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Tells the story of lives painfully intertwined: the unnamed narrator, haunted by nightmarish memories of her father, lives with the androgynous Malina, an initially remote and dispassionate man who ultimately becomes an ominous influence. Plunging toward its riveting finale, *Malina* brutally lays bare the struggle for love and the limits of discourse between women and men.

Malina Details

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Dajana says

"Ti mi ometaš se?anje. Ti preuzmi pri?e iz kojih se sastoji velika pri?a. Sve iz uzmi od mene."

"Kažem sre?na: Mora ?oveka da tera u bolest kad doživljava tako malo toga novog, kad mora stalno da se ponavlja. Muškarac me na primer ugriže za uvo, ali ne zbog toga što je to moje uvo ili zato što on, zaljubljen u uvo, obavezno mora da gricne, ve? on grize zato što je svim ostalim ženama tako?e grickao uši, male ili velike, crveno-plave, blede, bezose?ajne, osetljive, potpuno mu je svejedno šta uši misle o tome. Moraš priznati da je to prinuda s posledicama ako moraš, naoružan manjim ili ve?im znanjem i u svakom slu?aju malom upotrebnom mogu?noš?u tog znanja, da se bacaš na ženu, možda ?ak godinama, jednom još i nekako, jednom bi to svaka izdržala."

Mislim da sam u proteklih nekoliko dana bar stotinak puta šetala po ku?i i po sobi i govorila mami, tetki, cimerki, svima u blizini: "Kakvo je ovo ?udo! Kakav je ovo roman! Ijao, šta je ovo!"

Ovo je lirski, eksperimentalni, roman, neroman, niz monologa, tok svesti, šta god vam padne na pamet, ovo delo to jeste - i drama, i poezija, i kolektivni ep o fašizmu u Austriji, i velika inspiracija za poetiku Elfride Jelinek koja ?e ovo razra?unavanje sa fašizmom na planu li?nog dovesti do ekstrema.

Ovo je i neuobi?ajeni ljubavni roman i obra?un ženskog subjekta sa sobom, žene koje kolektivnu krivici za fašizam svog naroda shvata i na intimnom planu i s toga u fantasti?nim elementima knjige kroz figuru Oca proživljava fašizam (gasnu komoru, silovanja, bol, poniženje, mu?enja, šutanja). Bahmanova je odli?an poznavalac filozofije i psihoanalize, pa je ovaj roman poslastice za one koje to zanima.

Meni je bio najinteresantniji kraj, ali ne bih da kvarim.

Moglo bi se mnogo o ovome pisati, baš mnogo.

Ne preporu?ujem je nikom, zapravo.

Na ovo nai?ete, pa ili ostavite posle tri strane ili vam po?upa utrobu.

Ne bih volela ni sa kim da razgovaram o ovoj knjizi. Ovo je nešto što se ?ita radi sebe.

Cora says

1. Vienna crumbling between, behind and beneath the lines.
2. delicate, cruel, funny, sad, beautiful, strange, heart-tugging, -pushing, -pulling, -boxing, -kissing, -scratching
3. Bachmann understands about the preverbal
4. Fading into the wall

Mariel says

I have lived in Ivan and die in Malina.

Happy with Ivan. I never knew her when she was living in Ivan. Maybe if I were standing across the street

I'd watch her spinning out of control. Her Hungarian boyfriend who sends avalanches of stone cold epithets. Don't ask if I love you, don't say I..., don't make believe important, be fun, be happy, be the first time I saw you. Strangers, for the last time. A dead telephone in her apartment is visited by the spirits of everyone who isn't Ivan. I saw her with his two kids, their tugging arms and spinning happy. The rarest tummy butterfly bright and eye blinking crushed. I only saw her living in the never landing. When she has to make up everything about zoo animals (has anyone else noticed the phenomenon of men reading aloud from placards? Any botanical garden, zoo, museum or anything. They read as if the woman [it's always a woman] is supposed to think this is their combustible wisdom and not the same damn placard right in front of their same faces). If Ivan is out of their range she can be what they want. If the her of him and the her of they and the her of others collide pop goes the butterflies wings. Please let them have ice cream, I promised them ice cream. Dancing and spinning that is dizzy and on strings. If she is happy it happened before she thought about it. She thinks about it before it can happen, lives in here lies. Ivan is more important in his absence. And it was perfect this way. This how he doesn't belong to her if she sends him off to be him without her. I never wanted her to love Ivan. I begged her inside of me to just forget about him. When he tells her who she is. This isn't you, you're happy, you don't write like this. The unreal love pulled my butterflies wings off and shoved them under a microscope. I didn't want to hold my breath when she waits for that phone to ring and I did.

