

HANDKE'S SLOVENIA AND ŠALAMUN'S AMERICA: THE LITERARY USES OF UTOPIA

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Few publications are likely to engender literary polemics in newly independent Slovenia as intense as the one that Austrian writer Peter Handke initiated in his *Abschied des Träumers vom Neunten Land* (Dreamer's Farewell to the Ninth Country), which appeared as a response to Slovenia's secession from Yugoslavia in June and July of 1991.¹ The fight is destined to be uneven, though, with Slovenia's writers closing ranks to return Handke's first, and perhaps final volley. This unevenness will not be of much concern to Handke, who has never shied from provocative stands or seemingly hopeless causes; nor, quite possibly, will the rebuttal from Slovenia even matter, as this will certainly be an instance where both parties are talking at cross purposes. For Handke is approaching politics from the perspective of literature and the imagination; and his Slovene counterparts are bound to travel in the opposite direction, assailing Handke's literary vision of reality — one with which they should be very familiar — by way of the practical experience that the last few years have brought them.²

Handke's *Dreamer's Farewell* is a personal, if highly condensed account of the author's experience of Slovenia from his childhood in wartime Austrian Carinthia (as the son of an ethnic Slovene mother and an ethnic German step-father who served in the Wehrmacht during World War II), to his adult peregrinations through the northernmost republic of Yugoslavia, and ending with his growing skepticism during the 1980s and eventual disenchantment as Slovenia's intellectuals, many of them his former friends, begin their altogether artificial drive to establish an independent state.

The bygone Slovenia that Handke evokes is a land that time, history and politics have bypassed, and therein lies its qualitative advantage over any other place on earth. Reality comes into sharper focus for him there: things (tables, houses, bridges) are themselves there with a clarity he can no longer discern elsewhere in Europe; they adhere more directly to their Slovene designations than objects do in other languages; and they are somehow more palpable, less corrupted by modernity. He envies the older generation of Slovenes their innocence, since these were the partisans who fought the just fight against Yugoslavia's German and Italian occupiers during World War

¹ Peter Handke, *Abschied des Träumers vom Neunten Land : eine Wirklichkeit, die vergangen ist : Erinnerung an Slowenien*. (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1991); published in Slovene as *Sanjačevo slovo od devete dežele: resničnost, ki je minila spomin na Slovenijo*, translated by Vitomil Smolej and Stanko Fras (Klagenfurt /Salzburg: Wieser, 1991).

² The most prominent rebuttal has come from Slovene novelist Drago Jančar, who in quick response published a tract with the title *Poročilo iz devete dežele: privid ali resničnost* (Klagenfurt/Salzburg: Wieser, 1991). In recent years Jančar has been one of the foremost spokesmen of the ever more politicized Slovene Writers Association.

II. (Their counterparts in Austria, on the other hand, have only their guilt — *Mitschuld* — in the crimes of that war to recollect.) The title of the tract itself sets the tone for this fairy-tale sketch: Slovenia is the “ninth country” or “land far away” (*deveta dežela* in Slovene), and Handke is a self-professed dreamer reluctantly bidding farewell to what he admits must have been a figment of his imagination. It would be tempting enough for the reader, himself perhaps an avid seeker after Arcadia, to overlook the fact that this apparent portrayal of a real place is more accurately a projection of the author’s mind, a romantic landscape that compensates for shortcomings in the subject’s own surroundings.

At the point where Handke shifts from perceptions gleaned during his solitary wanderings through the countryside to generalizations about the political mood in Slovenia since its union with the rest of Yugoslavia in 1918, the reader undergoes an unheralded transition from subjectivity to ostensible objectivity. That “the Slovenes were as free as you and I, within the limitations of laws no longer interpreted as strictly as they would be in an authoritarian state,” that their “unilateral referendum on secession from a federal state jointly created by the Yugoslav peoples” was an “unconstitutional act” are simplistic assumptions which do not take into consideration the countless ways in which for decades the Yugoslav federal government systematically violated law in each of the republics, and which blissfully ignore the ferocity with which Serbian nationalism was already — in 1991 and before — convulsing Yugoslavia’s southern heartland.³ This is precisely the juncture where Handke’s elegy runs astray, the point where he superimposes his sense of personal loss — the loss of a refuge, and of innocence — onto the historical experience of a nation.

