

A  
Sorrow  
Beyond  
Dreams  
A LIFE STORY



Peter Handke

*Translated by Ralph Manheim*

FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX  
NEW YORK

PT 2668

A65 W81

1975

Translation copyright © 1974 by Farrar, Straus and Giroux, Inc.

All rights reserved

Published in German under the title *Wunschloses Unglück*

© 1972 by Residenz Verlag, Salzburg, Austria

First printing, 1975

Printed in the United States of America

Published simultaneously in Canada by Doubleday Canada Ltd.,

Toronto

Designed by Marion Hess

Quotation from "It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)" by  
Bob Dylan © 1965 M. Witmark & Sons. All rights reserved.  
Used by permission of Warner Bros. Music

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Handke, Peter.

A sorrow beyond dreams.

Translation of Wunschloses Unglück.

1. Title.

PT2668.A5W813 1975 838'.91409 [B] 75-1183

He not busy being born is busy dying.

Bob Dylan

Dusk was falling quickly. It was just after 7  
p.m., and the month was October.

Patricia Highsmith, *A Dog's Ransom*



The Sunday edition of the *Kärntner Volkszeitung* carried the following item under "Local News": "In the village of A. (G. township), a housewife, aged 51, committed suicide on Friday night by taking an overdose of sleeping pills."

My mother has been dead for almost seven weeks; I had better get to work before the need to write about her, which I felt so strongly at her funeral, dies away and I fall back into the dull speechlessness with which I reacted to the news of her suicide. Yes, get to work: for, intensely as I sometimes feel the need to write about my mother, this need is so vague that if I didn't work at it I would, in my present state of mind, just sit at my typewriter pounding out the same letters over and over again. This sort of kinetic therapy alone would do me no good; it would only make me passive and apathetic. I might just as well take a trip—if I were traveling, my mindless dozing and lounging around wouldn't get on my nerves so much.

During the last few weeks I have been more irritable than usual; disorder, cold, and silence drive me to distract-

tion; I can't see a bread crumb or a bit of fluff on the floor without bending down to pick it up. Thinking about this suicide, I become so insensible that I am sometimes startled to find that an object I have been holding hasn't fallen out of my hand. Yet I long for such moments, because they shake me out of my apathy and clear my head. My sense of horror makes me feel better: at last my boredom is gone; an unresisting body, no more exhausting distances, a painless passage of time.

The worst thing right now would be sympathy, expressed in a word or even a glance. I would turn away or cut the sympathizer short, because I need the feeling that what I am going through is incomprehensible and incommunicable; only then does the horror seem meaningful and real. If anyone talks to me about it, the boredom comes back, and everything is unreal again. Nevertheless, for no reason at all, I sometimes tell people about my mother's suicide, but if they dare to mention it I am furious. What I really want them to do is change the subject and tease me about something.

In his latest movie someone asks James Bond whether his enemy, whom he has just thrown over a stair rail, is dead. His answer—"Let's hope so!"—made me laugh with relief. Jokes about dying and being dead don't bother me at all; on the contrary, they make me feel good.

Actually, my moments of horror are brief, and what I feel is not so much horror as unreality; seconds later, the world closes in again, and if someone is with me I try to be especially attentive, as though I had just been rude.

Now that I've begun to write, these states seem to have dwindled and passed, probably because I try to describe them as accurately as possible. In describing them, I begin to remember them as belonging to a concluded period of my life, and the effort of remembering and formulating keeps me so busy that the short daydreams of the last few weeks have stopped. I look back on them as intermittent "states": suddenly my day-to-day world—which, after all, consists only of images repeated ad nauseam over a period of years and decades since they were new—fell apart, and my mind became so empty that it ached.

That is over now; I no longer fall into these states. When I write, I necessarily write about the past, about something which, at least while I am writing, is behind me. As usual when engaged in literary work, I am alienated from myself and transformed into an object, a remembering and formulating machine. I am writing the story of my mother, first of all because I think I know more about her and how she came to her death than any outside investigator who might, with the help of a religious, psychological, or sociological guide to the interpretation of dreams, arrive at a facile explanation of this interesting case of suicide; but second in my own interest, because having something to do brings me back to life; and lastly because, like an outside investigator, though in a different way, I would like to represent this VOLUNTARY DEATH as an exemplary case.

