

Biblical derivation ending in 's' are rendered possessive by apostrophe, as are plurals ending in 's'. Collectively, the letters of John Keats are 'Keats's letters'; the combined letters of John, George, Tom and Frances Keats are 'Keats' letters'. There is a need to observe that Canadian English supports adjustment based on the immediate context and is more flexible than its British or American counterpart. Canada is blessed with freedom. The author may choose to realise an alternate form of *dialogue*, and no future critic or copyist has the right to alter the 's' or redact the 'u' to accommodate the American glottal scrape.

Fidelity to an original has also proven problematic in matters of citation. The history of publication in Germany is riddled with bibliographical inconsistency and lacunæ, many of which are now unlikely of being deciphered. Although discrepancies are prominent in the Bibliography, it must be remembered that this is an historical document and ought not to be subject to revision by individual whim. In anticipation of these citational anomalies, the unusual decision to include a 'Works Cited' page at the close of each chapter was considered the most appropriate means of simplifying the process of locating a source with precision. This has resulted in occasional incongruity among chapters as the same source can be cited differently as required by the immediate context. Although content flows with constancy from chapter to chapter, the 'Works Cited' page remains rooted to its spot. The process of accreditation also suffers from the author's reluctance to refer to the authors of academic articles by rote and repetition, thus removing the double citation system to which measure is appended. Cited work and page number should suffice. Although the good reader will follow the established course without impediment, the lesser may encounter obstacles of comprehension along the way, particularly after having been called upon to pause at the call of modern technology.

Titles do not adhere to prescriptive theories. Quotes are sufficient for shorter tales, but there is a need for discernment. Although *Zwerg Nase* forms part of a larger collection, it is frequently published as a separate work in both German and English. Length and import thus qualify *Dwarf Nose* as a fairytale novella, a true *Kunstmärchen*. In this case the author has exercised a preference for italics, one that extends to the primary tale in each of the other two collections. The practise has precedent. Interpretation is the province of the individual. Consequently, citational inconsistencies may be observed as no attempt has been made to 'correct' the choices made by past editors and translators. Significant variations occur in

both languages. This *laissez-passer* perspective also applies to the various titles under which any given tale is known and often serves as a method of distinguishing ‘authorship’ among them. Extended to analysis, the phrasing of the title appears in context and may therefore differ from chapter to chapter.

Secondary sources have been used sparingly and with reluctance. This is a conscious choice made from a wealth of information rather than through limitation or repudiation. It is an act of discernment rather than negation. Each of the entries in the Bibliography has been read thoroughly with an eye to the broader subject. They would not be there otherwise. With regard to those of an academic, non-creative or polarising nature, the theories they espouse have been considered and set aside; a lifetime of notes attests to the futility of the endeavour. This material is covered by rote and does not warrant repetition here. Outworn isms have been given a wide berth. It is not a mark of arrogance or disrespect to prefer the path of eglantine. Deference is not always advisable. As the author’s own boyhood reading of the fairytale predates the scripted musings of those now considered ‘foremost in the field’, and as Hauff is scarcely given credit for his contribution to the genre and seldom mentioned in these writings, the compositional process has been compassed by the note within. The noise from without has not penetrated.

Through this approach the dead poet is perhaps vindicated in having read the course. The words have been received as they were written and interpreted by the light of the few stars above. The external voice has been hushed to the wayside, and there it shall remain. There are no apologies.

Rupert Thorough
Vienna, October 2018

Introduction



Reinterpreting the Literary Fairytale of Wilhelm Hauff

An Emendation of His Life and Works

“Ages are all equal, but genius is always above its Age.”

William Blake, *Notes on Reynolds*

Wilhelm Hauff was among the most innovative storytellers of the nineteenth century. In three short years he produced an artistic portfolio “almost without parallel in the history of German literature” (King xvi). And yet his ingenuity as an author in contemporary literary discourse is obscured by an imprecise evaluative context. It is evident that Hauff’s influence on the cultural, critical and social æsthetics of his century has been invalidated by critical misinterpretation. The influence of the fairytales in particular is inestimable. He was the first to offer a structured theory on the substance of the fairytale and collapsed the clichés by which the genre has come to be defined. In Germanic regions, popularity of the Hauffian fairytale trails only that of the Grimms’ seminal *Children’s and Household Tales*. Yet collected folktales are not to be confused with *Kunstmärchen*.³ In terms of original content and thematic structure, as a teller of faërie Hauff anticipates Hans Christian Andersen and Oscar Wilde in the European tradition. The creative merit of Hauff’s almanacs is genre specific and distinct from the work of his contemporaries; “of those writers who composed their own tales, Hauff heads the list” (Blamires 181).

³ Definition unnecessarily delimits the essence of the fairytale. However, as academic interpretation differs, clarification is required. For the purposes of *this* treatise, *Volksmärchen* refers to the oral folktale, which also includes the written forms of these tales, as in the collections of the Brothers Grimm. In the main, *Märchen* pertains to tales of wonder composed for reading or recitation (i.e., *not* part of the oral tradition), as in those of Madame d’Aulnoy and the French Salon. *Zaubermärchen* are tales of magic, which feature prominently in the *Arabian Nights*. *Kunstmärchen* are literary fairytales that aspire to a higher compositional form. The artist presides. The term ‘*Kunstmärchen*’ is not restricted to those of the Romantic period: Ford Madox Ford’s *The Brown Owl* from 1891 cannot be other than a true *Kunstmärchen*; Oscar Wilde’s *A House of Pomegranates* from the same year comprises four. In fine, the possibility for interchange and variance in perspective affects both terminology and the lines of demarcation, which are rather more fluid than the narrowness a ‘standardised’ definition allows. Contrary to common usage, ‘fairytale’ assumes precedence over ‘fairy tale’ throughout.

Published in successive years from 1825 until his death in 1827 at twenty-four, Hauff's three annuals of 'keepsakes' repositioned the fairytale through "an ironic and satirical dismantling of societal norms" (Thum, "Misreading" 2). In terms of composite aesthetic structure, his stories are unlike any written before or since. The typical fairytale wedding is tonally absent from Hauff's oeuvre; those who are 'different' and 'unique' of appearance or in ability do not emerge wholly triumphant from the 'quest' and seldom lead happy lives afterwards; reliance on a prince or princess for plot furtherance is eschewed; and with one pronounced transpositional exception, mitigation of socio-economic status is disavowed. The Hauffian protagonist is not afforded the possibility to alter his role in life or 'improve' his societal position. The author's purpose was to confront preconceived notions of what a tale of wonder was and could be, "to provide an alternative view of reality informed by greater tolerance, enlightenment, and understanding" (13). Hauff obliterates the 'other' prior to its theoretical conception. His fairytales celebrate ethnic plurality, precede the notion of 'cross-fertilisation', collapse the theoretical construct of 'Orientalism', illustrate positive allusions to homosexual love and anticipate realism and modernism while sowing the seeds of what would become proletarian literature. Hauffian subversion was source material for Karl Marx. As a social satirist, observation of the bourgeoisie enabled him to impart pictorial precursors to Darwinism twenty-four years before evolution theory. Cast in the shadow of Novalis, Ludwig Tieck and E. T. A. Hoffmann, Hauff was neither the finest nor the boldest author of the age in which he lived. But unconventional by nature and education alike, he was perhaps the most inventive of these authors and shrewd enough to attain considerable commercial success in his own brief lifetime. As a poet Hauff was in advance of his age. Time has not forgiven the transgression. His masterpiece died along with him, and despite the singular wealth of expression that remains, "[l]iterary historians, however, tend to pass over this success with few words" (Blamires 181).

The Romantic fairytellers of the early nineteenth century occupy a distinct niche in literary history. A generation behind, Hauff's work continues to be the most problematic to define. Although his tales were more widely read in translation than those of Novalis, Tieck, Hoffmann or Clemens Brentano prior to the advent of the First World War, today his legacy is reduced to that of the 'lesser' or mislaid 'Romantic'. In the English-speaking world, Hauff is seldom mentioned as an author of literary merit. Mistranslation has affected

reception and posterity has not been kind. The imprint of his imagination remains through the inimitable characters of his fairytales, and yet the books in which we find them are as likely to omit as inscribe his name. Largely prevented from accessing the genuine context of his work through translation, few anglophones are able to acknowledge the authorship of his most familiar phrasings in the vernacular or weigh his contribution to our present-day understanding of the fairytale genre. In truth, his reach as an artist seldom extends beyond German-speaking countries. But it was not always so.

The question as to why these fairytales have failed to withstand the test of time in translation cannot be addressed with any single response. In compiling “some of the most charming stories which have appeared, from time to time, as bright scintillations of genius, in the prëeminently beautiful literature of Germany” (Matenko 44), the American editor of 1957’s *The Token: A Christmas and New-Year’s Gift* defends his selection with an exclamatory “since the history of Literature presents few names worthy of being ranked with JEAN PAUL, LUDWIG TIECK, HAUFF, HOFFMANN, etc., etc.!” (44). The ‘ranking’ is clear: at which point did this standard perception change?

To begin with, the issue of perspective and narrative inversion is as puzzling as it is complex. This issue of register is particularly unsettling in the fairytales. Presumably written for and directed towards ‘the sons and daughters of the educated classes’⁴, the almanacs’ unorthodox source material was arguably unsuitable while the “disturbing symbolism” (Blamires 190) crept upon the young reader from the farthest corners of the subconscious. Hauff’s tales make a mockery of codification by number. In the main, they are neither *Märchen* (tale of wonder and enchantment) nor *Zaubermärchen* (magic fairytale), and although the conventional happy ending is rare in the Romantic *Kunstmärchen* (art or literary fairytale), it may at least be considered *an ending*. But the ‘heroes’ of Hauff’s tales are seldom redeemed by the closing phrase, they are never lifted into a higher social sphere regardless of their qualities or the trials endured (a mild improvement from within the same standing must suffice), and despite a refracted peal of the nuptial bell in „Die Geschichte von Kalif Storch“ [“The Caliph Stork”], there are few intimations of a hopeful or happy romantic union. Tellingly, and unlike the earlier *Kunstmärchen* of Tieck and Hoffmann,

⁴ The original title reads *Mährchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1826 für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände*.

female protagonists seldom step to the foreground. Hauff was a votary of Novalis' Blue Flower⁵ and its Romantic connotation of Hope and Beauty, but he chose not to throw the ray of delusive hope on his reading audience. There is no mitigation of the real world in which the author and his female readers lived. The dull are either inconspicuous or victimised while the alluring and beautiful are raped and even murdered; and yet the tenor and tone of each act committed against them conveys a coldness as bitter as the revenge that ultimately follows in their defence. Extant letters tell of a man who acted on the premise of full equality, a view held almost in defiance of his time. But the subtlety of the prose poses problems. It is not surprising then that these fairytales run afoul of contemporary theoretical discourse as they cannot be categorised with any degree of clarity or certainty; it could even be argued that successful analysis of any given tale may be inverted all too easily by another. Perhaps the reason Hauff is seldom quoted by theorists and critics is because he provides answers to the questions they have failed to consider, and in so doing often anticipates and negates the arguments upon which they structure their entire philosophy.⁶

Contrary to the imprecise supposition that "overwork and exhaustion" (Hansen, v) had taken its toll, the author died of typhoid at the age of twenty-four, little more than a week after the birth of his daughter, Wilhelmine. He left behind an extensive body of work that—from a non-Germanic perspective—has been miswritten through poor translation and mislaid by time. His legacy is now a matter of historical inaccuracy. Hauff's stories seldom appear in anthologies. 'Retellers' and illustrators frequently set their name above or even in lieu of his own when drawing upon them for inspiration.⁷ There is precious little regard for the breadth of his contribution to a field in which he is all but removed from discourse. The fairytales of Wilhelm Hauff contain some of the most vivid, imaginative characterisations in the genre, but as an author he remains poorly understood. Sadly, it is not a question of these tales having failed to withstand the test of time but rather they have not been given the opportunity to weather its vagaries. History suggests there are mitigating circumstances unique to their interpretation and lack of dissemination. In truth, beyond Hauff's narrow corner of Swabia his *alemannisch* wit and relevance have failed to translate.

⁵ The Blue Flower is discussed at length in Chapter Two.

⁶ This statement will be elaborated upon and qualified by subject in subsequent chapters.

⁷ By way of example, *The Enchanted Storks; A Tale of Bagdad* features 'by Aaron Shepard' on the cover before adapting to 'Retold by' on the title page; Hauff's name is reduced to an incidental appearance on the *verso*.

Critical reception of the Hauffian fairytale is problematic on several levels, the most important of which begins with access to the material itself. It should be noted that our understanding has been affected by mistranslation of Hauff's works from the outset. Even the bibliographical history defies coherence. Stripped of its narrative framework, *The Cold Heart* was anglicised from *Das kalte Herz* in an adult register by Oxenford and Feiling and published in *Tales from the German, Comprising Specimens from the Most Celebrated Authors* in 1844. This is the first accredited appearance of one of Hauff's fairytales in English. Later that year the same story was published in the fourth volume of "The Juvenile Englishman's Library," which denuded the tale of its grisly violence and ameliorated the destructive avarice of its young hero, Peter Munk. The asymmetry between the two versions in terms of both content and tone could hardly be more strained or acute: one tale is contrary to the other, and the artistic integrity of the narrative is severed in each case. To a lesser or greater extent, this is a problem frequently repeated in the rendering of Hauff's works but seldom resolved by a comparative analysis of the original text.

At present an anglophone reader of the fairytale has only marginal access to a faithful translation of Hauff's almanacs. An accurate translation inclusive of the framework is not at all easy to acquire. Of the more than sixty 'genuine' English translations and adaptations of the fairytales spanning a century and a half, with the notable exception of the mindful S. Mendel translation of 1886 (reprinted in 1914 and again, albeit poorly, in 1970), only the de Lauriston translation—unheralded, undated and initially published in Romania—contains the narrative framework of the first of the almanacs, *Die Karawane*, or *The Caravan*. And yet the 'editing' process is another matter altogether: even this otherwise unobtrusive version omits the "cue to his intentions" (Thum 5) – the „Märchen als Almanach“ [“Fairytale as Almanac”] departure and renewal allegory that ought to be included as the preface. Mendel makes the same omission. It is an issue unique to the works of Wilhelm Hauff. The absence of part of the three integral narrative frameworks and their related stories leads to an inevitable absence of understanding with regard to context, which in turn leads to misinterpretation of the author's intent.⁸ Any solution to the quandary is twofold in that it

⁸ Arguably, it is not possible to know the intent of an author. However, Hauff's letters may be compared with those of Lord Byron in their honest, often brutal assessment of society and the self. Extant views on social injustice and inequality enable the good reader to acquire insight into the poet and the man. Hauff lettered of life and literature without let or hindrance, the heart laid bare to posterity. *His* intent is clear.

depends upon both an updated rendering of the almanacs as originally conceived by the author and ease of access to those translations. As a contemporary edition is unavailable and the modern reader may find the Mendel antiquated, at present the problem is irresolvable. By way of illustration, a new translation of “Märchen in Masquerade” closes Chapter Two to establish a frame of reference and thereby facilitate interpretation of this analysis. An attempt at bringing some semblance of understanding to the tales as a whole is the best that can be done in order to alleviate the distance between perception and reality.

The absence of this distinction, the inability to appraise critically a translation one way or another, has given rise to numerous ancillary problems. As the source material is often unavailable in translation and an increasing number of academic journals require composition in English, Hauff’s fairytales are seldom ever weighed in measure with their intrinsic value. The author’s artistry is typically mislaid amidst the silence of untranslated pages. Lack of availability results in fewer academics choosing to study and explore the more problematic areas of his writing, which ultimately means that fewer opinions are expressed and debate gradually ceases. Recorded observations in English are conspicuous by their comparative absence. It bears witness that the attendant polemical issues—which can often divide an author from his intended audience—stand little likelihood of being resolved. Such is the case of Wilhelm Hauff. There have been fewer than thirty articles that pertain to his literary presence published in English over the past century; fewer still focus on the author or his works as primary subject matter. Most are particular in their approach (e.g., “Wilhelm Hauff’s Specific Relation to Walter Scott”). Of contemporary scholars writing in English, only Maureen Thum and David Blamires may be said to have contributed a positive understanding of the problems encountered in their own pursuit of this barren corner of the fairytale’s overflowing field. In order to remedy the problem—or at least raise an awareness that one actually exists—greater familiarity with the Hauffian canon in its proper context is imperative.

Although there are numerous other misreadings that warrant attention, the failure to contextualise the fairytales of Hauff within their original frame has led to one particular and longstanding polemical divide through which the author has been misrepresented before the reading public. It is one of the most unfortunate attributions in literary history, and as there has been no academic debate on the issue, the stigma has remained for more than a

century and a half. Drawn from *The Caravan*, “The Caliph Stork” was one of the best-loved fairytales of the late-nineteenth and early-twentieth centuries. The light-hearted romp was so popular and so widely known that Andrew Lang included his wife’s translation in the *Green Fairy Book* of 1892, albeit without accrediting Hauff as the author. But there may also have been a less subtle reason for the omission, one that has been repeated over and over again both before the Wars and since. As Blamires notes, the 1844 Burns edition rendered the malicious pedlar in the unadorned phrasing provided by Hauff; regrettably, the Ward, Lock & Co. edition of 1862, which was reprinted in 1884 and broadly disseminated on both sides of the Atlantic, contained an extensive passage—not found in the original German—that described physical traits typically misattributed to a specific ethnic group; within a few short lines it is made clear by the anonymous translator that the pedlar in question is Jewish. Although this particular phrasing does not form part of Hauff’s description in any manner, the false attribution has remained to colour and cloud the perspective of generations of readers. As though to deepen the extent of the injustice, the preconceived notion then attaches itself to the ironic passages from „Abner, der Jude, der nichts gesehen hat,“ or “Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing.” Hauff’s intended meaning is thus cruelly inverted. The voiceless author was later appropriated by director Veit Harlan and those who sought to play the inversion to their political advantage in Nazi Germany. It is difficult to remove a stain of this severity once it sets in. It might well be surmised that opinions formed of Hauff were not always consonant with his own writings. This may in part explain the animus of the editor-translator Jack Zipes (*Spells of Enchantment* xxiv), who has contributed extensively to a repositioning of the fairytale through his routinely repackaged, profitable textbook anthologies. Hauff is notably absent from the complementary collections of Maria Tatar and Marina Warner. The omission articulates the prejudice it seeks to negate: Hauff does not pay credence to the modern *ism*. Published by Sherberg Shlomo in 1923, a Hebrew edition of *Dwarf Nose* titled *Hagamad Hotem* and stamped as belonging to ‘Rabbi Jacob Joseph School’ serves as an appropriate antecedent to present opinion against Hauff, but it has proven an isolated defence for more than fifty years and is now all but forgotten. Despite numerous artists of Jewish origin or descent having illustrated the tales well into the twentieth century, to this day the author is erroneously perceived as an ‘anti-Semite’. His current standing in literary studies owes much to our incomprehensible failure to redress

the imbalance.⁹ The attempt to emend perception in Chapter Four thus requires a diversion into the novella *Jud Süß* as a means of exposing the burden of fact – culturally and historically.

The problem of reception is further illustrated through Hauff's layered portrayal of women. It must be stressed that *Othello*, *Die Sängerin* [*The Singer*], *Lichtenstein*, *Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts* [*The Beggar-Girl of the Pont des Arts*], *Jud Süß* and *Das Bild des Kaisers* [*The Portrait of the Emperor*] all contain exceptional female characters who emerge as the heroes of their respective narratives. But unlike the Romanticised fairytales of Tieck, Hoffmann and Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué, women do not occupy a central role and are seldom depicted as tangibly heroic. “The Caliph Stork” being a notable exception, female characters are dishearteningly flat, serving as inadvertent antagonists or incidental facilitators of the hero's quest. On the surface it would appear the articulate Romantic heroine of Fouqué's *Undine* (1811) and Tieck's “The Elves” (1812) has been subtly subverted, if not repositioned altogether. Decidedly, this is not the case; a broader context is required. Although female presence is seldom of positive import in the Hauffian fairytale and could well be interpreted nebulous at best, it is pertinent that rather than being cast through the spirit of negation, women serve to extend the complicated symbolism that rests at the core of Hauff's oeuvre. To suggest this device is employed as a conscious narrowing of narrative possibility—one that serves both to enhance and tauten the oddities inherent to the Hauffian fairytale—would appear to be insufficient comment for the modern reader. And yet, when considered in measure with the type of narrative favoured by the author and the sense of deep and often irresolvable alienation by which many of the tales are contoured, the positive but implicit contrast ought to be rather more apparent. Sadly, this interpretation has failed to gain ground. Limited though it has been, the discussion on Hauff's contribution to the genre is further marginalised by the comparative absence of a woman's voice beyond Germanic regions. To date, only Maureen Thum has succeeded in improving the debate from a female perspective via the academic article written in English, and that was twenty years ago. It is difficult to fathom how such an articulate defence of the author and the ideals he sought to pursue failed to affect the debate as a whole.

⁹ Chapter Four provides discussion on this ‘incomprehensible failure’ complemented by contextual analysis of the ‘imbalance’ it propagates.

Limited reception of Hauff's works has doubtless confined the scope of discussion, but there is an additional problem inherent to a good number of the tales that all but negates the possibility of reaching a progressive conclusion. The problem is one of both content and tone; register and intended audience are partitive to this concern. It has been noted that the Hauffian tale is not at all easy to categorise. Of the fourteen 'fairytales', the author himself referred to only one as 'Märchen', presumably due to the presence of a fairy and the element of magic by which the plot of „Das Märchen vom falschen Prinzen“ [“The Story of the False Prince”] is resolved. Qualification rather than categorisation is required, and a distinction should be made in that “[n]ot all of the stories are fairytales in the sense of tales in which magic plays a key part” (Blamires 182). This distinction has often been lost on anthologists. Although „Die Geschichte von der abgehauenen Hand“ was recently included in 2010's *The Best Horror Stories 1800-1849* as “The Severed Hand” and „Die Geschichte von dem Gespensterschiff“ featured as “The Spectre Ship” in the subsequent *The Best Ghost Stories 1800-1849*, Ryder and Browning's *German Literary Fairy Tales* from 1983 is notable insofar as it affords pride of place to the longest and most ambitious Hauffian fairytale – *The Cold Heart*. However, it is also important to clarify that these three tales are regarded as a categorical exception in that they may be removed effectively from their frames and repositioned as independent narratives elsewhere. As discussed in Chapter Five, “The Severed Hand” and “The Spectral Ship” are often omitted from ‘adaptations’ due to their stark illustration of the grotesque. All three contain some degree of ‘magic’ as a means of facilitating—if not entirely resolving—the conflict in the plot. And yet the question remains as to intended audience: *The Cold Heart* alone might be said to have been written for children, albeit with considerable reservations. As tone and register are seldom consistent even within a single tale, the more contemporary editor-anthologists have chosen—perhaps wisely—not to consider Hauff's tales for inclusion. The question as to the appropriate area of discussion into which any given story might be premised is of particular relevance. When a seasoned professor and advocate asks “What are the implications of this tale?” (193) on reaching the unexpectedly harsh and yet redemptive conclusion to “The False Prince,” the average reader might be forgiven for considering the possibility that the author may well have misread his primary audience. Although certainly appropriate in the broader and adult-orientated Romantic context, it is perhaps inappropriate to leave even the most dispirited

child with the pre-nihilistic “Is it impossible for those who are different ever to achieve complete happiness?” (192). Each child is ‘different’. At issue is the very real possibility that there is nowhere for the reader to go at the termination point in Hauff’s narrative, and very little to draw upon for inspiration. This is anathema to the child reader and not particularly satisfying for the critic either. This holding dénouement may not be consonant with Zipes’s pithy conviction “[t]he protagonists either go insane or die” (*Spells of Enchantment* xxiii) in Romantic fairytales, but it may indeed feel like a death for those still searching for consolation or resolution. It is noteworthy that in Hauff’s *Märchen* there are seldom magical interventions to mitigate or ameliorate the harsh realities of day-to-day existence. Personal growth is a slow, marginal process gained entirely from within; advancement in society is all but impossible. On balance, events in Hauff’s fairytales seldom turn on the supernatural and never on the superficial. Narrative resolution typically “depends on ingenuity of coincidence in the plot rather than on recourse to magic” (Blamires 183). For many, these coincidences are insufficient to expectation.

From a modern perspective the Hauffian fairytale offers little in the sense of societal progress. His satirical critique of society is bitingly implicit but not as overt or as decisive as we have come to expect. In this regard we have erred in our expectations and continue to do the author an injustice. As a young *Hauslehrer*, or tutor to the boys of the nobility, from October 1824 the poet was in the direct employ of Stuttgart’s Minister of War, Baron von Hügel, or the person who served as the endmost censor of Württemberg, the duchy in which Hauff resided throughout his brief but brilliant literary career. The irony is acute. Byronic by temperament if not appearance, Hauff refused to exist “only as an extension of the ducal will” (Thum 16) and sought to unravel the societal prejudice of his day through a subversive wit that is prone to be misinterpreted by those who lack the requisite knowledge of the specific timeframe on which he draws. The dissent is present, but as previously noted, scholarly regard for his work has become still more convoluted through improper editing and poor translation, the effects of which have consistently invalidated the “organic nexus and unity” (Thompson 559) compassing the hidden voice. This may explain why authorial intention is notoriously difficult to pin down, for he swiftly mastered the art of hiding in plain sight. In Thum’s assessment, “[r]estricted by harsh censorship laws that forbade any form of social or political criticism, Hauff was forced to resort to subterfuge: he concealed

his subversive intentions beneath the seemingly innocuous cloak of fairytales for children” (5).

The author was following the phrase of poets from Giovanni Francesco Straparola and Giambattista Basile to Mlle de la Force and the early German Romantics by using the fairytale construct as an effective means of articulating open dissent. And yet the elusion inherent to Hauff’s *implicit* mastery of the medium has been all but obliterated by time and translation. As his tenuous position in society necessitated caution to a degree not fully appreciated by cursory analyses, the subtle phrasings used to express his concerns have been diluted or dismissed as irrelevant. The understated wit has been reduced to tepidity while the articulations that remain appear to lack the clarity of purpose and the intensity of execution we have come to associate with the young Romantics. Although there are incisive critiques of injustice, intemperance, abuse of power and greed scattered throughout his tales, a conservative yet inclusive approach—which advocates a “return to the humble life and the values of small-scale society” (Blamires 186)—falls short of the revolutionary voice expected and often required. Hauff’s scattered seeds failed to germinate in the collective mindset but were nonetheless gathered and used by Marx as ideas ungrown. Academic analysis would do well to consider the nature and context of the original author’s attempt rather than weigh the degree of its presumed failure.

In order to recontextualise the development of the fairytale and to reassess Hauff’s place within that literary tradition, a thorough reading of each of the three almanacs is essential. Regardless of the problems that have hobbled contemporary appreciation of his aesthetic in anglophone countries, Hauff remains a beloved author to Germanic readers, his tales ‘second’ only to those of the Brothers Grimm. (This might well be said of *all* fairytales relative to the Grimms’: beyond their own native borders, such secondary status applies to Countess D’Aulnoy, Hans Christian Andersen, J. R. R. Tolkien and Italo Calvino.) Yet it is appropriate to clarify that the Grimms—like Peter Asbjørnsen and Jørgen Moe later in the century—were collecting and compiling *Volksmärchen* from the farthest corners of a vast and varied region, the imaginative richness of which is drawn directly from the people who had created and cherished them for centuries. But the original composition is another matter altogether and ought to be regarded separately. Taken as a whole and considered from within their respective frames, Hauff’s almanacs are unique. Even today in a Germany rich in

Romantic heritage, the abiding merit of the Hauffian fairytale remains genre specific and distinct. It is not merely the unique structure that requires our attention but the manner in which he repositioned critical approach to the fairytale both within his own time and for almost a century thereafter. To deride him for the accomplishment (Zipes, *Happily* 5) is to mislay the fundamental seed of development within the genre.

We must analyse these tales again in the context of their compositional setting. It is fruitless and vain to pursue the task through anachronistic readings and expectations. Hauff was not a man at liberty to change the world but remained content to make his own small corner more comfortable for himself and those around him. He achieved this through writing stories that delighted but seldom soothed. They were never intended to offer false hope or to remove the reader from reality; rather, they offered a more engaging nuance of what the truth could be, not a new world entirely, but a better one within limits that just might be attained. There is a broken honesty inherent to the tales that many may find disheartening, but they are never disenchanting. Joseph von Eichendorff would etch a similar path from the final recesses of Romanticism to the verge of realism, albeit with enduring literary credit; Theodor Storm took the almanacs as a model for the pared-down prose that perfected his own realist take on faërie. The Swabian paved the way. Creating wonder not delusion is the true purpose of the *Kunstmärchen*, and few fairytales have ever left as much wonder behind as those of Wilhelm Hauff.

The measure of Hauff's compositional ability and his dexterity as a storyteller require re-evaluation. He is by no means a peripheral figure in the history of the fairytale and ought to be assigned his rightful place. The creative integrity of the almanacs is worthy of more attentive academic regard from an unimpeded perspective. Future approach would do well to consider the manner in which the fairytales were initially intended to be read rather than as separate vignettes torn from their frame. It is poor form to misattribute the vagaries of past translation to the author and to use those same unlettered renderings as a contextual basis for research. We must question why the visionary reach of his imagination has been stripped of its essence throughout the English-speaking world. Hauff was not alone in falling into disfavour with the onset of the First World War, but that was a century ago and other German writers have long since recovered the esteem in which they were held. It is of some historical importance to bring Hauff in from the margins of literary segregation,

both for a clearer understanding of his contribution to the fairytale genre and for a more accurate reading of the specific time and place in which he lived. The vividness of the characters he brought to life and the acuity of insight imparted through their successes and failures are rare qualities that have enabled the almanacs to be passed from one generation to the next for almost two hundred years in their original language of composition. If we are to present an accurate account of the fairytale in the future, Wilhelm Hauff must be included in our own reading of the past.

It is necessary to read Hauff's fairytales in context with the development of the genre as a whole. Reception of these works should be considered in relation to the publication of the original volumes and their subsequent translations. Situating the almanacs in both a literary and historical context will afford a more detailed appreciation of their origin and influence. Focus should be directed primarily upon the source material as composed and intended to be read by Hauff himself. It is important to consider the Hauffian fairytale as a distinct form unique to the author and relevant to a particular point in literary history. There is no purpose in striving towards absolute definition as categorising these tales by number or precedent proves illogical. Present notions of what the fairytale should and should not be must be compared and contrasted with previous opinions and approaches. Caution will need to be exercised in the attempt to illustrate the narrative perspective on an individual basis partitive to the tales and their original framework. Thum's astute analysis of Hauff as a cross-writer may yet serve as a theoretical basis for interpretation. A comprehensive reading of the most significant and influential renderings into English will facilitate our knowledge of how mistranslation and omission have altered the reception of the Hauffian fairytale, and thus our understanding of the genre as a whole.

The primary objective is to contextualise the tales and resituate their thematic and theoretical relevance in the broader context of the European fairytale tradition. Our reading of the genre has been compromised by contemporary analysis. Foremost among the original tellers of *faërie*¹⁰ in his native Germany, Hauff nonetheless remains a peripheral figure in

¹⁰ 'Faërie' is the realm inhabited by the fairytale; there amidst the flowers of the finest, the teller also resides. Whether its presence is tangible or of the imagination is for the artist to determine and the reader to decide. As far back as 1389, the term 'faierie' appears in John Gower's *Confessio Amantis*, its usage clarified by J. R. R. Tolkien "as if he were come from Faërie" (*Fairy* 8). The poet *feels* the realm. It was used in John Thackray Bunce's *Fairy Tales, Their Origin and Meaning* from 1878, a seminal but neglected exploration of the fairytale genre, notwithstanding the assurance "[t]he volume does not pretend to scientific method" (i). Bunce tables

the international study of the genre; indeed, there are those who are more than happy to “heap more ashes on the grave of an admittedly minor talent”¹¹ (Kontje 132). It is evident that in the English-speaking world the issue pertains more to language than to content. The lack of a credible source in translation is largely responsible for our sustained failure to unravel the paradoxical context or the labyrinthine “play of narrative perspectives” (Blamires 183) on which Hauff’s tales are both structured and framed. It is incumbent on modern fairytale scholars to reclaim essential content from the margins of constructive academic discourse. The intention is to use this study as a means of furthering critical debate and, ultimately, to produce a modern, unabridged translation of the almanacs in measure with the original intentions of the author.

The aim of this treatise is to analyse and revise contemporary critical discourse on the fairytale almanacs of Wilhelm Hauff. Its purpose is threefold: to offer a more detailed and accurate assessment of the author’s work and his contribution to the literary fairytale; to employ current translation theory as a means of explaining and correcting linguistic and tonal discrepancies between the original German prose and the numerous renderings into English; and, ultimately, to restore and translate the complex, often disregarded frame to the almanacs and thereby establish Hauff as the first to acknowledge, illustrate and even insist upon a structured theoretical precept by which the fairytale genre could be categorised and defined.

The chapters are accretive in content and design. Each builds upon its precedent and adheres to the Hauffian æsthetic of structuring an argument through meticulous attention to context rather than on topical phrasing. Meaning is explained in accruance and by degree. Scholarly approach to the subject takes a traditional path: a sustained focus is required of

the inherent ‘truths’ “of all faërie” (27), a premise adopted by Tolkien in his “a genuine fairy-story . . . should be presented as ‘true’” (14) motif from “On Fairy-Stories,” the scholarly treatise on “the nature of *Faërie*: the Perilous Realm itself” (10), “a Secondary World inside which the green sun will be credible” (49).

¹¹ The quote reads “Nor do I intend to exaggerate Hauff’s abilities or to heap more ashes on the grave of an admittedly minor talent.” The intent is disingenuous at best. An animus that begins with ‘admittedly minor talent’ gathers pace with the unsubstantiated charge against “Hauff’s self-righteous hypocrisy” (132). This factual misrepresentation is repeated and bulwarked with the disclaimer “Attempting neither to exonerate Hauff from these charges nor to cast further approbrium on him” (137). The salvo having been sounded in the subordinate, Kontje then proceeds to level charges of “misogyny” (137), albeit without reference to *The Beggar-Girl of the Pont des Arts*, a reading of which would have informed the prejudice on which the opinion is based (141-42), “anti-Semitism” (137), by obfuscating Hauffian context and irony (137), rapacity [“Hauff always published with profit in mind” (138)] and literary derivation (140). The ashes have been heaped.

the mobile reader. Throughout the compositional process every attempt has been made to extract the root of those misconceptions and prejudices that have forestalled appreciation of Hauff as an author. In providing a defence of the person, departures from textual analysis have proven necessary. Unlike those on his contemporaries, biographical sketches of Hauff in English are limited and have heretofore served as a general preface to a specific work (e.g., James Percival King's introduction to *Lichtenstein*). The monograph of Chapter One—a complete survey of Hauff's life and art in English—is more thorough than existing sources and thereby facilitates a revisionary view of his writing. It seeks to remove common preconceptions associated with his early education and parochial upbringing by honing the focus on *the individual*. Similarly, the new translation “Märchen in Masquerade” in Chapter Two provides the structural ‘cue’ to the metaphorical journey of *The Caravan* in Chapter Three. Chapter Four furthers the previous analysis of the fairytale construct Hauff sought to perfect, and yet the inversive anti-Semitic overtone of “Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing” requires investigation of *Jud Süß* both for comparison and subject clarity. This spirit of tolerance and inclusion informs the extensive reading on *Dwarf Nose* in Chapter Five, which by necessity deviates into Hauff's *Cantus firmus* approach to the internal harmony attained at considerable cost by a persecuted protagonist. The art of the unusual person can neither be assessed by linearity nor circumscribed by perspective. In deference to the author's æsthetic, not every fairytale is subjected to analysis, but each takes a place in the theoretical sketch by which the inherent meaning is defined. Indeed, Hauff's theory on the fairytale provides the key to the riddle. Collectively and by example, these analyses seek to expose the vagaries of translation past and present and record their affect on the structure and import of the Hauffian fairytale for generations of anglophone readers.

In addressing the mistranslations that have plagued reception of the fairytales and curtailed their dissemination for the past century, it may be possible to re-establish Hauff as one of the foremost authors of the genre. But this is by no means a simple task. Removing prejudice is rather more difficult than accepting the falsehood by which it becomes firmly entrenched. A good many readers—including contemporary anthologists mindful of the preservation of an established idiom—already seem to have made up their minds as to the merit of Hauff's work. A new translation of the almanacs inclusive of their frames would certainly facilitate acceptance of the fairytales by subsequent generations, generations who

may well approach the material from a less prejudicial perspective. It is possible that an anthologist-translator may assume the complicated task of reinterpreting Hauff's work in accessible English while retaining the letter and spirit of the original, as proved to be the case with Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué's *Undine* in Carol Tully's *Romantic Fairy Tales*. It is to be hoped a lucid argument in defence of Hauff's true narrative intentions may in part alleviate the hostility commonly but erroneously directed towards him, hostility that has unfairly soured appreciation of some of the finest character creations in the fairytale genre.

On conclusion, it should be expected that the argument has been strong enough to increase regard for Wilhelm Hauff as an author and kindle appreciation of his abilities as a creative artist. There is a strong possibility that the presentation of this work—or portions thereof—may in time facilitate more detailed research, which may in turn ensure that these innovative tales of wonder are read and remembered beyond Hauff's small corner of Swabia for many years to come.

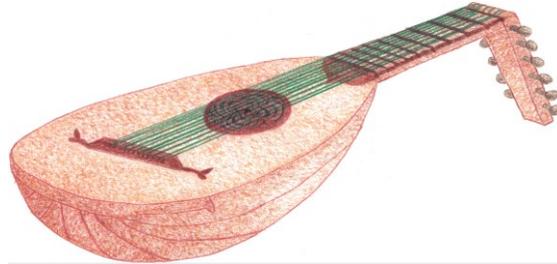
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Chapter One

A Monograph on the Life and Works of Wilhelm Hauff



‘A Weird and Wonderful Creature’

I am a young, poor man who has to find his way in the world with his quill. But I have preserved a pride that, when every other liberty is lost, enables freedom to live on inside me and leads my thoughts to action. I belong to everyone; I belong to myself; but I do not form part of any school: the master may call himself as he wishes. I do not feel any master and champion above me to whom I owe allegiance, only the eternal laws of Good and Beauty to which I aspire, albeit in an imperfect manner. It may be that I cannot save the frame from the bearing of time, but this spirit shall remain within me – non-Goethesque, non-Tieckian, non-Schlegelian and unmastered.¹²
Wilhelm Hauff, April 17th, 1827

Time has been at variance with the life of Wilhelm Hauff for almost two hundred years. As an author he was in advance of his age and yet a step removed from its most powerful form of expression. Today his legacy is assured as the poet son of his native Swabia and as part of the closing breath of German Romanticism that altered the context of European literature. And yet his artistry was not of the Romantic mold and his writings contain little of the sentiment that speaks to posterity. His imagination may have taken flight in faërie, yet his feet were planted firmly on the ground. He was certainly the first ‘Romantic’ to thread his writing with realism. His œuvre also differs from his contemporaries’ in that his focus was set on prose, which was subordinate to verse in the early decades of the nineteenth century. The finest German poets were prone to rebellion against the narrow context of their age and often grained against the reading public, but Hauff was mindful to subvert his intentions through satire and thus adapted rather more freely to literary taste, albeit without

¹² „Ich bin ein junger, armer Mensch, der sich mit seiner Feder durch die Welt schlagen muß; aber diesen Stolz habe ich mir doch aufbewahrt, daß wenn auch alle übrige Freiheit verloren ist, diese Freiheit noch in meinem Innern fortlebt und meine Gedanken, wie meine Handlungen leitet. Ich gehöre allen, ich gehöre mir selbst, aber keiner Schule gehöre ich an, der Meister möchte sich nennen wie er wollte. Ich fühle keinen Herrn und Meister über mir, dem ich Gehorsam schuldig wäre, als die ewigen Gesetze des Guten und Schönen, denen ich, wenn auch auf unvollkommene Weise nachzustreben suche. Es mag sein, daß ich die Form nicht vor dem Einfluß der Zeit bewahren kann, doch soll mir der Geist ungegöthet, ungetieckt, ungeschlegelt und ungemeistert bleiben.“ (Hofmann 155)

ever being at flow with the grain itself. Like Thomas Chatterton before him and unlike many of his peers and contemporaries, Hauff was poor and forced by circumstance to earn a living from his writing. The young poet unabashedly hawked his talent for as much as publishers were willing to pay, and in so doing proved more successful than contemporaries who were not compelled to eke out an existence by quill alone. It is thus regrettable that he should have gained immediate popularity at the expense of the abiding respect of critics (Storz 66). Gifted enough to master any literary form, Hauff was an economic realist who “anticipated the contradictions of his age and sensed the emerging capitalism in society”¹³ (Jahn 576) but who nonetheless remained true to his own inimitable aesthetic.

Wilhelm Hauff was born the second of four children to August Friedrich Hauff and Hedwig Wilhelmine (née Elsässer) on November 29th, 1802. Appropriately, the boy was ‘of the Sunday born’ and thus, for those who believe, able to perceive the faërie realm and compass second sight at birth. His family were originally of the Austrian rural nobility but had fled to Württemberg in the seventeenth-century to preserve their Protestant faith. August, “a man of attractive personality, keen intellect, and wide culture” (King v), held an important official post as secretary of the duchy at Stuttgart. He was also strongly influenced by the ideas of the French Revolution. Due to “a supposition that he had supported plans which, although favouring the rights of the people, seemed to tend towards overthrowing the government” (v), Hauff’s father was arrested and imprisoned in 1800, accused of being attendant on French aspirations to build a German republic. Subsequently and somewhat ironically, the reigning Duke Friedrich II detached himself from military coalition with the Habsburgs and liaised with France; release came swiftly for August, who was promptly promoted several times. But the political upheaval had taken a severe toll. He died when Wilhelm was seven years old. Failing to make ends meet, Hedwig together with the three younger children, Wilhelm, Marie and Sophie (older brother Hermann already lived at his grandfather’s), returned to the maternal home in Tübingen and the comparative peace of a less financially demanding day-to-day existence unencumbered by political strife. Hauff was not raised in poverty, but he knew what it was to be poor.

¹³ „hat die Widersprüche seines Zeitalters und der beginnenden Kapitalisierung des Lebens ahnend empfunden“

Hedwig Wilhelmine Hauff and the library of grandfather Karl Friedrich Elsässer, a prominent local judge, were essential for the development of young Wilhelm's interest in literature. His mother is said to have been "a woman of unusual gifts and an especially vivid imagination" (vi), noted for the 'precise observation and brisk fantasy' (Michaelis 145) that made her a talented and energetic narrator of stories to her children. Given the context, it is hardly surprising that "[f]rom his early youth, Wilhelm had a strikingly agile advertence, a keen sense of perception, and a natural gift at retelling a tale"¹⁴ (Zoozmann viii). And yet the sickly boy was neither a talented nor a conscientious student. In school he invented stories and fairytales and recounted them later to his sisters and their friends in a dark storeroom. Hermann was rather more earnest, particularly in the study of language, and it was through his growing literacy that Wilhelm would slowly develop his own passion for reading. The grandfather's library was "the arena of their self-education"¹⁵ (Schwab 6). Here they had unrestricted access to a treasure trove of historical treatises, the classics, German masterworks from the second half of the eighteenth century, and the novels of Tobias Smollet, Henry Fielding and Oliver Goldsmith together with those of Friedrich Schiller and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, all of which had been read by Wilhelm before he turned fourteen. But not all of the pictorial images were framed by discernment. At twelve he was asked by his teacher to write an essay on a great German. He chose Thiodolph the Icelander from the Romantic novel by Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué and was sternly reprimanded as a 'bad boy' who did not understand history (Hinz 14). The poet Gustav Schwab, who in 1830 edited Hauff's then known works in thirty-six volumes, surmised that the boy knew the greatest German poets by heart before he understood them, and that when he was later able to do so, he had lost the subtle nuance and immediacy of the first impression (Zoozmann ix). Schwab is implying that although Hauff's spirit may well have been "as noble and as beautiful"¹⁶ (8) as those of the 'great poets', he had been too young to profit objectively from the extensive reading, that an absence of discrimination served as an impediment to the guidance such masterworks ought to have imparted on the more developed mind.

¹⁴ „Von früher Jugend an war eine rege Aufmerksamkeit auf alles, ein glückliches Auffassungsvermögen, und die Gabe, das Aufgefaßte gut wieder zu erzählen, an dem jungen Wilhelm auffallend“

¹⁵ „der Schauplatz ihrer Selbstbildung“

¹⁶ „so edel und schön“

Monetary strain also played a considerable role in Wilhelm's formal development. The widow's allowance was too limited to send both boys to university. As the eldest son and by far the more accomplished pupil, Hermann was favoured from the outset to study medicine and theology. Regrettably for Wilhelm, in Swabia the duchy assumed costs for a clerical education, and so a second son typically began reading for the clergy at a young age. Accordingly, the younger Hauff entered the *Schola anatolica*, but "[s]tudy was a burden to him, and he much preferred roaming about the fields, listening to the song of the birds, or watching the fish in the river, to learning Greek and Latin irregular verbs" (King vii). It was soon evident adherence to a strict regimen of study ran contrary to the boy's nature. In addition, "nothing appealed to him more than to sit in his grandfather's excellent library and read in quiet" (vii), which did little to cultivate the social arts on which a career in the church depended. The future was uncertain. E. T. A. Hoffmann's *Die Elixire des Teufels* [*The Devil's Elixirs*] from 1815 pressed heavily on his imagination, and the troubled novice who "with all his reading . . . was a thorough boy" (vii) had no intention of imitating Medardus and taking the cowl; indeed, "[m]ore than once he slipped away from his books to pay a visit to his neighbour's charming daughter Amalie" (vii). School was secondary. Having passed his examination belatedly at fifteen, in September 1817 Wilhelm entered the lower theological Seminary at Blaubeuren. Soon dispirited and bored by convent life, he began writing letters, primarily to his friend Christian Heinrich Riecke, in addition to minor works of prose. Through these tentative forays as a *belletrist*, the means by which Hauff honed his talent is at once apparent while his ability to observe and create became ever more concentrated and precise. A sudden urge to leave the cloister as quickly as possible threw Hauff into an intense programme of study. Within a few short months he had managed to outpace his contemporaries and left the convent a year ahead of schedule. In October 1820 he was sent up to the renowned *Tübinger Stift*, reading philosophy, theology and philology through the evangelical monastery. This ought to have been the crowning moment in a young man's life, but not all was well. A month after his arrival he wrote the following in a heartfelt letter to Nane Klaiber, whose two brothers would later marry Hauff's sisters:

when at night I look out of my window over a vastness, so green of late, and everything is already encircled and encloded by winter, oh! on a sudden I become so sad that all life is thus engulfed and not a single leaf

stirs on the lea which could recall to us the past. Yet amidst such dreary thoughts your friendly periwinkle comforts me, for still it echoes that something is left to man, in belief of which he keeps from the storms of life – Hope!¹⁷ (Hofmann 128)

Boyhood and early youth had passed, yet the Blue Flower¹⁸ remained the guiding principle of his art. Circumstance alone forced him to be practical in his approach to formal education. Although scholarliness was not nor would become a primary focus of the poet, he understood the social and economic importance of acquiring the knowledge that would enable him to become part of the educated elite (Hinz 18-19).

Hauff described his time at university as “cheerful and merry yet still diligent”¹⁹ (21). His professors were somewhat less kind in their appraisal. The initial *Zeugnis* of March 28th, 1821 alludes to the ‘problem’ with temperance that would give rise to the *Phantasien im Bremer Rathskeller*, or *The Wine-Ghosts of Bremen*:

Report. First Semester. *Talents*: fairly good perception, good faculty of judgement, good memory. *Diligence*: persistent and appropriate. Has attended lessons regularly. *Manners*: good. Wine withdrawal on one occasion. *Latin*: good. *Greek*: less good. *Hebrew*: fairly good. *Logic*: good. *Psychology*: good.²⁰ (Pfäfflin 8)

In florid understatement, King notes “[o]nce a full-fledged student Hauff entered into the jolly student-life with all the enthusiasm of exuberant youth” (ix), but in the early attempt to utilise ‘the shining hour’ a tendency towards oenophilial excess had already become apparent. The following reprimand was appended to the permanent record just two weeks later on April 12th: “Punishments since 21. 11. 1820: altogether 6, due to prowling,

¹⁷ „wenn ich nachts aus meinem Fenster über die Gegend hin blicke und rings alles sich schon in Winter hüllte, was vor kurzem noch so grün war, o! da werde ich so traurig, daß alles Leben verschlungen ist und auch kein Blättchen der Flur geblieben ist, das an die Vergangenheit uns erinnern könnte. Doch aus so düsteren Gedanken richtet mich Ihr freundliches Immergrün auf, denn es ruft mir zu, daß etwas doch dem Menschen geblieben sei, das er aber gläubig bewahre vor des Lebens Stürmen, die Hoffnung!“

¹⁸ The epigraph should be read in complement to ‘Immergrün’ above. The periwinkle was known to have been a source of inspiration and comfort to Ludwig van Beethoven. (Novalis’ ‘Blue Flower’ is discussed in Chapter Two.)

¹⁹ „lustig und fidel und doch dabei fleißig“

²⁰ „Zeugnis, 1. Semester: Gaben: Ziemlich gute Fassungs-, gute Urtheilskraft, gutes Gedächtniß. Fleiß: Anhaltend und zweckmäßig. Lectionen besuchte er unausgesetzt. Sitten: Gut. 1 mal Weinenzug. Latein: Gut. Griechisch: Minder gut. Hebräisch: Ziemlich gut. Logik: Gut. Psychologie: Gut.“

unpunctuality and indecorous dress”²¹ (Pfäfflin 8). In simple terms, Hauff was a ‘prowling’ inebriate who drank far too much wine, failed to show up on time for lectures, and when he did was invariably untidy and dishevelled. In the ‘idling hours’ he put more attentive effort into fraternal organisations imprinted by the anti-Napoleon wars of liberation. It has been argued these fraternal meetings established “the premise for his poetical career” (Michaelis 154) as the young wine connoisseur delighted in satirising his professors, the fruits of which are evident throughout *Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan*, or *The Memoirs of Satan*. At twenty he had become an honorary member of *Germania*, a fraternity formed in preservation of Swabian custom and rule, the members of which swept through town in mediæval habit and cowl. The brotherhood could not stand against the monarchy, but its members did seek to reduce the political *naïveté* of their fellow Swabians. Although *Germania* had been ‘forbidden’ by the Carlsbad Degrees of September 1819 as a consequence of an assassination committed by one of their number, the fraternity continued to exist unchallenged in Württemberg and indeed bloomed during Wilhelm’s university days; it was not until 1824 that *Germania* was finally outlawed due to increasing social unrest. Hauff wrote satirical prose and poems on behalf of the brotherhood, enjoyed its communal life and reflected “It is something exquisite about the thought . . . to live with two hundred youths in a beautiful union”²² (Hinz 24). Extant letters of the period express the same principles and extolled a similar belief system to that which Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels would later term ‘scientific socialism’ in *The Communist Manifesto* of 1848. The fledgling poet also became a member of the *Feuerreiter* – a band of approximately ten students, the core of which comprised Hauff and five of his old school friends from Stuttgart. Prior to his time as a member of these fraternities he lacked social refinement and was not particularly adept at forming lasting friendships. His awkwardness and rotundular face had even earned him the nickname ‘Bemperle’, a Swabian epithet for a small, bulky child. But university life agreed with Hauff, which “is not only shown by the zeal with which he now devoted himself to his work and the success which crowned it, but also in a very striking way by many of the

²¹ „Strafen seit 21.11.1820: insgesamt 6, wegen Herumtreibens, Unpünktlichkeit und unziemlicher Kleidung.“

²² „Es ist etwas Herrliches um den Gedanken . . . mit zweihundert Jünglingen in einem schönen Bunde zu leben.“

short, pithy sentences he wrote” (King ix) in the *Stammbücher* of his friends. This ‘crowning’ triumph was observed rather less enthusiastically in the final Spring Report of 1824:

Report. Seventh Semester. *Talents*: good perception and good faculty of judgement, good memory. *Diligence*: persistent and appropriate, answers well in the locus. Has attended lessons assiduously. *Manners*: good, educated, disordered. Wine withdrawal on ten occasions. *Exegetics, dogmatics, ethics, ecclesiastical history*: good. *Homiletics*: has not preached in the seminar.²³
(Pfäfflin 12)

Wilhelm Hauff, the ‘disordered’ student who missed mass regularly and had been cautioned for having indulged a love of wine to excess on ten separate occasions, took his doctorate in theology on October 20th, 1825. Only a most “astonishing talent for declaiming”²⁴ (Schwab 4-5) qualified him for ordination as a priest.

While still a student, Wilhelm had met his estranged cousin Luise Hauff in 1823 at Nördlingen and had fallen in love. Monetary limitations once again thwarted his immediate desire. In order to be able to marry, he was forced to acquire a sustained source of income and accordingly settled on a place as tutor to the two sons of Ernst Eugen Freiherr von Hügel, the local Minister of War and a prominent censor in the Duchy of Württemberg. Hauff held the position from November 1824 to April 1826. In 1824 he published *Kriegs- und Volks-Lieder* with poems from Schiller, Goethe, Theodor Körner, Ernst Moritz Arndt, Ludwig Uhland, Schwab and six of his own, albeit anonymously. The baroness then encouraged him to write down the original fairytales he had been reciting to the boys during the long winter evenings. The first of the almanacs, *Mährchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1826 für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände*, appeared in November 1825. Writing five years later in his capacity as the author’s initial biographer, Schwab described the almanac as Hauff’s first published work (12). But this was not entirely accurate.

Much as George Gordon, Lord Byron had before him, Wilhelm Hauff awoke to find himself famous on the ‘anonymous’ publication of *The Memoirs of Satan* in August 1825.

²³ „Zeugnis 7. Semester: Gaben: gute Fassungs- u. Urtheilskraft, gutes Gedächtniß. Fleiß: anhaltend und zweckmäßig, im Locus antwortet er gut. Lectionen besucht er fleissig. Sitten: gut, gebildet, nicht geordnet. 10 mal Weinenzug. Exegetik, Dogmatik, Moral, Kirchengeschichte: gut. Homiletik: hat im Seminar nicht gepredigt.“

²⁴ „überraschende Deklamir-Talent“

After the Franckh brothers had agreed to publish the novella in the spring, Hauff remarked in a letter (the intended recipient of which remains unknown) “I am indeed very fortunate to possess a modicum of talent, through which renown and money is acquired: it is indeed something beautiful”²⁵ (Jahn 559). Unrefined artistry had been thrown upon an unsuspecting public. An early review in the *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* of Stuttgart is wholly positive and cedes the author—who is believed to be from northern Germany or Swabia—taste and talent. Prior to this, the only hint at the author’s identity had been the transparent “****f” (559); suffice to say, the ‘anonymity’ did not last long. The *Memoirs* established Hauff as a satirist of considerable merit, but as the reviews mounted across Germany, an obversal relationship between commercial success and critical reception became increasingly apparent. From the outset, readers took to the Hauffian aesthetic more readily than interpreters. The first edition of the *Memoirs* sold out within a few short weeks.

The learning curve to understanding the mind of the critic was sharp and severe. After his initial success as an author, Hauff made a profitable agreement with his publisher Friedrich Gottlob Frankch on an honorarium for the *Memoirs* and *Der Mann im Mond oder der Zug des Herzens ist des Schicksals Stimme. Von H. Clauren*, or *The Man in the Moon*, which he wrote in six weeks to the manner and style—and even under the sobriquet—of the Prussian court official Carl Heun, otherwise known as Heinrich Clauren. It was an error in taste.

Heun had achieved lasting popularity through his *Mimili* (1816), an insipid love story that had developed into a highly lucrative literary fashion prior to Hauff’s emergence on the scene. A probable but unrecorded conversation with Franckh may have prompted the young author to write a novella in the mawkish manner of Clauren; regardless of context, the result was a superlative parody and flew off the shelves. Initially, *The Man in the Moon* was an unqualified success for author and publisher alike, but before long there were rumours the hand behind the novella had not been Clauren’s own and that the *nom de plume* had been appropriated either for open mockery (after all, the reading public had never doubted the work as ‘an original Clauren’) or financial gain. Ironically, as these rumours gained credence sales continued to increase, and as the honorarium ‘Clauren’ received for

²⁵ „Ich bin doch sehr glücklich, ein wenig Talent zu besitzen; denn um den Namen und um das Geld, das man dadurch bekommt, ist es doch etwas Schönes.“

his penned efforts exceeded that of the upstart young Swabian tenfold, the former promptly sued. The decision of the court was swift and condemnatory: the Brothers Franckh were forced to pay a thousand taler, while the author himself was deprived of three hundred and fifty. Hauff was outraged. In the spirit of Jonathan Swift, Alexander Pope and Byron, the satirical response *Controvers-Predigt über H. Claren und den Mann im Monde* proved to be a *coup de grâce*. Artfully addressed to the German public—and in particular the readers of Claren’s works—, the irate author explicitly accused Heun of “literary hawking”²⁶ (Görner 3), the pun holding to the pedlar allusion while extending by connotation to a bird of prey at hover, and “the degradation of women through meretricious cliché and salacious, insinuating descriptions of their physical charms, without ever ceding them mental or emotional appeal”²⁷ (3). It is a decidedly ‘feminist’ dismantling of contemporary literature. In the closing ‘deterioration of language’ observation and its connotation of ‘squalidness’ or ‘squandering’, Hauff slams the book shut on his redoubtable brilliance as æsthetic satirist. The reproof was structured with such meticulous eloquence that Heun was deprived of a platform from which to defend himself. The novels continued to sell—as did pirated copies of *The Man in the Moon*—but Claren’s credibility as an author was irreparably harmed. Yet satire turns on a double-edged sword, and Hauff’s reputation also suffered as a direct and lasting consequence of the legal action brought against him. His integrity as an artist had been impugned and his motives had been called into question. To this day those with animus use the case and its ramifications to discredit an otherwise unblemished moral character, which then provides sufficient ground to impute subtextual malevolence where none exists and thereby justify banishment to the margins of literary discourse (e.g., Kontje 132, 137, 144). The stain has set. Despite the thematic resonance intended and owned as a respectful tip of the hat to one who appears as a character in the *Memoirs*, critics have accused Hauff of plagiarising Hoffmann, notwithstanding the fact that readers approaching a Hauffian text in 1825 would almost certainly have borne the master’s affect in context (Storz 66). The more immediate consequence was equally severe: without sufficient funds to support the Heun case and his reputation as an author in tatters, Hauff was forced to retract his charge

²⁶ „Literarische Marktschreierei“

²⁷ „Erniedrigung der Frau durch seine billige, klischeehafte bis anzügliche Schilderung ihrer körperlichen Reize, ohne ihr je geistige oder emotionale Anziehungskraft zuzugestehen, nebst Verlüderung der Sprache.“

of appropriation against Goethe pertaining to passages from *Faust*. The offending scene was redacted from the second printing of the *Memoirs* and the novice was compelled to issue a protracted public apology.²⁸ Although he would admit the controversy had been a grave error in judgement, albeit *not* as an error in fact, to have tilted at windmills with the giant of the age and lost was the least politic move a budding young poet could have made. A contrite reversal notwithstanding, the damage had been done; it remains uncertain whether Hauff ever fully recovered from the percussive blow to both his reputation and his health.

The young author employed travel as a means of cultivation and release. Presented in 1827, the *Controvers-Predigt* had been written during the ‘great journey’²⁹ of 1826, which Hauff began on leaving his position as a tutor. On May 1st he had left abruptly for Paris and did not return to Stuttgart until the first of December. The dimly lit warrens of the French capital left an indelible impression on the budding mind, the shadows of which would find tonal expression in his masterful *The Beggar-Girl of the Pont des Arts*. Hauff’s writings on the detached, unconventional wanderer of the modern condition inform an inaudible legacy, one that repeatedly triumphs the cause of a woman repressed by societal expectations and its ‘norms’. Through no fault of its own this poignant novella has perhaps failed the translation of time, yet Hans Christian Andersen would later draw upon the pictorial sense of pathos in this work and *The Singer* for *The Dryad*.³⁰ “Will it not throw scorn upon you

²⁸ The facts of the dispute are shrouded by elision. Clearly, the incident was unsavoury enough to have been handled with discretion. Schwab broaches the issue of Hauff’s ‘public apology’ to Goethe in his “Preface” to the *Complete Works*. The passage discussing *Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan* states “the young man, who was not loath to acknowledge those mistakes he himself had recognised, afterwards withdrew, even publicly—insofar as he could—a rather baffling assault on Goethe and his *Faust*” [„einen sehr ungründlichen Angriff auf Goethe und seinen *Faust* nahm der junge Mann, dem es nichts kostete, Fehler, die er eingesehen, auch einzugestehen, später, so viel er konnte, sogar öffentlich zurück“] („Leben“ 13). It will be recalled that Goethe was alive at the time of “Wilhelm Hauff’s Life” and had contributed to Johann Cotta’s *Morgenblatt*. There was certainly more to the story, yet subsequent biographers have followed this circumspect phrasing of the ‘assault’ *verbatim*. However, in his earlier 1829 sketch of Hauff’s life in *Zeitgenossen*, Schwab provided a footnote of elaboration, explaining that the ‘apology’ was incorporated into one of Hauff’s reviews for *Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung* (*Zeitgenossen* 51-52). In the review of Karl Heinrich Hermes’ *Über Shakespeare’s Hamlet und seine Beurtheiler Goethe, A. W. Schlegel und Tieck*, which appeared in No.’s 110 and 111 in May 1827, Hauff reprimands the author on his critique of Goethe. The conversations on the subject remained private.

²⁹ „Hauffs große Reise, 1826“ (Hinz 79)

³⁰ The spectre of Hauff’s ‘maladjusted’ characters haunted Andersen’s forays into the psyche throughout his life, the Swabian’s astute reading of society often featuring in correspondence and conversation. In a letter dated March 27th, 1830 from Odense, Augusta Söeborg, the daughter of the poet’s benefactor, writes “These days I’ve been reading two novellas (one somewhat new but quite excellent), by the unforgettable Hauff. If you don’t know them, you must get hold of a copy – namely *Die Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts*, and *Die letzten Ritter von Marienburg*.” The influence of *Das kalte Herz* on Andersen’s 1850 play *Ole Lukøie* [*Ole Shut-Eye*] has been chronicled extensively (cf., Billeskov Jansen [377], Celenza [169] and Topsøe-Jensen [161-167]).

when you take the part of the maligned singer, or the friendless foreigner” (*The Singer* 101) sounds an alarm followed by Oscar Wilde in his fairytales and to the grave. Long before clinical analysis sought to articulate a connection, Hauff had used travel to effect a specific psychological purpose in resolving his contention “there are wounds to heal that cannot be seen” (101). In Paris he had witnessed poverty in its direst state and knew the pain of penury. The poet had become seasoned through practical experience and knew that money was and would remain a pressing issue in his life. He had financed the journey with a thousand silver taler saved during his employ with the von Hügels and had managed to gain financial independence through the honorarium from *Lichtenstein*, the first significant entry in the German historical novel (Graef 12), the final volume of which had been published in April 1826. The reductive “Hauff always published with profit in mind” (Kontje 138) fails to contextualise reality; in a very practical sense, there were genuine concerns as to whether he could sustain himself and a future family on an author’s income. Immediately prior to the journey, glowing reviews had raised his spirits and he was now fully conscious of his calling. And yet the letters of this period bear a stark and somewhat unsettling concurrence with those of John Keats from the months that threatened his own untimely death. Written on the cusp of departure in a letter dated April 20th, Hauff lauded poesy and praised the poet’s “power and talent . . . to achieve something and to rise to lighter heights, while others creep onward in their trivial, insipid stroll through life”³¹ (Hinz 59). Independent of Keatsian influence, negative capability had etched a path into Hauffian expression. The phrasing echoes the plaint of Wilhelm Heinrich Wackenroder’s *Naked Saint*, its aspiration borne of the same mindful haste and tuned by a forced pairing of fate.

During his travels Hauff wrote numerous newspaper articles, the four main tales of the second fairytale almanac, including the inimitable *Zwerg Nase* or *Dwarf Nose*, devised the formative frame for *The Wine Ghosts of Bremen* and began and completed *The Beggar-Girl of the Pont des Arts*, which would prove to be the finest of the novellas. On his way homeward from Paris, he contacted the Brothers Franckh and requested a meeting in Aachen. His intention was to discuss plans to launch his own advertisement paper *Der Erzähler*, but the brothers were more interested in profiting from what they sensed would be

³¹ „die Kraft und das Talent . . . in der Welt etwas zu wirken und sich zu lichterem Höhen aufzuschwingen, während Andere ihren gewöhnlichen, faden Gang durch das Leben hinschleichen.“

a future and considerable literary harvest. From Paris he travelled to Brussels, up to Antwerp, over to Cologne and, eventually, up to Bremen. Along the way he preened himself on his growing celebrity and exclaimed “in the smallest town I meet people who love me through my writing and compete to show me their admiration”³² (Hinz 74). Tea and biscuits with de la Motte Fouqué in Berlin complemented his entrée to fame. Although “we have no reason whatever to believe that he had more than a poetical and literary affection for the juice of the grape” (Sadler xv), we do know that Hauff, who would go on to dedicate *The Wine-Ghosts of Bremen* to those ‘lovers of wine’ everywhere, thoroughly enjoyed the local vintage of each of the regions through which he journeyed. While in Bremen he became infatuated by Josephe Stolberg, the intelligent, beautiful daughter of the Earl of Stolberg-Stolberg. Despite having been betrothed to Luise at the time, the young poet indulged in rather too much wine, proposed in a passion, was promptly but politely dismissed, and then paid a courtesan one taler just to hear his tale of woe. She wept. This unfortunate loss of composure—and doubtless the rejection—soured the young man, who thereupon questions whether the love of a poet can be considered pure and truthful or whether deep and abiding love is to be repudiated. The spurned lover would later recover his wit, but the final almanac of fairytales, *Das Wirtshaus im Spessart* or *The Inn of the Spessart*, bears liminal self-doubt.³³ While in Hamburg he delayed a week to conclude *The Wine Ghosts of Bremen*, conducted business with the publisher Heinrich Brockhaus at Leipzig, and then wound his journey to a close in the presence of Ludwig Tieck at Dresden. Clearly, all had not gone according to plan and an increasing note of detachment begins to colour his compositional aesthetic. On the surface his life as a poet appeared to be falling to rhyme, but a letter from October 1826 in anticipation of the meeting illustrates the depth of disillusionment that had been acquired along the way:

They [the booksellers] made it for me, *si parve licet* etc., as the Parisians for Montesquieu: ‘Write! O write for me diabolic memoirs or men in the moon or else something comic and risqué!’ Then they beat their trouser pocket in which clatter some taler, bat their eye judiciously and say ‘and I think you

³² „im kleinsten Städtchen finde ich Leute, die mich durch meine Schriften lieben und mir ihre Verehrung zu bezeugen wetteifern.“

³³ The author draws a vertical line through composition of *The Cold Heart* and occupies a place on both sides of the forest boundary. In the frame conclusion to the almanac, a departure from love’s ‘norm’ is explicit.

should find me fair'. These mean dogs! if a bone on which there is a bit of meat left falls once into this literary kennel they all want to devour it, for otherwise they don't have anything other than Larks of Leipzig and dito graduates. I often want to weep over our so-called literature. What a sight I am heading to in Dresden where Tieck—the admirable Tieck by whom all Germany should be schooled—sits alone and desolate! Nobody believes in him, nobody wants anything from him. Contrariwise in circles dance the folk of gnomes and dwarfs around the god of the evening newspaper . . . croaking merrily in the moor and believing themselves to be capable Nightingales because they always tell themselves and one another so.³⁴ (Hofmann 145-46)

That the young author had remained grounded enough to harmonise travel, work, business and pleasure in his twenty-fourth year tautens the nascent thread of realism by which his writings ought yet to be defined. Hauff was emerging from the shadow of his own time. He would soon eclipse the 'Larks of Leipzig and dito graduates'³⁵.

On his return to Stuttgart, he received a two-year dispensation from having to join the priesthood by the ecclesiastic office of the 'king' of Württemberg, the former duchy now being a kingdom. Settled once more in familial surroundings and facing familiar monetary concerns, on January 1st, 1827 Hauff took up the editorial office of Johann Friedrich Freiherr von Cotta zu Cottendorf's *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* at an annual income of fourteen hundred taler. (Cotta was a long-time benefactor of the Hauffs and had already assisted the widowed mother financially.) His position in society now economically secure and the more pressing troubles of conscience seemingly behind him, he successfully petitioned the king

³⁴ „Sie [die Buchhändler] machten es mir, *si parva licet* u.s.w., wie die Pariser dem Montesquieu: ‚Schreiben Sie, o schreiben Sie mir diabolische Memoiren, oder Mondmänner oder sonst etwas Witziges und Pikantes!‘ Dann schlagen Sie an die Hosentasche, worin einige Thaler klappern, blinzeln klug die Augen zu und sagen ‚und ich denke, Sie sollen mich billig finden.‘ Die schäbigen Hunde! wenn einmal ein Knochen, an welchem noch ein wenig Fleisch, hereinfällt in diesen literarischen Hundezwinger, so wollen sie ihn alle auf einmal abnagen, weil sie sonst nichts haben als Leipziger Lerchen und dito Magister. Ich möchte oft weinen über unsere sogenannte Literatur. Was für einem Anblicke gehe ich in Dresden entgegen, da sitzt Tieck, der herrliche Tieck, bei dem ganz Deutschland in die Schule gehen sollte, allein und verlassen! Niemand glaubt an ihn, niemand will etwas von ihm. Gegenüber tanzt das Gnomen- und Zwergenvolk um den Abend[zeitungs]gott . . . quacken lustig im Sumpf und halten sich für ganz tüchtige Nachtigallen, weil es immer einer dem anderen versichert . . .“

³⁵ The unusual phrasing is Hauff's own. In the letter cited above he critiques the authors of the day for their lack of imagination and originality while intimating the educated elite are as poor at versifying as those who prattle on in blissful ignorance. Ostensibly, these unsoaring, delusional 'larks' fail to reach the heights of true poetry and are thus prone to sing from a single, standardised songsheet.

and married Luise on February 13th, 1827. Personal fortune in love and friendship and commercial success as a writer were at last in consonance.

An avowed *belletrist*, Hauff had long been of the belief that the newspapers of his time were monotonous in tone and lacked both enterprise and spirit. Although the esteemed *Morgenblatt* was considered somewhat more ‘revolutionary’ in that its proprietor favoured ‘scientific’ articles and cross-cultural exchange (Johann Cotta was a celebrated collector of reflections on what had become known as the ‘Romantic Orient’), readership had steadily declined and the paper was struggling financially. Notably, Jean Paul Richter and Goethe had ceased to contribute and the new editor seized on the opportunity to breathe new life into the pages of the progressive daily. But Cotta was by nature a practical businessman. He quickly became displeased with Hauff’s creative ambition and his aspiration towards higher literary quality. A mere week into the role, the young editor quarrelled with the more pragmatic baron, who feared this unorthodox method of approach was against “decorum, linguistic usage, and also common sense”³⁶ (Hinze 92; *Die Ehre* 36). Predictably enough, Hauff gave his notice in late February not two months into the position and less than a fortnight from having taken his vows. With the bridal bouquet yet to wilt and an uncertain future ahead, the professional contretemps brought lasting personal anguish and unrest. Tempers would quieten and Hauff remained a conscientious editor for the rest of his life; nonetheless, failure to resolve the disagreement amicably with an important benefactor gave the family grave cause for concern. On Wilhelm’s untimely death later that year, the more practical Hermann quietly assumed editorial responsibility for the *Morgenblatt*, while Cotta and his descendants would go on to profit from the writings of the younger brother for the better part of the century that followed.

But Wilhelm had not given up on his pursuit of a higher social ideal through letters. The Blue Flower had yet to fade. Fostering an idea to compose a novel of more contemporary import, in August he travelled hastily through Munich and down into the Tyrol with a mind to research Andreas Hofer and the peasant revolt of 1809. The timing of the journey was imprudent. Convinced of his ability as a translator of life, “he was conscious of being able to see beyond, of entering into the world and attaining a deeper insight and broader

³⁶ „gegen Schiklichkeit, Sprachgebrauch, sogar gegen den Menschenverstand“

perspective than had been present during the composition of *Lichtenstein*³⁷ (Stern 8). But his physical health was on the wane. Having always been a somewhat sickly child, Hauff was susceptible to sudden changes in temperature and climate and had even shown signs of fever prior to his journey. Travelling down through and then over the Alps in late summer had been ill-advised. By the hour of his return to Stuttgart he was seriously ill. Although there was a brief respite and even a fleeting hope of recovery from the initial diagnosis, Wilhelm Hauff died from a bout of influenza brought on by typhus on the 18th of November 1827, eight days after the birth of his daughter Wilhelmine and to the parting words “twenty-two and twenty-five years, a good, dear wife, the most beautiful expectations – and all is over”³⁸ (Michaelis 170). He was eleven days shy of his twenty-fifth birthday. Friends and relatives watched over the young widow of twenty-two, who had yet to recover from a particularly heavy childbirth and had a newborn to nurse. On regaining her strength, Luise entered into a contract with Franckh based on an agreement to publish the complete works of her late husband.

Wilhelm Hauff’s artistic accomplishments are situated at a fork in the crossroad of literary history. His works bear the imprint of one who had always been a leap ahead of the age, the subtle tenor of his prose sounding the unheard note of its immediate moment in a time yet to be recorded. The detached manner in which the author is viewed by posterity mirrors perception of the composer Robert Schumann. The talent of each was overshadowed by the monumental genius of those by whom they were immediately preceded: Schumann was not Beethoven; Hauff was neither Tieck nor Hoffmann.

The celerity of Hauff’s output complemented its popularity, but fame was unable to survive his untimely passing. Indeed, the poetical obituaries of Uhland and Schwab answered the death of the twenty-five-year-old, but by 1830 he was rarely discussed among the younger poets of the new generation of Württemberg.³⁹ (Storz 63)

³⁷ „sich bewußt war, die Welt jetzt mit tiefer eindringenden Blicken anzuschauen, als zur Zeit der Entstehung seines ‚Lichtenstein‘“

³⁸ „22 und 25 Jahre, ein braves, liebes Weib, die schönsten Aussichten und alles ist vorbei.“

³⁹ „Der Schnelligkeit seines Arbeitens entsprach die des Erfolgs, aber dennoch überlebte der Ruhm des Frühverstorbenen nicht lange. Wohl antworteten poetische Nachrufe Uhlands und Schwabs auf den Tod des Fünfundzwanzigjährigen, aber um 1830 war von ihm [...] unter den württembergischen Autoren jüngeren Alters selten mehr die Rede.“

And yet his own inimitable œuvre of realistic hope and the natural expectations derived through diligence and perseverance may be set “between art and mere entertainment”⁴⁰ (Jahn 564). His voice called forward from the wake of Romanticism, and though the echoes have perhaps failed to translate its full resonance, that Hauff stands at the very forefront of realism can be established with absolute certainty. He left behind an historical novel, three satires, eleven novellas, *Lieder* and poems, two of which—the prescient „Reiters Morgenlied“ (,Morgenrot, Morgenrot, leuchtest mir zum frühen Tod?’) [“A Cavalryman’s Morning Song” (‘Morning sky so red, do you herald my early death?’)] and „Treue Liebe“ (,Steh ich in finstren Mitternacht’) [“Soldier’s Love” (‘I stand in darkest midnight’)]—have become anthemic to the German people, passing into the vernacular as genuine folk songs. As a boy of thirteen Hauff had written the following inscription in the visitor’s book at an inn: “Man, be a man, that, when your body is buried, your work and memory live!”⁴¹ (Scheller 60). Few men remain faithful to or live to honour their own boyhood aphorism, but the poet “who managed, despite the minor scope of poetic work, to become immortal in the hearts of the people through two poems, has truly not versed for nothing!”⁴² (Zoozmann xvi).

But it is the fourteen ‘fairytales’ published in three successive yearly almanacs that have assured the author’s posterity beyond Germany. Today these innovative stories sound the enduring note, yet during Hauff’s own lifetime they were considered mere ‘keepsakes’ by the reading public, particularly in comparison to the higher standard of literary expression to which the novellas and novels aspired. But the author was conscious of their intrinsic merit and frequently referred to his idiosyncratic vision of the form throughout the other writings, repeatedly urging his readers „jede Tugend, die sich über das Gemeine erhebt als Märchen [zu] verlachen“ or to “laugh at every virtue that rises above the ordinary as a fairytale!” (*Die Bettlerin* 408). Indeed, from the outset he articulated a comprehensive vision for the future of the genre in the “Fairytale as Almanac” and by Socratic method throughout the three frame narratives. Thus theory proved as essential to his aesthetic as composition. But Hauff was an artist in talent and practice, not a mere theorist. Despite an educated mistrust of the tastes of the reading public and an acute awareness of the vagaries

⁴⁰ „zwischen Kunst und bloßer Unterhaltung“

⁴¹ „Mensch, sei ein Mensch, daß, wenn man deinen Leib begräbt, dein Werk und dein Gedächtnis lebt!“

⁴² „wem es gelungen ist, bei einem so geringen Umfang poetischer Erzeugnisse, mit zwei Gedichten im Herzen des Volkes unsterblich zu leben, der hat wahrlich nicht umsonst gedichtet!“

and vicissitudes of time, he was unequivocal in his theoretical perspective on faërie and certain his own fairytales would bear the weight of posterity, a stance that anticipated Gustav Schwab's preface to the publication of the complete works in 1830:

and I believe—not to overdraw the phrasing—that Hauff's actual poetic talent is in no later production as pure as it is here – and with the exotic and fortuitous unadulterated; that nowhere else did he find poesy by the same means or to the degree vouchsafed in these fairytales, and though the original material was not entirely his own, he handled the telling of these tales with a free play of imagination, the fruits of which are so beautifully rounded that they stand under this particular aspect at the pinnacle of his achievement.⁴³ (12)

Schwab's somewhat guarded praise failed to further critical reception of the tales. The market had been sated by the name 'Grimm'. Contemporary discourse paid little heed to the almanacs: the age had moved on and tales from faërie had become passé. The *conte de fée* of the seventeenth-century French salon had been diluted by the eighteenth-century wave of rococo 'instruction' tales, towards which the Grimms' collections increasingly adjusted their moral tenor. Unearthed from every chimney corner of Germanic Europe, initially published in 1812 and continually reissued and revised in all the years thereafter, the traditional folktale from the Grimms' *Kinder- und Hausmärchen* [*Children's and Household Tales*] was the principal source of faërie in plebeian and patrician homes alike. The market for marvels had been cornered by the mere collector incapable of creating an original tale. An analogy may be drawn to this day in that our own critical discourse on the genre is compassed and controlled by academic anthologists who perhaps lack the ability to *create* a fairytale of substance or wonder (Cf., Goethe's "Fairy Tale" with Jack Zipes's "A Fairy Tale for Our Time"). Thus the creative spirit is exhausted by usurpation.

On the appearance of the first Hauffian fairytale in November 1825, almost thirty years after Wackenroder, Novalis and Tieck had redefined its structural objective through

⁴³ „und ich glaube nicht zu viel zu sagen, wenn ich behaupte, daß Hauffs eigentliches Dichtertalent in keiner spätern Produktion sich so rein, und von Fremdartigem und Zufälligem so ungetrübt ausgesprochen hat; daß er nirgends der Poesie mit denjenigen Mitteln, die ihm dazu verliehen waren, so auf die rechte Spur gekommen, wie in diesen Märchen, deren ursprünglicher Stoff zwar größtentheils nicht ihm selbst angehört, die jedoch mit so freiem Phantasiespiele behandelt, und dabei doch so schön abgerundet sind, daß sie auch in dieser Beziehung unter seinen Werken obenan stehen.“

the most inventive narrative cycle in the history of literature, the niche into which the author and his tales ought to have been placed had been filled. Hauff's cross-compositional forays into the genre had not aspired to the high literary symbolism of Tieck's *Der Runenberg* [*Rune Mountain*] or Hoffmann's *Der goldne Topf* [*The Golden Pot*], but his three almanacs are enough to show he was a storyteller whose art and mastery were on the ascent (Storz 65). Had he lived at any other time and in a land other than Germany, this 'gift' would have been more than sufficient to have secured his place in a niche alongside the very finest of the nineteenth-century fairytellers.

