A Study in Translation: Max's Frisch's Don Juan

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A Study in Translation:

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INTRODUCTION

I like languages. It has always made me somewhat sad that I could not simply devote my life to learning one after the other (not that I haven’t thus far made an effort to do so). It is hardly surprising, then, that I also love literature – the expression of language at its best.

As my goal of learning all of the world’s languages is still incomplete, many of my favorite works of literature are things that I would never have been able to read, were they not translated for me. Both ancient and modern classics, like The Brothers Karamazov or the Aeneid, would be entirely inaccessible to most of the world (including myself) had not someone taken the time to translate them into other languages. Even stories as simple as the Grimms’ fairy tales, which have permeated countless cultures apart from the one from which they sprang, would be incapable of reaching the audience that they do without the aid of a translator.

In light of all this, it is not surprising that I have a very high regard for translation as a profession, and that I appreciate both the work that goes into it and the new avenues of culture it opens for a reader. I had never, however, paid any particular attention to it until my sophomore year in college, when I decided to take a course on Cervantes’s Don Quijote – a class that entailed reading the book in its entirety in Spanish. I didn’t take the class because I had particularly liked Don Quixote in English – I had tried to read it once or twice before and had given up after a hundred pages or so – but rather because I wanted a challenging Spanish class and I assumed that this would be one.

As it turned out, I was right. But, more importantly, I found that I loved the text we were reading. I was curious why I had never been this interested in it before; surely I had missed something when I had read it in English. The humor that kept surprising me at odd moments, the
poignant descriptions, the scenes that were so anti-climactic that they took on their own mock-importance – none of this had affected me when I had attempted to read the novel before.

Coincidentally, another of my professors informed us that we would read the novel that same semester for her class – in English. And I discovered why none of the qualities that delighted me had been apparent the first time I had tried to read the novel in English: they weren’t there. I was intrigued by the discrepancy between how I had understood a passage and how my classmates had understood it, and it didn’t take me long to realize that, while the translation they were reading (and which I also at least referenced in class) was more or less literally accurate, all of the sparkle that Cervantes infused into his narrative was missing, and the tone was entirely different. I was saddened that everything that I loved about the novel was not there for them to read – and naturally, I blamed the translator.

As I read the Spanish, I started pondering how I would have translated certain phrases to capture them the way Cervantes did. I realized that it was not nearly as easy as I might have thought, and began to mitigate some of the harsh criticism I had mentally been heaping upon the unfortunate man who had provided the English text to my classmates. As we continued to read and I continued to turn over possibilities, I was further drawn into the way one could translate a sentence directly, with every word matching its counterpart, seemingly perfect, and still manage to entirely miss the sense and the tone of the original.

And thus began my fascination with translation. During the year I spent in Germany, I took two seminars on the subject and began to study the practical side of the discipline – a more organized version of what I had been doing in my head with the Spanish text of *Don Quijote*. The more I studied the subject, the more I realized that there were few hard-and-fast rules for translation. I realized that, although there were certainly techniques that one could apply, much
of translation was in the end simply a gut reaction and a personal decision that one way of translating a sentence was “just better” than another.

After returning to Boston and beginning to study some of the theory behind the practice (this study forms Chapter One of this thesis), this conviction was only solidified. Translation is a case-by-case practical affair, and being able to do it well depends not only upon a near-perfect knowledge of the two languages involved, but also a knowledge of literature and of the effects that different types of texts produce. A play, for example, is different to translate than a fairy tale; either is different than a novel, and two novels may differ because one is a Romantic novel while the other is a modernist one. The original text, of course, is usually well aware of these constrictions and will conform to the standards set by its genre – unless the author deliberately chooses to play with the confines of a particular type of text, and then a translator must be conscious of that also. And all of this is primarily applicable in relation to prose literature, and before one even begins to consider either more technical texts such as a scientific treatise, or less structured texts such as poetry.

In addition to giving me an introduction to the practical side of translation, my year in Germany also yielded me a second new interest: the twentieth century Swiss author Max Frisch. As Frisch is an important modern author, I was somewhat surprised that I had never heard of him. When I began to read his work, starting with his novel *Homo Faber*, I was captivated – made into a devotee by two hundred pages of prose. When I began to look at the text from a translator’s point of view, though, I suspected why I had never heard of Frisch in the United States. His work is terse, the sentiments therein concisely expressed, and what appears minimalist, stark, and beautiful in the German often appears simply lacking when expressed
literally in English. Frisch would be quite a challenge for a translator – and, as I have already
intimated, I do so enjoy a challenge.

I selected and translated a play by Frisch: *Don Juan, oder die Liebe zur Geometrie*. This
play caught my attention from among Frisch’s other work because it is, in some ways, an
anomaly when compared to his more famous works. Much of Frisch’s writing focuses on
twentieth century Swiss characters and the challenges they face when creating or accepting their
identity in a modern world. His *Don Juan* is a reinvention of a five-hundred-year-old legend, set
in Spain at the end of the Middle Ages. Yet the seeming anomaly is more superficial than real,
as many of the themes that the play treats are the same modern questions about identity and
society as are found in his other works. After doing some research into Swiss literature of the
twentieth century and into Max Frisch’s œuvre in particular, I have made an attempt to situate
the work into its larger socio-historical context.

After translating the play, I also took a critical look at the difficulties peculiar to
translation from German into English. Given that the focus of my studies has been both of these
subjects, I enjoyed looking at the way the two languages interact with one another, and exactly
what sort of restrictions exist in that interaction. Doing so within the context of the play
provided a useful, real-world foundation for what would otherwise be a theoretical exercise.

Over the course of this study, I have come to realize that translation involves both skill
and natural aptitude, and that there is far more involved in the process than a simple transmuting
of one language into another. It is a discipline whose foundations reach as far back as the Tower
of Babel, and it is a vocation that can change the shape of the world. The in-depth examination I
have done on the subject has only increased my appreciation of the service rendered by a
translator, and the new paths he or she offers to the rest of the world.
CHAPTER I: OVERVIEW OF THEORIES OF TRANSLATION

*Please, never despise the translator. He’s the mailman of human civilization.*
~Aleksandr Pushkin

**Translation Theory before the Twentieth Century**

When initially undertaking my translation project, I was not particularly interested in the theory behind the practice. I had already done enough translation to know that most of it was an entirely case-by-case affair; the same word could translate to an entirely different one in two different cases based on the context, tone, and even the dialect of the source text. I was reasonably certain that any theory that attempted to generalize about the process would invariably fall short in the face of realistic application. As I continued to translate, I grew somewhat curious to find out whether there were in fact any helpful rules for the process.

My initial surmise was more or less right. Translation is a matter of individuality, and no one theory can possibly be applicable to every text the translator faces. However, the theoretical writings offered by translators and essayists over the centuries do offer principles for a translator to utilize and follow; while these principles are obviously not universally helpful, they do offer a guiding framework to work within that helps the translator to recognize problematic aspects of a text and which helps him (or her) to be consistent in treating a text.

Translation has existed as long as language itself; from the first time when two men met who did not speak exactly the same dialect, translation has been necessary to exchange information across different populations. The debates surrounding both theory and practice have probably existed for almost as long a span of time. As far back as the century before Christ,

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1 The German word *Jugendfreund*, for example, would be translated in most circumstances as “a childhood friend/a friend of one’s youth”; in the former Deutsche Demokratische Republik (East Germany), however, *Jugendfreund* was used to designate a fellow member/former fellow member of the *Freie Deutsche Jugend*, the state-sponsored youth group.
Horace and Cicero both commented on the practice, using as their basis of argument the contemporaneous translations of Greek texts into Latin (Munday 19-20). A few centuries later, in 395 CE, St. Jerome defended his translation of the Old Testament with a broad statement of the theory behind his translation, one of a “sense-for-sense” rendering rather than a “word-for-word” translation (Munday 20). In the centuries leading up to the present one, theory after theory has been advanced in an attempt to offer categorization of and guidance in translation – without, it must be added, much deviation from the fundamental dispute between “free” versus “literal” translation (“sense-for-sense” versus “word-for-word”).

This debate between free and literal translation is at the heart of nearly every commentary on translation, reaching back to those offered by the Romans. Most of these interpretations arose from a need of translators to defend their works against critics; in fact, as George Steiner notes in his 1975 treatise on translation *After Babel*, most commentaries came directly from translators and were praxis-oriented texts (248). St. Jerome’s letter discussing his translation was written in response to accusations of “incorrect” translating; he proudly declares that “I translate not word-for-word, but sense-for-sense” (quoted in Munday 20). The debate between free and literal translation, already off to a running start with the derision which both Cicero and Horace showed towards too-literal translation, was enunciated in this letter with such clarity that these terms are still in use in debates on translation today.

Inferable from the above paragraph is the fact that translators have not, on the whole, been accorded a position of particular status in history; rather, they have invariably been challenged, and their work disputed and even disparaged, for centuries. Although most (Occidentally-based) works, both contemporary and historical, do not mention it, the exception to this rule appears to have been translators in Eastern lands, most notably in the Arab Islamic
Empire and in Bagdad in particular, from the seventh to the thirteenth centuries. The Arabs were the first society to begin systematic, large-scale translation; their degree of activity was unprecedented. A wide variety of topics, including mathematics, philosophy, astronomy, medicine, and politics, were translated from an equally wide array of source languages, such as Sanskrit, Persian, Greek, Aramaic, Syriac, and Coptic. The level of government involvement was also unusually high; the government supported translation to the point of instituting “translation chambers”, specific organizations to regulate and supervise the production of translations, the first of which was founded in the second half of the eighth century. One translator’s work, that of Hunayn Ibn Ishâq (Latin name: Johannitius), was considered valuable enough that he was paid the weight of his translations in gold, and translators in the Arab realm generally enjoyed an enviable lifestyle (Baker 318-321).

The debate revolving around free and literal translation played a role in the Arab school as in every other. The literal tradition, which was basically word-for-word transcription from (primarily) Greek into Arabic, and where the translator simply borrowed the Greek word when none existed in Arabic, created texts that were not particularly useful or readable; many of these translations were later revised by translators who favored the second approach, a translation that would convey the sense of the source text while offering a document composed in a smooth, understandable idiom, the method favored by Ibn Ishâq. These reader-oriented texts proved to be more useful than their predecessors, and this method appears to have been the one adopted by later schools. In addition to the debates on free versus literal translation, the translators of this period also wrote more theoretical texts, debating the translatability of certain genres of writing, the interference of Greek or Syriac structures in Arabic, and whether translated texts in general offered a reliable source of information (Baker 321) – all questions that have been addressed by
generations of translators in the centuries since, and which still appear to have no satisfactory answer.

The so-called “School of Toledo” of twelfth- and thirteenth-century Spain is a key center in translation history that appears to be overlooked by most of the texts I consulted, but which is invariably noted as a place of decided importance in the texts that do mention it, such as George Steiner’s *After Babel* or Delisle and Woodworth’s *Translators through History*. This movement was in many ways a direct offshoot of the Arabic schools of translation; because of the prolific activity of earlier Arabic translators and the heavily Islamic/Arabic population in Spain, there was a wealth of information in Spain, such as the some 300,000 Arabic manuscripts stored in Toledo alone, to which the non-Arabic population had no access. The movement focused primarily on translating these Arabic texts into Latin and, later, into Spanish vernacular (Delisle and Woodsworth 115-116).

Despite the secular nature of many of the texts, much of the work of the twelfth century was commissioned by the Spanish Church; although many Church officials were hesitant about public scholarship, they were generally enthusiastic supporters of new ideas being discussed and debated among their own people. This provides a neat explanation for why most of the Spanish translators in the twelfth century were directly associated with the Church, and why most of the translations produced were translations into Latin – they were produced by scholars and intended for scholars, and were not created with any reference to the general population (Delisle and Woodsworth 116, 118).

In the thirteenth century, spreading knowledge came to be seen as the goal of translation; the importance of a direct connection to the Church weakened as the Spanish king, Alfonso X, began his own public sponsorship of the practice of translation. Texts were translated, not
necessarily into Latin, but into vernacular, Castilian Spanish (Delisle and Woodsworth 119). The standards for accurate translation under Alfonso X were also tightened. In the twelfth century, translators translating into Latin took extensive freedoms with the texts: adapting them to reflect established methods of Latin rhetoric, excluding historical or geographical references specific to the Arab tradition, and pruning the perceived verbosity of the Arab texts (and here again arose the debate about the relative merits of free and literal translation). In the thirteenth century, the monarch demanded both accuracy and readability from translators with the intention of spreading knowledge to a much broader population than narrow ecclesiastical ranks (Delisle and Woodsworth 117, 119). ii

The attempt to spread knowledge to a broader population was, however, not always as quietly tolerated by the Church as it had been in thirteenth-century Spain. Three centuries later, Martin Luther threw high-ranking Catholics across Europe into an uproar, simply by turning his hand to the art of the translator in an effort to make Scripture available to the common population. He was attacked, not only as a theologian, but also as a translator, and he in fact composed an entire letter defending himself and his translation against the accusations in 1530: 

Sendbrief vom Dolmetschen (Letter Regarding Translation).

Luther’s primary argument in this letter is that his translation is intended to be readable; where the translation deviates from Latinate structure or wording, he claims that it does so for the sake of clarity and of better rendering the sense of the text. The German that he uses, he says, is based on German vernacular:

ii Interestingly, this enterprise appears to represent one of the most amicable inter-faith ventures in medieval Europe. Steiner notes that Christian, Jewish, and Islamic scholars were all working together during this period in Toledo to produce texts translated from their original Arabic, Greek, or Hebrew (258), noting particularly the impact of Jewish translators and their effect on the intellectual life of Europe. Delisle and Woodsworth also note the substantial emergence of Jewish translators after the disassociation of the profession from the Church in the thirteenth century (117).
...man mus die mutter ihm hause / die kinder auff der gassen / den gemeinen man
auff dem marckt drümb fragen / und den selbigen auff das maul sehen / wie sie
reden / und darnach dolmetschen / so verstehen sie es denn / und mercken / das
man Deudsch mit ihn redet (Luther 17).

...one must ask the mother in her house, the children in the street, the common
man at the market, and watch those people’s mouths, how they speak, and
translate according to this; thus they will understand, and realize that one is
speaking German with them (Luther 17).

Luther’s goal is to offer the Bible in a form that anyone who speaks or reads German will
understand. This is not a work intended for scholars, but for parishioners, and he wishes it to be
written in their language.

Luther also repeatedly cites his use of colloquial or idiomatic German to more accurately
express the sense of the text, rather than remaining slavishly close to the original wording. One
of the most heatedly denounced “modifications” to his text, that of adding the German word
allein (alone, only) to a line in the text where there is no corresponding sola in the Latin,iii is
explicitly defended by the ex-monk in his letter. He cites common German sentence structure to
justify his choice by pointing out that German, for clarity and emphasis, will often add allein to a
contrasting sentence when one element is being negated to heighten the negation (Luther 17); in
this case, the negation of “ohne des Gesetzes Werkes” (without works of the law) is simply
being reinforced by allein. He asserts that the sense given to the sentence by allein is implicit in
the original text, and that “wo mans wil klar und gewaltiglich verdeudschen / so gehöret es
hinein” (where one wishes to convert it to clear and powerful German, it then belongs in the
sentence – Luther 17).

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iii The dispute arose over Luther’s translation of Romans 3:28: “For we consider that a person is justified by faith
apart from works of the law” (New American Bible). A literal translation of Luther’s version reads as follows: “Thus
we now maintain that a person becomes just without works of the law, only (allein) through faith.” As is
demonstrated by the New American translation, the word “alone” is not in the source text, but was added by Luther
for clarity. The Catholic Church was outraged at the implication in Luther’s text that good works were unnecessary
for salvation, and that one could be saved purely through faith; Luther refused to re-edit his translation and supported
the interpretation of salvation through faith alone.
Luther makes it very clear that he is interested in translating the sense of the text much more than a verbatim conversion of sentence elements. He notes an instance where he uses a German proverb because a literal translation of the Latin sentence would make no sense to common Germans, whereas the proverb (which expresses the same idea) is familiar and easily understandable (Luther 19). His goal throughout is to express the text in German as a German would, not as the Latin does. However, despite his evident inclination towards a freer style of translation, he does remark at the end of his letter:

Doch hab ich widderüm / nicht allzu frey die buchstaben lassen faren / Sondern mit grossen sorgen / sampt meinen gehüllfen drauff gesehen / das / wo etwa an einem wort gelegen ist / hab ichs nach den buchstaben behalten / und bin nicht so frey davon gangen / Als Johan. vi. da Christus spricht / Diesen hat Gott der Vater versiegelt (Luther 23).

But I have, on the other hand, not allowed the letters such free rein as all that; but rather I have, with great care and together with my assistants, been mindful that, where particular emphasis is given to one word, I have kept it according to the letters, and did not stray so freely from it. As in John 6, where Christ says, “Upon this has God the Father set his seal” (Luther 23).

Here, Luther recognizes the importance of not translating too freely and of remaining near the source text – particularly when translating sacred texts so fraught with historical and spiritual context. With this paragraph, he effectively strikes a compromise between the two poles of free and literal translation.

After Luther’s Bible, the tension surrounding issues of translation was heightened exponentially, particularly when involving any sort of text that had a bearing on philosophy or the Church. One unfortunate sixteenth-century French translator, Etienne Dolet, was actually tried by the theological faculty at the Sorbonne, convicted of heresy, and, in 1546, was burned at the stake with his books for having translated Plato too freely (Delisle and Woodworth 141). Dolet was accused of having added the words rien de tout (nothing at all) in a passage about the
afterlife, thereby casting doubt on the immortality of the soul (Munday 22). In heavily Catholic France, in the wake of the Reformation, such “errors” of translation could be fatal.

Later writers, fortunately, did not always face such severe criticism for their translations of classic works; John Dryden, working in a temperamentally calmer England, translated and commented upon various works of Latin and Greek authors between 1680 and 1711 without encountering a similar problem. Dryden also wrote concise, expressive essays outlining his own theories on the subject of translation; indeed, his essays influenced generations of translators after him, and much of the modern-day classification of literal and free translation owes a debt to Dryden’s distinctions.

Dryden’s essays are interesting because they show his evolution as a translator. They span a period of over thirty years, and each is written in conjunction with a text that Dryden has worked on; therefore, a reader can see the development of Dryden’s theories on translation, and the way those theories are modified by experience in working with different texts. His first essay, written in 1680, defines the spectrum between free and literal translation, separating it into three divisions. The first, which Dryden names “metaphrase”, is a word-for-word, line by line translation; he disparages this method as lacking literary merit, and it is here that Dryden’s famous simile appears: he likens such translation to “dancing on ropes with fettered legs: a man may shun a fall by using caution; but the gracefulness of motion is not to be expected” (Dryden 18). He concludes that this method is a “foolish task” and not worth the effort.

At the other end of the spectrum, Dryden sets up “imitation”; this sort of translation, or rather adaptation, takes “only some general hints from the original” (Dryden 17), and consists of a translator more or less rewriting the original text as he thinks it would have been written, had the author spoken the target language. Dryden concedes that, in the cases of authors who are
extraordinarily difficult to translate, this method may have merit and be the best means of rendering the text (he cites Cowley’s translation of Pindar as an example), but he also says that in most cases it is unnecessary, adding that it glorifies the translator at the expense of the author (Dryden 20).

Dryden’s middle road, and the one he claims to favor, is what he names “paraphrase”. This is a translation done with some latitude, in which “[the] words are not so strictly followed as [the] sense” (Dryden 17). His opinion is that a translator should attempt to remain faithful to the words of the original, but that the translation should not be slavishly exact; when a literal translation would violate either the semantic or aesthetic sense of the original, it is the task of the translator to convey that sense as well as possible in the target language. He adds that a translator, therefore, has no right to amend an original text in an effort to make it better, as that would be a violation of the author’s work (21).

Despite the apparent emphasis that Dryden lays upon faithful translation and the injunctions he places against unrestrained treatment of a text, he as a translator had some difficulty in following his own precepts of 1680. Five years later, in another preface to a one of his translations, he admits to having committed several of the offenses he had earlier railed against: “I must acknowledge, that I have many times exceeded my commission; for I have both added and omitted, and even sometimes very boldly made such expositions of my authors, as no Dutch commentator will forgive me”; a few lines later, he adds that he has tried to make of the verses “if he [the poet] were living, and an Englishman […] such as he probably would have written” (Dryden 22-23). What he had criticized in other authors, he admitted employing himself five years later.
Eleven years later still, in 1697, Dryden’s theories were further refined with his translation of Virgil’s *Aeneid*. He says of this effort that “The way I have taken is not so strait as metaphrase, nor so loose as paraphrase” (Dryden 25), but also adds that he has both added and omitted various elements to Virgil’s text. He ends by concluding that he has “endeavoured to make Virgil speak such English as he [Virgil] would himself have spoken, if he had been born in England, and in the present age” (Dryden 26). The definitions that Dryden laid out in his first essay of 1680 became far more flexible and were continually modified in the face of the actual practice of translation, a pattern that continued with his next essay. While discussing his translation of Chaucer from middle to modern English, Dryden says in 1700, “I have not tied myself to a literal translation; but have often omitted what I judged unnecessary […] I have presumed farther in some places, and added somewhat of my own where I thought my author was deficient” (Dryden 27). Despite specifically stating in his 1680 essay that a translator was not to correct flaws in an author’s text because he happened to dislike them, Dryden shows himself doing exactly that with Chaucer. His translation here sounds closer to his description of imitation than to either of his other two possible methods – an interesting departure from his earlier method of aiming somewhere between meta- and paraphrase.

Dryden’s last essay, in 1711, says little that is new about the scholar’s work, but it does reiterate his original stance and recommend a course in the middle between literal and free translation. The intriguing thing for the scholar when examining Dryden’s essays is to see the demands placed upon theory by practice, and how the demands of a specific text can cause theory to be altered, distorted, or even totally disregarded. Regardless of its subsequent evolution, however, Dryden’s 1680 essay was enormously influential on later translators; its
impact remained unmatched until Friedrich Schleiermacher’s 1813 essay Über die verschiedenen Methoden des Übersetzens (On the different methods of translation).

Schleiermacher’s essay is probably the most important text written on translation in modern history; nearly every approach taken by theorists since the nineteenth century responds in one way or another to Schleiermacher’s writings (Munday 28). The essay takes up the traditional debate of free versus literal – in Schleiermacher’s terminology, Nachbild versus Paraphrase\(^iv\). According to Schleiermacher, the Paraphrast (paraphraser) translates word-for-word, tediously rendering not only the literal meaning of the source text, but also adding any clarification in the form of extra words or notes when there is no exact equivalent in the target language. The Nachbilder (imitator) makes no attempt to preserve the wording of the source text; for him, there is no way to maintain the originality of the text with a work of art. Instead, he attempts to rewrite a text that may be notably different than the source text, but which produces the same effect (Wirkung) on the reader (Schleiermacher 73). Schleiermacher claims further that these two methods are not technically the true art of Übersetzen, and that neither is in itself sufficient to accurately render a text (Schleiermacher 74).

What sets Schleiermacher apart from earlier theorists is that he does not stop with that debate; in fact, the debate takes up very little of his essay. He begins his essay by making a distinction between the Dolmetscher (one who translates commercial texts and interprets orally in a business capacity) and the Übersetzer (a literary translator), a distinction that has carried over into contemporary modern German; from there, Schleiermacher addresses the issues of free and literal translation. All of this takes up only a fraction of his essay; the bulk of his essay is a discussion of what he considers the only two existing methods of Übersetzung:

\(^iv\) Obviously, Schleiermacher’s definition of “paraphrase” differs from Dryden’s.
Either the translator leaves the writer alone as far as possible, and moves the reader towards him; or he leaves the reader alone as far as possible, and moves the writer towards him [...] I would further like to claim, that, other than these two methods, it would not be possible for a third to exist (Schleiermacher 74-75).

These two methods are, according to Schleiermacher, the only possible ways to accomplish a successful translation.

The majority of the rest of his essay is a discussion about the merits and flaws of the two methods; he himself considers the first of the two methods, that of moving the reader, the superior approach. He says that it is crucial to maintain an element of foreignness in the translation so that the reader does not forget that the text before him originated elsewhere; admittedly, this often generates criticism among the reading public, but Schleiermacher sees it as necessary in the interest of faithfulness to the original text and to the voice of the text’s creator (Schleiermacher 80-81). He also cautions that this tactic should be attempted with moderation: too foreign a text will alienate the reader, yet the reader should have the impression that “was er liest, nicht ganz einheimisch klingt” (what he is reading does not sound entirely indigenous – Schleiermacher 82).

Schleiermacher’s theories are certainly more academic and speculative than any of the other commentaries so far discussed, but they are based on his own experience as a translator of Plato, and his theories, although speculative, are applicable to practical translation, while being flexible enough to be adapted to the demands of specific translators and specific texts. Perhaps that is why no other theoretical writing on the subject of translation has exerted the same
influence on the discipline as Schleiermacher’s, an influence that has continued in the Western tradition on into the twentieth and twenty-first centuries.

Translation in the Twentieth and Twenty-First Century

It is only during the twentieth century that translation has emerged as a separate discipline – or indeed, that a perceived necessity of studying translation has arisen at all. As has already been demonstrated by the texts discussed in the first section, most, if not all reflections on translation prior to the twentieth century were done by translators themselves and were written primarily in relation to a specific text. Most of these essays were written independently of one another; while Schleiermacher could conceivably have read Luther, as both men wrote in the same language, it is not necessarily probable, and it is far less likely that he was at all familiar with Dryden’s work (as evinced by the very different use both men make of the idea of paraphrase).

Translation was not considered crucial enough to be treated as a separate discipline to be studied or regulated. In nearly every text mentioned earlier, the writer explicitly mentions the fact that translation is a neglected study and that translators are afforded little respect. Translation was treated as a method of language learning (Munday 8), and was therefore considered of secondary importance – merely a tool for the student until he was able to read a work in the original language.

The twentieth century saw the first real documentation by translators of the process they underwent. According to George Steiner, “Beginning in the 1920s, and in a more conscious, methodical way after the Second World War, translators have started preserving their drafts, rough papers, and successive maquettes (outlines)” (Steiner 289). For the first time, translators
considered it necessary and useful to save the evidence of their work – the various incarnations of a text that could give an observer some idea of how a text was developed in another language.

The first organizations devoted entirely to translation also came into existence in the same century. The first appeared in Paris in 1953 under the name of la Fédération internationale des traducteurs (the International Federation of Translators). Its appearance in France is hardly surprising, given the long history of the Académie française and France’s historical interest in its national language, but as its title implies, the Fédération is not merely a French organization; its member organizations stretch across five continents and represent nearly a hundred translation associations. Other organizations were quick to form in the wake of the FIT’s development, including the American Translators Association in 1959 and, more recently, the New England Translators Association.

The consideration of translation as a profession/discipline has also led to scrutiny of the subject as a separate academic field. James Holmes, in a paper delivered in 1972 at the Copenhagen Third International Conference of Applied Linguistics, first defined “translation studies” and divided it into its component categories. His divisions were later developed graphically into what came to be called the “Holmes/Toury ‘map’ of translation studies” by the Israeli scholar Gideon Toury (Munday 10). The discipline was divided firstly into ‘Pure’ and ‘Applied’ translation, thereby separating out theory and practice; those two categories were further subdivided in order to establish what, exactly, fell under the title of “translation studies”.

During the development of the discipline, new attention has been paid to the teaching of translation as separate from simply learning a language. Interestingly, this trend does not seem to be nearly as prevalent in the United States as it is at European universities. Few universities in the United States offer courses geared towards translation; when they do, the courses are
typically a single, sporadically offered seminar designed to introduce the student to translation method, and they offer neither a particularly in-depth look at the study of translation, nor an extended course of study. By contrast, the Katholische Universität Eichstätt-Ingolstadt in Germany, where I spent a year, as well as many other German universities I investigated, offered multiple levels of translation courses every semester in most of the languages studied at that university; while I was a student, my university offered three different levels of English-into-German translation, three levels of German-into-English translation, and had similar offerings for several other languages, including French, Italian, and Spanish. The lack of translation courses in the U.S. is, I imagine, related to the contemporary school of language education that is prevalent in America and that frowns upon using translation; rather, this theory holds that teachers should shun the use of a student’s mother tongue and instead attempt to teach entirely in the foreign language. Additionally, the fact that the U.S. is so much larger than any European nation, and that English is frequently considered the national language, probably plays a role by making the necessity of translation appear less pressing here than in Europe. v

As a result of the increased recognition of the necessity of studying translation, there have been a large number of textbooks and manuals for translation written in the last few decades, such as for example the excellent *Thinking German Translation: A Course in Translation Method: German to English* (as a side effect of the American lack of interest in translation, a majority of those written in English are written by British authors). Because of these manuals, the discipline of translation has developed a general vocabulary, of which the most frequently heard terms are *source text, source language, target text, and target language* – simply put, the text to be translated, the language one is translating from, the text that is

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v This is not to say that there are no translation scholars in the United States, nor that extensive translation studies, when offered, are of an inferior quality to those in Europe – merely that they are decidedly less prevalent.
produced by translation, and the language into which one is translating. Because, however, as has been frequently reiterated, translation is such a practice-oriented discipline, many of these manuals are focused on specific languages (i.e., German and English) and attempt to address only the issues that arise in those particular languages. There is, therefore, a host of vocabulary specific to the translation of any one language.

Translation manuals do not generally take sides in debates of theory. Most of them allude to the free-versus-literal debate, but they will rarely claim definitively that one method is better than another, or that students should abide by one or the other. On the whole, such manuals encourage more conservative translation, but I suspect that this is because it is more difficult for a beginning translator to make a mistake or produce a misleading translation if he abides closely by the source text. And, despite subtly advocating more conservative translation, most manuals strive to keep students and translators aware of the multiple possibilities available when translating a sentence or passage. The purpose of these manuals is to produce a translator working to the best of his abilities, not a theorist.

Evolving interest in translation has naturally encouraged theorists in the last hundred years to discuss the field with one another, but (perhaps not surprisingly) the debate has still not moved past the age-old dispute over free and literal translation. The French poet Paul Valéry composed an essay in 1953 on the topic after translating Virgil’s *Eclogues*. Although Valéry admits that he was initially inclined towards “only the most faithful translation that the differences in language would admit” (Valéry 114), this viewpoint does not appear to have lasted very long after he began translating. As a poet, he considers such translation a betrayal of poetry itself to ignore the harmony of the original text, and he goes so far as to say, “Verse is put into prose as into its coffin” (116). As a poet, Valéry considers it necessary to translate according to
the “creative spirit” in which the original has composed, and to re-compose the poet according to that spirit. The amount of freedom Valéry allows himself in translating would be considered quite a liberty by most translators: “I may disapprove, may regret, or may admire; I may envy or delete; I may reject, erase, then rediscover, confirm my discovery, and looking on it with more favor the second time, adopt it” (Valéry 122). Nowhere in his essay does the reader see even a hint of the admonition, often repeated by earlier theorists like Schleiermacher, that a translator is in no way authorized to edit a text to make it more pleasing. Valéry not only considers himself permitted, he relishes the task.

The inclination towards a freer translation (if not, perhaps, quite as free as Valéry’s theory would suggest) does not appear particularly uncommon amongst twentieth century translators. Howard Eiland, himself a translator of the German philosopher, critic, and translator Walter Benjamin, pointed out to me that Benjamin, who wrote theoretical texts on the subject of translation, rather failed to live up to the precepts laid out in those texts (Eiland 15 February 2006). Eiland says that Benjamin’s essays on translation advocated a very literalist stance, yet his translations from the French were very loosely composed. Many translators, like both Valéry and Benjamin, have apparently had a good deal of trouble remaining faithful to their literalist principles when attempting to actually put them into practice.

Although the free-translation pole has its supporters, the literalist stance is not, however, without its adherents and defenders in this and the last century. One of the most outspoken and spectacular of these advocates is the Russian expatriate Vladimir Nabokov. Famous as a writer in his own right, Nabokov also devoted himself to the translation of some of the great writers of Russian literature, most notably Aleksandr Pushkin and particularly the latter’s novel in verse Eugène Onegin. During the course of this undertaking, Nabokov wrote an essay to justify his
Nabokov is one of the few who adhered entirely to the principles set forth in his own theoretical writings (as any reader brave or foolhardy enough to attempt to read his translation
could undoubtedly confirm). In his four-volume edition of the poem, the actual English text of the poem takes up roughly three-quarters of one volume (the second-shortest – the fourth, shortest, volume, contains only the Russian original text and an index). The second and third volumes are purely commentaries by Nabokov on the minutiae of the Russian text and its possibilities in English – his footnotes that “leave only the gleam of one textual line between commentary and eternity”, and at times not even that much. Nabokov had no difficulty remaining almost painfully faithful to his avowed stance of hyper-fidelity to the original text.

The debate between free and literal is, therefore, still alive and well in our times, despite the two millennia that have already been devoted to its discussion. This debate does not actually cover new ground – as it has been for the past two millennia, it is a series of translators and theorists defending their preferences for one method over another. The intriguing thing is simply that the same debate has managed to occupy writers for over two thousand years. Obviously, it is a question that evokes strong feelings from those who hold opinions on the subject.

One of the few fresh developments that translation theory has seen is a newly considered connection between translation theory and linguistics. Many essays by theorists now not only examine the theory behind translation, but also feel it necessary to root that theory in a broader one of language and communication. However, the discussion has thus far not appeared to be constructive. While some theorists, such as the Spanish philosopher and essayist José Ortega y Gasset, discuss linguistics and translation within the same essay without addressing the difficulties of such a juxtaposition, other writers, such as Henry Schogt, concede within their essay that the two fields are simply unrelated at the most fundamental of levels: linguistics concerns itself with broad, general theories that attempt to be universally applicable, while translation is a practical affair, done on a case-by-case basis. Sweeping generalizations are not
useful to a translator, and there is no over-arching “theory of translation” of the sort that linguistic theorists relish. George Steiner also finds problems in attempting to relate the two fields; Steiner claims that the problem lies in the fact that there exists in linguistics no comprehensive theory of language, and that therefore no comprehensive theory of translation (a theory necessarily be drawn from a theory of language) can exist.

Clearly, this is a discussion that has thus far been (at least in my view) unproductive. The essays that I have read that attempt to incorporate both linguistic and translation theory have been unconvincing to the reader at best, and have managed to un-convince themselves of their own theses at worst. It is, however, a relatively new direction; I am interested to see where this discussion may go in the future, and whether there may yet be merit in it.

