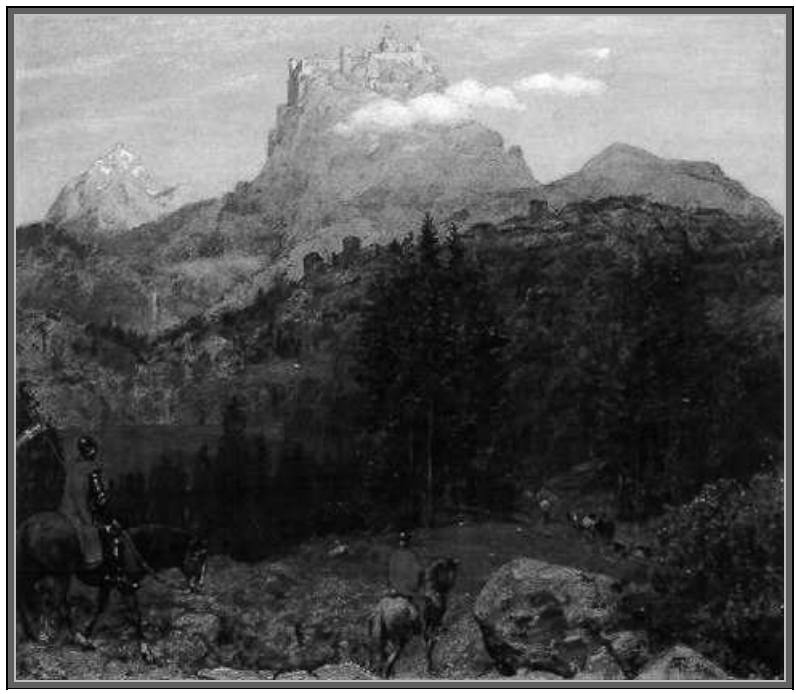
The Magic Mountain

[Complete & Annotated]



THOMAS MANN

ILLUSTRATED & PUBLISHED

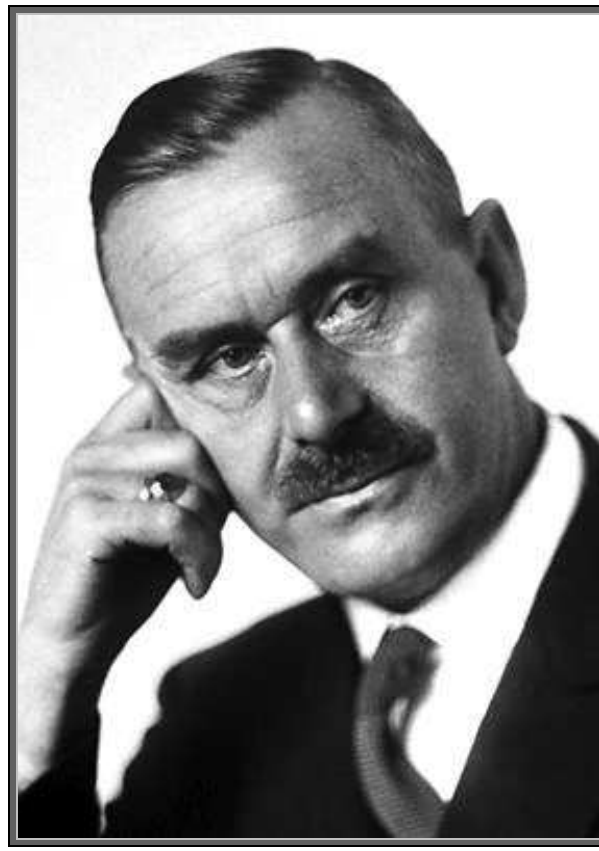
BY

SEVEN BOOKS

Aydın

ISBN: 978-9403-819-24-2

About the Book & Author



Paul Thomas Mann (1875 – 1955) was a German novelist, short story writer, social critic, philanthropist, essayist, and the 1929 Nobel Prize in Literature laureate. His highly symbolic and ironic epic novels and novellas are noted for their insight into the psychology of the artist and the intellectual. His analysis and critique of the European and German soul used modernized versions of German and Biblical stories, as well as the

ideas of Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Friedrich Nietzsche and Arthur Schopenhauer.

Mann was a member of the Hanseatic Mann family and portrayed his family and class in his first novel, Buddenbrooks. His older brother was the radical writer Heinrich Mann and three of Mann's six children, Erika Mann, Klaus Mann and Golo Mann, also became significant German writers. When Adolf Hitler came to power in 1933, Mann fled to Switzerland. When World War II broke out in 1939, he moved to the United States, then returned to Switzerland in 1952. Mann is one of the best-known exponents of the so-called Exilliteratur, German literature written in exile by those who opposed the Hitler regime.

* * *

The Magic Mountain (*German: Der Zauberberg*) is a novel by Thomas Mann, first published in German in November 1924. It is widely considered to be one of the most influential works of twentieth-century German literature.

Mann started writing what was to become The Magic Mountain in 1912. It began as a much shorter narrative which revisited in a comic manner aspects of Death in Venice, a novella that he was preparing for publication. The newer work reflected his experiences and impressions during a period when his wife, who was suffering from a lung complaint, resided at Dr. Friedrich Jessen's Waldsanatorium in Davos, Switzerland for several months. In May and June 1912, Mann visited her and became acquainted with the team of doctors and patients in this cosmopolitan institution. According to Mann, in the afterword that was later included in the English

translation of his novel, this stay inspired his opening chapter ("*Arrival*").

The outbreak of World War I interrupted his work on the book. The savage conflict and its aftermath led the author to undertake a major re-examination of European bourgeois society. He explored the sources of the destructiveness displayed by much of civilised humanity. He was also drawn to speculate about more general questions related to personal attitudes to life, health, illness, sexuality and mortality. Given this, Mann felt compelled to radically revise and expand the pre-war text before completing it in 1924. Der Zauberberg was eventually published in two volumes by S. Fischer Verlag in Berlin.

The narrative opens in the decade before World War I. It introduces the protagonist, Hans Castorp, the only child of a Hamburg merchant family. Following the early death of his parents, Castorp has been brought up by his grandfather and later, by a maternal uncle named James Tienappel. Castorp is in his early 20s, about to take up a shipbuilding career in Hamburg, his home town. Before beginning work, he undertakes a journey to visit his tubercular cousin, Joachim Ziemssen, who is seeking a cure in a sanatorium in Davos, high up in the Swiss Alps. In the opening chapter, Castorp leaves his familiar life and obligations, in what he later learns to call "the flatlands", to visit the rarefied mountain air and introspective small world of the sanatorium.

* * *

Table of Contents

Foreword

The story of Hans Castorp, which we would here set forth, not on his own account, for in him the reader will make acquaintance with a simple--minded though pleasing young man, but for the sake of the story itself, which seems to us highly worth telling—-though it must needs be borne in mind, in Hans Castorp's behalf, that it is his story, and not every story happens to everybody—-this story, we say, belongs to the long ago; is already, so to speak, covered with historic mould, and unquestionably to be presented in the tense best suited to a narrative out of the depth or the past.

That should be no drawback to a story, but rather the reverse. Since histories must be in the past, then the more past the better, it would seem, for them in their character as histories, and for him, the teller of them, rounding wizard of times gone by. With this story, moreover, it stands as it does to--day with human beings, not least among them writers of tales: it is far older than its years; its age may not be measured by length of days, nor the weight of time on its head reckoned by the rising or setting of suns. In a word, the degree of its antiquity has noways to do with the passage of time—-in which statement the author intentionally touches upon the strange and questionable double nature of that riddling element.

But we would not wilfully obscure a plain matter. The exaggerated pastness of our narrative is due to its taking place before the epoch when a certain crisis shattered its way through life and consciousness and left a deep chasm behind. It takes place—-or, rather, deliberately to avoid the present tense, it took place, and had taken place—-in the long ago, in the old days, the days of the world before the Great War,

in the beginning of which so much began that has scarcely yet left off beginning. Yes, it took place before that; yet not so long before. Is not the pastness of the past the profounder, the completer, the more legendary, the more immediately before the present it falls? More than that, our story has, of its own nature, something of the legend about it now and again.

We shall tell it at length, thoroughly, in detail—-for when did a narrative seem too long or too short by reason of the actual time or space it took up? We do not fear being called meticulous, inclining as we do to the view that only the exhaustive can be truly interesting.

Not all in a minute, then, will the narrator be finished with the story of our Hans. The seven days of a week will not suffice, no, nor seven months either. Best not too soon make too plain how much mortal time must pass over his head while he sits spun round in his spell. Heaven forbid it should be seven years!

And now we begin.

CHAPTER I

Arrival

An unassuming young man was travelling, in midsummer, from his native city of Hamburg to Davos--Platz in the Canton of the Grisons, on a three weeks' visit. From Hamburg to Davos is a long journey—-too long, indeed, for so brief a stay. It crosses all sorts of country; goes up hill and down dale, descends from the plateau of Southern Germany to the shore of Lake Constance, over its bounding waves and on across marshes once thought to be bottomless.

At this point the route, which has been so far over trunk--lines, gets cut up. There are stops and formalities. At Rorschach, in Swiss territory, you take train again, but only as far as Landquart, a small Alpine station, where you have to change. Here, after a long and windy wait in a spot devoid of charm, you mount a narrow--gauge train; and as the small but very powerful engine gets under way, there begins the thrilling part of the journey, a steep and steady climb that seems never to come to an end. For the station of Landquart lies at a relatively low altitude, but now the wild and rocky route pushes grimly onward into the Alps themselves.

Hans Castorp—-such was the young man's name—-sat alone in his little greyupholstered compartment, with his alligator--skin hand--bag, a present from his uncle and guardian, Consul Tienappel—-let us get the introductions over with at once—-his travelling--rug, and his winter overcoat swinging on its hook. The window was down, the afternoon grew cool, and he, a tender product of the sheltered life, had turned up the collar of his fashionably cut, silk--lined summer

overcoat. Near him on the seat lay a paper--bound volume entitled *Ocean Steamships;* earlier in the journey he had studied it off and on, but now it lay neglected, and the breath of the panting engine, streaming in, defiled its cover with particles of soot.

Two days' travel separated the youth—-he was still too young to have thrust his roots down firmly into life—-from his own world, from all that he thought of as his own duties, interests, cares and prospects; far more than he had dreamed it would when he sat in the carriage on the way to the station. Space, rolling and revolving between him and his native heath, possessed and wielded the powers we generally ascribe to time. From hour to hour it worked changes in him, like to those wrought by time, yet in a way even more striking. Space, like time, engenders forgetfulness; but it does so by setting us bodily free from our surroundings and giving us back our primitive, unattached state. Yes, it can even, in the twinkling of an eye, make something like a vagabond of the pedant and Philistine. Time, we say, is Lethe; but change of air is a similar draught, and, if it works less thoroughly, does so more quickly.

Such was the experience of young Hans Castorp. He had not meant to take the journey seriously or commit himself deeply to it; but to get it over quickly, since it had to be made, to return as he had gone, and to take up his life at the point where, for the moment, he had had to lay it down. Only yesterday he had been encompassed in the wonted circle of his thoughts, and entirely taken up by two matters: the examination he had just passed, and his approaching entrance into the firm of Tunder and Wilms, shipbuilders, smelters, and machinists. With as much impatience as lay in his temperament to feel, he had discounted the next three weeks; but now it began to seem as though present circumstances required his entire attention, that it would not be at all the thing to take them too lightly.

This being carried upward into regions where he had never before drawn breath, and where he knew that unusual living conditions prevailed, such as could only be described as sparse or scanty—-it began to work upon him, to fill him with a certain concern. Home

and regular living lay not only far behind, they lay fathoms deep beneath him, and he continued to mount above them. Poised between them and the unknown, he asked himself how he was going to fare. Perhaps it had been ill--advised of him, born as he was a few feet above sea--level, to come immediately to these great heights, without stopping at least a day or so at some point in between. He wished he were at the end of his journey; for once there he could begin to live as he would anywhere else, and not be reminded by this continual climbing of the incongruous situation he found himself in. He looked out. The train wound in curves along the narrow pass; he could see the front carriages and the labouring engine vomiting great masses of brown, black, and greenish smoke that floated away. Water roared in the abysses on the right; on the left, among rocks, dark fir--trees aspired toward a stonegrey sky. The train passed through pitch--black tunnels, and when daylight came again it showed wide chasms, with villages nestled in their depths. Then the pass closed in again; they wound along narrow defiles, with traces of snow in chinks and crannies. There were halts at wretched little shanties of stations; also at more important ones, which the train left in the opposite direction, making one lose the points of the compass. A magnificent succession of vistas opened before the awed eye, of the solemn, phantasmagorical world of towering peaks, into which their route wove and wormed itself: vistas that appeared and disappeared with each new winding of the path. Hans Castorp reflected that they must have got above the zone of shade--trees, also probably of song--birds; whereupon he felt such a sense of the impoverishment of life as gave him a slight attack of giddiness and nausea and made him put his hand over his eyes for a few seconds. It passed. He perceived that they had stopped climbing. The top of the col was reached; the train rolled smoothly along the level valley floor.

It was about eight o'clock, and still daylight. A lake was visible in the distant landscape, its waters grey, its shores covered with black fir--forests that climbed the surrounding heights, thinned out, and gave place to bare, mist--wreathed rock. They stopped at a small

station. Hans Castorp heard the name called out: it was "DavosDorf." Soon he would be at his journey's end. And suddenly, close to him, he heard a voice, the comfortable Hamburg voice of his cousin, Joachim Ziemssen, saying: "Hullo, there you are! Here's where you get out!" and peering through the window saw his cousin himself, standing below on the platform, in a brown ulster, bareheaded, and looking more robust than ever in his life before. He laughed and said again: "Come along out, it's all right!"

"But I'm not there yet!" said Hans Castorp, taken aback, and still seated.

"Oh, yes, you are. This is the village. It is nearer to the sanatorium from here. I have a carriage. Just give us your things."

And laughing, confused, in the excitement of arrival and meeting, Hans Castorp reached bag, overcoat, the roll with stick and umbrella, and finally *Ocean Steamships* out of the window. Then he ran down the narrow corridor and sprang out upon the platform to greet his cousin properly. The meeting took place without exuberance, as between people of traditional coolness and reserve. Strange to say, the cousins had always avoided calling each other by their first names, simply because they were afraid of showing too much feeling. And, as they could not well address each other by their last names, they confined themselves, by established custom, to the thou. A man in livery with a braided cap looked on while they shook hands, quickly, not without embarrassment, young Ziemssen in military position, heels together. Then he came forward to ask for Hans Castorp's luggage ticket; he was the concierge of the International Sanatorium Berghof, and would fetch the guest's large trunk from the other station while the gentlemen drove directly up to supper. This man limped noticeably; and so, curiously enough, the first thing Hans Castorp said to his cousin was: "Is that a war veteran? What makes him limp like that?"

"War veteran! No fear!" said Joachim, with some bitterness. "He's got it in his knee—-or, rather, he had it—-the knee--pan has been removed."

Hans Castorp bethought himself hastily.

"So that's it?" he said, and as he walked on turned his head and gave a quick glance back. "But you can't make me believe you've still got anything like that the matter with you! Why, you look as if you had just come from manœuvres!" And he looked sidelong at his cousin.

Joachim was taller and broader than he, a picture of youthful vigour, and made for a uniform. He was of the very dark type which his blond--peopled country not seldom produces, and his already nut--brown skin was tanned almost to bronze. With his large, black eyes and small, dark moustache over the full, well--shaped mouth, he would have been distinctly handsome if his ears had not stood out. Up to a certain period they had been his only trouble in life. Now, however, he had others.

Hans Castorp went on: "You're coming back down with me, aren't you? I see no reason why not."

"Back down with you?" asked his cousin, and turned his large eyes full upon him. They had always been gentle, but in these five months they had taken on a tired, almost sad expression. "When?"

"Why, in three weeks."

"Oh, yes, you are already on the way back home, in your thoughts," answered Joachim. "Wait a bit. You've only just come. Three weeks are nothing at all, to us up here—-they look like a lot of time to you, because you are only up here on a visit, and three weeks is all you have. Get acclimatized first—-it isn't so easy, you'll see. And the climate isn't the only queer thing about us. You're going to see some things you've never dreamed of—-just wait. About me—-it isn't such smooth sailing as you think, you with your 'going home in three weeks.' That's the class of ideas you have down below. Yes, I

am brown, I know, but it is mostly snow--burning. It doesn't mean much, as Behrens always says; he told me at the last regular examination it would take another half year, pretty certainly."

"Half a year? Are you crazy?" shouted Hans Castorp. They had climbed into the yellow cabriolet that stood in the stone--paved square in front of the shed--like station, and as the pair of brown horses started up, he flounced indignantly on the hard cushions. "Half a year! You've been up here half a year already! Who's got so much time to spend—-"

"Oh, time—-!" said Joachim, and nodded repeatedly, straight in front of him, paying his cousin's honest indignation no heed. "They make pretty free with a human being's idea of time, up here. You wouldn't believe it. Three weeks are just like a day to them. You'll learn all about it," he said, and added: "One's ideas get changed."

Hans Castorp regarded him earnestly as they drove. "But seems to me you've made a splendid recovery," he said, shaking his head.

"You really think so, don't you?" answered Joachim; "I think I have too." He drew himself up straighter against the cushions, but immediately relaxed again. "Yes, I am better," he explained, "but I am not cured yet. In the left lobe, where there were rales, it only sounds harsh now, and that is not so bad; but lower down it is still *very* harsh, and there are rhonchi in the second intercostal space."

"How learned you've got," said Hans Castorp.

"Fine sort of learning! God knows I wish I'd had it sweated out of my system in the service," responded Joachim. "But I still have sputum," he said, with a shoulder--shrug that was somehow indifferent and vehement both at once, and became him but ill. He half pulled out and showed to his cousin something he carried in the side pocket of his overcoat, next to Hans Castorp. It was a flat, curving bottle of bluish glass, with a metal cap.

"Most of us up here carry it," he said, shoving it back. "It even has a nickname; they make quite a joke of it. You are looking at the landscape?"