She lives with Malina. It was perfect this deliberate I'm not living it because I'm pedestaling to the burning synthetic world stuffs. I don't know how Bachmann managed to weave this web of psychological life of stepping outside of yourself and then when you are actually living it. There's a big fat spider of wish fulfillment to eat you alive because you couldn't stop thinking. If it was on purpose she feels safe to tether to Malina as she strangles herself to wait for Ivan.

Malina tells her *Don't forget that not one of your enemies has ever seen you, and you have never seen one of them.*

I had this feeling that she performs that mime of sewing your lips shut and throwing the needle into the biggest haystack. The haystack of needles of the universe. You can't see the threads that sew everyone together because the haystack is too big for that. She and Malina talk about the war, what people got up and could pretend never happened. If people did a spontaneous dance of everyone knew the moves on the day you didn't want to wake up. It never happened. It happened. They talk about what peace is to war. The interlude between war. Crocodile tears evaporate in reptilian flesh. Tears in Austria for Bangladesh, for Syria. Her father murdered her, she murders them in her eyelids prison gate shut (cha chung) and her sister loses a name. Malina asks and she doesn't know. She's a survivor of real life and a prisoner of its memory. It is so much more to run from than if she can be rescued if only Ivan or Malina will hold her down. I had the feeling they were talking about everyone, or who could be anyone, Austria, the world. They don't talk about Malina. I think Bachmann was a genius in how Malina's silences and the not asking about him is spoken concurrently. She slips out of time into a fantasy of a princess and murder and riding. When she flies she is only spinning. I think Bachmann was a genius to do the way people name everything. They talk and talk and make important and they talk about what they talk about when they talk about everything. And what you think you are living is that foot in your over analyzing mental lands. I'm one of those intense mental life that overlaps real life like if you wore a sweat shirt with a skeleton on it for Halloween. It gave me chills to see it this way in a book that felt so real and so not real (it's experimental as fancy foot work goes. Not the "that looks easy!" dancing but you know they practiced that dance in their bedroom alone every night and dreamed someone would see it and at the same time it was a vigil for never, ever being understood). Malina is a strange book. I don't have a handle on it because it slips out of time. I've been thinking about what to write in a review for ages. It is if you lived past what you didn't think would ever end and then you don't know how to leave of world war II Austria and it is relationships are hell, man and it is a telling.

Malina says this. I can't get over this.

Once one has survived something then survival itself interferes with understanding, and you don't even know which lives came before and which is your life of today, you even mix up your own lives.

I had this feeling all of the time that she wanted them to tell her who she was. Malina is the web beneath the dizzy spin of Ivan. I know that his face falls from her reach when she's not... I don't believe he let her burn to death. I know what the essay in the book says about his sudden apathy. I don't think that was it. She had to know who she was for herself. Forget about Ivan. I want to forget about Ivan even though she made him important so she can stay hungry. I think she slips into the wall because she murdered herself.

Beauty is no longer flowing from me, it could have flowed from me, it came in waves to me from Ivan, Ivan who is beautiful, I have known one single beautiful human being, nonetheless I have seen beauty, in the final analysis even I became beautiful one single time, through Ivan.

No alarm, no sirens. No one comes to help. Not the ambulance and not the police. It is a very old wall, a very strong wall, from which no one can fall, which no one can break open, from which nothing can ever be heard again.