Of course, all these justifications are arbitrary and could just as well be replaced by others that would be



equally arbitrary. In any case, I experienced moments of extreme speechlessness and needed to formulate them—the motive that has led men to write from time immemorial.

In my mother's pocketbook, when I arrived for the funeral, I found a post-office receipt for a registered letter bearing the number 432. On Friday afternoon, before going home and taking the sleeping pills, she had mailed a registered letter containing a copy of her will to my address in Frankfurt. (But why also SPECIAL DELIVERY?) On Monday I went to the same post office to telephone. That was two and a half days after her death. On the desk in front of the post-office clerk, I saw the yellow roll of registration stickers; nine more registered letters had been mailed over the weekend; the next number was 442, and this image was so similar to the number I had in my head that at first glance I became confused and thought for a moment nothing had happened. The desire to tell someone about it cheered me up. It was such a bright day; the snow; we were eating soup with liver dumplings; "it began with . . ."; if I started like this, it would all seem to be made up, I would not be extorting personal sympathy from my listener or reader, I would merely be telling him a rather fantastic story.



Well then, it began with my mother being born more than fifty years ago in the same village where she died. At that time all the land that was good for anything in the

region belonged either to the church or to noble landowners; part of it was leased to the population, which consisted mostly of artisans and small peasants. The general indigence was such that few peasants owned their land. For practical purposes, the conditions were the same as before 1848; serfdom had been abolished in a merely formal sense. My grandfather—he is still living, aged eighty-six—was a carpenter; in addition, he and his wife worked a few acres of rented farm and pasture land. He was of Slovenian descent and illegitimate. Most of the children born to small peasants in those days were illegitimate, because, years after attaining sexual maturity, few small peasants were in possession of living quarters or the means to support a household. His mother was the daughter of a rather well-to-do peasant, who, however, never regarded his hired man, my grandfather's father, as anything more than the "baby-maker." Nevertheless, my grandfather's mother inherited money enough to buy a small farm.

And so it came about that my grandfather was the first of his line—generations of hired men with blanks in their baptismal certificates, who had been born and who died in other people's houses and left little or no inheritance because their one and only possession, their Sunday suit, had been lowered into the grave with them—to grow up in surroundings where he could really feel at home and who was not merely tolerated in return for his daily toil.

Recently the financial section of one of our newspapers carried an apologia for the economic principles of the

Western world. Property, it said, was MATERIALIZED FREEDOM. This may in his time have been true of my grandfather, the first in a long line of peasants fettered by poverty to own anything at all, let alone a house and a piece of land. The consciousness of owning something had so liberating an effect that after generations of willlessness a will could now make its appearance: the will to become still freer. And that meant only one thing—justifiably so for my grandfather in his situation—to enlarge his property, for the farm he started out with was so small that nearly all his labors went into holding on to it. The ambitious smallholder's only hope lay in saving.

So my grandfather saved, until the inflation of the twenties ate up all his savings. Then he began to save again, not only by setting aside unneeded money but also and above all by compressing his own needs and demanding the same frugality of his children as well, his wife, being a woman, had never so much as dreamed that any other way of life was possible.

He continued to save toward the day when his children would need SETTLEMENTS for marriage or to set themselves up in a trade. The idea that any of his savings might be spent before then on their EDUCATION couldn't possibly have entered his head, especially where his daughters were concerned. And even in his sons the centuries-old dread of becoming a homeless pauper was so deeply ingrained that one of them, who more by accident than by design had obtained a scholarship to the Gynnasium, found those unfamiliar surroundings unbearable after

only a few days. He walked the thirty miles from the provincial capital at night, arriving home on a Saturday, which was house-cleaning day; without a word he started sweeping the yard: the noise he made with his broom in the early dawn told the whole story. He became a proficient and contented carpenter.

He and his older brother were killed early in the Second World War. In the meantime, my grandfather had gone on saving and once again lost his savings in the Depression of the thirties. His saving meant that he neither drank nor smoked, and played cards only on Sunday; but even the money he won in his Sunday card games—and he played so carefully that he almost always won—went into savings; at the most, he would slip his children a bit of small change. After the war, he started saving again, today he receives a government pension and is still at it.

The surviving son, a master carpenter with twenty workers in his employ, has no need to save. He invests, which means that he *can* drink and gamble; in fact, it's expected of him. Unlike his father, who all his life has been speechless and in every way self-denying, he has at least developed speech of a kind, though he uses it only in the town council, where he represents a small and obscure political party with visions of a grandiose future rooted in a grandiose past.