Wilhelm Hauff was a visionary who preceded Andersen in the attempt to compose realistic stories in an unmitigated adult register for the 'special' or 'unusual' person or child who would one day understand them. Lack of immediacy is anathema to the literary critic. The incongruity in growing into meaning was a note adrift of scale and would remain so for decades. But there was method. In anticipation of Andersen's 'misunderstood four'—*The Shadow* (1847), "Anne Lisbeth" (1859), *The Dryad* (1868) and "Poultry Meg's Family" (1870)—, which to this day are invariably omitted from anthological discourse, pathos and pain are the mainspring to the Hauffian fairytale. It was an approach that enabled truth to reposition the narrative path. Contrary to the unsubstantiated assertion "among his fairytales rarely is one to be found that cannot be traced back to fewer than two literary sources"⁴⁴ (Polaschegg 156), *actual* sources for these tales are notoriously difficult to pin down as each became distinctly Hauffian in the telling. Hauff's view was unimpeded by precedence. A near echo of German Romanticism imbues the almanacs with the spirit of an age in passing, particularly those openly acknowledged by the author as being drawn from the literary artistry of Tieck and Hoffmann, but apart from tropes common to the genre as a whole and understood as such by readers, there is little evidence of the broader themes having been derived or 'borrowed' from uncited material. There is no Grimmian imprint. On the contrary, it has been argued Hauff sought to negate what he perceived as collective mimicry, a view he made quite clear on including two of Wilhelm Grimm's tales in the second almanac as "stuff of inferior quality to fill the gaps"⁴⁵ (Hinz 120). Hauff's theory on

⁴⁴ „unter seinen Märchen kaum eines findet, das sich nicht auf weniger als zwei literarische Quellen zurückführen läßt“

⁴⁵ „minder gutes Zeug das die Lücken füllen muß“

the fairytale is pronounced; that the frame admits no comment on either inclusion is richly significant: the contribution is simply ignored. The literary fairytale of Christoph Martin Wieland and the inspirational French salon tales of the seventeenth century were perhaps nearer to the æsthetic Hauff wished to create. In particular, the Comtesse d'Aulnoy's *Les Contes des Fées* (1697) delineated the inward strength and ingenuity of character essential to the Hauffian narrative, in which 'happily ever after' was not always quite so. Weaving this unusual array of themes and motifs together with those drawn from the *Arabian Nights*, Hauff created an integrative world of faërie that was truly multicultural in both its thematic structure and perspective. This novel compositional process was not only extraordinary for the age in which the author lived but remains an unacknowledged precursor of our scholarly approach to the genre as a whole. The grounded reality inherent to these tales belied the now antiquated notion of the 'happy ever after' motif long before deconstruction took hold of the genre. In the Hauffian æsthetic everyday life is everywhere apparent and there is no room for dilution of its dubious moral structure: "One will (as Julius Klaiber comments) find the special magic of these tales especially in the treatment of the wonderful material in the forms of life and with a graphic authenticity, which creates the illusion of purest reality"⁴⁶ (Zoozmann xi). The tales are not bogged down by allegory: engagement is direct. Structural focus remains on inspiration without amelioration of the human condition or mitigation of the harsh realities children were forced to confront on a daily basis. The upstart had gone against the grain of both literary taste and critical reception with a subtextual subtlety that belied expectation and subverted censorship; as part of a practised subversion, "[i]n Hauff's letters one hardly discovers—contrary to the fairytale cycles themselves—a factual hint that the author attached any special value to his fairytales artistically"⁴⁷ (Hinz 125). Clearly he found *something* that drew him towards the heartfelt composition of the almanacs, an unpredictable 'something' that cannot be defined by critical or academic exegesis. Hauff's method was and remains unique, for "turning a boy loose in a library is sometimes justified by results, although not always in the way expected" (Sadler

⁴⁶ „Man wird (sagt Julius Klaiber) den besonderen Zauber dieser Märchen gerade darin finden, daß der wunderbare Stoff durchaus in den Formen des Lebens und mit einer plastischen Bestimmtheit behandelt ist, die den Schein vollster Wirklichkeit erzeugt.“

⁴⁷ „In Hauffs Briefen finden sich — anders als in den Märchenzyklen selbst — kaum Hinweise darauf, daß der Autor seinen Märchen künstlerisch besonderen Wert beigemessen hätte.“

xii). Much as he had in those quiet afternoons of boyhood reading, the man invariably returned to the realm of faërie with a sustained promise to make the world he created in his own tales “as interesting as possible” (Knopf 229-30) without falsifying the natural order of the world in which he lived.

Hauff has received stunted praise for the development and unparalleled scope of his literary output, and yet only John Keats might be said to have achieved more in so limited a frame of time. But the Englishman had support, scant though it may have been, whereas the Swabian was not afforded the luxury of being a professional poet sustained by friends and benefactors. His nightly ‘scribbling’ was limited to a few brief hours’ spare time. Analogous to „Märchen als Almanach“ and the privilege granted to Märchen, who is given the freedom to narrate her tales only *after* the day’s lessons have been learned, Hauff was at liberty to compose them only after his daily duties had been performed. And like numerous other poets of an age in which the lean of the quill could scarcely be altered once the ink had dried, he was seldom afforded the opportunity to review or rewrite. As a result, few works bear the mark of the author’s corrective revision:

During his lifetime only the initial part of *The Memoirs of Satan*, his first publication, appeared in a new edition, and in this indeed Hauff had already made a few corrections and marginal changes, as he did in an independent edition of *The Wine-Ghosts of Bremen* and in the collection of his novellas, which he prepared in the time before his death and were published in the course of 1828 in three volumes. Here too, Hauff had the opportunity to pore over thoroughly, modify and correct every single one of these little works, which were all published beforehand in diverse newspapers and paperbacks. But for all of his other works he, who was disquietingly onward-striving and ever fraught with new material, was not able to examine with peace and a critical eye, and therefore we have most of them in front of us as they were written down back then by this enthusiastic poet.⁴⁸ (Mendelheim 405-6)

⁴⁸ „In neuer Auflage ist aber zu seinen Lebzeiten nur der erste Teil der ‚Memoiren des Satan‘, seiner ersten Veröffentlichung, erschienen, und darin hat Hauff allerdings auch bereits einige Verbesserungen und kleine Änderungen vorgenommen, ebenso wie in der selbstständigen Ausgabe der ‚Phantasien im Bremer Ratskeller‘ und in der Sammlung seiner Novellen, die er noch in der letzten Zeit vor seinem Tode

And yet critics wasted little time in descending on compositional errors made in haste and have exploited them as evidence of lack of strength and acuity as an artist ever since. These are the margins *in error* by which Hauff has come to be defined. But nothing could be further from the truth. It must be remembered that he wrote swiftly in longhand by candlelight, not at a corrective computer lit from beneath by a warm blue glow. Mistakes were inevitable, mistakes “which Hauff surely would have eliminated had he been granted a longer life, had he lived to see new editions of his works or had he been able to originate a collection of the same in person”⁴⁹ (405). As with Keats and perhaps in kindred anticipation of his own similar fate (‘Morning sky so red, do you herald my early death?’), Hauff composed with an extreme urgency but through an extraordinary cynosure of focus, the strengths and defects of which he himself avowed and openly articulated as well as any future critic might:

What I wrote, I wrote with some haste – and I did not publish without impudence. I am not going to regret a single sentence written, but I would have entered into composition with more repose and leisure. I feel in myself that I still need to learn far more, but also that I am a capable student worthy of instruction.⁵⁰ (Hinz 126)

Hauff was only twenty-four on the Sunday of his death. It should be observed that neither Goethe nor Schiller had been able to publish a masterwork before the age of twenty-five. His final publications, including the satirical sketch *Die Bücher und die Lesewelt* [*The Books and the Reading World*] together with the novellas *The Wine-Ghosts of Bremen*, *Die letzten Ritter von Marienburg* [*The Last Knights of Marienburg*] and *The Portrait of the Emperor* indicate his place on the threshold of a true masterpiece. The novice was aware of his talent

vorbereitete und die dann im Laufe des Jahres 1828 in 3 Bänden erschien. Auch hier hatte Hauff Gelegenheit, jedes einzelne dieser Werkchen, die vorher sämtlich in verschiedenen Zeitschriften und Taschenbüchern erschienen waren, noch einmal gründlich durchzusehen, zu ändern und zu bessern. Alle übrigen Schriften aber konnte er, der rastlos vorwärts Strebende und immer von neuen Stoffen Erfüllte, nicht noch einmal in Ruhe und mit kritischem Auge prüfen, und so haben wir die meisten noch heute so vor uns, wie sie damals der schaffensfreudige Dichter niedergeschrieben hat.“

⁴⁹ „die Hauff sicher beseitigt haben würde, wenn ihm ein längeres Leben vergönnt gewesen wäre, wenn er neue Auflagen seiner Werke hätte erleben oder einst eine Sammlung derselben selbst hätte veranstalten können.“

⁵⁰ „Ich habe . . . , was ich geschrieben habe in einiger Eile und nicht ohne Unverschämtheit herausgegeben. Ich werde keinen Satz bereuen den ich niederschrieb, aber bey manchem würde ich mit mehr Ruhe und Muße tiefer eingedrungen seyn. Ich fühle an mir selbst daß ich zwar noch vieles lernen muß, daß ich aber auch kein ungelehriger Schüler bin.“

and by nature unable to conceal the strength of a voice that altered the demarcation line of his age but nonetheless failed to carry. Defining an age that had yet to define itself was his greatest transgression. Hauff was an artist out of his time. But although proud of acclaim, he was also modest and dignified in his own appraisal. And in the implicit irony of the eulogium, this most prescient of poets was no doubt conscious of the hand dealt by fate.

I know . . . that nature gave me a talent to handle and change any material with relative ease, that it is delightful and pleasant for the masses – for many interesting, for some even significant. Attached thereto, I have obtained a certain eloquence, which is therefore necessary insofar as it lies within quick thinking—the nature of thought as it were—with regard to the flow of speech and phrasing, which can be credited to exercise and varied reading. I have published at twenty-four—without having seen much of the world, without having been diligent or having studied long—in the short period of ten months, three, in themselves decidedly heterogenous works, of which, with the present straitened state of literature, one would have been enough to have attracted attention and renown. They were reviewed, bought, read, many a time discussed, and wherever I have gone since and stepped on German ground again I was not unknown: they visited, marvelled at me, admired me like a weird and wonderful creature.⁵¹ (Hinz 126)

⁵¹ „Ich weiß . . . , daß mir die Natur ein Talent gegeben hat, irgend einen Stoff mit einiger Leichtigkeit so zu wenden und zu behandeln, daß er für die Menge ergötzlich und unterhaltend, für Viele interessant, für Manche sogar bedeutend ist. Dabey habe ich eine gewisse Sprachfertigkeit, wie sie hierzu nothwendig ist, erhalten, die, sofern sie im Schnell-Denken beruht, der Natur, in sofern sie den Fluß der Rede und den Wortlaut betrifft, einiger Uebung und vielseitigem Lesen zuzuschreiben ist. Ich habe, vierundzwanzig Jahre alt, ohne die Welt viel gesehen, ohne die Menschen lange studirt zu haben, in der kurzen Zeit von 10 Monaten drei, in sich sehr heterogene Werke herausgegeben, wovon, bey dem jezigen, dürftigen Zustand der Literatur, eines schon hingereicht hätte, mir bedeutende Aufmerksamkeit zuzuwenden. Sie wurden recensirt, gekauft, gelesen, vielfach besprochen und wo ich hinkam seit ich hin teutschen Boden wieder betrat, war ich kein Unbekannter; wie ein Wunderthier haben sie mich aufgesucht, angestaunt, bewundert.“

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Chapter Two



Origins of Hauffian Theory on the Fairytale

A digressive chapter in which the author argues for inclusion of the prelude “Fairytale as Almanac”—‘the cue to Hauff’s artistic intentions’—in future translations of the almanacs, discharges the opening salvo in Hauff’s structured theory on the fairytale, positions the allegory in complement to the master Romantic fairyteller Novalis, provides an ancillary revision of the work as a masterstroke of composition, dwells on the significance of the Blaue Blume, delves lightly into the fairytales of Novalis, and presents a new translation of “Märchen in Masquerade” as a means of accomplishing the inclusional objective while laying the structural foundation for a cohesive, informed interpretation of chapters three, four and five.

Wilhelm Hauff’s *Märchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1826 für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände* was published on November 4th, 1825. An ‘almanac’ is the equivalent of an English annual or book of the year it precedes and typically appears near Christmastime. Implicitly, the *Märchen-Almanach* bears the connotation of a ‘gift’. This embedded sense of the undeclared is a recurring feature in the compositional design of Hauff’s three collections of fairytales. Frequently misinterpreted by readers and critics alike, that which is *not* made explicit is the cipher to the subversion. There is no signpost. The narrative cycle of *Die Karawane* or *The Caravan* from the *Märchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1826*⁵² signals an unattended turning point in the history of the genre. Here the young poet forged forward with the renewal of the form from within a timeworn frame. Incumbent upon the reader is the need to hear the progression of *The Caravan* as a Romantic conceit transposed by a crotchet or *tacet* note of departure. As the herald to this tonal objective, „Märchen als Almanach“ is a masterstroke of narrative secretion. The guarded gate through which Hauff’s ‘Märchen’ enters the world is at once allusive and tangible. Its runes are legible. An allegory on the state of literature and the reception of the fairytale in a post-Romantic age yet to be defined from within, the “Fairytale as Almanac” is perhaps the most unusual entrée in nineteenth-century art.

⁵² To maintain consistency, insofar as time and tide permit, the archaic ‘Märchen’ is used only when the title of the almanacs is quoted in full.

The sketch stands in isolation as a prelude to *The Caravan*. It is an inversive key to the structural aesthetic. Hauff was the first author to undertake a thorough analysis of the fairytale. His approach was innovative and yet deceptively conventional: he composed original tales from within his own theoretical framework. The result is theory in practice. Tonality rather than plot commands progression of the frame narrative. Internally, *The Caravan* features a circle of independent narrators, each of whom recounts a tale from their own unique perspective. And yet the consonance does not waver. The manner by which Hauff sustains this inner dialectic on a single frequency facilitates the gradual increase in pitch to the level required of the compositional conflict indicated in the frame, much as Beethoven's fourth piano concerto primes the piano ahead of the orchestra. And as with the concerto, a comprehensive knowledge of form was required in order to compass the new direction. Hauff's reading of the measure is sound. Through this subtle homage to the master fairytellers the author finds his own niche as an author while proving emphatically that the fairytale could yet provide an appropriate narrative platform for social subversion.

Hauff was a nascent realist. Few authors have dared to announce their presence in the spirit of negation, and yet the tenor and aural import of the "Fairytale as Almanac" runs contrary to the crisp phonetics on which he would structure his compositional aesthetic. Here the language of expression is atypical for a poet who did not favour a transfigurative, orotund style. Under the broader canopy of his work, descriptive passages are relatively scarce; adjectival usage is often limited to satirical hyperbole. With the exception of *The Man in the Moon* novella, a parody on the prurient prose of 'Heinrich Clauren', Hauffian harmonics are clear and direct but invariably contain a scarcely decipherable subharmonic. Phrased simply, the reader must pause between the lines and focus on the unwritten words beneath the surface of the text. A lutenist, Hauff was proficient at sounding an inversion of intervals in the overtone series to produce the sequence of masked notes that encompass the undertone. Allegory is therefore redundant under a broader sounding of his expression. It is tonally absent from the aesthetic. The subharmonic to the "Fairytale as Almanac" is audible, but the compositional structure clearly strains against the author's oeuvre.

Virtually all the English editions of Hauff's fairytales omit this brief but baffling prelude. A diversion into publishing history and trends is necessary to contextualise the degree of oversight. Signposting is required. To date, only the archaic, anonymous *Select*

Popular Tales translation from 1850, the pietistic George Payn Quackenbos ‘thou art’ “Introduction” from 1855, and the Pelham Curtis rendering of 1859 include attempts to read the rhyme aright, albeit under the somewhat regrettable titles “The Adventures of Fairy-Tale” and “Princess Fairy-Story in Masquerade.” Evidently, the music had not been read quietly by candlelight. Subsequent translators—including the punctilious S. Mendel—chose to set this isolated piece aside as an aberration in style. The redaction is akin to removing the overture from Beethoven’s *Fidelio*. Hauffian theory and method are thus simultaneously subverted. Perpetuated in translation for more than a century and a half, this omission is an egregious error in critical discourse. Of contemporary commentators in English, only Maureen Thum has been cognisant of the need to acknowledge „Märchen als Almanach“ as the “cue to his intentions” (5), not merely to *The Caravan* but to *all* of Hauff’s fairytales. His ‘intention’ was to leave the delusive realm of allegory and illusion behind and, together with his character-creation Märchen, step through the gate, pass beyond its guardians (those who prevent an onward movement of the form), and into the real world of the fairytale. The formative step failed to register. This imbalance of authorial intention and critical receipt has not been sufficiently redressed by the broader academic community: misinterpretation is rife. The time for a new translation is past due, but to hear and interpret the author’s intentions aright, it is incumbent upon the reader to decipher the secreted note. A signpost must be provided.

The seemingly mawkish “Fairytale as Almanac” and its embellished description of the beautiful kingdom of the wise and noble Queen Phantasie and her children Märchen and Träume stands in direct contrast to the internal æsthetic of *The Caravan*. And yet this tonal incongruity is not adrift of scale and does not deviate from the journey. The prose is specifically measured to the idiom of a day that has passed. It is at once a tip of the hat and a fond farewell to the illusory idealism and predicated Romantic practicalism of Georg Philipp Friedrich Freiherr von Hardenberg, historically known as Novalis, the father of the *Kunstmärchen*. Hauff was an admirer of the master fairyteller, the allusive “sweet odour of the roses and hyacinths”⁵³ (Mendel 250) an homage to the “Hyacinth and Rosebud” of *Die*

⁵³ Taken from „Said’s Schicksale“ [“The Adventures of Said”] in the third and final almanac *Das Wirtshaus im Spessart* [*The Inn in the Spessart*] published posthumously in November 1827, the German reads „der süße Rosen- und Hyazinthenduft“ (*Märchen* 414) and also occurs earlier in the same tale as an intoxicating sense, or „betäubender Geruch von Rosen, Nelken und Hyazinthen“ (410). Interestingly, Hauff places the redolent

Lehrlinge zu Saïs (1802) [*The Novices at Saïs*]. Egress was not repudiation but regeneration. Positioning indicates purpose.

“Fairytale as Almanac” is intended to be read as a prelude to the *Hauffian* fairytale, but it is also a noiseless ending to the tales of the Romantic period. It is as important a departure point as any in literary history. The title is inversive on two levels, the first of which suggests the form has merit enough to comprise a book that is representative of time, not merely of the year in passing but as an ‘annual’ appropriate for the year to come. This in turn signals the ironic displacement of Novalis’ „Klingsohrs Märchen“ [“Klingsohr’s Tale”] from *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, the subharmonic resonating through Klingsohr’s acceptance that his youthful fairytale project is too far removed from reality and therefore insufficient as a form of artistic expression.⁵⁴ Hauff refuses to accept a limitation imposed on him by the preceding generation. Through the title alone, he openly rejects the imprint of Klingsohr and the allegorical structure of his fairytale. The young man then takes his Märchen by the hand and passes through the very gate that had closed upon Novalis.

This is the beginning of a search for a less confined social æsthetic. Hauff is not only negating the style but also the aristocratic context of the prose. Although he refuses to draw emphasis on the ‘Freiherr’ or designation of ‘Baron’, which had and has no affect on Novalis’ distinction as an artist, the poet of the new generation is nonetheless stating that *his* primary concerns were not shared by his predecessors. The horizon is broadening. Expression has altered. Laden adjectives, beguiling phrases and extended descriptive metaphors that assail the inward eye with pictorials and drown the senses with sweetness occur here for the last time. Or at least they ought to have. At issue is the need for a change of idiom. It was not

clove, which masks the sweeter fragrance and betokens ‘dignity’ in the language of flowers, between the rose and her hyacinth, presumably to protect them from discovery. Of note, this tale was composed as a final foray into the ‘Romantic Orient’ and thus serves as a conscious point of narrative departure.

⁵⁴ There is no prelude and Klingsohr does not comment directly on his fairytale (only that it is a work from his youth), but indirectly an insufficiency is suggested. His short explanation of the fairytale as a genre is part of the theoretical lecture on poesy he gives to Heinrich: „Daher kann man sagen, dass die Poesie ganz auf Erfahrung beruht. Ich weiß selbst, dass mir in jungen Jahren ein Gegenstand nicht leicht zu entfernt und unbekannt sein konnte, den ich nicht am liebsten besungen hätte. Was wurde es? ein leeres, armseliges Wortgeräusch, ohne einen Funken wahrer Poesie. Daher ist auch ein Märchen eine sehr schwierige Aufgabe, und selten wird ein junger Dichter sie gut lösen“ [“Therefore one can say that poesy is based on experience. I myself know that in youthful years a topic could not easily be too remote and unfamiliar for me to be praised with ardour. What came of it? an empty, pathetic word noise, without a spark of true poesy. Thus the fairytale is a very difficult task and seldom will be solved suitably by a young poet”] (*Gesammelte* 303).

in Hauff's interest to preserve the social structure of his time through maudlin tales of kings and queens and their hapless offspring. The upstart was determined to forge ahead on an unexplored path but was nonetheless conscious of the need to close the book on the past. By opening the annual of 1826 with a prelude conclusion, he achieved that aim. It is a touch of genius. Hauff had struck an unplayed note that would remain unheard in his own lifetime and misplaced and misattributed for generations to come. This note of salient parody called for a thorough reinterpretation of the genre, but to understand the significance of the content, context must be established.

Thundering "The world must be Romanticised"⁵⁵ (*Novalis* 384) to the painters, poets and musicians of an age, Novalis is the acknowledged voice of the Romantic movement. Published in 1802, his *Heinrich von Ofterdingen* transplanted the fairytale to the mind in the inward search for the infinite. This work of immeasurable scope precedes and anticipates the Coleridgean obsession with the metaphysical. Based on the lyric poet Heinrich von Ofterdingen, the *Minnesänger* featured in the thirteenth-century epic *Der Sängerkrieg auf der Wartburg*, the novel recounts the often internalised adventures of a young man who chances on a stranger and thereafter dreams of a Blue Flower beckoning from a greensward beyond the reach of the imagination. The discourse of the novel is complicated by the inclusion of "Klingsohr's Tale," the events of which project back upon the two characters conversely and suggest the issues a person faces on the journey through life can neither be mitigated by nor resolved within the structure of the fairytale.⁵⁶ Indeed, Klingsohr appears to invalidate his

⁵⁵ The full quote reads as follows: „Die Welt muß romantisiert werden. So findet man den urspr[ünglichen] Sinn wieder.“

⁵⁶ Critical interpretation of Novalis parallels the sound of an orchestra playing without a conductor to prime the first violin. Consonance is not to be expected. Arguably, "Klingsohr's Tale" ceases to be a fairytale prior to its conclusion. This is not a tale of faërie. Here the realms of human reality and immortality [„Reich der Ewigkeit“ (*Gesammelte* 335)] would seem to be too far apart. Although Ginnistan and 'Vater' are sent to be "governors on earth" [„Statthalter[n] auf Erden“] (334), it may be implied that Sophie, the "eternal priestess of hearts" [„ewig Priesterin der Herzen“] (335) remains in the temple and is unlikely to walk the earth (335). Moreover, the temple suggests a place of worship where the mundane and the divine meet but do not meld. By contrast, Hauff's *Queen Phantasie* descends for the very purpose of discovery and understanding. Her daughter traverses the land as a being of flesh and blood: Märchen is not a noble deity but equal to those among whom she walks. It may even be suggested "Klingsohr's Tale" commences as a legend and develops into a myth in which the lay reader can no longer believe. Although beneficial as a form of instruction to Heinrich the poet, the deeper resonance is truncated. Just as the discussion continues as to whether Franz Schubert's *Symphony No. 8* is indeed an 'Unfinished Symphony', so the reader of Novalis is faced with the dilemma of how best to interpret *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, a work that may or may not be complete. On this issue, and indeed a good many others, we must defer to Ludwig Tieck, a confidant of Novalis and one who was privy to the poet's intentions. According to Tieck, the last chapter of the second part of the novel would

own 'Märchen' by declaring her a youthful indiscretion too neatly bound to allegory and altogether detached from the reality he and Heinrich inhabit. Having dispensed with this tale, it is significant that Klingsohr then disappears entirely from the broader narrative.

Heinrich's dream of the *Blaue Blume* bearing the face of his beloved would compass the gaze of an entire generation of poets and became the symbol of Romanticism. It was and remains a primary source of artistic inspiration. Nonetheless, Novalis appears to caution against pursuing the ideal in the first part of the novel while the fairytale on which it closes suggests that it is and will remain unattainable.⁵⁷ Although the broader symbolism is too complex to be rendered in basic terms, the Blue Flower denotes love, passion and desire, a striving for the unreachable or unachievable, but above all hope and beauty.⁵⁸ The author of *The Caravan* remained a disciple of the *Blaue Blume* throughout his life but understood the delusory fairytale element had to be removed from the construct. In essence, a 'Märchen' must be strong enough structurally to support the reality of day-to-day life but gentle

have brought "the 'fulfilment' of Klingsohr's Tale" [„die ‚Erfüllung‘ des Klingsohrmärchen“] (Voerster 153) and the beginning of the Golden Age; however, "[t]he author did not get further in the draft of this second part" [„Weiter ist der Verfasser nicht in Ausarbeitung dieses zweiten Teils gekommen“] (Tieck 490). Hauff may well have borrowed on the concept of words conceived but never composed.

⁵⁷ "Klingsohr's Tale" 'closes' with Fable's triumph over the mundane, and yet victory appears to be a step removed from the real world. Departure marks the moment. Although it is not made clear *who* embarks on the homeward journey, 'they' go to live 'happily ever after' in a temple in which they will "reside eternally and preserve the world's secret" [„ewig wohnen und das Geheimnis der Welt bewahren“] (*Gesammelte* 335). Access to the ideal of the Blue Flower would therefore seem to be restricted, the temple set at a remove from the human realm. Meaning is unclear. Scholars of Novalis have argued this 'resolution' is in harmony with the interpretation of the Blue Flower as a symbol of elusiveness (Cooper 26).

⁵⁸ Perception of Novalis' Blue Flower differs considerably, as does critical analysis. Frederick Hiebel's „Zur Interpretation der ‚Blauen Blume‘ des Novalis“ illustrates the divide. He regards the flower as "neither an allegorical disguise of a term, nor a mere metaphor of Ofterdingen's dreamworld" [„weder eine allegorische Begriffsverkleidung, noch eine bloße Metapher von Ofterdingens Traumwelt“] (27) but as a recurring leitmotiv throughout Novalis' oeuvre. In Hiebel's description, it is "the symbol of a sense of transcendental awareness, a mediator of higher incarnation" [„das Symbol eines Sinnes übersinnlicher Erkenntnis; eine Mittlerin zu höherer Menschwerdung“] (334). Opposing interpretations litter the centuries, and personal perspective invariably plays a role in explication. Margherita Vesari states "[t]he flower . . . represents not only a distinct connection to the golden age, but forms part of the isotopy of water, darkness, warmth, femininity and love; therefore, it is a passive-receptive, female principle" [„Die Blume stellt . . . nicht nur eine deutliche Verbindung zum Goldenen Zeitalter dar, sie ist Teil der Isotopie Wasser, Dunkelheit, Wärme, Femininität und Liebe, ist also ein passiv-rezeptives, weibliches Prinzip“] (92). In his endnotes to *Novalis Werke*, Gerhard Schulz comments "the Blue Flower is rooted in the ground and yet has the colour of the sky; thus it is a symbol of unification and peace, of love and poesy, which become synonyms to Novalis" [„die Blume wurzelt in der Erde und hat die Farbe des Himmels – so ist sie Symbol der Vereinigung und des Friedens, der Liebe und der Poesie, die für Novalis zu Synonymen werden“] (697). Through Nature we *feel* rather than circumscribe meaning: "It is the flower of poesy, the flower of nature's revelation, the flower of love; all told, it is the flower of insight – a redemptive return to the realm of native harmony" [„Sie ist die Blume der Poesie, die Blume der Naturoffenbarung, die Blume der Liebe – alles in allem die Blume der Erkenntnis, die eine Erlösung ist in die Welt der ursprünglichen Harmonie“] (Hecker 34).

enough in tone to sustain the dream without crushing the ideal within. A paradox for many, it is the need to reclaim the object as tangible and real rather than illusive and transitory that at once distinguishes the Hauffian aesthetic. Hauff was a realist who dared to dream with an eye wide open to a world riven by disharmony and disbelief. Walter Benjamin's commentary on a somnolent age in which "dream has grown gray" (236) provides sufficient comment on the sense of apathy the young fairyteller had sensed in the reader more than a century before: "No one really dreams any longer of the Blue Flower. Whoever awakes as Heinrich von Ofterdingen today must have overslept" (236). The beauty of the analogy is in the eternal possibility of 'today'. Hope is present even in its negation. Hauff struggled against a similar sense of time displacement but nonetheless sought to harness and improve upon the ideals of the past. Novalis could take the form only so far, but he had sown the seed for growth from within. Like the sightless, bumpy nights Heinrich is forced to endure in pursuit of the *Blaue Blume*, it was upon the next generation to cultivate that seed without further guidance. Hauff was mindful of his place as a 'novice' but also confident in the view that had Novalis' fairytale supported the reality inherent to the dream, the "Langschläfer" (*Gesammelte* 205) could have risen with the ideal intact.

By 1825 it was already apparent a change in direction was required. Together with Hauff, the modern reader was striving to reach a place beyond mere allusions to hope and beauty. In simple terms, belief in the fairytale as a reflection of day-to-day existence that could be navigated irrespective of simile and without having to leave the plane of reality was imperative for those who wished to preserve the ideal of what life could be. The *Blaue Blume* was real to Beethoven and it was real to Hauff. It was not enough to "merely look out for a blue floret"⁵⁹ (*Gesammelte* 210) on the journey. Hope could be plucked from a world of grey and held to the inward eye. It *was* real. To sustain a dream was not delusional. To obscure its "blue horizon" (Benjamin 236) behind an admission that the fairytale could not support reality was no longer tenable. As both an extension of and allegorical departure from the internal narrative of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, Novalis' "Klingsohr's Tale" had consolidated a form of fairytale syntax Hauff now sought to collapse and rebuild. On a

⁵⁹ „gib nur acht, auf ein blaues Blümchen“

practical level, only through having mastered the manner and style of his predecessors was Hauff then free to explore his own artistic vision.

Textual comprehension of “Fairytale as Almanac” is almost entirely dependent on its external context. Readers in 1825 would have perceived the analogue to Novalis without exception. The ‘educated children’ to whom the almanac was directed would have observed the tonal partition between the preludial allegory and the fairytales that comprise *The Caravan*. In compositional terms, the overture is seemingly at variance with the opera, and yet the line that sunders also connects. Significantly, this was the premise to understanding authorial intent – the broadening of the genre to compass a new vision. But Hauff was focused on a single literary form. Novalis situated the fairytale within the novel as a means of raising critical awareness of the gap between actuality and ideal. It is important to stress that the two fairytales on which Hauff structured his allegory—„Klingsohrs Märchen“ and „Hyazinth und Rosenblüthe“—are embedded in highly complex narratives, each of which strives to make sense of an age that had yet to be defined. Novalis was not a woolly headed idealist but an impassioned reader of life, one who understood that “[t]o genuine melodic talkativeness belongs a broad, alert and calm mind” (*Gesammelte* 297) while yet conceding this same eloquence “turns to idle prattle when a torrential storm rages in the bosom and percipience dissolves into tremulous folly”⁶⁰ (297). Contradiction is naturally inherent to his discourse. For anglophone readers of the Romantic period, there is a presumption the movement begins with *Lyrical Ballads, with a Few Other Poems* from 1798, but Novalis preceded William Wordsworth and Samuel Taylor Coleridge in thought and execution. *His* was the spirit of an age. He was youth personified. *He* spoke on behalf of a generation that had yet to find its place. His fairytales were not a form of escape but rather the means by which he expressed his deep dissatisfaction with reality, which was so riven and fouled by discord that a possible solution could be found only in a work of art separated from the present line of discourse. The fairytale inlays facilitate the disconnection insofar as they prove insufficient as a possibility. In both novels, pursuit of the ideal winds through narrative disharmony and dissonance only to leave the reader with a pervasive sense that

⁶⁰ The translation of Novalis requires patience. The quote reads „Zur wahren, melodischen Gesprächigkeit gehört ein weiter, aufmerksamer und ruhiger Sinn. Es wird ein verworrenes Geschwätz, wenn ein reißender Sturm in der Brust tobt und die Aufmerksamkeit in eine zitternde Gedankenlosigkeit auflöst.“

the world might not be ready to be solved in fairytale fashion, and that the world rather than the fairytale bears the limitation. The form is the foil by which the failings of society are exposed. At issue is the poet's struggle to establish a perspective that differs from the previous generation for an age yet to find its place in society. Hauff was conscious of both the parallel⁶¹ and the forewarning:

. . . thus for the entire sum of human agency there is a certain threshold of presentability, beyond which representation cannot retain the required solidity and form and so loses itself in an empty, illusorial absurdity. In particular, as a novice one cannot be too aware of this dissipation, for an active phantasy presses only too willingly upon limitation in a wanton attempt to grasp and give voice to the unsensuous and intemperate.⁶² (302)

Novalis died in the early spring of 1801, having ushered in the birth of the Romantic movement. A quarter of a century later, Hauff hovered over the threshold of a new age. He stood at the vanguard of the undefined generation that followed reluctantly in the wake of Romanticism. "Fairytale as Almanac" illustrates the point of separation at which the young poet drew the line. The *entrée* is beautifully allusive. 'Fairytale' would be the form through which he would express the new direction, but 'Almanac' is the formative step in Hauffian discourse. The combination and the fractured imagery by which it is surrounded evoke the indecipherable book of *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*. Alone in the Hermit's cave, the repository of knowledge, Heinrich happens upon a volume written in a strange language reminiscent of Latin and Greek, the illustrations of which are "dark and unintelligible"⁶³ (*Gesammelte* 279). These unlettered illustrations comprise a diversion to the Orient, the 'home' of the fairytale, within which Heinrich sees himself "in conflict with fierce looking men and in pleasant conversation with Saracens and Moors"⁶⁴ (279). But the essence of the book—the

⁶¹ Compression requires compromise in context. For the purpose of the present discussion on Hauff, subject clarity does not permit sufficient analysis in drawing out this parallel with objectival balance. Thus Novalis may appear to be novice and foil to Hauff. The error is noted.

⁶² „. . . so gibt es auch für die ganze Summe menschlicher Kräfte eine bestimmte Grenze der Darstellbarkeit, über welche hinaus die Darstellung die nötige Dichtigkeit und Gestaltung nicht behalten kann und in ein leeres täuschendes Unding sich verliert. Besonders als Lehrling kann man nicht genug sich vor diesen Ausschweifungen hüten, da eine lebhaft Phantasie nur gar zu gern nach den Grenzen sich begibt und übermütig das Unsinnliche, Übermäßige zu ergreifen und auszusprechen sucht.“

⁶³ „dunkel und unverständlich“

⁶⁴ „in einem Kampfe mit wild aussehenden Männern und in freundlichen Gesprächen mit Sarazenen und Mohren.“

faërie—remains beyond his compass. Arabic and its hues are absent from the page of his understanding. This inability to harmonise faërie with reality serves as a tonal precursor to a spiritual decay in which “All his colours had faded to a wan ashen”⁶⁵ (339). Prior to this point and without fully comprehending the path he has taken, Heinrich falls in love and marries Mathilde, the daughter of Klingsohr, the dear friend and guest of his grandfather. In the spirit of minstrelsy and having already lectured long on poesy, Klingsohr narrates his allegorical fairytale on the night of their wedding – the traditional entrance point to society. But „Klingsohrs Märchen“ proves to be an insufficient reflection of the world into which the young couple are about to step. This is the note on which Novalis closes the first part of the novel. In broad pictorial, Hauff re-engages with the Hermit’s book and opens it to the page at which Heinrich loses comprehension. It is the recovery of the fairytale. The gate through which the Hauffian ‘Märchen’ passes is still guarded by these ‘fierce looking men’, and yet through youthful resolve the author negotiates a path beyond illusive allegory and into his own ‘real world’ of the Orient. In *The Caravan* he holds converse with those same ‘Saracens and Moors’ Heinrich had once stood alongside but failed to understand.

Novalis was a Romantic in both character and expression but had the intellectual acuity to perceive and articulate the limitations of his age. Hauff’s arrival on the literary stage coincided with a prolonged pause between the acts. The actors were still waiting on the script. Although the point of separation from the previous artistic form had yet to be reified, the young author was standing in the wings already schooling himself in a pending æsthetic. He stood in the waning shadow of Novalis. ‘Realism’ had yet to enter the idiom, but his writings anticipate and precede the Realist movement, which began in France shortly after the 1848 Revolution. The parallel occurs in their shared liminality, but whereas scholars were compelled to unravel the mysteries of the master, few have felt the need to afford his novice the same degree of respect.

The convergence ends at the gate inside „Märchen als Almanach“ and the novice is thereafter one with the world Heinrich could not reach. But in the failed pursuit there are lessons to be learned. Much as Hauff’s fairytales were never meant to be disconnected from their frame, Novalis’ cannot be removed from the broader context without authorial intent

⁶⁵ The full quote reads „In ein fahles Aschgrau waren alle seine Farben verschossen.“

being compromised. In “Klingsohr’s Tale,” the narrator recounts how Sophie or ‘wisdom’ watches over the everlasting secret of love (*Gesammelte* 327). As with the posthumous “Hyacinth and Rosebud” from 1798, the deceptively simple plot belies “an underlying complexity of vision” (Birrell xv) adumbrated by “a nostalgia for innocence coupled with a knowing eye for the evasive maneuvers that men and women use to circumvent the trials of self-realization and true adulthood” (xv). Whereas Novalis had sought to gentle the circumlocution of the fairytale by descriptive finesse⁶⁶, Hauff countered the abstraction with a language more articulative than allusive. Each parried with a deceptive undercut, but the latter sought to deceive the censor, not the reader. The content of the three allegories is strikingly similar but authorial intention is altogether different. Sophie returns us to a time long since passed and restores joy and happiness through this translocation, thus echoing the Romantic credo of finding an anodyne for the pains of the present in the heroic deeds and countenance of the past. But Hauff’s focus was squarely on the here and the now. Accordingly, he augments Novalis’ structural thematic through the parallel actions of Queen Phantasie, who is then compelled by observational fact to declare the modern day to be populated by people bereft of love, beauty or hope. It is symbolic that the beautiful gifts with which she would tempt them lie in a distant nowhere beyond the clouds. Hauff is suggesting readers have lost the ability to compass true faërie or hold on to their belief, that an allegorical fairytale further removes us from a realm of possibility already once removed from our present reality. That it need not be so is implicit.

The allegory in “Klingsohr’s Tale” is sustained through the familiar depiction of deities from Greek and Norse mythology. These untouchable gods and goddesses stroll the earth in rhythm with a changing of the seasons subject to the whim or will of any of their number. The sense of an eternal master is patent. Hauff sought to collapse rather than perpetuate entitlement and an establishment ordained by the upper classes. Accordingly, he effects a reversal on the regal theme while qualifying the notion that the poetry of life is out of our hands, that fate is external. The distance is bridged. Phantasie brings beauty and

⁶⁶ E.g., „Der breite Hut verdeckte ein jugendliches Gesicht. Es war bleich wie eine Nachtblume. In Tränen hatte sich der Balsamsaft des jungen Lebens, in tiefe Seufzer sein schwellender Hauch verwandelt. In ein fahles Aschgrau waren alle seine Farben verschossen“ (*Gesammelte* 339) or, apologetically, “The broad hat disguised a youthful face. It was pale as a nightflower. The balsam juice of young life had been lost to tears, his spirited breath transformed by deep sighs. All of his colours had faded to a wan ash.” To aid the art of concision, a single example must and should suffice.

happiness to the people not by restoration but through creativity and the immediate, tangible presence of her daughter Märchen, who is a blessing of the here and now rather than a throwback to a past that was doubtless never as blissful as it seemed. It is negation by creation. Märchen personifies the fairytale in the physical form of a child, a borrowing on the same construct used by Novalis to personify Fable in “Klingsohr’s Tale.” Implicit is the sense that Märchen is in the springtime of her life on earth, not the winter. There is time to grow and develop. Both Märchen and Fable serve as abstract concepts of narration with characteristic names that exist to clarify rather than define. Neither Novalis nor Hauff delineates a character that can be grasped wholly from without. Outward portrayal is the means by which the reader is drawn inward. From behind Novalis’ illusive “milk-blue shimmer”⁶⁷ (*Gesammelte* 308), the language of expression intones these complementary allegories and yet fails to make them visible at the same time. The reader is therefore left to deduce that Märchen—as with Fable before her—is an eternal child who cannot be governed by sovereignty. The spirit of creation remains. A sense of internal liberation is tangible. Those to whom Märchen brings her fairytales are afforded the same window onto a life that develops from within but does not decay. James M. Barrie’s now ubiquitous “All children, except one, grow up” (*Peter* 1) from 1911 would suggest that Hauff was almost a century in advance of the conceit.

“Fairytale as Almanac” also shares pictorial homologues with Novalis’ “Hyacinth and Rosebud.” The allegories are similar in content but disparate in tenor and intonation. Hauff is explicit in having Queen Phantasie and Märchen walk among rather than above the people of earth in order for them to assess the current state of literature in person rather than by proxy. By contrast, in his shorter fairytale Novalis presents the illusive portrait of an old stranger with a long beard and deep-set eyes attired in “a wondrous garment with many folds and strange figures woven into it” (“Hyacinth” 78). Here the character of import is set at a remove from a present-tense understanding. This strange man who came “from foreign lands” (78) is the figurative foil by which access to the tale’s nearer truth is acquired, but the truth is necessarily derivative. Of substance, in Hauff’s allegory the dress of the almanac bestowed upon Märchen also has “beautiful figures woven into [it]”⁶⁸ (*Märchen* 9);

⁶⁷ „milchblauen Schimmer“

⁶⁸ „schöne Figuren eingewoben“

in simple terms, the book containing *The Caravan* bears the same cover but there is more inside. It is a nesting allegory.

As the plot continues, the tonal discrepancy between the two allegories tautens. In Novalis' tale, the old man stays with Hyacinth for three days, telling tales of wonder the narrator chooses not to impart to the reader. On taking leave, "the old warlock" ("Hyacinth" 79) bestows upon the 'hero' "a little book that nobody could read" (79). He is thereafter cast into a lasting melancholy from which there appears to be no release, until the book is seized and burned by a strange old woman of the woods. The allegory appears to subvert itself from within, and it is difficult to make sense of the old-man, old-woman parallel. Hyacinth then embarks on a journey "toward the mysterious land" (79) to seek a love that has been inside him all along. The reader is left to assume the book left behind by the stranger is filled with tales "of foreign lands, unknown regions, and amazingly wonderful things" (78) – or the same tenantless vagaries through which the youthful lover has lost his way. At this point it is plausible the author is implying fairytales can mislead the uncompassed soul. Novalis was a fierce proponent of the genre and "understood the folk fairy tale *does* make a coherent statement about the nature of things" (Birrell xiv), but he was also aware that at its core it was not *real*. A nascent realist, Wilhelm Hauff did not subscribe to this theory. In nature alone the Romantic finds salvation and release, but the younger author was not of this school. There had to be more.

For the Romantic fairyteller, the natural world was essential to resolution of both external discord and internal conflict. In "Hyacinth and Rosebud" the itinerant 'hero' finds peace in nature. He becomes "gentler and the violent longing in him changed to a strong but tranquil stream in which his whole soul dissolved" ("Hyacinth" 79). Novalis' aim is not to disarm the tales of their import but to urge the reader onward in pursuit of the truths to which they allude from within the allegorical reality of talking flowers and the "We too are only passing through" (80) refrain. Hauff took exception not to the purpose of the syntax but to the manner in which it was expressed. Hyacinth's journey begins with the disingenuous "I wish I could tell you where I'm going, but I don't know myself" (79) and ends on a delusive note of implausible reconciliation with Rosebud, who just happens to have been waiting patiently on his return. Hauff refused to admit societal delusion into his aesthetic. The maudlin scene from "Klingsohr's Tale" in which a smiling king "put his arms

around his blushing beloved” (“Klingsohr” 75), their embrace sealed by the closing refrain “In love and peace is ended all hostility” (76) was anathema to the realist’s vision of what a fairytale should be. Novalis’ fairytales close on a love that rises above the mean cares of day-to-day existence. To the Romantic poet, love cannot be measured or acquired through the formulated phrase but only through active participation in life itself, through an innate knowledge that already rests within and exists quite apart from material cares or instruction. All that was well and good and “pretty as a picture”⁶⁹ (“Hyacinth” 77), but Hauff was not as committed to his cause as Novalis had been, nor was he prepared to wander in pursuit of a self-discovery that might come only in the wake of financial ruin and at the expense of an aesthetic vision that had yet to be realised.⁷⁰

Hauff’s approach to the fairytale was altogether different, but he was nonetheless conscious that homage to the master of allegory was due. “Fairytale as Almanac” is the deft inversion by which the debt was paid. In the structural framework of *The Caravan* and the two annuals that would follow, Hauff engaged faërie as a mirror to reflect reality, to reveal the inward essence of the individual, not through allegorical odes to nature but through the relentlessly shifting design of a contemporary society stripped of its mask and pinioned from within. For Hauff, an outward reading was as false and duplicitous as allegory itself. Faërie was the portal by which the poet could at once escape the harsh realities of modern life while simultaneously exposing its hypocrisy from beneath the protective shield of an

⁶⁹ The original quote reads „ein köstliches, bildschönes Kind“ (Novalis 179). In light of the premise behind *Don’t Bet on the Prince* and other *ism*-based collections that support and sustain a remunerative political agenda, it is worth noting that in *Spells of Enchantment* Zipes ‘translates’ this phrase “cute as a doll” (301).

⁷⁰ Context is required. Despite his societal status as a Baron, Novalis’s short life was riddled with penury and monetary concerns. His father, Heinrich Ulrich Erasmus von Hardenberg, had been the saline-director of Thüringen from 1784 at a yearly income of 650 taler (Schulz 285), a marginal sum on which to raise eleven children. Novalis was later compelled to follow the family tradition. In taking on “employment as a saline assessor” [„Anstellung als Salinenassessor“] (292), he noted “a tolerable freedom – with sufficient leisure to carry on with my inner affairs” [„einer erträglichen Freyheit – mit hinlänglicher Muße meine inneren Geschäfte fortzutreiben“] (Samuel 187) in a letter to Friedrich Schlegel dated July 8th, 1796, the ‘inner affairs’ a poetic construct that would compass the age. Novalis worked to survive and, like Hauff, wrote mainly by candlelight while the world was at rest. An ironic coda to the “terrible financial state of the family von Hardenberg” [„schlechten Finanzlage der Familie von Hardenberg“] (*Gesammelte* 506), which thwarted his wish to become a soldier, as an aristocrat Novalis was forced to pay for his studies at the Bergakademie zu Freiberg, the bourgeoisie then being exempt from the obligation. Following his engagement to Julie von Charpentier, he realised that financial security and a decent yearly income to support a family had become a practical necessity. Accordingly, in 1799 he accepted the improved position of “assessor of the local saline administration” [„Assessor bei der Local-Salinendirektion“] (Schulz 337) at an annual salary of 400 taler.

alternate realm of existence. It is subversive art at its finest, an erasure of the censor, a medium through which the reader of a progressive moral conscience could reflect upon, understand and in some part mitigate the reverberance that prevailed under an autocratic regime. Without Hauff, the fairytale could well have been lost within that silence. Zipes's assertion that such a person would have catered to or be limited by "the bourgeois reading public" (*Spells* xxiv) or that a presumptive appropriation of the genre was "signaled in Germany by the publication of Wilhelm Hauff's *Märchen Almanach*" (xxiv) deliberately obscures his formative steps to a broadening of the form, the results of which would lead to the most imaginative tales of the nineteenth century.

As "Fairytale as Almanac" unfolds, Hauff's central critique adjusts from Novalis' focus on narration and recitation to the method by which fairytales are composed and the manner in which they are received by the reading public. The old man of "Hyacinth and Rosebud" is referred to as an enchanter who captures his audience, the connotation holding to the negative throughout the progression of the narrative. Hyacinth is indeed captured by these unarticulated tales and forsakes his heart and his own imagination as a direct result. The moment is stripped from his senses and nothing is gained through the telling. Novalis pauses on the enchantment of the recitation rather than that of the tales in the telling. Hauff would borrow on the effect—particularly in the frame setting to "Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing" from the second almanac—as a means of codirecting focus from the tale to the motives behind the teller, but this is to effect narrative inversion rather than to negate the structural or thematic import of the tales themselves. By contrast, Novalis resituates the reader from the internal tales of the old man to the external tale of the allegorical narrative. Ostensibly, the reader is translocated by obfuscation. The tales at issue are never told. By artful stratagem, the reader is deprived of an objective view, the panoramic eye resituated on "boundless deserts with glowing sand" ("Hyacinth" 79) that eventually yield to a shade of fragrant green beside "a crystal spring and a crowd of flowers" (80). At length Hyacinth finds the object of his search; "he lifted the light, shimmering veil, and Rosebud sank into his arms" (80), but there is no return for the reader and the search for meaning continues.

Hauff's reader of "Fairytale as Almanac" approached the allegory already schooled in the imagery occasioned by Novalis. The author repositions that reader by returning to the source. The illusionistic daydreams of Hyacinth are reasoned and explained. The 'good'

man of the almanac is brought in from foreign remoteness and situated within the tale alongside his invited guest – Märchen. But he too is young. By this subtle distinction, the fairytale has been elevated to something natural and near, something essential rather than a series of timeworn secreted phrases neither heard nor understood. There are no empty wanderings and no delusional embraces. The ‘friendly’ man is mindful to observe the children may also come to hear Märchen, but only *after* their instruction has ended for the day. In contrast to Novalis, Hauff does not allow his characters to wander Heinrichian into the unknown leaving behind chaos, absence, delusion and internal mayhem. Through an allegory deconstructed by truth rather than evanescing through ‘glowing sand’ into a still greater fiction, the young poet becomes one with the young man and claims these tales as his own. *He* is bold enough to pronounce the words, to bring them out of the silence and declare them as complementary to the classroom and essential to the education of any child. They do not lead the true hearer astray, nor do they spoil the critical acumen of the student. A clear distinction has been made between the *Kunstmärchen* of *The Caravan* and the literary salon from which the genre originates. A new beginning is announced. By resituating the reader, Hauff has re-established the rightful place of the fairytale.

Allegory is the gateway to that place. In borrowing on the periphrastic language of Novalis, Hauff shepherds the reader of the new fairytale back through the ‘good times’ of the past and revisits those moments of ‘joy and happiness’ one last time. The possibility to dream is restored, as is the ability to travel and visit other lands through the hearing. But the words remain on the page. Heinrich’s illegible book has been deciphered. Märchen does not narrate: she draws images that touch into the hearts and minds of those who possess substance and wit enough to appreciate their value, which is why the guardians of the gate fail to remain attentive and fall into a slumber. These images are clear and distinct rather than ‘dark and unintelligible’. The gate is symbolic of the opening through which Hauff’s tales enter into the world of his readers, a gate into another world and yet still an objective reality established within the world in which we live. The portal positioning of the feather-lanced guardians is an explicit critique levied against the borrowed phrasing of his contemporaries, the dust quite literally settling on their quills as they sleep through the time that is now. It is these ‘guardians’ who are responsible for the tales that would lead children astray were they not already wise enough to heed the presence of Märchen. In direct contrast

to the plumed guardians and their ornate writing, her dress is modest and yet beautiful. She wears the mantle of an almanac because she is worthy of the tales within and courteous of counsel and cultivation, unlike the lanced guards, who affect themselves to be quite wise enough already and are consequently blinded by the luxurious raiment. For these people there is no room left inside to grow, and yet the poet is mindful to observe that adults who look with honest eyes may yet see the value in her stories and learn from them. The guards initially mistake Märchen for a 'Herr' of grade and distinction. It is a subtle inversion on the expectations of the critic and the criteria on which they invariably base their critiques. Like John Keats in his "Preface" to *Endymion*, Hauff is seeking to protect against probable derision structured not on reading but reputation. However, Queen Phantasie knows the importance of appearance and how essential the outward effect has become. To be able to stand a chance of passing through the feathered lances of the 'guardians' who fretfully mind the gate to the world of contemporary literature, Märchen must be attired appropriately. The allegory in fine dress is the means by which an entrance to that world is vouchsafed. Hauff was aware the adult reader had to be won over first before he could hope to reach the child through his fairytales. It was not a matter of catering to the bourgeoisie but measuring the reading public and its conceits honestly enough to earn a potential living. On delivering the manuscript to his publisher Metzler, the young author insisted on "a certain elegance in appearance"⁷¹ (Hinz 110) in the illustrations and design of the almanac. Like his Märchen, Hauff passed through the allegorical gate and entered the literary world of his age in a garment tailored to his own inimitable æsthetic.

⁷¹ „gewisse Eleganz im Aeußern“

“Märchen in Masquerade”

An Æsthetic Translation of Wilhelm Hauff's „Märchen als Almanach“

In a beautiful but remote realm, on whose gardens of evergreen the sun is believed never to have set, Queen Phantasie has reigned from the first to the present day. For centuries she has bestowed upon her people a wealth of blessings, and has been loved and admired by all who have known her. But the heart of this queen was too great for her to remain content with confining this kindness to her own realm. And so she herself descended to earth in the sovereign robe of eternal youth and beauty, for she had heard the people there were raised on worrisome labour and passed their lives in cheerless severity. To these she brought the finest gifts of her realm, and while she walked the meadows of their way, they were happy in their toil and more cheerful in their suffering. And to these gladdening gifts she added the presence of her children, who were no less beautiful and kindly than their queenly mother.

Now it happened that one day her eldest daughter Märchen returned from earth. The mother sensed her daughter's sorrow, and from time to time it seemed as though her eyes were stained with tears.

“What saddens you so, dearest Märchen?” asked the queen. “Since your journey you've been so dejected and downcast: will you not confide to your mother the source of this sorrow?”

“Ah! dear mother,” she replied, “I would not have kept silence so long had I not known my sorrows are your sorrows also.”

“Speak freely, my daughter. Grief is too heavy a burden for one to bear alone, but two may carry it lightly out of the way.”

“As you wish,” answered Märchen, “but hear me gently. You know how happily I have tended my way in the company of the people, and with how much pleasure I sit among them in the poorest of cottages whiling away their brief hour of leisure when the toil of day is done. In times past they would greet me promptly with a welcoming hand whenever I came, and would follow me with smiles of delight when I went away. But these days it is no longer so.”

“Poor Märchen!” sighed the queen, stroking a tear from her daughter’s cheek; “but perhaps you’re merely imagining this?”

“Believe me, I feel it only too well: I am no longer loved. Cold looks meet with me wherever I go, and no sign of pleasure is shown on my approach. Even the children, who used to love me with such fondness, laugh at me now and turn their backs scornfully.”

The queen pressed a hand to her brow and remained silent in thought. At length she inquired “And why should it be so, Märchen, that the people below have changed in this way?”

“Oh! Queen Phantasie, you see, the people have mounted a watch of guards who pry into, examine and test with a sharp eye everything that comes from your realm. If a person appears whose bearing is not to their taste, they raise a furious outcry, strike him dead to the ground, or slander him with such vehemence that the people believe every word. And then there is no longer any faith or love to be found. Alas, how happy are my brothers Träume, the dreams, who dance so merrily down to earth and lightly on past the guards without a care, seeking those embraced by sleep, weaving and painting them pictures of enchantment that gladden the heart and comfort the eye.”

“Your brothers are indeed light of foot, but you’ve no cause to begrudge them, my darling. I know well the guards of whom you speak. The people are not mistaken in having set them to the watch. Many a shameless, shallow fellow has visited them of late, giving himself airs and pretending to be of the faërie realm, and yet at most he gathered a fleeting glimpse from the peak of some distant mountain.”

“But why must I, your own daughter, be forced to pay the imposters’ debt?” wept Märchen. “Ah, if you only knew how they’ve treated me. They mocked, called me an old maid and threatened not to admit me the next time I came.”

“What! not allow my daughter admittance?” cried the queen, a flush deepening the rose of her cheeks; “but I see the source of this alteration: your spiteful aunt Mode has been telling false tales!”

“Mode? –not possible! She has always affected nothing but kindness towards us.”

“Oh, I know fashion, the double-tongued traitress! But try once more in defiance of her, my daughter. Who would wish to do good must not remain idle.”

“But mother, what if the guards close the gate upon me outright? or if they tell tall tales until the people refuse to receive me any longer, leaving me to stand in a corner, lonely and forsaken?”

“If the old ones have been fooled by fashion and hold you in disdain, then turn your thoughts to the young! Truly, these are my favourites. To them I send my fairest visions through your brothers Träume, the dreams. Indeed, I’ve often floated down to them myself to kiss their cheeks, embrace them and play beautiful games. My name they have not heard, and yet they know me well. Often have I seen them raise their smiling eyes to the stars of night and clap their hands together as my flock of snow-white fleece draws onward into dawn’s light. And when they grow older, they love me still. Then I help the young girls weave their pretty garlands and calm the errant boys when I take my place at their side on some majestic peak. The veil of morning mist is lifted, and from the faraway blue hills rise towering castles and magnificent palaces, which yield at length to cavalries of bold knights and weary pilgrims in caravanserais wending into the crimsoned clouds of evening.”

“The dear children!” exclaimed Märchen. “Yes, it must be so. I will return and make one more trial with *them*.”

“Do so, fair daughter. Go to them, but first you must be adorned in a dress more suitable to your standing. I will give you the robe of an almanac. In this likeness you will appeal to the young ones and won’t be dismissed by those who are older.”

“Of an almanac, mother? Oh, but I’d be hesitant to appear before the people in so fine a dress!”

The queen made a sign to soothe the demurrals, and at once her attendants brought in an almanac of delicate design. It was resplendent with colour and woven through with beautiful figures. The maids braided Märchen’s long tresses, bound sandals of gold to her feet and then draped the robe gently upon her.

Modest Märchen dared not raise her eyes, but her mother looked on her with delight and closed her into her arms. “Go forward,” she said to her little one, “and bear my blessing with you. And if they spurn and scoff at you, return to me. Perhaps a later generation, truer to nature than that of the present, will turn its heart towards you once more.”

With these words Queen Phantasie said her farewell. Märchen descended once more to earth and with throbbing heart approached the place at which the learned sentinels kept

watch. She hung her head a little lower, drew the beautiful robe more closely about her and approached the gate on a tentative step.

“Halt!” cried a deep, rough voice. “Turn out the watch! Here comes a new almanac!”

Märchen trembled at the commotion. Suddenly, a worship of elderly men—severe and strained in their expression—lunged towards her. They clenched sharp feathers in their fists, directing the points squarely upon her. One of the guard then stepped forward and seized her roughly by the chin. “Hold your head up straight, Sir Almanac!” he demanded, “that we may see your eyes and determine whether you’re of the right sort.”

Blushing, Märchen raised her head and gently opened her dark eyes.

“Märchen!” cried the guardians, laughing heartily in unison at the top of their voice. “Märchen? What a marvel! We couldn’t have imagined the wonder on the way. How did you come by this new dress?”

“My mother gave it to me,” she answered.

“So! she seeks to smuggle you in among us by masquerade? Not a chance. Be gone!” cried the guardians in one voice, directing the sharp end of their quills upon her once more. “Make haste and leave this instant!”

“But I came only to see the children. Surely, this at least you’ll not refuse me?”

“Isn’t there enough rabble of this sort running wild in the country?” yelled one of the guardians. “They do nothing but teach stuff and nonsense to our children.”

“Let us see what she has for us this time,” suggested another.

“Well,” they cried, “tell us what you know, but be quick about it – we don’t have time to waste on the likes of you.”

Märchen stretched out a hand, and with her forefinger made a series of signs on the air. All at once an array of colourful figures passed along in procession: caravans of beautiful horses, adorned riders and innumerable tents stretching the sands of the desert; birds and ships upon stormy seas; still woods and crowded streets and squares; battles and the march of peaceful nomads. All these images wafted around the guardians in a living portraiture of brilliant colour.

Caught in the enthusiasm with which she had summoned these images, Märchen had failed to notice that one by one the guardians of the gate had drifted off to sleep. She was just about to summon forth new visions when a friendly man drew near and took her

by the hand. "See here, good Märchen," he said, sweeping a hand over the sleepers, "your beautiful pictures are not for such as these; to them the colours are as nothing. Make haste and slip quickly through the gate while they remain oblivious to your presence in the land, and then you may go your way unobserved and carry out your plan at leisure and in peace. I will guide you to my children and provide you with a quiet, snug little place in my house. There you may live and do as you please. And when my sons and daughters have finished their lessons for the day, together with their friends they may come to you and listen to your teachings. Would this be to your liking?"

"Oh! most gladly would I follow you to your dear children, and how earnestly I'll strive to brighten their hours of leisure."

The good man nodded kindly and helped her to step over the feet of the slumbering sentinels. Once she was safely across, Märchen looked back with a smile and slipped swiftly through the gate.

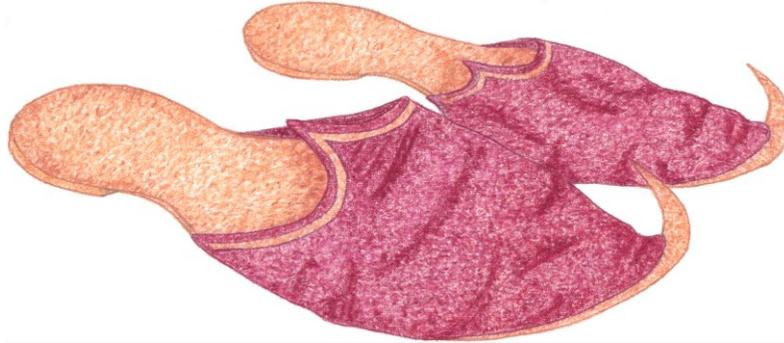
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Chapter Three

Wilhelm Hauff and the Transposition of the ‘Other’



*A formative chapter in which the author positions Hauff at the forefront of the debate on Orientalism, establishes that his contribution has been largely overlooked by critics (and by Edward Said altogether), provides a brief but contemporaneous background to the dialectic, explores the composition, dissemination and import of *Alf Laila wa Laila*, contextualises the history of Arabian thought and its affect on European culture, diverges into the advent of the printing press and the ensuing literary crusade against the Orient, details the translational oddity that became the *Arabian Nights*, exonerates Antoine Galland, defends William Beckford and the early Romantic fascination with the Orient as a positive foray into a beauty and truth that—by lack of definition—continues to elude the contemporary theorist, presents Lord Byron as an inspiration to humanity, concludes with a tale-by-tale reading of Hauff’s *The Caravan*, determines Hauff is the unwitting father of Marxism and Saidism, and collapses the anachronistic conceit that a European author could never have been wholly dissociated from a prejudicial view towards the infinite wonders of the East.*

The Origin and Demise of the Romantic Orientalist

Published in 1825, *The Caravan of the Märchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1826 für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände* was Wilhelm Hauff’s first and finest collection of fairytales. Thematically and contextually these tales are contoured to the early nineteenth-century portrait of the Romantic Orient. And yet the tonal separation between Hauff’s colouration and that of his predecessors—Johann Karl August Musäus, Novalis, Ludwig Tieck, Jean Paul and E. T. A. Hoffmann—is at once acute. The subtextual æsthetic is central to a connotational inversion that hoodwinked the eye of censor and critic alike. In hindsight, the author may be said to have anticipated academic debate on the subject of Orientalism by more than a century. The taut narrative thread of *The Caravan* and its underpinning identity

subversion displace the prevailing contention that a Western view of the Orient is merely a falsehood. The central premise of Edward Said's *Orientalism*—that Orientalism is at its root “a constituted entity” (322) and by definition a negative political and social construct of the West—is belied by an almost imperceptible Hauffian thread. Hauff's fairytales serve to pre-collapse the imperfect notion that there can be no positive form of ‘Orientalism’. Hauff both anticipates and unravels Said's fundamental argument that “every European, in what he could say about the Orient, was consequently a racist, an imperialist, and almost totally ethnocentric” (204) through a constructive inversion of the very stereotypes upon which it depends.

The Caravan advances the thematic construct of the *Arabian Nights* more faithfully than any other Western work. It is a translation of spirit. At every stage of the journey the exchange between East and West is wholly positive. Through the narrative frame, the author was able to negotiate the cultural divide by means of a shift in identity that utterly collapses the binary opposition of ‘self’ and ‘other’. The inversion is as deft as it is acute: no artist has ever concealed his intentions so openly. In *The Caravan*, his satirical stance against prejudice of all forms and the misconceptions on which they were structured undermined his own society with such subtlety and wit that even the meticulous censors failed to catch at the thread by which these fairytales were bound. It is perhaps significant that in the latter half of the nineteenth century—beginning in 1858—the collection was renamed *Arabian Days' Entertainments* in direct complement to Edward Lane's popular translation of *Alf Laila wa Laila* (1841). Indeed, as though lifted from the pages of the latter, Hauff's noble savage Orbasan may be said to be the only character—real or fictional—ever to have bridged the cultural divide between East and West simply by never having acknowledged that a bridge could exist at all.

The narrative shift is tellingly seditious and could well have had dire consequences for the author. Hauff had always to consider the presence of the censor. In order to create a protagonist suitable to his creative purpose, it was imperative to preside over the satirical frame entirely from within. Transposition was the sole authorial means of subverting the internally prescribed dialectic. Long before Edward Said had negated the mere possibility of a positive Orientalism by reducing any and all Western contributions to imperialistic *pastiche* (262), the inherent riddle to William Beckford and Lord Byron alike was whether it

would be possible for an Occidental to walk a mile in Oriental slippers. Hauff was the only author of the Romantic period to resolve the conundrum.

The Caravan betrays the eclectic and unusual intellectual scope of the author. He was indeed 'a weird and wonderful creature'. From boyhood Hauff had been well versed in the history of those lands collectively known as 'the Orient' through endless hours of reading in his grandfather's library. Holding a doctorate in theology remains rare among poets and was altogether unique in his day, but it was this self-taught understanding of non-European peoples and the respective cultures that transcended the more formal education of his peers. Respect for the primary subject matter was essential to his purpose. Hauff approached the colouration of his Oriental tales from either side of the cultural divide. To contextualise the creative process of their composition, an illustrative discussion on the origin, dissemination and translation of *Alf Laila wa Laila* is imperative. It is necessary to convey the profound effect these tales had on the development of Western culture from the outset.

The Contemporary Dialectic on 'Orientalism'

Although Homer's *The Odyssey* may be regarded as the epic *alis aquilæ* in terms of its effect on Western civilization, identity and nationhood, the *Arabian Nights* alone spoke to the lands of Orient and Occident alike. No work of art has ever extolled greater influence over the imagination or has traversed cultural divides as profoundly as this gathering of tales from the East. And yet it is perhaps because of this shattering of demarcations both real and perceived that the *Nights* has become a figurative battleground on which lie the ruins of logic to one cultural theory after another. Led by Edward Wadie Said, who studied the gait of an Englishman as a boy, postcolonial criticism has come to regard Western interpretation of *Alf Laila wa Laila* and the cultures and traditions its tales serve to impart as either pre-, present or post-imperialistic misreading. The prevailing contention is that an Occidental view of the Orient is merely a construction, that, in essence, there can be no affirmative form of Orientalism. Specifically tailored to reject an opposing perspective by scholars European in their origin or descent, this reduction of interpretive scope redacts the act of transmission through a lens narrowed on one particular facet of the subject. Focus is thus restricted and dissemination is altered by design. It is ironic that the only legitimate

multicultural text the world will ever know has been circumscribed by the prejudices of contemporary culture.

Through the nuanced approach of those seeking clarity rather than dispute, scholars such as Robert Irwin have begun to navigate a more balanced and culturally sensitive path around the broadening divide. Though he concedes that Said's theories on the construction of Oriental identity do in some cases apply, particularly to those who have represented official government or mercantile interests in the East through the historical guise of Western imperialism, to locate the source of that false identity in the Romantic visions that framed an 'imaginary Orient' is disingenuous. The assertion that Orientalism emerged "as a nineteenth-century discipline with roots in revolutionary Romanticism" (*Orientalism* 130) presupposes an intent of pre-imperialist 'exploitation' (130). It is a false postulate on which to structure an argument. The premise is unfounded and the theory is misapplied. In citing Beckford's novel *Vathek* and its "soarings into an Orient of voluptuousness, gorgeousness, intense passion and intoxicating beauty" (*Scheherazade* 50), Muhsin Jassim Ali—writing from a modern Arabic perspective and by no means a constructionist—gently disagrees by seeking to explain the positive nature of the Romantic fascination with the Orient, and thus Romantic Orientalism. It is appropriate to suggest, in terms of history, art and its social politics, this heritage of cultural swordsmanship has a deeper root in the subconscious. Although the structure of the movement was in part inspired by the Arabian mosaic and its proponents—fully conscious of the cultural debt owed to the East—these 'Oriental' outpourings of Romanticism have been systematically reduced by Said and his acolytes to preludial tracts of conquest and ambition. As a contextual reading imparts another view entirely, it must be accepted that any future reconciliation between the two sides may be neither desirable nor possible, particularly in the minds of those who seek for meaning in words that were not composed within a limited frame of tolerance.

And yet for all the academic posturing, theorising and politic discourse, the victor had been laurelled long before either Said or Irwin entered the round of debate. Overlooked and often unknown to the contemporary reader in translation, Wilhelm Hauff appears to have been the sole remnant of Romanticism who preceded, understood and yet collapsed Kipling's assertion that "Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet, / 'Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat" (233). Hauff's play

on narrative perspective unhinges the door to postcolonialist debate. Had Said been less subjective in conducting his research and more inclusive in terms of the German Romantics' approach to the subject through the fairytale, *Orientalism* would not perhaps have been composed with the same degree of didactic assurance. The attempt was noble, but its affect on discourse was not. To understand and appreciate the Oriental journey undertaken by the Romantics and completed by the nascent realist Hauff, it is important to contextualise the thoughts and feelings that accompanied them along that path.

The manner and means by which the Arabian world was coloured and conveyed to the educated sons of Europe is of particular significance if we are to comprehend the factual incongruence of Said's rhetoric. Imputing ignorance of the Orient is easily accomplished, but insisting on it as a prescribed truth is another matter altogether. As "The Child is father of the Man" (Wordsworth vi) and the boyhood imagination that served as compass and guide to the Romantics had its elemental seed in the *Arabian Nights*, annotation of the course by which the tales reached the West and how they were received is imperative to a present-day understanding of Hauff's intent.

Alf Laila wa Laila

⁷²Borne of the oral tradition, the stories that would eventually comprise *Alf Laila wa Laila* began to pass through the lands of the East as early as the eighth century. These tales were thereafter transmitted through the *al-hakawati*, traditionally known as *rawi* or the 'reciting storytellers', an analogue to the European minstrel. The first folio, the '*Alf Laila* Fragment', can be precisely dated to October 879 AD, due in large part to the marginal musings of an owner named Ahmed ibn Mahfuz. Thus it is certain that at least one written prototype was in circulation as early as the ninth century, almost a hundred years after Haroun al-Rashid—the Caliph in whose honour so many of the tales were composed, a non-Christian celebrated by Alfred, Lord Tennyson and Hauff with equal reverence—had established a paper mill in Baghdad, and just two centuries after the beginnings of the Muslim empire. But *Alf Laila*

⁷² The following section is a composite derived from a lifetime of travel and learning enhanced by the quoted sources in the 'Works Cited' section of this chapter, with an emphasis on Irwin's *Companion*, aL-Musawi's *Islamic Context* and Metlitzki's *Matter of Araby*. The translator's notes of Lane, Payne and even Burton have proven invaluable. A debt is owed to Mahdi and Haddawy for their contemporary contextual analyses.

wa Laila was by no means universally loved, nor was it accepted as suitable material for broader dissemination. In the same manner as the folk- and fairytales of Europe had been largely rejected by the *intelligentia* prior to the revival orchestrated by late eighteenth- and early nineteenth-century Romanticism, educated Muslims were slow to recognise the cultural significance of their *Nights*, primarily due to the intrusion of the vernacular into classical Arabic and the disturbing, highly salacious content of a good number of the tales. As a result of this collective eschewal, the earnest-minded initially dismissed them as the vulgar, oral entertainments of the ignorant, unwashed masses.

The contextual history of the *Arabian Nights* is as richly mosaic as the tales within. The work has no single author and there is no standard edition of the text. Drawn together from numerous manuscripts, *Alf Laila wa Laila* was neither regarded nor treated as codified literature. Much as the translators Antoine Galland, August Ernst Zinserling, Edward Lane, John Payne, Richard F. Burton and Andrew Lang added, altered and adjusted the number, the sequence and content of the tales according to their own whims, preferences, politics and, in the curious case of Burton and Jack Zipes, exploitative perversions of sex and appropriation⁷³, the original Arab copyists and compilers altered their source material “as necessity or desire dictated” (Nurse 36). Various ‘orphan tales’, including those featuring Sindbad the Seafarer, Ali Baba and Aladdin, have become among the most cherished, notwithstanding the fact that critics past and present have decried either their inclusion or exclusion from whichever edition of the text happens to be in vogue. As Hauff wryly intimated in the marginalia to “The Spectral Ship,” the *Arabian Nights* is a spectral work without cover or compass. Though various fragmented manuscripts scatter the centuries and are housed from Samarkand to Cairo and from Chicago to Paris, a complete, unbroken account of the *Nights*’ presumed cycle of ‘one thousand nights and one night’ has yet to be unearthed. It may be argued that the scholarly quest for this mythical version of *Alf Laila*

⁷³ Burton had a propensity for prurience in notational form. Specifically, in Volume V of his translation of the *Nights*, he provides an essay-length elucidation of the clitoris and clitorrectomy, a treatise that includes “The moral effect of female circumcision is peculiar. While it diminishes the heat of passion it increases licentiousness, and breeds a debauchery of mind far worse than bodily unchastity, because accompanied by a peculiar cold cruelty and a taste for artificial stimulants to ‘luxury’. It is the sexlessness of a spayed canine imitated by the suggestive brain of humanity” (279). A modern paperback edition of this regrettable attempt at translation entitled *The Arabian Nights: The Marvels and Wonders of the Thousand and One Nights, adapted from Richard F. Burton’s unexpurgated translation* lists ‘Jack Zipes’ as the author in bold letters above the title.

wa Laila might well be part of the riddle of the title itself, and that attempts to fashion or falsify a sense of numerical entirety comprise the storied nights that have never been told. Husain Haddawy's rendering of the fourteenth-century Syrian manuscript is the purest translation to date. Significantly, the book closes at the two-hundred and seventy-first night, thus supporting the logical conclusion that 'the one thousand and one nights' was never meant to be subjected to a literal reading but rather as an illustrative means of conveying the limitless reach of the tales themselves.

The origin of the tales is as difficult to ascribe as the manuscripts from which they are drawn. Current critical consensus maintains the fairytale elements were largely derived from the now mislaid collection of Persian stories *Hazar Afsanah*, which was known to contain tales characteristic of India and China; thus the fables in *Alf Laila wa Laila* are held to be of Indian origin also. The moral, instructional and anecdotal tales are considered to be Arabic in nature, while those that fall between the three basic categories may have originated anywhere along the old silk road that once extended to Egypt in the West and the islands of Japan in the East. In addition, numerous time references within the tales contain inconsistencies that render provenance little more than a guessing game. Although the narrative thread of the *Arabian Nights* is established in Baghdad during the time of Haroun al-Rashid, who reigned from 786 to 809 AD, and ostensibly follows the Abbasid caliphate and its 'golden age' of Islam (749-1258 AD), "Scheherazade's stories contain allusions to much-later times and cultures, as well as references to materials, substances and inventions that had yet to come into existence" (Nurse 45). In fine, it is doubtful a degree of certainty will ever complement the fundamental storyline. Origin of the tales may have been confounded still further by oral transmission and the variances therein entailed. Historians have noted that "stories from the *Nights* were circulating in 'westernised' versions across Europe many centuries before their printed appearance" (46) and were orally present "from around the twelfth century, arriving through Arabized Sicily or Moorish Spain" (46). Many of these stories had indeed reached Europe in oral form well before the close of the 'golden age', but in order to admeasure the climate in which Islamic culture was received and the perspective of the Orient as inherited by the Romantics, it is necessary to trace its recorded affect on Western civilization.

The Arabian East and its Influence on the European Tradition

The Arabian East engendered the most sophisticated cultural advancements of the Latin West throughout the Middle Ages. Though European merchants travelling post along the silk road of Asia had brought with them a vague semblance of referential knowledge many centuries before the First Crusade splintered the two worlds in 1096, it was the conquest of Toledo by Alphonso VI in May 1085 that enabled the unseasoned Western mind to reach the thriving civilization contained within the *Armaria Arabum*, a collection of books within which the cultivated secrets of Arab history and culture were comprehensively bound. Northern scholars descended *en masse* to the library in central Spain, while others rediscovered the humanism of Sicily, the true seat of mediæval culture where all aspects of society had long been administered in Greek, Arab and Latin in a spirit of true peace and forbearance (Metlitzki 8), notwithstanding Arab dominion of the island from the latter part of the ninth century. Through the process of transliteration and a slow but steady growth of understanding, the scholars of the period had come to regard Arabs as “the true representatives of classical knowledge” (6), the dissemination of which was to alter the entire course of Western culture. A new approach to medicine swept through European thought, and a whole new world of astrology opened the heavens to those who could see. Though mutual barbarity was to hold sway over the political tides of both worlds for the better part of three centuries, Arab enlightenment had reached the Christian West.

Arabum studia began its influence through the science of astrology and the instruments that mapped its course. In 1092, Walcher of Malvern observed “the eclipse of the moon and fixed it accurately by means of the astrolabe, one instrument of Arabic astronomy already in his possession” (17). The earliest recorded experimentation of its kind in the Latin West, Walcher’s employment of the astrolabe is of “the greatest significance in the introduction of Arabian science into Europe” (17). Walcher is also considered the first translator of Petrus Alfonsi, whose *Disciplina clericalis*, “the first collection of oriental tales composed in the West for Westerners” (18) significantly influenced the course of mediæval literature. It is argued that all matters pertaining to Arabic science are in some way related to the work of Alfonsi, who, apart from helping to establish astronomy in England as its inceptor, firmly implanted the premise that experience is of greater value than the authority

by which it is restricted, a belief that underscores the development of mediæval literature, resting at the very heart of such characters as Geoffrey Chaucer's Wife of Bath. Chaucer himself wrote a treatise on the astrolabe, while his indebtedness to Alfonsi is apparent throughout the *Canterbury Tales*. The *Disciplina clericalis* would also awaken "the slumbering genius" (King iii) of Wilhelm Hauff during his confinement in the seminary.

