

The Private Journals of EDVARD MUNCH



WE ARE
FLAMES
WHICH
POUR
OUT
OF THE
EARTH

Edited and translated by J. Gill Holland

The **Private Journals of**
EDVARD MUNCH

The Private Journals *of*



THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN PRESS

EDVARD MUNCH

WE ARE FLAMES
WHICH POUR OUT
OF THE EARTH

Edited and translated by
J. Gill Holland

With a foreword by
Frank Høifødt

The University of Wisconsin Press
1930 Monroe Street
Madison, Wisconsin 53711

www.wisc.edu/wisconsinpress/

3 Henrietta Street
London WC2E 8LU, England

Copyright © 2005
The Board of Regents of the University of Wisconsin System
All rights reserved

5 4 3 2 1

Printed in the United States of America

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Munch, Edvard, 1863–1944.

The private journals of Edvard Munch : we are flames which pour out of the
earth / Edvard Munch : translated by J. Gill Holland : forward by Frank
Høifødt.

p. cm.

ISBN 0-299-19810-3 (cloth : alk. paper)

1. Munch, Edvard, 1863–1944—Diaries. 2. Artists—Norway—Diaries. I. Title:
We are flames which pour out of the earth. II. Title.

N7073.M8A2 2004

760'.092—dc22

2003022203

For Siri

CONTENTS

List of Illustrations ix

Foreword by Frank Høifødt xi

Acknowledgments xiii

Introduction:

We Are Flames Which Pour Out of the Earth 1

Brief Chronology 9

The Private Journals of Edvard Munch:

We Are Flames Which Pour Out of the Earth 15

ILLUSTRATIONS

1. Theater program for *Peer Gynt* 112
2. *Desire* 114
3. *Man's Head beneath Woman's Breast* 116
4. *Holger Drachmann* 118
5. *Henrik Ibsen at the Grand Café* 120
6. *Dr. Linde's Four Sons* 122
7. *The Brooch (Eva Mudocci)* 124
8. *The Nurses* 126
9. *Tiger's Head* 128
10. *Self-Portrait in Shadow* 130
11. *Creeping Tiger* 132
12. *Fire and Naked People I* 134
13. *Two People* 136
14. *Young Woman Weeping* 138
15. *Hans Jæger III* 140

FOREWORD

FRANK HØIFØDT

One thing can be said about the literary legacy of Edvard Munch: it defies generalization. A complete and scholarly presentation belongs to the future. Over the years fragments and extracts have been published. It is tempting—beyond resistance!—to quote from Munch’s texts to bolster one’s own concept of the “true” Edvard Munch. To what extent was there ever a “true” Edvard Munch? The twisted figure in *The Scream* is not the ultimate self-portrait. But stories are told and myths are established. In a liberating post-modern perspective perhaps one could say “he was no-one and everyone.” What matters more is that he engages and activates the beholder—and reader. J. Gill Holland is an old acquaintance of Edvard Munch, and his selection of texts also reveals some less familiar facets of a complex and ambiguous artist.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

J. GILL HOLLAND

At Davidson College generous study grants by the Faculty Committee on Research and Summer Study of Davidson College have enabled me to travel to Norway to study Norwegian art and literature. The staff of the E. H. Little Library at the college has assisted me in my research. Professor Job Thomas of the Department of History and members of the Department of Art at Davidson have taught me much over the years; a special word of appreciation must go to Douglas Houchens, professor emeritus of art. Nancy Mitchell, departmental assistant for English, has been an indispensable worker on the project. The staff of the Munch Museum in Oslo has helped me for years, notably librarians Frida Tank, Sissel Biørnstad, Lasse Jacobsen and Inger Engan in the archives and library; Jan Thurmann-Moe, chief technical conservator emeritus; and Munch Scholar Dr. Frank Høifødt. Arne Eggum, museum director emeritus, gave the periodical *Open City* permission to publish a selection of these translations; I am indebted to Joanna Yas, managing editor at *Open City*, for her help in putting that selection of translations into print. Gunnar Sørensen, director of the Munch Museum, has kindly given the University of Wisconsin Press permission to publish these translations and to include Munch images from the museum collection. Tove Munch, president of the Friends of the Munch Museum and former chief editor of *Munchmagasinet* (The Munch magazine), has made me welcome in her

office in the Munch Museum; in 1999 she invited me to read from these translations at a meeting of the Friends of the Munch Museum held in the home of eminent Munch collector Sarah G. Epstein in Washington, D.C. Mrs. Epstein has graciously given my family and me tours of the extensive Epstein family collection of Munch's art and has opened the archives of the Epstein library to me for research. The Dillon Gallery, New York City, gave me the opportunity of reading from these translations on opening night of the exhibition *lifedreams* by the Norwegian artist Per Frønh in 1999. All of these friends of Munch I thank.

My Norwegian family first introduced me to Munch's art; their encouragement has been strong and constant. Our son Gill Jr. and my agent, Andrew Blauner, put things in motion for the publication of this book, which is dedicated to my wife Siri.

Numbering, dates, and medium descriptions follow Gerd Woll, *Edvard Munch: The Complete Graphic Works* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., Publishers, in association with The Munch-museet, Oslo, 2001).

INTRODUCTION

WE ARE FLAMES WHICH POUR OUT OF THE EARTH

J. GILL HOLLAND

When *Time Magazine* needed an arresting cover for a lead article on medicine in the 31 March 1961 issue, the editors chose *The Scream*, a painting by the Norwegian artist Edvard Munch. Publisher Bernhard M. Auer wrote: “For this week’s cover story on guilt and anxiety, a most 20th century subject, *Time* found the most appropriate cover expression of the subject” in Munch’s painting. The lone figure on a bridge above Oslo Fjord screams for the world. The waves of sound are waves of color that stream through the land and sky—all nature shrieks with one hideous soul scream. The leading news story in that issue is the looming Communist takeover of Laos, Cambodia, and Vietnam. The lead article, entitled “The Anatomy of Angst,” five pages in length, covers anxiety and guilt in many walks of life. “*Human Head*, a reduced black-and-white screaming face by Francis Bacon, is captioned “*Weltschmerz* is replacing *Sexschmerz*.” But it was Munch’s full-color image, painted in 1893, that filled the cover.

Why does the Munch figure scream? Tragedy stalked the Munch family. Munch’s mother died of tuberculosis when he was five, and his sister

Sophie died when he was fourteen. His sister Laura suffered from mental illness, and his father experienced recurrent bouts of depression after his wife's death. The supposed spot over Oslo Fjord where the screamer stands was located above a slaughterhouse and a mental hospital, and sounds from each were said to be audible on the road above. Munch both feared mental instability and flirted with life on the edge; he thought the latter fueled his creativity. Munch sketched another scream, this one social, in the margin of a scene of workers rioting for bread in the 1897 German novel *Satanskinder: Roman* (Satan's children: Novel) by Stanislaw Przybyszewski, Munch's Polish friend (Holland, "New Sketches" 51). The theme of the scream was widespread in the nineteenth century, and there are numerous parallels to Munch's icon in art and literature. Indeed, the artist may have reached much farther back in Nordic art for inspiration, for the figureheads on the prows of Viking ships sometimes resemble the screamer's gaping head.

Yet the words Munch used in his journal to describe the genesis of *The Scream* are as moving as the image itself (journal entry 34). The elliptical phrases, full of dashes, that bring the origin of *The Scream* to life are his own. Munch loathed the counterfeit and the passionless. Kitsch was his archenemy; one can guess his reaction to the media's overuse of *The Scream* image today, to say nothing of "The Inflatable Scream" for sale in museum shops across the country. (See Dery for society's appropriation of the icon.) Munch's journal entry has been available in English translation for some time, but the context may be significant. It is startling to see the proximity of this entry to the passage on gambling fever in the south of France (journal entry 57). Like many northern Europeans, Munch responded to the Mediterranean with passion and a quick eye.

One thing is certain in reading Munch's prose. An honesty and a generosity of spirit inform the master's words. Whether his tone is comic or tragic, witty or remorseful, we can be certain that his search for meaning is genuine. The economy of his poetic prose often has the effect of shorthand. He once wrote that he should have been a writer. In his journal entries he was on the prowl for the unmediated transmission of mind to page. The quest is analogous to the intense searching for expression that he worked through in the mid-1880s while painting *The Sick Child*. Finished, detailed verisimilitude could not depict the chilling fire he yearned to paint with all of his heart. "How should one paint true weeping after

nature?" he asked (journal entry 47). The breakthrough came when he experimented with techniques that would capture the pain he remembered feeling after the death of his mother and sister from tuberculosis when he was a child. The *Journal of the American Medical Association* used *The Sick Child* on the cover of its 11 December 1987 issue, in which an article told the story of tuberculosis in Norway, where in 1880 three hundred out of every hundred thousand people died of the disease (Southgate 3213). The aesthetic credo that challenged the soul as well as the eye of Munch's audience and turned spectators into participants burst into life in *The Sick Child*. An X-ray study of the stages of composition revealed fascinating results (Plahter 34–36). Munch's painting technique, which he called the *hestekur* ("horse treatment"), was definitively described by Jan Thurmman-Moe, who was for years the chief technical conservator at the Munch Museum in Oslo. Munch applied the oils roughly and scratched his canvases with sharp tools. Photographs show the artist beside his paintings outside in the snow in wintry Norway, returning his art to the elements in an effort to regain authenticity.

Munch painted the women in his life with passion. Pity and sorrow mark the pictures of the stricken and dying mother and sisters in the Munch family, which was haunted with physical and mental illness. *The Sick Girl* once seen cannot be forgotten. Eros, sometimes tender, sometimes tormented, fills images like *The Kiss* and *Vampire*. In his journal entries as well as his painted images, the subject of Munch and women is complicated and profound. Mother, sister, girlhood, the sick girl, puberty, aunt, beloved, friend, mourner, diseased mother, the mentally ill, drinking woman, sleeping drunk, vampire, whore, murderess, fertility goddess, nurse, portrait of a lady, the nude model, the Gothic Girl (a series of woodcuts [Gerd Woll, *EM: Complete Graphic Works* 423–24]), swimming women, a woman on the beach—the artist made pictures of saints and sinners and every shade between the two. There is a myth that Munch was a misogynist, but a balanced look at the full range of his pictures and a few minutes reading the pages of his journal refute that charge. Sarah G. Epstein interviewed Munch's models in their later years, and they describe him as courteous and gentlemanly (9). That courtliness shows in the journals. A young man charmed by women yet baffled, attracted yet fearful, emerges in these narratives. The mature man torn by passion for women yet ever committed to his marriage to his art tells the harrowing story of his romantic affair

with the wealthy artist Tulla Larsen, who was herself fixed on marrying Munch. He said that he did not have the hereditary strength for marriage. It is important to remember that Munch did not keep his imagination out of these love stories. His words take us into his psyche.

What general claims can be made for these pages from Munch's journals? It is clear that passages in the journals are imaginary. It should also be obvious that a range of moods and tones colors his entries. His journals were for decades a laboratory in which he recorded scenes, visions, stories, and meditations. I have not tried to follow any chronological order in organizing the sections. The entries are seldom dated; Munch's memory often reached far back into the past. Perhaps these passages should be read not as biographical items strung along a time line but instead like William Wordsworth's "spots of time," magical moments to which the English poet returned for four decades but that were never published in his lifetime. Munch's journal entries "can be appreciated as luminous shards picked from the mountain of colors lying outside the glasscutter's workshop" (Holland, "We Are Flames" 230).

It is not necessary to read Munch's journal entries simply as a verbal reflection of his visual art. These stories and meditations stand on their own in the European literary world of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Munch's verbal art compares well with that of his fellow countrymen, Henrik Ibsen, Knut Hamsun, and Sigbjørn Obstfelder, in both subject matter and quality. Take Ibsen's quatrain entitled "A Verse," for example (Dahl 9):

At leve er—krig med trolde
i hjertets og hjernens hvælv.
At digte,—det er at holde
Dommeday over sig selv.

[To live is to war with trolls
in the cave of the heart and mind.
To write is to hold
the judgment of doomsday over one's self.]

The Norwegian troll is not a playful gnome. In Norwegian children's stories the troll is a serious enemy. Peter Christen Asbjørnsen and Jørgen

Moe's definitive collection of Norwegian folktales, first published in 1871, includes many evil trolls; Erik Werenskiöld and Theodor Kittelsen's illustrations of them are ghastly. *Troldom* is "sorcery" or "necromancy," not just something with which to frighten children. Munch captured these ideas in the brooding portrait in his 1902 lithograph *Henrik Ibsen at the Grand Café*.

Ibsen's battle was Munch's too, in both his art and his writing. In describing one of Munch's self-portraits, *Inferno*, Ingrid Langaard refers to the Ibsen passage above: "In this picture Munch holds the judgment of 'doomsday' over himself: the fight against subconscious drives, the sex and angst that come with it, against all the inner and outer destructive forces that threaten his integrity as a creative artist" (232). Przybyszewski called this "the fight between mind and sex in Munch" (qtd. in Ingrid Langaard 213). In his elegy written for Munch in 1920, Nobel laureate Knut Hamsun alludes to these lines by Ibsen (qtd. in Ingrid Langaard 92):

Dit Mot var stort naar Hopen stod og gapte
Og Liv og Kunst slog op sit troldske Spil.

[Your courage was great when the mob stood and gaped
And life and art flung up their trollish game.]

Part of the war in the soul comes out of the opposing philosophies of life seen in Ibsen's early plays, *Brand* and *Peer Gynt*, the first idealistic and the second self-centered. Psychomachia—the war within the soul—runs throughout the work of Ibsen and Munch. For the Max Reinhardt production of *Ghosts* in Berlin in 1906, Munch illustrated in stage designs the yearning for freedom in the soul of Osvald, who is trapped in the syphilitic body he inherited from his *livsglad* ("joyous of life") father. This yearning, a subject well suited to Munch's palette, appears in the journals too. The fiendish side of passion versus the ecstatic, the landscape of blood versus the landscape of rhapsody, the charm of childhood versus the horrors of the desolate child-orphan, disease versus health—the warring camps in Munch's visual art are well known. Different versions of *The Kiss* dramatize the extremes, in one case the obliteration of the individuality of the lovers in their coupling and in another a lyrical embrace in which their features remain distinguishable and human. All of these struggles are found in the pages of Munch's jour-

nals. The physical, organic body is here along with the spiritual and otherworldly.

A final note on Munch's affinity with the great Ibsen helps prepare us for the unrealistic shapes and shadows of the figures in Munch's stories. Munch left a record of his insight into Ibsen's plays in scenes he executed from *Peer Gynt*, *The Pretenders*, *Ghosts*, *Hedda Gabler*, *John Gabriel Borkman*, and *When We Dead Awaken*. His understanding of the last play is worthy of special note here. From the state of his copy in his personal library, which is housed in the Munch Museum, we know he knew the work well. On one page he drew a scene he entitled *Ducha and Stachu* (pet names of his friends, the married couple Dagny Juell and Stanislaw Przybyszewski) and copied out Professor Rubek's words on his sculpture *The Resurrection Day*: "Here, as it were, sits a man so laden with guilt that he cannot quite free himself from the earth's crust. I call him remorse for a wasted life" (translation by the Museum of Modern Art, New York, April 1973). William Archer, Ibsen's translator, thought Ibsen failed in this late play because "he sacrificed the surface reality to the underlying meaning" (xxvii). Archer might well have said the same thing about many of the stories in Munch's journals. It is as foolish to expect Munch to stick to literary realism as it would be to expect it of Charles Dickens, a favorite of Munch's.

Munch drew Knut Hamsun's portrait as well as Ibsen's, and Hamsun's novel *Hunger* (1890) has significant parallels with some of Munch's narratives and meditations in words. Indeed, the hero of this early success in stream-of-consciousness autobiographical fiction could have sat as a model for Munch, or Munch's self-portrait of 1886 could have been a model for Hamsun. Both narrator and portrait of the artist as a young man are arrogant yet wary and skittish. His friend Stenersen said Munch aged himself in his self-portraits (66). Like Rembrandt, he paints himself in costume; he echoes Albrecht Dürer (Houchens); nude, he inhabits hell in *Inferno*; he is the cadaver in the anatomy lesson in *Dr. Schreiner and Munch* (Hodin 94–95), the bartender-alchemist "improvising mixtures of a divine magic potion" (my translation) in *The Alchemist* (Johan Langaard 11), and Faust in *Mephistopheles I and II* (Hodin 163–64). The impish, unreliable narrator in his stories is familiar to readers of two of his favorite writers, Edgar Allan Poe and Fyodor Dostoyevsky.

Sigbjørn Obstfelder is not so famous today as the renowned Ibsen or Hamsun, who won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1920. Obstfelder was

important, however. Munch's portraits of him from 1896 (executed with "lithographic crayon, tusche, and scraper") and 1897 ("etching and dry-point on copperplate" [Woll 109, 123]) are striking; the latter exemplifies Munch's genius in graphic portraiture. Obstfelder praised Munch's search for "stronger and more varied means to express the ego" (Woll 290). Like Hamsun, Obstfelder experimented with new narrative techniques. The Danish literary critic Edvard Brandes disapproved of the first-person point of view, the so-called "I-form," in Hamsun's fiction. Obstfelder stood up to the famous critic. His defense is a good introduction to Munch's entries: "The I-form has a power to create resonance like no other form of pure poetry. . . . It comes out of a vision like a pure hallucination, and it would be strange if at times its intensity did not make its fellowmen quiver with it and listen, listen for that which the poet wills. For the poet like every artist wants not the work itself but the infinitely greater, deeper, more beautiful that the work will call forth" (Woll 287–88, 290–91, 308).

The title in this introduction and the book, "We are flames which pour out of the earth," comes from a conversation with Holger Drachmann that Munch described in his journal (entry 28). Drachmann, seventeen years Munch's senior and a Danish writer, painter, and translator of the British Romantic Lord Byron, had been a drinking companion in the bohemian tavern *Zum schwarzen Ferkel* (At the black piglet) in Berlin in the 1890s. In 1894, when Munch was making his way forward in the art world, Drachmann wrote: "He struggles hard. Good luck with your struggle, lonely Norwegian." Munch's lithograph of the older Drachmann as ecstatic visionary framed against the sky matches the "conversation" from which these words were taken.

Works Cited

- Archer, William. "When We Dead Awaken: Introduction." *The Collected Works of Henrik Ibsen*. Vol. 11. Revised and edited by William Archer. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1915.
- Asbjørnsen, Peter Christen, and Jørgen Moe. *Norwegian Folk Tales*. Illustrated by Erik Werenskiöld and Theodor Kittelsen. Translated by Pat Shaw and Carl Norman. New York: Pantheon Books, 1982.
- Dahl, Herleiv. *Bergmannen og Byggmesteren: Henrik Ibsen som lyriker*. Oslo: Gyldendal Norsk Forlag, 1958.

- Dery, Mark. "The Scream: Meme." Available at <http://trace.ntu.ac.uk/frame/text/dery.html>. 1998.
- Epstein, Sarah G. Foreword. *Munch and Women: Image and Myth*. By Patricia G. Berman and Jane Van Nimmen. Alexandria, Virginia: Art Services International, 1997.
- Heller, Reinhold. "Form and Formation of Edvard Munch's Frieze of Life." *Edvard Munch: The Frieze of Life*. Edited by Mara-Helen Wood. London: National Gallery Publications, 1992. 25–37.
- Hodin, J. P. *Edvard Munch*. London: Thames and Hudson, 1972.
- Holland, J. Gill. "New Sketches by Edvard Munch." *Boston University Journal* 26.1 (1978): 41–51.
- . "'We Are Flames Which Pour Out of the Earth': Introduction to the Journals of Edvard Munch." *Open City* 9 (fall 1999): 229–31.
- Houchens, Douglas, Professor Emeritus of Art, Davidson College. Conversations with the author. Davidson, N.C.
- Langaard, Ingrid. *Edvard Munch: Modningsår: En studie i tidlig ekspresjonisme og symbolisme*. Oslo: Gyldendal Norsk Forlag, 1960.
- Langaard, Johan H. Forord. *Edvard Munchs Selvportretter*. Oslo: Gyldendal Norsk Forlag, 1947. 7–13.
- Obstfelder, Sigbjørn. *Samlede Skrifter*. Vol. 3. New edition with Solveig Tunold. Oslo: Gyldendal Norsk Forlag, 1950.
- Plahter, Leif Einar. *Munch under overflaten: Teknisk undersøkelse av fire malerier av Edvard Munch / Below the Surface of Edvard Munch: Technical Examination of Four Paintings by Edvard Munch*. Oslo: Nasjonalgalleriet, 1994.
- Southgate, M. Therese. "The Cover." *Journal of the American Medical Association* (11 December 1987): 3213.
- Stenersen, Rolf E. *Edvard Munch: Nærbilde av et geni*. Oslo: Gyldendal Norsk Forlag, 1945.
- Thurmann-Moe, Jan. *Edvard Munchs "hestekur": Eksperimenter med teknikk og materialer*. Oslo: Munch-museet, 1995.
- Woll, Gerd. *Edvard Munch: The Complete Graphic Works*. New York: Harry N. Abrams, in association with the Munch-museet, Oslo, 2001.