For a woman to be born into such surroundings was in itself deadly. But perhaps there was one comfort: no need to worry about the future. The fortune-tellers at our



church fairs took a serious interest only in the palms of the young men; a girl's future was a joke.

No possibilities, it was all settled in advance: a bit of flirtation, a few giggles, brief bewilderment, then the alien, resigned look of a woman starting to keep house again, the first children, a bit of togetherness after the kitchen work, from the start not listened to, and in turn listening less and less, inner monologues, trouble with her legs, varicose veins, mute except for mumbling in her sleep, cancer of the womb, and finally, with death, destiny fulfilled. The girls in our town used to play a game based on the stations in a woman's life: Tired/Exhausted/Sick/Dying/Dead.

My mother was the next to last of five children. She was a good pupil; her teachers gave her the best possible marks and especially praised her neat handwriting. And then her school years were over. Learning had been a mere child's game; once your compulsory education was completed and you began to grow up, there was no need of it. After that a girl stayed home, getting used to the staying at home that would be her future.

No fears, except for an animal fear in the dark and in storms; no changes, except for the change between heat and cold, wet and dry, comfort and discomfort.

The passage of time was marked by church festivals, slaps in the face for secret visits to the dance hall, fits of envy directed against her brothers, and the pleasure of singing in the choir. Everything else that happened in the world was a mystery; no newspapers were read except

the Sunday bulletin of the diocese, and then only the serial.

Sundays: boiled beef with horseradish sauce, the card game, the women humbly sitting there, a family photograph showing the first radio.

My mother was high-spirited; in the photographs she propped her hands on her hips or put her arm over her younger brother's shoulder. She was always laughing and seemed incapable of doing anything else.

Rain—sun; outside—inside: feminine feelings were very much dependent on the weather, because "outside" was seldom allowed to mean anything but the yard and "inside" was invariably the house, without a room of one's own.

The climate in that region is extremely variable: cold winters and sultry summers, but at sunset or even in the shade of a tree you shivered. Rain and more rain; from early September on, whole days of damp fog outside the tiny windows (they are hardly any larger today); drops of water on the clotheslines; toads jumping across your path in the dark; gnats, bugs, and moths even in the daytime; worms and wood lice under every log in the woodshed. You couldn't help becoming dependent on those things; there was nothing else. Seldom: desireless and somehow happy; usually: desireless and a little unhappy.

No possibility of comparison with a different way of life: richer? less hemmed in?

It began with my mother suddenly wanting something. She wanted to learn, because in learning her lessons as a

child she had felt something of herself. Just as when we say, "I feel like myself." For the first time, a desire, and she didn't keep it to herself; she spoke of it time and time again, and in the end it became an obsession with her. My mother told me she had "begged" my grandfather to let her learn something. But it was out of the question, disposed of with a wave of the hand, unthinkable.

Still, our people had a traditional respect for accomplished facts: a pregnancy, a war, the state, ritual, and death. When at the age of fifteen or sixteen my mother ran away from home to learn cooking at some Hôtel du Lac, my grandfather let her have her own way, *because she was already gone; and besides, there wasn't much to be learned about cooking.*

No other course was open to her; scullery maid, chambermaid, assistant cook, head cook. "People will always eat." In the photographs, a flushed face, glowing cheeks, arm in arm with bashful, serious-looking girl friends; she was the life of the party; self-assured gaiety ("Nothing can happen to me"); exuberant, sociable, nothing to hide.

City life: short skirts ("knee huggers"), high-heeled shoes, permanent wave, earrings, unclouded joy of life. Even a stay abroad! Chambermaid in the Black Forest, flocks of ADMIRERS, kept at a DISTANCE! Dates, dancing, entertainment, fun; hidden fear of sex ("They weren't my type"). Work, pleasure; heavyhearted, lighthearted; Hitler had a nice voice on the radio. The homesickness of those who can't afford anything; back at the Hôtel du Lac ("I'm doing the bookkeeping now"); glowing refer-

ences ("Fräulein . . . has shown aptitude and willingness to learn. So conscientious, frank, and cheerful that we find it hard . . . She is leaving our establishment of her own free will"). Boat rides, all-night dances, never tired.