A near contemporary of Alfonsi, Adelard of Bath was the next to further the course of Arabic thought in Western Europe. Having returned from extensive wanderings through the Levant and southern Europe in or around 1120, Adelard, disgusted with the miserable state of affairs in the England of Henry I, set to work on his *Quaestiones naturales*, a dialogue that openly declared "the new scientific outlook of the Arabs . . . had left the Latin schools far behind" (29). It was the precept of the age. His work succeeded in spreading knowledge of the Arab world to those whose impressions had been clouded by the rhetoric of the Crusades. One such man, Robert of Ketton, undertook the task of transliterating the *Quaran* into Latin in 1141 on the premise that "a knowledge of the *Quaran* and Islamic theological literature had become imperative to Christians" (31). Though the sacred work had been current among the Christians of Spain as early as the eighth century, Ketton was the first, albeit reluctantly, to bring the essence of Islam to the forefront of European academic thought. Completed in the summer of 1143, his Latin *Koran* was followed by translations of al-Khwarizmi's *Algebra* and *Arithmetic*, both of which contributed to a considerably more pronounced understanding of mathematics throughout the West. By the time Michael Scot had introduced Aristotle via Avicenna's Arab translation in 1230, an event considered by many observers to be the single "most important event in the history of mediæval thought" (47), Occident had been well and truly transposed by Orient.

Arabian influence was not strictly academic, nor was it confined to literature. As the transcribed legacy of the Arab world wove its way into the framework of academic institutions across the Latin West, so oral transmission brought its people nearer to an image of life they had never expected to see. Tales from the *Arabian Nights* began to filter into the mainstream of European thought. Merchants returned from their travels replete with wares that captured and inspired the imaginative senses, and the comparative few who had made the journey home from the Crusades told of immeasurable riches in lands more beautiful than any yet known. Eastern heroes quickly passed into legend: the majesty of Saladin and

the cold brutality of Genghis Khan became as real to the imagination as anything perceived by the corporeal senses.

Savagery had also entered the pictorial stream from the East. In 1206 Genghis Khan was proclaimed supreme ruler of the nomadic peoples of Mongolia and central Asia. Swiftly establishing the most disciplined and ruthless army the world had ever known, Khan swept across the steppes at the head of more than two hundred thousand armed men. Allegiance was demanded of all those who lay within his path; those who resisted were boiled alive. These pictorial images would leave a profound imprint on the West, and on the Romantics in particular. The empire borne on the exploits of Genghis Khan soon became the largest in history, eventually encompassing all the lands from the Yellow Sea in the East to the shores of the Danube in the West, from the Ural Mountains in the North to the Himalayas of the South. The ruthlessness with which Khan and his successors maintained and expanded their domains enabled trade to flow smoothly from East to West. His grandson, Kublai Khan, turned from the nomadic barbarity of his forefathers and fashioned the chosen city of Cambaluc into a paradise that held the imagination of Orient and Occident alike. “Western travellers who visited Cathay brought back awe-struck tales” (Bethurum ix) of opulence and wealth beyond imagination. Khan “became a patron of learning and of art” (viii), prudently welcoming Marco Polo into his court in 1275 as one who would impart his legacy to the world without. The young merchant “remained in the service of the Great Khan, in one capacity or another, for nearly twenty years” (xii). It is through Marco Polo and his *Il Milione* that the grandeur of the East became ever more widely known to Latin Europe, “its vivid detail and apparent accuracy made it the best description of Asia available to the West for nearly six hundred years” (xii).

From the travels of Marco Polo imagination took flight. Reason or moderation seldom accompanied Latin perceptions of the East from this point forth. In addition, “the total effect of Muslim culture on the Crusaders seems to have reduced itself to a general aspiration to copy the comforts and luxuries of Oriental life, which indeed are richly depicted in mediæval romance” (Metlitzki 5). Regrettably, sustained exaggeration led to errors in fact. Drawn from Alfonsi’s depiction of Sura 69 from the *Koran* (210), the appetites associated with the Muslim paradise were rendered to excess in *The Land of Cockayne*, an early-fourteenth century poem which seeks to portray a world in which all earthly desires

are attained at a touch. Biblical scripture pertaining to the original 'Garden of Delights' is transposed, and reverence for Arabian thought is thus accosted.

The pattern of sensationalism at the expense of inherency had been established. Borrowing from a litany of previous writings on the Far East, *The Voyages and Travels of Sir John Mandeville, Knight of 1357* was readily perceived to be an eye-witness account of life in Arabia, and though it was later believed the author had not travelled beyond his local library, descent towards the improbable remained etched in the consciousness of European thought for centuries. The Crusades had all but reached an end and the roads to the East lay open at last, and yet Western ignorance of the Arabian world was being perpetuated anew.

The Printing Press and the Literary Crusade against the Orient

In the centuries that followed, fiction gradually replaced truth as the cynosure through which the Orient was viewed. Said's premise of a constructed identity is not without merit. The advent of Gutenberg's printing press in 1440 meant that the imaginative accounts of those who had perhaps never visited the East became more widespread and influential than the firsthand narratives of those travellers lately returned. In addition, an explanation was still required for Christian defeat at the hands of the 'Muslim paynims'. The crusader stories of the Carolingian poets and the epics that spanned the High Renaissance, Luigi Pulci's *Morgante Maggiore* (1478), Matteo Maria Boiardo's *Orlando Inamorato* (1483-95), and Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* (1516), sought to invoke the hand of sorceresses as a plausible reason for the failure of God's army to secure the Holy Land. After all, even the mighty Templars themselves had fallen prey to Philip IV's unfounded accusations of witchcraft and heresy⁷⁴, the fiction holding firm until the first decade of the twenty-first century. Sorcery and magic could explain that which truth and logic could not. Holding to the prosaism, Ariosto inverted the 'natural order' of established historical events through a simulacrum of the East that could neither be penetrated nor curtailed. Thus the machinations of Alcina lead the paladin Roland to madness and defeat, not the weakness of

⁷⁴ In 2001, the Chinon Parchment was found in the Vatican Secret Archives, having been 'filed in the wrong place' in 1628. It records that Pope Clement V defied the command of Philip IV of France and, following the testimony of Jacques de Molay and other Templar leaders at Chinon Castle between August 17th and August 20th, surreptitiously absolved the Knights Templar of all heresies in 1308 (Austin 149-50; Haag 231-33).

his arm or the spirit by which it was compassed. To a Christian audience this porous belief in the unimaginable was more appealing than empirical truth, and more readily sustained in heart and mind alike. It is significant that Torquato Tasso's Armida from *Le Gerusalemme Liberata* (1593) draws upon Alcina's sorcery while thundering the sixteenth century to a close with the paladins "fighting a furious battle for the deathplace of Christ" (Cavaliere 49), and thus *against* a veritable catalogue of Oriental darkness and duplicity.

From within Gutenberg's press truth had been reset. These stories of the deceived and falsely defeated offered solace from the unfathomable recesses of a Western culture that was becoming increasingly suffused by shadow, and whether they did or did not provide accurate representations of the East was no longer of historical relevance. With each new fiction, the distance between Orient and Occident deepened. Merchants and the seasoned traveller continued to access the lands East of the Levant, while diplomatic ties with the West steadily broadened in measure with increased trade and expanded routes, but the die had been cast. Prescribed images of depravity and brutality had largely replaced those of beauty and light, and the perception of the East as the source of cultural enlightenment gradually became ever less pronounced. The Arabian world had been veiled once more from without. By the time Galland introduced his translation of *Mille et une Nuit* in 1704, the West was ready to lift the veil and reacquaint itself with the Orient through the colours and contours of her own inimitable tales.

Antoine Galland and Translational License in *Alf Laila wa Laila*

Antoine Galland's *Les mille et une nuits, contes arabes traduits en français* forever altered the manner in which the West perceived and interpreted the East. With the notable exception of James Beattie's harangue, which questioned "whether the tales be really Arabick [*sic*]" (*A Companion* 17) while insisting that "the whole tenor of the style is in the French mode" (17), Galland was respected and admired—at least in the century of the *Nights'* publication—for the breadth of his understanding and the monumental task he had undertaken "as little more than a hobby" (Nurse 53). His motives were pure, and "as the royalty system was not yet in place" (62), he acquired little to no monetary gain through the translation. Be that as it may, contemporary critique of the manner and means by which Occident presented

Orient often begins with the faultless Galland, whose purpose “was not so much to transcribe accurately the real texture of medieval Arab prose, as to rescue from it items which he judged would please” (*Companion* 19), which means to say, “the barbarous and the overtly exotic were toned down or edited out” (19). His reasoning was noble, and yet from this point forth the debate surrounding authorial intention becomes inseparable from the study of Arabic culture, a phenomenon Said explored not as “a correspondence between Orientalism and Orient” (*Orientalism* 5) but with both eyes narrowed upon “the internal consistency of Orientalism and its ideas about the Orient . . . despite or beyond any correspondence, or lack thereof, with a ‘real’ Orient” (5).

Yet Galland does not stand beneath this umbrella. Set against the backdrop of the Ottoman Turks advancing on Central Europe and the siege of Vienna in 1683, Galland *had* visited the region on three separate occasions between 1670 and 1688. Entrusted by the government of France to provide an honest and unbiased account of his observations, “he postulated that Muslim culture was of such an innately rich nature that it is essentially a self-sufficient entity, wanting and indeed needing no input from outside sources” (Nurse 56). The view is significant as it both confirms and negates Said’s central premise that “[t]he West is the spectator, the judge and jury, of every facet of Oriental behaviour” (109). In an ironic coda to the inversion, ethnic origin remains an issue in the curious case of Antoine Galland. First and foremost, he considered himself part of a cultural exchange and had no intention of ill-judging those from whom he gained and upon whose hospitality he depended. Even Said, who dismissed positive Orientalism as a misnomer, “[f]or what the Orientalist does is to *confirm* the Orient in the reader’s eyes” (65), concedes that Galland was indeed attempting to “revise commonly received ideas about the Orient” (65), albeit through the facetious “Arabist of note” (64) appellation. Opinion remains divided as to the source material (it is likely that at least one of the parallel manuscripts from which Galland was transcribing has been lost) and the liberties taken with the original content of the stories. But although contemporary appreciation of his work has been reduced by the intense postcolonial surge of the past fifty years, there remains an awareness the Frenchman

played so large a part in discovering the tales, in popularizing them in Europe and in shaping what would come to be regarded as the canonical collection

that, at some risk of hyperbole and paradox, he has been called the real author of the *Nights*. (*Companion* 14)⁷⁵

Galland's gathering of tales was borne of the scholarly desire to hunt out and unearth as many original manuscripts as his position and influence allowed, having stumbled upon a parchment containing the seven voyages of Sindbad in 1698. The first European translation of the tale appeared as *Sindbad le marin* in 1701. The search for other 'storybook' manuscripts of similar theme and composition continued until 1717, by which time 'the Arabist' had acquired enough material for a plausible 'one thousand and one nights'. Thus *The Arabian Nights' Entertainments* from the outset comprised numerous sources, and although there is no extant evidence that the characters Sindbad, Aladdin or Ali Baba ever formed part of an original manuscript either directly related to the *Nights* or appearing under the title *Alf Laila wa Laila*, from Galland's perspective such incidental lacunæ were entirely irrelevant. Readers of three centuries have agreed. To cover the omission of these characters in his original *The Arabian Nights*, even Husain Haddawy, who sought to provide a translation more in harmony with postcolonialist perspectives on identity and cultural appropriation, issued a marketable yet somewhat hypocritical sequel in *The Arabian Nights 2*, albeit one bereft of the melodic 'Based on the Text of the Fourteenth-century Syrian Manuscript Edited by Mushin Mahdi' subtitle. This artful concession exonerates Galland from the false charge of exploitation. His motives were sincere. What mattered was that this marvellous collection of true Oriental tales had reached Occidental shores in written form at last.

William Beckford's *Vathek* and the Romantic Context

The first substantive work of fiction to draw directly upon the literary imagery of the *Nights* was William Beckford's gothic masterpiece *Vathek*⁷⁶, which was composed and presented in

⁷⁵ Nurse 'paraphrases' Irwin in the following manner: "this feverishly industrious Frenchman placed such a personal stamp on the work's initial European reception that some observers feel he is not simply the doyen of western Arabian Nights translators, but in some important ways, the work's true author" (53).

⁷⁶ The focus of Samuel Johnson's *The History of Rasselas, Prince of Abissinia* from 1759 does not rest upon Africa or an imaginary 'Orient' but rather on the "nearer knowledge" (XLVI, 138) that compasses narrative progression; it may be argued the characters and topographical locations are incidental to the design. The *History* is of learning itself and composed with the surety that "knowledge will always predominate over ignorance" (XI, 63). There are no racial undertones; stereotype is eschewed: the acquisition of knowledge through education and experience is the central premise to the novella. Instructional purpose and the manner in which its objectives are positively expressed through 'Oriental' characters would seem to negate Said's

French in 1782 but not published in English until four years later. It would prove to be the catalyst of the Romantic fascination with the Arabian world, the tale that enabled access to the colours of the Orient through the imagination and on *individual* terms. Along with the death of Thomas Chatterton and Werther's disavowal of society in Johann Wolfgang von Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, the author embodied the pursuit of a personal and societal freedom that gave rise to Romanticism. His *roman à clef*, "the most richly realized of all the oriental tales to appear in English or French up to that date and the most accurate in its details about life in the Islamic lands" (*Companion* 252), would in part define that pursuit.

Only Beckford could have created the perfect Oriental nightmare. A former pupil of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, reluctantly blessed by Voltaire, and the wealthiest commoner in England, he had absorbed the *Arabian Nights* from boyhood to the extent that his tutor, Lettice, was sternly admonished by Pitt the Elder—the godfather of the errant child—to "keep them from his pupil" (*Vathek* xv) at any and all costs; "but the boy clung to them, swallowed them whole, and never forgot them" (xv). His personal travels took him to the periphery of the Levant, but the Orient was one with his every ideal. Beckford viewed the world and its myriad colours through the oilet and the ogee arch. Though maligned and continually misunderstood, *Vathek* deepened the public's fascination with the Arabian world while ushering in the Romantic obsession with the East. Modern critique tends to reduce the novel to a spurious appropriation of a culture poorly understood by its author (Said, *Orientalism* 22), yet such prejudicial views omit the indisputable fact that "this novel is the first oriental tale to have any real and lasting literary worth" (*Companion* 245). Those who read *Vathek* as anything more than a satirical play on human folly and the abuse of power do so at the risk of mislaying its meaning entirely.

line of argument. Moreover, the descriptive passages through marvellous lands are redacted by the overpowering sense that the journey occurs within the collective consciousness. These are the lands of higher learning and cultivation. As a courteous tip of the hat to the astrolabe of Arabian science, the astronomer is the concluding link to this journey. Appropriation is not of the context. By transposing a sentient mind to where the footsteps of others could not reach, Johnson fashioned a travel narrative that has no narrative voice, settled a path that has at its root a linear journey which cannot be traversed by staff or physical travail, and composed a 'hero' whose voice achieves inward resonance only after the collective voice of experience has been attained. Of particular import to Percy Bysshe Shelley and Wilhelm Hauff, the poet guide serves as "the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind" (X, 62).

The novel mirrors the masquerade on which it was based.⁷⁷ The setting had already been anchored in the mind of the author through his absorption of the *Nights*, but to establish a more profound grasp on the manners and customs of the Orient he studied Galland's *Bibliothèque orientale*⁷⁸ in depth. Drawing on the work's eight thousand references gathered together from Arab, Turkish and Persian sources, a true "treasure-house of oriental wisdom and wit" (15), Beckford created "a sense of costume and luxuriant imagination" (Cavaliero 58), which Byron felt "made it hard for those who had visited the east to believe it was not the translation of an original oriental work" (58). On the surface, the poet's innocent remark, seasoned by firsthand experience as a traveller and honoured guest in the Ottoman empire, would appear to be conversant with a wholly positive view of Orientalism, contrary to the assertion that 'the Near Orient' was a constructed reality viewed through the prism of a "political vision" (*Orientalism* 192). Said, who never set foot in the empire on which Byron passed comment, would beg to differ:

the Orient as a figure in the pre-Romantic, pretechnical Orientalist imagination of late-eighteenth-century Europe was really a chameleonlike quality called (adjectivally) 'Oriental'. But this free-floating Orient would be severely curtailed with the advent of academic Orientalism. (118-19)

Implicit is the sense that genuine authors who looked upon the Orient through Occidental eyes prior to the corrective vision of Said were unable to interpret the meanest Arabian flower coherently, blinded as they were by political interests and corrosive tendencies they themselves never suspected. If we accept the unobserved solipsism "I think Orientalism was itself a product of certain political forces and activities" (203), then we must in some way account for the fact that the authors to whom Said continually refers (Byron, Gautier, de Vigny, Flaubert, Scott, Lane)—and through whose works he attempts to deconstruct the non-existent myth upon which Western views of the Orient are supposedly based (118)—

⁷⁷In 1781 Beckford hosted a three-day masquerade at Fonthill Abbey to mark his coming of age. Set to the theme of *The Arabian Nights*, "behind closed shutters and curtains Beckford's party of revellers and gilded youths wandered through an exotic dreamscape" (*Companion* 246). Regrettably, occasioned as it was by the lascivious nudity and shrill cries of inebriated English women, the spell of Oriental enchantment was soon broken for the birthday boy, much as it has been at such gatherings ever since. Inspired by this horror of æsthetics, the disillusioned young man set to work on *Vathek*, which he later claimed to have completed in three days and two nights.

⁷⁸From 1692 onwards, Galland had worked as assistant to Barthelemy d'Herbolet on the *Bibliothèque*; on the latter's death in 1695, the former assumed the continued compilation of the unfinished masterpiece.

were sincere in their artistic intention to support and even glorify those societies canopied together beneath the crescent of Islam (with the notable exception of Chateaubriand). In point of recorded fact, collectively these authors regarded Arabian culture to be superior to their own despite its outward and manifest subjugation of women and freedom. To an educated man, the lessons of the middle ages had not been forgotten: the Romantics understood the debt that was owed to the East. Samuel Johnson had articulated this debt with regard to the instruction of a proper gentleman, regardless of origin or race. In order for Rasselas to attain the qualities that comprise knowledge and sound governance—wisdom, reason, temperance, prudence and virtue—he must first understand the history by which he is preceded and of which he is part. “To judge rightly of the present we must oppose it to the past . . . to neglect the study of history is not prudent” (XXX 104). On the young Said, the outward attire of an English gentleman had failed in its conveyance of complementary conduct. Rather than deriding and dismissing these ‘non-academic’ views as mere “visions of barbaric splendour and cruelty” (*Orientalism* 118), modern research would do well to entertain the notion that a good many of these past reflections might be grounded in more reasonable truths than our present historical scope would appear to compass. In measure with the eponymous Caliph satirised by Beckford, Said never quite tunes his ear to a “language of truth” (*Vathek* 89) other than his own. And yet as a critic he insisted that others walk a mile in his shoes without ever once considering that he—safely ensconced within walls built by those same men solely to ensure that dissenting voices such as Edward Said’s would always have a place to voice the very freedoms they had fought to protect—might wish to take a step back and pause a moment in theirs.

Beckford had little patience for hypocrisy. *Vathek* was a satirical swipe at the political establishment and its insistence that “the stories of oriental vice and despotism” (*Companion* 246) which had coloured and contoured his youth had irrevocably harmed the sensitivities of young Christians everywhere. Ostensibly, the tale of the dissolute Caliph is hyperbole in the abstract, the man reacting as the boy would have wished as he watched his beloved Oriental paintings thrown upon the fire. The author prefaced *Vathek* as a “story so horrid that I tremble while relating it, and have not a nerve in my frame but vibrates like an aspen” (248). Postcolonialist critique might wish to consider the novel was never meant to be taken as a serious study. Rather than a subjugation of a people or a culture through fictional prose,

the tale ought to be read as an æsthetic complement to the darker subtextual thread of the *Nights*—particularly apparent in “The Second Dervish’s Tale” and “The Second Shaykh’s Story”—which sought to instruct against outward excess and its inevitable corruption of the spirit within.

The narrative voice of *Vathek* is unmistakably satirical. Its phrasing is more in tune with æsthetic structure than political structuring. The tale begins with the lascivious young Caliph “much addicted to women” (*Vathek* 4) and already on the way to being perpetually “disordered . . . by the wine he had drunk” (31). On the surface, the external portrait of the bumbling but dangerous despot sporting between fountain and feast is at issue. And yet the spiritual emptiness of a Caliph who “found the waters refreshing but the prayers abominably irksome” (104) holds far greater pictorial resonance as the colours deepen. As one weaving through the palace “not having quite racked off his wine” (69), *Vathek* is equally at home and recognisable in the courts of East and West alike⁷⁹. It is the caveat on the true folly of absolute power that is most telling, for

Notwithstanding the sensuality in which *Vathek* indulged, he experienced no abatement in the love of his people, who thought that a sovereign immersed in pleasure was not less tolerable to his subjects than one that enjoyed himself in creating them foes. (6)

Implicit is the necessity of attaining a balance between freedom and responsibility, that a monarch may bask in the profligacy his power affords provided he does not impinge too heavily upon the subjects to whom he is accountable. These are the germinative seeds of the Romantic exploration of the Orient from within and beyond the *Nights*. Behind the veneer of immorality the author is already attempting to impart a decidedly moral message, albeit one tinged with prurience and subversive wit. In an ironic inversion worthy of Beckford’s own satire, “The learned, the half-learned, and those who fancied themselves equal to both” (19) have been quick to reduce the import of the work to the former having been slow to follow the thread of the latter.

In a broader sense, *Vathek* is a reaffirmation of the intellectual superiority of Orient over Occident. Beckford is swift to locate the wayward paths of the past. The introduction

⁷⁹ The allusion to the chambers of the reigning King George III (1738-1820) is patent.

of Carathis early in the tale is significant in that the sorceress and evil mother to the Caliph is *not* Muslim but Greek. The mock homage to Ariosto and the Carolingian poets inverts the prejudice that had held sway since the Renaissance. The subversion is extended later in the tale through a caustic rejection of the moral hypocrisy inherent to formal, Greek education, the author wryly critiquing Carathis for “being chastity in the abstract” (157) and thus “an implacable enemy of love and repose” (157). Rather than being a positive influence on her son the Caliph—the vice-regent of the prophet on earth—the mother of education serves as an incomparable blasphemy to the spirit within. Indeed, “Carathis, whose antipathy to wine was by no means insuperable, failed not to supply a reason for every bumper which they ironically quaffed to the health of Mahomet” (64). Beckford’s authorial intention is clear. Those who insist on interpreting these purple passages as a reduction of the cultural heritage of the East (*Orientalism* 22) have failed to observe that they are in fact satirical attacks against the attitudes and mores of the West. Even the Genii, who receive such a hostile reception by the Carolingian poets, are raised above the common perception as the spiritual protectors of all that is pure and noble in this world, their art rescuing both Gulchenrouz and the sacrificed children from pederasty and death (164). Unobserved by those whose intention is to substantiate calumniate theories (*Orientalism* 118), Beckford, in a series of timely narrative strokes, has redressed the false imputation that had been levied against the Orient for almost three hundred years. In effect, he restores the eleventh-century Western understanding that ‘the true representatives of classical knowledge’ reside almost exclusively in the East.

The author is an apologist for Islam and its “great prophet Mahomet” (*Vathek* 8). He extols upon “the paradise destined for the faithful” (25) and draws heavily on readings from the Koran, noting that even “the bees . . . were staunch Mussulmans” (172). The voice he gives to Mahomet is gentle and imbued with reason (8), tolerance and grace (175). At no point is the author disrespectful to or unobservant of Oriental customs and manners. His careful observance of the etiquette partitive to hospitality serves as a recurrent motif that underpins the larger theme of the spiritual corrosion that invariably attends abuse of power in any form. From the Caliph’s first kick of the Giaour (32) to the stern admonition “thou hast violated to admiration the laws of hospitality by seducing the daughter of the Emir

after having partaken of his bread and his salt” (169), it is assumed that one fate alone awaits the hapless Caliph, notwithstanding the abeyance granted by the good genie:

Deluded Prince, to whom Providence hath confided the care of innumerable subjects, is it thus that thou fulfilllest thy mission? Thy crimes are already completed, and art thou now hastening towards thy punishment? Thou knowest that beyond these mountains Eblis and his accursed Divas hold their infernal empire; and seduced by a malignant phantom thou art proceeding to surrender thyself to them! This moment is the last of grace allowed thee; abandon thy atrocious purpose; . . . give back Nouronihar to her father . . . ; drive Carathis from thy councils; be just to thy subjects; respect the ministers of the Prophet; compensate for thy impieties by an exemplary life; and instead of squandering thy days in voluptuous indulgence lament thy crimes on the sepulchres of thy ancestors. (177-78)

The invocation of Vathek’s grandfather, Haroun al-Rashid, returns us to the moral compass of the *Arabian Nights*, the astrolabe that grounded Beckford’s boyhood dreams on flights of colour and imagination. His ‘imaginary world of the Orient’ was as tangible as any external reality, and though reduced to a mere construction by postcolonialist theory, the path to the East would now flow through *Vathek* for those who had also been schooled in the *Nights* by candlelight. Through a deft inversion of excess and vice, Beckford created an original, ostensibly moral discourse patterned on the Arabian tales of instruction and delight. The novel should not be regarded as a serious study of the Orient, but nor should its intrinsic merit be dismissed. Discernment is required. Regrettably, Said misreads the internal voice, unjustly chastising the author for “taking enormous liberties with Eblis’s role” (*Orientalism* 101) without truly understanding the nature of the ‘liberty’ he professes to preserve and espouse. Beckford’s essential point is that even a supreme ruler whose soul is weighted “with a thousand of the blackest crimes” (177) committed in the vain pursuit of “a thousand projects of impious ambition” (177) cannot be saved before ‘God’s great judgment seat’. Although the novel stands as a celebration of the human spirit, it also serves as a stark reminder that freedom entails responsibility. “Thus the Caliph Vathek, who for the sake of empty pomp and forbidden power had sullied himself with a thousand crimes, became a prey to grief without end and remorse without mitigation” (204).

Forays into the Romantic Orient

The Lake Poets followed Beckford's example by tenoring the Oriental world to their own sensibilities. It may be argued their attempts to portray a society to which they could not directly relate, a world on which their outward eye would never fall, engendered a false vision of the East.⁸⁰ But their motives were pure. It was not their intent to modify or malign the identity of those whose cultural heritage they had long admired. These poorer interpretations of the Orient, particularly Robert Southey's *Thalaba the Destroyer*, have led to continued speculation as to authorial intent, but it is unjust to equate Romantic fascination with that of "a knight-errant bringing back to Europe a sense of the holy mission it had now lost" (*Orientalism* 115). The analogy is merely picturesque and culpable of the same lack of substance it critiques; moreover, the allusion is patently inaccurate due to the movement's inherent opposition to religious or political intolerance of any kind. Forgettable but for its profound effect on Percy Bysshe Shelley, Robert Southey's *Thalaba the Destroyer* (1801) strove to create a unified sense of moral rectitude by building upon Beckford's portrayal of moral tyranny much as a misguided child builds sandcastles on a pebble beach. Southey was a poor versifier and the authorial hand is deadening rather than deft, but there is wilful misdirection in the suggestion that an attempt to draw upon the Islamic East through positive imagery is "the adherent and proponent of a secular post-Enlightenment myth whose outlines are unmistakably Christian" (115). In *Thalaba*, one culture is not being undermined by the other. The poem is 'Oriental' inasmuch as it features a battle against demons at the imaginary threshold of the desert and the Tunisian seacoast. The deeper context suggests a sustained negation of the Carolingian poets as the protagonist is paynim rather than paladin. After twelve of the most wearisome volumes of 'poetry' ever thrust upon the senses, *Thalaba*, a proud, noble Muslim, prevails over those "adding to the miseries of the human race" (Cavaliero 124) in much the same manner as the Christian knights of Boiardo and Ariosto. Tales from the *Nights* are woven into the narrative more as colour than context, but there is little doubt interpretation of the Arabian world was tended with reverence and love, and that, unusually for Southey, there was neither tinge nor trace of political ambition.

⁸⁰ Ali, Mahdi, and Cavaliero all make convincing arguments within degrees of postcolonialist perspective.

For Coleridge the imagined Orient was primarily “a mélange of wonder and fright” (Nurse 120). As a boy, his own fascination with what Wordsworth would later pictorialise as “A precious treasure had I long possessed,/ A little yellow, canvas-covered book/ A slender abstract of the Arabian Tales” (*Prelude* 460-62) reached such degrees of unbridled excess that “his schoolteacher father decided they were having an ill effect and burned them to cure his daydreaming son of such mania” (120). By nightfall the next day, the precocious child had procured another copy. Perhaps due in part to the fearful, candlelit nights that followed, the poet retained the darker images of the *Nights* almost to his very heart. As Irwin explains, “[t]he Orient was for Coleridge a repository of weird and nightmarish images and, beyond imagery, the source of something grander and more impalpable” (*Companion* 267). In kind with Beckford, Coleridge could not choose but recompose the *aegri somnia* within those same imagined lands from which they had entered his poetic consciousness.

This dream of Araby in the abstract found tonal expression in “Kubla Khan” (1816), which, like the poet’s own hallucinatory interpretation of the East, was interrupted by an “importunate visitor” (Cavaliero xi) and never properly resumed or fulfilled. Although a fragment, it remains one of the finest poems of the Romantic period. Coleridge had sounded those Oriental “caverns measureless to man” (4) and had “drunk the milk of Paradise” (4) that flowed therein. He had touched the East in dream. As with the demon dreamscapes of Théophile Gautier and Thomas De Quincey, who had been likewise “terrorized as a child by the *Nights*” (*Companion* 267), Coleridge’s descent into opium addiction was widely reported as an *ad absurdum* departure from Western reality associated with his boyhood dependency on the ‘false images’ of the Orient. This in turn would give perverse plausibility to Said’s “connection between British and French Orientalism on the one hand and the rise of an explicitly colonial-minded imperialism on the other” (18). Framed inside a labyrinth of circumlocution that in every sense attempts to skirt the theorist’s primary contention (i.e., any Western view of the Orient is inherently prejudicial and negative by design), the logic is not easy to follow, but in essence, Coleridge is both the foil and counterpart to François-René, vicomte de Chateaubriand, the Catholic politician, diplomat, historian and author of the novella *René* (1802) who Said repeatedly accuses of “arguing that Orientals require conquest” (172). A spectre to the scholar who despises and yet cultivates “stinking

egotism”⁸¹ (171), Chateaubriand happened to be, like Byron, a Romantic aristocrat who *had* visited Asia Minor together with Egypt and, ironically enough, Palestine. Ignorance could not be imputed to *his* design, although Said contends “he came to the Orient as a constructed *figure*, not as a true self” (171). And so, despite having absorbed the colours and cries of the Orient even to the root of his heart, by having fallen into an addiction to an opiate adversely associated with the Arabian world, the oblivious Coleridge was in part responsible for the English and the French perpetuating “a kind of intellectual *authority* over the Orient” (19), which, in Said’s opinion, is partitive to “any description of Orientalism” (19). This cultural collation is inaccurate and misleading. Coleridge attempted to picture the East through true liberality and an internal vision wholly consonant with his boyhood reading of the *Arabian Nights*. Even his deepest dreams in opiate would never have entertained the mere notion of subjugation of any form. For many, “Kubla Khan” remains an incomplete but unblemished reflection of the Romantic poet’s desire to represent the Oriental world as faithfully and as positively as the inward eye would allow. Whether or not that personal experience was acquired under an Arabian sky has little bearing on its intellectual heritage.

Lord Byron suffered from no such limitation of perspective. His view of the Orient was borne of the imagination but grounded firmly in reality. “The real nightmares . . . did not emanate from opium but were the waking dreams of freedom” (Cavaliero 63). The young poet’s crossing into Asia in 1809 was accompanied by a cultivated desire to see the fringes of the Ottoman empire and to witness “how Greece was faring under ‘barbarous’ misrule” (81). Predictably enough, his fascination with the Orient began in boyhood with the same little yellow book, the tenor and tone of which had been mastered by early youth. “Once, outdoors with some school friends in Aberdeen, a driving rainstorm forced them to take shelter . . . where they waited out the weather with Byron regaling his companions by reciting stories from the *Nights* by heart” (Nurse 122). The young poet was one of the few who compassed the true satirical thread of *Vathek* from the outset, for “[n]o major Romantic poet was more influenced by the notion of the East as a place of free and frank expression” (122) than Byron. But personal experience in the court of Ali Pasha in the mountains of southern Albania awakened him to the grim reality that supreme rulers such as Beckford’s

⁸¹ As prelude and complement to Said’s belief that “Chateaubriand attempts to *consume* the Orient” (174), the word ‘ego’ is used on page 171, bears a thrice repeat on 173, and then makes four more appearances on 175.

tyrannical Caliph were precisely as described in the ‘imaginary Orient’. They existed. Byron held his eye open to beauty and barbarity alike, not as a Westerner but as a ‘citizen of the world’. He could not fail to record as he had witnessed. His intention was not to denigrate Islamic culture but to admeasure it honestly and from within. The Pasha—who had designs to secure the Sultanate of the Ottoman Empire—“was likened in his time to Cesare Borgia . . . for his ruthlessness, cruelty and treachery” (Cavaliero 25). Like Beckford, Byron believed in the accountability and responsibility of those on whose liberality their subjects depended; above all, he hated injustice of any kind. The most horrific abuse of power he would ever experience came at the hands of the corrupt, ambitious Pasha in an account confirmed by the vizier: “in revenge for an insult 42 years earlier to his mother and sisters . . . he had 600 of the survivors of a town he had just captured - men, women, children and grandchildren – shot before his eyes” (25). By the time he returned to Occidental shores

Byron had seen it all: the wild dogs tearing at dead bodies beneath the walls of Constantinople, the body in the sack on its way to a judicial drowning, Athens under the heel of a slave, the *delis* or irregular Turkish troops tyrannising the countryside in the service of one of the Sultan’s contumacious pashas. (82)

These intimate portraits of the near East would flow into the lyrical passion of the ‘Oriental’ or ‘Turkish’ tales that would colour and contour Western attitudes throughout the nineteenth century. For the liberal-minded poet, the Levant of 1813 was “a place of dereliction and oppression” (Cavaliero 82). The *Turkish Tales* reflect this darkness while drawing upon the menacing nature of the lands through which he had passed. Byron augmented *The Giaour* (1813), *The Bride of Abydos* (1813), *The Corsair* (1814), *Lara* (1814) and *The Siege of Corinth* (1816) with extensive notes on the Arabian peninsula and Ottoman culture in particular, which Lane, Payne and Burton were to mimic and expand upon in their annotations to their future translations of the *Arabian Nights*. The manner of notation is significant in that a distinct separation between the present and the past is observed along with sustained respect for traditional Islamic manners and customs. The poet’s vision is unwavering and clear. In each of the tales, love’s passions are undone to death through a disturbing admixture of power and abuse. At issue is “the arrogant conviction that man was the superior being” (87) in a land ironically bereft of a societal and spiritual compass. Hauff

would later draw on the disturbing imagery throughout the procession of *The Caravan*. Byron's pictorial analogy of rolling seas turned by tempest and dry deserts washed with wind and sand is as deft as it is acute, for herein rests "the straitjacket . . . imposed on emotions by the characteristics of the despot" (87). Said reduces the scope of the young Lord's narrative eye and the unmediated critique therein entailed, noting that in *The Giaour* "the Orient is a form of release, a place of original opportunity" (*Orientalism* 167), but the observer is once again extending his own narrow theory through anachronistic misreading and its inevitable misattribution. For the poet, tyranny alone held sway over the Ottoman East, and love itself was doomed within its encompassing hold.

And yet followers of Said enhance the academic casuistry by imputing to Byron a creed that was not of his aesthetic. The facile "the barbaric Orient is by nature inferior to Western civilization and religion" (Marandi 142) is political paraphrasing of a phrase neither conceived nor written by the poet. This monocratic convulsion of logic is as saddening as it is maddeningly duplicitous. Context is essential even to the revisionist. It was not Byron's intent to challenge or denigrate Islam any more than he had already denuded Christianity of its own hypocrisies. A careful reading of the *Turkish Tales* conveys the sense that *only* the Muslim hero has the potential to behave with dignity and honour when faced with unmitigated oppression, precisely because of the wealth of the cultural heritage on which he is able to draw. That one and all—paynim and paladin alike—are damned through any form of despotic will is the only lesson the poet seeks to impart. Islam is not an issue of contention in Byron's poetic vision of the East, but nor is accommodation to its tenets offered as a palliative for the injustices he observed. The Romantics were personally unconcerned with any form of structured belief, as "on the whole, they repudiated organised religion . . . and gave little thought to reconciling alien religions to each other" (Cavaliero xi). The mere notion of cultural imperialism was anathema to the Romantic. That Orient should ever become one with Occident would have negated all that they held to be noble in the spirit of man himself.

By the time Byron had completed *Don Juan*, his epic ode to the *Nights*, the Arabian dream was over. His personal and literary battle against despotic rule had found final expression on the plains of Missolonghi in the *facta non verba* commitment to Greek independence. In the siege preparations on Ali Pasha's castle of Lepanto at the mouth of the

Gulf of Corinth, the poet borrowed on the death of his own Leila⁸² and succumbed to ‘marsh disease’ on April 19th, 1824. His heart remained in Greece, much to the morbid *verba non facta* amusement of the postcolonial deconstructionist (Marandi 154).

The golden age of Haroun al-Rashid had passed and would not come again. Byron’s *Turkish Tales* remained a lasting indictment of tyrannical abuse of all forms, not as a cultural critique of Islam or from a superior stance of Occident over Orient, but as a fundamentally human avowal of the rights due to each and every citizen of the world. For the poet, the colours of the Orient remained more approachable—and more real—in the ‘imaginary’ world of the *Nights* than they had proven to be beneath Ottoman skies. There was no attempt to fashion an alternate identity or to collate the two distinct cultures as one. The poet sought freedom alone. For the Romantics, there had never been the desire to merge East with West in either a political or a religious context.

Wilhelm Hauff and the Poetic Negation of Revisionist Orientalism

It was from within this negation of congruence that a young poet envisioned a divergent path to an ‘imaginary Orient’ in the immediate wake of Byron’s death. In his first collection of fairytales, *The Caravan*, the “offspring of the epic” (Thompson 559) *Nights*, Wilhelm Hauff compassed an unseen channel between East and West. Uniquely, all the tales retain their separate identities through a transposition of the ‘other’ that is Hauffian in both nature and design. The latent wit of the author may be discerned in the social commentary by which these tales ought to have been defined in translation, but this commentary was often implicit and deft to a degree that the subversive intention was overlooked or misinterpreted by the distracted critic. Indeed, frequent displacement of narrative perspective and the innovative cross-compositional thread that identified the child as primary audience but the adult as reader and interpreter remains problematic (Thum 5), particularly for those with a pre-determined social or political agenda who seek to balance their formations on the shifting sands of elusive prose. Hauff exposes the impotence of literary theory. Authorial intention is notoriously difficult to assimilate, for he perfected the art of open concealment.

⁸² From *The Giaour*; in the Levant of Romanticism, the name could refer either to a Christian or a Muslim girl.

“Restricted by harsh censorship laws that forbade any form of social or political criticism, Hauff was forced to resort to subterfuge: he concealed his subversive intentions beneath the seemingly innocuous cloak of fairy tales for children” (5).

Readers in English have found the allegorical “Fairytale as Almanac”—the “cue to his intentions” (5)—even more puzzling as only the *Select Popular Tales* translation from 1850, the Quackenbos translation from 1855 and the *Arabian Days’ Entertainments* version of 1858 include what can be described as the essential introduction not merely to *The Caravan* but to the almanacs that followed. Assuming the guise of Queen Phantasie, the poet laments the state of the socio-political climate in which *The Caravan* was composed:

If a person appears whose bearing is not to their taste, they raise a furious outcry, strike him dead to the ground, or slander him with such vehemence that the people believe every word. And then there is no longer any faith or love to be found.⁸³ (*Märchen* 7)

For Hauff, these internalised censors were as pernicious to freedom as the despots of the Ottoman Empire. In their own barbaric subtlety “they stirred up prejudices that stifle any alternative, dissenting view of the world” (Thum 6). His spirit bridled at having to reinforce existing conditions, and yet strict adherence to the norm, at least on the surface, was essential to publication and preservation. Failure to understand this social and historical context invariably results in a failure to interpret authorial intention correctly. The satirical compression of *Vathek* had engaged Hauff’s imagination as a child, as had the Byronic hero motif that framed *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage* and the *Turkish Tales*⁸⁴, all of which he had read through pirated French pamphlets, but in order for the fledgling poet to create an inversive protagonist suitable to his own purpose, it was imperative to preside over the satirical frame from within. Transposing the cultural carnage of the Napoleonic Wars and their aftermath to the Orient was the only authorial means of subverting the internally prescribed dialectic.

⁸³ „Wenn nun einer kommt, der nicht nach ihrem Sinne ist, so erheben sie ein großes Geschrei, schlagen ihn tot oder verleumden ihn doch so sehr bei den Menschen, die ihnen aufs Wort glauben, daß man gar keine Liebe, kein Fünkchen Zutrauen mehr findet.“

⁸⁴ Polaschegg offers the unsubstantiated generalisation that Hauff employed *all* of the topoi and clichés of the Orient as experienced through ‘British’ literature and French painting, with the exception of the harem, which ‘he omits consistently’ [„Einzig den Orient-Topos des Harems, der vor allem für die französische Malerei und die britische Literatur der Zeit so ungemein fruchtbar war, spart Hauff konsequent aus“] (138).

The Caravan begins with a stranger entering the frame of composition. It is Hauff's initial foray into character illustration. This structural exterior is central to our reading of the internal narrative. From the outset, the author is implicitly addressing and challenging "his community's hatred of Otherness" (Thum 9) by introducing us to an openly-veiled, indeterminate hero:

The rider looked magnificent, and his equipment corresponded in splendour to that of his steed. A white turban, richly embroidered with gold, covered his head; his coat and full trousers were of burning red, a richly-hilted scimitar was dangling by his side. His turban was slouched over his forehead; which, with the black eyes that blazed from under the bushy eyebrows, and the long beard, starting downwards from his curved nose, gave him a wild and bold appearance. (Mendel 1)

Hauff employs descriptive passages sparingly⁸⁵ in accordance with his belief that art is best explored through simplicity. And yet the need to situate the character at the periphery of the caravan is adumbrated by the desire to play upon "the narrow outlook of the provincial society" (Thum 9) of his readers, with covert emphasis on its "material values" (9). The hostile reception afforded to the lone rider by the guards is at once brutal and absurd, the points of their lances touching at his throat "in so warlike a manner" (Mendel 1) even though he comes in peace. The mindful reader will observe the parallel with the oppressive, restrictive censure of Märchen in the prelude "Fairytale as Almanac." Although separated by culture and religion, the guards are analogous and share the same mindset. The reader's short-term memory pivots on the pictorial conundrum. Authorial subversion is dependent on accretive interpretation, a method by which Hauff "repeatedly blurs the binary oppositions on which his contemporaries based their constructions of identity" (Thum 3). This concealed cultural conflict between two opposing forces underpins the narrative voice, the articulation of which is at once axiomatic and yet implicit to the structural design. The Hauffian fairytale contains few signposts and fewer compass points. It is necessary to draw upon unpainted imagery rather than bare letters for meaning. The stranger is naturally taciturn, speaking only when directly addressed and typically holding

⁸⁵ Hauff's novel *Lichtenstein* contains only 49 similes and 21 metaphors (Thompson 578).

himself apart from the procession. Visually, he is a “solitary rider” (1) uncomplemented by superfluity. The act of smoking on a long pipe is drawn out, an external image perpetuating our pre-conceived notions of identity. From a contemporary perspective, we would do well to recall that—unlike the *Arabian Nights*—*The Caravan* was constructed and composed by a Christian author whose anticipated audience was predominantly Protestant. Hauff is thus collapsing stereotypical suppositions internally. By the time ‘Selim Baruch’ takes a cushion beside the merchants as their guest, the surface reader is left with little doubt that this hero delivered by the ‘Great Prophet’ is a Muslim. The merchants vary in ethnic origin and religion. Both within the narrative and to the eye without, the ‘other’ is welcomed inside an established circle. Tolerance and cultural understanding are inherent to composition of the Hauffian fairytale from the initial scene.

An absence of the frame in the telling of these tales invariably results in an absence of this understanding. Author and hero are cognates of cultural inversion. Each serves to negate and collapse societal ‘groupthink’ from within the surround to *The Caravan*. Accordingly, it is Selim who forms the idea of narrating tales to while away the hours of rest and quietude. From the frametale Hauff scatters “concealed authorial cues” (Thum 7) that gradually dismantle the inner narrative, and “[i]n the dismantling process, he unmask[s] himself as a subversive writer who challenges rather than reinforces the contemporary status quo” (7). The figurative mask of the stranger or ‘other’ is removed by degree through the tales of the merchant travellers, who each take their turn as narrator in successive nights. The first tale—“The Story of the Caliph Stork”—is related by the stranger himself and, appropriately enough, deals with anamorphism as a means of discovering an unabraded perspective from within a new identity. Plot is subservient to narrative progression. It is significant insofar as a heroine in the guise of an owl resolves the conflict through ingenuity and a measured intelligence eclipsing that of the displaced Caliph, an act rewarded by retransformation and marriage. Hauff pays homage to the *Arabian Nights* and its wise narrator Scheherazade, but as with the “Fairytale as Almanac” inversion, his entrée to the genre is transposed by dispensing with the princess and marriage cliché from the outset. Never again would the realist author return to a romantic union as a means of plot contrivance. Appropriately, the Caliph bears a mild, albeit humorous resemblance to *Vathek* in that his sovereignty is prone to whimsy and abuse:

Look at this paper, now, and tell me if you can read it. If you can, I will give you a fine new robe, but if you can't, you are falsely called Selim the Wise, and you will get twelve strokes on the cheeks and twenty-five on the soles of your feet.⁸⁶ (de Lauriston 11)

Implicit is the unvoiced nature of the decree, one that enjoins upon the subject a lasting sense of humiliation both within and without. Although Hauff mocks the notion of absolutism as a form of governance open to abuse, the Caliph's seal of power is perpetuated over his subjects: *this* is the reality to frame and fairytale alike. The internal thread has been established.

The frame interlude consolidates the author's perspective. Observed by *The Caravan's* primary narrator, the merchants "cared for the stranger as if he were their worthiest guest" (Mendel 14). It is an internal reminder that courtesy and hospitality are fundamental tenets of both Islam and Christianity. Perhaps of deeper significance to the Hauffian aesthetic, the youngest of the merchants requests of the eldest a story related to his own long life "or else some pretty fairy tale" (14). The demarcation line between the two possibilities is then deliberately obscured by "The Story of the Spectral Ship," the nearest any Western author has come to duplicating the tenor and tone of the spectral tales from the *Arabian Nights*. The 'story' stands alone as a true telling and cannot be regarded as derivative in any sense⁸⁷. There is no analogous precedent to the captain nailed through the forehead to the mainmast, but the image has been borrowed upon ever since without attribution to its author. In and of itself, "The Spectral Ship" belies Said's contention that

⁸⁶ The Mendel translation reads "Just look at this writing whether thou canst read it; if thou canst read it, thou gettest a new robe of honour from me; if thou canst not, thou gettest twelve boxes on the ears and twenty-five lashes on the soles of the feet, for having been called Selim the learned without cause" (5). Regrettably, Mendel adheres to the nineteenth-century tendency to translate the direct speech of a monarch or higher dignitary through what was already archaic usage in 1886. This rendering is therefore obsolete and entirely unsuitable for textual analysis in 2018. Although the subject is discussed widely in Chapter Five, an unabridged, contextually cohesive, contemporary translation of *The Caravan* is unavailable at present.

⁸⁷ With the exception of those sources acknowledged by Hauff and his editors, Polaschegg provides no further evidence from her own 'research' to support the claim that „Hauff ein ‚großer, zuweilen fast skrupelloser ‚Nehmer‘ vorgegebener Motive, Sujets und ganzer Stoffe‘ war und sich besonders unter seinen Märchen kaum eines findet, das sich auf weniger als zwei literarische Quellen zurückführen läßt“ [“Hauff was a ‘great, sometimes ruthless ‘borrower’ of predetermined motives, subjects and whole materials’; in his fairytales in particular, almost none are found that cannot be traced back to at least two literary sources”] (156). Sadly, this is a mere ‘borrowing’ on previous opinion without regard for factual accuracy. The basic questions ‘Which tales are exempted from the ‘almost none’ category?’ and ‘Which sources does Hauff draw upon?’ remain unaddressed.

Orientalism is merely a false construction without an intrinsic value. The narrative voice is consistent with its theme, while the portrayal of Islamic culture is without blemish or critique. Hauff gives due reverence to both the Prophet and the Koran, the former serving as the silent hero of the tale itself. The invocation of Sindbad the Seafarer at the close of the journey is an homage to the epic legacy of the *Nights*, albeit one perceived and constructed by the West, but the conclusion is one of indisputable reverence for the heritage from which the tales were derived: “As for me, I live quietly and contentedly, and every five years make a pilgrimage to Mecca, to thank Allah in his holy places for his blessing, and to pray for the souls of the captain and his crew” (de Lauriston 37). Admiration is not analogous to cultural appropriation.

There is no continuation. The frame narrative is stayed to the close of the following day’s journey. Containing two significant passages, this brief interlude is indispensable to an overall comprehension of the tales that comprise *The Caravan*. As a complementary thread to “Märchen as Almanac” and an intimation of Hauff’s structured theory on the fairytale, the youngest of the merchants allows that “youth must be modest in all things” (Mendel 24) and cedes precedence in the telling of a tale to “my elder fellow-travellers”⁸⁸ (24). The subversive element to the design is patent in the underscore to “an unbeliever (not a Mussulman)” (24). This is a rare example of Mendel appending an explanatory comment to the phrasing for clarity; de Lauriston’s later translation omits this framing page entirely. The original deems explanation superfluous and reads only „Ob er gleich ein Ungläubiger war“⁸⁹ (*Märchen* 56), the implicit ‘albeit’ inflecting upon the contextual import of “we would most willingly help a brother though he be of a different creed” (Mendel 24). Hauff’s intention was to inculcate a tolerance of ‘otherness’ to the culturally sheltered European reader edging through life with one hand tied behind the back. Ingeniously, the teller of the tale is a one-handed Greek merchant named Zaleukos, a Christian of Orthodox faith born and raised in the Turkish city of ‘Constantinople’. The sense of displacement is pronounced, and it is significant that *The Caravan*’s only critique of religion compasses the moral tone of the ‘unbelieving’ outsider’s narrative. On returning ‘home’ from his youthful travels,

⁸⁸ The need for deference would be explained and elaborated upon in the frame to the subsequent almanac *The Sheik of Alexandria and His Slaves*.

⁸⁹ “Although he was an unbeliever . . .”

Zaleukos is informed by his former tutor—a priest—that “Your father died a saint, for he has bequeathed his gold to the Church” (26). The explicit weight of the pronouncement is both adumbrated and tempered by the expositional response “This was and remained inexplicable to me” (26). It is a prenullification of Said’s unshod “according to the Code of Christian morality” (*Orientalism* 36) stalking horse. Hauff does not cross the censor with critique, but the bitterness to the irony is acute and there is no sense of light to mitigate the intent. This is not a traveller who would “use the Old Testament and the Gospels as his guide in Palestine” (172).

The introduction of a second stranger further convolutes the latent ‘other’ binary. In an unheralded inversion of narrative expectation and possibility, Hauff’s other ‘other’ enters the internal narrative contrariwise, cloaked in crimson, concealed by cover of night and all but masked from without. Inverted parallels to Selim abound. Conversation is tense, brisk and oblique before the stranger disappears. By the time Zaleukos recovers his wits and a co-conspirator crosses the narrative path, his parting glance reveals only “a shadow hovering along the houses” (Mendel 29). But in the unsevered hand the cloak remains and gives rise to a form of replicate description dependent upon the external entrance of the frame ‘other’: “It was made of thick Genoese velvet, scarlet in colour, edged with Astrachan fur, and richly embroidered with gold” (29). Implicit is the sense that character and reader alike must take a closer look and reconcile dual perspective. Rather than drawing out the threads to a mystery, Hauff has stripped the prose of dubiety and unravelled the plot as a means of redirecting our focus. Separation between external and internal does not exist. A subsequent encounter with the ‘other’ extends the simile while providing an important clue to identity and meaning, for as Zaleukos catches a glimpse of this “kind and unknown stranger” (31) he discerns no more than “he wore a mask, through which dark eyes stared at me frightfully” (31). To mask is to reveal. The enduring image of a head whose eyes open on severance is more than a convex turn on the grotesque. Plot is subservient to meaning. That the narrator is unjustly betrayed in a Christian land at the hands of a fellow Christian effectively reveals Hauff’s “subversive intentions beneath the deceptively benign surface of a conventional text” (Thum 4). It is a bold attempt to resituate cultural perspective from under the unseeing eyes of a censor who strips the living of their sight. The authorial hand subverts the dual severance. Hauff masters the cut. As with the internal ‘other’—who by the parallel

description of the eyes alone ought to be indiscernible from the external—“[c]amouflage is crucial to his concealments” (4).

The frame conclusion to the tale is vital to our understanding of *The Caravan*. To remove any part of the surround in translation is to disfigure the compositional aesthetic of the author and misdirect the reader. Hauffian prose is measured. Critics dismiss the artistry by harping on repetitive or inaccurate phrasing, such as the “door of the tent” (*Märchen* 89; Mendel 44) that closes consecutive sentences in “Fatme’s Deliverance,” but the tonal reader will mark the depth of structural resonance and forgive the faltering step into a derivative “literary ‘fantasyland’”⁹⁰ (Polaschegg 137). To reiterate, there was no time for proofreading and the young author was not afforded an opportunity to revise subsequent editions of the almanac; sadly, “it must be admitted that some fleetingness and neglectfulness could not be held off, which Hauff surely would have eliminated had he been granted a longer life”⁹¹ (Mendelheim 405). It is a convenience to ignore the subsequent “curtain of the tent” (91; 46) that invalidates the crook of the critique⁹² (Polaschegg 137). For the author, pictorial import supersedes phrasal impression. On Zaleukos’ abrupt completion of the account, the reader discovers that “the stranger particularly seemed much affected by it; he had sighed deeply several times, and it appeared to Muley as if he had even shed tears” (Mendel 38). A sense that ‘Selim’ has joined the caravan not by chance but design is implicit. The narrator is then questioned as to whether he harbours hatred towards the man by whom he was betrayed, “the unknown man who deprived you so shamefully of so vital a member of your body, and so endangered your life” (38), whereupon he remarks “I found consolation in the faith of my ancestors, which commands me to love my enemies” (38). Ironically, Zaleukos sets himself at an ancestral remove from ‘the faith’ and yet accepts its cardinal ‘command’. The qualification “perhaps he may even be more unhappy than I am” (38) reads as a structural epilogue to the tale. Hauff takes the original a step further in italicising the ‘he’ (*Märchen* 78). But this bifurcation of identity is a mere ruse employed to challenge the perceptive faculties of the reader. The reaction of the formerly taciturn stranger—who grasps

⁹⁰ „ein literarisches ‚Phantasieland“

⁹¹ The complete quote reads „Da wird man dann allerdings auch zugeben müssen, daß manche Flüchtigkeiten und Nachlässigkeiten nicht ausbleiben konnten, die Hauff sicher beseitigt haben würde, wenn ihm ein längeres Leben vergönnt gewesen wäre, wenn er neue Auflagen seiner Werke hätte erleben oder einst eine Sammlung derselben selbst hätte veranstalten können.“

⁹² The critique pertains to “The Adventures of Said” from the third and final almanac *The Inn in the Spessart*.

Zaleukos's hand with emotion and declares "You are a noble-hearted man!" (de Lauriston 56)—pivots the characterisation on a holding note that purposely strays from the narrative tone. At this point even the dimmest of readers catches up to an awareness that Selim the stranger is one with the stranger of the crimson cloak. And yet it is a false reprieve for those seeking assimilation of character. Having been dovetailed between the narrow divide of external frame and internal narrative, the italicised 'he' of *The Caravan* at this point steps from the shadows and takes centre stage.

The essence of what a Christian should see in others and yet often fails to perceive is the implicit critique by which the author advances a tripartite unveiling of the masked man. The structural veil lifts and the intent of stranger and author alike is made manifest. And yet few English readers are made aware of the tonal shift. Regrettably, these essential segues to the compositional harmony of *The Caravan* are invariably omitted from English translation, perhaps due in part to the problems of identity raised through the author's broader themes of understanding and acceptance. These tales cannot and should not stand alone. The artistic coherence of the almanac is entirely mislaid through omission; as Thum explains, "[r]eading Hauff's tales without the frame stories is a little like reading Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* without the General Prologue or the Head Links" (19). Obviating the author's harmony of structural composition through partial or 'retold' translation dismantles the pictorial and phrasal aesthetic. Incrementally, "a great deal of the wider context is necessarily lost in the absence of the frame tales" (19) and comprehension of the author's method is compromised.

Omission obscures meaning. The introduction to Orbasan, the Lord of the Desert and the most important character to appear in *The Caravan* is negated entirely by removal of the frame. The third 'stranger' enters by way of a conversation that immediately follows Selim's exclamation. Once again, Hauff provides a clear narrative cue. The merchants, being alarmed on receipt of news that the robber baron may be in the vicinity, remain oblivious to the fact that 'Selim' is unresponsive to their fear but nonetheless "anxious to know who this Orbasan was" (de Lauriston 56). The obstructed entrance of this final 'other' enables the author to transpose identity in plain sight. The unknown figure is depicted as

„diesen wunderbaren Mann“⁹³ (*Märchen* 79), “a superhuman being” (Mendel 38) able to sustain a fight “with five or six men together” (38), and, historical paradox notwithstanding, “a brave Frenchman whom misfortune of some kind has driven into this neighbourhood” (de Lauriston 56-57). A terse disagreement as to the nature of his identity extends into the subsequent tale, which is no more than a narrative means of illustrating the character under discussion in the frame. The tale itself is the equivalent of a ‘filler’ track on an album used to sustain rather than augment the tonal structure. It is the scratching at silence between tracks that resonates. Merchant and reader alike gather meaning from the surface at peril of comprehension. While Achmet concludes an otherwise positive portrayal with “this much is certain . . . he is a nefarious robber and thief” (Mendel 39), Lezah maintains “you cannot positively say that. . . . Even if he is a robber he is, notwithstanding, a man of nobility of heart” (de Lauriston 57) who “only levies money on the caravans for their safe protection” (57). The moral juxtaposition is acute and not at all in complement with Western values. Little has changed. Rather than reconcile the cultural discrepancy, contemporary translators often choose to omit the entire passage, leaving the intricately woven tales as loose threads in a miscoloured carpet that never gets off the ground. These ellipses are of structural and pictorial import. The reader in translation seldom observes the scene in which, to protect the merchants from an advancing band of robbers, the stranger Selim casually ties “a small blue handkerchief, dotted with red stars” (57) to a lance, at the sight of which the riders disperse and are seen no more. Hauff is by no means playing games with the reader but rather urging child and adult alike to focus on what is important rather than linger upon that which is specious. Sadly, these omissions from the frame turn subsequent ‘revelations’ of identity into cosmetic plot contrivances sewn poorly by the hand of a hack. The original Hauffian æsthetic reads otherwise. The unconcealed act of at once praising and yet ‘condemning’ this composite ‘other’ is a masterstroke of authorial subversion. The merchants remain as nonplussed as the censor and “Fatme’s Deliverance” begins.

The descriptive passage that accompanies Orbasan into the internal narrative affirms the doubled consciousness of transposition. Appropriately enough, his mere appearance on the threshold settles a quarrel of culture, for

⁹³ Interestingly, Mendel’s precise reading of “this wonderful man” (38) would be translated “this unusual man” (56) by de Lauriston almost a hundred years later.

All at once the door of the tent was opened, and in walked a tall and stately man, as young and beautiful as a Persian prince; his dress and his arms, with the exception of a richly mounted dagger and a magnificent sword, were very plain, but there was that in the calm expression of his eye and in his whole appearance which commanded respect without inspiring fear. (65)

The implicit unveiling in the exchange that follows is “as resonant as his attack on the mechanisms of stereotyping” (Thum 19), the ‘Frenchman’ having been recast as a ‘Persian prince’ without occasioning the reader to question the displacement. Mistaken identity rests at the very heart of the tale, and it is through the turn of confusion that Hauff redresses tyranny and injustice. The Pasha of Sulieika—a ruler guilty of breaking a solemn oath—is at once captured and held to account for cruelty and torture. By decreeing that death alone will atone for the abuse of power, Hauff’s “satirical portrait of petty German princes during the early decades of the nineteenth century is unmistakable” (16). It is significant that Occidental purpose may find expression only through Oriental resolve. For justice to be attained, the self must exchange places with the ‘other’.

“Fatme’s Deliverance” is accordingly the first and only tale to be interrupted. The story itself is a surfeit. As the narrative progresses and the noble actions of Orbasan become ever more pronounced, his spiritual core is equated with that of “a brave Mussulman” (de Lauriston 70) and his presumed origin is rendered forfeit to the simile. The italicised ‘he’ is then referred to as “the Strong One” (72) and even Achmet is obliged to ameliorate previous judgement against him (70). The internal narrative is the inversive means by which the external frame is explained and enhanced. It closes on parental sanction of an intended marriage, a ‘reward’ for bravery and loyalty, the ‘contrivance’ an appropriate conclusion to Mustapha’s wish to be united with a beloved of humble descent. This is not a typical ‘fairy tale’ marriage. The note of import is conducted in the phrasal recess. Even the view of the censor is obscured. The true ending to the tale is an act of unmitigated social defiance, which occurs only after all the necessary precautions have been made to secure the safety of those held captive.

Mustapha and the rescued girls quickly slipped through the aqueduct, where Orbasan promised to join them immediately. After they had descended . . . , Orbasan and one of the robbers took the little man and led him into the yard;

there they hanged him with a silk cord, which they had brought with them for this purpose, on the highest part of the fountain. (Mendel 56)

This is the pictorial that remains – a rope tied to the neck of an abusive, malformed tyrant. Orbasan, “Having thus rewarded him the rightful end of his treachery” (81), steps from the tale as silently as he entered. But the point has been made. The observant reader will note the allusion to the soul in the stilled fountain. From beneath the eye of the censor, Hauff had delivered judgement on the tyranny of an age through a nuanced inversion of identity, one that yet remains free from inversion for the reader he had sought to reach.

The tale that follows is composed for this reader. Narrated by “Muley, the young and merry merchant” (Mendel 57), *The Story of Little Muck* is a bold departure for the author in search of an alternative aesthetic. Little Muck is the first of Hauff’s ‘unusual’ characters and, on publication in 1825, arguably the most intimate portrayal of the ‘other’ to date in the annals of the European fairytale. That the character hails from Nicæa is incidental to the portrait. The Turkish setting serves to increase descriptive possibility rather than inform motive. It is a tale that actively promotes tolerance and respect; at its core, it is a censure of stereotyping and bullying in the sternest voice possible. At only “three or four feet high” (58) with an immense head, in both appearance and outlook the dwarf stands at a distinct remove from society and its norms. He is subjected to ridicule and abuse from children and adults alike, but when Muley, the narrator, is reprimanded for being “the worst” (59) among them, *The Story of Little Muck* is related as a form of instruction and guidance to those who would judge a person from the outside. A cue to the author’s aesthetic, it is significant that the tale itself acts as the deterrent rather than the vigorous thrashing meted out by the father.

The story begins with the poor, ignorant boy of sixteen thrown from his home on the unforeseen death of his father. Little Muck finds himself alone in the world without a person on whom he can depend. Negation of the salvation motif is acute. Hauff refuses to create a palliative ‘triumph against all odds’ narrative. Life is unpredictable and often perilous: the strength to endure must come from within. In the frame prelude to the previous tale, Selim cautions “You over-estimate my art” (40) in response to the accolades of his companions, the author having been mindful to employ the term ‘Kunst’; a complement to the allusion, Little Muck’s first act on gaining his liberty is to take the garments of his imposing father and “cut off all that was superfluous” (60). The fairy-teller is mindful of

precedent but conscious of his craft and the need to advance the genre forward, a cry of “there or nowhere” (61) compassing the footfall of author and character alike. Contrary to the established fairytale aesthetic, the way is shown to be hard in the world, and recovery from a fall is harder still: fortune proves fickle, people moreso, and “nowhere a door opened to him, nowhere people called out to him as he had imagined” (61). The sense of a universal experience that ought to be anticipated is explicit. Reality instructs the ‘other’ on “how difficult it was to live without money” (63) in an unforgiving land. Location is irrelevant to the design. An ‘imaginary Orient’ is merely the setting through which Hauff coloured a thinly veiled critique of the society in which he and his readers were left to negotiate their existence.

The Story of Little Muck is perhaps the most imaginative of Hauff’s fairytales and the only genuine *Zaubermärchen*⁹⁴ to feature in *The Caravan*. Here as elsewhere in the almanacs, the extendable Aarne-Thompson-Uther[-?] codification index does not apply. The tale does contain an animal helper, a pair of ‘charmed’ slippers and a staff to compass direction, the familiar thrice repeat being crucial to the correct employment of both, but similitude to existing narratives ends there. This is a departure point in the history of the fairytale. Hauff was actively shifting the focus from within the genre he had adopted by refusing to countenance illusion as a potential truth. Although the helper dog assists him once more in dream, external assistance ends at the moment Little Muck crosses the threshold into the real world. Conveyance is marked by metaphor.

His eyes fell on a mighty pair of slippers. They were not very pretty, but his own could not make another journey. They also attracted his attention on account of their immense size, for if his feet were once in them, all must plainly see that he had discarded children’s boots. He quickly took off his little slippers, and put on the big ones. (64)

Hauff then binds metaphor to allusion. In anticipation of arrival, there follows a preludial pause, the slipper exchange sounding as a leitmotif to introduce a theme that would become increasingly important to the author in the development of an innovative fairytale aesthetic:

⁹⁴ “The Story of the False Prince” contains a magical element that serves to facilitate the conclusion of the tale; however, magic plays no part in the development of the plot, nor does it affect the aesthetic or moral construct.

“He was immensely pleased with the slippers. After all, he had acquired something by his work, which might assist him on his way in the world” (64). These are the seeds of what would become proletarian literature.

Hauff was a realist with an imagination borne on Romanticism. Although he would have been familiar with Friedrich Schlegel’s mantra “In the Orient we must seek the highest Romanticism, which means the deepest and most heartfelt fantasy in existence”⁹⁵ (204), as was a derisive Said (*Orientalism* 98-9), for whom the term ‘Romantic’ is synonymous with an insult (93), the setting of *The Caravan* is the residuum of an age at variance with its own rite of passage. Turkey provides pictorial emphasis on the ‘unusual’, but it is by no means employed as “a living tableau of queerness” (103). There is a difference: exploitation of a culture did not comprise Hauff’s cultural lexicon. Inwardly, he stands alongside his character within a tangible landscape. Illustrative simile is the medium by which author and creation alike press beyond the demarcation line of a society mired in stagnation. Critique faces Westward. Said’s conjecture that “[e]veryone who writes about the Orient must locate himself vis-à-vis the Orient; translated into his text, this location includes the kind of narrative voice he adopts” (20) provides interpretation for the surface reader akin to a fortune teller’s probing of a person beginning with the letter ‘M’, but on deeper inspection the intellectual falsehood ought to become glaringly apparent. Context and connotation must be considered on an individual basis rather than through an imagined collective. Although Hauff would presumably be tossed into the facetious ‘writers like’ category who take Said’s road “to the Orient for a very concrete sort of experience without actually leaving Europe” (157), the purpose of *this* young author’s journey dismantles both the ‘very concrete’ attempt at humour and the embedded subtext a defensive pro-Marxist⁹⁶, pro-Islamic⁹⁷ commentator subjects upon modern readers who lack the ability to differentiate and discern. As previously observed, Karl Marx had read his compatriot Hauff, whose views on culture, economics and society precede and plausibly gave rise to Marxism. If Said’s reading of *Orientalism* is to be trusted, then Hauff is the unwitting father of Said.⁹⁸ Doubtless Muley

⁹⁵ „Im Orient müssen wir das höchste Romantische suchen, d.h. [das heißt] das tiefste und innigste Leben der Fantasie . . .“

⁹⁶ Said references ‘Marx’ or ‘Marxism’ fondly no fewer than thirty-six times in *Orientalism*; see page 154.

⁹⁷ The tenor of the thesis is clear: “Yet Mohammed is a hero” (152) betrays the subjective intent.

⁹⁸ Nuanced references to Hauff’s work may be found throughout Marx’s writings, but direct links are scarce. This may account for the failure to recognise Hauff as a profound influence. The first sentence of “The King

is the more adept listener. The prejudicial generalisations of Said were of the same spirit and nature as those his forefather in social criticism had sought to illuminate. Not ‘everyone’ writes with animus. The contention “the Prophet is thereby seen in a cold light, stripped both of his immense religious force and of any residual powers to frighten Europeans” (152) is invalidated at every turn of *The Caravan*. Hauff’s position in the progression of tolerance is indisputable; the topographical station and features of the caravanserai in which he found shelter is entirely irrelevant and ought to be displaced from the dialectic. The poet’s exploration of the ‘unusual’ invalidates the common view of the common academic.

The Story of Little Muck stands on ‘very concrete’ ground. Hauff negates ethereality. There is substantive method to the inversion of the fairytale hero of times past; indeed, “such a figure had never been seen there before” (Mendel 66). Although the slippers “lifted him up into the air, fled through the clouds as if they had wings” (65) and left the multitude of sycophants “stupefied with admiration” (67), the experiences of Little Muck leave him fundamentally grounded for the remainder of his life. And yet the slippers remain in his possession. Muley, by far the youngest of the merchants, narrates his fairytale as a faithful account of a person who still exists in the tangible frame of his own reality, a reality in which magic remains but is not employed for personal advancement. Of significance to the broader context of *The Caravan*, the tale is not presented as fiction. True to the narrator’s experience and that of the merchants circled before him, on stepping into the outside world the dwarf’s primary issue is “to think what he might do to earn some money” (65), albeit one tempered by personal ethics. Hauff is making the ‘other’ relatable by association. Characterisation is wholly independent of the setting. A literary *avant-courier*, Little Muck precedes and parallels the Germanic Jacob from *Dwarf Nose*, the masterpiece of Hauff’s second almanac. Identity is not based on ethnic origin or geography. Little Muck is the

of Prussia’s *Insanity*” mentions Hauff by name, Marx having structured the critique on his compatriot’s portrayal of “how a whole gossip-mongering, scandal-loving little town was startled out of its habitual state of self-complacency one fine morning by the discovery that the leading dandy, the lion, in fact, of the place, was but a monkey in disguise” (54), a passage taken from „Der Affe als Mensch“, which stands as a literary precursor to Darwinism. The esteem in which Hauff was held may be surmised from the advertisement posted on July 12th, 1858 for the ‘Tour through the English Lakes’, during which the ‘Party’ would be treated to “Hauff’s ‚Bettlerin vom Pont des Arts‘ . . . to connect by these means sociable and pleasant intercourse with instructive and pleasant reading” (564). For those familiar with “the superiority that a man of the world has over the narrow, almost uncivilised mind of a Baron Faldner” (*Beggar* 61) or Fröben’s articulate challenge upon “a nobleman’s seat where any but nobles live” (74), the purpose to the ‘instruction’ would be evident.

epitome of the misplaced ‘other’ marching to the beat of a drum no one else can hear. Inward resolve compasses his footfall. He does “not allow himself to be abashed by the laughter” (66) of others, and in the face of intrigue against him, he “did not think of avenging himself, for he was too noble-hearted for that” (67). Hauffian imagery suggests the progression of the ‘other’ is restricted only by the limitations of the collective. “He might have exhibited himself in case of necessity, but he was too proud for that” (65) emphasises and protectively amends Wilhelm Heinrich Wackenroder’s Romantic portrayal of the Naked Saint, “the first defence of the unusual person” (Thalman 10). But time has moved on. There is no permanent ascension into the firmament for Little Muck.

Muley’s fairytale is thoroughly grounded in the deceit and duplicity of a materialistic society in which “dissimulating manners” (69) rather than goodness, talent and industry provide the key to survival and success. Ingenuously, the setting posits social critique at a distinct remove from the remit of the censor. The idleness and frivolity of the aristocracy is fiercely reprovved (66, 70), the king—“whose disturbed slumbers had not put him in a very good humour” (70) at the moment when clarity of mind is essential for sound governance—lampooned as a hapless despot meting out punishment and bestowing favour without having a handle on either. The benevolent fairytale monarch is also consigned to the past. Naiveté is brutally exposed. Hauff is subverting the hereditary landscape of prince and principality in perpetuity with the remark “Little Muck could not have received a very careful education, otherwise he would not have imagined that it was possible to gain real friends with gold” (69), for gold is indeed the currency and sole objective of the average man and autocrat alike (69-71). Analogous to *Dwarf Nose*, a tale set in Germany, the detailing and design of Muley’s tale does not depend on its external Turkish origin but on the internal progression of the ‘unusual’ protagonist. Elements of seemingly ‘Oriental’ appropriation are phrased in measure with the author’s compositional aesthetic. On discovery of his treasurer’s duplicity, the king “sent him, as is customary in the East, a silk cord to hang himself with” (71): there is neither pause nor reprieve. However, rather than representing a Western view of Eastern brutality, the passage ought to be read as an indication of the author’s fundamental belief in fairytale justice, which is and ought to be swift and absolute. Predictably, the king refuses to apply the same principle to his own conduct, and as a direct consequence of this cultivated hypocrisy, Little Muck—the ‘outsider’, the ‘stranger’, the ‘other’—“struck out of the main

path to find the most solitary spot of the forest, intending to live there only for himself, for he hated all mankind” (72), wishing “to take no more nourishment, but to await death” (72). Such is the legacy of kindness in a world run by autocrats. For Hauff, reality and fairytale are one.

A return to paradise is inevitable. The famished dwarf succumbs to temptation and tastes of the fig from two separate trees, one of which alters his appearance to that of an ass, an homage to Shakespeare’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, while the other reverses the effect. True to the Hauffian aesthetic, neither tree effects an improvement on the original self. An act of magic may improve outward circumstance, but it does not alter the inward essence. Illusoriness is eschewed. Although a paradisaal element of the East is present in the fairytales, there is no tenancy to the assertion that “[t]he Orient . . . alternated in the mind’s geography between being an Old World to which one returned, as to Eden or Paradise, there to set up a new version of the old, and being a wholly new place to which one came as Columbus came to America, in order to set up a New World” (*Orientalism* 58). Said’s pictorial allusions to colonisation and cultural obliteration are inapplicable to Hauffian composition. They are best described as an attempt to colour within the lines of a prefabricated academic template. Hauff had no intention of creating ‘a new version of the old’ through appropriation of a culture, nor did he harbour a latent wish to establish a new order. Literary subversion is not subjugation; imparting arrogation to the marginalia invalidates the attempt to illuminate. The poet’s aim was to employ the setting as an objective image from which to migrate his own heavily censored art across the figurative desert of pre-Realist discourse. *The Caravan* is the astrolabe to a movement without direction that had yet to be charted.

Little Muck returns only to press beyond the present. That ingenuity and self-reliance have been acquired through loss is explicit to the design. Appropriately, he stops on the way to disguise himself as a merchant, takes a seat outside the palace gates, offers his fruit at a fair price to the chief cook, and thus promptly repays the king and his courtiers in their own coin while at a safe distance from the charade. Hysteria ensues. The semblance of an ass is soon attached to the entire court, and although one of the princes has the appendages severed, “the ears budded out again” (74). It is social revolution on the scale of the individual. Anticipation marks the onward course. As a ruse to gain readmittance, Little Muck “had already procured for himself a dress with the money which he had obtained for

the figs” (74) and reappears at the opportune moment as a bearded, “foreign physician” (74) in possession of an anodyne to the suffering. Contrary to the forgiveness motif common to the European fairytale, only one of the redemptive figs is employed before the king assumes dominion over the dwarf’s wares. The scene is painted in universal colours. Selfishness and greed stand in stark relief to the deferential response now anticipated and indeed expected on the part of the hero. Yet by way of stealth, the ‘other’ slips back into his slippers and sounds the distinctive ‘death to tyrants!’ decree: “Perfidious King . . . who repay[s] with ingratitude faithful services, take as a well-deserved punishment the deformity which has overtaken you. You shall wear the long ears in order that they may remind you daily of Little Muck” (74).

The author’s voice is unequivocal. At no stage is the reader burdened with or drawn into an accented awareness that the king is an ‘Oriental’ monarch. The name ‘King Sadi’ is used once only on conclusion to a letter from his father. Implicit is the sense that this could be any king from any country, and yet this subtle inclusion removes the Swabian censor from the compositional construct and absolves the author from charges of sedition. The tale ends with the king retaining the ears of an ass into perpetuity while Muley and his friends, who had once treated Little Muck with disdain prior to the knowledge of his “marvellous adventures” (75), “became so fond of him, that none of us ever mocked him again. On the contrary, we respected him as long as he lived, and always bowed” (75) in his presence. But the ‘other’ does not assimilate into society, nor does he alter his reading. There is no transposition of self in a fairytale that brings neither redemption nor reward. It is a return to the beginning, but the journey is and will remain incomplete. There is no happy ending for those who oppose the norm and no ‘new world’ in which they might find solace. A plea for greater tolerance resounds. Appropriately, Muley’s father concludes his narrative with an epilogue befitting the ‘unusual’ person of East and West alike: “Ever since Little Muck lives here in great wealth, but secluded, for he hates men. Experience has taught him wisdom, and notwithstanding his strange exterior, he rather deserves your admiration than your mockery” (75). Fatherly in reality as well as faërie, he then delivers the second part of the thrashing.

In preparation for the anti-imperialist crescendo to *The Caravan* denouncing Napoleon Bonaparte and The French Campaign in Egypt and Syria (1798-1801) that would

give rise to the Napoleonic Wars (1803-1815), “The Story of the False Prince” takes Alexandria for its setting. The frame merely advances the course and neither Selim nor Orbasan is mentioned. Diversion serves no purpose at this stage. Hauff cuts into scenes much as a modern film director paces the viewer’s entrance into the narrative. Contrary to Said’s assertions, Islam is afforded pride of place in the construction of an ambience that pivots the plot (76, 88), the former seminarian seizing the opportunity to honour Ramadan while continually praising the Prophet (78, 79, 80, 82). Ali Sizah’s tale tackles the subject of unchecked pride in Labakan, a journeyman-tailor who believes he ought to be a prince and so repudiates “an obscure birth and a common calling” (78). Here the proletarian seed germinates. By degree the young aspirant convinces himself “that a Labakan would be much more welcome to the royal father than the real Prince” (78) and devises a plot to supplant the rightful heir by intrigue and identity reversal. It is important to note the author’s stated disdain for any advantage gained by duplicitous means and his refusal to countenance any who would seek to increase their position in an hereditary society he sought to challenge. Hauff strove to earn a good living and prosper, but he had no wish to retrace and repossess his aristocratic ancestry. A damning critique against capitalist enterprise and the moral decay it fostered, the narrator’s omniscient “then the idea occurred to him of procuring for himself, either by cunning or by violence, that which his unlucky fate had refused him” (79) is also a refutation of imperialist motive and method. But in this real world of the fairytale, the scheme initially proves successful. Townspeople hail the false prince amidst “universal joy” (82), partly on account of the blindness of a ruler “accustomed obstinately to follow his own judgement in all things” (84). Although a “guilty conscience intimidated him a little” (79), Labakan’s “self-love whispered to him” (80) and he moves to within an inch of the crown. That the ruler is a devout Moslem Sultan affects the subversion insofar as it enables the author to lambaste the arbitrariness of patriarchal rule in Christian Swabia. It is not an arraignment of Islam. In the Hauffian æsthetic reason prevails over religion: this was as far as he could push any paradisaical vision of a ‘new world’ on the censor. The poet was a realist and surmised egalitarianism was a century and more from his grasp.