Hans Castorp was. "Magnificent!" he said.

"Think so?" asked Joachim.

They had driven for a space straight up the axis of the valley, along an irregularly built street that followed the line of the railway; then, turning to the left, they crossed the narrow tracks and a watercourse, and now trotted up a high--road that mounted gently toward the wooded slopes. Before them rose a low, projecting, meadow--like plateau, on which, facing south--west, stood a long building, with a cupola and so many balconies that from a distance it looked porous, like a sponge. In this building lights were beginning to show. It was rapidly growing dusk. The faint rose--colour that had briefly enlivened the overcast heavens was faded now, and there reigned the colourless, soulless, melancholy transition--period that comes just before the onset of night. The populous valley, extended and rather winding, now began to show lights everywhere, not only in the middle, but here and there on the slopes at either hand, particularly on the projecting right side, upon which buildings mounted in terrace formation. Paths ran up the sloping meadows to the left and lost themselves in the vague blackness of the pine forest. Behind them, where the valley narrowed to its entrance, the more distant ranges showed a cold, slaty blue. A wind had sprung up, and made perceptible the chill of evening.

"No, to speak frankly, I don't find it so overpowering," said Hans Castorp. "Where are the glaciers, and the snow peaks, and the gigantic heights you hear about? These things aren't very high, it seems to me."

"Oh, yes, they are," answered Joachim. "You can see the tree line almost everywhere, it is very sharply defined; the fir--trees leave off, and after that there is absolutely nothing but bare rock. And up there to the right of the Schwarzhorn, that tooth--shaped peak, there is a

glacier—-can't you see the blue? It is not very large, but it is a glacier right enough, the Skaletta. Piz Michel and Tinzenhorn, in the notch—-you can't see them from here—-have snow all the year round."

"Eternal snow," said Hans Castorp.

"Eternal snow, if you like. Yes, that's all very high. But we are frightfully high ourselves: sixteen hundred metres above sea--level. That's why the peaks don't seem any higher."

"Yes, what a climb that was! I was scared to death, I can tell you. Sixteen hundred metres—-that is over five thousand feet, as I reckon it. I've never been so high up in my life." And Hans Castorp took in a deep, experimental breath of the strange air. It was fresh, and that was all. It had no perfume, no content, no humidity; it breathed in easily, and held for him no associations.

"Wonderful air," he remarked, politely.

"Yes, the atmosphere is famous. But the place doesn't look its best to--night. Sometimes it makes a much better impression—-especially when there is snow. But you can get sick of looking at it. All of us up here are frightfully fed up, you can imagine," said Joachim, and twisted his mouth into an expression of disgust that was as unlike him as the shoulder--shrug. It looked irritable, disproportionate.

"You have such a queer way of talking," said Hans Castorp.

"Have I?" said Joachim, concerned, and turned to look at his cousin.

"Oh, no, of course I don't mean you really have—-I suppose it just seemed so to me for the moment," Hans Castorp hastened to assure him. It was the expression "all of us up here," which Joachim had used several times, that had somehow struck him as strange and given him an uneasy feeling.

"Our sanatorium is higher up than the village, as you see," went on Joachim. "Fifty metres higher. In the prospectus it says a hundred,

but it is really only fifty. The highest of the sanatoriums is the Schatzalp—-you can't see it from here. They have to bring their bodies down on bob--sleds in the winter, because the roads are blocked."

"Their bodies? Oh, I see. Imagine!" said Hans Castorp. And suddenly he burst out laughing, a violent, irrepressible laugh, which shook him all over and distorted his face, that was stiff with the cold wind, until it almost hurt. "On bob--sleds! And you can tell it me just like that, in cold blood! You've certainly got pretty cynical in these five months."

"Not at all," answered Joachim, shrugging again. "Why not? It's all the same to them, isn't it? But maybe we do get cynical up here. Behrens is a cynic himself—-but he's a great old bird after all, an old corps--student. He is a brilliant operator, they say. You will like him. Krokowski is the assistant—-devilishly clever article. They mention his activities specially, in the prospectus. He psycho--analyses the patients."

"He what? Psycho--analyses—-how disgusting!" cried Hans Castorp; and now his hilarity altogether got the better of him. He could not stop. The psycho--analysis had been the finishing touch. He laughed so hard that the tears ran down his cheeks; he put up his hands to his face and rocked with laughter. Joachim laughed just as heartily—-it seemed to do him good; and thus, in great good spirits, the young people climbed out of the wagon, which had slowly mounted the steep, winding drive and deposited them before the portal of the International Sanatorium Berghof.

Number 34

On their right as they entered, between the main door and the inner one, was the porter's lodge. An official of the French type, in the grey livery of the man at the station, was sitting at the telephone, reading the newspaper. He came out and led them through the well--lighted halls, on the left of which lay the reception--rooms. Hans Castorp peered in as he passed, but they were empty. Where, then, were the

guests, he asked, and his cousin answered: "In the rest--cure. I had leave to--night to go out and meet you. Otherwise I am always up in my balcony, after supper."

Hans Castorp came near bursting out again. "What! You lie out on your balcony at night, in the damp?" he asked, his voice shaking.

"Yes, that is the rule. From eight to ten. But come and see your room now, and get a wash."

They entered the lift—-it was an electric one, worked by the Frenchman. As they went up, Hans Castorp wiped his eyes.

"I'm perfectly worn out with laughing," he said, and breathed through his mouth.

"You've told me such a lot of crazy stuff—-that about the psycho--analysis was the last straw. I suppose I am a bit relaxed from the journey. And my feet are cold—-are yours? But my face burns so, it is really unpleasant. Do we eat now? I feel hungry. Is the food decent up here?"

They went noiselessly along the coco matting of the narrow corridor, which was lighted by electric lights in white glass shades set in the ceiling. The walls gleamed with hard white enamel paint. They had a glimpse of a nursing sister in a white cap, and eyeglasses on a cord that ran behind her ear. She had the look of a Protestant sister—-that is to say, one working without a real vocation and burdened with restlessness and ennui. As they went along the corridor, Hans Castorp saw, beside two of the white--enamelled, numbered doors, certain curious, swollen--looking, balloonshaped vessels with short necks. He did not think, at the moment, to ask what they were.

"Here you are," said Joachim. "I am next you on the right. The other side you have a Russian couple, rather loud and offensive, but it couldn't be helped. Well, how do you like it?"

There were two doors, an outer and an inner, with clothes--hooks in the space between. Joachim had turned on the ceiling light, and in its vibrating brilliance the room looked restful and cheery, with

practical white furniture, white washable walls, clean linoleum, and white linen curtains gaily embroidered in modern taste. The door stood open; one saw the lights of the valley and heard distant dance--music. The good Joachim had put a vase of flowers on the chest of drawers—-a few bluebells and some yarrow, which he had found himself among the second crop of grass on the slopes.

"Awfully decent of you," said Hans Castorp. "What a nice room! I can spend a couple of weeks here with pleasure."

"An American woman died here day before yesterday," said Joachim. "Behrens told me directly that she would be out before you came, and you might have the room. Her fiancé was with her, an English officer of marines, but he didn't behave very well. He kept coming out in the corridor to cry, just like a little boy. He rubbed cold cream on his cheeks, because he was close--shaven and the tears smarted. Night before last she had two first--class haemorrhages, and that was the finish. But she has been gone since yesterday morning, and after they took her away of course they fumigated the room thoroughly with formalin, which is the proper thing to use in such cases."

Hans Castorp took in this information with a sprightly, yet half--distraught air. He was standing with his sleeves pushed back before the roomy wash--hand--basin, the taps of which shone in the electric light, and gave hardly a glance at the white metal bed with its fresh coverlet.

"Fumigated it, eh? That's ripping," he said loquaciously and rather absurdly, as he washed and dried his hands. "Methyl aldehyde; yes, that's too much for the bacteria, no matter how strong they are. H_2CO. But it's a powerful stench. Of course, perfect sanitation is absolutely essential." He spoke with more of a Hamburg accent than his cousin, who had broken himself of it since his student days. Hans Castorp continued volubly. "But what I was about to say was, probably the officer of marines used a safety--razor; one makes oneself sore with those things easier than with a wellsharpened

blade—-at least, that is my experience, and I use them both by turns. Well, and salt water would naturally make a tender skin smart, so he got in the way, in the service, of rubbing in cold cream. I don't see anything strange about that …" He rattled on: said that he had two hundred Maria Mancinis (his cigar) in his trunk, the customs officers had been very courteous; and gave his cousin greetings from various people at home. "Don't they heat the rooms here?" he broke off to inquire, and ran to put his hands on the radiator.

"No, they keep us pretty cool," answered Joachim. "The weather would have to be different from this before they put on the heat in August."

"August, August!" said Hans Castorp. "But I am cold, abominably cold; I mean in my body, for my face burns shockingly—-just feel it!"

This demand was entirely foreign to the young man's nature—-so much so that he himself was disagreeably impressed as he heard himself make it. Joachim did not take up the offer, but merely said: "That is the air—-it doesn't mean anything; Behrens himself is purple in the face all day long. Some people never get used to it. Come along now, do, or we shan't get anything to eat."

Outside they saw the nursing sister again, peering short--sightedly and inquisitively after them. But in the first storey Hans Castorp suddenly stopped, rooted to the spot by a perfectly ghastly sound coming from a little distance off round a bend in the corridor. It was not a loud sound, but so distinctly horrible that Hans Castorp made a wry face and looked wide--eyed at his cousin. It was coughing, obviously, a man coughing; but coughing like to no other Hans Castorp had ever heard, and compared with which any other had been a magnificent and healthy manifestation of life: a coughing that had no conviction and gave no relief, that did not even come out in paroxysms, but was just a feeble, dreadful welling up of the juices of organic dissolution.

"Yes," said Joachim. "That's a bad case. An Austrian aristocrat, you know, very elegant. He's a born horseman—-a gentleman rider. And now he's come to this. But he still gets about."

As they went, Hans Castorp discoursed earnestly upon the gentleman rider's cough.

"You must realize," he said, "that I've never heard anything like it before. It is entirely new to me, and naturally it makes a great impression. There are different kinds of cough, dry and loose, and people always say the loose one is better than the other, the barking kind. When I had croup, in my youth" (he actually said "in my youth"!), "I bayed like a wolf, and I can still remember how glad everybody was when it got looser. But a cough like this—-I didn't know there was such a cough! It isn't a human cough at all. It isn't dry and yet isn't loose either—-that is very far from being the right word for it. It is just as if one could look right into him when he coughs, and see what it looks like: all slime and mucous—-"

"Oh," said Joachim, "I hear it every day, you don't need to describe it to me." But Hans Castorp could not get over the coughing he had heard. He kept repeating that he could see right into the gentleman rider's vitals; when they reached the restaurant his travel--weary eyes had an excited glitter.

In the Restaurant

It was charming in the restaurant, elegantly appointed and well lighted. The room lay to the right of the hall, opposite the salons, and was, Joachim explained, used chiefly by new arrivals, and by guests eating out of the usual meal hours or entertaining company. But it also served for birthday feasts, farewell parties, even to celebrate a favourable report after a general examination. There were lively times here in the restaurant on occasion, Joachim said, and champagne flowed freely. Now, no one was here but a solitary lady of some thirty years, reading a book and humming; she kept tapping the table--cloth lightly with the middle finger of her left hand. After the young people had taken their places, she changed hers, in order to sit with

her back to them. Joachim explained in a low voice that she suffered from shyness as from a disease, and ate all her meals in the restaurant, with a book. It was said that she had entered her first tuberculosis sanatorium as a young girl, and had never lived in the world since.

"So compared with her, you are only a novice, with your five months; and still will be when you have a year on your back," said Hans Castorp to his cousin; whereat Joachim, with his newly acquired shoulder--shrug, took up the menu.

They had sat down at the raised table in the window, the pleasantest spot in the room, facing each other against the cream--coloured hangings, their faces lighted by the red--shaded table--lamp. Hans Castorp clasped his freshly washed hands and rubbed them together in agreeable anticipation—-a habit of his when he sat down to table, perhaps because his ancestors had said grace before meat. They were served by a friendly maid in black frock and white apron. She had a pleasant, throaty voice, and her broad face was indisputably healthy--coloured. To his great amusement, Hans Castorp learned that the waitresses here were called "dining--room girls." They ordered a bottle of Gruaud Larose, and Hans Castorp sent it back to have it warmed. The food was excellent: asparagus soup, stuffed tomatoes, a roast with vegetables, an exceedingly well--prepared sweet, cheese, and fruit. Hans Castorp ate heartily, though his appetite did not turn out quite so stout as he had thought. But he always ate a good deal, out of pure self--respect, even when he was not hungry.

Joachim paid scant honour to the meal. He was tired of the cooking, he said; they all were, up here, and it was customary to grumble at the food. If one had to sit up here for ever and a day—-! But, on the other hand, he partook of the wine with gusto, not to say abandon; and repeatedly, though with careful avoidance of emotional language, expressed his joy at having somebody here with whom one could have a little rational conversation.

"Yes, it's first--rate you've come," he said, and his gentle voice betrayed some feeling. "I must say it is really an event for me—-it is certainly a change, anyhow, a break in the everlasting monotony."

"But time must go fast, living up here," was Hans Castorp's view.

"Fast and slow, as you take it," answered Joachim. "It doesn't do at all, I tell you. You can't call it time—-and you can't call it living either!" he said with a shake of the head, and fell to his glass again.

Hans Castorp drank too, though his face was like fire. Yet he was still cold, and felt a curious restlessness in his limbs, at once pleasurable and troubling. His words fell over each other, he often misspoke and passed it over with a deprecating wave. Joachim too was in a lively humour, and their conversation continued in a still freer and more convivial vein after the humming, tapping lady had got up suddenly and left the room. They gesticulated with their forks as they ate, nodded, shrugged their shoulders, talked with their mouths full. Joachim wanted to hear about Hamburg, and brought the conversation round to the proposed regulation of the Elbe.

"Epoch--making," said Hans Castorp. "Epoch--making for the development of our shipping. Can't be over--estimated. We've budgeted fifty millions for immediate expenditure and you may be sure we know what we're about."

But notwithstanding all the importance he attached to the projected improvement, he jumped away from the theme and demanded that Joachim tell him more about life "up here" and about the guests—-which the latter straightway did, being only too pleased to be able to unbosom himself. He had to repeat the story of the corpses sent down by bob--sleigh, and vouch for its truth. Hans Castorp being taken by another fit of laughing, his cousin laughed too, with hearty enjoyment, and told other funny things to add fuel to their merriment. There was a lady sitting at his table, named Frau Stöhr, the wife of a Cannstadt musician; a rather serious case, she was, and the most ignorant creature he had ever seen. She said diseased for deceased, quite seriously, and she called Krokowski the Asst. And

you had to take it all in without cracking a smile. She was a regular gossip—-most people were, up here—-and published it broadcast that another lady, a certain Frau Iltis, carried a "steriletto" on her person.

"That is exactly what she called it, isn't that priceless?" They lolled in their chairs, they flung themselves back and laughed so hard that they shook; and they began to hiccup at nearly the same time.

Now and then Joachim's face would cloud over and he would remember his lot.

"Yes, we sit here and laugh," he said, with a long face, his words interrupted by the heaving of his diaphragm, "we sit here and laugh, but there's no telling when I shall get away. When Behrens says half a year, you can make up your mind it will be more. It *is* hard, isn't it?—-you just tell me if you don't think it is pretty hard on me. I had already been accepted, I could have taken my exams next month. And now I have to drool about with a thermometer stuck in my mouth, and count the howlers of this ignorant Frau Stöhr, and watch the time slipping away. A year is so important at our age. Down below, one goes through so many changes, and makes so much progress, in a single year of life. And I have to stagnate up here—-yes, just stagnate like a filthy puddle; it isn't too crass a comparison."

Strange to say, Hans Castorp's only reply to all this was a query as to whether it was possible to get porter up here; when Joachim looked at him, in some astonishment, he perceived that his cousin was overcome with sleep, that in fact he was actually nodding.

"But you are going to sleep!" said Joachim. "Come along, it is time we both went to bed."

" 'You can't call it time,' " quoth Hans Castorp, thick--tongued. He went with his cousin, rather bent and stiff in the knees, like a man bowed to the earth with fatigue. However, in the dimly lighted corridor he pulled himself sharply together on hearing his cousin say: "There's Krokowski sitting there. I think I'll just have to present you, as briefly as possible."

Dr. Krokowski sat in the bright light at the fire--place of one of the reception--rooms, close to the folding doors. He was reading a paper, and got up as the young people approached.

Joachim, in military position, heels together, said: "Herr Doctor, may I present my cousin Castorp from Hamburg? He has just arrived."

Dr. Krokowski greeted the new inmate with a jovial and robust heartiness, as who should say that with him all formality was superfluous, and only jocund mutual confidence in place. He was about thirty--five years old, broad--shouldered and fleshy, much shorter than either of the youths before him, so that he had to tip back his head to look them in the face. He was unusually pale, of a translucent, yes, phosphorescent pallor, that was further accentuated by the dark ardour of his eyes, the blackness of his brows, and his rather long, full whisker, which ended in two points and already showed some white threads. He had on a black double--breasted, somewhat worn sack suit; black, open--worked sandal--like shoes over grey woollen socks, and a soft turndown collar, such as Hans Castorp had previously seen worn only by a photographer in Danzig, which did, in fact, lend a certain stamp of the studio to Dr. Krokowski's appearance. Smiling warmly and showing his yellow teeth in his beard, he shook the young man by the hand, and said in a baritone voice, with rather a foreign drawl: "Welcome to our midst, Herr Castorp! May you get quickly acclimatized and feel yourself at home among us! Do you come as a patient, may I ask?"

It was touching to see Hans Castorp labour to master his drowsiness and be polite. It annoyed him to be in such bad form, and with the self--consciousness of youth he read signs of indulgent amusement in the warmth of the Assistant's manner. He replied, mentioning his examinations and his three weeks' visit, and ended by saying he was, thank God, perfectly healthy.