On April 10, 1938, the Yes to Germany! "The Führer arrived at 4:15 p.m., after a triumphal passage through the streets of Klagenfurt to the strains of the Badenweiler March. The rejoicing of the masses seemed to know no bounds. The thousands of swastika flags in the spas and summer resorts were reflected in the already ice-free waters of the Wörthersee. The airplanes of the old Reich and our native planes vied with one another in the clouds overhead."

The newspapers advertised plebiscite badges and silk or paper flags. After football games the teams marched off with a regulation "Sieg Heil!" The letter A was replaced by the letter D on the bumpers of motor vehicles. On the radio: 6:15, call to arms; 6:35, motto of the day; 6:40, gymnastics; 8-12 p.m., Radio Königsberg: Richard Wagner concert followed by entertainment and dance music.

"How to mark your ballot on April 10: make a *bold* cross in the *larger* circle under the word YES."

Thieves just out of jail were locked up again when they claimed that the objects found in their possession had been bought in department stores that MEANWHILE HAD GONE OUT OF EXISTENCE because they had belonged to Jews.

Demonstrations, torchlight parades, mass meetings.



Buildings decorated with the new national emblem SA-  
LUTED; forests and mountain peaks DECKED THEMSELVES  
OUT; the historic events were represented to the rural  
population as a drama of nature.

"We were kind of excited," my mother told me. For  
the first time, people did things together. Even the daily  
grind took on a festive mood, "until late into the night."  
For once, everything that was strange and incomprehen-  
sible in the world took on meaning and became part of a  
larger context; even disagreeable, mechanical work was  
festive and meaningful. Your automatic movements took  
on an athletic quality, because you saw innumerable  
others making the same movements. A new life, in which  
you felt protected, yet free.

The rhythm became an existential ritual. "Public need  
before private greed, the community comes first." You  
were at home wherever you went; no more homesickness.  
Addresses on the backs of photographs; you bought your  
first date book (or was it a present?)—all at once you had  
so many friends and there was so much going on that it  
became possible to FORGET something. She had always  
wanted to be proud of something, and now, because what  
she was doing was somehow important, she actually was  
proud, not of anything in particular, but in general—a  
state of mind, a newly attained awareness of being alive—  
and she was determined never to give up that vague pride.

She still had no interest in politics: what was happening  
before her eyes was something entirely different from poli-  
tics—a masquerade, a newsreel festival, a secular church

fair. "Politics" was something colorless and abstract, not a  
carnival, not a dance, not a band in local costume, in short,  
nothing visible. Pomp and ceremony on all sides. And  
what was "politics"? A meaningless word, because, from  
your schoolbooks on, everything connected with politics  
had been dished out in catchwords unrelated to any tan-  
gible reality and even such images as were used were  
devoid of human content: oppression as chains or boot  
heel, freedom as mountaintop, the economic system as  
a reassuringly smoking factory chimney or as a pipe  
enjoyed after the day's work, the social system as  
a descending ladder: "Emperor-King-Nobleman-Bur-  
gher-Peasant-Weaver/Carpenter-Beggar-Gravedigger";  
a game, incidentally, that could be played properly only  
in the prolific families of peasants, carpenters, and  
weavers.



That period helped my mother to come out of her shell  
and become independent. She acquired a presence and  
lost her last fear of human contact: her hat away, because  
a young fellow was pressing his head against hers, while  
she merely laughed into the camera with an expression  
of self-satisfaction. (The fiction that photographs can  
"tell us" anything—but isn't all formulation, even of  
things that have really happened, more or less a fiction?  
Less, if we content ourselves with a mere record of events;  
more, if we try to formulate in depth? And the more  
fiction we put into a narrative, the more likely it is to

interest others, because people identify more readily with formulations than with recorded facts. Does this explain the need for poetry? "Breathless on the riverbank" is one of Thomas Bernhard's formulations.)



The war—victory communiqués introduced by portentous music, pouring from the "people's radio sets," which gleaned mysteriously in dimly lit "holy corners"—further enhanced people's sense of self, because it "increased the uncertainty of all circumstances" (Clausewitz) and made the day-to-day happenings that had formerly been taken for granted seem excitingly fortuitous. For my mother the war was not a childhood nightmare that would color her whole emotional development as it did mine; more than anything else, it was contact with a fabulous world, hitherto known to her only from travel folders. A new feeling for distances, for how things had been BACK IN PEACETIME, and most of all for other individuals, who up until then had been confined to the shadowy roles of casual friends, dance partners, and fellow workers. And also for the first time, a family feeling: "Dear Brother . . . I am looking at the map to see where you might be now . . . Your sister . . ."