Although Handke’s tract is largely self-contained, its interpretation may still benefit from a gloss which Handke himself has provided — namely, excerpts from his 1986 novel *Die Wiederholung* (Repetition).⁴ It is the story of an Austrian Slovene’s attempt around 1960 to find his elder brother, who presumably deserted from the German army during World War II and joined the Yugoslav partisans, never to be heard from again. The narrator takes with him on his trip to Slovenia two talismans that had belonged to his brother — the notebook in which he had recorded his experiments while a student of horticulture in Maribor, and the heavily-annotated Slovene-German dictionary that he had used in the process of reclaiming his native language.⁵ The younger brother carries the dictionary with him on his treks through the countryside around Bohinj, and sits reading its entries aloud, occasionally punctuating them with shouts of recognition. For the first time he is learning Slovene in its pure form, as distinct from the mongrel dialect, heavily larded with German, that is used — by many only reluctantly — at

³ Handke, *Abschied*, 34-35.

⁴ Peter Handke, *Die Wiederholung* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1986); published in English as *Repetition*, Translated by Ralph Manheim (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1988).

⁵ The date of publication the narrator gives for the dictionary is 1895, making this a plausible reference to the *Slovensko-nemški slovar* of Maks Pleteršnik, published in Ljubljana in two volumes in 1894-95.

home in Austria. In amazement, he discovers the language's precision, its wealth of specific, one-word designations for complex rural phenomena, which in turn allow him to see his own reality with new eyes:

...his dictionary led me beyond the orchard into the whole landscape of childhood.... Unquestionably, the scene of action was my father's house. With the help of the word for the space behind the stove, for the beam supporting the cider barrel in the cellar, for the stone-rimmed watering trough in the stable, for the last furrow in plowing, I visualized the corresponding object in or around our own house.⁶

Handke provides a prodigious list of similar examples, all of them colorful, descriptive and utterly concrete. Abstractions are notable here for their total absence, a stark contrast with the highly conceptualized lexicon of German. The earthbound, childlike nature of the language that the dictionary reveals to him against the background of the Slovene landscape sets that land apart from the rest of the world:

... what words made me aware of was ... an indeterminate, timeless, extrahistorical people — or better still, a people living in an eternal present, regulated only by the seasons, in an immanent world obedient to the laws of weather, of sowing, reaping, and animal diseases, a world apart from, before, or alongside history.... How could I help wanting to count myself among this unknown people that has none but borrowed words for war, authority, and triumphal processions, but devises its own names for the humblest things ... yet never feels obliged to call itself "the chosen people"⁷

The writer's yearning for a pure language expressing the essence of things and feelings joins with the Austrian's barely veiled wish to escape from the unpurged burden of his nation's history to a place free of all guilt, especially the kind that is unjustly inherited. Slovenia's language and landscape appear to offer such a refuge, and one that is close at hand. While the narrator of *Repetition* may freely shape an ahistorical *locus amoenus* out of the Slovenia that exists in his mind's eye, and may benefit (linguistically, imaginatively, spiritually) from the exercise that involves, the author of *Dreamer's Farewell* begins to run the risk of imposing his artist's timeless and vaguely solipsistic categories onto a real, existing people who in fact do have a history, and have been generally frustrated by the outside world's ongoing inability to take note of it.

Handke ends the *Dreamer's Farewell* with a striking image fully in accord with the fairy-tale mood that he has evoked in his portrayal of Slovenia. He recounts his conversation with a Slovene friend who, on a

⁶ Handke, *Repetition*, 147.

⁷ Handke, *Repetition*, 146-47.

hike through the Vipava Valley, points to Nanos and refers to the nation's "father," who has been asleep inside the mountain for many centuries and is now on the verge of awakening. This is, of course, a reference to the legendary King Matthias Corvinus (Kralj Matjaž), the Hungarian leader who inflicted a series of defeats on the Turks in the 16th century and became the international hero of Central Europe. The question now, Handke's interlocutor suggests, is whether the Slovenes want him to awaken at all. The implication is that his children will then finally be faced with the necessities that relationship imposes and, more practically, will have to cultivate the father within themselves: they must learn to assert their own will, and must separate from the nurturing hearth in order to organize politically and tend to the affairs of the new state. Most threatening of all, they will have to cultivate a militaristic quality that is now wholly foreign to them. In short, they will be forced to re-enter history, and their feelings about this prospect are shown to be highly ambiguous. Handke himself goes to a debatable extreme in asserting that "never, never did the Slovene people have anything like a dream of statehood."⁸ He would, presumably, prefer Slovenia to retain its innocence, even at the price of martyrdom.

