

# CREDO

LGT JOURNAL ON WEALTH CULTURE

---

IDENTITY | XXIII 2016

# Identity

## 04 Portrait | Reinhold Messner

He spent his life seeking out the solitude of the highest mountains and the most extreme regions of the world – far from civilization, its rules and obligations. And he was always asking himself: "Who am I, and what is a man?" Today, he thinks he knows the answer.

## 14 Portfolio | National myths and migration

They came from abroad, and created myths that have become so characteristic of the (self-)image of their chosen nation that their own place of origin becomes insignificant.

## 16 Portfolio | The fingerprint

Our knowledge of their uniqueness is ancient. But it took a long time before criminology took a closer look at our fingertips.

## 18 Interview | Alois Prinz

Alois Prinz has written several highly regarded biographies. To him, an "identity" is always something that a person has to seek out. But what guides us in this: our inner voice, or our inner anxiety?

## 24 Report | Bali's young generation

Bali is an island of both gods and tourists. Young Balinese people are negotiating their way between art and commerce in their endeavor to preserve their traditions.

## 31 Essay | Personality development

Asking big questions from an early age is a privilege of being human. And this is a good reason to engage in philosophical dialog with children.

## 34 Masterpieces | Bartholomeus Spranger

Today, the genre of the self-portrait is regarded as a supreme discipline in the visual arts. But it needed artists with an ego like Spranger's to make it a popular medium of self-exploration.

## 36 Literary choice | Max Frisch

He achieved his breakthrough with the novel "Stiller." In the split identity of his protagonist, we also find a reflection of the author's own biography.

## 38 Carte Blanche | Emil Steinberger

The stage is his life – both for Steinberger and for Emil. And the audience loves it.



**Dear Readers,**

There have always been people who possess the courage to leave home and set off in hopes of finding a new life and a new home in another part of the world. Over the course of human history, almost every country has been affected by both emigration and immigration. And such migrations of people have always raised questions about identity – about who “we” and “they” really are. This is especially the case in our own time, when there are increasing streams of refugees from the crisis regions of the world. European society is faced with huge challenges, for it has to keep in mind its ability to integrate others while respecting the common good. In a less dramatic sense, however, the unimagined mobility of modern times and global tourism also pose questions about identity.

“We have to preserve our culture so that it doesn’t degenerate into a commercial spectacle,” says the village chief of Pejeng on Bali. He is fearful of the consequences of mass tourism for the authentic ways of life in his village, and a young generation today shares his opinions. In her Report, Christina Schott tells us how these twentysomethings are trying to realize their own vision for the future, all while negotiating social duties and global influences.

Reinhold Messner has been searching all his life for an answer to the question: “What is a man?” He has ventured out into the extremes of nature, and in the process discovered “something highly archaic” within himself that has given him the answer he sought. As he reveals to Franziska Zydek, he feels he has found his way back to the primeval nature of man. And the renowned biographer Alois Prinz is convinced that even facial expressions and gestures can act as symbolic carriers of identity. In our Interview, he tells us how such things help him to get closer to the famous personalities he writes about.

I hope you enjoy reading these varied, enlightening articles.



H.S.H. Prince Philipp von und zu Liechtenstein  
Chairman LGT



Visitors to the Messner Mountain Museum Firmian are greeted by an immense inukshuk – a man of stone that was once a signpost for travelers among the Inuit in the frozen wastes of the far north.



# The nature of man

Text: Franziska Zydek | Photos: Christian Breitler, Stefan Nimmegern/laif, Gerhard Hagen/Poolima/laif

**Who am I? What is a man?** Throughout his life, Reinhold Messner has been searching for answers to these questions. On sheer cliff faces, in the death zones of mighty mountains, in deserts of ice and sand, trusting only in his own abilities and experience, Messner has sought out primeval nature.



Reinhold Messner, 72 years of age: a man of nature, always on the go.

“We left behind all civilization with its rules and its constraints, its villages and its churches. Our place was out in the void, above the summits and on the cliff faces that belonged to no man.”

