

The Thief and Other Stories By Georg Heym Not that nothing happens - plenty happens it all happens all the worst and most appalling things in life and beyond - but there's never a choice: no road not taken no crossroads just a one-way trip to hell. Even as Heym the narrator (same third-person semi-omniscient voice in all with touch of "free indirect discourse" and sudden jolts to present tense at peaks of disturbance) retains an uncanny sobriety to which he falls back when things get crazy. ("The Madman") If the back-cover blurb is to be believed when Heym's publisher "expressed fears that the grim nature" of his stories would "put off potential readers" "Heym replied that his subjects had chosen him as much as he had chosen them. Strangely given his death was accidental it's hard to imagine what might have followed such stories; they have that terminal quality that suggests maybe he never intended to follow them at all. So many times afterwards it was to be his lot to suffer the extremes of joy and the depths of grief like a precious vessel that has to be able to withstand many passages through the fire without cracking. But a unique flavour persists a year or more later and the three or four stories I've re-read in that time have pleased me like walks through the dark forest where I myself once dwelt though maybe never with the lucidity of Georg Heym. Georg Heym She was never so beautiful as when the fires of the sinking sun lay shimmering in the dust of the room upon her forehead and her dark hair began to gleam as if with its own light. The real world victims of his convictions aside the curled up fetus sucking its brutal thumb of this was when Mona Lisa and the Louvre were his own hell floating in a starless galaxy. I liked this story the best except for maybe 'The Ship' because they were the stories that felt organically rising from the subconscious and not so much the monster's self comforting fairy tale. - 'An Afternoon- Contribution to the History of a Little Boy' 'The Autopsy' 'Jonathan' and 'An Afternoon' have the kind of love that is sewn eyes to me and gaping mouths. Anna Kavan could irritate the fuck out of me in some of her short stories with the intense neediness like Why doesn't everybody see my pain?! until you want to shake them but maybe you don't ever see them maybe it's not all about you. Heym's prose is florid and exquisitely overwrought; the stories are mostly horror but even the stories that aren't explicitly horror are full of phantasmagorical imagery take this picture of the starving poor of pre-Revolution Paris: The scattered figures resembled the frozen steps of a sombre minuet a danse macabre petrified by the passage of Death into a great black heap of stones transfixed by pain into pillars of silence. The Ship - This is by far the most explicitly creepy story a very effective sea-based horror tale that reminded me of the great sea stories of Jean Ray or William Hope Hodgson. Georg Heym This is a Ripper!!! Don't think I've read anything else like it!!! Short expressionistic blows that fluctuate between the supremely ugly and dreamy beauty between heaven and hell violence and peace. Georg Heym (1887-1912) was one of the leading literary lights of 'Expressionism' a short lived movement that arose in early twentieth century Germany and is now best remembered for its cinema in films such as 'The Cabinet of Dr Caligari'. Like most movements it had no formal beginnings but many cite Kurt Hillers piece in the 'Heidelberger Zeitung' (July 1911) in which he wrote "Those aesthetes who know only how to react who are nothing more than wax-tablets for impressions or delicately exact recording machines really do seem to us to be inferior beings. " Expressionism sought to utilize the often violent inner turmoil of the mind for creative ends and found inspiration in writers such as Rimbaud Baudelaire and the symbolists as well the emerging science of psychology and the philosophy of Nietzsche. Heym's verses are charged with destruction often evoking the spirit of John Martin as in one of his most famous works 'Umbra Vitae' (trans: 'Shadow of Life') but in the last year of life he turned this towards prose works. 'The Thief' of the collections title is the inner battle of the obsessed protagonist as he contemplates and then executes his crime while 'The Madman' newly released from asylum carries out crimes that would find a later echo in the real life Peter Kurten. 'The Ship' is probably the nearest we come to supernatural horror and although this tale might remind one of images from 'Nosferatu' (though Heym is the precursor) his plague figure seems far more tangible if just as relentless. His narratives break a lot of heads in their desire to take the reader beyond the dull consensus reality of the everyday: Some made a delicate sound they were the thin ones; the childrens' skulls. A figure in a painting is sinking back onto the mysterious landscape behind her as though into a veil of green still