Resolution of the conundrum is left to those able to read life objectively and equitably. Accordingly, “the men who had accompanied” (84) the father to his ‘son’ are summoned for information and dismissed. As with the opening tale, “the shrewd woman”

(85) of the court is the voice of intelligence and reason. The Sultana, who “was well aware of the weak points of the Sultan” (85), “held counsel with her most intimate female slaves” (84), one of which poses an ingenious idea to “entrap the imposter” (84). Few critics catch the seminal moment. Wit in part mitigates the statement that ‘divine rulers’ are imperfect, a bold challenge to the Württemberg ‘king’ of 1825, but the manner in which the author shifts narrative direction to the women of the court at the moment logic has deserted the plot and momentum has ground to a halt is innovative in both import and design. That rectification begins with “an old and prudent Circassian” (84) should not be interpreted as an Egyptian queen deferring to a white woman out of weakness, thus propagating the postcolonialist notion of cultural primacy, but rather as a mutually beneficial cross-cultural exchange that seeks to collapse preconceived boundaries of class and gender. This explicit statement is of profound significance as it posits women from the lowest to the highest rank in society as an unused intellectual resource in the struggle against autocracy and tyranny of all forms. In addition, by drawing attention to Melechsalach’s Circassian origin⁹⁹, Hauff has also sewn a clue to Orbasan’s identity reversal. The thread by which Labakan “stupidly betrayed himself” (86) as a tailor thereby attaches to the compositional frame of *The Caravan*. The two allusions close circle on the “Fairytale as Almanac” as this emphatic betrayal of self and station is still not enough to convince the Sultan of his error in judgement. Here the author’s mastery of pictorial phrasing gains prominence through its latent structural design. In the boldest of narrative departures, the hapless ruler “ordered his swiftest horse to be brought, jumped into the saddle, and rode into a forest which almost skirted the town” (86) to engage once more with “old tradition” (86) and “a good fairy named Adolzaide” (86). An allusion to Petrus Alfonsi and the axiomatic ‘experience is of greater value than the authority by which it is restricted’, the autocrat seeks “her counsel in the hour of need” (86). On composition, this outwardly contrasting imagery of regeneration and progress was unsurpassed in the annals of the European fairytale. The key to the riddle resides in the framing of the broader canvas. In the Hauffian æsthetic, *faërie* almost encapsulates, but for those who lack faith in that which cannot be compassed by reason or logic alone, there will always be a cleft in the circle.

⁹⁹ A vast number of Circassians converted from Christianity to Islam in the seventeenth century.

Return to the faërie realm is cognate with Märchen's approach to the guarded gates in "Fairytale as Almanac." Here inside "an open tract surrounded by lofty cedars" (86), the good fairy awaits those whose dread of the unknown is less prominent than their aversion to injustice, with the inevitable result that "mortal man seldom ventured to approach the place, for a certain fear of it had descended from times immemorial" (86). All too often the humour passes unnoticed. Significantly, the Sultan proves bold enough to approach, the plea "counsel me where human wisdom is too short-sighted" (87) ceding mastery to the fairy in a matter of governance. While the limitations of an autocracy are thereby exposed, Hauff also implies that a temperate ruler would do well to defer to a greater knowledge than his own. For the fairyteller, learning cannot be compassed by science alone. The two caskets presented as a means of solving the conundrum represent the two different paths open to prince and tailor alike. Subversion is an art open to debate, but rather than attribute the crown inside the box selected by the prince as tacit furtherance of hereditary merit, the focus ought to fall on the tailor's choice and the proverb "The shoemaker must not go beyond his last!" (89). Grounded by exclamation, it is a structured warning to those who expect honour, fame, happiness and wealth to accompany a 'happily ever after' marriage either at the close of a fairytale or on their own entrance into adult life. Fate seldom decrees that one person will have everything. The passage closes with an act of grace and benevolence from the true prince, who evokes the spirit of his ancestors and cites "Fidelity towards a friend, magnanimity towards an enemy, are the pride of the Abassides . . . Go in peace" (89), a proof of authorial reverence for the 'good Haroun al-Rashid' and the Islamic 'golden age' of the *Arabian Nights*. There is no derivative 'Orientalist' undertone. As with other German fairytellers of the Romantic period, Hauff is not mentioned specifically in *Orientalism* for the simple reason that his literary footprint is testimony to the falsehood "every European, in what he could say about the Orient, was consequently a racist, an imperialist, and almost totally ethnocentric" (204). But with the notable exception of the false prince, neither Hauff nor the characters he created bear the psychological burden of wearing a suit stitched together by the wrong thread.

Faërie circles the inward narrative while the epilogue revisits the reality of day-to-day life. Together with his "long needle and a little cotton" (89), Labakan heeds the "pursue your vocation as a tailor" (89) advice and returns to Alexandria. Here the betrayal of self is

neither forgotten nor forgiven, his former master gathering workmen and apprentices who “pushed and beat him with their smoothing irons and yard measures, pricked him with needles, and nipped him with sharp scissors” (90). These are the instruments of revolution and the sprouts of proletarian literature. Having had the pride beaten out of him a second time, just for good measure, a new-found sense of humility causes him “to reflect upon the sufferings on earth, about the so often abused merit, and the vanity and transitoriness of all earthly wealth” (90). *This* is the other reality Hauff had attempted to compass and cultivate in his journey through ‘an imaginary Orient’. Not a trace of exploitation or negative connotation attaches to those the author and his characters meet along the way. The lesson having been learned, the young man vows to become “an honest citizen” (90), makes good on his intent of “renouncing all grandeur” (90), promptly sells “his casket for an enormous price” (90), and with the proceeds opens a shop adorned with the sign ‘Labakan, Tailor’. The true self has been accepted and acknowledged. A just reward from the Hauffian complement of reality and faërie, the needle of its own volition sews a thread that neither cleaves nor gives out, the metaphor holding to the conclusive “Happiness and riches attended the steps of the good tailor in a moderate measure” (91) for the remainder of his days. This is as far as reality can take him. On a note of ‘moderate’ recompense, the fairytale sequence thus completes its circle while the reader is left with a reminder that “the smallest present of a fairy is useful and of great value” (91).

As *The Caravan* draws within sight of its destination, the composite stranger makes a final entrance. Unobserved in English translation for the better part of a century¹⁰⁰, ‘Selim’ reappears in the crimson cloak before a ‘terror-struck’ Zaleukos and narrates a tale Donald Law de Lauriston extracts from the surround as “The True History of Orbasan.” With the unfolding of the frame, a covering layer is added to the doubled consciousness, the stranger having been “born in Alexandria, of Christian parents” (125), “the younger son of an old and well-known French family” (125). Pictorial adumbration of the cloak juxtaposes the desert monochrome, the harmonious clash of æsthetics serving to establish a unique, parallel

¹⁰⁰ Writing in 1997, more than twenty-five years after the presumed publication of the de Lauriston translation, which does not include the complete frame sequence, Thum notes “Hauff’s fairytale cycles have yet to be fully recognized by an academic and critical audience, and they have yet to be translated adequately into an English version that would include not only the tales themselves, but also the stories in which they are framed” (19).

setting that orients the ‘other’ “to relate why I accompanied you on this journey” (Mendel 96) from within a dreamlike construct of reality. The story he narrates brings East and West together, albeit in a shattering of sword and scimitar. As with the inversion of identity in the previous tale, a discordance between the two realities proves impossible either to define or to reconcile by outward truth alone. Conflict of conscience and the cultural displacement effected by “the insurgent people, the French” (93) tautens the canvas to the frame and the threefold stranger is compelled to make a purposive choice between Orient and Occident:

Hatred towards all my fellow-creatures was raging within me; more particularly a burning hatred against those nations which are looked upon as the most cultured. Believe me, I was happier among Mussulmans. I had been but a few months in Alexandria when my countrymen made their well-known descent upon the land. I only saw in them the executioners of my father and brother, and so with a few like-minded young friends I joined myself to those brave Mamelukes, who were the constant terror of the French army. When the campaign came to an end I could not bring myself to return to the quiet arts of peace. (de Lauriston 129)

It is the end of the journey for character and caravan alike. Not only does the stress on Napoleon Bonaparte’s invasion anticipate Said’s own venomous attack (82, 94), together with the harangue on negative French influence in the Orient (43-50), but the inversion collapses the ‘mission statement’ – “Orientalism carries within the stamp of a problematic European attitude towards Islam, and it is this acutely sensitive aspect of Orientalism around which my interest in this study turns” (74). Orbanan presubverts the ‘knowledge and power’ binary upon which postcolonial argument is structured¹⁰¹ (39). There is no

¹⁰¹ The method of composition consciously manipulates the reader through imagery and word association. It would become the standard template of academic writing of political intent. Having established the dialectic through accretive foregrounding, Said employs the word ‘knowledge’ nine times on page 32; in furtherance of the thesis, he then introduces the word ‘power’ via ‘government’ and in moral connection with ‘knowledge’. ‘Government’ appears six times on page 33 and once under ‘govern’, which leads to ‘power’. This ‘power’ construct is afforded particular emphasis on pages 35, 86, 87, 100, 104, 115 and recurs throughout Part II, with stress on pages 132, 145 and 148. Strategically, the author incorporates a telling political manœuvre through the disingenuous “Whether this comparative attitude is principally a scholarly necessity or whether it is disguised ethnocentric race prejudice, we cannot say without absolute certainty” (149). ‘Power’ pivots Part III (152) and then shifts into and through Marxist discourse from pages 153 to 157, the overt contrast to other ‘European’ authors articulated by “Marx’s humanity, his sympathy for the misery of people, are clearly engaged” (154). ‘Power’ bulwarks passages on 154 and 173. Through continued usage of the ‘power’ and ‘knowledge’ binary, both the author’s patent disdain for Romanticism—marked by ‘ego’—and his absence of

attempt to “formulate the Orient” (86), and no presumption to dishonour Islam. Orbasan is not and would not aspire to be “a Mahomet of the Occident” (83). Comprehension of the self is without dubiety. Having been forgiven by Zaleukos for crimes that “had poisoned the bloom of his life” (Mendel 92), it only remains for the last of the masks to fall and the man who remains “quite alone in the world” (94) to reveal his ultimate identity. In answer to the omnipresent “And what am I to call you?” the stranger pauses, and then replies, “I am known as the Lord of the Desert – I am the robber Orbasan” (de Lauriston 130).

The transposition from Occident to Orient is complete. In order to free his thoughts from “the absurdity of a political structure in which human life is worth nothing in the face of a princeling’s most trivial and capricious whims” (Thum 18), Orbasan has effectively removed himself from the dialectic, and the author has thereby “achieved his purpose: to provide an alternative view of reality” (13). From an Occidental source, Hauff has attained a faithful vision of the Orient from within. By not having sought a bridge between the two the cultural identity of each is preserved. The final mask that falls is that of the subversive author, for the self has exchanged places with the ‘other’. Unlike Beckford and Byron, Hauff—perhaps the last of the Romantics but certainly the first of the fairytelling Realists—believed that positive negation—the art of keeping to the surface while presiding over meaning from within—was the *only* means by which the structures that circumscribe society could be transcended. The perspective attained by the Swabian poet subverts any theory that presupposes no Western author has ever managed to discover a voice that at once honours and is faithful to the positive spirit of Said’s “official Orientalism” (181).

understanding as to the true essence of the movement is made manifest (173). Aversively, this ‘ego’ reading is then directly applied to the tenets of Christianity, which is the third component of the author’s trinary attack. On page 191 the abrupt capitalisation of ‘Power’ occurs thrice in subtle preparation for Christianity’s implicit link to the ‘power’ and ‘ego’ binary. ‘Power’ is then paired with ‘individualism’ and ‘individualistic’ on page 195 and then twice appended to ‘Europe’ and its cognate ‘authority’, with variations of ‘knowledge’ employed four times on this page and four times on the next. The point of the critique against Christianity having been sounded, ‘power’ is thereafter employed sparingly, notably on pages 205, on 227 together with ‘color of their skins’ (226) as part of the recurring ‘knowledge and power’ binary, and on page 256 in its conclusive ‘power and suzerainty’ upgrade.

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Chapter Four

The Transposition of Hauffian Satire from Philosemitism to Anti-Semitism through Historical and Contemporary Identity Discourse



An overdue chapter in which the author repositions Hauff as a philosemitic, social revolutionary who attempted to shatter ‘the mechanisms of stereotyping and prejudice’ through subversive satire structured to elude the Württemberg censor, provides a detailed analysis of the textual means by which thoughts and ideas commonly attributed to Hauff are in fact translational insertions and ‘corrections’ that serve to invert the inversive thread of Hauffian satire, continues the analysis in illustration of the manner in which public perception of Hauff has been altered by perpetuation of this misreading and its attendant reversal of the very prejudice he sought to collapse, presents an alternate reading of “Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing” to ground the dialectic on the obvious fact that Abner is the only character in the tale who sees everything, extends the subversion present in both titles to facilitate a contextualised view of the satirical novella Jud Süß in as thorough a manner as any contemporary critique of a prejudicial academia will permit, addresses the anomalies inherent to an uninformed reading of Hauff’s Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan—with emphasis on its infamous ‘Frankfurt Chapter’—and concludes with a contextual approach to twentieth-century propoganda through Veit Harlan’s Jud Süß, a cinematic interpretation tailored to a specific moment in European history that bears no thematic resemblance to Hauff’s ‘source’ novella.

The Burden of Perception and Context in Wilhelm Hauff’s

“Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing”

In 1862 the English publishers Ward, Lock & Co. released a new translation entitled *Grimm’s [sic] Fairy Tales and Other Popular Stories*. Presented in a scarlet jacket embossed with gold and patterned florally in black relief, this edition—in both its licensed and pirated version—went through numerous printings over the decades that followed and would become one of the most profitable fairy books of the late nineteenth century. In an undated copy ‘Awarded

for Punctual and Regular Attendance' to master 'Fred Banks' in 1899 by the School Board of London there is a neat handwritten inscription in the same hand bearing the admonishment 'Beware the pedlars of ignorance and vice', the irony of which was quite possibly lost on the headmaster himself. The volume contains forty-six tales from the Brothers Grimm, among which "The Jew in the Thornbush" may be regarded as one of the more regrettable. But this was indeed a tale collected and transcribed by the Grimms: there can be no sense of grievance on its inclusion and the brothers must be held responsible for the phrasing. Sadly, the same cannot be said of the contributions from Wilhelm Hauff that comprise the second part of the publication, or the 'Other Popular Stories'. Profusely illustrated by the exceptional 'Parisian artist' Bertall, this is doubtless the most engaging and beautiful section of the book. In 'vouching' for the tales, the editor is mindful to note that "no single word, expression, or sentiment in any of them can call a blush to the cheek, or a remonstrance to the lips of the most rigid of moralists" (182). Doubtless Fred's headmaster was sufficiently mollified by the moral assurance. Afforded its own title page (twice) and set apart from the Grimms' tales by an eight-page illustrated prelude, the section is titled *The Caravan: A Series of Oriental Tales. Translated from the German of W. Hauff* and bears a full illustrated plate. It is in every sense separate from the previous section and pictured rather more accurately than Hauff's tales had ever been presented to the anglophone world. The illustrations enhance the line of Hauff's narrative in finely etched strokes of Romantic realism. And yet in the translation itself anti-Semitism is afforded a decidedly more malicious turn of artistic license, one that has been erroneously attributed to the author's own moral and æsthetic intentions ever since. The ascription is one of the cruelest ironies in literary history.

A mistranslated phrase is enough to adjust the connotation and even the meaning of an entire literary work. In the case of Wilhelm Hauff, these few words altered the manner in which he was perceived as an author and, more important, as a person for generations of non-German readers. Subsequently, the inversion and the rumour it sustained served as sufficient pretext to re-evaluate and reinterpret his satirical response to prejudice of any kind for both English and German readers alike. The tale in question, „Die Geschichte von Kalif Storch,“ follows the frame-tale introduction to *The Caravan* and in English is commonly known as "The Caliph Stork." It was and remains one of Hauff's most enduring tales. Although the translator of the Ward, Lock edition is uncredited and therefore presumed to

be anonymous, an asterisk explanation appended to the ‘Advertisement’ together with a cursory reading of the work to which it pertains would appear to provide sufficient context for discovery, a long quotation attributed to “*Sir Walter Scott, in a letter to Mr. Edgar Taylor, the ingenious translator of ‘Grammar Grethel’s Fairy Tales’” (*Grimm’s* [sic] vi). Taylor’s mistranslation and the ascription to the passage in question must be appreciated in its entirety:

“Sire,” replied the Vizier, with a bow, “I was ignorant that my face betrayed the secret thoughts of my soul; but as I was coming here, I met a Jew, who displayed such beautiful things, that I feel quite unhappy at having no more money to spend.”

The Caliph, who was much attached to his Grand Vizier, ordered one of his slaves to fetch the merchant. It was not long before he arrived; he was a little man, dark, and with a hooked nose, and a cunning mouth which displayed two hideous yellow teeth, the only two he had. As soon as he appeared before the Caliph, he bent his forehead to the ground, and in an attempt to smile contracted his face into the most frightful grimace that ever distorted a human visage. On his bent shoulders he bore a box of sandal wood, full of precious merchandise. There were pearls from Ophir, made into earrings, gold rings brilliant with diamonds, richly chased pistols, cups of Onyx, and a thousand articles of jewellery, not less rare and valuable. (190)

The pictorial impression is both immediate and acute. Although rendered in Hauff’s original phrasing as ‘Krämer’ or ‘pedlar’ without negative connotation of any kind, the ‘anonymous’ translator has not only rephrased the appellation as ‘Jew’—which then attaches itself to ‘the merchant’ adjectivally—but extends the epithet through conscious ascription of each of the physical characteristics prejudicially associative with Jewry. The ‘hooked nose’ and ‘cunning mouth’ would be more than enough to land the intended impression, but the obsequious bow which eventually contorts the face ‘into the most frightful grimace that ever distorted a human visage’ is more than enough to convey the *immediate* presence of unimaginable evil. No other interpretation is possible; for the uninitiate, young and old alike, the description of the Caliph as being “very ignorant” (190) adumbrates the headmaster’s caveat ‘Beware the pedlars of ignorance and vice’.

The ‘anonymous’ translator’s attempt at dissimulation is disingenous but effective. For those unfamiliar with Hauff’s original phrasing, the stain of character is established through the passage and attaches to the name on the title page rather than the true author of the malicious intent. Once the stain sets, the mind becomes assured of its ‘factual’ reasoning and the original author is summarily dismissed from consideration until he fades from the collective consciousness in mind and memory alike. But Hauff’s phrasing in the original German warrants closer analysis:

„Der Großwesir schlug seine Arme kreuzweis über die Brust, verneigte sich vor seinem Herrn und antwortete: ‚Herr! ob ich ein nachdenkliches Gesicht mache, weiß ich nicht, aber da drunten am Schloß steht ein Krämer, der hat so schöne Sachen, daß es mich ärgert, nicht viel überflüssiges Geld zu haben.‘

Der Kalif, der seinem Großwesir schon lange gern eine Freude gemacht hätte, schickte seinen schwarzen Sklaven hinunter, um den Krämer heraufzuholen. Bald kam der Sklave mit dem Krämer zurück. Dieser war ein kleiner, dicker Mann, schwarzbraun im Gesicht und in zerlumptem Anzug. Er trug einen Kasten, in welchem er allerhand Waren hatte. Perlen und Ringe, reichbeschlagene Pistolen, Becher und Käämme.“ (*Märchen* 21)

The word ‘Jew’ is never mentioned by Hauff, nor does the physical description extend beyond the simple ‘Dieser war ein kleiner, dicker Mann, schwarzbraun im Gesicht und in zerlumptem Anzug’, which S. Mendel translates “He was a little stout man, swarthy in the face, and dressed in rags” (4). The passage is entirely devoid of negative connotation and carries neither mention of nor allusion to Jewry; the whole should be translated as follows:

The grand vizier crossed his arms at his breast, bowed to his master and answered, ‘Master! whether my countenance bears some severity I cannot tell, but down at the palace a pedlar is standing with such beautiful goods that it bothers me not to have money to spare.’

The Caliph, who had long wished to make his grand vizier a gift worthy of his counsel, sent his black slave down to fetch the pedlar upstairs. In a short while the slave returned with him. He was a small, stout man, with a blackish-brown face and tattered clothing. He carried a chest in which he had numerous wares: pearls and rings, pistols with inlaid stocks, goblets and

combs.

Taylor's anti-Semitic 'translation' adheres to the now established pictorial imagery throughout the introductory tale and resurfaces at various stages of *The Caravan's* progress. The journey is not at all consonant with Hauff's own. The pivotal moment in "The Caliph Stork" revisits the duplicitous hand of "The Jew" (*Grimm's* [sic] 191) as he draws open the hidden snuff box and thus becomes the instrument of the Caliph's fate; the next sentence tautens the thread with the gratuitous "said the Jew" (191), at which point the unenlightened reader is left to marvel at whether Hauff—the misattributed 'author'—was not merely a brandishing bigot but an awful writer of incomprehensible incompetence.

The issue is further complicated by the satirical title and content of one of Hauff's strategically placed narratives from *The Sheik of Alexandria and His Slaves*, the second of the three fairytale almanacs. Extant letters that have enabled us to analyse Hauff as both an artist and a person betray his innermost opinions, doubts and desires. There is no anti-Semitism. To the contrary, in the response to Karl Herloßsohn— with whom Hauff had planned collaboration on a satire—dated December 26th, 1826 he writes "But, honoured sir, I'm not going to let go of your amicable hand so quickly. If I am not to do business with you, so you'll do it with me"¹⁰² (Hofmann 148) before concluding "Send me, please! –a novella or story and determine the price. The sooner the better"¹⁰³ (148). The young poet would take up the position as editor of the *Morgenblatt* six days later and was already extending a hand. Born Borromäus Herloß to Jewish parents, and given the political context of Württemberg, Herloßsohn would not have found so accommodating an acquaintance in a person who harboured anti-Semitic sentiments. Latent bigotry is implausible and antithetical to the forthright character of the man himself. As the discussion on *Jud Süß* illustrates, many of Hauff's foremost apologists either identified as Jewish or are of the matrilineal line. It is worth noting that among them are those who *knew* Hauff: are we to challenge *their* discernment? The suggestion that Hauff did not practice religious tolerance belies the thread of his most important works and runs contrary to his imprint on the age in which he lived. The context is important if we are to recover the content. It is difficult

¹⁰² „Aber verehrter Herr, so schnell lasse ich dennoch ihre [sic] freundschaftliche Hand nicht los. Kann ich mit Ihnen keine Geschäfte machen, so machen Sie solche mit mir.“

¹⁰³ „Schicken Sie mir, bitte! eine Novelle oder Erzählung und bestimmen Sie mir dazu den Preis. Je früher, desto besser.“

to imagine that Sherberg Shlomo, who passed away in 1945 after having done all a person could to protect the Jewish people from calumny, would have published *Hagamad Hotem*—a ‘free’ translation of *Dwarf Nose*—in 1923 had he believed for a moment that Hauff had been an anti-Semite. But this was before the Second World War and the crescendo of fascism in Germany: context is imperative to our understanding.

“Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing” is a clever inversion of its own precise phrasing. It is then ironic that to this day the only person to have captured the essence of the original expression is S. Mendel, a notable translator of Jewish heritage who in 1886 provided “the most accurate translation of Hauff not only verbally, but also in the presentation of the stories with the frameworks and in the sequence intended by the author” (*Telling* 199). This ‘sequence’ is crucial to our reading. Removed from the essential frame of the narrative, “Abner” is instantly separated from the carefully constructed ambience on which an interpretation depends. The frametale pivots on Sheik Ali Banu’s eagerness to hear the stories that comprise an annual ‘contest’ among his slaves; a young scribe imparts the general belief that “whoever relates the best story he sets at liberty” (Mendel 106). With respect to the assembled company and deference to his master and host, an old Frankish slave takes up the first narrative and provides the cautionary *Dwarf Nose*, the extended length of which breaks with the Grimms’ tradition of confining the folktale within the narrow parameters of its authentic oral telling. Hauff is at once drawing upon the oral tradition and expanding its compass through the narration of a true *Kunstmärchen*, albeit one that subverts Romanticism in clear anticipation of literary realism. The double paradox is acute: the subtle shift in Hauff’s design has both method and meaning. The *Rahmenerzählung* or frame narrative begins *Mährchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1827 für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände* and resumes at the close of the *Kunstmärchen*. It is in outward structure a Socratic tale of four deferential young men heeding the wisdom and temperance of a septuagenarian, in marked contrast to Jacob’s rude and dismissive behaviour towards the old woman herbalist in the tale by which the discussion is divided. This outer narrative—in which the first theoretical discussion on the merits of the fairytale has been taking place—is then interrupted by the inner narrative, whereupon “The young men did not know whether they should rejoice in being allowed to hear another story, or be displeased at their having been disturbed in their interesting conversation with the old man” (139-40). The quandary is

accented by the indelicate, peremptory manner of the intrusion, for the second slave “had already arisen and began: ‘Abner, the Jew who saw nothing’” (140). There is an aversive sense of misplaced urgency and eagerness coupled with a zealous need to be heard. The intonation of the slave’s address is intended to unsettle the reader from the first note. He pays homage to Ali Banu with the precipitate “Sir, I come from Mogador . . . and when his Imperial Highness the Emperor Muley Ismael ruled over Fez and Morocco, the following affair occurred, which I dare say you would like to hear” (140). The propriety of the moment is dethroned by the narrator, and yet modern readers may be unable to grasp the undertow.

As a student in the seminary Hauff had read of the Sharifian Emperor Moulay Ismael ‘the Bloodthirsty’ (1672-1727) and was familiar with his celebrated siring of eight hundred and eighty-eight children. Ali Banu has sired a single son, Kairam, who was taken as a hostage by the invading army of the Franks and has now been missing and presumed dead for fifteen years; the Sheik bestows gifts on strangers and frees slaves “for he thinks Allah will reward him and move the heart of the Frankish masters” (105), but resolve is lacking. An assumption of weakness is partitive to the slave’s opening address and perceived by all who are present. The ‘Bloodthirsty’ appellation is implicit and yet essential to the context the *frametales* provides. Through the unarticulated phrasing a contrast between ‘his imperial Highness the Emperor’ and the maudlin Ali Banu is made acute: the Sheik’s potency as a ruler has been directly challenged by the second slave. The corrosive split between the two branches of Islam is also made manifest through the comparison of the Shari [Shi’a] Emperor and the Sunni Sheik of Alexandria. At every point the second slave has sought to offend his host and the assembled gathering; to win the ‘contest’ and accept any freedom the Sheik has the power to vouchsafe is not part of his narrative.

The tale itself is immaterial. It serves to enhance the æsthetic and moral framework of the poet’s progressive views on what a fairytale is and should be. The frame functions as a five-tiered negation of the structural ‘norm’. Hauff’s unique theory on the fairytale—the first of its kind on the genre in literature—is rudely interrupted by the telling of a story in a *Märchen-Almanach* that “contains no fairytale or adventure elements” (*Telling* 195): it is out of true with authorial objective. As it pertains to the thematic construct of the almanac as a whole, “Abner” is little more than a discursive diversion: import and meaning have been negated before the first word is spoken. Taken in its proper context and read from within

the frame, the entire content of the slave's narrative must be regarded as equivocal. This juxtaposition of form ought to be viewed as a masterstroke of inversion and narrative possibility rather than compositional failure on the part of the author. Hauff is ostensibly anticipating Italo Calvino's "una macchina narrativa combinatoria" (*Il castello dei destini incrociati* 124), or 'a mechanism for narrative combinations'. It is evident the narrative is that of the African slave and *not* that of the author. Context determines the credibility of a churlish narrator whose voice has been compromised from the outset. The cue to the author's intentions has been firmly established and ought to prevail: the narrator's first word is the dissonant 'Jews', which speaks volumes without amplification. There is a distinct tonal *discomposition* to the scene. Hauff's mastery of narrative technique attunes the word with pictorial resonance: the reader ought to *feel* the sense of discomfort and embarrassment. At the close of the tale it is therefore appropriate that "silence prevailed" (Mendel 147). The frame is deprived of sound. In the haste to miswrite the author and attribute ill intention, this compositional finesse has been ignored by critics and literary historians alike. Although a masterful sketch of human nature and the prejudices by which it is all too often defined, the deftness of the satire is too subtle for a decontextualised reading to grasp. And yet the narrative combination is more familiar than might be supposed. In essence, it is the tonal equivalent of being forced to sit opposite a patriarchal demagogue at table and anticipating the partisan lean of the rhetoric about to spew forth; those who subjoin the anti-Semitism to Hauff for sitting next to him do the author a grave injustice.

To deconstruct „Abner, der Jude, der nichts gesehen hat“ without prejudice the reader must approach the text from within the objective realism of its composition. It bears repeating that the title itself is a masterstroke of inversion. An assumption the phrasing would have been regarded rather less offensive in 1826 is misguided. The negation of the articulated noun is intended to invoke perceptual disharmony, but Hauff was mindful in his structural composition and had never intended the tale to be separated from its contextual frame to the extent that the disharmony could remain on completion. The fault in the author was in his belief that artistic integrity would be respected and retained. Heedful inversion is thus heedlessly inverted. Removed from both structural and narrative context, the title and its perceived anti-Semitism displaces the irony that Abner is the only character in the almanac who observes *everything*.

Transposition of narrative perspective determines the latent content of the tale. The author recedes to the shadows of his own subversion. Abner is in truth a pitiable character who stands alongside Little Muck and Dwarf Nose as one of Hauff's 'unusual' yet forfeited heroes. The manner in which the 'Jew' perceives his primary environment and interprets the minutiae of day to day life invites the ire and distrust of the ruling class; his keen sense of perception and acute intelligence kindle not just indignation and envy but also fear among those who administer its laws and regulations. Although partially derived from Voltaire's *Zadig* (1748), the story is Hauffian in the sense that Abner is perpetually wrong-footed and at variance with his time. The author's subversion of the narrator begins with the extended prologue in which the slave attempts to justify society's inherent fear of the unusual through anti-Semitic vitriol:

Jews, as you are well aware, are everywhere, and they act as Jews too—cunning, with falcon eye and greedy for the smallest gain, shrewd; the shrewder, the more they are ill-treated; fully aware of their craftiness and somewhat proud of it. But that a Jew sometimes comes to grief through his cunning was proved by Abner, who was one evening taking a walk outside the gate of Morocco.¹⁰⁴ (140)

Read out of context and in translation the phrasing is without redemption, but the original German bears a deeper nuance. While the passage reproduces some of the most widespread anti-Semitic clichés, it also conveys sympathy for the plight of 'the Jews' as outsiders and scapegoats. The use of the verb 'misshandeln' suggests that Jews are often unjustly abused, whereas a deserved punishment could have been implied through the use of 'bestrafen'. The adjective 'verschlagen' tautens the undertowing thread as the original meaning—that with which Hauff and his readers would have been familiar—of this past participle of the verb 'verschlagen' is 'durch Prügel kluggeworden', or 'made wise by beatings'.¹⁰⁵ It is not merely a subtle play on phrasing but a mindful subversion of the narrator's intended content. The frame of reference for the broader almanac is edged into the pictorial foreground at a single

¹⁰⁴ „Juden, wie du weißt, gibt es überall, und sie sind überall Juden: pfiffig, mit Falkenaugen für den kleinsten Vorteil begabt, verschlagen, desto verschlagener, je mehr sie mißhandelt werden . . .“ (238)

¹⁰⁵ Illustration of this plight is derived from classroom discussion during my "The Romantic Fairytale" course. With regard to the specific usage of vocabulary, a debt of acknowledgement is owed to Patricia Mussi, whose masterful reading of Hauffian finesse ought to be regarded as the source material for this particular passage.

stroke. It is significant that the word also evokes the sense of a person who is inwardly withdrawn, rather than extroverted and open to society.

There is little doubt that in his translation of “Abner” Mendel was mindful of the subtlety of the original expression and chose to distinguish the author from the narrator of the tale itself. He was perhaps aware that a misreading of Hauff’s intent was inevitable. In order to indemnify the harangue at least partially, Mendel handles the slave’s introduction of the antagonist with muted artistry. In Hauff’s original rendering, the interruptive personal history of the narrator and its situational context comprises the first paragraph; the second begins with the recitation of the tale with the preludial ‘Juden’ and closes with ‘hinaus spaziereng’, or the evening walk cited above; the third paragraph continues the thwacking of the Jews, by the end of which the salient reader ought to recognise both the caricature and the hyperbole by which it is undermined. But as this salience would by no means have been assured, Mendel collapses the two paragraphs into one long ramble of bigotry and hate in an attempt to convey the tenor and import of a structural satire that is otherwise impossible to translate. The protraction of the paragraph discredits the narrative from within and renders the content insufferable.

Abner is depicted as the epitome of the fraudulent, avaricious, seedy, perhaps even murderous Jew that is and remains central to the anti-Semitic stereotype. The stained coat carries the connotation of exterior filth. He is vigilant over his own possessions and always on the lookout for means—fair or preferably foul—of acquiring those of others; he rolls his eyes grotesquely in avarice and restlessness, and looks back on a successful business day in which he sold a secretly flawed slave, bargained on and profited from a batch of rubber, and “dispensed to a rich but sickly man his last medicine, not to effect his recovery, but prior to his death” (140), the unwritten sequence of in-between events burdening the motive through insinuation. “He is physician, merchant, in fact everything by which money can be made” (140). Abner—denigrated by the slave to the collective status of ‘Jews everywhere’—is pressed pictorially on the reader as an insidious character, but through force and puffery: his ‘umherrollende[n] Augen’ turn him into a caricature of a cliché, attenuating the agency as well as the integrity of the portrayal.

The satirical subversion betrays the author’s aesthetic. Abner’s ability not just to perceive but faithfully interpret the world in its passing lifts the character from the slave’s

recitation while entrusting the eye of the poet to the latent inner narrative. Like Wilhelm Wackenroder's *Naked Saint*, Abner appears to have been blessed with mystical powers of observation and intellect but obstinately refuses either to countenance or compass his mind towards societal expectation. His answer to the derisive "Philistine . . . did you not see an imperial horse running past with saddle and trappings?" (140) fails to address the question and is structured on cognition rather than fact; the omission and the unspoken words are those of poetic defiance:

The best runner there has a pretty little hoof, its shoes are made of fourteen carat silver, its mane shines like gold, like the great Sabbath candlestick in the synagogue, he is fifteen hands high, his tail is three and a half-feet long, and the bridle bit is of twenty-three carat gold. (141)

The author's narrative intrusion is implicit: the introductory address of 'Philistine' is vitiated by Abner's cultured response; the reference to the 'Sabbath' invalidates the derision. Just as S. Mendel responds to the opening of the slave's recitation with 'Jews' in a manner that countermands its import, by proclaiming his ethnic and cultural heritage so Abner sets himself above the slur. The 'Jew' is the better man from the outset.

The narrative is controlled from within, the slave's recitation merely providing the vehicle for the author's subversion of outward bigotry. Abner's reply brings upon a general exclamation of gratitude and relief from "the gang of grooms" (141) and the phrasing is at once tempered to the assistance they—as a collective—expect to be forthcoming – "do tell me quickly, where has he run?" (141). But the shift in tone is one of calculated convenience and does not affect the quiet defiance of the conclusive "'I have seen no horse at all,' replied Abner smiling, 'how can I tell where the Emperor's horse has run?'" The smile is that of the disaffected individual responding to an externally constructed system of societal governance and control. Response to "this contradiction" (141) is forestalled by yet another intrusion of imperial origin, "the Empress's lap-dog" (141) having joined the prince's horse in bolting. The collective commotion pictorially accents the brutal incompetence of the ruling class: even the pampered animals are attempting to break free from those who hold the reins to their very existence, the latent metaphor conveying its unarticulated disquiet and dissent. It should not be surprising then that the voice of the individual is compassed through Abner's unimpeded sense of observation, the corrective "It is not a dog you seek gentleman

. . . it is a bitch” (141) comprising a paired referent. In answer to the inevitable question, the minute description of the ‘bitch’ brings about the same tone of elation and acceptance from the internally manacled “crowd of black slaves” (141), but once again the outsider of the tale refuses to entertain the falsehood of the master and servant binary and even dismantles his own emphasis on correct terminology: “I have not seen a dog at all, and I do not even know that the Empress, whom may God preserve! possesses a spaniel” (141). At every turn of phrasing the poet holds sway over that which is revealed to the masses and that which they have eyes to *see*. Abner is beyond the sway of the collective. The Jew who sees nothing has little need to behold outwardly that which he inwardly knows to be true based on acumen and observation. The masterful play on language and its effect on others is the poet’s triumph over the mediocrity inherent to any society that practices subjugation over freedom and tolerance. The thread of subversion has displaced the narrative.

But regardless of whether they belong to *faërie* and its tales, nascent realism is present in all of Hauff’s characterisations, and his ‘unusual’ protagonist inevitably falters along the path to freedom and ‘home’. The ‘Jew’ appellation does not alter the *æsthetic* one way or the other. “Abner’s impudence” (141) elicits the only predictable response. Although accepted as ‘improbable’, the conclusion nonetheless remains “that he had stolen both dog and horse” (142), and “the cunning one” (142) is accordingly brought before the Emperor and the council for “commencement of the proceedings” (142) against him.

There is no mitigation. The trial is a mockery of administrative justice with Muley Ismael himself acting as judge and jury. Despite Abner’s protestations of innocence, sentence is passed and punishment is swift and severe, the “cries of anguish” (142) interrupted only by the return of the ‘dog’ and the horse, the former having been surprised by some mastiffs who though “very respectable people” (142) were “not quite suitable for her, as a lady of the court” (142), the latter having found some “sweet grass upon the meadows by the brook Tara more to his taste than the Imperial oats” (142). The allusion to the fatigued hunter “eating black bread and butter in the peasant’s cottage” (142) renders the social critique rather more potent than the misdirection of the title. These are among the first rumblings of what would later become proletarian literature. The lesser note reverberates: the author’s voice riddles that of the narrator; in the Hauffian *æsthetic*, the only plausible answer is “an alternative view of reality informed by greater tolerance,

enlightenment and understanding” (Thum, “Misreading” 13). “Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing” is not merely a tale that explores social realism through the discerning eye of its displaced protagonist, a person whose mere presence runs contrary to the limited perception of the ruling society, an ‘unusual’ person whose thoughts and feelings negate the exploitative structure on which it is predicated, but an introduction to the beliefs and tenets that would eventually give rise to that ‘alternative view’.

Under the Nose of the Prejudicial Censor

The Subversion of Stereotype in Wilhelm Hauff’s *Jud Süß*

In a recent, longstanding notice for *Hauff’s Tales*, the bookseller concludes the listing with a proviso: “The stories include an anti-semitic one: “Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing” (Abe Books). The Hebraic ‘Meir’, or ‘one who shines’, is the given name of the seller, there being no doubt in his mind that the appendage is appropriate to the reading. No attempt is made to mitigate the audible epithet: Wilhelm Hauff is an anti-Semite. Personal experience informs context. Purchase of Sherberg Shlomo’s *Hagamad Hotem*, a Hebrew translation of *Dwarf Nose* from 1923, was accompanied by a similar disclaimer from the owner of a Jewish bookshop in Brooklyn. In such cases, outward aspect alters markedly at the mere mention of ‘Hauff’; tone stiffens at the sound, and any attempt at elucidation proves as fruitless as it appears presumptive. By no means are these occurrences isolated by time or place; rather, they reflect the consensus of critical appraisal on Hauff’s compositional aesthetic in the wake of the Second World War.

The author’s 1827 novella *Jud Süß* roots the anti-Semitic critique. A shared expression of history often casts a permanent dye on conspirator and complicitor alike, but as with the aftermath of the French Revolution, the lives of those unfortunate enough to have been in advance of the decapitation cry are often sacrificed to the subtlety of their satire. Invariably, it is this lack of discernment that affects our reading of ‘history’ as the unusual or atypical person is seldom afforded a place at the table of composition. And yet Hauff anticipates and subverts the prejudicial selection process by seating his own creation into a pre-determined historical setting. It is a masterstroke of narrative insertion: Lea Oppenheimer is a masked negation of stereotype. Failure to perceive the literary feint is a failure in basic contextual

comprehension.¹⁰⁶ Inarguably, “Hauff has endowed her with an eloquent voice and with a consciousness, intelligence, and depth of passion that allow her to cross the boundaries set by ethnocentric discourse” (Thum, “Re-Visioning” 28). Through Lea, a fictitious *female* protagonist, the quintessential outsider who refuses others the right to label or define her identity, Hauff circumvents the censor and “provides an alternative perspective” (29) as an implicit challenge to the educated reader of 1827. Historically, the novella is a censure of the communal need to press the individual into oblivion and yet suffers the irony of anachronistic appropriation by the mob. Nonetheless, the narrative core is an unequivocal negation of ‘groupthink’. Arbiters who denounce *Jud Süß* as anti-Semitic are unwitting adherents to the herd mentality its satirical thread seeks to unmask, their misdirected animus ultimately responsible for the indiscriminate splash of dye that soils the reputation of an author who merely sought to articulate that which his contemporaries could scarcely perceive.¹⁰⁷ The satire is a century in advance of its age. A mediæval scholar schooled in the

¹⁰⁶ Rolf Düsterberg’s „Wilhelm Hauffs ‚opportunistische‘ Judenfeindschaft“ is predicated on this failure.

¹⁰⁷ Engagement with commentators who accuse Hauff of anti-Semitism is the province of the footnote. As stated, an absence of historical context underpins modern misreadings of *Jud Süß*, thus imputing the stain of anti-Semitism on author and novella alike. There is no material ‘proof’ against Hauff, nor are the charges justified. Even Düsterberg, who pillories the young poet for immoral opportunism (196), stops short of uttering the ‘anti-Semite’ epithet. Indeed, in 2014 Descourvières affirmed “no one accuses Hauff of direct anti-Semitic rancour” [„Unmittelbaren antisemitischen Hass wirft Hauff niemand vor“] (15), which is misleading. With specific reference to *Jud Süß*, Glasenapp grasps the paratext and observes that Süß is punished for crimes he did not commit (183), but she misinterprets the complex character portrayals of Lea, Old Lanbek and even Gustav, the latter reduced to a ‘wimp’ or ‘downright weakling’ [„ausgesprochener Schwächling“] (183). There is a failure to peer behind the mask. No attempt is made to unravel the satirical thread; rather, the critic is *certain* of her own reading notwithstanding a tacit admission of its limitations, proclaiming “Hauff’s consciously established ambivalence of character, however, cannot conceal the certain presence of an anti-Semitic disposition” [„Diese von Hauff bewußt gesetzte Ambivalenz der Charaktere kann jedoch seine durchaus vorhandene judenfeindliche Einstellung nicht verdecken“] (183). The critic then clutches at the historical fact that the narrator’s grandfather knew the elder Lanbek, arguing “[t]he author of a purportedly historical work has in truth provided a picture of his own presence and therewith a portrait of the hostility towards Jews at that time” [„Der Autor eines vorgeblich historischen Werkes hat in Wahrheit ein Bild der eigenen Gegenwart geliefert und damit auch ein Bild der damaligen Judenfeindschaft“] (185). Author and narrator are conflated. The conflation serves as an echo to Chase’s earlier condemnation of the novella as “a political allegory in which nineteenth-century reality is projected onto an eighteenth-century ‘screen’” (726). He views the novella’s essential ‘function’ with cinematic clarity, situating the viewer in the shadow of “Veit Harlan’s now notorious film of the same title” (724) while stressing that Hauff’s original “prefigures both the would-be philo-Semitic and anti-Semitic treatments of the Süß-Oppenheimer story and, as such, rehearses the entangled logic of emancipation and chauvinism so prominent in the German nineteenth century” (724). In labelling the poet an *ex post facto* ‘nationalist’, the justification of which he bases on the songs of the *Kriegs- und Volkslieder* together with Hauff’s university days as a *Burschenschafter* (738), Chase transposes the context of a nineteenth-century novella through Harlan’s NS-screen and into the late twentieth-century appraisal “*Jud Süß* challenges our criteria for politically acceptable literature” (740).

language of *gentillesse*, Hauff bears the ignominy of having been bold enough to draw back the first chair at a roundtable society had yet to affirm.

Critical reception of *Jud Süß* is pinioned by misreading of the author's satirical intent. The foregoing anecdotal 'evidence' of reception by bibliophiles is unscientific, and yet only through direct observance is it possible to *feel* the breadth and magnitude of antipathy that remains towards Hauff in the present day. In this case, communal impression has become as salient as textual truth. The possibility that an indigent author could have been well ahead of his time or superior in both industry and intellect to Johann Wolfgang von Goethe—the 'giant' of the age—is scarcely considered. In defence of the work as "a carnivalized or deconstructed historical romance" (25), Maureen Thum provides an extended introductory apologia for "the almost universally held critical view that Hauff's works are limited by the narrow, prejudicial perspective of the petty bourgeois" (25). It is a necessary prelude to a 're-visioning' of a novella commonly referenced as a "milestone of anti-Semitism"¹⁰⁸ (Oesterle 98). The connotational subtext is irrefutable. An exemplar *against* communal bigotry, *Jud Süß* is the first significant conversion of the trial held in Stuttgart from 1737 until 1738 that dealt with the crimes of Joseph Süß-Oppenheimer, the Jewish minister and financial manager of the Duke of Württemberg, Karl Alexander. Regrettably, subsequent events bestowed upon its author "the dubious honour of having discovered the material for literature"¹⁰⁹ (Neuhaus 63), for in 1940 Veit Harlan 'adapted' the novella and produced the infamous *Jud Süß*, one of the more illustrative Nazi-propaganda films to appear in public. Harlan's literal rendering traduced author and creation alike, the masks distorted, the satire lost to vituperative hate, the subtlety and discernment required of the individual reinterpreted by the most dangerous mob ever assembled. The irony has yet to register in the critical collective. Depth of association to the NS-adaptation had immediate and far-reaching effects for an author more than a century in the grave: the novella was taken out of the canon after 1945, and in future editions of Hauff's *Sämtliche Werke* it was only included when it could be hidden among other works¹¹⁰ (Oesterle 101); in some encyclopedias, the novella was not even mentioned as a Hauffian creation.

¹⁰⁸ „Meilenstein des Antisemitismus“

¹⁰⁹ „Hauff gebührt offenbar die zweifelhafte Ehre, den Stoff für die Literatur entdeckt zu haben.“

¹¹⁰ „ . . . wurde der Text nur noch in Hauffs Gesamt- und Werkausgaben aufgelegt, wo er in der Fülle anderer Texte quasi untertauchen konnte“

The compositional context of *Jud Süß* is imperative to an understanding of its content. Published serially in Cotta's *Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* in 1827, Hauff's novella was based on historical facts. To evaluate presumed discrepancies in the author's aesthetic construct, it must be remembered that Hauff prepared his material in a mindful and meticulous manner and that the Württemberg censor foregrounds every word that was written. Drawing upon "old pamphlets, street ballads, satirical poems, newspaper articles, chronicles, contemporary engravings and . . . case files"¹¹¹ (99), the author strove to attain the same degree of historical credibility as he had achieved in *Lichtenstein*. Each serves as a translation of time, 'accuracy' being a matter of singular perception. Hauff is an author in search of the ideal reader. It is for this reason that descriptive language is comparatively rare in his compositional aesthetic. As a parallel to the typical Hauffian 'error' encountered in *Jud Süß*, the feathers on the ducal hat in *Lichtenstein* are of "the red and yellow colour of the house of Württemberg"¹¹² (*Sämtliche Werke* I 273). Duke Ulerich of Württemberg's colours were red and black: Hauff was keenly aware of this fact; it is implausible to assume otherwise. Sibylle von Steinsdorff, the editor of the *Sämtliche Werke* of 1970, qualifies the sleight of phrase with the disingenuous "apparently a mistake"¹¹³ (836). But the ducal hat is richly symbolic, the feathers of which are held in place by an agraffe adorned with gold and precious jewels, "which was worth a shire"¹¹⁴ (273), the tableau punctuated by a pivot on 'Federn' as the "bright eye looked imperiously through the waving feathers"¹¹⁵ (274). The misdirection is as deft as it is acute, the censor pictorially hoodwinked by a feathered feint. A more intuitive sense of perception is required.

The plume is a subtle crescendo to an accretion of seemingly incidental character sketches that prefigure the fall of the hereditary ruler. The trinal structure of *Lichtenstein*—also published serially—functions as a concomitance of opening doors. Our initial impression of Ulerich is formed through opposing narration of associative characters. In the second part he appears as an anachronistic Romantic, if not Byronic hero, an "outlawed

¹¹¹ Taken directly from Oesterle's speech, the quote reads „aus alten Flugschriften, Moritaten, Spottgedichten, Zeitungsartikeln, Chroniken, zeitgenössischen Stichen und [...] Prozeßakten“; 'zeitgenössische[n] Stichen' was redacted from the published text.

¹¹² „die rot und gelbe Farbe des Hauses Württemberg“

¹¹³ „offenbar ein Irrtum H[auff]'s; die Farben des Hauses Württemberg waren Rot und Schwarz.“

¹¹⁴ „die eine Grafschaft wert war“

¹¹⁵ „das glänzende Auge sahe [*sic*] gebietend unter den wallenden Federn hervor“

knight”¹¹⁶ (162), the true and rightful sovereign of Württemberg. Hauff is playing on the censor’s literary expectation as a means of thickening the plot. Personal characterisation runs contrary to historical account. This subtle transposition of fact facilitates the satirical accent of the obversal third part, for having consolidated power, Ulerich reverts to governance as a ruthless autocrat. History has failed to learn its own lessons. He is neither a strong nor a wise leader, his mind being easily turned—like a feather on the breeze—by his deformed chancellor Ambrosius Volland. The astute reader will measure the ‘imperious’ look from beneath the misplaced plumage and impose an appropriate interpretation on the bejewelled head from which it waves.

‘History’ suggests the censor failed to parallel the reading. Such is the misinterpreted legacy of Wilhelm Hauff. His truths were of neither the censor nor his peers. In 1827, the source material gathered for *Jud Süß* already bore an anti-Semitic connotation. Hauff knew how to make good use of communal prejudice, but not for reasons commonly attributed to greed or exploitation (Kontje 138; Düsterberg 190-98).¹¹⁷ The culturally engrained, ninety-year-old image of Süß-Oppenheimer continued to evoke a decidedly hostile reaction among his contemporaries. Anti-Semitism is by no means unique to contemporary discourse:

First, I must make it plain that if we are looking for absolutely unqualified philo-Semitism we will find very little, if any. There is scarcely a German writer in the nineteenth century who did not, at one time or another, give voice to some anti-Semitic feelings. (The same may, in fact, be said of German Jewish writers.) The following discussions need to be read with an awareness of that context, the context of widespread literary anti-Semitism, not to mention the broader background of public anti-Semitism that lies behind it. The philo-Semitic works dealt with here are not, then, necessarily typical even of their own authors, much less of the culture in general. The most striking example of such an internal contradiction is Wilhelm Hauff, who, in the same year, produced *Jud Süß*, a quite searching study of the Jewish

¹¹⁶ „geächtete[r] Ritter“

¹¹⁷ Kontje levels the charge “Hauff always published with profit in mind” (138) in tandem with “an element of anti-semitism” (137), while Düsterberg makes the damning accusation that “in his literary depictions of Jews and Jewish culture” (190), Hauff, “for opportunistic reasons, made use of the anti-Semitic stereotypes which were virulent at the time and which were already showing signs of early anti-Semitic traits” (190).

condition, and the crudely anti-Semitic *Mitteilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan*. (Massey 11)

This passage would appear to suggest an understanding of the satire on which *Jud Süß* pivots, a view juxtaposed by an altogether different reading of the *Memoirs*. For readers of literary history, Hauff's intent remains an enigma.

And yet this was not the reason the novella was subjected to rigorous censorship before it could be published. Owing to his reproof of Duke Karl Alexander as a tangential ruler, the author was effectively questioning the hereditary legitimacy of the ruling dynasty of Württemberg, which followed the same lineage in Hauff's time as it had ninety years before; indeed, the bloodline traced back to Ulerich of *Lichtenstein*. The poet anticipated the obstacle: "I tried to portray as lively a picture as possible of those times, which were so fatal for our fatherland, without harming the interest of currently living, great or mean persons"¹¹⁸ (Hinz 62); nonetheless, several passages had to be excised from the manuscript, which affects interpretation of the satirical thread. As Hauffian subversion often hinges on a single word, attentive reading is required. Content is inseparable from context. The refutation tautens on the 1827 usage of 'niederer', a deferential and quaintly archaic term for 'low' in the sense of 'lowness of birth' that ostensibly raises the connotational bar to the contextual 'highness' of 'hoher'. Translation into modern English fails to convey the subtle import of the phrasing. Even when attempting to placate, the author is still toying with the censor. Single words matter. In seeking to absolve himself from the charge of defamation, Hauff shoulders the argument that, in writing about past transgressions, implicit criticism of contemporary rule ought not to be taken as a corollary, the operative word 'niederer' rising triumphantly yet silently from the text to take its place on a parallel to 'hoher'. There is poetry in Hauffian subversion. Critics who condescend to "admit that Wilhelm Hauff's writings are illuminated by the occasional flash of talent and perhaps even of genius" ("Re-Visioning" 25) and yet "have dismissed most of his works out of hand as the hackwork of a dilettante and philistine whose mental horizon is restricted by the normative attitudes and prejudices of the petty bourgeois" (25) have erred in their reading of succinctness. The

¹¹⁸ „Ich habe versucht ein möglichst lebendiges Bild jener für unser Vaterland so verhängnisvollen Zeit zu geben, ohne jedoch irgend ein Interesse gegenwärtig lebender, hoher oder niederer Personen zu verletzen.“ To preserve Hauffian connotation, 'niederer' has been translated as 'mean' rather than 'low', 'lesser' or 'of humble origin'.

argument failed to convince censor and publisher alike, but the word and its connotation remains. A poet's search for the ideal reader of the novella continues. *Jud Süß* is "not a failed—i.e. imperfectly crafted—historical romance . . . [n]or is it an anti-semitic work reaffirming the ethnocentric bias and racial hatred of Hauff's sources" (25) but a bold negation of derivative views and the hereditary system of governance that perpetuated them unchallenged from one generation to the next.

A contemporary reading of *Jud Süß* must occur from within the compositional context rather than through the refracted lens of present day society. Neither the author nor his novella should be associated with the NS-regime or the atrocities that inform post-war discourse.¹¹⁹ Narrative perspective must always be foremost in the mind of the reader. From this viewpoint, Ottmar Hinz contends that the Süß of Hauff's novella is by no means "the demonic spectre . . . depicted in the pamphlets published immediately after his execution"¹²⁰ (61). Indeed, there is a greater subtlety to the literary portrayal than either age permitted in public. It is important to contextualise the views of Hauff's senior contemporary, Georg Wilhelm Friedrich Hegel, who was also a son of Stuttgart in the Duchy of Württemberg and, like Hauff, attended the Tübinger Stift, or seminary. These anti-Semitic views were among the most prevalent of the age and, although partitive to the political leanings of the previous generation, remained by no means isolated or exceptional. Hegel openly disclaimed any feeling of sympathy towards a Jew, a sense he believed could only be applied towards 'a beautiful being'. Of note is the repeated reference to Jews as 'ugly and animalistic'. But the young liberals of Württemberg—at the forefront of which stood Wilhelm Hauff—and the

¹¹⁹ Hartwich provides context by example and caveat: "Thus we have knowledge of a range of private statements or poetic texts from Herder, Klopstock, Schleiermacher, Arnim, Brentano or Richard Wagner that paint Judaism in an exceedingly negative light. But then again, in contradiction to these utterances we also find positive depictions of certain aspects of Jewish religion and culture from these authors. Hauff's literary presentation shares this ambivalence and accentuates it in an original way. On principle . . . the methodical question we must ask is whether one can—in cases pertaining to Romanticism—even speak of anti-Semitism or whether this term has to be reserved for the biological-political doctrines of the late-nineteenth and twentieth century" [„So sind uns von Herder, Klopstock, Schleiermacher, Arnim, Brentano oder Richard Wagner zahlreiche private Äußerungen oder poetische Texte bekannt, die das Judentum überaus negativ zeichnen. Andererseits finden sich bei diesen Autoren auch positive Darstellungen bestimmter Aspekte der jüdischen Religion und Kultur. Auch Hauffs literarische Darstellungen teilen diese Ambivalenz und akzentuieren sie in origineller Weise. Grundsätzlich ist . . . die methodische Frage zu stellen, ob man im Falle der Romantik überhaupt von Antisemitismus sprechen sollte oder ob dieser Begriff für die biologisch-politischen Doktrinen des späten 19. und 20. Jahrhunderts reserviert werden müsste.“] (161).

¹²⁰ „dem dämonischen Popanz, als der Süß in den unmittelbar nach seiner Hinrichtung erschienenen Flugschriften dargestellt worden war.“

fraternal bodies that housed them sought for humane integration of the Jews, albeit under the ducal restriction that they adapt and convert to the Christian faith, as had been the case in the contemporaneous ‘assimilation’ of the Jewish poet Heinrich Heine, who was baptised in Düsseldorf as an adult. The eminent historian Edgar Feuchtwanger states unequivocally that Hauff “advocated the emancipation of the Jews”¹²¹ (68). This assessment from a staunch Jewish advocate who lived on the same street as Adolf Hitler in Munich prior to the night of November 9th, 1938 and lived through its aftermath ought to speak volumes. Historical context is imperative to our reading. It can be deduced with near certainty that the novella did not bear the infamy of anti-Semitism in the early nineteenth century.

Jud Süß was first published in book form in 1828, the year after Hauff’s death, in a collection of his novellas through Cotta’s publishing house. In the decades to follow it was widespread in various editions and even adapted for youth and the theatre in centres with a considerable Jewish presence. The goodwill endured well into the twentieth century without the author being labelled a bigot. Published in Warsaw in 1903, the Hebrew translation *Hajehudi Siss* bears testimony to Jewish acceptance of Hauff as an apologist for tolerance and integration rather than an incendiary who merely perpetuated the prevalent stereotype. In the afterword to his own *Jud Süß*, Lion Feuchtwanger—the son of a Jewish manufacturer and the uncle of the above cited historian—referred to Hauff’s work as “naively anti-Semitic” (Schönfeld 131). But it is again necessary to interpret this remark from within the context of the continued prejudice the novelist faced a century later, the depth of which was confirmed by “the cynicism and scorn that was heaped on the play by openly anti-Semitic critics both in Germany and Austria in 1919” (131). Implicit is the sense that the author of *Jud Süß* perhaps overestimated the ability of his reader to pick up on the satirical thread, but the critique is not directed at the integrity of the *person*. Sustained critical reception of the work belies its mid- to late-twentieth century connotation. According to Wolfgang Benz’s extensive study on anti-Semitism, the novella appeared in fifteen sequels in the *Stuttgarter Morgenblatt für gebildete Stände* (202) alone. Those who insist on appending a label to Hauff would do well to explain the philosemitic legacy of his writing in the Jewish community prior to the Second World War.

¹²¹ „befürwortete die Emanzipation der Juden.“

Jewish writers and historians have been drawing on the subversive thread of *Jud Süß* for almost two hundred years. Adaptations that wilfully invert Hauff's intention continue to inform the dialogue, Theodor Griesinger's 1860 anti-Semitic *Jud Süß oder Württemberg wie es war von 1734 bis 1737* an unfortunate case in continuance. And yet the original purpose to the tale has proven a sustainable source of inspiration for Jewish authors in search of positive identity portrayal. Marcus Lehmann, a rabbi from Mainz, penned *Aus der Vergangenheit und Gegenwart* in 1876, followed by Salomon Kohn's *Ein deutscher Minister* ten years later. As indicated above, Lion Feuchtwanger pays resistant homage to Hauff's work in the novel of the same name that appeared in 1925. It is a distinct yet associative means of addressing the historical connotation of Süß-Oppenheimer and the increasingly anti-Semitic rhetoric of an age in which Jews everywhere had become Hegelian scapegoats for Germany's failure to emerge victorious from the First World War. Hauff had sounded the alarm by employing "a strategy of carnivalesque reversals and unmaskings in order to expose the racial and religious prejudice of the bourgeois protagonists and to shed critical light on the vicious mechanisms of communal scapegoating" ("Re-Visioning" 26), and yet few possessed the requisite wit to interpret the call. The source material continued to be relevant because its fundamental flaw had yet to be confronted. Neither Süß nor Lea had been able to emerge from the pages and take their place in a society schooled in ethnic tolerance simply because it had yet to exist. Hauff's initial characterisation of Süß as a person who enters the masquerade with his mask bound to his hat establishes the paradox together with a foundation for its subsequent revisions:

Among the various literary adaptations of the historical text beginning with Wilhelm Hauff's 1827 novella, Lion Feuchtwanger's 1925 novel has surely been the most successful. The novel was preceded by the play *Jud Süß*, which Feuchtwanger wrote in 1916 and which premiered in Munich in 1917. He withdrew the play a couple of years later and began working on the novel, believing it to be a more suitable genre that would allow him more effectively to represent the journey of both the gifted entrepreneur and the human being Josef Süß Oppenheimer. . . . (Schönfeld 131)

The need to explore 'the human being' establishes the Hauffian conceit. Fritz Runge had preceded Feuchtwanger's play with *Jud Süß. Ein Schauerpiel* in 1912, while in 1930 the

Jewish dramatist Paul Kornfeld extended the original Hauffian portrait in the timely *Jud Süß. Tragödie in drei Akten und einem Epilog*, by which stage the impending tragedy was beginning to unfold across Germany. Post-war analyses have typically proven less scholarly in their unravelling of the paradox. It is sufficient to paraphrase their findings. As Thum admits, in a contemporary context the “assessment of Hauff’s novella as an antisemitic work has remained essentially unchallenged” (25), the author’s understandable ‘naïveté’ redacted to “a strong ethnocentric—if not anti-semitic—bias” (25). *Jud Süß* has been appropriated by pedagogic ‘groupthink’. The reader must return to the source.

At its core, Hauff’s novella is a subtle unmasking of the social, political and economic machinations by which an autocracy consolidates and perpetuates itself from within. Rigid censorship required a tacit approach to characterisation of “the ethnic outsider” (32). It could not be overt. Meaning could not be explicit. Difficulty in interpretation arises from the present need to have each letter spelled out, but there are words that cannot be articulated. Modern politics had no foothold in nineteenth-century Germany. Hauff had been raised from within the residue of censorship. *His* experience was real. The Duchy of Württemberg was notorious for its militant approach to enforcing the censor’s writ, with restrictions on publication and speech prevalent in every facet of everyday life; indeed, any citizen could be arrested at any time for promoting thoughts or ideas that challenged the existing political structure. It must also be recalled that prior to conclusion of the Vienna Congress in 1815 and the Karlsbad Decrees of 1819, which imposed still harsher restrictions, Hauff’s father had been imprisoned in 1804 for unsubstantiated republican allegiance and held in a confined cell open to the elements for nine months; on release, he was a shattered man whose mind and health failed to recover their former vigour. The boy Wilhelm was just seven when his father died. He was raised in relative poverty by his mother, a strong, intelligent woman who valued education beyond material consideration or putative position. As a young tutor, Hauff was an urbane, articulate outsider standing on the perimeter of society and yet wholly cognisant of the damning hypocrisy that comprised and sustained the circle within. But he was neither indiscreet nor a vocal agitator; unlike the aristocratic authors of his age, Hauff was compelled to write and publish quickly to earn a living, which gave rise to the lazy ‘hack’ critique that remains to this day (Hinz 60; Kontje 136-37). It is a flawed assessment of genuine talent. Hauff cultivated a rich subtlety of expression tailored rather more to the

traditional scholar than the search-engine academic from within an age that could not possibly have anticipated the latter. Provision cannot be made for a perversion that had yet to exist. A perspectival *tour de force*, *Jud Süß* is marginalised by the ironic failure to separate perspective in perception from perceptive reality.

Post-war attribution of ‘anti-Semitism’ to nineteenth-century discourse on Judaism is simultaneously marred by anachronism and fraught with the visible remainder of history. *Jud Süß* ought to be regarded as a prescient historical reminder of the struggle against latent bigotry. Stefan Neuhaus observes “the quality of the novella depends on its function not to draw a stereotypical picture of Jews”¹²² (63). Discernment is partitive to contextualisation of that quality and its function. Textual description of Süß reads contrary to that of Abner, the latter portraying all the clichéd, negative features and stereotypes of an established Hegelian characterisation, yet the most specific description of Süß thrusts upon the reader a visually-accented, moral conundrum:

The features of this strange man were, viewed closely, a bit too keenly cut to be called beautiful and graceful, but they were nobler than his trade and extraordinary; his dark brown eye, which gazed around freely and proudly, could even be called beautiful; the whole appearance impressed and would, perhaps, have borne something of the grand and sublime, had it not been for the derisive, hostile trait around his proudly pouting lips which destroyed this impression and filled some who met with him with an eerie terror.¹²³
(*Sämtliche Werke II* 493-49)

It must be stated that this description of ‘the Jew’ is contingent on narrative perspective. As with the description by the hostile slave in “Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing,” it is not Hauff’s impression that informs our own. The mindful reader must distinguish the author from the narrative subversion. Failure to observe the words as those of the most conflicted character in the work, Gustav Lanbek, is a failure to heed the subversive thread on which

¹²² „die Qualität der Novelle von ihrer Tätigkeit abhängt, kein stereotypes Judenbild zu zeichnen.“

¹²³ „Die Züge dieses merkwürdigen Mannes waren, in der Nähe betrachtet, zwar etwas zu kühn geschnitten, um schön und anmutig zu heißen, aber sie waren edler als sein Gewerbe und ungewöhnlich; sein dunkelbraunes Auge, das frei und stolz um sich blickte, konnte sogar für schön gelten; die ganze Erscheinung imponierte und sie hätte sogar etwas Würdiges und Erhabenes gehabt, wäre es nicht ein hämischer, feindlicher Zug um die stolz aufgeworfenen Lippen gewesen, was diesen Eindruck störte und manchen, der ihm begegnete, mit unheimlichem Grauen füllte.“

the import of the tale pivots. The authorial cue has already been established. Lanbek's account is preceded and thus intercepted by a narratorial description of Süß at the beginning of the novella: "a man forty or thereabouts with striking, marked lineaments and shining, coruscating eyes, which moved swiftly and searchingly through the rows"¹²⁴ (475). This formative, neutral description is Hauff's own and stands in marked contrast to the African slave's portrayal of Abner. Although there are those who would perhaps translate 'lauernd' with 'lurking', the negative connotation is out of true with the observational context. Tonally and pictorially, this representation of Süß could apply in parallel to any other man of any other religion or ethnicity in the same position.

Content is conditional to context. Other than an implicit reference to St Joseph's day on March 19th (509), Süß is not given a forename in the novella; it is also relevant that only his sister Lea takes the surname 'Oppenheimer': the historical Oppenheimer hyphenate is omitted. Identity is refracted by the position he has acquired in society. He is Duke Karl Alexander's 'Hofschutzjude', or 'court Jew', a person who answers only to the duke. *That* is his identity as perceived from without. Süß is at once financial manager and cabinet minister, the most famous and infamous man in the duchy. Its administrative offices are wholly in the hands of 'Jud Süß', which gives him the power to improve fortune or ensure ruination by signature and seal. Fear attends power. Narrative interplay is the shrewd means by which Hauff exposes the peril of communal adherence to a collective mindset. There is augury in the play. Although Süß's voice consistently "contradicts and casts doubt upon the validity of the prejudicial bourgeois perspective" (Thum, "Re-Visioning" 29), he serves as a foil for the depiction of others:

The term 'Jud Süß' with its intentional ethnic slur recurs with motif-like regularity throughout the novella – not as an unwitting revelation of Hauff's anti-semitism, but as the author's attempt to demonstrate the bigotry of the various characters who use the epithet. (29)

These characters articulate the enduring structure of the façade while betraying the thoughts and fears of eyes masked from within. Thum aside, few critics take the time to observe Old Lanbek's awakening or the reversal of his viciously sectarian 'Bauerngespräch', or farmers'

¹²⁴ „ein Mann von etwa vierzig Jahren, mit auffallenden, markierten Zügen, mit glänzenden, funkelnden Augen, die lebhaft und lauernd durch die Reihen liefen“

palaver, which compasses the plot and frames Süß as “an alien evil” (29), the stereotypical power-hungry, money-grubbing ‘Jew’ who has infected “their formerly harmonious realm” (29). Rather than dwelling on the ritual elimination of Joseph Oppenheimer, an historical fact that cannot be changed, at the close of the novella Hauff negates the very premise of narrative discord through its most vituperative anti-Semite. This is a seminal moment in the history of European literature. It is prophecy, albeit without the trailblazing sword of truth and justice that brings cognizance to the dim. The author is mindful of his audience and their limitations. To inattentive observer and expectant censor alike, the sentences flow with the mainstream rather than contrary to the current. It is for this reason that any quote *must* be interpreted within context. The reader is expected to raise an eye from the text.

Hauff’s method occasions narrative extraction at the expense of absolute clarity. The breadcrumbs to comprehension do not line a travelled path; reading is seldom linear. It is therefore imperative to recognise literary innovation in the positive portrayal of an ethnic group by a representative of another in an age that rendered such risks legally untenable. An inversion of the titular stereotype, the Abner of “Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing” is astute and meticulous in his appraisal of a context continually in motion and fraught with paradox. Attentive reading reveals more to admire in his character than in any other participant. The internal farce is handled by the communal outsider with the respect it deserves. He does not stand still in his observation and yet is proven badly at fault for not adjudging the weakness and brutality of his sanctioned oppressors as they hasten forward in advance of his own precarious position in society. In Abner’s poetic rounding of a truth a parallel should be drawn to Hauff’s own circuitous route around the censor. Having attained greater power in exercising the prudence his literary forbearer lacked, Süß is a bold extension of Abner, much as the young poet, having already serpented the censor with the fairytale, has grown in his own mastery as a subversive author through the novella. Development was swift but severed by fate. Hauff was twenty-four at the time of composition: the authorial mask is being withdrawn by degree; few men anticipate death before their twenty-fifth birthday. By corollary, Süß refuses to conceal his identity with a mask as an accent on Abner’s earlier demurral, and whereas encircling characters clearly fail to perceive either themselves or their surroundings, the paired Jewish foil gains prominence through an extraordinary astuteness. Süß in particular measures every step with conciseness

and lucidity; he is even prepared for the inevitable demise and does not impede his path with second thoughts. His arrest of the faltering Romantic hero Gustav under a false pretence is the means by which he accesses and acquires the greater truth on which the plot pivots, namely the fictional promotion that “plays a significant role throughout the narrative, as a touchstone for the probity of various characters” (31). Rather than serving as the presumed advocate of the bigotry that sustains these characters, Hauff incrementally strips away the structural mask by which European society had long attempted to conceal itself.

The author begins his unmasking with the novella’s first word. ‘Carnival’ sounds the same note as the ‘Jews’ of *Abner* as the immediate, unequivocal cue to the subversive thread. In its staging of the masquerade ball, *Jud Süß* anticipates and precedes Bakhtinian discourse by more than a century, the depiction of “a world turned upside down, a world in which traditional social structures, established orthodoxies, and cultural norms are questioned and subverted” (26) as blindingly real to the nascent proletarian author as it would become to the theorists who borrowed on his genius without crediting its compass. Karl Marx is the ‘father of socialism’ only to those who have failed to read Hauff correctly and contextually. In its introductory sentence, the publication of „Die Geistesgestörtheit des Königs von Preußen“ in October 1858 reveals that Marx clearly *had* read and understood the writings of Hauff. But whereas the former was afforded freedom of literary expression, the latter was dragooned by censorship. An ingenious satirical approach was required. As Thum accurately observes, “[o]ne of Hauff’s key narratorial strategies is the carnivalesque reversal” (26), the Carnival viewed “as the symbolic questioning of fixed social hierarchies and the hypothetical disruption of normative codes” (26). The mask is central to the conceit.

The contemporary reader is versed in mask analogy and its subtextual interpretation. Despite forming part of the shared urban experience from a twenty-first century context, an understanding that “[m]asquerade permits the individual to cross traditional barriers and to transgress inherited patterns of thought and language” (27) had yet to become part of Hauff’s cultural lexicon. Although masquerade balls can be dated to the Renaissance and the Carnival of Venice in particular, their pervasive influence on literary psychology did not take hold until the later nineteenth century. Giuseppe Verdi’s *Un ballo in maschera* was not performed until 1859, its libretto adapted from Eugene Scribe’s original for Daniel Auber’s *Gustave III, ou Le bal masqué* from 1833. In March of 1826, a year prior to composition

of *Jud Süß*, Hauff himself had utilised the masked ball for a mirroring effect in *Die Sängerin* or *The Singer*, the main character of which protects against a recurrence of physical violence by following the firm admonition “I would recommend that you do not wear a mask” (117). The dye had been cast, but in a broader sense the concept had yet to be worn by repetition. Context matters. It should come as no surprise then that Hauff’s compositional rendering of masquerade would be subject to subsequent misinterpretation and abuse. As the two masked figures in *Jud Süß* begin their anti-Semitic harangue in a manner and tone more in tune with contemporary conditioning *against* the rantings of racism, the modern reader might be forgiven for a literal interpretation of the scene. But those who set the book aside at this point merely augment history with the same grave injustice of having failed to interpret those lessons which ought to have prevented the atrocities of the twentieth century. The author cannot be held liable for the elucidative frailty of the reader.

The conversational attack bears the worst excesses of traditional anti-Semitism. Süß is positioned directly below the invective. Removed from contextual narrative, the phrasing is indeed a damning indictment against its author, and yet as the scene unfolds the main participants are rendered weak and ineffective through the extended cliché they seek to perpetuate. One of them—masked by the name ‘Hans’—has recently risen in position, the reason implicit and yet textually adumbrated by a pointed beard mocked by his companion for looking too ‘Jewish’. Identity is at issue. It is observed that the van Dyke is *en vogue* since the Jews ‘rule the country’. The cultural unrest is palpable. A masked man, hidden among a thick crowd of masks, cries out that Hans should wait a few weeks longer and he can then become Catholic (*Sämtliche Werke II* 483). Süß is both unnerved and enraged at the import of the remark as he is immediately aware of the personal nature of the attack, even though he cries out the arrest in the name of the Catholic duke as a means of protective assertion of the law. Authority has been comically subverted by anonymity, but there is a deeper hue to the Hauffian reversal. The play on the current ruler’s opposing religion in a duchy known for its fierce allegiance to the Protestant faith is an acute reversal of the communal suspicion that ‘Jud’ Süß is the man who rules. The scene is indeed a pre-Bakhtinian carnivalesque construct in which “[d]onning a mask signals the adoption of an alternative reality and thus the blurring of normative codes” (“Re-Visioning” 26). Ironically, the subversive, societal ‘normative’ is attacking the alien hegemony. The collective masking screens the speaker

from reprisal, yet the visual metaphor swiftly yields to the more disturbing notion that freedom of expression is in every sense constrained by authoritarian governance. Indeed, this is the only night on which the 'Bauerngespräch' of the home and tavern corner might safely escape its narrow confine of 'kith and kin' to reach a broader audience. The thread tautens dangerously close to authorial treason; its implications are equally perilous. To a modern composite schooled by media to associate its revolutionaries with the gun-toting, cigar-chewing, unwashed Che Guevaras of the twentieth century, the elusive dissidence of the intellectual scarcely registers. This pivotal scene in *Jud Süß* offers a pictorial prolepsis to a somnolent world. Not every revolutionary finds his way onto a t-shirt. Hauff scratches at the root of the murmurous uprisings against authority, religion and perceived encroachment that shattered Lion Feuchtwanger's Europe a century later. The Württemberg censor was not intellectually equipped to follow narrative inversion, but the scholar is compelled to unravel the thread.

Failure to discern the author's true intent in *Jud Süß* is due in part to its somewhat equivocal content. The force of the satire is subtly attenuated by dual displacement of both subject and object. By analogy, it is evident the author identifies with the yoke of repression under which the people suffer; after all, freedom to critique the ruling aristocracy was just as restricted almost a century later in Hauff's day as it had been in the year depicted in *Jud Süß*. But that does not mean to say the author in any way associates with the perceived focus of the rhetoric. The *implicit* focus was a future political liberation from present tyrannical rule, *not* personal freedom from a perceived tyrannical influence through scapegoating and bigotry. Wilhelm Hauff did not speak that particular language.

But something is indeed lost in the comedic inversion. Critics who read the 'Frankfurt Chapter' of the earlier *Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan* as 'proof' of the author's anti-Semitism would do well to recall the speaker is Satan and that the Wandering Jew has grown weary of life as a consequence. Implicit is the sense that goodness is wanting. Not a trace of negative description or connotation is applied to Ahasverus. There is method to the comedic thrust. The Hauffian stance is equivalent to that of an objective, outspoken commentator in modern media who champions libertarian values but who nonetheless vehemently disagrees with the prescribed 'groupthink' perspective. Those who consider issues separately do not always find it possible to occupy a given side to every political

divide; in other words, it is possible for an author to agree with the subject of freedom as expressed through a bigot and not with the object of the bigotry itself. In shifting the narrative to an age a century removed from context, Hauff triggers a politic debate of considerable resonance in his own. The deftness of the turn from critique to bitter satire is not to be underestimated. As the ruling house was the same, it is a mark of some genius that the author could have hoodwinked the censor into reading the ‘Bauerngespräch’ as an attack against Jews rather than the house of Württemberg itself. Regrettably, the contemporary reader drilled in identity politics and bereft of historical context is more than likely to don the same hood of ignorance.

Although the least compromised male participant in a novella bereft of a hero, Süß is by no means an endearing character. It is here that a necessary distinction between the man and his position needs to be drawn. Although Thum and others continually refer to Süß as ‘Joseph Oppenheimer’, Hauff does not bestow either name on his literary creation. There is meaning to the identity. The issue is with the position Süß embodies, and yet “the stereotype of the court Jew is subverted and questioned throughout the subsequent narrative” (“Re-Visioning” 29). The critique attends the ‘court’ rather than the ‘Jew’, the author compassing his own freedom of expression through the inherent need to explore ‘the human being’. Already an adept writer of mystery, the poet is ostensibly asking and indeed expecting the reader to reserve judgement until the final word. An anti-Semite would by definition support the demise of a Jewish minister whereas an anti-authoritarian would by definition support the demise of an autocratic minister. Although the subject of the death is one and the same, the object of interpretation is altogether different. As in *Die Sängerin*, the Hauffian last word is typically given to the resident artist. Hauff is the artist of *Jud Süß*. The single word on which the account closes is undoubtedly ‘scheint’, or ‘seems’. Synoptic elaboration is not required as Thum provides sufficient textual comment:

The ostensible justification that the narrator appears to offer—reported in the words of men who lived at this time—is actually a tacit admission of communal guilt. The author’s distance from this judgment, refracted through the voice of his fictive narrator, is revealed in the telling use of the verb ‘scheint’. The carefully placed ‘scheint’ puts into question the validity of an

argument the narrator purports to find adequate and neutralizes the initial subjunctive

Furthermore, since the ‘justification’ offered for the judicial murder is clearly insufficient, the accusation of barbarism, which appears to be cast in the subjunctive mode of doubt, remains essentially unchallenged. (38)

Narrative focus is on the repressive means by which an autocracy holds jurisdiction over the society it encloses. Foremost in visibility, Süß heads the wealthy aristocracy and is considered more representative of ducal power than its withdrawn ruler. The optical allusion is tailored to the duke’s ultimate design to use ‘Jud Süß’ as the eventual scapegoat for his plot to dismantle the Landstände¹²⁵. If there is an authorial critique against Süß or his character, it is limited to the typical Hauffian observation that he does little to protect himself from the inevitable scrutiny and resentment of the people he purportedly serves. It is devoid of racial connotation. Hauff dismantles rather than supports the psychology of stereotyping; rather than dwell on ethnicity, the author sounds a warning for subsequent displacement. Süß may head and walk among the aristocracy, but in both the historical and compositional century, he could never have become one of their number. His identity has already suffered internal hyphenation, which is doubtless why he is not outwardly referred to as ‘Süß-Oppenheimer’ in the novella. In accord with fashionable aristocratic usage, Süß colours his phrasing with French to separate himself from the common people while conversely donning the traditional Jewish hat of the Fourth Council of the Lateran from 1215, which alienates him socially and pictorially from those with whom he speaks. He situates himself in an in-between that does not exist. At the ball, the implicit point of ridicule is *not* that he wears a ‘Jewish’ hat, but that “a white hat with purple feathers”¹²⁶ (*Sämtliche Werke II 475*) sitting atop one who chooses not to wear a mask is too extravagant a foible for the common farmer to resist. Although “Hauff repeatedly portrays figures stigmatized and outcast by a normative community” (“Re-Visioning” 40), Süß is a walking paradox whose ‘taint’—in the spirit of Ulerich of *Lichtenstein*—is pictorialised by purple

¹²⁵ In place from the fifteenth century, the Landstände was a ‘democratic’ administrative body of Württemberg that sought to curtail the power of monarchy. Subsequent to the close of the Reformation in 1648, the nobility was excluded from the Landstände; thereafter it comprised Protestant clerks and the bourgeoisie. In 1805, the duchy became a ‘kingdom’ and the Landstände was abolished; it was then restored after the Napoleonic Wars.

