

My Switzerland

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Objektyp: **Article**

Zeitschrift: **Die Schweiz = Suisse = Svizzera = Switzerland : offizielle Reisezeitschrift der Schweiz. Verkehrszentrale, der Schweizerischen Bundesbahnen, Privatbahnen ... [et al.]**

Band (Jahr): **44 (1971)**

Heft 12

PDF erstellt am: **12.07.2024**

Persistenter Link: <https://doi.org/10.5169/seals-778555>

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und Goethe-Forscher Karl Julius Schröer in Oberufer in der Nähe von Pressburg bei den im 17. Jahrhundert aus Süddeutschland eingewanderten Haidbauern volkstümliche Spiele, die jedes Jahr nach der Weinlese während der Adventszeit von den Bauern einstudiert wurden. Erhalten sind ein Paradeis-spiel, ein Christi-Geburt- und ein Dreikönigs-Spiel, die Rudolf Steiner, der Schöpfer des Goetheanums und Betreuer dieser Spieltradition, erstmals im

Jahre 1910 zu einer die alten Anweisungen weitgehend pietätvoll befolgenden Aufführung brachte. Seit 1915 werden nun alljährlich am Goetheanum die drei Spiele dargestellt, an der kommenden Jahreswende – mit Musik von Leopold van der Pals – das Oberuferer Paradeis-Spiel am 19. und 24. Dezember, das Christi-Geburt-Spiel am 18. und 25. Dezember und das Dreikönigs-Spiel am Berchtolds- und am Dreikönigstag (2. und 6. Januar).



MY SWITZERLAND

HELEN BARNES

I first discovered Switzerland by accident. With a friend, I was touring Europe by car, and, in order to drive from Austria to France by the most direct route, we *had* to cross Switzerland. I would have gladly by-passed it, as I thought of it as just a lot of ski-resorts in off-season. I got the shock of my life. Charmed with all that I saw, and incredulous with wonder, I could only keep exclaiming: "Why didn't somebody *tell* me it was like this!" We arrived under cover of darkness, as, having found no accommo-

The following paragraphs are excerpts from the introduction to the very informative book "My Switzerland" by Helen Barnes (Atlantis-Verlag, Zurich). From the same book, we are reproducing some of the delicate and subtle drawings by the young Lucerne artist Eugen Bachmann.

dation in Bregenz, we were forced to cross the Rhine late one evening. We were told that we'd find rooms in the first Swiss village we came to. But here, too, every bed in the village was spoken for, and we were sent on to the next village, and from there to the next.

The proprietor of the third Gasthof in the third village, although he too had no rooms, had imagination, at least. If we would like to wait in the Weinstube, he said, while he telephoned, he would

find us a place to lay our heads, and so we joined a little gathering of lost souls looking for shelter. In about half an hour, in walked a strange man with the news that there were beds for all, and that we should all get into our cars and follow him. We, being the last come, brought up the rear of the cavalcade. That night I shall never forget... crisp, clear, and flooded with moonlight. Over back-country roads, past farms, and through clover-sweet fields we travelled, with only the purr of our motors to break the perfect stillness. At length, the first car was brought to its destination; a farmhouse ablaze with light, from which a welcoming committee poured out to help with the luggage. Twice more this scene was repeated, until only ours and the lead car remained on the road. Finally, we pulled up before a very large and very dark farmhouse.

Our guide seemed puzzled. He went up to the front door and knocked, but got no answer. Then he hammered, with the same result. Next, he shouted; still no action, so he picked up a handful of gravel and heaved it at an upstairs window. That did it. In a moment, a light flickered in the window, and in the next, a rumpled, pajama-clad man stood in the doorway. Words were ex-

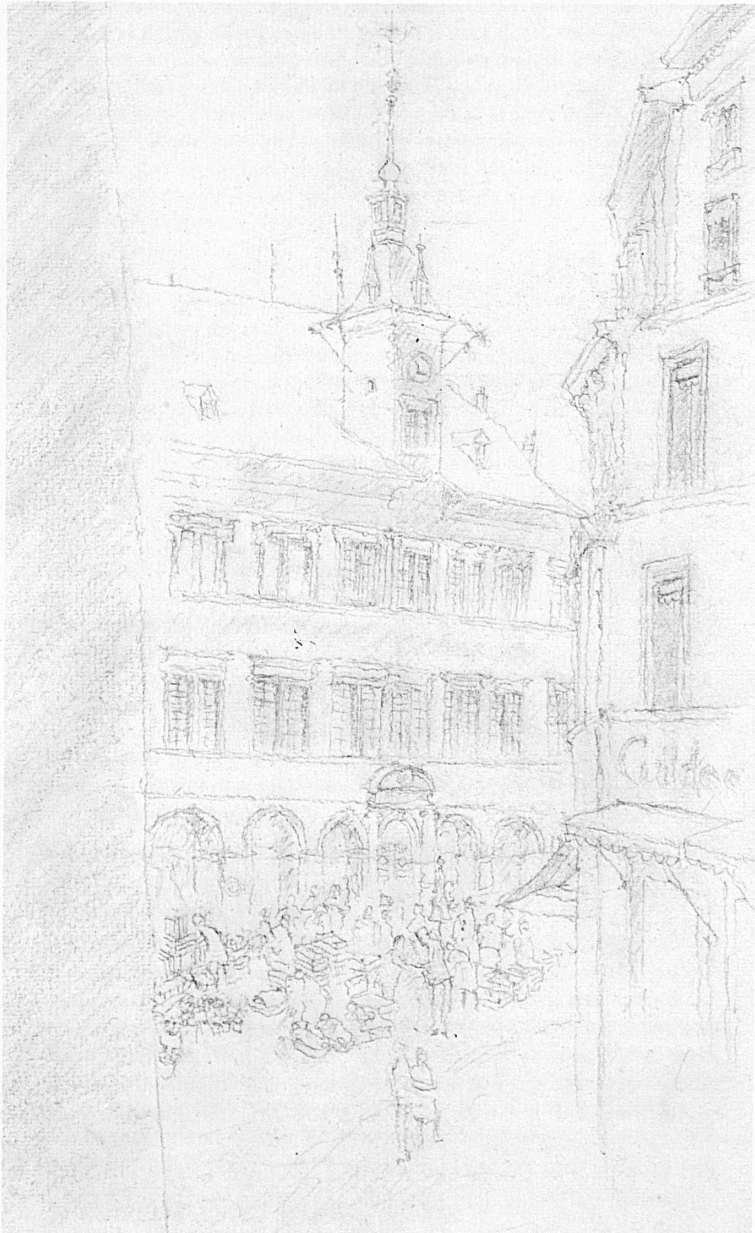
changed, *sotto voce*, then laughter. Clearly, we were not expected. Our guide came to tell us that there had been a slight mix-up as to which night we were coming, but that we were welcome to stay if we'd wait until a room was put in order...