We're in the Villnöss valley in South Tyrol. Just after the highway exit the road winds up through a ravine, and below us the stream roars its way down to meet the Eisack River. Then come farms, meadows, a hamlet. Wooden planks lie in front of a sawmill, piled up tidily. The village of St. Peter clings to the southern slopes. After a few curves towards the Würzjoch pass, we can see down to the end of the valley. There, surrounded by neatly mown alpine meadows, stands a little church illuminated by the sun's rays. Behind it – to our surprise, and seemingly quite unreal, there looms the giant rock face of the mountains that form the Geisler ridge. Today, storm clouds the color of dark blue ink hover behind the peaks of the Dolomites. In this light, the crests look like gray, bony fingers pointing up towards the heavens. What a panorama: here beneath us lies the ordered, bourgeois world of the valley dwellers, and there above us are the mountains, promising freedom and adventure.

### The dream of freedom and anarchy

Josef Messner, a teacher from St. Peter in the Villnöss valley, taught all his sons how to climb. The second eldest, Reinhold, proved to be particularly skillful and tenacious. He reached his first summit at the age of just five.

Reinhold Messner is meanwhile 72 years old. He sits in the courtyard of the Messner Mountain Museum Firmian at Sig-

mundskron Castle, on a hill above Bolzano. This is the heart of his museum empire comprising six different locations, each of them dedicated to a different aspect of the topic of “mountains.” It took him 15 years to realize this project.

Messner is a man of economical movement and of slender build, but with big hands – and his hair is as wild as it ever was. “Morality is the sum of all philistine thought.” This is how he initiates our conversation about identity. He's making himself clear right from the start. Messner wants to be sure we know what he's about: his is a life not limited by the notions of those who claim they know how we ought to live.

He knew such people back in his youth in the Villnöss valley, where his strict father laid down the law and the local priest decided what was good or bad. “It was so constricted. Everything was regulated – your work, your free time, going to church. Everything was either right or wrong, forbidden or not forbidden,” recalls Messner. But out in the mountains there was a sense of vastness, a feeling of independence. “In every free moment we had, my brothers and I were drawn up to the Geisler mountains. We left behind all civilization with its rules and its constraints, its villages and its churches. Our place was out in the void, above the summits and on the cliff faces that belonged to no man.”



Every year, Reinhold Messner himself leads his Tibetan yaks to their summer pasture on the Madritsch in South Tyrol. Not in the picture are the hordes of tourists watching their trek.

Is that where his love of the mountains started? He shakes his head. “It wasn’t the mountains we loved. We loved our anarchic life. And by anarchy I mean: no one had power. Everyone took his own decisions and acted according to his abilities. Since then I’ve known that freedom is also what we make of our own possibilities.”

### Feeling the power of the self

Reinhold Messner has made a lot of his opportunities. In his day, no other mountain climber or adventurer was as successful as he. He was the first man to stand on the summits of all 14 eight-thousanders of the world (that’s the peaks standing taller than 26 247 feet). He was the first person to reach the summit of Mount Everest on his own, and before that he was the first to reach the summit of Nanga Parbat on his own – and he achieved both feats without the help of bottled oxygen. He has crossed the Antarctic, Greenland and the Gobi Desert. “I have walked round the globe twice on foot and have been as far and as high as I could, when there was nothing farther or higher for me to accomplish.”

What drove him on? First there was a feeling of invincibility that made the talented young mountaineer Reinhold clamber effortlessly up cliff faces, usually together with his brother Günther. “Just like water flowing upstream” is how a contemporary describes his climbing technique. “I was intrigued by the supposedly impossible,” says Messner. He even climbed mountains in his sleep, dreaming of pushing the limits of what was feasible until no one would ever be able to follow him.

But there was something else, too. Reinhold Messner could feel how his physical and mental strength grew, allowing him to focus ever more clearly and to concentrate his energies: “The awareness of having a drop of almost 3300 feet beneath you – the danger of death, the fear of falling – it all disappears,” he says. “You are only conscious of your next move on the path to the top, and of an absolute awareness of being in that moment.”