¹²⁶ „einen weißen Hut mit purpurroten Federn“

plumage. The political ramifications of a minister openly drawing attention to himself in public or flouting his power were as acute in Süß's time as they were in Hauff's own; that the minister happened to be Jewish would have accentuated the problem considerably in the Landstände.

The author is implying that Süß is courting his demise on account of his own lack of discretion. The Hauffian reversal is politically rather than ethnically structured. In a series of interlocking scenes, the root of the satire is drawn to the narrative surface. By way of illustration, a group of officers wait on the steps of the ministerial house to wish Süß a happy birthday out of the fear that, should they fail to pay their respects in a deferential and respectful manner, their families might suffer some misfortune at the hand of the 'Jude'. The obsequious bow of "many an honour-loving, honest officer" (*Sämtliche Werke II* 474-75) intones the passage and adumbrates the collective need "to kiss the hand in the house of the Jew"¹²⁷ (475), but the subversive note pauses mindfully on the 'honour-loving, honest' officers who are also clearly trying to curry the favour of the minister and ingratiate themselves into his future graces. The fickle nature of those who would behave in such a servile manner has been exposed through a biting, satirical sketch that many choose to read literally. It is nothing less than an alarum. The root is further exposed and the subversive thread further complicated by Old Lanbek's cogent criticism of the manner in which the duke fails to govern responsibly, that he "sees the ruling of his little country, as he says – slightly too heroic, which means he overlooks it and lets others rule in his stead"¹²⁸ (507). It is not a question of the author concurring with the bigot but rather the bigot has a point with which the author concurs. The object of their attack, however, differs markedly. Lanbek's argument is based on the notion of suppression by proxy with a focus on the surrogate ruler, whereas the narrator's focal point is on the sustained abuse of power it represents. Hauff is exposing the hypocrisy of ruler and ruled alike in an autocratic society: ethnicity does not enter the equation.

Political intrigue interlaces the various plot fragments. Conveniently, Süß is isolated by position, religion and ethnicity, and although the latter is not a focus of the author, it is

¹²⁷ „manchen ehrliebenden biedern Beamten trieb an diesem Tage die Furcht, durch Trotz seine Familie unglücklich zu machen, zum Handkuß in das Haus des Juden.“

¹²⁸ „ . . . sieht die Regierung des *Ländchens*, wie er sagt, etwas zu heldenmäßig an, das heißt, er sieht darüber hinweg und läßt andere dafür sorgen.“

certainly of relevance to those who engage in the communal murder of ‘the alien outsider’. In the main, Römchingen, Hallwachs, Metz and others are of undisclosed Christian affiliation, each of whom seeks to abolish the Landstände and the estates therein entailed to clear a path for the duke’s unchallenged, absolutist rule. Other than *Oberfinanzrat* Hallwachs, who is described as Süß’s intimate friend and advisor, for obvious reasons, at no point are the other intriguers portrayed as friends to the minister (522). Their ethnic bias is the means by which Hauff provides a contemporary critique on the political machinations of his own time without exciting the ire of the official censor. In effect, the author is presupposing the prejudicial stance of the latter and filling the dead spot with dissent. The masterstroke to the reversal is not at once apparent today, nor would it have been in the twentieth century after the fall of Berlin, but it must have been blindingly relevant to the Swabian reader of 1827. In 1805 elector Friedrich did indeed abolish the Landstände and with its removal from the constitution Jews were made *pari passu* citizens; however, neither legal regulation of their rights as ‘equals’ nor the legitimate status of their citizenship was considered until 1828, by which time Hauff was dead. Ironically, the author erroneously labelled an ‘anti-Semite’ was instrumental in drawing attention to the incongruity that existed in the social and administrative integration of Jewish citizens, which in turn fostered increased protection of their ethnic identity across major European centres in the century to come. There is no other literary source that did as much to expose the hypocrisy. Those who follow the abrupt shifts in narrative perspective will find it evident that Hauff is tacitly critiquing the “backward state of affairs in Württemberg after 1806”¹²⁹ (Oesterle 107), the year in which Friedrich became its first king through alliance with Napoleon. *Jud Süß* drips with a latent content altogether lost on the decontextualised, politically motivated reader. But satire is not a science. It can be distorted by time, tide and critical misdirection to a degree that meaning is rendered contrary to intention. In many cases, an understanding into the mind of an innovative author can be acquired only by a comprehensive reading of the uncut oeuvre complemented by personal correspondence. Hauff’s case is further complicated in that the official censor also had access to his letters. With regard to authorial intent, ‘proof’ in the scientific sense simply cannot be produced either way. Nonetheless, it can be

¹²⁹ Taken directly from Oesterle’s speech, the quote reads „die rückständigen württembergischen Verhältnisse nach 1806“; ‘die rückständigen’ was redacted from the published text.

argued the doctored analyses that misread satirical irony to produce verdicts such as “[b]y making his caricatured reader Jewish, Hauff suggests bad fiction, filthy lucre, and Jews occupy the same social space” (Kontje 137) are a moral affront to identity and scholarship alike. A contemporary reading of Hauff and the novella *Jud Süß* in particular requires common sense and discretion. A distinction must be made between narratorial depiction of a character who serves as a foil for the racism of the collective voice and the narrator who through this voice subverts the credibility of that collective. As Neuhaus has suggested, based on a surface perspective of politics and the ubiquitous presence of the ducal censor—or “the state of affairs in Hauff’s time” (64)—, the reader has sufficient grounds to surmise that there is more to *Jud Süß* than a surface reading could access, to form “an educated guess that through the account of such a crisis Hauff intended to show his contemporaries quite plainly the necessity of political reform”¹³⁰ (64). Given that the author strove to shatter the mechanisms of stereotyping as part of his broader compositional aesthetic, there can be no other logical conclusion. The implicit yet audible cry of ‘*Liberté, égalité, fraternité!*’ survives the censor’s blue-pencil.

Twenty-four at the time of composition, the reformist hinges his faith on youth. In Hauff’s portrayal of the double-edged Gustav Lanbek there emerges a multifaceted critique on the vicissitudes of the younger generation, but in Lea Oppenheimer the author creates a strong, passionate woman who actively articulates both the present and the future. There is no clear protagonist in *Jud Süß*. Incumbent upon the reader is the need to draw together qualities from opposing characters that embody the equivocal spirit of the age in which Hauff lived, an age poised between the waning throes of Romanticism and a realism yet to be defined but already tangible to the artist. In direct contrast to the officers and dignitaries who soil the pages with a societally sanctioned racism and rhetoric, Lea stands apart as a dignified representative of a discourse that challenges communal patterning of thought. This point of literary departure ought to have been acknowledged. Hauff’s creation improves upon Sir Walter Scott’s tenuous portrayal of Rebecca, the Jewish ‘healer’ from *Ivanhoe; A Romance*.¹³¹ There is evidence the young author studied the work carefully in his

¹³⁰ „Auf der Folie der Verhältnisse zu Hauffs Zeit liegt die Vermutung nahe, dass Hauff seinen Zeitgenossen durch die Darstellung einer solchen Krise die Notwendigkeit politischer Reformen vor Augen führen wollte“

¹³¹ Chase accuses Hauff of ‘copying the figure’ of Lea from Scott’s Rebecca (731).

Studie über zwölf Romane Walter Scotts. But whereas the thrust of Scott's supporting character is often mitigated by an intrusive narrator, Hauff allows Lea to step to the foreground and speak for herself. Her spirit resonates. It is a masterstroke of authorial guidance, as "[h]er clear articulate voice, like that of her brother, resists the stereotypes and labels others project upon her" ("Re-Visioning" 33). She is a unique depiction of the composite 'other'. In a literal sense, the intricately wrought 'Jewess' is an unequivocal negation of the stereotype Hauff has been accused of perpetuating. The erroneous 'anti-Semite' epithet is a derivation of sustained scholarly indolence. Appreciation of subversive art requires context that can be derived only from a comprehensive reading of the artist's compositional aesthetic. It is therefore necessary to clarify prelude material that pertains to the author's characterisation of a young Jewish woman.

Issues arise with Hauff's portrayal of the insipid Rebekka from *The Memoirs of Satan*.¹³² Accented by poetic "touches of realism" (King xvii), Hauff's first novella "is a satire on the period, highly imaginative and gracefully and skilfully written" (xvii). Simply phrased, the work demands of the reader a high degree of interpretive finesse. Here the Hauffian critique is at its most severe: to miss an allusion is to mislay the satirical thread. Academics in pursuit of the hastily published article are a menace to the aesthetic nonpareil. This struggle to pay attention is predictably dissembled through platitudes in the vein of "Hauff's antisemitism has been noted frequently" (Kontje 144), which in turn serve as a bulwark to other tenantless claims such as "Hauff throws in an element of antisemitism to one of his repeated attacks on Clauren in his first novel, *Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan*" (137). Unworthy of discussion in a treatise on Wilhelm Hauff, H. Clauren, the *nom de plume* of Carl Heun, was an immensely popular writer of 'Trivialliteratur', which targeted "a predominantly female audience situated in the domestic sphere" (132). Clauren's "Mimili" of 1815 proved to be the spasm of this onanistic, 'erotic literature', the dirndled heroine allowing the inflamed suitor to gather strawberries from her lap, tongue firmly out of cheek, while, as Kontje parallels, unsatirically, she "necks passionately" (133) with him in the accompanying frontispiece. Hauff, whose "satiric vein was naturally inborn" (King xv),

¹³² Massey refers to *Jud Süß* as "a quite searching study of the Jewish condition" (11), but dismisses the *Memoirs* as "crudely anti-Semitic" (11); in his conflation of the two works, Chase argues that Hauff "avails himself of a range of what we today might consider crass anti-Jewish stereotypes" (725).

mastered the style to perfection in the parody *Der Mann im Mond* or *The Man in the Moon*, his publisher going so far as to borrow on the fictitious name 'Clauren' to accelerate sales. In fact, "Hauff was so successful in his imitation of the style and language of this writer of trashy fiction, that the parody, signed as it was — H. Clauren, was actually taken for his work" (xviii). And yet for the contemporary academic "the ostensible 'parody' is not clearly recognisable as such" (Kontje 136). Formerly, this failure in interpretation would tend to negate such unsubstantiated assertions as "[h]ere and elsewhere there is more than a touch of misogyny in Hauff's arguments" (137). Where exactly is this 'elsewhere'? In her reading of *Dwarf Nose*, Thum contends "the narrator does not reinforce misogynistic stereotypes" ("Misreading" 10). In *The Beggar-Girl of the Pont des Arts* Fröben, the poet's liberal cognate, stands in direct opposition to the prevailing tone by stating "women influenced my mode of thought as well as the manner in which I should express those thoughts" (46), before adding "in women there is an innate refinement, a subtlety of perception, a strength, a self-control, in short a something mysterious that is not bestowed on man, not even on a proud important man" (59). Extant correspondence confirms Hauff to have been a liberal husband who regarded his wife Luise with absolute equality. His mother was the guiding intellectual spirit of his life. Where then is the 'misogyny'? It is this absence of interpretation extracted from a limited reading of fact that skews perception of the author's finely wrought aesthetic. A now common preface to his works, this same unfounded abstraction brands Hauff an 'anti-Semite' before the reader has had an opportunity to approach them. Satire is lost to sanctimony. Fortunately, the early twentieth-century scholar *was* able to discern that "nothing but Hauff's natural good taste saved him from trying to follow on Clauren's path to popularity" (King xviii). It is indeed a matter of 'taste'. In the *Memoirs of Satan* the author is tastefully mocking a false, frivolous woman of the Claurenese mold whose 'Jewishness' serves to further the critique on social advancement rather than enhance or promote an existing ethnic stereotype.

The Wandering Jew of *Mittheilungen aus den Memoiren des Satan* is the feint by which Hauff strips society of its artifice. In both construct and import, the character occupies a similar literary niche as the trained orangutan who exposes the blindness and hypocrisy of civilised society by 'aping' its conduct in „Der Affe als Mensch.“ But the *Memoirs* is a satirical novella, not a fairytale: the allusions are neither as obvious nor as linear. As with

Hauff's *Die Bücher und die Lesewelt*, the conceit turns on "the wretched taste of the reading public" (King xxi). Ethnicity is not the issue of import. In fine, Satan observes Ahasverus, the 'Ewige Jude', seated at a table in the Berlin *Tiergarten* with E. T. A. Hoffmann, author of *The Devil's Elixirs* from 1815 and, together with Jean Paul Richter, the inspiration for the Hauffian aesthetic. It is a simultaneous tip of the hat to the master teller and Franz Horn—referred to only as 'F. H.' in the text—, author of the popular *Der Ewige Jude*, which was published in Friedrich de la Motte Fouqué's *Frauentaschenbuch für das Jahr 1816*. Horn's novella is an unapologetically sublime portrayal of the Wandering Jew, who now, as a literary character, sits at a table in a zoo conversing with the very author who "inspired Hauff to write *Die Satansmemoiren*"¹³³ (xviii). Of note, Hauff was also a known admirer of Fouqué and had met him in the early autumn of 1826 in Berlin, the literary centre of a 'Germany' bereft of national unity. There is method to the setting. Each detail is relevant. It is incumbent upon contemporary critic and reader alike to yield to the specific context established by the author. The satirical thread has been situated with a compositional precision that ought not to be riddled into racism by anachronistic dubiety.

Ahasverus is the only character in the *Memoirs* who consistently questions Satan. The 'Jew' is true to himself even as others falter and fail around him. By explicit contrast, the old professor of 'T.', undoubtedly the 'Tübingen' of Hauff's own 'Stift' or Protestant Seminary, professes an early aversion to the dark arts but later succumbs to the stronger influence and achieves considerable success as a result. The satire is scathing. An instructive parallel would later be applied to Charcoal Peter in Hauff's *Das kalte Herz* [*The Cold Heart*] after he dispenses with his spiritual compass and his fortunes temporarily improve. The prevailing sense is that those qualities and characteristics society deems to be of value are often devoid of intrinsic worth. It is a prescient analogy on which the literary critique hinges, a judgement on faith pertaining to the Protestant professor and *not* the Wandering Jew. The moral inversion is tinged with menace: "we have romped through many a midnight together when you were still alert in this world and lived by a rather methodical slovenliness, only to bring yourself so soon beneath the ground. But now I believe you have

¹³³ Jean Paul Richter's satirical *Auswahl aus des Teufels Papieren* (1789) should also be noted as a primary source.

become a pietist”¹³⁴ (*Sämtliche Werke I* 409). It should be recalled that the Wandering Jew cannot die. The connotation is embedded in the broader context. Satan is implying that through Horn’s Grecian portrayal Ahasverus has ceased to exist in the reading collective as a living embodiment of evil in perpetuity. Humour adjusts to time but connotational wit does not. On hearing of Ahasverus’s intention to visit Horn, a ‘virtuous’ author, Satan solicits an invitation only to be refused by the acerbic „du könntest irgendeinen Spuk im Sinne haben“ (412), which translates literally as “you could have some spook in mind” but bears a heavier burden in the broader context. By this alone it ought to be evident the Wandering Jew is attempting to shield and protect the few ‘virtuous’ authors in Germany from the mischief of Satan, who—as Hauff makes clear both in the *Memoirs* and the later „Kontrovers-Predict über H. Clauren und *Den Mann im Monde*“ pamphlet—has affected the moral discernment and good taste of reading society. To heed the redaction of the censor and interpret anti-Semitic intent is indeed commensurate with poor taste, but it perpetuates a grave injustice against the author. Playing on societal bigotry against Jews is the satirical means by which Hauff consolidates his structural aesthetic. Christianity is the object of the critique throughout the *Memoirs* with an emphasis on Protestants and Pietists; Ahasverus and Rebekka are the subjects by which the satire is circumflected back to the object. “Hauff was fully alive to the political situation of the time” (King xx), but commentaries tuned to circumvent the ear of the censor often fail to translate for those who must read literally if they are to read at all.

Any reading of *The Memoirs of Satan* as a linear narrative in support of prevailing stereotypes is a misinterpretation of the titular metaphor. The episodic nature of narratorial perspective depends on cross-association and context. Foundational emphasis pivots on the sense that the undying Ahasverus is woefully out of step with the new age, the discussion with Horn on contemporary literature conveying Hauff’s unequivocal empathy (*Sämtliche Werke I* 413-14). At each narrative crossroad it is essential to pause and distinguish the object of the satire. “The Wandering Jew, who had such old, clumsy manners, knew so little of

¹³⁴ „wir haben manche Mitternacht miteinander vertollt, als du noch munter warst auf der Erde, und so recht systematisch lüderlich lebtest, um dich selbst bald unter den Boden zu bringen. Aber jetzt bist du, glaube ich, ein Pietist geworden.“

how to behave in the world of today”¹³⁵ (413) is clearly a humorous indictment of the whimsical, often absurd nature of fashion rather than a critique of the ethnic bearing of the person, and yet a decontextualised reading could very easily alter the objective. The author hammers home his aesthetic with such subtle vehemence that the lay reader could almost be forgiven misinterpretation, but the critic ought to be afforded no such allowance. Self-effacement is required. The ‘aesthetic tea’ passage in which Satan informs Ahasverus that he is unable to occupy a place at table due to his outdated attire bristles with a pictorial humour that requires observation from within:

The Wandering Jew gazed with pleasure at his threadbare brown little coat with the big mother of pearl buttons, his long waistcoat with the broad tails, his short siskin-green trousers, which had a tinge of brown on the knees; he put his reddish-black triangular little hat on the ear, he took his hiking pole more firmly into hand, posited himself in front of me and asked: ‘Am I not dressed grandly as King Solomon and daintily as Isaiah’s son? . . . Sure enough, I am not wearing a false beard as you, no glasses sit upon my nose, my hair does not stand up *à la* madness, I have not squeezed my body into a padded surcoat, and around my legs dangle no cubit wide trousers . . .’¹³⁶ (412)

Hauffian focus is directed towards the ‘Wandering’ rather than the ‘Jew’. A sense of displacement and impermanence pervades the text. Ahasverus is true to who and what he represents, however out of mode he appears to be. The object of the sketch is the disfiguring Satan, who *is* dressed ‘*à la* madness’; the subject extends to the affectations of a salon that has no objective permanence. Satan’s insistence on adaptation to fashion is in fact a deft parody on the source of literary taste. The subversive thread accentuates its lack of substance:

¹³⁵ „Der Ewige Jude hatte so alte, unbehülfliche Manieren, wußte sich so gar nicht in die heutige Welt zu schicken“

¹³⁶ „Der Ewige Jude beschaute mit Wohlgefallen sein abgeschabtes braunes Röcklein mit großen Perlmutterknöpfen, seine lange Weste mit breiten Schößlen, seine kurzen, zeisiggrünen Beinkleider, die auf den Knien ins Bräunliche spielten; er setzte das schwarzrote dreieckige Hütchen aufs Ohr, nahm den langen Wanderstab kräftiger in die Hand, stellte sich vor mich hin und fragte: ‚Bin ich nicht angekleidet stattlich wie König Salomo und zierlich wie der Sohn Isais? . . . Freilich trage ich keinen falschen Bart wie du, keine Brille sitzt mir auf der Nase, meine Haare stehen nicht in die Höhe *à la* Wahnsinn; ich habe meinen Leib in keinen wattierten Rock gepreßt, und um meine Beine schlottern keine ellenweite Beinkleider“

. . . he was not half finished with his fashionable toilette and had put on everything most peculiarly; by example, he had bound the elegant, high cravat, a Berlin masterpiece, as a band around his belly and insisted that this was to be the newest costume on Morea.¹³⁷ (415)

Narrative progression pivots on the inverted 'Berlin masterpiece' and halts abruptly on the paradoxical 'newest costume on Morea'. The humour bears no ill intent.

Attired for the 'Berlin salon' on the latest fashion advice of Satan himself, Ahasverus assumes the *nom de plume* 'Doctor Mucker'. Hauff is establishing the pictorial foundation for the dismantling of Clauren while paying homage to his own Little Muck, a character who excites ridicule by remaining steadfast to an outdated appearance but respect for his choice to remove himself from the falseness and cruelty of society. Situational context is important if the subsequent passage is to be understood correctly. The allusions are mindfully situated. In a scene bordering on the burlesque, Satan observes 'Doctor Mucker' as he bows to kiss the hand of the grand lady of the salon,

but horror! when he was bending down I noticed that his grey, piercingly Jewish beard wasn't shaven off smoothly from the chin but jutted out like a scratching cat; the madam screwed up her face grimly at the sting-kiss, but decorum did not allow her to groan more than a soft cant; wistfully, she gazed at her beautiful white hand, which had started to turn red, and found herself forced to seek assistance in the adjoining room.¹³⁸ (417)

It is a scene drawn in contempt of the descriptive excess of Clauren. The adjectival 'Jewish' is neither the object of the Hauffian critique nor its subject but the incremental means by which the prejudicial hypocrisy of society is exposed. A thorough comprehension of early context is essential if the reader is to grasp the subversive extension to Rebekka, who functions as the obverse of Ahasverus and caricatures herself through adaptation.

¹³⁷ „dieser war mit seiner modischen Toilette noch nicht halb fertig und hatte alles höchst sonderbar angezogen, wie er z.B. die elegante, hohe Krawatte, ein Berliner Meisterwerk, als Gurt um den Leib gebunden hatte, und fest darauf bestand, dies sei die neueste Tracht auf Morea.“

¹³⁸ „aber o Schrecken! indem er sich niederbückte, gewahrte ich, daß sein grauer, stechender Judenbart nicht glatt vom Kinn wegrasiert sei, sondern wie eine Kratzbürste hervorstehe; die gnädige Frau verzog das Gesicht grimmig bei dem Stechkuß, aber der Anstand ließ sie nicht mehr, als ein leises Gejammer hervorstöhnen; wehmütig betrachtete sie die schöne weiße Hand, die rot aufzulaufen begann, und sie sah sich genötigt im Nebenzimmer Hülfe zu suchen“

Hauff was conscious of the need to advance the satirical thread by degree. The author cannot be held responsible for the failure of the critic to keep pace with the narrative (Bachmaier 322; Storz 66-67). At no point can Hauff be accused of attempting to label or define a person by their ethnicity. In the uproarious „*Angststunden des Ewigen Juden*“ (*Sämtliche Werke I* 421) or “Hours of Anguish of the Wandering Jew” the parody attaches to the society he struggles in vain to comprehend. The critique applies not to the failing but the absurdity of the task. Ahasverus is the inversive cue to a youthful female counterpart. His wry observation on the ‘educated’ women of Berlin affecting a pose that invariably becomes either too æsthetic or too ethereal betrays the earnest undercurrent of the author. Implicit is the sense that counterfeiting an emotion or yielding to an exaggerated notion of the self eventually leads to an inability to feel anything at all, that these fashionable readers of Claren “first have to hold their breath whenever they find it worth the while to blush”¹³⁹ (428). It is an appropriate prelude to the introduction of Rebekka in the notorious ‘Frankfurt Chapter’.

Isolated from the broader context, ‘My Visit to Frankfurt’ has proven a catalyst for critical misinterpretation of the Hauffian æsthetic. It is the most poorly read section of *The Memoirs of Satan*. With the satirical thread conveniently severed, there is little to prevent any given quote from supporting whichever theory happens to be in vogue. The modern ‘scholar’ has employed decontextualization to support the false equivalency on which a tenuous thesis is all too often based, leaping from wilful misreading to dramatic conclusions that “play into the hands of a fascist regime” (Kontje 144). Veit Harlan’s film superimposes itself on a satire written more than a hundred years before. Irony prevails. Few appear to observe the link between the reader condemned by Hauff and the reader by whom he has been condemned. In a lengthy note to her defence of *Jud Süß*, Thum concedes “Hauff’s later works represent an altered perspective” from the “distinctly ethnocentric bias and alienating tone” of the “unreliable narrator” (“Re-Visioning” 40) of *The Memoirs of Satan*. They do not: Hauffian perspective is the same; the satirical object is the same; the subject of the derision is the same. Those critics who “have argued that the Frankfurt chapter . . . demonstrates Hauff’s anti-semitic stance, which is then reiterated in *Jud Süß*” (40), are badly mistaken.

¹³⁹ The comparative remark is worth quoting in full: „Hier in Norddeutschland gibt es meist nur Teegesichter, die einen Trost darin finden, ästhetisch oder ätherisch auszusehen; sie müssen den Atem erst lange anhalten, wenn sie es je der Mühe wert halten, . . . zu erröten.“

Rebekka is an insufferably stupid person. This is the objective focus of the critique. The adjectival ethnicity is relevant insofar as it enables Hauff to contrast her character with that of Ahasverus while using her frivolity of spirit and expression as a stalking horse for the satirical subject. Neither the means nor the language by which “the gazelle of the Orient”¹⁴⁰ (*Sämtliche Werke I* 568) is dismantled is intended to provoke sentiments of anti-Semitism; rather, it facilitates what ought to be read as a thorough deconstruction of the social and educational structure of *Christian* society.

Oh, some Jewish youths of grand houses court her, but she’s in the mood for a solid Christian; she knows with us everything is nobler and freer than with her people and is ashamed to be counted a Jewess in good society. Therefore, she has given up the Frankfurt dialect completely and speaks Prussian.¹⁴¹ (559)

The humour is mistakeable only to those who do not possess wit. Hauff is openly mocking the mere notion that ‘everything is nobler and freer’ together with the presumption that Prussian is the language of refinement. At issue is the carefree manner in which the young woman has cast off her identity, an issue prefaced and contrasted by Ahasverus’s refusal to countenance the same path of adaptation at the expense of the self. Lea Oppenheimer is the culmination of the collective portrait in that she refuses to be labelled or defined by others and will not be limited in her expression by an ‘otherness’ she herself perceives and embraces from within.

The subchapter „*Das gebildete Judenfräulein*“ or “The Educated Jewish Damsel” (568) calls into question the notion of the ‘educated’ woman of the age. It must be stressed that the entire section is a caricature on the state of literacy: the thrust of the wit is an ethnic- and gender-based play on ignorance. An unbiased reading is required to detect the absence of bias. Poor poetry prevails. Phrasing is intended to be repetitive, the diction stilted and compressed to internal rhyme. The ‘archaic’ and the modern stand side by side. Satan remarks “Wellaway! what a beautiful, educated language you speak, my young lady! have you been educated in Berlin?”¹⁴² (569). The response is not easily translated into modern

¹⁴⁰ „Gazelle des Morgenlandes“

¹⁴¹ „Oh, einige Judenjünglinge, bedeutende Häuser, buhlen um sie, aber ihr Sinn steht nach einem soliden Christen; sie weiß, daß bei uns alles nobler und freier geht als bei ihrem Volk, und schämt sich, in guter Gesellschaft für eine Jüdin zu gelten. Daher hat sie sich auch den Frankfurter Dialekt ganz abgewöhnt und spricht Preußisch“

¹⁴² „Ach, was haben Sie doch für eine schöne, gebildete Sprache, mein Fräulein! wurden Sie etwa in Berlin

English as Hauff is drawing on the phonetic feebleness of dialect, and yet the incoherence of the speaker is unmistakable: “Do you think that also?” she replied, smiling charmingly . . . ‘No, in Berlin I never was in – I was educated here; but what makes it, I read a lot and educate in this manner my mind and my grating voice’¹⁴³ (569). It is this open imitation of the self that is dissected on every level. Rebekka cultivates the dissection, not through ethnicity or gender, but through sheer idiocy. The narrator functions as an external interpreter on the duplicities inherent to polite society, observing “[how] she was graceful, which means affected, how she was courteous, which means coquettish, how she was naïve, which others would have called lubricious”¹⁴⁴ (568). But the indictment is mordant rather than caustic. Present limitations on vocabulary render the terms one and the same, if at all, yet there is a profound difference. The struggle to exonerate Hauff from perceived ‘ethnocentrism’ or to distinguish authorial perspective from narratorial merely obviates the creative process of the artist. Incorporating identity politics into a critical analysis of the text necessitates a truly Coleridgean ‘willing suspension of disbelief’ in that barrels of opium would be required. Must we presume the reader incapable of recognising the connotational subtext appended to *Satan* as the ‘author’ of the *Memoirs*? The cited concession “the Frankfurt chapter has a distinctly ethnocentric bias and alienating tone that cannot be simply dismissed as the distortions of an unreliable narrator with whom Hauff did not necessarily agree” (“Re-Visioning” 40) plays into the hands of those who would read beyond the confines of the literary creation. It is an affront to artistry. The distortions are satirical. The narrator is Satan and is by definition ‘unreliable’.

The Memoirs of Satan is an exegesis on Christian society and its divided church, articulated through a series of interwoven vignettes and culminating in a grotesquerie drawn straight from the pages of E. T. A. Hoffmann. Judaism is the feint rather than the thrust of the attack. The presence of the Württemberg censor is partitive to the compositional frame. Hauff’s boldness of expression should be contextualised “by the fact that the system of repression was so strong and effective as to drive all the moderate minds away from politics”

erzogen?“

¹⁴³ „Finden Sie das och?“ erwiderte sie anmutig lächelnd . . . „Nee, in Berlin drein war ich nie, ich bin hier erzogen worden; aber es macht, ich lese viel und bilde auf diese Art meinen Geist und mein Orkan aus.“

¹⁴⁴ „Wie war sie graziös, da heißt geziert, wie war sie artig, nämlich kokett, wie war sie naiv, andere hätten es lüstern genannt.“

(Sadler x). Moreover, it is necessary to be conversant with the hereditary structure of the early nineteenth century. From within this referential frame, an informed reading of “her father is the wealthy Simon of the large yellow house next to Herr von Rothschild in the new Jewstreet, and he’s worth a million, that’s for certain”¹⁴⁵ (*Sämtliche Werke I* 557) would draw meaning from the allusion to simony together with the implicit political manoeuvrings behind the ‘von Rothschild’ acquisition. ‘Jewstreet’ is a foil on the cyclic nature of fortune. The attentive reader will note the subtle reference to the wheel from Johann Wolfgang von Goethe’s *Theory of Colours* from 1810 and its elaboration on ‘yellow’, a colour of highest purity but subject to contamination if in any way removed from the light or sullied by external influence (306-10). Tainted yellow is the hue of sulphur (219). As a former seminarian, Hauff would certainly have drawn the parallel between Lucifer, the angel of light, and the fallen Satan. Significance deepens in the pictorial allusion to bankrupts, who were forced to wear yellow hats, and extends by connotation to spiritual bankruptcy; the satirical thread tautens on the yellow circles Jews were obliged to wear on their mantles, the large yellow house clearly flouting a socially acceptable form of discrimination. The nature, function and psychology of colours is pertinent to a proper comprehension of the passage. We would do well to recall that Hauff’s narrative subversion often hinges on a single word. In addition, the latent parody on the ‘von’ of ‘Goethe’ is apparent to readers familiar with the author’s failed attempt to critique “the great Autocrat of German Literature” (Sadler xiv) in the initial printing of the first part of the *Memoirs* in August 1825. Having offended critical consensus, the scene that featured Satan’s ‘attack’ against *Faust* was subsequently withdrawn for “Hauff . . . had a tender heart, and did not like to see what a big hole he had made in casting a stone at the man-god” (xiv).

Hauffian compositional æsthetics negate the politic construct of centrality. *The Memoirs of Satan* is a sustained strike against the spirit of a fettered age and the autocratic system of governance by which its internal directive was deprived of both liberty and light. Hauff “repeatedly portrays figures stigmatized and outcast by a normative community” (“Re-Visioning” 40) because the degree of deprivation suffered by the outsider was impalpable to the general reader and virtually ignored by the censor. Pictorial satire

¹⁴⁵ „ . . . ihr Vater ist der reiche Simon in der neuen Judenstraße; das große gelbe Haus neben dem Herrn von Rothschild, und eine Million hat er, das ist ausgemacht.“

presupposes communal blindness. In the Württemberg of the early 1820s, ethnic identity was structured on the antithesis of social and cultural integration. The search for the ideal reader propels Hauff beyond this negation.

Despite the century that separates them as literary characters in novellas, Rebekka and Lea personify the opposing perspectives of the young female reader of the early nineteenth century. With little societal or instructional support, to acquire an education a woman was frequently left to her own devices. Hauff was mindful of the burden faced in their selection process but also conversant with the need to choose material wisely and without affectation. In a later study on the ideal reader, the distinction parallels the moral fibre of an individual who is able to preserve her own sense of self within the broader context: “the richness of her mind, whether upon ordinary or unusual topics, presented itself as something natural and innate” (*Portrait* 14). Rebekka’s favourite author is Claren. With pointed reference to the acclaimed masters of the age, Satan asks whether she reads Goethe, Schiller and Tieck, the response to which is steeped in a phrasal incompetence that inherently betrays the answer:

These gentlemen do poor business in Frankfurt. They are wanted by no one, they are too studied – not natural enough. No, the Jöthe I won’t read again! that is something boring . . . but who my favourite is, this is the Claren. . . . When the others appear to me like heaving four-handed sonatas with deep bass sections, with dainty solos, with trills which no man can understand and play, like the Mozart, the Haydn, so the Claren occurs to me accurately as a pleasant waltz, like a hop-waltz or gallop.¹⁴⁶ (*Sämtliche Werke* I 569)

Diction is punctuated by references to the affected attempt at Prussian, the ‘keen Mensch’ rather than ‘kein Mensch’ and ‘the Jöthe’ for ‘Goethe’ palpable examples of a less than subtle thread by which the character unravels herself. Her ethnicity is relevant insofar as it pertains to intellectual and cultural betrayal of the self. That she is a foolish, frivolous person is the point; that she is Jewish merely adds to the satirical extension. The mindful

¹⁴⁶ „Diese Herren machen schlechte Jeschäfte in Frankfort; es will sie keen Mensch, sie sind zu studiert, nich natürlich jenug. Nee, den Jöthe lese ich nie wieder! das is was Langweiliges . . . aber wer mein Liebling ist, das is der Claren. . . . Wenn mir die andern alle vorkommen, wie schwere vierhändige Sonaten mit tiefen Baßpartien, mit zierlichen Solos, mit Trillern, die kein Mensch nicht verstehen und spielen kann, so wie der Mozart, der Haydn, so kommt mir der Claren akkerat so vor, wie ein anjnehmer Walzer, wie ein Hopswalzer oder Galopp.“

reader will note the objectual referent of the critique has been prefaced in the earlier passage on the tea party:

The younger damsel, fresh, round, blooming, cheerful, naïve, is said to be in love with a lieutenant of the guard. . . . She is said to have learned by heart the most beautiful parts in Goethe, Schiller, Tieck etc.—which her mother marked for her beforehand—and quotes them here and there with most charming precision. She sings on demand, which could not be expected otherwise, Italian *ariette* with artificial roulades; her primary *forté* is in the playing of the waltz.¹⁴⁷ (416)

The daughter of the salon encompasses Hauff's personal nightmare – the person who reads without discretion and who interprets by rote rather than through context and feeling. It may be argued the author was in anticipation of his critic. Read in parallel, Rebekka is the same reader steeped in Clauren. As an illustrative rebuke, Satan admits that he too loves this author, comparing the others to „dicke[r] Burgunder“ (570), or 'thick burgundy'. Knowledge of the broader Hauffian aesthetic is required if inaccurate renderings of subversion and subtext are to be avoided. In fine, allusions to lack of taste typically commence with an artistic counterpoint, pivot on the 'troublesome elegance' of the waltz and pause on direct references to wine; in Satan's comparative aesthetics, Clauren

appears to me like Champagne, and indeed, the false one made from pears; the real one goes down smoothly at a breath and evaporates, but this artificial one is fermented by many yeasts, 'frizzles' with the most charming bubbles up and down for an hour: it intoxicates, it brings the senses alive, it is the pure wine of life.¹⁴⁸ (570)

At this point it is more than evident the 'unreliable narrator with whom Hauff did not necessarily agree' violates the author's palate. These probing passages are intended to be

¹⁴⁷ „Das jüngere Fräulein, frisch, rund, brühend, heiter, naiv, sei verliebt in einen Gardelieutenant. . . . Sie habe die schönsten Stellen in Goethe, Schiller, Tieck usw., welche ihr die Mutter zuvor angestrichen, auswendig gelernt und gäbe sie hie und da mit allerliebster Präzision preis. Sie singt, was nicht anders zu erwarten ist, auf Verlangen italienische Arietten mit künstlichen Rouladen; ihre Hauptforce besteht aber im Walzerspielen.“

¹⁴⁸ „. . . kommt mir vor wie Champagner, und zwar wie unechter, den man aus Birnen zubereitet; der echte verdunstet gleich, aber dieser unechte, setzt er auch im Grunde viele Hefen an, so ‚brüsselt‘ er doch mit allerliebsten tanzenden Bläschen auf und ab eine Stunde lang, er berauscht, er macht die Sinne rege, er ist der wahre Lebenswein.“

sophisticated turns on humour. Hauff the practised œnophile inversely equates the prose of Claren to a wine that wreaks havoc on the stomach. Presumed ethnic attribution to a particular referent must be read from within the immediate context of the author's compositional construct and not that of the critic's suppositional frame. At issue is the degenerative state of a society whose "attention is bestowed upon outward forms" (*Portrait* 4). In observing Rebekka's weak but avaricious nature and commensurate need for advancement, Hauff's focus is situated upon the absence of critical refinement rather than her Jewishness. Although Zwerner, a young merchant, is very much in love with her, he is unable to ask for her hand in marriage as he lacks sufficient means to provide the life she unabashedly covets. The impediment to their union is neither religion nor ethnicity. The *Christian* youth constantly calculates potential investments, ponders over usurers' notes and even hazards gambling as a means of advancing his pursuit, but the bar remains. When Satan muses "How should it be possible that a young lady craves so much for money?"¹⁴⁹ (*Sämtliche Werke I* 558) it is a question that directly pertains to the spirit of the age and not the individual, ethnic outsider or otherwise. There is no racial subtext. Zwerner's artful response is the timeless lament of the young man in love: "You understand the girls of today poorly," he replied sighing, 'Title or money, money or title, that is what they want'¹⁵⁰ (558).

Hauff's positive characterisation of Lea in *Jud Süß* should not be viewed as a reversal of a previously held ethnocentric perspective but as a literary parallel to the cynical portrayal of Rebekka in *The Memoirs of Satan*. The relationship between an outwardly Christian man and a Jewish woman is fundamental to this parallel. From the outset, Lea's approach to societal integration differs markedly. Rather than subjecting her view to projections thrust upon her from without, she sustains the thread of Ahasverus and is comfortable in her own sense of self. At issue is the character of the individual. The dichotomy between whether it is incumbent upon or even possible for 'an ethnic outsider' to preserve her identity on entrance to the social collective is reflected through inward enlightenment. Both Rebekka and Lea are fictional composites, and yet the insertion of the latter as sister to Süß rather

¹⁴⁹ „Wie sollte es möglich sein, eine junge Dame sollte so sehr nach Geld sehnen?“

¹⁵⁰ „Da kennen Sie die Mädchen, wie sie heutzutage sind, schlecht,“ erwiderte er seufzend. „Titel oder Geld, Geld oder Titel, das ist es, was sie wollen.“

than his historical mistress is a clear indication of Hauff's admiration for the indomitable spirit with which she is endowed and the intellectual acumen that determines her course. This portrayal stands in direct contrast to the social materialism and pliant stupidity of her predecessor. Ethnicity is crucial insofar as it enables articulation through an avowed outsider – one who is not subject to the Christian collective and the laws of Württemberg censorship. Through Lea and the legal prejudice directed towards Jews as alien, ostensibly unclassified citizens, the author is able to articulate a radical shift in perspective from under the nose of the censor.

Inversion of the ethnic stereotype unfolds through a progressive dismantling of the layers that comprise a normative community. Depicted in stark contrast to the officers and dignitaries who shadow the narrative externally, the younger generation seeks illumination from its collapse. Like Hauff, Gustav Lanbek belongs to the class of educated liberals who seek to effect administrative change. The author observes a close sense of fraternity among them, peppering the text with 'brotherly' reference and ironically elevating passages of their conversation through Latin phrasing. And yet above the fraternal Latin parole "*Gaudeamus igitur juvenes dum sumus*" (*Sämtliche Werke II 477*) the tenor remains distinctly Swabian. Basic comprehension of this feature remains an essential component of the compositional aesthetic. Noted throughout *The Portrait of the Emperor*, in the poet's mind the inhabitants of the region think, speak and behave in a more intrinsic manner than their neighbours to the north. On this basis alone an analogous relationship to Gustav Lanbek may be implied, but the Swabian in Hauff refuses to mitigate either the lack of resolve or complicity in the murder of Süß and does not allow his counterpart to emerge as the hero. He is a minor improvement on the cold, calculative character of Zwerner, no more. The lack of a true hero in *Jud Süß* forces the reader to read between the lines, to gather substance from the implicit nature of the prose together with the accrued omissions that render authorial meaning explicit.

Gustav proves to be an unworthy suitor and complement to Lea Oppenheimer. His introduction "masked as a Saracen" ("Re-Visioning" 27) not only betrays a double-edged need for disguise (his father and friends had expected him to be costumed as a farmer) but suggests an absence of cultural awareness as "the reader recognizes what was, by 1827, a literary cliché: the noble and often oriental(ized) hero" (27). Those who subscribe to the

theory that Hauff furthers anti-Semitic formulæ have failed to observe the salient point from the outset: it is Gustav rather than Lea who “appears to be playing a typical, if not stereotypical role” (27). The alert reader will recognise a cognate in Rebekka, for as the role progresses we discover the younger Lanbek to be as preoccupied with material and social advancement as the elder. Meetings at the fence dividing the homes of their fathers promise a love pairing with Lea redolent of Ovid’s Pyramus and Thisbe from *Metamorphoses*, “but the mask of the hero is quickly stripped away, for despite his courageous mien and his desire to abandon cultural norms, Gustav remains the product of his conditioning” (27). Hauffian omission compresses narrative description to the scene in which they are joined by Süß and Old Lanbek, but Lea tells of other meetings in which her would-be suitor shows all the promise of the egalitarian lover in accepting and embracing her true character; indeed, ethnicity does not appear to factor into his appraisal. Nonetheless, the pictorial reader will observe he is literally standing on the other side of the fence.

There is no such equivocation in Lea Oppenheimer’s voice. Hauff imbues her with an enlightened moral integrity that belies critical consensus of *Jud Süß*. This character actively shatters rather than perpetuates stereotypes. It must be observed that narratorial depiction of Süß is inverted by the unmediated testimony of a fictional sister who does not exist in the historical narrative of Joseph Süß-Oppenheimer, one whose interpolation was the means by which the young author was able to circumvent the province of the censor. Thum surmises

Hauff carries out the carnivalesque overturning of normative views with a circumspection and indirection attributable in no small part to the strict censorship laws and sanctions enforced in the Duchy of Württemberg in the 1820’s. (“Re-Visioning” 30)

Had Hauff wished to press an ethnocentric viewpoint on the reader he would not have created a character whose articulate dismantling of ethnocentrism would carry through the centuries. In defence of her brother, Lea stresses those qualities borne of a noble soul:

. . . long and sighing . . . his eyes become more turbid, his features gloomy and melancholy, and he answers, ‘You must not be lost also; you should pray ceaselessly to the God of our fathers that He may keep you devotional and

pure so that your soul becomes a pure sacrifice for my soul.¹⁵¹ (*Sämtliche Werke*
II 487)

The caricature of the court Jew is collapsed by kindness. It is an unheralded turning point in Western humanism. Simultaneously, Hauff conveys a piety and introspection altogether removed from the stereotypical portrayal of the age of Süß-Oppenheimer and the age of composition. The poet breaches the descriptive patterning of Judaism in two centuries. With unorthodox delicacy, Lea's sketch unfolds an inwardness of character as yet unarticulated in the annals of popular literature. Süß is broken inside and yet thoroughly conscious of the evil deeds of past and present alike. Implicit is the sense that these failings are inherent to politics rather than race, that ethnicity has little to do with the machinations by which the minister is surrounded and within which he actively and aggressively engages. Hauffian inversion is resonant in a conclusion in which Süß "is convicted and hanged – not because of personal 'crimes' he has committed, but because he alone, as the ethnic outsider, is held responsible for the machinations of others and thus becomes the communal scapegoat" (Thum, "Re-Visioning" 30).

It is significant that Hauff passes over the crucial scene as a narrator detached from the proceedings "since the outcome is a foregone conclusion, and its predetermined course so predictable, relating it would be redundant" (37). The poet stands a phrase apart from the explicit. The critic would do well to consider that compassion between brother and sister punctuates linear reading of the narrative and facilitates the author's endeavour to bestow the quality of empathy on both characters, a virtually impossible task without the creative addition of Lea Oppenheimer. In contemplation over his inevitable fate, a turn on perspective redirects the focus as Süß fears that Lea's soul may also be lost through his own misdeeds. There is genuine pathos in the manner through which the innermost conflict of a soul about to be damned is narrated to the reader. Although an indirect narratorial presence can indeed lead to ambiguity in critical interpretation, Hauff's Süß is in no way reflective of the virulent Süß-Oppenheimer that would emerge in later derivations of the novella. A

¹⁵¹ To accommodate Lea's perspective, the conversion of reported speech to direct speech requires pronominal alteration in English. This significant shift in subject does not occur in the German, which reads „... lange und seufzend . . ., seine Augen werden trüber, seine Züge düster und melancholisch, und er antwortet, ich dürfe nicht auch verlorengelien; ich solle unablässig zu dem Gott unserer Väter beten, daß er mich fromm und rein erhalte, auf daß meine Seele ein reines Opfer werde für *seine* Seele.“

clear distinction must be drawn. The original characterisation in *Jud Süß* deceived the eye of the censor through the spirit of true creative genius. Lea articulates the Hauffian æsthetic. In addition to the more striking attributes of probity, intelligence and beauty, the youthful ‘Jewess’ is further refined by benevolence, tenderness and loyalty as stressed during the conversations with Gustav and through the heartrending tears shed on the inevitable hanging of her brother. The textual evidence is categorical. Those who assign to Hauff the ‘anti-Semite’ epithet merely perpetuate the same prejudicial labelling the author seeks to invalidate. Doubtless even the most biased reader must accommodate the conviction that “by the conclusion of the novella none of the characters remains uncompromised or uncorrupted – except perhaps a single figure created by Hauff: Lea Oppenheimer, who does not belong to this society” (26). Her voice is the explicit negation of communal scapegoating and the hypocrisy by which it has always been defined.

Hauff’s opposition to tyranny and prejudice was engrained from childhood. In the context of the novella *Jud Süß*, it is poor form to pass pronouncement on intention without having first read the complement narratives together with extant letters, which unaffectedly reveal the true nature of the poet. Although English translations temper both tenor and content, in their original form even the fairytale almanacs adroitly dissemble religion as a form of systematised oppression. It is inconceivable that the person would reduce himself to hatred of another on account of ethnicity or religion. Hauff was a wit, not a bigot. In every sense, the author was partitive to his own narrative. He is never a disinterested observer. The figure of Old Lanbek, the “hate-filled provocateur” (29), is a case in point. Suitably masked on his entrance to the ball, he delivers a “vituperatively anti-semitic ‘Bauerngespräch’” (29), which swiftly establishes the simmering undertone of a society that would sooner supplicate itself to ‘Jud’ Süß than accept him into the communal fold of collective understanding. In *The Portrait of the Emperor* the Swabian, or “he in the green coat” (6), finds himself “compelled to apologise (and not without shame) to the country and its inhabitants for the prejudices which he, a young man of twenty-four years of age, had lightly adopted upon hearsay, and at a distance from both” (1). While accepting not merely the existence of ‘prejudice’ together with the manner in which ‘hearsay’ can affect a young mind, a distinct separation is made manifest through ‘at a distance from both’. At the time of composition, Hauff was also twenty-four and in the habit of travelling in a green coat.

The mask is not of *his* internal aesthetic. It may be argued that the young author sounds a recurring alarm. The ‘respectable’ outward appearance of Old Lanbek is sufficient to have hoodwinked his own son, who cannot believe him capable of such vitriolic racism (*Sämtliche Werke II* 495). Indeed, “[t]he stark contrast between Old Lanbek’s patriarchal persona and his carnival mask . . . prefigures the later roles played by good, venerable, and well-intentioned human beings, who at the conclusion of the narrative engage in a communal act of ritualized violence” (“Re-Visioning” 29). The initial attack against Süß at the ball is the outward means by which the stratagems for financial and social advancement are concealed.

In donning the peasant mask, Old Lanbek also seeks to express symbolically his much vaunted altruistic devotion to the common good, but his concern for the common welfare of the people is subsequently revealed as a mask for the narrowly conceived economic and political self-interest of an egotistical bourgeois. (29)

With regard to critique against organised religion, communal prejudice, tyranny and social inequality, avowed Marxists may wish to review their philosophy and admit Hauff as an elemental prophet of the nineteenth century.

But Old Lanbek is by no means a stock character. Having dissected the facts and the ducal collusion at their root, he reverses the hateful opinion that precipitated what amounts to the ‘societally sanctioned murder’. The note of remorse is bitingly explicit. *Jud Süß* is not a celebration of the bigot, but rather a warning against the failure of an established society to grow and evolve with time. There is personal context to the characterisation. As the novella’s vociferous father of constitutional law, Old Lanbek bears a passing resemblance to Hauff’s paternal grandfather, Johann Wolfgang Hauff, who ‘successfully brought an action against the Duke Karl Alexander in Vienna, for not having honoured the old Land Constitution’ (Hinz 10). Of profound contextual significance, the rights of the estates of the country and its people are stressed by the author decades before Karl Marx adopted and modified the cause. Hauff’s grandfather knew the historical Süß-Oppenheimer; more than a figurative parallel to Old Lanbek, grandfather Johann was also the financial minister’s neighbour. In this developing quarter of ‘Lanbeks’ Hauff metaphorically portrays the proximate, shared neighbourhood of Christendom and Judaism. Gustav the son, a familial corollary to Hauff’s father, presents a more elucidative, educated sympathy towards the

integration of Jews, with Lea observing he “was so friendly and confiding, not as the other Christians towards us”¹⁵² (*Sämtliche Werke II* 486). And yet for all his understanding, “[a]lmost without a struggle, his romantic longings, like his fantasies of transgressing cultural and religious boundaries, are sacrificed to the middle-class codes of behavior with which he is imbued” (“Re-Visioning” 27). Rather than aligning himself with the jeopardised ‘hero’, Hauff has set him at a palpable generational remove. Implicit is the sense that cultural change takes more time than an educated, reasonable person would wish. Ultimately, the younger Lanbek is restricted by the prejudices of his social environment and the religion by which its customs are defined. The fear of public disgrace that would be appended to his father and the good name of the family is sufficient to surmount his feelings for Lea; accordingly, he coldly negates her love and the possibility of their marriage. If a critique may be levied against the narrator, it rests in the implicit acceptance or excuse of these anti-Semitic sentiments through an engrained prejudice that had been carved into the collective consciousness of their slowly developing ‘neighbourhood’. But Hauff was cognisant of the limited progression made from one century to the next. The Swabian of the green coat offers hope of a better understanding in the future rather than a present solution to the problem.

The spectre of public disgrace and loss of honour informs the narrative for Christian and Jew alike. It is an issue of society rather than religion. Political manoeuvring abounds. Süß is deeply mistrustful of Gustav’s intentions towards his sister but aware that it rests within his power to turn a possible bone of contention to their mutual advantage. Due to the precarious nature of his own position and an awareness that Old Lanbek is the source of the anti-Semitic rhetoric against him, Süß offers Gustav Lanbek a promotion to *Expeditionsrat*, or the primary collector of Swabian revenue. The social and financial advancement entailed on the position is patent, but what is less apparent is the anticipation of bribery, which would be practised on both sides of any given exchange by its prominence. Cultivation of influence and power is explicit, but there is also an implied note of future subservience appended to the arrangement; in essence, Süß has outflanked his potential adversary by playing his son into the direct sphere of ministerial control. In a narratorial sense, it is the means by which the mask is stripped from the ‘carnavalesque discourse’. The

¹⁵² „[Sie] so freundlich und traulich waren, gar nicht wie andere Christen gegen uns“

fictitious promotion brings to the surface that which truly rests within. At issue is the “façade of respectability” (30-31) Gustav and others attempt to preserve at the expense of the self. Authorial condemnation occurs at a remove. Much as the reader discovers the duke has used ‘Jud’ Süß as a scapegoat “to hide his nefarious activities from his subjects” (30) by report and insinuation rather than declamation, so our insight into the character of the Lanbeks is acquired through an accrued subtlety of seemingly incidental expression. Not every allusion accommodates the modern reader devoid of historical context. Gustav’s very real predicament in becoming either the minion of Süß or his brother-in-law is an indictment of a systematically enforced prejudice that has failed to evolve even with the passing of centuries:

Although he shared the severe religious views of his time, he shuddered over the curse, which followed a homeless folk to the thousandth limb and which also seemed to precipitate every person into ruin who approached the noblest among them in the most natural way.¹⁵³ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 517)

The fear of being ‘precipitated into ruin’ is justified. On the rumour of an impending marriage to Lea reaching the public, Gustav is made aware of the communal feeling against him. Menacing looks accompany his path through town while those who once doffed their hats in deference now turn at his passing. Society has spoken without uttering a word. The prestigious position of *Expeditionsrat* is tainted even in Gustav’s own account of the sudden promotion. Mention of the attendant promise to take Lea as his bride is greeted with disbelief by his friend Reelzingen; this ‘natural’, impolitic response is soon followed by dismay and concluded by utterance of a curse on the day of their first acquaintance. In an analogue to the Byronic hero affectation of the ball’s entrance scene, Gustav then hints at suicide through fear of the unavoidable disgrace about to befall his family, declining his friend’s ‘invitation’ to lead him to the scaffold with the sardonic “but you can follow my corpse, when they bury me tomorrow at midnight beside the churchyard wall”¹⁵⁴ (499-500). The allusive thread to a burial in unhallowed ground follows two seams. Hauff is gradually

¹⁵³ „Er teilte zwar alle strengen religiösen Absichten seiner Zeit, aber er schauderte über dem Fluch, der einen heimatlosen Menschenstamm bis ins tausendste Glied verfolgte und jeden mit ins Verderben zu ziehen schien, der sich auch den Edelsten unter ihnen auf die natürlichste Weise näherte.“

¹⁵⁴ „. . . aber meiner Leiche kannst du folgen, wenn sie mich morgen um Mitternacht neben der Kirchhofsmauer einscharren.“

exposing the doubled hypocrisy of a society in which he and Lanbek both reside, albeit a century removed one from the other. In this society, each call of the heart is cornered by an accompanying conundrum of the mind. Honesty is a luxury most can ill afford. Duplicity is therefore inevitable. Narrative focus adheres to the pictorial trope. The reader is left in no doubt that “if Gustav can escape censure and keep his reputation intact, both he and his father are quite willing to keep the promotion, whether deserved or not” (“Re-Visioning” 31)¹⁵⁵. Young Lanbek’s deceitful dealings with his father, Süß and Lea betray the generationally sustained, external compass of a society focused solely on the observance of principle rather than the truth it purports to represent. The concealed narrator compels reader and critic alike to interpret meaning through their own moral conscience, which could perhaps explain why *Jud Süß* has been subjected to racist misinterpretation that defies reason and logic. Hauff inserts himself into the narrative only when there is a clear moral compulsion to be held accountable. In an ironic coda, the sophistic Süß complements the integrity of his sister by refusing to allow political manoeuvring to accommodate cowardice. Hauff stands squarely with those his critics accuse him of vilifying. As Gustav attempts to extricate himself from his plight based on the falsehood that, having never been in love with Lea, marriage had never occurred to him, “the narrator distances himself from Gustav’s perspective, exposing the young man’s prejudice and fear of public censure” (31-32).

In that moment the cliff cellars of Neuffen and the deep casemates of Asperg would have been more welcome to the young man . . . he thought of his proud father, of his esteemed family, and so great was his fear of the shame, still so deeply-rooted were the prejudices against those unhappy children of Abraham in those days that they even overpowered in this terrible moment his tender feelings for the beautiful daughter of Israel.¹⁵⁶ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 497-98)

¹⁵⁵ For example, „. . . es war der schreckliche Gedanke, vor der Welt für einen Günstling dieses Mannes zu gelten, vor seinem Vater, vor allen guten Männern gebrandmarkt dazustehen“ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 497).

¹⁵⁶ „Die Felsenkeller von Neuffen und die tiefen Kasematten von Asperg wären in diesem Augenblick dem jungen Manne willkommener gewesen . . . er dachte an seinen stolzen Vater, an seine angesehene Familie, und so groß war die Furcht vor Schande, so tief eingewurzelt damals noch die Vorurteile gegen jene unglücklichen Kinder Abrahams, daß sie sogar seine zärtlichen Gefühle für die schöne Tochter Israels in diesem schrecklichen Augenblick übermannten.“

Those who ascribe anti-Semitism to the author have not been paying attention.

As with *The Memoirs of Satan* and the satirical fairytale „Der Affe als Mensch“ or “The Young Englishman,” the specious exteriority by which Christian society defines itself is the prevailing critique in *Jud Süß*. The ministerial position Süß holds is analogous to corruption. This is common knowledge in the duchy. He is the arbiter of an autocrat: *that* and only that is Hauff’s point of argument. His ethnicity is relevant insofar as it enables the author to expose societal hypocrisy on the issue of their complete absence of a *moral* response. The satire would not attach if the minister was ‘one of their own’, nor would it have passed the censor’s limited compass of irony. Those who provoke the point of the satirical thrust know what ‘the Jew’ is doing, but while they sit around whining, complaining, praying and hating, no one—apart from the Lanbeks and their ‘brothers’—lifts a finger either to challenge or to act against him. As both the complicity of the duke in Süß’s murder and his guilt in the plot to overthrow the Landstände is implied rather than articulated (530), and because there is no overt condemnation of Christianity or its herd-like mentality in ducal Württemberg (537), the narrator’s concluding observations on Old Lanbek having reversed his anti-Semitic stance and a repentant Gustav never smiling again strike the modern critic as too conciliatory for the context of their crimes. But this is the method of the author’s compositional aesthetic, one enjoined upon him by the presence of the censor. The Lanbeks are not being forgiven for having facilitated and executed a vicious attack against a Jew but for having the courage and conviction to stand and act where others have failed to do anything at all. Critique is levied against those who hide from their social and civic responsibility. Inertness sires oppression. There is progress in action of any form, however misguided it may be. A reading of Hauff requires percipience. Although “his words implicitly condemn the brutality of the communal act of violence” (“Re-Visioning” 37), the connotation extends to the conviction that there remains the possibility for growth and eventual change through sober reflection on the regrettable events of the past. In the evocative ‘cliff cellars of Neuffen and the deep casemates of Asperg’ simile, the absence of outward elucidation, the sustained deprivation of internal light is likened to lifelessness, to the spirit in passing. Here a blue flower cannot hope to grow. Ironically, the author is asking history to learn from itself before the lesson is lost to minds already barred behind the iron grate.

Analysis of this cognitive grate is paralleled through the masking and unmasking of the respective characters. On conclusion of the novella its removal exposes the dubious moral construct of Christian society at the expense of the 'ethnic outsiders' on whose moral probity the narrative depends. Although the masquerade "permits the individual to cross traditional barriers and to transgress inherited patterns of thought and language" (27), Süß and Lea are the only two characters who refuse to conceal themselves. While Süß dispenses with the object entirely, Lea transposes the external gaze thrust upon her by donning the mask of 'die Orientalin' as a means of mirroring the prejudices, erotic desires and expectations of a society unable to access her from within. She remains in control of her narrative. From behind his own Oriental mask, Gustav accesses what he believes to be her identity, but "her human face is still obscured by the stereotypical images he projects upon her" (28). The pictorial allusion to a fixed grate barring the ability to perceive anticipates 'the cliff cellars of Neuffen' simile. *Jud Süß* is a condemnation of border crossing through concealment of any form, but it is not an ethnocentric work that seeks to prevent the crossing of transcultural boundaries. Light is required. An objective observer cannot but conclude that Lea, Süß and by extension all Jews are portrayed as the undeserving victims of Christian animosity and the abject failure on the part of its adherents to apply the fundamental tenets of this faith to their actions.

Hauff engages the schism of the Church as a satirical means of providing a reflective background to this hypocrisy. It is essential for the reader to bear in mind that the object of the satire differs from its subject. The Protestants of Württemberg are lightly ridiculed for living in fear of forced conversion to Catholicism due to the dread influence of 'Jud' Süß on the Catholic Duke Karl Alexander. A parody framed by abstract reasoning, these sketches of communal gullibility foreshadow the inversions on ethnicity from *Monty Python's Flying Circus*. Tellingly, Hauff lampoons his own religion through Lea, her reading of the moral conundrum inherent to Protestantism eclipsing Gustav's tenuous grasp on comprehension. In a shattering remark "informed by Enlightenment wit and cultural relativism reminiscent of Montesquieu and Voltaire" (34), she dissects their discussion on marriage by a simple "I'm only glad you're not a Catholic, as then it wouldn't be possible, but you Protestants

don't have a spiritual head and so you're just as heretical as we Jews"¹⁵⁷ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 512). The cognate invites the ire of her reluctant suitor (513), for these incisive comments "reveal a clear-eyed understanding of her position and constitute as well a refusal to be patronized by a man who represents the mainstream mindset" ("Re-Visioning" 34). Hauff stands beside the character he created while the rumour of a Catholic uprising takes hold of the duchy. Gustav's anti-Semitic sisters, Hedwig and Käthchen, enhance the satirical thrust, the latter convinced Süß "will make us all Catholics"¹⁵⁸ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 520) without considering why it would be in the interest of a Jewish minister of finance to enact the conversion ("Re-Visioning" 35). With a voice imbued with pronounced intellectual clarity and consistency, the proud, articulate, rational Jewish object of Hauffian satire renders its Christian subject unmistakable.

Hauff leaves articulation of the conclusion to those who have not been deceived by the subject of his sermon. The poet refuses to provide a roadmap to elucidation. In a rebuke structured on the exposure of communal bigotry "in which his overt message is contradicted by an implied one" (37), he denounces the people of Württemberg for an execution entirely without justice in an age of educational reform. The lack of mercy shown by the commission is proven to be an act of unmitigated anti-Semitism, a flouting of the Christian values those of the commission task themselves with preserving. Guilt by omission and intimation is sufficient to the purpose of the author and an effective means to circumvent the censor. Appropriately, Hauff elects not to narrate the contents of the letter that could have spared Süß from the hanging nor does he reveal the identity of its author; rather, the focus of the penultimate scene is directed on the actions of Gustav, who knowingly withholds the letter despite Lea's heartrending plea on her brother's behalf. This stroke of narratorial mastery resituates the final word of import. The reader is left in no doubt as to Hauff's appraisal of a Christian 'protagonist' who seeks forgiveness in advance of a betrayal he has yet to commit. "I have nothing to forgive"¹⁵⁹ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 536) is Lea's dignified refusal to endure hypocrisy in either the man or his religion and "suggests her resigned recognition that normative social and cultural codes are too powerful for an ordinary and unheroic

¹⁵⁷ „Ich bin nur froh, daß du nicht Katholik bist, da wäre es nicht möglich, aber ihr Protestanten habt ja kein kirchliches Oberhaupt und seid doch eigentlich so gut Ketzler wie wir Juden.“

¹⁵⁸ „will uns katholisch machen“

¹⁵⁹ „Ich habe nichts zu vergeben“

individual to transgress voluntarily, even in the name of compassion or justice” (“Re-Visioning” 37). It is a damning indictment. Her steadfast refusal to accept money acquired through dishonest means runs parallel to Gustav’s decision to retain an undeserved promotion and serves as an explicit inversion of stereotype. Hauffian intent is seldom as pronounced. Lea’s parting “May the God of my fathers make you as fortunate as your wealthy heart deserves!”¹⁶⁰ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 537) and subsequent suicide in the Neckar assume the hue of Shakespearean echo while standing as an ultimate negation of society. It is academic perversion to invert the esteem in which the author held his creation or to negate the positive effect her characterisation had on nineteenth-century attitudes towards tolerance and integration. Albert Dulk, who vocally supported emancipation of the Jews and wrote the drama *Lea* in 1848 based on Hauff’s novella, would not have taken the *dramatis persona* from *Jud Süß* had he believed or even suspected an anti-Semitic denotation. Lea Oppenheimer is the antithesis of an ethnic stereotype. Indeed, through the figure of Lea Hauff managed to “de-demonise the traditional image of the Jews”¹⁶¹ (Oesterle 118). And yet despite the attempt to raise Süß and Lea above the prejudicial context by which their shared fate is determined, the implicit tenor of the expression and an assumed narratorial acceptance of the events as chronicled by history have proven sufficient textual ‘evidence’ for wilful misreading of the connotational subtext and misappropriation of the author’s aesthetic.

Philosemitic interpretation of Hauff’s novella ended with the early years of the NS-regime. Contemporary arbiters who have appended anti-Semitic intent to the original *Jud Süß* have merely followed the gosestep of the Nazis they purportedly revile. It may be argued that wilful misreading has perpetuated upon Hauff an epithet that furthers an agenda at the direct expense of established textual truth. Veit Harlan adopted the same pattern of literary perambulation in his infamous film adaptation of *Jud Süß* in 1940. Borrowing on Hauffian sequential passaging and basic characterisation, the satire is stripped from the frame while the inversion of stereotype is collapsed into a literal reading augmented by the specific pictorial impressions the poet sought to invalidate. Significantly, Hauff’s name does not appear in the opening credits, while a disingenuous “The events of this film are based

¹⁶⁰ „Möge der Gott meiner Väter dich so glücklich machen, als es dein reiches Herz verdient!“

¹⁶¹ „die Entdämonisierung des überlieferten Judenbildes“

on historical facts" (*Jud Süß*, Harlan 1:36-1:40) immediately precedes Duke Karl Alexander taking the oath of office. Direction is masterful. The narrative presupposes the ignorance of the viewer and is at times scarcely recognisable from its presumed origin. This is not Hauff's work, the screenplay an amalgam strung together from various sources, including, ironically enough, Feuchtwanger's novel, which had already been banned by the NS-regime. In what can be described as prescient anticipation of the academic critic and its methods, it has been noted that few members of the propaganda department actually bothered to read Hauff's novella (Feuchtwanger 69). The uninformed viewer might wish to recall that Harlan's *Jud Süß* is designed to deceive. It is not art. It is not beauty. It is not truth. But it is effective. And there is no equivocation. The propaganda is measured to the masses: not a trace remains of Hauff's self-actualised, remorseful Süß, who resumes his role as the Süß-Oppenheimer of historical scapegoating, while the accomplished, benevolent Lea is stripped of the inward essence that grounds the Hauffian aesthetic and removed from the script entirely (Hinz 62).

As the Hauffian love story between a 'Jewess' and a Christian man was highly problematic and ran contrary to established NS-ideology, the main focus is redacted to accommodate and then consolidate the Nazi doctrine of racial superiority. Accordingly, Harlan hammers on the root of unrest – economic uncertainty, and then manipulates a deep-seated fear of 'Jewry', which had steadily increased following the Treaty of Versailles in 1919. The power of this visual rhetoric is not to be underestimated. It is social mainstreaming by cinematography. Camera perspective shifts abruptly and is accentuated by extreme close-ups of unnerving regularity. This sense of viewer compression is reinforced by an eerily inward overseeing of the external narrative: the local theatre in which a communal group assembles to view a common 'enemy' while being observed by their autocratic rulers. Had the intention been satirical, Harlan's 'masterpiece' would have aspired to art, yet devoid of warmth and wit, it merely contorts Hauffian content into cliché. Using this abstracted narrative as a feature of positioning, Harlan succeeds in reapplying Old Lanbek's mask while impressing a latent form of voyeurism on the viewer. Ostensibly, this 'freedom' to speak and behave according to feeling is protected by an enclosed setting strictly overseen by an eye situated *behind* the director's chair. It is the twentieth-century equivalent of the masked ball lending credence to the voice of the coward. The ironic inversion is acute: Harlan controls both sides of the screen. Confined space induces internal frustration and a

general sense of panic. The discomfort of the audience is palpable, and an anxious audience requires an object of derision upon which to vent that angst.

The Rabbi whose lament announces the title establishes the note of cultural intrusion. His wail surmounts and is surmounted by the brass score. An anti-Semitic quaver having been sounded from the outset, the opening scenes allude to continuance and domestic harmony before cutting into the sharply contrasted 'Judengasse', the home of a dirty, old, babbling 'Jew' who is shown leering out of a window engaging bearded, equally dishevelled passersby; beside him mutters Rebekka, a reference perhaps to Hauff's modern reader from *The Memoirs of Satan*, now an attractive, coquettish young woman attired in a negligée. Cultural irony does not appear to enter the Freudian frame-by-frame dissection of an entire nation's psychosexual fears. There is no purpose to the scene other than to provide a cue to the connotational filth, lechery and indolence of the people who inhabit this particular street of any given town at the edge of the communal nightmare on which the film seeks to prey. A setting encompassing all of the central tenets to the NS-regime has been cultivated inside its universal theatre of fear.

Wilhelm Hauff is not responsible for this production. Parallels to the original *Jud Süß* are few and far between, but there are indeed scenes readers may apply to the uncited source. Of the main characters, only Süß and Römchingen remain from Hauff's text. If Harlan occupies the directorial role as Gustav, who together with Lea is withdrawn as superfluous to the script, the screenwriters assume the function of the Stuttgart commission in ensuring the audience is left in no doubt as to the atrocities committed by Süß-Oppenheimer. The figure of Lea is transmuted by Dorothea, the quintessential Aryan daughter of the aptly named Sturm, chair of the Landstände and protector of a constitutional law Germans everywhere sought to preserve. Or so the story goes. Bright, beautiful, blue-eyed and blonde, Dorothea supplicates herself to the dreaded 'Jud' Süß in an earnest appeal for her husband, the equally Aryan and equally blond Karl Faber. The intonation of the plea is consonant with Lea's in both purpose and import, albeit with an object reversal split by multiple angles. In cinematic terms, it is a pivotal scene that harnesses the collective rage of the audience, which could not have been possible had the supplicant been Jewish. The critic must pause to consider the boldness of Hauff's intentional phrasing in the composition of this scene's original conceit. But Harlan's focus is altogether removed from pathos. Süß-

Oppenheimer has falsely imprisoned the articulate, handsome, forthright paladin of the Aryan race; the young wife's tears and tender bosom excite the virulence of the tyrant, who succumbs to lust and proceeds to rape. The menace to the scene is graphic. In a dramatic ode to the non-existent Lea, a bedraggled Dorothea then staggers into the camera and drowns herself in the Neckar. The moral outcry that follows is sufficient pretext to storm the ducal palace. Dorothea's struggle has supplanted Lea's.

There is no implicit meaning. That every young Aryan woman—and perhaps even some of the older ones—should live in fear of the lecherous advances of the ever-encroaching 'Juden' down on 'Judengasse' is bitingly explicit. The author's satirical thread is non-existent, the connotation distorted beyond poetry by bitterness and bile. Remnants of scenes drawn directly from Hauff's novella are insufficient to ascribe authorship. It is evident Harlan's visual cues inform the viewer in much the same manner as Hauffian pictorials guide the reader, and yet these cinematic segues are seldom seamless and never subtle. The frames are clearly intended to deepen viewer discomfort by degree. The carnival festivities are similar pictorially to those described by the author, albeit without any of the original characters to complement the inclusion of Süß-Oppenheimer. But whereas Hauff empathises with and celebrates the ethnic outsider, Harlan juxtaposes darkness and light to isolate and expose. Ocular illustration of this trope continually punctuates the harmony of established context. At the masquerade ball, the lacquered wig of Süß contrasts sharply with the soft monotone background and stands in stark relief to his black moustache, thereby punctuating the figure into the foreground by contradistinction. Standing inside a recessive light, the young actuary Faber, whose position in society is a direct corollary to Gustav's, resituates the place of Old Lanbek and dons his mask of concealment. The structural composition of the scene visually and verbally extends the diatribe against the alien evil that has breached "their formerly harmonious realm" ("Re-Visioning" 29). This optical intrusion is prefaced by a scene in which hundreds of begrimed Jews stream through the city gates following ducal decree to allow safe passage and freedom of domicile. Prices are rising. Food is said to be in short supply. Monetary privation becomes the subject of intense debate. The edits are timed and weighted to perfection. Predictably, the ball over which Württemberg's simpering finance minister resides is interpreted as an ostentatious strike against the heart of an entire nation, one that locates and tautens communal fear on both sides of the screen.

From behind the mask, an enraged Faber lambastes Süß-Oppenheimer as he tosses coins across the gaming table: “The beautiful money! You play with it as though you don’t know how much sweat from the poor sticks to its surface!”¹⁶² (Harlan 32:24-32:43). It is a reasonable objection and the only material quote taken directly from Hauff, whose “How many drops of sweat from the poor goes into a single piece of gold?”¹⁶³ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 482) parallels the scene rhetorically. But context has altogether resituated authorial meaning. Connotational import has appropriated a subject contrary to intention. The compositional lighting has blurred the focus.

Veit Harlan’s focal objective is to remove the burden of doubt from the narrative of *Jud Süß*. Plot similarities lend credence to the notion that the film is an artistic adaptation of the novella, but the analogue is tenuous at best. In the cinematic, ‘historical’ depiction of *Jud Süß*, no allowance is made for an informed reading of the trial. Having bartered, borrowed and bribed his way into the duke’s confidence, the insidious Süß-Oppenheimer has elicited a charter absolving him of the obligation to pay taxation and tithe, a ‘Freibrief’ that places him under ducal protection and exonerates him from prosecution for any crime committed while in service to the duchy. While Hauff alluded to the puppet analogy and could only reference the duke’s participation in the plot to overthrow the Landstände implicitly (*Sämtliche Werke II* 530), Harlan dangles Duke Karl Alexander before the viewer as a licentious, indiscriminate autocrat who continually seeks to dissolve the council in furtherance of an acquisitiveness that debases him into becoming the pawn of Jud Süß. The scene in which a smith’s house protruding onto a road now owned by the finance minister is sliced through the middle with the interior exposed to a gaping world is the voyeuristic metaphor by which the political agenda is furthered. On challenging Süß-Oppenheimer, who happens to carriage through the scene together with a cackling mistress, ‘Hans’ the blacksmith is arrested and hanged to the visible delight of his onlooking oppressor. The film is a true masterpiece of NS-propaganda. There is no redemption for a caricature of a stereotype designed to resemble the demonic imagery associated with the poster. The moral

¹⁶² „Das schöne Geld! Ihr spielt so gelassen damit, als ob Ihr nicht wüsstet wie viel Schweiß der armen Leute daranklebt?“

¹⁶³ „ . . . wieviel Schweißtropfen armer Leute gehen wohl auf ein solches Goldstück?“

is acute: there is no subtext, no satirical thread to ameliorate cause for the execution that follows.

Cowardice is the accompaniment to death. Led to the same scaffold that took honest Hans, Süß-Oppenheimer wails an innocence in which not a single soul has cause to believe. The cry is a closing cognate to the rabbinical prayer note that announces the name 'Jud Süß' to a strictured audience. In Harlan's film, it is only appropriate this voice would be strangled into silence before the end credits. No one else is held accountable. By contrast, Hauff does not describe or dwell on the closing moments of the character from his novella, but it can be surmised by context that a man of thought and forbearance accepted his fate with dignity. In the last chapter, Hauff maintains Süß "is neither an autonomous actor in the political and economic game nor the enemy of the people as perceived by the bourgeois protagonists" ("Re-Visioning" 32), conceding that others responsible for or complicit in crimes against the duchy of Württemberg were saved by "relations, reputation, secret promises"¹⁶⁴ (*Sämtliche Werke II* 537). No one is spared. Old Lanbek is compelled by fact to alter his perspective and lives out his days in regret. His son Gustav, who sat on the commission that condemned Süß to hang, knowingly withheld the letter that would have commuted his sentence, and whose rejection of Lea and his own conscience effectively steered her to suicide, is left in a state of permanent distemper. Known never to have smiled again, his self-loathing can be interpreted as the deep disappointment he would have felt towards his fellowship of hypocrisy. In a parting nod to Little Muck, Hauff implies Gustav is left broken by the cruelties and injustice of a prejudicial society, but unlike the character from the fairytale, the actuary is as culpable as the 'brothers' he has grown to disdain. A defeated man, he turns inwardly from all he has known and isolates himself in unremitting sorrow. This closing pictorial serves as a partial coda to the crime. It is a tacit avowal of humanity's ability to learn from its errors. The *Jud Süß* of 1940 admits no such coda. Harlan closes his account on the prejudicial fear he creates. No discerning reader would equate the film with the novella, and yet in an unwitting extension of the object, the film inversely compels its viewer to confront the Hauffian subject from within a darkness they cannot see. It is ironic prophecy.

¹⁶⁴ „Verwandtschaften, Ansehen, heimliche Versprechungen“

From his seat on the nearer side of history, Hauff's perspective shines through in the brilliant but bitter satire that is *Jud Süß*.

History has shown *Jud Süß* to be a philosemitic work of significant cultural import. It is an original creation that defies conventional categorisation. Theoreticians cannot compass the Hauffian aesthetic. Paradoxically, it is both a scathing assessment and an implicit critique of society and its institutions with an unremitting focus on the hostilities directed towards a traditionally spurned ethnic group lacking judicial shelter. Wilhelm Hauff was a visionary who refused to compromise his idealism but was nonetheless forced to conceal his intentions behind a satirical mask. But satire requires both context and exegesis:

Neither a failed historical romance nor an anti-Jewish document, Hauff's re-visioning of the Oppenheimer affair presents a narratively sophisticated dismantling of the process of communal scapegoating. Astonishingly, Hauff's poetic 'falsification' of historical narratives has produced an interpretation not unlike that of more recent historians of this period who have attempted to reconstruct the event based on sources and documents not available to Hauff. (Thum, "Re-Visioning" 38-39)

In the inversive attempt to expose prejudice inherent to Christian society, whether masked in ducal dress or by the habit of the clergy, Hauff has fallen prey to the modern critic who fails to distinguish poetry from pulp. Stefan Neuhaus stresses the author could not have been anti-Semitic either in his ideas or his approach (70). Hauffian perspective is nascent educational realism. He sought to enlighten rather than consolidate. Surely even the most modern of critics can deduce that *Süß* and *Lea* are structured in direct opposition to the prevailing Jewish stereotype?

Hence, it can be reasoned without difficulty that the novella cannot be anti-Semitic because no negative qualities that [prejudicially] attach to those of the Jewish faith can be claimed. In addition, the minister himself does not answer to any Jewish clichés.¹⁶⁵ (Neuhaus 66-67)

¹⁶⁵ „Daraus lässt sich bereits ohne Mühe schließen, dass die Novelle nicht antisemitisch sein kann, weil sie keine für alle Angehörigen jüdischen Glaubens geltenden negativen Eigenschaften behauptet. Dazu addiert sich, dass der Minister selbst keinem jüdischen Klischee entspricht“

Jud Süß is a prophetic deconstruction of anti-Semitism. Hauff's novella is an attempt to redress the inhumanities of the past by exposing the hypocrisies of the present. The alarum sounds on the anachronistic policies and recessive tendencies of the Württemberg of his own time, a warning stressed in the epigraph taken from Ludwig Uhland's tragedy *Ernst, Duce of Swabia* from 1817:

An earnest play will pass you by,
The curtain lifts over a world
Which has long since passed in the stream of time,
And struggles fought long ago
Will renew rousingly before your eyes.¹⁶⁶ (*Sämtliche Werke* II 474).