"Really?" asked Krokowski, putting his head teasingly on one side. His smile grew broader. "Then you are a phenomenon worthy of

study. I, for one, have never in my life come across a perfectly healthy human being. What were the examinations you have just passed, if I may ask?"

"I am an engineer, Herr Doctor," said Hans Castorp with modest dignity.

"Ah, an engineer!" Dr. Krokowski's smile retreated as it were, lost for the moment something of its genial warmth. "A splendid calling. And so you will not require any attention while you are here, either physical or psychical?"

"Oh, no, thank you ever so much," said Hans Castorp, and almost drew back a step as he spoke.

At that Dr. Krokowski's smile burst forth triumphant; he shook the young man's hand afresh and cried briskly: "Well, sleep well, Herr Castorp, and rejoice in the fullness of your perfect health; sleep well, and *auf Wiedersehen!"* With which he dismissed the cousins and returned to his paper.

The lift had stopped running, so they climbed the stairs; in silence, somewhat taken aback by the encounter with Dr. Krokowski. Joachim went with his cousin to number thirty--four, where the lame porter had already deposited the luggage of the new arrival. They talked for another quarter--hour while Hans Castorp unpacked his night and toilet things, smoking a large, mild cigarette the while. A cigar would have been too much for him this evening—-a fact which impressed him as odd indeed.

"He looks quite a personality," he said, blowing out the smoke. "He is as pale as wax. But dear me, what hideous footgear he wears! Grey woollen socks, and then those sandals! Was he really offended at the end, do you think?"

"He is rather touchy," admitted Joachim. "You ought not to have refused the treatment so brusquely, at least not the psychical. He doesn't like to have people get out of it. He doesn't take much stock

in me because I don't confide in him enough. But every now and then I tell him a dream I've had, so he can have something to analyse."

"Then I certainly did offend him," Hans Castorp said fretfully, for it annoyed him to give offence. His weariness rushed over him with renewed force at the thought.

"Good--night," he said; "I'm falling over."

"At eight o'clock I'll come fetch you to breakfast," Joachim said, and went. Hans Castorp made only a cursory toilet for the night. Hardly had he put out the bedside light when sleep overcame him; but he started up again, remembering that in that bed, the day before yesterday, someone had died. "That wasn't the first time either," he said to himself, as though the thought were reassuring. "It is a regular death--bed, a common death--bed." And he fell asleep.

No sooner had he gone off, however, than he began to dream, and dreamed almost without stopping until next morning. Principally he saw his cousin, Joachim Ziemssen, in a strange, dislocated attitude on a bob--sled, riding down a steep course. He had a phosphorescent pallor like Dr. Krokowski, and in front of him sat the gentleman rider and steered. The gentleman rider was indistinct, like someone one has heard cough, but never seen.

"It's all the same to us up here," remarked the dislocated Joachim; and then it was he and not the gentleman rider who was coughing in that horribly pulpy manner. Hans Castorp wept bitterly to hear, and then perceived that he must run to the chemist's to get some cold cream. But Frau Iltis, with a pointed snout, sat by the road--side with something in her hand, which must be her "steriletto," but was obviously nothing else than a safety--razor. This made Hans Castorp go from tears to laughing; and thus he was tossed back and forth among varying emotions, until the dawn came through his half--open balcony door and wakened him.

CHAPTER II

Of the Christening Basin, and of Grandfather in His Two--fold Guise

Hans Castorp retained only pale memories of his parental home. His father and mother he had barely known; they had both dropped away in the brief period between his fifth and seventh birthdays; first the mother, quite suddenly, on the eve of a confinement, of an arterial obstruction following neuritis—-an embolus, Dr. Heidekind had called it—-which caused instantaneous cardiac arrest. She had just been laughing, sitting up in bed, and it looked as though she had fallen back with laughter, but really it was because she had died. The father, Hermann Castorp, could not grasp his loss. He had been deeply attached to his wife, and not being of the strongest himself, never quite recovered from her death. His spirit was troubled; he shrank within himself; his benumbed brain made him blunder in his business, so that the firm of Castorp and Son suffered sensible financial losses; and the next spring, while inspecting warehouses on the windy landing--stage, he got inflammation of the lungs. The fever was too much for his shaken heart, and in five days, notwithstanding all Dr. Heidekind's care, he died. Attended to his rest by a respectable concourse of citizens, he followed his wife to the Castorp family vault, a charming site in St. Katherine's churchyard, with a view of the Botanical Gardens.

His father the Senator survived him a short time; then he too passed away, likewise of inflammation of the lungs. His death agony was sore, for unlike his son, Hans Lorenz Castorp had been a man of tough constitution, and firmly rooted in life. Before his death, for the space of a year and a half, the grandfather harboured the orphaned

Hans Castorp in his home, a mansion standing in a narrow lot on the Esplanade, built in the early years of the last century, in the northern--classic style of architecture. It was painted a depressing weather--colour, and had pilasters on either side the entrance door, which was approached by a flight of five steps. Besides the parterre, which had windows going down to the floor and furnished with cast--iron grilles, there were two upper storeys.

In the parterre were chiefly reception--rooms, and a very light and cheerful diningroom, with walls decorated in stucco. Its three windows, draped with wine--coloured curtains, looked out on the back garden. In this room, daily, at four o'clock, for the space of eighteen months, grandfather and grandson dined together, served by old Fiete, who had ear--rings in his ears and silver buttons on his livery, also a batiste neckcloth like his master's, in which he buried his shaven chin just as Hans Lorenz Castorp did in his. Grandfather said thou to him and addressed him in dialect—-not with any humorous intent, for he had no bent that way, but in all seriousness, and because it was his custom so to do in his dealings with the common people—-the warehouse hands, postmen, coachmen, and servants. Hans Castorp liked to hear it, and very much he liked to hear Fiete reply, in dialect too, bending over as he served and speaking into his master's left ear, for the Senator could hear much better on that side. The old man would listen and nod and go on eating, sitting erect between the table and the high back of his mahogany chair, and scarcely at all bending over his plate. And his grandson, opposite, watched in silence, with deep, unconscious concentration, Grandfather's beautiful, thin, white old hands, with their pointed nails, and, on the right forefinger, the green seal ring with the crest; watched the small, deft, practised motions with which they arranged a mouthful of meat, vegetable, and potato on the end of his fork, and with a slight inclination of the head conveyed it to his mouth. Then he would look at his own hands, and their still clumsy movements, and see in them the hope foreshadowed of one day holding and using his knife and fork as Grandfather did.

Again, he would wonder whether he should ever bury his chin in such another neck--band as that which filled the wide space inside Grandfather's extraordinary collar, with its sharp points brushing the old man's cheeks. He doubted it. One would have to be as old as Grandfather for that; in these days, save for him and his old Fiete, nobody, far and wide, wore such collars and neckcloths. It was a pity; little Hans Castorp liked the way Grandfather's chin nestled in the high, snow--white band. Even after he was grown, he recalled it with pleasure; something in the depth of his being responded to it.

When they had done, they folded their table--napkins and put them in their silver rings—-a job at which Hans Castorp never acquitted himself very well, for they were the size of small tablecloths. Then the Senator got up from his chair, which Fiete drew away behind him, and went with shuffling steps into his "office" to get a cigar. Sometimes the grandson followed him in.

This office had come to exist because of a peculiarity in the arrangement of the lower floor—-namely, that the dining--room had been planned with three windows instead of two, and ran the whole width of the house; which left space for only two drawing--rooms, instead of the usual three, and gave to one of them, at right angles to the dining--room, with a single window on the street, a quite disproportionate depth. Of this room, therefore, some quarter of the length had been cut off, and turned into a cabinet. It was a strip of a room, with a skylight; twilighted, and not much furnished—-there was an *étagère*, on which stood the Senator's cigar case; a cardtable, the drawer of which held whist cards, counters, little marking--boards with tiny teeth that clapped open and shut, a slate and slate--pencil, paper cigar--holders, and other such attractions; and finally, in the corner, a rococo case in palisander--wood, with yellow silk stretched behind its glass doors.

"Grandpa," little Hans Castorp might say, standing on tiptoes to reach the old man's ear, "please show me the christening basin."

And the grandfather, who had already pulled back the skirts of his long cashmere frock--coat and taken the bunch of keys from his trouser pocket, forthwith opened the door of the glass case, whence floated odours odd and pleasant to the boy's sense. Inside were all manner of disused and fascinating objects: a pair of silver--branched candlesticks, a broken barometer in a wooden case with allegorical carving, an album of daguerreotypes, a cedar--wood case for liqueurs, a funny little Turk in flowing silk robes, under which was a hard body with a mechanism inside. Once, when you wound him up, he had been able to leap about all over the table, but he was long since out of repair. Then there was a quaint old model of a ship; and right at the bottom a rat--trap. But from one of the middle shelves Grandfather took a much--tarnished, round silver dish, with a tray likewise of silver, and showed them both to the boy, lifting them separately and turning them about in his hands as he told the story he had so often told before.

Plate and basin, one could see, and as the little one heard once again, had not originally belonged together; but, Grandfather said, they had been in use together for a round hundred years, or since the time when the basin was made. The latter was very beautiful, of simple and elegant form, in the severe taste of the early nineteenth century. It rested, plain and solid, on a round base, and had once been gilt within, but the gilding had faded with time to a yellow shimmer. Its single decoration was a chaste garland of roses and serrated leaves about the brim. As for the plate, its far greater antiquity could be read on the inside: the date 1650 was engraved there in ornamental figures, framed in curly engraved lines executed in the "modern manner" of the period, florid and capricious devices and arabesques that were something between star and flower. On the back, engraved in a variety of scripts, were the names of its successive owners, seven in number, each with the date when it had passed into his hands. The old man named each one to his grandson, pointing with beringed index finger. There was Hans Castorp's father's name, there was Grandfather's own, there was Great--grandfather's; then

the "great" came doubled, tripled, quadrupled, from the old man's mouth, whilst the little lad listened, his head on one side, the eyes full of thought, yet fixed and dreamy too, the childish lips parted, half with awe, half sleepily. That great--great--great--great—-what a hollow sound it had, how it spoke of the falling away of time, yet how it seemed the expression of a piously cherished link between the present, his own life, and the depth of the past! All that, as his face showed, made a profound impression. As he listened to the great--great--great, he seemed to smell the cool, earthy air of the vault of St. Michael's or Saint Katherine's; the breath of regions where one went hat in hand, the head reverently bowed, walking weavingly on the tips of one's toes; seemed, too, to hear the remote and set--apart hush of those echoing places. Religious feeling mingled in his mind with thoughts of death and a sense of history, as he listened to the sombre syllable; he received therefrom an ineffable gratification—-indeed, it may have been for the sake of hearing the sound that he so often begged to see the christening basin.

Grandfather set the vessel back on the tray, and let the boy look into the smooth, faintly golden inside, which caught the light from the window in the ceiling.

"Yes," he said, "it will soon be eight years since we held you over it, and the water flowed into it from your baptism. Lassen, the sexton of St. Jacob's, poured it into our good Pastor Bugenhagen's hand, and it ran out over your little topknot and into the basin. We had warmed it, so it should not frighten you and make you cry, and you did not; you cried beforehand, though, so loud that Bugenhagen could hardly get on with the service, but you stopped when you felt the water—-and that, let us hope, was out of respect for the Holy Sacrament. A few days from now it will be forty--four years since your blessed father was a baby at the baptismal font, and it was over his head the water flowed into the basin. That was here in this house, where he was born, in front of the middle dining--room window, and old Pastor Hezekiel was still alive. He was the man the French nearly shot when he was young, because he preached against their burning

and looting. He has been with God these many years. Then, five--and--seventy years ago, I was the youngster whose head they held over this selfsame basin; that was in the dining--room too, and the minister spoke the very words that were spoken when you and your father were baptized, and the clear, warm water flowed over my head precisely the same way—-there wasn't much more hair than there is now—-and fell into this golden bowl just as it did over yours."

The little one looked up at Grandfather's narrow grey head, bending over the basin as it had in the time he described. A familiar feeling pervaded the child: a strange, dreamy, troubling sense: of change in the midst of duration, of time as both flowing and persisting, of recurrence in continuity—-these were sensations he had felt before on the like occasion, and both expected and longed for again, whenever the heirloom was displayed.

As a young man he was aware that the image of his grandfather was more deeply and clearly imprinted on his mind, with greater significance, than those of his own parents. The fact might rest upon sympathy and physical likeness, for the grandson resembled the grandfather, in so far, that is, as a rosy youth with the down on his chin might resemble a bleached, rheumatic septuagenarian, Yet it probably spoke even more for that which was indeed the truth, that the grandfather had been the real personality, the picturesque figure of the family.

Long before Hans Lorenz Castorp's passing, his person and the things for which he stood had ceased to be representative of his age. He had been a typical Christian gentleman, of the Reformed faith, of a strongly conservative cast of mind, as obstinately convinced of the right of the aristocracy to govern as if he had been born in the fourteenth century, when the labouring classes had begun to make head against the stout resistance of the free patriciate and wrest from it a place and voice in the councils of the ancient city. He had little use for the new. His active years had fallen in a decade of rapid growth and repeated upheavals, a decade of progress by forced marches, which had made continual demands on the public capacity

for enterprise and self--sacrifice. Certainly he had no part or lot, old Castorp, in the brilliant triumph of the modern spirit that followed hard upon. It was not his fault; he had held far more with ancestral ways and old institutions than with ruinous schemes for widening the harbour, or godless and rubbishing plans for a great metropolis. He had put on the brakes; he had whittled things down wherever he could; and if matters had gone to his liking, the administration would have continued to wear the same old--fashioned, idyllic guise as, in his time, his own office did.

Such, in his lifetime and afterwards, was the figure the old man presented to the eye of his fellow burghers; and such, in essentials, was he also to the childish gaze of little Hans Castorp, who knew naught of affairs of state, and whose formless, uncritical judgments were rather the fruit of mere lively perceptions. Yet they persisted into later life, as the elements of a perfectly conscious memory--picture, which defied expression or analysis, but was none the less positive for all that. We repeat that natural sympathy was in play here too, the close family tie and essential intimacy which not infrequently leaps over an intervening generation.

Senator Castorp was tall and lean. The years had bent his back and neck, but he tried to counteract the curvature by pressure in another direction; drawing down his mouth with sedulous dignity, though the lips were shrunken against the bare gums, for he had lost all his teeth, and put in the false ones only to eat. It was this posture also which helped to steady an incipient shaking of the head, gave him his look of being sternly reined up, and caused him to support his chin on his neckcloth in the manner so congenial to little Hans Castorp's taste.

He loved his snuff--box—it was a longish, gold--inlaid tortoise--shell one—and on account of his snuff--taking, used a red pocket--handkerchief, the corner of which always hung out of the back pocket of his coat. If this foible added a quaint touch to his appearance, yet the effect was only of a slight negligence or licence due to age, which length of days either consciously and cheerfully permits itself, or else brings in its train without the victim's being

aware. If weakness it were, it was the only one the sharp eye of the child ever noted in his grandfather's exterior. But the old man's everyday appearance was not his real and authentic one, either to the seven--year--old child, or to the memory of the grown man in after years. That was different, far finer and truer; it was Grandfather as he appeared in a life--size portrait which had once hung in the house of Hans Castorp's own parents, had moved over with him to the Esplanade on their death, and now hung above the great red satin sofa in the reception--room.

The painting showed Hans Lorenz Castorp in his official garb as Councillor: the sober, even godly, civilian habit of a bygone century, which a commonwealth both self--assertive and enterprising had brought with it down the years and retained in ceremonial use in order to make present the past and make past the present, to bear witness to the perpetual continuity of things, and the perfect soundness of its business signature. Senator Castorp stood at full length on a red--tiled floor, in a perspective of column and pointed arch. His chin was dropped, his mouth drawn down, his blue, musing eyes, with the tear ducts plain beneath them, directed toward the distant view. He wore the black coat, cut full like a robe, more than knee--length, with a wide trimming of fur all round the edge; the upper sleeves were wide and puffed and furtrimmed too, while from beneath them came the narrow under--sleeves of plain cloth, then lace cuffs, which covered the hands to the knuckles. The slender, elderly legs were cased in black silk stockings; the shoes had silver buckles. But about his neck was the broad, starched ruff, pressed down in front and swelling out on the sides, beneath which, for good measure, a fluted jabot came out over the waistcoat. Under his arm he held the old--fashioned, broad--brimmed hat that tapered to a point at the top.

It was a capital painting, by an artist of some note, in an old--masterish style that suited the subject and was reminiscent of much Spanish, Dutch, late Middle Ages work. Little Hans Castorp had often looked at it; not, of course, with any knowledge of art, but with a larger, even a fervid comprehension. Only once—-and then only for

a moment—-had he ever seen Grandfather as he was here represented, on the occasion of a procession to the *Rathaus*. But he could not help feeling that this presentment was the genuine, the authentic grandfather, and the everyday one merely subsidiary, not entirely conformable—-a sort of interim grandfather, as it were. For it was clear that the deviations and idiosyncrasies presented by his everyday appearance were due to incomplete, perhaps even unsuccessful adaptation; they were the not quite eradicable vestiges of Grandfather's pure and genuine form. The choker collar and band, for instance, were old--fashioned; an adjective it would have been impossible to apply to that admirable article of apparel whose interim representative they were: namely, the ruff. The same was true of the outlandish top--hat Grandfather wore, with the bellshaped crown, to which the broad--brimmed felt in the painting corresponded, only with a higher degree of actuality; and of the voluminous frock--coat, whose archetype and original was for little Hans Castorp the lace--and fur--trimmed ceremonial garment.

Thus he was glad from his heart that it should be the authentic, the perfect grandfather who lay there resplendent on that day when he came to take last leave of him. It was in the room where so often they had sat facing each other at table; and now, in the centre, Hans Lorenz Castorp was lying in a silver--mounted coffin, upon a begarlanded bier. He had fought out the attack on his lungs, fought long and stoutly, despite his air of being at home in the life of the day only by dint of his powers of adaptability. One hardly knew whether he had won or lost in the struggle; but in any case there he lay, with a stern yet satisfied expression, on his bed of state. He had altered with the illness, his nose looked sharp and thin; the lower half of his body was hidden by a coverlet on which lay a palm branch; the head was lifted high by the silken pillow, so that his chin rested beautifully in the front swell of the ruff. Between the hands, half--shrouded in their lace cuffs, their visibly cold, dead fingers artfully arranged to simulate life, was stuck an ivory cross. He seemed to gaze, beneath drooping lids, steadfastly down upon it.