water a road which the hungry look down for food carts is a dead intestine and hours spent in a sickroom bed are heard trickling down the walls like the continuous falling of slow drops in the dark hole of a cellar. As you read the pages over and over in an obsessed manner visualizing again and again the oppressive atmosphere of death you'll realize that *The Thief* is a book close to psychological perfection. Georg Heym *The Moon like the Eye of a Blind God* Georg Heym is primarily remembered by a small but loyal group of readers as the author of some of the strangest darkest and yet somehow beautiful poetry to emerge from Germany in the early part of the 20th century. He died young but demonstrated such a feverish and passionate imagination and wielded such keen descriptive powers that it would perhaps be inaccurate to say he died before he could reach his prime. The works on display here deal with the same themes present in Heym's poetry namely madness religious ecstasy the appearance of various demons strange cosmological aberrations death and disease sex and love all punctuated by unexpected outbursts of humor and horror. My favorite in the collection was easily *Jonathan* a story about a young man ailing in a hospital ward in a room across the hall from a girl whom he pines after; the description sounds like a minor clichéd affair but it's Heym's handling of the story and his natural sense of the poetic that makes it so memorable. Probably the most notable among long form excursions is Alfred Döblin's formidable *Berlin Alexanderplatz* but Heym's much shorter work packs quite a wallop and is so harrowing and accurate in its depiction of madness that one can almost feel themselves understanding things from the perspective of a psychopathic killer if not exactly sympathizing with him. I was less enamored of some of the other stories though I'd be remiss if I didn't save a final mention for *The Autopsy* an ultra-short description of an autopsy (from the perspective of the corpse no less) that reminded me of fellow German pathologist-turned-poet Gottfried Benn's early oeuvre. Georg Heym *In alto sopra le loro teste nel freddo cielo d'ottobre avanzava il ferreo aratro del tempo che arava i suoi campi col dolore che seminava le pene perché un giorno ne spuntasse la fiamma della vendetta perché un giorno le braccia di migliaia di uomini divenissero leggere alate e gaie come lievi colombe al servizio della ghiottina perché un giorno essi potessero avanzare come divinità del futuro sotto quel cielo a testa scoperta nell'eterna Pentecoste di un'aurora infinita.* Heym's own attitude towards his parents was paradoxical; on the one hand he held a deep affection for them but on the other he strongly resisted any attempts to suppress his individuality and autonomy. Heym's own attitude towards his parents was paradoxical; on the one hand he held a deep affection for them but on the other he strongly resisted any attempts to suppress his individuality and autonomy. Other members of this Club included Kurt Hiller Jakob van Hoddis and Erwin Loewenson (also known as Golo Gangi); often visiting were Else Lasker Schöler Gottfried Benn and Karl Kraus:

As he has bent all of his hopes on discovering her, For them to get what they want someone else cannot go free: (Another boy is distraught and on the wrong side of rage when perceiving a female as laughing at them, I wonder why there are only like two stories in this collection to not feature that? This is bothering me a lot.) I have to look for other angles to get inside stories as this aspect is cold to me, To do it on purpose to feel the joy to feel the pain or is it the pain to feel the joy. I wish it wasn't like the light falls on one side of the story so much.

Every story here from memory is a relentless ride to doom: Nor do they even qualify as "stories" really in many ways, (Heym died at 25 a year before these pieces saw publication:) But shot through with veins of preternatural gold unique also to youth: How I love you! I have loved you so much: Shall I tell you how I love you? As you moved through the fields of poppies yourself a flame-red fragrant poppy the whole evening was swallowed up in you. And your dress which billowed around your ankles was like a wave of fire in the setting sun, But your head bent in the light and your hair was still burning and flaming from all my kisses: ("*The Autopsy*") Not that the horrid stuff isn't preternatural too. All around him is the great golden sea with towering waves on either side like brilliantly shimmering roofs, He is riding on a black fish he embraces its head with his arms. Deep below him he sees in the green depths lost in a few trembling rays of sun green castles eternally

deep green gardens, How far away might they be? If only he could just get down there down below, The castles go further down the gardens appear to sink ever deeper, The fish under him is turning disobedient too; it's still wriggling, " And certainly it's hard to believe that choice played more part in Heym's actions than in his characters' - again a singlemindedness maybe only accessible in youth, I don't know I'd call his stories masterpieces but I'd wager he was some kind of a master or could have been: The mark of a poet and playwright dallying in prose? In any case despite the book's briefness (seven stories 100 pages) it seems complete: So complete in fact that it's hard to know how to speak for it. It's "not the image of a dark forest but the dark forest" as Bolaño would have it. And actually that's a pretty apt description: the dark forest of youth of nightmare of bloodyminded determination, For all its blunt drama its "suddenly"s its exclamations it's animated by the most refined sensitivity. And that was the first time in the boy's life that he drank the cups of rapture and of torment in the same day: It could be The Thief is a slight book and it's true I digested it with little afterthought; paradoxically it went down easily despite the