**Practical Application of Translation Theory by Modern Translators**

Despite the extensive developments that translation studies as a field has undergone within the last century, modern translators do not (within my admittedly limited experience) feel it any more necessary to draw upon this wealth of subject-specific academia than translators in earlier centuries felt it necessary to draw upon the more meager resources available to them. Of the few translators with whom I talked, the majority was not familiar with published translation theory; when they were, they freely admitted that it did not directly influence their own translations, and that they were not often conscious of it having any effect while they worked.

Of the translators whom I interviewed, two are literary translators and one has translated philosophical and “journalistic” texts. Two work with German-English translations, and the third works with Russian-English translations. All three are professors – two at Boston College, and one at Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The situational similarities among the three
translators are corroborated by the way they approach their translations. All favor a mixture of literal accuracy and literary grace and intelligibility, and they agree that it is important to preserve the “flavor” of the source text.

These three professors represent something of a continuum; Professor Michael Resler, of Boston College’s German Department, concedes quite freely that he is entirely unacquainted with published translation theory. He was also unaware of the impact on the topic by German writers. Professor Howard Eiland, of MIT’s English Department, says that he has read a few essays on the subject, but primarily because they were written by Walter Benjamin, many of whose essays Eiland has translated into English; when initially asked whether he was familiar with translation theory, he offered a resounding, “No”, and he does not consider his own knowledge on the topic to be extensive. Professor Maxim Shrayer, of Boston College’s Slavic and Eastern Languages Department, is the most familiar with the topic, having read various essays on the topic and having actually taught a graduate seminar at Boston College on the subject.

As Resler is unfamiliar with popular theory about translation, he says he remains entirely uninfluenced by it. He describes his own translation as “conservative…but by no means a word-for-word rendering” (Resler xx), and when does make changes, additions, or modifications to the text, he does so only in the interest of textual clarity or to “help to restore some measure of the sonorous ring of the original text” (Resler xx).

Eiland seems more amused by the idea of a theory behind translation than concerned or affected by it. He claims that he has no particular method or theory behind his own translations, and that when he translates a text, he simply “jumps in” (Eiland 15 February 2006). While aware of Benjamin’s observations on the subject, he also points out that Benjamin’s translations
(from French into German) did not correspond to his theory; Benjamin, Eiland says, advocated a very literal theory, yet produced very free translations. While Eiland acknowledges the existence of translation theory and his own experiences with it, he says that it does not play a part in his own translations and does not affect the way he works.

Shrayer is certainly more familiar with theory than either of the other two translators. He has read numerous essays on the topic and, as noted, sporadically teaches a seminar at Boston College devoted to translation into English. Even Shrayer, however, concedes that the theory he is familiar with “probably wouldn’t matter… [to] a translator in the field” (Shrayer 8 February 2006). He thinks of it as a way to make the translator mindful of the responsibilities inherent in attempting to translate a text; although he says that theory does not consciously influence his work, he assumes that there is some sort of subconscious impact from having spent so much time considering problems and solutions.

My own experiences are somewhere between Eiland’s and Shrayer’s. When I began translating Don Juan, my knowledge of theory was minimal at best. Like Eiland, I had seen an essay or two and was familiar with a few ideas, but they did not come into play while I was actually working with the text. However, as I began to study theory much more extensively between the first and second drafts of the play, I found myself much more conscious of the ideas and admonitions of theory-writers while working on second and third drafts of the play. Much of Schleiermacher’s writing, in particular, had a good deal of effect on me; I appreciate his idea of bringing the reader within range of the writer, rather than the other way around, and thereby maintaining a hint of foreign-ness in the text. Luther’s words also resonate: those about translating into language that a mother uses with her children or that a man would speak in the
market, so that they would then understand that “man Deudsch mit ihn redet” (one is speaking German [or, in my case, English] to them).

In many ways, these two ideas, probably the two most influential for me, helped to balance one another in my translation. Schleiermacher reminded me that the text deserved a certain amount of polish and a certain degree of alien-ness to remind the reader that the text is a translation. Luther’s words, however, also reminded me that it serves no purpose to therefore neglect the conventions, and certainly the beauties, of English. He reminded me to give the text enough of an idiomatic feel to make it accessible to English readers.

On the whole, my style of translation is certainly more literal than free – I prefer to stay as close to the words Frisch chose as possible – but I hope that I have been as free as necessary where the English required it. Even if I was not conscious of the effect upon me at all times while I was working, I can say that studying the theory has only helped me in the practice of translation.
CHAPTER II: BACKGROUND FOR AND TRADITION OF DON JUAN

Natürlich sind es nicht diese [...] Gedanken gewesen, die den Verfasser bewogen haben, das vorliegende Theaterstück zu schreiben – sondern die Lust, ein Theaterstück zu schreiben.
~Max Frisch

Of course, it was not these [...] thoughts that induced the author to write the play presented here – but rather, the inclination to write a play.
~Max Frisch

Introduction to the Life and Work of Max Frischvi

Max Frisch was born in Zürich on 15 May 1911, the son of Swiss parents, but the grandson of an Austrian immigrant on his father’s side and the great-grandson of a German immigrant on his mother’s (Esslin 241). His mother had been a governess in Russia for some years before returning to Switzerland and marrying his father. His father was an uncredentialed architect who wanted to see his own children graduate from university. To please his father, Frisch attended the University of Zürich for two years, where he studied literature and philosophy.

When his father died in 1932, Frisch was forced to give up his university studies. To earn money, he began freelance reporting for the Neue Zürcher Zeitung (to whose conservative views Frisch would later find himself in direct opposition). As a freelance reporter, he traveled extensively in Eastern Europe for a few years, writing sporting reports, reviews, and essays for the conservative newspaper, gaining some of the experiences that would later appear in his writing (White 12-13). This was also the period during which Frisch produced his first novel, Jürg Reinhart, which appeared in 1934.

vi Much of the biographical information in this section is taken from Demetz’s After the Fires 293-311. Where I have taken it from or where it is corroborated by other sources, these sources are indicated.
In 1936, however, a friend offered to underwrite the further cost of Frisch’s education; he gave up writing to study architecture at the Eidgenössische Technische Hochschule in Zürich (White 30). He (supposedly) burned all of his manuscripts and devoted himself to an entirely respectable, bourgeois existence (the same sort he would scorn only a few years later) as an architect. He received his degree in 1941; the next year he won a civil competition to design a public swimming pool, and opened his own office in Zürich. In that same year, he married a young woman from a well-positioned Zürich family, Constance von Meyenburg (Obschlager).

For several years, Frisch worked as an architect while occasionally composing smaller works, but a spate of traveling through Germany and Italy in the late forties refocused him on writing. In 1947, he met Peter Suhrkamp, the man who would later publish his work, and whose company continues to do so today (Obschlager). In 1951 he received a Rockefeller Fellowship, enabling him to spend a year in the United States (much of the play Don Juan: oder, die Liebe zur Geometrie was composed during this time), and in 1954 his novel Stiller was published. Both Don Juan and Stiller are infused with the themes that dominate nearly all of Frisch’s writing: identity, image-creation and -destruction, love, and the passage of time. They are also representative of that body of Frisch’s work where his writing is subjective and based on a concrete character (as opposed to his more allegorical and abstract work, best represented by Biedermann und die Brandstifter).

By 1955, Frisch closed his architectural offices and separated from his wife Constance (they were later divorced), ready to devote himself again to his writing. He continued to travel extensively, visiting Mexico, Cuba, Greece, and the near East. Out of this period came one of his other great prose works, Homo Faber (1957), as well as the well-known play Biedermann

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vi As both Stiller and Don Juan will be dealt with in the following sections, I will spare the reader an extensive discussion of the themes of these works, which would only be repetitive.
In 1960, he moved to Rome for an uneasy three years in order to be near the Austrian writer Ingeborg Bachmann, but afterwards he left to live with the translator Marianne Oellers, whom he later married. In 1964 appeared his third great prose piece, *Mein Name sei Gantenbein*. He continued to travel in the following decades, moving between his small house on the Italian border and an apartment in Berlin, meanwhile visiting Eastern Europe, the Soviet Union, America, the near East, and Japan. After his second marriage also ended in divorce in 1973, he moved to Soho, where he met the woman who would eventually become the inspiration for his narrative *Montauk* (1975). Less than ten years later, however, in 1984 Frisch moved back to his hometown of Zürich for the last time, from where his remaining works (*Schweiz ohne Armee? Ein Palaver* [1989] and *Schweiz als Heimat* [1990]) were published (Oberschlager).

The impact that Frisch had on Swiss literature in the second half of the twentieth century will be discussed in the following section; its importance cannot be overestimated. His writing displays the same strong bent towards realism that is a hallmark of Swiss literature (Pender, “Trends in Writing” 35; Gsteiger 17), and the questions that Frisch raises in almost every one of his works, about personal identity and the definitions that are placed upon a person, are relevant, not only to modern Swiss society, but to modern man as a whole.

**German-Language Swiss Literature After World War II**

Because of Switzerland’s unique position in the world as a quadralingual society, it is difficult to speak of an exclusively “Swiss” literature. There is little overlap between the different language regions in the country: French in the east/southeast, German in the north, Italian in the south, and the small pocket of Romansh in the southwest. Writers in one language
often share more with writers abroad who speak the same mother tongue than with their Swiss compatriots. As Max Frisch himself remarked,

> Ich selber, offen gestanden, bin ein Beispiel dafür, wie es nicht sein sollte: Voll Sympathie für unsere Suisse romande habe ich kaum persönliche Beziehungen dort, weniger als mit Zeitgenossen fremder Länder (Gsteiger 13).

I myself, to be quite open, am an example for how it should not be: full of sympathy for our Suisse romande [French-language Swiss writers], I have scarcely any personal connections there, fewer than with contemporaries in foreign lands (Gsteiger 13).

Because German speakers form the overwhelming majority of Swiss citizens (63.9%, as compared with 19.5% French, 6.6% Italian, and 0.5% Romansch [Website of the Swiss Embassy]), German-language Swiss literature is the most well-known, discussed, and debated of the three groups. As it is to this group that Frisch’s writing belongs, it is also the group upon which I have focused my research in this section of the chapter.

In post-World-War-II Europe, the Swiss were left in a position that was both distinctive and somewhat uncomfortable. They had preserved their political neutrality and survived the war intact – a miracle in the center of ravaged, war-torn Europe. However, this preservation may not have been the God-given miracle it appeared; after the war, questions began to arise among the younger generations about the moral basis of Switzerland’s survival. As the Swiss writer Hugo Loetscher expressed it in an essay published in 1985, “We took advantage of circumstances which we were not responsible for, and we took advantage of a policy of neutrality whose arrangement we were responsible for: a combination of intent and luck” (Loetscher 26).

Switzerland’s survival was a result of both circumstance and strategy, not all of which was as morally blameless and above-board as many proponents of “Helveticism” would like to believe, and in the generations after the war, younger Swiss began to question these policies. In
questioning of their elders’ actions, this generation forced the Swiss to reevaluate some of the most fundamental opinions that they held about themselves.

The cherished image of Switzerland as a haven of neutrality and a refuge for the persecuted was sharply relativized by observations on their wartime behavior. The country’s proud tradition of humanitarianism did not coincide with the reality that – justifying themselves with the pithy motto of Das kleine Rettungsboot ist voll (the little lifeboat is full) – the Swiss government denied refuge to thousands of Jewish refugees during the worst period of Nazi violence in the forties (Loetscher 28, Butler, “Frisch and Dürrenmatt” 41), and profited from victims of Nazism to the tune of $444 million (Hier and Cooper). And despite their much-vaunted tradition of neutrality, unobstructed supply lines across the Alps permitted crucial supplies to pass between the Axis powers throughout the war (Butler, “Frisch and Dürrenmatt” 41). The Swiss did not always live up to their precepts, and this gap between image and reality was noted with disgust and disappointment by later generations. The famous Swiss writer Friedrich Dürrenmatt expressed this feeling more fully years later:

Wir hielten an unseren Idealen fest, ohne sie unbedingt anzuwenden, wir schlossen die Augen, ohne gerade blind zu werden. Tell spannte zwar die Armbrust, doch grüßte er den Hut ein wenig – beinahe fast nicht –, und das Heldentum blieb uns erspart (Butler, “Frisch and Dürrenmatt” 42).

We held firmly to our ideals, without definitely employing them; we closed our eyes, without exactly becoming blind. Tell stretched his crossbow to be sure, but he acknowledged the hat a little – well-nigh practically not – and we were spared heroism (Butler, “Frisch and Dürrenmatt” 42).

Dürrenmatt takes the most beloved Swiss story, a tenet of their cultural identity, that of William Tell, and applies its principles to the situation in the twentieth century to show how the Swiss

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viii In Schiller’s drama Wilhelm Tell, the title character is forced to shoot an apple off the head of his son for his failure to salute the hat of an imperial official (sent in from the Hapsburg empire, outside of Switzerland) that had been set on a pole in the town center. The story is even today hailed as Switzerland’s national legend, and the values of independence, justice, equality, and the willingness to fight for one’s beliefs that are propounded in the story are considered key components in “Swiss” identity.
failed to live up to their cherished principles. Under the comforting title of geistige Landesverteidigung (spiritual defense of the country), harsh measures were accepted as a way to defend and preserve Switzerland’s independence and traditions – even when these measures compromised or undermined the very ideals they claimed to protect.

This questioning attitude was taken up by writers in the decades following the war. Poignant questions about the Swiss self-image, as well as both Swiss and personal identity, came to the forefront. Switzerland struggled between its quaint, touristic image of a happy land of Alps, chocolate, army knives, and cuckoo clocks,ix and the new role it was taking as a major player in the international economic world – its traditional and its new and evolving definitions.

This struggle for and the constraints placed on identity by outside forces is one that is reflected in Max Frisch’s Stiller. Published in 1954, Stiller was the first modern novel by a Swiss author to become internationally renowned (Loetscher 31), and was a paradigm of the Swiss struggle for identity. In the novel, the reader is given the diaries of a prisoner to study. Swiss officials and various figures from his past claim that he is the sculptor Anatol Stiller, returning to Switzerland after several years abroad; he claims he is not. At the end of the novel, the protagonist finds himself unable to resist the pressures put upon him to assume/resume the identity of Stiller. In the same way, post-war Switzerland struggled with the definition of itself that it had always accepted, and, unable either to fully ascribe to it or to free itself, was trapped clinging to ideals that no longer represented reality:

…he [Stiller] rejects his role as a sculptor, but, since he fails to generate a new role for himself, he cannot sustain the opposition to his former role. Conversely, Swiss society of the early fifties, precisely because it is superficial and uncertain of itself, clings to rigid and inflexible definitions (Pender, “From Imago to Stiller” 105).

ix Which, ironically, the Swiss did not even invent, but which rather were invented by denizens of the Black Forest in southern Germany.
The struggle for identity and the challenge to traditional values were presented, not only on paper, but also on the stage. Both Frisch and Dürrenmatt wrote numerous plays in the post-war decades, culminating in two of the most famous pieces of writing to come out of Switzerland: Frisch’s *Biedermann und die Brandstifter* in 1958 (*The Firebugs*) and Dürrenmatt’s *Der Besuch der Alten Dame* in 1956 (*The Visit*). Both plays deal with ideological questions that are directed towards the watching audience as well as towards the characters within the plays. In Frisch’s play, the title character is terrified of provoking his houseguest Schmitz to arson. To avoid offending Schmitz, he eventually refuses to believe Schmitz’s frank admission that he plans to burn down the house, for fear that admitting he believes it will provoke Schmitz to burn the house down. In Dürrenmatt’s piece, the inhabitants of the town of Güllen take the right of justice upon themselves to revenge a decades-old injustice by “executing” (murdering) one of their citizens – but only when it is clear that “supporting justice” will result in an impressive financial windfall for the rest of the town. Both plays offer a biting critique of the realities of Swiss behavior both during and following the war.

The questioning of the establishment did not slacken as the years wore on. By the sixties, another generation of writers had arisen to follow Frisch and Dürrenmatt, and various political scandals and uncomfortable situations had given this new generation plenty to question. Issues such as the excessive right-wing hostility against the influx of *Gastarbeiter* (foreign workers), known as *Überfremdung* (over-foreignization), and the public outrage over the discovery that the Bührle company had profited from the illegal export of arms during the Nigerian civil war, contributed to a violent disillusionment with the idyllic vision of Switzerland of the past (Church 14-16). It is no coincidence that it was during this decade that the catchphrase *helvetisches Malaise* (Swiss-cultural malaise), coined by the writer Max Imboden, and Karl Schmid’s book
Unbehagen im Kleinstaat (Uneasiness in a Small State) first appeared and were taken up as the mottos of a generation of disaffected intellectuals (Butler, “Frische und Dürre” 114). The uneasiness and general intellectual discomfort about their Swiss identity was extensively explored by the writers of these years, among them Peter Bichsel, Herbert Meier, Otto F. Walter, Adolph Muschg, and Walter Matthias Diggelmann.

This is not to say that Frisch and Dürrenmatt disappeared during this period – both men continued to produce throughout the decade, and two of Frisch’s best-known works – the play Andorra and the novel Mein Name sei Gantenbein – came out of this period. Frisch was often at the forefront of the political debates of the time, using his writing as a way to criticize and question the existing social order. Much more than Dürrenmatt, Frisch refused to passively watch society evolve, and pushed his way into the debates surrounding Swiss identity, which were exemplified by the terms helvetisches Malaise and Unbehagen in Kleinstaat (Butler, Frisch and Dürrenmatt 44).

It is also no coincidence that the end of this decade saw one of the more heated disputes ever to come to light among the Swiss literati. The defensive hysteria which had begun during World War II and which was heightened by the Cold War resulted in the production of a “civil defense booklet”, which was distributed to every Swiss household. In this booklet, critically observant and/or dissident intellectual voices (namely writers) were condemned as “a national danger”. The then-president of the Schweizerischer Schriftsteller-Verband (Swiss Writers’ Association) condoned the booklet and supported the government’s opinions on the matter, even going so far as to produce a French version of the booklet for the French-speaking cantons. Most of the major writers in the association resigned in protest and in 1970 formed the Gruppe Olten
(Olten Group),x revolted by the government’s anti-intellectual viewpoint and by the association’s acceptance of it (Loetscher 28; Butler, “‘Frische’ and ‘Dürre’” 114).

As the decades wore on, the contribution made by Frisch and Dürrenmatt in creating an atmosphere of questioning and reevaluation became clearer, while this movement toward reevaluation continued and strengthened – both reevaluations of Switzerland’s past and of contemporary Swiss society. During this period, cherished Swiss myths, both of the past and of the present, were examined critically and stripped of their inviolability. Frisch’s 1971 work Wilhelm Tell für die Schule retells the story as interpreted in 1971, making the arch-villain of Schiller’s classic piece into a pitiable old man; the glory of the myth is here relativized by the suggestion that it is merely a myth, and not the sacrosanct manifesto of Swiss freedom for which it usually serves – thereby questioning the validity of that use.

Another similarly aimed piece is Herbert Meier’s 1976 play Dunant. Meier examines the last days of the founder of the Red Cross, Henri Dunant. Although Dunant died in 1910, many of the issues raised by Meier’s play are probing questions which are a critique of modern Swiss society and its role in the twentieth century. Michael Butler describes the play as “depict[ing] a society grown rich on the profits of arms manufacture, whilst priding itself on its neutrality and humane values, a society in which the theft of ideas is acceptable but that of money an unforgivable crime” (Butler, “‘Frische’ and ‘Dürre’” 116). Meier is directing a critical eye at a society that he views as too complacent.

The challenge of the status quo that post-war literature offered continued on into the later decades of the twentieth century; as late as 1989, two years before his death, Max Frisch published his short work Schweiz ohne Armee? Ein Palaver (Switzerland Without an Army? A

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x Both organizations disbanded in 2002; a new writer’s association, titled “Autorinnen und Autoren der Schweiz” (Authors of Switzerland) was founded, which exists today.
Discussion) in response to the approaching referendum to abolish the Swiss army. Even today, fifteen years after Max Frisch’s death and sixteen years after the death of Friedrich Dürrenmatt, many of the questions raised by the two giants of modern Swiss literature are still being debated by the younger generations they have inspired. In a Switzerland searching for its identity, an island in the middle of a united Europe, literature will never be without a purpose; its use will always be to question, to search for, the identity of the evolving Swiss society in the modern world.

**Introduction to Max Frisch’s Don Juan: the Origin of the Myth and Frisch’s Sources**

The creation of the legend – the story of Don Juan Tenorio, scandalous philanderer from Seville – can be traced to a single theatrical work: *El Burlador de Sevilla y Convidado de piedra*, written by the Spanish monk Gabriel Téllez, better known as Tirso de Molina. Since it first appeared on the stage (it was composed sometime between 1615 and 1630), the play has been reworked countless times in various languages and settings.

The story as told by Tirso is the first (and therefore “authentic”) version of the story. Tirso’s play begins with Don Juan Tenorio in Naples as he attempts to seduce the Duchess Isabella by pretending to be her fiancé, the Duke Octavio. When Isabella realizes this deceit, she cries for help, which arrives in the form of Don Juan’s uncle, the Spanish ambassador at the court. Don Juan reveals himself to his uncle and is permitted to escape, and when Isabella claims that it was Octavio who attempted to ravish her, the ambassador says nothing to correct her story.

Don Juan and his servant, Catalinón (meaning “coward”) are shipwrecked on their way back to Spain and wash up on the coast. One of the local fisher-girls, Tisbea, nurses the injured
Don Juan back to help, becoming enraptured with him. Her love is a change from the indifference that she has always shown to all men – including the fisherman who is desperately in love with her. Don Juan seduces her with a promise of marriage, and abandons her the following day, continuing over land back to Seville.

Once there, Don Juan encounters Octavio, who has fled Naples to escape punishment. Meanwhile, the Spanish king Alfonso has learned the truth of which Octavio is still ignorant: that Isabella’s seducer was, in fact, Don Juan. Determined to see justice, he decrees that Don Juan will go to the city of Lebrija to await his marriage to Isabella. Octavio accepts the king’s offer of the daughter of the Commander, Doña Ana, for his wife. Ana, however, is in love with Don Juan’s compatriot, the Marquis de Mota. With this knowledge, Don Juan arranges a tryst with Ana, while pretending to be the Marquis. When Ana discovers his masquerade and cries for help, her father, the Commander, rescues her, but is slain by Don Juan, who then flees to Lebrija. The Marquis is blamed and arrested for the crime.

On his way to Lebrija, Don Juan comes across a peasant wedding. Taken with the bride, he repeats his earlier trick of promising her marriage, enjoying her company for the night, and abandoning her in the morning. After this episode, he (somewhat inexplicably) decides to return to Seville.

Upon returning, he learns that both the Marquis and Octavio have discovered his guilt and are attempting to bring him to justice. Isabella and Tisbea are also both close behind him in their attempts to track down the cause of their shame. Upon entering a church in Seville, Don Juan is confronted by another reminder of his impious past. Upon the tomb of the Commander is a large statue of the man with an inscription promising vengeance against his murderer. Don
Juan mocks the statue, sardonically inviting the Commander to join him for dinner – an invitation that the statue accepts.

The statue comes to dine with Don Juan and extorts a promise from him that he will return the favor. As promised, Don Juan later goes to dine with the dead man. The statue takes him by the hand and throws him into Hell. His servant, Catalinón, remains to tell the story. Don Juan’s pursuers are left behind with their revenge schemes unfulfilled, but avenged nonetheless. In the end, Octavio marries Isabella after all, and Ana is free to marry the Marquis.

What is unique about the Don Juan legend is that, despite the various adaptations over the centuries, the character, the archetype, remains the same regardless whether the author chooses to follow the plot set down by Tirso de Molina or not. Shakespeare’s Hamlet would not be Hamlet without a murderous usurper to revenge himself upon; Don Juan remains a Don Juan even without an avenging statue to drag him down to Hell. Over the years, Don Juan’s story has been told over and over again, sometimes using Tirso’s version of the story and sometimes with an entirely new one. By the time Max Frisch wrote his play in the second half of the twentieth century, he had hundreds of sources to draw on as a foundation.

There were various versions of the story with which Frisch was most probably familiar, although there is no actual proof that he had read/studied them. The subject had been treated by various German-speaking authors over the centuries, and it is likely that Frisch would have known at least those by important names in German literature, men like Friedrich Schiller, Rainer Maria Rilke, and Bertolt Brecht. In addition to German authors, translations of works by other major authors existed for Frisch to reference – most famously, perhaps, Lord Byron’s poem, but also works by Charles Baudelaire, Gustave Flaubert and Aleksandr Pushkin. George Bernard Shaw’s twentieth-century play, *Man and Superman*, had been translated in 1926 by a
Berlin publishing house and was therefore available to Frisch (Losada 111). He had not only centuries-old versions of the story to draw upon, but also another modern interpretation of the myth to inspire him and fuel his own creative ideas. Clearly, it is not likely that Frisch read every one of these works, let alone the staggeringly large fund of Don Juan reworkings from other, less-known authors. However, there is little doubt that he familiar with at least some of these versions and drew upon them in his own work.

In his play, initially composed in 1953 and later revised in 1962, Frisch preserves many of the important elements of Tirso’s original story – Don Juan as a lover of many women, the killing of Donna Anna’s father, and his journey into Hell on the hand of the statue of the murdered Commander – but he weaves these threads into a tapestry that is entirely different from the one that Tirso wove. In Tirso’s version, Don Juan’s motivation for his actions is simply that he enjoys it; he enjoys trickery, and he enjoys his sexual encounters with women. In Frisch’s play, Don Juan is forced into his role by circumstance; his true passion is not women, but geometry, and his role as lover and seducer is not one that he seeks. The idea of, if not exactly a misogynistic Don Juan, then of a Don Juan who cares little for the opposite sex, is one that goes entirely counter to Tirso’s legend – one which echoes, however, Shaw’s *Man and Superman.* Frisch also goes beyond the traditional bounds of the legend as set by Tirso’s play. Frisch’s audience sees both the beginning of Don Juan’s career, as well as part of his life after his “descent into Hell”, both episodes that are entirely Frisch’s invention. Frisch’s characters even discuss the composition of Tirso’s play in this later scene, as well as its reception in the Seville theater (Pater Diego comments on the somewhat controversial attribution of the play to Téllez).

There is evidence, both in Frisch’s play itself and in his *Nachträgliches* (Afterward), that he did indeed read and draw upon some of the available plethora of later Don Juan texts as well.
In fact, it is not unreasonable to assume that Frisch’s initial inspiration for his protagonist came from Act III, Scene One of Molière’s *Dom Juan* (1665):

DOM JUAN: Ce que je crois?
SGANARELLE: Oui.
DOM JUAN: Je crois que deux et deux sont quatre, Sganarelle, et que quatre et quatre sont huit.
SGANARELLE: La belle croyance et les beaux articles de foi que voilà! Votre religion, à ce que je vois, est donc l’arithmétique? (Molière 387)

DOM JUAN: That which I believe?
SGANARELLE: Yes.
DOM JUAN: I believe that two and two are four, Sganarelle, and that four and four are eight.
SGANARELLE: What lovely belief, and what handsome articles of faith these are! Your religion, as I see, is therefore arithmetic? (Molière 387)

Molière’s Dom Juan is responding sarcastically to his servant, but Frisch envisioned a Don Juan who took these words literally – his protagonist worships geometry (not exactly the arithmetic of the quotation, but a logical extension from it).

Aside from Molière’s play, Frisch mentions several works in his *Nachträgliches* that exerted an influence on his *Don Juan*. He discusses various ideas of the Spanish philosopher Ortega y Gasset, from whose article “El Intelectual y el Otro” Frisch quotes extensively in his *Nachträgliches*. Frisch’s conception of Don Juan’s character was heavily influenced by Ortega y Gasset’s ideas about the world-view of an intellectual, one for whom this world is not enough (Frisch 93); this is the sort of man Frisch creates and into which he makes his Don Juan. It appears that Frisch was interested in creating a real version of Ortega y Gasset’s theoretically portrayed man.

Ortega y Gasset also wrote an article entitled “La Estrangulación de Don Juan”, which deals heavily with the idea of the Don Juan story as a primarily Spanish theme. Ortega y Gasset even suggests a possible reason for the Spanish fascination with this theme: “Es penoso, pero es
forzoso decir que el español ha sentido casi siempre una tácita simpatía hacia el sinvergüenza” (“It is painful, but it is obligatory to say that the Spaniard has almost always felt a tacit sympathy towards the shameless” [Ortega y Gasset 245]). This is something else that Frisch has worked into his own drama – the fascination engendered by Don Juan’s lack of remorse. Both the women in the play and the spectator seeing it played are caught up in this intriguing topic and find themselves searching to understand it. For Frisch, it was imperative that Don Juan remain a Spanish story (Frisch 98); here, he has made it into one by capturing this peculiarly Spanish emotion.

Frisch also notes the importance of Kierkegaard in the tradition of the Don Juan theme. Kierkegaard’s The Seducer’s Diary is the story of an older man who painstakingly works his way into the affections of a young girl. The nameless seducer is an unusually intelligent and articulate man, whose conquest is detailed over some two hundred pages in every nuance – every moment is planned, every incident foreseen and thought out. Here is the mind of a Don Juan (although Kierkegaard does not name his protagonist), seen from the inside out. Although Frisch’s Don Juan is not a seducer of this type, Frisch drew from Kierkegaard as well as from Ortega y Gasset the idea of a thinking Don Juan, Don Juan as an intellectual. Frisch’s Don Juan displays as much intelligence and much of the same self-awareness as Kierkegaard’s nameless seducer.

Kierkegaard’s Seducer was also heavily influenced by Mozart’s Don Giovanni, another example of the Don Juan theme. Frisch was obviously familiar with the opera as well, as Mozart’s was the first major work that named Don Juan’s servant Leporello – the same name he bears in Frisch’s drama. The libretto, therefore, had both a direct and an indirect influence on Frisch’s Don Juan.
Whatever effect all these pieces may have exerted, their influences were only parts in a much greater whole. In the end Frisch’s play is something entirely new in the Don Juan tradition – something that is not only one link in a long chain, but also uniquely Max Frisch. The play is written in the realistic style that, as mentioned earlier, is a typical attribute of Swiss literature in the twentieth century, and the themes with which it deals are the same themes that recur throughout Frisch’s work (as well as the work of others of Frisch’s contemporaries): identity, image and perception, and love.

As mentioned briefly in the introduction, in many ways the play appears to be something of an anomaly in the tradition of Frisch’s work. Frisch’s most famous works, his prose novels, are set in twentieth-century Switzerland, and address many of the problems in contemporary Swiss society. By contrast, the story of Don Juan is Spanish, rather than Swiss, and the play’s setting is several centuries and half a continent removed from Frisch’s own time and place.

However, the protagonist of Don Juan is a man very similar to Frisch’s other, more famous protagonists, an intellectual who refuses to quietly acquiesce to his surroundings, and who uses his intellect to attempt to make sense of the world around him with limited success. The questions that the play raises – about the constraints placed upon us by the way others perceive us, by our own acceptance of these constraints, and about the restraints we impose upon ourselves in the name of love – are ones that are still unequivocally relevant in a modern society, and are questions entirely in keeping with the issues raised by Frisch’s other works as well as by other Swiss writers. Don Juan is Frisch’s exploration of these questions in a different time and setting than his own, but that does not mean that the questions raised are any less pertinent.

Despite this, however the play is not a political one; it deals with universal themes that are not restricted to Swiss society. This does not mean that Frisch is unconscious of the topics
being treated by his fellow-writers. Instead he treats many of their issues in a different setting, emphasizing the fact that the protagonist’s struggles are the same faced by men of all ages and in all times. *Don Juan* may be a period piece, but Don Juan is a decidedly modern man.
CHAPTER III:

DON JUAN, ODER DIE LIEBE ZUR GEOMETRIE
DON JUAN, OR THE LOVE OF GEOMETRY

By Max Frisch
Summary of the Action

Act I: There is a masked ball at the home of the Commander of Seville to celebrate the upcoming wedding of the Commander’s daughter, Donna Anna, to Don Juan Tenorio. During a discussion between the Juan’s father and the priest, the audience finds out that Juan claims to be uninterested in women and to care only about geometry. After the fathers go inside, Don Juan talks with his best friend Roderigo, begging Roderigo to help him escape; he is terrified of his upcoming marriage and cannot remember what Anna looks like. Before the conversation is ended, Don Juan flees into the garden; as he leaves, the priest (Pater Diego) and Donna Anna enter the scene. Roderigo exits, and Diego attempts to comfort Anna, who is also terrified by her impending nuptials. When Diego is called inside by a commotion, Donna Anna seizes the opportunity to likewise flee into the garden.

Act II: On the morning of the wedding, Donna Anna is strangely distracted. Don Juan is late, and while waiting for him, the Commander confesses to Pater Diego that he was exposed to “temptation” during the crusades in the form of captured harem girls, although he didn’t do anything with them. The confession is cut off by the arrival of the rest of the wedding party. Don Juan and the veiled Donna Anna go through the start of a marriage ceremony; when the bride is unveiled, Don Juan is clearly astonished. He declares he cannot marry her. When asked why not, he admits that they met one another in the park the previous night, and, without knowing each others’ identities, they “embraced” and made a pact to meet again, at which time Don Juan planned to kidnap the girl. He now declares that he doesn’t know whether he loves her and therefore cannot marry her. Uproar ensues as the outraged Commander vows revenge and chases Juan from the scene; the act ends as Don Juan disappears into the bedroom of Donna Elvira, Anna’s mother, to hide, and Juan’s father Tenorio dies of a heart attack.

Act III: The next morning, Roderigo finds Juan while the latter is breakfasting. Roderigo begs him to think of the trouble he has caused and to go to Anna, who is wandering out in the park by the pond. Juan ignores his friend’s advice and rhapsodizes about the beauties of geometry. He falls into reminiscing about the first time he saw Anna standing on the stairs, and claims that the effect could never be reproduced. A moment later, a veiled “Anna” appears on the stairs, and Juan struggles not to give in to his feelings for her; he begins shouting at her, telling her that he has slept with various women during the night, the last of whom was Roderigo’s wife. Roderigo
rushes off. At last Juan surrenders, and vows to marry Anna. At that moment, the Commander arrives to tell Juan that Roderigo has committed suicide. Juan kills the enraged Commander in a duel just as the priest arrives with the drowned Anna and reveals that the veiled figure is the whore Miranda, who is also in love with Juan. Miranda is led away, and Juan vows revenge on Heaven for the mockery it has made of his life.