That Slovenia has had a national consciousness evolving over four centuries, from Trubar through the present day, is undeniable. Owing to the prevailing political configurations, however, that consciousness has generally had to be sublimated, and literature has proven to be its most viable medium of second choice. The country's very smallness, the ubiquitous sense of a border somewhere close by have deprived it of a geographical heartland and brought its inhabitants in perpetual contact with more numerous neighbors, inducing in Slovenes a spirit of adaptability and compromise, as Anton Trstenjak has suggested.⁹ This otherwise functional survival skill turns to a disadvantage when individuals begin to lose faith in their own talent or the rightness of their judgment, and eventually develop the neurosis that is frequently identified as one of the most characteristic traits of the national psyche and linked to the high incidence of suicide. Trstenjak further points to recent discussion in Slovenia of the nation's perpetual lack of a father image, of a single historical — or even current — figure who could serve as an example of decisiveness and self-assurance.¹⁰ Folkloric images of a sleeping father of the nation are, by this logic, simply a further sublimation of the frustrated will to self-realization.

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The poetry of Tomaž Šalamun may provide one of the most apt responses possible to Handke's portrait of Slovenia. Although, typically, one early poem of Šalamun's is prefaced with the paradoxical caveat that "whoever reads the following message as a political treatise will be shot," the larger corpus of his work implicitly treats the Slovene question as an

⁸ Handke, *Abschied*, 39.

⁹ Anton Trstenjak, *Misli o slovenskem človeku* (Ljubljana : Založba Mihelač 1992) 13.

¹⁰ Trstenjak, 27.

issue of the soul, and its central assumption is that this traditional paralysis can be overcome through determined exercise of the will and the imagination.¹¹ It would, of course, be a reductive fallacy to interpret his entire *oeuvre* according to these terms, for Šalamun's work tends to expand beyond cognitive categories such as nationhood, and its imagery is cosmopolitan; but the theme of his homeland's ailing spirit is present in the form of laments and exhortations that recur whenever Slovenia's pathological gravity threatens to interfere with the poet's own trajectory. Šalamun's poetic voice assumes a variety of identities, including folkloric ones; he challenges every sort of accepted perception and value by forcing the Slovene language into strange new contexts; and he sets out on a journey — actually a series of journeys — to America in search of the open and uncultivated spaces that, in contrast with claustrophobic Slovenia, will allow him to exercise and perfect these new talents. In this sense Šalamun's is anything but a hermetic gift; he assumes the guise of a latter-day national hero who through the daring use of language challenges the assumptions on which Slovenia's culture has been based, particularly since 1945.

Šalamun's much-remarked penchant for self-mythologization can be seen, not as willful self-aggrandizement, but as a way of reviving long-dormant folkloric myths and reshaping them in a manner that makes them accessible and applicable to any reader, to everyman. The process begins in his earliest collections of poems in the 1960s and continues intermittently through much of the 1970s. The poet's violent self-immolation at the beginning of his first book, *Poker* (published in 1966) — a Nietzschean process through which whatever does not kill him makes him stronger — is portrayed in terms that are at once solemn and ludicrous, with strong elements of folkloric grammatical parallelism and time formulae, as in this poem from the cycle "Mrk" (Eclipse), which subsequently attained the status of a literary icon:

Vzel si bom žabljev, / dolgih žabljev / in jih zabijal v svoje telo ... / Naredil si bom natančen načrt. / Tapečiral se bom vsak dan / na primer kakih deset kvadratnih centimetrov. // Potem bom vse zažgal. / Gorelo bo dolgo, / gorelo bo sedem dni. / Ostali bodo samo žablji, / spajkani, zarjaveli vsi. / Tak bom ostal. / Tak bom preživel.¹²

¹¹ Rudi Šeligo, et al., eds., *Katalog 2* (Maribor: Obzorja, 1969), 48 ("Kdor bo bral naslednje sporočilo / kot politični traktat, bo ustreljen.")