Malina haunts me. This killing yourself. When did it stop the death wish to stream into the drowning so you can suspend in freeze, over your face no direction. Only the other side of the invisible corners black dream.

Lisa says

It was murder!

It took me five months to finish this novel of internalised female pain. I had to stop reading after a couple of pages to recover strength when I felt the swamp of passive negativity pull me down until I was choking desperately.

Why did I finish it?

Maybe I have a streak of masochism in me, like the narrator of the novel? Maybe I secretly identify with her loss of identity in a world where she can only exist as a foil for the men that navigate it around her? Maybe I am stubborn to the point of self-destructive behaviour, wanting to finish each task, no matter how idiotic it seems at times? That personality trait definitely gave me my PhD degree, and made me choose my profession, and become quite decent at project management, but it also made me finish books I don't like, step into the 13th church in Rome when my brain is disintegrating and I can't even remember the name of the city I am speed-touristing in. I even finish knitting shawls I know I am not going to use.

There is something compelling in this novel of complete surrender to negative emotion and passive endurance, manifested in a lyrical language which convinces even when the narrative turns too bleak to be acceptable.

What is it then?

I thought about it a lot over the five months it took me to read it. What makes it a good novel even though I hated reading it?

Sadly, the answer is that I recognised the type of woman. It is truthful. The generation Ingeborg Bachman describes has made female victimhood an art form. It grated on my nerves because I have been fighting my whole life both against the male attitude of condescension and property and the female passive voice of pleasurable suffering.

"Look at me, I am killed by male dominance! Don't I look pretty in all my indignation?"

I acknowledge that this kind of literature had to be written, and that Ingeborg Bachmann is a fabulous word magician. I am just allergic to the dynamics she exposes. That is not her fault - she is so-to-say the "faultless, passive victim" of my dislike. I think she would have liked that.

Roberto says

Si tratta di un libro difficilmente classificabile e di difficile lettura. Pensieri a ruota libera, parole, sogni, paure. La Bachmann usa tantissime tecniche narrative: un continuo monologo interiore, fiabe, leggende, telefonate con frasi a metà, espressioni musicali sul pentagramma, poesie, telegrammi, lettere non spedite, interviste, espressioni in francese e in inglese, silenzi. Il tutto inserito in diversi livelli narrativi che si congiungono e si dividono in continuazione.

Il libro vede, almeno a una prima lettura, tre protagonisti: Ivan, ungherese cinico e senza interessi intellettuali, Malina, studioso di storia di quarant'anni e infine la narratrice della quale si sa solo che è bionda e con gli occhi scuri. Con tutta probabilità è la scrittrice stessa.

"Io scuoto di nuovo la testa, non vuol dire niente, e poi non so niente, e se sapessi o lui me lo dicesse, non ci sarebbe una risposta, non qui e non ora e mai più sulla terra. Finché vivo non ci sarà una risposta".

Il mondo diventa un'immensa camera a gas: "e prima che possa gridare aspiro già tutto il gas, sempre più gas. Sono nella camera a gas, ecco cos'è, la più grande camera a gas del mondo, e ci sto dentro sola. Non ci si difende dal gas".

"Il pensiero nell'altro è risvegliato dall'infelicità che gli provochiamo. Non c'è relazione di pensiero, non esiste fenomeno di pensiero senza l'infelicità perché soltanto attraverso l'infelicità raggiungiamo la mente degli altri".

Un libro esistenziale arduo, misterioso, complicato e decisamente impegnativo. Ho faticato parecchio a inseguire un filo logico che di fatto non c'è; ma alla fine devo dire che ne è valsa la pena.

