

S. FISCHER



ILSE AICHINGER

- One of the most important writers of postwar Austrian and German literature
- Translated into 18 languages

Ilse Aichinger —

(1921 – 2016)

gave up her medical studies to write her first novel *The Greater Hope* about wartime in Vienna, which was published in 1948. It became one of her most famous early texts. In 1952, she won the Prize of the Gruppe 47. In the following decades, her work became increasingly dense, poetic and experimental; it included poems, plays, short stories and autobiographical notes, culminating in the iconic *Bad Words* in 1976. Her work was translated into many languages and won her many awards, a.o. the *Prize of Gruppe 47* in 1952, the *Petrarca Prize* in 1982, the *Franz Kafka Prize* in 1983, the *Grand Austrian State Prize* in 1995 and in 2015, the *Grand Art Prize of the State of Salzburg*. Ilse Aichinger died on November 11, 2016, at the age of 95.

Her work has been translated into 18 languages.

1952 — Prize of Gruppe 47

1982 — Petrarca Prize

1983 — Franz Kafka Prize

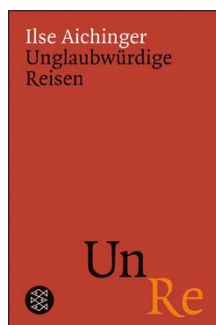
1995 — Grand Austrian State Prize

2015 — Grand Art Prize of the State of Salzburg

November 1st 2021 will mark

the one hundredth anniversary

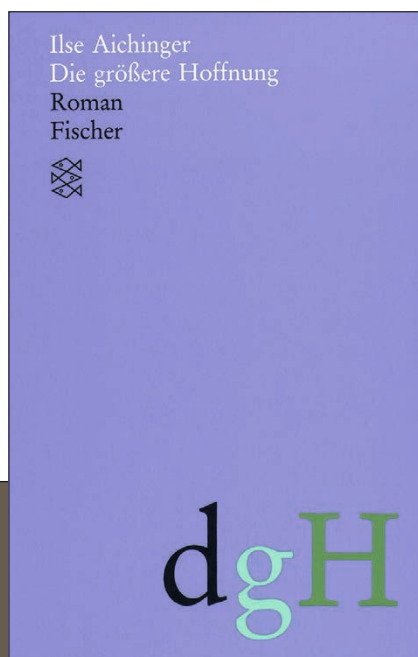
of Ilse Aichinger's birth



**Implausible Travels
(Travel Journal)**
2005



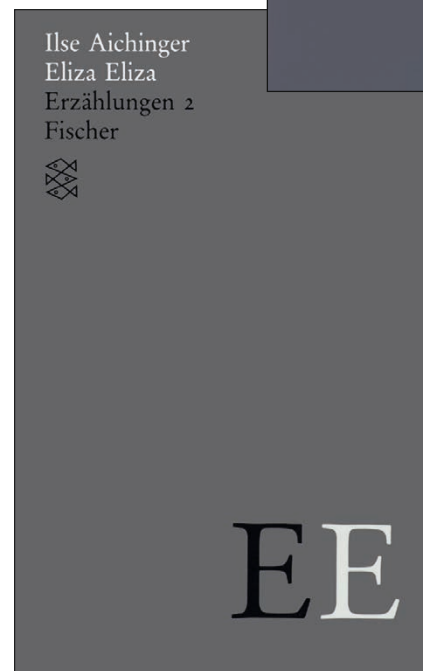
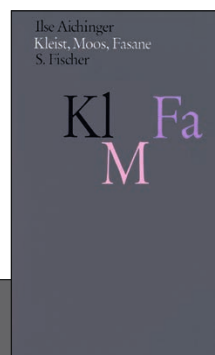
**The Greater Hope
(Novel)**
1948