¹² Tomaž Šalamun, *Poker*, 2. izd. (Ljubljana: Cankarjeva založba 1989), 22. English translation: "I will take nails / long nails / and hammer them into my body ... / I will draw up a precise plan. / I will upholster myself every day / say two square inches for instance. // Then I will set fire to everything. / It will burn a long time. / It will burn for seven days. / Only the nails will remain, / all welded together and rusty. / So I will remain. / So I will survive everything," in *The Selected Poems of Tomaž Šalamun*, ed. Charles Simic with an introduction by Robert Hass (New York: Ecco Press, 1988), 28 (translation of poem by Venio Taufer and Michael Scammell).

In the laconic and comical "Proverbs," which also dates to this early period, he assumes the folk hero's share of responsibility for revolutionizing post-war Yugoslavia by neutralizing the Party and expelling the Russians. The last line of this three-verse declaration states simply that, like some superhuman, mythological figure, "Tomaž Šalamun spi v gozdu" ("Tomaž Šalamun sleeps in the forest").¹³ Later manifestations of this process take the form of outright panegyrics, as in "Kdo je kdo" ("Who Is Who," *Bela Itaka*, 1972), a poem which is a pure paean of self-praise extending over two pages:

ti si genij tomaž Šalamun
 ti si sijajen ti si lep
 ti si visok ti si velikan
 ti si mogočen ti si veličasten
 ti si največji kar jih je kdajkoli živel
 ti si kralj ti si bogat ...
 poglejte oči tomaža Šalamuna
 poglejte njegove roke poglejte njegov pas
 poglejte kako hodi poglejte kako se dotika tal ...¹⁴

While it may be tempting to view this work as simply the product of youthful exuberance, and in fact closer to avant-garde pranks than poetry, they and similar poems do draw deeper motivations from the poet's biography. In 1964, at the beginning of his career, Šalamun's short-lived term as editor of the leading experimental and oppositional literary journal *Perspektive* was brought to an abrupt end when Slovene Party officials had it shut down, fearing intervention from Belgrade if they did not act.¹⁵ Šalamun was arrested and threatened with long-term imprisonment, but was in fact jailed for five days and finally released, partly thanks to the furor raised by Slovene intellectuals. This was his first full-blown adversarial encounter with political authority, and he emerged from it a hero. In later conflicts with political authority, however — particularly in the mid-70s — he proved less than triumphant; in these instances, his poetic creativity faltered or came to a complete standstill as he was forced into something close to internal exile.

One obvious alternative to frustration at home was escape abroad. Šalamun's affiliation with the conceptualist art group OHO brought him his first opportunity to visit the United States when the director of the New

¹³ *Selected Poems*, 25.

¹⁴ Šalamun, *Bela Itaka* (Ljubljana: Državna založba Slovenije, 1972), 6; in English: "Tomaž Šalamun you are a genius / you are wonderful you are a joy to behold / you are great you are a giant / you are strong and powerful you are phenomenal / you are the greatest of all time / you are the king you are possessed of great wealth ... / behold the eyes of Tomaž Šalamun / behold the brilliant radiance of the sky / behold his arms behold his loins / behold him striding forth" (translated by the poet and Anselm Hollo, in *Selected Poems*, 36.

¹⁵ The likely motives for this action by the Slovene leadership are outlined in Božo Repe's *Obračun s perspektivami* (Ljubljana: Znanstveno in publicistično središče, 1990).

York Museum of Modern Art extended an invitation to OHO to exhibit there. An invitation to join the Iowa International Writers' Workshop as a fellow followed in 1970, and several shorter invitations to North American writers' colonies such as Yaddo and the MacDowell Colony punctuate the later 1970s and 1980s. At least five of his books published through the mid-1970s were written largely in North America and have America as a visible theme. Thanks to a Yugoslav government study grant, Mexico opened up to him in 1979, revitalizing his poetic vision precisely at the time when it had reached its lowest ebb. It became home to him for two years and figures as a backdrop or dominant theme in three books published in the early '80s. In a 1990 interview, Šalamun accentuated the dominant role that Mexico played in his development as a writer and minimized the importance of North America:

Mexico was externally the most dramatic, for sure.... In America everything was predictable. It's built on such rational foundations.... But [Mexico] is completely different [from America]. It's a much *deeper* culture. In Mexico you can identify yourself with an Indian who is a member of a virtually extinct race. Physically you encounter Montezuma, the spirits.... In Mexico the great vault of Spanish opened up to me — a language that is actually much closer to me than English, given the fact that I am more Mediterranean than not.¹⁶