We breakfasted on bowls of steaming coffee with milk, fresh bread and butter, honey, and ripe plums.

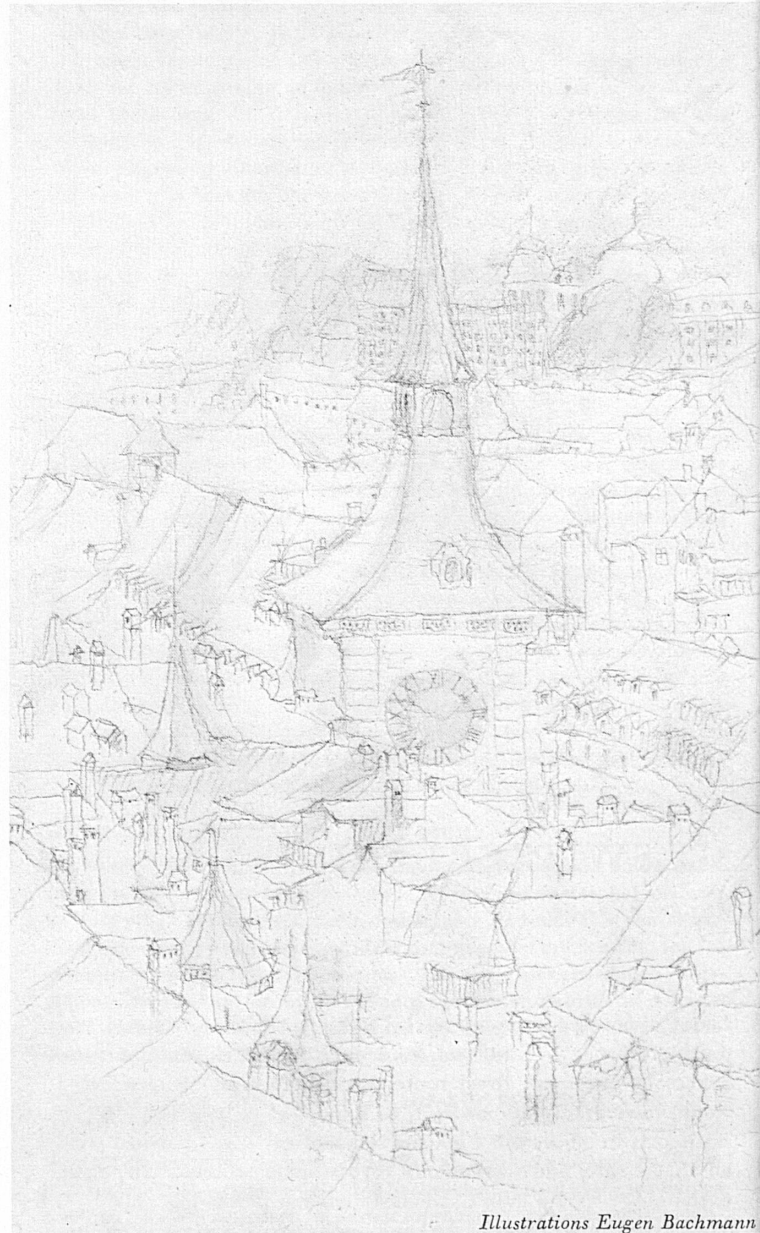
Having stumbled into Arcadia, there was nothing to do but leave it almost immediately, as we were expected in France that evening. And so, as though we wore blinders, we sped along the shore of Lake Constance and down the Rhine, stopping for a bite of lunch in Schaffhausen, and on to Basle where we crossed the frontier.

That night, in Alsace, I thought of Switzerland and of my abysmal ignorance regarding it, and I resolved to make a stop there the next year. This I did, and so much did I find to detain me that I got no further. Now, although fourteen years have elapsed since that first visit (and almost as many Swiss sojourns), the country still beckons. My knowledge of this land and its people grows a little each year, but I know that I've just scratched the surface.

LAUSANNE



BERNE



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