And in the same light her first love: a German party member, in civilian life a savings-bank clerk, now an army paymaster, which gave him a rather special standing. She was soon in a family way. He was married, and she loved him dearly; anything he said was all right with her. She

introduced him to her parents, went hiking with him, kept him company in his soldier's loneliness.

"He was so attentive to me, and I wasn't afraid of him the way I had been with other men."

He did the deciding and she trailed along. Once he gave her a present—perfume. He also lent her a radio for her room and later took it away again. "At that time" he still read books, and together they read one entitled *By the Fireside*. On the way down from a mountain pasture on one of their hikes, they had started to run. My mother broke wind and my father reproved her; a little later he too let a fart escape him and followed it with a slight cough, hem-hem. In telling me of this incident years later, she bent double and giggled maliciously, though at the same time her conscience troubled her because she was belittling her only love. She herself thought it comical that she had once loved someone, especially a man like him. He was smaller than she, many years older, and almost bald; she walked beside him in low-heeled shoes, always at pains to adapt her step to his, her hand repeatedly slipping off his inhospitable arm; an ill-matched, ludicrous couple. And yet, twenty years later, she still longed to feel for someone what she had then felt for that savings-bank wraith. But there never was ANOTHER: everything in her life had conspired to inculcate a kind of love that remains fixated on a particular irreplaceable object.

It was after graduating from the Gymnasium that I first saw my father: on his way to the rendezvous, he chanced to come toward me in the street; he was wearing sandals,



a piece of paper was folded over his sunburned nose, and he was leading a collie on a leash. Then, in a small café in her home village, he met his former love; my mother was excited, my father embarrassed, standing by the jukebox at the other end of the café, I picked out Elvis Presley's "Devil in Disguise." My mother's husband had got wind of all this, but he had merely sent his youngest son to the café as an indication that he was in the know. After buying himself an ice-cream cone, the child stood next to his mother and the stranger, asking her from time to time, always in the same words, if she was going home soon. My father put sunglasses over his regular glasses, said something now and then to the dog, and finally announced that he "might as well" pay up. "No, no, it's on me," he said, when my mother also took her purse out of her handbag. On the trip we took together, the two of us wrote her a postcard. In every hotel we went to, he let it be known that I was his son, for fear we'd be taken for homosexuals (Article 175). Life had disappointed him, he had become more and more lonely. "Now that I know people, I've come to appreciate animals," he said, not quite in earnest of course.



Shortly before I was born, my mother married a German army sergeant, who had been courting her for some time and didn't mind her having a child by someone else. "It's this one or none!" he had decided the first time he laid

eyes on her, and bet his buddies that he would get her or, conversely, that she would take him. She found him repulsive, but everyone harped on her duty (to give the child a father); for the first time in her life she let herself be intimidated and laughed rather less. Besides, it impressed her that someone should have taken a shine to her.

"Anyway, I figured he'd be killed in the war," she told me. "But then all of a sudden I started worrying about him."

In any case, she was now entitled to a family allotment. With the child she went to Berlin to stay with her husband's parents. They tolerated her. When the first bombs fell, she went back home—the old story. She began to laugh again, sometimes so loudly that everyone cringed.

She forgot her husband, squeezed her child so hard that it cried, and kept to herself in this house where, after the death of her brothers, those who remained looked incomprehensibly through one another. Was there, then, nothing more? Had that been all? Masses for the dead, childhood diseases, drawn curtains, correspondence with old acquaintances of carefree days, making herself useful in the kitchen and in the fields, running out now and then to move the child into the shade; then, even here in the country, air-raid sirens, the population scrambling into the cave shelters, the first bomb crater, later used for children's games and as a garbage dump.

The days were haunted, and once again the outside

world, which years of daily contact had wrested from the nightmares of childhood and made familiar, became an impalpable ghost.