BRIEF CHRONOLOGY

- 1863** Edvard Munch is born in Løten, Hedmark, Norway, on 12 December, the second of five children of Laura Cathrine Bjølstad and military physician Christian Munch.
- 1864** The family moves to Christiania.
- 1868** Edvard's mother dies of tuberculosis.
- 1877** Elder sister Sophie dies of tuberculosis. The spelling of the name of the capital of Norway is changed to Kristiania.
- 1881** Munch enters design school in Kristiania and studies drawing with sculptor Julius Middelthun. He sells two pictures.
- 1882** Studies with painter Christian Krohg; sells two pictures.
- 1883** Studies with painter Frits Thaulow. Munch exhibits for the first time at the Art and Industry Exhibition and the Autumn Exhibition in Kristiania.
- 1884–89** Munch associates with the Kristiania Bohemia, an anti-bourgeois group of artists and writers led by Hans Jæger.
- 1885** On a scholarship provided by Thaulow, Munch visits exhibitions in Antwerp, where he shows a painting at the World's Fair. He also visits Paris and is impressed by Manet's work. He begins *The Sick Child*.
Begins a romance with Milly Ihlen, called "Fru Heiberg" in Munch's journal.
- 1886** Exhibits *The Sick Child* (first called *A Study*) at the Autumn Exhibition. He is attacked by critics but defended by Hans Jæger.

- 1888 Munch exhibits two paintings in Copenhagen.
- 1889 Exhibits in a one-man show at the Student Association in Kristiania and shows a painting at the World's Fair in Paris and at the Autumn Exhibition. He studies in Léon Bonnat's studio in Paris on a Norwegian state grant. Munch's father dies in November. Munch begins to spend summers in Åsgårdstrand on the Oslo fjord.
- 1889–92 Lives in Paris intermittently.
- 1890 Returns to France on a state grant; exhibits in the Autumn Exhibition.
- 1891 Wins a third state grant and travels to Nice.
- 1892–1907 Lives in Berlin intermittently.
- 1892 Exhibits in the Verein Berliner Künstler (Berlin Artists Association), where his paintings provoke outrage; the exhibition closes. Munch travels to Düsseldorf and Cologne; exhibits in Kristiania. He paints August Strindberg in Berlin.
- 1893 Exhibits paintings in Berlin and Copenhagen. In Berlin Munch associates with Holger Drachmann, Stanislaw Przybyszewski (whose portrait he paints), Dagny Juell (Przybyszewski's Norwegian wife), and Strindberg. He exhibits in Copenhagen, Breslau, Dresden, Munich, Berlin, and Chicago.
- 1894 A book of four essays on Munch by Stanislaw Przybyszewski, Franz Servaes, Willy Pastor, and Julius Meier-Graefe is published. Munch exhibits in Hamburg, Dresden, Frankfurt, Leipzig, and Stockholm.
- 1895 Exhibits in Berlin, Kristiania, and Bergen. Art critic and historian Julius Meier-Graefe publishes a portfolio of Munch's intaglio prints, which sells poorly. A reproduction of a lithograph of *The Scream* appears in *La Revue Blanche*. Sigbjørn Obstfelder lectures on Munch's art at the Students' Union. Munch's brother Andreas dies of pneumonia.
- 1896 Exhibits in Paris and Kristiania. His prints and first woodcuts, including portraits of Knut Hamsun and the French poet Stéphane Mallarmé, are shown in Paris. Munch illustrates the program for Lugné-Poe's production of *Peer Gynt* by Henrik Ibsen.

- 1897 Exhibits in Paris, Stockholm, Brussels, Kristiania, St. Petersburg, and Berlin. Munch illustrates the program for Lugné-Poe's production of *John Gabriel Borkman* by Ibsen.
- 1898 Sells intaglio prints and lithographs to the National Gallery in Kristiania. He buys a house in Åsgårdstrand and exhibits in Copenhagen. Munch begins a romance with Tulla Larsen.
- 1899 Travels to Germany, France, and Italy. Munch studies Raphael in Rome. He prints lithographs and woodcuts and exhibits in Venice and Dresden.
- 1900 Munch is treated in a sanatorium in Gudbrandsdalen for alcoholism and ill health. He exhibits in Dresden.
- 1901 Exhibits in Kristiania, Trondheim, Vienna, and Munich.
- 1902 Exhibits in Lübeck, Dresden, Kristiania, Rome, Vienna, and Bergen. He ends his romance with Tulla Larsen.
- FROM 1902 Exhibits widely in Europe.
- 1903 Munch meets violinist Eva Mudocci in Paris. He creates *The Brooch*, a lithograph of Mudocci.
- 1904 Gustav Schiefler begins his catalogue raisonné of Munch's prints. Munch visits the Oseberg Viking ship excavations frequently and becomes a member of the Berlin Secession, an independent association that had been founded in 1898 to exhibit new works that challenged official art institutions.
- 1905 Norway becomes independent of Sweden peacefully. Munch is treated for alcoholism in a sanatorium in Germany.
- 1906 Designs the sets for Max Reinhardt's Berlin productions of Ibsen's plays *Ghosts* and *Hedda Gabler*.
- 1907 Schiefler's catalog is published.
- 1908 Munch enters the clinic of Dr. Daniel Jacobson in Copenhagen to be treated for nervous disorders. The National Gallery in Kristiania acquires Munch's paintings. Munch is made a knight of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olav.
- 1909 Munch draws portraits of the staff in the clinic and pictures of animals in the zoo. He leaves the clinic and moves to Kragerø on the coast of Norway, where he lives

- some months of the year until 1916. He exhibits in Finland and widely in Norway and has much success selling his works. He is made an honorary member of the Manes Art Association in Prague.
- 1910 Munch enters a competition for the decoration of the new Aula (university hall) at Kristiania University. He buys property in Hvitsen, where he lives part of the year until 1916.
- 1911 Munch wins the competition for the Aula murals. He returns to printmaking.
- 1913 Visits Germany, France, and England; exhibits in Sweden and Germany and at the Armory Show in New York. He receives tributes on his fiftieth birthday.
- 1914 World War I begins. Munch exhibits primarily in Scandinavia.
- 1916 The Aula murals are unveiled. Munch purchases Ekely, at Skøyen, where he lives for the rest of his life.
- 1917 Munch exhibits prints in Blomqvist's gallery in Kristiania and publishes a catalog. Curt Glaser publishes a book on Munch.
- 1918 Munch publishes a booklet entitled *Frieze of Life* to accompany an exhibition at Blomqvist's gallery. The description of the *Frieze of Life* in the catalogue to the 1927 exhibition in the National Gallery in Oslo begins thus: "A series of frequently treated synthetic depictions of life, love, suffering and death. 'On this frieze, I have worked for about 30 years, with long interruptions,' the artist wrote in a little brochure from 1925" (qtd. in Reinhold Heller, "Form and Formation of Edvard Munch's Frieze of Life," *Edvard Munch: The Frieze of Life*, ed. Mara-Helen Wood [London: National Gallery Publications, 1992], 27).
- 1919 World War I ends. Munch is gravely ill with Spanish flu. He builds a studio at Ekely and exhibits prints in New York.
- 1920 Munch visits Germany.
- 1921 Exhibits in Germany in four cities.
- 1922 Exhibits in Switzerland, Prague, and Trondheim. Munch visits Germany and buys art from German artists.

- 1923 Munch becomes a member of the German Academy.
- 1924 Rasmus Meyer, a Norwegian art collector, opens a public museum in Bergen featuring many of Munch's works. Munch sells prints to support German artists.
- 1925 Kristiania is renamed Oslo. Munch is elected an honorary member of the Bayerische Akademie der Schönen Künste (Bavarian Academy of Art).
- 1926 Thielska Galleriet, an art gallery that had exhibited Munch's works, opens as a public museum in Stockholm. Munch's sister Laura dies.
- 1927 Retrospective exhibition in Berlin and Oslo. Munch exhibits in Pittsburgh.
- 1928 Munch works on sketches for the new Oslo City Hall but does not receive the commission.
- 1929 Munch builds the "winter studio" at Ekely.
- 1930 A burst blood vessel in Munch's right eye impairs his vision.
- 1931 Aunt Karen Bjølstad, who had managed the Munch household after the death of her sister, Munch's mother, dies.
- 1933 Munch receives tributes on his seventieth birthday, and he is made a Knight Grand Cross of the Royal Norwegian Order of St. Olav.
- 1936 Rolf Stenersen gives his Munch collection to the city of Aker, Norway.
- 1937 In Nazi Germany eighty-two works by Munch are called degenerate and are confiscated.
- 1939 Works by Munch returned from Germany are auctioned off in Oslo.
- 1940 Germany invades Norway.
- 1943 Munch receives tributes on his eightieth birthday.
- 1944 Munch dies at Ekely on 23 January. He wills his art to the city of Oslo.

The Private Journals of
EDVARD MUNCH

WE ARE FLAMES
WHICH POUR OUT
OF THE EARTH

1

This could perhaps be arranged so that I could let you have several pieces on a monthly basis. The way it is going now the situation could easily become commercialized and I find myself bringing out work which could be regarded as kitsch—I have worked against that all of my life.

2

To journalist R

I like you—because you are a good person. But I could light a stick of dynamite under you because what shit haven't you done with your inept earnestness?

3

On talking

The nervous talk a lot. Craziiness often expresses itself in incessant talking. Talking has become a sort of rest from your sick thoughts, a sort of defense against other people. If words disturb them and tax their brain—the little they possess—I know in my own case that I use talking instinctively as defense. When I am talking I tax anyone I am with, as if I've taken him prisoner. Henrik Sørensen talks with force in order to make people carry out his plans. He uses the poison gas of talk to attack while I use it for defense. He implores the opposition with a storm of words which wrap him in a staggering head of steam of lyric poison gas, of spitting little gas grenades which explode in the opponent's ears and

eyes like an almost lifeless mass he sets
 like a snake his poisonous fang in the lifeless prey—
 thus he can swallow it whole—or he
 he uses the choking nitrogen gas of malice—
 the clear oxygen of reason and gaseous
 goodness

4

Life—angst has raved inside
 me ever since I caught the idea—like
 an illness—since I was born—doubly
 inherited. It has lain like a curse which
 has haunted me.
 Still I often feel that I must
 have this life—angst—it is essential
 to me—and that I would not exist
 without it—
 Often I feel that just as an illness
 has been necessary—In periods without
 this life—angst and illness I have felt
 like a ship sailing before a
 strong wind without a rudder—and
 asked myself where? where
 will I run aground?
 The bottomless depths of pity on one side—
 the towering pinnacles of ambition on
 the other (Nietzsche)

5

It suits
 my pictures to hang together; they
 lose something displayed with
 others.

6

Both a condition of the eyes and dangerous
 congestions about the head whose

effects I constantly feel
threaten me.

7

It is better to paint a good unfinished
picture than a poor completed
one. Many believe that a picture
is finished when they have
worked in as many details as possible.

—One stroke can be a completed
work of art.

—What one paints must be done
with will and feeling.

—It does not help to create in
a way that settles for unfelt
and weak-willed things

A picture must not be made false or
unfelt—It can be wrong or false
when it is executed with feeling—
and consciously—as in the music
which is used

8

An impressionist by the name of Liebermann
said to me, "He is sly, Munch. He behaves as if he knows nothing."
I said, "Liebermann behaves as if he can do more than he can.
That he calls realism."

9

The priest says over the radio that Christ
said, "God is in me. I am in God. The
Father is in me. I am in the Father."

Isn't that the same thing anybody can
say? "I am in God. God is in everything.
I am in the world. The world is in me."

10

I was strolling along the street and suddenly thought of a person. After five or ten minutes' time I met him. Once I thought of him, in twenty minutes I met him. He had just returned home. This often happens to me and I have spoken with many about it.

11

Dear Grisebach, We discussed [determinism] I was of the opinion that much inherited hardly could be driven away—(mercy within the family as in Sophocles' tragedies). You were of the opinion that determinism did not carry so much weight—My art must be seen against the background of the heavy freight of my inheritance—tuberculosis on Mother's side, mental illness on Father's side (grandfather's phthisis)—my art is a self-confession. In it I seek to understand *what terms the world and I are on*—ergo, a kind of egoism. Yet at the same time I have always thought and felt that my art might *also help others understand their search for sanity*.

12

I am walking along a narrow path. A steep precipice on one side, it is a deep bottomless in depth a depth bottomlessly deep Across on the other side are meadows, mountains, houses, people. I am walking and staggering along the precipice.

I am in the act of danger of falling down, but
 I throw myself toward the meadow,
 the houses, mountains, people. I
 whirl about in the vibrant life—
 but I must return to the path along the
 precipice. That is my way, which I
 must walk. I am careful lest I
 fall. Once again in toward life and people.
 But I must return to the path along
 the precipice. Because it is my path,
 until I plunge into the deep.

13

The dead—how hopeless to gather that
 which in life had been torn to bits. It is
 as if one would try to put together a shattered
 glass.

14

Jenson Jell

At the big final exhibition / Sonderbund
 Cologne 1912

the painter MACKE (who two years later
 died in the war)

We carry you on our
 shield. The Germans have
 carried me on their shield
 Here at home—squeezed
 I am between shields and I
 feel envy's and
 malice's cold shoulder

There is no
 atmosphere about me
 which carries me onward
 and stimulates me to work
 surely it was better
 when I felt before

the storm against me
That worked my powers
up.

A young German painter
Macke who died in the war
wrote to me:
We bear you on our shields—
Here in Norway
no one bears me
on his shield
They crush me
between shields
A young German painter
Macke who died in the war
wrote to me:
We bear you on
our shields—
Here in Norway
no one bears me
on his shield
They crush me
between shields

15

One evening we sat together at
a café
she says suddenly, "You
remember you talked
about dreaming that
you kissed me
and that your kiss
devoured Death's cold lips"
Yes I say
You know you—there
was maybe something
in that

So I say tensely
yes she says—you have
taken note of
my deep coughing
seizure—it happens
I often spit
blood in the morning
there goes through
me a feeling like—
like that

16
I am like
the sleepwalker who
walks on the ridge
of a roof—
sure-footed and calm
he walks without seeing
without hearing—
Oh someone shouts at
him—louder and
louder—he wakes up
and he falls off
of the roof—down
from his dreams—
Don't do that
to me—that
—I walk
calmly in my dreams
which are my life—
—only like that
can I live

17
The water lay bluish violet out over smooth
and still expanse went almost over in the air
out on the horizon.

Stones protruded out of the shallow water
 far far out, they looked like an entire
 family of mermen and mermaids
 big and little who
 stirred and stretched and
 made faces, but silently.

One saw a bit of the moon there, yellow and
 large. . . .

We were a bit behind the others. He looked at
 her under the heavy eyelids the eyes lay
 gray and dark and looked full of desire
 through the half-darkness. The mouth
 full and soft Behind her the water
 and atmosphere violet blue

18

It was wintertime and we sat the whole day by the window and
 looked out. Across the street lived a man and wife who fought all the
 time. Once they were quarreling when the devil appeared standing
 behind them and laughing.

He had great horns in his forehead and he had horse hooves and a
 horse tail and his whole body was black all over. One day in the end
 he would take them in his claws and drag them down to hell. That was
 why he smiled so.

At times they could also see goat feed in the room to the side, in
 the afternoons when it was dark. There the devil was. He would grab
 them when they were bad and wouldn't rest but keep hold of them
 until God wouldn't let him touch them.

He had never kissed before.

Next time he must do it only, only if he dared. We sat opposite each
 other. Our eyes met. A red glow over it all.

Then she sat up straight in the sofa and leaned her head against the
 back of the sofa. Now I had to examine a curious pattern in the uphol-
 stery, so I leaned down toward her so our cheeks were close and I felt
 how near to each other we were.

19

I intend to collect these
 journal entries into one. These are in part
 experiences, in part fabrications. I do not
 intend just to give my
 experiences. It will
 ultimately search out the hidden
 powers and bring them forth—
 to give them imaginative life
 to turn them into poetry
 reinforce them in order to body forth
 these powers most clearly in the
 machinery which is called
 human life and its conflicts with
 other human life. When I finally
 gather these they will bear
 the mark of my
present psychic standpoint

20

How difficult it is to figure out what is
 inauthentic false imitation bogus counterfeit
 sham, what is disguised deception,
 self—deception, or fear of showing
 oneself in one's true form, and often
 do oneself an injustice Wrong oneself

then yes, I have forgotten the varied
 circumstances that hedge in an
 event, and make it more pardonable

21

Now for about a year and a half
 on and off I have read Kierkegaard.

Where in a strange way everything
 has been experienced in just the same

way—in another life—I'll try to draw
a parallel between my life and
Kierkegård's

Now when I gather my memoirs
I must guard against letting my
choice be led by Kierkegård.

22

What sadness there lies in such evenings.
This light which fails and the
soft spring air—how fine it is.
Paris in her light blue veil and
the whole scene and the gaslights
which glimmer—But how sad. I
want to weep—scream out loud.

23

The story about the pussy cat was excellent—
resembled her.
You haven't heard it yet.

The husband had denied the house to some
friends of his wife's. She was terribly offended.
A big scene.

The day after he wanted to invite friends to dinner, foreigners
he had known from earlier days—he wanted to show them
house and wife. She wouldn't have them. Said no.

He invited them anyway and told her to prepare them
something extraordinarily delicious.

The friends arrived, took their places at the table—
no wife, no dinner.

He goes down to her, furious, and reprimands,
lays hands on her. She promises to
prepare something for them. After three
quarters of an hour she sets a tureen
on the table, says, "Bon appétit," and leaves.

The husband takes the lid off. A
little spitting pussy cat sticks its head up.

That was it for food. The husband
 had to take his friends out to eat
 dinner in a restaurant.

24

A bird of prey has perched in my mind
 Whose claws have dug into my heart
 Whose beak has drilled into my breast
 Whose wingbeat has darkened
 my understanding

25

NOTES STORIES

I met her the
 first time at a
 friend's little party
 high up under
 the roof . . . She was
 young reputed
 to be a rich and very
 good looking woman
 I remember her
 that time only
 as a tall
 womanly personage who
 walked through the
 room where I and
 some others sat
 —she made . . .
 an impression of
 banal beauty
 with a beautiful profile
 —and looked as if
 as if she wanted to say
 “don't I look great?”

I didn't talk to
her—

A couple of years later
we met at
the same
friend's—She said
the whole time
just about nothing—and I
found her boring

After a year passed
I met
a tall woman
on the street with
long hair down
her back and
the slightly ruined
appearance that
prima donnas
have—I thought

This was an act-
ress she
looked like a picture
At a café sitting
with an acquaintance
I felt four
eyes on us
—That woman
I would like very much
to know says my
acquaintance—which
of them say I

the blonde and
slender one—

I the other one say

I

The blonde was
the lady from my
friend's den and
the actress
from the street—

The other was
her friend a
black-eyed beauty.