**Kleist, Moss, Pheasants
(Autobiographical Prose
and Notes)**
1987



**Eliza Eliza
(Short Stories 2)**
1958–1968



**The Bound Man
(Short Stories 1)** 1948–1952



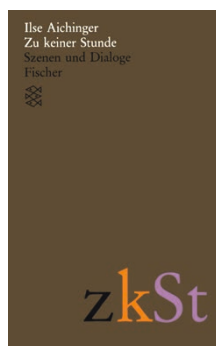
**Bad Words
(Short Prose)**
1976



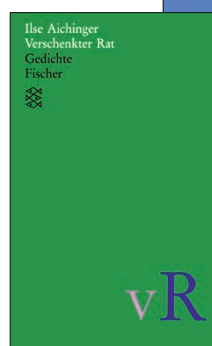
**Wasted Advice
(Poems)**
1978



**Auckland
(Radioplays)**
1953–1976



**Not at any Time
(Scenes and Dialogues)**
1957



**Film and Fate
Camera Flashes
Illuminating a Life**
2001



RIGHTS SOLD: *Die größere Hoffnung* (The Greater Hope): KOR (Communication Books), PRC (Ginkgo), SWE (Ellerströms), UK/US (Königshausen & Neumann) | *Der Gefesselte* (The Bound Man): UK/US (Copy Press), SLO (Lud Litera), PRC (People's Literature) | *Eliza Eliza*: PRC (Ginkgo) | *Bad Words / Selected Short Prose*: UK/US (Seagull) | *Film und Verhängnis* (Film and Fate): JP (Tousen), UK/US (Königshausen & Neumann) | *Unglaubliche Reisen* (Implausible Travels): UK/US (Königshausen & Neumann)

“In her daring and masterful texts, Aichinger wrote against or through a language that could no longer be trusted; a language become foreign, which could only be reclaimed through further foreignization – or through silence.”

Words without borders on *Bad Words*

“Not only are Aichinger’s sentences filled with paradoxes, but they also overflow with rich images and symbols which transform and resurface throughout the text. It is this imagery that generates a sense of unity and harmony, counteracting the fragmented narrative and disjointed dialogue.”

The Times Literary Supplement on
The Greater Hope

“This is doubting, querying, searching prose. It dismantles everything it touches upon and proclaims.”

Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung

“She was the gentle grande dame of benevolence for others and contempt for the world.”

Die Welt

“One of the best poets of the short and disastrous twentieth century.”

Michael Krüger

“To counter the business of forgetting, her poetry, stories and radio plays deploy crystalline fictional alternative worlds of great analytic acuity and lyrical force.”

Neue Zürcher Zeitung

“‘I refuse to put up with the world,’ the Vienna-born author once said, and she resisted it – the world – with words.”

Der Spiegel

“Her life and writing were the quietest revolt imaginable, a revolt both against being born and against mortality.”

Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung

“Ilse Aichinger (...) embodied modern post-war literature at its best: concentrated and sceptical of language, subversive and witty.”

Neue Zürcher Zeitung

“Ilse Aichinger conjures an art of disappearing from the horrors of history.”

Die Zeit

Ilse Aichinger

THE BOUND MAN

Story, first published 1953

© S. Fischer Verlag GmbH, Frankfurt am Main

Sample Translation by Steph Morris | Courtesy of the Translator

[Link to complete Sample Translation](#)

TBM

He woke to sunlight, falling on his face. It made him close his eyes again, streaming down the bank unchecked, gathering in rivulets and drawing swarms of mosquitos in its wake, which flew low over his forehead, circled and tried to land, before they were overtaken by new swarms. When he tried to wave them away, he discovered he was tied up. Thin, twisted string cut his arm. He let the arm drop, opened his eyes again and looked down the length of his body. His legs were bound together, all the way up from his ankles. The same string was wound round his hips, his chest and his arms. He couldn't see where its ends were knotted and, feeling no trace of fear or impatience, assumed it constrained him fully, till he noticed it left space between his legs and was slightly loose as it wound round his body. His arms had also been allowed some room for manoeuvre; they had not been tied to his torso but to each other. This made him smile, and for a moment he imagined children had played a trick on him.