Hans Castorp had probably seen his grandfather several times at the beginning of this last illness, but not toward the end. They had spared him the sight of the struggle, the more easily that it had been mostly at night; he had only felt it through the surcharged atmosphere of the house, old Fiete's red eyes, the coming and going of the doctors. What he gathered as he stood now by the bier in the dining--room, was that Grandfather had finally and formally surmounted his interim aspect and assumed for all time his true and adequate shape. And that was a gratifying result, even though old Fiete continually wept and shook his head, even though Hans Castorp himself wept, as he had at sight of the mother he had abruptly been bereft of, and the father who, so little time after her, lay in his turn still and strange before the little boy's eyes. Thus for the third time in so short a space and in such young years did death play upon the spirit and senses—-but chiefly on the senses—-of the lad. The sight was no longer strange, it was already right familiar; and as on those earlier occasions, only in still greater degree, he bore himself in the presence of death with a responsible air, quite self--controlled, showing no nervous weakness, if some natural dejection. He was unaware of the practical result the loss would mean to his own life, or else with childlike indifference was instinctively confident that he would be taken care of somehow; thus, at the bier, he displayed both an uncomprehending coolness and a detached alertness of observation, to which were added, on this third occasion, a feeling and expression of connoisseurship. And something more, a peculiar, precocious variation: he seemed no longer to think of tears—-either the frequent outburst of grief or the contagion from the grief of others—-as a natural reaction. In three or four months after his father's passing he had forgotten about death; but now he remembered, and all the impressions of that time recurred, precise, immediate, and piercing in their transcendent strangeness.

Reduced to order and put into words, they would have been something like the following. In one aspect death was a holy, a pensive, a spiritual state, possessed of a certain mournful beauty. In

another it was quite different. It was precisely the opposite, it was very physical, it was material, it could not possibly be called either holy, or pensive, or beautiful—-not even mournful. The solemn, spiritual side expressed itself in the ceremonial lying--in state of the corpse, in the fan--leaved palm and the wealth of flowers, all which symbolized the peace of God and the heavenly kingdom, as did even more explicitly the ivory cross stuck between the dead fingers of what was once Grandfather, and the bust of Christ by Thorwaldsen at the head of the bier, with towering candelabra on either side. It was these last that gave a churchly air to the scene. All such arrangements had their more precise justification in the fact that Grandfather was now clothed forever in his true and proper guise. But over and above that *raison d'être* they had another, of a more profane kind, of which little Hans Castorp was distinctly aware, though without admitting it in so many words. One and all of them, but expressly the flowers, and of these more expressly the hosts of tuberoses, were there to palliate the other aspect of death, the side which was neither beautiful nor exactly sad, but somehow almost improper—-its lowly, physical side—-to slur it over and prevent one from being conscious of it.

It was this other aspect of death that made Grandfather himself look so strange; not like Grandfather at all, more like a life--size wax doll, which death had put in his place to be the centre of all this pious and reverent spectacle. He who lay there—-or, more correctly, that which lay there—-was not Grandfather himself, but a shell, made, as Hans Castorp was aware, not of wax, but of its own substance, and only of that. Therein, precisely, was the impropriety. It was scarcely sad at all—-as things are not which have to do with the body and only with it. Little Hans Castorp regarded that substance, waxy yellow, and fine--grained like cheese, of which the life--size figure was made, the face and hands of what had been Grandfather. A fly had settled on the quiet brow, and began to move its proboscis up and down. Old Fiete shooed it cautiously away, taking care not to touch the forehead of the dead, putting on a seemly air of absent--mindedness—-of obscurantism, as it were—-as though he neither

might nor would take notice of what he was doing. This correctness of demeanour obviously had to do with the fact that Grandfather was now no longer anything but body. But the fly, after a circling flight, came to rest on Grandfather's fingers, close to the ivory cross. And Hans Castorp, watching, thought he detected, more plainly than ever before, a familiar, strange exhalation, faint, yet oddly clinging—-he blushed to find that it made him think of a former schoolfellow, who was avoided by his classmates because he suffered from a certain unpleasant affection—-for the drowning out of which the tuberoses were there, and which, with all their lovely luxuriance and the strong--ness of their scent, they yet failed to overpower.

He stood three times by his Grandfather's bier. Once alone with old Fiete; once with Great--uncle Tienappel, the wine merchant, and his two uncles, James and Peter; the third and last time when a group of harbour hands in their Sunday clothes came to take leave of the head of the house of Castorp and Son. Then came the funeral. The room was full of people, and Pastor Bugenhagen of St. Michael's, the same who had baptized little Hans, preached the sermon in a ruff. He was most friendly with the boy as they drove out together to the cemetery, in the first carriage behind the hearse. Thus did another epoch in the life of Hans Castorp come to an end, and again he moved to a new home and new surroundings, for the second time in his young life.

At Tienappels', and of Young Hans's Moral State

The change was no loss to him; for he entered the home of his appointed guardian, Consul Tienappel, where he wanted for nothing. Certainly this was true so far as his bodily needs were concerned, and not less in the sense of safe--guarding his interests—-about which he was still too young to know anything at all. For Consul Tienappel, an uncle of Hans's deceased mother, was administrator of the Castorp estate; he put up the property for sale, took in hand the business of liquidating the firm of Castorp and Son, Importers and Exporters, and realized from the whole nearly four hundred thousand marks, the

inheritance of young Hans. This sum Consul Tienappel invested in trust funds, and took unto himself two per cent of the interest every quarter, without impairment of his kinsmanly feeling.

The Tienappel house lay at the foot of a garden in Harvest-ehuderstrasse; the windows looked out on a plot of lawn in which not the tiniest weed was suffered to flourish, then upon public rose--borders, and then upon the river. The Consul went on foot every morning to his business in the Old Town—-although he possessed more than one fine equipage—-in order to get a little exercise, for he sometimes suffered from cerebral congestion. He returned in the same way at five in the afternoon, at which time the Tienappels dined, with due and fitting ceremony. He was a weighty man, whose suits were always of the best English cloths; his eyes were watery blue and prominent behind his gold--rimmed glasses, his nose was ruddy, and his square--cut beard was grey; he wore a flashing brilliant on the stubby little finger of his left hand. His wife was long since dead. He had two sons, Peter and James, of whom one was in the navy and seldom at home, the other occupied in the paternal wine trade, and destined heir to the business. The housekeeping, for many years, had been the care of an Altona goldsmith's daughter, named Schalleen, who wore starched white ruffles at her plump, round wrists. Hers it was to see to it that the table, morning and evening, was richly laden with cold meats, with crabs and salmon, eel and smoked breast of goose, with tomato ketchup for the roast beef. She kept a watchful eye on the hired waiters when Consul Tienappel gave a gentlemen's dinner; and she it was who, so far as in her lay, took the place of a mother to little Hans Castorp.

So he grew up; in wretched weather, in the teeth of wind and mist, grew up, so to say, in a yellow mackintosh, and, generally speaking, he throve. A little anæmic he had always been, so Dr. Heidekind said, and had him take a good glass of porter after third breakfast every day, when he came home from school. This, as everyone knows, is a hearty drink—-Dr. Heidekind considered it a blood-

-maker—-and certainly Hans Castorp found it most soothing to his spirits and encouraging to a propensity of his, which his Uncle Tienappel called "dozing": namely, sitting staring into space, with his jaw dropped and his thoughts fixed on just nothing at all. But on the whole he was sound and fit, an adequate tennis player and rower; though actually handling the oars was less to his taste than sitting of a summer evening on the terrace of the Uhlenhorst ferry--house, with a good drink before him and the sound of music in his ears, while he watched the lighted boats, and the swans mirrored in the bright water. Hear him talk, sedate and sensible, in a rather low, monotonous voice, just tinged with dialect; observe him in his blond correctness, with his well--shaped head, which had about it some stamp of the classic, and his self--possessed, indolent bearing, the fruit of innate, inherited, perfectly unconscious self--esteem—-you would swear that this young Castorp was a legitimate and genuine product of the soil in which he flourished, and strikingly at home in his environment. Nor would he, had he ever put such a question to himself, have been for a single second doubtful of the answer.

Yes, he was thoroughly in his element in the atmosphere of this great seaboard city: this reeking air, compact of good living and a retail trade that embraced the four corners of the earth. It had been the breath of his father's nostrils, and the son drew it in with profound acquiescence and a sense of well--being. The exhalations from water, coals, and tar, the sharp tang in the nostrils from heaped--up stacks of colonial produce; the huge steam--cranes at the dock--side, imitating the quiet, the intelligence, and the giant strength of elephants at work, as they hoisted tons of sacks, bales, chests, vats, and carboys out of the bowels of seagoing ships and conveyed them into waiting trains and scales; the business men, in yellow rubber coats like his own, streaming to the Bourse at midday, where, as he knew, there was oftentimes pretty sharp work, and a man might have to strengthen his credit at short notice by giving out invitations to a big dinner—-all this he felt, saw, heard, knew. Besides it all, there was the field in which later was to lie his own particular interest: the

confusion of the yards, the mammoth bodies of great ships, Asiatic and African liners, lying in dry--dock, keel and propeller bare, supported by props as thick as tree--trunks, lying there in monstrous helplessness, swarmed over by troops of men like dwarfs, scouring, whitewashing, hammering; there were the roofed--over ways, wrapped in wreaths of smoke--like mist, holding the towering frames of rising ships, among which moved the engineers, blueprint and loading scale in hand, directing the work--people. All these were familiar sights to Hans Castorp from his youth upwards, awaking in him only the agreeable, homely sensations of "belonging," which were the prerogative of his years. Such sensations would reach their height when he sat of a Sunday forenoon with James Tienappel or his cousin Ziemssen—-Joachim Ziemssen—-in the pavilion at Alster, breakfasting on hot cuts and smoked meat, with a glass of old port; or when, having eaten, he would lean back in his chair and give himself up to his cigar. For therein especially was he true to type, that he liked good living, and notwithstanding his thinbloodedness and look of over--refinement clung to the grosser pleasures of life as a greedy suckling to its mother's breast.

Comfortably, not without dignity, he carried the weight of culture with which the governing upper class of the commercial city endowed its children. He was as clean as a well--cared--for baby, and dressed by the tailor in whom the young men of his social sphere felt most confidence. Schalleen took beautiful care of his small stock of carefully marked linen, which was bestowed in a dressing--chest on the English plan. When he studied away from home, he regularly sent back his laundry to be washed and mended, for it was a saying of his that outside Hamburg nobody in the kingdom knew how to iron. A rough spot on the cuff of his dainty coloured shirts filled him with acute discomfort. His hands, though not particularly aristocratic in shape, were well tended and fresh--skinned, and he wore a platinum chain ring as well as the seal ring inherited from Grandfather. His teeth were rather soft and defective and he had a number of gold fillings.

Standing and walking, he rather stuck out his abdomen, which hardly made an athletic impression; but his bearing at table was beyond cavil. Sitting very erect, he would turn the whole upper part of his body to speak to his neighbour (with selfpossession, of course, and a little *platt*) and he kept his elbows well in as he dismembered his piece of fowl, or deftly, with the appointed tool, drew the rosy flesh from a lobster's shell. His first requirement after a meal was the finger--bowl of perfumed water, his second the Russian cigarette—-which paid no duty, as he had a convenient way of getting them smuggled in. After the cigarette the cigar; he favoured a Bremen brand called Maria Mancini, of which we shall hear more hereafter; the fragrant narcotic blended so soothingly with the coffee. Hans Castorp protected his supply of tobacco from the injurious effects of steam--heating by keeping it in the cellar, whither he would betake himself every morning to load his case with his stock for the day. It went against his grain to eat butter served in the piece instead of in little fluted balls.

It will be seen that we mean to say everything that may be said in Hans Castorp's favour, yet without fulsomeness, not making him out as better, or worse, than he was. He was neither genius nor dunderhead; and if, in our description of him, we have avoided the use of the word mediocre, it has been for reasons quite unconnected with his intelligence, hardly even with any bearing upon his whole simple personality, but rather out of regard for his lot in life, to which we incline to ascribe a certain importance above and beyond personal considerations. His head--piece sustained without undue strain the demands made upon it by the course at the Realgymnasium—-strain, indeed, was something to which he was quite definitely disinclined, whatever the circumstances or the object of his effort; less out of fear of hurting himself than because he positively saw no reason, or, more precisely, saw no positive reason, for exertion. This then, perhaps, is why we may not call him mediocre: that, somehow or other, he was aware of the lack of such a reason. A man lives not only his personal life, as an individual, but also, consciously or unconsciously, the life

of his epoch and his contemporaries. He may regard the general, impersonal foundations of his existence as definitely settled and taken for granted, and be as far from assuming a critical attitude toward them as our good Hans Castorp really was; yet it is quite conceivable that he may none the less be vaguely conscious of the deficiencies of his epoch and find them prejudicial to his own moral well--being. All sorts of personal aims, ends, hopes, prospects, hover before the eyes of the individual, and out of these he derives the impulse to ambition and achievement. Now, if the life about him, if his own time seem, however outwardly stimulating, to be at bottom empty of such food for his aspirations; if he privately recognize it to be hopeless, viewless, helpless, opposing only a hollow silence to all the questions man puts, consciously or unconsciously, yet somehow, puts, as to the final, absolute, and abstract meaning in all his efforts and activities; then, in such a case, a certain laming of the personality is bound to occur, the more inevitably the more upright the character in question; a sort of palsy, as it were, which may even extend from his spiritual and moral over into his physical and organic part. In an age that affords no satisfying answer to the eternal question of "Why?" "To what end?" a man who is capable of achievement over and above the average and expected modicum must be equipped either with a moral remoteness and single--mindedness which is rare indeed and of heroic mould, or else with an exceptionally robust vitality. Hans Castorp had neither the one nor the other of these; and thus he must be considered mediocre, though in an entirely honourable sense.

All this that we have said has reference to the inward state of the young man not only during his school years, but also in those that followed, after he had made choice of his civil profession. On his way through his forms at school, he had now and again to take one for the second time. But in the main his origin, his good breeding, and also a pretty if unimpassioned gift for mathematics got him forward; and when he received his one--year service certificate, he made up his mind to continue at school, principally, it must be said, because he thus prolonged a situation he was used to, in which no definite

decisions had to be taken, and in which he had further time to think matters over and decide what he really wanted to do, which he was far from knowing after he had arrived at the top form. Even when it was finally decided—-to say when Hans Castorp finally decided it would be saying too much—-he had the feeling that it might quite as well have been decided some other way.

So much, however, was true, that he had always liked ships. As a small boy he had filled the pages of his note--books with drawings of fishing--barks, five--masters and vegetable--barges. When he was fifteen, he had had a front seat at the christening ceremony of the new double--screw steamer *Hansa*. He had watched her leave the ways at Blohm and Voss's, and afterwards made quite a happy water--colour of the graceful ship, done with a good deal of attention to detail, and a loving and not unskillful treatment of the glassy green, rolling waves. Consul Tienappel hung it in his private office, and somebody told him that it showed talent, that the artist might develop into a good marine painter—-a remark which the Consul could safely repeat to his ward, for Hans Castorp only laughed good--humouredly, and not for a moment considered letting himself in for a career of being eccentric and not getting enough to eat.

"You haven't so much, you know," his Uncle Tienappel would say to him. "James and Peter will get most of what I have; that is to say, it stops in the business, and Peter will draw his interest. What belongs to you is well invested, and brings you in something safe. But it's no joke living on your interest to--day, unless one has at least five times what you have; and if you want to be somebody here in this town and live as you have been brought up to, you'll have to earn a good bit more to put with it, you mark my words, my son."

Hans Castorp marked them. He looked about for a profession suitable in his own eyes and those of his fellow citizens. And when he had once chosen—-it came about at the instance of old Wilms, of the firm of Tunder and Wilms, who said to Consul Tienappel at the Saturday whist--table that young Castorp ought to study ship--building; it would be a good idea, he could come into his office and

he would keep an eye on him—-when he had once chosen, he thought very highly of his calling. It was, to be sure, confoundedly complicated and fatiguing, but all the same it was very first--rate, very solid, very important. And certainly, being peaceful in his tastes, he preferred it to that of his cousin Ziemssen, the son of his mother's half--sister, who was bent on being an officer. But Joachim Ziemssen was rather weak in the chest, and for that reason a calling which would keep him in the open, and in which there was no mental strain or fatigue to speak of, might be quite the right thing for him, Hans Castorp thought with easy condescension. He had the greatest respect for work—-though personally he found that he tired easily.

And here we revert to our suggestion of a few pages back: the idea that an unfavourable influence exerted upon a man's personal life by the times in which he lives may even extend to his physical organism. Hans Castorp respected work—-as how should he not have? It would have been unnatural. Work was for him, in the nature of things, the most estimable attribute of life; when you came down to it, there was nothing else that was estimable. It was the principle by which one stood or fell, the Absolute of the time; it was, so to speak, its own justification. His regard for it was thus religious in its character, and, so far as he knew, unquestioning. But it was another matter, whether he loved it; and that he could not do, however great his regard, the simple reason being that it did not agree with him. Exacting occupation dragged at his nerves, it wore him out; quite openly he confessed that he liked better to have his time free, not weighted with the leaden load of effort; lying spacious before him, not divided up by obstacles one had to grit one's teeth and conquer, one after the other. These conflicting sentiments on the subject of work had, strictly speaking, to be reconciled. Is it, perhaps, possible, if he had been able to believe in work as a positive value, a self--justifying principle, believe in it in the very depth of his soul, even without being himself conscious of doing so, that his body as well as his spirit—-first the spirit and through it the body as well—-would have been able to devote itself to his task with more of joy and constancy, would have

been able to find peace therein? Here again is posed the question of Hans Castorp's mediocrity or more than mediocrity, to which we would give no hard and fast answer. For we do not set up as the young man's encomiast, and prefer to leave room for the other view: namely, that his work stood somewhat in the way of his unclouded enjoyment of his Maria Mancini.