Act IV: Thirteen years later, Don Juan is preparing to receive the bishop of Cordoba. The audience sees him with a woman hired to play the statue of the murdered Commander and with a group of hired musicians, arranging his theatrical descent into Hell. His servant, Leoporello, warns him that it will all end badly; he also tells Juan that a veiled woman is waiting to see him. Juan refuses to see her, but she appears a few moments later. The woman is Miranda, who has in the intervening years become the widowed Duchess of Ronda. She offers Juan marriage as a way of “rescuing” him from his dissolute life; the bishop of Cordoba arrives before she is finished, and Juan sends her away. Juan then makes the bishop an offer: he will, in front of witnesses, make it look as though he has been carried to Hell, restoring the Church’s flagging prestige by spreading a rumor of its divine retribution against him. In return, the Church will give him a monastic cell and support him so that he can study geometry undisturbed. The bishop reveals himself to be a husband whom Don Juan has cuckolded, and rejects the offer. Don Juan then invited the “ladies” – his former lovers – to join the two men. He disappears in the promised theatrical manner, and the ladies believe that he has truly been swallowed by Hell, despite the “bishop's” attempts to convince them otherwise.

Act V: Don Juan is now in Ronda, married to the Duchess. The true bishop of Cordoba – an older Pater Diego – pays them a visit. He and Juan discuss Juan’s emotional struggles with domestic life; he is unduly irritated by “trifles”, but he cannot help missing his wife when she is gone. Juan adds that the only stroke left would be for nature to make him a father. At this point, the Duchess enters. Diego tells both of them that a new play, El Burlador de Seville, is being staged in town about Juan’s life; the myth of his descent has truly taken hold. Diego leaves the pair to their dinner. As they eat, the Duchess apologizes for being late, and says she was unwell. She then confesses that she is pregnant, and says that she hopes Juan will “one day” be happy about it, if not now. The curtain falls as they begin to eat.
Personen:
Don Juan
Tenorio, sein Vater
Miranda
Don Gonzalo, Komtur von Sevilla
Donna Elvira, dessen Gattin
Donna Anna, ihr Kind
Pater Diego
Don Roderigo, Freund des Don Juan
Donna Inez
Celestina, die Kupplerin
Don Balthazar Lopez, ein Ehemann
Leporello
Witwen von Sevilla
Drei fechtende Vettern

Ort
Ein theatralisches Sevilla

Zeit
Eine Zeit guter Kostüme

Personae
Don Juan
Tenorio, his father
Miranda
Don Gonzalo, Commander of Seville
Donna Elvira, his spouse
Donna Anna, their child
Pater Diego
Don Roderigo, Don Juan’s friend
Donna Inez
Celestina, the Madam
Don Balthazar Lopez, a husband
Leporello
Widows of Sevilla
Three fencing cousins

Place
A theatric Sevilla

Period
A well-dressed era
Erster Akt

Vor dem Schloß. Ein junger Mann schleicht die Treppe hinauf, um von der Terrasse ins Schloß zu spähen. Ein Pfau schreit. Da jemand auf die Terrasse kommt, versteckt der junge Mann sich hinter einer Säule.

DONNA ELVIRA: Don Juan? Don Juan?
DONNA INEZ: Kein Mensch ist hier.
DONNA ELVIRA: Sein Schimmel steht im Stall.
DONNA ELVIRA: Don Juan? Don Juan?
DONNA ELVIRA: Er ist gekommen, das weiß ich, sein Schimmel steht im Stall...
Sie verschwinden, und der junge Mann tritt abermals vor, um zu spähen; er muß sich abermals hinter eine Säule verstecken, von der anderen Seite kommen ein Greis und ein runder Pater.

Act One

Before the castle. A young man slips up the staircase in order to peer into the castle from the terrace. A peacock screams. As someone comes onto the terrace, the young man hides himself behind a column.

DONNA ELVIRA: Don Juan? Don Juan?
DONNA INEZ: No one is here.
DONNA ELVIRA: His gray is in the stable.
DONNA INEZ: You are certainly deceiving yourself, Donna Elvira. What would a person be doing in this darkness? It’s frosty out, and when the peacocks screech as well, huh, it raises the hair on my neck even before I hear it.
DONNA ELVIRA: Don Juan? Don Juan?
DONNA INEZ: Palms in the wind. Like the ringing of a dagger on stone steps. I know it, Donna Elvira, I hear it every night, and each time that I go to the window: nothing but palm trees in the wind.
DONNA ELVIRA: He has come, I know it, his gray is in the stable…

They disappear, and the young man steps forward to peer once again; he must hide himself once more behind a column as an old man and a chubby priest come from the other side.

PATER DIEGO: Haben Sie Geduld.

TENORIO: Sie kennen die Celestina –

PATER DIEGO: Scht.

TENORIO: - Spaniens berühmte Kupplerin, sie, die sogar Bischöfe zu ihren Kunden macht, aber nicht meinen Sohn, nicht meinen Sohn. Und was habe ich schon bezahlt! Und wenn er schon einmal im Bordell sitzt, so spielt er Schach. Ich habe es selbst gesehen. Schach!

PATER DIEGO: Leise, Vater Tenorio.

TENORIO: Macht sich nichts aus Frauen!

PATER DIEGO: Man kommt.

TENORIO: Der Junge bringt mich um, Sie werden sehen, Pater Diego,

TENORIO: Patience! It is easy for you to talk, Pater Diego. And when the lout doesn’t come at all? It is already midnight. Patience! Don’t defend my son. He has no heart, I say, exactly like his mother. Cold as stone. At the age of twenty: I couldn’t care less about women! And the terrible thing, Pater Diego, is that he isn’t lying. He says what he thinks. His mistress, he says to my face, his mistress is Geometry. What trouble he has already caused me! You say it yourself, his name does not come up in any confession. And such a thing is my son, my only one, the continuer of my line! – At the age of twenty, never been with a woman, Pater Diego, can you imagine that?

PATER DIEGO: Have patience.

TENORIO: You know Celestina –

PATER DIEGO: Shh.

TENORIO: Spain’s famous madam, she, who even counts bishops among her customers, but not my son, not my son. What I’ve already paid! And when he did once visit the brothel, he played chess. I saw it myself. Chess!

PATER DIEGO: Easy, father Tenorio.

TENORIO: Doesn’t care about women!

PATER DIEGO: Someone is coming.

TENORIO: The youth will kill me, you will see, Pater Diego, with a
Es kommt Don Gonzalo, der Komtur.

PATER DIEGO: Ist er gekommen?

DON GONZALO: Noch ist nicht Mitternacht.


DON GONZALO: Er hat einen langen Ritt, der junger Herr, und harte Tage hinter sich. Ich denke nicht schlecht von Ihrem Sohn, er hat sich trefflich geschlagen –

TENORIO: Ist das wahr?

DON GONZALO: Ich schmeichle nicht, weil Sie zufällig sein Vater sind, ich meld bloß, was die vaterländische Historie nie bestreiten wird: Er war der Held von Cordoba.

TENORIO: Ich hätte ihm das nicht zugetraut.


TENORIO: Junge, Junge!

DON GONZALO: Ich rief ihn in mein Zelt. Wozu, fragte ich unter vier Augen, wozu führen wir diesen Kreuzzug? Und wie er bloß...
lächelte, forschte ich weiter: Warum hassen wir die Heiden?

**TENORIO:** Was antwortete er?

**DON GONZALO:** Er hasse die Heiden nicht.

**TENORIO:** Junge, Junge!

**DON GONZALO:** Im Gegenteil, sagte er, wir können viel von den Heiden lernen, und wie ich ihn das nächste Mal traf, lag er unter einer Korkoake und las ein Buch. Ein arabisches.

**TENORIO:** Geometrie, ich weiß, der Teufel hol die Geometrie.

**DON GONZALO:** Ich fragte, wozu er das lese.

**TENORIO:** Was, um Gottes willen, antwortete er?

**DON GONZALO:** Er lächelte bloß.

**TENORIO:** Junge, Junge!

**DON GONZALO:** Ich leugne nicht, Vater Tenorio, dass mich sein Lächeln oft ergrimmte. Es war ein ungeheuerlicher Befehl, als ich Ihren jungen Sohn nach Cordoba schickte, um die feindliche Festung zu messen; ich glaubte nicht, dass er es wagen würde. Ich wollte nur sehen, wie ihm sein Lächeln einmal vergeht. Und damit er mich ernstnehme. Am andern Morgen, als er in mein Zelt trat, unverwundet vom Scheitel bis zur Sohle, einen Zettel in der Hand, ich traute meinen Augen nicht, wie er mir die Länge der feindlichen Festung meldete – schwarz auf weiß: 942 Fuß.

**TENORIO:** Wie hat er das gemacht?

**DON GONZALO:** Don Juan Tenorio! so sprach ich und umarmte ihn vor allen Offizieren, die dasselbe nie gewagt haben: Ich habe he simply smiled, I probed further: Why do we hate the heathens?

**TENORIO:** What did he answer?

**DON GONZALO:** That he does not hate the heathens.

**TENORIO:** Oh my boy, my boy!

**DON GONZALO:** On the contrary, he said, we can learn much from the heathens, and as I met him the next time, he lay beneath a cork-oak tree and was reading a book. An Arabian one.

**TENORIO:** Geometry, I know, the devil take his geometry.

**DON GONZALO:** I asked, to what purpose he read it.

**TENORIO:** What, for God’s sake, did he answer?

**DON GONZALO:** He merely smiled.

**TENORIO:** Oh my boy, my boy!

**DON GONZALO:** I do not deny, Father Tenorio, that his smile often infuriated me. It was a monstrous command, when I sent your young son to Cordoba in order to measure the enemy fortress; I did not believe that he would dare to do it. I only wanted to see his smile disappear for once. And so that he might take me seriously. The next morning, when he stepped into my tent, unwounded from head to toe and with a slip of paper in his hand, I did not trust my eyes, the way he reported the length of the enemy fortress to me – in black and white: 942 feet.

**TENORIO:** How did he do it?

**DON GONZALO:** Don Juan Tenorio! thus I spoke, and embraced him before all the officers, who would never have dared to attempt the
dich verkannt, aber von dieser Stunde an nenne ich dich meinen Sohn, Bräutigam meiner Anna, Ritter des Spanischen Kreuzes, Held von Cordoba!

Musik erklingt.

TENORIO: Wie hat er das gemacht?
DON GONZALO: Ich fragte ihn auch.
TENORIO: Was antwortete er?
DON GONZALO: Er lächelte bloß –

Es erscheint Donna Elvira, Larven in der Hand.

DONNA ELVIRA: Die Masquerade hat begonnen! Sie macht Tanzschritte zur Musik. Drinnen tanzen sie schon.

DONNA ELVIRA: »Ich bin die Frau
Und der Teich mit dem Mond dieser Nacht,
Du bist der Mann
Und der Mond in dem Teich dieser Nacht,
Nacht macht uns eins,
Gesicht gibt es keins,
Liebe macht blind,
Die da nicht Braut und Bräutigam sind. «

PATER DIEGO: Wir warten auf den Bräutigam.
DONNA ELVIRA: Der Bräutigam ist da!
TENORIO: Mein Sohn?
DONNA ELVIRA: Sein Schimmel steht im Stall. Ich habe ihn erst aus der Ferne gesehen, aber Ihr Sohn, Vater Tenorio, ist der same: I have underestimated you, but from this moment on, I name you my son, bridegroom of my Anna, Knight of the Spanish Cross, Hero of Cordoba!

Music strikes up.

TENORIO: How did he do it?
DON GONZALO: I asked him also.
TENORIO: What did he answer?
DON GONZALO: He simply smiled –

Donna Elvira enters, masks in hand.

DONNA ELVIRA: The masquerade has begun. She takes some steps to the music. Inside they have begun dancing.

DONNA ELVIRA: » I am the woman
And the pond with the moon this night,
You are the man
And the moon in the pond this night,
Night makes us one,
Faces, there are none,
Love makes blind
Those who are not bride and bridegroom. «

PATER DIEGO: We are waiting for the bridegroom.
DONNA ELVIRA: The bridegroom is here!
TENORIO: My son?
DONNA ELVIRA: His gray is in the stable. I saw him only from a distance, but your son, Father Tenorio, is the most graceful rider
zierlichste Reiter, der sich je von einem Schimmel geschwungen hat, hopp! und wie er auf die Füße springt, als habe er Flügel.

DON GONZALO: Wo ist Donna Anna?

DONNA ELVIRA: Ich bin die Mutter der Braut, aber ich komme mir bräutlicher vor als mein Kind. Wir sind die letzten ohne Larven. Hoffentlich hält er nicht mich für seine Braut! Auch du, mein Gemahl, mußt eine Larve nehmen, Brauch ist Brauch, und wenn ich bitten darf, es werden keine Namen mehr genannt, sonst hat die ganze Maskerade keinen Sinn.

Es erscheint ein Paar in Larven.

SIE: Und ob du’s bist! Ich wette mein Leben, du bist’s. Laß mich deine Hände sehen.

ER: Das muß ein Irrtum sein.

SIE: Kein Mann hat Hände so wie du!

ER: Man hört uns.

Don Gonzalo und Tenorio ziehen ihre Larven an.

DONNA ELVIRA: Ein Wort, Pater Diego!

Das Larvenpaar küßt sich.

PATER DIEGO: Wer ist dieses schamlose Paar? Ich kenne ihre Stimme. Wenn das nicht die Miranda ist!

DONNA ELVIRA: Sie müssen sprechen mit ihr.

PATER DIEGO: Mit Miranda, der Dirne, hier im Schloß?

DONNA ELVIRA: Mit Donna Anna.

Das Larvenpaar küßt sich.

that ever swung himself from a horse, hupp! and how light he is on his feet, as though he had wings.

DON GONZALO: Where is Donna Anna?

DONNA ELVIRA: I am the mother of the bride, yet I feel more bride-like than my child. We are the last ones still without masks. Hopefully he doesn’t take me for his bride! You as well, my consort, must take a mask. Custom is custom, and if I may be permitted, I ask that no more names be named – otherwise there is no sense to the entire masquerade.

A masked pair appears.

SHE: Is it you! I bet my life that it’s you. Let me see your hands.

HE: It must be a mistake.

SHE: No man has hands like you!

HE: Someone is listening to us.

Don Gonzalo and Tenorio put on their masks.

DONNA ELVIRA: A word, Pater Diego.

The masked pair kisses.

PATER DIEGO: Who is this shameless pair? I know her voice. If that isn’t Miranda!

DONNA ELVIRA: You must talk with her.

PATER DIEGO: With Miranda the whore, here in the castle?

DONNA ELVIRA: With Donna Anna.

The masked pair kisses.
DONNA ELVIRA: Das arme Kind ist ganz verwirrt, sie will sich verstecken, Angst vor dem Mann, sie zittert an allen Gliedern, die Glückliche, seit sie weiß, daß er gekommen ist –

PATER DIEGO: – der zierlichste Reiter, der sich je von einem Schimmel geschwungen hat, hopp! und wie er auf die Füße springt, als habe er Flügel.

DONNA ELVIRA: Diego?

PATER DIEGO: Weiter!

DONNA ELVIRA: Wieso dieser finstere Blick?

PATER DIEGO: Wäre unsere spanische Kirche nicht so verbohrt in die Idee der Wohlfahrt, die bald einen Zehntel aller einlaufenden Almosen verschlingt, dann könnte auch unsereiner von einem Schimmel springen, Donna Elvira, anstatt von einem Maulesel zu rutschen.

DONNA ELVIRA: Diego! –

PATER DIEGO: Weiter!


PATER DIEGO: Elvira –

DONNA ELVIRA: Das, mein Freund, ein für allemal!

PATER DIEGO: Schh.

DONNA ELVIRA: The poor child is completely confused, she wants to hide – fear of the man – she is shaking in every limb, the lucky thing, since she knows that he has arrived –

PATER DIEGO: – the most graceful rider that ever swung himself from a horse, hupp! and how light he is on his feet, as though he had wings.

DONNA ELVIRA: Diego?

PATER DIEGO: Go on!

DONNA ELVIRA: Why this dark look?

PATER DIEGO: Were our Spanish church not so obsessed with the idea of charity, which will soon swallow up a tenth of all incoming alms, then could our sort also spring from a stallion, Donna Elvira, instead of sliding from a mule.

DONNA ELVIRA: Diego! –

PATER DIEGO: Go on!

DONNA ELVIRA: I never swore, that I would continue my infidelity. Pater Diego! We want to remain friends. You seem to forget that I am married, my dear, and if I ever – Heaven prevent it – fall in love with a young man, I will in doing so betray my consort alone, not you.

PATER DIEGO: Elvira –

DONNA ELVIRA: That is it, my friend, once and for all!

PATER DIEGO: Shh.
DONNA ELVIRA: Gehen wir zu Donna Anna.
Donna Elvira und Pater Diego entfernen sich, es bleibt das Larvenpaar, dazu der junge Mann hinter der Säule.


Sie nimmt ihre Larve ab.

ER: Miranda!?

SIE: Die Hure, ja: für sie.

ER: Wie kannst du es wagen –


ER: Schach?

SIE: Da habe ich deine Hände entdeckt.

ER: Ich spiele nicht Schach.
SIE: Ich habe gelacht, weil du mehr ahnst als alle Männer von Sevilla zusammen. Ich sah dich: vertieft in dein Schach, der erste Mann, der den Mut hatte zu tun, was ihn wirklich gelüstet, sogar im Freudenhaus.

ER: Ich heiße Don Roderigo.

SIE: Ausgerechnet!

ER: Was lachst du?


ER: Und wenn ich trotzdem Don Roderigo bin, wenn ich es schwöre bei allem, was mir heilig ist?

SIE: Dann lache ich über alles, was einem Don Roderigo heilig ist, und halte deine Hände. Ich habe sie erkannt. Laß sie mich küssen. Es sind die Hände, die mich zu mir selber tragen, Hände, wie nur einer sie hat, und der bist Du: – Don Juan!

ER: Don Juan?

SIE küßt seine Hände.

Dort kannst du ihn sehn!

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SHE: I laughed, because you realize more than all the other men of Seville together. I saw you: engrossed in your chess, the first man who had the courage to do what he really enjoyed doing, even in a house of pleasure.

HE: My name is Don Roderigo.

SHE: Of all people!

HE: What are you laughing at?

SHE: Don Roderigo! You would like to make fun of me, I understand, because that one has embraced me as well. Don Roderigo, I know him and all the others, whose only difference is in their names – I am often amazed that they don’t themselves confuse which of them is which. One just like the other! Even when they are silent and embrace, these are other forms of talking. How boring they are, fellows like Don Roderigo, your friend. You cannot know how different you are, so I will tell you.

HE: And when, in spite of all, I am Don Roderigo, when I swear by everything that is holy to me?

SHE: Then I will laugh at everything that is holy to a Don Roderigo, and hold your hands. I recognized them. Let me kiss them. They are the hands that bear me to myself, such hands as only one man has, and that man is you: – Don Juan!

HE: Don Juan?

SHE kisses his hands.

Over there you can see him!
Er zeigt auf den jungen Mann, der jetzt hinter der Säule, wo er sich versteckt gehalten hat, hervorgetreten ist. Miranda sieht und schreit wie von einem Messer getroffen. Im gleichen Augenblick kommt eine Polonaise von Larven, Hand in Hand, Miranda wird in die Kette genommen und verschwindet mit den Larven.

DON RODERIGO: Juan, wo kommst du plötzlich her?
DON JUAN: Hör zu.


DON JUAN: Wenn du mein Freund bist, Roderigo, ich bitte dich um einen Dienst, nicht der Rede wert, für dich ist’s eine Kleinigkeit, für mich hängt alles dran. Ich fühle es so klar: Jetzt und hier, in dieser Nacht, wird sich entscheiden, was fortan unaufhaltsam wird. Ich weiß es seit einer Stunde, Roderigo, und kann nichts dazu tun. Ich nicht! Plötzlich hängt’s an einem dummen Schimmel, Entscheidung über unser ganzes Leben, es ist entsetzlich. Willst du mir helfen, Roderigo?

DON RODERIGO: Ich verstehe kein Wort.

DON JUAN: Hol mir den Schimmel aus dem Stall.
DON RODERIGO: Wozu?
DON JUAN: Ich muß fort, Roderigo.
DON RODERIGO: Fort?
DON JUAN: Noch bin ich frei – Gelächter im Schloß; Don Juan

DON RODERIGO: Ich versteh kein Wort.
DON JUAN: Hol mir den Schimmel aus dem Stall.
DON RODERIGO: Wozu?
DON JUAN: Ich muß fort, Roderigo.
DON RODERIGO: Fort?
DON JUAN: Noch bin ich frei – Gelächter im Schloß; Don Juan

He points at the young man who has now stepped out from behind the column where he had remained hidden. Miranda sees and screams as though stabbed by a knife. In the same moment, a Polonaise of masked dancers comes, hand in hand, Miranda is taken into the line and disappears with the dancers.

DON RODERIGO: Juan, where have you come from all of a sudden?
DON JUAN: Listen.

DON RODERIGO: What are you up to, here about the park? You are expected, my friend, and everyone is asking about the bridegroom. Why don’t you go inside.

DON JUAN: If you are my friend, Roderigo, I ask a service of you, not worth speaking of; for you it is a little thing – for me everything depends upon it. I feel it so clearly: now and here, in this night, that will be decided, which from here on out will be unstoppable. I have known for the last hour, Roderigo, and can do nothing. I, nothing! Suddenly it depends upon a stupid stallion, a decision about our entire life – it is appalling. Do you want to help me, Roderigo?

DON RODERIGO: I don’t understand a word.
DON JUAN: Fetch my gray out of the stable.
DON RODERIGO: To what purpose?
DON JUAN: I must away, Roderigo.
DON RODERIGO: Away?
DON JUAN: I am yet free – Laughter in the castle; Don Juan takes
nimmt seinen Freund an der Schulter und zieht ihn in den dunklen Vordergrund. – Roderigo, ich habe Angst.

DON RODERIGO: Du, der Held von Cordoba?
DON JUAN: Laß diesen Unsinn!
DON RODERIGO: Ganz Sevilla spricht von deinem Ruhm.
DON JUAN: Ich weiß, sie glauben’s im Ernst, ich habe mich nach Cordoba geschlichen, um die Festung zu messen, ich setze mein Leben auf Spiel für ihren Kreuzzug.
DON RODERIGO: Hast du das nicht getan?
DON JUAN: Wofür hältst du mich?
DON RODERIGO: Ich verstehe nicht…
DON RODERIGO: Wovor hast du Angst?
DON JUAN: Ich kann sie nicht sehen!
DON RODERIGO: Wen?
DON JUAN: Ich habe keine Ahnung mehr, wie sie aussieht.
DON RODERIGO: Donna Anna?

his friend by the shoulder and pulls him into the dark foreground. – Roderigo, I am afraid.

DON RODERIGO: You, the hero of Cordoba?
DON JUAN: Leave off this nonsense!
DON RODERIGO: All of Seville speaks of your glory.
DON JUAN: I know, they seriously believe that I crept to Cordoba in order to measure the fortress, that I set my life at risk for their crusade.
DON RODERIGO: Did you not do that?
DON JUAN: What do you take me for?
DON RODERIGO: I don’t understand…
DON JUAN: Geometry for beginners, Roderigo! But not even when I draw it for them in the sand do the lords understand it, therefore they talk of miracles and God in Heaven when our mortars finally hit their mark, and when I smile, they become spiteful. He looks around fearfully. Roderigo –
DON RODERIGO: What are you afraid of?
DON JUAN: I can not see her!
DON RODERIGO: Whom?
DON JUAN: I haven’t the slightest idea anymore what she looks like.
DON RODERIGO: Donna Anna?
DON JUAN: No idea. No idea…I was riding the whole day. I longed for her. I rode more and more slowly. I could have already been here, hours ago; when I saw the walls of Seville, I sat down
die Mauern von Sevilla sah, hockte ich an einer Zisterne, bis es
dunkel wurde...Roderigo, laß uns redlich sein!

DON RODERIGO: Gewiß.

DON JUAN: Woher weißt du, wen du liebst?

DON RODERIGO: Mein lieber Juan –

DON JUAN: Antworte!

DON RODERIGO: Ich begreife dich nicht.

DON JUAN: Ich begreife mich selbst nicht, Roderigo. Da draußen an
der Zisterne mit dem Spiegelbild im schwarzen Wasser – du hast
gerrecht, Roderigo, es ist seltsam...Ich glaube, ich liebe. Ein Pfau
schreit. Was war das? Ein Pfau schreit. Ich liebe. Aber wem?

DON RODERIGO: Donna Anna, deine Braut.

DON JUAN: Ich kann sie mir nicht vorstellen – plötzlich.

Eine Gruppe lustiger Larven huscht vorbei.

DON JUAN: War sie dabei?

DON RODERIGO: Die Braut trägt keine Larve. Du bist von deinem
Glück verwirrt, das ist alles, Juan. Laß uns hineingehen! Es ist
Mitternacht vorbei.

DON JUAN: Ich kann nicht!

DON RODERIGO: Wo in aller Welt willst du denn hin?

DON JUAN: Fort.

DON RODERIGO: Zu deiner Geometrie?

DON JUAN: Wo ich weiß, was ich weiß: – ja…Hier bin ich verloren.
Als ich ums nächtliche Schloß ritt, sah ich im Fenster ein junges

on a cistern until darkness fell...Roderigo, let us be honest!

DON RODERIGO: Certainly.

DON JUAN: How do you know whom you love?

DON RODERIGO: My dear Juan –

DON JUAN: Answer!

DON RODERIGO: I do not understand you.

DON JUAN: I don’t understand myself, Roderigo. There, outside at
the cistern with the reflection in the black water – you are right,
Roderigo, it is peculiar...I believe, I love. A peacock cries.

What was that? A peacock cries. I love. But whom?

DON RODERIGO: Donna Anna, your bride.

DON JUAN: I cannot imagine her – suddenly.

A group of merry masks flits past.

DON JUAN: Was she with them?

DON RODERIGO: The bride is not wearing a mask. You are confused
by your good fortune3, that is all, Juan. Let us go inside!

Midnight is past.

DON JUAN: I can not!

DON RODERIGO: Where, in all the world, do you want to go?

DON JUAN: Away.

DON RODERIGO: To your geometry?

DON JUAN: To where I know what I know: – yes…Here, I am lost.

When I rode around the castle at night, I saw in the window a
Weib: Ich hätte sie lieben können, die erste beste, so gut wie meine Anna.
DON RODERIGO: Vielleicht war sie’s.
DON JUAN: Vielleicht! Und darauf soll ich schwören, meinst du, wie ein Blinder, und jede kann kommen und sagen, sie sei’s?
DON RODERIGO: Still!
DON JUAN: Du wirst mich nicht verraten, Roderigo, du hast mich nicht gesehen.
DON RODERIGO: Wohin?

Don Juan schwingt sich über die Balustrade und verschwindet im finsteren Park. Don Roderigo zieht seine Larve wieder an, während Pater Diego und Donna Anna erscheinen, beide larvenlos.

PATER DIEGO: Hier, mein Kind, sind wir allein.
DONNA ANNA: Nein.
PATER DIEGO: Wieso nicht?
DONNA ANNA: Ein Mann – !
DON RODERIGO: » Ich bin der Mann
Und der Mond in dem Teich dieser Nacht,
Du bist die Frau
Und der Teich mit dem Mond dieser Nacht,
Nacht macht uns eins,
Gesicht gibt es keins,
Liebe macht blind,
Die da nicht Braut und Bräutigam sind. «

young woman: I could have loved her, the first to come along, as well as my Anna.
DON RODERIGO: Perhaps it was she.
DON JUAN: Perhaps! And, you think, I should swear upon that, like a blind man, and every woman can come and claim that it was she?
DON RODERIGO: Hush!
DON JUAN: You will not betray me, Roderigo, you have not seen me.

DON RODERIGO: Where are you going?

Don Juan swings himself over the balustrade and disappears in the dark park. Don Roderigo pulls his mask on again, while Pater Diego and Donna Anna appear, both without masks.

PATER DIEGO: Here, my child, we are alone.
DONNA ANNA: No.
PATER DIEGO: Why not?
DONNA ANNA: A man – !
DON RODERIGO: » I am the man
And the moon in the pond this night,
You are the woman
And the pond with the moon this night,
Night makes us one,
Faces, there are none,
Love makes blind
Those who are not bride and bridegroom. «
Er verbeugt sich.
Gott segne Donna Anna, die Braut!
Don Roderigo entfernt sich.

DONNA ANNA: Vielleicht war er’s?
PATER DIEGO: Der Bräutigam trägt keine Larve.
DONNA ANNA: Mir ist so bang.
PATER DIEGO: Kind! Der Pfau schreit. – das ist der Pfau, mein Kind, kein Grund, dass du erschrickst. Er sucht nicht dich, der arme Pfau, seit sieben Wochen wirbt er mit dieser heiseren Stimme und schlägt sein buntes Rad immerzu, damit die Donna Pfau ihn erhöre. Aber ihr, so scheint es, ist bang wie dir, ich weiß nicht, wo sie sich versteckt... Was zitterst du?

DONNA ANNA: Ich liebe ihn ja – gewiß...
PATER DIEGO: Und dennoch willst du dich verstecken vor ihm? Vor dem zierlichsten Reiter, der sich je von einem Schimmel geschwungen hat, hopp! und wie er auf die Füße springt, als habe er Flügel. Frag deine Mama! Deine Mama schwört, es habe eine solche Gestalt noch nie gegeben, und wenn ich auch am Gedächtnis deiner Mama zweifeln und als Pater daran erinnern muß, daß eine schlanke Gestalt noch nicht alles ist, oh nein, sondern daß es auch innere Werte gibt, die ein Weib oft übersieht, Vorzüge der Seele, die mehr wiegen als ein dreifaches Doppelkinn – was ich habe sagen wollen: Kein Zweifel, mein Kind, es wird ein schlanker Jüngling sein, was jeden Augenblick, He bows.
God bless Donna Anna, the bride!
Don Roderigo exits.

DONNA ANNA: Perhaps it was he?
PATER DIEGO: The bridegroom does not wear a mask.
DONNA ANNA: I’m so afraid.
PATER DIEGO: Child! The peacock screeches. – that is the peacock, my child, no reason for you to be afraid. He is not searching for you, the poor peacock; for the last seven weeks he woos with this hoarse voice and unfurls his colorful tail continually, so that the Donna Peacock might finally hear him. But she, it seems, is afraid as you are. I do not know where she is hiding... why are you trembling?
DONNA ANNA: I do love him – certainly...
PATER DIEGO: And nevertheless you want to hide from him? From the most graceful rider that ever swung himself from a horse, hupp! and how light he is on his feet, as though he had wings. Ask your Mama! Your Mama swears that there has never been such a figure, even if I must doubt your mother’s memory, and, as a priest, must remind her that a slim figure is not everything, oh no, but rather that there are also inner things of worth, which a woman often overlooks, merits of the soul, which weigh more than a three-times-over double chin – what I wanted to say is: Do not doubt, my child, it will be a slim young man, who at any moment, proud as a peacock, shall appear before you –
stolz wie ein Prau, vor dir erscheinen soll – Donna Anna will fliehen. Bleib. Er zieht sie auf die Bank zurück. Wohin denn?

DONNA ANNA: Ich werde in Ohnmacht fallen.
PATER DIEGO: Dann wird er dich halten, bis du erwachst, mein Kind, in seinem Arm, und alles wird gut sein.

DONNA ANNA: Wo ist er?
PATER DIEGO: Im Schloß, denke ich. Er sucht seine Braut, wie es Brauch ist… Die Heiden nannten es die Wilde Nacht. Ein wüster Brauch, sagt der Chronist; jedes paarte sich mit jedem, wie es gerade gelüstete, und niemand wußte in dieser Nacht, wen er umarmte. Denn alle trugen eine gleiche Larve und waren, so vermutete der Chronist, splitternackt, Männlein und Weiblein.

Splitternackt. So war es bei den Heiden –

DONNA ANNA: Da kommt jemand!
PATER DIEGO: Wo?
DONNA ANNA: Es tönte so.
PATER DIEGO: Palmen im Wind…

DONNA ANNA: Ich bitte um Verzeihung, Pater Diego.
PATER DIEGO: So war es bei den Heiden, jedes paarte sich mit jedem, doch das ist lange her. – Die Christen nannten es die Nacht des Erkennens, und alles bekam einen frommen Sinn. Braut und Bräutigam waren fortan die einzigen, die sich in dieser Nacht umarmen durften, gesetzt, daß sie einander erkannten aus allen Larven heraus: kraft ihrer wahren Liebe. Ein schöner Sinn,
ein würdiger Sinn, nicht wahr?

DONNA ANNA: Ja.

PATER DIEGO: Nur hat es sich leider nicht bewährt, sagt der Chronist, solange Braut und Bräutigam noch eine Larve trugen wie allen andern. Es gab, sagt der Chronist, zuviel Verwechslungen... Warum hörst du nicht zu?

DONNA ANNA: Es kommt jemand!

Donna Elvira kommt aus dem Schloß.

DONNA ELVIRA: Pater Diego!

PATER DIEGO: Was ist geschehn?

DONNA ELVIRA: Kommen Sie! Aber geschwind! Kommen Sie!

Pater Diego folgt dem Alarm, und Donna Anna sitzt plötzlich allein in der Nacht. Der Pfau wiederholt seinen heiseren Schrei. Plötzlich von Grausen gepackt flieht sie über die gleiche Balustrade wie Don Juan zuvor und verschwindet im finsteren Park, um ihm zu entgehen. Donna Elvira kommt zurück.

DONNA ELVIRA: Anna! Wo ist sie denn? Anna!

Pater Diego kommt zurück.

PATER DIEGO: Natürlich ist sie eine Dirne, Miranda heißt sie, jedermann kennt ihren Namen, ein armes Geschöpf, das hier nichts zu suchen hat. Natürlich gehört sie auf die Gasse. Er sieht die leere Bank. Wo ist Donna Anna?

DONNA ELVIRA: Anna? Anna!

the strength of their true love. A beautiful meaning, a worthy significance, isn’t it?

DONNA ANNA: Yes.

PATER DIEGO: Except, unfortunately, it was not successful, says the chronicler, as long as bride and bridegroom still wore masks like all the others. There were, says the chronicler, too many confusions... why aren’t you listening?

DONNA ANNA: Someone is coming!

Donna Elvira comes out of the castle.

DONNA ELVIRA: Pater Diego!

PATER DIEGO: What has happened?

DONNA ELVIRA: Come! And quickly! Come!

Pater Diego follows the alarm, and Donna Anna suddenly sits alone in the night. The peacock repeats his hoarse scream. Suddenly seized with dread, she flees over the same balustrade as Don Juan has before, and disappears in the shadowy park in order to escape from him. Donna Elvira returns.

DONNA ELVIRA: Anna! Where is she? Anna!

Pater Diego comes back.