Semjon says

Da ich keine große Neigung zur Dichtkunst habe, mich aber der Name Ingeborg Bachmann schon lange interessiert hat, dachte ich, dass ihr einziger Roman Malina ein guter Einstieg in ihr Werk sein könnte. Doch da habe ich mich wohl getäuscht, genauso getäuscht wie mit meiner Annahme, dass es sich bei Malina um die zentrale Frauenfigur des Romans handelt. Doch Malina und Ivan sind die beiden Geliebten der namenlosen Ich-Erzählerin, die ganz offensichtlich autobiografische Züge aufweist. Während der in der

Nachbarschaft im III. Bezirk in Wien lebende Ivan eine dominante Rolle gegenüber der Erzählerin ausübt, ist Malina eher verständnisvoll, geduldig und fürsorgend. Doch auch Malina kann die Frau nicht retten.

Im Grunde ist diese Dreiecksbeziehung eine interessante Grundlage für einen Roman, doch Ingeborg Bachmann hält sich nicht an die gängigen Regeln bei Konzeption und Stil ihrer Erzählung. Ich empfand dieses Buch als eine Collage aus Interviews, Dialogen in Form eines Dramas oder einer Oper (mit entsprechenden Tempoangaben), handlungsbasierten Erzählungen, Gedichten, Rückblicke und vor allem langen Traumsequenzen. Ich kann mich nicht erinnern, dass mich ein Buch in den letzten Jahren vor solchen Herausforderungen gestellt hat. Einerseits wirken diese Stilmittel und die kraftvolle Sprache faszinierend, andererseits ist das Buch von Anfang bis Ende anstrengend, negativ und ohne erkennbare Entwicklung bei den auftretenden Personen. Im Gegenteil, es gegen Ende destruktiv und führt in die Katastrophe.

Ich hatte beim Lesen ein Auge auf die persönliche Situation der Erzählerin und habe versucht, mir ein Bild von ihrer Vita und ihren psychischen Problemen zu machen. Gerade der von ihr gehasste Vater nahm eine zentrale Rolle ein. Im Nachwort von Elfriede Jelinek musste ich dann feststellen, dass ich zu sehr meinen Fokus auf den Mikrokosmos gelegt hatte, denn die Rolle der Frau in der Gesellschaft steht im Vordergrund. Die Ich-Erzählerin thematisierte dies auch immer wieder, aber teilweise in pauschalen Behauptungen, die ich eher als unsinnig überlesen hatte, wie z.B.

Was ich meine, hat nichts damit zu tun, dass es angeblich einige gute Liebhaber gibt, es gibt nämlich keine. Das ist eine Legende, die muss einmal zerstört werden, es gibt höchstens Männer, mit denen es völlig hoffnungslos ist und einige, mit denen es nicht ganz so hoffnungslos ist.

Dieser Satz könnte auch aus einem mittelklassigen Liebesroman sein. Ich habe eine Reihe solcher Aussage markiert, die bewirkten, dass ich reichlich genervt von der Melodramatik und der Sprunghaftigkeit der Erzählerin war. Mit dem Nachwort Jelineks hat das Buch für mich nochmal eine neue Bedeutung bekommen. Vielleicht würde ich es nun mit anderen Augen lesen, doch nach diesen in weiten Teilen frustrierendem Leseerlebnis werde ich mich von "der Bachmann" (Jelinek) abwenden.

Dies liegt auch daran, dass ich dieses Frauenbild in meinem Umfeld nie so erlebt habe. Ich will es natürlich nicht prinzipiell negieren und sehe auch ein, dass dieses Buch eine Bedeutung in der Literatur hat. Bei mir lösen aber die folgenden Analysen eher Befremden aus:

- *Die Ehe ist eine unmögliche Institution. Sie ist unmöglich für eine Frau, die arbeitet und die denkt und selber etwas will.*
- *Denn die Liebe ist die Fortführung des Krieges mit anderen Mitteln. Auf diesem Schlachtfeld erfolgt eine oft blutige, manchmal unblutige Vernichtung des Weiblichen, das nie Subjekt werden darf, immer Objekt bleiben muss.*
- *Da es die Frau als Subjekt auch in der Liebe nicht geben darf, muss sie ihrer eigenen Auslöschung zustimmen.*

Dass die Frauen in diese männerdominierte Welt hineingepresst werden, gilt somit für Frau Bachmann als ein Verbrechen und daher lautet der letzte Satz *Es war Mord*. Ich denke, dass das Buch zu Beginn der 70er Jahre eine Gesellschaft getroffen hat, in der dieses Frauenbild noch stark verankert war. Meiner Ansicht nach hat sich vieles verbessert, auch wenn es noch ein Weg bis zur absoluten Gleichberechtigung ist. In dieser radikalen Form wirkt das Buch aber verstörend und ist für mich allenfalls im literaturgeschichtlichen Kontext interessant.