You could hardly imagine a life more intensely lived here and now – and it’s an intensity that can last for unfathomable lengths of time. Because under such extreme conditions, time



can stretch unendingly or shrink into nothing. "If you're wholly within yourself, when you become one with the cliff face, time flies away. It can pass excruciatingly slowly in situations of hopelessness, and in moments of horror it stands still. Your perception of time depends on the intensity of your experience in any one moment."

How are we to comprehend this powerful, unadulterated feeling of self-consciousness under life-threatening danger, relying solely on one's own strength and skill, abandoned to the elements in a timeless space? "It's something highly archaic." Reinhold Messner hesitates for a moment before adding: "In such situations you feel the power of the self. You feel connected with your own primeval nature."

### Tracking down primeval nature

Reinhold Messner has probed this primeval nature – first unconsciously, then with ever greater curiosity. Today he is convinced that we bear within us more of Stone Age man than we would think possible. He believes that the human nature of our

ancestors is anchored in our genes – their survival instinct, slumbering deep in our subconscious but ready to awaken at times of the greatest danger.

One of Messner's recent books is "Über Leben" (literally "About life," though also a play on the German for "survival"). It is a personal look back on his life on the occasion of his 70<sup>th</sup> birthday, and in its preface Messner writes the following: "Adventurous travels, extreme sports and active vacations are more in demand today than ever before. I think that perhaps they conceal within them an unconscious desire to look back through a window onto our earlier human existence. To experience how we once were, with all our potential."

Time and again, Messner has climbed out through this "window" into extreme landscapes to push the boundaries of what he can achieve. "In archaic spaces, danger is the most important teacher," he says. "In life-threatening situations, we quite naturally acquire skills of leadership and risk management and strategies for success. It's like a natural law." Without even



Sigmundskron Castle is South Tyrol's oldest, biggest castle complex, and today it's home to the Messner Mountain Museum Firmian.

realizing it, his innumerable expeditions made him test how the act of survival functions – essentially just like primeval man did.

### Finding identity in moments of danger

Reinhold Messner has written some four dozen books and countless articles about his adventures. In them he also describes the character traits that you need to survive: effectiveness, perseverance, discipline, ingenuity, patience and swiftness. When pushing himself to the limits, he trained his body to cope without food or water for long periods of time. When on a mountain face he would look straight up at a rockfall so as to know when and where to duck out of the way. And if he heard an avalanche coming he'd be on his feet and out of his tent in a fraction of a second.

These are abilities that you can more or less train in yourself. But what about one's thoughts and feelings? What does one think of at night in a tent, when an avalanche could sweep you away at any moment? "Nothing," says Reinhold Messner. Does he meditate? "No!" He'd never want people to think him esoteric. "I think of nothing because thinking uses up energy." Messner has learned to halt the thoughts whirling in his head in order

to attain inner relaxation. He does not panic in moments of danger. He remains calm and can formulate his thoughts clearly. "Dangers have enriched my life," he says. "It's through dealing with them that I have learned who I am."

### Encountering your own limits

Reinhold Messner prepared his expeditions meticulously, often for years in advance. They only became journeys into the unknown when he was exposed to unforeseeable circumstances. But when there was an earthquake when he was climbing Nanga Parbat on his own, or when the pack ice broke up in the Arctic, what did he trust more: his head or his gut?

"I would never dare to mistrust my instincts," he says spontaneously. After pondering for a moment, he goes on to explain more precisely: "In critical situations, it's your own experience that is your first source of help. It's complemented by the handed-down experiences of those before us who have already been in similar situations. It's a kind of knowledge bubbling up from your deepest memories – something that could go all the way back to the Stone Age."



The Messner Mountain Museum Corones is situated on the summit plateau of the Kronplatz mountain at an altitude of 7500 feet. It's a bold, breathtaking structure, designed by the recently deceased architect Zaha Hadid.

But “instinct” is more than the sum of these experiences: “When you’re in danger, your instinct breaks through all barriers of thought and compels you to act. Often it can’t be controlled by the intellect anymore. Instinct is not just quicker than your rational mind, it’s also more enduring – perhaps because it was part of being human from prehistoric times onwards.”