PATER DIEGO: Of course she is a whore, she is called Miranda, everyone knows her name, a poor creature who has no business here. Of course she belongs in the street. He sees the empty bench. Where is Donna Anna?

DONNA ELVIRA: Anna? Anna!
PATER DIEGO: Sie wird schon drinnen sein…

*Donna Elvira und Pater Diego gehen hinein, Stille, der Pfau wiederholt seinen heiseren Schrei.*

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PATER DIEGO: She must have gone inside already...

*Donna Elvira and Pater Diego go inside. Silence. The peacock repeats his hoarse scream.*
Intermezzo

Vor dem Zwischenvorhang erscheinen Celestina und Miranda.

CELESTINA: Heul nicht! sag ich. Und red mir keinen Kitsch. Wenn du nicht weißt, was sich gehört für eine Dirne: hier ist dein Bündel.

MIRANDA: Celestina?

CELESTINA: Du trieft ja von Seele.

MIRANDA: Celestina, wo soll ich denn hin?

CELESTINA: Verliebt! Und du wagst dich unter meine Augen?


Intermezzo

In front of the curtain appear Celestina and Miranda.

CELESTINA: Don’t wail! I say. And speak no trash to me. If you do not know what is fitting for a whore: here are your things.

MIRANDA: Celestina?

CELESTINA: Tears drip from your very soul.

MIRANDA: Celestina, where shall I go then?

CELESTINA: In love! And you dare to be before my eyes? In love with one particular gentleman. – Here is your bundle, and with that, basta! Enough! … Have I not warned all of you over and over again, leave your soul out of the game? I know the mess of true love. How else, do you think, would I have come to this, to lead a bordello? I know the sobbing when the soul is concerned. Once and never again! I have sworn that to myself. Have I not been like a mother to you all? A creature like you, Lord God, beautiful and saleable, suddenly you whimper like an animal and natter like a little miss: His hands! His nose! His forehead! And what else does he have, your one and only? So tell me. His toes! His earlobes! His calves! So tell me then: what does he have that is different than all the others? But I have seen it coming, these lowered eyes for weeks now – this introspection!
MIRANDA: O Celestina, er ist nicht wie alle.

CELESTINA: Hinaus!

MIRANDA: O Celestina –


MIRANDA: Ja, Gott steh mir bei.

Celestina ist sprachlos.

MIRANDA: Ja.

CELESTINA: So dankst du mir für deine Erziehung.

MIRANDA: O Celestina –


MIRANDA: O Celestina, he is not like everyone else.

CELESTINA: Out!

MIRANDA: O Celestina –

CELESTINA: Out! I say. For the last time. I will tolerate no trash on my doorstep. In love with an individual! that was all I needed. And you dare to say this to my face, to me, Spain’s foremost Madam: You love a particular person?

MIRANDA: Yes, God help me.

Celestina is speechless.

MIRANDA: Yes.

CELESTINA: Thus you thank me for your upbringing.

MIRANDA: O Celestina –

CELESTINA: O Celestina, o Celestina! You can amuse yourself at my expense, you think, in the middle of the night? You can lie to me like a man, is that what you think? God help you, yes, you have need of Him, for I will not help you, as truly as my name is Celestina. I know what I owe to my name. To what purpose, do you think, do gentlemen come to us? So that you fall in love, so that you differentiate among them? I tell all of you, day after day: Girls exist outside as well, women of every single age, of every sort of readiness, married, unmarried, whatever a man wants. So to what purpose do men come here? I shall tell you, my little treasure: Here, my treasure, the man recovers from his false feelings. It is that, you see, for which they pay with silver and gold. What did
Don Octavio, that wise judge, say, when they wanted to close down my house? Leave the good mother of the whores in peace! he said, and indeed he said it publicly: As long as we have a belletristic tradition that creates so many false feelings in the world, we cannot get around it – cannot avoid it! he said, and that is to say: I am protected by the state. Do you think I would be protected by the state if I were to allow something untoward? I sell no introspection here. Understood? I do not sell any girls who dream inwardly of another man. That, my little treasure, our customers have at home also! – Take your things, I say, and disappear.

MIRANDA: What shall I do?
CELESTINA: Marry.
MIRANDA: Celestina –
CELESTINA: You deserve it. Marry! You could have been a magnificent whore, the best of the age, sought after and spoiled. But no! you must love. Ha! A lady is what you want to be. Ha! You will think on us yet, my treasure, when it is too late. A whore does not sell her soul –
Miranda sobs.
CELESTINA: I have told you what I think. Do not wail about on my doorstep, we are a house of pleasure.
She goes.
MIRANDA: I love…
Zweiter Akt

Saal im Schloß

Donna Anna sitzt als Braut gekleidet, umringt von geschäftigen Frauen, Donna Inez kämmt die Braut.


Donna Inez: Anna?

Donna Anna: Ja.

Donna Inez: Du mußt erwachen, meine Liebe, deine Hochzeit ist da. Sie läuten schon die Glocken, hörst du nicht? Und die Leute, sagt Roderigo, stehen schon auf allen Balkonen, es wird eine Hochzeit geben, wie Sevilla noch keine erlebt hat, meint er...

Donna Anna: Ja.

Donna Inez: Du sagst ja, als gehe dich alles nichts an.

Donna Anna: Ja.

Donna Inez: Schon wieder Gras! Ich möchte bloß wissen, wo du gewesen bist in deinem Traum… Sie kämmt, dann nimmt sie den Spiegel zur Hand. Anna, ich hab ihn gesehen!

Act Two

Chamber in the castle

Donna Anna sits dressed as a bride, surrounded by bustling women, Donna Inez combs the bride’s hair.

Donna Inez: Let that be enough! I will pin the veil on alone, I am the one who will give the bride away. Only the mirror will we need still. The women exit. Why is your hair so damp? It can hardly be combed, so damp. There is even earth in it. Where have you been? And grass… Donna Anna is silent and stares straight ahead.

Donna Inez: Anna?

Donna Anna: Anna?

Donna Inez: Anna?

Donna Anna: Yes.

Donna Inez: You must awaken, my love, your wedding is here. They are already ringing the bells, do you not hear? And the people, says Roderigo, are already standing on all the balconies; there will be a wedding such as Seville has never yet known, he says…

Donna Anna: Yes.

Donna Inez: You say yes, as though it were nothing to you.

Donna Anna: Yes.

Donna Inez: Still more grass! I would just like to know where you have been in your dream… She combs, then takes up the mirror. Anna, I saw him!
DONNA ANNA: Wen?


DONNA ANNA: Wo bliebt der Schleier?

DONNA INEZ: Ich sehe euch schon, und wie sie dann deinen Schleier heben, der schwarz ist wie die Nacht, und der Pater wird fragen: Don Juan, erkennst du sie? Donna Anna, erkennst du ihn?

DONNA ANNA: Und wenn wir uns nicht erkennen?

DONNA INEZ: Anna!

DONNA ANNA: Gib mir den Schleier.

DONNA INEZ: Erst schau dich im Spiegel!

DONNA ANNA: Nein.

DONNA INEZ: Anna, du bist schön.

DONNA ANNA: Ich bin glücklich. Wäre es schon wieder Nacht! Ich bin eine Frau. Sieh unsere Schatten an der Mauer, hat er gesagt, das sind wir: ein Weib, ein Mann! Es war kein Traum. Schäme dich nicht, sonst schäme ich mich auch! Es war kein Traum. Und wir haben gelacht, er nahm mich und fragte keinen Namen, er küßte meinen Mund und küßte, damit auch ich nicht fragte, wer er sei, er nahm mich und trug mich durch den Teich, ich hörte das Wasser um seine watenden Beine, das schwarze Wasser, als er mich trug –

DONNA ANNA: Whom?

DONNA INEZ: Through the keyhole. You ask: whom? Like a captured tiger he goes back and forth. Once, he suddenly stood still, drew his dagger, and gazed at it. As though before a duel. But completely in white, Anna, completely in shimmering silk.

DONNA ANNA: Where is the veil?

DONNA INEZ: I see you two already, and how your veil will be lifted then, black as the night, and the priest will ask: Don Juan, do you recognize her? Donna Anna, do you recognize him?

DONNA ANNA: And if we do not recognize each other?

DONNA INEZ: Anna!

DONNA ANNA: Give me the veil.

DONNA INEZ: First look at yourself in the mirror.

DONNA ANNA: No.

DONNA INEZ: Anna, you are beautiful.

DONNA ANNA: I am happy. If only it were already night again! I am a woman. See our shadows on the wall, he said, that is us: a woman, a man! It was no dream. “Do not be ashamed, otherwise I too will be ashamed!” It was no dream. And we laughed; he took me and asked for no name. He kissed my mouth and kissed so that I, too, did not ask who he was; he took me and carried me through the pond – I heard the water around his legs as he waded through, the black water, as he carried me –
DONNA INEZ: Dein Bräutigam?
DONNA INEZ: Still!
DONNA ANNA: O, wäre es schon Nacht!
DONNA INEZ: Sie kommen.
DONNA ANNA: Gib mir den Schleier!

Es kommen Don Gonzalo und Pater Diego.

DON GONZALO: Die Stunde ist da. Ich bin kein Mann der blühenden Rede. Was ein Vater empfinden muß an diesem Tag, mein Kind, laß es dir sagen mit diesem Kuß.
PATER DIEGO: Wo bleibt der Schleier?
DONNA INEZ: Sogleich.
PATER DIEGO: Macht euch bereit, macht euch bereit!

Donna Inez und Donna Anna entfernen sich.
DON GONZALO: – wie gesagt, wir ritten also in die Burg von Cordoba, wo Muhamed mich empfing, der Heidenfürst, weinend über seine Niederlage, und die Höflinge ringsum weinten

PATER DIEGO: Hm.


PATER DIEGO: Hm.

DON GONZALO: Es duftete seltsam nach Gewürzen.

PATER DIEGO: Das sagten Sie schon.

DON GONZALO: Nehmt es und genießt es! sagte er –

PATER DIEGO: Wie viele waren’s?

DON GONZALO: Mädchen?

PATER DIEGO: Ungefähr.

DON GONZALO: Sieben oder neun.

PATER DIEGO: Hm.

DON GONZALO: Ich möchte nicht einer heiligen Trauung beiwohnen, Pater Diego, ohne vorher gebeichtet zu haben.

PATER DIEGO: Ich verstehe.

as well. All of this, said Mohamed, belongs to you, hero of the Christians, take it and enjoy it! I was astounded at so much splendor; palaces exist there, such as even in dreams I have never seen, chambers with shining cupolas above them, gardens full of beautiful fountains and the scent of flowers, and Mohamed himself, crying once again, gave me the key to his library, which I immediately ordered burned.

PATER DIEGO: Hm.

DON GONZALO: And here, said Mohamed, as he began to cry yet again, here was my harem. The young girls were crying as well. It smelled strangely of spices. All of this, he said, belongs to you, hero of the Christians, take it and enjoy it.

PATER DIEGO: Hm.

DON GONZALO: It smelled strangely of spices.

PATER DIEGO: You said that already.

DON GONZALO: Take it and enjoy it! he said –

PATER DIEGO: How many were there?

DON GONZALO: Girls?

PATER DIEGO: Approximately.

DON GONZALO: Seven or nine.

PATER DIEGO: Hm.

DON GONZALO: I would not like to witness the holy sacrament of marriage, Pater Diego, without having confessed beforehand.

PATER DIEGO: I understand.
DON GONZALO: Nämlich es handelt sich um meine Ehe.
PATER DIEGO: Sie erschrecken mich.
DON GONZALO: Siebzehn Jahre habe ich die Treue gewahrt –
DON GONZALO: All of this, he said, belongs to you –
PATER DIEGO: Nehmt es und genießt es!
DON GONZALO: Ja –
PATER DIEGO: Es duftete seltsam.
DON GONZALO: Ja –
PATER DIEGO: Weiter!
DON GONZALO: Die Mädchen verstehen bloß arabisch, sonst wäre es nie so weit gekommen; als sie mich entkleideten, wie sollte ich ihnen erklären, daß ich verheiratet bin und was das bedeutet für unsereinen?
PATER DIEGO: Die Mädchen entkleideten Sie?
DON GONZALO: So hat Muhamed sie gelehrt.
PATER DIEGO: Weiter.
DON GONZALO: Pater Diego, ich habe eine Sünde begangen.
PATER DIEGO: Ich höre.

DON GONZALO: You see, it is about my marriage.
PATER DIEGO: You frighten me.
DON GONZALO: Seventeen years have I remained faithful –
PATER DIEGO: That fact is famous. Your marriage, Don Gonzalo, is the only perfect marriage that we are able present to the heathens over there. The heathens with their harems find it easy to make jokes about our scandals in Seville. I always say: If Spain did not have a man like you, Commander, as an example of Spanish marriage — but speak further!
DON GONZALO: All of this, he said, belongs to you –
PATER DIEGO: Take it and enjoy it!
DON GONZALO: Yes –
PATER DIEGO: It smelled strangely.
DON GONZALO: Yes –
PATER DIEGO: Go on!
DON GONZALO: The girls understand only Arabic, otherwise it would never have reached that point; when they unclothed me, how was I supposed to explain to them that I am married, and what that means for our people?
PATER DIEGO: The girls unclothed you?
DON GONZALO: As Mohamed had taught them.
PATER DIEGO: Go on.
DON GONZALO: Pater Diego, I have committed a sin.
PATER DIEGO: I am listening.
DON GONZALO: Eine Sünde im Geist.
PATER DIEGO: Wieso im Geist?
DON GONZALO: Ich habe die Treue verflucht!
PATER DIEGO: Und dann?
DON GONZALO: Verflucht die siebzehn Jahre der Ehe!
PATER DIEGO: Aber was haben Sie getan?
DON GONZALO: Getan –
PATER DIEGO: Zittern Sie nicht, Don Gonzalo, reden Sie offen; der Himmel weiß es ohnehin.
DON GONZALO: Getan –
PATER DIEGO: Wir alle sind Sünder.
DON GONZALO: Getan habe ich nichts.
PATER DIEGO: Warum nicht?

Auftreten in festlichen Gewändern: Donna Elvira, Tenorio, Don Roderigo, die drei Vettern und allerlei Mädchen, Weihrauchknaben, Posaunenbläser.

DONNA ELVIRA: Mein Gemahl! Man ist bereit. Mit Weihrauch und Posaunen, wie vor siebzehn Jahren! Man möchte noch einmal jung sein –
DON GONZALO: Wo ist der Bräutigam?
DONNA ELVIRA: Ich finde ihn herrlich!
DON GONZALO: Ich fragte, wo er ist.
DON RODERIGO: Don Juan, mein Freund, bittet um Nachsicht, daß er gestern nacht das große Fest versäumte. Müde wie er war von

DON GONZALO: A sin in spirit.
PATER DIEGO: How so in spirit?
DON GONZALO: I cursed fidelity!
PATER DIEGO: And then?
DON GONZALO: Cursed seventeen years of marriage!
PATER DIEGO: But what did you do?
DON GONZALO: Do –
PATER DIEGO: Do not tremble, Don Gonzalo, talk openly; Heaven knows it in any case.
DON GONZALO: What did I do –
PATER DIEGO: We are all sinners.
DON GONZALO: I did nothing.
PATER DIEGO: Why not?
Enterance in festive clothing: Donna Elvira, Tenorio, Don Roderigo, the three cousins and all sorts of attendant girls, incense bearers, trumpeters.

DONNA ELVIRA: My consort! All is ready. With incense and trumpets, as it was seventeen years ago! One would like to be young once again –
DON GONZALO: Where is the bridegroom?
DONNA ELVIRA: I find him splendid!
DON GONZALO: I asked where he is.
DON RODERIGO: Don Juan, my friend, begs for your forbearance that yesterday evening he missed the great celebration. Tired as he
seinem langen Ritt, so sagt er, habe er ein Weilchen ruhen wollen, bevor er sich den Schwiegereltern zeigte, und der Braut. Und so, sagt er, sei es gekommen, daß er die Nacht im Park verschlief, bis ihn die Hähne weckten. Das ist's, was ich bestellen soll. Er ist verwirrt. Er getraut sich nicht zu seiner Hochzeit zu erscheinen, wenn ich ihm nicht versichern kann, daß ihm sein Schlaf im Park verziehen ist.


TENORIO: Das will ich hoffen.

DONNA ELVIRA: – wie vor einer Hinrichtung.

Posaunen ertönen, Don Roderigo kommt mit Don Juan.

TENORIO: Mein Sohn!

DON JUAN: Mein Papa.

TENORIO: Die Sitte will es, daß ich ein paar Worte sage, obschon mir fast das Herz bricht, Gott weiß es, denn zum ersten Mal sehe ich was from his long ride, so he says, he wanted to rest a little while before he presented himself to his parents-in-law, and to the bride. And it so happened, he says, that he slept away the night in the park until the hens woke him. That is the message that I am supposed to convey. He is confused. He does not dare to appear at his wedding if I cannot assure him that he is forgiven his slumber in the park.

DONNA ELVIRA: He does not dare! He is the most well-mannered bridegroom I have ever met. I know of nothing that I would not be willing to forgive him. Don Roderigo bows and goes. I surprised him on the balcony; I came up from behind. Why was he biting his fingernails, I asked him, and he simply stared at me. Donna Anna? he asked confusedly, as though I were his bride, as though he could not recall what she looked like. As though I were his bride! He did not even bid me goodbye as I gathered up my skirt and went, but rather simply stared after me; I saw it in the mirror. So preoccupied is he, so totally turned inward –

TENORIO: I should hope so.

DONNA ELVIRA: As though before an execution.

Trumpets sound, Don Roderigo comes with Don Juan.

TENORIO: My son!

DON JUAN: My papa.

TENORIO: Custom would have it that I say a few words, although my heart is almost breaking, God knows, for, for the first time, I see
dich als Bräutigam – zum ersten Mal, meine verehrten Freunde
verstehen schon, was ich sagen möchte: zum ersten und
hoffentlich, mein Sohn, zum letzten Mal...

**DONNA ELVIRA**: Wir verstehen.
**TENORIO**: Die Sitte will es –
**PATER DIEGO**: Machen Sie es kurz.
**TENORIO**: Geb’s Gott! Geb’s Gott!

_Don Juan kniet nieder und läßt sich segnen._

**DONNA ELVIRA**: Wie süß er kniet.
**PATER DIEGO**: Was sagen Sie?
**DONNA ELVIRA**: Wie süß er kniet.

_Don Juan erhebt sich._

**DON GONZALO**: Mein Sohn!
**DON JUAN**: Mein Schwiegervater.
**DON GONZALO**: Auch ich bin kein Mann der blühenden Rede, aber
was ich sage, kommt von Herzen, und drum fasse ich mich kurz.

_Don Juan kniet neuerdings nieder._

**DON GONZALO**: Die Stunde ist da –
**DONNA ELVIRA**: Mehr wird ihm nicht einfallen, Pater Diego, lassen
Sie die Posaunen blasen, ich kenne ihn, mehr wird ihm nicht
einfallen.

**DON GONZALO**: Die Stunde ist da –
**TENORIO**: Geb’s Gott!
**DON GONZALO**: Geb’s Gott!

you as a bridegroom – for the first time, my honored friends
understand well what I would like to say: for the first and
hopefully, my son, for the last time…

**DONNA ELVIRA**: We understand.
**TENORIO**: Custom would have it –
**PATER DIEGO**: Be brief.
**TENORIO**: May God give you joy! May God give you joy!

_Don Juan kneels and receives the blessing._

**DONNA ELVIRA**: How sweetly he kneels.
**PATER DIEGO**: What are you saying?
**DONNA ELVIRA**: How sweetly he kneels.

_Don Juan rises._

**DON GONZALO**: My son!
**DON JUAN**: My father-in-law.

**DON GONZALO**: I too am not a man given to flowery speech, but
what I say comes from the heart, and therefore I will be brief.

_Don Juan kneels down once again._

**DON GONZALO**: The hour is here –
**DONNA ELVIRA**: Nothing more will not suggest itself to him, Pater
Diego; let the trumpets blow – I know him, more will not
suggest itself to him.

**DON GONZALO**: The hour is here –
**TENORIO**: May God give you joy!
**DON GONZALO**: May God give you joy!
Die beiden Väter umarmen einander, Posaunen ertönen, es erscheint die verschleierte Braut, von Donna Inez geführt; eine schöne Zeremonie endet damit, daß Don Juan, seidenweiß, und die Braut, seidenweiß mit schwarzem Schleier, einander gegenüber stehen, zwischen ihnen der Pater, alle übrigen knien.

PATER DIEGO: >>Herr, wer darf Gast sein in deinem Zelte?
Wer darf weilen auf deinem heiligen Berge?
Der unsträflich wandelt und Gerechtigkeit übt
und die Wahrheit redet von Herzen;
der Wort hält, auch wenn er sich zum Schaden geschworen.
Wer das tut, wird nimmer wanken. << Amen. –

Posaunen.


DONNA ANNA: Ja!
PATER DIEGO: Antworte, Don Juan, erkennst du sie?

The two fathers embrace one another, trumpets sound, the veiled bride appears led by Donna Inez; a beautiful ceremony ends with Don Juan, in white silk, and the bride, in white silk with a black veil, standing opposite one another, between them the priest; all the others kneel.

PATER DIEGO: “Lord, who may abide in your tent?
Who may dwell on your holy mountain?
Whoever walks without blame, doing what is right,
speaking truth from the heart;
who keeps an oath despite the cost.
Whoever acts like this shall never be shaken.” Amen. –

Trumpets.

PATER DIEGO: You: Donna Anna, daughter of Don Gonzalo of Ulloa, Commander of Seville. And you: Don Juan, son of Tenorio, banker from Seville. You both, dressed as bride and groom, having come here out of the free resolve of your hearts, willing to speak the truth before God, your creator and Lord – answer with clear and forceful voice the question that I put to you in the sight of Heaven and of earthly men, so that they may be your witnesses on earth: Do you recognize each other, face to face? Donna Anna is unveiled. Donna Anna, do you recognize him? Answer.

DONNA ANNA: Yes!
PATER DIEGO: Answer, Don Juan, do you recognize her?
Don Juan schweigt wie versteinert.
PATER DIEGO: Antworte, Don Juan, erkennst du sie?
DON JUAN: Ja...allerdings...o ja!
Posaunen.
PATER DIEGO: So antwortet denn auf die andere Frage.
DONNA ELVIRA: Wie erschüttert er ist!
PATER DIEGO: Da ihr euch also erkennt, Donna Anna und Don Juan,
seid ihr entschlossen und bereit, einander die Hand zu reichen
zum ewigen Bündnis der Ehe, die euch behüte, auf daß nicht
Satan, der gefallene Engel, das himmlische Wunder der Liebe
verwandle in irdische Pein: seid ihr also bereit zu geloben, daß
keine andere Liebe je in eurem Herzen sein soll, solang ihr lebt,
denn diese, die wir weihen im Namen des Vaters, des Sohnes,
des Heiligen Gestes. Alle bekreuzigen sich. Ich frage dich,
Donna Anna.
DONNA ANNA: Ja!
PATER DIEGO: Ich frage dich, Don Juan.
DON JUAN: – – – Nein.
PATER DIEGO: So lasset uns beten.
DON JUAN: Ich sagte: Nein. Der Pater beginnt zu beten. Nein! Alle
Knienden beginnen zu beten. Ich habe gesagt: Nein. Das Gebet
verstummt. Ich bitte Sie, Freunde, erheben Sie sich.
DON GONZALO: Was sagt er?
TENORIO: Junge, Junge!

Don Juan remains silent as though turned to stone.
PATER DIEGO: Answer, Don Juan, do you recognize her?
DON JUAN: Yes...indeed I do...oh yes!
Trumpets.
PATER DIEGO: Thus answer the other question.
DONNA ELVIRA: How deeply moved he is!
PATER DIEGO: Since you recognize each other, Donna Anna and
Don Juan, are you resolved and prepared to offer each other your
hand in the eternal bond of marriage – may it protect you both,
lest Satan, the fallen angel, transform the heavenly miracle of
love into earthly anguish. Are you therefore prepared to pledge
that no other love than this one shall ever be in your hearts as
long as you both live, which we ordain in the name of the Father,
the Son, and the Holy Spirit? All make the sign of the cross. I
ask you, Donna Anna.
DONNA ANNA: Yes!
PATER DIEGO: I ask you, Don Juan.
DON JUAN: – – – No.
PATER DIEGO: So let us pray.
DON JUAN: I said no. The priest begins to pray. No! All those
kneeling begin to pray. I said no. The praying falls silent. I beg
you, friends, arise.
DON GONZALO: What is he saying?
TENORIO: Oh my boy, my boy!
DON GONZALO: Nein – sagt er?
DON JUAN: Ich kann nicht. Unmöglich. Ich bitte um Entschuldigung… Warum erhebt ihr euch denn nicht?
PATER DIEGO: Was soll das heißen?
DON GONZALO: Was sagt er?
DON JUAN: Natürlich erkennen wir uns.
DON GONZALO: Umarmt? sagt er. Umarmt?
DON JUAN: Davon wollte ich nicht sprechen…
DONNA ANNA: Es ist aber die Wahrheit.
PATER DIEGO: Weg, ihr Buben, weg mit dem Weihrauch!
DON GONZALO: Entführen?
DON JUAN: Ja.
DON GONZALO: Meine Tochter?
DON JUAN: Ich hatte wirklich keine Ahnung, Don Gonzalo, daß sie

DON GONZALO: No – he says?
DON JUAN: I cannot. Impossible. I beg your pardon… Why will you all not stand up?
PATER DIEGO: What is the meaning of this?
DON JUAN: I shall tell you: I can not swear that. Impossible. I cannot. We embraced each other during the night, of course I recognize her –
DON GONZALO: What is he saying?
DON JUAN: Of course we recognize each other.
DON GONZALO: Embraced? he says. Embraced?
DON JUAN: I didn’t want to speak of that…
DONNA ANNA: It is however the truth.
PATER DIEGO: Away, you lads, away with the incense!
DON JUAN: We met one another in the park. By chance. Yesterday in the darkness. And suddenly everything was so natural. We fled. Both. But in the dark, since we did not know who we were, it was completely simple. And beautiful. And as we loved each other, we also made a plan – now I can certainly reveal it: tonight, by the pond, we would see each other again. That was our oath. And I wanted to abduct the girl.
DON GONZALO: Abduct?
DON JUAN: Yes.
DON GONZALO: My daughter?
DON JUAN: I really had not the slightest idea, Don Gonzalo, that it
es ist –

DON GONZALO: Hast du verstanden, Elvira?

DONNA ELVIRA: Besser als du.

DON JUAN: Wäre ich nicht so sonderbar müde gewesen, so daß ich
bis zum Morgengrauen schlief, Ehrenwort, ich hätte euch diese
große Veranstaltung erspart. Was sollte ich tun? Es war zu spät.
Ich hörte die Posaunen und wußte keinen anderen Rat, ich
dachte: Ich werde einen Meineid schwören. Entrüstet euch, ja,
so stehe ich da: Ich nehme eure Hochzeit als Spiel, so dachte ich,
und dann in der Nacht, wenn es abermals dunkel ist… Er starrt
auf Donna Anna. – Gott weiß es, darauf war ich nicht gefaßt!

PATER DIEGO: Worauf?

DON JUAN: Daß du es bist.

TENORIO: Junge, Junge!

DON JUAN: Nur wegen Weihrauch und Posaunen, Papa, kann ich
nicht schwören, was ich nicht glaube, und ich glaube mir selbst
nicht mehr. Ich weiß nicht, wen ich liebe. Ehrenwort. Mehr
kann ich nicht sagen. Das beste wird sein, man läßt mich gehen,
je rascher um so besser. Er verneigt sich. – Ich selber bin
bestürzt.

DON GONZALO: Verführer!

Don Juan will gehen.

DON GONZALO: Nur über meine Leiche! Er zieht den Degen. Nur
über meine Leiche!
DON JUAN: To what purpose?
DON GONZALO: Only over my dead body!
DON JUAN: You are not in earnest.
DON GONZALO: Fight!
DON JUAN: I have no intention to do so.
DON GONZALO: You will not leave this house, as truly as I am called Don Gonzalo, except over my dead body!
DON JUAN: But I would not like to kill.
DON GONZALO: Only over my dead body!
DON JUAN: What will that change? He turns towards the other side.
Ihr Gemahl, Donna Elvira, would like to make me into his murderer; grant me another exit!
DONNA ELVIRA: Halt!
DON JUAN: I do not fear men.
DONNA ELVIRA: Halt!
DON JUAN: Stop!
DONNA ELVIRA: Stop! She steps between them. Four against one!
And we hardly know why the youth is so confused. Are you all out of your senses? I beg for sanity. And at once! The blades
Klingen werden gesenkt. Pater Diego, warum sagen Sie denn kein Wort?
PATER DIEGO: Ich –
DON JUAN: Was soll der Pater schon sagen? Er versteht mich am allerbesten. Wieso hat er denn nicht geheiratet?
PATER DIEGO: Ich?
DON JUAN: Zum Beispiel Donna Elvira?
PATER DIEGO: Bei Gott –
DON JUAN: Er nennt es Gott, ich nenne es Geometrie; jeder Mann hat etwas Höheres als das Weib, wenn er wieder nüchtern ist.
PATER DIEGO: Was soll das heißen?
DON JUAN: Ich weiß, was ich weiß. Man reize mich nicht! Ich weiß nicht, ob der Komtur es weiß.
TENORIO: Junge, Junge!
DON JUAN: Es bricht dir das Herz, Papa, ich weiß, das sagst du schon seit dreizehn Jahren, es würde mich nicht wundern, Papa, wenn du eines Tages stirbst. Zu den Vetter: Fechten wir nun oder fechten wir nicht?
DONNA ELVIRA: Lieber Juan –

are lowered. Pater Diego, why aren’t you saying anything?
PATER DIEGO: I –
DON JUAN: What, indeed, should the priest say? He understands me better than anyone. Why did he not marry?
PATER DIEGO: I?
DON JUAN: For example Donna Elvira?
PATER DIEGO: By God –
DON JUAN: He calls it God, I call it geometry – every man has something higher than Wife when he is once more thinking clearly.
PATER DIEGO: What is that supposed to mean?
DON JUAN: Nothing.
PATER DIEGO: What is that supposed to mean?
DON JUAN: I know what I know. Do not provoke me! I don’t know whether the Commander knows it.
TENORIO: Oh my boy, my boy!
DON JUAN: It breaks your heart, Papa, I know, you’ve been saying that ever since I was thirteen years old – it would not surprise me, Papa, if you were to die one day. To the cousins: Are we fencing now, or are we not?
DONNA ELVIRA: Dear Juan –
DON JUAN: I am a gentleman, Donna Elvira, I will not reveal a lady’s secrets. Take heart. But I will not allow myself to be made a fool of, merely because I am young.
DONNA ELVIRA: Mein lieber Juan –
DON JUAN: Was will man von mir?
DONNA ELVIRA: Antwort auf eine einzige Frage. Zu den Vettern:
Steckt eure Klingen ein, ich warte drauf. Zu Don Gonzalo: Du auch! Die Vettern stecken ihre Klingen ein... Don Juan Tenorio, Sie sind gekommen, um Anna zu heiraten, Ihre Braut.
DON JUAN: Das war gestern.
DONNA ELVIRA: Ich verstehe Sie, plötzlich hatten Sie eine Scheu.
DON JUAN: Sehr.
DONNA ELVIRA: Namenlos.
DON JUAN: Ja.
DONNA ELVIRA: Sie wollten die Braut, die Sie betrogen, nicht heiraten. Sie wollten mit dem Mädchen fliehen, mit dem andern, Sie wollten es entführen –
DON JUAN: Ja.
DONNA ELVIRA: Warum tun Sie es nicht?
DON JUAN: Warum –
DONNA ELVIRA: Sehen Sie denn nicht, wie das Mädchen Sie erwartet, Sie und keinen andern, wie es strahlt, daß Sie, der Bräutigam und der Entführer, ein und derselbe sind?

DONNA ELVIRA: My dear Juan –
DON JUAN: What does everyone want from me?
DONNA ELVIRA: Answer one single question. To the cousins:
Sheath your blades; I am waiting for you to do so. To Don Gonzalo: You too! The cousins sheath their blades... Don Juan Tenorio, you came here in order to marry Anna, your bride.
DON JUAN: That was yesterday.
DONNA ELVIRA: I understand, suddenly you shied away from the idea. As did Anna. You fled into the Park. As did Anna. You were afraid of the fulfillment. Was it not so? Then however, in the darkness, you found each other, without the slightest inkling of who the other was, and it was beautiful.
DON JUAN: Very.
DONNA ELVIRA: Nameless.
DON JUAN: Yes.
DONNA ELVIRA: You did not want to marry the bride whom you were betraying. You wanted to flee with the girl, with the other, you wanted to abduct her –
DON JUAN: Yes.
DONNA ELVIRA: Why don’t you do it?
DON JUAN: Why –
DONNA ELVIRA: Do you not see how the girl awaits you, you and no other, how she is beaming that you are the bridegroom and the abductor, one and the same?
DON JUAN: Ich kann nicht.
DONNA ELVIRA: Warum?
DON GONZALO: Warum! Warum! Hier gibt es kein Warum! Er hebt neuerdings die Klingen. Tod dem Schänder meines Kindes!
DONNA ELVIRA: Mein Gemahl –
DON GONZALO: Fechten Sie!
DONNA ELVIRA: Mein Gemahl, wir sind in einem Gespräch.
DON JUAN: Ich kann nicht. Das ist alles, was ich sagen kann. Ich kann nicht schwören. Wie soll ich wissen, wen ich liebe?
Nachdem ich weiß, was alles möglich ist – auch für sie, meine Braut, die mich erwartet hat, mich und keinen andern, selig mit dem ersten besten, der zufällig ich selber war...
DON GONZALO: Fechten Sie!

Don Gonzalo läßt den Degen fallen.
DON JUAN: Ich bin bereit.

DON JUAN: I cannot.
DONNA ELVIRA: Why?
DON GONZALO: Why! Why! There is no “Why” here! He raises his blade once again. Death to the defiler of my child!
DONNA ELVIRA: My consort –
DON GONZALO: Fight!
DONNA ELVIRA: My consort, we are having a conversation.
DON JUAN: I cannot. That is all that I can say. I can not swear.
How should I know whom I love? After I know everything that is possible – also possible for her, my bride, who awaited me, me and no other – who was blissful with the first man to come along, who by mere chance was myself…
DON GONZALO: Fight!
DON JUAN: If you cannot wait for it, for your marble monument, begin! He laughs. You will always remain unforgettable to me, hero of the Christians, how you stood in the harem of Cordoba. Take and enjoy! I saw you…Begin! – I am his witness: the Moorish girls tried everything to tempt him, our crusader for marriage, but in vain, I swear it, I have seen him, so pale and buck naked, his hands were shaking, the spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak…Begin!

