Walter Kappacher
Biography


Publications


Radio Play

Enfant terrible. Hessischer Rundfunk 1979
Bänder. ORF 1983
Der Fliegenpalast
The palace of flies
Novel

10 days in the life of Hugo von Hofmannsthal: an ageing author returns to the place of his childhood.

August 1924: It is rather embarrassment why the elderly writer H. returns to a place from his childhood – Fusch, a spa in the midst of Salzburg’s mountains where he had spent summer after summer with his parents when he was growing up. A lot has changed in the meanwhile: friendships have grown apart, his fame dates back several years and his work is endangered by his impaired health and the slightest disturbances. The change of time after the war has found its way even into the life in remote Fusch and H., who became a stranger to himself, participates only in observing.

During a walk H. becomes unconscious. Awaking, he gets to know young Doctor Krakauer, a duchess’ physician in private practice. He too is a repatriate in a foreign world. H. seeks to gain his friendship, but still there is the duchess and still there is a loneliness he cannot escape from.

Book reviews

“Walter Kappacher gives Hugo von Hofmannsthal a voice, a tone, when he didn’t have one – a fascinating literary solo.”
Felicitas von Lovenberg, F.A.Z

“Kappacher writes in an unpretentious, delicately antiquated, wonderful German without blindly aiming at a climax. His language cannot be imitated. Style is character. If you want to write like Kappacher, you have to be Kappacher. That we have him is a rare and precious fortune for German literature.”
Michael Maar, SÜDDEUTSCHE ZEITUNG

“…a masterpiece of contemporary storytelling…”
Hans Höller, DER STANDARD

“Walter Kappacher turns Hugo von Hofmannsthal’s existential crisis into a beautiful little novel. He uses a wonderfully well-tempered language and an equally convincing narrative style to describe the strange state of coming home.”
Andreas Isenschmid, DIE ZEIT

”This book about Hofmannsthal could not be more delicate, subtle or discreet and yet it is devastatingly sad… You will never catch Kappacher’s sober sympathy and his tightly-knit prose slipping into sentimentality. And yet, the inexorable downward path on which he accompanies Hofmannsthal in an unexcitedly factual manner provokes an infinite sadness.”
Hans-Jürgen Schings, F.A.Z
Photos

Fotos:
Lukas Beck