

WRITING AS A MAGICIAN'S GAME: THE STRANGE EARLY WORLD OF CHRISTOPH MECKEL

HEIDI M. ROCKWOOD
Georgia Institute of Technology

I

Among contemporary authors Christoph Meckel, born in 1935, is known as a “colorful” writer. His work, mostly short stories and poetry, has been praised for its imaginative and figurative qualities, and for its treatment of the unexpected and the surrealistic. At the same time, however, many critics are somewhat taken aback by Meckel’s seeming lack of seriousness and form. Thus Martin Gregor-Dellin states that Meckel is primarily motivated by the pleasure of taming fleeting, unshackled visions and that a creative imagination of that type must necessarily refuse any deep-reaching commitment to reality or form.¹ Most critics have positive feelings toward Meckel, but nevertheless rank him among the non-reflective and non-intellectual writers.² It seems a rather dubious compliment, when the cover text of the 1961 collection *In the Land of the Umbramauts* characterizes Meckel’s universe as “a world of play, where imagination has become the supreme force.”³

Very likely Meckel himself would agree with this judgment. In the short piece “Information,” he presents the reader with a long list of reasons for wanting to write. Some of them seem to be quite serious, but almost in the same breath he cites such playful purposes as his need to find a place for the imaginary word *Hunkepuus*, or his desire to depict as the compelling force behind his creative efforts the harmonies created by a cat running over piano keys.⁴

The dichotomy need not be disturbing. A serious impetus for writing may coexist with a lighthearted one: all artists assume different personae with their audiences, their own egos being more or

less visible behind a given literary vehicle. We are generally able to detect the serious core, the real intention of the author, behind a playful exterior. If indeed there is such a serious core in Meckel's writings however (and critics often seem to think otherwise), he does not make it easy for us to detect it. His playful aspect is pursued quite consciously. In fact, to describe himself, Meckel coins the expression *Geschichtenspieler* (story player).⁵ Is there, nevertheless, a method in his madness? I will try to answer this question by investigating several aspects of Meckel's "story playing" in some of his early writings. Three main questions need to be asked: What types of games does the author play with his audience? What kind of world does he create in and through them? Is he indeed merely playing and entertaining, or does his activity—consciously or unconsciously—have deeper significance and meaning?

I will examine these questions in the light of four short stories: "Drusch, the Happy Magician," "Mr. Ucht," "A Man Came to Me" and "The Shadows."⁶ In each of the first two stories Meckel assumes the persona of a magician. Drusch, one of them, is unhappy with city life and creates a new home for himself, a palace, in his imagination. He then sets out to search for his creation, finds it after a lengthy journey and lives there happily ever after. Mr. Ucht too is given to making the figments of his imagination come to life. In his case they are mostly talking animals which prove more lively than expected and begin to harass him. In "A Man Came to Me" Meckel turns painter as well as magician. In this role he is asked by a gentleman to paint for him the world of his daydreams which the customer, once the task has been accomplished, happily occupies, leaving the artist behind to live in the house vacated by his client. In "The Shadows" the poet introduces himself as a would-be theater director who employs a number of out-of-work actors. He orders them to gather the shadows of animate and inanimate beings and re-sells them to people eager for a change of shadow, with rather unexpected results. After analysing these short stories, I will compare them to the novella-length work "In the Land of the Umbramauts," which in many ways seems to elaborate on or to complement the points Meckel makes in the short stories.⁷

II

In attempting to answer the first of my questions, it might be helpful to look at Meckel in the light of a more formal theory of play

and games, such as the one presented by Roger Caillois in *Man, Play and Games*.⁸ In Caillois' definition, the following elements are almost always found in human play: (1) liberty, i.e., freedom to pursue games, often unhampered by the usual physical and psychological constraints; (2) convention, i.e., the observance of certain rules; (3) suspension of reality, especially delimitation of ordinary space and time.⁹ These characteristics will be traced in Meckel's stories. It should be pointed out that Caillois, "while he recognizes structural similarities between playful and serious social activities, maintains the cleavage between 'play/serious' and the non-distinction between play and game. . . ."¹⁰ In this he follows the earlier theory of Huizinga.¹¹ The validity of this approach has been questioned, and, as I have indicated earlier, is also of questionable value for the interpretation of Meckel, since his "playing" may very well conceal a more serious purpose.¹² Nevertheless, I will initially use Caillois' definitions and pose the question about seriousness again later on.