To military service he was not inclined. His being revolted against it, and found ways of making difficulties. It may be, too, that Staff Medical Officer Dr. Eberding, who visited at Harvestehuderstrasse, heard from Consul Tienappel, in the course of conversation, that young Castorp was leaving home to begin his technical studies, and would find a call to the colours a very sensible interruption to his labours. Working slowly and deliberately—-he kept up his soothing habit of porter breakfasts while he was away—-he filled his brain with analytic and descriptive geometry, differential calculus, mechanics, projection, hydrostatic; reckoned full and empty displacement, stability, trim moment, and metacentre; and sometimes he got very sick of it. His technical drawings, the draughts and designs of frames, waterlines and longitudinal projections, were not quite so good as the picturesque representation of the *Hansa* on the high seas; but wherever it was in place to call in the sense perceptions to help out the intellectual, wherever he could wash in the shadows and lay on the cross--sections in the conventional colours, there Hans Castorp showed more dexterity than most.

When he came home for the holidays, very clean, very well dressed, with a little red--blond moustache that became his sleepy, young patrician face, obviously *en route* to a considerable position in life, people looked at him, the people who concerned themselves with the affairs of the community and made it their business to know all about family and social relations—-and that, in a self--governing city--state, meant most of the population—-they looked him well over, his fellow citizens, and asked themselves what public rôle young Castorp was destined to fill. He had traditions, his name was old and good, they would certainly have to reckon with him one day, as a political

factor. Some day he would sit in the Assembly, or on the Board of Directors, he would help make the laws, he would occupy some honourable office and share the burdens of sovereignty. He would belong to the executive branch, perhaps, or the Finance or Building Commission. His voice would be listened to, his vote would count. It would be interesting to see what party he would choose. Appearances were deceiving, but he did not look as a man does whom the democrats can count on; and his likeness to his grandfather was unmistakable. Would he take after him, and be a drag, a conservative element? It was quite possible—-but so was the opposite. He was an engineer, studying ship--building; on the technical side, in touch with world commerce. He might turn out to be a radical, a reckless spender, a profane destroyer of old buildings and landscape beauties. He might be as unfettered as a Jew, as irreverent as an American; he might prefer a ruthless break with tradition to a considered development of natural resources; he might incline to plunge the state into foolhardy experimentation. All that was conceivable. Was it in his blood to feel that their Worships in the Senate, before whom the double sentry at the *Rathaus* presented arms, were likely to know best in all contingencies; or would he side with the opposition in the Assembly? In his blue eyes, under their reddish--brown brows, his fellow citizens read no answer to their curious questioning. And he probably knew none himself, Hans Castorp, this still unwritten page.

When he took the journey upon which we have encountered him, he was in his twenty--third year. He had spent four semesters at the Dantzig Polytechnic, four more at the technical schools of Braunschweig and Karlsruhe, and had just previously passed his first final, quite respectably, if without any fanfare of trumpets. And now he was preparing to enter the firm of Tunder and Wilms, as volunteer apprentice, in order to get his practical training in the ship--yards.

But at this point his life took the following turn. He had had to work hard and steadily for his examination, and came home looking rather paler than a man of his blond, rosy type should do. Dr. Heidekind scolded, and insisted on a change of air; a complete

change, not a stay at Norderney or Wyk on Föhr—-that would not mend matters this time, he said; if they wanted his advice, it was that Hans Castorp should go for a few weeks to the high mountains before he took up his work in the yards. Consul Tienappel told his nephew and foster--son he approved of the plan, only that in that case they would part company for the summer, for wild horses couldn't drag him into the high mountains. They were not for him; he required a reasonable atmospheric pressure, else he might get an attack. Hans Castorp would be good enough to go by himself—-let him pay his cousin Ziemssen a visit.

It was an obvious suggestion. Joachim Ziemssen was ill—-not ill like Hans Castorp, but in all seriousness, critically. There had been a great scare, in fact. He had always been subject to feverish catarrh, and one day he actually spat blood; whereupon he had been rushed off to Davos, heels over head, to his great distress and affliction, for he had just then arrived within sight of the goal of all his hopes. Some semesters long, he had complied with the wish of his family and studied law; then, yielding to irresistible inward urging, he had changed over, presented himself as ensign and been accepted. And now, for the past five months, he had been stuck in the International Sanatorium Berghof (directing physician Hofrat Behrens) and was bored half sick, as he wrote home on postcards. If Hans Castorp wanted to do himself a good turn before he entered his post at Tunder and Wilms's, what more natural than that he should go up to Davos and keep his poor cousin company for a while—-it would be agreeable on both sides.

It was midsummer before he made up his mind to go. Already the last week in July. He left for a stay of three weeks.

CHAPTER III

Drawing the Veil

He had been so utterly weary, he had feared to oversleep; but he was on his legs rather earlier than usual, and had a superfluity of leisure in which to perform the accustomed ritual of his morning toilet, in which a rubber tub, a wooden bowl of green lavender soap, and the accompanying little brush played the principal parts. He had even time to do some unpacking and moving in. As he covered his cheeks with scented lather and drew over them the blade of his silver--plated "safety," he recalled his confused dreams and shook his head indulgently over so much nonsense, with the superior feeling a man has when shaving himself in the clear light of reason. He did not feel precisely rested, yet had a sense of morning freshness.

With powdered cheeks, in his Scotch--thread drawers and red morocco slippers, he walked out on the balcony, drying his hands. The balcony ran across the house and was divided into small separate compartments by opaque glass partitions, which did not quite reach to the balustrade. The morning was cool and cloudy. Trails of mist lay motionless in front of the heights on one side and the other, while great cloud--masses, grey and white, hung down over the distant peaks. Patches and bands of blue showed here and there; now and then a gleam of sunshine lighted up the village down in the valley, till it glistened whitely against the dark fir--covered slopes. Somewhere there was music, very likely in the same hotel where there had been a concert the evening before. The subdued chords of a hymn floated up; after a pause came a march. Hans Castorp loved music from his heart; it worked upon him in much the same way as did his breakfast

porter, with deeply soothing, narcotic effect, tempting him to doze. He listened well pleased, his head on one side, his eyes a little bloodshot.

He could see below him the winding road up to the sanatorium, by which he had come the night before. Among the dewy grass of the sloping terrace short--stemmed, star--shaped gentians stood out. Part of the level ground had been enclosed for a garden, with flower--beds, gravel paths, and an artificial grotto under a stately silver fir. A hall, with reclining--chairs and a galvanized roof, opened towards the south; near it stood a flag--pole, painted reddish--brown, on which the flag fluttered open now and then on its cord. It was a fancy flag, green and white, with the caduceus, the emblem of healing, in the centre.

A woman was walking in the garden, an elderly lady, of melancholy, even tragic aspect. Dressed all in black, a black veil wound about her dishevelled grey--black hair, with wrinkled brow and coal--black eyes that had hanging pouches of skin beneath them, she moved with rapid, restless step along the garden paths, staring straight before her, her knees a little bent, her arms hanging stiffly down. The ageing face in its southern pallor, with the large, wried mouth drawn down on one side, reminded Hans Castorp of a portrait he had once seen of a famous tragic actress. And strange it was to see how the pale, black--clad woman unconsciously matched her long, woeful pace to the music of the march.

He looked down upon her with pensive sympathy; it seemed to him the sad apparition darkened the morning sunshine. But in the same instant he became aware of something else, something audible: certain noises penetrating to his hearing from the room on the left of his own, which was occupied, Joachim had said, by a Russian couple. Again he felt a discrepancy; these sounds no more suited the blithe freshness of the morning than had the sad sight in the garden below—-rather they seemed to befoul the air, make it thick, sticky. Hans Castorp recalled having heard similar sounds the evening before, though his weariness had prevented him from heeding them:

a struggling, a panting and giggling, the offensive nature of which could not long remain hidden to the young man, try as he good--naturedly did to put a harmless construction on them. Perhaps something more or other than good nature was in play, something to which we give a variety of names, calling it now purity of soul, which sounds insipid; again by that grave, beautiful name of chastity; and yet again disparaging it as hypocrisy, as "hating to look facts in the face"; even ascribing it to an obscure sense of awe and piety—-and, in truth, something of all these was in Hans Castorp's face and bearing as he listened. He seemed to be practising a seemly obscurantism; to be mentally drawing the veil over these sounds that he heard; to be telling himself that honour forbade his taking any cognizance of them, or even hearing them at all—-it gave him an air of propriety which was not quite native, though he knew how to assume it on occasion.

With this mien, then, he drew back from the balcony into his room, in order not to listen further to proceedings which, for all the giggling that went with them, were plainly in dead earnest, even alarming. But from indoors the noise could be heard even more plainly. He seemed to hear a chase about the room; a chair fell over; someone was caught and seized; loud kissing ensued—-and the music below had changed to a waltz, a popular air whose hackneyed, melodious phrases accompanied the invisible scene. Hans Castorp stood towel in hand and listened, against his better judgment. And he began to blush through the powder; for what he had all along seen coming was come, and the game had passed quite frankly over into the bestial. "Good Lord!" he thought. He turned away and made as much noise as possible while he concluded his toilet. "Well, at least they are married, as far as that goes," he said to himself. "But in broad daylight—-it's a bit thick! And last night too, I'm sure. But of course they are ill, or at least one of them, or they wouldn't be here—-that may be some excuse. The scandalous part of it is, the walls are so thin one can't help hearing everything. Simply intolerable. The place is shamefully jerry--built, of course. What if I should see them,

or even be introduced? I simply couldn't endure it!" Here Hans Castorp remarked with surprise that the flush which had mounted in his freshly shaven cheek did not subside, nor its accompanying warmth: his face glowed with the same dry heat as on the evening before. He had got free of it in sleep, but the blush had made it set in again. He did not feel the friendlier for this discovery towards the wretched pair next door; in fact he stuck out his lips and muttered a derogatory word in their direction, as he tried to cool his hot face by bathing it in cold water—-and only made it glow the more. He felt put out; his voice vibrated with ill humour as he answered to his cousin's knock on the wall; and he appeared to Joachim on his entrance like anything but a man refreshed and invigorated by a good night's sleep.

Breakfast

"Morning," Joachim said. "Well, that was your first night up here. How did you find it?"

He was dressed for out--of--doors, in sports clothes and stout boots, and carried his ulster over his arm. The outline of the flat bottle could be seen on the side pocket. As yesterday, he wore no hat.

"Thanks," responded Hans Castorp, "it was well enough, I won't try to judge yet. I've had all sorts of mixed--up dreams, and this building seems to possess the disadvantage of being porous—-the sound goes straight through it. It's annoying.—-

Who is that dark woman down in the garden?"

Joachim knew at once whom he meant.

"Oh," he said, "that's Tous--les--deux. We all call her that up here, because it's the only thing she says. Mexican, you know; doesn't know a word of German and hardly any French, just a few scraps. She has been here for five weeks with her eldest son, a hopeless case, without much longer to go. He has it all over, tubercular through and through, you might say. Behrens says it is much like typhus, at the end—-horrible for all concerned. Well, two weeks ago the second son

came up, to see his brother before the end—-handsome as a picture; both of them were that, with eyes like live coals—-they fluttered the dovecots, I can tell you. He had been coughing a bit down below, but otherwise quite lively. Well, he no sooner gets up here than he begins to run a temperature, high fever, you know, 103.1°. They put him to bed—-and if he gets up again, Behrens says, it will be more good luck than good management. But it was high time he came, in any case, Behrens says.—-Well, and since then the mother goes about—-whenever she is not sitting with them—-and if you speak to her, she just says: *'Tous les deux!'* She can't say any more, and for the moment there is no one up here who understands Spanish."

"So that's it," Hans Castorp said. "Will she say it to me, when I get to know her, do you think? That will be queer—-funny and weird at the same time, I mean." His eyes looked as they had yesterday, they felt hot and heavy, as if tired with weeping, and yet brilliant too, with the gleam that had been kindled in them yesterday at the sound of that strange, new cough on the part of the gentleman rider. He had the feeling that he had been out of touch with yesterday since waking, and had only now picked up the threads again where he laid them down. He told his cousin he was ready, sprinkling a few drops of lavender--water on his handkerchief as he spoke and dabbing his face with it, on the brow and under the eyes. "If you like, we can go to breakfast, *tous les deux*," he recklessly joked. Joachim looked with mildness at him, then smiled his enigmatic smile of mingled melancholy and mockery—-or so it seemed, for he did not express himself otherwise.

After looking to his supply of cigars Hans Castorp took coat and stick, also, rather defiantly, his hat—-he was far too sure of himself and his station in life to alter his ways and acquire new ones for a mere three weeks' visit—-and they went out and down the steps. In the corridor Joachim pointed to this and that door and gave the names of the occupants—-there were German names, but also all sorts of foreign ones—-with brief comments on them and the seriousness of their cases.

They met people already coming back from breakfast, and when Joachim said good--morning, Hans Castorp courteously lifted his hat. He was tense and nervous, as a young man is when about to present himself before strangers—-when, that is, he is conscious that his eyes are heavy and his face red. The last, however, was only true in part, for he was rather pale than otherwise.

"Before I forget it," he said abruptly, "you may introduce me to the lady in the garden if you like, I mean if it happens that way, I have no objection. She would just say: *'Tous les deux'* to me, and I shouldn't mind it, being prepared, and knowing what it means—-I should know how to look. But I don't wish to know the Russian pair, do you hear? I expressly don't wish it. They are a very ill--behaved lot. If I must live for three weeks next door to them, and nothing else could be arranged, at least I needn't know them. I am justified in that, and I simply and explicitly decline."

"Very good," Joachim said. "Did they disturb you? Yes, they are barbarians, more or less; uncivilized, I told you so before. He comes to the table in a leather jacket, very shabby, I always wonder Behrens doesn't make a row. And she isn't the cleanest in this world, with her feather hat. You may make yourself quite easy, they sit at the 'bad' Russian table, a long way off us—-there is a 'good' Russian table, too, you see, where the nicer Russians sit—-and there is not much chance of you coming into contact with them, even if you wanted to. It is not very easy to make acquaintance here, partly from the fact that there are so many foreigners. Personally, as long as I've been here, I know very few."

"Which of the two is ill?" Hans Castrop asked. "He or she?"

"The man I think. Yes, only the man," Joachim answered, absently. They passed among the hat--and coat--racks and entered the light, low--vaulted hall, where there was a buzzing of voices, a clattering of dishes, and a running to and fro of waitresses with steaming jugs.

There were seven tables, all but two of them standing lengthwise of the room. They were good--sized, seating each ten persons, though not all of them were at present full. A few steps diagonally into the room, and they stood at their places; Hans Castorp's was at the end of a table placed between the two crosswise ones. Erect behind his chair, he bowed stiffly but amiably to each table--mate in turn, as Joachim formally presented him; hardly seeing them, much less having their names penetrate his mind. He caught but a single name and person—-Frau Stöhr, whom he perceived to have a red face and greasy ash--blond hair. Looking at her he could quite credit the malapropisms Joachim told of. Her face expressed nothing but ill--nature and ignorance. He sat down, observing as he did so that early breakfast was taken seriously up here.

There were pots of marmalade and honey, basins of rice and oatmeal porridge, dishes of cold meat and scrambled eggs; a plenitude of butter, a Gruyère cheese dropping moisture under a glass bell. A bowl of fresh and dried fruits stood in the centre of the table. A waitress in black and white asked Hans Castorp whether he would drink coffee, cocoa or tea. She was small as a child, with a long, oldish face—-a dwarf, he realized with a start. He looked at his cousin, who only shrugged indifferently with brows and shoulders, as though to say: "Well, what of it?" So he adjusted himself as speedily as possible to the fact that he was being served by a dwarf, and put special consideration into his voice as he asked for tea. Then he began eating rice with cinnamon and sugar, his eyes roving over the table full of other inviting viands, and over the guests at the six remaining tables, Joachim's companions and fellow victims, who were all inwardly infected, and now sat there breakfasting. The hall was done in that modern style which knows how to give just the right touch of individuality to something in reality very simple. It was rather shallow in proportion to its length, and opened in great arched bays into a sort of lobby surrounding it, in which serving--tables were placed. The pillars were faced halfway up with wood finished to look like sandalwood, the upper part white--enamelled, like the ceiling and

upper half of the walls. They were stenciled in gay--coloured bands of simple and lively designs which were repeated on the girders of the vaulted ceiling. The room was further enlivened by several electric chandeliers in bright brass, consisting of three rings placed horizontally one over the other and held together by delicate woven work, the lowest ring set with globes of milky glass like little moons. There were four glass doors, two on the opposite wall, opening on the verandah, a third at the bottom of the room on the left, leading into the front hall, and a fourth, by which Hans Castorp had entered through a vestibule, as Joachim had brought him down a different stair from the one they had used yesterday evening.

