

JOHANNE LYKKE HOLM

THE INGEBORG MAUSOLEUM

Biography (Part I)

Ingeborg Bachmann is born. Where is she born? She is born in the First Austrian Republic, in Bundesland Kärnten, in Klagenfurt am Wörthersee. She is born and she is surrounded by mountains and freshwater. Does she have siblings? She has siblings. Also surrounded by mountains, water. They have names. Their names are: Isolde and little Heinz. They say: We were surrounded by freshwater, and early on we learned to swim. Does Ingeborg Bachmann have parents? She has parents. She has a mother. From the mother's body she was born. She has a father. She has a father who is a member of the National Socialist Party.

Stefanie Golisch:

"In seinem Vater erkennt es ("das Kind") das Urbild des zerstörerischen männlichen Mechanismus"

Photograph (I)

A picture where she's sitting at her desk, arched over her typewriter, her face in her hands.

Biography (Part II)

Ingeborg Bachmann is studying. When Ingeborg Bachmann is a child she studies wearing a catholic school uniform. When she no longer is a child she studies at the university, wearing something else.

Interview (Part I)

Someone asks me:

You grew up surrounded by mountains, how did you find literature?

I answer: I know I started writing when I was in that age when you read Grimm's fairy tales. I was lying by the railway embankment. I thought about faraway places, the unknown ocean. It was always: oceans, sand, ships. Then the war came.

Biography (Part III)

Where does Ingeborg Bachmann live? She lives in Rome, she lives in Vienna, she lives on an island called Ischia. She has addresses: Via Giulia 66, Beatrixgasse 26, Siebensterngasse 33, Henselstraße 26. She writes: Ungargasseland. Ungargasse, Vienna's third District. House number 6. House number 9.

Make an equation: $66, (2)6, 3+3=6, (2)6, 6, 3+3+3=9$. A holy number. Is the number three? Is the number six? Is the number nine? She lives on a street named Siebensterngasse.

Note

I know that I am a stalker, a criminal, if she knew for how long I've been staring at the photograph, her haircut, her pearl necklace, this incredible fact, that she owned a pearl necklace.

She writes: Wir traten ein in verwunschene Räume/ und leuchteten das Dunkel aus / mit den Fingerspitzen

Photograph (II)

A picture where she lights Werner Henzes cigarette in Rome. She looks happy in that picture.

Photograph (III)

A picture where she is standing in front of an ornate wooden door, facing Fleur Jaeggy. She looks happy in that picture.

Fleur Jaeggy:

"Every day I went to Sant'Eugenio, the burn unit. Twice I entered a room that had to be kept aseptic."



Note

I remember that it was in Vienna, early springtime. I was standing at Naturhistorisches Museum, trying to move a gemstone with my eyes. I had just walked through her Ungargasseland in the glistening cold. I had been standing in the street. Looking at number 6. Looking at number 9. Closing my eyes and opening them again, mechanically. Someone walked by in their patent shoes, and I turned my head, thinking it was her.

Anne Carson:

„It pains me to record this, I am not a melodramatic person.“

Biography (Part III)

Ingeborg Bachmann writes an anatomy of violence. She writes death variations. She says: Ein Kompendium der Verbrechen. She writes an overture. She gives it a title: Malina. Hello Malina. Hello Animal. The book is a dangerous world, where everyone is someone's victim.

Elfriede Jelinek:

„Die Frau ist der Humus für die Mythenbildung. Sie wird aus der Sphäre der gesellschaftlichen Produktion verdrängt und damit aus der Geschichte, auf ‚Zeitlosigkeit‘ (Gerburg Treusch-Dieter) festgelegt, der Welt von Tier und Pflanze zugesellt, verewigt, reines Bild. ‚Der Faschismus ist das erste in der Beziehung zwischen einem Mann und einer Frau...‘ (I. Bachmann). Im Faschismus ist die Frau, wagt sie es, über ihre Rolle als Gebärerin und Pflegerin hinauszutreten, Seuche, Feind im Inneren, ‚Fäulnis auf Raten‘ (Céline). Sie wird zur allgemeinen Verderberin, zum Feind von außen.“

Photograph (no IV)

A picture, where she is surrounded by men.

Interview (Part II)

Someone asks me:

What is it like to be a writer?

I answer: I only exist when I write, I am nothing when I don't write, I am unheimlich to myself when I don't write. It is a sick existence. Anti-social, lonely, twisted.

Note

When Malina is published (1971) this song is number seventeen on the hit list:

SPIEL MIR DAS LIED VOM TOD

Letter (no I)

Dear Paul

This autumn my friends gave me your poems, as a gift.

Letter (no II)

Dear Paul

To me you are like India or an even more distant and nebulous place. To me you are the desert and the ocean and everything else, that is unknown to me.

Letter (no III)

Dear Paul

If you are looking down from the Gianicolo in Rome, you won't see a single smokestack. Rome is the only capital in Europe, that doesn't have any industries.

Letter (no IV)

Dear Paul

I long for you, a lot.

Letter (no V)

Dear Paul

Everything is as usual: work and success. I have men around me, they mean nothing to me.

Letter (no VI)

Dear Paul

Today I wish the ocean would rise and take us away.

Biography (Part IV)

Ingeborg Bachmann writes Malina (1971). She is in Rome. Then this happens: She is in Rome and she dies (1973). How does she die? Burning cigarette, polyester nightgown, pills. I try to write about her death. I write: Body. I write: Hair. It pains me to write about her death. I reach for my obsidian. I wash it in cold water, since it contains nothing but darkness.

Fleur Jaeggy:

“Ingeborg’s room smelled of roses”

Photograph (V)

A picture where she is standing in front of a mirror. You shouldn’t be able to see the back of her neck, but you can.

Note

She writes: Der Friedhof der ermordeten Töchter. She writes: Es war Mord.

Biography (Part V)

Ingeborg Bachmann is buried. The tomb is in Austria, in Bundesland Kärnten, in Klagenfurt am Wörthersee. In the earth in the Klagenfurt-Annabichl cemetery, surrounded by mountains, freshwater.

Note

I travel through her beautiful landscape, the parks, the rivers, the moor, the hills. It could have been Rome and I see her everywhere. I lift my hand to touch my face. My mouth is open, in silent chock. In my lonely life, no, in her lonely life, a blood orange rolls by.

Herausgeber/Konzept
Karoline Dausien

Layout
Karoline Dausien

Text
Johanne Lykke Holm

Bild
Johanne Lykke Holm

Erstveröffentlichung
November 2018

Kontakt
Karoline Dausien
kontakt@karolinedausien.de
www.magazin-im-internet.de

Bildrechte
Für die Abbildungen bei den KünstlerInnen
Textrechte
Für die Texte bei den AutorInnen