Don Gonzalo lets his dagger fall.
DON JUAN: I am ready.
DONNA ELVIRA: Juan –

DONNA ANNA: Juan –

DONNA ANNA: Lebwohl –
Don Juan entfernt sich.


PATER DIEGO: So läßt man diesen Frevler einfach ziehen?
DON GONZALO: Der Himmel zerschmettere ihn!
PATER DIEGO: Das kann auch ein Pater sagen. Der Himmel!
DON GONZALO: Verfolgt ihn! Los! Umzingelt den Park! Los! Laßt alle Hunde von der Kette und umzingelt den Park! Los, ihr alle, los!

Es bleiben Donna Elvira und Tenorio.

TENORIO: Es bricht mir das Herz, Donna Elvira, wenn ich sehe, wie mein Sohn sich benimmt.

DONNA ELVIRA: Juan –
DON JUAN: The best thing, I said from the first, was that you let me go; I feel that my courtesy is diminishing. He sheaths his blade. I will leave Seville.

DONNA ANNA: Juan –
DON JUAN: Farewell! He kisses Donna Anna’s hand. I loved you, Anna, even if I do not know whom I have loved, the bride or the other one. I have lost both of you, both in you alone’. I have lost myself. He kisses her hand once more. Farewell!

DONNA ANNA: Farewell –
Don Juan moves away.

DONNA ANNA: Do not forget, Juan: by the pond, when it is night – today – when it is night – Juan? – Juan!... She goes after him.

PATER DIEGO: This transgressor is simply allowed to leave so?
DON GONZALO: May Heaven crush him!
PATER DIEGO: A priest may say that as well. Heaven!
DON GONZALO: Follow him! Go! Surround the park! Go! Free all of the dogs from their chain and surround the park! Go, all of you, go!

Donna Elvira and Tenorio remain.

TENORIO: It breaks my heart, Donna Elvira, when I see how my son behaves.
DONNA ELVIRA: Ich finde ihn herrlich.

TENORIO: Wie stehe ich da?

DONNA ELVIRA: Das ist es, Vater Tenorio, was in diesem Augenblick uns alle, glauben Sie mir, am mindesten beschäftigt.


-Man hört Hundegebell, Pater Diego kommt zurück.

PATER DIEGO: Auch Sie, Vater Tenorio, los!

Donna Elvira bleibt allein.

DONNA ELVIRA: Ich finde ihn herrlich!

Don Juan stürzt herein.

DON JUAN: Niedermachen werde ich sie, die ganze Meute, ich heirate nicht, niedermachen werde ich sie.

DONNA ELVIRA: Komm!

DON JUAN: Wohin?

DONNA ELVIRA: In meine Kammer – Tenorio kommt mit gezücktem Degen und sieht, wie Don Juan und Donna Elvira einander umarmen und in die Kammer fliehen.

TENORIO: Junge, Junge!

DONNA ELVIRA: I find him splendid.

TENORIO: How am I standing here?

DONNA ELVIRA: That is a matter, Father Tenorio, which at this moment, believe me, is of least concern to us all.

TENORIO: My own flesh and blood: being hunted by hounds! And at the same time I don’t even believe that he did seduce your daughter, a man to whom women matter so little as they do to my son. I know him! In the end it is only a lie and deception so that he gets back to his geometry, heartless as he is. It would not even surprise him if I were to die one day – you have heard it – not even surprise him!

-The barking of dogs is heard, Pater Diego returns.

PATER DIEGO: You too, Father Tenorio, let’s go!

Donna Elvira remains alone.

DONNA ELVIRA: I find him splendid!

Don Juan bursts in.

DON JUAN: Slaughter them, I will, the whole pack of them, I will not marry, I will slaughter them.

DONNA ELVIRA: Come!

DON JUAN: Where?

DONNA ELVIRA: To my chamber – Tenorio enters with drawn dagger and sees Don Juan and Donna Elvira embrace one another and then flee into her chamber.

TENORIO: Oh my boy, my boy!
Es kommen die Verfolger mit blanken Klingen und mit einer Meute wilder Hunde, die an den Leinen reißen.

DON GONZALO: Wo ist er?

Tenorio greift an sein Herz.

DON GONZALO: Los! Umzingelt den Park!

Die Verfolger stürzen davon.

TENORIO: Ich – sterbe…

The pursuers arrive with naked blades and with a pack of wild dogs tearing at their leads.

DON GONZALO: Where is he?

Tenorio clutches at his heart.

DON GONZALO: Go! Surround the park!

The pursuers dash out.

TENORIO: I – am dying…
Intermezzo

Vor dem Zwischenvorhang erscheinen Miranda, verkleidet als Braut, und Celestina mit Nähzeug.


MIRANDA: Es darf mich niemand erkennen, Celestina, sie würden mich peitschen lassen und an den Pranger binden. Gott steh mir bei! Sie muß stillstehen, damit Celestina nähen kann. Celestina –

CELESTINA: Wenn du zitterst, kann ich nicht nähen.

MIRANDA: Celestina, und du findest wirklich, ich sehe aus wie eine Braut?

CELESTINA: Zum Verwechseln. Sie näht. Ich sage dir, Männer sind das Blindeste, was der liebe Herrgott erschaffen hat. Ich bin Schneiderin gewesen, Schätzchen, und du kannst es mir glauben. Falsche Spitzen oder echte Spitzen, das seh’n die wenigsten, bevor sie’s zahlen müssen. Ich sage dir: Was ein Mann ist, sieht immer nur das Wesentliche.

MIRANDA: Celestina, ich kann kaum atmen.

CELESTINA: Das läßt sich richten. Es spannt dich um den Busen, ich seh’s, du bist keine Jungfrau. Wir trennen einfach die Naht unterm Arm, eine Kleinigkeit. Das sieht er nicht, oder erst wenn es zu spät ist. Aber nicht zittern! Sonst steche ich dich. Was

Intermezzo

In front of the curtain appear Miranda, dressed as a bride, and Celestina with a sewing kit.

CELESTINA: First things first, my treasure, first things first. You will still arrive on time just fine. Such a wedding lasts a long time with all the speeches involved.

MIRANDA: No one must recognize me, Celestina, they would have me whipped and thrown into the stocks. God help me! She must stand still so that Celestina can sew. Celestina –

CELESTINA: When you tremble like that, I can’t sew.

MIRANDA: Celestina, do you really think that I look like a bride?

CELESTINA: Interchangeable. She sews. I tell you, men are the blindest things that the dear Lord God has created. I have been a seamstress, treasure, and you can believe it from me. False lace or genuine lace, a thing like that see very few before they must pay for it. I tell you: the way a man is, he sees only the most essential details.9

MIRANDA: Celestina, I can scarcely breathe.

CELESTINA: That can be fixed. The dress is stretched tight across your breast; I see that you are no virgin. We will simply separate the seam under your arm, a little thing. He won’t see that, or not until it is too late. But no trembling! Otherwise I will prick you.
hast du denn darunter an?
CELESTINA: Das ist immer das beste.
MIRANDA: Wo’s eh schon so knapp ist.
CELESTINA: In der Unterwäsche nämlich sind sie komisch, gerade
die feineren Herrn. Plötzlich entsetzt sie ein Rosa oder Lila, und
sie sind befremdet über deinen Geschmack. Wie wenn man über
Romane redet, plötzlich seufzt so ein Geck: Wir sind zwei
Welten! und blickt zum Fenster hinaus. Drum sag ich euch
immer, redet nicht über Romane! Plötzlich hat man die Kluft.
Und mit der Unterwäsche genau so. Es gibt Männer, die vor
keiner Fahne fliehen, aber ein rosa Fetzen auf dem Teppich,
und weg sind sie. Über Geschmack läßt sich nicht streiten.
Keine Unterwäsche ist besser; es bestürzt, aber es befremdet nie.

MIRANDA: Celestina –
CELESTINA: Nicht zittern, Schätzchen, nicht zittern!
MIRANDA: Ich weiß nicht, ob ich’s wage, Celestina, hoffentlich ist es
keine Versündigung, was ich vorhabe.
CELESTINA: Jetzt spannt es schon nicht mehr, siehst du, und der
Busen ist straff genug...Was hast du denn vor? – Und unten,
mein Schätzchen, machen wir einfach einen Saum, damit er
deine Fesseln sieht. Die Fesseln sind wichtig.
MIRANDA: O Gott!

What do you have on underneath?
CELESTINA: That is always best.
MIRANDA: Where it is already so tight anyway.
CELESTINA: In the matter of underclothes, you see, they are funny,
particularly the finer gentlemen. Suddenly they are horrified by
a pink or a lilac, and they are disconcerted by your taste. As
when you talk about novels, suddenly just such a fop sighs: We
are two worlds! and stares out the window. Because of that, I
always tell all of you, don’t talk about novels! Suddenly one
finds a rift. And with underclothes, exactly the same thing.
There are men who do not flee before any banner, but a pink
scrap on the carpet, and they are gone. Taste cannot be fought
about. No underclothes is better; it takes them aback, but it
never disconcerts.
MIRANDA: Celestina –
CELESTINA: No trembling, my treasure, no trembling!
MIRANDA: I don’t know if I dare to do it, Celestina, I hope it is not a
sin, what I am planning.
CELESTINA: Now it not straining anymore, do you see, and the
bosom is taut enough...What are you planning? – And at the
bottom, my little treasure, we simply make a seam, so that he
will see your ankles. Ankles are important.
MIRANDA: O God!
CELESTINA: Warum seufzest du?
MIRANDA: Warum ist alles, was wir tun, nur Schein!
CELESTINA: Tja. Sie hebt den Rock. Und jetzt der Saum.
MIRANDA: Nicht so!
CELESTINA: Du meinst, ich bücke mich?
MIRANDA: Celestina –
MIRANDA: Danke.
CELESTINA: Wie fühlt sich die Braut? Es klingelt. Schon wieder ein Kunde!
MIRANDA: Laß mir den Spiegel!

Auftritt ein spanischer Edelmann.

CELESTINA: Why are you sighing?
MIRANDA: Why is everything that we do only outward show!
CELESTINA: Oh well. She lifts the skirt. And now the seam.
MIRANDA: Not like that!
CELESTINA: You think I am going to bend over?
MIRANDA: Celestina –
CELESTINA: With seven stitches, it is finished. Miranda turns slowly like a top while Celestina stands and pins the seam to the raised skirt. You probably think that he will embrace you? Because he will take you for Donna Anna, his bride. Kissing and embracing! I will indeed laugh, little treasure, when you receive the surprise of your life. But please! It will drive the nonsensical ideas out of your head, and that, namely, is why I am helping you. Donna Anna? he will say when he sees you, and he will have a troubled conscience, that is all, a lot of excuses and a flood of lies and no time for embracing, to say nothing of pleasure. You overestimate husbands, sweetheart, you know them only as they are in our presence. The seam is finished. So –
MIRANDA: Thank you.
CELESTINA: How does the bride feel? The bell rings. Yet again a customer!
MIRANDA: Leave me the mirror!

Enter a Spanish nobleman.
CELESTINA: Sie wünschen?
LOPEZ: Ich weißt nicht, ob ich richtig bin.
CELESTINA: Ich denke schon.
LOPEZ: Mein Name ist Lopez.
CELESTINA: Wie dem auch sei.
LOPEZ: Ich komme aus Toledo.
CELESTINA: Müd von der Reise, ich verstehe, Sie wünschen ein Lager –
LOPEZ: Don Balthazar Lopez.
CELESTINA: Wir verlangen keine Personalien, hier genügt’s, mein Herr, wenn Sie im voraus bezahlen.

Lopez sieht sich um.

CELESTINA: Sie sind richtig, treten Sie ein.
Lopez mustert Miranda.
CELESTINA: Dieses Mädchen hat Ausgang.

Miranda allein mit dem Spiegel.

MIRANDA: Gott steh mir bei! Mehr will ich nicht: einmal erkannt sein als Braut, und wär’s auch nur zum Schein, einmal soll er zu meinen Füßen knien und schwören, daß es dieses Gesicht ist, Donna Anna, nur dieses Gesicht, das er liebt – mein Gesicht...
Dritter Akt

**Vor dem Schloß**

**Im Morgengrauen sitzt Don Juan auf der Treppe; in der Ferne noch immer das Gebell der Hunde; er verzehrt ein Rebhuhn; Don Roderigo erscheint.**

**DON RODERIGO:** Juan? Juan! – ich bin’s, Don Roderigo, dein Freund seit je.

**DON JUAN:** Was ist los, Roderigo, Freund seit je, daß du nicht einmal guten Morgen sagst?

**DON RODERIGO:** Ich suche dich die ganze Nacht. In order to warn you.

**DON JUAN:** Ich frühstücke.

**DON RODERIGO:** Juan, hör zu –

**DON JUAN:** Bist du bei deiner Braut gewesen?

**DON RODERIGO:** Nein.

**DON JUAN:** Das ist ein Fehler, Don Roderigo, Freund seit je, ein kühner Fehler. Du solltest dein Mädchen nie allein lassen.

Plötzlich springt ein Unbekannter in ihre Kammer, von Hunden

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Act Three

**Before the castle**

**In the dawn light, Don Juan is sitting on the stairs; in the distance still the barking of dogs; he is eating a partridge; Don Roderigo appears.**

**DON RODERIGO:** Juan? Juan! – it’s me, Don Roderigo, your friend since always. *Don Juan eats and is silent.* Juan?

**DON JUAN:** What is amiss, Roderigo, friend since always, that you do not even say good morning?

**DON RODERIGO:** Do you not hear it?

**DON JUAN:** Barking? I have been hearing it the entire night, my good man, from room to room. Sometimes farther, sometimes nearer. They have a persistence that touches me.

**DON RODERIGO:** I have sought you the entire night. *Don Juan eats and is silent.* In order to warn you. *Don Juan eats and is silent.*

What are you doing here, Juan, in the middle of the staircase?

**DON JUAN:** I am breakfasting.

**DON RODERIGO:** Juan, listen –

**DON JUAN:** Have you been with your bride?

**DON RODERIGO:** No.

**DON JUAN:** That is a mistake, Don Roderigo, friend since always, a bold mistake. You should never leave your girl alone. Suddenly an unknown man leaps into her chamber, hunted by dogs, and
gehetzt, und sie entdeckt, daß auch du nicht der einzige Mann bist.

DON RODERIGO: Was willst du damit sagen?

DON JUAN: Die Wahrheit. Er ißt. Du hast eine süße Braut...

DON RODERIGO: Juan, du hinkst ja?

DON JUAN: Wie der Satan persönlich, ich weiß. Das kommt davon, wenn man aus dem Fenster springt. Er ißt. Es gibt keinen andern Ausweg zu dir selbst. Er ißt. Das Weib ist unersättlich...

DON RODERIGO: Juan, ich muß dich warnen.

DON JUAN: Ich muß dich ebenfalls warnen.

DON RODERIGO: Ich spreche im Ernst, mein Freund. Etwas Schreckliches wird geschehen, wenn du nicht vernünftig bist, etwas Grauenvolles, was du dein Leben lang bereuen könntest. Plötzlich hört es auf, ein Spaß zu sein, und alles wird blutig. Und unwiderrufbar. Ich bin die ganze Nacht durn den Park geschlichen, Juan, ich habe gezittert für dich –

Don Juan ißt und schweigt.

DON RODERIGO: Ich habe meinen Augen nicht getraut, wie ich sie plötzlich vor mir sehe da draußen am Teich: wie ein Gespenst des Tods!

DON JUAN: Wen?

DON RODERIGO: Deine Braut.

DON JUAN: – Anna?

DON RODERIGO: Sie wartet auf dich, Juan, die ganze Nacht. Sie ist

she discovers that even you are not the only man.

DON RODERIGO: What are you saying?

DON JUAN: The truth. He eats. You have a sweet bride…

DON RODERIGO: Juan, are you limping?

DON JUAN: Like Satan himself, I know. That comes of leaping out of the window. He eats. The woman is insatiable.

DON RODERIGO: Juan, I must warn you.

DON JUAN: Just so must I warn you.

DON RODERIGO: I am speaking in earnest, my friend. Something dreadful will happen if you are not reasonable, something horrifying, which you could regret your entire life. Suddenly it ceases to be a jest and everything is turning bloody. And irrevocable. I have crept through the park the entire night, Juan, I have trembled for you –

Don Juan eats and is silent.

DON RODERIGO: I did not believe my eyes, as I saw her suddenly in front of me, out there by the pond: like a specter of death!

DON JUAN: Whom?

DON RODERIGO: Your bride.

DON JUAN: – Anna?

DON RODERIGO: She has waited for you, Juan, the entire night. She
is out of her senses, it seems. For hours on end she sits motionless as a statue, for hours; then she flutters again along the bank. I spoke to her. He is out there on the little island, she says, and the girl is not to be talked out of it. Scarcely is one gone, and she calls your name. Again and again…you have to speak to her.

DON JUAN: I would not know what I should say, Roderigo. I am not now in the state of mind to have feelings, and that I have left her, she knows. What further? The only thing that I feel now is hunger.

DON RODERIGO: Hush!

Enter Don Gonzalo with drawn blade.

DON GONZALO: Halt! Who is there?

DON JUAN: That one is scarcely able to stand on his own two legs.

Say to him though, he should give it up.

DON GONZALO: Who is there?

DON JUAN: He is simply searching for his death and his monument – you will see, until he has it, he will not be satisfied.

Enter the three cousins, bloody, tattered, exhausted.

DON GONZALO: Halt! Who is there?

A COUSIN: May Heaven crush the evil-doer.

DON GONZALO: You have him?

A COUSIN: We are at the end, Uncle Gonzalo, they have torn us up – the cursed hounds.
Ein Vetter: Du hast sie gepeitscht, Idiot.
Ein Vetter: Idiot, wenn sie mich anfallen.
Don Gonzalo: Wo sind die Hunde?
Ein Vetter: Ich habe sie nicht geschlachtet, Onkel.
Don Gonzalo: Geschlachtet?
Ein Vetter: Wir mußten.
Don Gonzalo: Geschlachtet? sagt ihr.
Ein Vetter: Wir mußten: sie oder wir.
Don Gonzalo: Meine Hunde?
Don Gonzalo: Meine Hunde...
Ein Vetter: Wir müssen ihn verbinden.

Die drei Vettern schleppen sich davon.

Don Gonzalo: Ich werde nicht rasten noch ruhen, bis auch die Hunde gerächt sind. Sagt meiner Gemahlin, wenn sie erwacht: ich werde nicht rasten noch ruhen.

Don Gonzalo geht nach der andern Seite.


Don Roderigo: Laß uns nicht spotten, Freund.

DON RODERIGO: Denk jetzt an deine Braut!
DON JUAN: An welche?
DON RODERIGO: Die draußen um den Teich irrt und deinen Namen ruft – Juan, du hast sie geliebt, ich weiß es.
DON RODERIGO: Wieso zum letzten Mal?

DON RODERIGO: Think now on your bride!
DON JUAN: On which one?
DON RODERIGO: She who is wandering out there around the pond and calling your name – Juan, you loved her, I know it.
DON JUAN: I know it too. He throws the bones away. That was an unforgettable partridge! He wipes his fingers clean. I loved her. I remember. In the springtime, when I saw Donna Anna for the first time, here I sank to my knees, here on this staircase. Struck dumb. As though hit by lightning. Is that how to express it? I will never forget it: how she, one foot after the other, came down these steps, the wind in her gown – and then, as I knelt, she stopped, also struck dumb. I saw her young mouth, underneath the black veil I saw the gleaming of two eyes, blue. It was morning like now, Roderigo, it was as though the sun were flowing through my veins. I did not have the breath to speak to her, my throat closed by a laugh, which was not to be laughed, because it would then have been crying. That was love, I believe – that was it. For the first and the last time.
DON RODERIGO: Why for the last time?
DON JUAN: There is no going back…if she now, at this moment, were once again to come across these steps, the wind in her gown, and underneath the veil I were to see the gleam of her eyes, do you know what I would feel? Nothing. At best, nothing. Memory. Ashes. I do not ever want to see her again. He stretches out his hand. Farewell, Roderigo!
DON RODERIGO: Wohin?
DON JUAN: Zur Geometrie.
DON RODERIGO: Juan, das ist nicht sein Ernst.

DON RODERIGO: Geometrie!...

DON JUAN: Hast du es nie erlebt, das nüchterne Staunen vor einem Wissen, das stimmt? Zum Beispiel: was ein Kreis ist, das Lautere eines geometrischen Orts. Ich sehne mich nach dem Lauteren, Freund, nach dem Nüchternen, nach dem Genauen; mir graust vor dem Sumpf unserer Stimmungen. Vor einem Kreis oder einem Dreieck habe ich mich noch nie geschämt, nie geektelt. Weißt du, was ein Dreieck ist? Unentrinnbar wie ein Schicksal: es gibt nur eine einzige Figur aus den drei Teilen, die du hast, und die Hoffnung, das Scheinbare unabsehbarer Möglichkeiten, was unser Herz so oft verwirrt, zerfällt wie ein Wahn vor diesen drei Strichen. So und nicht anders! sagt die

DON RODERIGO: Und das Mädchen am Teich?
DON JUAN: Ein anderer wird sie trösten.
DON RODERIGO: Glaubst du das wirklich?
DON JUAN: Mann und Weib – warum wollt ihr immer glauben, was euch gefällt, und im Grunde glaubt man ja bloß, man könne die
Wahrheit ändern, indem man nicht darüber lacht. Roderigo, mein Freund seit je, ich lache über dich! Ich bin dein Freund; woher aber weißt du, daß es mich nicht einmal jucken könnte, unsere Freundschaft aufs Spiel zu setzen? Ich ertrage keine Freunde, die meiner sicher sind. Woher denn weißt du, daß ich nicht von deiner Inez komme?

DON RODERIGO: Laß diesen Scherz!

DON JUAN: Woher weißt du, daß es ein Scherz ist?

DON RODERIGO: Ich kenne meine Inez.

DON JUAN: Ich auch.

DON RODERIGO: Woher?

DON JUAN: Ich sag es ja: Ich war bei ihr.

DON RODERIGO: Das ist nicht wahr!


DON RODERIGO: Juan – !

DON JUAN: Glaubst du’s oder glaubst du’s nicht? Pause. Glaub es nicht!

DON RODERIGO: Du bist teuflisch.

DON JUAN: Ich liebe dich. Er tritt zu Don Roderigo und küßt ihn auf die Stirne. Glaub es nie!

DON RODERIGO: Wenn es wahr wäre, Juan, ich würde mich 

you can change the truth by not laughing at it. Roderigo, my friend since always, I am laughing at you! I am your friend; yet, how do you know that I couldn’t once be tempted to risk our friendship? I do not tolerate friends who are sure of me. How do you know that I have not come from your Inez?

DON RODERIGO: Give up this joke!

DON JUAN: How do you know that it is a joke?

DON RODERIGO: I know my Inez.

DON JUAN: I do too.

DON RODERIGO: How?

DON JUAN: I admit it: I was with her.

DON RODERIGO: That is not true!

DON JUAN: I am greedy for knowledge, my friend, by nature. I asked myself whether I am capable of such a thing. Inez is your bride, and you love her, and she loves you. I asked myself whether she is capable of such a thing as well. And whether you will believe it when I tell you.

DON RODERIGO: Juan – !

DON JUAN: Do you believe it or don’t you? Pause. Don’t believe it!

DON RODERIGO: You are diabolical.

DON JUAN: I love you. He approaches Don Roderigo and kisses his forehead. Don’t ever believe it!

DON RODERIGO: If it were true, Juan, I would kill myself on the spot,
umbringen auf der Stelle, nicht dich, nicht sie, aber mich.


Er hat seine Weste angezogen.

In diesem Sinn: Lebwohl!

DON RODERIGO: Juan, was ist geschehen mit dir?

Don Juan lacht.

DON RODERIGO: Etwas ist geschehen mit dir.


Don Juan geht, aber in diesem Augenblick erkennt er die Gestalt der not you, not her, but myself.

DON JUAN: That would be a shame. *He takes his vest, which is lying on the stairs, and pulls it on.* I know now why the cistern with my watery image frightened me, this mirror full of heavenly blue, fathomless. Do not be greedy for knowledge, Roderigo, as I am! When we once leave behind the lies, which gleam like a shining outward surface, and see this world not merely as the mirror of our desire – when we want to know who we are, ah Roderigo, then our fall ends nevermore, and it howls in your ears that you no longer know where God lives. May you never stumble into your soul, Roderigo, or into any soul, but rather may you remain at the blue mirror-surface, like the dancing mosquitoes above the water – so that you may live long in the land, Amen. *He has put on his vest.* In this sense: Farewell! *He embraces Don Roderigo.* To have a friend, a Roderigo, who trembled for me during this night, this was wonderful; from this point forward, I will have to tremble for myself.

DON RODERIGO: Juan, what has happened to you?

Don Juan laughs.

DON RODERIGO: Something has happened to you.

DON JUAN: I have used up my love. *He wants to go, but Don Roderigo holds him.* It was a short youth. *He frees himself.* Let me go.

Don Juan walks away, but at that moment he recognizes the figure of
Donna Anna, who has appeared at the top of the stairs in her wedding dress and veil.

DON JUAN: To what purpose is this? The figure comes slowly down the steps…Donna Anna…The figure stops on the third-to-last step. I have left you. What all of Seville knows, do not you know? I have left you!

The figure smiles and is silent.

DON JUAN: I remember. O yes! I see your young mouth, how it smiles. As it did then. And under the veil, I see the gleam of your eyes. Everything as it was then. Only I am no longer he who knelt before you then, here on this staircase, and there is no going back.

THE FIGURE: My dearest Juan –

DON JUAN: You should not have been permitted to come, Anna, not over these steps. The sight of you fills me with a hope that will never exist anymore. I know now that love is not as I had expected it to be while on these steps. Pause. Go! Pause. Go! Pause. Go! I say. Go! In the name of Heaven and of Hell! Go!

THE FIGURE: Why do you not go?

Don Juan stands spellbound and stares at her.

THE FIGURE: My dearest Juan –

DON JUAN: Your dear Juan! He laughs. Do you know where he has been during this night, your dear Juan? He has been with your mother, your dear Juan! She could teach you a thing or two,
aber auch sie hat er verlassen, dein lieber Juan, der so voll Liebe ist, daß er aus dem Fenster sprang, um in das nächste zu fliehen. Bei deiner Mutter, hörst du? Mit Hunden haben sie ihn getötet, als wäre er nicht getötet genug, und ich weiß nicht einmal, wie sie heißt, die dritte im Verlauf seiner Hochzeit, ein junges Weib, nichts weiter, Weib wie hundert Weiber in der Finsternis. Wie machte es ihm Spaß, deinem lieben Juan, dich zu vergessen in dieser Finsternis ohne Namen und Gesicht, zu töten und zu begraben, was sich als kindisch erwiesen hat, und weiterzugehen. Was willst du von ihm, der bloß noch lachen kann? Und dann, wie alles so öde war und ohne Reiz – es war nicht Hoffnung, was ihn in die letzte Kammer lockte, deinen lieben Juan, und nicht ihr helleres Haar und die andere Art ihres Kusses, auch nicht die Lust an ihrem mädchenhaften Widerstand; sie wehrte sich so wild und bis zur Verzückung, schwächer zu sein als dein lieber Juan. Draußen kläfften die Hunde. O ja, die Unterschiede sind zauberisch, doch währt ihr Zauber nicht lang, und in unseren Armen sind alle so ähnlich, bald zum Erschrecken gleich. Etwas aber hatte sie, die letzte dieser wirren Nacht, was keine hat und jemals wieder haben wird, etwas Einziges, das ihn reizte, etwas Besonderes, etwas Unwiderstehliches: – sie war die Braut seines einzigen Freundes.

DON RODERIGO: Nein!

DON JUAN: Sie hat dich nicht vergessen, Roderigo, nicht einen Augenblick, im Gegenteil, dein Name brannte auf unserer Stirne, but even her did he leave, your dear Juan, who is so full of love that he leapt out of the window in order to flee into the next one. With your mother, do you hear? They hunted him with hounds, as though he were not hunted enough, and I do not even know her name, the third woman in the course of his wedding, a young female, nothing further, woman like a hundred women in the darkness. How he enjoyed it, your dear Juan, to forget you in this darkness without a name or a face, to kill and to bury what has proven itself to be childish, and to continue on. What do you want from him, who can now simply laugh? And then, as it was all so dreary and without appeal – it was not hope that lured him into the last chamber, your dear Juan, and not her brighter hair and the different manner of her kiss; nor was it his delight at her maidenly resistance; she defended herself so wildly, up until the ecstasy of being weaker than your dear Juan. Outside, the hounds were yelping. Oh yes, differences are bewitching, but her enchantment does not hold for long, and in our arms all of them are so similar, soon frighteningly identical. Something, however, she had, the last one of this chaotic night, which no other has or ever will have again – something singular, which tantalized him, something particular, something irresistible: – she was the bride of his only friend.

DON RODERIGO: No!

DON JUAN: She did not forget you, Roderigo, not for an instant – on the contrary, your name burned upon our foreheads, and we
und wir genossen die Süße der Niedertracht, bis die Hähne krähten.

DON RODERIGO: Nein!

DON JUAN: Aber das ist die lautere Wahrheit.

Don Roderigo stürzt davon.


DIE GESTALT: Mein Juan!

DON JUAN: Wie solltest du noch einmal glauben können, daß ich dich liebe? Ich dachte, die Erwartung wird nie wiederkehren. Wie soll ich selbst es glauben können?

DIE GESTALT: Erheb dich!

DON JUAN: Anna.

DIE GESTALT: Erheb dich.

DON JUAN: Ich knie nicht um Vergebung. Nur ein Wunder, nicht die Vergebung kann mich retten aus der Erfahrung, die ich gemacht habe –

DIE GESTALT: Erheb dich!

DON JUAN erhebt sich. Wir haben einander verloren, um einander

enjoyed the sweetness of depravity until the roosters crowed.

DON RODERIGO: No!

DON JUAN: But that is the absolute truth.

Don Roderigo dashes from the stage.

DON JUAN: Thus, Donna Anna, did I spend the night, while you waited for me by the pond, and thus do I kneel before you. He kneels down. For the last time, I know. You have appeared once again in order to take from me the last thing that has been left to me: my laughter without remorse. Why did I embrace you and not recognize you? And you will leave me the image of this moment, the image of the betrayed, who will not cease standing there in the morning sun, wherever I go from now on.

THE FIGURE: My Juan!

DON JUAN: How should you ever be able to believe that I love you?

I thought the hope of it would never come again. How shall I myself be able to believe it?

THE FIGURE: Rise!

DON JUAN: Anna.

THE FIGURE: Rise.

DON JUAN: I do not kneel for forgiveness. Only a miracle, not forgiveness, can save me from the experience that I have had –

THE FIGURE: Rise!

DON JUAN rises. We have lost one another in order to find each

DIE GESTALT: Mein Mann!

Don Gonzalo erscheint mit seiner gezückten Klinge.

DON GONZALO: Ah! da ist er.

DON JUAN: Ja, Vater.

DON GONZALO: Fechten Sie!

DON JUAN: Sie kommen zu spät, Vater, wir haben uns wieder vermählt.

DON GONZALO: Fechten Sie!

DON JUAN: Wozu?

DON GONZALO: Mörder!

DON JUAN: Er kann es nicht fassen, dein Vater, er sieht es mit eignen Augen, unser Glück, aber er kann es nicht fassen!

DON GONZALO: Glück – Glück, sagt er, Glück –

DON JUAN: Ja, Vater, lassen Sie uns allein.


DON JUAN: Halt!

DON GONZALO: Fechten Sie!

DON JUAN: Wieso Mörder? Schließlich sind es Doggen, ganz abgesehen davon, daß nicht ich sie getötet habe –

DON GONZALO: Und Don Roderigo?
DON JUAN: Wo ist er?
DON GONZALO: In seinem Blute röchelnd hat er Sie verflucht als Schänder seiner Braut.
DON JUAN: – Roderigo?

*Don Juan ist von der Nachricht betroffen, und starrt vor sich hin, während die fuchtelnde Klinge des Komturs ihn belästigt wie ein Insektt, das er ärgerlich abwehrt.*

Halt! sage ich.

*Don Gonzalo fällt durch einen blitzschnellen Stich, bevor es zu einer Fechterei gekommen ist, und stirbt, während Don Juan, die Klinge einsteckend, vor sich hinstarrt wie zuvor.*


DIE GESTALT: Tod, Tod!

DON JUAN: Schrei nicht.

THE FIGURE: O Juan!

DON JUAN: Laß uns fliehen!

*Pater Diego erscheint im Hintergrund, die ertrunkene Donna Anna auf den Armen, aber Don Juan sieht ihn noch nicht.*

Laß uns fliehen! Wie wir es geschworen haben am nächtlichen Teich, ach, so kindisch geschworen, als läge es in unserer Macht,

DON JUAN: Where is he?
DON GONZALO: Gurgling in his blood, he cursed you as the defiler of his bride.
DON JUAN: – Roderigo?

*Don Juan is struck by the news, and stares ahead blankly, while the brandished blade of the Commander pesters him like an insect that he parries, irritated.*

Halt! I say.

*Don Gonzalo is felled by a lightning-quick stroke before a fencing match can ensue, and dies, while Don Juan, sheathing his blade, stares blankly as before.*

DON JUAN: His death affects me deeply – I mean Roderigo. Why did I present him with the truth? He never understood me, my friend since always, I was very fond of him, from my heart. I warned him: I do not tolerate friends who are certain of me. Why did I not remain silent? Just a moment ago, he was standing here…

THE FIGURE: Death, death!

DON JUAN: Don’t scream.

THE FIGURE: O Juan!

DON JUAN: Let us flee!

*Pater Diego appears in the background, the drowned Donna Anna in his arms, but Don Juan does not see him yet.*

Let us flee! As we swore by the side of the pond that night, ah, so childishly sworn, as though it lay within our power not to go

**PATER DIEGO:** Sie wird nicht mehr antworten, Don Juan, und wenn du noch so schreist. Nie wieder. Sie hat sich ertränkt. Das ist das Ende deiner Hochzeit, Don Juan, das ist die Ernte deines Übermuts.

