

in love with their composition as a whole. Their fantasy created blossoming and wreathing filigree in utmost richness about the "Crown" and the "Lamb" the ever-recurrent "Green Tree" and even the rarer "Whale" with the imaginative fecundity of the true artists.

Then there are the fine old names of inns which beam upon us out of these days of early arts and crafts: Who that visits Rothenburg on the Tauber could resist the inner urge to try the inn of "A Little Breadth". Who feels himself man enough to withstand the appeal of the "Inn of the Barrel" in Württembergian Urach? Is there anyone in the world who does not feel the dry earthy fragrance of Tyrolean country wine pricking his tongue as soon as he spies that ancient and venerable inn-sign "Sign of the Double Eagle".

Those brawny animal cognomen "Ox", "Stag", "Wild Boar" proved inspiring to the art of the blacksmith. Painters and authors have always been inspired by the sight of their quaint and bizarre inventions. Moritz von Schwind discovered an inn-sign in the village of Leutstetten near Starnberg and used it just as it was in his famous picture "The Wedding Journey". Romantic poets and people's poets such as Tieck and Glasbrenner have been inspired by these animal symbols when merry in their cups.

In many wine-drinking districts the old methods of most primitive "advertising" have persisted to this day. Even today, in the season of new wine in Austria, you will hear people ask one another: "Who's hung out?" For every landlord whose cellars boast "Heurigen", "This year's" that is, or new wine, will have hung up the bush of live green before his door. A couple of roughly-carpentered tables and chairs will be set in the shade of a spreading tree in the courtyard of the small country inn; here the new wine is tried out, rolled on the tongue, accompanied by a huge chunk of farmhouse bread. One submits to the experience with due reverence, putting all haste aside.

For to drink properly requires time—and is something rare and precious in this rationalised world of ours. The praise of wine, the poets of dithyrambic drunkenness—all belong to a past age. In small towns in favoured places there are still fortunate souls for whom the happy noon-hour of idleness with a cup of wine is still a matter of course. For these old leathern throats the gloriously comfortable ancient inns, hoary with legends were created and are preserved.

I refuse to give up the hope that even in the roar and tumult of the great city, such eccentric romanticists may still exist. Perhaps they stand dreaming under the changing red and green of the traffic control lights and picture themselves in the cobwebby quiet of old and visionary inns. Trans. by E.T.S.

O b e n :
Wirtshausschilder in Württemberg und Tirol
Old Inn-Signs in Württemberg and Tirol

U n t e n :
Historisches Wirtshausschild in Leutstetten bei Starnberg
Historical Inn-Sign in Leutstetten near Starnberg