By a steamship's
gang plank meet
I her on the pier
Alone—I walk
up to her and
say—I didn't recognize
you in
the street there you
have changed

your hairstyle
and—I proposed

to paint her
would she come
up to the atelier

She waited
to answer
for a moment and
spoke this: Yes,
I shall.
I wondered

a bit over
her saying it

formally

She came up
one morning—and
I began to
paint—We chatted
mostly about un-
important things
while I painted
—She was lovely

I speculated
she's a bit boring
but beautiful
she is—and sweet
she sure is—and
a thought came—if
she could help

him and if he
—she did not
look happy—
could help
her—and she me
I suggested that we
ought to
meet later
someplace in a café—
—with a glass of wine
and in security
a crowded café

would that conversation
could come
more easily—I talked
a little about my
life—talked a little
about the desire for love

in everyone
and of the impossibility for me
for a great passion

—and we talked
about free love
which could
lift unhappy individuals

—
we painted in
the morning and
met in
the evening at
the café
By the side of
the atelier was
the bedroom the

half-dark—
One day we went
inside together
and we sat
on the bed—
the conversation was
about insignificant

things—
This is really why
one takes care of one's
teeth she said

after a pause
and then she revealed
her white little
teeth—

She stood
up and walked into

the atelier—and
placed herself just by
the door—
Something
like anxiety
went through me

the half-open
mouth showed
me a row of
teeth—the face

was pale—and
somewhat stiff—
somewhat ghost—
like
Then she sat down by my
side

and stroked me with
her slender fingers
over the forehead—
to both temples
from the middle—

Hypnotizing
me you are said
I half-jokingly—
she smiled a little
—we painted
further on the picture

and we spoke
little—a sense
of tedium
came over me
—so I said

—the picture is
 about finished now
 if there is something
 essential

I'll write to
 you—and then
 she left—
 I felt
 relief and thought
 no more of her

26

DIARY FROM JAIL

—different impressions
 come and go, surface
 then and disappear one
 connected
 introducing unwrapping
 development is not
 ready—impressions from
 later events
 mix up with
 impressions from earlier
 days—

From the time I [invited]
 her to come up
 and be painted until
 the time I said
 we should
 call it off—there were
 various scenes
 took place in the café
 and in the atelier—
 There was from my

side over—
tures—some
cold—some I

don't know what
held me back
and I had either
no courage or no
desire to pursue—
In the café
under bright lights
and under friends'
influence—
my talk grew bolder—
I spoke of
the joy of love

and of love's
privation—I saw
her the joy I
would have known

to love
her—
Other times I told
her again and
again that for
me was a truly
great love was

a land of Canaan
that I even had
been close—and
that I had felt
love's disenchantment
and so on—
She always answered

so openly to
everything—always smiled

one evening in a
café I remarked:
You are indeed cold
in reality
so she answers

in your atelier
we can certainly try you know—
next day
was like the following
—we talked about

everything imaginable and
I had a feeling
of tedium
another day
I talked about my
work—which basically
is my all in all—she
said she admired
that and loved my
paintings

one evening in a
café I remark—
Don't you think
two like us
—we have seen

life—you are rich
and free—why—
shouldn't we
take advantage of
avail

benefit from
 make love useful together
 —and meet without

love's coercion
 —it
 for me seems
 to be an impossible cage
 —it would be quits for
 my art—and
 that would kill
 me—(even if it was not
 the BIG L)

She bowed her head
 a little and answered yes—
 and after a moment—
 but the danger which

I lead with
 such treatment
 I, horizontal lady

It was evening
 I was at
 one time
 very much

weakened after
 lengthy—years of
 sickness, sorrow
 and work—

It came with
 attack of dizziness
 in the street—
 one evening it hit

me hard—I
couldn't speak

and had the feeling
of being about to
fall over—
In the end
I said breathlessly
—I can't
see you any longer
I have to turn back—

Yes, go she says

(I don't want
to see incidents in
the street) I'm coming later

This phrase
steadied me
Another time
in a café the
same fit struck me
and I said—I
must agree—I am

sick—I'll
come back
when I've gotten
some fresh air—I
have got to go home
and lie down
When my heart attack
was terrible
I meet her
Later—

That was awkward
 for me she says
 —an acquaintance
 of mine had to
 pay for
 me—

the voice was
 dry and
 unpleasant

I must think
 often back to
 this first chapter
 —when in 14 days
 was the seed sown
 which since sprouted
 up to so much harm
 —and I have ransacked
 my heart to assess
 what guilt I
 must accept—
 If I don't do

everything to explain

the situation to her—

so that she
 should not have
 illusions—I
 talk to her
 as to the experienced

woman she
 was—who had
 traveled
 about widely—

and as—I had known
for some time
—had had
a longish
affair of the heart
with a German
and as she herself
had told me
had had a
sort of intrigue

with a married man—
—How long
it has gone on
I did not know—
She gave
the impression of knowing

everything—having been
through—
over everything in the world—
—I let her
know that
the true
love was
that

—That
was her beauty
and her classy
look that captured
me—and I said
time could

bind and perhaps
shape love

one night
 I dreamed that
 I kissed her
 I felt the
 narrow cool

lips against mine
 —and I felt the
 cool teeth
 against my lips—
 —I have
 kissed a corpse

such was that kiss—
 and I discovered that
 it was a dead
 face I woke up
 in fright

(love her I could
 not—alas the great love affair
 was impossible—)

The high gate which
 when entered opens to love's
 upper room—will
 not be unbolted for—

Perhaps there was a possibility—
 a side staircase slowly
 slowly step by step to
 come to approach in Upper Room—the
 shining and radiant Upper Room
 of Love

A few days went by
 I had forgotten
 her and was happy

about it—

One morning
there was a knock at
the door—there
she stood—

I just want
she says
to ask you to come

to a dinner I
am giving for a few
good friends—
I said thank you and
I'll come—

There was a big
table and ladies
gentlemen in formal dress—
present also was her
friend the black-eyed one
brunette

We went to the table
—Here is your
seat says T—
I took a seat
by her side
That

embarrassed me a
bit—
I didn't think
she put herself out either—

moved with

her arms and what
do the others think

now? On
 the other side
 sat black-eyes
 the brunette
 The champagne
 came and improved
 the mood—
 Black-eyes—
 Far down
 in a corner
 sat Student K
 I knew he
 loved her
 and that they had

been half-
 engaged—
 Why was he
 here—it gave
 me a pang that
 she'd invited [him]

Why should
 he watch
 us two sitting there?
 I talked a lot
 to Fru P—
 the champagne was warming
 Fru P put her
 hand suddenly
 on mine—it was

soft as velvet
 —I held
 the champagne in
 my hand—you know
 it cools I said—

—her eyes were
were large and
dark—I
could rest
my gaze in
that dark hair
—her eyes
grew so big

When—as if
we became one through
two large pupils
—and as if our
souls changed
place—and when
she smiled I felt
as if I, my body

was embraced—
We forget the
whole party and
there were only we two—

—Dessert came
and I was called to my senses—
I heard Fru S's

rather dry voice—she
spoke across the table
—I watched her—
(She certainly didn't
like it that I
openly looked
at the other woman)

After dinner
Fru L came over

to me came
 where Fru P is now
 it was half-
 dark. We sat
 down on a corner sofa
 —I between both
 ladies—
 My arm lay behind

Fru P's waist
 —our lips
 met in a
 warm kiss
 —then I thought
 of Fru L—
 What did she think
 about this I
 wondered—
 looked at her narrow
 face

it was
 dark with
 an expression of
 worry
 and of . . . Smile
 Kiss me
 said I
 Two narrow cold
 lips I felt
 on my mouth

and cool
 teeth against
 mine—I shuddered
 it was death
 Doesn't Fru

P have a handsome
breast—she said
—she unbuttoned
a couple of buttons
on Fru P's
bodice
so it
shone of
white
breast. I

again once more threw my arm
around Fru P's waist—
and we kissed
each other
Come out on
the balcony said Fru P
and we ran out
—we sank
into each other's
arms—we became
one—we sailed

out over the sea
of happiness—our eyes
our lips—went

out over the sea—
Oh you—oh you said
—There stood T

L in the door—we
must go she
said—will
you ride with
me?

What? She gave
a strange look.
—We

Driven apart.
We are driving to
a café she said—
All right
so we too sat
afterwards in a café
—I burned with
wine and memory
of the dark
eyes—I was intense
and talked to Fru
L of love
and pleasure—It's
getting late—and
I'll take you
home, I said
—let's walk
a little instead she answered
We walked through
the streets—it

was late
shall I
take you home
I asked—but
she didn't respond
Just walk with me
—where? I walked
—We stood by
a hotel
It's late
I said again you

want to go home.
You probably want to go home

Yes, I should
go home she said—
But didn't move
I feel a

...

Shall we then
go upstairs I said
after a pause
—I felt
a kind of compassion
which I could
explain

I don't pay as
much attention to
my crippled
bone—now I soon
shall die. It is
of little consequence to me
—this bone which

in the course of years
incessantly has tormented
me and reminded
me of that
crime she
has done against

which prevented
me from forgetting
—which made me
into an invidious
person and which
finally . . .

death—the criminal
who is two periods—
—one: which she
before the accident
when my bone
was destroyed and

that one which came afterwards—
In the first period

my mind
was shattered by
a strange mixture
of hate, of compassion
—and even passion
 I weighed
her then
in the scales which
soon was weighed down
with hate soon

compassion
the period after
was only filled
with bitter hate
 —now when I die
die must
I try to
tune the whole
together so
I can become
a more correct
picture
the right

I have kissed her
her—I loved

her—no
Fru P's
kiss burnt me
in my soul—

and Fru P had warmed
my lips

Fru L was beautiful
—I wrote to
Fru L I must
take a trip a couple of days
to rest myself
out in my house—
—completely alone
I must be
I lit

the fire in the stove in
my room
it was so
low under the roof
—and thought and
drank
Fru P and Fru L

—Something has to
happen—
God—What is
God! The source of all

The power—
The innermost
power, the atom
the binding
power in the world's
universe

The Bible—child—
belief—
I will not
think on this—

no what does that
depend upon

the Bible tells
the same—
the Bible is the
experience and
hoarded wisdom of
millennia
whose teaching
is the wisdom
of experience

what do you want to do?
—the Bible calls
free love
whore—

But what should
one do—
For marriage
bad luck
and sorrow have not
prepared me

Or is it my
mission
What benefit
is?

And if I
am incapable of
a great love—when

its root is
pulled plucked out of
my soul—

And a marriage
without love
which stops there
it stops
does not move
stops there
besides that, in
addition
is idle halts
remaining in place
stuck fast

If like now never
for me the portal to the upper rooms of love
can be opened—
I shall remain
in darkness
—day in day out
—year after year
. . . again

and the whole world
buzzes with
motion—
there is loving in
a thousand homes
birds and animals
plants and people
and there out in
the dark night

—and the narrow
side steps—there

the only hope it

I gazed
out—little dark
vile room—

Is God here—
is there anyone
listening—can
one question
be answered?

and out in the
half-dark space
I speak aloud

Answer! Give
an answer—if
anyone can answer—
do I have a right to
life or not

A crack
like thunder—a scorching
pain in my eyes

a smell of sulphur
—and half-stunned
I clasp my hand to
my forehead, which is stinging—
—topple over—

—the revolver which
I have lying
by the table—
I had out
after my gloomy
affair—
Was it the answer?
—But that business with
the revolver was

completely natural
 I had had
 practice shooting just
 before and forgot
 that one round was
 left—
 —I left
 for town

What sh'd I do
 Was I warned
 And I thought
 Fru P—she is
 married has a family
 —Her I
 will not see more of
 The other—
 she is free she is
 Fru P loves me and
 I like her the most

is experienced—she
 will understand me
 we'll help
 each other—we
 will try the
 little staircase with the
 many many
 steps—and maybe
 in the end we venture
 into the hall

I am reading through
 what I have written
 —how little was there—
 —it's also
 impossible—

and there is only
 a little piece
 hewn . . . out of
 the trunk
 the root is not there
 —and a person
 is indeed a tree

The earth sweat out
 slime and it became
 people and animals
 and plants—

Humans are a
 tree which has
 torn their roots
 free from the earth

That is the inter-
 dependence between a
 tree's most delicate
 branches and
 its roots—

A tree feels
 where a bough
 grows out—
 it is presentiment
 it is fate
 —and here are two
 trees—
 two people
 are also like
 planets which meet
 in space
 —whence come
 they, where do they
 go from each other—
 so then—where
 do we come from—

how were the tree
roots—
I was born to
earth a
sick being—
The cold snow
lay over my roots—the
cold wind
checked my
lineage stock
—life's burning
sun does not
shine on this sprouting green
leaf—and thus
was my tree
of life already doomed—
I, I sensed early
—

and so my only hope
became the
narrow staircase the
lonesome staircase
—which finally could
bring me
close to
the luminous frame of life

my place
longs for
sun—it has
strength to demand
the sun—for it
was leaves which
were to fold
out as flowers
were to bloom

But her where
has she come from
—where will she go—
Her roots
were planted
in rich dungheap
—her bloodline
was lighted
by the sun and thus
the place
of her boughs fixed

Because her leaves
and blooms were
already on the stem
The beginning formed
so she had
no longing for
sun and warmth—
She had a taste
for the novel
or for suffering

—so it came
about that
her tree
cast a shadow over
my tree
which longed for warmth
and stole the warmth away
For to whoever has
it shall be given
and from
who has not
it shall be taken away. . . .

—
I have
kissed Fru L and
given up the one
I loved most
when I reached

the city I wrote
and invited her
to come

27
BERLIN PARIS
Berlin this city
with a population
which is
enormous—compared
to Paris which has
crystallized herself—
—Paris is reckoned as
the city of vice—
—Vice is in any case
cultivated—which has
become . . . and is
not so malignant

as vice which
is grafted onto
a new city
like Berlin—
the mire of vice
is getting worse
and deeper in this
city—where so
much fresh meat
is streaming in
from the country

(*Ghosts* by Ibsen)

Regina, the healthy fresh blood

Paris the city of artists

28

Conversations!

Drachmann lies

in his urn. The

large figure is gathered

up in one

little handful of dust

We were together

a few months ago

—in the mind's eye

the picture still stands

as if on a photographic plate

—fresh as if he

had just stepped aside.

In my ear I hear

his voice, as

clearly as if

the words had just

been spoken, as on a

gramophone.

"Yes, here . . .

dear friend . . ."

The words were round

and soft—

"All is fire—and

movement," I said

"We burn like

trees and all . . ."

"Yes, yes," said he.

"We are flames

which pour out of
the earth.”

I wonder if we have
courage to confess
when we have been
cowardly I say—
Yes now I shall tell
all—he says
When I have been
cowardly—and how
woman really is
—I am writing a book
—and now I shall
bore a hole in the boat
—the whole ark will
sink—
the champagne glasses
are filled and emptied—
Yes dear friend—
We talked about
the dissolution of the union and
eventful war with
Sweden—

Why weren't we beaten—
why
doesn't Bjørnson
let war come—
I remember Hansen
he raised
his long arm
and struck out in the air
—it was like
the swing of the arm
of a windmill
—finally I said

what did Brutus say
 to the poet in Julius
 Caesar—
 Imagine what will
 you have when men
 are killed—
 (Drachmann had
 given a speech during
 the war tension in 1905
 —

perhaps the life of two
 brave men
 is worth more
 than all of art
 Yes yes he said
 you are right—
 you are a hell of a poet
 he said after a
 pause)

Now I think of
 that he poured out
 in flames and was gathered up
 how he was himself
 a great rough
 blazing flame
 which now and then struck
 out with power
 —and I think about
 his words about
 boring holes in the boat

29

One doesn't paint
 after nature—
 one takes from it

or scoops out of its
rich vat

Style and Impressionism—
In art lies men's
desire for crystallization
—Things decompose
in nature in order to
take shape later—
in the meantime Impressionism
especially is a decomposing
unfolding of power—seeks
at the same time to
fix itself in the style of the form.

30
Spring's writer's
herald
spring winter's
birth
the birth of death
harbinger—
death is entry into
life

31
Fru L
Her flare has
blazed—adultery—and . . .
herself abroad—as
under a bushel
it is only
as with Obstfelder—
should I be a spring-
board upon which she
could bound up into

the artist's Parnassus
 and show her star
 —For her would that be just
 good luck—that I was sickly
 —she thought then to
 possess a willing
 springboard—who only bounced
 for her—

So I
 the springboard
 should be ready to
 tolerate
 her—when she
 fell back down from her
 heavenly bounce
 GH [Gunnar Heiberg]—and men

32

The word became flesh—
 Isn't Christ—
 a spark of the Ur-light
 the Ur-warmth the electricity
 —the divinity—
 —power of the word
 —Hasn't a mighty
 spark, mighty spark
 from the kingdom—the
 peeling crystallizations
 struck down into Christ's
 soul—hence the wound
 of divinity—the power
 was concentration
 in time
 like a concentrated
 discharge his word brought
 vibrations
 in the airwaves—

peal in the air—
which in the course of
2,000 years have spread
themselves over
the planet earth

33

I made an observation
as I walked along
the street one sunny day
on Karl Johan
and saw the white houses
against the spring blue
sky—rows of
people which
in a give-and-take
crossing stream like
a ribbon drew themselves
along the walls of the buildings
At that moment music reached in—
playing a march
—I saw the colors
immediately change
—it quivered in
the air—it thrilled
in the yellow white
facade—the color
dances in the stream of people
—in the brightened
and white
parasols—yellow
light blue spring costumes
—against the deep blue
winter wraps
which flickered in
the gold trumpets
which beamed in the sun—

it thrilled in
 blue and yellow
 I saw differently
 under the influence
 of the music.
 The music doled out the colors.
 —I got a feeling of joy.

34

One evening I was walking
 out on a hilly path
 near Kristiania—
 with two
 comrades. It
 was a time when life
 had ripped my
 soul open.
 The sun was going down—had
 dipped in flames
 below the horizon.
 It was like
 a flaming sword
 of blood slicing through
 the concave of heaven.
 The sky was like
 blood—sliced with
 strips of fire
 —the hills turned
 deep blue
 the fjord—cut in
 cold blue, yellow, and
 red colors—
 The exploding
 bloody red—on
 the path and hand railing
 —my friends turned
 glaring yellow white—

—I felt
 a great scream
 —and I heard,
 yes, a great
 scream—
 the colors in
 nature—broke
 the lines of nature
 —the lines and colors
 vibrated with motion
 —these oscillations of life
 brought not only
 my eye into oscillations,
 it brought also my
 ears into oscillations—
 so I actually heard
 a scream—
 I painted
 the picture *Scream* then.

35

DIFFERENT KINDS (COPENHAGEN)

[*Dialogue with a Dane, who has the last line.*]

"Yes, you see there's
 the ocean. Everybody's throwing himself in—
 then getting fished
 out again.
 Let me tell
 you a little story.
 There was a woman
 who wanted to do away
 with her old fiancé No. 1.
 She threw herself
 into the water—and cried
 for help—
 but she was a good swimmer.

There was a scene.
 The poor fellow, who
 couldn't swim,
 ran in after and drowned
 —the woman came ashore
 —and there stood fiancé No. 2.
 Arm in arm
 they walked down to the justice of the peace."

"Damn," said the Dane.

36

To enter a liaison
 because one will not
 though one can marry—
 —thereafter because the liaison
 is contracted to use it
 to marry is absurd
 —even more when it
 has become clear that two
 do not suit each other—
 A miserable marriage
 is a curse—
 why from the outset enter into
 such a thing?

The insane thing about the intrigue was this
 —In a free intrigue—naturally
 one of the partners gets to be entitled to say—
 I'm leaving for someone else—if you don't
 marry me—
 But the insane thing is—that she
 doesn't just run to other men—but
 demands to be entitled to me—
 the right to take my life from me

37

Are there spirits?
 We see what we
 see—because we have
 eyes constituted as they are
 What are we?
 —A gathering of force
 in motion—a light
 which burns—with a wick
 —innards—warmth—
 exterior flame—and
 finally an invisible
 glow—which
 is sensed—
 Had we other
 stronger eyes—we
 would—like X rays—
 see bare
 our wicks—the skeleton—
 Had we other eyes
 —we could see
 our outer flame
 shell—and we would

surely have other forms—
 —Why shouldn't
 other beings accordingly
 with lighter broken mole-
 cules—moving around us—
 Souls our dear ones—spirits

38

As soon as the liaison
 was in place she considered
 me to be an
 object—belonging to her
 —like a boy puppet

she had gotten under the Christmas tree
as a child—

Her great grief
—her indignation
was waked up upon
seeing this object
—could really
work—had free
will—

That when she the
rich Tulla L—loved
—the object of
her love
could walk—
when she wanted to play
—wanted to amuse herself
—The golliwog
had a brain which
functioned—
could oppose
her desires
She didn't get permission
herself to
throw the puppet
away—like the
many other dolls she
before had gotten and
right away thrown out—
yes this puppet—
in another way
She doled out
from her money bag
to salaried assistants
who scream ah see
Tulla L—I drown
for your sake—
thus she has

loved you—
 but the doll man has shown
 himself to have
 brain and bone but
 also hear—That
 she had understood
 the doll with
 a heart—ran into
 the water—there was no one
 no Tulla L only
 a puppet woman
 they had set up
 so dead doll man
 in the cold water—
 and then Tulla L was
 pleased and took herself
 a new doll man as
 before which didn't have head
 or bone

39

O my dear ladies bohemians and pigs
 . . . What have you gone and done
 Yes I must say that
 I have shit . . .
 a hell of a trick habit
 a fanfare of virtue
 the act was

40

That is woman!
 That is, a
 lady has permission to
 intrigue—
 bagatelle—seduce
 a man—ruin
 a man with lies

and decoys with
 every means
 within human power
 to destroy a man
 —a man must
 bite his tongue
 hold his peace

41

Why does one hang
 the poisoner
 —or punish a girl
 who has stolen—
 Perhaps they're better
 people than the
 secret criminal

42

She stood on the pier
 with frøken N and he had
 come by land—
 Then she waved her hands
 to him over the fence and

...

 They had been together all
 afternoon—
 She had shown him the prettiest
 spots—but most of the time
 they had spent in the forest—She
 was going up to a friend's
 so they kept each other company there—and
 they took the path through the forest
 They took plenty of time
 she had to show him a pretty flower
 and ahead was a lovely
 spot in the woods, it was so charming
 enchanting they must

gather mushrooms. There were so many
 strange mushrooms she would show him
 And thus it happened that they
 caught sight of a mushroom at the same time when
 they ran to get it first
 their hands touched
 when they reached

Red roses came to her cheeks
 and she looked young and radiant
 He had completely
 forgotten that she was married She was
 for him like a schoolgirl
 . . . that she . . . it was a married lady
 he

When they arrived at the
 farm they said farewell for the time being
 But he must not go home

They had been together all
 afternoon
 She was going
 up to a friend's on a farm in the neighborhood
 so he kept her company They
 had taken the path through
 the forest, and took plenty of time

She was in high spirits
 And so young . . . completely
 forgotten how she was

She ran about like a schoolgirl
 in the woods, as soon as she found
 something out of the ordinary
 he *had to* look and then
 it was a flower that was too
 lovely—Her high spirits
 were catching and he ran around
 like her—The conversation went so easily

He thought it was
so easy could go so easily

So this was Fr. whom he had
heard so much about—who was conceited
to see on the street—and who was
so used to being made over—
She was enjoying his company
so much with him always laughing had heard
he was rather . . . to talk to ladies

She was utterly enchanted

So they parted at the farm
but he mustn't go
all the way home—He must be
a little patient and wait for her
near the house she'd
come out right away and they would
again have a fine time. He floated
and was in seventh heaven—
. . . then back again
He walked fast though
he had time enough—all of this
had come so suddenly

—

He had so many times
wished for something like this
to happen to him and now it was
true—as if
he would live through something

He sat down near
the house so he could see when she came
and waited. The wind began to
get up and it began to drizzle
and grow chillier
toward evening.