Jacob Wren says

Ingeborg Bachmann writes:

In the Psychological Institute in the Liebiggasse we always drank tea or coffee. I knew a man there who always used shorthand to record what everyone said, and sometimes other things besides. I don't know shorthand. Sometimes we'd give each other Rorschach tests, Szondi tests, TAT, and would diagnose each other's character and personality, we would observe our performance and behavior and examine our expressions. Once he asked how many men I had slept with, and I couldn't think of any except this one-legged thief who had been in jail, and a lamp covered with flies in a room in Mariahilf rented by the hour, but I said at random: seven! He laughed surprised and said, then naturally he'd like to marry me, our children would certainly be intelligent, also very pretty, and what did I think of that. We went to the Prater, and I wanted to go on the Ferris wheel, because at that time I was never afraid, just happy the way I felt while gliding and later on while skiing, I could laugh for hours out of sheer happiness. Of course then we didn't ever speak again. Shortly afterward I had to take my oral examinations, and in the morning before the three big exams all the embers spilled out of the oven at the Philosophical Institute, I stomped on some pieces of coal or wood, I ran to get a broom and dustpan, since the janitors hadn't come yet, it was burning and smoking terribly, I didn't want a fire, I trampled the embers with my feet, the stench stayed in the institute for days, my shoes were singed, but nothing burned down. I also opened all the windows. Even so I managed to take my first exam at eight in the morning, I was supposed to be there with another candidate but he didn't come; he had had a stroke during the night, as I found out just before going in to be examined about Leibnitz, Kant and Hume. The Old Privy Councillor, who was also Rector at the the time, was wearing a dirty gown, earlier he had received some honorary order from Greece, I don't know what for, and he began asking questions, very annoyed that a candidate had missed an exam due to demise, but at least I was there and not dead yet. In his anger he had forgotten what subjects had been agreed upon, and during the exam someone phoned - I believe it was his sister - one moment we were discussing the neo-Kantians, the next moment we were with the English deists, but still quite far from Kant himself, and I didn't know very much. After the phone call things improved a little, I proceeded right away to discuss what had been agreed upon, and he didn't notice. I asked him an anxious question relating to the problem of time and space, admittedly a question without meaning for me at the time, but he felt quite flattered that I had asked, and then I was dismissed. I ran back to our institute, it wasn't burning, and I went on to the next two exams. I passed all of them. But later I never did solve the problem relating to time and space. It grew and grew.

Jimmy says

"The name alone suffices to be in the world."

Malina is one of those novels that feels completely natural to me, arising almost like an organism, without pretense or premeditated designs. Its easy playful voice keeps me reading despite the somber themes that run underneath. It is a particularly difficult novel for me to describe, as it tackles many serious topics (war, post-war, time, history, personal relationships, men and women) yet when you pull back, its main thrust is elusive. What is this book about? Who even is Malina? I have no answers and in a way the answers don't really

matter. Yes, I read the afterword with some pretty convincing angles. And some of it has validity.

What matters to me is that it is enjoyable at every juncture. And it feels so right just in my bones, like I buy everything it says. Just the whole damn thing seems so necessary and true, like a lived thing. It seems less a novel and more a byproduct of someone's having been alive.

Once one has survived something then survival itself interferes with understanding. p146

Vit Babenco says

“It’s disgusting to put all this misery on the market, just adding to what’s already there, these books are all absolutely loathsome. What kind of obsession is this anyway, all this gloom, everything’s always sad and these books make it even worse in folio editions.”