What were his most profound encounters with his own nature? Messner admits that, when he was quite alone, under immense pressure, he was sometimes on the brink of losing his sanity. He has seen his own form walking alongside himself, he has spoken with people who weren’t really there – who couldn’t have been there. His trek through the drifting sands of the Taklamakan Desert seemed to him at times to be “like fumbling around between frenzied will-o’-the-wisps.” “It is hopelessly quiet when you’re utterly cast back onto yourself, and well-known voices echo in your ears.”

## The storyteller

By now, it’s midday. The visitors to the Messner Mountain Museum Firmian at Sigmundskron Castle are seated at the tables

in the outdoor restaurant. It doesn’t take long for them to start nudging each other and looking across. Their smartphone cameras are at the ready, and you can sense their collective excitement: seated over here is the great mountaineer and adventurer in person! Reinhold Messner remains unperturbed, and a slight smile crosses his lips. He’s well aware of the effect he has.

He has a magnetic presence. Although not a big man, you can’t miss him. That could be because of his lion’s mane of hair – that would be the simplest explanation. But it’s also possible that what he calls his “primeval nature” is tangible to others, surrounding him like a force field. Men like him have become rare in our times. Perhaps also because the breathing room they need to prosper is becoming ever smaller.

Reinhold Messner knows that too. There is no place for someone like him anymore, he says. Not in our no-holds-barred society, where the quick adrenalin fix is paramount, and where the wild and untamed is often just for show. Messner always wanted to be exposed to untouched natural landscapes where he had to survive with a minimum of equipment. That’s why



Messner calls the Corones Museum his 15<sup>th</sup> "eight-thousander." Probably also because it was extremely difficult to exhibit his artefacts and mountain paintings inside this idiosyncratic building.

he rejected climbing bolts, oxygen masks and satellite phones. In one of his books he described himself self-mockingly as a mountaineering Neanderthal. But one thing is certainly clear: Messner is a gifted storyteller.

Even more than in his books and articles, Messner reaches people best when he tells them about his experiences in person. He fills whole halls on his lecture tours around the world. Once, he even spoke to a capacity audience in the Arena di Verona. "I actually don't give lectures at all," he says: "I perform." Yet that isn't quite right either. Because unlike a rock star who has all his paraphernalia with him on stage to ensure he's seen in the best light, Reinhold Messner refuses any props. He just stands there and talks.

It's authentic, vibrant and exciting. And sometimes he gets so immersed in a story that he bursts into tears. He hasn't written down his stories, and there's no recording of them. Just like in our distant past, they're an oral testimony of events and heroic deeds, captured in the memory of his listeners and preserved there only thanks to the compelling art of the storyteller.

### The fifteenth "eight-thousander"

Remembering things, preserving them and handing them down – making his life's work accessible to other people, leaving tracks behind that will still be visible in the future. All these are the ideas behind Reinhold Messner's museum project. He had long been a passionate collector, and he set about this new task after an accident put an end to his expeditions. Last year, the sixth and final Messner Mountain Museum opened: Corones, situated on the Kronplatz mountain. It's a bold, breathtaking building designed by the recently deceased architect Zaha Hadid.

Realizing his museum project made Reinhold Messner aware of the limits of his archaic lifestyle. Because now, for the first-ever time, he wasn't confronted with a wilderness, but with public spaces subject to official rules and regulations. Here the laws of nature had no bearing – instead, he was beholden to statute books, laws, administrative offices, public authorities, politicians and the media.

A local newspaper took potshots at him, offering a platform for the opponents of his project. A lot of bad blood surged up.

This was a man-made “cliff face” different from those he was used to scaling. Messner admits that he found it extremely difficult to cope at first. But over time he learned to think and act strategically, and that helped him to remove the obstacles in his way. In the end, he says, he can be thankful to his opponents because their resistance helped him to grow. In retrospect, Reinhold Messner calls the museum project his 15<sup>th</sup> “eight-thousander.”