Time passed—and he started
to feel cold and he felt tired

They were heading home
 They walked by cabins with
 gardens in front—and fruit trees and fences—
 They started—what was that?
 —and so peeked right in
 The head of an old crone
 who stood stock-still in the door and watched
 them with a rag in her hand
 A pair
 of tiny tiny boots sat
 on the fence with the soles up—
 wet with dew and full of holes and
 patches. Suddenly Fru jumped
 —a black cat
 was clinging to her legs—caught her breath
 Whoa! Don't touch it
 —how sweet how
 pretty—it was a cat
 to be sure and —they made a break for the woods.
 They were inside the woods
 On one side thick forest—black
 and impenetrable—on the other
 side—the lake

it stretched out blue violet
 a smooth and still expanse of surface
 Rocks jutted out in the shallows
 water far far out—and many
 many—It looked like an
 army of mermaids and mermen
 large and tiny—They stirred
 stretched and made faces
 There between the tree trunks
 the moon lay ahead, large and
 yellow—and a broad golden
 column—in the blue violet
 water.

Fru D and he were behind the
 others. They walked slowly and sauntered back
 and forth—and stayed close
 to each other arm in arm—
 They admired the lake and the column of moon
 —the little rock far out there though
 looked exactly like a head—it moved
 and glittered
 and the big one then looked like a mermaid.

They peered into the forest—
 See how strange it is in the dark
 said fru Heiberg—and how quiet there
 said Brandt—it would be
 cozy to live in a tent
 in a forest like this in the summer—
 Not alone, said fru Heiberg
 No with someone you were
 fond of—they went a ways in

Now they were on their way again
 everything was aglow
 Look there. Isn't that too
 lovely she pointed out over the lake
 he turned, didn't look
 just at her. Where?
 her lovely head in
 the soft gentle gleam from the horizon—
 so light against the forest.
 There was a twinkle
 in her eyes. Her hair she had
 untied—
 She looked at him—saw his
 admiration—and she smiled
 again with that strange little morbid
 smile to one side
 He felt again this tickling

warmth around the heart—
 You look like a mermaid—
 he said.
 He spoke with a different voice
 which quavered and didn't carry

43
 How young and girlish she
 seemed as she walked there and relaxed
 —it was so strange
 she was a married woman—
 It sprinkled a little—there sat
 Hertzberg by the edge of the street—
 The two other ladies walked along
 farther—

What are they doing there?
 I want to hear what they
 are talking about he said and smiled
 playing the dandy and roguishly
 You look like a little girl
 today fru Heiberg—
 Then they accompanied them up to
 the house

Sea-wife
 Mermaid she said and smiled
 she emphasized
 the

It was true she was married—
 he had never thought about the husband
 They walked in silence a
 bit—

I am after all in a very
 good position she said—She had certainly guessed
 my thoughts—I am married—
 and I have no children—
 I can do what I wish
 Yes but your husband—

do you have permission to do
 what you wish from him?
 Oh yes—anything I want
 he is so terribly good—
 I am often naughty toward him
 —I am so sorry about it—but
 I can't act any other way

(She had dreamed of a
 handsome young man last night—had
 not slept—)
 He was walking in his sleep
 when suddenly she had
 appeared to him in sleep

44

One day is like any other. My comrades have stopped coming.
 Why should they come after all—they see I can't join them, that their
 laughter annoys me.

That I get nervous with the racket of their love of life.

Goldstein, who held out the longest, has even given up. I had to lie
 down when he was here the last time. It pains me, his courting of the
 ladies, so finally almost furious I said, "Shut up!" He didn't like it. "You
 have to excuse me," I said, "but you don't know how painful it is—how
 even the least sound tortures me."

He didn't say anything then, and I lay there in fear—fear of any
 sudden racket, fear of something I didn't know what.

Then he came and took my outstretched hand. "How clammy it
 is," he said. "You are pitiful. A pitiful thing."

"Come again," said I.

But he didn't come again.

My mother's friend, she didn't come again either—she who was
 used to dropping in. She saw how it annoyed me to talk—and how I
 longed for her to leave.

Now I understand I was exposed before people whose language I
 did not understand.

You are looking a little curiously at me—at my odd habits—my

fastidiousness over food—my sudden arrival and sudden disappearance at the restaurant. But . . .

At first the maid popped in often, and we got so we could understand each other just barely.

She offered to teach me French. Then I would have to be together with her a lot?

Together all the time, she said, and pointed toward the big bed.

I took it as a joke.

She came in all the time—and began, and began to chatter.

Often that disturbed me so I said I have to have peace.

A day later she told me that I just needed to walk across the hall—the door was open at night—it was so warm at her place she said.

Then she got angry—

began to ridicule my habits, said I drank mineral water.

Now she cleaned up around me without saying a word—and did everything just the way she knew I wanted it.

I had stopped going out on the town. Every time I did I had a nerve attack.

So go the days, one day like any other.

45

I amuse myself

taking care I was always well groomed—

that my silk top hat sits well on the

head—I don't know why I did—

there was certainly no one here

who cared if I looked my best—

My regular long strolls around
the old castle got shorter and shorter—

it tired me more and more to walk—

The fire in the stove is my only
comrade—the time I spend sitting
before the stove grows longer and longer—
it is a cheerful friend—

it warms my thin frozen blood—

Now twilight lies over the room—The
coals begin to flutter and flash—

it is alive inside the gleaming
 embers—there is movement
 inside—small creatures—faces—soon
 a little cast lies over
 the face—suddenly it crackles—
 it grows blinding white and wee
 beings dance deep inside.

When I suffer the worst I couch my
 head near the stove—
 then suddenly a desire can come in me—
 kill you then it's over
 why live—it is cowardly to live
 such a life

You aren't going to live long anyway—
 so you drag yourself through the world—with
 this miserable body—with it soiled with
 medicine—this sentinel

on guard because of fragility
 This is certainly not life.

But this is only a moment—death is my
 shadow—I cannot bear the thought that
 this flesh will stink—that this finger will
 stiffen, turn blue

And life waves to you, summer
 evenings in two months—that could
 indeed be fine. Maybe one summer
 more of sunny days

Life waves to you, summer evenings in two months—that could
 indeed be fine. Maybe one summer more of sunny days

And I love life—life even sick—summer days with their sun, with
 clatter in the street, the clatter of vehicles, dust in the street, the
 movement
 of people on the sidewalk. I love the sun which slopes in at the
 window, which acts like a white belt of dust slanting down on the
 ocher-

colored floor and leaves behind a
 little blue white patch on the edge
 of the sofa.

And the curtains that are blown in by a little breeze—I love even the fever with its dreams—the half-waking state—you see shapes bent over you—you are there, father your sisters—who watch over you—you hear the words which are whispered.

When strolled in the moonshine in the part—in the old moss-covered works of art every one of which I knew—I gave a start at my own shadow.

When I lit the lamp I suddenly saw—my enormous shadow over half the wall all the way up to the ceiling.

And in the large mirror over the stove I saw myself, my own ghost face.

And I live with the dead—my mother my sister my grandfather my father—mostly with him—Every memory, the smallest things come up

I see him as I saw him—the last time four months ago when he bade me farewell on the pier. We were a little embarrassed over each other—would reluctantly show, in fact, how painful it was to part—How fond we were of each other in spite of all. How he prayed for my sake at night because I couldn't share his faith.

Yesterday I took out my old letters. I looked through them randomly. Some were on red paper. They were from several women. There were photographs.

I read a little in them. There were some in the same hand . . . I look at a photograph. This gentle, charming face with the smile of spring. How happy she was, how much prettier than the other. Why couldn't I be fond of her? Now I find a miserable little scrap of paper blotted with spots, which read simply: "Dear. Come tomorrow at eight." I leaned against the desk. I stared at every letter—turned it over and upside down—looked at every crease to find traces of her fingers.

46

It had been a long time since I had
 thought about her. But it came back.
 What a deep mark she had scratched
 in my heart—that no other picture can

crowd it completely out—

Was it that she was so much more
beautiful than the others

No—I didn't even know if she were
beautiful—her mouth was big. She could
have been ugly. She—the tall fair one—
was very beautiful—and with her glowing
young skin—the blonde hair that a
little breeze blew over her eyes—
and eyes were so trusting

She was affected—lied—the other one—a whore
Was it that we were in agreement
in sentiments we knew

And yet
was it because she stole my first kiss
that she stole the perfume of life from me—
—Was it that she lied—deceived—that
she one day suddenly the scales from my
eye so I saw the Medusa head—saw
life as a great riddle—

That everything that before had a
rosy hue—now looked empty and gray—

How light it was outside. One might
believe it was day. I always
sleep with the curtains
pulled back.

It is the moon which shines over
the Seine which shines into my
room through the windows.

It throws a bluish square
on the floor.

As I lay and looked out other
pictures glided by—a little
blurred like radiant screen images

from a magic lantern

It was a sunlit Sunday
morning. She had come. I was out
by the fence—like last year.
She stood back.

I was in a good humor. I looked
at her with smiles.

She looked a little tired,
a little low.

I leaned against the fence—
Well, Madam, how are you?
Well, thanks, she said and
squinted in the sun. Her skin looked
gray and unclean in the stark
light— And you? Splendid.—We
enjoy it here very much.—You
are not dressed yet. I looked at her and
laughed—

She looked much prettier I thought.
I looked to the side. I discovered Fru M
there in the road.

—Yes I've got to go—I'll be back in
a little bit—I look a little mysterious.

She leaned over and picked a flower.
For you, please.

Thank you, I said took it looked at it
Good day—we'll meet again. I took
off my hat and bowed.

I fell in with Fru M—how
consummately handsome she was—How
captivating she was in her light
summer dress. She loafed along
by my side, looking
down—neck exposed—She resembled
Fru Heiberg I thought but
prettier, much prettier—

I was to accompany her down to the

bathhouse as usual—We came by the house again—

I cast a hasty glance there. I saw a flash of Fru Heiberg's dress—

We took the forest path—We chatted about everything—great fun

Suddenly we heard a bellow—It was the priest's mad bull. Fru M was panic-stricken.

Chase it away. It'll squash me—

I had just spotted Fru Heiberg up the hill. She came toward us carrying her bathing suit.

I raised my stick and took a step toward the bull. I saw it back up a little. It was scared. I saw there was no danger. I sprang after it—It let out a terrible bellow and rushed off into the woods. I chased him much longer than necessary.

I went back to the ladies hot and sweating—Fru Heiberg had come down now.

We walked down together. Fru M and I chatted merrily. Fru Heiberg walked in silence to the side—

We were at the bathhouse

The key was hanging up high. Fru Heiberg couldn't reach it. Come Fru M I said You are the lightest. I'll lift you up and you can get it. She drew her dress tight around herself. I put my arms around her thighs—and lifted her up with a roar. She shrieked and laughed. I felt her soft arm around my neck—How we enjoyed ourselves—

Now look after my parasol said Fru M. I command you. She made a

threatening move with her hand.

Fru H was irritated. Hurry up she said.

I lay down in the grass a ways off.

They are busy changing. I saw
they were moving around inside.

All at once the little window
was filled up with something shining—
Fru Heiberg stood there naked and
looked down at me. Motionless as
a statue—with her loosened hair down
over her naked breast

They walked out into the water
Fru Heiberg had on a fire red bathing
suit. The other bather wore a white one.

I followed them with my eye—
compared them as they went down into
the lake—

Fru M swung her large hips
when she came out. How she laughed and
splashed.

I made them welcome when they came
out—we walked a bit and Fru Heiberg said
suddenly

I have forgotten the key—It is just
inside the door. She looked at me—Come
and help me.

All right said I and went along

It took a while with the lock—our hands met—

I went in to take the key out She followed
—The door swung halfway after her

Neither spoke. We looked at each other.
I saw she wanted . . . I felt my features
tighten—everything she'd made me suffer
came to the surface—Let's go I said. How

I wanted to hurt

We walked in silence. The others were
a bit ahead—She pulled the wool kerchief
up around her neck toward her mouth.

I knew the kerchief well from
former evenings

She had gotten a chill after bathing—
and a grief-worn appearance—
We said nothing for a long time. She walked
bent by my side—

Oh well I said so goes it

She did not respond

Now you remember we've gotten to know
each other well this winter

Yes that's true she said quietly

Why didn't you come I said I had
made it pleasant for you at my place—

Why did you make a fool of me

That isn't true. That wasn't the
day I was supposed to come

How she lies I thought

Strange how your love could stop so
abruptly I said—suddenly at Christmas

When did it really stop I asked
and looked at her

Oh, it was long long after that she said.

She said it sadly—it was as if she
wanted to blame me now

You don't know how nice I'd make it
for you I said

Who was the lucky one then she said

I began to believe I'd been wrong—

Then came the recollection of the thousand
stings in my heart hate arose
again toward this woman and
that made my fury greater—

—that you still are bound
to adore her. I smiled secretly as if
it were a woman who
had come—

Let us join the others I said. I
speeded up.

There stood Fru M beaming in her
baby-doll hat—Her blonde
hair lifted in the light breeze. I went
over to her smiling and walked with
her joking as we approached the
house

But all afternoon at home I was
peevish and irritable—

At night the little sad face of
Fru H appeared before me. Why
didn't you kiss her down there?
maybe still—she is merely
fond of you.

The sky was overcast. The moon
shone through the clouds—I'd been
with Fru M all day. I had escorted
her to her door. I walked toward
home and came by Fru Heiberg's
house—

The house stood dark in
among the trees. It was gloomy
there in the garden now—therein under
the trees by the gate where last year we
used to say good-bye.

We held hands for a long time
I thought of her arm while she held
my hand. It was exposed to the elbow. It
was round and shone in the dark.

All the windows are locked, and the door too.

The windows downstairs are dark—but
upstairs the lights are on. She
must have retired—

I was by the house—

The window opened. A glaring
yellow light shot out in the great
blue darkness—there was movement
up there—Something red and blinding white moved
And he saw the shadow of a head—

Good evening, he heard, and a little
laugh. He froze. Who is it? He said He pretended
that he didn't know her—

Don't you know me.

The voice was like before—soft and
caressing which

And again I thought that which I have thought
about hundreds of times—was it the
fault of your stupidity—was it you or she who
broke first?—did she still love you?
—if you had not repelled her

Ah yes now I see who it is said I
So she had waited for him—watched
him when he went by

I was about to ask her to come down—
Then soft voice from up there—in this
light with all of those colors which leaped
out in the dark made me fickle so I
said at once Good evening Madam—
greeted—and walked on quickly

A few steps from the house I regretted it—

I looked around—I saw the shadow up in
the window—should I go back—then
heard a little bang—the window was shut
again—and a blind was pulled down

it is too late

But she is fond of me—otherwise she
would not have waited for me—Does she love
me alone or both

In the end I spent the whole day with
Fru M—I began on her portrait. Came
at appointed times in the morning. Now I
knew for certain that it tortured Fru Heiberg.

Fru Heiberg was always on her balcony
or in the garden when I walked by
I greeted her exchanged a
few words about everyday things—was
chillier than ever

47

I talked to Fru L about free love—
—Why shouldn't two grownups love each other I said
—Yes why not she said
—I thought I wondered if I should kiss her—
She stood straight and motionless—
Then I went into a side room—and sat
myself down on the mattress—
—She walked over to me and looked into my
eyes. She had small brown somewhat piercing eyes—

Now I shall do something strange she said.

She rubs her hands on my forehead

What are you doing I said?

Are you hypnotizing me?

Suddenly she was standing in the doorway to
the atelier—

High thin face—and piercing eyes
encircling golden hair like a halo—
The curious smile—through the tight
drawn lips—something of a Madonna head
—an inexplicable feeling of angst came
over me

A shudder

Then she left—and I began on *The Dance of Life*

In the evening I dreamed kissed a corpse
and jumped up in fear—the pale smiling lips
of a corpse I kissed—a cold clammy kiss—
It was Fru L's face—

One day I said to Fru L—what shall a
poor man do who can't love the great love
who can't marry—first of all because marriage gets in the way
of art—and those who have already been
burnt by love can't love again.

In the hallway when
she started down the steps I said I was close to
giving you a kiss—

She stopped
—Well then try again tomorrow she said
—the next day I painted her without
talking

—The picture is beginning to get
monotonous—I wanted to finish—all of it—
In the end she made no impression
on me—

I wrote to her the same day. Frøken,
I thank you for sitting
The picture is nearly finished—
I will write when it has been finished

I thought that I would not write and she
would soon not be in my head.

The days went as before. But
the weakening continued. The attacks
became stronger in the morning and I waited
constantly for the sale of my pictures.

—Finally I heard that I could expect
a sale

Down to Paris—to get my frieze
ready back to my good friends in Paris—
see the old places again and treat my

old friends—The drink grew stronger
the attacks more frequent—

Now and then I experienced an
attack of intensity. It happened that I got
in a fistfight with somebody or other

—When I received the money I would
travel to Paris—

In the mornings I painted *The Dance of Life*.
Now I stuck mostly to decorative
pictures. I would like to say something—that
there my heart lay.

—to copy nature

We certainly could not catch nature anyway—
better to give the feeling—in oneself

How should one paint true weeping after nature?—as it was when
someone was dissolving in tears innermost—like weeping of the
woman I saw in the hospital for venereal diseases—with the sickly
naked baby in her arms. She who had now come to learn that her
child was doomed to die from birth.

This twisted face—distended lips—crimson swollen cheeks—the
eyes showed lines tears rained out of—and a purple nose.

This face twisted by despair should be painted just as I saw it then
against the green hospital wall—

And the questioning-suffering infant eyes I must paint just like
those which stared out of the sickly yellow infant body—white like
the white sheet it lay upon—

So must I relinquish my claim to much else

Truth in proportions—and the correct play of light

Large sections of the picture resembled a poster—wide and
empty—but the finest parts—which should express the pain and
conviction of the painting, I hope to make much more subliminal—
And then the public—everyone
laughed at the picture—and
found it crude immoral—
and I would be stoned to death and laughed
at again

And I knew that the accusation
of immorality would hurt even though
I intended to be moral—

And I will be branded a criminal
on my forehead.

I took my hat to set out on my
accustomed walk on the street. On the
steps I met Fr. L., who came dashing up.

—Ah!—Hello—I've come just—
breathless—to invite you on a trip to
Holmenkollen—Some of your friends are
coming—

Yes thanks I'll come along—and
leave with her

I hadn't seen her or thought
about her for fourteen days

Yes now he was waiting for money
from the Gallery. Then he'd take a trip.
A little party first he could well start
with.

Up in the dining room at Holmenkollen
a big party was under way—

I sat beside Fr. L.—a young lady
on the other side. I didn't like it that she
had simply placed me
beside herself. There were several
of her friends and mine.

She didn't make a pleasant
impression on me—Her arms are too
long—swinging gestures. The little lady
on the other side I liked better. We ate
and drank. High spirits set in.

Far down in the corner Fr. L. had
placed Kandidat Kl. I knew that he
had for a long time been half engaged
to her—

I didn't like that. Should she pester
him?

Look at you two then says little
 Fru B. You are lucky—now.

Two years ago she was married to
 someone else with tuberculosis. While he
 lay in his last days he got to see his wife
 pregnant. A terrible pain racked
 the dying man. He chased her away.
 She moved on—to happiness, love
 and life in the arms of her current man.

The other man
 descends after a lonely
 awful struggle into the realm of the dead.

A year later Fr. H is curling
 her blonde hair over the spirit lamp

Then out of the lamp rises the soul of
 the departed—it explodes and she is
 standing in a sea of flame—The husband
 rushes in and burns his hands. Help
 comes. They are saved—but the wife is
 burned over her whole face and
 succumbed in the hospital.

Come. Let's go out on the veranda says
 Fr. L—You come and Fru H—There outside
 in the cool evening under the
 starry heaven the faces took on a strange
 mysterious appearance and the voices
 seemed to come from another place—

Dance, Fru H, said Fr. L—and the little
 graceful Fr. H danced—charming and
 light lithe—and the little round smiling
 head swinging to and fro—
 No—yes, but she's not dancing the cancan—
 like they dance in *Bullier*?

I was amazed—Lord she was pretty—
 and graceful

Brandt was inflamed with champagne and
 more wine was brought in—

Let's go upstairs says Fr. L.

It was the ladies' dressing room. Isn't
she sweet Fru H says fr. L—You know
she has pretty chemises

Will you have a look

Take off your vest Fr. L says and she
started unbuttoning little chubby Fru—the
chubby bare arms emerged—and the
golden breast lay there concealed in
the white silk shift

I was standing with Fr. H in the dark staircase
We looked into each other's eyes.

48

Hauge I haven't seen lately
At night I hear him coming up
with different women.

My heart was pounding
I had to drink a lot to
stay on my feet keep up

One day I had chills and fever—and
had to go to bed in a hotel—I had pneumonia—
I lay with high fever in that little hotel room—
Now and then Fr. L came up.

—I had been in bed three days when
J. M. came up and said to me,
“Here, you, you have got to see a doctor—
I am phoning Koren.”

Koren was the gratis doctor for
the bohemians. He was a tall red-nosed
man who was a little religious and
a prohibitionist

Yes you have to have medicine to get
the fever down and sleeping pills. You have a
high fever. You have pneumonia.