**DON JUAN:** Nein –

*Pater Diego legt die Leiche auf die Erde.*


**PATER DIEGO:** Wer denn ist deine Braut?

**DON JUAN:** Jene! – die andere.

**PATER DIEGO:** Und warum will sie fliehen?

*Die Gestalt versucht treppauf zu entfliehen, aber in diesem Augenblick sind die drei Vettern erschienen.*

**DON JUAN:** Meine Herrn, ich begrüße euer Erscheinen. Mein Freund ist tot –

astray or lose ourselves. Why are you hesitating? I hold your hand like a life that has been given again to us, more real than the first, the child’s life, more full of our knowledge of how easily it is wasted. You tremble? Look at me: thankful as one reprieved, I feel the morning sun and everything that lives – *he catches sight of the priest with the corpse*. What does this mean, Pater Diego? *Silence*. Answer! *Silence*. Which is my bride? *He screams*: Answer!

**PATER DIEGO:** She will not answer anymore, Don Juan, even if you scream so. Never again. She has drowned herself. That is the end of your wedding, Don Juan; that is the harvest of your wantonness.

**DON JUAN:** No –

*Pater Diego lays the corpse on the ground.*

**DON JUAN:** That is not my bride. That is not true. I have wed myself to life, not to a watery corpse with dangling limbs and hair of seaweed. What is this ghostly thing doing in the brightly lit day? I say: that is not my bride.

**PATER DIEGO:** Who then is your bride?

**DON JUAN:** That one! – the other.

**PATER DIEGO:** And why does she want to flee?

*The figure tries to flee up the stairs, but at this moment the three cousins appear.*

**DON JUAN:** Gentlemen, I am delighted by your appearance. My friend is dead –
EIN VETTER: Tot.
DON JUAN: Und diese da?
PATER DIEGO: Tot.
DON JUAN: Und dieser auch. Wer wird es glauben, daß er mir in die Klinge lief wie ein Huhn? Er wird als Denkmal auferstehen.
EIN VETTER: Der Himmel zerschmettere den Frevler!
DON JUAN: Und was ist mit meinem Vater?
EIN VETTER: Tot.
DON JUAN: Ist das wahr?
EIN VETTER: Tot.
DON JUAN: Ich bekenne, Pater Diego, ich komme mir wie Erdbeben vor oder wie ein Blitz.

He laughs. As concerns you, you my cousins, sheathe finally your blades, so that you will survive and be witnesses to my wedding. Here: two brides, and I shall chose; one living, one dead; and Pater Diego says that I am wed to the corpse. I say, however, she – He approaches the veiled figure and takes her hand: – she and no other is my bride, she, the living one, she, who is not gone into death to condemn me until the end of my days, she who once more appeared before him who had gone astray, so that I would perceive her – and I have recognized her.

DIE GESTALT: O Juan!
DON JUAN: Nimm deinen Schleier ab!

Die Gestalt nimmt ihren Schleier ab.
PATER DIEGO: Miranda!?
Don Juan deckt sein Gesicht mit beiden Händen, bis er allein ist, bis die Toten weggetragen sind, bis das Geläute, das den Trauerzug begleitet, verstummt ist.


Pause

Don Juan covers his face with both hands until he is alone, until the dead are carried away, until the ringing of bells, which accompanies the mourning procession, has fallen silent.

DON JUAN: Bury the poor child, but do not wait for me to make the sign of the cross, and do not hope that I will cry. And do not get in my way. Now I fear nothing anymore. We will see which of the two of us, Heaven or I, will make a mockery of the other!

Intermission
Vierter Akt

Ein Saal


DON JUAN: Ihr bleiben in dieser Kammer nebenan. Begriffen? Und was das Halleluja betrifft: wenn sich irgend etwas ereignen sollte, ein Unfall oder so – zum Beispiel könnte es ja sein, daß mich die Hölle verschlingt –

MUSIKANT: Herr!


MUSIKANT: Und unser Honorar?

DON JUAN: Davon später!

MUSIKANT: Wenn niemand mehr im Saal ist – ?


Act Four

A large hall

Don Juan, now a man of thirty-three, stands before a festive table with silver and candles, which he gazes at. His servant Leporello, places carafes on the table. Three musicians wait for instructions. In the background, a large curtain.

DON JUAN: You will remain in the chamber next to this one. Understood? And as regards the hallelujah: if something should happen, an accident or such – for example, it could be that Hell will swallow me up –

MUSICIAN: Sir!

DON JUAN: – simply continue to play. Understood? The hallelujah will be repeated until there is no one remaining in this hall. He tugs the white gloves from his fingers, while he once again looks at the table. So make yourselves ready!

MUSICIAN: And our fee?

DON JUAN: We will discuss it later!

MUSICIAN: When there is no one left in the room – ?

DON JUAN: Gentlemen: I am expecting thirteen ladies, who claim that I have seduced them, and, as if that weren’t enough, I am expecting the bishop of Cordoba, who sides with the ladies, as everyone knows; I am expecting a monument, which I have likewise invited, a guest of stone – gentlemen: I cannot attend to
jetzt nicht die Nerven für euer Honorar, nicht die Nerven...

_Die Musikanten verziehen sich._

DON JUAN: Es sieht nicht übel aus.

LEPORELLO: Der Wein, Herr, wird nicht lang reichen, ein Gläslein für jeden Gast –

DON JUAN: Das reicht. Die Lust zu trinken, so hoffe ich, wird ihnen bald vergehen, spätestens wenn der steinerne Gast kommt.

LEPORELLO: – Herr...

DON JUAN: Wir sind bankrott. _Es klingelt draußen._ Wo sind die Tischkarten?

LEPORELLO: – Herr... Sie glauben’s aber nicht im Ernst, daß er wirklich kommt, der mit dem steinernen Sockel?

DON JUAN: Glaubst du es denn im Ernst?

LEPORELLO: Ich! _Er versucht ein schallendes Hohnlachen, das ihm im Augenblick, da es zum zweiten Mal klingelt, wie eine Larve vom entsetzen Gesicht fällt._ – vielleicht ist er das! ... _Don Juan legt Tischkarten._

LEPORELLO: – Herr...

DON JUAN: Wenn es wieder diese verschleierte Dame ist, sage ihr, ich empfange grundsätzlich keine verschleierten Damen mehr. Wir kennen das. Sie möchten immer meine Seele retten und hoffen, daß ich sie aus Widerspruch verführe. Sage der Dame, wir kennen dieses Verfahren und sind es müde. _Es klingelt zum dritten Mal._ Warum gehst du nicht ans Tor? _Leporello geht your payment right now, I am too unnerved...

_The musicians withdraw._

DON JUAN: It doesn’t look bad at all.

LEPORELLO: The wine, sir, will not last long, a small glass for each guest –

DON JUAN: That is enough. The desire to drink, I hope, will soon leave them, certainly by the time the stone guest arrives.

LEPORELLO: – Sir...

DON JUAN: We are bankrupt. _The bell rings outside._ Where are the place cards?

LEPORELLO: – Sir... You do not seriously believe that he is really coming, him with his stone pedestal?

DON JUAN: Do you seriously believe it?

LEPORELLO: I! _He attempts a resoundingly sarcastic laugh, which falls like a mask from his horrified face as soon as the bell rings for the second time._ – maybe it is him!

_Don Juan sets out place cards._

LEPORELLO: – Sir...

DON JUAN: If it is again this veiled lady, say to her that, on principle, I do not receive veiled women anymore. We know that. They would always like to save my soul, and they hope that I will seduce them out of defiance. Tell the lady that we know this routine and that we are tired of it. _The bell rings for the third time._ Why are you not going to the gate? _Leporello goes fearfully._ _The musicians next
ängstlich. Die Musikanten nebenan probieren jetzt ihre Instrumente, was ein wirres Geflatter von Tönen ergibt, während Don Juan sorgsam die Tischkarten legt; er kommt zur letzten Karte und hält inne.

DON JUAN: Du, lebendiger als alle, die leben, du kommst nicht, du, die einzige, die ich geliebt habe, die Erste und die Letzte, geliebt und nicht erkannt – Er verbrennt die Karte über einer Kerze. Ashes.

LEPORELLO: Der Bischof von Cordoba!


LEPORELLO: – Herr…

DON JUAN: Warum zitterst du immerfort?

LEPORELLO: Genug ist genug, Herr, man soll’s nicht auf die Spitze treiben, ein Grabmal einzuladen zum Essen, einen Toten, der lang schon verwest und vermodert ist, alles was recht ist, Herr, ich war ein Spitzbube, wo immer es sich lohnte, und für eine gewisse Beute tu ich alles, Herr, ich bin kein Feigling, Herr, aber was Sie gestern auf dem Friedhof verlangt haben, Herr, das ist Spitzbüberei aus purer Gesinnung, Herr, ein Grabmal einzuladen zum Essen –

door tune up their instruments now, which produces a confused flurry of notes, while Don Juan carefully lays out the place cards; he arrives at the last card and pauses.

DON JUAN: You, more alive than all who are living, you will not come, you, the only one whom I loved, the first and the last, loved and did not recognize – He holds the card over a candle and burns it. Ashes.

LEPORELLO returns.

LEPORELLO: The bishop of Cordoba!

DON JUAN: Blow these ashes from the table and ask the bishop of Cordoba to wait for a moment. But say it politely! The bishop is indeed not a creditor – I mean, I owe him nothing – but I need him very much. Without the church, there is no Hell.

LEPORELLO: – Sir…

DON JUAN: Why do you continue to tremble?

LEPORELLO: Enough is enough, Sir, one should not carry it too far, inviting a tombstone to dinner, a dead man who is already long since rotted and decayed – to be fair, Sir, I have been a scoundrel wherever it was worthwhile to be so, and for certain spoils I will do anything, Sir, I am no coward, Sir, but what you insisted on yesterday in the graveyard, Sir, that is roguery beyond all sense, Sir, to invite a tombstone to dinner –
STIMME: Don Juan?
LEPORELLO: Maria und Joseph!
STIMME: Don Juan?
DON JUAN: Augenblick.
LEPORELLO: Er kommt.
DON JUAN: Augenblick, sag ich, Augenblick.
LEPORELLO: Erbarmen! Ich bin unschuldig, ich mußte, ich habe Familie, Herrgott im Himmel, fünf Kinder und ein Weib. Er wirft sich auf die Knie. Erbarmen!
DON JUAN: Wenn du beten möchtest, geh hinaus.
LEPORELLO: Es hat gerufen, ich hab's gehört.
DON JUAN: Steh auf!
Leporello erhebt sich.
DON JUAN: Tu jetzt, was ich dich heiße: Sag dem Bischof von Cordoba, ich lasse bitten. Aber sag es mit vielen Worten und Floskeln; ich brauche noch drei Minuten hier.
LEPORELLO: Maria und Joseph!
DON JUAN: Und vergiß nicht den Kniefall, wo er hingehört.
Leporello geht.
DON JUAN: Was ist denn los da hinten? Er tritt zum großen Vorhang im Hintergrund, und hervor tritt Celestina, als Denkmal verkleidet, nur ihr Kopf ist noch unverhüllt. Warum ziehen Sie den Plunder nicht an?
CELESTINA: Dieser Helm ist mir zu knapp.
DON JUAN: Das merkt kein Mensch.

VOICE: Don Juan?
LEPORELLO: Mary and Joseph!
VOICE: Don Juan?
DON JUAN: A moment.
LEPORELLO: He comes.
DON JUAN: A moment, I say, a moment.
LEPORELLO: Mercy! I am innocent, I had to do it, I have a family, Lord God in Heaven, five children and a wife. He throws himself onto his knees. Mercy!
DON JUAN: If you would like to pray, go outside.
LEPORELLO: It called, I heard it.
DON JUAN: Stand up!
Leporello rises.
DON JUAN: Do now what I tell you: Say to the bishop of Cordoba that I would have him come in. But say it with a lot of words and meaningless phrases; I still need three minutes here.
LEPORELLO: Mary and Joseph!
DON JUAN: And do not forget to fall to your knees when it is appropriate.
Leporello goes.
DON JUAN: What is the matter back there? He walks to the large curtain in the back, and Celestina steps out, costumed as a monument; only her head is still uncovered. Why don’t you put that rubbish on?
CELESTINA: This helmet is too small for me.
DON JUAN: No one will notice.
CELESTINA: Außer mir.

Don Juan winkt, daß sie verschwinden soll.

CELESTINA: Ich hab’s mir noch einmal überlegt: –

DON JUAN: Was?

CELESTINA: Sie können mir sagen, was Sie wollen, es ist halt eine Gotteslästerung, und das mach ich nicht für fünfhundert, mein Herr, ich nicht.

DON JUAN: Celestina – ?

CELESTINA: Tausend ist das mindeste, was ich dafür haben muß. Nämlich wenn ich Sie an die Herzogin von Ronda verkaufe, dann bekomm ich auch meine tausend Pesos und blank auf den Tisch.

DON JUAN: Das nenne ich Erpressung.

CELESTINA: Nennen Sie’s, wie Sie wollen, Don Juan, es geht mir nicht um die Benennung, sondern ums Geld, und fünfhundert ist mir zu wenig.

DON JUAN: Ich habe nicht mehr.

CELESTINA: Dann mach ich’s nicht.

DON JUAN reißt etwas vom Hals.

CELESTINA: Ein Amulett?

DON JUAN: Das letzte, was ich habe. Verschwinden Sie! Wenn jetzt die Höllenfahrt nicht gelingt, bin ich verloren.

CELESTINA: Es ist nicht meine Schuld, Don Juan, daß Sie bankrott sind. Warum wollen Sie nichts wissen von meinem Angebot? Sie wären reicher als der Bischof von Cordoba. Ich sage es

CELESTINA: Except for me.

Don Juan gestures that she should disappear.

CELESTINA: I have reconsidered: –

DON JUAN: What?

CELESTINA: You can say to me whatever you like; it is purely blasphemy, and that I will not do for five hundred, sir, I will not.

DON JUAN: Celestina – ?

CELESTINA: I must have at least a thousand for this. You see, if I sell you to the Duchess of Ronda, then too I will receive my thousand pesos, and right on the table.

DON JUAN: I call that extortion.

CELESTINA: Call it whatever you wish, Don Juan; for me it is not about what you call it, but rather about the money, and for me five hundred is too little.

DON JUAN: I have no more.

CELESTINA: Then I won’t do it.

Don Juan tears something from his neck.

CELESTINA: An amulet?

DON JUAN: The last thing that I have. Disappear! If my descent into Hell is not successful now, I am lost.

CELESTINA: It is no fault of mine, Don Juan, that you are bankrupt. Why do you not want to hear anything of my offer? You would be richer than the bishop of Cordoba. I tell you: a castle with
Ihnen: ein Schloß mit vierundvierzig Zimmern –

DON JUAN: Kein Wort mehr davon!

CELESTINA: Noch ist es Zeit.

DON JUAN: Verschonen Sie mich endlich mit dieser Kuppelei! Ganz Spanien weiß es, und ich sage es zum letzten Mal: ich heirate nicht!

CELESTINA: Das hat schon manch einer gesagt.

DON JUAN: Still!

Celestina verschwindet hinter dem Vorhang, Don Juan wartet, aber eintritt bloß Leporello.

DON JUAN: Was ist los?

LEPORELLO: Herr – ich hab’s vergessen, Herr, was ich ihm sagen soll. Der ist so feierlich, Herr, und geht in der Halle auf und ab, als könnt er’s nicht erwarten, bis der Himmel uns zerschmettert.

DON JUAN: Sag ihm, ich lasse bitten.

Leporello geht und läßt jetzt beide Türflügel offen. Don Juan bereitet den Empfang des Bischofs vor: er rückt einen Sessel zurecht, probiert, wo und wie er seinen Kniefall machen will, dann gibt er den Musikanten einen Wink. Man hört jetzt eine feierliche Musik. Don Juan steht vor einem Spiegel, seine Krause ordnend, als durch die offene Türe langsam eine verschleierte Dame eintritt. Pause. Don Juan entdeckt sie im Spiegel und zuckt zusammen, ohne sich umzudrehen.

DIE DAME: Warum erschrickst du?

DON JUAN: Da ich das einzig Wissenswerte weiß: Du bist nicht
Donna Anna, denn Donna Anna ist tot – wozu dieser Schleier?
Er dreht sich um. Wer sind Sie?

DIE DAME: Du hast mir den Empfang verweigert. Plötzlich fand ich die Türen offen…

DON JUAN: Womit kann ich dienen?


DON JUAN: Wer bist du?!

DIE DAME: Ich bin jetzt die Herzogin von Ronda.

DON JUAN: Schwarz wie der Tod, Herzogin, sind Sie in meinen Spiegel getreten. Es hätte solcher Schwärze nicht bedurft, um mich zu erschrecken. Das Weib erinnert mich an Tod, je blühender es erscheint.

DIE DAME: Ich bin schwarz, weil ich Witwe bin.

DON JUAN: Durch mich?

DIE DAME: Nein.

DON JUAN: Worum handelt es sich, Herzogin von Ronda?

DIE DAME: Um deine Rettung.

DON JUAN: Sie sind die Dame, die mich heiraten will. Sie sind das Schloß mit den vierundvierzig Zimmern. Ihre Ausdauer ist erstaunlich, Herzogin von Ronda. Im übrigen haben Sie recht: obschon mich ein Schach unwiderstehlicher lockt als ein Weib, not Donna Anna, for Donna Anna is dead – why this veil? He turns around. Who are you?

THE LADY: You refused to receive me. Suddenly I found the doors open…

DON JUAN: How can I serve you?

THE LADY: I loved you once because a game of chess enticed you more irresistibly than a woman. And because you went past me like a man who has a goal. Do you have it still? It was geometry. That was long ago! I see your life: full of women, Juan, and without geometry.

DON JUAN: Who are you?!

THE LADY: I am now the Duchess of Ronda.

DON JUAN: Black as death, Duchess, you have stepped into my mirror. Such blackness was not necessary in order to frighten me. A wife\textsuperscript{11} reminds me of death, the more so the more beautiful she appears.

THE LADY: I am in black because I am a widow.

DON JUAN: Because of me?

THE LADY: No.

DON JUAN: What is this about, Duchess of Ronda?

THE LADY: About your rescue.

DON JUAN: You are the lady who wants to marry me. You are the castle with the forty-four rooms. Your perseverance is astonishing, Duchess of Ronda. By the way, you are right: although a game of chess entices me more irresistibly than a
ist mein Leben voll Weib. Und dennoch irren Sie sich! Noch hat das Weib mich nicht besiegt, Herzogin von Ronda, und eher fahre ich in die Hölle als in die Ehe –

**DIE DAME:** Ich komme nicht als Weib.

**DON JUAN:** Sie beschämen mich.

**DIE DAME:** Ich hatte Männer bis zum Überdruss, der überging in Lächeln, und ihrer einer, der ohne dieses Lächeln nicht glaubte leben zu können, machte mich zur Herzogin, worauf er starb.

**DON JUAN:** Ich verstehe.

**DIE DAME:** Nun habe ich dieses Schloß in Ronda –

**DON JUAN:** Es wurde mir geschildert.


**DON JUAN:** Aber?

**DIE DAME:** Kein Aber.

**DON JUAN:** Ihr Verständnis für den Mann, ich gebe es zu, ist außerordentlich, Herzogin von Ronda. Was aber ist der Preis für diese Rettung?
DIE DAME: Daß du sie annimmst, Juan.
DON JUAN: Nichts weiter?

*Leporello führt den Bischof von Cordoba herein.*

LEPORELLO: Seine Eminenz!
DIE DAME: In Ronda, mein lieber Juan!

*Die Dame rafft ihren Rock und macht einen tiefen Knicks vor dem Bischof, dann entfernt sie sich, gefolgt von Leporello, der die Türen schließt.*

DON JUAN: Sie sehen, Eminenz, nicht einen Augenbick habe ich Ruhe. Alle wollen mich retten durch Heirat...Eminenz! *Er kniet nieder.* Ich danke, daß Sie gekommen sind!
BISCHOF: Erheben Sie sich.

THE LADY: That you accept it, Juan.
DON JUAN: Nothing further?
THE LADY: It may be, I still love you, but that should not frighten you; I have found out that I do not need you, Juan, and that is, above all else, what I offer you: I am the woman who is free of the delusion that she can not live without you. Pause. Consider it. Pause. You have always loved only yourself, and have never found yourself. That is why you hate us. You have always taken us as wives, never as women. As an episode. Each of us. But the episode has devoured your entire life. Why will you not believe in a woman, Juan, one single time? It is the only path, Juan, to your geometry.

Leporello leads in the bishop of Cordoba.

LEPORELLO: His Eminence!
DON JUAN: You will excuse me, Duchess of Ronda, his Eminence and I have business to discuss, but I hope to see you soon at the table: without the veil.
THE LADY: In Ronda, my dear Juan!

The lady gathers her skirt, makes a deep curtsy before the bishop, and exits, followed by Leporello, who closes the doors.

DON JUAN: You see, Eminence, not for a moment do I have peace. They all want to save me through marriage…Eminence! *He kneels down.* I thank you for coming!
BISHOP: Rise.
DON JUAN: Zwölf Jahre lang hat die spanische Kirche mich verfolgt – ich knie nicht aus Gewöhnung, weiß der Himmel, ich knie aus Dankbarkeit; wie habe ich mich gesehnt, Eminenz, mit einem Mann zu sprechen!
BISCHOF: Erheben Sie sich.

Don Juan erhebt sich.

BISCHOF: Worum handelt es sich?

DON JUAN: Wollen Eminenz sich nicht setzen?

Bischof setzt sich.

BISCHOF: Kommen wir zur Sache.

Don Juan setzt sich.

BISCHOF: Worum handelt es sich?

DON JUAN: Kurz gesprochen: Um die Gründung einer Legende.

BISHOP: Let us come to the point.

Don Juan sits.

BISHOP: What is this about?

DON JUAN: To be brief: About the founding of a legend.

BISHOP: – pardon me?

DON JUAN: About the founding of a legend. He reaches for a carafe. I have forgotten to ask, your Eminence: Will you drink something? The bishop declines. We have little time before the ladies appear, and you will please permit me to speak without further ado.
BISCHOF: Ich bitte drum.


BISCHOF: Tot?

DON JUAN: Unter gewissen Bedingungen.

BISCHOF: Welcher Art?

DON JUAN: Wir sind unter uns, Eminenz. Also rundheraus: Sie, die spanische Kirche, geben mir eine bescheidene Rente, nichts weiter, eine Klaus im Kloster, Männerkloster, nicht allzu winzig, wenn ich Wünsche äußern darf, und womöglich mit Aussicht auf die andalusischen Berge; allda lebe ich mit Brot und Wein, namenlos, vom Weib verschont, still und zufrieden mit meiner Geometrie.

BISCHOF: Hm.

DON JUAN: Und Ihnen, Bischof von Cordoba, liefere ich dafür, was die spanische Kirche dringender braucht als Geld: die Legende von der Höllenfahrt des Frevlers. Pause. Was sagen Sie dazu?

BISCHOF: Hm.

DON JUAN: Jetzt sind es zwölf Jahre schon, Eminenz, seit dieses Denkmal steht mit dem peinlichen Spruch: DER HIMMEL CRUSH

BISCHOF: Es wird.


BISCHOF: Hm.


THE EVIL-DOER, and I, Don Juan Tenorio, walk past it whenever I am in Seville, as uncrushed as anyone in Seville. How long, your Eminence, how long then shall I continue this? Seducing, stabbing, laughing, continuing on...He rises. Something must happen, Bishop of Cordoba, something must happen!

BISHOP: It will.

DON JUAN: What sort of impression am I making on our youth? The youth are taking me as an example. I see it coming, I see an entire era coming that is running into the emptiness as I am, but boldly, because they have seen that there is no judgment – an entire generation of scoffers, who consider themselves my equals, indolent in a mockery that becomes cheap, fashionable, vulgar, stupid to the point of despair – I see it coming!

BISHOP: Hm.

DON JUAN: You do not? The bishop takes the carafe and pours himself a glass. Understand me rightly, Bishop of Cordoba, I am not simply tired of women; I mean it in a spiritual sense, I am tired of the blasphemy. Twelve years of an impossible-to-repeat life: wasted in this childish challenge of the blue atmosphere that is called Heaven! I shrank back before nothing, but you see yourself, your Eminence, my iniquities have merely made me famous. The bishop drinks. I am in despair. The bishop drinks. At the age of thirty-three, I share the fate of so many famous men: all the world knows our deeds, almost no one their reasons. It makes me
niemand ihren Sinn. Mich schaudert’s, wenn ich die Leute reden höre über mich. Als wäre es mir je um die Damen gegangen!

BISCHOF: Immerhin –

DON JUAN: Im Anfang, ich bekenne es, machte es Spaß. Meine Hände, so höre ich, sind wie Wünschelruten; sie finden, was der Gatte zehn Jahre lang nie gefunden hat an Quellen der Lust.

BISCHOF: Sie denken an den braven Lopez?

DON JUAN: Ich möchte hier keine Namen nennen, Eminenz.

BISCHOF: Don Balthazar Lopez.

DON JUAN: Auf alles war ich gefaßt, Eminenz, aber nicht auf Langweile. Ihre verzückten Münnder, ihre Augen dazu, ihre wässerigen Augen, von Wollust schmal, ich kann sie nicht mehr sehen! Gerade Sie, Bischof von Cordoba, sorgen für meinen Ruhm wie kein ander, es ist ein Witz: die Damen, die von euren Predigten kommen, träumen ja von mir, und ihre Ehegatten ziehen die Klinge, bevor ich die Dame auch nur bemerkt habe, so muß ich mich schlagen, wo ich stehe und gehe, Übung macht mich zum Meister, und noch bevor ich meine Klinge wieder einstecke, hangen die Witwen an meinem Hals, schluchzend, damit ich sie tröste. Was bleibt mir andres übrig, ich bitte Sie, als meinem Ruhm zu entsprechen, Opfer meines Ruhms zu sein – davon redet ja niemand in unserem höflichen Spanien: wie das Weib sich an mir vergeht! – oder aber: ich lasse die Witwe einfach liegen, drehe mich auf dem Absatz und gehe meines shudder whenever I hear the people talking about me. As if, for me, it had ever been about the women!

BISHOP: Still, though –

DON JUAN: In the beginning, I confess, it was fun. My hands, so I hear, are like divining rods; they find sources of pleasure that the husband, in ten years, has never found.

BISHOP: You are thinking of that good man Lopez?

DON JUAN: I would not like to name names here, Eminence.

BISHOP: Don Balthazar Lopez.

DON JUAN: I was prepared for everything, your Eminence, but not boredom. Their rapturous mouths, their eyes as well, their watery eyes, narrowed from lust, I can not look at them anymore! You yourself, Bishop of Cordoba, ensure my fame as no other person does, it is a joke: the ladies who come from your sermons, they dream of me, and their spouses draw their blades before I have so much as noticed the lady; therefore I must fight wherever I happen to go, practice makes me perfect, and even before I have sheathed my blade, the widows are hanging on my neck, sobbing, so that I will console them. What else is left to me, I ask you, other than to live up to my fame, a sacrifice to my reputation – no one talks of that in our polite Spain: how the woman assaults me! – or: I simply leave the widow lying there, turn on my heel and go my actual way, which is anything but easy, your Eminence, we know the lifelong search for revenge of a woman who has once hoped in
wirklichen Wegs, was alles andere als einfach ist, Eminenz, wir
kennen die lebenlängliche Rachsucht des Weibes, das einmal
vergeblich auf Veführung gehofft hat –

*Es klopft an der Türe.*

**DON JUAN:** Augenblick!

*Es klopft an der Türe.*

**BISCHOF:** Warum blicken Sie mich so an?

**DON JUAN:** Merkwürdig.

**BISCHOF:** Was ist merkwürdig?

**DON JUAN:** Zum ersten Mal sehe ich Sie aus der Nähe, Bischof von Cordoba; waren Sie nicht immer viel runder?

**BISCHOF:** Mein Vorgänger vielleicht.

**DON JUAN:** Trotzdem habe ich plötzlich das Gefühl, ich kenne Ihr finsteres Gesicht. Wo haben wir einander schon einmal getroffen?

*Es klopft an der Türe.*

**DON JUAN:** Sehr merkwürdig...

*Es klopft an der Türe.*

**DON JUAN:** Ich sprach von meiner Not.

**BISCHOF:** Ehen geschändet, Familien zerstört, Töchter verführt, Väter erstochen, ganz zu schweigen den Ehemännern, die ihre Schande überleben müssen – und Sie, der alles dies verschuldet hat, Sie wagen es, Don Juan Tenorio, zu sprechen von Ihrer eigenen Not!

**DON JUAN:** Sie zittern ja.

**BISCHOF:** Im ganzen Land verlacht zu sein als ein gehörnter

vain to be seduced–

*There is a knock at the door.*

**DON JUAN:** A moment!

*There is a knock at the door.*

**BISHOP:** Why do you look at me like that?

**DON JUAN:** Peculiar.

**BISHOP:** What is peculiar?

**DON JUAN:** For the first time, I see you up close, Bishop of Cordoba; were you not formerly much stouter?

**BISHOP:** My predecessor perhaps.

**DON JUAN:** Nevertheless, I suddenly have the feeling, I know your gloomy face. Where have we already met one another?

*There is a knock at the door.*

**DON JUAN:** Very peculiar…

*There is a knock at the door.*

**DON JUAN:** I was speaking of my distress.

**BISHOP:** Marriages defiled, families destroyed, daughters seduced, fathers stabbed to death, to say nothing of the husbands who must live out their disgrace – and you, who are guilty of all of this, you dare, Don Juan Tenorio, to speak of your own distress!

**DON JUAN:** You are trembling.

**BISHOP:** Throughout the land, to be scoffed at as a horned husband,
Ehemann, haben Sie schon einmal erlebt, was das heißt?

DON JUAN: Haben Sie’s, Eminenz?

BISCHOF: Ein Mann wie dieser brave Lopez –


Leporello ist eingetreten.

DON JUAN: Stör uns jetzt nicht!

Leporello verzieht sich.

BISCHOF: Um bei der Sache zu bleiben: –

DON JUAN: Bitte.

BISCHOF: Gründung einer Legende.

DON JUAN: Sie brauchen bloß ja zu sagen, Bischof von Cordoba, und die Legende ist gemacht. Ich habe eine Person gemietet, die uns den toten Komtur spielt, und die Damen werden schon kreischen, wenn sie seine Grabesstimme hören. Machen Sie sich keine Sorge! Dazu ein schnödes Gelächter meinerseits, so daß es ihnen kalt über den Rücken rieselt, ein Knall im rechten Augenblick, so daß die Damen ihre Gesichter verbergen – Eminenz sehen die sinnreiche Maschine unter dem Tisch! – und

have you ever once experienced what that means?

DON JUAN: Have you, your Eminence?

BISHOP: A man like this good Lopez –

DON JUAN: Your Eminence seems to be related to him, the way that you continually mention him, your good Lopez – who, I know, has donated half a fortune so that the Spanish church will not give up persecuting me, and now he has gone so far, your good Lopez, as to surround my house with his henchmen. You grow pale, Eminence, but it is a fact: I can not leave my house anymore without stabbing someone – it is a distress, Eminence, believe me, a real distress.

Leporello has entered.

DON JUAN: Do not disturb us now!

Leporello withdraws.

BISHOP: To return to the matter at hand –

DON JUAN: Please.

BISHOP: Establishment of a legend.

DON JUAN: You need only say yes, Bishop of Cordoba, and the legend is created. I have hired a person who will play the dead Commander for us, and the ladies will certainly shriek when they hear his voice from the grave. Do not be concerned! Add to that a contemptuous laugh on my part, so that a shiver will run down their spines, a loud bang at the correct moment, so that the ladies will hide their faces – your Eminence sees the ingenious machine underneath the table! – and it will by then reek of sulfur and
schon stinkt es nach Schwefel und Rauch. All dies sehr kurz, versteht sich; Verblüffung ist die Mutter des Wunders. Und Sie, so dachte ich, sprechen sofort ein passendes Wort, wie Sie es gerne tun, ein Wort von der Zuverlässigkeit des Himmels, meine Musikanten spielen das bestellte Halleluja, und Schluß.

BISCHOF: Und Sie?


BISCHOF: Ich verstehe.

DON JUAN: Bedingung: Wir beide wahren das Geheimnis. Sonst kommt ja keiner auf seine Rechnung. Meine Höllenfahrt – das Gerücht wird sich im Nu verbreiten, und je weniger die wenigen Augenzeugen wirklich gesehen haben, um so reicher machen es die vielen, die nicht dabei gewesen sind, um so stichhaltiger vor jeglichem Zweifel – meine Höllenfahrt tröstet die Damen, die Ehemänner, das drohende Heer meiner Gläubiger, kurzum, jedermann kommt auf seine innere Rechnung. Was wäre wunderbarer?

BISCHOF: Ich verstehe.

DON JUAN: Don Juan ist tot. Ich habe meine Ruhe zur Geometrie.
Und Sie, die Kirche, haben einen Beweis von himmlischer
Gerechtigkeit, wie Sie ihn sonst in ganz Spanien nicht finden.
BISCHOF: Ich verstehe.