### Where does he go from here?

Six spectacular buildings, in castles and on mountaintops, are now the home to Messner’s collection of rarities and cultural artefacts. The museums have been financed privately and are self-supporting. The project has thus been completed successfully. Then there are also Messner’s organic farms. The annual procession of the yaks up to their mountain pasture is watched by hordes of visitors. “Reinhold Messner” has become a business enterprise, employing 40 people and bringing more than 100 000 tourists every year to South Tyrol and the Province of Belluno.

Messner is now an economic factor in his home region. But how does that fit with his ideal of an anarchic life? Messner has a ready answer: “Part and parcel of man’s primeval nature as I understand it is to engage in activities that are suited to the respective phase of your life and your age.” To plan your withdrawal, and to be able to assess your own strengths in the process, he says, is one of the arts we have inherited from the survival repertoire of our ancestors. Just like our duty to feed our clan and to lead them into the future.

Messner’s daughter Magdalena, an art historian, will soon take over running the museums. But what about the great gray eminence himself? Will he from now on bask in the glory of his deeds and let the young take the lead? No, he says. Reinhold Messner is going to make movies. Mountaineering movies, of course – he’s going to remain faithful to himself in that. He wants to use the camera to tell stories that are incredible but true. The first is already in progress. “I’ve never worked with actors and have to get to grips with the technology. Once again, this is breaking new ground for me.” So is it all to continue as before? Is this yet another steep cliff face in unknown territory, with new obstacles before him – both natural and man-made? He nods. “Yes, that’s probably how it’s going to be.” Reinhold Messner looks at his watch. “I’ve not missed any of my last 1000 appointments. And I was always punctual,” he says. With that he stands up, shakes our hands and leaves. ◆

---

Franziska Zydek lives in Switzerland and France. She writes about people and their journey through life.



### Reinhold Messner

Reinhold Messner was born in South Tyrol in 1944, the second eldest of nine children. He studied architectural engineering at the University of Padua and worked briefly as a math teacher before devoting himself to mountaineering. From 1969 onwards, Messner undertook over 100 journeys into the mountains and deserts of the Earth. He also wrote four dozen books – most of them bestsellers.

Messner achieved many first-time ascents. He was the first to climb all 14 eight-thousanders and also scaled the Seven Summits – the highest peaks on all seven continents. His feats also include crossing the Antarctic and the Gobi Desert and a longitudinal crossing of Greenland. Each time he set out with the minimum of equipment.

Messner was a Member of the European Parliament from 1999 to 2004. Afterwards, he devoted himself to his mountain farms, his Messner Mountain Museum project (MMM) and the Messner Mountain Foundation (MMF). The Foundation helps to support mountain peoples all over the world.

Reinhold Messner has been awarded numerous prizes and honors, including the Patron’s Medal of the Royal Geographical Society “for contributions to mountaineering and mountain regions” – one of the highest honors that the Queen of England can bestow.

When he is not traveling, Messner lives with his wife and four children in Merano and in Juval Castle in South Tyrol.

[www.messner-mountain-museum.it](http://www.messner-mountain-museum.it)

[www.reinhold-messner.de](http://www.reinhold-messner.de)

# The native and the foreign

Text: Ralf Berhorst

**The proverbial precision of Swiss watches, the elegance of French fashion, the start-ups of Silicon Valley – all these are icons that create national identity. But they are often the work of talented immigrants from abroad.**



## Jawed Karim

The film clip that shows Jawed Karim in front of an elephant enclosure is entitled “Me at the zoo,” and lasts all of 19 seconds. It was recorded in 2005 for an Internet platform he set up with two of his friends. It was the first-ever video that anyone uploaded onto YouTube. Karim was born 26 years earlier in the German Democratic Republic – East Germany, as it was more commonly known. His father, a chemistry student from Bangladesh, took the family to West Germany in 1982. Ten years later, hostility towards foreigners prompted them to emigrate to the USA. Karim turned out to be a highly talented IT specialist, and he helped to set up the payment service PayPal in California. Then, along with two former colleagues, he had an idea that would change the world: YouTube, a platform for sharing private videos. “Me at the zoo” has to this day been viewed more than 31 million times.