He had on his right a plain--looking woman in black, with a dull flush on her cheeks, the skin of which was downy--looking, as an older person's often is. She looked to him like a seamstress or home dressmaker, the idea being suggested by the fact that she took only coffee and buttered rolls for breakfast; since his childhood he had always somehow associated dressmakers with coffee and buttered rolls. On his left sat an English spinster, also well on in years, very ugly, with frozen, withered--looking fingers. She sat reading her home letters, which were written in round hand, and drinking tea the colour of blood. Next her was Joachim, and then Frau Stöhr, in a woollen blouse of Scotch plaid. She held her left hand doubled up in a fist near her cheek as she ate, and drew her upper lip back from her long, narrow, rodent--like teeth when she spoke, obviously trying to make an impression of culture and refinement. A young man with thin moustaches sat next beyond. His facial expression was of one with something bad--tasting in his mouth, and he ate without a word. He had come in after Hans Castorp was already seated, with his chin sunk on his breast; and sat down so, without even lifting his head in greeting, seeming by his bearing plumply to decline being made acquainted with the new guest. He was, perhaps, too ill to have thought of or care for appearances, or even to take any interest in his surroundings. Opposite him there had sat for a short time a very lean, light--blonde girl who emptied a bottle of yogurt on her plate, ladled

it up with a spoon, and took herself off. The conversation at table was not lively. Joachim talked politely with Frau Stöhr, inquired after her condition and heard with proper solicitude that it was unsatisfactory. She complained of relaxation. "I feel so relaxed," she said with a drawl and an underbred, affected manner. And she had had 99.1° when she got up that morning—-what was she likely to have by afternoon? The dressmaker confessed to the same temperature, but she on the contrary felt excited, tense, and restless, as though some important event were about to happen, which was certainly not the case; the excitation was purely physical, quite without emotional grounds. Hans Castorp thought to himself that she could not be a dressmaker after all; she spoke too correctly, even pedantically. He found her excitation, or rather the expression of it, somehow unsuitable, almost offensive, in so homely and insignificant a creature. He asked her and Frau Stöhr, one after the other, how long they had been up here, and found that one had five, the other seven months to her credit. Then he mustered his English to inquire of his neighbour on the right what sort of tea she was drinking (it was made of rose--hips) and if it tasted good, which she almost passionately affirmed; then he watched people coming and going in the room; the first breakfast, it appeared, was not regarded as a regular meal, in any strict sense.

He had been a little afraid of unpleasant impressions, but found himself agreeably disappointed. The room was lively, one had not the least feeling of being in a place of suffering. Tanned young people of both sexes came in humming, spoke to the waitresses, and fell to upon the viands with robust appetite. There were older people, married couples, a whole family with children, speaking Russian, and half--grown lads. The women wore chiefly close--fitting jackets of wool or silk—-the so--called sweater—-in white or colours, with turnover collars and side pockets; they would stand with hands thrust deep in these pockets, and talk—-it looked very pretty. At some tables photographs were being handed about—-amateur photography, no doubt—-at another stamps were being exchanged. The talk was of the

weather, of how one had slept, of what one had "measured in the mouth" on rising. Nearly everybody seemed in good spirits, probably on no other grounds than that they were in numerous company and had no immediate cares. Here and there, indeed, sat someone who rested his head on his hand and stared before him. They let him stare, and paid no heed.

Hans Castorp gave a sudden angry start. A door was slammed—-it was the one on the left, leading into the hall, and someone had let it fall shut, or even banged it, a thing he detested; he had never been able to endure it. Whether from his upbringing, or out of a natural idiosyncrasy, he loathed the slamming of doors, and could have struck the guilty person. In this case, the door was filled in above with small glass panes, which augmented the shock with their ringing and rattling. "Oh, come," he thought angrily, "what kind of damned carelessness was that?" But at the same time the seamstress addressed him with a remark, and he had no time to see who the transgressor had been. Deep creases furrowed his blond brows, and his face was contorted as he turned to reply to his neighbour.

Joachim asked whether the doctors had come through. Yes, someone answered, they had been there once and left the room just as the cousins entered. Then it would be better not to wait, Joachim thought. An opportunity for introducing his cousin would surely come in the course of the day. But at the door they nearly ran into Hofrat Behrens, as he entered with hasty steps, followed by Dr. Krokowski.

"Hullo--ullo there! Take care, gentlemen! That might have been rough on all of our corns!" He spoke with a strong low--Saxon accent, broad and mouthingly. "Oh, so here you are," he addressed Hans Castorp, whom Joachim, heels together, presented.

"Well, glad to see you." He reached the young man a hand the size of a shovel. He was some three heads taller than Dr. Krokowski; a bony man, his hair already quite white; his neck stuck out, his large, goggling bloodshot blue eyes were swimming in tears; he had a snub

nose, and a close--trimmed little moustache, which made a crooked line because his upper lip was drawn up on one side. What Joachim had said about his cheeks was fully borne out; they were really purple, and set off his head garishly against the white surgeon's coat he wore, a belted smock of more than kneelength, beneath which showed striped trousers and a pair of enormous feet in rather worn yellow laced boots. Dr. Krokowski too was in professional garb; but his smock was of some shiny black stuff and made like a shirt, with elastic bands at the wrists. It contrasted sharply with the pallor of his skin. His manner suggested that he was present solely in his capacity as assistant; he took no part in the greeting, but a certain expression at the corners of his mouth betrayed the fact that he felt the strain of his subordinate position.

"Cousins?" the Hofrat asked, motioning with his hand from one to the other of the two young men and looking at them with his bloodshot eyes. "Is he going to follow the drums like you?" he addressed Joachim, jerking his head at Hans Castorp. "God forbid, eh? I could tell as soon as I saw you"—-he spoke now directly to the young man—-"that you were a layman; there's something civilian and comfortable about you, not like our sabre--rattling corporal here! You'd be a better patient than he is, I'll wager. I can tell by looking at people, you know, whether they'll make good patients or not; it takes talent, everything takes talent—-and this myrmidon here hasn't a spark. Maybe he shows up on the parade--ground, for aught I know; but he's no good a' being ill. Will you believe it, he's always wanting to clear out! Badgers me all the time, simply can't wait to get down there and be skinned alive. There's doggedness for you! Won't give us even a measly half--a--year! And yet it's quite pretty up here; I leave it to you if it isn't, Ziemssen, what? … Well, your cousin will appreciate us, even if you don't. He'll get some fun out of it. There's no shortage in the lady market here, either; we have the most charming females. At least, some of them are very picturesque on the outside. But you ought to have better colour yourself, you know, if you want to please the sex. 'The golden tree of life is green,' as the

poet says—-but it's a poor colour for the complexion, all the same. Totally anæmic, of course," he broke off, and without more ado put up his index and middle fingers and drew down Hans Castorp's eyelid. "Precisely! Totally anæmic, as I was saying. You know it wasn't such a bad idea of yours to let your native Hamburg shift for itself awhile. Great institution, Hamburg—-simply revels in humidity—-sends us a tidy contingent every year. But if I may take the occasion to give you the benefit of my poor opinion—- *sine pecunia*, you understand, quite *sine pecunia*—-I would suggest that you do just as your cousin does, while you are up here. You couldn't turn a better trick than to behave for the time as though you had a slight *tuberculosis pulmonum*, and put on a little flesh. It's curious about the metabolism of protein with us up here. Although the process of combustion is heightened, yet the body at the same time puts on flesh.—-Well, Ziemssen, slept pretty well, what? … Splendid! Then get on with the out--of--doors exercise—-but not more than half an hour, you hear? And afterwards stick the quicksilver cigar in your face, eh? And be good and write it down, Ziemssen! That's a conscientious lad! Saturday I'll look at the curve. Your cousin better measure too. Measuring can't hurt anybody. Morning, gentlemen. Have a good time—-morning—- morning—-" Krokowski joined him as he sailed off down the hall, swinging his arms palms backward, directing to right and left the question about sleeping well, which was answered on all sides in the affirmative.

Banter. Viaticum. Interrupted Mirth

"Very nice man," Hans Castorp said, as after a friendly nod to the lame concierge, who was sorting letters in his lodge, they passed out into the open air. The main entrance was on the south--west side of the white building, the central portion of which was a storey higher than the wings, and crowned by a turret with a roof of slatecoloured tin. You did not issue from this side into the hedged--in garden, but were immediately in the open, in sight of the steep mountain meadows, dotted with single fir--trees of moderate size, and writhen,

stunted pines. The way they took—-it was the only one they could take, outside the drive going down to the valley—-rose by a gentle ascent to the left, behind the sanatorium, past the kitchen and domestic offices, where huge dustbins stood at the area rails. Thence it led in the same direction for a goodish piece, then made a sharp bend to the right and mounted more rapidly along the thinly wooded slopes. It was a reddish path, firm and yet rather moist underfoot, with boulders here and there along the edge. The cousins were by no means alone upon it: guests who had finished breakfast not long after them followed hard upon their steps, and groups of others, already returning, approached with the stalking gait of people descending a steep incline.

"Very nice man," repeated Hans Castorp. "He has such a flow of words I enjoy listening to him. 'Quicksilver cigar' was capital, I got it at once.—-But I'll just light up a real one," he said, pausing, "I can't hold out any longer. I haven't had a proper smoke since yesterday after luncheon. Excuse me a minute." He opened his automobile--leather case, with its silver monogram, and drew out a Maria Mancini, a beautiful specimen of the first layer, flattened on one side as he particularly liked it; he cut off the tip slantingly with a sharp little tool he wore on his watch--chain, then, striking a tiny flame with his pocket apparatus, puffed with concentration at the long, blunt--ended cigar until it was alight. "There!" he said. "Now, as far as I'm concerned, we can get on with the exercise. You don't smoke—-out of sheer doggedness, of course."

"I never do smoke," answered Joachim; "why should I begin up here."

"I don't understand it," Hans Castorp said. "I never can understand how anybody can *not* smoke—-it deprives a man of the best part of life, so to speak—-or at least of a first--class pleasure. When I wake in the morning, I feel glad at the thought of being able to smoke all day, and when I eat, I look forward to smoking afterwards; I might almost say I only eat for the sake of being able to smoke—-though of course that is more or less of an exaggeration. But

a day without tobacco would be flat, stale, and unprofitable, as far as I am concerned. If I had to say to myself to--morrow: 'No smoke to--day'—-I believe I shouldn't find the courage to get up—-on my honour, I'd stop in bed. But when a man has a good cigar in his mouth—-of course it mustn't have a side draught or not draw well, that is extremely irritating—-but with a good cigar in his mouth a man is perfectly safe, nothing can touch him—-literally. It's just like lying on the beach: when you lie on the beach, why, you lie on the beach, don't you?—-you don't require anything else, in the line of work or amusement either.—-People smoke all over the world, thank goodness; there is nowhere one could get to, so far as I know, where the habit hasn't penetrated. Even polar expeditions fit themselves out with supplies of tobacco to help them carry on. I've always felt a thrill of sympathy when I read that. You can be very miserable: I might be feeling perfectly wretched, for instance; but I could always stand it if I had my smoke."

"But after all," Joachim said, "it is rather flabby--minded of you to be so dependent on it. Behrens is right, you are certainly a civilian. He meant it for a sort of compliment, I dare say; but the truth is, you are a civilian—-incurable. But then, you are healthy, you can do what you like," he added, and his eyes took on their tired look.

"Yes, healthy except for the anaemia," said Hans Castorp. "That was certainly straight from the shoulder, his telling me I look green. But it is true—-I've noticed myself that I look green in comparison with the rest of you up here, though it never struck me down home. And it was nice of him to give me advice gratis like that—-'*sine pecunia*,' as he put it. I'll gladly undertake to do as he says, and live just as you do. After all, how else should I do while I'm up here? And it can't do me any harm; suppose I do put on a little flesh, then, in God's name—-though it sounds a bit disgusting, you will admit."

Joachim coughed slightly now and then as they walked, it seemed to strain him to go uphill. When he did so for the third time, he paused and stood still with a frown.

"Go on ahead," he said. Hans Castorp hastened to do so, without looking round. Then he slackened his pace, and finally almost stopped, as it seemed to him he must have got a good distance ahead of Joachim. But he did not look round.

A troop of guests of both sexes approached him. He had seen them coming along the level path half--way up the slope; now they were stalking downhill directly towards him; he heard their voices. They were six or seven persons of various ages: some in the bloom of youth, others rather older. He took a good look at them, from the side, as he walked with bent head, thinking about Joachim. They were tanned and bareheaded, the women in sweaters, the men mostly without overcoats or even walkingsticks, all of them like people who have just gone casually out for a turn in the open. Going downhill involves no sustained muscular effort, only an agreeable process of putting on the brakes in order not to finish by running and tripping head over heels; it is really nothing more than just letting yourself go; and thus the gait of these people had something loose--jointed and flighty about it, which communicated itself to the appearance of the whole group and made one almost wish to be of their lively party. They came close up to him, he saw their faces clearly. No, they were not all brown: two of the ladies were, on the contrary, distinctly pale; one of them thin as a lath, and ivory--white of complexion, the other shorter and plump, disfigured by freckles. They all looked at him, smiling rather boldly. A tall young girl in a green sweater, with untidy hair and foolish, half--open eyes, brushed past Hans Castorp, nearly touching him with her arm. And as she did so she whistled—-oh, impossible! Yes, she did though; not with her mouth, indeed, for she did not pucker the lips, but held them firmly closed. She whistled from somewhere inside, and looked at him with her silly, half--shut eyes—-it was an extraordinarily unpleasant whistle, harsh and penetrating, yet hollow--sounding; a long--drawn--out note, falling at the end, like the sound made by those rubber pigs one buys at fairs, that give out the air in a wailing key as they collapse. The sound

issued, inexplicably, from her breast—-and then, with her troop, she had passed on.

Hans Castorp stood and stared. In a moment he turned round, understanding at least so much, that the atrocious thing must have been a joke, a put--up job; for he saw over his shoulder that they were laughing as they went, that a stodgy, thick--lipped youth, whose coat was turned up in an unseemly way about him so that he could put both hands in his trouser pockets, turned his head and laughed quite openly. Joachim approached. He had greeted the group with his usual punctiliousness, almost pausing, and bowing with heels together; now he came mildly up to his cousin.

"Why are you making such a face?" he asked.

"She whistled," answered Hans Castorp. "She whistled out of her inside as she passed. Will you have the goodness to explain to me how?"

"Oh!" Joachim said, and laughed curtly. "Nonsense, she didn't do it with her inside. That was Hermine Kleefeld, she whistles with her pneumothorax."

"With her what?" Hans Castorp demanded. He felt wrought up, without knowing why. His voice was between laughter and tears as he added: "You can't expect me to understand your lingo."

"Oh, come along," Joachim said. "I can explain it to you as we go. You looked rooted to the spot! It's a surgical operation, they often perform it up here. Behrens is a regular dab at it. When one of the lungs is very much affected, you understand, and the other one fairly healthy, they make the bad one stop functioning for a while, to give it a rest. That is to say, they make an incision here, somewhere on the side, I don't know the precise place, but Behrens has it down fine. Then they fill you up with gas—-nitrogen, you know—-and that puts the cheesy part of the lung out of operation. The gas doesn't last long, of course; it has to be renewed every two weeks; they fill you up again, as it were. Now, if that keeps on a year or two, and all goes

well, the lung gets healed. Not always, of course; it's a risky business. But they say they have had a good deal of success with it. Those people you saw just now all have it. That was Frau Iltis, with the freckles, and the thin, pale one was Fräulein Levi, that had to lie so long in bed, you know. They have formed a group, for of course a thing like the pneumothorax brings people together. They call themselves the Half--Lung Club; everybody knows them by that name. And Hermine Kleefeld is the pride of the club, because she can whistle with hers. It is a special gift, by no means everybody can do it. I can't tell you how it is done, and she herself can't exactly describe it. But when she has been walking rather fast, she can make it whistle, and of course she does it to frighten people, especially when they are new to the place. Also, I believe she uses up nitrogen when she does it, for she has to be refilled once a week."

Then it was that Hans Castorp laughed. His excitement, while Joachim was speaking, had fixed for its outlet upon laughter rather than tears; and he laughed as he walked, his hand over his eyes, his shoulders bent, shaken by a succession of subdued chuckles.

"Are they incorporated?" he asked as soon as he could speak. His voice sounded weak and tearful with suppressed laughter. "Have they any by--laws? Pity you aren't a member, you could get me in as a guest, as—-as associate half--lunger.—-You ought to ask Behrens to put you out of commission, then perhaps you could learn to whistle too; it must be something one could learn—-well, that's the funniest thing ever I heard in my life!" he finished, heaving a deep sigh. "I beg your pardon for speaking of it like this, but they seem very jolly over it themselves, your pneumatic friends. The way they were coming along—-and to think that was the Half--Lung Club. Tootle--ty--too, she went at me—-she must be out of her senses! It was utter cheek—-will you tell me why they behave so cheekily?"

Joachim sought for a reply. "Good Lord," he said, "they are so *free*—- I mean, they are so young, and time is nothing to them, and then they may die—-perhaps—-why should they make a long face? Sometimes I think being ill and dying aren't serious at all just a sort

of loafing about and wasting time; life is only serious down below. You will get to understand that after a while, but not until you have spent some time up here."

"Surely, surely," Hans Castorp said. "I'm sure I shall. I already feel great interest in the life up here, and when one is interested, the understanding follows.—-But what is the matter with me—-it doesn't taste good," he said, and took his cigar out of his mouth to look at it. "I've been asking myself all this time what the matter was, and now I see it is Maria. She tastes like papier mâché, I do assure you—-precisely as when one has a spoilt digestion. I can't understand it. I did eat more than usual for breakfast, but that cannot be the reason, for she usually tastes particularly good after a too hearty meal. Do you think it is because I had such a disturbed night? Perhaps that is how I got out of order. No, I really can't stick it," he said, after another attempt.

"Every pull is a disappointment, there is no sense in forcing it." And after a hesitating moment he tossed the cigar off down the slope, among the wet pine--boughs. "Do you know what I think it has to do with?" he asked. "I feel convinced it is connected with this damned heat I feel all the time in my face. I have suffered from it ever since I got up. I feel as though I were blushing the whole time, deuce take it! Did you have anything like that when you first came?"

"Yes," said Joachim. "I was rather queer at first. Don't think too much of it. I told you it isn't so easy to accustom oneself to the life up here. But you will get right again after a bit. Look, that bench is in a pretty place. Let's sit down awhile and then go home. I must take my cure."

The path had become level. It ran now in the direction of Davos--Platz, some third of the height, and kept a continuous view, between high, sparse, wind--blown pines, of the settlement below, gleaming whitely in the bright air. The bench on which they sat leaned against the steep wall of the mountain--side, and near them a spring in an open wooden trough ran gurgling and plashing to the valley.

Joachim was for instructing his cousin in the names of the mist--wreathed Alpine heights which seemed to enclose the valley on the south, pointing them out in turn with his alpenstock. But Hans Castorp gave the mountains only a fleeting glance. He sat bent over, tracing figures on the ground with the ferrule of his cityish silvermounted walking--stick. There were other things he wanted to know.