While the impression that Mexico made must have been enormous, it is clear from earlier statements made before his first journey to Mexico that North America, in its time, also played a major formative role in Šalamun's work, and that the later, fresher experience of Mexico simply displaced America as his primary imaginative utopia. In fact, in this 1974 interview, Šalamun used even more forceful terms to convey the nature of his encounter with North America than he would later use for Mexico:

There is no comparing [America with Slovenia]. It's a different planet and a different civilization. Europe is incapable of measuring America today. Maybe I'm exaggerating just a bit, because I live the kind of America that the growth of my soul and imagination requires. I really discovered a European renaissance there. The traces [of America in me] are certainly strong and in many respects they are definitive. The only way I can possibly describe it is to say that America exploded me and then put me back together again, that it tortured and then regenerated me. The continent that exports violence, exploitation and imperialism is at the same time fresh, gentle, new

¹⁶ Tomaž Šalamun, "Jezik je ena najnevarnejših drog: intervju [s Teo Štoko]," *Problemi*, 1990/9, 52-53.

and dreamlike on the inside.... I believed I was the prince who would save Central Europe and lift it up — which I still believe — and that I would rearrange the heart of the world a little more intelligently, which I'm still doing.... I don't know anything about America...¹⁷

This passage is revealing about a number of aspects of Šalamun's experience of America: it shows that the mythologization to which he subjected this continent was a self-conscious process, and that the image that resulted was not necessarily identical with any real America and did not even have pretensions to being identical; that Šalamun, as a writer, found nothing implausible or unacceptable about the moral and aesthetic opposites represented by America as a world political power and as a nation of landscapes and individuals; and that, despite repeated extended visits to North America, he was comfortable ultimately admitting ignorance about the objective nature of the continent, while he retained a large measure of poetic awe as well as a definite use for it as a counterpoise to Slovenia/Yugoslavia. Finally, he bares his own recurring literary device of the folkloric hero who finds a source of power in a distant and exotic land, and is then able to return to his homeland, resolve its conflicts and assume his birthright.

America as a pervasive theme and backdrop makes its first appearance in his fourth book of poems, appropriately entitled *Amerika* (1972), which was written during the author's year at Iowa. By the author's admission, many of the more descriptive poems set in such exotic locales as the Painted Desert or the Yucatan Peninsula were written straight from fantasy, since trips to those places never actually took place, at least not yet in the early 70s, the time of writing. Most of the poems in the book have no identifiable locale, although America recurs frequently enough that the book can be said to stand beneath its sign. It appears in the book's introductory poem "Za Ano" (For Ana), where the polar tension described between America's high level of raw energy and the tamed, oppressive atmosphere of Slovenia establishes the premise for understanding subsequent occurrences in the book of these two topoi. As in other poems where America figures prominently, the uniqueness of its landscape is used to represent the continent's underlying essence — in fact, it **becomes** that essence. "For Ana" delivers a surrealistic representation of America's vast western expanses and their unique relationship to human reason (here, *logos*, or the "word"), the way in which they thwart any outside attempts to civilize or rationalize them, particularly to the extent that these derive from the European tradition:

Pokrajino jemo na drugačen način, na razdaljo.
Logosu tu ni treba mirglati sten trebuha od znotraj
navzven, ker je prišel po kosih in ni bil nikoli
zares sestavljen.

¹⁷ Tomaž Šalamun, "Pesnik, ki resno misli, da lahko o sebi kaj pove v civilu, je ruina: [intervju s Brankom Hofmanom]," *Knjiga*, 1974, 454-455.

Kosi so bili razpostavljeni kot bencinske črpalke
in polja v različnih časih, zato ni nobena
tekočina ujeta v steklenico
Zato si v pokrajini neskončno manjši. Brni.¹⁸

Only six years after his first book, *Poker* (1966), in which Šalamun had evoked a pre-Platonic state in which "things were words / words were things," a state before abstractions and concepts, he discovers a real, geographical place empty enough to be conducive to that state. The subject of the poem experiences Western America's open spaces and freedom from all-encompassing rational structures (read also, **ideologies**) as an ecstatic liberation, one which could be salutary for Slovenia if the experience were only transferable. In liberated spaces, the poem goes on to suggest, there are no ready rationalizations for deficiencies or failure, whether on the part of the individual or society — e.g., rationalizations of the sort that for ages persuaded Slovenes that national survival depended on their continued subjugated role in dysfunctional arrangements such as Habsburg Austria or Communist Yugoslavia:

