



## **Ansichten eines Clowns**

*Heinrich Böll*

[Download now](#)

[Read Online ➔](#)

# Ansichten eines Clowns

Heinrich Böll

**Ansichten eines Clowns** Heinrich Böll

*alternate cover for ISBN 3423004002*

Bereits mit dem Vorabdruck dieses Romans in der *Süddeutschen Zeitung* wurde eine überaus intensive und ungewöhnlich weitreichende Diskussion ausgelöst. Bölls *Ansichten eines Clowns* standen über Monate hinaus im Brennpunkt des Gesprächs, und nicht allein bei der literarischen Kritik. Das Mißverständnis vom angeblichen »Antikatholizismus« des Autors trug nicht wenig zu dieser starken Resonanz bei. Jedoch hat Böll nur einen Außenseiter dargestellt, der mehr als andere unter den bornierten Phrasen, der Unbarmherzigkeit und bequemen Moral unserer Wohlstandsgesellschaft leidet. Hans Schnier, Sohn aus reichem Hause, will lieber ein ehrlicher Clown als ein Heuchler sein. Sechs Jahre lang hat er mit Marie in einer nicht legalisierten Ehe gelebt. Marie verläßt ihn, weil er sich nicht verpflichten will, die aus dieser freien Ehe zu erwartenden Kinder katholisch erziehen zu lassen. Schnier ist diesem Verlust nicht gewachsen. Einst ein durchaus gefragter Pantomime und Spaßmacher, sitzt er am Ende zum Bettler degradiert mitten im Karnevalstreiben auf den Stufen des Bonner Bahnhofs, wo Marie, die inzwischen einen einflußreichen »fortschrittlichen« Katholiken geheiratet hat, von der Hochzeitsreise zurückkehren wird...

## Ansichten eines Clowns Details

Date : Published 1980 by Deutscher Taschenbuch Verlag (first published 1963)

ISBN :

Author : Heinrich Böll

Format : Paperback 253 pages

Genre : Fiction, Novels, European Literature, German Literature, Classics, Cultural, Germany, Literature

 [Download Ansichten eines Clowns ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Ansichten eines Clowns ...pdf](#)

**Download and Read Free Online Ansichten eines Clowns Heinrich Böll**

---

## From Reader Review Ansichten eines Clowns for online ebook

## Pantea saberi says

????????? ???? ??????????? ???? ???? ?????? ?????? ?? ???????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????

????? ??????????? ???? ???? ??????????? ?? ???? ???? ?? ?????? ???????? ?? ???? ???? ?? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????

?????? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????

????? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????

????? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ?? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ????.

## BlackOxford says

## The Era of Prostitution

Hans, the clown in question, is a petulant, socially awkward, persistently sarcastic but articulate figure who identifies with both the Germanic Siegfried and the Jewish Christ. Although Protestant, he knows more about Catholic ritual and attitudes than most Catholics. Consequently he abhors clerics and their rituals when they pretend to more than aesthetic importance

Hans is an artist who lives for the aesthetics of his craft, which is grounded in the observation of the details of everyday life, the conventions that no one notices but which dominate human existence. "I am a clown," he says, "I collect moments." First he makes these hidden conventions visible, then he subverts them through mockery. He can't help it; this is what he has to do. He calls this his Niebelungen Complex.

As a sort of proto-hippie, Hans rails against hypocrisy - in the state which ignores the unforgivable crimes of its citizens, of the church which has become a procedural machine concerned with politics rather than love, of the family which prefers conformity to creative expression by its members. He can't condemn however, merely marvel at the ability of his friends and family to deceive themselves. Everything in Germany - culture, politics, meaning - is prostituted - to the Americans, to TV commercialism, to insincere charitable drives.

Injury and emotional trauma force Hans into penury. No one he knows can or will help. He does the only thing possible for someone who finds himself an alien in his own land. At "the age less than thirty" he becomes Christ in the make-up of a clown miming the absurdity of everyday life on the steps of Bonn Central Station. *Vox clamans in deserto* so to speak.

?? says

"!????????? ??? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?????"

## **Yadgar says**

????????? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ????. ?????? ?? ???? ????

