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Das mehrsprachige Webportal publiziert fortlaufend Informationen zur historisch-politischen Bildung in Schulen, Gedenkstätten und anderen Einrichtungen zur Geschichte des 20. Jahrhunderts. Schwerpunkte bilden der Nationalsozialismus, der Zweite Weltkrieg sowie die Folgegeschichte in den Ländern Europas bis zu den politischen Umbrüchen 1989.

Dabei nimmt es Bildungsangebote in den Fokus, die einen Gegenwartsbezug der Geschichte herausstellen und bietet einen Erfahrungsaustausch über historisch-politische Bildung in Europa an.

Excerpt from the short story

***Saisonbeginn* [Start of the Season]**

by Elisabeth Langgässer

The workers brought the sign and the wooden post on which it was to be nailed to the entrance of the town. The town was situated high in the mountains, at the turn of the last pass. It was a warm spring day, and the snow line had retreated to the edge of the glacier. The meadows were blooming everywhere.... The houses and guesthouses in the village looked new: the window shutters had been painted, the roofs repaired, the fences replaced. Any moment now the strangers would arrive, the summer vacationers.... Money would come rolling in. Everything was ready. One sign after another: a skull-and-crossbones danger sign for the hairpin turn, kilometer markers and pedestrian guideposts marking two minutes to the *Café Alpenrose*. At the site where the men wanted to put the new sign up stood a wooden cross on which, over the head of the Christ figure, there was also a sign. Its inscription was still the same as when Pontius Pilate had written it: I.N.R.I (Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews).... Two men carried the posts, the new sign, and a large shovel to dig a hole for the posts on their shoulders. They unloaded everything under the roadside cross; the third placed the toolbox, hammer, pliers and nails next to their things and spit encouragingly.

The men now began discussing where the sign would show to best effect.... They agreed that the billboard should be placed just in front of the cross, as a sort of welcoming message sent by the

village to all strangers. Unfortunately, they discovered that the post would then have had to be placed in the paved area of the gas station – this was immediately rejected because the sign would get in the way of cars, especially larger ones, turning out of the area. So the men carried the sign further out, to the village meadow. They had almost begun their work when they noticed that this new site was too far from the sign giving the town's name and the municipality to which the spot belonged. Since the town wanted to claim the prerogative of the sign and its message, it would have to be moved closer....

The only remaining place to put the sign was next to the cross. The left side bordered on the gas station pavement, so the right side was chosen as the final location. The men dug a hole and the third quickly nailed the sign to the post; finally all three placed the post in the hole and reinforced it with large stones.

Their activity did not go unnoticed. School children competed to help, handing the men the hammer, the nails, and also trying to find stones of the right size. Several women stopped and studied the inscription.... The response to the sign among the men who were coming home from work in the woods or the fields, was varied: some laughed, and some shook their heads without saying anything. Most remained unmoved by the message; they neither applauded nor rejected it, but were indifferent, waiting to see how matters would develop....

As the men were leaving the site of the crucifix and packing up their tools, they all looked at the sign in a satisfied manner. The inscription on the sign read: "Jews are not welcome in this spa town."