gruesome chunks of horror it contains, Heym had a knack for writing bleak creepy and sometimes gory stories, His style lies somewhere between German expressionism and Gothic literature and he has been compared to Edgar Allan Poe: Then she seemed to grow forward out of the dark background to become flesh and to bask in the light of her own shamelessness: - 'The Thief' The Mona Lisa is his laughing hell and a mocking heaven: His man made fire eats her otherness consuming firemen flesh and police are bacon too, I am creeped the hell out by the Purify their depravity type of men (or women). I am lost in limbo between wanting to get the hell away from this guy and the horror of what if you couldn't, To flop about in his skin like this is even too much: I felt like he was commanding his man is a space ship: Something about Georg Heym's walking and talking hells strangled my sympathies: They COULD have written these stories and not Heym after all: My book jacket says he told his worried publishers that they chose him. I thought it would be exactly what The Thief would want the world to know the detail he succeeded in every one of his brainiac endeavors. A stilled sea of white faces buried alive in their filthy streets, To Versailles! I liked best about this story that invisible hand holding them directing them: Just like if you were in a dream you couldn't wake from if you tried the things you're supposed to be able to wake yourself up in a dream, I think of them silently screaming and pinching while asleep for so long that it just had to happen this way, If you're in the mob or in their path you're sacrificed to its judgement: I'm torn on feeling in their head as opposed to their hostage, I doubt the people in charge had enough time to send his wife a victim letter about his release. The Madman froths at the mouth and zombie rabies eyes as great beasts within him, Danilo Kis once said something about not trusting people who could come out of horror unscathed (he said it better than that but the gist y'know). How do they emerge from the hell they inflict on others? Yeah insane but this way the incredible happiness doesn't feel like happiness: I don't FEEL like they did win in dying (since these feel like nightmares: It feels like enjoying crying because everyone ever should be oh so sorry! What they did to YOU. Maybe that's why these stories made me feel so other than human: When people came he sprang up ran away and crept into the dunes: Once they had gone by he ran forward again to the sea whose enormous expanse was the only cup into which he could pour the flood of his endless excess: Trembling lips dream of love that I love you beary much stuffed menageries. Another corpse is the happiest mutual deafness to tools of his morticians, I just can't embrace this floating above the world on an infinity cloud happiness. I would have felt as lost if he were rejoicing in his sweet lord I guess: The doctors are business in the front and business in the back. story and passing ships in the night? It's this one for me, A child's everlasting words of love with the white girl face he glimpses in the room next to his own. It was the little boy thing that set me off I'm sure: She's a voice in another room to him could have been a shape speeding by in a train window: But she can disappoint him already owes herself and her two week stay too close: I couldn't stand this this baby talking himself deep down in his soul. I would have her a picture on the wall he dreams can speak to him: Little boys and girls in the hands of the cruel nurse dancing visions in the wallpaper. The best part about this story was how Jonathan's pain called the other hospital inmates to respond in their own helpless pain, I can see them just settled before trying to go to sleep. I have

no sympathy at all for the boy in 'An Afternoon' when the girl of his desire does not meet him for another kiss though: And you're feeling sick with them like watching Dennis Potter's *The Singing Detective* you forget you weren't burned alive, I will want out want a but life isn't just poetic footprint since they are so intense you feel like you DID see them couldn't do anything: but it wasn't enough you were caught? Something like swinging on it between theirs and you. It has to be enough to sail on that black ship on ancient prayers: Maybe we don't all die alone left with the embryonic walls closing in of only one very ugly very bloody thought, Well I say that now because their reality didn't threaten to smother mine in their writhing the-world-is-me ugliness, There's no way it isn't going to be 'The Thief' I never forget: Georg Heym Heym's tale *The Autopsy* has been reprinted in the Vandermeer's collection of weird fiction *The Weird* and in *The Dedalus Book of German Decadence* among other places. But that story takes up a mere three pages in this book which is full of many other great (and better) tales. Uncountable Lots melted down by the flames of a hellish Gomorrah into eternal rigidity, All of these stories are quite grim; tales of madness violence and suffering alternating between the surreal and the decadent and several have a rough unabashed gritty naturalism, What shines most is Heym's command of language his dreamy way of describing things: I think one could argue that some of these stories come off as just slightly raw and unpolished showing an author who was not fully matured perhaps: Still I think this slim volume ought to be considered a classic of central European fantastique and horror, Unfortunately Heym never had a chance to fully mature his style -- he died at the age of 24 evidentially attempting to save a friend who fell through the ice while skating, *The Thief* - This is a great story of madness and obsession turning quite horrific at the end. I was especially taken in by the evocative prose *The evening sun threw a blazing torch inside and the deep Lombard colours of the portrait came to life in vivid purple: Her gown burst into a rush of flame and the red light spread up over her face and was caught in the golden net of her quiet laughter. And gradually she appeared to dissolve into the dusk like a perfume like a breath.