

zehntausend des Feuers. Jetzt ging sie aus Erde, Feuer, Luft und Wasser hinaus, und die Heimstatt - so konnte man hoffen - schrumpfte ihr zu einer Winzigkeit, die keiner Zerklüftung mehr Platz gab.

Zukunftsmusik. Vielleicht sollte man hinter diese letzten Worte die ersten im ersten Gedicht stellen: "So schön du bist - du bist mirs nicht auf Dauer."

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Grosz, Christiane. Die Tochter. Berlin: Aufbau, 1987. 237 pp.

Christiane Grosz' first-person narrator is a woman driven by fear and guilt. Her life is as fractured as the episodes from which the tapestry of her existence is woven. The title of the book seems to indicate that the narrator considers her life determined by accident of birth as well as by the restricted, still inferior role assigned to women in her home country, the GDR. Her grandmother admonishes her as a child: "Du bist ein Mädchen und mußt nachgeben" (65). And her husband, who is twenty years her senior, tells her: "...ich scheiße auf deine Liebe, Hauptsache, du parierst" (30). Her tragedy is her creativity, her search for identity and the urge to be productive in her own right. As a young teenager she is given the choice of becoming a potter or a baker; she decides on the former, but an inner discontent drives her into the arms of a married actor and writer who gives her the opportunity to become an amateur actress. He seduces her first, then marries her and turns her into a jealously guarded object while he continues womanizing. The couple adopts a daughter because the narrator desperately wants to be a mother, but the child sides with her father when the couple divorces. Unfortunately, the narrator and her ex-husband are forced to stay in the house they lived in while they were married. Now he brings in his new woman and their baby, forcing the narrator to witness his new-found bliss with her successor.

In her struggle for selfhood, the narrator tries to actualize a quote from Hebbel, which her nonconformist aunt wrote into her poetry scrapbook. "Schüttle alles ab, was Dich in Deiner Entwicklung hemmt, und wenn es auch ein Mensch wäre, der Dich liebt, denn was Dich vernichtet, kann keinen anderen fördern" (96). As she becomes successful as a painter and as a writer of poetry, her marriage crumbles, for which she suffers tremendous guilt. She feels responsible for her broken marriage, her failure as a mother and for the dissolution of her parents' marriage. (The narrator's father had produced a son with the first wife of the narrator's husband, and she, the narrator, had forced her father to confess this to her mother.) Other men enter her life, help her in her quest for freedom for a short time, but all disappoint her. She closes her confessions: "Ich werde begreifen, daß ich mich selbst getäuscht habe. Und ich will das Leben ansehen und annehmen, aber nicht ohne die Hoffnung, daß Verstehen und Liebe möglich sind" (237).

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Fuhrmann, Rainer. Versuchsreihe 17. Kriminalroman. Halle: Mitteldeutscher Verlag, 1987. 299 pp.

Die Idee ist gut.

Zwei Explosionen in der Chemiefabrik einer kleinen Kreisstadt irgendwo an der Küste richten zwar keinen großen Sachschaden an, lassen jedoch die beiden vorführenden Chemiker aus der Runde der Tagungsteilnehmer spurlos verschwinden. Sabotage? Entführung? Mord?

Laboruntersuchungen ergeben, daß die Pulverreste an den Wänden organische und anorganische Bestandteile aufweisen: oxydiertes Blutplasma, Zellmembranreste, Haarfasern, Hornfetzen.

Damit ist zumindest der Verbleib der Vermissten geklärt...

Die Kriminologen des Küstendorfes stehen dennoch vor einem Rätsel.

Die Lösung ist einfach - und sehr gefährlich. Das Forscherteam hat ein Schädlingsbekämpfungsmittel ent-