Does Meckel's writing indeed exhibit the same characteristics as human play? Certainly his characters have a great deal of "liberty." Both Drusch and Mr. Ucht, for example, are quite free from the usual physical and psychological limitations. Drusch states proudly:

Yes, I am a fortunate case of a magician, for I have abilities which permit me to be continuously lazy and in the best of spirits.¹³

Of Mr. Ucht we learn:

When he has an idea, and Ucht has some all the time, he immediately makes himself the promoter and shaper of this idea.¹⁴

"Shaper" is to be taken quite literally, since Mr. Ucht's ideas take on physical shape as soon as he has them. The painter too is capable of similar tricks. He does not even have to work much at his magic. Asked to paint another man's daydreams, he finds that the painting largely takes care of itself. Colors and shapes that he has put on canvas separately find each other and form motifs. He has only to supplement and order. The theater director in "The Shadows" only requires "good ideas and optimistic predictions" for his work. He can lean back and let others carry out his plans.

We might point out here that Meckel the poet, speaking directly and without intermediaries to his audience, is capable of much more serious tones. In "Inventions" he warns:

You should not believe that the activity of inventing, as I perform it, is an arbitrary science. . . . Of course there are people who can invent and perform magic without difficulties, . . . they succeed in everything in the best of moods, for fun and even from boredom. To me nothing happens from boredom.¹⁵

Wearing his magician's mask, however, Meckel can boast complacently: "My only task is to have ideas. . . . You see, I can afford to be a lazy, pleasant and friendly person."¹⁶ Again the contrast between the poet's and his characters' voices becomes apparent. For the time being I will let it stand and return to the play-aspects of Meckel's stories.

Caillois' second principle, the presence of certain conventions and rules in games, is less prevalent in Meckel's works. To some degree his characters are aware of the need for some system, like Mr. Ucht, when he contemplates the creation of an owl "for which he knows all the conditions."¹⁷ The director in "The Shadows" embarks on his mission with business-like efficiency, hiring personnel and assuring himself of their loyalty by paying generous salaries. But frequently it is less a question of the rules that the creators impose upon their creations than one of rules that are inadvertently created along with the magic works that take over and rule the game. The painter, for example, finds that the shapes and colors he has put on canvas do not always behave in the expected manner: "My colors had not behaved very accommodatingly."¹⁸ The theater director too finds that his game gets very much out of hand and that his shadows assume a totally unexpected life of their own.

As far as Caillois' principle of the suspension of reality is concerned, especially with regard to time and space, we do not have to look far. Considerable evidence has already been given. The grotesque, the fantastic and surrealistic are not tied to the laws of this universe, and Meckel makes extensive use of this freedom. He takes the reader to places where space becomes flexible, as in "A Man Came to Me," where colors and empty shapes somehow get together and form a painting, or to a universe where animals talk and shadows assume life and often surprising personality traits, as in "The Shadows," or where time in particular is of no consequence, as in "Drusch," where the cook in Drusch's imaginary palace answers the question how long they had been waiting for the magician by saying, "we have always been here."¹⁹

According to the definition, we can see that Meckel truly

“plays.” He is indeed a *Geschichtenspieler*. In fact, following another one of Caillois’ classifications, Meckel engages exclusively in games of mimicry which involve play-acting, the use of masks and the creation of illusions. He avoids challenging games such as sports, games of chance or games which serve to induce vertigo and hallucinations.²⁰

Mimetic games are in general not threatening, neither physically nor psychologically. Do Meckel’s stories really lead us into a happy, pleasant and relaxing world? There is little question that they bring us into contact with the atmosphere of myths, fairy tales and dreams. Is he then creating a new myth for our time? The use of this term generally implies a heroic, never-to-be-repeated grandeur and force one does not find in Meckel’s stories, but the concepts “fairy tale” and “dream” offer better insights into the implications of Meckel’s works.²¹ Meckel’s stories share many obvious characteristics with fairy tales. On a general level they exemplify inner archetypal struggles and simply but subtly suggest solutions to problems.²² Although they may portray realistic conflicts, the reader is quickly led into a region where ordinary reality becomes bent, where objects, animals and people have magical properties. We immediately recognize Mr. Ucht’s animals, the painter’s canvas-world, or the obviously borrowed elements such as a palace where everybody is asleep (including a cook and a boy whose nose grows longer when he is lazy) in “Drusch.” The animistic, seemingly naive view of the world that we know from fairy tales is here; on the other hand, an equally important element present in most fairy tales is missing: the struggle between good and evil and the clear victory of good over bad.