He reached for his knife, but again the string cut softly into his flesh. He tried reaching into his pocket again. It was empty. As well as his knife, the small sum of money he'd had was gone, along with his jacket. His shoes had been taken from his feet. He wet his lips and tasted blood, which had bled from his temples over his cheeks, chin and neck down under his shirt. His eyes hurt. If he held them open too long, reddish streaks were reflected in the sky.

He decided to stand up. He drew up his knees as far as he could, placed his hands on the fresh grass and shot to his feet. A branch of elder brushed his cheek, in flower. The sun blinded him and the ties pressed at his flesh. Out of his mind with pain he dropped to the ground and tried again. He kept trying till the blood burst from his hidden weals. Then he lay still for a long while, leaving sun and mosquitos to do as they wished.

When he woke for the second time the elder bush was now throwing its shadow over him, releasing the coolness stored between its branches. He must have been hit on the head. Then they must have lain him down here, like a mother placing her

baby carefully under the bushes when she goes out into the field. They didn't intend their mockery to be wasted.

His only chance was the room for manoeuvre the ties allowed. He rested his elbows on the earth and observed the play of the string. As soon as it tightened, he eased off and tried again more carefully. If he could reach the branches above his head he might have pulled himself up on them – but he couldn't reach them. He placed his head back on the grass and rolled over till he was kneeling. He felt for the ground with his toes, and could suddenly stand with little effort at all.

A few steps away from him the track led off along the upland; wood pinks and flowering thistles grew amongst the grasses. He raised his foot to avoid treading on them, but was held back by the string at his ankles. He looked down at his body.

The string was tied to each ankle, but ran in a playful pattern from one to the other. He bent down cautiously and pulled on it, but although it was loose, it couldn't be loosened further. To avoid stepping on the thistles with his bare feet he sprang lightly from the ground and hopped over them like a bird.

He paused as he heard a twig snap. Someone round here was finding it hard to suppress their laughter. It frightened him to think he was not in a position to defend himself, as he otherwise would. He hopped on, till he was standing on the path. A long way below, bright fields stretched away. He could not make out the next village, and it would be night before he reached it, if he were unable to move any faster.

He tried to walk, and discovered the string allowed him to place one foot in front of another as long as he raised it only a certain distance from the ground and placed it down before he reached the full span. He swung his arms to the same extent.

After just a few steps he fell. He lay across the path and watched the dust fly up. Now he expected the long-suppressed laughter to break out, but all remained silent; he was alone. As the dust settled, he got up and walked on. He looked to the ground and observed the shifting string, the way it hung slack, tautened over the earth, then sank again.

As the first fireflies flew up, he succeeded in tearing his gaze from the ground. He felt in control again, and his impatience to reach the next village eased off.

Hunger made him light-headed and at times he felt he'd reached a speed no motorcycle could beat. Or that he was standing still as the land came swiftly towards him, like a strong current hitting someone swimming upstream. The torrent carried bushes the north wind had bent southwards, young, crippled trees, and chunks of grass holding bright, long-stemmed flowers. Finally it flooded even the bushes and saplings, leaving only the sky above itself and the man. The moon had risen and lit the domed, open centre of the upland, the path overgrown with short grass, the bound man, walking with swift, measured steps, and two field hares, who crossed the hill ahead of him and vanished down the slope. Although the nights were still chilly at this time of year, the bound man laid himself down at the edge of the bank before midnight and slept.