Malina is an incredibly complex tragedy on the nature of insanity and to read it, especially in the beginning, is quite a labour. A woman believes that she is a writer and all her men are fruits of her sick consciousness or personages of her unwritten book or alter egos of her cracked mind. And fragment after fragment her consciousness keeps deteriorating more and more but the end shatters everything once again so all that has been happening comes up in absolutely different light and changes the meaning of reality. Malina is an anagram of ‘animal’ and it isn’t accidental but symbolic to the entire surrealistic and existential substance of the book. *Malina* is a unique and utterly fabulous novel having many layers of narration and elucidation.

Steffi says

Ich bezweifle nicht, dass es sich hier um ein Meisterwerk handelt. Die Sprache, die Bilder, die Fähigkeit einen sicher pathologischen Zustand zu beschreiben sind faszinierend. Und obwohl ich diesen Roman nicht zu Ende lesen kann, werde ich mir sicher die Gedichte Bachmanns irgendwann vornehmen.

Mich hat der Stil anfangs ein wenig an Marlen Haushofer erinnert, die sicher in einer ganz anderen Liga spielte, aber ähnliche Themen und Perspektiven vermittelte. Und als Teenager haben mich ihre Bücher sehr fasziniert – und gleichzeitig befremdet, denn diese Frauen, die in ihren Büchern erzählen, hatten sogar nichts mit mir gemein, mit ihrem Kreisen um sich selbst, der Passivität, ihrer Haltung zu ihren Männern. Dennoch, oder grade deshalb?, hat mich das damals angezogen. Vielleicht wenn mir Malina damals in die Finger gefallen wäre, hätte ich dieses Buch geliebt. Heute aber erkenne ich zwar die dichterische Meisterschaft, doch die Figuren, die weibliche wie die männlichen, reizen meine Ungeduld. Und das, ohne dass ich mir einen Erkenntnisgewinn davon verspreche.

Kann man das Buch vielleicht nur als Zeugnis seiner Zeit lesen? Bei Erscheinen war das sicher einzigartig, sowohl aus literarischer wie weiblicher Sicht. Ist Empathie mit den Figuren aus heutiger Sicht also nahezu unmöglich?

Sicher ist es unfair, ein Buch schlecht zu bewerten, das man nicht zu Ende gelesen hat und dem man ja doch einige Könnerschaft zugestehen muss. Aber es handelt sich hier ja immer um ein individuelles Urteil und für mich waren die ersten 160 Seiten eine Qual.

Blumenfeld says

Malina—love it or hate it.

It is a very introverted, dense novel, thus I can see why someone might grow to dislike it. Full of self-doubt, anguish and some humiliation, I find it so emotional and personal at times it is hard to bear. I still have an odd (perhaps, even creepy) feeling as though I know this narrator myself and any time I walk her Ungargassenland, I can't help but look up and wonder...is she there? is she writing one of her mad letters? Would I meet anyone like that? Who knows, I might.

I don't want to give anything away in the review. It doesn't matter whether you can identify with her (what's up with that anyway? why should anyone?), she feels real. Of course, Malina isn't what I'd call entertaining but not everything ought to be. On the other side, it's a psychological tour de force.

What I find quite odd and profound:

Bachmann's biography details are weaving with her novel, and I don't even mean everything pre-1971 when it has been published. I mean her post-1971 life and certain 'clues' that give me chills. Those last pages...