In two of our stories there is no battle, not even the admission that evil exists. Drusch, who moves into his palace without encountering any trouble, is thoroughly happy with the situation. While the reader might tend to wonder whether the isolation of his little kingdom is all that desirable, Drusch himself admits to no such metaphysical qualms. The painter in “A Man Came to Me” is also quite content with the outcome of his ventures. After he has moved into the house that his mentor has now abandoned, he states:

What I hoped for I have found. Through each of the innumerable windows I see another landscape. I live comfortably, I no longer need to paint, for I hardly dream. . . .²³

Is this indeed perfection? What is an artist without his dreams? More harshly we might even see this story as the exchange of one man’s

(the painter's) rich and creative unconscious for another man's (the customer's) confused and undifferentiated consciousness, since the latter after all had not been able to make sense of his own daydreams:

. . . thus he was looking for somebody who would disperse his uncertainty and work out a proof for that region of his second sojourns, which was lying in twilight and fleeting impressions.²⁴

Apart from the fact that the deal seems lopsided, giving away or "exchanging" part of one's mind is generally equated with mental illness—certainly not a happy ending.

Thus, even when everything is seemingly in excellent order, we miss not only a clearly-drawn battle between good and evil in these "fairy tales," but we may also be left with a vaguely disconcerting feeling that the actual "perfection" of the worlds that have been created is far from certain. In "Mr. Ucht" we experience this even more strongly, since he gets little pleasure from his magic creations:

For days, for nights they bump and wiggle around his house. Birds, for example, fly against his windows, screaming with anger, because Ucht, as they believe, has not finished something on their wings, claws or neck feathers.²⁵

Worse still is the situation for the director in "The Shadows." The shadows that have been collected and eagerly bought up by the public begin to affect their new owners, for the most part unfavorably:

The effects of the shadows became more and more widespread and began to show up everywhere. Even some of my people changed. One who had worn the shadow of an enormous cripple, of a magical giant, suddenly showed signs of violence. . . . Another, one of my best people, who owned the shadow of a statue, showed signs of paralysis.²⁶

Panic sets in, people try to get rid of the shadows they have purchased, but generally to no avail. The author of the debacle is distressed but unable to help and finally leaves the town full of unsolved problems: "I left a story which could continue unpredictably and whose ending was not in sight. From this time on the peace of my life was gone."²⁷

We have to come to the conclusion that Meckel's stories have comparatively little to do with traditional folk fairy tales (*Volks-*

märchen), although they imitate many of their characteristics. They do, however, more closely resemble dreams. Here no actual set pattern of development is followed; archetypal content, happy and menacing alike, sets its own rules; men and objects have magical powers, but conflicts and differences are often left unresolved. Bettelheim has brought out the difference between fairy tales and dreams:

To a considerable degree, dreams are the result of inner pressures which have found no relief, of problems which beset a person to which he knows no solution and to which the dream finds none. The fairy tale does the opposite: it projects the relief of all pressures and not only offers ways to solve problems but promises that a "happy" solution will be found.²⁸

III

To summarize then, the world projected by Meckel is a dream world. Drusch and the painter seem to live quite happily in it. Both remain essentially in control of their fates, but the universe they inhabit seems at times vaguely empty, as conflicts remain unacknowledged. Ucht is more hard-pressed to stay in control of his game and is often uncomfortable, but he still does not have to deal with the disconcerting moral problems of the theater director. In the world of the latter two, the presence of evil is only too well acknowledged, and in "The Shadows" it is able to outwit the good without too much difficulty. We are here no longer just in the world of dreams but in the world of nightmares. The game aspect is dangerously reversed. The shadows no longer allow themselves to be manipulated: they make the rules. In other words, the unconscious, man's "animal instincts," have taken over. (It might be pointed out that C. G. Jung's name for the archetype which stands for man's darker, more hidden and often negative personality traits, especially as encountered in dreams and nightmares, is "shadow.")