In the morning light, the animal tamer, camped with the circus he owned on the meadow outside the village, watched the bound man approaching down the path. He saw the man stop and reach for something – the man bent his knees, held one arm out to keep his balance, swiped an empty wine bottle from the ground, straightened himself, and lifted it up. He was moving slowly to avoid been cut again by the string, but to the circus owner it looked like the willing restraint of a powerful velocity. He was captivated by the astounding grace of the movements, and while the bound man was looking for a stone to smash the bottle against, so he could sever the string with its jagged neck, the animal tamer walked over the meadow towards him. Not even the young panther's leaps had brought him such delight. 'You see before you: The Bound Man!' His very first moves brought such cheers that blood rose to the animal tamer's cheeks in excitement, standing at the edge of the ring. The bound man stood up. His surprise, again and again, was that of a four-legged animal as it rises. He knelt, stood, jumped and turned cartwheels. The spectators were amazed, as if watching a bird which chooses to remain on the ground and restrict its movements. Everyone who came, came because of the bound man, his schoolboy gymnastics. His ridiculous moves and jumps made the tightrope walker redundant. His fame grew from place to place, but his moves remained the same moves he was continually forced to practice, daytimes in the tent's subdued light, to maintain his ease within the ties. By remaining wholly within them he became free of them, and as they no longer enclosed him, they spurred him on and gave aim to his movements. Just as the beating wings of migrating birds have an aim, as they take off in the warmth of summer and mark small circles in the sky, still hesitant.

The local children would play nothing except 'The Bound Man' now. They tied each other up, and one day the circus folk found a little girl in a ditch, bound up to her neck, barely able to breathe. They freed her, and that night the bound man spoke to the audience after the show. He explained briefly that ties which didn't allow you to jump were pointless. After that he continued playing for laughs.

Grass and sunshine, tent pegs, hammered into the ground, then pulled out again, on the outskirts of villages. 'You see before you, The Bound Man!' The summer grew on itself. It bent its face deeper over the fishponds in the hollows, beguiling itself in the dark mirrors; it flew up, staying close to the course of the river, and made the plain the thing it was. Anyone who could walk, followed the bound man.

Many of them wanted to see the ties close up. So each night following the show the circus owner announced that anyone who wanted to make sure the knots were not slipknots, the string not elastic, could do so right now. The bound man generally waited for the crowd on the green outside the big top, sometimes laughing, sometimes serious as he held his arms out for them. Some of them took the opportunity to look him in the face, others earnestly measured out the string, tested the knots at his wrists and ankles and asked about the precise ratio between its length and the length of his limbs. They asked the bound man how it all came about, and he always gave the same patient answer: well, someone had tied him up, and when he woke he found he'd been robbed too. They had probably run out of time to bind the ties properly because if he'd not been meant to move at all they were too loose, and if he had been meant to move very much they were too tight. But move he did, the people said at this. Yes, he said, what else was he to do? Before he went to sleep, the bound man always sat at the fire for a while. When the circus owner then asked him why he didn't make up a better story, the bound man said he hadn't made this story up. And the blood rose to his face as he said it. He preferred to remain in the shadows.

He was different from the others, as he didn't remove the string once the show was over. This meant that his every movement was worth seeing, and the village folk slunk around the campfire for ages, just to watch him get up from the fire, hours later, and roll himself up in his blanket. And he would see their shadows retreating as the sky grew bright again.

The circus owner often discussed how they might undo the ties after the evening show and rebind them the next day. He consulted the tightrope walkers, who didn't spend the night on their ropes, after all, but no-one really took the idea seriously.

The bound man's fame rested precisely on the fact that he never untied the string, that when he wanted to wash his body, he had to wash his clothes at the same time, and when he wanted to wash his clothes, he had to wash his body, that he had no option but to jump in the river each day just as he was, as soon as

the sun came out. And that he couldn't go very far out in case he was swept away.

The circus owner knew that the bound man's helplessness would protect him from the envy of his crew in the end. Maybe he deliberately gave them the fun of seeing him tiptoeing cautiously from stone to stone on the riverbank, in soaking clothes clinging to his body. When his wife pointed out that even the best of clothes would not survive this kind of laundering for ever (and the bound man's clothes were not the best of clothes), he replied curtly that this would not be for ever. And he dealt with all objections in the same way – this would only be for the summer. But he was playing a waiting game; he was bluffing. Really he would have sacrificed even the lions or the tightrope walkers to keep the bound man.