Leporello tritt wieder ein.
LEPORELLO: Herr –
DON JUAN: Was ist denn?
LEPORELLO: Die Damen sind da.
DON JUAN: Wo?
LEPORELLO: Im Hof. Und ziemlich empört, Herr. Dachte jede:
Unter vier Augen, und so. Hätte ich nicht flugs den Riegel
geschoben, wäre schon keine mehr hier. Das flattert und
schnattert wie ein andalusischer Hühnerhof.
DON JUAN: Gut.
LEPORELLO: Das heißt, um genau zu sein, wie mein Herr es immer
wünschen: Jetzt grad sind sie still, alle mustern einander von der
Seite, jede fächelt sich.
DON JUAN: Laß sie herein! Nach einem Blick zum Bischof – sagen
wir: in fünf Minuten.
Leporello geht.
DON JUAN: Eminenz, nennen Sie mir das Kloster!
BISCHOF: Sie sind Ihrer Sache sehr sicher –
DON JUAN: Natürlich kann die Kirche eine Legende nur brauchen,
wenn sie gelingt. Ich verstehe Ihr Zögern, Bischof von Cordoba,
aber seien Sie getrost: die Geschichte ist glaubwürdig,
keineswegs originell, ein alter Sagenstoff, eine Statue erschlägt
...
den Mörder, das kommt schon in der Antike vor, und die
Verspottung eines Totenschädels, der dann den Spötter ins
Jenseits holt, denken Sie an die bretonischen Balladen, die unsre
Soldaten singen; wir arbeiten mit Überlieferung –
Der Bischof nimmt seine Verkleidung ab und die dunkle Brille, die er
getragen hat, und zeigt sein wirkliches Gesicht.
DON JUAN: Don Balthazar Lopez?
LOPEZ: Ja.
DON JUAN: Also doch.
LOPEZ: Wir haben einander ein einziges Mal gesehen, Don Juan, für
einen kurzen Augenblick. Ein weißer Vorhang wehte in die
Kerze, als ich die Türe öffnete und Sie bei meiner Gattin fand;
eine plötzliche Fahne von rotem Feuer, Sie erinnern sich, ich
mußte löschen –
DON JUAN: Richtig.
LOPEZ: Zum Fechten blieb keine Zeit.
DON JUAN zieht seinen Degen.
LOPEZ: Nachdem ich erfahren habe, was Sie im Schilde führen, um
unsrer Rache zu entgehen, soll es mir ein Vergnügen sein, Ihre
gotteslästerliche Legende zu entlarven. Lassen Sie die Damen
herein! Sie bleiben auf dieser Erde, Don Juan Tenorio, genau
wie wir, und ich werde nicht ruhen, bis meine Rache vollendet
ist, bis ich auch Sie, Don Juan Tenorio, als Ehemann sehe.
DON JUAN: Ha!
LOPEZ: Und zwar mit meiner Frau!

antiquity, and mockery of a dead man’s skull, which then drags
the ridiculer to the Other Side – think of the Breton ballads that
our soldiers sing; we are working with a tradition13 –

The bishop takes off his disguise, as well as the dark glasses he has
been wearing, and shows his real face.
DON JUAN: Don Balthazar Lopez?
LOPEZ: Yes.
DON JUAN: …I see.
LOPEZ: We have seen each other one single time, Don Juan, for a
brief moment. A white curtain drifted into a candle flame when
I opened the door and found you with my spouse; a sudden
banner of red fire, you recall, I had to extinguish it –

DON JUAN: Correct.
LOPEZ: For fencing there was no time.
Don Juan draws his dagger.
LOPEZ: Now that I have discovered what you are up to in order to
evade our revenge, it shall be a pleasure for me to expose your
blasphemous legend. Let the ladies in! You will remain on this
earth14, Don Juan Tenorio, exactly as we do, and I will not rest
until my revenge is completed – until I see you also, Don Juan
Tenorio, as a husband.
DON JUAN: Ha!
LOPEZ: And with my own wife!
Enter Leporello.

LEPORELLO: The ladies!
LOPEZ: Even a master at chess, it seems, grasps the false piece now and then, and suddenly, certain of his clever victory, he sets himself in checkmate.

DON JUAN: We will certainly see –

The thirteen ladies, who enter in righteous indignation, initially fall silent at the sight of the supposed bishop; Lopez has once again put on his bishop’s hat, and the ladies kiss the hem of his robe.

This with dignity, but then:

DONNA ELVIRA: Your Eminence, we are deceived –
DONNA BELISA: Shamelessly deceived –
DONNA ELVIRA: I thought he lay on the point of dying –
DONNA ISABEL: I too –
DONNA VIOLA: Each of us –
DONNA ELVIRA: Upon my word of honor, otherwise I would never have come –
DONNA FERNANDA: None of us –
DONNA ELVIRA: I, the widow of the Commander –
DONNA FERNANDA: I too thought that he lay on the point of dying –
DONNA INEZ: I too, I too –
DONNA ELVIRA: I thought he regretted –
DONNA BELISA: Each of us –
DONNA ISABEL: He wishes to do penance, I thought –
DONNA VIOLA: What else –

Eintritt Leporello.

LEPORELLO: Die Damen!
LOPEZ: Auch ein Meister im Schach, scheint es, greift einmal die falsche Figur, und plötzlich, seines schlauen Sieges gewiß, setzt er sich selber matt.

DON JUAN: Wir werden ja sehen –

Es kommen die dreizehn Damen in voller Entrüstung, die beim Anblick des vermeintlichen Bischofs vorerst verstummen; Lopez hat seinen bischöflichen Hut wieder aufgestzt, und die Damen küssen den Saum seines Gewandes. Dies in Würde, aber dann:

DONNA ELVIRA: Eminenz, wir sind betrogen –
DONNA BELISA: Schamlos betrogen –
DONNA ELVIRA: Ich dachte, er liege im Sterben –
DONNA ISABEL: Ich auch –
DONNA VIOLA: Jede von uns –
DONNA ELVIRA: Ehrenwort, sonst wäre ich nie gekommen –

DONNA FERNANDA: Keine von uns –
DONNA ELVIRA: Ich, die Witwe des Komturs –
DONNA FERNANDA: Ich dachte auch, er liege im Sterben –
DONNA INEZ: Ich auch, ich auch –
DONNA ELVIRA: Ich dachte, er bereue –
DONNA BELISA: Jede von uns –
DONNA ISABEL: Er will Buße tun, dachte ich –
DONNA VIOLA: Was sonst –
DONNA ELVIRA: Eminenz, ich bin eine Dame –
DONNA BELISA: Und wir?
BISHOP: Donna Belisa –
DONNA BELISA: Sind wir keine Damen, Eminenz?
BISHOP: Beruhigen Sie sich, Donna Belisa, ich weiß, Sie sind die Gattin des braven Lopez.
DONNA BELISA: Nennen Sie seinen Namen nicht!
BISHOP: Warum nicht?
DONNA BELISA: Der brave Lopez! wie er sich immer selber nennt, und nicht einmal gefochten hat er für mich, Eminenz, nicht einmal gefochten, alle anderen Ehemänner haben wenigstens gefochten, ich bin die einzige in diesem Kreis, die keine Witwe ist.
BISHOP: Fassen Sie sich!
DONNA BELISA: Der brave Lopez!
DONNA ELVIRA: Ich war gefaßt, Eminenz, auf alles, aber nicht auf eine Parade von aufgeputzten Ehebrecherinnen, die sich für meinesgleichen halten.
DIE DAMEN: Ah!
DONNA ELVIRA: Entrüstet euch nur, ihr heuchlerisches Gesindel, fächelt euch, ich weiß genau, wozu ihr in dieses verruchte Haus gekommen seid.
DONNA BELISA: Und Sie?
DONNA ELVIRA: Wo ist er überhaupt, euer Geliebter, wo ist er, damit ich ihm die Augen auskratze?
DON JUAN: Hier. Er tritt in den Kreis wie ein Torero. Ich danke
DONNA ELVIRA: Eminence, I am a lady –
DONNA BELISA: And us?
BISHOP: Donna Belisa –
DONNA BELISA: Are we not ladies, your Eminence?
BISHOP: Quiet yourself, Donna Belisa, I know you are the spouse of the good Lopez.
DONNA BELISA: Do not say his name!
BISHOP: Why not?
DONNA BELISA: The good Lopez! as he always calls himself, and he did not even fight for me, Eminence, did not even fight – all the other husbands at least fenced, I am the only one in this circle who is not a widow.
BISHOP: Contain yourself!
DONNA BELISA: The good Lopez!
DONNA ELVIRA: I was prepared for anything, Eminence, but not for a parade of dressed-up adulteresses who consider themselves my equals.
THE LADIES: Ah!
DONNA ELVIRA: Just you fill yourselves with indignation, you hypocritical rabble, fan yourselves – I know exactly why you have come to this foul house.
DONNA BELISA: And you?
DONNA ELVIRA: Where indeed is he, your lover – where is he, so that I may scratch out his eyes?
DON JUAN: Here. He steps into the circle like a bullfighter. I thank
euch, meine Geliebten, daß ihr alle gekommen seid, alle sind es freilich nicht, aber genug, so denke ich, um meine Höllenfahrt zu feiern.

LEPORELLO: Herr – !

DON JUAN: Meine Geliebten, setzen wir uns.

Die Damen stehen, ohne sich zu fächeln, reglos.

DON JUAN: Ich gestehe, ja, es ist seltsam, seine Geliebten zusammen in einem Saal zu sehen, ja, sehr seltsam, ich habe es mir schon vorzustellen versucht, aber vergeblich, und ich weiß nicht, wie ich sprechen soll in dieser feierlichen Stunde, da ich euch zusammen sehe, einander fremd und wieder nicht, vereint allein durch mich, getrennt durch mich, so, daß keine mich anblickt –

Die Damen fächeln sich.

DON JUAN: Meine Damen, wir haben einander geliebt.

Eine Dame spückt ihm vor die Füße.

DON JUAN: Ich staune selbst, Donna Viola, wie wenig davon geblieben ist –

DONNA ISABEL: Ich heiße nicht Viola!

DON JUAN: Verzeih.

DONNA VIOLA: Viola nennt er sie!

DON JUAN: Verzeih auch du.

DONNA VIOLA: Das hält ich nicht aus!

DON JUAN: Wie flüchtig gerade jene Empfindung ist, die uns im Augenblick, da wir sie haben, dem Ewigen so nahebringt, daß wir als Person davon erblinden, ja, Donna Fernanda, es ist bitter.

you all, my mistresses, for coming – not all of you, admittedly, are here, but enough, I think, in order to celebrate my descent into Hell.

LEPORELLO: Sir – !

DON JUAN: My mistresses, let us sit.

The ladies stand without fanning themselves, motionless.

DON JUAN: I confess, yes, it is odd, to see one’s mistresses together in one room, yes, very odd – I have attempted to imagine it already, but in vain, and I do not know how I should speak in this solemn hour, as I see you all together, unfamiliar to one another and then again, not, united through me alone, separated through me, such that no one looks at me –

The ladies fan themselves.

DON JUAN: Ladies, we have loved one another.

A lady spits at his feet.

DON JUAN: I myself am astounded, Donna Viola, at how little of that has remained –

DONNA ISABEL: My name is not Viola!

DON JUAN: Pardon.

DONNA VIOLA: Viola, he calls her!

DON JUAN: I beg your pardon as well.

DONNA VIOLA: I will not endure this!

DON JUAN: How fleeting that very feeling is that brings us, in the moment in which we have it, so near to the Eternal that we are as a person struck blind by it – yes, Donna Fernanda, it is bitter.
DONNA ISABEL: Ich heiße auch nicht Fernanda!

DON JUAN: Meine Liebe –

DONNA ISABEL: Das hast du jeder gesagt: Meine Liebe!


DONNA BELISA: O Gott.


DONNA VIOLA: O Gott.


DONNA ISABEL: O Gott.

DON JUAN: Und so weiter und so weiter. Und ganz in der Ferne meiner Jugend, die kurz war, höre ich das heisere Gekläff einer Meute im nächtlichen Park –

DONNA ELVIRA: O Gott.

DONNA CLARA: O Gott.

DONNA INEZ: O Gott.

DON JUAN: Das ist alles, woran ich mich erinnern kann.

DONNA ISABEL: My name is not Fernanda either!

DON JUAN: My love –

DONNA ISABEL: You have said that to each of us: my love!

DON JUAN: I never meant it personally, Donna Isabel – now I recall: Donna Isabel. You with the soul that always overflows, why did you not immediately burst into tears? To the bishop: The memory of a man is curious; you are correct, one recalls only the minor things: a white curtain that drifts into a burning candle –

DONNA BELISA: O God.

DON JUAN: Another time there was a rustling in the reeds, and frightened as I was, I drew my blade: it was a duck in the moonlight.

DONNA VIOLA: O God.

DON JUAN: What remains in the memory are objects: a tasteless vase, slippers, a crucifix of porcelain. And sometimes smells: the scent of withered myrrh –

DONNA ISABEL: O God.

DON JUAN: And so on and so forth. And quite in the distance of my youth, which was brief, I hear the hoarse yapping of a pack of dogs in the park at night –

DONNA ELVIRA: O God.

DONNA CLARA: O God.

DONNA INEZ: O God.

DON JUAN: That is all that I can remember.
Die Damen haben ihre Fächer vors Gesicht genommen.

DON JUAN: Leporello, zünde die Kerzen an!

Leporello zündet die Kerzen an.


Leporello hat die Kerzen entzündet.

DON JUAN: Ich weiß nicht, Don Balthazar, ob Sie sich jetzt schon entlarven möchten oder später.

DONNA BELISA: Was sagt er?

Der Bischof entlarvt sich.

LOPEZ: Mein Name ist Lopez.

DONNA BELISA: Du?!

LOPEZ: Don Balthazar Lopez.


LOPEZ: Ihr Spott, Don Juan, ist am Ende.

Man hört ein dumpfes Poltern.

The ladies have drawn their fans in front of their faces.

DON JUAN: Leporello, light the candles!

Leporello lights the candles.

DON JUAN: I don’t know whether I am different from other men. Do they have memories of nights with women? I am frightened when I look back over my life; I see myself like a swimmer in the river: without a trail. Are they not so? And if a youth asked me: How is it with women? I would not know, frankly; it is forgotten like cookery and sorrow, and only when it is there again do I know: This is how it is, of course, thus has it always been...

Leporello has lit the candles.

DON JUAN: I do not know, Don Balthazar, whether you would like to reveal yourself now or later.

DONNA BELISA: What does he say?

The bishop unmasks himself.

LOPEZ: My name is Lopez.

DONNA BELISA: You?!

LOPEZ: Don Balthazar Lopez.

DON JUAN: Treasury Secretary of Toledo, if I am not mistaken, the bearer of various decorations, as you see; Herr Lopez has, in a selfless manner, assumed the delicate office of representing the jealousy of your husbands.

LOPEZ: Your mockery, Don Juan, is at an end.

A muffled racket can be heard.
DON JUAN: Ruhe!

Man hört ein dumpfes Poltern.

DON JUAN: Herr Lopez von Toledo hat das Wort.

Man hört ein dumpfes Poltern.

LOPEZ: Erschrecken Sie nicht, meine Damen, ich weiß, was hier gespielt wird, hören Sie mich an!

LEPORELLO: Herr –

DON JUAN: Still.

LEPORELLO: – die Türen sind geschlossen.

Die Damen kreischen.

LOPEZ: Hören Sie mich an!

Die Damen sind zu den Türen gelaufen, die geschlossen sind; Don Juan hat sich auf die Tischkante gesetzt und schenkt sich Wein in ein Glas.

DON JUAN: Hören Sie ihn an!

LOPEZ: Meine Damen –

DON JUAN: Sie gestatten, daß ich unterdessen trinke; ich habe Durst.

Er trinkt. So reden Sie schon!


DON JUAN: Ist es das nicht schon lang? Er trinkt. Und trotzdem geschieht nichts, das ist ja der Witz. Gestern auf dem Friedhof, Leporello, haben wir nicht alles unternommen, um den toten Komtur zu verhöhnen?

DON JUAN: Quiet!

A muffled racket can be heard.

DON JUAN: Señor Lopez of Toledo has the floor.

A muffled racket can be heard.

LOPEZ: Do not be frightened, ladies; I know what the game is here, listen to me!

LEPORELLO: Sir –

DON JUAN: Hush.

LEPORELLO: – the doors are locked.

The ladies shriek.

LOPEZ: Listen to me!

The ladies have run to the doors, which are locked; Don Juan has sat down on the edge of the table and pours himself a glass of wine.

DON JUAN: Listen to him!

LOPEZ: Ladies –

DON JUAN: You will permit me to drink meanwhile; I am thirsty. He drinks. So speak already!

LOPEZ: He will not leave this house, ladies, not without a just punishment. I have made certain of that. The hour of judgment is here – enough of his wickednesses!

DON JUAN: Has it not long been enough? He drinks. And despite this, nothing happens, that is the joke. Yesterday at the graveyard, Leporello, did we not undertake everything to make a mockery of the dead Commander?
LEPORELLO: – Herr…
DON JUAN: Habe ich ihn nicht zu dieser Tafel geladen?
DONNA ELVIRA: Meinen Gemahl?!

Man hört das dumpfe Poltern.
LOPEZ: Bleiben Sie, Donna Elvira, bleiben Sie!

Man hört das dumpfe Poltern.
LOPEZ: Es ist nicht wahr, eine Spitbüberei ohnegleichen, es ist alles nicht wahr, er will Sie zum Narren halten – hier: sehen Sie diese sinnreiche Maschine unter dem Tisch? Knall und Schwefel sollen Sie erschrecken, damit Sie alle Vernunft verlieren, damit Sie glauben, Don Juan sei zur Hölle gefahren, ein Gericht des Himmels, das nichts als Theater ist, eine Gotteslästerung sondergleichen, damit er der irdischen Strafe entgehe. Ganz Spanien zum Narren zu halten, das ist sein Plan gewesen, eine Legende in die Welt zu setzen, damit er unsrer Strafe entgehe, nichts weiter, das ist sein Plan gewesen, nichts als Theater –

Don Juan lacht.
LOPEZ: Bestreiten Sie es?
DON JUAN: Durchaus nicht.
LOPEZ: Sie hören es, meine Damen!

LEPORELLO: – Sir…
DON JUAN: Did I not invite him to this board?
DONNA ELVIRA: My consort?!
DON JUAN: My good servant saw it with his own eyes, how he nodded with his stone helmet, your consort, obviously as a sign that he was free today. Why does he not come? Midnight is past. What shall I still do so that your Heaven might finally crush me?

The muffled racket can be heard.
LOPEZ: Stay, Donna Elvira, stay!
The muffled racket can be heard.
LOPEZ: It is not true, a roguery without an equal, it is all untrue, he wants to hoodwink you all – here: do you see this ingenious machine underneath the table? Noise and sulfur are supposed to frighten you so that you lose all reason, so that you believe that Don Juan is gone to Hell, a judgment of Heaven’s that is nothing more than theater, an unheard-of sacrilege so that he may escape earthly punishment. To hoodwink all of Spain, that was his plan, to establish a legend in the world so that he may escape our punishment, nothing further – that was his plan, nothing but theater –

Don Juan laughs.
LOPEZ: Do you dispute it?
DON JUAN: Not in the least.
LOPEZ: You hear, ladies!
DON JUAN: Nichts als Theater.
LOPEZ: Hier: Sie sehen diesen sinnreichen Deckel in der Diele, meine Damen, hier, meine Damen, überzeugen Sie sich mit eigenen Augen!

Don Juan lacht.
LOPEZ: Nichts als Theater.


LOPEZ: Hören Sie’s, meine Damen?


Die Damen kreischen.

DON JUAN: Warum zittert ihr?

STIMME: Don Juan!

LEPORELLO: – Herr – Herr...

STIMME: Don Juan!

LEPORELLO: Herr – es streckt seinen Arm...

DON JUAN: Ich fürchte mich nicht, meine Lieben, ihr seht es, ich greife seine steinerne Hand –

Don Juan greift die Hand des Denkmals, Knall und Rauch, Don Juan und das Denkmal versinken in der Versenkung, die Musikanten spielen das bestellte Halleluja.

DON JUAN: Nothing but theater.
LOPEZ: Here: you see this ingenious panel in the floorboard, ladies, here, ladies, convince yourselves with your own eyes!

Don Juan laughs.
LOPEZ: Nothing but theater.

DON JUAN: What else. *He drinks.* I have been saying that for twelve years: There is no real Hell, no Other Side, no judgment of Heaven. Señor Lopez is completely correct: nothing more than theater.

LOPEZ: Do you hear that, ladies?

DON JUAN: Here: – *He rises and goes to the curtain in the background, which he opens so that the artificial monument of the Commander is to be seen.* – here you are.

The ladies shriek.

DON JUAN: Why are you all shaking?

VOICE: Don Juan!

LEPORELLO: – Sir – Sir...

VOICE: Don Juan!

LEPORELLO: Sir – it is reaching out its arm...

DON JUAN: I am not afraid, my loves, you see it – I grasp its stone hand –

Don Juan grasps the hand of the monument, noise and smoke, Don Juan and monument sink through the trapdoor, the musicians play the arranged Hallelujah.
LOPEZ: Es ist nicht wahr, meine Damen, nicht wahr, ich beschwöre Sie, bekreuzigen Sie sich nicht!

Die Damen knien und bekreuzigen sich.

LOPEZ: Weiber...

Alle Türen öffnen sich, ein Scherge in jeder Türe.

LOPEZ: Warum bleibt ihr nicht auf euren Posten?

SCHERGE: Wo ist er?

LOPEZ: – jetzt hat er’s erreicht...

LOPEZ: It is not true, ladies, I beseech you, do not cross yourselves!

The ladies kneel and make the sign of the cross.

LOPEZ: Women…

All the doors open, a henchman in each door.

LOPEZ: Why aren’t you at your posts?

HENCHMAN: Where is he?

LOPEZ: – now he has achieved it…
Intermezzo

Vor dem Zwischenvorhang erscheinen Celestina und Leporello.


Eine Nonne erscheint.

CELESTINA: Schwester Elvira?

Leporello entfernt sich.


Intermezzo

In front of the curtain appear Celestina and Leporello.

CELESTINA: I must speak with her in private. Stay with the coach! I know you: a bit of cloister garden, a little bit of bell-ringing for Vespers, and you weaken. Before long, you yourself will believe that he is in Hell.

A nun appears.

CELESTINA: Sister Elvira?

Leporello moves away.

CELESTINA: I have come, Sister Elvira, because I have a troubled conscience. On account of that time. I should not have done it. When I see what I have wrought, I sincerely reproach myself, when I see how you pray the entire day, simply because you were taken in by that ruse with the Guest of Stone. I did not believe that anyone would really believe it. On my word of honor! And today, all of Spain believes it. Publicly one can certainly not tell the truth anymore. This unhappy Lopez! You have heard of it: expelled from the country, merely because he dared to say publicly that a swindler played the spirit of the Commander. Sister Elvira, it was I who played the Guest of Stone, I, none other than I. This unhappy Lopez! You have heard of it: now he has hanged himself over there in Morocco, the poor man, after he gave his entire fortune to the Spanish church, and now
Arme, nachdem er der spanischen Kirche sein ganzes Vermögen geschenkt hat, und jetzt glaubt ihm nicht einmal die Kirche.

*Vesperglocke, die Nonne entfernt sich betend.*

**CELESTINA:** Nichts zu machen!

**Leporello kommt.**

**CELESTINA:** Marsch auf den Bock! Ich hab keine Zeit für Leute, die es für Glauben halten, wenn sie die Wahrheit nicht wissen wollen. Bekreuzige dich!

**LEPORELLO:** Celestina –

**CELESTINA:** Don Juan ist in der Hölle.

**LEPORELLO:** Und mein Lohn? Mein Lohn?

not even the church believes him. Why does the truth have such difficulty in Spain? I have traveled for three hours, purely in order to tell the truth, Sister Elvira, the simple truth. Are you even listening to me? I am the last person who knows the truth in this stupid story. It really has been resting heavily upon my soul, ever since I found that you had gone into a cloister because of it, Sister Elvira, because of that. I have nothing against the cloister. Just between us, Sister Elvira: he is not in Hell. Believe me! I know where he is, but I am not permitted to say; I have been bribed, Sister Elvira, very well indeed – otherwise I could not afford his servant...Sister Elvira, from woman to woman: Don Juan lives, I have seen him with my own eyes, Hell has nothing to do with it; you can pray for him as much as you want.

*The ringing of Vesper bells, the nun leaves, praying.*

**CELESTINA:** Nothing to be done!

**Leporello comes.**

**CELESTINA:** Back to the coach! I have no time for people who consider it faith when they don’t want to know the truth. Cross yourself!

**LEPORELLO:** Celestina –

**CELESTINA:** Don Juan is in Hell.

**LEPORELLO:** And my wages? My wages?
CELESTINA: Marsch auf den Bock!
LEPORELLO: »Voilà par sa mort un chacun satisfait: Ciel offensé, lois violées filles séduites, familles déshonorées, parents outragé, femmes mises à mal, maires poussés à bout, tout le monde est content. Il n’y a que moi seul de malheureux, qui, après tant d’années de service, n’ai point d’autre récompense que de voir à mes yeux l’impiété de mon maître punie par le plus épouvantable châtiment du monde! «

CELESTINA: Back to the coach!
LEPORELLO: »Voilà par sa mort un chacun satisfait: Ciel offensé, lois violées filles séduites, familles déshonorées, parents outragé, femmes mises à mal, maires poussés à bout, tout le monde est content. Il n’y a que moi seul de malheureux, qui, après tant d’années de service, n’ai point d’autre récompense que de voir à mes yeux l’impiété de mon maître punie par le plus épouvantable châtiment du monde! «

\[x\] There you have it, everyone is satisfied by his death: Heaven offended, laws violated, daughters seduced, families dishonored, parents outraged, women corrupted, spouses pushed to their limits, all the world is happy. I alone am not happy, who, after so many years of service, have no other recompense than that of seeing with my own eyes the impiousness of my master punished by the most dreadful punishment in the world!
Akt V

Eine Loggia

Im Vordergrund steht ein Tisch, gedeckt für zwei Personen. Don Juan wartet offensichtlich auf die andere Person. Nach einer Weile reißt ihm die Geduld, er schellt mit einer Klingel, worauf ein Diener erscheint.


Don Juan will sich entfernen, aber aus dem Garten kommt der rundliche Bischof von Cordoba, ehemals Pater Diego, mit einer Aster in der Hand.
BISHOF: Wohin denn so eilig?
DON JUAN: Ah!

Act Five

A loggia

In the foreground stands a table, set for two people. Don Juan is obviously waiting for the other person. After a while, he loses patience and rings the bell, whereupon a servant appears.

DON JUAN: I have requested that I not be called away from my work before one can actually eat. Now I have been waiting again for a half-an-hour already. Are my days not short enough? I know, Alonso, it is not your fault. He picks up a book. Where is she? The servant shrugs his shoulders. Thank you. It is fine. I haven’t said anything. The servant exits and Don Juan attempts to read a book, which he suddenly flings into the corner; he calls: Alonso! When it is at the point that one can actually eat: I will be in my chamber.

Don Juan is about to exit, but from the garden comes the chubby bishop of Cordoba, formerly Pater Diego, with an aster in his hand.
BISHOF: Where are you going in such a hurry?
DON JUAN: Ah!
BISHOF: We expected you in the gardens, my dear fellow. A beguiling evening out there. How sorry I am that I cannot stay today! Out there in the arcades, where you see the ravine of
Schlucht von Ronda sieht, die letzte Sonne in den glühenden Astern, rot und violett, dazu die blaue Kühle im Tal, das schon im Schatten liegt, ich denke es jedesmal: Es ist ein Paradies, was euch zu Füßen liegt

DON JUAN: Ich weiß.

BISHOF: Aber Herbst ist es geworden...

DON JUAN: Sie nehmen einen Wein, Diego?

BISHOF: Gerne. Während Don Juan eine Karaffe nimmt und zwei Gläser füllt: – ich sagte eben: Was doch die alten Mauren, die solche Gärten bauten, für ein Talent besaßen, mit der Haut zu leben. All diese Höfe, Durchblick um Durchblick, diese Fluchten voll traulicher Kühle, und die Stille darin wird nicht zum Grab, sie bleibt voll Geheimnis der verblauenden Ferne hinter zierlichen Gittern, man wandelt und labt sich am Schatten, aber die Kühle bleibt heiter vom milden Spiegelschein einer besonnten Mauer; wie witzvoll und zärtlich und ganz für die Haut ist alldies gemacht! Zu schweigen von den Wasserspielen; welche Kunst, die Schöpfung spielen zu lassen auf dem Instrument unsrer Sinne, welche Meisterschaft, das Vergängliche zu kosten, geistig zu werden bis zur Oberfläche, welche Kultur! Er riecht an der Aster.

Die Herzogin wird jeden Augenblick kommen.

DON JUAN: Wird sie.

BISHOF: Es sei ihr nicht wohl, sagt sie.

Don Juan überreicht das gefüllte Glas. 

Ronda, the last of the sun in the glowing asters, red and violet, and added to that the blue coolness in the valley, which is already lying in shadow, I think it each time: It is a paradise that lies at your feet.

DON JUAN: I know.

BISHOP: But it has turned to autumn…

DON JUAN: Will you have wine, Diego?

BISHOP: Gladly. While Don Juan picks up a carafe and fills two glasses: – I was just saying: What a talent the old Moors, who built such gardens, possessed for coping with that skin. All these courtyards, vista upon vista, these straight lines full of cozy coolness, and the quiet in them does not become a tomb; it remains full of the secret of the distance that fades into blue behind delicate bars. One strolls about and relishes the shadows, but the coolness remains cheerful from the mild reflection of a sun-drenched wall; how imaginatively and tenderly and entirely for the skin this is all done! To say nothing of the fountains; what art to have creation play upon the instrument of our intellect, what mastery to savor the transient, to become entirely filled with the Spiritual, what culture! He smells the aster. The Duchess will come at any moment.

DON JUAN: Will she.

BISHOP: She is not quite well, she says.

Don Juan holds out the filled glass.
BISCHOF: Wie geht’s der Geometrie?

DON JUAN: Danke.

BISCHOF: Was Sie das letzte Mal erzählten, hat mich noch lang beschäftigt, Ihre Geschichte mit den Dimensionen, wissen Sie, und daß auch die Geometrie zu einer Wahrheit kommt, die man sich nicht mehr vorstellen kann. So sagten Sie doch? Linie, Fläche, Raum; was aber soll die vierte Dimension sein? Und doch können Sie durch Denken beweisen, daß es sie geben muß –

Don Juan kippt sein Glas.

BISCHOF: Don Juan, was ist los mit Ihnen?


BISCHOF: Zum Wohl.

Hof kommt. Sie lächeln! Es sind Nichtigkeiten, ich weiß, nicht der Rede wert; gerade das macht sie zur Folter. Was soll ich tun? Ich bin ja ihr Gefangener, vergessen Sie das nicht, ich kann ja nicht aus diesem Schloß heraus; wenn man mich draußen sieht, ist meine Legende hin, und das heißt, ich hätte abermals als Don Juan zu leben – *Er kippt das dritte Glas*. Reden wir nicht davon!

**BISHOF**: Ein köstlicher Jerez.

*Don Juan schweigt zornig.*

**BISHOF**: Ein köstlicher Jerez.


**BISHOF**: Zum Wohl.

**DON JUAN**: Zum Wohl.

**BISHOF**: Die Herzogin ist eine wunderbare Frau. *Er nippt.* Sie ist glücklich, aber klug; sie weiß sehr wohl, daß Sie, der Mann, nicht glücklich sind, und das ist das einzige, was sie unter vier Augen beklagt.

**DON JUAN**: Sie kann nichts dafür, ich weiß.

**BISHOF**: Aber?

**DON JUAN**: Reden wir nicht davon!

*Der Bischof nippt.*

**DON JUAN**: – jeden Tag, wenn ich in diese Loggia trete, jeden Tag, jahrein und jahraus, dreimal am Tag, jedesmal habe ich das courtyard. You smile! They are trivialities, I know, not worth speaking of; it is precisely that that makes them torturous. What shall I do? I am her prisoner, indeed, do not forget that, I cannot leave this castle; if someone sees me outside, then my legend is finished, and that is to say, I would have to once again live as Don Juan – *He up-ends the third glass*. Let us not speak about it!

**BISHOP**: An exquisite Jerez.

*Don Juan is angrily silent.*

**BISHOP**: An exquisite Jerez.

**DON JUAN**: Your pardon. *He fills up the bishop’s glass as well.* Forget I have said anything.

**BISHOP**: To your health.

**DON JUAN**: To your health.

**BISHOP**: The Duchess is a wonderful wife. *He sips.* She is happy, but clever – she knows very well that you, her husband, are not happy, and that is the only thing that she complains of in private.

**DON JUAN**: She can do nothing about it, I know.

**BISHOP**: But?

**DON JUAN**: Let us not speak about it!

*The bishop sips.*

**DON JUAN**: – Every day, whenever I step into this loggia, every day, year in and year out, three times a day, every time I have the

BISCHOF: Sie lieben sie.

DON JUANK: Das kommt noch dazu. Wenn sie eine Woche drüben in Sevilla weilt, um sich die Haare färben zu lassen, ich will nicht sagen, daß ich sie vermissen –

BISCHOF: Aber Sie vermissen sie.

DON JUAN: Ja.

BISCHOF: Es ist nicht gut, daß der Mann allein sei, so heißt es in der Schrift, drum schuf Gott ihm eine Gefährtin.

DON JUAN: Und meinte er, dann sei es gut?

Der Diener erscheint mit einem silbernen Tablett.

DON JUAN: Wir sind noch nicht soweit.–

Der Diener geht mit dem silbernen Tablett.


burning feeling that I can’t endure it anymore. Trifles! But I can’t bear it anymore! And when she finally arrives, I act as though it were really a trifle; we sit down to the table and I say to her: Enjoy.

BISHOP: You love her.

DON JUAN: There is that as well. When she spends a week over in Seville in order to have her hair colored, I do not want to say that I miss her –

BISHOP: But you miss her.

DON JUAN: Yes.

BISHOP: It is not good for a man to be alone, it says so in the Scripture; for that reason, God created a companion for him.

DON JUAN: And did he think that then it would be good?

The servant appears with a silver tray.

DON JUAN: We are not ready yet. –

The servant leaves with the silver tray.

DON JUAN: In seriousness, my anger against the creation that split us into Man and Woman is more fervent than ever. I tremble before every meal. What monstrousness, that a person alone is not whole! And the greater his longing to be whole, so much more cursed does he stand there, set against the other sex until he bleeds to death. How have we earned that? And at the same time I ought to be thankful, I know. I have only the option to be dead or to be here. Thankful for this prison in paradisiacal gardens!
BISHOP: My friend –
DON JUAN: It is a prison!
BISHOP: With forty-four rooms. Think of all the others, Don Juan, who have only a small place to live.
DON JUAN: I envy them.
BISHOP: Why?
DON JUAN: They go mad, I think, and no longer think anything of it… Why wasn’t I allowed to enter the monastery?
BISHOP: Not everyone can enter the monastery.
DON JUAN: Multiply and be fruitful!
BISHOP: So it is written.
DON JUAN: No excommunication by the church, you know this, and no blade in the world have ever made me tremble; but she, a woman who loves me, she makes me shake every day. And how, truly? I see only that I can’t laugh anymore about that which is ridiculous. And that I will resign myself, where there is no reason to. She is a woman – it may be: the best of all imaginable women – but a woman, and I am a man. Against that, there is nothing to be done, your Eminence, and with goodwill certainly nothing at all. It only becomes a struggle of who can make the other ashamed through goodwill. You should see us and hear us when we are alone. Not one loud word. We are an idyll. Once a glass against the wall, once and never again! We have brought it to the point of a fearful noblesse; we suffer from it, when the other is not happy. What more do you want to make the marriage perfect?
mehr, um die Ehe vollkommen zu machen? Pause. Es fehlt jetzt nur, daß das Geschlecht mir auch noch die letzte Schlinge um den Hals wirft...

BISCHOF: Und das wäre?

Miranda, die Herzogin von Ronda, erscheint.