????????? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ?????? . ?????? ??????

????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ????

????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? .

?? ???? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ??? ?? ??????? ? ?? ??????

????? ?? ?? ????.

????? ?? ?? ?????? ???? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ...

.

?? ???? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? .

????? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ??? ?? ?? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?? . ?????? ????: ?????? ?????? ?????? ( ???? ????

?????) ?? ??? ( ???? ???? ?????? ) ??? ??? ( ???? ???? ??? ?????? ???

.

? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ??????. ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ?????? ? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?? ?? ?????? ????.

96/6/9 03:19

---

## **Lisa says**

“What kind of a human being are you?”

“I am a clown, and I collect moments!”

“I collect moments ...” - Hans is an exceptional human being. He is completely subjective in every single action and emotion. He refuses to accept standards and norms that are forced upon him by the establishment, and he always follows his own heart and ethical values.

That spells trouble in the environment of corporate mentality where he grows up.

As a child, he witnesses the collective thinking of his privileged family, adapting wholeheartedly to Nazi Germany not necessarily out of fanaticism, but out of opportunism. He sees his own 16-year-old sister leave forever in the last war effort, and he never forgives his mother for encouraging her to go, to sacrifice herself for the “blood and soil” of Germany. He won’t allow his mother to forget her past later, when she makes a political U-turn and works on a post-war political committee for racial integration. He is terrified by the ease with which other former fanatic Nazis start careers in democratic institutions, and he passionately reminds them of their hypocrisy.

When asked what a clown is, and wherein his comical talent lies, he replies that he shows people an abstract mirror of who they are. The comical effect is based on the recognition of truth underneath the mask. For his profession as a travelling clown, his skill is greatly appreciated, but in real life, he fails brutally because he sees through the mask of corporate thinking.

While the Nazi doctrine looms over his childhood, his worst struggle is against empowered religion in post-war Germany: the all-encompassing Catholic church which dictates social norms and behaviours. Hans loses his partner, a deeply religious and confused young woman, because he can’t fake honest belief and won’t bow to the dictatorship of church and state to satisfy their moral dogma. As he is reluctant to sign a paper promising that his future children will be raised in the Catholic faith, Marie leaves him, under the influence of a whole community of Catholic “advisers”, both priests and laymen. Hans, broken-hearted, has to live with the feeling of having lost his true love to conventional, corporate “morality”. In his eyes, Marie’s

marriage to a “trustworthy” Catholic man constitutes adultery and prostitution, as she submits to a sexual relationship to satisfy not her own natural inclination, but society’s idea of correctness.

I found it fascinating to follow Böll’s reflections on how easily ethical values can be turned into their opposite, depending on how you perceive yourself: as part of a corporation (religious or political) or as an individual person with a subjective inclination that doesn’t recognise the boundaries that society sets, according to “objective rules, traditions and standards”.

For Hans, there is nothing heroic in his sister’s forced self-sacrifice for the German Reich, and there is nothing laudable in Marie’s “metaphysical fright” and subsequent choice of a different partner. He - the ridiculous clown - sees the ridiculous in “collective thinking” - if that is not altogether an oxymoron, as groups tend to act without thinking, blindly following the voice of the crowd.

In the end, he is alone, sad and poor, - for success is to be found in the groupthink of established power structures, not in the individual search for freedom of thought and feeling.

He puts on his clown mask, and shows society the empty features of its hideously cracked face.

---

I didn’t laugh at the Pierrot though. I thought I finally understood my true profession. And there is nothing worse, Hans says, than clowns that laugh at their own performance. It is for the others to sit in groups and to laugh at the sad, lonely clown.

---

### **Amir says**

????? ?? ??????? ?? ???? ?? ???? ?????? ???? ??? ??????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ??  
????? ???. ??? ??? ?????? ????. ??? ?????? ????. ??? ?????????? ?? ??? ????. ??? ?????????? ????. ??? ?? ?????????? ????.  
????????? ?? ??? ?????? ????. ??? ?????? ???? ?? ??????????. ??? ?????? ???? ?? ??????????. ?? ?? ?????? ???? ?? ????.  
????? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ??????????.  
????????? ?? ??? ?????? ?????? ????. ??? ?????? ?? ?????????? ??????. ??? ?????????? ?????? ???? ?? ??? ??????  
????????? ??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ????.  
????? ??? ?????? ????: «?? ?????... ??? ?????????? ??????????  
«

---

### **Foad says**

?? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ???? ???? ?? ?? ? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ????. ??? ????  
????? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?? ? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ???? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?????? ????. ??? ????  
??? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?? ? ???? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ???? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ????. ??? ????