Kljub.
Kljub je svetel, ne tak kot ampak, ki je suh,
črn in zatika....
Ne verjami v ampak, ki nas je stal 30% vseh
slovenskih življenj.
Povprečen utor je višji pri malih narodih.¹⁹

Above all, liberated spaces are conducive to growth, as the poem's brief, declarative introductory lines suggest: "Ana rase. / Veveriče skačejo. / Jaz sem miren" ("Ana grows. Squirrels cavort. I am at peace"). Through a succession of images, America comes to function as a metaphor of the better place which does not necessarily have to be elsewhere.

The nature of Šalamun's image of America throughout the 70s is at sharp variance with the image as it occurred in earlier post-war Yugoslav writing, where ideological considerations dictated a strongly negative cast; its closest relative within the Slovene tradition, the America of Ivan Cankar's prose fiction, preceded Šalamun's by nearly seventy years.²⁰ Even in Western European literatures during the 60s and 70s, America appears predominantly in its long-accepted role as the "land of the yellow devil," to paraphrase Gorky, the country founded on social injustice and militaristic

¹⁸ Tomaž Šalamun, *Amerika* (Maribor: Obzorja, 1972) 8; in English: "We eat this landscape in a different way, at a distance. / No need to sand the stomach walls of Logos from the inside / out, because it arrived in pieces and was never / really put together. / The parts were set out at intervals as gas pumps / and fields, hence no liquids / trapped in bottles here / You're infinitely smaller in this landscape. It hums."

¹⁹ *Amerika*, 9.

²⁰ Jerneja Petrič, "The myth of America in Slovene literature up to the Second World War," *Slovene Studies* 13/1 (1991) 101-106.

adventurism *par excellence*.²¹ While that traditional negative image was largely motivated by left-oriented anxiety in a politically polarized world, Šalamun shaped his positive image of America from within an officially leftist society that was all but ideologically bankrupt. In virtually any context, the America he discovered was bound to be at variance with political orthodoxy — but then, the use he makes of it is not primarily a social or political one, but one of the heart and the imagination.

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POVZETEK

HANDKEJEVA SLOVENIJA IN ŠALAMUNOVA AMERIKA: LITERARNA IGRA Z UTOPIJAMI

Odcepitvi Slovenije od Jugoslavije leta 1991 se niso upirale le tuje vlade; mnogi izobraženci na zahodu so bili prav tako proti njej. Najpomembnejši primer takega intelektualnega razpoloženja je kratko razmišljanje avstrijskega pisatelja Petra Handkeja s konca leta 1991. V tej razpravi, kot že nekaj let prej v svojem romanu Ponovitev (Die Wiederholung), 1986, Handke zavrača kakršen koli nacionalizem kot nekaj škodljivega in slikovito opisuje pred-neodvisnostno Slovenijo kot edinstveno miroljubno, pastoralno družbo, romantično krajino, v kateri je jezik (v tem primeru slovenščina) v nekakšni naravni skladnosti z dogajanjem vsakdanjega življenja. Za pravo nasprotje Handkeju piscu prispevka velja slovenski pesnik Tomaž Šalamun, ki ga prikaže kot borca zoper slovensko prilagodljivost. Pod močnim vtisom prostrane psihične krajinskosti severne Amerike, se Šalamun trudi vnesti v zavest slovenskega človeka občutek podobne prostranosti. Kot sta sami po sebi obe ti konstrukciji, Handkejeva in Šalamunova, konec koncev nezdružljivi, obe iščeta v njih razsežnost onstran vseh ideologij, ki naj vrne življenjsko moč jeziku. Zunanji utopični okvir, ki si ga postavljata, jima služi za tolmačenje ali menjavanje svojega lastnega kulturnega okolja.

²¹ See Heinz D. Osterle, ed., *Amerika!: New Images in German Literature* (New York: Lang, 1989); Gabriela Wettberg, *Das Amerika-Bild und seine negativen Konstanten in der deutschen Nachkriegsliteratur* (Heidelberg: C. Winter, 1987); and Richard Ruland, ed., *America in Modern European Literature* (New York: New York University Press, 1976).