My mother looked on in wide-eyed astonishment. Fear didn't get the better of her; but sometimes, infected by the general fright, she would burst into a sudden laugh, partly because she was ashamed that her body had suddenly made itself so churlishly independent. In her childhood and even more so in her young girlhood, "Aren't you ashamed?" or "You ought to be ashamed!" had rung in her ears like a litany. In this rural, Catholic environment, any suggestion that a woman might have a life of her own was an impertinence: disapproving looks, until shame, at first acted out in fun, became real and frightened away the most elementary feelings. Even in joy, a "woman's blush," because joy was something to be ashamed of; in sadness, she turned red rather than pale and instead of bursting into tears broke out in sweat.

In the city my mother had thought she had found a way of life that more or less suited her, that at least made her feel good. Now she came to realize that, by excluding every other alternative, other people's way of life had set itself up as the one and only *hope of salvation*. When, in speaking of herself, she went beyond a statement of fact, she was silenced by a glance.

A bit of gaiety, a dance step while working, the humming of a song hit, were foolishness, and soon she herself thought so, because no one reacted and she was

left alone with her gaiety. In part, the others lived their own lives as an example; they ate so little as an example, were silent in each other's presence as an example, and went to confession only to remind the stay-at-homes of their sins.

And so she was starved. Her little attempts to explain herself were futile mutterings. She felt free—but there was nothing she could do about it. The others, to be sure, were children; but it was oppressive to be looked at so reproachfully, especially by children.

When the war was over, my mother remembered her husband and, though no one had asked for her, went to Berlin. Her husband, who had also forgotten that he had once courted her on a bet, was living with a girl friend in Berlin; after all, there had been a war on.

But she had her child with her, and without enthusiasm they both took the path of duty.

They lived in a sublet room in Berlin-Pankow. The husband worked as a streetcar motorman and drank, worked as a streetcar conductor and drank, worked as a baker and drank. Taking with her her second child, who had been born in the meantime, his wife went to see his employer and begged him to give her husband one more chance, the old story.

In this life of misery, my mother lost her country-round cheeks and achieved a certain chic. She carried her head high and acquired a graceful walk. Whatever she put on was becoming to her. She had no need of fox furs. When



her husband sobered up and clung to her and told her he loved her, she gave him a merciful, pitying smile. By then, she had no illusions about anything.

They went out a good deal, an attractive couple. When he was drunk, he got fresh and she had to be severe with him. Then he would beat her because she had nothing to say to him, when it was he who brought home the bacon. Without his knowledge, she gave herself an abortion with a knitting needle.

For a time he lived with his parents; then they sent him back to her. Childhood memories: the fresh bread that he sometimes brought home; the black, fatty loaves of pumpernickel around which the dismal room blossomed into life; my mother's words of praise.

In general, these memories are inhabited more by things than by people: a dancing top in a deserted street amid ruins, oat flakes in a sugar spoon, gray mucus in a tin spittoon with a Russian trademark; of people, only separate parts: hair, cheeks, knotted scars on fingers; from her childhood days my mother had a swollen scar on her index finger; I held on to it when I walked beside her.



And so she was nothing and never would be anything; it was so obvious that there was no need of a forecast. She already said "in my day," though she was not yet thirty. Until then, she hadn't resigned herself, but now life became so hard that for the first time she had to listen to reason. She listened to reason, but understood nothing.

She had already begun to work something out and even, as far as possible, to live accordingly. She said to herself: "Be sensible"—the reason reflex—and "All right, I'll behave."

And so she budgeted herself and also learned to budget people and objects, though on that score there was little to be learned: the people in her life—her husband, whom she couldn't talk to, and her children, whom she couldn't yet talk to—hardly counted, and objects were available only in minimal quantities. Consequently, she became petty and niggardly: Sunday shoes were not to be worn on weekdays, street clothes were to be hung up as soon as you got home, her shopping bag wasn't a toy, the warm bread was for the next day. (Later on, my confirmation watch was locked up right after my confirmation.)

Because she was helpless, she disciplined herself, which went against her grain and made her touchy. She hid her touchiness behind an anxious, exaggerated dignity, but at the slightest provocation a defenseless, panic-stricken look shone through. She was easily humiliated.

Like her father, she thought the time had come to deny herself everything, but then with a shamefaced laugh she would ask the children to let her lick their candy.

The neighbors liked her and admired her for her Austrian sociability and gaiety; they thought her FRANK and SMILE, not coquettish and affected like city people; there was no fault to be found with her.

She also got on well with the Russians, because she could make herself understood in Slovenian. With them