??? ???? ?? ???? ?????? ?? ???? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ????. ??? ?? ???? ?????? ????. ??? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ??????  
??? ???? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ???? ???? ?????? ?? ????. ??? ?? ???? ?????? ????. ??? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ????.  
????? ???. ??? ?????? ???? ???? ???? ?????? ????. ??? ?? ???? ?????? ????. ??? ?? ???? ?????? ????. ??? ?? ???? ????.  
?? ?????? ????. ?? ??? ?????? ?????? ?? ???? ???? ?????? ????. ??? ?? ???? ????. ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?????? ????.

## Zainab Alvandi says

## **Sara Kamjou says**

?????? ???? ???? ?? ??? ?:

...

??? ?? ?????? ???? ???? ?????? ??????? ??? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ???? ???? ?????? ???? ???? ?????? ???? ????.

•

????? ?? ??? ?????-??? ?? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????-????????? ??? ?????? ??? ?????? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ??? ?????????? ??? ?????? ???.

• • •

???? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ??????? ?? ????????. ?? ?? ??? ?????.

88

?????????

22

.....

22

22

????.

29

????????? ????.



?????? ? ??????? ?????? ?? ????

???? ????? ??????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ????? ??????? ?? ?????? ?????? ? ??????? ??????? ????. ?????? ?????? ???? ??  
????? ?? ??????? ????. (?? ?????? ?? ?????? ? ?????? «???» ? ??????» ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ? ??? «???» ? ?? ??? «???»  
????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ??????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ????) ? ?????? ???? ????  
????? ???? ?? ???? ?????? ?? ?????? ???? ??????? ?? ?????? ???? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ?? ?????? ?? ????.  
?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ??????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ??????  
????? ?????? ???? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ??????  
????? «?? ??????» ???? ?? ?????? ???? ?? ?????? ???? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????!)

?????? ? ?????? ?????? ?? ???

## **Saleh MoonWalker says**

????? ?????? ??? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??? ?? ?????????? ?? ?? ??? ?????? ?????????????? ??? ?? ???? ?? ?????? ??????.

Ben says

I don't know if this book depressed me or if I am just, like, chemically depressed or perhaps depressed depressed or if I seriously just need to change out of this rediculous black shirt and put on a tie dye or something. I guess that's a messed up way to try and say how much I loved Heinrich Boll's The Clown, but I feel like a clown right now... I say stupid things, things I immediately regret. I hurt other people. I hurt myself. Senselessly. I wish I could just paint my face and do a few turns and then, you know, take off the make-up and be done with it.

In other words, I laughed myself silly through the first half of this book, and then it suddenly wasn't funny anymore. In fact, it hurt, and then each time something funny came up, I just felt worse. It's an odd effect of the novel... I don't know if I've ever experienced it quite so viscerally before.

Boll's book is, oddly enough, a masterpiece and equally funny/sad, pathetic/inciting... which I'm sure will send folks running for their bookshelves... but, I don't know... then again when things got really bad I

couldn't get, like, Smokey Robinson's voice outta my head singing, you know, "The tears of a clown, when no one's around..." and that terrifying flute refrain to trumpet response nonsense like over and over and over.

**Amir The Fat Bookworm says**

**Mahnam says**

?????. ?????? ?? ?? ??????? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?? ?????.  
?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?? ?????.  
?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ?????.  
????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?? ?? ???? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ...

## Ahmad Sharabiani says

Ansichten eines clowns. c1963 = Opinions of a clown = The Clown, Heinrich Böll (1917 - 1985)

The Clown (German: *Ansichten eines Clowns*, lit. "Opinions of a clown") is a 1963 novel by West German writer Heinrich Böll. Hans Schnier is the "Clown" of the novel's title. He is twenty-seven years old from a very wealthy family. At the beginning of the story he arrives in Bonn, Germany. As a clown, he had to travel across the country from city to city to perform as an artist. He always sees himself an artist. His home is in Bonn, so he has to stay in hotels when he is not in Bonn. The woman he has been living with, Marie, has left him to marry another man, Zupfner. Therefore Hans has become depressed. He wants to get Marie back from Zupfner, and also has serious financial problems. ...