* A man separates himself from society and becomes convinced that God wishes him to destroy a painting which is the cause of man's downfall. *The Fifth of October* - This story contrasts moments of decadent excess with the bitter grueling squalor of naturalism, A group of starving Parisians suffer and hallucinate as they wait for bread to arrive as France is on the brink of the Revolution. *The Madman* - Wow this one is equal parts shocking explicit violence and hallucinogenic prose and I loved how this story slips between the two so seamlessly, A madman is released from an institution and proceeds to cause chaos as he seeks to murder his wife: *The Autopsy* - This is a gory descriptive story that attains a sort of ghastly romanticism, A dead man is laid out for dissection the doctors take him apart with relish as he lays there and thinks of a girl he loved still alive in his soul. *Jonathan* - A story of sickness and pain capped with more hallucinogenic imagery, A young man lies ill in a gloomy hospital the only thing giving him hope is to speak to a girl across the hall, The crew of a small ship explore an island and bring something horrible aboard with them: *An Afternoon* - This is a much simpler straight forward story of a boy encountering his first heart-break, My kind of value-obsessed Zoroastrian bipolarism but imaginative and lovely and colorful. Above all everything is alive particularly the imagination and inanimate objects including the dead, *Thieves paintings autopsies*---this one is especially designed for Timmy: *They punctured the bladder; the cold urine shimmered inside like yellow wine,* Georg Heym *An English-language translation of the complete published stories of Georg Heym (1887-1912):* There are seven in all with subjects ranging from social revolt to insanity disease and unrequited love. They are considered some of the finest works of German literary Expressionism and have been compared to the stories of Edgar Allan Poe and the prose pieces of Baudelaire. *The Thief and Other Stories* This review was previously posted on the Side Real Press website in 2013: *Ein Novellenbuch'* (Rowohlt 1913) Heym having died the previous year attempting to save a friend who had fallen through the ice while skating on a frozen lake, This translation contains all seven of those pieces and they are just as destructive and macabre as his poetry: Poe's influence is apparent but Heym's voice is very much his own: We never forget that Heym is a poet and a man with a mission. It was a silvery sound light and airy like a little cloud, But others creaked like puffballs when he trod on them and their red tongues

flickered out of their mouths like bursting rubber balls: In 'The Autopsy' this treatment of the body extends post mortem as the corpse bears witness to its own dissection, It makes the books finale 'An Afternoon' seem relatively 'normal' in its narration of a brief love affair but death of a sort is not far away. Any one of the stories taken by itself would make the book worth buying but in combination they represent a huge tour de force, I had to re-read the whole book straight away and they remained just as brilliant second time around. Buy it! For those seeking the poetry Libri have an edition of them which took twenty years of work by translator Antony Hasler to bring to fruition. More than once were there shattered skulls and bursting arteries: Each story contained in this volume is unified by an underlying fear an eternal torment in a realm of unrequited love mental anguish and a disproportionate reality. Susan Bennett's translation conveyed the beautiful and diseased; the language a convergence of sincerity and insanity. The disturbing cover a detail from Meidner's Drunken Street with Self-Portrait expresses what you'll feel while reading: a lurking fear. What he left behind is not a lot in terms of quantity but it is all of unassailable quality, The Thief and Other Stories features some of Heym's rare forays into the comparatively longer form of the short story: The most disturbing story is easily The Madman and seems to be of a piece of the Lustmord cannon that so many Germans contributed to during the Weimar years. This one has to be read to be believed and could be considered an early entry in the proto-flash fiction genre, Recommended though it is certainly not for all tastes dispositions or constitutions, It is a nightmarish perhaps hopeless offering of stories from a condemned genius: Georg Heym Tenho este pequeno livrinho de contos há vários anos talvez desde 2002 ou 2003; A Autópsia continua a provocar-me imensamente adoro o conto, He is particularly known for his poetry representative of early Expressionism, Heym was born in Hirschberg Lower Silesia in 1887 to Hermann and Jenny Heym, Throughout his short life he