He made this all too clear the night they started jumping over the fire, which he was later convinced was nothing to do with the longer or shorter days but with the bound man, who was sitting by the embers as ever, watching them – with that smile which you could never be sure wasn't just the fire lighting up his face. Just as you knew nothing else about him either, because the stories he told went back only as far as the moment he walked out of the woods.

But on this evening two of the circus people suddenly grabbed his arms and legs and took him up close to the fire, swinging him back and forth, while on the other side two others held out their arms in jest. Then they threw him over, but threw too short. The other two stepped back – to handle the impact better, they later claimed. The bound man landed at the edge of the embers, and would have been set alight if the circus owner hadn't picked him up and carried him out of the fire to save the string, which was the first thing the embers would have singed. And he was certain the attack was aimed at the string. He dismissed everyone involved in the incident on the spot.

A few days later his wife was woken by footfall on the grass and emerged just in time to prevent the clown's last jape. He had scissors on him, of all things. When he was interrogated, he repeatedly claimed he hadn't intended to take the bound man's life. He spoke in terms of sympathy, but he too was dismissed. The bound man was amused by these attempts. After all, he could free himself whenever he wanted, but perhaps he would learn a few more moves first. A nursery rhyme sometimes came to him, lying awake at night, 'Let's run away with the circus! Let's run away with the circus!' From the opposite riverbank he could still hear the voices of circus guests, carried too far down the river by the current on their way home. He saw the river gleam, and the new branches shooting from the willows' dense crowns, and autumn felt a long way off.

The circus owner was worried about the danger sleep represented to the bound man. Less because there were still repeated attempts to free him – by sacked tightrope-walkers or bribed children. There were measures he could take there. The

greatest danger was the bound man himself, who forgot the ties in his dreams, only to be surprised by them in the morning gloom. Furious, he would try to stand, leapt up then fall back down. He was the opposite of a hanged man. He was circled by rope everywhere except his neck. It was important to ensure he didn't have a knife on him at moments like this. The circus owner sometimes sent his wife to the bound man towards dawn. If she found him sleeping she leant over him and felt the ties. The string had become hard with dirt and moisture. She measured the spaces and touched his sore ankles and wrists.

All sorts of rumours were soon in circulation surrounding the bound man. Some said he had tied the string himself, later inventing the story with the thieves, and by the end of summer the majority believed this version. Other went as far as suggesting he had asked someone to tie him up, and might even have done a deal with the circus owner. The bound man's clumsy explanations, and the way he broke off when the conversation turned to the attack, all fed these rumours. Anyone who still believed in the story involving the thieves was laughed at. No-one knew what a hard time the circus owner was having holding onto him, how often the bound man said, now he'd had enough, he'd like to leave, the summer would be over before he knew it.

Later he said nothing more on the subject. When the owner's wife brought his lunch to the river and asked him how much longer he wanted to travel with them, he made no answer. She didn't believe he was used to the ties, but he was used to not forgetting them for a moment, which was all the ties would let him to get used to. Didn't it seem ridiculous to remain bound up, she asked him, but he replied, no, it did not seem ridiculous. There were elephants and tigers and clowns travelling with the circus – why shouldn't a bound man travel among them too. And he told her about the exercises he was doing, about the new moves he had taught himself, about a turn which came to him shooing flies away from his eyes. He described to her the way he forestalled the string each time, the way he held himself back ever so slightly to prevent it tautening, and she knew there were days when it barely brushed him, jumping from the wagon in the morning and patting the horses' flanks, as if he were stirring in a dream. She saw how he vaulted the jumps, how briefly he held the wood, and she saw the sunlight on his face.

Sometimes, he told her, he felt as if he wasn't bound. She replied that he never need feel bound if he were only prepared to take the ties off. He responded by saying he wasn't at liberty to do that.

In the end she no longer knew whether she was more worried about the bound man, or the ties which bound him. She didn't really believe he would carry on travelling with them if he were no longer bound, though she constantly reassured him it was possible.