Nathan says

4.5/5

Whenever I would pick this up, a line or two of a poem kept ringing through my mind. The title, no matter how hard I tried, would not come to mind. Finally, I took to Google, and after a couple of searches found what I was looking for. The poem is "Translations" by Adrienne Rich, and a couple of lines match the tone of *Malina* incredibly well:

Certain words occur: *enemy, oven, sorrow*
enough to let me know
she's a woman of my time

obsessed

with Love, our subject:
we've trained it like ivy to our walls
baked it like bread in our ovens
worn it like lead on our ankles
watched it through binoculars as if
it were a helicopter
bringing food to our famine
or the satellite
of a hostile power

Malina is, in part, a story of obsessive love. The unnamed narrator longs for Ivan. More than that, she longs to be consumed by him, to be nothing without him. She writes: "Beauty is no longer flowing from me, it could have flowed from me, it came in waves to me from Ivan, Ivan who is beautiful, I have known one single beautiful human being, nonetheless I have seen beauty, in the final analysis even I become beautiful one single time, through Ivan." Has obsession ever ended happily? The Unknown Woman refuses to call herself by any name, because she sees herself not as an individual, but as an extension of her love. She refuses to find redemption through any source other than Ivan. And it leads to her breakdown.

What a fascinating breakdown it is to watch. Bachmann presents images in such an original, fractured way. She jumps from long, breathless paragraphs to fragmented dialogue to, at one point, a musical score. What's remarkable is how organic each jump and twist feels. *Malina* doesn't feel like experimental fiction, though the term can be used; it feels like the writing of a woman obsessed with Love. Its style does not prevent it from articulating longing, despair and sometimes hope, instead it guides the feelings to their natural conclusion. At times it's overdrawn and melodramatic (hence the .5 star missing), but Bachmann never set up an action without feeling, which is impressive considering how sterile experimental fiction can be.

But *Malina* isn't just an emotional love story, it's also a heady allegory examining postwar guilt. The Austrian narrator is happy with the Hungarian, Ivan. Her repeated visions of her father destroys the bond between the lovers. She sees murders, rewriting of history, and most telling of all, gas chambers. The narrator feels the weight of history every time her father visits her dreams. Guilt begins to drive her mad. In the end, *Malina*, the historian (view spoiler) Just as history sanitizes atrocities, giving instead hero narratives and "look how far we've come" moments, our narrator finds herself lost in *Malina*. He occupies her madness, and motivates her to move on past every horror she sees.

It's a shame *Malina* is Bachmann's only novel. I want more.

Asli says

3 kere ba?tan ba?lad?m ve büyük mücadele ile okudum. ama iyi ki okudum.
delilik çok a??r ve çok derine i?lemi?. sonra yazmal?, hemen de?il.

bir hafta kadar geçtikten sonra yaz? burada:
<http://romanokuyankiz.blogspot.com/20...>

Jonathan says

Dense, fraught and at times stunningly beautiful prose. A narrator in love with her own performance and, at times, too melodramatic for complete empathy. A fascinating attempt to combine the world of the personal with the political and the conflicts of gender. I only wish she had been able to finish her planned cycle of novels. I cannot say that I "enjoyed" it, and doubt I will re-read it, but would not hesitate to recommend it.

Hendrik says

Darf ich ein Buch positiv bewerten, obwohl sich hinterher herausstellt, dass ich die Geschichte ganz

offensichtlich falsch verstanden habe? In dieser leicht schizophrenen Lage befinde ich mich nämlich, nachdem ich Ingeborg Bachmanns Roman gelesen habe. Bis zum Ende war ich in der Vorstellung verhaftet, dass es sich um die Geschichte einer traumabedingten, psychischen Erkrankung handelt. Im Nachwort weist Elfriede Jelinek in ihrer Deutung, eher in Richtung einer allgemeinen Mann-Frau-Thematik und der Gesellschaft inhärenter, misogynen Tendenzen. Meine Interpretation bezog sich dagegen mehr auf die individuelle Situation der Erzählerin. In Folge dieses Fehlschlusses, habe ich auch die Figur Malina ganz anders aufgefasst. Bis zum Schluss war ich in dem Glauben, Malina sei nur eine Imagination der Erzählerin. Trotzdem hat mir der Roman ganz gut gefallen, besonders hinsichtlich seiner poetischen Sprache. Vermutlich muss ich ihn nochmal lesen, dann in der von Ingeborg Bachmann ursprünglich beabsichtigten Weise.