What more could a poet have done to circumvent the censor? The continued appeal of *Jud Süß* rests in its universal plea *not* to allow society to degenerate in the same way as it had ninety years before, a request for the present generation to learn from and not reaffirm the limitations and prejudices of the past. The fictional love between Gustav and Lea is the realistic image Hauff turns upon his time as a broken reflection of what ought to have been. In the spirit of *The Merchant of Venice*, it is a Shakespearean means of asking former enemies to reconcile their differences and shake hands.

¹⁶⁶ „Ein ernstes Spiel wird euch vorübergehen,/ Der Vorhang hebt sich über einer Welt,/ Die längst hinab ist in der Zeiten Strom,/ Und Kämpfe, längst schon ausgekämpft, werden/ Vor euren Augen stürmisch sich erneun.“

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Chapter Five

An Historical Analysis of Wilhelm Hauff's *Dwarf Nose* in the Context of Contemporary Translation Studies



*A conclusive chapter in which the author launches a defence of the poet through a contextual analysis of *Zwerg Nase*, a reading that accrues incrementally and serves to illustrate the vagaries of translation—both historical and contemporary—that have diluted and tainted the Hauffian aesthetic, meanders into the theoretical discussion on what a fairytale is and should be as a means of resituating the poet's contribution to the genre, grapples with the complex early history of translation and appropriation of the fairytale quintessence, heralds the 1886 Mendel edition of Hauff's *Tales* as worthy of esteem, tussles with interpretations and 'retellings' from the first half of the twentieth century (while delving deeper into the textual analysis of *Dwarf Nose* to provide comparison and interpretive discussion), wrestles with reinterpretations and 're-retellings' from the theoretical half, brawls with the blind stamp of plagiarism by which 'translation' and online commercialism of Hauff's works would appear to be defined in the twenty-first, and concludes with a relevant analogy on translation and interiority in art, music and literature while drawing the dénouement on the death of the poet.*

A Reading of *Dwarf Nose* in the Hauffian Aesthetic

Zwerg Nase is one of the three fairytales synonymous with Wilhelm Hauff's compositional aesthetic – a realistic, often unsettling approach to the minutiae and wonder of everyday life. *Dwarf Nose* is the elemental thread to the second of the three almanacs, *The Sheik of Alexandria and His Slaves* (1826), the longest account and by far the most ambitious. Anthologies and treatises that omit citation of *Dwarf Nose* negate the creative essence of the fairytale itself; within an historical frame of reference, our reading of the genre would be incomplete without its inclusion. The tale is one of seven and is narrated by an old German slave of Ali Banu, the Sheik of Alexandria. In complement to the nascent discussion on faërie contained in the frame by which the story is introduced, the narrator begins with the

dictum that those who believe the time of fairies and magicians has passed are wrong, that “Even at the present day there are fairies” (Mendel¹⁶⁷ 109), and that only a short while ago he himself was “witness of an event in which genii were manifestly concerned” (109). The ‘good reader’ is compelled to raise the veil left behind by Novalis at the close of „Hyazinth und Rosenblütchen“ and see more than a beautiful allusion, to peer through the mists of reason that consign the fairytale to *fantasia* and thus reduce its practical import through wariness and *unbelief*. *Dwarf Nose* is Hauff’s introduction to and exemplar of a theory in practice manœuvring beneath the main harmony, a subharmonic that reawakens the genre from within by averring that a fairytale should be either realistic or real.

The narrator is conversant with the author’s substructure from the outset. An inward tilt to the narrative occupies a specific niche in time and is in every facet unique. Tonally, the later nineteenth-century fascination of the grotesque begins with E. T. A. Hoffmann and Jean Paul Richter but attains sonority through Hauff’s synæsthetic nonpareil, which gave rise to characters that had never been seen in literature. Transformatively, *Little Muck* and *Dwarf Nose* conditioned Oscar Wilde’s reversal of character in *The Picture of Dorian Gray*. Æsthetically, the disharmony between inward composition and outward appearance left an indelible mark on the foremost fairytellers of the age; in particular, the avant-garde lean to plot and narrative perspective both anticipates and informs Hans Christian Andersen’s “The Ugly Duckling” and Wilde’s *The Birthday of the Infanta*. When surveyed together with *The Story of Little Muck* from *The Caravan* and *The Cold Heart* from *The Inn in the Spessart*, the Hauffian æsthetic as it pertains to the protorealistic evolution of the fairytale distinguishes the author from predecessors and contemporaries. Hauff structured his tales on the harsh realities of day-to-day life with emphasis on the onward path and its perils. There was no mitigation and no possibility of returning to the way things had been: the journey *had* to be negotiated and endured, especially for the child or the ‘unusual’ person. And yet there was always wonder enough for *genuine* hope. The delusive and often deluded princess is notably absent from the structural framework, a point altogether lost on and by the editor of *Don’t Bet on the Prince*. The wonder of the tales broke through by temporarily forestalling these realities and their truths as opposed to obviating them. Implicit is the sense

¹⁶⁷ S. Mendel’s *Hauff’s Tales or Tales by Wilhelm Hauff* from 1886 is used as a guide to accurate translation in this chapter. Direct translation from the original German text is used for comparison and contrast.

that frightful difficulties would have to be faced in life but that they are not nor need ever become insurmountable. *Dwarf Nose* is epitomic of the journey enjoined upon the child and the unusual person alike by an unforgiving society, its resonance tautening through a series of Hogarthian vignettes on the person who just happens to be both. Gender is neutralised by the struggle. Translation of the tale into English requires an élan that adheres to the subtle undertone by which the author contours and colours the outwardly comical æsthetic without compromising its measured solemnity. This pictorial conundrum founders a linear rendering of the tale, with the result that a clear majority of translators have failed to bear the thread of composition beyond its seemingly prosaic title.

Dwarf Nose is a conscious departure in an attempt to reposition and restructure the fairytale. The Oriental tenor of the frame narrative is abruptly resituated to “my dear native land, Germany” (109-10), in which “there lived plainly and virtuously a cobbler and his wife” (110). The castling is as deft as it is acute. Here the characters are distinctly Hauffian in their simple, unaffected manner of existence. *Dwarf Nose* thus begins as a commentary on modern society and its mores. Although the term *prolétariat* postdates the author’s journey to France in the spring of 1826, he would assuredly have been familiar with the Latin *proletarius* from the seminary. Social probity rests at the core of the inner narrative, the twining of industry and virtue grounding the *fantasia* while echoing the author’s anticipation of a proletarian belief system. The couple are poor, yet Hannah remains “clean and neatly-dressed” (110), an attribute that complements the inviting arrangement and presentation for those who visit her stall in the market-place. The pictorial imagery is enhanced by their son Jacob, “handsome in appearance, well built, and very tall for a boy of eight years of age” (110), who delivers the fruit and vegetables and is invariably rewarded on account of his fair appearance. But the faltering note of pride already predominates.

Jacob enters the tale as a hawker “calling out with a clear voice his wares” (110). His function being to draw in customers, the embroidered “look what fine cabbages we have; and how sweetly scented these herbs are” (110) is insufficient text to cast aspersions on the boy’s character, and yet the tenor of the surrounding narrative artfully displaces the surface ideal, suffusing the seemingly ingenuous phrasing with a haughtiness entirely out of keeping with the ‘unaffected manner’ of the social construct. At this point the introduction

of the old woman quite literally cuts across the pictorial and aural narratives. The description adheres to the fairytale trope:

. . . she was dressed in rags and tatters, with a small pointed face, quite wrinkled with age, red eyes, and a sharp hooked nose stretching down to her chin, she leaned on a long stick and yet it was quite impossible to say how she went along; for she hobbled and stumbled, and waddled as though she had wheels in her legs, and was ready to break down any moment, and fall with her hooked nose upon the pavement. (110)

And yet the old woman is not described as a witch at any stage of the original narrative; indeed, notwithstanding outward appearance, the narrator does not apply a single negative connotation to her characterisation.¹⁶⁸ The phrasing is measured and precise. Perspective shifts rapidly. Of the boy's mother it is observed "never had she seen such a quaint figure" (111) in sixteen years of daily attentiveness, and although she is startled by the appearance of the approaching customer, she remains polite and composed in her presence. Having initiated the address "Are you Hannah, the fruiterer?" (111), the old woman commands "show me your herbs, show me your herbs" (111) and begins "putting her swarthy ugly hands into the basket" (111). The directness of the descriptive language fastens to the pace of the narrative and is factual rather than prejudicial. Hannah's response echoes the author's substructure:

The heart of the cobbler's wife was well nigh in her mouth, as she saw the old woman handling her rare herbs in such a way; but she dare not say anything, for it was the buyer's privilege to examine the goods; and moreover, a peculiar dread of the woman seized her. (111)

The need to observe both decorum and respect is manifest, the 'peculiar dread' adumbrating the narrative tension. Turning over the basket in disgust to the words "Wretched stuff, bad

¹⁶⁸ Thum's reading of Orgel's translation from 1960 illustrates the premise with precision: Hauff does not adhere to the standard fairytale trope. She notes "Doris Orgel goes so far as to reinforce the stereotype by substituting the misogynist label of 'old hag' for Hauff's more neutral term 'old woman' ("altes Weib") Contrary to the impression created by Orgel's translation, the narrator does not reinforce misogynistic stereotypes; instead, he eschews antifeminist labels, consistently avoiding such charged words as 'Hexe' (witch), 'Unholdin' (crone), or Scheusal' (hag). This intentional avoidance signals the narrator's dissociation from those characters in the tale who call her "böse" (evil), a word that appears only twice in the text, and in a context that challenges its applicability" ("Misreading" 9-10).

herbs, there is nothing here that I want; it was much better fifty years ago. Worthless stuff, worthless stuff!” (111), the old woman is on the point of departure when Jacob gainsays the outward fairness and betrays his inward self:

‘Listen, you are an impudent old woman,’ he cried ill-humouredly; ‘first you put your ugly brown fingers into our beautiful herbs, squeezing them all up; then you hold them up to your long nose so that nobody would care to buy them who has watched you, and now you call our things worthless stuff as well, when the duke’s cook buys all he wants of us!’ (111)

The contrast between surface and content parallels the positioning of narrative perspective. The boy’s hubris is made explicit in the reference to the duke, and although not complicit by definition, it is significant that Hannah remains silent during the exchange. The admonition that follows is weighted by a ‘hoarse’ finality: “My little son, my little son! do you like my nose, my nice long nose? You too shall have one right in the centre of your face, reaching far down to your chin” (111).

And yet the caution is unheeded. Having picked up some cabbages, “squeezed them together until they creaked” (112) and “flung them back carelessly into the basket” (112), the old woman utters “Bad things! bad cabbages!” (112) and once again provokes impudence:

‘Don’t shake your head to and fro in such a frightful manner,’ cried the little boy timidly; ‘your neck is as thin as a cabbage-stalk, and might easily snap in two, and then your head would fall into the basket; who do you think would buy anything of us then?’ (112)

Jacob justifies his lack of propriety through the need to preserve material gain. The object of the affront merely laughs, muttering “Do you not like thin necks?” (112) before warning him that, as a consequence of his behaviour, he “shall not have one at all” (112). At this point an angered Hannah counsels against talking nonsense and orders her to “make haste, for you are driving away my other customers” (112). Notwithstanding the old woman’s transgression of etiquette, narrative perspective has cornered the reader as neither the boy nor his mother appears worthy of our regard, much less our sympathy. The ‘plain and virtuous’ attribute is undermined by pride and vehemence. Hauff has tuned our moral sensibility to the lesson about to unfold. The old woman directs “a fierce look” (112) upon the fruiterer and promptly buys six cabbages, on the condition that Jacob—who will be

rewarded handsomely—helps her to carry them home. At this point the boy breaks into tears “for he felt a shudder at the hideous old woman” (112), and yet he is promptly ordered by his mother to oblige “because she considered it a sin to burden a weak old woman with such a load” (112). Implicit is the sense that the burden of ‘sin’ is weighted to the appearance from without rather than any goodness from within, that for an old customer to walk from Hannah’s stall without proper assistance would reflect poorly upon her as a vendor. This acute pictorial upturn of the boy accompanying the woman “half-crying” (112) from the square completes the series of vignettes in which the moral of the tale is grounded. Failure to translate the visual cues precisely as the author intended leads to an inevitable separation between context and content that obviates the tonal expression of both the moral and its meaning.

The deferred entrance to faërie is appropriately gained through “an old rusty key”¹⁶⁹ (112) that furthers Hauff’s theoretical substructure: the fairytale is perceived as a thing of the past. Hauff’s world of the ‘other’ is thus concealed until we reach “the remote part of town” (112) and stand before “a small dilapidated house” (112). On the key being set to the lock, the door flies open with a creak and “what was Jacob’s astonishment when he entered!” (112).

The interior of the house was splendidly adorned; the ceilings and walls were of marble, the furniture of the finest ebony inlaid with gold and precious stones; the floors were of glass, and so smooth that the little boy slipped and fell down several times. The old woman now took out of her pocket a little silver whistle and blew it in such a manner that it emitted a shrill sound throughout the whole of the house. Immediately some guinea-pigs ran down the stairs. Jacob however could hardly believe his eyes on seeing them walking erect on their hind legs, wearing nut-shells on their paws instead of shoes, dressed in men’s clothes, and even hats on their heads after the latest style. (112-13)

The boy’s tone shifts abruptly. On being seated and deftly confined to a corner, Jacob addresses the old woman as “my good lady” (113), but the forfeit comes too late and is once

¹⁶⁹ Ironically, the Hornstein ‘adaptation’ of *Caravan Tales* from 1912 would conclude with the translator’s own contribution entitled “The Rusty Key,” which would ultimately deprive Hauff access to the entrance he created.

again of the surface rather than the heart. A mixing of the senses then permeates the scene, the words weaving through the liminal space between faërie and ‘reality’. Identity is skewed. Although later revealed as the forward fairy ‘Kräuterweis’ [‘Herbwise’] and thus *not* a witch, the old woman’s intentions are menacing and yet unclear, her categorisation implicit and yet uncertain. Consequently, the surface reader of 1826 is drawn into a false comparative with the nameless cannibal from the Grimms’ 1812 version of “Hansel and Gretel” (‘Gingerbread Hag’ was a subsequent additive), the misdirection an adumbration of the frametale’s substructural thread¹⁷⁰. The Hauffian fairytale requires of the reader a basic knowledge of the genre as the pivot point into the contrary æsthetic by which his art is defined. The outward horror of the narrative is thus tempered to inward discovery. Jacob has been cornered by an inability to perceive. Thereupon the ‘witch’ raises a severed head from the basket by a tuft of its hair, which visually couples the introductory phrase “men’s heads are not so light, not so light” (113) while arching back to the decisive „ich will dir diese sechs Kohlhäupter abkaufen“¹⁷¹ (*Märchen* 194). Though “beside himself with terror” (Mendel 113) and despite having already “slipped and fell” (112) on crossing the threshold into faërie, the allegorical approach into the Romantic sublime—“the strongest emotion which the mind is capable of feeling” (Burke 35)—and the inevitable descent fails to register, the boy’s primary concern yet fixed on the possibility of material loss befalling his family: “if anyone were to hear anything about these men’s heads . . . the people would certainly accuse my mother” (Mendel 113). Jacob’s focus remains on the external, on what others perceive from without, on what people might imagine is taking place rather than the frightening reality that is unfolding before his very eyes.

The ‘witch’ imparts truth through a pictorial inversion of the fairytale. The reward for Jacob’s ‘obliging’ behaviour is “some nice soup that you will remember all the days of your

¹⁷⁰ As editor of *Märchen-Almanach auf das Jahr 1827 für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände* (1826), Hauff included Wilhelm Grimm’s „Das Fest der Unterirdischen“ and „Schneeweißchen und Rosenrot“ as an acute æsthetic counterpoint to his working construct of the fairytale in both theory and practice. (Although „Hänsel und Gretel“ is listed under Class 327 of the Aarne-Thompson Classification System, Hauff’s „Zwerg Nase“ defies generic categorisation.) It is also worth observing that in his Rosina Leckermaul (‘Raisin Sweet-tooth’) from the 1893 opera *Hänsel und Gretel*, Engelbert Humperdinck mirrored Hauff’s original pictorial inversion.

¹⁷¹ Literally ‘I want to buy from you these six heads of cabbage’; however, Hauff’s specific usage of ‘Kohlhäupter’ rather than the more general ‘Kohlköpfe’ carries the distinct connotation of animate, human heads.

life” (114). Following a farcical rococo preparatory scene in which Hauff parodies the descriptive excesses of the seventeenth-century French salon, and during which the boy somehow manages to misconstrue the import of scullion squirrels topped by “little caps of green velvet” (114) walking upright in Turkish trousers, perceiving only “that she was very anxious to cook him something nice” (114), the fairy pours the contents of the steaming pot into a silver bowl to the admonition “just eat this soup and then you will have all that pleased you so much in me” (114). But Jacob fails to heed the warning once more and turns his attention wholly upon the delicious, “very rich” (114) dish set before him. The fateful “You too shall be a clever cook so that you may be something useful, but the little herb—no you will never find the little herb; why had not your mother it in her basket?” (114) closes the disturbing scene with the boy drifting senselessly into dream. The ‘little herb’—the aesthetic key to the tale—is left behind.

The boy slumbers into a ‘dream’ of seven years in servitude while dressed inside “the skin of a squirrel” (115). Identity is challenged from within and time is without measure. The passage is analogous to Jacob toiling seven years in Laban only to lift the veil on a false bride (*Genesis* 29:20) but also parallels Mary’s seven-year sojourn in the faërie realm of Ludwig Tieck’s „Die Elfen“ [“The Elves”] (1812), the dauntless heroine having penetrated the grey ‘reality’ of that which remains necessarily veiled to the unseeing eye. Beneath the surface, the external sense of sight is countervailed by an inward blindness or prejudice in each of the tales: deception through appearance is manifest. It is significant that all three spells of displacement *appear* to pass in a matter of days as the internal eye redirects its focus. In *Dwarf Nose* time is sounded silently but precisely to the protagonist’s development. From polishing the fairy’s shell-shoes in the first year, Jacob rises to a position of prominence in the kitchen during the seventh, acquiring “such extraordinary skill and experience of everything concerning culinary matters that he was often surprised at himself” (116). Hauff simultaneously advances the art of the fairytale to the same inaudible metronome. The chronicle of the yearly tasks is mindful but not minute; the descriptive excesses of the Enlightenment and the prolonged sentiment of Romanticism are gainsaid until a vibrant realism emerges. Even the dream itself is real: there is no mitigation of the state into which any heedless ‘Kohlhäufer’ must invariably descend. True to Hauff’s aesthetic thread and the proletarian values by which it is compassed, the boy has attained the skill that makes

him useful to society, albeit from within the inward recesses of his own selfish sleep. The moment at which he had once halted on the remote threshold at the edge of consciousness is reclaimed through the ascending veil of dream. Only now is he able to face reality and take his place in the world outside.

The moment of opportunity arrives towards the close of the seven years. One day the old woman leaves the house, ordering Jacob to kill, pluck and then prepare a young chicken. In a conscious tip of the hat to Tieck's „Der blonde Eckbert“ [“Eckbert the Blond”] (1797) and its ‘heroine’ Bertha, there is neither mitigation in the wringing of the bird's neck nor delay in departure. It is upon the individual to act. In the process of rooting out the herbs, Jacob comes upon “a little cupboard in the wall, the door of which was ajar, and which he had never perceived before” (116). Implicit is the sense that prior to this point he lacked the necessary discernment to see what had always been right there in front of him. The way in is the way out. He happens upon a strange herb, the flower of which is “burning red, edged with yellow” (116), recalls the “same strong odour which had ascended from the soup” (116), and immediately begins to sneeze with such violence that he at last awakes.

Initially, Jacob believes himself to have merely dreamed the morning away and muses on his mother's response at his return. Even the awkwardness of his bumbling gait fails to impress upon him the reality of his present predicament. On the threshold he pauses a spell as “the squirrels and guinea-pigs ran whining around him” (117) and then takes a first step into the reawakened consciousness.

But there is still an outward lesson to be learned before inward development can take hold. As he retraces his way back through “the narrow lanes” (117) the bullying alarum “Look at that ugly dwarf! Where does this dwarf come from? What a long nose he has, and how his head is buried in his shoulders, and the swarthy ugly hands!” (117) fails to penetrate, the narrator owning that but for his haste to return to the marketplace “he would have run with the rest” (117). Awareness of a possible physical deformity only dawns through the reunion with his mother, who fails to recognise her own son and “started back with a cry of horror” (117) at his untimely intrusion. Jacob's behaviour towards the old woman is revisited as Hannah fails to perceive the person behind the appearance, the epithets “you ugly dwarf!” (118) and “hideous monster” (118) betraying a similar cruelty of expression. And like Jacob before her on seeing the severed head drawn from the basket, Hannah's immediate concern

is preservation of appearance and capital rather than comprehension of the unusual reality. The heartrending plea “Mother dear, do be reasonable, do look at me properly” (118) is unheard and unobserved. “You will get no money from me with your tricks” (118) is instinctively followed by the safeguarding of her stall in the marketplace and the social standing it entails through active containment of the manner in which the scene will be interpreted by others, pulling on her neighbour and crying “just look at that ugly dwarf, there he stands and drives away all my customers” (118). Although the mother’s torment is patent, she exhibits the same coarseness that brought on the misfortune in the first place. Clearly the lesson has yet to be learned. The other market women promptly set upon the malformed dwarf with a torrent of abuse, the narrator wryly noting that they “understand how to do it” (118), and it is at this second instance of collective bullying from without—as they “scolded him for mocking at poor Hannah’s misfortune for having had her handsome boy stolen seven years ago” (118)—that Jacob becomes both inwardly and outwardly aware of the puzzling reality into which he has unwittingly stumbled. Leaving the marketplace once more in tears, he ambles along to the cobbler’s shop all the while attempting to come to terms with an outward truth he has yet to discern.

The father’s tale correctly ascribes the root of the misfortune to excessive pride, and yet Jacob’s role in his own disappearance through insolence is entirely absent from the narrative. Implicit is the appraisal that though they may have ‘lived plainly and virtuously’, the cobbler and his wife have yet to acquire an understanding of true humility. The unrecognisable son is informed that on his disappearance a “very old woman, more than ninety years of age” (120) believed the “stranger to everyone” (120) to have been “the wicked fairy Kräuterweis, who visits the town once in every fifty years to buy all sorts of things” (120). The truth dawns upon Jacob by degree. He becomes aware that he had not merely dreamed but had “served seven years with the wicked fairy as a squirrel” (120), and yet the delayed realisation is gainsaid by the very next concern: “and what remuneration had he received for it?” (120). The boy remains blind to the truth and cannot yet comprehend the nature of his fate. Appropriately enough, the author’s latent thread is made manifest through the cobbler’s direct address to the son he cannot distinguish and the insolent offer to fashion and stitch “a leathern case for your nose” (120). Jacob is nonplussed. Until the moment he

finally observes the transformed self in a mirror for the first time, the dwarf fails to perceive the nose on his own face.

Further characterisation of the boy's father tautens the substructural narrative. On being asked to provide a looking-glass, his response is brusque and dismissive: "your figure is not exactly such a one of which you might be vain, and there is no reason for looking at yourself . . . and in your case especially it is a silly habit" (121). This is not a scene rendered with ironic cruelty for effect; rather it serves as a phrasal elucidation of what an unusual person could and perhaps should expect from the outside world. It is the harsh reality of life. A repeat of the appeal and the conscious avowal that "it is certainly not from vanity" (121) fails to move the stone-hearted man, who demands that 'the young gentleman' leave him alone and take his needs elsewhere. Jacob is literally pushed out of the shop, the door locked and bolted behind him.

Mockery continues to complement the laboured process of self discovery. On entering the shop across the road and politely requesting the looking-glass, the boy is greeted by one who once knew him "perfectly well, in times gone by" (121). But there is no recognition of the person that now remains. Urban the laughing barber gladly hands Jacob the mirror in full audience of his laughing patrons, taunting

'You are a pretty little fellow, slender and graceful, with a little neck like a swan, little hands like a queen, and a little pug nose nowhere to be surpassed. You seem to be a little proud of it, it appears to me; but have a good look at yourself, it shall not be said of me I refused you permission to look into my looking-glass out of jealousy.' (121)

The broadside is punctuated with the diminutive form and tellingly pulls on the note of pride and the concern for appearance through which the physical deformities have been wrought. The old woman's warning has become a visual reality. Roars of laughter resound as the boy finally sees himself from within. But he is alone in the tearful observation "no wonder you were unable to recognise your Jacob again, dear mother . . . he did not look like this in those days of joy, when you were so proud of him before the people!" (121). Outward design now comprises every fault and failing from the boy's inward character coupled with the defects he so insolently observed in the old woman:

His eyes had become as small as pigs' eyes, his nose was enormous, and hung down over his mouth and chin; his neck seemed to have disappeared altogether, for his head was deeply stuck on his shoulders, and it was with the utmost pain he could turn it to right or to left; his body was the same size as seven years ago . . . but while others grew in height . . . he had grown in breadth, his back and chest were broad and expanded, and looked like a little but well-stuffed sack; this enormous upper part of his body was supported by his little thin legs, which did not seem to be suitable for such a burden, but his arms were all the longer, hanging down at his sides, for they were the size of a full-grown man; his hands were coarse and of a brownish yellow, his fingers long and spider-like, and whenever he stretched them out at full length, he could touch the ground without bending. This was how little Jacob looked. He had changed into a deformed dwarf. (121-22)

The protracted adjectival portrait is pared down at the close through two simple declarative statements, the last of which thunders home the pictorial reality. Only now does Jacob recall the morning of the old woman's visit and grasps that "Everything he had then turned into ridicule in her, her long nose, her ugly fingers, all this she had now given to him except the long trembling neck" (122).

Audible mockery continues to accompany the dawning of a world stripped of artifice, and yet there is only inward pathos to the narrative substructure. This is not a lesson learned of the moment only to be waved away with a touch of a wand, but rather a singular truth pressed upon a protagonist who can neither circumvent nor mitigate its purpose. The long, painful journey from which Jacob has only just emerged foretells an even longer and more arduous journey ahead. There is no pause and no respite. There is nothing in *Dwarf Nose* to accommodate the reader accustomed to timely consolation. A false cry of sustained laughter holds outward sway. Urban even goes so far as to offer Jacob a position as a foil to the giant who has taken up residence in a neighbouring barber shop and brought in customers through exploitation of his grotesque appearance. But the boy's pride has now been replaced by humility. Although "inwardly enraged at the proposal" (122), he stifles his verbal response and asks himself "was he not obliged to tolerate this insult?" (122). He declines the offensive

offer, explaining politely that “he had no desire for such employment” (122), and then steps out into a world he has never known.

The inward change is at once apparent. The dwarf is more introspective than the boy had been and promptly determines “Though the wicked old woman had transformed his figure, yet he felt she had not affected his mind” (123). It is at this point that he becomes aware of the true value of ‘remuneration’. The author’s substructural thread is bound to the inner narrative. Indeed, not only does the dwarf believe “he had become much wiser and more intelligent, during this interval” (123) of seven years, but “he did not mourn for his lost beauty, or at his ugly form” (123); rather he laments having “been driven off like a dog from his father’s door” (123) and “therefore resolved to make one more trial with his mother” (123).

Hauff’s nascent theory of the fairytale returns briefly but tellingly during the ‘trial’. Hannah listens to her son’s explanation and can give at least partial credence to the story being told, up to the revelation “that he had served seven years as a squirrel with the fairy” (123). The father’s recollection of the events bespeaks the background context, and yet despite the foreknowledge of belief in ‘the wicked fairy Kräuterweis’, Hannah stubbornly declares “It is impossible, there are no fairies” (123). The negation inflects upon the entire narrative structure and returns the reader to the initial pronouncement “Even at the present day there are fairies” (109). The underlying thread tautens from both sides. Lack of belief is equated with the absence of an inner compass. Hannah’s annulment of faërie is an avowal of the exterior above all else and a conscious denial of interiority. She simply cannot accept that things could be other than they appear to be from without, the refusal to perceive transposed by the very act of *not* seeing: “whenever she looked at him she was disgusted with the ugly dwarf, and could not believe this was her son” (123).

The return to the cobbler’s shop upends the consolation. Rather than welcoming ‘home’ his lost son, the father on hearing Hannah’s account scowls “Have you been bewitched, my little son? Just wait a moment I will disenchant you” (123). The ‘moment’ is punctuated by the ‘my little son’ phrasing, which hearkens back to the hoarse response of the old woman when initially abused by Jacob and adumbrates the “my little son, my little son! do you like my nose, my nice long nose?” (111) warning that enjoins the initial ‘enchantment’ upon him. The precision of the pictorial phrasing compels an awareness of

the substructural narrative. Significantly, the old woman's warning is of a gentler palette than the father's angry reproach, which ends not with a lesson from which knowledge and development may be acquired but with a beating that lasts "till the little fellow shrieked with pain and ran off crying" (123). Implicit is the sense that no matter how much truth his tale may well contain, neither parent wishes to bear the burden of owning a misshapen dwarf for a son. Once again there is no trace of mitigation: the harsh materiality of daily existence is all that remains; any notion of consolation is controverted by the authorial credo "In this town as elsewhere, there are few compassionate souls who aid an unfortunate being who has a ridiculous appearance at the same time" (123). The apologia of the unusual person has begun.

The dwarf does not allow himself to wallow in self-pity. Cast off by his parents and without a friend in the world or even a resting place to call his own, he nonetheless emerges from "the cold hard steps" (124) of the long night and embraces the sunlight of dawn without delay. He considers his options, "unwilling to allow himself to be hired as a clown, and to be exhibited for money" (124), conscious that "he had made great progress in the art of cooking" (124). He therefore resets his path to the ducal palace, "the ruler of the country" (124) being "a well-known wine-bibber, and fond of a good table" (124). This social critique is tenored to the substructure. The previous rococo scene on entering the realm of faërie is here repeated as the resolute youth is led through the palace grounds to peals of immoderate laughter, at length accompanied by a procession crying "A dwarf, a dwarf! Have you seen the dwarf?" (124). To still the noise, the steward chastens the crowd on the threshold to the palace through the stern admonition "Are you not aware that His Highness is still asleep?" (124). The humour is deliberately hushed by the brutality that ensues, as "slashing his whip he brought it down heavily on the backs of some of the grooms and sentries" (124). Negotiating a path through false expectation and fallacious identity while eschewing the position of "the Duke's private dwarf" (125), and despite the aristocratic incentive "you would have no work to do, but plenty to eat and drink and handsome clothes" (125), the youth pleads his case to the master chef for gainful employment in the kitchen. Jacob's childish arrogance has been replaced by surety and confidence in his own ability. Having set himself the trial of baking any dish, the concluding "you will be obliged to say: he is a cook not to be surpassed" (126) bears the mark of concentrated self-reliance rather than

boyish indiscretion. Hauff's belief that success is—or ought to be—derived through a usefulness to society and the quality and strength of the character exhibited by a person “not so easily shaken in his determination” (125) has shifted to the structural foreground.

The narrative continues to deny an unearned consolation. There is no swift reprieve for the sufferings endured but the protagonist *is* afforded the opportunity to redeem himself through wit and ability. A third descriptive passage in the rococo accompanies the crossing of the threshold into the kitchen. Following a brief trial of his culinary skill, the master chef declares “Little man! you are a master in the art” (128). Thus the intelligent, industrious dwarf takes his place as second chef in the kitchen and is named ‘Long Nose’ by the Duke. The immature boy has taken the first step towards manhood.

General amusement “at the extraordinary figure” (128) soon turns to respect and even veneration. For a moment, the unusual person triumphs over intolerance and the dwarf becomes “the wonder of the town” (129). And yet the moment of truth is merely deferred. Societal acceptance of a construct that Jacques Derrida would coin *différance* more than a century later in “Cogito et histoire de la folie” (1963) enables others to partake in the beneficial aspects of an inward presence that is at variance with outward appearance, and yet the difference is already engrained in the pictorial consciousness, merely awaiting visual recognition once more. The daily abuse meted out by a duke who “delighted in throwing the plates and dishes . . . at his cook's heads” (129) is temporarily curtailed; indeed, “since the dwarf came to the house, all seemed changed as if by magic” (129). Tyranny and intimidation by aristocratic rule are temporarily forestalled, and although “never had a cook brought him his viands without trembling and fear” (129), the reformed patrician now “found everything new and excellent, was affable and pleasant, and grew stouter every day” (129). But the overt humour contains an implicit note of pathos that does not seek to mask the cruelty at its root, and the ‘spell’ that enfolds the palace is not the ‘magic’ that gains the focus of the author. Prudence governs the internal narrative and preventative measures are taken to ensure continuation of the deferral. The sense that the unusual person must always remain mindful of his surroundings is manifest, and “in order to keep the other cooks in good humour, and prevent them from becoming jealous of him, Long Nose gave them all the money which the gentleman paid him for instructing their cooks” (129). Thus two years

pass “in the greatest comfort and honour; and only the thought of his parents distressed him” (130). The pain of rejection remains at the heart of the parvenu.

The acquisition of knowledge and discretion continues to compass the plot. In the Hauffian aesthetic it is not enough to attain a place in society and then remain stagnant. The individual must move forward to benefit the collective. And so, in addition to his mastery of the culinary arts, the dwarf continues to pursue his own path independently of others and visits the marketplace “as often as time permitted him alone” (130). A palpable sense of internal isolation even while in the presence of others permeates the whole. It is at this point that transformative magic re-enters the narrative as a potential means of plot resolution, and yet the onus of responsibility remains on the protagonist and is dependent on his own sense of sagacity.

One morning Nose, whose figure “provoked no jeers, no mockery now, but inspired reverence, for he was known as the Duke’s celebrated cook” (130), ambles through the market in search of the three fatted geese required for an elaborate meal. Outwardly there is nothing unusual in the visit, the ruler of the poor having become corpulent through excess of enjoyment, ‘His Highness’ now preferring to dine five times daily to savour fully the dishes of his favourite chef. In the process of carrying the geese ‘home’ in their basket, the dwarf distinguishes one who sighs and groans “like a human being” (130). Prudently, he assumes the creature to be unwell and speaks of the need to “make haste to kill and dress it” (130), but the audible deterrent compels him to alter his intention. Having gained belief in *faërie* and thus able to empathise with the plight of the unusual person, ‘Nose’ recognises the disquiet and immediately seeks to comfort the goose with “the beautiful, intelligent eyes” (130) by assuring her that he knows “what it is to live, and would not harm such a rare bird” (130). Intuitively, he is aware that she has “not always worn feathers” (130) and confides “I myself was at one time a vile squirrel” (130). Internal isolation is rendered moot by the confidence and a connective thread forms between the two layers of *différance*.

The dwarf assures the goose that no harm will befall her while under his care and that “as soon as I find an opportunity, I will set you at liberty” (131). Jacob has been seasoned by suffering. Conceit and arrogance are no longer of his countenance. He has the ability to compass a more egalitarian perspective and can adapt to those with whom he shares his environment. The specific context in which Mimi is established inside a private coop to

ensure her safety (and a reprieve from taking a place *on* the duke's table) together with mindful usage of the word 'Freiheit' evokes the original tripartite motto *Liberté, égalité, fraternité ou la mort*. In point of allegory, Jacob is acting the part of a social revolutionary from within the ducal palace. The substructural proletarianism is patent. Unsurprisingly, fraternity between the *enchantée* and the *enchanté* grows apace. Jacob abides by his promise to Mimi, and "Whenever he had any spare time he went to speak with her and console her" (131). He does not waver in his purpose and remains steadfast and true in the proposed course. Tales are exchanged and the dwarf learns "the goose was a daughter of the magician Wetterbock, who lived on the island of Gothland" (131), that a quarrel with "an old fairy" (131) brought upon the cruel enchantment as a form of revenge, and that Mimi possesses knowledge in the art of herb gathering:

'The story as regards your quarrel over the herb-basket, your sudden transformation on smelling that herb, and the few words of the old woman which you tell me, prove to me that you are enchanted by some herb, and if you are able to find the herb which the fairy thought of at your enchantment, you can be released.' (131)

The fairytale's thin ray of consolation comes through this awakening of *égalité* and *fraternité* from within the consciousness of the malformed dwarf; *la mort* has been forestalled and *liberté* may yet be attained.

The autocrat unwittingly provides the key to their release through the familiar failings of the nobility. On the arrival of a visiting prince who "keeps the best table of anyone but myself" (132), the duke instructs his cook to ensure that the gourmands are provided daily with the finest delicacies, places the state treasury at the dwarf's command, "even if you want to fry gold and diamonds in lard" (132), and "under fear of my displeasure" (132) warns him that he "would rather become a poor man than blush before my guest" (132).¹⁷² Vanity, greed and abuse of power are explicit. With a hint of irony, the dwarf readily consents to do all in his culinary persuasion "to suit the palate of this prince of epicures" (132). The author

¹⁷² It is to be recalled that during the period of the tale's conception and prior to its composition, the young Hauff was tutor to the two sons of Ernst Eugen Freiherr [Baron] von Hügel, an officer under Napoleon who occupied a prominent position at the War Office of Württemberg; the author's letters reveal that during this period he was favoured with unrestricted access to the homes of the aristocracy and was intimate with their mannerisms.

then intercedes with a shrewd parody on the literary devices tellers typically employ to delineate and “enumerate all the dishes which were served up, and excite thereby great longing” (132) before punctuating the entire passage with the resolute “but not so with me” (132). The simplicity of expression narrows the context of interpretation and heightens the critique of two improvident princes “living in great style and pleasure” (132) who “did not have meals less than five times a day” (132) at the direct expense of their subjects. A contrast of profound social significance is struck and sustained.

The incongruity reaches its crescendo with the preparation and presentation of the pie Souzeraine. It is the dish of departure. Having been schooled in a practical environment free of artifice, the dwarf is unversed in the art of preparing this “queen of delicacies” (133) and is in no wise capable of setting it to table. He conceals his deficiency as a means of forestalling the abuse that accompanies any failure to comply with princely whim and is conscious that, despite having performed his duties admirably and being labelled “a wonderful cook” (132) by the guest, “the day of his exposure and misfortune had come” (133). A sense that a perceived transgression from the common man invites the unbridled tyranny of the ruling class is patent. Having earned a stay of execution through non-conformity and wit, Mimi—who is now free to roam her friend’s apartments at will—comforts Jacob in his grief and advises him of her familiarity with the ingredients required of the dish. It is another pictorial example of consolation occurring from an acquired knowledge or skill rather than through the wave of an imaginary wand. That which rests within is of greater measure than that which may be perceived from without. In an acute inversion of gluttony, Mimi the fatted goose wryly observes that even if the ingredients are not quite as they ought to be, “the gentleman are not such epicures” (133). The pie is accordingly decorated with “wreaths of flowers” (133), set “upon a little silver plate” (134) and presented by the dwarf “donned in his best gala dress” (133). All the superficialities of outward appearance have been observed to the very letter of opulence and absurdity.

But the Souzeraine is not to the complete satisfaction of the guest. The duke delights in the dish much as Mimi had supposed, but on hearing the prince’s mild demurrals—for it is not a complaint—an outburst of vitriol is unleashed against the trembling “dog of a dwarf” (134) and is concluded by the princely exclamation “I will have you chopped to pieces and baked in a pie yourself!” (134). Wailing an impassioned “Have pity on me!” (134) in response,

the vassal falls to his knees and throws himself on the mercy of the guest with the heartrending “Do not let me die on account of a handful of meat and flour” (134). It is the cry of the downtrodden proletariat decades before the term was defined in a specific literary context. The intonation is recast. Unlike the previous narrative deferral in which the duke delights ‘in throwing the plates and dishes . . . at his cook’s heads’, there is no subversive humour to this scene. Those who impart any semblance of mirth to the translation do the author and his creation a severe injustice. In Hauff’s simple, unadorned phrasing there is only pathos to the plea.

The guest has triumphed in the culinary duel by proxy. Apathy, indolence of spirit and lack of autonomy infuse the narrative. Ducal governance itself is called into question: even matters of personal honour are fought on behalf of rather than by the rulers themselves. The prince laughingly admits that there was little chance of the dwarf’s pie passing muster as without the herb ‘Niesmitlust’, which is “entirely unknown in this country” (134), his Souzeraine “remains unflavoured” (134) and thus the master of the house “will never enjoy it as I do” (134). One class is using another for mere sport. Vanity is once again the cue for authorial intention. Pique swiftly degenerates into sadism as the enraged duke loses hold of reason and thunders “And yet I shall eat it” (134). The incongruity of the moment is altogether lost to witlessness. With “eyes sparkling” (134) he turns to his fellow *bon viveur* with the assurance “I swear by my princely honour, that I shall either show you the pie tomorrow, as you wish it, or the head of this fellow shall be spiked upon the gate of my palace” (134). The benumbed dwarf is given “four-and-twenty-hours’ grace” (134) to acquire the herb.

Mimi’s knowledge of herbs unlocks the enchantment. Their “last and only hope” (135), the loyal goose searches beneath a cluster of chestnut trees for the ‘fortune’ that will spare her second self from certain decapitation. Pictorially, the impression that life is ebbing permeates the scene as evening gathers to black, “the objects around difficult to distinguish” (135). The paired *enchantés* are quite literally fumbling in the darkness. The herb is nowhere to be found. Mimi gives way to despair and begins “to cry with compassion and fear” (135), but *fraternité* once again proves pivotal as Jacob is then stirred from suicidal reverie to look over the lake in which he has considered throwing himself to a single old chestnut on the farther side. It is not just his life that is at stake. Cast beneath the expansive shade the

darkness is deeper still, and yet here at the last the enchantment serves a practical rather than magical purpose as Mimi's bill enables her to pierce through the grass and locate the plant in profusion.

The dwarf looked at the herb in deep thought, a sweet scent streamed from it towards him, which reminded him involuntarily of the scene of his transformation; the stalks and leaves were of a bluish-green, and they supported a crimson flower edged with yellow. (136)

Jacob is temporarily overcome by the 'miracle' and imprudently seeks to make trial of the herb there on the spot, heedless of the effect its transformative properties would have upon others. It is, however, a natural error in judgement rather than an act of arrogance or folly. Lessons have indeed been learned. Mimi counsels wisely and is heard: "Take a handful of this herb with you; let us go to your room, collect your money and what else you have, and then we will try the power of this herb" (136). The rational mind has taken hold of the fairytale wand. Jacob defers to the practical second self. *Égalité* and *fraternité* have combined to effect *liberté* and intercept *la mort*.

The plan is executed precisely. Having placed the "fifty or sixty ducats, which he had saved" (136) together with some clothes and shoes then tied into a bundle, the dwarf breathes in the fragrance of the herbs and undergoes transformation back to his true self:

Immediately all his limbs began to twitch and crack, he felt his head rising from his shoulders, he squinted down upon his nose, and saw it was growing smaller and smaller, his back and chest began to straighten, and his legs became longer. (136)

The external difference by which his life had come to be curtailed and defined is no more. Jacob has learned humility through industry and sagacity and is now prepared to take his place in the world. The spell of deferral has passed. Mimi acknowledges "how handsome you are!" (136) but tellingly observes "Thanks be to God, there is nothing left of what you were before!" (136).

Jacob remains true to *fraternité* and seeks to make immediate reparation. Good fortune "did not make him forget what thanks he owed to the goose Mimi" (137), and although "his heart urged him to go to his parents, yet from gratitude he suppressed his wish" (137). He is no longer the selfish, inconsiderate hawker of the marketplace and cedes his place readily to

the person responsible for his *liberté*: “Whom but you have I to thank for my becoming once more myself?” (137). Together they pass out of the palace unseen and wend their way to the seashore. Guiding Mimi homeward to her father, “whose experience in magic will easily effect your disenchantment” (137), Jacob is thereafter “dismissed . . . loaded with presents” (137) and returns to his parents, who “recognised with delight in the handsome young man their lost son” (137). Subsequently, he buys a shop “with the presents he had brought with him from Wetterbock” (137) and—in the comparative sense—“became rich and happy” (137) as a tradesman.

The effect of Mimi’s disenchantment is not discussed. This scene of transformation is omitted from the easement entirely. The fairytale consolation of the second selves uniting in marriage is eschewed. Nascent realism tenors the closing paragraphs. Hauff does not allow an unrealistic bridal march to conclude his narrative; implicit is the sense that Mimi belongs to a different class and that this *différance* may not be mitigated. Although there is increase and indeed reward, Jacob does not transcend the societal position in which he was born and raised. In the world of constructed reality, disenchantment sunders *égalité*. There is no place in the Hauffian aesthetic for plot resolution through contrivance or romantic attachment. Rather, the proletarian note lifts from the narrative substructure to conclude the tale. Having been deprived of an impaling, the two princes quarrel over the dwarf’s sudden departure, whereupon a ‘Herb War’ breaks out. “Many battles were fought” (137) and undoubtedly innumerable lives lost before a ‘Pastry Peace’ reconciliation is declared, at the sumptuous feast of which “the prince’s cook made the Souzeraine, the queen of pies, to which His Highness the Duke did ample justice” (137). At the last the duke does indeed get to eat the pie and *Dwarf Nose* closes on the bitterly ironic “Thus the smallest causes often lead to great results” (137).

Dwarf Nose is a critique on the gluttony and dissipation of the aristocracy. It is a tale that stands on the cusp of the social commentaries that would define the nineteenth century. There is no frivolity. Employment of magic is used to affect moral precepts rather than to facilitate plot resolution. *Dwarf Nose* is not a *Zaubermärchen* but a true *Kunstmärchen* in the spirit of Tieck and Hoffmann, albeit with a conscious departure from its Romantic origins. Notably, in the broader Hauffian construct we discover aesthetic realism in its earliest form running parallel to the formative inroads to proletarianism. Simplifying the narrative into

a traditionally themed fairytale through translation misconstrues the author's purpose entirely and strips the moral of its meaning.

The social critique becomes explicit with the presentation of the pastry Souzeraine. Its function as a literal *pièce de résistance*¹⁷³ thinly veils the metaphor on which *Dwarf Nose* pivots. Although the pie allegory parries on humour, the scene-by-scene degeneration of those who idly await its consumption while an entire social class scurries to procure the ingredients is anything but amusing. At issue are the characteristics of which good taste and principle are comprised. Mimi's reminder that 'the gentlemen are not such epicures' is also a means of lowering the mask of hypocrisy by which the aristocracy conceals its inward deficiency. Hauff's substructural narrative rises to the surface during moments at which we as readers ought to be questioning the ability of the ruling class to govern its subjects equitably. The hapless but tyrannical duke's initial enjoyment in and praise of the dish—"Ah! ah! ah! this is justly called the queen of pies" (134)—belies a fatal absence of discernment in the presence of a rival. In a period of history during which the security and sustainment of an entire society was all too often based upon whether a successful marital union could be arranged for the kings, princes and dukes at its crest, the subtle art of distinguishing one ingredient from another—the act of differentiating between outward appearance and inward character—was an essential facet of strategic governance and not a mere pretence. As the duke is no longer young and an accompanying duchess is altogether absent from the narrative, by inference there has been a failure to perceive the nuance of differentiation and thus a miscarriage in the provision for posterity. He cannot trust to his own taste. The Hauffian bipartite construct, which would come to be defined as *différance*, at this stage crosses the threshold from the Jacob and Mimi parallel and appends itself to the flattening apex of society: the pie is the sum of its parts and comprises all that rests within; its inevitable downward collapse is deferred. Pictorially, the duke is thrown into pastry parody as he "ate heartily of it, casting his eyes to the ceiling" (134) in the futile attempt to counterfeit a discernment he does not possess. Dissipation and greed are manifest. The ruler who gorges himself on the Souzeraine is unable to locate the absence of any one ingredient because he failed to acquaint himself with the separate strands that comprise the whole.

¹⁷³ Although the term did not officially enter the lexicon until 1831, it would have been familiar to Hauff from his visit to Paris in 1826.

In contrast, the dwarf's sense of taste has been seasoned to become both deferential and refined. His growth from an intolerant hawker of herbs to a creator of fine dishes through their selection and employment is the distinction between ignorance and enlightenment. If a malformed dwarf can be schooled in the culinary arts, so a duke can be educated in the art of governance. Capable of distinguishing one ingredient from another, 'Nose' becomes master of his domain. Appearance and concealment are partitive to the extended metaphor. Growing alongside rank grasses and weeds, few herbs are readily discerned by the untrained eye, the cotyledons of green all too often blending with and hiding amidst myriad others. They must be distinguished separately, often by scent rather than sight as the first glance is inadequate to assess identification. It is richly significant that Hauff chooses the name 'Kräuterweis' for the fairy of fate, the literal rendering 'to have wisdom about herbs' conveying a distinctly positive connotation of cultivated knowledge in direct opposition to our visual conception of the 'Kräuterhexe', or 'herb witch', and the more neutral 'Kräuterfrau', which can be applied without connotation to a simple herb-gatherer and hawker. The need to perceive through senses other than sight is evinced in the transformation. Jacob's eyes had "become as small as pigs' eyes" (121) in tandem with the nose having grown to an 'enormous' size. Through these two physical characteristics it can be inferred that his outward visual sense has been weakened considerably and that a decided increase in his olfactory perception has taken root. It should also be surmised that the dwarf's inimitable skill in cooking may be attributed to this heightened sense of smell. Through the transformation he has acquired all but one of the attributes of 'Kräuterweis' as a direct result of the ignorant and abusive phrasing by which he decried her visual 'deformities'. To recall the manner in which the old woman slowly brings the herbs to her nose for discernment is to see the substructural essence of Hauff's critique. Thus, on entering the ducal palace the dwarf's addition of the herb 'Magentrost', or 'solace for the stomach', both elevates the red Hamburg dumpling dish while subverting the palate through intimation of the bloody 'Herb War' to follow. Hauffian phrasing is measured and methodical to the word: the pie is seasoned to a specific recipe; absence of or alteration to a single ingredient through poor translation renders the dish unpalatable and even inedible.

A Prelude on Translation and the Style Imperative

The art of translation has an obligation to be more than a mere rendering of phrase. This is both a moral and societal responsibility. It is not enough to transcribe the words of an author literally in every context, nor is it wise to interpret a meaning from a perspective that fails to regard the cultural resonance inherent to the original. Conveying the spirit of a work is the essence of a good translation, and in any attempt to capture that spirit, style will always be paramount. The ‘translator’ of cultural art ought to be unaffected by the whims of tide and time. When contemporary painter Vladimir Pervuninsky set his brush to canvas he sought to recreate the pictorial rhythm of the Viennese waltz from *within* its seemingly inimitable nineteenth-century context. To access the code required for faithful transposition, the artist immersed himself in an age drawn distinct from his own and there remained until the work was complete. Not a trace of the translator can be found in the phrase he created. He had studied the era down to its most intimate detail, surrounded himself with objects and attire that was consonant with the age itself, and from within the strain of those same violins composed a work of art that was not a mere reflection or mirrored image of the time, but a piece *of* and *from within* the spirit of the moment itself. His phrasing was precise and true to style and meaning. Rather than being a simulacrum subject to interpretation and haunted by anachronism, the image conveyed was wholly in tune with the music of an original that had never existed. The manner and style were as one with the notes that *would* have been played. It was a flawless imprint of a moment in time that never was, a conscious avowal of Venuti’s concept of “the invisibility of the translator” (370). There is no “domestic remainder” (373). Pervuninsky had perfected the necessarily invisible art of the translator.

Its “primary aim being communication” (Venuti 359), translation is a vital ingredient in the transference of an author’s literary aesthetic. The task of the translator is to convey not merely the denotation of a word or phrase but its connotation without reducing its import or lessening the measure of its resolve. It is only elevated to an art when translation occurs from within the mind of the author, as in Charles Baudelaire’s meticulous renderings of Edgar Allan Poe’s short stories. Effective translation is the herbal desideratum of literary discourse: it should seek to flavour without smothering the phrasal aesthetic or

extinguishing the storm of composition. A translator must be true to the colour palette from which he draws. It is not the translator's place to rescript or 'correct' that which the author has sought to convey. No translator has ever been superior to the art being transcribed. The author alone is master of the æsthetic. With specific reference to Hauff, palliation in translation is to hegemonise the author's intent: it is an abuse of his art. As Baudelaire implied, the translator is little more than a literary harlot paid to provide a service. This service should be rendered to the precise satisfaction of the patron, even if that patron is no longer able to protect the voice that gave rise to the work under translation. The author is the eternal customer, the *habitué* of the service being applied; prospective readers of the translation are merely voyeurs. The scrupulous translator should always remain faithful to the author's intended meaning and must obey the *dictum litteræ*. It is essential to adhere not merely to the literal thread of composition but *la raison de l'existence* and *la raison de faire quelque chose*. If we reason that "[o]ne argues as one pleases, saying one thing while one means another" (Jerome 160), then it is the translator's intellectual obligation to intuit and interpret this 'other meaning' unerringly and in the spirit of the original author, but he is not the compositional 'one' and is not entitled either to create or negate meaning.

Translation, Mistranslation and the Style Imperative of the Hauffian Æsthetic

English versions of Wilhelm Hauff's *Zwerg Nase* yield an historical window on the babble of translation. Most are decidedly poor and serve to weaken or even undermine the extraordinary creation of the author. The contention that "[t]ranslating might be motivated by much more questionable things" (Venuti 377) is patent. A literal translation of Hauff's fairytale obviates the artistry of internal expression, which invariably strips the language of its æsthetic structure. The artistic intentions of the author are all too often mislaid in the muddle, and the unique thematic content is lost entirely. The essence of the Hauffian construct is indeed difficult to grasp, but *that* is the primary object of the translator's remit. It is important to recall that these *original* fairytales lacked a clear precedent in literature and were neither borrowed upon nor emulated in style until Andersen and Wilde perfected the style initiated by Hauff, namely the composition of tales intended to be read and at least partially understood by children but which nonetheless required adult interpretation. The

dichotomy has proven rather too pressing a nudge on the expectant mind. For general reader and average academic alike, the need to assign an appropriate nesting-hole in the dovecote of codified expression vitiates the Hauffian æsthetic. The Aarne-Thompson-Uther-¹⁷⁴ folktale classification system fails to compass this æsthetic. It should be stressed that the Hauffian *Kunstmärchen* negates scripted structural design. Hauff was creating his own audience by directly seeking the ‘unusual’ person regardless of age or social context. Implicit is the sense that the unusual child *would* understand without the anachronistic absurdity of a signpost to guide the way. The coupled strain of realism and proletarianism imparts to the work an originality of compositional expression heretofore unwitnessed in the development of the literary fairytale. In *Dwarf Nose*, the author is consciously pushing back the boundaries of what can and should be perceived. In his intellectual perspective, it may be argued that Hauff anticipated Oscar Wilde’s “[t]he primary æsthetic impression of a work of art borrows nothing from recognition or resemblance” (*Letters* 310). The former seminarian, tutor, newspaper editor, creative academic and doctor of theology is ostensibly writing for his own unusual self. The theoretical ‘problem’ in addressing the cross-compositional thread inherent to the Hauffian fairytale was not a concern of the author’s and ought not to be a problem in practice for the translator. Adapting to genius is the struggle of the tangential artist and the unimaginative scholar alike. It may be observed that the quandary with regard to content, context and tone that affects reception, categorisation and, ultimately, translation of *Dwarf Nose* is one with which Wilde himself would become familiar when called upon to defend his own inimitable æsthetic in *A House of Pomegranates*, particularly as it pertained to usage and vocabulary. Hauff may not have been able to articulate his intentions openly during a period of historical and artistic flux constrained by punitive censorship, but Wilde would speak on behalf of the misunderstood artist, triumphing the cause of that rarest of literary masters – the creator and teller of faërie. In response to the unsigned reviewer for the *Pall Mall Gazette* dated November 30th, 1891, the

¹⁷⁴ Initially published in 1910, Antti Aarne’s motif-based index of folktales was translated by Stith Thompson in 1928 and elaborated upon in 1961. It is highly regarded by the modern academic. With the addition of the ‘AT Number System’, which attempts to restrict the scope of the fairytale to a pre-established pattern of basic plots, the Aarne-Thompson Classification System was critiqued and ‘corrected’ in 2004 by Hans-Jörg Uther, who promptly hyphenated his own name to the collective. Future hyphenations are to be anticipated. As this ‘scientific’ attempt to arrange, order, classify and analyse the tale by number does not and cannot apply to the creative artist, it is perhaps unworthy of additional comment in a treatise on Wilhelm Hauff.

author firmly asserted the independence of the original fairyteller as an artist beyond categorisation or reproach:

He starts by asking an extremely silly question, and that is, whether or not I have written this book for the purpose of giving pleasure to the British child. Having expressed grave doubts on this subject, a subject on which I cannot conceive any fairly educated person having any doubts at all, he proceeds, apparently quite seriously, to make the extremely limited vocabulary at the disposal of the British child the standard by which the prose of the artist is to be judged! Now, in building this *House of Pomegranates*, I had about as much intention of pleasing the British child as I had of pleasing the British public. (*Letters* 301-02)

It is not for the translator or the voyeur to question the supremacy of the artist.

Failure to interpret the Hauffian construct and decipher the other meaning is the source of acute translational misreading, and nowhere is this more apparent than in the frequent abuse of the title itself. *Zwerg Nase* ought to be rendered *Dwarf Nose*. And yet, beginning in 1845 with the earliest English version in a book bearing Hauff's name, *Longnose the Dwarf* has been the translator's preference, some of whom have opted for *Nosey, the Dwarf* in order to accommodate, presumably, the child reader or, possibly, the armchair academic. Only two translations at the turn of the nineteenth century employ a sustainable variant in *Nose, the Dwarf*. It must be stressed that a designation other than *Dwarf Nose* obviates artistic integrity and redirects the channel of influence. Identity passes from the individual to the collective. Hauff deliberately chose *not* to use 'Longnose' as a title for his *original creation* as a studied rebuttal to the collected *Volksmärchen* of the Brothers Grimm. As an artist, he did not wish to have his works compared to those of the Grimms, who had published *The Long Nose* in 1815, a tale narrated to them by Dorothea Viehmann (their primary source of 'inspiration' for at least forty folktales). Akin to our contemporary academic anthologist, the Grimms were mere collectors of *Volksmärchen* and *not* creators of *Kunstmärchen*.¹⁷⁵ Hauff was conscious of the distinction. Indeed, as editor of his second

¹⁷⁵ In the "Preface to the 2002 Edition" of *The Brothers Grimm: From Enchanted Forests to the Modern World*, Jack Zipes, drawing on his critique of those who "have a propensity to twist history to reinvent it" (x) without the slightest trace of irony, glowingly refers to the brothers as "truly great scholars and men of impeccable integrity" (xv) while insisting "they were also extraordinary artists" (xv). "The Jew in the

almanac he included Wilhelm Grimm's „Das Fest der Unterirdischen“ [“The Feast of the Underground”] and „Schneeweißchen und Rosenrot“ [“Snow White and Rose Red”] as a parallel means of heightening the structural contrast between the two forms, wryly noting to his brother Hermann in a letter from August 1826 that “in other almanacs there is also lesser material required to fill the gaps”¹⁷⁶ (Hinz 120). The young poet did not consider this a mark of disrespect but rather a simple matter of conversational fact. Artistically, he considered these thrice-told, repetitive tales irrelevant and passé. The two contributions have been omitted in subsequent editions and there is no mention of them in the original frame. Hauff had met Wilhelm Grimm and knew how to put the name to good use, but he was not an admirer of the work attributed to that name. It is therefore ironic that the ‘Longnose’ appendage has attached itself to Hauff's idiosyncratic dwarf as a direct derivation of other translations—often from the same pool of translators—of the Grimms' earlier tales. The music is marred by a specious addendum. Innovation has been forestalled. The phrasal opera is thereby set to a different score entirely at the initial note of the overture and, much as the presumptuous conductor lifts the timpani over the libretto, denies the artist's conscious decision to establish the tenor of his work and proceed at a remove from the storytelling tradition of the past. The translator who denies Hauff the right to define his own character oversteps the role. Dwarf Nose is decidedly *not* a Grimmian cliché. The original title was simply *Zwerg Nase*, which translates directly as a proper noun couplet – a name without an appendage, whereas *Der Zwerg Nase* means ‘the dwarf called Nose’. In fairness, this subtle distinction is overlooked not only by translators but also by Germanic editors of Hauff's *Märchen* dating back to 1837. And yet the truncation is essential to a correct interpretation of the tale. The duke takes it upon himself to name each of his servants. *He* applies ‘Longnose’ to the dwarf, but the sobriquet is an outward denigration that strips the character of his inward autonomy, and *that* runs contrary to the grain of Hauff's substructural narrative. The poet's aesthetic cohesion is thereby disaffirmed. The adjectival appendage gives rise to the summoning borne of autocratic rule. It is significant that Mimi refers to the dwarf not as ‘Der Zwerg Nase’ or even ‘Zwerg Nase’ but by „du“ (*Märchen* 225).

Thornbush” notwithstanding, Zipes also surmises that the Grimms certainly “would have been horrified if they had lived during the rise of fascism” (xi).

¹⁷⁶ „auch in anderen Almanachen minder gutes Zeug das die Lücken füllen muß“

The editor or translator who fails to observe the inherent contradistinction has already proven deficient in the task and merely sustains the autarchy negated by the author. Context has been needlessly altered at the first word. These are the inexcusable errors by which a work of art is weakened and eventually eroded. The brothers Grimm gathered their folktales and edited them solely for children, most of whom were barely literate: they did not aspire to art. Hauff's aim was altogether otherwise.

Hauff's fairytales were the first to be grounded on an æsthetic *and* an artistic premise. The moral is secondary to the means by which it is imparted. These are not the Renaissance instructional fables of Giovanni Francesco Straparola's *Le piacevoli notti* (1550-53), nor are they Giambattista Basile's Baroque diversions from *Il Pentamerone* or *Lo cunto de li cunti ovvero lo trattenemiento de peccerille*; they do not contain the moral perquisite of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century salon tradition (although they do in part draw upon the inventiveness of Comtesse d'Aulnoy's *Les Contes des Fées* [1697]); and they are thematically and tonally removed from the nostalgic *Kunstmärchen* of the early nineteenth century. It is necessary to mark the departure. Hauff is attempting to move the *conte de fée* into an age that had yet to be defined. At issue is the form the emerging art would take. In fine, Hauff has emptied the fairytale of its affectation and imbued its characters with an encompassing awareness that breaks with the solipsism of the Romantic æsthetic. Inward shifts to outward and inverts upon itself. The precise nature of change is difficult to grasp but occurs swiftly and is palpable from without. Synæsthetic observation is essential. The enchanted dwarf initially becomes aware not of the obvious, estimable length of the nose but of its uncertain breadth¹⁷⁷, which would need to be assessed from a sensory perspective detached from mere sight. The allegory is acute, the author's cynosure of insight markedly different from those who would attach adjectival deviation to the true focus of the narrative. Hauff was master of his art. *Dwarf Nose* is a synæsthetic inversion of the Shakespearean address "What's in a name? that which we call a rose/ By any other name would smell as sweet" (*Romeo and Juliet* II. ii. 319). The translator must defer to the mastery.

¹⁷⁷ „er betastete seine Nase, sie war dick und wohl zwei Hände lang!“ (*Märchen* 208) [“he felt his nose, it was thick and probably two hands long!”]

The earliest English translation of Hauff's tale to appear in a volume bearing his name is the anonymous "The History of Nosey, the Dwarf" from 1845 in *Select Popular Tales*¹⁷⁸. Sparsely illustrated and set in dense, small face lettering, this volume was not designed for the child reader. The unsigned rendering is liberal in its interpretation and runs contrary to Hauff's intentions. Jacob is introduced as "a pretty, nice boy, of eight years old, well grown, and forward for his age" (*Popular Tales* 9), although the original description reads "beautiful boy, pleasant of face, well-shaped, and for the age of eight years, already quite tall"¹⁷⁹ (*Märchen* 191). The annotational, syntactically awkward 'nice' is in marked contrast to Jacob's true character. The deceit is telling. Inwardly, 'the beautiful boy' is altogether removed from any semblance of nicety. There is no goodness at heart, the looseness of his tongue reflecting the ill-mannered, appearance-based society of which he is emblematic. A moment of truth inexactly conveyed forewarns the mindful reader of liberties to come. The translation is riddled with numerous seemingly insignificant alterations and errors, many of which abut upon misinterpretation and carelessness. But it is the purposive adjustments that pull at the æsthetic thread.

The tale pivots on an elusive but fragrant herb in flower. Implicit is the subconscious search by which *Zwerg Nase* is defined. It is therefore inexcusable to negate the deeply contextual initial appearance of a flower given in token of reward. Ironically, the unnamed translator has turned a blind eye on the mnemonics of the original German. The author's cues are indispensable to meaning. As a parting gift from the mistresses of the cooks for whom he delivers his mother's wares, Jacob typically receives „eine schöne Blume“ (*Märchen* 191) ['a beautiful flower'], the phrasal complement to „einen schönen Knaben“ (191) ['a beautiful boy']. Patterning is acute. The indiscriminate switch to "a plum" (*Popular Tales* 9) as "suitable recompense" (9) for the "pretty boy" (9) of a renamed "Jane, the greengrocer" (10) embodies "a more sophisticated kind of mistake, one which is caused by an attack of linguistic Daltonism suddenly blinding the translator" (Nabokov 160). In other words, the translator is altering the author's colour palette to accommodate his own phrasing at the cost of the reader. Of equal significance is the omission of the old woman's red eyes,

¹⁷⁸ The 1844 C. A. Feiling translation from *Tales from the German, Comprising Specimens from the Most Celebrated Authors* is discussed later in the chapter.

¹⁷⁹ „schönen Knaben, angenehm von Gesicht, wohlgestaltet und für das Alter von acht Jahren schon ziemlich groß.“

a literary tip of the hat to E. T. A. Hoffmann's *The Golden Pot* and his 'apple wife' – an enigmatic turn on the traditional fairytale witch. At this early stage the accretion of allusive pictorials required for a faithful reading of the aesthetic has already been compromised. This failing deepens through the translator's inability to render tone true to content and character. An author of few compound adjectives, Hauff was particular in his choice of words. Frugality of expression is the constant by which manners of speech are weighed and measured precisely. There is little room for alteration and no need for expansion. Connotation is necessarily confused by the translator's need to paint over the completed canvas. Words are being modified by the line without consideration of context. Thus Hauff's parabolic "The old woman peered at the courageous boy, laughed hideously and said with a hoarse voice . . ." ¹⁸⁰ (*Märchen* 193) is reduced to "The old woman answered with the same warmth, and laughing widely, said . . ." (*Popular Tales* 10). Tampering of the content has tempered the aesthetic.

The visible translator's omissions are as poorly conceived as the additions. Parable and prophecy are mislaid entirely. As the essential accompaniment to the old woman's serving of the soup as a 'reward', the ominously phrased "So, sonny, so . . . just eat this soup, then you will have everything you've liked so well on me" ¹⁸¹ (*Märchen* 197) is abridged to "Now my child . . . eat your soup, for you have before you the best that can be made" (*Popular Tales* 13). The moment of import in which the boy's fate is sealed shifts to a culinary assurance. It is a misplacement of the appropriate connotation. Content is restyled and the context is thereby resituated. The resonance of the concealed herb is muted through the "such herbs as these you will never find" (13) pluralisation of Hauff's consciously singular „aber Kräutlein, nein, das Kräutlein sollst du nimmer finden“ (*Märchen* 197). Not only has the prophecy been nullified but the search that can only come from within is complicated by a plurality that does not exist. The translator has failed to perceive that, as in *The Golden Pot*, the prophecy is the essential element that determines the *individual* fate of the protagonist. The pictorial 'fairytale three' is also needlessly truncated, the two unheeded warnings from the market made manifest with a third and final utterance the reader of *Popular Tales* never

¹⁸⁰ „Das alte Weib schielte den mutigen Knaben an, lachte widerlich und sprach mit heiserer Stimme . . .“

¹⁸¹ „So, Söhnchen, so . . . iß nur dieses Süppchen, dann hast du alles, was dir an mir so gefallen.“

hears. At the moment the undertowing thread tautens to the linear narrative, the translator loses hold of warp and weft alike. Severance of the compositional thread is inevitable.

The Hauffian æsthetic is further compromised by the reduction of the grotesque. Hauff was too incisive a satirist to redact his view of society through incontestable moralisms or phallicisms. The pictorial weight of *Dwarf Nose* is partitive to comprehension. Didactic plot contrivances are eschewed and replaced by the weave of pictorials. The tale is a canvas. To have attached a varnished moral dictate in the manner of Perrault was anathema to the artist. Part of the accrued æsthetic is an avowal of those gruesome recesses of life into which an inattentive child of the early nineteenth century could so easily fall. The transformation of Jacob into a stunted, deformed child with an enlarged protrusion is drawn with poignancy. This pathos is mislaid entirely by the translator's need to render the physical appearance of the dwarf an object of inward ridicule from within the narrative itself. Although there are no illustrations to accompany this careless rendition in *Popular Tales*, the translation was used as a template of an æsthetic transference that persists in 'artistic' interpretations of Jacob to this very day. The mirroring scene in the barber shop deftly conveys Hauff's contrary intentions. There is neither mitigation of reality nor authorial mockery. This is the mirror being turned inwardly upon society as a collective, the effect of which collapses the notion of interludinal farce:

Whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, that is to say whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is a source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion which the mind is capable of feeling. (Burke 35)

Dwarf Nose is Hauff's inimitable portrait of the Romantic sublime, of the fears that rest *within* every child. To subvert the author's intention by rendering his creation trivial or ridiculous is to turn art into caricature. The outward is merely a means to the inward. The dominant pictorial is more opaque than the fixations of contemporary Freudian scholars and illustrators would suggest. Contrary to David Blamires's phallic musings ("Meaning" 303-05) and the effusive twentieth-century artistic interpretations on which they appear to be based, Hauff's compositional æsthetic—not to mention his sense of personal and poetic integrity—was too exacting to limit the extension of the nose to mere psychosexual stages

of development. True to what has since become a standard fairytale construct, the mirror is the outward means by which Jacob is finally able to perceive the inner self and thus grasp the true terror of his predicament. The reader would do well to recall that “terror is in all cases whatsoever either more openly or latently, the ruling principle of the sublime” (Burke 50). The true journey of the protagonist begins with acceptance of this principle. It is an emphatic *inward* departure. It is pictorial realism emerging from the death throes of Romanticism.

Dwarf Nose is devoid of sentimentality. Jacob’s journey of self-discovery is drawn from an unaccented palette. In the need to ornate the tale through descriptive augmentation, the translator creates a phrasal dissonance entirely out of measure with the original composition. Abstraction is palpable. Reduction of the æsthetic to adjectival bathos subverts authorial intention. This practice also distorts Hauff’s depiction of the faërie realm on which the tale’s inherent truths depend. Adhering to Samuel Taylor Coleridge’s now ubiquitous “willing suspension of disbelief” (*Biographia Literaria* XIV, 492) but mistaking the spirit in which it was intended, the translator is clearly at variance with the realistic hue by which the author limns an alternate reality. This reality cannot be grasped from without.

Practised tellers of faërie are aware that for truth to be believable the reader cannot admit dissimulation into the frame of composition. In and of itself, the faërie realm *must* be real. There can be no sacrifice of internal logic; the critical faculties must be alert. And yet in *Popular Tales* the bar is lowered to accommodate disbelief and the structural discordance on which it depends, thereby creating a distortion of ‘reality’ and comprehensional absurdity. It is inadvisable to read poetry by prosaics. Even wonder is forestalled. The dust, which the entrapped children gather to make bread for the old woman, is referred to as “dust from the saw” (*Popular Tales* 13) rather than the ethereal „Sonnenstäubchen“ (*Märchen* 198), or ‘dust from the sunbeams’. Fidelity to the original is absent in both meaning and poetic measure. The playfulness attributed to proper nouns also deviates from the essential spirit of the tale. ‘Nosey’ the dwarf bears the dress of mockery and insult throughout, the Grimmian accent a clear indication the translator was entirely ignorant of the author’s compositional æsthetic. In an attempt to bring *Dwarf Nose* into line with the presumed expectations of the reading public, there is also an inexplicable reference to Mimi as “Mr. Goose” (*Popular Tales* 27), a phrasing that implicitly extols the virtues of Perrault’s

Americanised *Mother Goose Tales*, a compliment Hauff would have been loath to pay. The poet does not trudge through deference. In *Popular Tales* it is perhaps apt that the mere collector is given precedence over the original artist by an anonymous translator.

A translator must enter a composition on the terms of the artist. As with the fairytales of Hans Christian Andersen, Oscar Wilde, Italo Calvino and J. R. R. Tolkien, all of whom admired the Hauffian æsthetic and, like Hauff, all of whom were realists in their intellectual readings of life, *Dwarf Nose* is anchored by a surrealistic surface vision of reality as it is and not as the writer of fiction would have it portrayed. The palette is muted because the shades of pain through which Jacob passes are indescribably real. With the boldest and yet subtlest of strokes, the author is colouring the shadows of the sublime from within the terrors of the subconscious. The hues are necessarily restrained. And yet poetry is inherent to the design. The Coleridgean perspective should be recalled from within its proper context:

It was agreed, that my endeavours should be directed to persons and characters supernatural, or at least romantic, yet so as to transfer from our inward nature a human interest and a semblance of truth sufficient to procure for these shadows of imagination that willing suspension of disbelief for the moment, which constitutes poetic faith. (*Biographia Literaria* XIV, 492)

In *Dwarf Nose* the poet has entered these ‘shadows of imagination’. It is the pivotal ‘moment’ before the mirror in which a ‘willing suspension of disbelief’ is required; ‘poetic faith’ is necessary to interpret the image not as a phallic protrusion or an object of artistic caricature but as the entrance to the compositional dichotomy, the solution to which is—quite literally—as plain as the nose on Jacob’s face. The tale is defined by this moment. It is both visual and tangible, and yet the translator does not tenant the poetic consciousness of the analogue. There is a failure in the responsibility to adhere to the author’s multisensory vision, a failure that signals why “[f]idelity and freedom in translation have traditionally been regarded as conflicting tendencies” (Benjamin 260).

Hauff worked swiftly. Context is crucial to understanding and bears reiteration. Like Andersen, he was obliged to earn a living from his writing and forced to meet paradoxical deadlines daily. Arguably, the breadth, volume and quality of his literary output in three short years is unexampled. A poetic perfectionist who lacked sufficient time to assure precision in later editions, Hauff has been subject to centuries of critical abuse as a direct

consequence of editorial clumsiness. Unlike other major authors of the nineteenth century, Hauff was not afforded sufficient opportunity for revision of his manuscripts (with the exception of the earlier novellas), nor was he able to correct the typographical errors common to manual typesetting. Even with consultation of the original scripts, it is not always possible to distinguish whether an error requires an *erratum* or a *corrigendum* from the publisher. Due to the relatively unusual issue of an author not having had the breadth of life to revise and correct his own works, for the past two centuries editors and translators alike have struggled to interpret whether a Hauffian ‘error’ is in fact erroneous. Due in part to the Freudian interpretation of the tale and the sole ‘fact’ on which it is predicated, nowhere in Hauff’s literary output has this issue proven more problematic than in *Dwarf Nose*.

Herbert Pelham Curtis’s *Arabian Days’ Entertainments* from 1858 is the first translation to correct *residuum* from the original typesetting – a numerical error typically attributed to Wilhelm Hauff. But is it an error? As Maureen Thum contends, the ‘good reader’ will note this ‘error’ as an “intentional blurring of chronological time” (21). Jacob is described in the narration as being eight years of age on the fateful day he is taken from the market (*Märchen* 191). On return to his ‘home’ seven years later, the father recounts *his* recollection of the tale, in which the boy disappeared at twelve and ought—by this reasoning—to be a young man of twenty, although „Bursche“ (205) could also refer to a younger teenager. The discrepancy is indisputable, but the context in which the direct speech informs the narrative is fraught with subtext and lacunæ. In the original German, Jacob’s father is shown to be an avaricious, opportunistic man whose primary lament is that his son, having been a particularly beautiful boy and one who would have doubtless grown into a handsome young man, is now unable to draw customers into the shop (205-08). The cobbler displays no emotion on recollection of the tale. There is no inward colouring to the narrative. The loss of a son is limited to an outward matter. Although in the Curtis translation the phrase is omitted, the author is subtly collapsing the initial “plainly and virtuously” (Mendel 110) conceit. In chipping away at an external reading of the scene, Hauff exposes the father as a man unworthy of our confidence, a cobbler who would perhaps make new shoes “when any one would trust him with the commission” (Curtis 151). The Hauffian thread tautens on the intimation that this is not a man upon whose character we can depend, that to derive any truth from the outside

is specious. Our cues are also visual. As a cobbler he is ham-fisted, “hammering his shoes vigorously, and drawing out the thread at full length with both his fists” (Mendel 120), and yet Curtis tempers the impression with a clumsy “pounding his shoe bravely” (Curtis 163), thus reorienting connotation. The exchange is punctuated by economic inversion, the son who would have ushered customers through the door having now entered the shop himself in the same capacity, at least to the eyes of the impercipient father. Jacob is back on the inside as an outsider. It is upon the reader to keep pace with the visual manoeuvring.

The conversation between father and son and thus the entire narrative of the missing boy itself is marked by the impending solicitation. Restrained malice lingers behind the façade, and yet through amelioration of one adjectival phrasing after another the translator blurs Hauff’s mindful contouring of the scene. The emotional effects on „[den] Kleinen“ (Märchen 207) are immediate and acute, the phrase “the little boy” (Mendel 120) or “the little lad” (Curtis 163) a conscious authorial negation of the father’s ability either to see or discern. Young men of twenty are not referred to as ‘little lad’. Compositional logic suggests the translator’s decision to alter Jacob’s age to twelve from the outset of the tale must be called into question. This reasoning also applies to editors of the original text. Having been absent seven years, Jacob is now a boy of fifteen about to face the world on his own. Hauff is master of his thread. The nameless son stands “a good while meditating on his fate” (Mendel 120) inside a house that was home, and “grief filled his heart to such an extent that it was almost ready to burst” (120). Pain is palpable. And yet this is the moment the hapless father chooses to solicit a commission, the tale to elicit pity for *him* having reached an end. Conversely, it is the beginning of a new internal narrative for Jacob. On asking whether the „junger Herr“ (Märchen 207), or ‘young gentleman’ would like “something of my manufacture” (Curtis 164), the cobbler suggests “a new pair of slippers” (Mendel 120) or „setzte er lächelnd hinzu“ (Märchen 207) – “perhaps a leathern case for your nose?” (Mendel 120). Precise handling of the German phrase is imperative to context. Mendel adheres strictly to Hauff’s intonation and translates “he added smiling” (120), whereas Curtis interjects “added he, laughing” (164). The connotation has been altered once more. These are the choices that define a translation. Together with the broader description provided by the translator and the modifications and ameliorations that accrue throughout the scene, this parenthetical smile, a smile that betrays mockery, latent spite and contempt, has been improved to mirth. This shifting of phrase

likewise improves our perception of the cobbler's character. Although the accent accords with Curtis's stated conviction that Hauff's fairytales "will be found to afford amusement" (iii), the fundamental import of the moment has been trivialised. An inward awareness of fate is not intended as a matter for laughter.

The translator has trodden past the doorsill of the tale. The question "What is wrong with my nose?" (Mendel 120) fails to arrest the 'amusement', its tenor trammelled underfoot as a consequence. The enforced departure descends into burlesque, and although the "boy" (Curtis 165) crosses the threshold on his way out into the world "in a very miserable state of mind" (165), the visual pathos inherent to the reflection of the dwarf in Urban's mirror and the transposition of truth it represents is curtailed pictorially by the pervading context. This is the author's multisensory canvas redacted through an eye of sepia. The translator's own personal agenda—to render the tale according to the needs, expectations and morals of the general reader—has compromised the art of the author: he has failed to compass "the most intimate act of reading" (Spivak 180). The piteous image around which Wilde would dance his own abandoned dwarf in *The Birthday of the Infanta* is torn from the imagination. It should come as no surprise that these pictorial threads—left behind for subsequent authors, painters and poets to draw upon and develop—are seldom attributed to Wilhelm Hauff.