While Meckel's games, as we have seen, do not always end on a positive note, and while they may project us into a world of nightmares, we should not lose sight of the positive implications of playing them. Certainly Meckel rejects the implication, originally observed in Caillois' views, that games have to be fun or else we would not and should not be interested in playing them. He seems to come closer to

projecting a realistic picture of our universe than many of his critics would admit, by injecting a serious note into them. In most games, after all, the outcome is ambivalent. There are losers and winners, and for the chance of being one of the players and possibly even one of the winners, we are taking a chance at becoming one of the losers. To paraphrase Kamper, we might say that play is the metaphor of life as possibility.²⁹ Despite its possible dangers, play is essential to life. That is why all critics assign deep cultural significance to it. Huizinga for example comes to the conclusion that "real civilization cannot exist in the absence of a certain play-element, for civilization presupposes limitation and mastery of the self, the ability not to confuse its own tendencies with the ultimate and highest goal, but to understand that it is enclosed within certain bounds freely accepted."³⁰ Play has found its supreme expression in all art forms. Its value is psychological and aesthetic; it releases creative energies into well organized channels, it provides man with a chance to relax and to have fun. According to Huizinga it has shaped whole cultures in their early, ritualistic stages; in fact, according to him, "civilization is play in the early stages."³¹ Caillois, who generally incorporates and agrees with Huizinga's views, does not follow him on this point. He sees games historically rather as the residue of culture than its source, and play as characteristic of the late rather than the early stages of a civilization.³² Nevertheless, both scholars agree that playing is, culturally, a highly significant activity, since men take it as seriously as other, more "important" pursuits. Caillois even suggests that the chance of a culture to flourish or to stagnate may depend on the kinds of games it prefers.

IV

Now that we have examined "playing" as a significant activity from a theoretical point of view, the question of Meckel's "seriousness" almost answers itself. Meckel, with his capricious reliance on his own unreliability, does not officially profess lofty goals. But after examining the four stories mentioned above, we might well ask whether or not he wants to teach as well as entertain. If we look at one of his longer works, the episodic "In the Land of the Umbramauts," this interpretation seems to be confirmed. At first the atmosphere strikes the reader as totally different from that of the early stories. Meckel has here drawn the complementary picture of a world in which

all sense for the function and possible meaning of playing and of games has been eliminated. *Langeweile* and *Ratlosigkeit* (boredom and helplessness) predominate, and the few games that can be found are short-lived attempts at overcoming these basic moods and are generally overshadowed by them. Relaxation, hope, use of games for creative or cultural purposes are virtually unknown, occasional spurts of playlike activity notwithstanding. The resulting world is utterly depressing.

The Umbramauts, *Schattengeschöpfe* (shadow creatures) as Meckel ironically calls them (the name of their country also contains the Latin word for shadow, *umbra*) represent a highly structured world of absolute nothings. Their structure and only sense of self-worth is based on the paltry rags and trinkets they can scrape together or steal from each other. They live in constant fear of having them stolen or of being victimized in some other way, but they make no effort to break out of their dreariness, except perhaps by an occasional frantic run on the rare belladonna groves. Little rituals or games they engage in from time to time, such as dressing up or juggling, never last long and are in reality only “boredom disguised as relaxation.”³³ There seems to be no spark of creative energy in the Umbramauts:

If they have discovered . . . new ways to spend their time they immediately practice them themselves and deviate by no invention or addition of their own from the model, since nothing empowers them to deviate.³⁴

There are some among them who have made mimetic play and/or role-playing their main function in life, such as Cabasbanzali, “the chief of the dreamers,” or Hassissi, the leader of a largely imaginary and quite useless army, but they have lost all touch with the reality their games might try to revitalize, and the Umbramauts in turn have lost all use for their fantasies, their services. It is as if in this society the conscious and unconscious aspects are out of touch with each other. The one is unable to perceive the need for the other, unable to release the creative energies stored in it.

Could it indeed be the lack of understanding of the role that creative games play in a society which has caused or at least aggravated the barrenness of this world? I believe this is exactly what Meckel has in mind. All through the “Land of the Umbramauts” the importance of play, the power and force gained through playing are stressed—however, in a quite different and unexpected manner. Ironic as it may

seem, we cannot blame the Umbramauts for their problems. They are the innocent victims of their surroundings. For them the possibility of dispensing with time and space, of suspending them in order to involve themselves in a world of play hardly exists since they are totally caught up in a universe that plays with them. It is not so much that they have lost the desire to play; rather, the futility of attempting to do so has literally beaten the spirit out of them. The land around them constantly makes them the object of *its* play, giving them no chance to catch a creative, restful moment:

. . . everything in the country moves according to its private whims, and the laws of this continuous movement can hardly be discerned with certainty. . . . The mountains wander where they are inexplicably forced to wander, and the lakes displace themselves arbitrarily. . . . The forests are a special matter, as the mountains are a special matter. There is no real connection between them and the Umbramaut's soil.³⁵

In this land nature alone is free from the constraints of ordinary physical reality; it alone is free to play. It has, however, created rules that man can no longer interpret. No sense of permanence, security and relaxation can develop in man, since nature may at any time destroy all carefully laid plans. All of us, not just the Umbramauts, are to some degree caught up in this situation, as many commentators have pointed out.³⁶ By enlarging our own feelings and fears, Meckel makes this situation at once explicit and frightening. In the Umbramaut's world, of course, this fear takes on a slightly ridiculous aspect, since not even smaller objects can be controlled:

. . . would the walls depend on the Umbramauts? No. One would have to stay between them to give them the conviction that they are most urgently needed, for who could know whether they might not secretly plan to collapse suddenly.³⁷

Therefore the Umbramauts' minds have been dulled to all but the most elementary considerations of survival. Huizinga almost seems to describe their world when he states:

From the point of view of a world wholly determined by the operation of blind forces, play would be altogether superfluous. Play only becomes possible, thinkable and understandable when

an influx of *mind* breaks down the absolute determinism of the cosmos.³⁸

As in “Mr. Ucht” and “The Shadows,” a nightmare-world has been created and has taken over. Man has again lost the way out of his own unconscious. The genesis of the world of the Umbramauts, as described by the “historian” Sambai-Sambai, in fact corresponds closely to the results of one of those magic-games which the theater director and Mr. Ucht play. The Umbramauts and their possessions are the lost possessions of a *Welteinsammler* (world collector) who used to travel everywhere with large wagons, taking a lake here and a mountain there, intending to put them into a country he liked and arrange them in a way that pleased him. While he was travelling through the land of the Umbramauts, however, some of his possessions fell off the wagons and were never recovered. They were left to wander around aimlessly, seeking to find their former countries again.³⁹

Meckel plays a complex, multi-level game with his audience: A poet-magician conceives of a universe which turns into a nightmare and whose creations turn back onto their inventor or other hapless beings caught in their web, so that the hunters become the hunted. He also places us under a double jeopardy. On the one hand, if we do not play, we do not create, and therefore may come dangerously close to losing our basic humanity. This meshes closely with Huizinga’s views, quoted above. The Umbramauts show clearly what becomes of men who have lost the ability to play creatively. Seemingly a harmless, empty-headed lot, they can be cruel and wicked and even delight in “new games of intimidation, new attempts to entertain at the cost of others.”⁴⁰

But, on the other hand, playing also has its dangerous aspects, as creative play may unleash unconscious and dark forces, as we have seen. Is it perhaps Meckel’s intention to imply, by presenting us with this dichotomy, that in our world the civilizing role of playing and creating has been lost? Is his work just a more morbid expression of the basic cultural pessimism that even Huizinga had already expressed in the late 1930’s, when he accused our commercialized and technocratic society of having lost the exquisite sense of play so much in evidence in earlier centuries? Even though Meckel repeatedly warns the reader not to “tie him down with footnotes,” a final optimistic interpretation of his attitude may still be permitted.⁴¹ It seems doubtful that Meckel sees our world as spiritually dead, since

he finds so much reason to go on creating for it. Like Sambai-Sambai, he has taken it upon himself "to fill our empty heads." For the time being, as he ironically points out, only children and sleepwalkers—those most intimately familiar with play and dreams—may understand him.⁴² Nevertheless, he will try to keep the sense of play awake in all of us, and he has the surprise element working for him:

You can be sure that I will make an effort to continue setting up uncomfortable problems. I am not one of those of whom you could say: we rely on his results.⁴³

Tying himself down, making it easy for us to determine what he is saying or whose opinion among the ones expressed by his characters we can trust would be counterproductive. Predictability kills playfulness, and it is this above all other elements in life that Meckel intends to keep alive.