????? ?????? ??????: ?? ?? 2001 ??????

??????; ?????? ?? ?????? ??????; ??????? ?? ??????; ????? ?????????? ?????? ???; ?????? ?????????? ?????? ??????

1349? ?? 316 ?? ??? ????: ?????????? ?????????? ??????? ?? 20 ?

?? ?? 1362 ?? ?????: ??? ??????? ?????????? ??????? ?? 297 ??

?? ?? 1379 ?? ?????: ??? ??????? ?? ?????????? ?? ?? ?? 354 ??

?? ?? 1393 ?? ?????: ??? ?????? ?? «?? ??» ?? 312 ??

2 ?????????? ??????? 22; ?????????? 2 ??????? ????? 2?? 2??, 2? 2?? 2?? ?????? 2????? 2????? 2?? 2??? (???????)

2. 2222222

**brian says**

*the clown* invites us into a few hours of the life of one hans schneir, clown by profession, curmudgeon by temperament. after our drunken atheist clown (with the uncanny ability to smell people through the phoneline) refuses to convert to catholicism, the love o' his life high-tails it the hell outta there for some dull-as-dirt churchgoer. heartbroken, pfennigless, drunk, jobless, and with a knee swollen to the size of a grapefruit, hans takes out his misery and anger the way we all do: inappropriate phone calls to family members, clergymen, and old friends/enemies.

most interesting is how boll keeps the reader constantly shifting between two poles: is hans the ultimate outsider in a corrupt & rotting society, the only one capable of seeing to the core of man's diseased heart...? or is he the crank who demands infallibility from a world of mere human beings? written less than two decades after the closing of auschwitz and dachau the book's relevance extends well beyond the mere personal.

so why only three stars?

well, the enjoyability factor was inconsistent. yeah, the perennial question: must art be enjoyable or entertaining to succeed? i'm not sure. for the most part i'd say yes, but does this, then, give a free pass to reject something which requires the reader/viewer/listener to work too hard? there were passages sections and chapters of *the clown* which flew by, others were more of a chore. unnecessarily. (<-- that right there's the rub. if a work feels an unnecessary chore, it suffers. if the hard work involved in, say, warhol's *sleep*, feels integral to the piece, it succeeds. although that might be a bad example: i suspect warhol never intended a soul to actually sit through *sleep*. the mere fact of its existence is all that matters.)

the best of these stories manage to simultaneously serve as history lesson (and usually illuminate a specific time/place in a way non-fiction can't touch; that is, they allow us to know how it *felt* to live there rather than hit us with a barrage of cold facts) while also offering some kind of relevance to our own time. one may argue that a work need not reach beyond the barriers of its own pages... i defer to the mozzer:

"Burn down the disco.

Hang the blessed DJ.

Because the music that they constantly play

IT SAYS NOTHING TO ME ABOUT MY LIFE!"

for a work to transcend itself it must strike out, in some manner, beyond its own self and own time: the specific must translate into some kind of universal. and, yeah, boll's contempt for and irreverence toward the clergy, the military, patriotism, etc, is something universal and attractive; and those big issues of guilt and forgiveness are always relevant... but it doesn't arrive as feeling anything larger than the sum of its parts or more than a very specific anger and/or guilt. why? i'm not sure. as i loathe not understanding how and why i react to something, i'm tempted to come up with some kinda nice-sounding reason and forcefully declare it, but that'd be wildly disingenuous. i'm not exactly sure why boll's work (perhaps its the intentional distance he keeps us from his protagonist? the emotional coldness throughout the book?) didn't punch me in the gut and why, say, genet does. with genet one is immediately struck by how this self professed queer-coward-criminal-traitor-liar-thief running around german occupied france or a prison or palestine or berkeley speaks so directly to his/her life no matter where or when its read. a spectral hand reaches from the grave and across the decades and it matters to me. now. it 'says everything to me about my life'.

but boll fascinates me.