For his moves would be meaningless without the ties. He would be meaningless himself. He would leave if they were removed. The euphoria would end abruptly. She would no longer be able to sit with him on the stones at the river's edge without arousing the others' suspicion. She knew that it was only the ties which allowed them to be close, and the light evenings, and their conversations, for these conversations all revolved around the ties.

As soon as she acknowledged the ties' advantages, he talked of the burden, and when he talked of the fun, she urged him to shed them. It seemed as endless as the summer itself.

At other times she was worried her talk was helping to hasten this end. Sometimes she leapt up in the night and ran across the grass to the place where the bound man slept. She wanted to shake him till he woke, she wanted to beg him to keep the ties, but then she saw him lying there in them like a corpse, his blanket thrown aside, legs stretched out, arms opened slightly. His clothes had suffered from the heat and the water, but the string had not grown thinner in the slightest. Now she was once more sure that he would travel with the circus till the skin fell from his flesh and his joints were bared. Next morning she urged him more forcefully than ever to cut the ties.

All her hopes were vested in the cooling air. Autumn was coming, and he couldn't continue jumping in the river for long. But while he had previously remained indifferent, towards the end of the summer the thought of losing the ties filled him with sadness. The harvesters' songs – 'summer is over, summer is over' – fuelled his fears. But he conceded he would have to change his clothes. He did not believe that once the ties were undone anyone could retie them the same way. It was around this time that the circus owner started to talk of travelling south this winter. The heat switched without warning to a dry, still cold. The fire was kept alight all day. As soon as he stepped out of the waggon the bound man felt the chilly grass on his soles. The blades were

tipped with hoarfrost. The horses started to dream standing up, and the dangerous animals, poised to spring even in their sleep, seemed ready to burst with the sadness building under their fur.

On one such day, one of the owner's young wolves escaped. He said nothing to anyone, to prevent panic, but the wolf soon began breaking into pastures in the surrounding area. Although people first believed the excesses of a hard winter had driven it here from far afield, the circus soon came under suspicion. The circus owner was forced to put his people in the picture, and it was only a matter of time before everyone knew where the wolf came from. The circus folk offered the local mayors their assistance with the search, but all the hunts were in vain. In the end the circus was openly blamed for the damage and the danger. People stopped coming to the shows.

Even in a half-empty arena, the bound man's motions lost none of their unnerving grace. During the daytime he wandered under the hammered thin silver of the autumn sky along the surrounding hilltops, lying when he could where the sun shone longest. He soon found the spot where the dusk came last, and was loathe to get up out of the thin grass when it did. When he descended the hill he had to pass through the little wood on the southern slope, and on one of these evenings he saw two green lights approaching from below. He knew these were not church windows, and was not for a moment under any illusions.

He stood on the spot. The animal came through the clearing towards him. Now he could make out its form, its neck slanting away, its tail beating the ground, and its lowered crown. If he hadn't been bound, he might have tried to flee, but now he didn't feel the slightest fear. He stood calmly, arms hanging and looked down at the bristling fur beneath which its muscles played, like his limbs within the ties. He still felt the evening wind between him and the wolf as the animal sprang at him. The man made sure he obeyed his ties.

With the care he had long been practicing, he gripped the wolf by the neck. Affection for a being his equal rose in him, for the upstanding in the lowly. In a movement like the swoop of a huge bird – and now he knew for sure that flying was only made possible by very particular bonds – he threw himself at it and brought it to the ground. As if intoxicated, he sensed he had now lost the deadly supremacy of free limbs which let humans be beaten.

His freedom in this fight was in harmonizing each twist of his limbs to the ties – the freedom of the panther, the wolves and the wild flowers swaying in the evening breeze. He landed lying with his head at an angle, gripped the animal's legs with his bare feet and its head with his hands. He felt fallen leaves gently stroke his hands, felt his grip increase to an incredible strength, felt no hindrance from the ties at all.

[...]

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