NOTES

1. Martin Gregor-Dellin, "Meckel," *Handbuch der deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur*, ed. Hermann Kunisch, 1st ed. (München: Nymphenburger Verlagsbuchhandlung, 1965), p. 424.
2. See especially the article in *Die Literatur der Bundesrepublik Deutschland*, ed. Dieter Lattmann (München: Kindler, 1973), pp. 485-86; also Christa Reinig's article in the second edition of the *Handbuch der deutschen Gegenwartsliteratur* (München: Nymphenburger, 1970), pp. 64-65. These admittedly brief references to brief articles do nevertheless reflect the judgment of the critics about the early Meckel. Further references to secondary literature on Meckel can be found in the *Werkauswahl. Lyrik Prosa Hörspiel*, compiled by Wilhelm Unverhau (München: Nymphenburger, 1971).
3. Christoph Meckel, *Im Land der Umbramauten* (Köln: Braun, 1977), cover text, quoted from the 1961 edition. All page numbers will refer to this edition, which will be quoted as *Umb*. All translations are my own.
4. Christoph Meckel, "Auskunft," in *Werkauswahl*, quoted hereafter as *Wer*, p. 5.
5. Meckel, "Die Schatten," *Wer*, p. 174.
6. The original titles are "Drusch, der glückliche Magier," *Wer*, pp. 163-72; "Herr Ucht," *Umb*, pp. 7-10; "Ein Mann kam zu mir," *Umb*, pp. 28-35; "Die Schatten," *Wer*, pp. 172-82. Many more stories could be found to exemplify the points made in

this paper. The ones above have been chosen because they are less fragmentary than much of Meckel's work.

7. Meckel, "Im Land der Umbramauten," *Umb*, pp. 53-122.
8. Roger Caillois, *Man, Play and Games*, trans. Meyer Barash (Glencoe, Ill.: Free Press, 1961). Caillois' definitions seem to me the most systematic I could find. If they seem broad and vague, the fault lies with this paper which could make use of only their most general aspects.
9. Caillois, pp. 9-10; also p. 22.
10. Robert Chumbley, "Introductory Remarks Toward a 'Polylogue' on Play," *Sub-Stance*, 25 (1980), 7.
11. Johan Huizinga, *Homo Ludens* (Boston: Beacon, 1950).
12. See especially Chumbley; other authors publishing in the same issue of *Sub-Stance* take a similar position.
13. Meckel, "Drusch," *Wer*, p. 163.
14. Meckel, "Ucht," *Umb*, p. 7.
15. Meckel, "Erfindungen," *Umb*, p. 11.
16. Meckel, "Drusch," *Wer*, p. 170.
17. Meckel, "Ucht," *Umb*, p. 9.
18. Meckel, "Ein Mann kam zu mir," *Umb*, p. 31.
19. Meckel, "Drusch," *Wer*, p. 169.
20. Caillois defines four types of play: *agôn*, games of competition (pp. 14-17); *alea*, games of chance (pp. 17-19); *mimicry*, games of play-acting (pp. 19-23) and *ilinx*, games to induce hallucinations (pp. 23-26). Each of these types may be played in different ways: the two predominant modes are *paidia* (improvisational play) and *ludus* (regulated play).
21. See the definitions given in Bruno Bettelheim, *The Uses of Enchantment* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1976). For definitions of myth especially, see pp. 26 and 37ff.
22. Bettelheim, p. 86ff., see also p. 26, p. 37.
23. Meckel, "Ein Mann kam zu mir," *Umb*, p. 35.
24. Meckel, "Ein Mann kam zu mir," *Umb*, p. 28.
25. Meckel, "Ucht," *Umb*, p. 7.
26. Meckel, "Die Schatten," *Wer*, p. 179.
27. Meckel, "Die Schatten," *Wer*, p. 182.
28. Bettelheim, p. 36.
29. Dietmar Kamper, "Das Spiel als Metapher" *Merkur*, 29 (1975), 824.
30. Huizinga, p. 211.
31. Huizinga, p. 173.
32. Caillois, pp. 58-67.
33. Meckel, "Umbramauten," *Umb*, p. 60.
34. Meckel, "Umbramauten," *Umb*, p. 61.
35. Meckel, "Umbramauten," *Umb*, pp. 54-55.

36. See especially Kostas Axelos, "Play as the System of Systems," *Sub-Stance*, 25 (1980), 22.
37. Meckel, "Umbramauten," *Umb*, p. 66.
38. Huizinga, p. 3.
39. Meckel, "Umbramauten," *Umb*, pp. 87-88.
40. Meckel, "Umbramauten," *Umb*, p. 117.
41. Meckel, "Auskunft," *Wer*, p. 6.
42. Meckel, "Testament," *Umb*, pp. 51-52.
43. Meckel, "Publikum," *Umb*, pp. 50-51.