A little later Fr. L arrived. I've
 gotten the medicine and sleeping pills
 I say and now I'll sleep until
 morning and that'll help.
 —After awhile she says good night and leaves
 and I go to sleep.

—Suddenly I am waked up.
 There is a banging on the door—in comes Fr. L—
 smiling glowing with flying hair—and
 after her my friend Skredsvig the
 painter—
 What time is it I ask
 12—yes then I've slept a couple of hours
 I say

—Let's get the champagne I say
 The champagne cork pops
 Sing there says Fr. L and Skredsvig
 sang—Look here at this pin Fru L's given
 me says Skredsvig The fever is
 hammering in my temples my
 eyes are burning and sweating
 heat—my cheeks glow like fire

By the bed Fr. L kneels—my prince—
 she said and laid her
 head of golden locks on
 the edge of the bed. You are so
 handsome with fever

Now you must sleep she said. Adieu
 my prince

49

He walked down the country path. He
 felt cheerful and lighthearted. He felt half-glad and
 half-bashful when he suddenly
 discovered Fru H in a carriage—driving
 toward him. Of course his tie was pulled wrong
 and he had his ugliest trousers on

he planned to wear out in the country.
 He wanted to wash up a bit before
 she saw him but it was no use with the
 carriage approaching fast.

Do you know Fru H is coming—have you seen
 her—I await her any minute

Hertzberg and Brandt were looking
 at some pictures—

Brandt got excited. He started to look
 keenly at a picture—

Very good that

I painted that with turpentine—I think
 I've been lucky, don't you think
 Turpentine is the only thing—quite
 wonderful—it is what the old
 masters used too—it is so
 comfortable he pressed his fingers
 together to stress how comfortable
 it was

I paint only with turpentine—have
 always done that—

Here's another—this one I painted with
 paraffin—it is also good—very nice
 for the right thing—it turns out
 so lush

That part is good right there

Excellent—lush in the color

Hertzberg walks back and
 forth plump and self-satisfied and looked
 at the pictures—set one picture quickly
 on the floor, then quickly on the table

Turpentine and paraffin are both good,
 equally good—each to his own

It is ordinary turpentine you use
 God forbid—if you blend it yourself—

you need
 ingredients from Munich. Here it is—
 he held a bottle up to the light. See how
 pure and clear it is—

It is so delicate to paint with it is
 rapture—he clicked his tongue. The
 old masters used the same mixture. I
 take one part Venetian
 turpentine— Brandt stopped listening.
 Voices could be heard in the passage—
 a short laugh as someone tried the door—

Fru Heiberg came in wearing a light
 summer dress—fresh and smiling
 After her came Fru Hertzberg

Hello. Hello.

She greeted Hertzberg

Then she caught sight of Brandt

Hello—she gave him her hand

Now—why haven't you come to see
 me? She looked him in the eye

I've been very busy—lately—and
 your mother has come too—I didn't want to

A strangely soft spirit had come
 over him—his voice shook

She seems glad to see him—And
 he was glad too—he couldn't be angry—
 she did look delicious in her little
 light blue dress—

All rise from the great table in the hotel
 dining room. There is the sound of
 pushing chairs back and the
 stamp of boot heels.

Brandt and Fru Heiberg were deep in
 conversation as she stood up—
 —There one can do what one wishes.
 Isn't it wonderful when one wakes up
 in the morning in Paris? said Brandt.

—All the bustle in the streets—
 all the strange sounds one hears—some people
 are singing some are screaming—and
 the clatter of vehicles—the sun
 that is shining in—it is different
 there from here—and when you throw open
 the window and look out over
 all the roofs which

—Isn't it wonderful?

—He had run on—talked himself up to a
 pitch

She listened to him with the greatest concentration—There was actually admiration in the gaze with which she looked up at him—While he spoke it made him confident—

Dance music came from the side room—
 A dancing couple passed by the
 door. Hertzberg came over to them.
 “May I have a dance, Fru Heiberg?”

With a smile she gave him her arm—

Brandt sat down in a corner. He
 did not know how to dance.

Through the door he followed
 Hertzberg and Fru Heiberg with his eyes.
 How they were enjoying each other's company!
 That irritated him a bit.

He rested his head on his hands.

I thought you were asleep. Let me see.

No, not at all—but I don't like
 to dance—He didn't want to say that he
 couldn't.

Oh it is so much fun—Come dance with me.

No he said and stood up. I'm very
 tired. It's so warm. They passed over
 the floor to the open window. They leaned
 out and looked down into the garden. It is

chilly out there.

The trees stood like large dark
masses in the open air

It is too lovely—look over there. She
pointed to the lake between the trees

And up there is the moon. Well, one can only
suspect it's there. It comes out later.

I am happy in the darkness. I can't
bear the light. It should be just like this
evening—when the moon is behind the clouds—
It is full of secrets. Light is
so tactless.

I have an arrangement she said
after a bit, on such evenings I can do
whatever I want to do—
Something terribly crazy. Her eyes
were large and veiled in the dusk.
He had to smile.

She smiled too, strangely, softly—
pulled her mouth to one side—white teeth
underneath

It was as if she meant something
by that—he got a feeling that
something would happen—a feeling like
shyness

He stood up.

He was glad to see Hertzberg coming
toward them chubby and smiling.

Isn't it true? Fru Viborg and I
followed you on the path—let's go in to the
others for coffee—

They walked along the rough path—
over into the woods—they went by
huts surrounded by fruit trees and
picket fences in front—up over the slope
lay meadows and spruce trees—fantastic
and troll-like in the twilight

Just at that moment a cat
ran by

They jumped—What was that! They
caught a glimpse of the
head of an old crone—she stood
stock still in the doorway and stared at them
with a rag in her hand.

A cat snuggled up to Fru Hertzberg's
legs. Hysch shoo! How sweet! Don't
touch it.

They entered the forest. It lay dense
and mysterious on one side on the other lay
the lake stretched out dark and still

Fru Heiberg and Brandt kept behind
the others

They came slowly—sauntered
back and forth. Occasionally Brandt
felt her shoulder against his arm.

Do you remember the pictures at
Gervex—Ralla—That was remarkable

He remembered the picture—from
Paris—The young woman who lay naked
on the bed after a night of love

Yes that is remarkably drawn but
it is painted too flat

Yes but young women are like that—
do you remember how splendid the leg was
made—which lies stretched out—the fine
line up and the sheet
which lays itself in light folds
over. She went and wrinkled her brow
a little and made a movement with his
hand to show what she meant.

Brandt asked himself if it was an
affectation or if she really understood

He saw for himself the naked woman who

lay there in the physical pose
with the legs

When he looked up he thought she was
smiling a little

Oh, how lovely she said. She pointed out over
the lake.

It lay there still—as a long wave
came slowly and heavily up toward the
shore—it was so tired—it
couldn't finish
the approach—finally it broke again over the
the stones it broke with a little slap—
afterward they were repeated with
a small crash along the shore.

Among the tree trunks the moon
would be seen large and yellow—a broad
golden column in the violet water

The stones protruded out of the shallow
water They looked like an army of sea people great
and tiny—They stretched themselves and
pulled faces

See how that stone looks like a head
said Fru Heiberg enrapt—it is
moving

Oh, how strange and still in the forest—
how pleasant to live in it—not alone but
a couple—how silent.

She untied her hair—let it drift
down over her shoulders

He stopped and looked at her—
How lovely she was in the soft warm
glow from the horizon

She saw his admiration—and
smiled again with that strange one-sided
smile—and then he felt this tickling
warmth stream through his veins

You look like a mermaid he said.
 He spoke with another voice—which
 trembled and didn't carry
 Mermaid—she repeated and laughed—
 mermadam

It was so. She was married. He had
 never thought of thinking of the husband

They looked out for a long time
 without saying anything
 I am in reality—after all—all
 things considered I am very well provided for
 She looks as though she were musing
 meditating deeply

I am married and have no children

How?

One is you know of course after all so free when
 one is married—and has no children
 anyway

Yes but your husband?

I have leave to do what
 I want from him—what I want
 Isn't he kind?

Yes terribly—but I am naughty
méchante very *méchante* toward him
 very mean to him very mean to him—I'm
 so sorry for it but I can't change

I do what I want

How young and girlish she looked
 as she walked by his side and
 strolled by his side—how strange that
 she was a wife—and she didn't love her
 husband.

You know she said I dream a lot
 at night I dreamt of a handsome
 young man—how did he look
 what did he look like? Let me see—

He looked like you—She stopped
 They caught sight of Hertzberg, who
 sat on the roadside—the two others
 were walking on ahead

What are you doing there
 I want to hear what you are talking about he said and smiled with his
 bright skull-like smile

You look like a little schoolgirl today
 fru Heiberg

They caught up with the others
 Fru Heiberg's house appeared now in
 among the trees—and moments later they
 were inside

They sat down around the stove had coffee
 and Hertzberg was very talkative and told
 stories from Italy. When the fire began
 to die down Fru Heiberg knelt down and
 blew it up into flame—Her shoulder touched
 Brandt's leg—Somehow she leaned
 against him—and when she stood up her
 cheek grazed his hand.

Hertzberg and Fru Viborg had left.

They were by themselves in front of the house—
 The landscape lay big and empty in the
 whitish moonshine—

Fru Heiberg walked with Brandt away
 down the path—They said nothing—Now they were
 by themselves Brandt had some of the same shyness
 of earlier in the afternoon—a fear
 that she would find him stupid—They came
 to a stop. Brandt looked at the big house
 which lay there somber in among the trees

he thought how lonely she was in the empty house—
 the maids had gone to bed—It was as if he
 should say something but it was
 impossible for him to find the right words—

I must go she said drearily. He stretched
 out his hand mechanically—and took hers
 without squeezing—utterly absentmindedly.
 Then he headed home.

He walked with bowed head—pondered
 and pondered puzzles over had he
 gotten entangled—I wonder if she is laughing—
 at him again—thinks he is a greenhorn
 —doesn't know a thing about life

Fru Heiberg placed herself before the piano
 Brandt sat in the corner—by the stove and
 watched her—while she sang he followed
 one soft inclination of her back—the chubby
 bare neck where the hair had been
 brushed up—her almost cat-like
 movements

She sang French songs—about
 love. She had a soft voice—almost
 cuddly

Brandt often thought she looked at him
 while she sang—Once he heard more
 clearly than before—I love you because I must—
 She turned her face suddenly toward
 him—when she had sung that and their eyes met—

Brandt moved his head more into the
 shadow he felt the blood hum in his ears—
 it was performed—her presentation of something
 glorious—a matchless happiness—of days
 only of jubilation and delight

He slept little at night—his lips burned
 Again he was out among the trees—He

was reliving it all again—how she gave in—
 rose over him—and he felt once more the
 titillating softness about the mouth—

He arose early—walked out into the garden.
 He sat down on the steps and let the sunbeams
 rest on his face. A refreshing coolness
 hung about the dew on the flowers—

The whitish morning sun shone on the
 purple red hollyhock and shock—it glittered
 in the dewdrops

But the small flowers still lay in the
 blue cold long shadows—

Out over the lake morning
 mist shimmered it was still. In the
 house all slept—and she also there by the white
 church.

Today he was happy. He was going
 to town to meet friends—make arrangements
 for the autumn exhibition—
 true enough, he was leaving her—but she
 was to follow soon and they would meet
 her—greet her on the street, on Karl
 Johans street—

And today he was to have a rendezvous
 with her—a real rendezvous—to bid
 farewell before he left for the city.
 Uff—don't sing these tiresome
 Tivoli melodies said his aunt—But he
 kept on Tra la la—he took her
 around the waist and danced across
 the floor

Aunt was struck by cramps of laughter.
 She bent double all the way to the floor
 with laughter—Petra and Maria
 had to laugh too and the doctor broke

there at the table. He sat with his
back bent—over a few papers—

Oh no! spare the ancient. She'll
fall apart—

The conversation limped along. Brandt
thought it was strange they talked about
commonplace things. Shouldn't he say
something about how he had
longed—surely she expected that

It was as if nothing had happened
Let's take the path through the forest she
said suddenly.

No, no—then we'd go by the house
he was scared of the sarcasm at home.

But I want to she said a little warmly

All right we'll go through the woods—
to the house. They went in through
the tree trunks—a few steps from
each other. Brandt looked down into
his thought—he was perhaps a bit

disappointed.

She surely thinks he is dull or stupid.

Let's sit here

What are you thinking about

Oh, a lot

He wanted very much to put his arm
around her waist—but he was bashful

Oh, he ought to kiss her

Let's go then

Then they had to part They were at
the end of the woods. Good-bye
she said and she raised up on her toes
so her mouth was at his—

So he took her around the waist and
pressed his lips to hers—

Won't you stay here a while longer?

she said—it's pretty here—and we'll
be together all day

But he thought about his comrades

No—I can't—impossible—

Don't you want to—

He thought it over—no—she looked
at him a while—you are a rare one—not
like the others

Yes yes good-bye then—and so they kissed
each other again. Then we'll meet
in town—

He stood by the garden fence—thought
a bit about what he should say when
he went in—should he go in the
closest or the farthest gate—he chose
the closest—then he wouldn't have
to go by all the windows—

He went along the house in toward
the courtyard—walked up
the porch steps—stamped a little
hard—He saw someone get up—
inside was another room by the window—
There she came toward him
smiling—

He took off his hat—and
stretched out his hand—Hello—It
was good of you to come

How funny that you came the
back way she said smiling—now come
let's go into the living room—

I'll show you my rarities—she led the
way—he looked at her chubby neck

There they saw some paintings
bad ones. Here is one which

He happened to glance down at the table
at some papers—you're in the middle of
writing—am I disturbing—she had
hurried by grabbed the letter—

Not at all. There's no hurry—I'm
writing to Bentsen—

He looked at her.

He wondered that she mentioned
him offhand in manner—It hadn't been
long since the whole town was telling stories
about Fru Heiberg and Bentsen

I've known him since we were
children you see—Bentsen is a rare
one—I liked him a lot—he is so

Brutal

Yes exactly

I grow tired of people so quickly
she said

She looked out of the window with
her belly against the table—both hands
under the belt around her waist—her
arms were round and white—and half
bare—a full bare neck—on high
shoulders—her hair was brushed up from
the neck—it was yellow like ripe corn

Brandt had imagined Cleopatra
so—

She looked at him over her shoulder
which she drew up toward her chin—
smiled a little

What a funny belt you have on—said
Brandt—a little embarrassed

It is so old—she showed him the
buckle, which rode far down on the tummy—
and here you see my keepsakes—she
held the watch chain up for him on which
a whole mass of coins hung

That I got from Bentsen—that
 from Lassen—Isn't it amusing
 the one that is heavy as lead. They had a look
 at both of them—their hands met
 at

Isn't this sweet this summer hat?
 She stood in front of the mirror

This have I got from painter
 Kristiansen

Brandt looked at her with wonder
 The light summer hat suited
 was becoming to her white skin

I had another one too—she led the
 way out into the hallway
 She placed both hands on her hips, legs
 planted apart and looked at him—

Brandt did not like her now—she
 looked like a whore like that he thought—
 with bangs down over her eyes—

Hey—that's pretty—he drawled
 Suddenly she flung her hat away with an
 irritated outburst

Let's have a drink. Will you have
 port—or liqueur—port.

They sat down opposite each other
 at a little table by the window, glasses and
 decanter between

Skål! She clinked her glass to his.

You promised me to come more often,
 didn't you?

Yes. Thanks.

She had a white wool scarf
 about her shoulders. She bent and buried
 half of her face down in the scarf—so only
 nose and eyes were visible. Brandt stared
 at his glass—he felt her gaze—so he
 had to look up—yes the eyes were there

great dark green under full eyelids—
 they rested calmly on him—he looked
 down at his glass again—but her eyes
 embarrassed him—he had to look up
 and his eyes were looking right into hers—
 they're getting bigger and bigger he
 thought—and darker and darker

Short hair does become you she said
 you had long hair once—he thought she
 winked a little with one eye

Do you remember me from before
 then he said

Yes I have noticed you many times
 I've always thought you looked like
 Christ

The eyes were there again over the scarf—
 But you should have your hair
 parted a little more to the side—she got up—
 wait a moment and I'll get a comb—
 Quick she said here comes Petra—
 how annoying—Brandt had stood up too
 I'll leave said Brandt—he felt relieved
 at the arrival of someone else

May I present

Painter Brandt—Fru Heiberg.

Brandt had grown depressed

I remember once at a dance I was
 little—I wanted terribly to dance with a
 boy—but he didn't look in my corner
 once—so I prayed to God that he
 would dance with her—and right
 afterward he asked me for a dance—
 how happy I was

Brandt looked at her. How touching
 said Brandt—she looked like a schoolgirl

as she told the story
so young and guileless

50

It was after my first exhibition in Berlin
(when my pictures were thrown out of the
Berliner Kunstlerverein with the result
that the artists split into two camps—
and the one with Liebermann in the forefront
formed an open exhibition)
I had a greeting from Dr. Elisa to Henrik
Ibsen. I walked up to his residence
Since he wasn't home I
left him a card and went my way—

Some days later I'm sitting in the Grand
with several friends. I had beforehand seen
him in the reading room of the hotel—
It was spring—All the windows and one
great window inside were open to Karl Johans
gate which was sun drenched and full of
people—Then Ibsen looked in—We saw him
"sail in like a wide vessel"—But we were
amazed when he veered around and
sailed into the packed Grand—Ibsen in
the café—something never dreamed of before
happened was happening

and he crossed through the guests
—and toward us! Growing
astonishment—Good day. Isn't it Mr. Munch
—and there he sat in our midst
with his little thickset figure—
He said something—usual
politenesses—and left—
—We all sat there . . .
Ibsen at our table!

Later I talked to him one
evening at the Grand, in the little reading room
in the Grand—

—It was in 1894. I had
an exhibition at Blomqvist's—
It was a series of my later
pictures—which belonged to the life frieze

Scream—Jealousy—Death room—Death struggle
loving woman—Kiss—Woman and man
among forest tree trunks—the three women—
Vampire—

The usual scandal—call for police
call for boycott of Blomqvist's
rooms

One day I met Ibsen at the exhibition—
we look at the pictures together
—one by one—he studied each closely
Of special interest to him was the three women—
—I said—The dark one
who is standing in the tree trunks by the
naked woman—is the nun—sort
of the woman's shadow—sorrow and death—
the naked one is a woman with a zest for life
Finally beside them—the
pale fair cheerful woman who is walking out toward the ocean
toward eternity—she is the woman
of longing
Among the tree trunks farthest to the right
—stands the man—in pain and without
comprehending

He also took an interest in
the man who sits by the sea
bowed and depressed
(It amused him to see
a socialist . . . I had painted
against a red background and partly caricatured.