was constantly in conflict with social conventions: His parents members of the Wilhemine middle class had trouble comprehending their sons rebellious behavior, In 1900 the Heyms moved to Berlin and there Georg began unsuccessfully attending a series of different schools. Eventually he arrived at the Friedrich Wilhelms Gymn Georg Heym was a German writer: He is particularly known for his poetry representative of early Expressionism, Heym was born in Hirschberg Lower Silesia in 1887 to Hermann and Jenny Heym: Throughout his short life he was constantly in conflict with social conventions, His parents members of the Wilhemine middle class had trouble comprehending their son's rebellious behavior, In 1900 the Heyms moved to Berlin and there Georg began unsuccessfully attending a series of different schools: Eventually he arrived at the Friedrich Wilhelms Gymnasium at Neuruppin in Brandenburg. He was very unsatisfied and as a way to achieve some release he began writing poetry: After he graduated and went to study law at Würzburg he started writing plays as well: In 1910 Heym met the poet and writer Simon Guttman who invited Heym to join the recently founded Der Neue Club a descendant of a student society at the University of Berlin. Although the Club had no actual stated objective its members all shared a sense of rebellion against contemporary culture and possessed a desire for political and aesthetic upheaval: The Club held Neopathetisches Cabaret meetings in which members presented work and it was here that Heym first gained notice. In January 1911 Ernst Rowohlt published Heym's first book and the only one to appear in his lifetime: Der ewige Tag (The Eternal Day), Heym later went through several judicial jobs none of which he held for long due to his lack of respect for authority: On 16 January 1912 Heym and his friend Ernst Balcke went on a skating trip to the frozen river Havel, Appearances indicated that Balcke had fallen through the ice and Heym had attempted to save him but fell in as well, Heym remained alive for half an hour calling out for help. His cries were heard by some nearby forestry workers but they were unable to reach him. I feel nothing for dashed romantic hopes. I've got it in that he will do it again and again. Sleepwalking daywalking all the time. Heym was so good at the savoring the build up. Morbid yes as only the young can be. Oh it is. He kneels on his victim and slowly crushes her to death. It certainly is fat he thinks. He weeps; of course he's never going to get there. He's only a poor devil. Never mind the beast will deal with it. And he breaks its neck. Relentless drive. Black fear. Perverse insistence on plumbing the depths. Fascination. But what makes it is the delicacy. Georg Heym Seven short stories first published in 1913. But in my opinion

Heym was far superior to Poe. Good stuff. Forces gathering behind in the picture. Maybe it was the curtains with an ominous whisper. Their heroine. She is blind to the madman unyielding tears of penance. Nothing at all when he touches her hand. A fevered hand to her head. But she will not cry when he takes her. The Thief is afraid of them all. His own madness. Or maybe I'm just heartless. Starved to pity scared tired. 'The Fifth of October'. Rise up everyone will have the same dream. Wake up or are they sleep avenging. Head sea bobbing together parting arms of justice. Here comes the flood. They actually let The Madman out of the asylum. He blazes the trail to home sweet home in corpses. They take care of him. Within him he experiences his immeasurable happiness. It's like this for 'The Thief' when dying in victory. There's another side to that though. The hissing in the dark of meeeeeeeeeeeeeeee. Bright and shiny pain. nightmares recur so no winning this way). A Joker's smile of tombstones turned upside down. It is something else than escaping. I don't know what it is. He preserved his loneliness nervously. I get a different feeling about seeing it. Maybe a young girl practicing kissing on her pillow. Not longing maybe a foreign ritual. Neither world lived longer enough to haunt the other. You know in short story collections there's a Huh. Before the amputations 'Jonathan' had a man's legs. Now a boy's Bambi stumps waltz slow summer days. The world loses its size to the big takeover of pain. He Benjamin Buttons to a baby the center of the womb. Hey wait this must still hurt. I have to reassure myself constantly testing my flesh. Hedayat could point the righteous finger too. Fish on make believe land. I want to shake them so much. I can't stand it how much. My favorite story is 'The Ship' I think. This must be a timeless end of time. Good old fashioned plague. That's what I'm talking about. His repulsive ownership will black out to secrets. Probably will go that way. I am genuinely shocked this collection is not better-known. Both perished. This book is available to borrow for free on archive.org. Many beautiful passages of passionate colorful prose here. We are Expressionists. These were posthumously published as 'Der Dieb. There is some beautiful dark imagery within the book. A wonderful and essential text. They are equally brilliant. Georg Heym Death and despair permeate these pages. Heym's stories aren't for the squeamish. Georg Heym Georg Heym was a German writer. However publishers largely ignored his work. His poetry immediately attracted praise. They never returned. A few days later their bodies were found. {site_link} {site_link}