The Curtis translation suffers from a lack of discernment from the cover inward. There is little attempt to preserve the artistic integrity of Hauff's compositional, intellectual and moral aesthetic. The titular exploitation of the *Arabian Nights* together with the gilt crescent moon makes Edward Said's case that a European author cannot delineate Eastern mores in a manner devoid of appropriation or cultural misuse virtually indisputable to the uninformed observer. The Preface states "[t]hree or four of these stories, only, have already appeared in this country . . . but it is thought that the present is the only complete and perfect translation of them which has ever been made in any language" (iii), an assertion that dispenses with the previous existence of *Popular Tales*. The 'perfect translation' epithet is worth considering.

The early adjustment of Jacob's age from eight to twelve is understandable given the complexities of the text. Such a decision may even be supported by the surrealistic passage of self-reflection before Urban's mirror, in which the author penetrates the thoughts of the

boy as he scrutinises his deformed appearance solely from within, the narrator observing in this capacity “His body was of the same size as it had been seven years previously, when he was twelve years of age” (Curtis 165). The passage is translated precisely and further complicated by an unequivocal “while others grew in height from twelve to twenty, he had only increased in breadth” (165). Is this an error on the part of the original typographer or the author? In fairness to the translator, this question cannot be answered with any degree of certainty as the manuscript remains inaccessible. Should we choose to accept the father’s recollection at the expense of the deeper context, the initial age of departure would appear to be twelve, but this would then make the repeated characterisation of ‘boy’ both inaccurate and absurd. It is also worth taking into consideration the sequence in which the father’s twelve to twenty reiteration takes hold. Unlike the cobbler, who restrains his contempt in the hope to elicit a commission, there is no call for affectation or duplicity from the patrons of the barber’s shop. Revulsion is pronounced. Hauff is exploring the condition of the human soul prior to its reflection in the glass. Urban speaks plainly with good-natured wit, but his patrons fill the room with ‘horse-laughter’, open mockery and boorishness. And there in the midst of the uproar stands a mere boy looking at himself in the mirror. “Tears streamed from his eyes as he gazed” (Curtis 165), and yet still he manages to compass this gaze beyond the laughter, to a place of awakening and empathy, to the old fairy and the day in the marketplace where “Everything which he had then ridiculed . . . she had now given to him” (166). The boy has come face to face with the error of his ways. It is a moment of profound human dignity, the moment in which Jacob comes of age. The juncture parallels Christian’s ‘standstill’ at the ruins and Anselmus’ incarceration in the jar¹⁸², both of which occur at a later stage in the characters’ development. But Hauff was a poetic Realist, not a Romantic. As the author was forging a path from within a literary movement that had yet to be defined, the translator may be forgiven for the need to bring numerical clarity and consistency to an analogy that rivals two of the most intricate passages in German literature. It is the tendency to restructure the mnemonics in a manner that precludes an accurate reading of the author’s compositional intentions that cannot be excused.

¹⁸² From Ludwig Tieck’s “The Runenberg” (1804) and E. T. A. Hoffmann’s *The Golden Pot* (1814).

The fundamental issue with the Curtis translation is the failure to respect the aesthetic construct of the author. The father's accretive elevation to a dutiful if not altogether reliable cobbler obviates Hauff's social conviction that an artisan *must* be master of his craft to be a productive member of society. *Zwerg Nase* espoused the intrinsic values of proletarianism long before the mid-nineteenth-century acceptance of socialist theory. The premise is clear: if the workers of any given society are as ineffective in their responsibilities as the ruling classes are in theirs, then there can be no hope for communal progression. By removing the cue to this construct, the translator affects interpretation and thereby precludes retention of the compositional thread. It is a matter of style. The true import of Jacob's recollection "that, during his squirrel existence, he had made much progress in the science of cookery" (Curtis 168) is contracted not merely by the fact that the reader of *Arabian Days' Entertainments* will doubtless fail to admeasure the predicament in which he finds himself, "since his mother and father had repudiated him" (168), but that the inherent irony—one that attaches itself to the narrative on multiple levels—of being in a position "to avail himself of his accomplishments" (169) is overlooked. The moral inversion is partitive. Implicit is the sense that, rather than the parents, as is their duty, it is 'the wicked fairy Kräuterweis' who has prepared Jacob for the harsh realities of life in a flawed society, the connotation pulling on the knowledge that here "as everywhere else, there were few compassionate souls, ready to assist an unfortunate person, whose misery rendered him also ridiculous" (168). It is reasonable to assume the extended nose and 'spidery' fingers facilitate the boy's ability to practice and perfect the culinary art. In altering the mnemonics, Curtis has flouted the authorial mimesis.

There is rhyme and reason to why the father alone refers to the fairy with derision¹⁸³. Having truncated an incisive social critique, it seems frivolous to admonish the translator on the inelegant 'science of cookery' for Hauff's „[die] Kochkunst“ (*Märchen* 213), which Mendel phrases correctly as "the art of cooking" (124), and yet this seemingly innocuous liberty is illustrative of the translator's visibility repositioning the internal narrative. To be conversant with Hauff's deceptively dry style is crucial to an understanding of context. The prose is unadorned in order to sustain the subtextual aestheticism. For the author, industry

¹⁸³ In the recollection that follows the father's „die böse Fee Kräuterweis“ (*Märchen* 207), Jacob inwardly repeats „bei der bösen Fee“ (207).

is art, or to be more precise, only through industriousness and application can an artisan expect to hone a craft into a skill worthy of attaining the level of art. Art is not a ‘science’. Hauff’s position on the matter is clear. Unlike his father, Jacob has not merely acquired but mastered an essential skill, the fruits of which are constantly referred to as ‘art’ (*Märchen* 200, 213, 215, 218, 221, 225, 227, 228). The mnemonic is patent. In parallel with the tailor Labakan from “The Story of the False Prince”—the author’s earlier exploration of the theme—the dwarf has a moral responsibility not merely *to do* but to excel, regardless of his limited station in society. A realist in life as in art, Hauff was fully conversant with the aristocracy of his age and was keenly aware that few if any would ever traverse social boundaries. In the Hauffian aesthetic, it is therefore not enough to perform a task solely for the sake of recompense: a person must aspire to be more within their purview. To be a ‘false’ anything for *any* reason has zero value.

The false translator transgresses art. Curtis not only flounders in his duty to sustain the author’s contextual cohesion but creates his own mnemonic structure at its direct expense. The visible residue of the intrusion is pronounced. Our initial impression of Hauff’s „ein altes Weib“ (*Märchen* 192) suffers from a Grimmian dialect, the phrasings “old creature,” “old crone,” “old beldame” and a second “old creature” all appearing on a single page (152), swiftly followed by “old hag” (153) and accented by “old harridan” (167) among others. Prior to the father’s appellation of ‘bad fairy’, the translator—contrary to the author’s intentions—has nominally altered our perception by conveying the pictorial connotation of a witch to a character far more complex than her equivalent in the collected tales of the Brothers Grimm. At no point in the tale does Hauff ascribe this connotation. Curtis also alters „Die beiden Leutchen“ (*Märchen* 191)—a simple rustic diminutive without adjectival *addendum*—to “This old couple” (151), thereby facilitating the false context of Jacob’s mother being “the old lady in the marketplace” (151). Maternal cushioning collates with the translational ‘improvement’ to the text, but the Hanne of Hauff’s *Zwerg Nase* is not once described as ‘old’. By increasing the age of Jacob’s mother and repositioning the focal objective of the reader, Curtis preserves the expectation of a faërie realm in which the binary of good and evil is free of equivocation. ‘Older’ parents are viewed from within the calming cynosure of grandparents; ‘old’ parents are therefore ‘nice’ parents. The voyeur has been admitted into the frame of composition. In accordance with the reading presumptions of the

mid- to late-nineteenth-century Bostonian, Curtis restyles the neutral „die Herrschaften“ (*Märchen* 191) with benevolent “mistresses” (151) who are “glad to see the boy’s pleasing face at their houses” (151) and, of course, generous enough “to reward him handsomely” (151). Gentrification contradicts the imperative of style; consequently, plot connotation suffers from translational inversion. Gone is the richly embedded reproof to Hauff’s distinction. The poet had no intention of mollifying his reader with munificent women who represented all that was perceived to be noble and fine in the upper classes. The intent was altogether otherwise. Hauff demanded cognitive thought from his reader. As an educated matter of gentlemanliness rather than deference, the social critique is not directed towards female members of the aristocracy; rather, the immutable image which closes the tale is that of the duke and his friend, two inwardly worthless, outwardly abusive, profligate bachelors indulging in whimsical wars and an ever-increasing battery of elaborate dinners at the unremitting cost of those upon whose services both extravagances depend. But there are no heirs. The pictorial hinges on the finite. In the Hauffian aesthetic, the aristocracy is bloated and on the brink of collapse. The reader is called upon to consider how much better life would be without them. Princely rule is an outdated form of governance and no longer of any practical use to society. Hauff is caricaturing the preservation motif of the French Salon. With Curtis’s seamless insertion of the silk stocking, the ancestral line is prolonged through a female presence and misrule is thereby preserved in the mind. Metonymy thereby masters the resituated narrative pictorially. Hauff’s intimate caricature depends upon women being consciously omitted from the idyll. A mindful translator would heed the omission.

Restyling dulls the critical acumen of the author. *Minutiæ* matter. In the adjustment of tone, Curtis’s *Nosey, the Dwarf* conveys a soft impression that Jacob may be traversing class boundaries. This is particularly problematic when the dwarf enters the duke’s service, as it confers on the despot a nobility of character he does not possess. Hauff’s tale is not intended to deceive and admits no such possibility of societal transference. Transposition also occurs in the original purpose of the fairy’s visit to the marketplace. Inconceivably, in ‘*Nosey*’ the old woman comes in search of cabbages rather than herbs – “Perhaps so, perhaps so; let us see your cabbages; you may have what I want” (Curtis 152), a stark thematic contrast to “We’ll see, we’ll see! Look at your herbs, look at your herbs, if you have what I

need?”¹⁸⁴ (*Märchen* 192). That the herbs prove to be below expectation is relevant to the enchantment by which the tale is defined; plotwise, she buys the cabbages only to allure the equally disappointing boy to her house. Curtis also interposes himself in rephrasing Hauff’s repetitional monotony, mnemonics that impart artistic cohesion to the narrative. “Miserable trash! wretched stuff! nothing here to suit me! Things used to be a great deal better fifty years ago. Worthless stuff, worthless stuff!” (Curtis 152) is preferred to the author’s thematically inceptive “Bad stuff, bad herbs, nothing of what I want; was much better fifty years ago; bad stuff, bad stuff!”¹⁸⁵ (*Märchen* 193). Hauff’s anticipation of an unencumbered literary style is adjectivally ignored. In the original German prose, the two focal scenes—the meeting in the marketplace and the dwarf’s reflection in Urban’s mirror—are coupled by syntax. It is unadorned with a purpose; it is not a question of the author lacking either the imagination to embellish the phrasing or the absence of a thesaurus with which to accomplish the task. Curtis’s intrusion forestalls the observant reader, who is thereby denied an opportunity to draw the significant parallel between the earlier scene and the reflective binary of the father’s „die böse Fee Kräuterweis“ (*Märchen* 207) and Jacob’s inward echo „bei der bösen Fee“ (207).

The visible intrusion is acute. Hauff employs language sparingly and with impetus. He bestows upon the old woman the truncated phrasing and angry soliloquies of a person out of step with the world by which she is now surrounded, an aesthetic braced in the frame as part of the author’s nascent theory on the fairytale. There is measure to every word. The phrasing enables the fairy to differentiate *herself* from the other characters in the tale. It embraces her seity much as it serves to enhance the dwarf as he develops from a spoiled child into a productive member of society. The language grows in tandem with this development, becoming more sophisticated as Jacob gives voice to the character emerging from within. The impetus is sustained by a measured progression of syntax that, like the mirror in the barber’s, aggregates the inward with the outward on multiple levels. Appendage or amelioration by presumptive proxy is an affront to the artistic principles of the author. It can also lead to the collapse of narrative integrity. And so it proves with

¹⁸⁴ „Wollen sehen, wollen sehen! Kräutlein schauen, Kräutlein schauen, ob du hast, was ich brauche?“

¹⁸⁵ „Schlechtes Zeug, schlechtes Kraut, nichts von allem, was ich will; war viel besser vor fünfzig Jahren; schlechtes Zeug, schlechtes Zeug!“

Curtis. The translator chooses to incorporate his own transpositional thread into the compositional content, the old woman muttering over her soup “but the cabbages, —no, you will never find the cabbages; why hadn’t your mother any cabbages in her basket?” (Curtis 156). There *were* cabbages in the basket; cabbages were to be found in *two* baskets. Curtis’s ‘old hag’ specifically states “I will take these six cabbage-heads” (154). The fairy has her cabbages. Jacob is there in her home because of the cabbages. No one is looking for any cabbages. The essential herb ‘Niesmitlust’, however, is nowhere to be found. The translator has imprinted a defining visual presence on the text.

In various editions and guises, *Arabian Days’ Entertainments* remained visible well into the twentieth-century. Expiration of copyright coupled with the rise of unscrupulous online ‘publishing houses’ has given Curtis’s translation a new lease of life. ‘New’ editions are readily available. This unfortunate sequence of events also perpetuates Hauff’s association with the so-called Orientalists of the nineteenth century. There are regrettable moments of ‘translationism’ in *Nosey, the Dwarf* ripe for contemporary critique, the “he liked nothing so much in his life as to see giants and dwarfs, and similar monstrosities” (Curtis 160) obviating the spirit and tenor of the “strange, foreign costumes”¹⁸⁶ (*Märchen* 203) of the original, the implicit hint of an Oriental world in which the unusual is celebrated sinking soundlessly into a hapless pun on the grotesque. Yet the translation is not without merit. Imagery associated with the proper noun ‘Kräuterweis’ is respectfully preserved; the herb added to the dumplings also holds to the original “Magentrost” (Curtis 172) with the addition of a helpful parenthesis for English readers “(stomach-warmer)” (172). In each case, by adhering to and explaining the inherent phrasing, the translator cultivates the appearance of “serving domestic interests” (Venuti 373) while “provid[ing] an ideological resolution for the linguistic and cultural differences of the foreign text” (373). Had Curtis remained consistent in the accurate rendering of the *context* provided by the author, *Arabian Days’ Entertainments* might have weathered the visible presence of the translator inhabiting his ‘perfect translation’. It is therefore ironic that Curtis’s latent contribution to the ‘foreign’ legacy of Wilhelm Hauff would be rendered invisible:

¹⁸⁶ „seltsame, fremde Trachten”

The translator ventures to suggest that the interest of these tales will be increased by reading each Part *continuously*. The various stories are so closely connected with the narrative which unites them, that, though each is a whole in itself, much will be gained, he believes, by attention to this recommendation. (iv)

More than a century and a half has passed since Curtis penned this conclusion to the Preface, and yet the English-speaking world has thus far failed to produce a subsequent translation that preserves the frame narratives of all three annuals in their entirety.

Doubtless the most enduring of these translations is Percy E. Pinkerton's illustrated edition from 1882. Culled from the three annuals, this opportunistic pastiche of the Hauffian aesthetic would remain in print for sixty years, appearing in numerous sleeves and bindings under differing titles from competing publishers on both sides of the Atlantic. It remains the most prominent translation of Hauff's fairy tales and an early indictment of the publishing industry's aims and intentions. In all its various guises, the volume is specifically designed for older children, featuring fourteen plates and nineteen woodcuts in a style that hedged the narrowing divide between caricature and *faërie*. The original American printing—*Little Mook and Other Fairy Tales*—includes tissue guards for the plates and is printed on fine gloss paper; the ornate, gilded cover is among the finest of the gothic nouveau fairy books that flooded the market during *La Belle Époque*. On the surface it is a visual, tactile wonder. And yet the substance of the translation was the poorest to date, the British *Longnose the Dwarf and Other Fairy Tales*—by an initialled 'W. Hauff'—confirming Rudolph Pannwitz's observation "[o]ur translators have a far greater reverence for usage of their own language than for the spirit of the foreign works" (qtd. in Benjamin 262). From the title inwards, Pinkerton obviates the frame context, strips the prose of its poetry and renders the tales devoid of the essential spirit on which their meaning depends. Nowhere is this mauling of the original language more evident than in the opening tale.

The wonder fails at a turning of the cover. Abnegation of predictable fairytale rhythms is partitive to the Hauffian aesthetic. An appreciation of the construct is partitive to context. And yet for generations of readers, this pervasive volume of 'W.' Hauff's tales opens with "Many, many years ago" (Pinkerton 1). The cliché negates authorial intention at a single stroke. Conveyance of the typical introduction to a typical collection of fairytales displaces the compositional thread of a decidedly atypical fairytale from the outset. The frame is

dispensed with in its entirety while the tenor settles into platitudinal condescension by the close of the initial paragraph. A 'free' translation wastes little time in adapting the prose to its own running measure, but the enlarged 'PERCY' manhandles the lesser 'W.' of 'Hauff' out of his way with such unmannered swiftness that the author's voice is drowned beneath the babel. Visibility of the "*Translator of Müller's 'Life of Count Moltke', Etc., etc.*" (verso) is manifest. Having undermined the tale's conceptual import in the opening sentence, Pinkerton adjusts its moral imperative with the second: "They were honest, industrious folk, working hard to gain their daily bread and to keep free from disgrace and debt" (1). The erasure of Hauff's 'there lived plainly and virtuously' motif severs the compositional thread, while the extraneous 'free from disgrace and debt' establishes "a domestic remainder" (Venuti 373) within the narrative. A visible incursion into the original text has altered its meaning. The burden of morality has shifted. The inward dichotomy between appearance and reality has been invalidated by a Victorian focus on how life is measured and perceived from without. This view is adumbrated by incremental adverbials that crook our impression of "the hag" (Pinkerton 3, 6), or "ugly old hag" (23). Perspectival accretion occurs through the "leered odiously" (4) and "glaring viciously" (5) sketchings that palette the old woman's mannerisms (9) and from which the translator transitions seamlessly into "the witch" (12) portrait that perfects the abasement. Pictorial abstraction has quirked the focus. Pinkerton's method is analogous to taking a photograph and then blurring each contour and line to such a degree that the lines themselves are no longer discernible. It is architectural sleight of hand. The transposition visually strengthens the translator's hold by altering outward perception, or perhaps even casting some doubt as to who in fact should be regarded as the visible author.

The debate as to whether there is an ethical responsibility to interpret a text with respect to the author's original intentions is particularly acute in the case of Wilhelm Hauff. Autonomy of the author is paramount throughout his writings. The manner of expression is sparse and unattended, marked by a tonal absence of sentiment or exclamation. Pictorial compression is pronounced: the Hauffian aesthetic is structured on adjectival and adverbial austerity. And yet the periphrastic Pinkerton fails to observe the distinction and cannot admeasure the prose. The unembellished "in front of her she had a couple of baskets with cabbage and other vegetables, various herbs and seeds, also in a little basket early pears,

apples and apricots”¹⁸⁷ (*Märchen* 191) assumes the hue of an ornate Flemish painting: “before her stood baskets of cabbage, cauliflowers, and other vegetables, beside lettuces, endive, and all sorts of salads. On the stall, too, were luscious little pears, the first of the season, together with golden-coloured apricots and crimson-cheeked apples” (Pinkerton 2). These transliteral insertions not only unsettle the coherence of events but gainsay the inherent logic of the tale. Pinkerton delimits the Hauffian aesthetic by a robe of his own design, in turns making the implicit explicit (18), changing indirect speech to direct speech (12), and making the abstract concrete (22); by way of example, in recasting “it will be seven years in spring”¹⁸⁸ (*Märchen* 206) to “’twill be seven years come April” (Pinkerton 23), the translator invents descriptive language that steers the imagination from the point at which Hauff deliberately leaves room for pictorial interpretation. Before appending the adjectival ‘golden-coloured’ and ‘crimson-cheeked’ to their nouns, Pinkerton might well have taken a moment to consider the colours relative to the season. These extensions frequently defy common sense, as in the instance of the pair of guinea-pigs—or „einige“ in the original phrasing (*Märchen* 195)—being increased to “five or six little guinea-pigs” (Pinkerton 6) without rhyme to the moment, and yet it is the *omission* of scenes that collapses the authorial thread entirely, Jacob’s earnest plea to his mother on returning to the market one of numerous lacunæ intended to inform the narrative as a whole (18). This indiscriminate truncation of the text obviates both import and meaning. Visual animation of the transported cabbage heads is the pivotal framing scene of Jacob’s transformation, one which condemns his scorn towards the old woman while simultaneously exposing his failure to grasp that which rests beyond our perception of what is or ought to be ‘normal’. Perception is paramount. Pinkerton omits the scene entirely, thus invalidating the explicit contrast between acceptable and *correct* behaviour and narrowing the juxtaposition between personal and communal responsibility. At issue is the position of the unusual person in a society slowly emerging from the veneration of the individual. Nowhere is this construct more apparent than in the hue and cry of the barber shop in which the isolation of the subject is set against a backdrop of envenomed mockery, and yet this scene is edited to a whisper, the context trimmed and

¹⁸⁷ „sie hatte vor sich einige Körbe mit Kohl und anderem Gemüse, allerlei Kräuter und Sämereien, auch in einem kleineren Körbchen frühe Birnen, Äpfel und Aprikosen.“

¹⁸⁸ „Sieben Jahre wird es im Frühling.“

tidied with gentlemanly humour. The result is inevitable: the pathos of the mirror moment is lathered over by the dim wit of a translator masquerading as the barber. Gone is the impulsive, instinctive need to deride and attack the individual and all that society deems 'abnormal', the page torn from comprehension by a slick hand. The implicit departure from a Romantic to a realist perspective is thereby lost to the lacunæ, as is Hauff's nascent proletarian view of the society that could have emerged from the in-between. This thread is not recovered. Translation of the latent text suffers from a want of both exegesis and empathy, the impression imparted little more than a simulacrum of the original form.

In harmony with the adjectival elongation of the title, *Longnose the Dwarf* has been wilfully caricatured to Pinkertonian phrasing. It is a creation of the translator. Extraneous phrases litter the pages that remain, and although the few alterations that do not involve digression and personal insertion may be regarded as a form of interpretation that falls within the purview of the translator, the overall effect is one of misappropriation of both context and style. Even the proper nouns are subject to revisionist inversion, the boy Jacob becoming 'Jamie', Mimi turning into "mother goose" (42), the dictatorial duke raised to the inaccurate elevation of "Grand Duke" (38) and afforded a wholly unintended obeisance. But perhaps the most significant infelicity is reserved for "the wicked fairy Herbsucker" (23), who is displaced from the thematic construct of the Hauffian fairytale by a malapropism. As a consequence, the disparity between the outward appearance of evil and the inwardly foul denizens of the barber shop is once more forestalled. By "shooting out his bejeweled cuffs" (Nabokov 160) and importing himself into the narrative, Pinkerton may be said to occupy a place in the third 'grade of evil', the epitomal "slick translator who arranges Scheherazade's boudoir according to his own taste, and with professional elegance tries to improve the looks of his victims" (160).

Longnose the Dwarf is an inadvertent victim of that which rests "between truth and falsehood" (Jerome 170) in translation. Pinkerton deviates from the source material at the title, creating false scenes from red-herrings and then structuring his own conclusions around the delusion. This fabrication is perpetuated on multiple levels. He lies entire sentences into the mouths of characters as a means of furthering compositional agenda, Jacob's need to see himself in the mirror reduced to "a very ridiculous" (Pinkerton 25) habit "that all you dwarfs have" (25). The unusual person is rendered stereotypical, the pathos of

the original narrowed by outward contempt and narratorial mockery. There is scarcely any empathy for the dwarf's plight. Textual manipulation alters the connotation of the tale's pivotal moments one phrase at a time. Internal questioning is repeatedly transferred to a direct speech that obviates self-development, the "I must go back, I must go back to mother" (12) refrain stripping Jacob of inward autonomy. Plot coherence is incrementally compromised. The father in particular possesses a knowledge of events he would have been hard-pressed to acquire by structural logic, the "A wicked fairy transformed you, eh? did she?" (Pinkerton 29) culminating a brutal passage of visual neglect on a note that renders the cobbler sagacious and insightful. In the moments that matter most, the author's mastery of perspective is denied its ocular truth.

To many the word 'fairytale' was and remains synonymous with 'lie'. Pinkerton plays on this common assertion. But Hauff believed otherwise. There are truths to his *Zwerg Nase* that cannot be compassed by amelioration. Disenchantment does not alter Jacob from within. Hard lessons have been learned, and they are not to be forgotten. The insolent boy *has* grown from having lived this tale, even if the translator has failed to grow with the telling. On his final return to the familial home now as a youth, Jacob reconciles but then departs to another part of the town, establishing a shop and living his own life as an independent, productive member of society. Hauff declines to linger over the 'homecoming' scene, and there is no indication of any further connection with his mother and father. The sense that some scars run too deep and that not all broken bonds can be repaired is implicit. Life is not easy and seldom fair. And yet Pinkerton anticipates the Walt Disney age with the declaration "his parents were not slow to recognise their darling son this time, with whom they lived in happiness and ease" (56). It is indeed the translator who has the last word. The tale winds down with the calculated intrusion "is there aught but this left to tell; and did you not foresee it all without any hints from me?" (57) and closes with the safely ensconced duke feasting on the *Suzerain Pâtés*, a dish "more excellent than anything ever prepared for him by 'Longnose the Dwarf'" (57). Neither phrasing occurs in the original. With this closing appendage the visible translator supplants the central character while stripping him of the dignity on which the compositional integrity of *Zwerg Nase* depends.

It is proper to condemn the Pinkerton pastiche due to its broad influence on subsequent translations, many of which bear the residual phrasings of the translator at the expense of

the Swabian author. Hauff's reputation in the English-speaking world is based partly on dissemination of mistranslated works bearing his name, many of which are devoid of his moral æsthetic. This misappropriation expanded to the degree that even the name itself would be omitted from numerous editions published during the twentieth-century. Today the online translator finds 'inspiration' in borrowing on copyright expiration and adapting translations such as Percy E. Pinkerton's. The 'research' often ends there. From the spate of recently packaged, print-to-order books published under various titles—as with *Longnose the Dwarf*—, it may be observed that profit margin and marketability are the primary concerns. With regard to this specific genre, the publishing industry has come full circle: 'W.' Hauff is perhaps the only notable nineteenth-century fairy-teller whose presence is absent from his own creations. Sadly, the literary renderings of Curtis, Pinkerton and others are rephrased and reformulated until the original composition of the author is no longer of relevance. For those unable to read these fairytales in the original German, the inimitable æsthetic is scarcely discernible. It may be argued that but for one virtually flawless translation, the true measure of Hauff's voice would have been lost to the English-speaking world entirely.

The S. Mendel edition of 1886 is analogous to the Renaissance *intermedio* in the comic play of Hauff translations. It stands apart. The prose fulfils Nabokov's demand that the translator "must have as much talent, or at least the same kind of talent, as the author he chooses" (161). Mendel's reading harmonises literal metaphrase translation with the ability to follow a sense-for-sense or paraphrase translation without deviation from the original text. This phrasal mastery mirrors Hauff's creation to the letter. With one significant exception, the three almanacs are complete: the tales that comprise the frame narratives are retained and the prose is neither ameliorated nor truncated; the tales of each annual appear in the order intended by the author. Tonally, it is a masterpiece of poetic understatement.

The book itself is beautifully unadorned. The George Bell and Sons first edition of 1886 was published in green cloth binding with gilt lettering on the spine, the 'bell' stamped in blind on the front board. There are no illustrations. Numerous copies of the later maroon edition of 1890 feature an engraving of the author tipped-in or attached to the front endpaper, although this could well have been an addition of one of the main booksellers to augment visibility. The text to the 1886 edition is preceded by twelve pages of advertisements and succeeded by an additional thirty-page 'Complete Catalogue of Bohn's Libraries'; the

printing from 1890 carries a reduced catalogue of twenty-four pages. Each edition features 342 pages of text, as does the 1914 reprint—also bound in maroon cloth—, which reduces the hoardings still further to four pages at the close of the volume. This information is relevant to the notable absence in the Mendel translation. There is no visible insertion. The title of the editions is consistent: *Tales by Wilhelm Hauff* writ large, ‘Translated from the German by S. Mendel’ in a decidedly smaller font below. Appropriately, the translator humbles himself and not the artist with the initial. Authorial identity and autonomy are restored by the title page alone. In contrast to the previous Pinkertonian ‘translation’, the language is devoid of colloquialism; the phrasing adheres to standard or British English and is directed towards the exceptional child or adult reader. The absence of illustration presupposes an educated readership. Parallel to Hauff’s intention, *The Caravan* is tailored for the more precocious child between the ages of twelve and fifteen; *The Sheik of Alexandria and His Slaves* raises the expectation due in part to the theoretical dialogue on the relevance of faërie; and the subtle thematic twists to *The Inn in the Spessart*, which detail Machiavellian collusion and allude to complicated love pairings, indicate the last of the annuals was commensurate with the advancing years of those who had first turned the pages of *The Caravan*. In every sense, Mendel is mindful of the structural continuity and the respect Hauff paid to his reader.

With the ironic exception of the title, in the case of *The Dwarf Long-Nose* there are no appendages and not a single omission of import. English phrasing is adapted to Hauff’s style and intention. The compositional thread is retained through to the close of the tale. The old woman is not once referred to as a ‘hag’, nor is she portrayed as a ‘witch’. There is no attempt to influence interpretation: readers are left to draw their own conclusion. Proper nouns are adjusted (i.e., the German ‘Hanne’ is anglicised to ‘Hannah’) but not altered; untranslatable terms such as ‘Kräuterweis’ are left in the original German, but where an English equivalent provides a logical reading (e.g., ‘Niesmitlust’ is translated ‘Sneeze-with-pleasure’), the latter prevails. An exception occurs in the interpretation of „das Kräutlein Magentrost“ (*Märchen* 219), which Mendel translates “the herb ‘mint’” (128), which is notional at best. Whereas there is some confusion over the identity of ‘Niesmitlust’, which may be the red hellebore, or ‘Nieswurz’ in German, but is certainly *not* the plentiful sneezewort, ‘Magentrost’ is the folk name for ‘Augentrostkraut’, a meadow-herb traditionally used to treat eye infections

and sore throats; in English the flower is still known as ‘Euphrasia’, or more commonly, ‘eyebright’. The unrelated ‘mint’ detracts somewhat from the context in that the touch of culinary genius is undermined and thus the resultant respect mislaid, but having doubtless read the ubiquitous Pinkerton rendering, Mendel may have simply harboured a desire to school his American colleagues on correct usage of the inverted comma.

Mistakes are few and far between. The content is right. The style is right. The mastery of translation is perfected in the pivotal scenes on which the author’s compositional aesthetic is structured. In serving the soup, the old woman sets the plate before him and speaks with unaffected but menacing civility: “‘Here, my little son, here,’ she said, ‘just eat this soup and then you will have all that pleased you so much in me. You shall be a clever cook so that you may be something useful, but the little herb—no you will never find the little herb; why had not your mother it in her basket?’” (Mendel 114). The rendering is at once word-perfect and contextually precise. The silent adaptation to the Hauffian style imperative is seamless. In handling the material with care and respect, the translator remains an invisible component of his art. There is a finesse to the phrasing that approaches the genius of the author. Mendel’s is the first translation to grasp and adhere to the distinctively Hauffian craft of stressing the importance of an image by shifting abruptly into the present tense, a prominent feature of the subtext particularly when the author satires or critiques society by way of analogy to a town that does not differ from any other town that was, is now or shall be (123). It would be difficult to envisage a more successful transference of a literary aesthetic. The translator does not fail the author. For this very reason perhaps, the omission of „Märchen als Almanach“ as the indispensable overture to the Hauffian fairytale is without explanation. Pages and pages of advertisements would suggest it was not a matter of paginal limitation, and as each phrase and sense of every tale that followed was translated with precision, conscious excision is the only possible conclusion. *Tales by Wilhelm Hauff* is rendered imperfect by the lacuna. As time renders formal vocabulary and expressional finesse increasingly obsolete, and as the lack of contractions in direct speech becomes perceptively archaic, a new translation is required. The poor reception to the 1970 flawed reprint of *Tales* substantiates the present need. Nonetheless, in the spirit of the Hauffian

shift to the present tense, the Mendel translation was and remains true to Jerome's saw "*non verbum e verbo, sed sensum exprimere de sensu*"¹⁸⁹ (qtd. in Derrida 180).

The Mendel would be the last of the original translations. Citing 'consultation' is rare, but close reading of subsequent attempts indicates a pattern of borrowing on those by which they were preceded. On publication of *The Little Glass Man* in 1893, a disturbing trend in the translation of Hauff's fairytales begins to emerge, one that would continue in a similar vein throughout the years to come, up to and including the most recent publication in 2017. The anonymous translator is in fact C. A. Feiling—the initial translator of *Zwerg Nase*—, the included version of *Nose, the Dwarf* having been lifted directly from *Tales from the German, Comprising Specimens from the Most Celebrated Authors*, originally published in 1844. As no fewer than a dozen reprint editions of *The Little Glass Man* are currently available online, a comparative reading of the two versions is essential for context.

The format of the Feiling translation is followed almost to the letter, albeit with minor adjustments to punctuation and grammar. Proper nouns are reimposed, "Little James (this was the boy's name)" (Feiling 98) composing himself once more as "Little Jacob (this was the boy's name)" (*The Little Glass Man* 131), his mother "Jane, the greengrocer" (99) refitted to the anglicised "the greengrocer Hannah" (132). Short phrases are modernised and often compressed, "any thing" (100) compounded to "anything" (134) and "reward him for it" (100) excised to "reward him" (135). There is consistent illustration of such application to detail throughout *Nose, the Dwarf*. Indeed, the anonymous 'translator' proves a scrupulous editor, in many cases adopting a more natural, egalitarian prose style without depreciating the flow of Feiling's original. With an eye to the German and the need "to conciliate towards the readers the understanding of the foreign text" (Venuti 365), discrepancies in basic sequential logic—a recurring issue in the transcription of a language with an entirely different verb structure—are eased through a visual reading of Hauff's intentions, the tonally adrift "followed the old woman over the market" (100) repositioned to "followed the old woman across the market-place" (135), the laborious "pulling little James after her with her hand" (100) simplified to "drawing little Jacob after her" (136). Turn of phrase is admeasured to the imperfections of a *démodé* translation. Leaning on the original German

¹⁸⁹ "to express not word by word, but sense by sense"

for clarity and support, the adjustment accommodates the pre-modernist reader. These polished phrasings convey an image of the revisionist inhabiting the pictorial consciousness of the author. Soft erasure of syntactic errors is applied invisibly, “spider-legged fingers” (99) to “spider-like fingers” (133), the contextually imprecise “and his fingers, which were like spider’s legs” (110) qualified to the plural possessive “spiders’ legs” (158). Correct adjustment of the commas through which written language becomes civilised is frequently applied to the non-defining and defining relative pronouns that clutter a faithful reading of the text (101-02; 138-39). Convoluting expression is trimmed and tidied, “a prodigious quantity” (102) pared to “a great deal” (140) by way of example; superfluous prepositional usage is effaced. And yet the revisionist is equally mindful of the strengths within the source translation and defers accordingly. The more problematic nouns remain in the direct anglicised translation from Feiling’s original, “the herb called the stomach comforter” (111; 159) preferred as a means of explaining ‘Magentrost’ and “Sneeze-with-pleasure” (116; 171) for ‘Niesmitlust’; sensibly, ‘Kräuterweis’ is retained in both (106; 147). On balance, the modified form of the 1844 original approaches Hauffian style with some prowess, particularly in the rendering of the pivotal scenes, but the failure to unravel the connotative thread mars the accomplishment.

The Oriental context of the frame is dispensed with from the outset. However, in a bid to retain the concept, the revisionist follows the original epigraph “[This story is from the collection called “The Sheik of Alexandria and his Slaves,” and is supposed to be told by a slave to the Sheik.]” (98; 130), albeit while removing the square brackets, italicising the title, and omitting the ‘supposed to be’ redundancy. A responsibility to accuracy of representation is thereby conveyed before a single word has been translated. In every facet, these nuances of design bespeak attention to detail. This compact volume of four tales drawn from all three annuals is stamped with ‘The Children’s Library’ in vermilion on the flyleaf, a line-vignette of a snail beneath, a peacock butterfly and a witch riding a broomstick through a crescent moon set either side of the title below; and yet other than the mawkish and faintly absurd introduction “How the Stories Were Found” by L. Eckenstein, there is nothing further to suggest child readership. The pale mauve spine and boards are neatly set in a blue floral motif that floods over the edges on all three sides and is complemented within by differing floral headpieces to each tale; in addition, two wash drawings guarded by tissue

accentuate Hauff's own realist tone. Its title page also adorned with vermilion lettering, this beautiful little pocket book clearly reflects concurrence with the aesthetic movement. The author's creation would seem to be in competent hands, but disappointingly, this contemporary context does not limit itself to matters of art.

The reality of Jacob's predicament is tempered by amendment to character and societal improvement. It is not a question of the translator having altered the prose to further agenda, but rather the accretive amelioration of tone gentles our perception of the separate elements that comprise the struggle. Hauff's focal critique "there were but few of those compassionate souls who will support a poor unfortunate" is left untouched (108; 154), but the subtle shift of phrasing alters the broader censure from the first description. The „schlicht und recht“ (*Märchen* 190) pairing that accompanies the cobbler and his wife through the tale is intended to provoke further consideration as the narrative unfolds; Mendel's "there lived plainly and virtuously" (Mendel 110) captures the latent dissonance of the stock phrase; a pending note then attaches itself to the outward behaviour of the couple as they betray their true character. But Feiling denies the reader this opportunity for internal unravelling. The early depiction of Jacob's parents living "in a humble but honest way" (98; 130) is not an erroneous rendering when isolated from the broader context, but when complemented by "this worthy couple" (98; 131) a decidedly false connotation is attached. The simplicity of the original „Die beiden Leutchen“ (*Märchen* 191) is mistranslated. The diminutive is reflective of their station, the English equivalents of the time being 'mean', 'undistinguished' or 'plebeian'; the connotation specifically attaches to low birth or social class, but the author's proletarian aesthetic does not allow us to interpret the phrase as deprecatory. That which is inherent to expression requires concave translation. Comprehension of the broader Hauffian context is required. Mindful of the milieu, Mendel wisely translates the phrase "These two people" (Mendel 110), thus retaining both the simplicity of the original together with the possibility of a closer reading as the tale progresses. But Feiling errs in this mark of distinction: at no point is 'worthy' germane to the discussion. Continued adjectival refinement repositions the reader's platform of interpretation. Both parents lack empathy: this is patent. And yet, while considering the old woman's fateful request for Jacob to accompany her, Hannah inwardly expresses pity on "the feeble old soul" (100; 135), the 'old soul' conveying a sense entirely at variance with her

true character. The author supplements the subtext in his wry comment on market women knowing not just how to abuse but to abuse well (*Märchen* 204). It is worth observing that both Hauff and Mendel raise this phrase from the text by connective em dashes (Mendel 118), whereas Feiling and his successor subordinate the words in parentheses (104; 144). Context makes it plain that there is no inward sense of sympathy towards a person who has compromised a day's income; rather, the vendor "considered it a sin to burden a weak old woman with such a load" (Mendel 112). Consideration is matter on fact. Pity is not part of the equation. To allow an old customer to bear the goods unaided from the stall would be to step against the grain of society. At issue is the appearance of the matter from without – the external fact, and not the emotional response either to the 'sin' or the 'burden' from within.

Translational softening of connotation continues in the scenes with the father, who appears more as doddering yet dutiful patriarch than opportunistic, bungling cobbler (105-6; 145-50). Significantly, the moment in which the dwarf asks to view himself in the mirror is marginalised by moral insertion. Import is impeded adverbially. The curt, captious response is moderated by the selection of "replied his father gravely" (106; 149) for the more austere „mit Ernst“ (*Märchen* 208). This compositional tilt takes the venom out of the closing „eine lächerliche Gewohnheit“ (208), the rebuke translated correctly as "a particularly ridiculous habit" (106; 149). The adverb 'gravely' is insinuating of a man in mindful, even sorrowful contemplation of the dwarf's fate, the 'worthy' echoing back upon the reader's subconscious interpretation of a character who has had reason and temperance bestowed upon him through the artfulness rather than the art of translation. The cobbler has morphed into a benevolent character. It is important to stress that the specific wording of the translation is *not* the issue; more to the point, the intermittent failure to take the broader context into consideration both narrows and curtails the connotative thread to the narrative.

Accretion of these translational adjustments alters the moral compass of the original tale. Rather than being an outdated burden drowning beneath an emerging society structured on the values of the working artisan, Hauff's bloated aristocracy is buoyed up by a seemingly silent stream of adjectives and adverbs that, taken together, convey a more vibrant, generous social class than the author had ever intended. Continuance is implicit. In Feiling's version, it is now only "the mistresses of such cooks" (98; 131) who hand Jacob his just rewards, thus perpetuating a sense of an aristocratic remainder beyond the confines of

the literary text. It is disconcerting to find phrase inflection veering from the intended focus at key moments in the development of the narrative. Jacob is forewarned of the consequences to his behaviour at his mother's stall: "Little son, little son, you like my nose then, my beautiful long nose? You shall have one too in the middle of your face that shall reach down to your chin" (99; 133-34). Clearly, he will be punished for his insolence and hubris, and yet the subsequent phrasing ignores the moral rectitude behind the old woman's motivation, transposing the connotation to one of petulance: "You shall moreover become a clever cook, that you may be something at least, but as for the herb, that you shall never find, because your mother did not have it in her basket" (101; 138). The gravity of the moment is lost to a Grimmian 'because . . .' tonal inversion. Culpability is thwarted. Faërie is forestalled. In following this logic, the reader is forced to conclude that the child is being punished *because* of the poor quality of his mother's wares. It is a lesson lost. The translator repositions the phrasing in a manner that throws the onus of responsibility on the mother by the grasping hand of a hag. It is a thoughtless act of attempted amelioration, one that unintentionally severs the connective thread to the herb 'Niesmitlust'. The rhetorical "why had not your mother it in her basket?" (Mendel 114) is thus stripped of future import. In addition, this transliteral allusion to tyranny masks the true tyrant of the tale – the duke. A straying phrase thereby saves the aristocracy and spares Jacob the burden of having to atone for his behaviour by a penance more substantial than a mere apology. The fundamental lesson is lost in translation.

Nose, the Dwarf serves as a reminder that a misapplied phrase can alter the connotation of a story, and that an alteration to connotation is an alteration to meaning. This is not a tale told strictly in Hauff's likeness, but it is by no means a poor attempt. The editor of *The Little Glass Man* displays considerable prowess in modifying and even improving upon an original translation that sought to convey the full breadth of the author's imagination. There are no cabbage confusions. The translator makes it clear the fairy is there at Hannah's stall to search for herbs, even going so far as to observe "she felt a singular awe in the presence of this old woman" (99; 133) as a means of foregrounding the latent *différance*. Connotation may suffer through gentrification of the text, but there is no equivocation of fact. It may even be argued that fidelity to the original is occasionally responsible for some indelicate turns of phrase. The revisionist is often at hand to restore the poetry to Hauff's pictorials,

as in the recasting of “he was obliged to catch the atoms of the sun” (102) to “he was set to catch the motes in a sunbeam” (139), but the somewhat untidy explanation of the bread then being prepared from the motes “as the old woman considered them the nicest food . . . not being able to masticate well for want of teeth” (102; 139-40) would appear to be beyond remedy. It should be noted that the force of expression rises to the level of genuine passion that punctuates the inward narrative, the pitch-perfect “Rage and sorrow now filled his heart almost to bursting”¹⁹⁰ (106; 148), followed by the equally precise “The dwarf was struck dumb with terror” (106; 149). The Romantic sublime¹⁹¹ retains its function as the vermilion thread to Hauff’s equivocal greyscale. In addition, and despite the insertion of a generous, sustainable aristocracy, every attempt is made to preserve the social construct at its substrative level, particularly in the description of the skill Jacob has acquired by his penance. It is referred to as an ‘art’. In his moment of need “he therefore resolved to turn his art to advantage” (109; 155); it is not to science he turns. The respect afforded him is due to mastery of a craft, the “My little man, you are a master of your art, yes, that herb ‘stomach comforter’ imparts a peculiar charm to the whole”¹⁹² (111; 161) lifting him out of deprivation and despair. Part of the moral remains. There is method to the tuning of the translation. Indeed, the ‘art’ of the invisible revisionist pervades the whole, even in the annealing of ameliorative threads such as “hammering his shoes at the same time, and drawing out at great length the twine with both hands” (106) to “hammering at his shoes meanwhile, and drawing out at great length the twine with both hands” (148). Liberty in interpretation is limited to phrasal reform. Facts are spared. The age incongruity from the father’s initial recollection (105; 146) and the protracted “between the ages of twelve and twenty” (107; 151) is retained in both. Alignment with a contemporary reading of the tale is eschewed. Mimi remains “Miss Goose” (111; 165) on introduction. Of relevance to the original context, it is the ‘helper’ Mimi who is sage enough not just to advise but ‘entreat’ the dwarf to gather a handful of ‘Niesmitlust’, return to the palace as the dwarf, collect his money and belongings and *then* “try the virtue of the herb” (117; 174), not merely to stay his own execution but to bring about potential disenchantment at a more propitious moment. A mere scratch at the

¹⁹⁰ The ‘now’ was excised in the later version.

¹⁹¹ The reader is reminded of Caspar David Friedrich’s *Frau vor untergehender Sonne* (1818).

¹⁹² The latter version exchanges quotes for inverted commas and adds a semi-colon after ‘art’.

surface of the Hauffian aesthetic reveals the vital role women play. Having been taught to be more judicious in his bearing and behaviour by a woman, it is left to a girl to counsel him on the importance of being *au courant* with his surroundings. The absence of the mother figure is explicit; implicit is the sense that women are not solely defined by motherhood. Contemporary critics fail to heed female autonomy in the Hauffian fairytale, a trait the enchanted owl in “The Tale of the Caliph Stork” displays to full effect. As a scholar of the genre, Hauff was familiar with the mediæval *The Weddyng of Syr Gawen and Dame Ragnell for Helping of Kyng Arthoure* and its ubiquitous question “What is it that women most desire?” (*Sir Gawain* 8). The translators are mindful of the thread. And yet, as with *Sir Gawain* himself, Feiling and his protégé are guilty of an irredeemable fault.

The old woman is not a Grimmian witch. As relevant today as she would have been in the Germany of the 1820s, the fairy is emblematic of the misunderstood person in a rapidly changing society. This character is supplemental to the dialogue in „Märchen als Almanach,“ an apposite corollary to Hauff’s broader theoretical discussion on the continued relevance of the fairytale within that society. The phrasing “the evil hag” (108; 152) for „das böse alte Weib“ (*Märchen* 211) alters meaning, and although ‘böse’ in this isolated context could well be rendered ‘evil’, the broader context of the tale draws the focus towards the recurring ‘bad’ motif. ‘Hag’ is synonymous with witch. The inward play on narrative perspective renders this epithet a mistranslation, the omniscient narrator at this stage holding to the thread of Jacob’s own thoughts with repeated phrasings that echo the inner thoughts and feelings of the character. Mendel translates the same phrase “the wicked old woman” (123), which both preserves the dignity of the description while also entering the momentary consciousness of the dwarf who, on immediate reflection and with the „die böse Fee Kräuterweis“ (*Märchen* 207) illustration still fresh in his mind, is unable to picture the fairy as anything other than ‘wicked’. Of course, the old woman is neither kind nor fair, but nor is she portrayed as ‘wicked’ within the broader context of Hauff’s *Zwerg Nase*. It is an important distinction. There is a deeper connotation to the struggle. Inward development is the moral compass of the tale. The essential lessons of life for a young person living day to day in a class system that deliberately negates outward improvement are seldom easy or fair. The generous ‘gifts’ of the aristocracy may suffice the needs of the boy, but they cannot be expected to sustain the man. The Hauffian fairy serves an altogether different purpose

than her counterpart in the French *conte de fée*. There are no pumpkin carriages in the fairytales of Wilhelm Hauff. Her function is to impart a realistic picture of the world as it is and not as we would have it be. Jacob perseveres by dint of hard work and emerges from the struggle as a master of his craft. True nobility comes from within. Kindness and craftsmanship deliver him from his limited station in life, the mediæval notion of *gentillesse*¹⁹³ reigning implicit over the conclusion. In a mindful inversion of the introduction, the generosity of Wetterbock is not to be interpreted as a member of the upper classes giving alms to the poor, but rather the reciprocal act of one person rewarding another for honourable conduct. In this moment the two classes stand as equals in time. The tale has come full circle. Jacob, “with the presents that he had received, purchased a shop and became wealthy and happy” (118; 175), all the while prevailing over the system from within. The reader of the tale is reminded “[t]here are fairies nowadays” (98; 130) and that “genii were evidently playing a part” (98; 130). The lament on the present state of society therefore yields to the belief in a more evolved spiritual hand guiding us onward into a better future. It is the advent of realism in faërie. Tellingly, the original closes with „So führen oft die kleinsten Ursachen zu großen Folgen; und dies, o Herr, ist die Geschichte des Zwerges Nase“ (*Märchen* 234). The observant reader will note the return to the oral frame of the narrative and the inherent irony of the parenthetical ‘o Herr’, which should be translated “O master” (Mendel 137). Closing on the salutary “Thus the most trifling causes often lead to the greatest result; and this, reader, is the story of ‘Nose, the Dwarf’” (118; 176) enables Feiling to evade the social critique, the substitution of ‘reader’ negating the author’s stylistic masterstroke in making an orally narrated tale absorbable for a reading audience. It is well to be mindful of a single word altering connotation – and connotation altering meaning.

¹⁹³ Although mistakenly aligned with noble birth, the word ‘*gentillesse*’, or the Chaucerian ‘*gentilesse*’, alters contextually (Gaylord 19-34) and is intended as a behavioural template; the connotation holds to politeness, good breeding and nobleness of spirit.

The Addition of Colour to the Illustrative Imperative

Early Twentieth-Century Translations of *Dwarf Nose*

The translations of the early twentieth century consolidated Wilhelm Hauff's position as one of the most innovative tellers of faërie. At the turn of the opening decade, advances in book manufacturing and progression in colour printing complemented the imaginative stream of characters on display in Hauff's tales. German editions and English translations alike began to redirect the narrative focus towards a more pictorial representation of the author's art. In an ironic inversion of intention, the inward æsthetic would be reoriented by an increasingly visual calibration. With hindsight, it is now possible to observe the outward development of characters such as Dwarf Nose as the century progresses and measure the degree of change that occurs, from natural, realistic portrayals to cuddly caricatures that debase the internal self Hauff sought to convey. As society *must* view art and life from without to sustain the structural lie on which its sovereignty is based, it was perhaps inevitable that the illustrations would become more important than the tales from which they drew inspiration. Inherency is displaced by external appearance. Translation of text suffers as a result. Towards the close of the century, the discrepancy between internal phrasing and image objectification had become so acute that in select editions of Hauff's tales the illustrator and copy translator combined to form autonomous authorship, the author himself reduced to anonymity. In fairness, it was a slow deterioration. The soft departure from the author's æsthetic begins in 1903 with Cicely McDonnell's *Hauff's Fairy Tales*, the caveat 'Translated and Adapted' a clear indication to the reader that this is not a faithful rendering of the original tales.

Without impediment, McDonnell's "The Dwarf's Nose" assumes the diction and tone of the standard revised fairytale, the beautiful line illustrations indicative of a much younger audience than intended by Hauff. And yet there is method to the design, one that cannot be challenged on the grounds of being inauthentic. As in the case of Andersen, 'new' collections of Hauff's tales appeared on shelves throughout the century in a misguided attempt to keep pace with the changing tastes of the reading public; suffice to say, not all the attempts were successful and a good many have proven harmful to the reputation of the author himself. For the uninformed observer, it is not easy to determine which phrases should be attributed

to Hauff and which are the creations of the translator. It is likewise important to stress that as the editions increase in number, examples of culling and combining previously translated material from different sources is commensurate. This practice is particularly disturbing in Hauff's case due to erroneous association with a symbol and an NS-regime that strove to perpetuate the very stereotypes he had spent his short life trying to shatter more than a hundred years before. In determining which translations are worthy of consideration and which are superfluous to history, a line is not easily drawn and the margin of error becomes increasingly narrow in a globalised economy. Online proliferation of titles and translations no longer protected by copyright has increased availability of books bearing Hauff's name immeasurably in the last five years alone. But are these publications reflective of the author and his inimitable æsthetic? In this unique case of a poet appended to views he never shared and consigned to a catalogue of words he never wrote, it is perhaps necessary to consider the motives of the translator in complement with the merit of the translation.

As a response to the attenuated McDonnell edition two years earlier, Sybil Thesiger's *Tales of Wilhelm Hauff* from 1905 restores the concept if not the completeness of the frame as part of a pastel impression of the author's æsthetic. The tonal texturing is removed from translation, the harsh edges to the prose softened but not altogether erased. Content adheres to the three annuals in terms of the framing sequence, although both „Märchen als Almanach“ and “The Spectral Ship” are deleted from *The Caravan* without explanation, the latter presumably due to the sanguinary nature of the mast scene. Plate illustrations in the style of Walter Crane accent the text without ornamentation; the presentation and the prose are neat and orderly, the design a paean of simplicity. Thesiger does not dabble in adjectives. On balance, it is a worthwhile attempt to present the tales in a manner suitable for children without compromising the integrity of the compositional thread. There is even a deferential ‘Introduction’ on the life of an anglicised ‘William Hauff’. It may be argued that this penny plain, green-cloth volume with the modest gilt inscription ushered the author into the new century more faithfully than any of those that followed.

In the “precisely chosen title” (Derrida 178) *Nose, the Dwarf*, the translator strikes the Modernist chord from the outset. Thesiger's phrasal simplification is attuned to the Hauffian æsthetic from the first note. The translation is Edwardian merely by its preservation of the themes of societal imbalance and cultural insensitivity, particularly

towards the ‘different’ or the ‘unusual’. This awareness of personal and communal responsibility is already part of the author’s thematic construct. Thesiger also appears to have understood the theological link to William Morris, whose concept of Christian socialism was a natural extension of principles embedded in Hauff’s writings. Her empathy is visible from within an invisible translation. The sober and yet sensitive “In that town, as elsewhere, there were but few compassionate souls ready to help a fellow-creature in misfortune who at the same time bore anything laughable about his person” (150) captures the austerity of the original in a tone conversant with the age. Refinement of phrasing to accommodate the child reader is not the same as amelioration. The introductory “In a well-known town of my fatherland, Germany, there dwelt many years ago a cobbler and his wife, who together led an honest and simple life.” (132) perfectly positions the narrative while retaining its spirited simplicity. There is no alteration to meaning. It may even be argued that ‘honest and simple’ for „schlicht und recht“ (*Märchen* 190) is a tidier pairing than Mendel’s “plainly and virtuously” (110). Indeed, in the description of the old woman’s entrance, the unaffected “she limped, and shuffled, and tottered, as if she had castors on her legs” (Thesiger 133-34) surpasses Mendel’s “she hobbled and stumbled, and waddled as though she had wheels in her legs” (110) on both a visual and a practical level. The pivotal market and soup scenes are transcribed in a style consonant with the sublime, as are those of transformation; the pathos of the mirror scene is dimmed but not dissolved. Proper nouns are retained: ‘Hanne’ is neither ‘Hannah’ nor ‘Jane’. There are also individual touches that distinguish the present translation from those that came before, as in the scrupulous interpretation of the diminutive „Süppchen“ (*Märchen* 197), the “and I will prepare you a little soup that you will remember all your life” (Thesiger 137) conveying all the connotational subtext of the original.

But for all its merit, visible remainders from previous translations mar the structural cohesion of Thesiger’s own. Exactitude corners the prose: the translator is a victim of her own precision. By way of example, in drawing out the thread of the ‘Süppchen’ diminutive, Thesiger is obliged to stress its continuation through to the clarificatory “now eat your little basin of soup” (138), the phrasing pressing unnaturally against the original German, which disowns adjectival increase of ‘basin’. It is an irony not lost on the translator herself, as she appears to concede in the unpoetic rendering of Mimi’s quatrain: “If thou wring’st my neck,

thy bed/ Soon shall be among the dead” (159). The metre falters. Phrasal inconsistency clutters usage and swells an otherwise narrow interpretation of Hauff’s descriptive paucity. Asymmetrical expression is inevitable. Although conveyance of connotation and subtext is masterful, abrupt shifts in vocabulary suggest a lack of surety in comprehension. Deference to previous renderings occurs: there are phrasings that are not her own. The modified Feiling translation is frequently consulted, and though it may be suggested that adding a hyphen to ‘stomach-comforter’ (154) aligns it with ‘Sneeze-with-pleasure’ (164), the decision to profit by the hyphenation of ‘Herb-wise’ (145) from *Select Popular Tales* is rather more perplexing; it should be added that even Curtis chose to leave ‘Kräuterweis’ in its original form, albeit without the diaeresis. In this defeatist deferral to past translation, a false note is admitted into the modernised text. The imprint of “mistresses . . . behav[ing] generously” (133) from *The Little Glass Man* stamps itself on the new translation with alarming dissonance, thus marring an otherwise flawless social context. There is also a resonance of doubt in the numerical revision, Thesiger following Curtis’s dubious lead in making Jacob twelve from the outset. This initial want of interpretation affects subsequent descriptions of ‘the boy’ and directly impedes our appreciation of the full measure of his plight (144-47), and whereas Curtis simply chose to brush aside the resultant discrepancies in phrasing, the pernicky lean to Thesiger’s prose prompts revision at every turn (144-52). Both context and connotation suffer as a consequence of this sustained shift in meaning. Gradually, the artistic value weakens as the translator struggles to keep pace with her own adjustments. The paradox is acute. The invisible translator is traduced by a highly visible precedent. In the Curtis edition, textual adjustment came from without; problematic passages were merely rewritten to accommodate the translational dichotomy. There was no attempt at adherence to the author’s compositional thread. Thesiger’s pursuit, however, is too fastidious to stray from the integrity of the original, and it is this meticulous attention to detail which leads to minor lapses in coherence that disbalance the translation from within (159, 164-68).

External influence affects the internal compass of the translator. Thesiger cannot hold to a narrative interplay that hinges on a single word if the words are continually in a state of flux. In fine, the metaphrase falters because her own demarcation points keep shifting. The dwarf’s deferential address to Mimi as “my lady goose” (159) propagates a phrase

foreign to the original text and the translation in which it appears. It reads as red lettering on a black and white page. Context is toppled from within by the translator's irresolution: Hauff's Jacob would not have "buoyed himself up with some feeble hopes" (160). To the final phrase the style imperative is thus mitigated by diffidence, albeit temperately. By concluding with "and this, my lord, is the history of Nose, the dwarf" (168), the context of an oral tale framed for a reading audience is preserved, and yet the often ambiguous „Geschichte“ (*Märchen* 234) of the original would seem to have required 'story' given the precision of that context. The most severe complaint is that this *Nose, the Dwarf* ought to have been the finest. Sybil Thesiger's interpretation of the Hauffian aesthetic remains 'relevant' to this day, a "'good' translation . . . that does what one expects of it, in short, a version that performs its mission, honors its debt and does its job or its duty while inscribing in the receiving langue the most *relevant* equivalent for an original" (Derrida 177). Had the translator remained true to her own voice, this 'good' translation would have aspired to that 'something more'.

The L. L. Weedon edition of 1909 would arguably be the last 'relevant' translation of Wilhelm Hauff's fairytales. It is an aesthetic masterpiece. Simultaneously published on both sides of the Atlantic by Ernest Nister in London and E. P. Dutton in New York, this book established *The Dwarf Long-Nose* and others as part of the standard repertoire for children. Its original *art nouveau* cover is the perfection of *faërie* in art, the beautifully bevelled boards already hearkening back to another age. It is at once breathtakingly modern and traditional. The green cloth bears *Hauff's Fairy Tales* in embossed gilt, a purposive fairy emerging from a wood anemone in a curvilinear flourish that underpins the weight of the title itself; the gilt spine is also topped by *Hauff's Fairy Tales*, beneath which rests the name of the translator, a vignette of three windflowers overarching a butterfly, the name of the illustrator, Arthur A. Dixon, and a vignette of an imp dancing over the leaves, the publishers' imprints closing the tail in measured harmony. The design captures and holds the imagination of a child. The gloss pages feature six colour plates and numerous wash illustrations. It remained one of the most enduring collections of fairytales, paralleling those of Hans Christian Andersen at its height and sustaining popularity until the outbreak of the second world war. The original cover was also produced in maroon and blue cloth, but to make the volume more affordable and thus more accessible to the general public, subsequent

editions lowered costs by dropping both the gilt and its pictorials. Sadly, a later, undated 'Nister' edition pretermits Hauff's name from the cover, a simple 'Fairy Tales Translated by L. L. Weedon' stamped in gilt on vermilion cloth atop an additional colour plate in place of the original fairy. Although it should be noted the structure and design remains the same within—the *Fairy Tales by Wilhelm Hauff* retaining its place on the title page—, this is the advent of an identity erasure that would increasingly delimit the name 'Hauff' over the century to come¹⁹⁴, the translator or illustrator eclipsing both the author and his art. This unfortunate precedent notwithstanding, the 1909 edition is relevant not merely by the boldness with which the material is presented visually, but by the idiomatic finesse with which Lucy L. Weedon manages to resolve many of the incongruous æsthetics of past adaptations for children.

The reconciliation of text and translation begins with an imaginative approach to the frame. *Hauff's Fairy Tales* is the threshold but not the entrance to the author's compositional æsthetic. A clear distinction is made. The design is richly symbolic. Its title page features an androgynous child—every girl and boy—clutching the taffrail of a skiff while borne along by a school of mermaid, the gaze reaching beyond the figurehead and holding to the eye of the reader. Perspective is sited by the child entering our field of view on a curvilinear wave. And yet the optics are reversed: innocence is drawn from the picture, the skiff sailing from the frame of composition on a tide of *art nouveau*. Time is fluid. Together the translator and illustrator have taken the pictorial essence of „Märchen als Almanach“ and set it before the reader in its rightful place. It is a translational *tour de force*. Structurally and stylistically, this is the frame through which the young reader fathoms the world of faërie. But the child must depart. This curvilinear *divertissement* foregrounds the limitations of a tempered translation.

The linear frame is omitted in its entirety. Context is limited to the confines of each tale. From the onset, Weedon adopts a more simplified approach to the translation than her predecessors. Unlike Thesiger's admirable *Tales*, there is no attempt at phrasal precision; paradoxically, from within this freedom emerges a disjunctive fidelity to the original text.

¹⁹⁴ Hauff's authorship had been omitted from isolated tales gathered by collection; this had become standard practice by the turn of the century. Notably, the uncredited *Dwarf Long Nose* translation by 'Miss Blackley' featured in Andrew Lang's *The Violet Fairy Book* from 1901, through which it "gained prominence through the black and white drawings of H. J. Ford" (*Telling Tales* 201).

The connotative thread is seldom mislaid. Hauffian characters are modified but not caricatured. The pace is swift and sure. At each turn of narrative perspective, the translator is master of its measure. *The Dwarf Long-Nose* is epitomic of the collection. It is by no means a metaphrase translation, nor could it be considered paraphrase, and yet a mesial flow sweeps the reader along without visible constraint. A correlate to the seastream and the skiff, the underscore to the translation is uniquely curvilinear in its bearing. Economy of phrasing sets the Weedon rendering apart: omissions are frequent; the tale is compressed. But the art of the translation remains fluid. That “certain languages with a tendency toward excessively long constructions take them much farther in translation” (Derrida 180) proved to be the case with both the Curtis and the ‘adapted’ McDonnell version, but the critique does not apply to *Hauff’s Fairy Tales*. And yet, with respect to Mendel and Thesiger, it should also be observed that Weedon’s efficiency of phrasing “produced a fluent and idiomatic, if not always perfectly accurate translation of Hauff” (*Telling Tales* 202); read otherwise, contextual and connotational consideration of *The Dwarf Long-Nose* must be balanced.

Compression adjusts connotation and context in the first sentence. A wash vignette of a cowled Jacob in poulaines opens the tale, the fairy allusion¹⁹⁵ accented by “Many years ago, in a certain city in Germany, there lived an honest cobbler and his wife” (Weedon 111). By this phrasal tweak, the ambiguity of the Hauffian ‘lived plainly and virtuously’ is eroded, and although not quite ‘Once upon a time’, a sense of ‘all’s well at the beginning’ is established, which runs contrary to the commentary. The ameliorative thread is sustained throughout, the father deferentially referred to as “the good man” (111) or “the old man” (124) to establish a familial sense of benevolence. The phrasing is then tenored to textual adjustment. “Good gracious me, what is that?” (124) is the adoptive introduction in the cobbler’s shop, a nicety attended by the diligence with which he draws “the thread backwards and forwards busily” (126). Patriarchal obeisance blunts authorial acumen. As an effect, the ‘covering for the nose’ suggestion and its observational “added with a smile” (126) is mitigated by past nuancing to a degree that the “whipped him unmercifully” (131) coda seems justified. The mother profits less by the tonal adjustment, her shrewishness preserved

¹⁹⁵ Jacob appears in semblance of a fairy throughout the tale, bearing the hood and *Schnabelschuhe* both before his enchantment (111) and later as squirrel (119), dwarf (123, 129, 132, 135) and cook (141, 149), albeit in a *toque blanche*.

in the “you ugly creature” (122) and “you hideous dwarf” repeat (122). Interpretation is uneven. The restrictions of translating for a child audience are exposed primarily through omission. By way of illustration, it may be surmised Weedon excised Hauff’s wry comment on market women having mastered the language of abuse to preserve the gentility of the prose, her translational remit implicit from the cover inwards. In the main, editorial decisions follow a predictable pattern of logic. Undeniably, in selecting the material included in *Fairy Tales*, she omitted the three most closely associated with the macabre and the grotesque with a purpose, and yet her gleaning of the subtextual discourse is less comprehensible.

Hauff’s focal commentary on human nature is compressed rather than attenuated. “It is strange how little sympathy is ever shown to an unfortunate being who happens to have anything ridiculous about his appearance” (131) concaves the outward-facing societal critique inwards to daydream. Reading of the subtext requires internal reflection. By reducing the external weight of the phrase, Weedon has redirected the essential meaning to the child reader. Crucially, the platitude remains in the present tense. Connotation and meaning are conserved. A similar adjustment to tone accompanies compositional construct of the duke. Much as Hauff had to secrete his own critique through narrative inversion and its perpetual shifts in perspective, so Weedon—whose translation was to appear in a volume specifically designed for an upscale market—had to prune its visibility in translation. Here the logic behind the Hauffian present tense ought to become clear; implicit is the sense that the patron of art is typically the same person to the artist irrespective of time or cultural geography. The introduction establishes context. Accretion is at once subtle and acute. In contemplating how “he might make use of his art” (132), Jacob “remembered to have heard that the Duke who owned that country was said to be very fond of good living” (132). The reader is reminded that the dwarf “was obliged to pass all that day and night without tasting food” (131) by cause of the absence of ‘sympathy’ in that ‘country’. Tellingly, a visit begins only after “the day was already sufficiently advanced” (132). The earlier “the Duke’s cook does not disdain to buy from us” (114) here attaches to the father’s “when the gentry bought fruit and vegetables of her, she sent him to carry home their purchases” (125): Jacob is familiar with the context. Weedon measures the pace mindfully. The “high walls surrounding” (149) the palace gardens convey a pictorial message that this is the outer

threshold of a world apart, a separate world not to be confused with “the cold steps” (131) of the night before. Having been ushered through the gates and “across the courtyard” (132), the dwarf encounters the steward, who then “laid about him right and left” (132-33) with a whip, crying “how dare you disturb your master’s slumbers! Don’t you know that he is not awake yet?” (133). It is a syntactic *coup de maître*. The translator conveys Hauff’s wit while holding firm to the appraisal. Weedon understands the difference between the person finding such behaviour amusing and the author observing the senseless brutality of an autocracy with humour. Standing on the literal and symbolic inner threshold of this alternate reality, the scene epitomises the opulence, indolence and, ultimately, the superfluity of that which rests behind those high walls. As the Weedon translation omits phrasings and scenes with considerable license, it is possible to discern comprehension of key details through the editing process; in other words, the context that remains becomes more important than the culling. Accordingly, successful completion of the breakfast trial is accented by “it has never been so well served since I sat upon the throne of my fathers” (137), which preserves the Hauffian sense of profligacy in perpetuity. The translator accompanies the author in taking us behind the curtain that shields reality. In her unadorned and yet descriptive turn of phrase, Weedon invites the reader to peer into a perpetually unjust system of governance without crossing the demarcation line, the empty “I would sooner beggar myself than have to blush for the quality of my viands” (144) pairing the primary concern of the epicure who ‘owns the country’ with “the dainty palate of the Prince” (144), who dines at the unremitting expense of *his* subjects. In the measure of the prose, homage is paid to authorial intent. “Do not condemn me to death for a handful of meat and flour” (147) is not merely a plea on which the censure closes but a statement in form that compasses Hauff’s meticulously crafted æsthetic construct.

Weedon emulates the author’s style through formal expression and a notable absence of contractions. This conversion, however, is an indented process that produces uneven results when rendered into the English of everyday life. The thundering “Don’t you know that he is not awake yet?” (133) gathers resonance through the fluxal contraction, which is one of a pair in the tale. This minor tuning conveys the implicit irony. It is economical prudence in translation. The more protracted details of the scenes that follow are therefore unnecessary: Weedon has mirrored the internal critique by the merest of outward tweaks.

But this adroit handling of phrase is not repeated. When read aloud, the want of contracted speech strains aural credence. Audibility is partitive to connotation. Although it is evident this measured formality of phrase honours the tale's structural solemnity, it must also be observed that the register was dated at the time of translation. By way of comparison, the contemporaneous *The Secret Garden* by Frances Hodgson Burnett, which was initially serialised in 1910, and the 'five children series' of Edith Nesbit articulate narrative through artful contraction, their plot borne along by a complex substructure voiced through the natural syntax of day-to-day life. Contrastingly, Weedon stiffens the tonicity and thus the spontaneity of the direct speech. An old woman fifty years removed from context may well have said "you will have all that you have coveted in me" (117), but it is unlikely a boy of eight (or even twelve) would have been inclined to observe "you miscall our wares" (113) or "the Duke's cook does not disdain to buy from us" (114) from a market stall. Anachronistic intonation fails to translate with time. This is the *oratio directa* of the Edwardian classroom. In terms of how direct speech is received, the way it *feels* to a reader, the tonal effect is like adding too much starch to a previously starched collar. Simply phrased, the modern primer is unlikely to admit "I do beseech you to lend me a glass" (127) as locution worthy of internal debate. The distinction is relevant. It is not a question of *Hauff's Fairy Tales* having become outdated by the whims of time; rather, the syntax was antiquated at the moment of composition. This is the point at which the art of translation shifts to paradox. By remaining faithful to the Hauffian thread in the narrative and then holding to phrase in direct speech, the translator has mastered the one at the expense of the other. *The Dwarf Long-Nose* conveys the pictorial and æsthetic construct of the original, but an absence of conveyance occurs in the conversational patterns that provoke a response from the reader. The language is idiomatic but the idiom is wrong. In truth, the language of utterance is the presumed language of faërie, a language altogether appropriate for Weedon's *Grimm's Fairy Tales* from 1902, but a pattern of speech that does not apply to Hauff's inimitable linguistic code. Hauffian prose is consciously out of harmony with Grimmian sequence. By adhering to the diction associated with the genre and not the author, the translator fitfully mislays the articulative thread by which the plot is made plausible. The brothers Grimm were neither artists nor poets. Hauff was both. In essence, Hauffian phonics are decidedly musical in that they are sounded and perceived on a different scale than the accompanying narrative, much

as a composer scores strings and woodwinds to a different key. The written note of the narrative is not the same as the sounding note. The translator's failure to discern this fundamental distinction forces her into a mode of external assimilation that mars the internal cadence of the original prose.

The moral construct of the tale abnegates pity. Actions have consequences. In measure with his boyish want of courtesy and *gentillesse*, Jacob is forced to grow into the true meaning of tolerance. Penance is required. It must be stressed that there is a reason why Hauff does not refer to the "ugly old woman" (125) as a witch: *she* is the outsider's challenge to societal exteriority and the hubris by which it is often accompanied. The inherent irony is woven into the fabric of the visual optic: surface perception holds no tenancy in *Zwerg Nase*. In "however much the old witch had altered his body, she had had no control over his spirit" (130) Weedon errs in the reading of 'witch' because the lesson is internally obviated by the external rendering. No child ever gained a moral imperative from a hex. Appearance doubles back on its own deception. A disconnect invariably occurs between the moral and its meaning. Although the translator makes perfect sense of both the need for the punishment (114) and its infliction (129), the subsequent 'witch' appendage burdens the echo resonance of "the spirited lad" (114) calling forth from the market-place. This is not a hapless child in need of pity. "Poor fellow" (128) meliorates the pathos of the mirror scene with a sympathy that erodes the more natural and necessary need for human *empathy*. The boy made a grave error in judgement for which he has served penance, a penalty no worse than that which would have been meted out on any child of the age who had stolen apples from a cart. The hard lessons in life are not meant to be easy: there is no "poor Jacob" (131) in the style imperative; Mimi is not to be consoled by a soothing "There, there" (140). Hauff does not express pity towards his characters precisely because they are society-made constructs. The whole point is that Jacob grows inwardly from the experience at the expense of his former vanity. "He felt that his mind had become enlarged and improved, and he knew himself to be wiser and more intelligent than he had been seven years previously" (130). From the unfamiliar old woman "he had learnt all the secrets of the art of cookery" (126) and is now sufficiently prepared to take his place in the outside world. The 'art' is an opening. In a narrative of closing doors, it is on this note that the author beckons through the virtually

imperceptible window he has positioned upon that world, a glimpse through which can be expected only from those who have been cognitive of the moral imperative from the outset.

The view is tripartite. Having emerged from translation of the Grimms' fairytales—or at least those collected by them—Weedon naturally cadences her prose in a 'fairy tale three'. "Come buy, buy, buy" (Weedon 112) is decidedly unHauffian. The pronounced thrice repeat is typically omitted by the author¹⁹⁶. A *Kunstmaler* and not merely a copyist of the *Volksmärchen*, Hauff secreted a more implicit threefold thread into his *Kunstmärchen*. An elemental body, a sidereal spirit and a divine, immortal soul comprises dwarf and duke alike. Explicit rendering of this immanent, inaudible triplet is not possible. Benjamin's warning that "translatability must be an essential feature of certain works" (254) pertains to the uncalibrated note that sustains *Zwerg Nase*. It is not translatable. But the elemental body is pronounced. Retrospectively, "I had warned her many a time to keep a careful eye upon our pretty boy, telling her there were bad folks in the town who might steal him for the sake of his good looks" (125) contours the extrinsic context of pride even before the nose is appended as a symbolic inversion. The reader is called upon to colour inside the lines. There ought to be a sense that Jacob's focal address invariably turns to the outward. Value is bestowed upon him by aspect rather than merit. The spirit within is circumvented externally. Although muted in translation, Hauffian discourse attaches to the poor parenting. Primed to Jacob's outward mien, the mother "was proud of him, and often, when the gentry bought fruit and vegetables of her, she sent him to carry home their purchases" (125). Doubtless the dwarf will not consider becoming a barber's deformed decoy because he is no longer the boy who performed the same role for his mother while beautiful. In an acute, ironic twist on authorial intent, the translator's familial prescriptive conveys content without the context; phrasal censure is entirely absent from the reimagining of the scene. Unsurprisingly, the father is connotationally absolved of responsibility, the factual "he should be a tall, well-grown youth by now" (125) unattended by addition, the material lean to his loss seamlessly removed from inside the quotations (125). The nose is the decoy. That Weedon may have been unaware of the anomaly is irrelevant. Past and present, the parents epitomise a society without soul.

¹⁹⁶ A comprehensive reading of Hauff's other works unveils the number eight as the most distinctive note in the author's numerology. By this 'evidence' alone, it is inconceivable that Jacob's initial age would have been twelve.

The method of translation preserves communal pronouncement on the external and thereby enables the liminal note to sound.

Drawn together, these thin translational threads thicken and inform the sidereal spirit, or sense of intuition, explained as “a kind of defensive buffer territory surrounding the soul” (Weeks 88). The first thread is at once scarcely perceptible and yet visible. Although Hannah “was half afraid of the old woman” (Mendel 113) she fails to admonish “the little boy” (114), who is already “beginning to feel frightened” (114) without knowing why. The phrase is even repeated on the brink of departure. By this time Jacob *was* “afraid of the ugly old woman” (115), and yet this protective intuition is ignored maternally, for Hannah “would have been ashamed to let the weakly old creature carry such a heavy burden” (115). It is an unwittingly accurate assessment of rationale. There can be no buffer for the soul when material considerations take precedence over that which rests within. The translator wrongly denotes the societal requirement of empathy—which is entirely lacking—as a substitute for the fear of coming under the purview of its external eye; in fine, it is the perspective through which others would survey the departure were the ‘old creature’ forced to bear the load rather than its moral connotation that informs Hannah’s rectitude. Hauff’s window faces outward on society such that it can be turned inward upon the self. In *The Dwarf Long-Nose*, maternal probity is condemned without condemnation. The translator sounds the implicit note of censure. Compositional harmony thereby endures despite the meliorative. A unique facet of Lucy Weedon’s translation is that her formulaic sympathies accent the hue to the author’s palette in an oblivious brushstroke of monochrome. The translator may not be able to compass textual sensibility, but she is cognisant of its presence.

The sidereal spirit is an ancillary tone to the Hauffian æsthetic. It is not easily detected. Whether the subtext is interpreted faithfully at every turn is a matter of perspective, but the translator does appear to tenant the in-between notes by which the connotative euphony is strengthened. Aural cues are faint and few. A synæsthetic reading is imperative. As a surface image is prone to metamorphosis and distortion, truth must be sensed rather than seen. This frame of reference is not at variance with the realist vision of Hauff’s œuvre, nor is to be confused with his nascent proletarian leanings; rather, it is an intuitive means of fathoming the factually unfathomable. Art is not a science, but it can be factual. The translator might be forgiven for being unable to follow the untraceable imprint.

Although Weedon is mindful of plot convolution and its perils, it should be noted that Derrida's previously cited "certain languages with a tendency toward excessively long constructions take them much farther in translation" (180) bears a caveat: "No translation will ever reduce this quantitative or . . . this aesthetic difference, since it concerns the spatial and temporal forms of sensibility" (180). The conundrum deepens in those rare cases in which a poet is in advance of his age. In terms of Hauffian sensibility and the method of Weedon's approach, how is a translator schooled in prosaics expected to inhabit a space and time that had yet to exist?

The inborn cry of the synæsthetic subtext is stifled by the absence of this sensibility in translation. Intuition comprises belief, faith and hope – the three within. If this protective element is disfigured, as evidenced in the transformation of Jacob, the soul cries out in pain, a sound engrained upon the pictorial imagination of a generation of young German poets through Ludwig Tieck's unforgettable image of Christian pulling up the mandrake root in *The Runenberg*. An ability to prognosticate is partitive to this elemental spirit. Few phrasal constructs are explained by Hauff. Interpretation comes from within. It is for this reason that the translation must be complete and precise. "You shall become a clever cook too, but you shall never, never find the herb that was missing in your mother's basket" (Weedon 117) contains a prophecy and the seed for future redemption. But there is also a reprieve that pivots on the refutational 'find the herb'. Retransformation is possible. Hannah refuses to countenance her own sixth sense, for "she did not believe in fairies, good or evil" (131), but must her son be hindered in *his* ability to see and perceive? Must this limitation of perspective be passed on to the next generation? Weedon elides the connotational imperative. The intonation returns to an assurance provided in the frame: "at the present day there are fairies" (Mendel 109), the Hauffian present tense encasing the now and always. But as Weedon has already omitted the frame narrative on which the allusion depends, the connotative thread is untransferable. It is therefore not possible to translate a sidereal spirit that has already been excised from the context of the tale.