—Toward red! he said
 He asked about a lady's portrait I
 had just removed from the exhibition—
 —I told him that her remarkable
 Mr. Father had so . . . asked
 that I remove it and I've done it
 —admitted I had interested him—)
 —I told him that the pictures mentioned above
 were intended to be a large frieze hung together—
 The frieze of life
 some years later Ibsen wrote "When We Dead Awaken"—
 The story of a sculptor whose masterpiece—
 The Resurrection—is split up broken up—and
 whose own life is wasted—
 and part disappears in Germany—
 —one will see here again scenes
 of pictures—to some extent like
 the Frieze of Life—The Three women—Irene—women
 with a zest for life—Maja and the Nurse are found
 collected as in one picture
 saw Irene naked by the side of the man—and many
 like that can be found—the man who is sitting on the rock
 thinking about his wasted life
 I will tell you said Ibsen It's the same for you as it is for me—
 The more enemies you make the more friends you make



ŒUVRES - 22, rue Japy

PEER GYNT

Œuvres complètes en 2 tomes
Traduction de M. A. de la Roche
Illustrations complètes par E. H. Rieu
Texte de l'édition par M. H. de la Roche

1890	1891
1892	1893
1894	1895
1896	1897
1898	1899
1900	1901
1902	1903
1904	1905
1906	1907
1908	1909
1910	1911
1912	1913
1914	1915
1916	1917
1918	1919
1920	1921
1922	1923
1924	1925
1926	1927
1928	1929
1930	1931
1932	1933
1934	1935
1936	1937
1938	1939
1940	1941
1942	1943
1944	1945
1946	1947
1948	1949
1950	1951
1952	1953
1954	1955
1956	1957
1958	1959
1960	1961
1962	1963
1964	1965
1966	1967
1968	1969
1970	1971
1972	1973
1974	1975
1976	1977
1978	1979
1980	1981
1982	1983
1984	1985
1986	1987
1988	1989
1990	1991
1992	1993
1994	1995
1996	1997
1998	1999
2000	2001
2002	2003
2004	2005
2006	2007
2008	2009
2010	2011
2012	2013
2014	2015
2016	2017
2018	2019
2020	2021
2022	2023
2024	2025
2026	2027
2028	2029
2030	2031
2032	2033
2034	2035
2036	2037
2038	2039
2040	2041
2042	2043
2044	2045
2046	2047
2048	2049
2050	2051
2052	2053
2054	2055
2056	2057
2058	2059
2060	2061
2062	2063
2064	2065
2066	2067
2068	2069
2070	2071
2072	2073
2074	2075
2076	2077
2078	2079
2080	2081
2082	2083
2084	2085
2086	2087
2088	2089
2090	2091
2092	2093
2094	2095
2096	2097
2098	2099
2100	2101
2102	2103
2104	2105
2106	2107
2108	2109
2110	2111
2112	2113
2114	2115
2116	2117
2118	2119
2120	2121
2122	2123
2124	2125
2126	2127
2128	2129
2130	2131
2132	2133
2134	2135
2136	2137
2138	2139
2140	2141
2142	2143
2144	2145
2146	2147
2148	2149
2150	2151
2152	2153
2154	2155
2156	2157
2158	2159
2160	2161
2162	2163
2164	2165
2166	2167
2168	2169
2170	2171
2172	2173
2174	2175
2176	2177
2178	2179
2180	2181
2182	2183
2184	2185
2186	2187
2188	2189
2190	2191
2192	2193
2194	2195
2196	2197
2198	2199
2200	2201
2202	2203
2204	2205
2206	2207
2208	2209
2210	2211
2212	2213
2214	2215
2216	2217
2218	2219
2220	2221
2222	2223
2224	2225
2226	2227
2228	2229
2230	2231
2232	2233
2234	2235
2236	2237
2238	2239
2240	2241
2242	2243
2244	2245
2246	2247
2248	2249
2250	2251
2252	2253
2254	2255
2256	2257
2258	2259
2260	2261
2262	2263
2264	2265
2266	2267
2268	2269
2270	2271
2272	2273
2274	2275
2276	2277
2278	2279
2280	2281
2282	2283
2284	2285
2286	2287
2288	2289
2290	2291
2292	2293
2294	2295
2296	2297
2298	2299
2300	2301
2302	2303
2304	2305
2306	2307
2308	2309
2310	2311
2312	2313
2314	2315
2316	2317
2318	2319
2320	2321
2322	2323
2324	2325
2326	2327
2328	2329
2330	2331
2332	2333
2334	2335
2336	2337
2338	2339
2340	2341
2342	2343
2344	2345
2346	2347
2348	2349
2350	2351
2352	2353
2354	2355
2356	2357
2358	2359
2360	2361
2362	2363
2364	2365
2366	2367
2368	2369
2370	2371
2372	2373
2374	2375
2376	2377
2378	2379
2380	2381
2382	2383
2384	2385
2386	2387
2388	2389
2390	2391
2392	2393
2394	2395
2396	2397
2398	2399
2400	2401
2402	2403
2404	2405
2406	2407
2408	2409
2410	2411
2412	2413
2414	2415
2416	2417
2418	2419
2420	2421
2422	2423
2424	2425
2426	2427
2428	2429
2430	2431
2432	2433
2434	2435
2436	2437
2438	2439
2440	2441
2442	2443
2444	2445
2446	2447
2448	2449
2450	2451
2452	2453
2454	2455
2456	2457
2458	2459
2460	2461
2462	2463
2464	2465
2466	2467
2468	2469
2470	2471
2472	2473
2474	2475
2476	2477
2478	2479
2480	2481
2482	2483
2484	2485
2486	2487
2488	2489
2490	2491
2492	2493
2494	2495
2496	2497
2498	2499
2500	2501
2502	2503
2504	2505
2506	2507
2508	2509
2510	2511
2512	2513
2514	2515
2516	2517
2518	2519
2520	2521
2522	2523
2524	2525
2526	2527
2528	2529
2530	2531
2532	2533
2534	2535
2536	2537
2538	2539
2540	2541
2542	2543
2544	2545
2546	2547
2548	2549
2550	2551
2552	2553
2554	2555
2556	2557
2558	2559
2560	2561
2562	2563
2564	2565
2566	2567
2568	2569
2570	2571
2572	2573
2574	2575
2576	2577
2578	2579
2580	2581
2582	2583
2584	2585
2586	2587
2588	2589
2590	2591
2592	2593
2594	2595
2596	2597
2598	2599
2600	2601
2602	2603
2604	2605
2606	2607
2608	2609
2610	2611
2612	2613
2614	2615
2616	2617
2618	2619
2620	2621
2622	2623
2624	2625
2626	2627
2628	2629
2630	2631
2632	2633
2634	2635
2636	2637
2638	2639
2640	2641
2642	2643
2644	2645
2646	2647
2648	2649
2650	2651
2652	2653
2654	2655
2656	2657
2658	2659
2660	2661
2662	2663
2664	2665
2666	2667
2668	2669
2670	2671
2672	2673
2674	2675
2676	2677
2678	2679
2680	2681
2682	2683
2684	2685
2686	2687
2688	2689
2690	2691
2692	2693
2694	2695
2696	2697
2698	2699
2700	2701
2702	2703
2704	2705
2706	2707
2708	2709
2710	2711
2712	2713
2714	2715
2716	2717
2718	2719
2720	2721
2722	2723
2724	2725
2726	2727
2728	2729
2730	2731
2732	2733
2734	2735
2736	2737
2738	2739
2740	2741
2742	2743
2744	2745
2746	2747
2748	2749
2750	2751
2752	2753
2754	2755
2756	2757
2758	2759
2760	2761
2762	2763
2764	2765
2766	2767
2768	2769
2770	2771
2772	2773
2774	2775
2776	2777
2778	2779
2780	2781
2782	2783
2784	2785
2786	2787
2788	2789
2790	2791
2792	2793
2794	2795
2796	2797
2798	2799
2800	2801
2802	2803
2804	2805
2806	2807
2808	2809
2810	2811
2812	2813
2814	2815
2816	2817
2818	2819
2820	2821
2822	2823
2824	2825
2826	2827
2828	2829
2830	2831
2832	2833
2834	2835
2836	2837
2838	2839
2840	2841
2842	2843
2844	2845
2846	2847
2848	2849
2850	2851
2852	2853
2854	2855
2856	2857
2858	2859
2860	2861
2862	2863
2864	2865
2866	2867
2868	2869
2870	2871
2872	2873
2874	2875
2876	2877
2878	2879
2880	2881
2882	2883
2884	2885
2886	2887
2888	2889
2890	2891
2892	2893
2894	2895
2896	2897
2898	2899
2900	2901
2902	2903
2904	2905
2906	2907
2908	2909
2910	2911
2912	2913
2914	2915
2916	2917
2918	2919
2920	2921
2922	2923
2924	2925
2926	2927
2928	2929
2930	2931
2932	2933
2934	2935
2936	2937
2938	2939
2940	2941
2942	2943
2944	2945
2946	2947
2948	2949
2950	2951
2952	2953
2954	2955
2956	2957
2958	2959
2960	2961
2962	2963
2964	2965
2966	2967
2968	2969
2970	2971
2972	2973
2974	2975
2976	2977
2978	2979
2980	2981
2982	2983
2984	2985
2986	2987
2988	2989
2990	2991
2992	2993
2994	2995
2996	2997
2998	2999
3000	3001
3002	3003
3004	3005
3006	3007
3008	3009
3010	3011
3012	3013
3014	

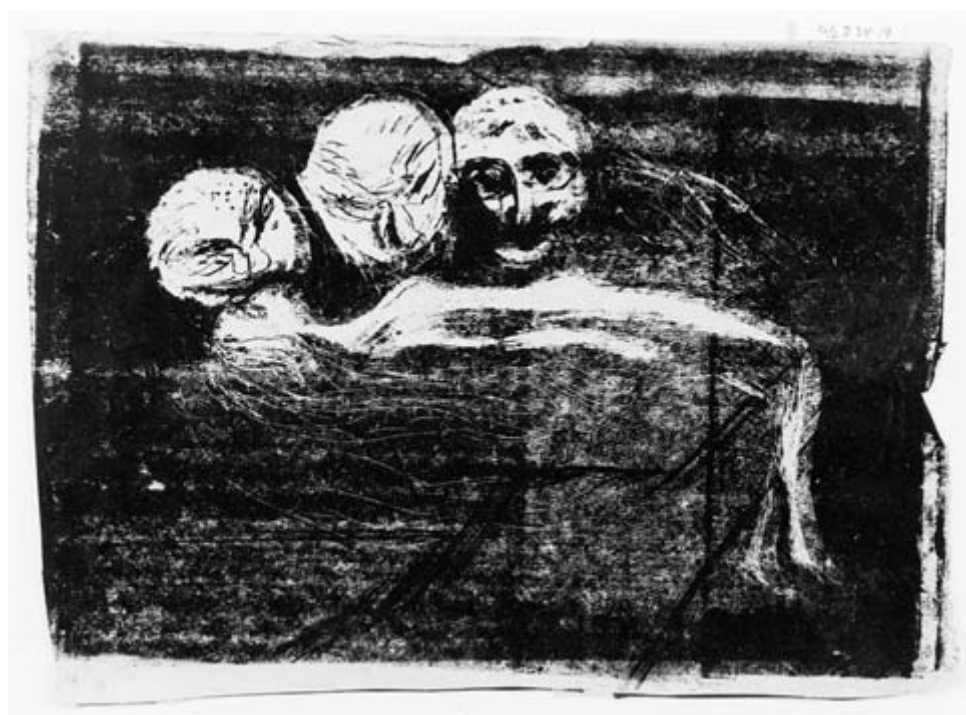
I.

Theatre Program for *Peer Gynt*

1896

Lithographic crayon on paper (Woll No. 82)

Though Munch is not known for painting distant landscapes, at fourteen he remembered being moved by the mountainous scenery in *Bridal Procession* *Voyage at Hardanger*, a classic of nineteenth-century National Romanticism by Adolph Tidemand and Hans F. Gude. In this playbill Solveig's dreams seem to fill the waiting valleys and mountains beyond. Mother Aase's face is beyond romanticism. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



2.

Desire

1898

Lithographic crayon, tusche, and scraper (Woll No. 122 V)

Elemental savagery is matched by the paper on which it has been drawn and scraped. Munch had a “fondness for rough brownish paper, torn or cut in an almost random manner which emphasises the character of packing paper” (Gerd Woll, “Edvard Munch’s Graphic Works,” in *Munch at the Munch Museum, Oslo* [Oslo: Messel, 1998], 118). Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



Man's Head beneath Woman's Breast

1898. Woodcut with gouges (Woll No. 126)

The physical force of the gouging of the aspen woodblock cannot be escaped in this primal, Old Testament-type icon. It might have been entitled *The Gloom of the Patriarch*. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen / de Jong).



4.

Holger Drachmann

1902

Lithographic crayon on paper (Woll No. 197)

Drachmann was a Danish author and artist (1846–1908). The conversation between Munch and Drachmann in journal entry 28 may be read in connection with this portrait. Drachmann was one of the circle of authors, artists, and musicians who frequented the café Zum schwarzen Ferkel (At the black piglet) in Berlin in 1893–94. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



5.

Henrik Ibsen at the Grand Café

1902

"Lithographic crayon on paper, transferred to stone, and further worked on with scrapers" (Woll No. 200)

"I read Ibsen over and over again and I read him *as myself*," wrote Munch in a letter of 1908. As is well known, Munch's *Woman in Three Stages* inspired Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken*, and the pictures *Starry Night* and *Garden in Snow* recall Ibsen's *John Gabriel Borkman* (Gerd Woll, *Edvard Munch: The Complete Graphic Works* [New York: Harry N. Abrams, in association with the Munch-museet, Oslo, 2001], 302, 420). In 1906 Munch designed the stage sets for Max Reinhardt's production of *Ghosts* in Berlin; Munch probably saw his own family's illnesses in the character of Osvald. There are several parallel experiences between Munch and Ibsen: middle-class background, financial difficulties of both fathers, long self-exile, recognition at home later in life. "How do we understand our own lives? For that, concepts, pictures, and metaphors are needed. Ibsen's dramas gave Edvard Munch metaphors he needed, and released a mighty creativity in the thirty-five-year younger artist" (Lotte Sandberg, "Munchs ibsenske bilder," *Aftenposten*, 1 Sept. 2002). Here one of Ibsen's eyes looks out sharply at the world; the other seems to brood over the inner world of the mind. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



Ch. J. J. J. J.

6.

Dr. Linde's Four Sons

1902

Drypoint on copperplate (Woll No. 212 II)

Munch made many portraits of children. Sarah G. Epstein, Munch scholar and collector, records what might explain the frieze of devils, animals, and puppet: "Once, Adele reported, while watching him paint the portrait of a family friend, Christian Sandberg, Munch painted clowns, dragons, and other playful motifs in the foreground to amuse the children hovering around him. Of course, these were painted out in the final work" (interview with Adele Epsen, daughter of Harald and Aase Nørregaard, foreword to Patricia G. Berman and Jane Van Nimmen, *Munch and Women: Image and Myth* [Alexandria, Va.: Art Services International, 1997], 9). Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



7.

The Brooch. Eva Mudocci

1903

Lithographic crayon, tusche, and scraper on stone (Woll No. 244)

Eva Mudocci was an English violinist who performed throughout Europe. She said that Munch first tried to paint her in oils but became dissatisfied. He began to work directly on stone. “The lithographs went better, and the stones he used were sent up to our room in the hotel Sans Souci—in Berlin.—With one of them—the so-called ‘Lady with the Broche [*sic*]’ came a note—‘Here is the stone that has fallen from my heart’” (qtd. in Berman and Van Nimmen, *Munch and Women*, 198–99). Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



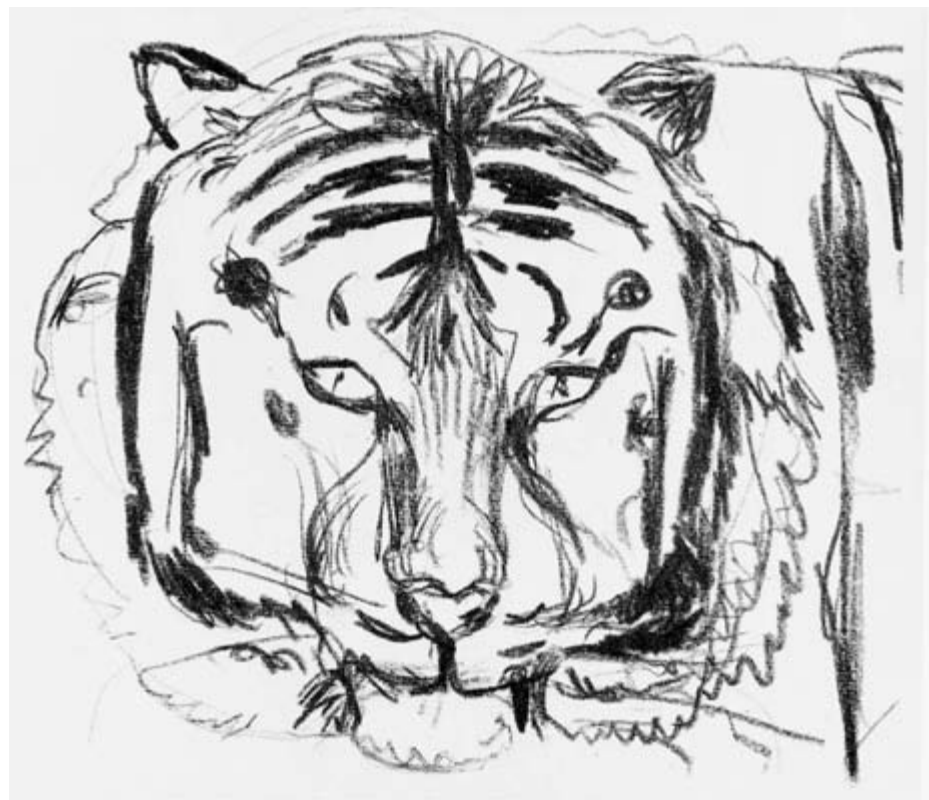
8.

The Nurses

1908

Drypoint on copperplate (Woll No. 301)

The double portrait is one of Munch's most genial motifs. The drypoint portraits of the nurses in Dr. Jacobson's clinic in Copenhagen, where Munch was undergoing psychic healing, are marked with "reverence": "the artist is primarily the observer. He depicts his impression of his models without adding or subtracting anything on his own behalf" (Arve Moe, *Edvard Munch: Woman and Eros* [Oslo: Forlaget Norsk Kunstreproduksjon, 1957], 34, 32). Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



9.

Tiger's Head II

1908–9

Lithographic crayon on paper (Woll No. 319)

Munch made animal studies at the Copenhagen zoo while he was at Dr. Jacobson's clinic. In a conversation with a Munch scholar, the present writer noted: "It is difficult to write a caption for Munch's animals. I am tempted to let them speak for themselves." The scholar replied: "Because they do." The full-faced frontality of the tiger's massive head is typical of many Munch portraits. This head may tell us why many school children can be found admiring the art on the walls of the Munch Museum. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



10.

Self-portrait in Shadow

1912

Lithographic crayon on paper (Woll No. 395)

From his earlier self-portraits on, Munch engaged in a bit of theater in portraying himself. A mysterious dodginess in this molded head suggests the shadow-self as double or *Doppelgänger*. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



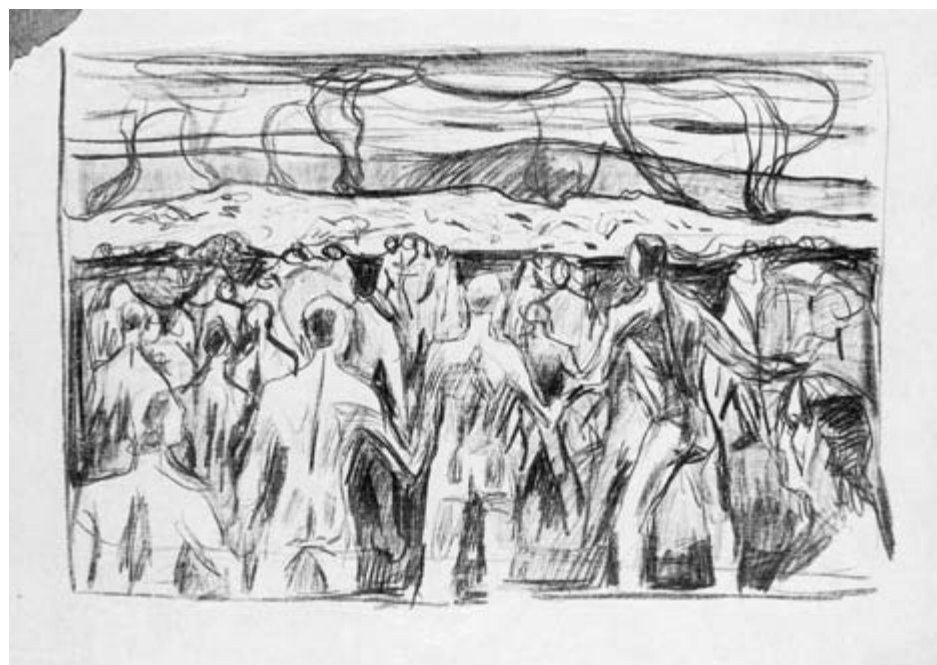
II.

Creeping Tiger

1915–16

Lithographic crayon on paper (Woll No. 532)

Throughout the decade of the teens Munch returned with an admiring eye to the animal studies made at the zoo in Copenhagen. This tiger brings to mind the fascination with motion of the Italian Futurists. Filippo Tommaso Marinetti and Giacomo Balla spoke of the “beauty of speed” and “dynamic sensation.” Munch had some influence on this artistic movement (Ester Coen, “Futurism,” *The Dictionary of Art* [1996], II:863). Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



12.

Fire and Naked People I

1916

Lithographic crayon on paper (Woll No. 567)

Monumentality and apocalypse fascinated Munch as they did his rival, the sculptor Gustav Vigeland. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



13.

Two People

(subtitled in one edition

“Sweetheart [Mädchen] rests on the Breast of a Man”)

1920

Lithographic crayon on paper (Woll No. 659)

The movements of this affectionate pair of lovers put them in the midst of a private narrative. As in a snapshot the sketch has caught them in motion. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



14.

Young Woman Weeping

1921–22

Lithographic crayon on paper (Woll No. 668)

The theme of the nude enclosed in interior space is one Munch turned to many times, but none was more sympathetically drawn than this beautiful woman weeping. The play of the delicately drawn arm and body against the wealth of hair gives a stunning vibrancy to the work. Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).



15.

Hans Jæger III

1943–44

Lithographic crayon and tusche (Woll No. 748)

Jæger (1854–1910) was the leader of the bohemian crowd in Munch's youth and the author of *Fra Kristiania-bohêmen* (1885), for which he was jailed. Munch depicted several scenes of these Bohemian gatherings (see for example Woll, Nos. 15–16). He made this image of Jæger in oils and graphics, first in the 1880s and here in the last picture he finished before he died in 1944. David Bergendahl has left a vivid sketch of Munch's bearing and style of composition in advanced years just before he died at Ekely:

I had not met Edvard Munch before but had certainly formed a picture of him, and was not disappointed in my expectations either. However, I was very much astonished over how spartanly he had installed himself at Ekely.

He received me in a very friendly fashion. During our conversation I noticed how extremely absorbed he was in showing me his hand press, which he obviously was very proud of. And he told me that he had pressed a lot of his lithographs and woodcuts on it himself. The press was down in the cellar and I offered to go down and look at it alone, since Munch had great difficulty in walking. Moreover it was raining hard. Munch just took his umbrella and walked toward the veranda door without answering me. I followed him and was not a little astonished to see several of his paintings lying out in the yard, where the rain poured mercilessly down on the canvases. My amazement must have been rather great, for I said something to the effect that he possibly had forgotten to carry the pictures inside. When I heard no answer whatsoever I sent a last glance at the pictures, which were soaked with rain, and obediently followed him down into the cellar. . . .