*the clown* fascinated me.

i'm gonna read *billiards at half past nine* sometime soon.

**Neda says**

???? ????? ???? ?? ??? ????? ??????? ? ?????? ?? ?????? ?????? ?? ?????? ? ?????? ??? . ??? ?????? ??????  
?????? ?? ?????? ??? ??????? ??? ? ???? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ????" ?? ??? ?????? ? ?????? ??? ??  
? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ??????? ?? ?????? ??? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?????? ??  
?????? ?? ??? . "?????" ?? ??? ?????? ?? ??? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ??? ?? ?????? ???  
?? ?? ?????? ? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? ??? "?????"? ?????? ?????? ?? ??? ?????? ?? ?? "?????"? ?????? ?????? ?????  
????? ??? "?????" ?????? ?? ?? ?????? ?????? ?????? ?????? ???  
???? ??????" ??? ? ?? ??????? ??? ? ??????"? ??? ? ???? ?? ??? ?????? ? ??? ?????? ??? ? ?????? ?? ???  
?????

## Agir(????) says

?????? ??????? ???? ?? ????? ?? ?? ??????? ?? ????? ?? ?????????? ?????? ???  
?????? ?????

????? ??? ??? ????  
????? ?? ??? ?? ?? ??? ?? ?? ?? ?? ?????? ? ?????? ??? ??????  
?????? ?? ??? ?? "????? ????" ?? ?????? ?? ???  
? ?? ??? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ?? ??? ?? ???  
?? ??? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ???  
??? ??? ?? ??? ?? ?????? ??? ?? ?????? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ???  
...?? ??? ?? ???

????? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ???  
"?????? ?? ??? ?? ????" ??  
?????? ? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ???  
...? ??? ?? ????"

????? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ???  
:?? ??? ??????????  
??? ??? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ??? ?? ???

---

## Jenn(ifer) says

*I must take the path I must take.*

Hans Schnier, the titular character in Heinrich Böll's 'The Clown,' might be the most self-consumed clown I've ever met. Not that I've met a lot of clowns mind you, because ever since *It*, clowns really creep me out. Thanks for ruining clowns for me, King; I'll never be the same again...

Hans is more of a Chaplin-type clown, not a silly circus clown. He is an ARTISTE! And he won't for a minute let you think otherwise. From a very wealthy background, he falls in love with Marie, a girl from a working class family. Marie is a devout Catholic while Hans is not religiously affiliated. Yet she agrees to live with him anyway, despite her misgivings, and accompanies him on his travels as he performs in different cities. When we meet Hans, Maria has just left him; he is drunk, destitute and alone. She has left him a note, and on that note all that is written is, "I must take the path I must take."

What follows Marie's departure is a vacillation between Schnier's present state and an examination of his past – his relationships with his family members and his courtship with Marie.

While it could be said that this is a love story, it is so much more than that. It's an examination of religious dogma, German societal mores both during and after WWII, family dynamics, and of course alienation.

I found this novel to be engaging, thought provoking, intelligent and heartfelt. Will certainly be reading more Böll in the future...

Η ματωμ?νη ψυχ? εν?ς κλ?ουν που δεν ?ταν ?νθρωπος με την ουσιαστικ? ?ννοια της ταμπ?λας, ?ταν συλλ?κτης στιγμ?ν, αναμυν?σεων, παραπ?νων, ονε?ρων, περιπλαν?σεων, ενοχ?ν, παθ?ν, φιλι?ν, φ?βων, αγ?πης και προσμον?ς.

?νας κουρασμ?; νος παλι?; τσος, που μ?; σησε με π?; θος τους θριαμβευτ?; ζ, τους τροπαιο?; χους τους χαμαιλ?; οντες, και τους βολεμ?; νους πολεμοι?; γνους που προσπ?; θησαν να πε?; σουν ?; τι μετ?; νιωσαν που συμπαραστ?; θηκαν σε εγκλ?; ματα, υπ?; τη φασιστικ?; ηγεσ?; α κ?; ποιων τρελ?; ν και ανελ?; ητων.