"What I meant to ask you," he began, "the case in my room had died just before I got here; have there been many deaths, since you came?"

"Several, certainly," answered Joachim. "But they are very discreetly managed, you understand; you hear nothing of them, or only by chance afterwards; everything is kept strictly private when there is a death, out of regard for the other patients, especially the ladies, who might easily get a shock. You don't notice it, even when somebody dies next door. The coffin is brought very early in the morning, while you are asleep, and the person in question is fetched away at a suitable time too—-for instance, while we are eating."

"H'm," said Hans Castorp, and continued to draw. "I see. That sort of thing goes on behind the scenes, then."

"Yes—-for the most part. But lately—-let me see, wait a minute, it might be possibly eight weeks ago—-"

"Then you can hardly say lately," Hans Castorp pounced on him crisply.

"What? Well, not lately, then, since you're so precise. I was just trying to reckon. Well, then, some time ago, it was, I got a glimpse behind the scenes—-purely by chance—-and I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was when they brought the Sacrament to little Hujus, Barbara Hujus—-she was a Catholic—-the Last Sacrament, you know, Extreme Unction. She was still about when I first came up here, and she could be wildly hilarious, regularly giggly, like a little kid. But after that it went pretty fast with her, she didn't get up any

more—-her room was three doors off mine—-and then her parents arrived, and now the priest was coming to her. It was while everybody was at tea, not a soul in the passages. But I had gone to sleep in the afternoon rest and overslept myself, I hadn't heard the gong and was a quarter of an hour late. So that at the decisive moment I wasn't where all the others were, but behind the scenes, as you call it; as I go along the corridor, they come toward me, in their lace robes, with the cross in front, a gold cross with lanterns—-it made me think of the *Schellenbaum* they march with, in front of the recruits."

"What sort of comparison is that?" Hans Castorp asked, severely.

"It looked like that to me—-I couldn't help thinking of it. But listen. They came towards me, marching, quick step, three of them, so far as I remember: the man with the cross, the priest, with glasses on his nose, and a boy with a censer. The priest was holding the Sacrament to his breast, it was covered up, and he had his head bent on one side and looked very sanctified—-it is their holy of holies, of course."

"Exactly," Hans Castorp said. "And just for that reason I wonder at your making the comparison you did."

"Yes, but wait a bit—-if you had been there, you wouldn't have known what kind of face you would make remembering it afterwards. It was the sort of thing to give you bad dreams—-"

"How?"

"Like this: I ask myself how I am supposed to behave, under the circumstances. I had no hat to take off—-"

"There, you see, don't you?" Hans Castorp interrupted him again. "You see now, one ought to wear a hat. Naturally I've noticed that none of you do up here; but you should, so you can have something to take off when it is proper to do so. Well, but what then?"

"I stood against the wall," Joachim went on, "as respectfully as I could, and bent over a little when they were by me—-it was just at

little Hujus's door, number twentyeight. The priest seemed to be pleased that I saluted; he acknowledged very courteously and took off his cap. But at the same time they came to a stop, and the ministrant with the censer knocks, and lifts the latch, and makes way for his superior to enter. Just try to imagine my sensations, and how frightened I was! The minute the priest sets his foot over the threshold, there begins a hullabaloo from inside, a screaming such as you never heard the like of, three or four times running, and then a shriek—-on and on without stopping, at the top of her lungs: Ah--h--h--h! So full of horror and rebellion, and anguish, and—-well, perfectly indescribable. And in between came a gruesome sort of begging. Then it suddenly got all dulled and hollowsounding, as though it had sunk down into the earth, or were coming out of a cellar."

Hans Castorp had turned with violence to face his cousin. "Was that the Hujus?" he asked abruptly. "And how do you mean—-out of a cellar?"

"She had crawled down under the covers," said Joachim. "Imagine how I felt! The priest stood on the threshold and spoke soothingly, I can see now just how he stuck his head out and drew it back again while he talked. The cross--bearer and the acolyte hesitated, and couldn't get in. I could see between them into the room. It was just like yours and mine, the bed on the side wall left of the door, and people were standing at the head, the relatives of course, the parents, talking soothingly at the bed, where you could see nothing but a formless mass that was begging and protesting horribly, and kicking about with its legs."

"You say she kicked?"

"With all her might. But it did her no good, she had to take the Sacrament. The priest went up to her, and the two others went inside the room, and the door closed. But first I saw little Hujus's head come up for a second, a shock of blond hair, and look at the priest

with staring eyes, that were without any colour, and then with a wail go down under the sheet again."

"And you tell me all that now for the first time?" Hans Castorp said, after a pause.

"I can't understand how you came not to speak of it yesterday evening. But, good Lord, she must have had strength, to defend herself like that. That takes strength. They ought not to fetch the priest before one is quite weak."

"She was weak," responded Joachim.—"Oh, there's so much to tell, one doesn't have time to pick and choose. She was weak enough! It was only the fright gave her so much strength. She was in a fearful state when she saw she was going to die; and she was such a young girl, it was excusable, after all. But grown men behave like that too, sometimes, and it's deplorably feeble of them, of course. Behrens knows how to treat them, he takes just the right tone in such cases."

"What kind of tone?" Hans Castorp asked with drawn brows.

" 'Don't behave like that,' he tells them," Joachim answered. "At least, that is what he told somebody lately—we heard it from the Directress, who was present and helped to hold the man. He was one of those who make a regular scene at the end, and simply won't die. So Behrens brought him up with a round turn: 'Do me the favour not to behave like that,' he said to him; and the patient became quite calm and died as quietly as you please."

Hans Castorp slapped his thigh and threw himself back against the bench, looking up at the sky.

"I say, that's pretty steep," he cried. "Goes at him like that, and simply tells him not to behave that way! To a dying man! But after all, a dying man has something in a way—sacred about him. One can't just—perfectly coolly, like that—a dying man is sort of holy, I should think!"

"I don't deny it," said Joachim. "But when one behaves as feebly as that—"

"No," persisted Hans Castorp, with a violence out of proportion to the opposition he met, "I insist that a dying man is above any chap that is going about and laughing and earning his living and eating his three meals a day. It isn't good enough"—-his voice quavered—-"it isn't good enough, for one to calmly—-just calmly"—-his words trailed off in a fit of laughter that seized and overcame him, the laughter of yesterday, a profound, illimitable, body--shaking laughter, that shut up his eyes and made tears well from beneath their lids.

"Sh--h!" went Joachim, suddenly. "Keep quiet," he whispered, and nudged his uncontrollably hilarious cousin in the side. Hans Castorp looked up through tears. A stranger was approaching them from the left, a dark man of graceful carriage, with curling black moustaches, wearing light--coloured check trousers. He exchanged a good--morning with Joachim in accents agreeable and precise, and then remained standing before them in an easy posture, leaning on his cane, with his legs crossed.

Satana

His age would have been hard to say, probably between thirty and forty; for though he gave an impression of youthfulness, yet the hair on his temples was sprinkled with silver and gone quite thin on his head. Two bald bays ran along the narrow scanty parting, and added to the height of his forehead. His clothing, loose trousers in light yellowish checks, and too long, double--breasted pilot coat, with very wide lapels, made no slightest claim to elegance; and his stand--up collar, with rounding corners, was rough on the edges from frequent washing. His black cravat showed wear, and he wore no cuffs, as Hans Castorp saw at once from the lax way the sleeve hung round the wrist. But despite all that, he knew he had a gentleman before him: the stranger's easy, even charming pose and cultured expression left no doubt of that. Yet by this mingling of shabbiness and grace, by the black eyes and softly waving moustaches, Hans Castorp was irresistibly reminded of certain foreign musicians who used to come to Hamburg at Christmas to play in the streets before people's doors.

He could see them rolling up their velvet eyes and holding out their soft hats for the coins tossed from the windows. "A hand--organ man," he thought. Thus he was not surprised at the name he heard, as Joachim rose from the bench and in some embarrassment presented him: "My cousin Castorp, Herr Settembrini."

Hans Castorp had got up at the same time, the traces of his burst of hilarity still on his face. But the Italian courteously bade them both not to disturb themselves, and made them sit down again, while he maintained his easy pose before them. He smiled standing there and looking at the cousins, in particular at Hans Castorp; a smile that was a fine, almost mocking, deepening and crisping of one corner of the mouth, just at the point where the full moustache made its beautiful upward curve. It had upon the cousins a singular effect: it somehow constrained them to mental alertness and clarity; it sobered the reeling Hans Castorp in a twinkling, and made him ashamed.

Settembrini said: "You are in good spirits—-and with reason too, with excellent reason. What a splendid morning! A blue sky, a smiling sun—-"with an easy, adequate motion of the arm he raised a small, yellowish--skinned hand to the heavens, and sent a lively glance upward after it—-"one could almost forget where one is."

He spoke without accent, only the precise enunciation betrayed the foreigner. His lips seemed to take a certain pleasure in forming the words. It was most agreeable to hear him.

"You had a pleasant journey hither, I hope?" he turned to Hans Castorp. "And do you already know your fate—-I mean has the mournful ceremony of the first examination taken place?" Here, if he had really been expecting a reply he should have paused; he had put his question, and Hans Castorp prepared to answer. But he went on: "Did you get off easily? One might put"—-here he paused a second, and the crisping at the corner of his mouth grew crisper—-"more than one interpretation upon your laughter. How many months have our Minos and Rhadamanthus knocked you down for?" The slang phrase sounded droll on his lips. "Shall I guess? Six? Nine?

You know we are free with the time up here—-"

Hans Castorp laughed, astonished, at the same time racking his brains to remember who Minos and Rhadamanthus were. He answered: "Not at all—-no, really, you are under a misapprehension, Herr Septem—-"

"Settembrini," corrected the Italian, clearly and with emphasis, making as he spoke a mocking bow.

"Herr Settembrini—-I beg your pardon. No, you are mistaken. Really I am not ill. I have only come on a visit to my cousin Ziemssen for a few weeks, and shall take advantage of the opportunity to get a good rest—-"

"Zounds! You don't say? Then you are not one of us? You are well, you are but a guest here, like Odysseus in the kingdom of the shades? You are bold indeed, thus to descend into these depths peopled by the vacant and idle dead—-"

"Descend, Herr Settembrini? I protest. Here I have climbed up some five thousand feet to get here—-"

"That was only seeming. Upon my honour, it was an illusion," the Italian said, with a decisive--wave of the hand. "We are sunk enough here, aren't we, Lieutenant?" he said to Joachim, who, no little gratified at this method of address, thought to hide his satisfaction, and answered reflectively: "I suppose we do get rather one--sided. But we can pull ourselves together, afterwards, if we try."

"At least, *you* can, I'm sure—-you are an upright man," Settembrini said. "Yes, yes, yes," he said, repeating the word three times, with a sharp *s*, turning to Hans Castorp again as he spoke, and then, in the same measured way, clucking three times with his tongue against his palate. "I see, I see, I see," he said again, giving the *s* the same sharp sound as before. He looked the newcomer so steadfastly in the face that his eyes grew fixed in a stare; then, becoming lively again, he went on: "So you come up quite of your own free will to us sunken ones, and mean to bestow upon us the pleasure of your

company for some little while? That is delightful. And what term had you thought of putting to your stay? I don't mean precisely. I am merely interested to know what the length of a man's sojourn would be when it is himself and not Rhadamanthus who prescribes the limit."

"Three weeks," Hans Castorp said, rather pridefully, as he saw himself the object of envy.

"*O dio!* Three weeks! Do you hear, Lieutenant? Does it not sound to you impertinent to hear a person say: 'I am stopping for three weeks and then I am going away again'? We up here are not acquainted with such a unit of time as the week—-if I may be permitted to instruct you, my dear sir. Our smallest unit is the month. We reckon in the grand style—-that is a privilege we shadows have. We possess other such; they are all of the same quality. May I ask what profession you practise down below? Or, more probably, for what profession are you preparing yourself? You see we set no bounds to our thirst for information—-curiosity is another of the prescriptive rights of shadows."

"Pray don't mention it," said Hans Castorp. And told him.

"A ship--builder! Magnificent!" cried Settembrini. "I assure you, I find that magnificent—-though my own talents lie in quite another direction."

"Herr Settembrini is a literary man," Joachim explained, rather self--consciously.

"He wrote the obituary notices of Carducci for the German papers—-Carducci, you know." He got more self--conscious still, for his cousin looked at him in amazement, as though to say: "Carducci? What do you know about him? Not any more than I do, I'll wager."

"Yes," the Italian said, nodding. "I had the honour of telling your countrymen the story of our great poet and freethinker, when his life had drawn to a close. I knew him, I can count myself among his pupils. I sat at his feet in Bologna. I may thank him for what culture I

can call my own—-and for what joyousness of life as well. But we were speaking of you. A ship--builder! Do you know you have sensibly risen in my estimation? You represent now, in my eyes, the world of labour and practical genius."

"Herr Settembrini, I am only a student as yet, I am just beginning."

"Certainly. It is the beginning that is hard. But all work *is* hard, isn't it, that deserves the name?"

"That's true enough, God knows—-or the Devil does," Hans Castorp said, and the words came from his heart.

Settembrini's eyebrows went up.

"Oh," he said, "so you call on the Devil to witness that sentiment—-the Devil incarnate, Satan himself? Did you know that my great master wrote a hymn to him?"

"I beg your pardon," Hans Castorp said, "a hymn to the Devil?"

"The very Devil himself, and no other. It is sometimes sung, in my native land, on festal occasions. '*O salute*, *O Satana*, *O ribellione*, *O forza vindice della ragione! …*'

It is a magnificent song. But it was hardly Carducci's Devil you had in mind when you spoke; for he is on the very best of terms with hard work; whereas yours, who is afraid of work and hates it like poison, is probably the same of whom we are told that we may not hold out even the little finger to him."

All this was making the very oddest impression on our good Hans Castorp. He knew no Italian, and the rest of it sounded no less uncomfortable, and reminded him of Sunday sermons, though delivered quite casually, in a light, even jesting tone. He looked at his cousin, who kept his eyes cast down; then he said: "You take my words far too literally, Herr Settembrini. When I spoke of the Devil, it was just a manner of speaking, I assure you."

"Somebody must have some *esprit*," Settembrini said, looking straight ahead, with a melancholy air. Then recovering himself, he

skillfully got back to their former subject, and went on blithely: "At all events, I am probably right in concluding from your words that the calling you have embraced is as strenuous as it is honourable. As for myself, I am a humanist, a *homo humanus*. I have no mechanical ingenuity, however sincere my respect for it. But I can well understand that the theory of your craft requires a clear and keen mind, and its practice not less than the entire man. Am I right?"

"You certainly are, I can go all the way with you there," Hans Castorp answered. Unconsciously he made an effort to reply with eloquence. "The demands made to--day on a man in my profession are simply enormous. It is better not to have too clear an idea of their magnitude, it might take away one's courage: no, it's no joke. And if one isn't the strongest in the world—-It is true that I am here only on a visit; but I am not very robust, and I cannot with truth assert that my work agrees with me so wonderfully well. It would be a great deal truer to say that it rather takes it out of me. I only feel really fit when I am doing nothing at all."

"As now, for example?"

"Now? Oh, now I am so new up here, I am still rather bewildered—-you can imagine."

"Ah—-bewildered."

"Yes, and I did not sleep so very well, and the early breakfast was really too solid.—-I am accustomed to a fair breakfast, but this was a little too rich for my blood, as the saying goes. In short, I feel a sense of oppression—-and for some reason or other, my cigar this morning hasn't the right taste, something that as good as never happens to me, or only when I am seriously upset—-and to--day it is like leather. I had to throw it away, there was no use forcing it. Are you a smoker, may I ask? No? Then you cannot imagine the annoyance and disappointment it is for anyone like me, who have smoked from my youth up, and taken such pleasure in it."

"I am without experience in the field," Settembrini answered, "but I find that my lack of it is in no poor company. So many fine, self--denying spirits have refrained. Carducci had no use for the practice. But you will find our Rhadamanthus a kindred spirit. He is a devotee of your vice."

"Vice, Herr Settembrini?"

"Why not? One must call things by their right names; life is enriched and ennobled thereby. I too have my vices."

"So Hofrat Behrens is a connoisseur? A charming man."

"You find him so? Then you have already made his acquaintance?"

"Yes, just now, as we came out. It was almost like a professional visit—-but gratis, you know—- *sine pecunia*. He saw at once that I am anæmic. He advised me to follow my cousin's regimen entirely: to lie out on the balcony a good deal—-he even said I should take my temperature."

"Did he indeed?" Settembrini cried out. "Capital!" He laughed and threw back his head. "How does it go, that opera of yours? 'A fowler bold in me you see, forever laughing merrily!' Ah, that is most amusing! And you will follow his advice? Of course, why shouldn't you? He's a devil of a fellow, our Rhadamanthus! 'Forever laughing'—-even if it *is* rather forced at times. He is inclined to melancholia, you know. His vice doesn't agree with him—-of course, else it would be no vice. Smoking gives him fits of depression; that is why our respected Frau Directress has taken charge of his supplies, and only deals him out daily rations. It even happens sometimes that he yields to the temptation to steal it, and then he gets an attack of melancholia. A troubled spirit, in short. Do you know your Directress already, too?

No? You have made a mistake. You must remedy it at the earliest opportunity. My dear sir, she comes of the noble race of von Mylendonk. And she is distinguished from the Medici Venus by the fact that where the goddess has a bosom, she has a cross."

"Ah, ha ha!—-capital!" Hans Castorp laughed.

"Her Christian name is Adriatica."

"Adriatica!" shouted Hans Castorp. "Priceless! Adriatica von Mylendonk! Isn't that splendid! Sounds as though she had been dead a very long time. It is positively mediaeval."