On the work table it lay completed—the lithographic stone engraved with Hans Jæger's portrait. It was a pleasure to see how lightly and elegantly he had handled the chalk, which all the same had been worked into the image on the stone, quite the opposite way from many artists who used chalk on the stone without realizing that the chalk should be worked into it. Munch made lithographs precisely the opposite way and directly on the stone without any outline, tracing, or such." ("Edvard Munchs siste litografi," in *Edvard Munch som vi kjente ham: Vennene forteller* [Edvard Munch as we knew him: The friends talk], ed.

K. E. Schreiner et al. [Oslo: Dreyers Forlag, (1946)], 105–9)

Artwork © 2005 The Munch Museum / The Munch-Ellingsen Group / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York; photo © Munch Museum (Andersen/de Jong).

51

THE SMILE—
 the child's—the whore's—
 the lady-in-waiting's—
 mephisto smile—of well-being's
 smile—Mona Lisa

In the room
 I could see an ox
 slaughtered—

I and the butcher go
 into the stall—
 The butcher bends
 over a handsome well-fed
 ox—fattened for the slaughter
 He embraces its
 neck and says “Cheri”—
 unties it and leads
 it across a
 space to a room—
 —the slaughter room—
 It's led in with
 its head half
 through the door so
 that the rear remains
 in the slaughter room and
 the head peeping out
 of the door into the passage—
 the butcher takes a
 rope through an iron ring
 in the floor—ties
 the end around the ox's
 horn and draws
 it in—until the ox
 falls to its knees
 and the head is pulled
 down to the floor—

—the two large dark
eyes look around in
the room—
—the butcher
takes out a long-
handled hammer

I hear a plump
blow—
I meet the
same large eyes
which still stare
out in the room from
the head blood runs
—the butcher takes an
iron bar and
strokes it in the hole
in the head—twisting around—
where in the bleeding gray matter
a rattle is heard—
a crash of
hooves—and the ox
is lying on the ground—
The butcher takes a
dagger—gets up
from the carcass of the ox
and thrusts it into
the heart of the animal
—a thick stream of blood
springs out—
the butcher conducts a glass
to the red stream
and drains it in
the blood-filled
glass—
The belly is ripped up
—the intestines

heart kidneys
are taken out
the head is cut off
the skin is stripped off
the carcass
is scraped inside
and out—
washed flushed—
hung up on
the wall like the
well-known picture
by Rembrandt
—It shines in
the white and
yellow white fat and
tallow—against
the powerful
red and violet blue
flesh—which drips
blood water
Isn't it a
handsome piece of work says
the butcher and points
at the clean-washed
and clean-scraped innards
of the carcass
where the vertebrae
of the spine—as
on a tree trunk with
whose limbs lay
like a handsome work of art
in red and white—
—what is it
there by the spine
something is moving
—a little white
half-undaunted

string—
 to and fro—
 keeping time
 to time—rhythmic
 like the pulse beat

—

It is only

nerves said
 the butcher
 —just nervous action
 —but movement still
 —life—
 Or perhaps it was
 the animal's soul's last
 hold on this
 strong animal's body—
 —last farewell

52

The professor
 In protoplasm
 the will be found—desire
 of the will is display of power
 It is evolved into
 the creature essence—
 person—
 the person's pores—see
 feel—move stir and hear
 and speak
 the pores—the skin's system's
 cells are protoplasm's
 limitation—
 accordingly—accordingly one person's
 parts can be feel bestir
 themselves—but the person
 desires to see much

and two eyes
 evolve themselves—
 the person is anxious to hear
 much and ears form—

feet
 move about—
 hands
 feel about—etc.
 —the need to
 communicate one's self
 and vocal cords
 come into existence—

vocal cords what
 wonderful adaptation
 my ladies and gentlemen
 —the voice is heard—
 whatever power it
 has—is not necessary
 to have a strong voice—
 —in the vibration
 of the voice lies a
 second power hidden
 which we don't think
 about—here we
 touch on the melodic
 ring or whatever
 one wants to call this

singular power—
 —it is sympathy's
 —or if one wants
 the negative—antipathy's
 power—in any case
 rhythmic power
 —a little

vibration of sound can
 when it meets a
 correspondingly timed
 sound instrument
 bring forth sounds at
 great distance—
 —the vocal cords
 and the ear—
 this Marconi
 system—the vocal cords
 and oral cavity—station
 for transmitting dispatches—the eye
 the receiving station—
 —at the side of these
 sound waves are at work

simultaneously a second
 Marconi telegraph—
 —which is not sent alone
 to the receiver
 —it operates also
 to be heard in the ear—
 it works to
 awaken a disturbance
 in the receiving station
 —it can bring life
 and kill—
 glass—light

A gentleman comes in
 and sits down at a
 table—a woman stands
 stiff—cold—and pale behind
 him—she says
 one little word—moreover
 a trivial one

immediately the man
collapses grabs
a revolver and shoots himself

She killed the man
with one little word
it wasn't
the word either it was
the sound—which did it
perhaps it was not
the word or the sound either
—it was a
vibration of the
nerves of her voice—and
this vibration just
came in at this—

moment in time—
This little
vibration met just
then this little
spot of nerves one place
in his body or

spinal column—so he
just fell apart—
He was, as light
was prepared
and
was received

to the passing
—susceptible
to this little
sound from the woman—the enemy
She was bent on revenging herself
He came softened

by tears prayers—
 the friend's curse—
 —She had
 faked suicide
 in order to get him
 to her—he had
 been awake much of the night
 by her bed—
 —then he had
 the last night slept
 safe in her
 bosom—hoping
 —willing to sacrifice self
 to rescue a
 human life—

She waiting
 for the moment—like
 the wasp to
 be able to stick its
 softened—human body
 the man the enemy—
 —who like the light
 was made receptive
 —and the little
 voice—the little
 word—no—then
 little vibration just
 happened suddenly—through the
 exposed flesh—to a

a little
 fiber in the human

body—
 and as if struck
 by lightning he
 fell apart—

the back bent—
 the big mass
 of muscle writhed—con-
 tracted—
 later tore
 and tied up and tightened
 the head sank to
 the table—
 he rocked his
 head—to and
 fro—
 the arms twisted
 by the muscles and
 the gestures of the scenes
 —the hands squeezed
 and spread

Down in a drawer
 —he held a
 revolver in his hand
 —he squeezed
 with both hands
 rubbed it—tugged at
 it—a shot—
 he stood up
 and looked at himself—
 around with open eyes
 held his left

hand before his breast
 —blood bubbles out
 between the fingers
 —He totters
 a couple of steps and
 falls back on
 the bed—
 the eyes still look an

instant toward the woman
who standing there with the
same staring

iced gaze she
had all evening
and looked at him
He is dead
She had
touched such a
tiny nerve back
in the spine—like
one little living
nerve in the ox's
body—She
had with womanly
instinct like
a Marconi telegraph
discharged
her electricity toward
this little receptively
prepared nerve
in the man's spine

53
when the postcard was written
in rashness and in an agitated
mood and
gave a meaning not
intended I regret
herewith the sending of the card
and naturally wish

that it

54

Kollmann—
comes and cautions
against the bohemian clique

He walked in his
garden—it was
surrounded by
trees—toward the road
lay the house—with the entrance
shaded by trees—
—next ran an open
meadow of flowers with fruit trees
to the water—
—On one side
stood a copse of cherry trees
—with a bank below
like a mysterious
dark—wide path—
also by the water—
—here was a full
summer's growth—cherry trees—
the trees stood in a row

clusters—like grapes
—gooseberries and apples—
—in the meadow
stood flowers—
and straw—high
in the air—he
let everything grow up—
—let the summer
yield her fall fruit—
—he with his own
barren trees walked
all about alone—
—bees and flies droned—the pollen

drifted—
 while summer
 clouds—were driving across
 his blue heaven
 —white castles
 up there—
 —he walked down to
 the water looked
 up to the house

through the cherry trees
 —He had
 names for the different
 vistas in his
 summer—
 —Even he was
 no summer
 had come—a
 spring
 full of frost and rain—
 and an early fall with fall storms
 had come to him
 —And he dreamed his castles in the air
 One clear night
 with a golden moon
 he would come to
 her in a sloop
 with white sails—
 —in a dinghy—
 he and a

woman dressed in light colors
 climb down—
 stroke of an oar and splash
 —The dinghy lands at
 his beach—
 arm in arm walk

he and she up—
 toward the cherry grove
 —garden of seduction—
 —up to the house
 —A bonfire
 is lit—the two of them
 are seized with
 passion—their eyes
 their senses grow intoxicated
 with bewitching
 play—sparks rise
 and fall—
 —And their bodies float together in
 this mighty fire—
 In the morning

they walked down
 the garden—and there
 they looked at everything
 in the blooming orchard—
 the white cherry blossoms
 which like summer—
 snow-covered seduction's
 garden
 The white and red
 apple blossoms—
 —asters and mignonettes
 —and the vegetable garden
 everything
 He is painting
 a picture—by
 a cherry tree in
 fruit—
 A pregnant woman
 and a pregnant
 man—

And so they together
the warm summer day—
—all day long—
Up by the house
stands a man
he walks up
Kollmann—from
Germany—
—said—how
in the world—
—Yes he said and laughed
mysteriously
He had met
him in Germany—
—That was a remarkable man—no one
forgot that face
—Women were terrified
—and often men—
—He was old
—but—
old age
could no one see
something he said all the time
as if he had lived
and would never die
In the fine
sharp Renaissance—
countenance—with
the reddish pointed moustache
—and narrow tip of chin—
—he resembled someone
. . . from the time of
the doges—
The established and deposed doges—
who directed
the wires—and held
the machinery in

his hand—
 Every human
 knew him—
 he knew everything—
 and one met him
 everywhere—

no one loved
 him—everyone feared
 him—and many
 admired him—
 He was cleverer
 than everyone else—and wilier
 —He was a woman-hater—
 —

How have you
 come here said
 Br——
 He smiled palely
 The smile dragged itself
 craftily up—and
 spoke of triumphs
 over human beings—
 but bitter triumphs and
 many hateful
 sufferings—
 Something of that soft
 smile that cruel
 women have—

—Yes he said
 I set out soon
 again—
 Much has happened
 he says full of
 mystery—
 —Watch out for yourself

here—but go
 to Germany
 —All lies open
 for you—
 Your success is
 assured
 I must stay here
 awhile longer
 —There's something must be taken care of
 —Oh, women, says
 he—you can
 just take them and
 throw them away—
 —Look, everywhere
 luscious women—

Pick from the flock
 and let them go
 now yes you must
 get to Germany
 —Positions and
 honor await you—
 —He looked around
 at my pictures—and left
 —I'm coming back
 he said

55
 An express telegram
 Came from Bødtker—
 She is a dead woman—start immediately
 if you want to see her
 come through Drøbak—
 I'm coming too—Don't hesitate
 Bødtker
 He was ready to go—He
 trembled

but had only a sense of what
 must be done—to save
 her . . . from death—
 He said good-bye to Kollmann—
 —I can't help says
 he and shakes his head—
 —He rented a sailboat
 since the steamer didn't have
 a connecting route—and approached
 Drøbak after about a four-hour
 sail—
 He was in the so-called
 city of free love—
 Here the latter-day bohemians pursued
 their summer amusements—

They gathered at Fru Krohg's house
 —Krohg himself lived in a hotel
 in the vicinity—There he worked
 at copying his old
 paintings in order to make money for

the vast court his wife
 presided over—
 There were continual parties and
 champagne flowed copiously—
 He headed out blindly
 to meet Bødtker—he had to
 inquire the way in the little
 unfamiliar town—
 He met Fr. D.
 She came running toward him
 tripping over her skirts—as
 she always used to do
 —with her red hysterical face—
 —O God—it's good I met
 you have just come over

—to talk to the doctor—
 —How is she he asked
 anxiously
 Oh, she is in bed very sick

I thought she was dying—
 vomiting all night—
 —Now I must get the doctor
 —Bødtker sends word—go
 see him right away—so we left
 in half an hour—
 The boat was set to sail—
 —He was standing with
 Bødtker and his little
 wife—

One Midsummer Eve
 two years ago he met
 his wife, who was nineteen then
 —a slip of a girl—
 Every time he opened a door
 he surprised her kissing
 one student K—
 —Suddenly she and B disappeared
 —After an hour they reappeared
 she with her hair a wild mess . . .
 he his back absolutely white from
 the wall

That was terrible—that should
 happen said B more to say something—
 —yes he said you can say that—
 —O God I believe he wants to let her
 go just like that said Fr. hard and cold
 Now you will begin she said
 —I am sure that it's going to be
 . . . sure said B—discouraged
 Fru Bødtker took leave of them

They stepped in the boat which lay by
 the dock—Brandt, Bødtker, and Frøken D
 — put himself at the rudder
 —It's blowing hard from the north
 The color of the water is inky black when
 sudden gusts of wind come down from
 the high ridges around
 Kaholmen—then the boat cut
 like an arrow through the water
 and settled in the water to the gunwales
 —Sit still now said Brandt—because
 just a little weight port can swamp
 the boat—Oh, I'm not afraid
 said Fr. Dahl—in a breathless

hysterical voice—
 —Oh well said Brandt—whoever
 admits fearing death
 isn't mad with fear over death
 or most people will have killed themselves—
 the same with me—
 I believe it's us who are going
 down—and not her—
 Brandt blurted out
 probably it's not so dangerous
 for her—
 Brandt began to ask—
 Now we are going to find her soon
 hale and hearty he said—
 —Immediately Fr. D's face
 darkened—Think if
 she's dead—
 We'll know when we get
 closer if the shutters are
 down—she was lying in the dark when I left—
 —Dead when we get there?—
 Brandt saw her lying there

White—still—stiff
Suffering unto death for his sake

—He could not console her
—bring life back into those stiffening features
and fear gripped his heart—
—How long it was taking—
—still the boat sliced with
furious speed through the water—
At intervals they had
to sit on the gunwales to
keep the boat balanced—
But the old geezer steered well
—and the boat rode in a great bend
up against the squalls
—They could now see
the little cluster of houses where she
lay—Were the shutters up or not
Were they down was she standing up
Soon they saw the house but
the windows could not be made out—
—The shutters were up—so
was she still alive?
Was she alive?
—If she were dead then he was
her murderer—and everything she
had done to him all

the torment—was just her boundless
love—
How she had suffered—
They were pulling near the shore—They saw
a man walking there
He stared and stared
studied
his movements—he knew
—knew if she were dead or

alive—if he were a murderer or
 not—
 —He could make out his features
 —What do they say?—
 —They seem to—up there sits
 the little house with the closed
 shutters—gray-colored house
 —strangely sad it looks—
 alone as it stands there with the
 white shutters—
 —house of death—
 —Fr. D sprang ashore and
 ran up—She exchanged a couple of words
 with the man—She was dead
 —So serious they looked—
 Brandt ran after—

How—is it—with her
 Oh, she is lying there just the same—
 So not dead—
 —They were inside the room halfway back
 —in the corner stood the bed—
 —there she lay white against the pillow—
 The red hair shone glaring—
 —He took her hand—
 How are you he asked quietly
 Thank you—not so good—
 —Now you'll be better—he
 said—You must try to be
 happy again—
 —There on the table stood two
 empty bottles—morphine stood
 on the vignettes—she had burned them
 —the shutters had been
 taken away—Brandt sat down—holding
 her hand—and talked
 quietly with her—

Perhaps you can try to
stand up—and eat a little—
Yes perhaps

Fr. brought out coffee—and
food—and a bottle of wine—
Fr. L was sitting pale in her robe
—The atmosphere began to be
almost happy—
How remarkable she can take part
like this after what happened—said Brandt
She has such strength of soul
Said Bødtker with admiration—
—But danger wasn't
at hand any longer thought Brandt
—and he joked with her
Then she suddenly grew quiet
I have to lie down
she said—
Are you sick asked Brandt
anxiously—
Just don't have heart
failure said Bødtker—
that commonly comes after morphine poisoning
—Brandt sat by her bed—
He sensed that her pulse beat
rapidly—Just don't let her die—
—Say a prayer she said weakly

—Brandt
I won't cry anymore
I won't cry anymore
She rambled on about Bødtker—
What dark music
—do you hear—
—Look at my hands—they
are the hands of a suicide—

Brandt sat in dreadful fear
 She is dying—
 She lay still for a while—with closed
 eyes—
 Then the mouth moved—
 Brandt bowed over her and listened—
 Gunnar Heiberg—no he is
 too fat—
 Kavli—yes maybe
 Poor creature she's fantasizing—thought
 Brandt—Poor little Tulla he
 said and patted her You will
 get well again—
 —Maybe Gunnar Heiberg—maybe
 Kavli—
 She must be out of her mind to

talk such nonsense—
 —Gunnar Heiberg who had
 flirted with her right at
 the beginning when he lay sick
 in Paris—and Kavli—where was
 the young painter who people
 said had been with
 her a lot—
 What nonsense—what drivel
 she is coming out with poor thing—
 Bødtker had left
 He sat by her bed long
 into the night—she was calmer
 I think I'll go to sleep she said—
 Soon she lay asleep
 and breathing peacefully—
 In the morning it was over
 —She was tolerably peaceful—pale—with
 a suffering expression—in. . .
 So said Brandt—I'll come

to see you again—in eight days—then
 you come to me in Åsgårdstrand
 —Then I'll do everything
 in my power to make things

right for you—and now we know
 each other better—
 —We'll go to England to get away from
 the past—then
 We can hope for the best—
 Yes she said tired—we'll do it—
 Yes he said and looked searchingly in
 her face to read her
 soul—
 Now we know for sure that everything must
 be clear between us—he said seriously
 And you understand all?—he
 looked at her—
 Bødtker had given him his word of honor
 to tell her everything that
 I asked for—
 —She must take me just as
 I am—
 But he could read nothing
 for certain in that tired expression—
 Quietly she walked around—looked
 half-absentminded

He walked along the road
 to Drøbak—According to the agreement
 he would fetch her
 from here—She had gone
 there after that night—to
 have company—
 He would fetch her now
 —so the two of them were joined not
 in love—but according to certain

laws—according to a strange higher
 power—
 —She would leave
 everything in the past—and be his
 full friend who depended on him
 and believed he would do
 what he could to help
 her—so that they could
 reach each other—No longer would she
 crowd into that
 realm which was his—and
 where he must move
 alone—his realm of fantasy—
 the innermost chamber—in the
 bewitching palace—the door to which
 was locked—
 And she would without
 reflecting find herself in the
 oddnesses which
 were his—
 In his cabin she
 would live—In his
 fairy palace—his palace of fantasy
 she could not approach
 —that she understood—now—
 —and then the future would do
 much—and even perhaps love
 come
 Now his fate was decided
 —that was clear—
 It was a question of his life—
 Would it go like that—
 Was all clear—
 Where did the path lead?—
 Was it to hell to death
 He approached Drøbak in the evening
 —Bødtker was not at home

a letter lay there—Come if you
 wish—or tomorrow
 —We are having a big party at
 the hotel—
 Brandt was startled
 But when the bohemians had a party
 he knew he was not welcome
 —He was staying at a hotel
 that night—
 Krohg . . .
 A dreadful suspicion
 was that the whole thing was a
 vile fraud—according to
 rank
 they sat, Han Bødtker and Frk. L
 by the bath at Bødtker's
 —Fr. L was irascible and nervous
 —Brandt was still studying
 her face—was it
 she who recently wanted to die because
 she couldn't be together
 with him— Now she was certainly together
 with him
 Was she dissatisfied—
 Yes you are also considering
 setting out together—Yes said Brandt

and marrying each other says B
 Brandt jumped—

No said Brandt and looked at Bødtker
 Fr. L flared up red
 in the face and went out into the kitchen
 —Uff I am so worried about
 her I said—don't know
 what she might do to herself—
 And Brandt listened for

a sound from the kitchen—if she
 killed herself—
 —Listen said Brandt
 I think the whole business is so
 strange—Have you told her
 all of the terms as you promised
 and said what I
 told you—
 Brandt just said No—It was
 impossible—what could
 —You said what—or
 for that matter—said nothing—
 Fru L came in again—
 —Brandt was furious—All right
 we're leaving he said—
 Isn't that what you want
 he said hotly—wasn't it me
 you wanted to be together with—
 yes she said
 Then everything will be cleared up—
 Will you move over to the
 other side of fjord with me
 or stay here
 marry I will never do
 —Everything else possible I'll
 do for you otherwise—
 —I think Fr. L is right
 about a lot said B
 Brandt looked astonished at B
 so he's on her side—
 —Yes now all or nothing
 said Brandt—
 In an hour the boat is going over
 It's a matter of two lives
 —My cabin or here
 —He looked at her keenly
 —I'll just fetch some

things she said then I'm coming
 —He stood by the steamer
 —and waited—
 She had been gone an
 hour in a minute the boat
 left—What was she doing
 had she changed her mind—
 Brandt was confused—
 A strange sinking of the heart
 seized him—
 This wasn't what
 he had pictured
 There she came running
 with a little valise
 You took a while he
 said—
 Bødtker stood at his side
 So you're leaving now said B
 Brandt was bewildered
 in the extreme—
 Now you're leaving or you're not
 —what does all of this mean—
 Over there or here—
 Yes I'm coming she
 said and they got aboard—
 There they sat on the little
 steamer—without saying
 anything—the entire trip
 —and what had they to
 say to each other—everything depended
 on what was said to be understood
 for the future—