?λη αυτ? η μεταπολεμικ? Γερμαν?α του 1960, μεταβατικ? και ανισ?ρροπη, καλυνμ?νη με κοινωνικ? ποικιλοχρωμ?α φασισμο?, ε?ναι η βαρι? ατμ?σφαιρα ?που διαδραματ?ζεται η ιστορ?α του κ?σμου του παλι?τσου μας.

Εν?ς κ?σμου ?λο στροφ?ς απ?τομες και αλλαγ?ς επιφανειακ?ς.

Εν?ς κ?σμου που δεν ε?χαν ?λοι ?σο μερ?διο στη χαρ?, στα λ?θη, στην απ?γνωση.

Εν?ς κ?σμου που απαγ?ρεψε εξ αρχ?ς στον μοναχικ? μας κλ?ουν να προβ?λει στον το?χο της ζω? του τα ?νειρα της δ?κης του ψυχ?ς.

Τον αν?γκασαν να μπει σε ?να τρ?yo που ?τρεχε περισσ?τερο απο τις συναισθηματικ?ς αντοχ?ς του.

Δεν μπ?ρεσε να υποφ?ρει τη ψευτι? της αγορασμ?νης π?στης, το θ?νατο στο βωμ? της ειρ?νης εν καιρ? πολ?μου, την αδιαφορ?α, την υποκρισ?α, την ατιμ?α και την προδοσ?α σε ολα τα επ?πεδα και τα τοπ?α της ζω? του.

Κατ?βηκε απο το τρ?νο μ?λις διαπ?στωσε πως ε?χε αφ?σει π?σω του τις πολ?τιμες αποσκευ?ς του με ?τι τον ?ντυνε παλι?τσο-?νθρωπο και του επ?τρεπε να χρωματ?ζει τη διαμελισμ?νη του ψυχ?. Δι?λεξε να με?νει μ?νος, μακρι? απο την αγ?λη των υποκριτ?ν και να αγκαλι?σει το δικ? του αστ?ρι, να αισθανθε? το δικ? του ?νεμο και να καταπιε? μον?χος ?λη τη βροχ? που του τραγουδο?σε για χαρ? και αγ?πη.

Ο Χανς Σνηρ, ?νας εφυ?στατος μοναχικ?ς ονειροπ?λος νεαρ?ς. Κατ?γεται απο τη Γερμαν?α και ε?ναι γ?νος πλο?σιας οικογ?νειας προτεσταντ?ν της Β?νης.

?χει σταμπ?ρει ανεξ?τηλα την καρδι? του ο π?λεμος που ?ζησε σαν παιδ?, ?να απο τα τρ?α παιδι? της οικογ?νειας Σνηρ, που ?ταν πλο?σια και εξασφαλισμ?νη σε π?λεμο και σε ειρ?νη απο την εκμετ?λευση του λιγ?τη.

Οι γονείς του τσιγκονήδες, ψετες, ρηχοί και αδεστάκτοι συμφεροντολόγοι διγούν βέβαια μεταπολεμικό δημοκρατικό... μια σοσιαλιστικό δημοκρατικό πεπονίθηση που δεν τους εμπιδίσει να είναι με το μπροστά των ναζί, κατά τη διάρκεια του πολέμου, και να χρησιμοποιήσουν την κρίση τους Εριτραία στηλνοντας τη εθελοντριακή υπερσπισης στα ιερά ναζιστικού-γερμανικού χαματά.

Ο Χανς αποφασίζει να παραιτηθεί από την οικογνεια και την κοινωνία γενικότερα και να γίνει κλουβιά, παλιότσος, μυμούς. Νας καυστικά χωρατατζίς μυστικά σε λασπές και ροδοπταλά.

?νας ελε?θερος ρομαντικ?ς και μελαγχολικ?ς καραβοκ?ρης που αποφ?σισε να ταξιδ?ψει σε

?γνωστα πελ?γη ακο?γοντας τις σειρ?νες της αληθιν?ς αγ?πης.