These lacunæ affect interpretation of the sequential logic of the original composition. The reader is continually reminded that "the wicked Fairy Herbina" (Weedon 126) is alert and meticulous to a fault (116-19). She is unable to eat anything other than "the sunbeam dust" (118) because "she had no teeth" (118). Seven years have now passed, the same number

of years Mary had spent in the company of “The Elves” before returning to a ‘home’ she no longer recognised as her own. From the fjords of the far north to the islands of the Mediterranean, seven years is the standard length of departure in the European fairytale tradition. And yet because the ‘evil’ seed has been sown, because the breadcrumbs lack Grimmian literalism and have been swept aside as windstrewn leaves on an otherwise clear narrative path, a reader requires the second sight of faërie to observe that the old woman has literally opened the door to Jacob’s return.

The boy is now ready. He has served his penance faithfully and well. He is prepared to take his place as a productive member of society. There is method to Hauff’s narrative path. It is not for the editor or the translator to tidy perceived errors in the original composition. On taking her leave, the fairy “told Jacob to cook a chicken for her dinner on her return and be sure to stuff it well with seasoning” (120). Weedon translates with economical precision.¹⁹⁷ There is no enigma. The squirrel does as he has been asked and prepares the chicken the old woman is unable to eat. Entering “the room where the herbs were kept to collect some to stuff it with” (120), he perceives “a little cupboard that he had not noticed before” (120). Only those who lack a sidereal spirit would read “the door was ajar” (120) as plot contrivance: there is inward measure to Hauffian meaning. Squirrels fit neatly into tiny places. ‘Niesmitlust’ is the mainspring to the compositional aesthetic; it is therefore propitious that the first thing Jacob discovers is the very herb the fairy told him he would ‘never, never find’. But the internal journey has just begun. He has been granted an opportunity at redemption and possible liberation, but not deliverance. Retransformation is forestalled. True to its name, ‘Niesmitlust’ makes him sneeze “again and again” (120) until he forces his conscious self out of the seven-year ‘dream’. He is now a dwarf, the old woman’s presence remaining in that “Everything he had found fault with in her she had given him now, with the exception of the thin neck, for he had no neck at all” (129). A surface reading of the tale proves insufficient at this point: *Zwerg Nase* demands introspection. The elemental body has been distorted by metamorphosis, and yet the herb

¹⁹⁷ The original reads „er solle ein Hühnlein rupfen, mit Kräutern füllen und solches schön bräunlich und gelb rösten, bis sie wiederkäme“ (*Märchen* 200).

has entered his waking consciousness. It is the in-between note of the author's æsthetic. A single flower is the means to release and inward salvation, the key to the divine, immortal soul.

Hauff's Fairy Tales compasses the spirit of this tripartite structure. Weedon's handling of the material retained from the original text proves to be of greater significance than the lacunæ. Blue-pencilling affects the reader's grasp on sequential logic, and this in turn has an effect on interpretation of the author's structural æsthetics, but the translation holds true to the soul of the central character. Faithfulness is achieved through mindful consideration of what is truly important. Failed elision notwithstanding, a child holds to the narrative path as confidently as the adult. There is no confusion as to whether Jacob is eight or twelve. The father states "he should be a tall, well-grown youth by now" (125) and there is no subsequent reference to a specific age. The entire 'twelve to twenty' confusion is excised at a single bold stroke. Future editors and translators ought to have taken note. There are splashes of phrase that, although not entirely accurate, serve to conciliate appreciation of the Hauffian æsthetic for the child reader without detracting from the pictorial resonance. Mindful of her remit and aware the allusion fails to translate without additional context, Weedon avoids replication of the apple-woman motif from Hoffmann's *The Golden Pot*, electing to soften the woman's appearance with "red-rimmed eyes" (112) and gentle her voice with the call of "ragamuffins" (116) rather than the more common choice of 'scoundrels'. Although the alleviation is undone by the 'witch' appendage, the child is spared the impression of undue harshness and blazing red eyes. The same method applies to the latent Oriental atmosphere. With the frame having been omitted, all that could be unfamiliar to the target audience is pared from the narrative, there being no reason to include an adjectival 'Arabian' to the "some incense" (117) now wafting through the room on more familiar blue clouds. The herbs are handled in a similar manner. Weedon's translation does not require felicity to phrase but stable simplicity in meaning; although 'Magentrost', "a herb that is known by the name of 'trencher-man's mint'" (135) would struggle to gain adaptive credence in metaphrase, and 'Niesmitlust'—"known as 'The Cook's Delight'" (147)—positively fails, in *The Dwarf Long-Nose* the Anglicisation is sufficient to convey an outline of the unknown. The requirement has been met. It must be remarked that the unfortunate title, an inheritance of the duke's "I always prefer to name my servants myself" (138), was also used by Mendel in the literal

translation. Audience accommodation is not the same thing as *trahison des clerics*. Typographical errors may be observed, “this litte [*sic*] son of mine” (131) remaining uncorrected in later editions, and an occasional jarring of syntax can be disarming, “He began at the beginning” (119) a notable example, but the overall *feeling* of the translation is right. Weedon appears to have sensed rather than discerned that any given Hauffian phrase could contain more than is at once apparent to the outward eye. Even the seemingly gauche pun “my rival, Barber Lather” (130) is translated from „mein Nachbar, der Barbier Schaum“ (*Märchen* 210), the German intended as a visual cliché on the absurdity of the request to be “a barber’s decoy” (Weedon 130). Despite its absence, there is also an attempt to convey the oral nature of the frame through interpolations such as “Oh! dear no!” (118). Economy of phrasing is proficiently employed throughout, “the sunbeam dust” (118) an exemplar of the beauty of the original expression conveyed by means of a flawless conversion.

The translator is mindful of reader and author alike. Above all, she is conscious of her task while aware that the context of the genre has altered. Hauff’s original fairytale is no longer in harmony with an age of cultivated gentility. Her struggle to attune the integrity of the one with the needs and expectations of the other is visible without being prominent. Past difficulties in the translation of Mimi’s poem are brushed aside by Weedon, who without further ado transforms the rhyming couplets into a plausible quatrain, albeit in an archaic register with an awkward contraction: “Long-Nose, look thee,/ If thou cook me,/ No good ’twill do,/ The deed thou’lt rue” (140). But the straying note does not lead the reader astray. The syntactically obsolete “to morrow morning” (145) couples with the antiquated tenor of “perhaps good fortune blooms yonder” (150) to gentrify the bygone language associated with faërie. By no means Hauffian in tone, it is the language required by a generation of readers schooled in Grimmian diction. Framed by this deceit, it is perhaps only ‘natural’ that Mimi transforms into “a charming young lady” (152) while Jacob—himself now a “tall and handsome” (151) youth—goes on to become “a very rich man” (152). And yet the translator does not gainsay Hauff’s internal substructure: there is no marriage bell to accompany the ‘happy’ ending. Indeed, with her “Souzeraine pasty” (145) she manages to impart authorial intent (it is, after all, not important that the dish is served as a ‘pie’ or ‘pastry’ but that it serves as the culinary catalyst for retransformation) without hampering either meaning or connotation. It is telling that Weedon’s trenchant “Pasty

Peace” (152) is pictorially consonant with our own phrasal illustration of “the whimsical arbitrariness of autocracy” (*Difficult Words* 467). The translator succeeds in her task. Although ‘relevant’ today insofar as history informs, or ought to inform, *Hauff’s Fairy Tales* remains a timely reflection of faërie in transition. It would be the coda to the Hauffian aesthetic in English translation. With or without Weedon’s Cornish pasty tucked in hand, the obsolescent Edwardian child would be the last to read these tales in peace for more than sixty years.

The disturbing trend of aesthetic distortion would begin with J. G. Hornstein’s ‘Freely Adapted and Retold’ *Caravan Tales and Some Others* from 1912. Although “this beautiful book” (v) features fifteen tipped-in plates tenored to a colour palette no longer extant, the content betrays the contrasting scenes of Oriental opulence and poverty that would engender scores of learned treatises on the subject of ‘Orientalism’; the painter, Norman Ault, was doubtless unaware of the transgression. Translation begins at the decorative cloth cover: there is no mention of the author. The illustration is of an altogether less convincing aspect than those within, the pictorial entrance yielding to a cross-legged Caliph in a bejewelled turban seated between the large gilt lettering of the title. With the outbreak of the Great War two years away, the ‘To Donald’ preface that states the purpose of relating “the Eastern stories” (v) in the hope they would reach “adventure-loving English boys—and girls, too, for the matter of that—in these freer and better times” (vi) strikes a plaintive chord, albeit retrospectively. In a paradoxical homage to the author whose “stories on paper . . . were insipid and unreal” (vi), which, given the broader context, would seem to be a cutting remark on the Weedon edition, Hornstein observes that these ‘paper’ versions “were not the stories you liked to hear on our rambles” (vi). Ironically, the ‘free adaptor’ is selecting the indiscernible *Volks-* from out of Hauff’s *Kunstmärchen*; although the frame tale is afforded no reference, it may be argued that the structural spirit has been retained, and that, should the book please Donald, Hornstein “shall not only have [his] reward, but also the happiness of having done something to spread the fame of Wilhelm Hauff, to whose genius this book owes its existence” (vii). Indeed it does, but the argument proves rather more difficult to sustain.

Identifying translational intention is imperative. To his credit, Hornstein does not take shelter under the blanket protection of anonymity, nor does he attempt in any way to

disarm or deceive his audience. Like Weedon before him, his remit is clear from the outset. With its rough-cut, naturally toned leaves and delicate tissue guards standing in stark contrast to the glorious printed plates and glossy whiteness of *Hauff's Fairy Tales*, *Caravan Tales* is intended for the 'downscale' child of the general market. The method of approach differs markedly. Whereas Weedon remains faithful to the Hauffian aesthetic construct despite blue-pencilling of passages, her successor appropriates the text with the frank admission "I have extracted and retold in my own way" (ix) those tales that comprise the almanacs, red-pencilling the "crowded pages of quaint and unintelligible characters" (vi) and, like those he venerates, "murdering and plundering" (ix) a path through the prose. In his method and morality, Hornstein is the antecedent of the twenty-first-century academic, preceding and informing such abominations of translation as Eiren Mouré's 'transelation' of Alberto Caeiro's *O Guardador de Rebanhos*. The disclaimer notwithstanding, *Caravan Tales* is a self-serving adaptation without respect either to the original material or to the intentions of the author. Hornstein inserts himself into the compositional frame at the direct expense of the poet, even becoming emboldened enough to offer "[o]ne word of apology" (x) for concluding the collection with his own "The Rusty Key," which he hopes "may find acceptance as an original contribution in Hauff's manner, though perhaps a long way behind" (x). It is an abnegation of the creative artist. The outwardly ingenuous 'perhaps' and all that this false humility conveys is the contemporary 'scholar' a century removed from its present tenure. The familiar assertion "[t]ranslating might be motivated by much more questionable things" (Venuti 377) is patent. Hornstein's personal rendering of *Zwerg Nase*, from which he concedes having "borrowed the foundation of the story of 'The Wonder Child'" (ix), is nothing more than a "violence of the translated medium" (Spivak 180).

The setting of *The Wonder Child* is translocated to Baghdad, "the home of fairy-story and marvel" (274). It is the adaptor's addled paean to Alfred, Lord Tennyson and "the fabled days of the mighty Haroun Al-Rashid" (274). Not a trace remains of the original German *Kunstmärchen*. The tale is subdivided into separate chapters and enumerated by section under Roman numerals, thereby establishing a future template for readers in need of a signpost. (The first edition was simultaneously published in New York by Frederick A. Stokes.) Jacob is now the son of Abdullah "the gardener" (249) and his overly protective wife

Hilweh, who “named him Aghab the Wonder” (226); ‘Dame Nose’ attaches by epithet to the old woman, an act of Freudian transference that acquires deeper significance as the tale unfolds. Faërie is altogether negated, albeit unintentionally. The frame imperative is ‘retold’ and resituated to a land and time in which “fairies tripped inside cottage doors as well as in and out of gilded palaces” (226), the “Little Wonder” (245) traipsing blithely alongside the figmental faërie cortège on “his travels through Dreamland” (240). In this night terror of adaptation, *Dwarf Nose* has been transmogrified into a ‘fairytale’ for those who do not and cannot believe in that which rests beyond our outward perception.

There is no inward compass to *The Wonder Child*. Hauff’s critique of materialism and autocracy is obviated. It is not possible to assess a connotational thread devoid of its content. The tale has not merely been stripped of context, but the inherent meaning is subjected to alarming inversion. Prior to the loss of “the Wonder-child” (228), extensive consideration is applied to the gifts bestowed on him through “his winsome ways” (228) at the market, the prudent ‘Abdullah’ going on to muse “He will be rich enough, if he goes on in this fashion for the next few years, to be spared the drudgery of garden-work” (228). Although it could be observed the depiction of the father is nearer to Hauff’s connotational subtext than in previous translations, the passage in complement everts the perspective:

. . . fair visions of the future rose before his wearied eyes of the Wonder in that familiar plot of ground, enlarged beyond its narrow bounds, standing like a prince of gardeners among an army of zealous workmen, directing their labours, supervising their achievements, and daily growing more rich and prosperous for the love he inspired, and for the wisdom with which he ruled his enterprises. (228)

The voice of the proletarian poet is smothered by the sequined cushion. In a cutting irony on authorial intent, the isolated “nothing but work, work, work for little profit and less prospect of improvement” (226) becomes an embittered *non sequitur* forestalling societal progress. It is an irremovable stain on the legacy of an artist, a deep disturbance of the poet’s compositional aesthetic that evokes Shakespeare’s immortal epitaph ‘cursed be he who moves my bones’. As an ‘adaptation’ this invented passage illustrates Benjamin’s projection that “[the intention] of the translator is derivative, ultimate, ideational” (259). The sense and the senses are distorted. Even the distortion itself is without internal logic: the adaptor pirouettes between conflicting descriptions of characters and context as the indiscriminate

alterations to text necessitate. A tear cannot reflect an inward struggle that does not exist. And so, “Like the mischievous, cruel, curious boy he was” (243), the ‘Wonder’ simply follows ‘Dame Nose’ out of the market “delighted at the prospect of sharing on his own account in an unexpectedly profitable stroke of business” (232). The connotation of greed is thereby transplanted from the corpulent duke of the original tale and the autocracy therein implied to the decidedly unwonderful, plebeian Wonder-child of the adaptation. This false connotation attaches to the author. Hornstein’s stated intent ‘to spread the fame of Wilhelm Hauff’ is a diversion.

The adaptation is an unmitigated assassination of the poet. All that is truly beautiful and marvellous is stripped of its value. There are no thresholds to cross, either externally or internally. Consequently, there is no development of character, and without inward growth, there is no directional or sequential logic to the plot; in fine, that which makes the Hauffian fairytale unique is eradicated. Coherence is essential. The Wonder, “who was a big boy now” (229) engages in an introductory solicitation to the “decrepit old lady” (229) followed by the mild rebuke “It won’t matter much if you keep away, Dame Nose!” (231), which prompts the querulous vendee to buy up all the wares that remain. There is neither rhyme nor reason to the Dickensian punishment inflicted on “the urchin” (233). It should not be assumed the adaptor is simplifying the register for his audience; on the contrary, the strained diction is in every sense partitive to the critique, the floundering direct speech punctuated by a veritable string of convoluted moral precepts, including such pearls as “It is good at times to hear in actual words what a troubled soul only listens to in silence” (250) ironically accompanied by aural archaisms as “whither he was going” (242), “the lonely walk thither” (245) and “he fain would have spoken” (250). Even the silence is redundant with noise. There are no lessons to be learned. “Poor little Wonder” (253) is merely “spirited away into a curiously topsy-turvy kind of a world” (239) that reflects the adaptor’s own dissonant construct. As Blamires wryly observes “[t]he boy doesn’t learn different skills during the period of his enchantment, but eventually just manages to totter out of the house” (*Telling Tales* 190). There is nothing of substance to be gained from his penance: “The ordinary experiences he had gathered of life were worthless to guide or direct him” (Hornstein 239) on his idle journey through “the most airy realms of Fancy and Romance” (239). It should therefore come as no small ‘wonder’ that, in complement to the child reader, as the two main

characters depart the tale “the age of Djinis, fairies, witches, good and evil spirits, was gone for them” (280).

And yet the implausible sequential narrative is by no means the most alarming feature of *The Wonder Child*. Blamires goes on to note that this “complete travesty” (*Telling Tales* 190) of an adaptation responds “only on a superficial level to Hauff” (190) and that Hornstein “completely fails to understand the disturbing symbolism of the story” (190). What is not discussed is the visible incursion of the adaptor’s own ‘disturbing symbolism’. The language of expression occupies a psychoanalytical straitjacket from the outset. On the departure of his wife and son, the wistful father “lingered with a strange fascination” (229) while the fitful adaptor struggles to bash back the bathos. It is the literary equivalent of watching a child fail to crayon within the lines. The pictorial smear yields to “this uncanny woman’s appearance” (230) at the market, the wife then suffering similarly “under the spell of a weird fascination” (234); in point of illustration, from the forwarding concession “—and girls, too, for the matter of that—” (vi), Hornstein appears to have difficulty in colouring women in hues apart from ‘queer’ (236, 238, 272). The two enchanted girls are variously described as a “pair of dreadful harpies” (237), a pair of “ministering harpies” (238), “two weird and birdlike creatures” (240) and “the most monstrously hideous beings” (241) who ever “flitted hither and thither” (237) across a splash of prose. The lurking menace to the palette deepens in the contouring of the dwarf. Whether or not the critic accepts the late twentieth-century phallic preoccupation is of little relevance¹⁹⁸; however, it is of some significance that Hornstein pointedly makes the boy “quite twelve years old” (229) from the beginning. Aware that it was Donald’s “delight in them” (vi) that ‘inspired’ these particular renderings of the tales, the reader can deduce by context that his “own belated appearance in my little world” (vi) is a thematic parallel to the transpositioned construct. ‘Transformation’ does not appear to sit well with the adaptor. The scene in the shop of “Aziz the barber” (250) is particularly informative. Stuttering dialogue aside, the poet in Hornstein bursts forth as he waxes lyrical on “the fresh young charm” (253) of the boy Aghab’s “beautiful face and figure” (253), only to topple back into contextual confusion as Aziz, on contemplation of the “misshapen and

¹⁹⁸ Blamires muses “[a]lthough the nose is the organ of smell and is important in the story for Jacob’s success in the art of cooking, its disproportionate size and Jacob’s father’s suggestion that it should be covered up suggest that it serves as a displacement for the penis” (“Meaning” 303), forewarning us that “[t]he modern reader may well interpret the long nose in a priapic sense” (304).

repulsive looking monster” (259), admits there is something “most uncanny to me about you” (255). Indeed, the “uncanny little fellow” (259) feels the full punctuational violence of his adaptor while being declared “a horrid dwarf, a repulsive monster. [sic] a nameless terror!” (254). The menacing undertone culminates on a similar note of disguise, Aziz warning the dwarf in his mother’s name “if you told her the tale you are telling me. . . .¹⁹⁹ There would be some danger to your little eyes, I’ll warrant!” (257). It can only be hoped the ‘nameless terror’ is *not* named Donald, who may or may not have been “twelve years old” (259) at the time of textual transformation.

The Hornstein adaptation is a minefield of subtextual inversion. In effect, the child is fundamentally stripped of autonomy and reduced to a state of dependency and helplessness. Moreover, both Aghab and Habeeba, who occupies the plot function if not the character of Mimi, are denied opportunity for growth. An outward stagnancy of self is imposed upon the narrative. It is the adaptor’s most problematic intrusion as it serves no other literary purpose than to weaken the central characters while depriving them of both present and future self-determination. It is textual abuse. Even the escape from a woman whose “rage was so fearful, and the attitude she assumed so violent and threatening” (244) is fraught with compositional impotence. That a sense of urgency would appear to be paramount is entirely lost on the witless Wonder, who “flinging the house-door open, tumbled breathless out into the street” (242) in an unintentionally comical act of bumbling fortuitousness. The herb does not form part of Hornstein’s retelling, and the defining moment of the tale remains undefined. It is in every sense a cornered composition from behind which the fears of the adaptive translator peer out and invade the illustrative canvas. The “loathsome form” (268) of women becomes a dominating leitmotif, the sequentially illogical reintroduction of Habeeba complemented by an exclamatory “What a revolting sight she was, and how the boy shuddered to see her!” (268). The mother figure predominates. At “the horrible end of that awful woman” (268), the pictorial reader will be forgiven for the ‘uncanny’ glimpse of a certain Sigmund sniggering behind a handkerchief in the opposite corner²⁰⁰.

¹⁹⁹ The ellipses are entered verbatim.

²⁰⁰ Blamires recovers *The Interpretation of Dreams* and through Sigmund Freud determines “[c]omparisons between nose and penis are common, and the similarity is made more complete by the presence of hair in both places” (“Misreading” 303; Freud 509-510).

Hornstein's preoccupation with the exterior aspect of *The Wonder Child* enervates and enfeebles its central character. The misinterpretation leads to refutation of the compositional construct. Pivotal moments of inward development are drained of their context, drowned in adjectives and emptied of their social relevance. It is a dramatist's failed vision in sepia. The mirror scene is rendered inconsequential through stilted dialogue (251) and bland illustration (253), the humour and pathos torn from the script and replaced by fear and pity. There is no inward reflection. Aziz the barber is a cunning opportunist, outwardly hostile towards the "little monster" (252) and fearful of "the impish spite of your accursed brood" (252). There is no commiseration, only a defensive acceptance of "the piteous tone of voice" (253) uttered by the supplicant and the "hideous, sickening spectacle he presented" (253). Characterisation is condensed to docile subservience, despite the earlier admission of a "naturally restive spirit" (234). That spirit is in every sense subdued by the presence of an authority figure. There is no sense of volition, only deference. Even the barber's caustic "my beauty!" (262) fails to stir a sense of self-worth inside the grovelling dwarf, who having been only too "glad to accept your offer of employment" (257), now offers "to help you sweep up your shop, if you will let me, and to offer you my poor services for the morrow, if you are still minded to employ me" (262). On refusal, Aghab the Wonder resorts to begging in a contemptible repudiation of the author's moral, social and compositional aesthetic: "But can't I stand outside your shop and tempt people in and out of curiosity to see me and talk to me while you shave them?" (263). Authorial empathy has been supplanted by translational cruelty. The strong, steadfast Jacob has been reduced to something less than a barber's decoy, the finer attributes of his character transformed into those of a milksop without faith in his own abilities, a vulnerable child who allows himself to be treated with derisive contempt and whose choices are not his to make.

Plot contrivance strips "the gruesome dwarf" (262) of his inward astrolabe. An intrigue hatched between Aziz and "the first Kadi of Badgad [*sic*]" (264) manhandles the "loathsome figure" (264) with "the loathsome form" (268) into service as a cook; even the idea is not the Wonder's own. Aziz tells the tale of "The comeliest child of twelve years old that ever passed through the South Gate of Bagdad" (259) and the equally opportunistic Kadi agrees to accept "your monster" (261). Self-determination is eradicated from "that horrid dwarf" (261). There is no threshold for Aghab to cross on this journey: "the barber bade his quaint

helper follow him at a safe distance” (265) as he is conducted to his new place of employment. There is no transition. Rather than being treated with respect on entering the kitchen, “If insults, rebukes, scowls, and kicks could have driven the hapless little creature to ignominious flight, he would have disappeared for ever from the sight of his outraged associates” (265). A sense of active accomplishment is withdrawn. Doubtless Donald and any other child would add the attribute ‘coward’ to the list and think twice before embarking on their own “unhappy adventures in the world without” (270). Indeed, in Hornstein’s kitchen the “Little Wonder” (265) is further reduced to a scullion, and having proven himself “the very soul of quietness and good nature . . . in spite of his woeful infirmities” (265), “he concealed himself and his ugliness as well as he could” (267) and once again ‘totters’ out the door to walk the streets in a dawdling “aimless fashion” (267). As mindful contrivance would have it, he stumbles upon a homeless Habeeba sitting amidst the ashes of enchantment, the demise of Dame Nose promptly explained by the Freudian “Her mind was peopled with ghastly visions” (269). Like Rochester’s mad wife in the attic, the witch sets the house ablaze and sequential logic comes tumbling down in a “crash of stones and mortar” (269). Inconceivably, together the “queer pair of frights” (272) return to the kitchen and magically prepare a rich, sumptuous feast for the visiting Caliph. With the aid of these “impossible monsters” (276), the cook is “ushered trembling into the glittering scene of royal splendour and beauty” (273), and when the facilitators of the feast are also ushered before the mighty yet benevolent ruler, the ‘queer pair’ are miraculously transformed by stilted diction into “a lovely, delicate-looking flower of a girl, clinging timidly to the side of a fine, handsome fellow in all the pride of youth and beauty” (276). It is more than enough to have blighted the soul of poetry, and yet the adaptor is by no means finished with his wolfsbanned inversion of all that the author held dear in contouring the palette of the fairytale. Quite literally “in the pause of a tumultuous dance” (278), the Wonder turns to his “lovely bride” (279) and queries “Am I really a decent human being?” (278). There are no words. To picture Hauff beneath the sod moving his own bones before Hornstein leapt in with a hammer is the only solace.

Hauff’s absence of literary standing in the English-speaking world is due largely to this practise of internalised abuse. His greatest, most imaginative treasures have been debased by intrusion. Hauff was more in tune with the sensibilities of the modern world

than any of his contemporaries, and yet his legacy has been tarnished more than any due to a sustained, academic misreading of his compositional and moral aesthetic. The Hornstein adaptation is significant in that it established a precedent for the string of mistranslations that litter the twentieth century. *Caravan Tales* was reissued by HardPress [sic] Publishing in 2013 and by Relnk Books in 2017. It is the basis for numerous other ‘adaptations’. In fine, any materialist with a laptop is afforded the moral and legal right to perpetuate the misreading. How is the lay observer to distinguish between the adaptive prosaicism “as the dawn was tipping the domes and minarets of Bagdad with its rosy fingers” (279) and the prose poetics of Wilhelm Hauff? With which tool is the child reader meant to decipher the contradictory ‘moral’ *non sequitur* “Age and Infirmary were always worthy of the deepest respect and consideration” (280) with which Hornstein closes his Freudian atrocity? Benjamin’s fundamental premise that “a translation, instead of imitating the sense of the original, must lovingly and in detail incorporate the original’s way of meaning, thus making both the original and the translation recognisable as fragments of a greater language” (206) ought to be the guiding principle of the translator’s art. Sadly, it is not.

In the rare case of Wilhelm Hauff, this guiding principle has been altogether discarded. Donald Law de Lauriston’s virtually unknown translation of *Hauff’s Fairy Tales* from 1972 is the sole exception, and this edition is clearly intended for children. Although it should be noted “a reprint of Mendel’s scrupulous, unadorned translation of the full corpus of Hauff’s fairytales” (*Telling Tales* 203)—albeit without the inclusion of “Fairytale as Almanac”—was produced for the adult reader in 1914, the advent of the First World War “created a hiatus in the reception of Hauff” (203) that would deepen considerably on close of the Second. It has been common practice to repackage old adaptations as ‘new’ publications for more than a century. Genuine attempts at translation of the almanacs may be counted on a single hand. Although Tieck, Hoffmann and even Brentano—an unabashed anti-Semite—would recover their literary presence in the English-speaking world, the legacy of Hauff is tarred by confusion and illegitimacy.

Usurpation of the Author and Translator

Between the Wars in Translation

The publication of *Little Dwarf Nose* in 1916 serves as a prelude to the rapid fragmentation of Hauff's standing as an author of renown. Poignantly illustrated by Florence Anderson with four coloured plates and four monochrome drawings, the unusual cover features a tipped-in plate on paper boards with distinctive art nouveau lettering of forest green, a complement to the green cloth spine and the painting of Hauff's inimitable characters beneath the chestnut tree. The front board doubles with a frontispiece accented by the chestnut lettering of the title page. Visually, it is a work of art in tune with the true spirit of the tale, and yet the name of the author is relegated to obscurity while the putative translator is afforded pride of place as author. This *Little Dwarf Nose* is "By E. Gordon Browne, Author of . . ." (i), the 'translation' an apparent reworking of previous versions into a simplistic, almost childish interpretation of the Hauffian aesthetic. Jacob becomes 'Jack', the story is subdivided into parts, and the equivocations of character and plot are reduced to a Grimmian retelling. The *Dwarf Nose* variant tale is paired with "The Magic Whistle," a pale "Once upon a time" (59) imitation of "The Adventures of Said." There is neither preface nor provenance to the tales. The upmarket folio edition was repackaged shortly after publication and reappeared in a garish blue dust jacket with indelicate white lettering. This unprepossessing version occupied a curious niche throughout the 1930s, being the only 'new' book of Hauff's to appear on the shelves. The moral aesthetic was thereby erased together with the author's name. As a work of translation, this volume is unworthy of further discussion, and yet a precedent had been established that would see Hauff tried *in absentia* throughout the century that followed.

Editions bearing the author's name began to re-emerge during the late 1940s following the publication of *The Silver Florin and Other Stories by Wilhelm Hauff* in 1947. A tonal shift in presentation is at once apparent. Bound in unadorned ochre cloth with the title stamped to the spine in relief, the monochrome illustrations by Philip Gough follow the pared-down aesthetic of the Enlightenment woodcut. The vignette accompanying "Longnose the Dwarf" avoids a visual transcription of the hero, the elongated nose replaced by a rustic serving dish piled with fruit and vegetables, encircled by a fish and surmounted

by earthenware in a scene reminiscent of the dullest of Flemish paintings. Imagination is truncated through a prevailing sense of sparseness. The anonymous translation is a plagiarism of Percy Pinkerton's, albeit with the more distinctive proper nouns altered for camouflage. Pinkerton's herb "Bellybalm" (35) thus morphs into "Gobble-grass" (*Silver Florin* 52), while his awkward translation of „die Pastete Souzeraine“ (*Märchen* 227) via the French "Pâté Suzerain" (Pinkerton 47) is reduced to "King's Pie" (*Silver Florin* 59). Numerous examples of soft alteration and redaction pool like detritus, but there are enough phrasings 'borrowed' verbatim to make the assertion that this is the first edition of Hauff's works to countenance open plagiarism of a previous translation without acknowledgment of the source. (In the case of *The Little Glass Man* of 1893, there is sufficient context to suggest the anonymous translator was respectful of the 1844 Feiling translation and assumed the source material was noted and acknowledged by peers.) Perhaps a comparison of "Thus he lived for nearly two years in comfort and in honour" (Pinkerton 41) with "Thus he lived for nearly two years in comfort and honour" (*Silver Florin* 55) may hoodwink some by excision of the final preposition, but there can be no equivocation in "before her stood baskets of cabbages, cauliflowers, and other vegetables, beside lettuces, endive, and all sorts of salads. On the stall, too, were luscious little pears, the first of the season, together with golden-coloured apricots and crimson-cheeked apples" (Pinkerton 2) and its correlative "before her stood baskets of cabbages, cauliflowers, and other vegetables. On the stall were luscious little pears, together with golden-coloured apricots and crimson-cheeked apples" (*Silver Florin* 32). The cauliflowers, lettuce and baroque compound adjectives are purely Pinkertonian. Through *The Silver Florin*, a lower standard of moral accountability had appended itself to the legacy of Wilhelm Hauff, one that persists to this day in the pile of 'print-on-demand' books that litter the literary landscape.

The paucity of Hauff's almanacs in the wake of the Second World War prompted a new translation out of Germany in 1957, simply titled *Fairy Tales*. Neither the name of the author nor the title is indicated on the gold-leaf cover; a tipped-in plate of Little Muck flying along on his maroon slippers is the only detail to suggest the content within. Implicit is the sense that open attribution had become problematic. This slender, ornate edition recaptures the spirit of the tales in the ten coloured plates from Gertraude Hecht-Appelmann, a Jewish artist whose meticulous rendering of the Hauffian aesthetic would suggest opposition to the

rhetoric that had begun to affect reception of the author and his works. Facts are unclear, and the volume itself adds to the mystery. There is very little bibliographical information, while the copyright holder, Anton Appellmann, appears to exist in an independent sphere from the arcane and unrecorded 'A. A. A.' publishing house. Interestingly, the book is absent from the national depository and fails to register on most databases. Its intended market appears to have been America, as indicated in the "Bg. 1. Hauff, amerik" (Hartung 1) folio stamp at the bottom of the first page, a numbered variant of which occurs every eight pages thereafter. In appearance, it is an isolated example of an attempt to restore faërie to the Hauffian fairytale.

Manuel-Carl Hartung's rendering of "Dwarf Longnose" cannot be considered a true telling of the tale, the "translated and retold" (i) an apologia in advance. He does not rise to the level of the illustrator. Originally fifty standard pages, this 'retelling' is reduced to eleven in a disavowal of Derrida's demand that "the translation must be *quantitatively* equivalent to the original, apart from any paraphrase, explication, explicitation, analysis, and the like" (179). The frame is shorn from the narrative, while the three sentences that establish context are stripped to basic summary (Hartung 3). This is the method employed throughout with varying degrees of success. Removal of a structural detail necessitates removal of those upon which the ensuing plot depends. And yet, despite Jacob being renamed James and the bad fairy "Whiteherbs" (7) becoming a witch, the reteller manages to remain reasonably true to the content during the early stages of the narrative. From the outset the expression is less abrupt than Hauff's, and although the translational syntax occasionally veers into solecism and direct speech wavers in and out of proper punctuation (7, 14, 24, 33), there is an initial attempt at fidelity. The child-oriented "Please, don't talk such rotten things to my little boy", said the annoyed shoemaker's wife" (3) is an early indication of a softer, less combative approach, the flawed punctuation proving less relevant than the phrasing. Predictably, the grotesque is enfeebled (there are no cabbages turning into human heads) but not eliminated entirely ('Whiteherbs' retains her red eyes). And yet this accretion of adjustment to diction and tone invariably compromises thematic consistency. The need to gentle the original phrasing leads to cloying inversions of context: Hauff would not have inserted "feed your little tummy, sonny" (5) into the defining moment of a young boy's life. This liberty of expression mars the artistic integrity of the composition and narrows the intrinsic meaning

to the words on the page, which deprives the tale of its subversive element. A translation “gives voice to the *intentio* of the original not as reproduction but as harmony” (Benjamin 260) only if there is poetic consonance with the undertone of the original. Hartung does not hear the Hauffian subharmonic.

Reduction of content leads to deviation from context. The significance of the magical herb is shorn of its gravitas through the “sneeze-with-you” (11) depreciation. As ‘Whiteherbs’ visits the market in search of cabbages rather than herbs, the structural import of the herb she originally sought *not* being present in the basket is torn from the narrative and therefore ceases to serve as the thread pulling the internal sequence from the market to the kitchen to the ducal palace to the chestnut tree and onward to the satisfactory conclusion of the tale. Hartung fails to perceive the intrinsic value of ‘Niesmitlust’. This failure to discern leads to descriptive inconsistency and error. “Its stems and bulbs were blue and green, having on top a blossom of yellow and fire-red color” (5) proves inadequate to the inward pursuit that rests at the heart of the struggle *beyond* the discovery of the herb in the old fairy’s kitchen. Who could possibly miss the presence of such brilliant petals? The long nose therefore serves no distinctive purpose, which obviates the compositional aesthetic. Logic falters. In *Dwarf Nose*, to see beyond what is transparent to others is the imperative by which freedom is vouchsafed and success defined. This intangible sense must come from within. The external quest is not merely a synaesthetic search for a herb but the need to perceive and protect life through *all* the senses *all* the time, which is why Hartung is forced to return to the original phrasing: “The stems and the leaves were bluish-green and bore a flaming-red flower with a yellow rim” (12). The herb is *not* discovered by sight alone. Hauff’s point is that not every person was meant to see this herb, that the subtle colouration masks its presence and enables it to remain hidden amidst the shaded grass beneath the chestnut. Other senses are required. The condition now known as protanopia is implicit, but it carried a different connotation in the early nineteenth century and was thought to be an affliction of the mind. By revealing the exact location of the herb’s whereabouts, the author invites us to open our eyes to that which exists but cannot always be seen, to move beyond that which restricts our internal vision of the world around us and what it *could* be. Hauff is asking the reader to believe, to hold fast to hope regardless of inward limitation and external strife. The original *Dwarf Nose* functions as a metaphorical compass pointing

the way onward and beyond. The reteller of the tale who “intentionally skips words or passages that he does not bother to understand or that might seem obscure or obscene to vaguely imagined readers” (Nabokov 160) reorients the direction of the narrative. The author’s intended destination therefore differs from the point at which the translator takes his leave. Narrative conclusion is inconclusive. On the close of *Little Dwarf Nose*, Hartung’s retelling has silenced the social critique and forced both the wit and the satire into retreat. The essence of the *Kunstmärchen* and its implicit yet relevant challenge to whimsical governance and the imbalance it perpetuates is abrogated not by the censor but by the twentieth-century translator. What remains is a shallow, pretty bedtime story about a funny little dwarf – “the trustworthy subjekt [*sic*] of the duchy” (Hartung 9).

The Modern Context

The Perfection of Mistranslation and the Dissolution of the Style Imperative

“When is a translation not a translation but something else?”

Umberto Eco

The sixties consolidated a shift in perspective that forever altered reading and translation. Theory was on the verge of gaining permanent prominence over actuality. Tenured radicals stopped reading the subject and began to focus on the tripartite object of modern academia: articles, seminars and grants (Kimball 16-45). It was no longer important to teach or even understand art from the perspective of the artist but to interpret intention as perceived by the critic. Consequently, Hauff was reduced to a commercial novelty. Doris Orgel’s hyphenated *Dwarf Long-Nose* from 1960 set the tone for the remainder of the decade. The framing caricatures by Maurice Sendak served to consign the tale and its author to the nursery. Acute misplacement had occurred. Maureen Thum’s “Misreading the Cross-Writer: The Case of Wilhelm Hauff’s *Dwarf Long-Nose*” from 1997 sufficiently exposes the flaws and textual transgressions of the Orgel ‘translation’. Nonetheless, the book was an enormous commercial success and remains the most popular rendition of Hauff’s tale; a German version with Sendak’s ‘pictures’ appeared in 1975. Orgel followed her initial ‘translation’ with similar adaptations²⁰¹ of *The Heart of Stone* (1964) and *A Monkey’s Uncle*

²⁰¹ ‘Retold by’ rather than ‘Translated by’ features prominently on the title page of the two subsequent tales.

(1969), the title of Hauff's original satire „Der Affe als Mensch“ having been borrowed from Annette Funicello's Disney film of 1965. In the English-speaking world, the artistic integrity of the author had been invalidated by copy and caricature. It is the triumph of innuendo over matter.

Orgel's purposive pursuit consigned the name 'Hauff' to the margins of academic discourse. The market for the *Kunstmärchen* had been cornered by an opportunistic reteller of tales. In the encompassing world of literary theory, there was no place for an author who had already annulled its *raison d'être*. As the sixties progressed through the intellectual haze, "Hauff's brilliant career" (Rappoport ii), his "enduring place in German literature" (i), his "truly amazing" (i) productivity in the creation of *human* characters that "never appear to us as pale and colourless as the supernatural beings in the fairy-tales of the brothers Grimm" (ii), and the "genius displayed in his other works" (ii) were all subject to academic revision and revilement. Jean Rosemary Edwards was the first to pick up on the emerging trend, her 1961 'witch'-riddled rendition of "Little Long-Nose" from *Hauff's Fairy Tales* prodding into the theory of the phallus, albeit with just the tip (157, 160, 166, 181). Alma Overholt celebrates Hauff's "inventive genius" (ix) in the "Translator's Note" to her 1964 reframing of *The Caravan* before inexplicably replacing „Die Geschichte von dem kleinen Muck“ with "The Dwarf and the Goose," the paired Grimmian referent indicative of an encroaching code of translational 'inventiveness'. The merit of the Overholt translation is consonant with its title. Evidently, the reader's theoretical entrée to the Hauffian fairytale was being restricted to the back door. In the brief biographical preface to *The Cold Stone Heart*, a private American translation published a year after Orgel's lucrative retelling of *Das kalte Herz*, Hauff is presumed to occupy "the position of a minor classic among the many different authors" (Schalit 7) of the early nineteenth century, that "[h]is literature shows no great genius" (7), and that "his short life was one of promise rather than of fulfillment" (7). It is then significant that the translator, Michael Schalit, son of the pioneering composer, pianist and organist Heinrich Schalit (1886-1976), an undervalued musician who "grew increasingly conscious of his Jewish heritage" (*Encyclopedia* 791) in the wake of the First World War, published this somewhat deprecatory, extended colloquialism under his name and, presumably, at his personal expense. Political agenda had crept into the translation and dissemination of Hauff's fairytales.

A decade of pecuniary publications came to a close with Anthea Bell's *Fairy Tales of Wilhelm Hauff* in 1969. Privatisation of Hauff under a materialistic objective continued into the 1970s. Abject irony now appended itself to the cultural and political legacy of the author. *Hauff's Fairy Tales* was presented as a new translation by Jonathan Cape in 1971, the Janusz Grabianski illustrations having been licensed from Carl Ueberreuter's publishing house in Vienna. (The book was also published on January 1st, 1971 wrapped in the same cover and featuring the same content under the alternate title *The Big Book of Stories* by 'Scholastic Library Publishing', which ensured marketability in the lucrative school sector.) Although a note appears on the contents page crediting two of the six translations to Joyce Emerson, the 'English translation' of the book is under the copyright of Jonathan Cape. And yet the first two lines of "Longnose the Dwarf" follow Pinkerton's translation verbatim (Cf., Pinkerton 1; Cape 62), the entire first paragraph differing only in the removal of Pinkerton's archaic "ay" (1) and the exchange of his "buy of her" (1) to "buy from her" (Cape 62); the copyright holder also introduces a pair of em dashes to the translation, albeit incorrectly. The edit is sustained throughout. Punctuation has been adjusted to modern usage, minor amendments have been made to grammar and syntax, the occasional word is simplified, and italicisation occurs for emphasis as and when Cape deems necessary. But for all the subterfuge, in each detail of significance this 'new translation' is undeniably Pinkertonian. Its true source is uncredited. *Hauff's Fairy Tales* is an unrepentant plagiarism of a previously published work. The phrasing of Mimi's poem and the names of the herbs herald an unmistakable aesthetic: who else but Pinkerton would countenance the 'Suzerain Pâtes'? Indeed, the herb 'Bellybalm'—transcribed twice correctly on a previous page (Cape 86)—becomes the implausible "hellybalm" (Cape 88) in confusion of Percy Pinkerton's own counterfeit. Predictably, his inserted rhetoric "did you not foresee it all without any hints from me?" (Pinkerton 57) is retained (Cape 99), despite there being no such phrase nor any allusion to this phrasing in Hauff's original. It must be doubted whether Cape or his editorial colleagues consulted the German text of Ueberreuter's 1970 *Märchen* on which the English productions were modelled. "Many and dire were the battles fought" (Pinkerton 57; Cape 99) may have been an appropriate translation for the reader of 1881, but ninety years later it can only be described as a somewhat regrettable archaism. In the concluding paragraph—again verbatim but for the aforementioned correctives—the appropriation is

explicit. The Hauffian aesthetic had been subdued by translation and then subverted by editorial chicanery. Twice-removed from the author's original composition, this duplicitous method of extraction and abstraction would become the standard practise in the repackaging of the almanacs.

Donald Law de Lauriston's *Hauff's Fairy Tales* from 1972 partially restores the author's compositional aesthetic to the twentieth century. The *quarto* volume is designed for children, the convulsive, often quixotic caricatures by Livia Rusz lending warmth and humour to the sensitive rendering. Monochrome drawings feature on virtually every page, while the ten colour plates accent a pictorial subharmony inherent even to de Lauriston's recasted version of the tales (Cf., 17, 171, 265, 333). This concurrence between translator and illustrator is rare in English editions of Hauff's works, while the vignette of a lute propped against an empty frame facing a procession of wine goblets led by an Oriental decanter serves as an allusive homage to the author (214). Hauff is afforded the status of an artist by those in tune with his aesthetic. The translator has edited with appreciation for his intended audience, omitting vast tracts of the frame narrative in all three almanacs while excising "Abner, the Jew Who Saw Nothing" from *The Sheik of Alexandria and His Slaves* together with the saga-inspired „Die Sage vom Hirschgulden“ [“The Story of the Florin”] and „Die Höhle von Steenfol. Eine schottländische Sage“ [“The Cavern of Steenfol”] from *The Hostelry in the Spessart Forest*. Clearly, the focus remains on the fairytale as written for and perceived by children. And yet, in a pronounced departure from the previous decade's inæsthetic, de Lauriston reverses the American tendency to trivialise or sanitise the tales through an ameliorative translation that, on balance, remains faithful to the author's intention in both content and sequential design while making the tales culturally accessible to the child of late twentieth-century England. The book was meant to be read and enjoyed. On this level of analysis, and with the notable exception of the Mendel rendering of 1886, *Hauff's Fairy Tales* is certainly an improvement on previous translations. Nevertheless, the required departures from context invariably result in phrasal inconsistencies and indiscretions that reduce the de Lauriston edition to worthy attempt rather than unqualified success.

In addition to its retitling, *Nosey the Dwarf* adopts the typical “Once upon a time” (de Lauriston 143) entrée to the world of the fairytale Hauff sought to collapse. It is an early

yet telling deference to the Grimmian tale with which the child reader would already be familiar. The introduction continues with

there was a cobbler who dwelt with his wife in a large city. Every day the cobbler would sit in his workshop at the corner of the street, mending shoes and boots; if he could get any orders he made new shoes too, but he had to wait for orders to come in before he bought the leather, because he was a poor man and could not afford to keep leather in stock. (143)

The language of expression is crisp and concise from the outset, the scenes and sentences are shortened and tightened; any trace of ambiguity is blue-pencilled from the narrative. Notwithstanding the compositional harmony, de Lauriston effectively transposes *Dwarf Nose* into an approachable fairytale for English children at the expense of the author's contextual thread. "Young Jacob" (144) is twelve years old from the initial numeric reference, thus reducing "Hauff's intentional blurring of chronological time as an 'error' on the part of the writer" (Thum, "Misreading" 21). Unusually, the red eyes of the old lady are omitted (even Hartung retained this essential image) while Hannah, "the vegetable woman" (de Lauriston 144), refers to her rather oddly as "ma'am" (144). These seemingly minor incongruities accumulate as *Nosey the Dwarf* progresses, effectively compelling both character and reader to veer from the narrative path. The precision of Hauff's adjectival usage is blunted by the limited vocabulary at the disposal of the modern reader, „ein schnödes Eichhörnchen“ (*Märchen* 202), which ought to read "a disdainful squirrel" altered to accommodate the disingenuous "Why, I could have sworn I really *was* a funny little squirrel" (de Lauriston 150). Predictably, the proper nouns suffer most from this curtailed expression. Kräuterweis is referred to as "the bad fairy Evilweed" (155), the herb *Magentrost* babbles into "Tummy comfort" (162), Mimi's father becomes "the great enchanter Billygoat" (168), while the fateful dish is given the name "Royal Pie" (172). Benjamin's surmised "[i]n translation the original rises into a higher and purer linguistic air" (257) is deconstructed through its own dubiety.

Although laudable for having attained its objective, de Lauriston's translation fails to raise the original into 'a higher and purer linguistic air'. Simplification of Hauffian phrasing necessitates alteration to the essential context on which the tales depend. Hauff was not a Grimm. Each cut requires a subsequent edit, an accretive process that strips the

story of its subtle artistry and thus the author of his inimitable voice. *Zwerg Nase* does not suffer editing. As with the 1947 ‘borrowing’ on Pinkerton’s original quatrain, in this later version of *Nosey the Dwarf* Mimi’s poem is shortened to a couplet, the poetry and artistic depth truncated to “I’ll bite you / if you touch me.” (167). But whereas the previous amendment retains the essence of Mimi’s warning, “Twist my neck to stop my breath, / And I will cause your early death!” (*The Silver Florin* 56), in the need to remove the impending threat of violence, de Lauriston’s revision obviates both the rhyme and the reason of the original. As the more gruesome pictorials remain to both “The Tale of the Ship of Ghosts”—“his face was pale and distorted, and there was a great nail driven through his forehead, transfixing him to the mast” (de Lauriston 27)—and “The Story of the Severed Hand”—“I gave one cut right through the neck. And then, Oh, horror! the dead woman opened her eyes” (48)—the process of editorial redaction must be regarded as inconsistent at best. On conclusion of *Nosey the Dwarf*, and with “the gifts he had brought home from Billygoat” (178), Jacob “bought himself a shop, and lived rich and happy ever after” (178). It is the appropriate ending to an arguably ‘appropriate’ translation, one with which any child would close the book on a winning smile. Chronologically, the events fall into line; the content is familiar with if not entirely faithful to the original, the phrasing and tonicity as near to Hauffian expression as any twentieth-century translator approached. Regard for the author is explicit. And yet in the conveyance of context and the satirical thread by which each individual tale is rooted to the almanac and its frame, de Lauriston turns his ear from the subharmonic and thereby fails to fulfil Gayatri Spivak’s demand that a translator should assimilate “the linguistic rhetoricity of the original text” (189).

This assimilation proves rather more complicated a task when a translation borrows on and combines the attempt of two translators whose respective versions hail from different centuries. With quaint illustrations from Laura Stoddart, whose interest in the project arose from “the opportunity to draw lots of kitchens and gardens” (5), *Little Long-Nose* ground the twentieth-century production line to a halt and temporarily eased Hauff’s *Kunstmärchen* of their translational misery. The pocket volume having been “based on translations by Jean Rosemary Edwards and Percy E. Pinkerton” (96), the tenuous register betrays dissonance from the outset. The archaic English of Pinkerton’s 1881 interpretation fails to harmonise with Edwards’s restrictive English of 1961. Credit for the composite is

provided in a note appended in a miniscule font at the back of the book. On balance, the reading picks up a median thread between the two and there are few discrepancies in usage, yet this redaction process derived without consultation of the original German inevitably results in passages that transform Hauffian finesse into repetitive pronoun-verb babbling (Cf., *Märchen* 211-12; Stoddart 48). Pictorial accompaniment is pretty rather than trenchant, the solemnity and sobriety of the tale having been mislaid altogether. There is neither wit nor relevance to the presentation (Cf., 9, 19, 94-95), while it becomes readily apparent a reading of the author's original prose has not entered the publishing equation. Predictably, *Little Long-Nose* ends with a grammatically implausible 'paragraph' that inverts Hauffian poetry and the fundamental aesthetic on which it is structured, yet it must be conceded the error occurs almost assuredly as a consequence of ignorance rather than through a stroke of editorial malice. "Which only goes to show how trivial events may have great and far-reaching consequences" (95) is the fragment on which the tale is scripted to a close, a Grimmian moral inserted into a pastiche, the moral of which has been prettified into cultural oblivion.

The Moral Imperative of Translation in the Twenty-First Century

The Collapse of the Hauffian Aesthetic

Translation of Hauff in the twenty-first century is rooted in moral disintegration. In 2004, an imitative "Dwarf Longnose" by Thomas and Abby Hansen appeared in *Little Mook & Dwarf Longnose*, a 'Pocket Paragon Book'. This fragmentary publication is fraught with the lack of understanding and poor research associated with modern academia. The conflation of fiction and fact begins with the inside flyleaf, on which Hauff is said to "owe a clear debt to those other German fantasists, the Brothers Grimm" (i). Hauff vehemently disagreed. The reader is promptly informed that "[o]ne collection (probably his best known volume), *Little Mook*, provides the two tales for our new Pocket Paragon" (i). This uncited 'collection' could only refer to Percy Pinkerton's *Little Mook and Other Fairy Tales* from 1882, a volume that includes both *Longnose the Dwarf* and "The History of Little Mook," the latter in abridged form. There is no reference to *Die Geschichte von dem kleinen Muck* as an independent title in the German. Inconceivably, the lean of this phrasing contains an

implicit admission that the two tales ‘translated’ in the Hansens’ version have been sourced not from Hauff but from Pinkerton’s interpretation of Hauff. Although it is evident contemporary Freudian analysis has been considered, the “clever little boy enslaved by a cruel sorceress’ [sic] curse” (i) having been “transformed into a hideous dwarf with a huge proboscis” (i), and equally probable the reissued 1974 version of Mendel has been scanned for accuracy of phrasing, there is reason to suspect the German text has once again *not* been consulted. In all likelihood, this ‘huge proboscis’ of an edition furthers the trend of a ‘new translation’ having been predicated on and derived from pre-existing variants of the original.

The Hansens’ derivative, inaccurate reading continues into the Preface. Apparently, “Hauff died prematurely from overwork and exhaustion” (Preface v), was suddenly “one of three children” (v), having been unfortunate enough to lose a sibling posthumously, had his sights set on becoming “a Lutheran pastor” (v), and to the surprise of all, graduated “with a doctorate in philosophy” (vii) despite having been enrolled in theology and philology. It is of course fruitless to list the catalogue of factual error, but it is perhaps necessary to stress that a ‘translation’ at least partially derived from an existing source *in English* and adjusted through a reading devoid of critical acumen or a basic responsibility to material evidence pertaining to the author and his compositional aesthetic cannot and should not be regarded as a translation worthy of regard. In actuality, the Hansens’ timeserving adaptation is not “a true translation, above all not a relevant translation at all. It will not respond to the name *translation*” (Derrida 194).

“Dwarf Longnose”²⁰² is an adaptation. Following Mendel’s example, the introduction is retained from the frame. The descriptive opening paragraph is simplified, pared-down by a third and brought to a close on a slanging note that alters the harmony of both the original and its finest translation. “Let me tell you about it” (Hansen 35) replaces Mendel’s “as I shall relate to you” (109), which serves for Hauff’s „wie ich Euch berichten werde“ (*Märchen* 190). Whether or not the act is conscious cannot be determined, but the Hansens are adapting the original prose to suit the expectations and comprehension levels of the contemporary child,

²⁰² Due to its length and thematic structure, *Dwarf Nose* stands alone as a true *Kunstmärchen* in novella form. In German, the tale is often published as a separate title. The Hansens’ abridgement coupled with their own usage of quotations (Flyleaf i) reverses the practise of placing “Dwarf Longnose” inside its merited italics.

which, as the vocabulary would suggest, have diminished somewhat in the century that has elapsed since Pinkerton's template. It must be recalled that Hauff had intended these tales to be read by children between the ages of twelve and fifteen. The bar has been lowered. Once again, this accretive reduction of sentences narrows the essential context on which the tales are structured and from which they derive their tenor. In "Dwarf Longnose" the force of Hauff's original prose is tempered to the degree that misunderstanding of intent is inevitable. The playfully Marxist "I could have sworn that I was a squirrel, a comrade of guinea pigs and other little, furry creatures" (Hansen 46) establishes a context in which Jacob's scorn is omitted, while the process of learning to respect the alien, the unusual and the malformed though the turn of transformation is invalidated. Hauffian phrasal consonance is not merely denigrated by slang but reduced by sloppy solecism to the insipid babble of modern America. "The words upset young Jacob" (38) functions as a moral justification for the "Just a minute, old hag" (38) retort that follows. The lessons are not being learned. Ludicrously, during the boy's service as a squirrel for "the evil herb sorceress" (52), he receives a yearly "promotion" (44). Inward advancement is thereby thwarted by the outward appearance of progression. This adaptation destroys the artistic essence of the fairytale, turning it into something rational and mathematical while negating the marvellous and repudiating the unexplainable essence of faërie. The Hansens would have done well to set aside their scripted theory of what a fairytale should be and heed the question Walter Benjamin was bold enough to ask himself: "we do not generally regard that which lies beyond communication in a literary work—and even a poor translator will admit that this is its essential substance—as the unfathomable, the mysterious, the 'poetic'? And is this not something that a translator can reproduce only if he is also – a poet?" (253).

And yet there is poetry in *Little Mook & Dwarf Longnose*. The tempera paintings by Boris Pak in part restore the pictorial pathos to the tales, the ten plates and two headpieces enlivening each with truly Hauffian colour. But the 'translators' neither aspire nor rise to the aesthetic. There is almost a need to strip *Zwerg Nase* of its internal cadence. Characters alter with the transposition of context to an extent that the Hansens betray an acute disharmony with their illustrator²⁰³; the author's subharmony is lost altogether. "You're a

²⁰³ Boris Pak passed away in 1992, twelve years before the Hansens' translation was published. The fault does not rest with him.

handsome devil, you are” (54) tautens the light-hearted humour of Urban the barber to passive-aggressive cruelty, while Mimi’s closing couplet “Try to choke me, are you brave? / I’ll bring you to an early grave” (67) reads more as a challenge than an earnest plea for mercy, the malignant ‘are you brave?’ question tag rather more reminiscent of the bravado that precedes an American wrestling match than the poetic cue to plot resolution in the German *Kunstmärchen*.

In such instances of phrasal deviation the distance between original and adaptation becomes increasingly pronounced. The “sneezer’s joy” (74) for ‘Niesmitlust’ malfunctions as a composite cognate to Percy Pinkerton’s “Sneeze-with-delight” (50) and S. Mendel’s “Sneeze-with-pleasure” (134). The noun to adjective construct is indicative of derivation and would suggest unfamiliarity with the German source material. Hauff is absent from the picture. The Hansens have produced a thoroughly rational tale by translational incursion rather than authorial interpretation, which must be contextualised “a crime, to be punished by the stocks as plagiarists were in the shoebuckle days” (Nabokov 160). Editorial decisions are purely mathematical and pedantic. There is no substance to “Dwarf Longnose” and very little soul. Errancy occurs through insertion. Listed as “a lad of twelve” (36) from the outset, Hauff’s mindful ambiguity of Jacob’s age is restricted by interpolation, the father’s “clever lad of nineteen” (50) a calculated ‘correction’ of the wilful misdirection on twenty (*Märchen* 205). The science of translation has supplanted inherency and art. The Hansens’ scripted academic approach acts as a poison on the import of the fairytale and its æsthetic, the original purpose of which is rendered illogical through contraction of descriptive passages and a corruption of expression by excision and slang. A string of colloquialisms cannot replace content. Faërie begins on the front dust cover with a vignette of Little Muck and ends on the back with the sombre image of Dwarf Nose. The pages they bookend tell a hollow tale in which only a child of contemporary contrivance could believe.

The poet has been transplanted to the point at which Märchen stands isolated before the gate to the faërie realm. The almanacs of Wilhelm Hauff are out of the author’s hands. Appropriation of an extant rendering solely for the purpose of profit defines the present decade. It must be remembered that a translation is also subject to copyright; those that entered the market prior to the First World War are now in the public domain and open to exploitation. The disintegrative string of unlicensed print-on-demand books out of America

and India is only part of the problem. Publishing trends have altered to accommodate ease of accessibility in a globalised online market determined by monetary margin rather than content. Authorial context is swiftly becoming the province of an earlier generation while the ethical structure on which provenance and attribution have been traditionally based has been compromised by decades of erosion. Accurate assessment of this attenuation is within the ambit of a single tale. The makeshift manner in which *Zwerg Nase* is being packaged and disseminated to the present generation of critical readers can be untangled and illustrated by two recent examples of an appropriation of the fairytale purely for profit.

Lisbeth Zwerger's *Dwarf Nose* was published in *quarto* form in 2014. Although the author's name is mentioned above the title, the focus is on the illustrator's interpretation of the Hauffian aesthetic. The twenty-first century illustrator has assumed dominion over the early nineteenth-century author. A back cover inscription proclaims these "illustrations by Lisbeth Zwerger, winner of the Andersen Medal, evoke all the magic, mystery and drama of this German classic, freshly translated by Anthea Bell" (56). They do not. Implicit is the sense that her interpretation is to be relied upon as authentic by token of the medal. Logic flounders. Arguably, in the modern era awards and medals are merely a compensatory measure striving to protect against the visible exposure of mediocrity. The inversion of the author's art begins with an inappropriate, anachronistic, socially elevated vignette of the happy, humble family (8) and closes with a disenchanted Jacob standing behind dutiful parents in a mirrored pose that reflects the disenchantment of the pages between. The implied social standing is a wilful perversion of the text. Zwerger's attempt at pictorial resonance fails to adhere to the poet's inherent harmonic structure. The literal rendering of a beaked herb fairy on wheels is both presumptive and patently absurd, the fishbone 'feather' protruding from the futuristic cap sounding as a 'Sturmglöcke' to poet and poetry alike (10-11). The illustrative gentrification of the narrative nullifies the subversion on which the import of the tale depends. Even the hamsters are attired for a Sunday stroll in the park (12-13). Depiction of the tapering pointed nose—which is 2.8 mm in length compared with the entire head at 1.2 mm (19, 29)—is an articulated theorist's phallic dream, while the three anatomical sketches on various designs for a potential covering prefigure its ejaculative conclusion (24). That this triptych bears a passing resemblance to Hauff and his wife Luise adds further injury to the insult: there is a difference between homage and theoretical

homily. And yet the illustrations are by no means the most offensive contribution to this death knell on the Hauffian compositional æsthetic.

Anthea Bell's 1969 version of *Dwarf Nose* is neither 'freshly translated' nor formatted for publication. Borrowing on the method employed in the German Reclam yellow editions, which are intended for students and distributed at exceptionally low cost under the proviso that content is accepted 'as is' in an unedited format, Bell's text is one long, unbroken passage from beginning to end. A new paragraph is indicated by a conjectural space left at the end of the previous line, which proves problematic throughout as this liminal spacing is seldom plausible and not always present (Cf., 13, 14, 16, 20, 21, 26, 29, 30, 33, 34, 37, 40, 41, 44, 45, 48, 50). This is copy-paste publishing, the point at which the dumbing down of literature intersects with the dissolution of the narrative form. A conscientious editor and scholar, Hauff would have been angered to distraction. The question as to intended audience is entirely irrelevant.

The visual presentation of the book affects reception of the English rendering. Bell's crisp, clear translation does indeed remain as 'fresh' as it was on publication forty-five years earlier. In consonance with the view that "Hauff's tales were more grounded in reality and often dealt with the dark side of human nature" (52), the 1969 reading is a sincere attempt at fidelity to the original. There is no insertion of Grimmian phrasing and the herb fairy is not referred to as a 'witch'. Mitigation is absent. As a squirrel in the old fairy's service, Jacob "wrung the chicken's neck" (17) just as he does in Hauff's original (*Märchen* 200), while as a dwarf he readily "slaughtered the other two geese" (41) having spared Mimi; transformation does not affect context. Holding to theme, the duke repeats his threat to have Dwarf Nose either "chopped to bits and baked in a pie" (45) or impaled "on the point of a spear above my palace gates" (45) without translational incursion. Mimi's quatrain is preserved together with its consequence (40). In the main, the reading flows without deviation from the original tale, although the subversive element is curtailed through the age 'correction' (9) and a failure to preserve the dubious manners and motives of the parents. The editor's perfunctory pasting ensures comparatively few alterations are made to the translation's earlier printing, many of which appear to be a consequence of errors in typeset and design. Occasional flaws in syntax remain, the colloquialisms "named all the ingredients to a T" (34) and "moping" (40) shifting without resolving the tonal complexity of the original prose.

“Bellyheal” (34) may be praised as precise if not poetic, and it is contextually comforting to find the source of plot resolution and the primary ingredient to the “Sovereign Pie” (44) revealed as “a little herb unknown in this country, the herb Sneezewell” (45). Curiously, this also happens to be the only point in the book at which the illustrations complement the translation. Zwerger’s fascination for hats, bonnets and shoes betrays a decidedly shallow interpretation of the Hauffian aesthetic (11, 12, 13, 15, 21, 25, 26, 28, 31, 49, 51), and yet her depiction of ‘Niesmitlust’ as a true herb (45, 53) is a refreshing change from the monstrous blooms of earlier attempts. The notoriously difficult transition from tale to coda is resolved by Bell’s “What more is there to tell?” (50), and on that decisive note the narrative draws to a close on the cringeworthy portrait of the ‘happy’ family, Zwerger’s last pair of shoes plopped strategically alongside the compositional anomaly.

And yet the worst was yet to come. In an age in which any dullard with a laptop can cause more damage to an author’s cultural legacy than two centuries of misattribution and mistranslation, it has become increasingly wearisome to separate those editions requiring critical, scholarly appraisal from those that form the detritus of modern publishing and the society it embodies. The burden has increased with the growing number of print-on-demand facsimile copies that reproduce previous translations with little regard for content and none for context. In 2017 Klaus Schwanitz printed *Tales of the Caravan, A.D. 1826. Revised, illustrated and published by Klaus Schwanitz*. On the title page, which lacks a frontispiece, the full name of “the scribe Klaus” (378) appears in bold lettering, the letters more than twice the size of those bestowing ‘original’ authorship on ‘W. Hauff’. Here the disingenuous ‘Revised’ of the cover alters to ‘Edited’, yet there is no indication of the publication from which these tales have been lifted, nor is the translator mentioned at any point. The illustrations, purportedly ‘by Klaus Schwanitz’, are the harbinger to an egregious plagiarism exacerbated by an editorial incompetence that beggars belief.

The titles on the contents page indicate the ‘lost’ 1881 translation *Tales of the Caravan, Inn, and Palace* by Edward L. Stowell. This version was withdrawn from the shelves shortly after publication due to legal contention, the book having been published by J. B. Lippincott of Philadelphia while the copyright was still held by Jansen, McClurg & Co. of Chicago. The original ‘Translator’s Preface’ closes with “CHICAGO, October, 1881” (6). The date is significant and there is method to the capitalisation and italics. This is the first translation

of Hauff's three almanacs together with the main body of the frame in English, albeit without „Märchen als Almanach“ as a prelude. Ironically, by the time the monetary dispute had been resolved (a revised Jansen, McClurg & Company edition would appear in 1882), Percy E. Pinkerton's pared-down collection of the six most popular fairytales—published contemporaneously that same year either side of the Atlantic in upmarket and downmarket packaging—had stolen the moment from Stowell. In homage to the irony, the “Original Illustrations” (3) featured in the Stowell translation were reproduced in Pinkerton's (Cf., Stowell 311; Pinkerton 14), the latter also leaning heavily on dressing vignettes by other artists (e.g., 10, 44). For *The Dwarf Nosey*, Stowell selected Carl Offterdinger's illustrations from the tenth edition of *Mährchen für Söhne und Töchter gebildeter Stände* (1869), whereas Pinkerton also included Bertall's from the same collection; of note, Bertall's engravings had also been included in *The Caravan* section of the infamous *Grimm's [sic] Fairy Tales and Other Popular Stories* from 1862. Neither Offterdinger nor Bertall are credited in the two '1881' translations, although it may be assumed those in the industry were familiar enough with their work for attribution to be taken as read.

Edward Stowell's conspicuous inscription is significant as Percy Edward Pinkerton, a middling poet of means who occupied a position of eminence in London society, clearly had numerous publishing houses behind his translation, as evidenced by the innumerable editions under differing titles that would appear all over the English-speaking world for decades. Of note, the British Library dates *Longnose the Dwarf and Other Fairy Tales*—the first Pinkerton edition of Hauff's tales—to 1881, whereas industry data indicates an 1882 release. Clearly, the precipitate Lippincott issuance of *Tales of The Caravan, Inn, and Palace* suggests an urgency on the part of the translator to have the volume published. There is no further indication as to how or why Stowell's book was lost to posterity, but as the contrast in the success of the two editions could hardly be more pronounced, it may be speculated pecuniary interests played a role in the elevation of the one at the direct expense of the other. S. Mendel then consigned the volume to obscurity through his more meticulous translation five years later. Stowell's marginal imprint on the legacy of Hauff has been rediscovered only recently, resurfacing on the Project Gutenberg online platform on April 24th, 2010 and spreading through unrestricted copypaste editings and scans of the expired copyright

edition. But Schwanitz has appended the work to his own name and shifted the art of plagiarism to another level entirely.

Tales from The Caravan, Inn and Palace is a competent if not poetic translation of the three almanacs. The *ad libitum* decision to place 'Inn' before 'Palace' and thus confound the narrative aggregate is a fault that may well have forestalled critical reception. Nonetheless, *The Dwarf Nosey* is more than a mere paraphrase. Schwanitz reproduces the original in its entirety. There is neither subtlety nor wit to this approach. The layout of the text is a lesson on how *not* to copy-paste from an online source. Paragraphs are indented, but whereas some follow standard publishing format, others have indiscriminate spacings thrust between them, some of which extend to double or triple spacing without rhyme or reason (Cf., 295, 308, 311). The 'reviser' has failed to observe that end line hyphenations from previous versions require inline correction when pasting onto an *octavo* format, an oversight producing such textual anomalies as "surround-dings" [*sic*] (281) and "discon-certed" (303); this error occurs by the dozen across the three almanacs. Minor alterations to the text betray the true 'editor' as the spellcheck option on computers embedded with the 'US' language setting. As a consequence, the erroneous belief that a sentence comes to a close whenever an exclamation or question mark appears expropriates the original translation as a restrictive fact, thus stripping Stowell of his mastery over the *English* language and by degree reducing him to the level of machine subordinate (Cf., Stowell 312, 315, 335, 336 [2]; Schwanitz 294, 297, 316 [3]) scraping for limited autonomy (Cf., 314 [2]; 295, 296). Correct usage of punctuation presents a problematic issue for automation as common sense is removed from the equation. Consequently, em dashes appear as doubled hyphens (Cf., 305; 286-87 etc.) while colons are frequently altered to commas (Cf., 315; 297). But an automaton cannot think and cannot be entrusted with the removal of archaisms. Although the original "I remember as though it were but yesterday" (315) forces a conditional verb 'correction' to "was" (296) and "even though you be forced to cook" (330) is adjusted to "even though you are forced to cook" (310), thus misinterpreting both the tense and suppositional nature of the caveat, 'that' remains unaffected by computer intervention and holds its inappropriate placement as a non-defining relative pronoun (Cf., 308, 327; 290, 307), albeit with one amusing exception (Cf., 335; 315); erroneously preceded by a comma, 'that' also stands uncorrected as a defining pronoun (Cf., 314; 296). An accepted truth for the 'good reader' of Hauff's fairytales,

meticulous attention to detail is imperative to the unmasking of an imposter. And yet in this case there is no cause to be meticulous: apart from the two forced alterations to tense, not a single word has been changed. As a ‘publisher’ Klaus Schwanitz belongs in Dante’s eighth circle of hell. Words have meaning to dead poets and dying plagiarists, and neither ‘revision’ nor ‘editing’ has occurred.

The merit to the Stowell reading resides in the occasional flash of phrasal perfection, but sadly, in a modern context the language of expression has failed to translate. This feature nonetheless exposes *Tales from the Caravan, Inn, and Palace* as the work of an individual whose prose style is identifiable. *Tales of the Caravan* is presented as a ‘revised’ edition, yet as neither the translator nor his translation is cited, the source material is deliberately obscured by the ‘new’ work. Few readers would trouble to determine origin. Stowell’s Wertherian paragraphs may span four pages (e.g., 309-12), which affords unique insight into the translational process, but these have been splintered to fragments in Schwanitz’s plagiarism (Cf., Stowell 324, 326, 327, 328, 332; Schwanitz 305, 306, 307, 308 [2], 312). Students of Hauff would perhaps hear the evocative “put to the blush” (330; 311) and recognise its phrasal origin, and yet attribution by limited appraisal poses its own ethical conundrum. “Thus spake the duke” (330; 311) coupled with the fumbling “and lo, it tasted finely” (332; 312) would perhaps narrow the compositional timeframe and disclose a translator who had faltered in his remit, but there would be a lack of precision to the discovery. Schwanitz appears to have blunted the thorn to the debate with a purpose. Copyright control is structured to preserve the moral integrity of the creative spirit, but absence of copyright protects the plagiarist and the charlatan ‘scribe’ alike. The ‘illustrated by’ attribution provides the key to the charade.

Stowell’s translation was not designed for the sheltered child. There is no attenuation. The chicken’s neck is wrung (311), Mimi’s quatrain is preserved together with the promise of “an early grave” (328), the duke threatens to have the dwarf’s “big head taken off” (332), “cut up in small pieces and made into a pastry” (333), and then, implausibly, “impaled on the gate” (333). The state of society under arbitrary governance remains embedded in the connotation, as does the fundamental critique of society itself: “In that city, as in every other, there were but few pitying souls who would assist a poor unfortunate about whom there was anything ridiculous” (320). Notably, Stowell preserves the Hauffian

thread at pivotal moments in the plot, as in the reunion scene with the parents, during which the father “sprang at the dwarf, and lashed him on his back and arms till the dwarf cried out with pain and ran off weeping” (320). The translator welcomes the author’s intended audience, although it may be argued the pictorial accompaniment served as a misdirection to the adult purchaser. Indeed, the book’s lack of critical and commercial success could have influenced S. Mendel’s decision *not* to include illustrations in *Hauff’s Tales* five years later. A practised eye will consider the Stowell volume and allow that Carl Offterdinger’s etchings complement the Hauffian aesthetic both tonally and pictorially: these are the harsh lines of realism Hauff had dared to thread into the fairytale genre. As only two verbs have been ‘revised’ from the original, Schwanitz has altered neither the phrasing nor the connotation of the translation. And yet, in a sleight of hand worthy of Stowell’s ploy on early publication, the original illustrations have been lifted and replaced with those ‘borrowed’ from Cicely McDonnell’s adaptation of *Hauff’s Fairy Tales* from 1903, to which an expired copyright is also attached.

The Schwanitz edition functions as a series of concave mirrors. Transplacement is the means by which definitive attribution to a previously existing source is abrogated. In truth, few would notice the contrivance, and fewer still would take the time to pull aside and part the deceptive web on which it depends. There is no attempt to preserve artistic integrity. The visual switch is not a question of suitability. Featuring illustrations from Fritz Bergen, the McDonnell edition was a conscious effort at reducing the import of the tales for younger children. Pictorially, the palette has been reduced to accommodate the diminished fifth, but there is no such interval in the Stowell translation and no hint of the semitone. The putative ‘editor’, ‘reviser’, ‘illustrator’ and ‘scribe’ has appropriated multiple sources without citation in an attempt to produce an unidentifiable, composite plagiarism. The duplicitous means by which Schwanitz has affected his aim is indicative of a trend that shows no sign of abating. A brief online glance will thrust innumerable plagiaristic enterprises upon heart and mind together. *This* is both the legacy and the future of the works of Wilhelm Hauff in translation.

“What shall I say further?” (336) signals the denouement of *The Dwarf Nosey*, an appropriate complement to the „Nur soviel will ich noch sagen“ (*Märchen* 234) of *Zwerg Nase*. Edward L. Stowell’s ‘lost’ translation has given rise to a convoluted lesson in

attribution and provenance, and this may in part establish *Tales of the Caravan, Inn, and Palace* as emblematic of the tangled history of Hauff's fairytales in English. A reading of *Dwarf Nose* is a reading of the collective *Kunstmärchen* in translation. The flaws in rendering and interpretation are invariably the same across the centuries from one tale to another. Comprehensive examples of incursion recur often enough to be commonplace. Although Stowell retains Jacob's age as eight from the outset (315) and preserves Hauff's intimation of the dawning of consciousness in the poetic "good evening" (314) "good morning" (317) reversal, which, although flawlessly executed in the original prose (*Märchen* 205, 208-9), has been rather too frequently dismissed by translators as a 'lapse' or 'error', he nonetheless descends into Grimmian phraseology by reframing the structural significance of „die böse Fee Kräuterweis“ (*Märchen* 207) to that of "the wicked witch *Kraeuterweiss*" (316) cliché, which in turn facilitates the "old witch" (319), "old hag" (319) internal inversion by which the 'dawning' aesthetic is first compromised and then invalidated. The quirks of the translator betray the clefts in centuries of comprehension. Much as Herbert Pelham Curtis had fixated on cabbages in his *Arabian Days' Entertainments* (152-56), for some implausible reason Stowell sees herbs as vegetables, "a certain vegetable called 'stomach's joy'" (325) paired with Mimi's claim to have "learned to know all vegetables from my father" (333), which precipitates the need "to look for vegetables in the garden" (334) and ultimately crescendos on "The Vegetable War" (337). A single translational incursion is the seed of adventitious growth from within an established text, the germination of which can collapse the compositional thread to which the internal aesthetic is fastened. Hauff was master of his own poetics: his style was his own. It is not for the translator or the theorist to alter the rhyme of the poet or to determine what is or is not 'relevant' to explication. Walter Benjamin maintained that theory could not locate the relevant, "and even if one tried to turn an author's last stroke of the pen into the *coup de grâce* of his work, this still would not save that dead theory of translation" (256). Future readers of Hauff would do well to observe the 'last stroke' of a genuine poet and determine its relevance at a remove from the contextual and stylistic dissonance of the translator.

A Conclusion into the Last Line of Translation

The Death of the Poet

In “The World, the Text and the Critic,” Edward Said approached the question of style in relation to the manner in which this most singular of features is either sustained or mislaid through translation. The example of Glenn Gould reinterpreting Bach’s counterpoint and turning it “almost into a visual experience” (Said 260) was intended to be both pictorial and musical. For those acquainted with the piece in question, the *feeling* on hearing and seeing the picture at play facilitated a flawless translation of two separate voices set in motion by Said’s invisible interpretation. In the analogy, Gould stands as a heteronym of Bach, for the style—the manner of phrasing a series of notes already played into the collective mind—has been mastered independently of the original design. Style alone improves the music from within its appropriate key. As Said suggests: “what makes style receivable as the signature of its author’s manner is a collection of features variously called idiolect, voice, or irreducible individuality” (262). The intimation is more compelling than the actual phrase: it is the *inside* that resonates, for “style neutralizes the worldlessness” (262).

The inward note is what Gould strove to discover, interpret and retain. It is not for the translator to leave that note unrevealed or to obfuscate its focal truth through misreading. The pianist’s rendering was effective because his sensibility was one with the composer’s inward intent. As with Vladimir Pervuninsky, the phrasing had to emerge from *within* the moment of translation and through a cultured, educated appreciation of the note that had been left behind. Translation assumes myriad forms and bridges centuries of cultural lacunæ in art, music and literature, but the style imperative remains the same and always determines whether the interpretation of any given piece will be a success or a failure; the ‘something else’ invariably appends itself to the latter, for the in-between is where translation yields to new interpretation. Said’s analogy on style is as prescient as it is pictorial. In researching the ways in and around what a translation is and should be, it is incumbent on the translator to master the pressing note within.

The works of Wilhelm Hauff demand precisional mastery of phrasal interiority. A single mistranslated word affects interpretation of the Hauffian æsthetic. Consequently, it is a translator’s duty to become intimate with both the subject area and its cultural capital

before rescripting the words that appear on the page. Hauff must be read from within the context of a particular time and place in history. *This* is the note of relevance. An inability to comprehend or perhaps even to respect the cultural resonance of the compositional moment pressures the translator to dispense with and then redefine the context itself. But insertion is a veil for misreading: this is *not* translation but weakness of execution based on an absence of acuity. Nuance and subtlety are lost to the noise created by the ‘visible remainders’ marked by encroachment and intrusion. By this process of usurpation, the autonomy of the author is openly flouted as the visible translator becomes audible through every phrase. Tonally and almost inevitably, the cultural capital from which the original expression draws explication and relevance is set aside. A poor translation is pinned to the false premise that a modicum of literary talent will suffice. It does not. Poetry is the essential component. ‘Dead theory’ must defer to the active, creative spirit of the dead artist. In a contemporary context and with few historical exceptions, the translation of Hauff into English reads as a bacchanal comprising a prescriptive stream of intemperate insertions. Not only is the subversive, societal resonance of the author’s æsthetic being watered away, the waters they join bring nothing to replenish what has been lost through appropriation. “[T]hat which lies beyond communication in a literary work . . . is its essential substance” (Benjamin 253) ought to have been the template on which modern translation is based, but in a collective society that neither celebrates nor even tolerates the individual, and from within an academia that promotes only the composite cliché of all that a poet schooled on groupthink and grounded in identity politics affects to be, any future rendering of the Hauffian ‘poetic’ falters under the damning proviso “is this not something that a translator can reproduce only if he is also – a poet?” (253).

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