They walked side by side
 along the road from Horton to
 Åsgårdstrand—
 A level broad road

—waving fields and meadows on
 either side—the crest of low hills
 against the horizon—
 Comfortable painted white
 houses among fruit
 trees—the fire red outhouses
 behind—
 Still and peaceful—as on a
 Sunday—silent side by side
 —He asked now and then about
 the state of her health she answered
 said . . .—
 —If it really could
 happen—Was it the will of
 the great forces—were the two of them by mighty
 forces driven together—
 on the road of life—
 And should they walk like this
 together on the road of life—
 —like friends helping each other
 supporting each other helping
 each other to endure life
 and secretly—carry out his
 work—
 Then they would more and more
 yield each to
 each—and an inner
 love not like the
 earlier—not as two
 spiteful enemies—would
 steal into them—and
 with a soft hand guide
 their mission—
 He felt hope inside
 —it should be successful—

It was evening when they neared
 Åsgårdstrand and stood in his garden
 —it was beginning to look like fall
 —and they went inside—It was chilly
 close—inside and they lit
 a fire—A big blazing
 fire—and there they sat—and talked a little
 —Look in the fire—let it
 warm up—
 Then they lay down in their separate
 rooms—
 In the night he got up
 and went in to her—are you
 freezing he asked—it was cold
 —He spread over her a
 new blanket—and lay down beside
 her—
 He embraced her as
 he would embrace a
 child—to comfort her—
 She lay there listlessly—it was
 like a body of lead—
 —And Brandt went once more
 to his own room—And thought—
 —How is this going to go—
 —She must be handled as if
 she were sick—like a child—

The human born in God's image
 crystallization

Humans are flames—they
 try to steal warmth from each other
 and extinguish it—

If one follows compassion
 one wants like Christ to sacrifice one's self—
 —It is difficult enough to live
 and defend one's flame

He lay broken on the street
 fallen down from the roof—from the roof
 of his deserted palace—the sleepwalker
 was brutally waked up—and
 he clenched his fist up against
 Heaven Vengeance—

56

The madman—

—Yes how can I say what really happened—and what is dream—
 or if wrong—the strange talk in my ear—The sights are what I must
 believe—mingle in with that which really happened—

—Over there at the bathing resort—I was tracked by the police—
 that is absolutely clear—all right there's not so much at risk—insults—
 maybe a few weeks jail—

But—what was dangerous—that I knew—I really would go mad—
 My condition was on the edge of madness—it hung in the balance—

I thought it was a striking incessant commotion strange
 happenings

—Just the other day the landlord asked me suddenly
 When you are walking along the promenade and writing—it's
 probably some notes on art you are taking—

Right I said

But what a silly question

Oh well, true there were all these letters I sent to different people—
 which brought threats of legal proceedings—

There could be detectives from that quarter—

I saunter along the rows of low houses—I see a policeman go in
 the gate to my house—oh well—there can of course be a lot a police-
 man has to do in a house—

But it also could be me he is after—or some questions he wants to

ask the landlord about me—

There is so much crazy stuff happening now—

What did those two the landlord and the other man there want in my room the other day—

He sat a little doohickey on the floor—

What is that I asked—He intended to measure the shaking when the train went by—

—OK by me—

But that's the kind of thing that happened a lot in Berlin—

When I wandered the streets by night—drunk and desperate—and in a daze—I accompanied women up into dismal houses—

At the hotel I certainly didn't act the way I should have toward the waitresses—And at a large dance hall I behaved brutally again toward the barmaid—

—It could have been something like that—Things weren't always as they should have been—I knew I often acted in an unconscious state—

—Ah well—if they believed the police on account of the letters that in itself wouldn't embarrass me—But what a huge scandal if the whole “story” should come to light—I knew I wouldn't get through that—that when the mad frenzy broke out—

57

It is full of people who are all going
to Monte Carlo—some take notes in books—

With dim eyes I sense the landscape we travel by—
the Mediterranean which crawls toward the
beach—up to the white villas with palms—
the smoke from the locomotive stretches
out like white drapery in between the green trees—
olive trees and orange trees whose branches
are bowed under the weight of their yellow fruit

The sight of this countryside no longer
interests me—I simply want to reach
my destination So I finally am at the
steep staircase to the gambling salon—

I rush in to the salon whose doors are opened by servant figureheads

Once more I am in the oppressive air which
 no longer bothers me—this strange perfume is
 now so dear to me So I find a place
 for myself and place my money on the table—I put
 off playing—just draw—to study the habits
 of this mysterious thing—this roulette is like a
 brain—which has its own whims fortunate
 are those who can fathom its ways—

The game is repeated in long runs—
 alternating—five times red and five times
 black—Beside me sit a man and a
 woman—who play together—they have a
 pile of money—gold pieces and bills—They
 sit absolutely immobile but there is
 quivering in their nostrils—and his
 hands shake A young Englishman
 stands coolly and adds
 gold pieces—there is a run of black—he
 has begun with 100 francs—and repeatedly
 doubles the bet—100—now it's a big heap
 he has won—suddenly all hell breaks out like
 an explosion—arms shoot up—everybody
 is yelling in everybody's mouth—somebody's
 grabbed somebody else's winnings—storms and
 screams—then it's silent again—only the crackle
 of the roulette wheel—and the croupier's
 monotonous *faites le jeu messieurs* and
ça va plus—

Across I see the tall Englishman I
 meet every day on the promenade des anglais—
 he looks like a plucked bird with his long
 narrow nose—his long straggly

He always walks with a shawl over
 his shoulder and looks like a poet—

He keeps on placing hundred franc pieces
 He came to Monte Carlo ten years ago
 with fourteen million—one day he lost

everything—he carried on like a madman—would
 shoot himself—he was taken into custody—
 and the bank granted him ten francs a day
 for life—Now he has inherited a million—
 has admittance again and again is a
 constant guest at the green table—

58

He has found a
 very good
 a—first plan
 a boat second plan
 Monsieur Barthemole de

avenue de Terne 103

59

Now a reef troll has come
 to town brother of the mountain troll
 who appeared on my Karl Johans street
 with music—You know
 —He wants to be modern he says because the
 last troll is 2,000 human years old—
 he must begin to work loose of his earthly
 body sez he and sail over to America—

He has been sitting on an island for
 a month now and has brought with him
 a little Ti . . . from Haddeland—he'll sail
 there now so
 Time won't get away from him sez he

60

A HARLOT

Here it's dark, yes but come hither
 through the opening in the woods can
 you see me—

Do you have pretty shapes

yes—
 my breasts are full and—I'm
 undressing myself so you can see me—
 I would rather undress you
 myself—
 Wait I'm almost naked—
 (She approaches)
 Tell me am I not beautiful—

He loves—
 Will you give me a necklace
 —Yes but kiss me—
 How does it look? Pretty?
 What's your name Alfonso
 —what's your first name—
 Karl—
 What's your name—
 Jeanne

61

BY THE BEACH MELANCHOLY

I walked along the sea—moonlight
 came through the dark clouds—rocks
 jutted out of the water as strange as
 mermen—some were large white heads
 which grimaced and laughed—some
 were up on the beach—some down in the
 water—the dark blue violet sea lifted
 and fell—sighed—in among the rocks—

I walked one evening lonesome by the sea—
 it sighed and swished among the rocks—
 there were long gray clouds along
 the horizon—it was as if everything had
 died—as in another world—a landscape
 of death—but now there was life there
 by the bridge—it was a man and a

woman—and still another man came—
 with oars over his shoulder—and the
 boat lay below—ready to set out—

She looks like her—I recognized
 like a sting in the heart—was she here
 now—I know she is far away—and
 yet and yet they are her movements—
 that's the way she stood—
 with her hand on her hip—
 god—heavenly god—have mercy
 on me—that must not be her—

Now they are walking farther down—
 she and he . . . going over to the island
 there—in the pale summer night
 they are walking over between the trees arm
 in arm—The air is so soft—it must
 be beautiful to love now the boat
 is getting smaller and smaller The strokes of
 the oars still sound over the surface of the
 water—He was alone—the waves drifted
 toward him monotonously—and
 it swished and swished between the rocks—

62

A howl went up when Clavenas following
 his convictions
 warned against Bødtker's and Drachmann's
 many live-ins

A howl went up at the same moment because
 I as nurse went to Italy two times with
 Fr. La to save her life not only that
 I was dishonored as a swindler and trapped
 into losing my hand

It is crazy to look at all of this
 love said H—this spring and all of the
 lovely girls who are walking around here—

Yes I said. If you couldn't tell that
these—who are already experienced in life—
or are almost too old never having loved—

We too couldn't we help each other—
the grand glorious love—which burns in a
great flame—awaits not us—We see the
happiness of others—we see birds which
pair and flowers which open—can't
we meet as friends and help each other
in our loneliness—

Yes Hauge says what shall we
do we menfolk—when we have no mothers—
whores are disgusting and we
get infected—

With married wives it is also disgusting
always lying and deceiving—

—Yes I say—a few years ago a woman
came to me—a woman from a good
family—it was in the country—and said—

If we were natural and good—then we
could go out to a little island—the two of us—
a delightful island—with little flowers—and
little shrubbery—and blue water and green
meadows and be there two human beings

—Why shouldn't one be able to do that?

Also it was springtime—and I thought
she was attractive—

Yes I thought so too I answered—and so
we went into a little leafy wood—where
the sun was shining between the trees and
where there were green meadows and little flowers—

It was no great dark forest of
spruces with wicked beasts and
snakes—

After a while she came to me and
said—I love you—

—I didn't answer—

I am your friend I said—
 She left—
 The next day she came again—I want
 to kiss you said I—
 No said she—
 I did not answer and sat silent—and
 she left—
 The third day she came again—will
 you have this ring she said
 Yes thank you very much said I—
 Will you have this one said I
 Yes that I would deeply like to have said
 she and put it on her finger

 We didn't see each other again—
 All things considered that was commendable—
 We drank sherry—
 Uff here comes Ch—and will make us
 play said Hauge—
 —He looks us up just when he wants
 to win money—
 We don't have any I said when he came—
 Then we heard a racket in the
 corner—Jappe had fallen off of a chair
 where he sat with Kr——
 —Yes I said that said Hauge—
 the delirious eyes he got when Fr. K
 left him—
 I was beginning to get drunk—let's go—
 OK
 Where shall we get the money for dinner—
 —I must have money in the bank said
 Hauge—I have invited Drachmann and L—
 for champagne—
 . . .—then we parted

63

Brandt

I began on a new picture Dance of Life—

In the middle of a meadow one bright
summer evening a young priest is dancing
with a woman with flowing hair—They
are looking into each other's eyes—and her hair
entwines his head—

Behind swirls a wild human mass—
fat men biting women on the neck—
caricatures and strong men embracing
women—(To the left comes a woman in
a flowing dress grasping for a flower—
to the right) first scene

Brandt —Only had he gotten
the big picture sold to the gallery—Now
he had gone for a year wasting his
strength in the street and in cafés—and
had not properly gotten his work
done—and everything he wanted to paint—

The great Frieze of
Life which he had begun many years ago—
Which should describe the Cycle of
Life—beginning love—the Dance of Life—
love at its height and depth and then
death—He wiped out his strength to scrape
together money for food and colors—

Brandt gradually met one then
two of his friends—had a glass everywhere—
Around midnight he sat
drunk with a long drink—until the hall
closed—then he went home and lay down
on his mattress—

After a while he was waked up—

In the door stood Hauge smiling—
heated up with wine—Excuse me I'm
disturbing you—but I've got several

friends with me

—He had come up the main stairs—and
had to go through my room to get to his—

Be my guest I said—I and through my
room proceeded a number of men with Hauge
at the front

There were about thirty of them

—I got up and went in to Hauge—

May I make the introductions—the
Union of Postmen is having a party I have
invited them—

Then Hauge with glass in hand a
long toast

I went to bed dead tired and dead drunk
early in the morning and awoke nauseated

I talked with Frøken L—about free love—

64

MY MADONNA

He sat with an arm around her waist—
her head was so close to his—how marvelous
it was to have her eyes—her mouth her
breast so close to him—

He looked at each eyelash—saw the greenish
pools in her eyes—there was a lucidity in her
hair—and her pupils were large in the
half-darkness

He touched her mouth with his fingers—
her soft flesh gave with the contact—
and her lips formed into a smile—while
he felt the large blue gray eyes rest on him

He searched her
brooch—which glittered with red light—

he felt it with shaking fingers—

He lay his head on her breast—he
heard her heart beat—felt the blood

run in her veins—and he knew two
 burning lips on his neck—it gave him
 a shudder through his body—a
 chilling spasm so that he convulsively pressed her to him

65

Every period has its style
 —to formalize is often to
 react against it

66

Like love hate draws near
 pity passes over
 to cruelty

If seeking old places
 and memories
 It is like stepping
 in one's own
 tracks in the snow—
 one breaks them up and
 destroys them—
 —One will also stand guard
 over memories

67

I am giving her the light summer evening
 soft beauty—over her I pour
 the splendor of the vanishing sun
 —over her hair—over her
 face over her white dress—
 shimmering gold—

I am placing her against the booming
 blue of the sea—with the shore's
 bending snake-like lines—
 In this manner she is leaving him
 —who still comprehends nothing

but as in dreams feels
 her drawing away
 —He is standing amidst
 blood red flowers—in the
 deep blue clouds of evening—
 He does not understand exactly
 what is going on—
 But even when she has disappeared
 over the sea
 he feels how a few
 fine threads of her hair
 are still fast in his
 heart—it bleeds—and burns
 like an everlasting open sore

68

LET THE BODY DIE BUT SAVE THE SOUL

The first scream (Now in Thielska gallery)
 Kiss/by the window Cypresses outside . . . belongs to Mustad
 The first “by the shore” (A man in melancholy
 by the shore or the yellow boat) All belonging
 with one life-frieze were painted 1891 in Nice
 Kiss and vampire and man and woman by the shore
 were executed in drawings and
 painting (Kiss) in different sketches from 1884
 Ashes likewise in drawing from 1884
 That was executed at the same time as
 partly impressionistic partly psychological
 (Psychoanalytic) memoirs—thought about
 illustrating them with lithographs in a large work
 I began as impressionist but under
 the violent confusions of soul and life in the bohemian days
 impressionism did not give me
 enough expression I had to seek expression for
 what moved my mind—
 Association with Hans Jæger contributed to that—
 (paint your own life)

The first break with impressionism was
 the sick child—I sought expression (expressionism)
 When that gave me difficulties
 in molding that with my impressionism—it remained
 unfinished after about twenty reworkings—(Therefore I
 could later often return to what I
 thought I'd finally gotten down what I wanted to paint)

Spring was painted just after 1887 (shown 1889)
 I have finally taken leave of
 impressionism or realism—

With my first stay in Paris I
 made a couple of experiments with cultivated
 pointillism—just color points—Karl Johan
 Bergen's gallery—That was a short return
 to my impressionism—The picture from rue La Fayette
 was really only in a motif from
 French painting but I was in Paris—

short strokes in one direction I have long
 used—The Life frieze took up more and
 more place in my production and I was
 borne up by currents in painting
 and literature—*Symbolism*—simplification of lines
 (degenerated into Jugendstil) iron constructions—hints of
 mysterious rays and ether vibrations and waves

My first stay in Paris 1884 three weeks
 Velasques interested me very much—(Why hasn't
 anyone thought that my large portrait figures
 had something to do with this?)

Likewise no one has hit on the fact
 that already as quite a young man I had a lively
 interest in Couture's study of a shepherd in
 our gallery—The thin ground

and the strong lively contours were of great interest to me—
Just the same teachers as *Monet: Velasques* and *Couture*!

69

Far better go to ruination
 in the dregs of the great world
than to be a link
 in the upright nullity
rather like a bloody spark
 no hand will shield
which flares fiercely then is snuffed
then deleted without a spot
Than to glow like a lamp
 with a placid measured flame
evening after evening
 in perpetually the same parlor
where the canary slumbers
 in its shrouded cage
and time is slowly measured
 by the old parlor clock
No, even the spark has the power
 to light the bonfire
and know that was what
 set the fire-drum beating
know that was what
lit the ocean of fire
and burst traditions
and turned the hourglass over

70

If one is on a ship
—and it is full of food
—and 8/10 of the people
are starving—then it is reasonable
that one with force
takes the food from the 2/10
—there are found in society

masses of money and food—
 but they are in a little clique
 —these few at least put
 a big chunk in circulation—
 but they know—the swine that it
 just comes back to them—
 so one must be shrewd
 —and make a
 little channel like this so that some
 of this gold runs through
 . . . pockets and let some
 stay in these

71

My sister keeps out of the way
 of everything “naughty”
 She knows just barely what it
 means to kiss a gentleman—it means—
 not practical not
 at all but by repute
 She doesn’t have permission to
 read “naughty books”—Not
 modern things because all modern
 writers write naughty.

She was on a trip to
 Germany accompanied a simpleminded
 cousin—
 She got permission for that remarkably enough—
 There she had, it was I think in Zurich,
 an adventure that left
 her in a big scare
 She was accustomed to going out alone
 since the cousin usually kept
 to her room
 She was sitting on a bench in
 one or another street. There were

three young fellows who stared
 at her and made signs to one another
 She felt a little uneasy but
 not very

Then an elderly man approached
 her and sat down on the bench
 beside her—He
 warned her against such
 wanton young people who
 were dangerous—He would
 look after her

She thought that was very
 friendly of him It began
 to rain he put up an umbrella
 and invited her to avail herself of it—
 then invited her into a café
 while the rain kept up—She
 went in and there

In Inger's hand:

Well when we got in the café
 a suspicious lady was standing outside. The elderly
 gentleman saw there was no admission
 with me, and he was such a good man
 that he let me go. He bid farewell
 and disappeared into the house with the lady.
 Then I proceeded on my way happy.
 (signed Inger Munch)

72

[DRAFT OF A LETTER TO TULLA LARSON]

I definitely must also send you Drachmann's poetry—Den brede Pensel
 [The broad brush]. He married a rich girl—who loved him—Drach-
 mann's beloved is poor—her name is Edith—and he loves her because
 she nursed him in Hamburg, when he was sick—

You really should read that book

I understand you are strong in love—I admire your capacity for
 great love—I admire how you let your body and my body die in your

love—but you must forgive me if I do not feel the heat of this love in myself

73

Dear—Many thanks for the letters—You can surely understand I am in love with you—it is exactly that that is crazy—

I don't think I'm fit to be in love with anyone or that anyone is in love with me—

—I think I am fit to enjoy being together

I think with someone—

I intended to express that clearly when we were together—I am impossibly . . .

I believe I am suited only to paint pictures so I know that I must choose between love—and my work.

And I think in a way that regarding you I feel the necessity of choosing how this has tortured me

Your delightful letter dear Tulla—if I can answer you surely know I love you and that is the crazy thing—but I would say why much more—because it is so crazy for me to love you and since I have once more written things I must throw out finally—scraps

74

Åsgårdsreins

Nummer came

out with a big

scoop

Ditten assaulted

last night by

stragglers—

Windows smashed in

—Garden destroyed—

—Ditten was a

rich man

who had a big

house a ways

out from him—

—It was his enemies

from the old days—
 —Who could have
 thought this—Brandt
 —Then Carsten came in
 —Did you hear
 it—
 big party the whole
 night—
 Who did it
 said Br.
 Carsten laughed—who
 other than we—we
 three men and
 then Fr. Backfischen
 poets . . .—
 —We drank to-
 gether last night
 We three and the Backfischen
 —yo, says she—
 let's go up and
 get revenge on Ditten
 —he is so disgusting
 —Why that? say I—
 Yo! we didn't get
 to steal berries
 in his orchard
 He chased me
 the other day—me and
 some other ladies
 —because we just
 went in
 and picked berries
 —
 For that we need revenge
 we said—
 so we made
 a row all night

Today we were summoned
by Officer Pedersen—
It was fun
Ditten and all of
Åsgårdstrand in
court
Court was held—

Beat him said
Backfischen
I went crazy
and hit
him in the face
—The cops pulled
us apart

My whole yard
was full of
the best-looking
young ladies and
Backfischen—
Revenge—
Brandt was their hero—
—They filled up
his yard—like
big blossoms
in all of summer's
colors
There by the cherry tree
stood five of them
the fruits of sin—
—and up there on top
stood Backfischen—
—By my side
stood Carsten
and Kollmann—
—Look at them said

Kollmann and laughed
 take her—she
 loves you—and for
 sure—
 —You got
 fruit enough here—go
 into the seducer's garden

One day sat
 Backfischen up
 in his tree—
 He stood below

Don't you love
 Karsten he said—
 Karsten she said
 —He isn't famous
 —he—nobody
 is running after him—
 —like after you—
 Backfischen come
 every day—and fill
 up the garden with their
 colors—

One time
 he locked himself
 in when they
 came—over him
 big . . . like a storm cloud
 It was getting close
 to the time he was to
 meet her
 —It began
 to feel like fall—
 The days chillier

Åsgårdstrandsriens newspaper
didn't come out anymore
—Pedersen had
taken off—
—Fr. S was
pregnant—
and Pedersen had
done K —
The holiday bathers
left the place—
Backfischen were
gone—
Ølkua went
delirious and sold
his house—
Severine had taken off
with a sweetheart