"My dear sir," Settembrini answered him, "there is a good deal up here that is positively mediaeval, as you express it. Personally, I am convinced that Rhadamanthus was actuated simply and solely by artistic feeling when he made this fossil head overseer of his Chamber of Horrors. You know he is an artist, by the bye. He paints in oils. Why not? There's no law against it—-anybody can paint that likes. Frau Adriatica tells all who will listen to her, not counting those who won't, that a Mylendonk was abbess of a cloister at Bonn on the Rhine, in the thirteenth century. It can't have been long after that she herself saw the light of day."

"Ha ha! Why, Herr Settembrini, I find you are a mocker!"

"A mocker? You mean I am malicious? Well, yes, perhaps I am a little," said Settembrini. "My great complaint is that it is my fate to spend my malice upon such insignificant objects. I hope, Engineer, you have nothing against malice? In my eyes, it is reason's keenest dart against the powers of darkness and ugliness. Malice, my dear sir, is the animating spirit of criticism; and criticism is the beginning of progress and enlightenment." And he began to talk about Petrarch, whom he called the father of the modern spirit.

"I think," Joachim said thoughtfully, "that we ought to be going to lie down."

The man of letters had been speaking to an accompaniment of graceful gestures, one of which he now rounded off in Joachim's direction and said: "Our lieutenant presses on to the service. Let us go together, our way is the same: the 'path on the right that shall lead to the halls of the mightiest Dis'—-ah, Virgil, Virgil! He is unsurpassable. I am a believer in progress, certainly, gentlemen; but

Virgil—-he has a command of epithet no modern can approach." And on their homeward path he recited Latin verse with an Italian pronunciation; interrupting himself, however, as he saw coming towards them a young girl—-a girl of the village, as it seemed, and by no means remarkable for her looks—-whom he laid himself out to smile at and ogle most killingly: "O la, la, sweet, sweet, sweet!" he chirruped. "Pretty, pretty, pretty! 'Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,' " he quoted as they passed, and kissed his hand at the poor girl's embarrassed back.

"What a windbag it is," Hans Castorp thought. He remained of that opinion still, after the Italian had recovered from his attack of gallantry and begun to scoff again. His animadversions were chiefly directed upon Herr Hofrat Behrens: he jeered at the size of his feet, and at the title he had received from a certain prince who suffered from tuberculosis of the brain. Of the scandalous courses of that royal personage the whole neighbourhood still talked; but Rhadamanthus had shut his eye—-both eyes, in fact—-and behaved every inch a Hofrat. Did the gentlemen know that he—-the Hofrat—-had invented the summer season? He it was, and no other. One must give the devil his due. There had been a time when only the faithfullest of the faithful had spent the summer in the high valley. Then our humourist, with his unerring eye, had perceived that this neglect was simply the result of unfortunate prejudice. He got up the idea that, so far at least as his own sanatorium was concerned, the summer cure was not only not less to be recommended than the winter one, it was, on the contrary, of great value, really quite indispensable. And he knew how to get this theory put about, to have it come to people's ears; he wrote articles on the subject and launched them in the press—-since when the summer season had been as flourishing as the winter one.

"Genius!" said Settembrini. "In--tu--ition!" He went on to criticize the proprietors of all the other sanatoria in the place, praising their acquisitive talents with mordant sarcasm. There was Professor Kafka. Every year, at the critical moment, when the snow began to melt, and

several patients were asking leave to depart, he would suddenly find himself obliged to be away for a week, and promise to take up all requests on his return. Then he would stop away for six weeks, while the poor wretches waited for him, and while, incidentally, their bills continued to mount. Kafka was once sent for to go to Fiume for a consultation, but he would not go until he was guaranteed five thousand good Swiss francs; and thus two weeks were lost in *pourparlers*. Then he went; but the day after the arrival of the great man, the patient died. Dr. Salzmann asserted that Kafka did not keep his hypodermic syringes clean, and his patients got infected one from the other. He also said he wore rubber soles, that his dead might not hear him. On the other hand, Kafka told it about that Dr. Salzmann's patients were encouraged to drink so much of the fruit of the vine—-for the benefit of Dr. Salzmann's pocket--book—-that they died off like flies, not of phthisis but cirrhosis of the liver.

Thus he went on, Hans Castorp laughing with good--natured enjoyment at this glib and prolific stream of slander. It was, indeed, great fun to listen to, so eloquent was it, so precisely rendered, so free from every trace of dialect. The words came, round, clear--cut, and as though newly minted, from his mobile lips, he tasted his own wellturned, dexterous, biting phrases with obvious and contagious relish, and seemed to be far too clearheaded and self--possessed ever to mis--speak.

"You have such an amusing way of talking, Herr Settembrini," Hans Castorp said.

"So lively, so—-I don't quite know how to characterize it."

"Plastic?" responded the Italian, and fanned himself with his handkerchief, though it was far from warm. "That is probably the word you seek. You mean I have a plastic way of speaking. But look!" he cried, "what do my eyes behold? The judges of our infernal regions! What a sight!"

The walkers had already put behind them the turn in the path. Whether thanks to Settembrini's conversation, the fact that they were

walking downhill, or merely that they were much nearer the sanatorium than Hans Castorp had thought—-for a path is always longer the first time we traverse it—-at all events, the return had been accomplished in a surprisingly short time. Settembrini was right, it was the two physicians who were walking along the free space at the back of the building; the Hofrat ahead, in his white smock, his neck stuck out and his hands moving like oars; on his heels the black--shirted Dr. Krokowski, who looked the more self--conscious that medical etiquette constrained him to walk behind his chief when they made their rounds together.

"Ah, Krokowski," Settembrini cried. "There he goes—-he who knows all the secrets in the bosoms of our ladies—-pray observe the delicate symbolism of his attire: he wears black to indicate that his proper field of study is the night. The man has but one idea in his head, and that a smutty one. How does it happen, Engineer, that we have not spoken of him until now? You have made his acquaintance?"

Hans Castorp answered in the affirmative.

"Well? I am beginning to suspect that you like him, too."

"I don't know, really, Herr Settembrini. I've seen him only casually. And I am not very quick in my judgments. I am inclined to look at people and say: 'So that's you, is it? Very good.' "

"That is apathetic of you. You should judge—-to that end you have been given your eyes and your understanding. You felt that I spoke maliciously, just now. If I did, perhaps it was not without intent to teach. We humanists have all of us a pedagogic itch. Humanism and schoolmasters—-there is a historical connexion between them, and it rests upon psychological fact: the office of schoolmaster should not—-cannot—-be taken from the humanist, for the tradition of the beauty and dignity of man rests in his hands. The priest, who in troubled and inhuman times arrogated to himself the office of guide to youth, has been dismissed; since when, my dear sirs, no special type of teacher has arisen. The humanistic grammar--school—-you may call me

reactionary, Engineer, but *in abstracto*, generally speaking, you understand, I remain an adherent—-"

He continued in the lift to expatiate upon this theme, and left off only when the cousins got out as the second storey was reached. He himself went up to the third, where he had, Joachim said, a little back room.

"He hasn't much money, I suppose," Hans Castorp said, entering Joachim's room, which looked precisely like his own.

"No, I suppose not," Joachim answered, "or only so much as just makes his stay possible. His father was a literary man too, you know, and, I believe, his grandfather as well."

"Yes, of course," Hans Castorp said. "Is he seriously ill?"

"Not dangerously, so far as I know, but obstinate, keeps coming back. He has had it for years, and goes away in between, but soon has to return again."

"Poor chap! So frightfully keen on work as he seems to be! Enormously chatty, goes from one thing to another so easily. Rather objectionable, though, it seemed to me, with that girl. I was quite put off, for the moment. But when he talked about human dignity, afterwards, I thought it was great—-sounded like an address. Do you see much of him?"

Mental Gymnastic

Joachim's reply came impeded and incoherent. He had taken a small thermometer from a red leather, velvet--lined case on his table, and put the mercury--filled end under his tongue on the left side, so that the glass instrument stuck slantingly upwards out of his mouth. Then he changed into indoor clothes, put on shoes and a braided jacket, took a printed form and pencil from his table, also a book, a Russian grammar—-for he was studying Russian with the idea that it would be of advantage to him in the service—-and, thus equipped,

took his place in the reclining--chair on his balcony, throwing his camel's--hair rug lightly across his feet.

It was scarcely needed. During the last quarter--hour the layer of cloud had grown steadily thinner, and now the sun broke through in summerlike warmth, so dazzlingly that Joachim protected his head with a white linen shade which was fastened to the arm of his chair, and furnished with a device by means of which it could be adjusted to the position of the sun. Hans Castorp praised this contrivance. He wished to await the result of Joachim's measurement, and meanwhile looked about to see how everything was done: observed the fur--lined sleeping--sack that stood against the wall in a corner of the loggia, for Joachim to use on cold days; and gazed down into the garden, with his elbows on the balustrade. The general rest--hall was populated by reclining patients, reading, writing, or conversing. He could see only a part of the interior, some four or five chairs.

"How long does that go on?" he asked, turning round.

Joachim raised seven fingers.

"Seven minutes! But they must be up!"

Joachim shook his head. A little later he took the thermometer out of his mouth, looked at it, and said: "Yes, when you watch it, the time, it goes very slowly. I quite like the measuring, four times a day; for then you know what a minute—-or seven of them actually amounts to, up here in this place, where the seven days of the week whisk by the way they do!"

"You say 'actually,' " Hans Castorp answered. He sat with one leg flung over the balustrade, and his eyes looked bloodshot. "But after all, time *isn't* 'actual.' When it seems long to you, then it *is* long; when it seems short, why, then it is short. But how long, or how short, it actually is, that nobody knows." He was unaccustomed to philosophize, yet somehow felt an impulse to do so.

Joachim gainsaid him. "How so?—-we do measure it. We have watches and calendars for the purpose; and when a month is *up*, why, then up it is, for you, and for me, and for all of us."

"Wait," said Hans Castorp. He held up his forefinger, close to his tired eyes. "A minute, then, is as long as it seems to you when you measure yourself?"

"A minute is as long—-it *lasts* as long—-as it takes the second hand of my watch to complete a circuit."

"But it takes such a varied length of time—-to our senses! And as a matter of fact—-I say taking it just as a matter of fact," he repeated, pressing his forefinger so hard against his nose that he bent the end of it quite round, "it is motion, isn't it, motion in space? Wait a minute! That means that we measure time by space. But that is no better than measuring space by time, a thing only very unscientific people do. From Hamburg to Davos is twenty hours—-that is, by train. But on foot how long is it? And in the mind, how long? Not a second!"

"I say," Joachim said, "what's the matter with you? Seems to me it goes to your head to be up here with us!"

"Keep quiet! I'm very clear--headed to--day. Well, then, what *is* time?" asked Hans Castorp, and bent the tip of his nose so far round that it became white and bloodless.

"Can you answer me that? Space we perceive with our organs, with our senses of sight and touch. Good. But which is our organ of time—-tell me that if you can. You see, that's where you stick. But how can we possibly measure anything about which we actually know nothing, not even a single one of its properties? We say of time that it passes. Very good, let it pass. But to be able to measure it—-wait a minute: to be susceptible of being measured, time must flow evenly, but who ever said it did that?

As far as our consciousness is concerned it doesn't, we only assume that it does, for the sake of convenience; and our units of measurement are purely arbitrary, sheer conventions—-"

"Good," Joachim said. "Then perhaps it is pure convention that I have five points too much here on my thermometer. But on account of those lines I have to drool about here instead of joining up, which is a disgusting fact."

"Have you 99.3°?"

"It's going down already," and Joachim made the entry on his chart. "Last night it was almost 100°—-that was your arrival. A visit always makes it go up. But it is a good thing, notwithstanding."

"I'll go now," said Hans Castorp. "I've still a great many ideas in my head about the time—-a whole complex, if I may say so. But I won't excite you with them now, you've too many degrees as it is. I'll keep them all and return to them later, perhaps after breakfast. You will call me when it is time, I suppose. I'll go now and lie down; it won't hurt me, thank goodness." With which he passed round the glass partition into his loggia, where stood his own reclining--chair and side--table. He fetched *Ocean Steamships* and his beautiful, soft, dark--red and green plaid from within the room, which had already been put into perfect order, and sat himself down.

Soon he too had to put up the little sunshade; the heat became unbearable as he lay. But he was uncommonly comfortable, he decided, with distinct satisfaction. He did not recall in all his experience so acceptable an easy--chair. The frame—-a little oldfashioned, perhaps, a mere matter of taste, for the chair was obviously new—-was of polished red--brown wood, and the mattress was covered in a soft cotton material; or rather, it was not a mattress, but three thick cushions, extending from the foot to the very top of the chair--back. There was a head--roll besides, neither too hard nor too yielding, with an embroidered linen cover, fastened on by a cord to the chair, and wondrously agreeable to the neck. Hans Castorp supported his elbow on the broad, smooth surface of the chair--arm, blinked, and reposed himself. The landscape, rather severe and sparse, though brightly sunny, looked like a framed painting as viewed through the arch of the loggia. Hans Castorp gazed

thoughtfully at it. Suddenly he thought of something, and said aloud in the stillness: "That was a dwarf, wasn't it, that waited on us at breakfast?"

"Sh--h," went Joachim. "Don't speak loud. Yes, a dwarf. Why?"

"Nothing. We hadn't mentioned it."

He mused on. It had been ten o'clock when he lay down. An hour passed. It was an ordinary hour, not long, not short. At its close a bell sounded through the house and garden, first afar, then near, then from afar again.

"Breakfast," Joachim said and could be heard getting up.

Hans Castorp too finished with his cure for the time and went into his room to put himself to rights a little. The cousins met in the corridor and descended the stair. Hans Castorp said: "Well, the lying--down is great! What sort of chairs are they? If they are to be had here, I'll buy one and take it to Hamburg with me; they are heavenly to lie in. Or do you think Behrens had them made to his design?"

Joachim did not know. They entered the dining--room, where the meal was again in full swing.

At every place stood a large glass, probably a half litre of milk; the room shimmered white with it.

"No," Hans Castorp said, when he was once more in his seat between the seamstress and the Englishwoman, and had docilely unfolded his serviette, though still heavy with the earlier meal; "no, God help me, milk I never could abide, and least of all now! Is there perhaps some porter?" He applied himself to the dwarf and put his question with the gentlest courtesy, but alas, there was none. She promised to bring Kulmbacher beer, and did so. It was thick, dark, and foaming brownly; it made a capital substitute for the porter. Hans Castorp drank it thirstily from a half--litre glass, and ate some cold meat and toast. Again there was oatmeal porridge and much butter and fruit. He let his eyes dwell upon them, incapable of more. And he looked at the guests as well; the groups began to break up for him,

and individuals to stand out. His own table was full, except the place at the top, which, he learned, was "the doctor's place." For the doctors, when their work allowed, ate at the common table, sitting at each of the seven in turn; at each one a place was kept free. But just now neither was present; they were operating, it was said. The young man with the moustaches came in again, sank his chin once for all on his breast, and sat down, with his self--absorbed, care--worn mien. The lean, light blonde was in her seat, and spooned up yogurt as though it formed her sole article of diet. Next her appeared a lively little old dame, who addressed the silent young man in Russian; he regarded her uneasily, and answered only by nodding his head, looking as though he had a bad taste in his mouth. Opposite him, on the other side of the elderly lady, there was another young girl—-pretty, with a blooming complexion and full bosom, chestnut hair that waved agreeably, round, brown, childlike eyes, and a little ruby on her lovely hand. She laughed often, and spoke Russian. Hans Castorp learned that her name was Marusja. He noticed further that when she laughed and talked, Joachim sat with eyes cast sternly down upon his plate.

Settembrini appeared through the side door, and, curling his moustaches, strode to his place at the end of the table diagonally in front of that where Hans Castorp sat. His table--mates burst out in peals of laughter as he sat down; he had probably said something cutting. Hans Castorp recognized the members of the Half--Lung Club. Hermine Kleefeld, heavy--eyed, slid into her place at the table in front of one of the verandah doors, speaking as she did so to the thick--lipped youth who had worn his coat in the unseemly fashion that had struck Hans Castorp. The ivory--coloured Levi and the fat, freckled Iltis sat side by side at a table at right angles to Hans Castorp—-he did not know any of their table--mates.

"There are your neighbours," Joachim said in a low voice to his cousin, bending forward as he spoke. The pair passed close beside Hans Castorp to the last table on the right, the "bad" Russian table, apparently, where there already sat a whole family, one of whom, a

very ugly boy, was gobbling great quantities of porridge. The man was of slight proportions, with a grey, hollow--cheeked face. He wore a brown leather jacket; on his feet he had clumsy felt boots with buckled clasps. His wife, likewise small and slender, walked with tripping steps in her tiny, high--heeled Russia leather boots, the feathers swaying on her hat. Around her neck she wore a soiled feather boa. Hans Castorp looked at them with a ruthless stare, quite foreign to his usual manner—-he himself was aware of its brutality, yet at the same time conscious of relishing that very quality. His eyes felt both staring and heavy. At that moment the glass door on the left slammed shut, with a rattle and ringing of glass; he did not start as he had on the first occasion, but only made a grimace of lazy disgust; when he wished to turn his head, he found the effort too much for him—-it was really not worth while. And thus, for the second time, he was unable to fix upon the person who was guilty of behaving in that reckless way about a door.

The truth was that the breakfast beer, as a rule only mildly obfuscating to the young man's sense, had this time completely stupefied and befuddled him. He felt as though he had received a blow on the head. His eyelids were heavy as lead; his tongue would not shape his simple thoughts when out of politeness he tried to talk to the Englishwoman. Even to alter the direction of his gaze he was obliged to conquer a great disinclination; and, added to all this, the hateful burning in his face had reached the same height as yesterday, his cheeks felt puffy with heat, he breathed with difficulty; his heart pounded dully, like a hammer muffled in cloth. If all these sensations caused him no high degree of suffering, that was only because his head felt as though he had inhaled a few whiffs of chloroform. He saw as in a dream that Dr. Krokowski appeared at breakfast and took the place opposite to his; the doctor, however, repeatedly looked him sharply in the eye, while he conversed in Russian with the ladies on his right. The young girls—-the blooming Marusja and the lean consumer of yogurt—-cast down their eyes modestly as the doctor spoke. Hans Castorp did not, of course, bear himself otherwise than