?ταν η Μαρ?,η μ?νη γυνα?κα που λ?τρεψε μ?χρι θαν?του τον εγκαταλε?πει μετ? απο ?ξι χρονια ερωτικ?ς συμβ?ωσης -στο ?νομα της χριστιανοσ?νης και της δ?ξης και τιμ?ς που αποκτ?ει δ?πλα σε ?ναν εξ?χοντα ιερωμ?νο- κανε?ς μας δεν μπορε? να την κατηγορ?σει για την κακομοιρι? και την ανοησ?α της.

?φυγε απο τον ?θεο και παντοτιν? δικ? της Χανς,για να βολευτε? με ?ναν ανερχ?μενο σε ψυχ? και σ?μα παλι?τσο του καθολικισμο? της Β?ννης.

Αντ? ?ταν το τελειωτικ? χτ?πημα για τον απελπισμ?νο μας κλ?ουν.

Βαθ? μελαγχολ?α, αναμν?σεις κοφτερ?ς που ματ?νουν την ψυχ?, αυτοσαρκασμ?ς, ανε?πωτη αγ?πη,π?κρα, τ?λμη, χιο?μορ, απ?γνωση, ζ?λεια, απελπισ?α και αυτοκαταστροφ? πολτοποι?θηκαν ?λα μαζ? και βο?λιαξαν με το β?ρος τους ?λα τα καταφ?για της ψυχ?ς του Χανς.

Ο π?νος τον ακολουθο?σε παντο? και τον μαχα?ρωνε, ?σπου τον ρ?μαξε.

Ποτ? δεν της κρ?τησε κακ?α.

Ως ναναγ?ς αναζ?τησε κ?ποια λιμαν?κια για να ησυχ?σει και να κλ?ψει με την ησυχ?α του. Δεν τα βρ?κε, και ?λα ?γιναν ακ?μη πιο σκληρ?. Τον πλ?γωσαν, τον μ?τωσαν, τον εξ?ντωσαν στο ασταμ?τητο κυνηγητ? της φαντασ?ωσης να ακουμπ?σει π?νω στην αγ?πη.

Εκε?νη ?μως ?πεσε π?νω του και τον ?λιωσε. Τον αποτελε?ωσε.

Η πραγματικ?τητα ?ταν πολλ? νο?μερα μεγαλ?τερη απο τις αντοχ?ς του.

Ποτ? δεν της κρ?τησε κακ?α.

Ποτ? δεν σκ?φτηκε να την ξεχ?σει σε ?λλη αγκαλι?. Του ?ταν αδ?νατο να γ?νει προδ?της των ονε?ρων του.

Παρ?πονα της κρ?τησε πολλ?.

Πικρ? παρ?πονα μ?νο...

με τη σκ?ψη του συνεχ?ς επικοινωνο?με μαζ? της, προσπαθο?σε να της στε?λει τα μην?ματα του, τις σκ?ψεις τους, τις συν?θειες τους, την αγ?πη του.

Ποτ? δεν τον ?κουσε...

Εκε?νος επ?μενε κι ολα τα υπ?λοιπα μ?ρη της ζω?ς του τα π?ρασε κ?νοντας ?νειρα.

Κυνηγ?ντας παλι?ς αγαπημ?νες στιγμ?ς για να τις φυλακ?σει στο παρ?ν και το μ?λλον.

Παραπλαν?θηκε απο ?λα κι απο ?λους. Δεν υπ?ρχε πια ν?ημα μα ο?τε και κ?ποια ουσ?α.

Δεν υπ?ρχε ο?τε ελπ?δα αφο? ε?χε κλε?σει απο μ?νος του ολες τις εξ?δους κινδ?νου.

Ντ?θηκε και β?φτηκε την τρ?λα του και κατ?βηκε ως το σταθμ? των τρ?νων να την περιμ?νει .... εκε? που κ?ποτε ε?χε ξεχ?σει τις πολ?τιμες αποσκευ?ς των ονε?ρων του.

Ποτ? δεν μπ?ρεσε να καταλ?βει πως γ?νεται να χ?νεσαι απο εκε?νους που μ?νο πολ?, μα π?ρα πολ?, αγ?πησες.

Καλ? αν?γνωση!!

Πολλο?ς ασπασμο?ς!!

---