MIRANDA: Habe ich die Herren unterbrochen?
DON JUAN: Ich komme ja nicht nach Sevilla.
MIRANDA: Wie ist es denn?
BISCHOF: Nicht ohne Witz: Don Juan fährt tatsächlich in die Hölle, und das Publikum jubelt vor Gruseln. Sie sollten es sich wirklich einmal ansehen, Don Juan.
DON JUAN: Wie ich in die Höhle fahre?
BISCHOF: Was bleibt dem Theater andres übrig? Wahrheit läßt sich Pause. The only thing still lacking now is for heredity\textsuperscript{18} to throw the final noose around my neck.

BISHOP: And that would be…
DON JUAN: For it to make me a father. What will I do? She can certainly do nothing about it. We will sit down at the table as always and say: Enjoy!

Miranda, the Duchess of Ronda, appears.

MIRANDA: Have I interrupted you gentlemen?
BISHOP: Not at all, my dear Miranda. We were chatting just now about descent into Hell of Don Juan. To Don Juan: Have you seen the pageant in Seville? To Miranda: They are playing it now at the theater –
DON JUAN: I do not go to Seville.
MIRANDA: A pageant, you say?
BISHOP: »THE BURLADOR OF SEVILLE«, it is called, »OR THE GUEST OF STONE«, I had to see it recently, because they say that our prior, Gabriel Tellez, has written it\textsuperscript{19}.

MIRANDA: Well, how is it?
BISHOP: Not without humor: Don Juan actually descends into Hell, and the audience cheers from horror. You should really see it at some point, Don Juan.
DON JUAN: How I descend into Hell?
BISHOP: What else remains left for the theater? Truth cannot be

MIRANDA: Sie wollen wirklich gehen?
BISCHOF: Ich muß, ich muß. Er gibt Don Juan die Hand. Leben Sie wohl, Burlador von Sevilla!
DON JUAN: Wird es gedruckt?
BISCHOF: Ich nehme an. Die Leute genießen es über die Maßen, zuweilen einen Mann zu sehen, der auf der Bühne macht, was sie nur machen möchten, und der es schließlich büßen muß für sie.
MIRANDA: Aber ich, Diego, ich komme nicht drin vor?
BISCHOF: Nein.
MIRANDA: Gott sei Dank.
BISCHOF: Ich auch nicht, Gott sei Dank – sonst hätten wir es shown, only invented. Let us imagine ourselves an audience that could see the actual Don Juan: here in this autumnal loggia in Ronda! – the ladies would boast, and on the way home say: Do you see! And the husbands would rub their hands together gloatingly: Don Juan henpecked! The extraordinary likes to come to a point where it appears despairingly similar to the ordinary. And where – so exclaimed my secretaries – where is the punishment? The misunderstandings would be simply uncountable. And a young fop, who likes to consider himself a pessimist, would explain: Marriage, you all understand, that is the true Hell! and on and on with such platitudes…no, it would be awful to hear this audience that only sees reality. He stretches out his hand. Farewell, Duchess of Ronda!

MIRANDA: You will really leave?
BISHOP: I must, I must. He gives Don Juan his hand. Farewell, Burlador of Seville!
DON JUAN: Is it being printed?
BISHOP: I assume so. People enjoy beyond all measure seeing a man now and then who does on the stage what they would only like to do, and who must finally atone for it for them.
MIRANDA: But I, Diego, I do not appear in it?
BISHOP: No.
MIRANDA: Thank God.
BISHOP: I don’t either, thank God – otherwise we would have had to
verbieten müssen, und das Theater braucht Stücke. Übrigens zweifle ich, ob es wirklich ein Tirso de Molina ist; es ist allzu fromm, scheint mir, und sprachlich nicht auf der Höhe seiner andern Stücke. Aber wie dem auch sei – Er stellt die Aster auf den Tisch: Gott segne eure Mahlzeit!

Der Bischof geht, begleitet von Don Juan. Miranda ist einige Augenblicke allein, eine Geste verrät, daß ihr nicht wohl ist. Sie findet das Buch am Boden, Don Juan kommt zurück.

MIRANDA: Was ist denn mit diesem Buch geschehen?
DON JUAN: Ach so.

MIRANDA: Hast du es in die Ecke geworfen?
DON JUAN: Was ist es eigentlich?
MIRANDA: Da fragst du, ob es gedruckt wird. Das ist es ja: EL BURLADOR DE SEVILLA Y CONVIVADO DE PIEDRA.
DON JUAN: Dann hat er es uns geschenkt.

DON JUAN: Sicher, meine Liebe, sicher.

MIRANDA: Ich mußte mich wirklich einen Augenblick hinlegen.
DON JUAN: Nimmst du Wein?

MIRANDA: Danke, nein.
DON JUAN: Wieso nicht?

MIRANDA: Plötzlich war mir wieder so schwindlig, ich glaube, wir bekommen ein Kind.
DON JUAN: Ein Kind –
Der Diener erscheint.
DON JUAN: Wir sind soweit. –
Der Diener geht.
MIRANDA: Du mußt jetzt nicht behaupten, daß es dich freut, Juan,
   aber es wird mich glücklich machen, wenn ich eines Tages sehe,
   daß es dich wirklich freut.
Der Diener kommt mit dem silbernen Tablett und serviert.
DON JUAN: Mahlzeit.
MIRANDA: Mahlzeit.
Sie beginnen schweigsam zu essen, langsam fällt der Vorhang.

DON JUAN: A child –
The servant appears.
DON JUAN: We are ready. –
The servant exits.
MIRANDA: You do not have to claim now that you are happy about
   it, Juan, but it will make me happy when I see, one day, that you
   are truly happy about it.
The servant enters with the silver tray and serves.
DON JUAN: Enjoy.
MIRANDA: Enjoy.
They begin to eat, silently; slowly the curtain falls.
CHAPTER IV: NOTES ON THE TRANSLATION AND DIFFICULTIES ENCOUNTERED

Endstation von Begründungsversuchen für oder wider eine bestimmte Lösung ist allzu oft ein schlichtes „klingt besser“.
~Dieter Stein

The final justification for the choice of one solution over another is all too often a simple “it sounds better”.
~Dieter Stein

Textual Notes

Two translations of Don Juan already exist in English; one is by James Rosenberg, and appeared in 1967, while the other is by Michael Bullock and appeared in 1969. I have to assume that Rosenberg has translated the text using the earlier German version of 1953, based upon the numerous, rather substantial differences between Rosenberg’s English text and my own and Bullock’s translations, as well as between Rosenberg’s text and the 1962 German text I have used; as the later edition of the German text would have been available to him, however, I am unsure why he chose to use the earlier version. This has made it somewhat difficult to compare the different translations, but I have done my best, noting those places where Rosenberg’s text is incomplete or appears to be drawing on different source material than that which I (and I assume Bullock) used.

Although Rosenberg’s translation was based upon a different text than my own, the sections of the text that appear similar indicate to me that his translation is rather freer than my own – in my opinion, at times free at the expense of accuracy. Bullock favors a more conservative translation, rather nearer to my own, but I disagree with many of his specific word choices; they do not always appear to reflect the German as accurately or as comprehensively as they could. Admittedly, the differences are often simple ones and, at bottom, are merely a matter of opinion – I prefer my choices to his.

1) The German word Glück together with its derivative adjective glücklich contains within it two rather different English ideas. The first is the English idea of “happiness/happy” while the second is the idea of “luck/lucky”. In this case, I have chosen to translate die Glückliche as “the lucky thing” because it appeared to me to more adequately reflect the tone of Donna Elvira’s speech; it would be difficult for someone to claim that a girl who is “completely confused” and wants to hide out of fear of her bridegroom is really “happy”, but it is easier to imagine a mother projecting her judgment onto her daughter and saying that that daughter, whether the girl realizes it or not, is fortunate in the circumstances of her marriage. Bullock’s translation supports this interpretation (181), while the phrase is missing entirely from Rosenberg’s version (7).

2) Due to the German use of sie to represent multiple English pronouns (she, her, they, them – or, when capitalized, the formal you, although that possibility can be discarded here), there is no definitive proof for which of these options should be used. I have chosen to translate it
as “they”, based upon the assumption that Miranda is here referring in a rather general sense to the rest of the world, and to the men who make up the rest of her life. Theoretically, it could be argued that this out-of-context sie could be translated as “she”, referring to Donna Elvira (who has just left the stage). However, as the two parties of this conversation do not appear to be paying any attention to the other characters on stage at any other time, this seems to me rather unlikely. Bullock’s translation also supports this interpretation, translating the phrase as “to them” (182), while Rosenberg mistakenly translates the phrase as “for you” (8), which possibility can be disregarded because the sie is not capitalized in the German.

3) See note 3 for a discussion of the various meanings of Glück. I have translated it here as “good fortune”, as a term that comprises both meanings, both of which I feel are alluded to here in the German. Bullock translates this phrase as “happiness” (184), and Rosenberg as “joy and excitement” (10), but I feel that these two translations do not capture the full meaning of the German Glück.

4) The German word Persönlichkeit has various shades of meaning, and is also different from its apparent English counterpart personality. The typical English sense of the word personality (the characteristics that make up a person) is only tenuously available in the German; rather, its meaning is far closer to the less-used English sense of “a notorious or well-known individual”. Since Don Juan is not necessarily (at least not yet at this point in the play) particularly notorious, I have instead chosen to focus my translations of this word upon the German sense of “a particular individual”, which I believe is the essence of what has so truly offended Celestina and provoked this speech. Both Bullock and Rosenberg translate the word as “personality”, but I consider this a somewhat wooden translation that fails to accurately express the tone of the German.

5) The grammatical reference problem in this sentence is one that is completely avoided in the German thanks to the use of case. Although it is clear from context that the library was burned and not the key, the key is in fact the grammatical antecedent of “which”; in the German, because Bibliothek is feminine and Schlüssel is masculine, the following feminine relative pronoun (die) leaves no room for uncertainty about what was burned. As there does not seem to be a way to resolve this problem in English without making the sentence either unnecessarily long or unnecessarily complicated, and as the meaning is clear from context, I have simply left it as it stands.

6) The phrase der spanischen Ehe could also be translated as a dative (“to Spanish marriage”) rather than a genitive (“of Spanish marriage”). I have chosen the genitive interpretation because I believe that the example implied is not being set for other Spaniards, as “to Spanish marriage” would seem to imply, but rather to the heathens who are outside the Spanish sphere, which is more aptly expressed with “of Spanish marriage”.

7) Psalm 15, slightly abridged – verse 3 is entirely absent, and more than half of verses 4 and 5 has been left out. The English version here is taken from the New American Bible, as that appeared to me to be the closest equivalent for the German; the German text does not, in
fact, follow the text of this psalm in any of the German translations of the Bible that I looked at, and I am unsure from where Frisch has taken it.

8) The phrase *euch beide...in dir* presents a problem to the translator, in that “euch” is a plural form of “you”, while “dir” is the singular – a distinction that English, obviously, does not make. I have therefore translated it as “both of you…in you alone” in an effort to express the distinction that Don Juan is making between multiple persons and a single person.

9) This phrase has caused considerable difficulty in the translation process. The gist of the phrase *Was ein Mann.. das Wesentliche* seems fairly clear, but it is difficult to exactly match the assumed meaning to the sentence itself. After consulting several native German speakers in hopes of unraveling the puzzle (all of whom were as confused as I was), I have relied primarily on context and a simple instinctual feel to translate this sentence. Bullock translates the phrase with a similar sense: “a man only sees the essentials” (200), while Rosenberg translates it as “What a man sees is always reality – but he always thinks reality is what he can’t see!” (31), which does not seem particularly reasonable to me.

10) The phrase *ohne Grund* could mean either “bottomless” or “without a reason”. I am indebted to Michael Bullock for his use of the word “fathomless” here (Bullock 207), incorporating both meanings.

11) The German word *Weib* appears repeatedly in this scene. This is a word fraught with difficulty for a modern-day translator, as its meaning has changed over time. Initially, in early New High German, the word *Weib* (developed from the Middle High German *wîp*, which meant a married, non-noble woman – see Lexer *Mittlehochdeutsches Handwörterbuch*) was used contemporarily with *Frau* (developed from the Middle High German *vrouwe*, a married woman of noble status – see Lexer) or *Ehefrau* and simply meant “a married woman”. However, over the years the word has taken on a pejorative connotation and is considered impolite. While in contemporary German (the German that Frisch spoke and with which he was familiar), the word would not be considered acceptable to use, Frisch’s *Don Juan* is a period piece, set (presumably, if one assumes it is set at the same time as Tirso’s version) in the late sixteenth/early seventeenth century. Therefore, the word would not yet have developed its unkind overtone. This creates problems for the translator, both by whether Frisch intended the negative overtones to be present, and further in how to translate that tone into English. As there is no comparable English word, I have alternately rendered the word *Weib* as “wife” or “woman”, relying on the context to supply the necessary associations.

12) See note 13 for a discussion of uses of the words *Weib* and *Frau*. I have chosen to translate this phrase as “You have always taken us as wives, never as women”, assuming that the distinction implied in the German could be preserved by the various connotations connected with the words “wife” and “woman” in English, particularly when they are set in such a juxtaposition. Bullock, also attempting to preserve this distinction, has translated the sentence as “You have used us, you have never loved us” (216). This is clearly a rather free translation in an effort to preserve the distinction between the two German words, but I am unconvinced that so free an interpretation is necessary. Rosenberg reverses the seemingly
logical order to translate the phrase as “as women, never as wives” (51); I imagine he does this to emphasize the fact that the Duchess of Ronda is offering marriage, and so that his translation a few lines later (“Why don’t you put your faith in a wife?” [51]) makes more sense, but I believe that this misrepresents Frisch’s point.

13) This is in fact the case. There was an established tradition in contemporary folklore that the original inventor of the Don Juan legend (Tirso de Molina) drew upon when composing his play in the sixteenth century.

14) See note 4 for a discussion of the various possibilities of sie/Sie. While the Sie in this passage could be translated as “they” and be assumed to refer back to the Damen in the previous sentence, I have chosen to translate it as “you”. I find that it makes more sense to threaten Don Juan with remaining where he is (which he clearly does not want) than to simply comment upon the fact that the ladies will also be there. Both Bullock (222) and Rosenberg (58) support this translation.

15) See note 4 for a discussion of the various possibilities of sie/Sie. The short interjection Sie nicht? could also be interpreted as a direct address; that is, rather than referring to the men mentioned earlier in this passage, Don Juan could be addressing his audience and asking them, “Are you (all) not like this?” I have chosen to interpret it as “they” because the tone of this reflection is a rather introspective one, and therefore a sudden inclusion of his audience seems somewhat out of place. Bullock’s translation (225) supports this interpretation; the corresponding line is absent in Rosenberg’s version.

16) These lines are quoted verbatim from Molière’s Dom Juan, and are the ending lines of that play. Frisch has left them in French – I assume to emphasize that his play continues beyond the end of the older versions of the story – and I have chosen to follow his lead in leaving them in the original language. Bullock does the same (228); these lines are absent in Rosenberg’s translation.

This speech is a mark of the homage paid by Frisch to earlier versions of the Don Juan legend; a character bearing the same name as Mozart’s character (Leporello) ends the act by speaking the words that Molière’s character (Sganarelle) spoke. The text, left in French, is a problem for a director; it is the responsibility of the director and his actor to make it intelligible through gesture, expression, or whatever other means at his disposal.

17) The German word Frau has two basic meanings when translated into English; it can mean either “woman” or “wife.” Similarly, the German word Mann can mean either “man” or “husband.” I have chosen to translate the two here as “wife” and “husband” rather than “woman” and “man” because it was stated earlier in the play (Act IV) that the Duchess had offered to free Don Juan by marrying him; it seems logical to assume that they are therefore married. Additionally, the majority of the discussion between the two men is a discussion of domestic harmony; again, it seems logical to assume that this relates to married life, and that these descriptions are applicable. Bullock has chosen to translate the words as “woman” and “man” (230), while Rosenberg translates them alternately as “woman” and “husband” (70)
18) The German word *Geschlecht* has various meanings; the two most applicable here would be either “gender” or “heredity”. I have opted to translate it as “heredity” because I consider this idea more pertinent in context. While this could be a comment on the “battle of the sexes” between the two genders, if that were the case, I would expect the modifier *weibliches* – that is, an indication that the female gender is doing him harm. As he refers in the next line to fatherhood, the connection to heredity seems more probable than another reference to the strife between genders. Bullock translates *Geschlecht* as “the woman” (232), which I find too particular a word to properly translate *Geschlecht*, especially in view of the lack of the feminine modifier *weibliches*. Rosenberg translates it as “Sex” (71; his capitalization), which I also find misleading in that this word carries multiple meanings in English which *Geschlecht* does not.

19) The play referred to here is the first account of the Don Juan legend, written in the early seventeenth century by Tirso de Molina. Cf. Chapter II, Section 3.

**Difficulties With the Text of Don Juan**

Frisch’s text itself presents a few interesting challenges to a translator. While not insurmountable obstacles, these challenges are significant enough to merit a short discussion of their own, and of the impact that they have upon the finished work.

It is crucial for a translator to be aware of genre when translating; there are certain conventions that necessarily belong to certain genres, and turns of phrase that might be acceptable in one genre would be out of place in another (cf. Hervey et. al. 119-140). For example, translating the German words *Schwert* und *Degen* alternately as “foil” and “rapier” would be rather extraneous, even irritating, in most English-language novels (unless, of course, the author wanted to place particular emphasis on the protagonist’s particular knowledge of fencing); most translators would simply render the two words with the more generic “sword”. However, in a news article that treated a fencing match, or in a textbook on nineteenth-century revolutionary weapons, the distinction would be important. Additionally, some writers and readers appreciate the sort of specificity that the more exact translation would offer, believing that it adds to the credibility and genuine feel of the narrative – a translator must decide whether
that note of specificity is necessary or desirable in the text he is producing. There is also a difference in convention, and in the manner of expression, between oral and written genres; speech is generally more informal than writing, and can adopt certain tones and attitudes that are more difficult, or perhaps unnecessary, to capture in writing.

*Don Juan* is a play, and is therefore a case in point of a crossover between oral and written genres. Although the translator is given a written text to work with, the text is intended to be spoken and performed. Not only does the translator, therefore, have the task of making the text accessible to (in this case) an English-speaking readership, but he must also structure the text for an English-speaking audience. The main way to do this is to signal the oral nature of the text through genre-marking (Hervey et. al. 135-6); for a play, genre-marking includes (although it is not limited to) contracted forms, pauses, and clichés – in other words, indications that the text is not merely a text, but a script mimicking speech and meant to be spoken.

To that end, the translator must, to some extent, also take on the role of a director and make decisions about the staging of the play; it would be impossible to structure the play towards an audience without imagining the way in which it might be presented. This directly affects the translation; the translator must decide how explicitly to express ideas within the text and how much to leave to the hypothetical actors/director. (This point is especially relevant in view of the difficulties presented by German illocutionary particles, which will be discussed later in this chapter.)

The translator must also make decisions about the characters, and how they appear in the play. In almost every case, translators rely heavily on context in order to determine how a particular passage ought to be translated. However, in a play, the context is limited to what is spoken by the characters, and there is very little (if any) outside information; when the author
does interject something, then it is typically simple stage directions, which are rarely helpful. Because so much of what is said in dialogue, including the way in which emotion and tone are expressed, is communicated through gestures, body language, and other clues that are external to the spoken dialogue (and to which, therefore, a play does not offer access), the translator must create a conception of these factors in order to create the sort of context that is missing. The translator of a drama is put into the peculiar position of having not only to translate the play, but also to make fundamental decisions about how it would appear onstage; the translation produced will inevitably draw upon that view.

A good example of this can be found in the first few lines of Act III; when Don Juan’s friend Roderigo rushes onstage he says, “ich bin’s (“it’s me”), Don Roderigo, dein Freund seit je” (45). I have translated the short phrase *dein Freund seit je* as “your friend since always”; this is a fairly unidiomatic way to express the idea conveyed (both in the German original and in English – a phrase such as “your lifelong friend” would sound much better to an English speaker), but I feel that it expresses well the somewhat breathless, anxious tone that Don Roderigo would have at this moment. The un-idiomatic expression is a mark of Roderigo’s haste, even disturbance of mind – he has been searching for his friend, who has been hunted by men and dogs throughout the night, and, upon finding him, is not concerned with elegantly constructed sentences. Don Juan even mocks his friend’s disturbance by repeatedly addressing Roderigo by this un-idiomatic title throughout the scene, “friend since always”, heightening the contrast between Roderigo’s disturbance and Don Juan’s coolness towards the uproar. Here is an example of a translator making a decision about how the characters are reacting and portraying the scene, and the consequent reflection of those decisions in the text of the translation.
The translator creates this mental prospect of the play in order to better render the text for performance. In the case of Frisch’s *Don Juan*, however, that task is further complicated by the fact that this play is a period piece. The picture that the translator creates, therefore, must be necessarily adjusted, as must the target text produced at the end of the process. To further emphasize the distance of the play’s setting from a contemporary one, Frisch’s language is purposely somewhat stylized and archaic. The use of words like *das Weib* (the married woman) and *der Schimmel* (a white-haired horse) serve to emphasize the faintly archaic tone of the language, as both are rather outmoded (see note 15 for a more extensive discussion of Frisch’s use of *Weib*). Words like *Kammer* (chamber) instead of *Zimmer* (room) and *Gemahlin* (consort) instead of *Frau* (wife) or even the more formal *Gattin* (spouse) signal the slightly stilted formality of the text (as well as of certain characters).

It is the responsibility of the translator to maintain the feel of such a text in the target language. In the case of *Don Juan*, this means not merely translating from German into English; Frisch used slightly archaic and slightly formal phrasing when composing the German text, and a translator must attempt to maintain that slightly archaic and formal character in an English version of the play. In the translation above, therefore, informal constructions such as contracted forms of subject/verb or verb/negation do not appear often, and the English word choices I have made attempt to reflect a similarly elevated register to that suggested by the German.

Any text to be translated presents its own peculiar trials to the translator, and of course to treat here all of the challenges presented by *Don Juan* would be tediously long. However, a few of the greater challenges that I encountered appeared worth discussing briefly as an example of the idiosyncratic nature of every text to be translated.
Difficulties Peculiar to German-English Translation

In addition to the general challenges in any translation project, there are also difficulties particular to the languages in question. These difficulties are somewhat lessened when (as is the case with English and German) the two languages share common linguistic roots – both languages stem from the same Indo-Germanic root language and therefore have some similar syntactical constructions and related words. However, even when the two languages are related, there are nonetheless idiom-specific constructions and structures that simply have no equivalent in the other. It becomes the work of a translator to convey in the target language, as closely as possible, what is meant in the source language by using the practice of “grammatical transposition” (Hervey 177). *Ist er schon da?* and “Has he arrived?” are not word-for-word translations of each other; instead, they convey the same idea, using the slightly different, conventional grammatical structures of the two languages to convey the same concept.

This section will not attempt an exhaustive discussion of the individual problems in German-English translation, as that would be more than enough for a separate study; indeed, such works already exist. Rather, this section is merely a brief discussion of those grammatical points that I encountered repeatedly in my translation of *Don Juan* and which therefore appeared pertinent enough to this work to merit comment.

The difficulties in German-English translation arise very quickly; indeed, one of the most basic elements of any language can already cause difficulties to a translator: the verbs. Most students of German are relieved to learn that the German *ich habe gedacht* can be used to express the English “I thought”, “I have thought”, “I was thinking”, or “I have been thinking” – how felicitous for students of German that they need learn only one construction to convey four separate ideas. For a translator attempting to render the German sentence *ich habe gedacht* into
English, however, this is somewhat more problematic. Aspect (the use or non-use of progressive verb tenses) is something that almost all native English speakers will instinctively use correctly, and therefore a translator must be alert to the possibility of using a tense in English that does not exist in the German source text; mistakes of aspect sound extremely awkward, and clearly mark the text as a translation (and a poor one at that). Without context, of course, it is impossible to determine which aspect is intended, and once again the translator must pay careful attention to the entirety of the text in order to render the verb properly in English.

The problems arising from German’s apparent lack of tenses to correspond to English counterparts are paid back in kind by the former language; rather than allowing English to revel in its superior measure of verb tenses, German responds by having at least two other forms that do not exist in English: Konjunktiv (usually translated as “subjunctive”) I and II. These also create a potential problem for a translator attempting to render them into English.

Konjunktiv II is the more frequently used of the two forms. In many cases, it can be translated with an English conditional verb form, or with the (somewhat outdated) English past-tense subjunctive (cf. James 48). This sort of construction is often found in the form of an if/then conditional clause, as for example the sentence in Act 3 when Don Juan addresses Roderigo (49): “Wenn sie jetzt […] über diese Stufen käme […] weißt du, was ich empfinden würde?” The sentence is best translated as, “If she were now to come across these steps, do you know what I would feel?”, in which the reader can see both the use of an English past subjunctive and of the conditional tense. This use of Konjunktiv II can also be interpreted as the counter-factual use, another common usage which can also be translated into English using a past-tense subjunctive. The counter-factual Konjunktiv II is used when what is stated is not (at the moment of the statement) true; i.e. when Don Juan tells Anna later in the same Act that (54) “Du hättest nicht
kommen dürfen” (you should not have been permitted to come), the fact is that she ostensibly was permitted, and the wish expressed by Don Juan is counter to the truth.

The less-frequently used *Konjunktiv I* is used for a comparatively simple function in German; its use signals indirect dialogue. This creates a problem for the translator in that he must find a way to tag the English translation as also being indirect. For example, when Don Gonzalo relates his interview with Don Juan (5), he reports one of the young man’s answers as “Er hasse die Heiden nicht.” This is not, as a careless translator might express it, simply “He does not hate the heathens,” but rather “[Don Juan said] That he does not hate the heathens.” The distinction in this case may appear subtle, but the two sentences express notions of two different speakers. By tagging the sentence with something as simple as “that”, the sentence is understood to originate with Don Juan instead of with the Commander, an important distinction to a reader or audience in collecting information about and attempting to understand the characters in the play, as well as a clear signal of the difference between a fact and an expressed opinion. In some cases, a translator may need to add tags as blatant as “he said” to indicate the use of *Konjunktiv I*, but he cannot simply ignore it.

However, not just individual components of a sentence such as verbs, but also entire syntactical structures can cause problems for a translator, particularly when working with any language whose syntax is as rigid as in English. As English has one of the most rigidly structured word orders in modern languages (due to its largely inflexible subject-verb-object construction), deviation from this construction is much more marked than a parallel construction in German (Schmid 49). German is an inflected language, similar to Latin, and therefore a word’s function in a sentence is most often marked by case inflection; because of this, word order in German is far less strict than in English. The markings which in English are used to
express emphasis – left dislocation, for example, or inversion– are indeed used in German for emphasis, but the emphasis in the German sentence is ordinarily not as strong as it would be in a corresponding English sentence.

The sentence spoken by Don Balthazar Lopez (79), “Zum Fechten blieb keine Zeit” presents the translator with an interesting problem of how to preserve the slight emphasis on zum*Fechten*. Literally translated, the sentence would read “To fence/for fencing remained no time.” This literal translation utilizes two techniques in English for creating written emphasis: a left-shifting of the emphasized element (known as Quasi-left-dislocation [Schmid 63]) and subject-verb inversion [Schmid 50]). However, it is extremely questionable whether the rather strong emphasis placed on “For fencing” in the English version is necessary or justified by the German. The effect can be moderated to mimic the lesser emphasis of the German by using only the left-shift, replacing the somewhat stronger technique of inversion with a “dummy subject”: “For fencing, there remained no time.”

One of the translator’s greatest problems with maintaining the German emphasis conveyed through word order is simply that similar emphasis in English would normally be conveyed by spoken inflection. When Celestina attempts to wrest a further five hundred pesos from Don Juan (66), he tells her, “Das nenne ich Erpressung.” The slight emphasis on das* conveyed by placing it out in front, would be conveyed differently in an English sentence, namely by stress when speaking: “I call that extortion.” Although left-dislocation is more common in spontaneous spoken speech than in writing (Schmid 64), and would therefore seem appropriate to use in a play, the option of (genuine) left-dislocation for this sentence (“That, I call extortion.”) not only wrongly over-emphasizes the word das/“that”, but also sounds awkward to an English speaker.
Interestingly, I have observed that German students of English often attempt to maintain such emphasis through the use of It-cleft structures\textsuperscript{xii}. While this does preserve the order in which the elements were presented in the initial German sentence, the It-cleft structure also often over-emphasizes the “clefted” element. A German student in my translation seminar\textsuperscript{xiii} would quite probably translate Don Juan’s lament (73) “Ein ganzes Zeitalter sehe ich kommen” as “It is an entire era that I see coming.” While this does put the emphasis on the element emphasized in the German sentence (\textit{ein ganzes Zeitalter}/“an entire era”), it does so somewhat unnecessarily; in normal spoken English, the emphasis would most likely be conveyed only through stress when speaking the words: “I see \textbf{an entire era} coming.”

The question of emphasis also ties directly back into the earlier issue of a translator creating a view of how the play is to be staged. Because so much of English emphasis is created by tone and inflection, and because written English has very few options to express such tones, the translator must decide whether the emphasis in the German is strong enough to merit an English marker (a cleft structure, inversion, or left-dislocation), or whether to use another option (perhaps italics) to convey the emphasis in the English sentence – or whether simply to leave it up to the actor/director to establish emphasis at the proper points in the text.

As previously mentioned, English has very little in the way of written tone and emphasis markers that would indicate how a sentence should be spoken, or indeed what a speaker’s attitude in delivering the sentence should be; as a language, English relies primarily on tone, body language, and inflection as clues for interpreting a sentence. While German can use word

\textsuperscript{xii} An It-cleft structure is a sentence construction designed to put the emphasized element before the main verb of a sentence by using a “dummy subject/verb” and reducing the main part of the sentence to a relative clause, for example: “It is a an entire era that I see coming.” A distinction should be made between It-clefts, which do not appear in German, and Wh-clefts, which do, an example of which would be the following remark about infidelity by Don Juan (83): “Was im Gedächtnis bleibt, sind Gegenstände.” (“What remains in the memory are objects.”) Because Wh-clefts occur in both German and English, the structure can usually be preserved in a translation.

\textsuperscript{xiii} Translation German-English III, taken at the Katholische Universität Eichstätt-Ingolstadt, summer semester 2005.
order as one tool to express emphasis or tone, it may also employ one of the available plethora of the variously-named “illocutionary”, “sentential/modal”, or (in German textbooks that attempt to be user-friendly) “flavoring” particles. These particles present one of the more persistent, and more irksome, headaches that a translator from German into English will encounter, as they do not actually mean anything in themselves. Rather, they change the tone of a question, statement, or command.

I do not wish to attempt an in-depth investigation of these particles and their uses, but merely to give the reader, whether or not he is acquainted with the vagaries of the German language, an idea of the effect they may have upon a sentence – and therefore of the corresponding impossibility, no matter how great the temptation (and great indeed it is), for the responsible translator to simply ignore them. A rapid glance at a few examples of the most common types of particles will be, I suspect, more than adequate for this purposexiv.

Because these particles do not generally have a distinct meaning, it is difficult to exactly pinpoint their usage; however, certain patterns do emerge. Among the most frequently seen particles, the word *doch* tends to have a contradictory and/or intensifying purpose in a sentence. This means that it often gives a sentence an unmistakably aggressive tone. The sentence *Fahr selber hin* (Go [there] yourself) is a strongly worded command form, but it is not impolite, merely expressed firmly. However, the sentence *Fahr doch selber hin* is verging on the rude; in fact, it has probably already stepped over the border. It would be better translated into English as a blunt “Go yourself!”

In the second German sentence above, the *doch* is modifying the entire command, and therefore turns it into something harsher. However, when *doch* is used in conjunction with

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xiv The examples in this section have been drawn from Chapters 16 and 17 of *Thinking German Translation: A course in translation method: German to English* by Hervey et al.
another particle, *mal* (which, in commands, usually has a softening or tempering effect), *doch* instead intensifies the mitigating effect of *mal*: *Fahr doch mal selber hin* would be best expressed in English with a casual “Why don’t you head over yourself?”, perhaps even coupled with a half-shrug (once again stressing the fact that English-speakers use body language, rather than verbal markers, to express attitude).

The intensifying and argumentative factor that *doch* conveys to a sentence is not limited to commands, but can also be used in statements. The sentence *Er hatte ein Pferd* is a simple statement: “He had a horse.” However, the sentence *Er hatte doch ein Pferd* expresses a particular attitude about this fact; it would be better rendered in English by “After all, he had a horse, didn’t he?” The impatience or irritation of the speaker with the anonymous *er* (he) is conveyed through only the use of a particle in the German.

*Doch* can also be used in other ways, such as to express startlement. The phrase *Das ist doch dein Bruder!* (Why, it’s your brother!) contains a suggesting of unexpected recognition, an indication that the speaker is caught off guard; it is not necessarily indicative of the contradictive element that *doch* so often brings to a sentence.

Because particles, such as *doch*, can so completely change the meaning of a sentence, a translator cannot ignore them; despite the (often considerable) difficulty of finding a satisfactory rendering in English, they serve a particular purpose in a sentence that cannot be overlooked. Still further careful attention is necessary in treating them because several particles share an unfortunate homonymity with other words that function as different parts of speech, causing no end of confusion to the inexperienced translator or German student.

The German word *aber* is one that every student initially learns as a conjunction, meaning “but” or “however.” However, when faced with the sentence *Das hast du aber fein*
gemacht!, it would be a mistake to translate it as “You did that well, however!” Aber, in this context, is not acting as a conjunction, but as a particle. The sentence would be correctly translated as “You did that beautifully!” The aber functions here, as Hervey aptly expresses it, as “something like an audible exclamation-mark” (Hervey et al. 198).

Aber is one example of this phenomenon, involving a conjunction; auch provides a second example, this time with an adverb. When acting as an adverb, auch has a fairly straightforward meaning of “also” or “as well”. However, as a particle (most often used in questions), it serves as a strengthening agent, injecting a note of heightened emotion into the sentence. The sentence Und bist du glücklich? is a straightforward question: “And are you happy?” Und bist du auch glücklich?, on the other hand, is better conveyed with the more anxious enquiry “And are you really happy?” A translator attempting to use “And are you also happy?” will obviously run into problems attempting to make such a sentence fit logically into context when the auch is intended otherwise. Although the clarity of written German is not popularly considered one of that language’s more renowned features, particles are a sort of written prosody that English, for the most part, simply does not have access to, and must therefore express in a different manner. A translator ignores them at his peril.

Translating from German into English is perhaps easier than translating two entirely unrelated languages would be, but there are nonetheless idiosyncrasies that place stumbling-blocks in the way of the translator. There are, of course, many more such features than those examined here, but these are the characteristics that created the greatest challenges for me when translating Don Juan. I can only hope that, having been aware of them, I have given them the attention that they deserved during the translation process.
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