## Charles Frederick Worth

His clientele included queens and countesses, and they were all in awe of his aesthetic judgment and exorbitant prices. And yet they returned time and again to his shop on the Rue de la Paix in Paris, because no one made robes as elegant as those of Charles Frederick Worth. The originator of French haute couture was actually British, and was born in the little market town of Bourne in Lincolnshire. Worth began as a lowly salesman in a fabric workshop in London, able to design dresses only in his imagination. But by 1858, when he was 33, Worth had moved to Paris and found a backer to help him set up his own fashion store. Worth's innovation was to design a new collection of prototypes every season and to have them presented by models. His breakthrough came when Empress Eugénie ordered a dress from him – and from that point, the English Worth became – as a magazine wrote – the “god of fashion.”

## Yves Montand

When this singer with the youthful face and the mellifluous baritone sang of the “feuilles mortes,” the “dead leaves” of the fall, Yves Montand seemed to be the very embodiment of the French cabaret singer. But in fact he was born as Ivo Livi in 1921, the son of a broom maker in a Tuscan village who fled with his family to Marseille to avoid living under Mussolini's fascist regime. There, the young Ivo dreamed of a career as an entertainer. He gave his debut at 17, and in 1953 he landed his first major movie role in “The Wages of Fear.” Together with his wife, the actress Simone Signoret, Montand turned into a star of the French left. He became arguably even more famous for his affair with Marilyn Monroe. In 1968, Montand broke with communism, and in 1988 he almost stood as the right-wing candidate for the French Presidency. When he died three years later, he had long been a national icon.



### Hans Wilsdorf

Initially, this visionary was laughed at for his brilliant idea: he wanted to construct a watch that was so small you could wear it on your wrist, and which would still tell the right time no matter how much it was tossed and turned about. But Hans Wilsdorf, born in 1881 in Kulmbach in Bavaria, didn't let the doubters hold him back. He wasn't actually a watchmaker himself, and at first sold timepieces with Swiss mechanisms from a shop in London. In 1920 he moved his company to Geneva, where he meticulously set to work to improve the accuracy of his chronometers. He came up with the name "Rolex" for his brand – a word easy to say in all the languages of the world. Wilsdorf was also a marketing genius. In 1927, when an English woman wanted to swim the English Channel, he equipped her with an "Oyster," the world's first-ever waterproof wristwatch. Rolex became a status symbol and the most valuable brand of watch in the whole world.



### Thomas Nast

In order to escape poverty, Thomas Nast's family emigrated from the Palatinate region of Germany to the USA in 1846. He was six years old at the time. He found it hard to cope with the New World, but Nast possessed one great talent: he could draw. Nast became famous as the cartoonist for "Harper's Weekly" during the American Civil War. He was opposed to slavery – so much so that Abraham Lincoln called him the "best recruiting officer" for the northern states. He gave Lincoln's facial traits to the national personification of the United States, Uncle Sam; just one of Nast's many iconic images. During a journalistic battle against a corrupt New York City councilor, Nast brought the double-dashed "S" into common use as the symbol of the dollar. He used the elephant as the heraldic animal of the Republicans, the donkey for the Democrats, and turned the Sankt Nikolaus of his homeland into the rosy-cheeked Santa Claus.



### Makoto Hagiwara

Three billion small, crescent-shaped wafers are handed out every year in Chinese restaurants when it's time to pay the check – fortune cookies, containing an aphorism or a prediction for the future. They are loved almost all over the world – except in China, where they are virtually unknown. Cultural scholars believe that they originally came from Japan. It's thought that a bakery in Kyoto was already making them back in 1878. These sweet biscuits then made their way to San Francisco with Japanese immigrants. A certain Makoto Hagiwara, who ran a tea garden in Golden Gate Park, is said to have popularized them there. From the 1920s onwards these fortune cookies conquered Chinese restaurants all over California. Thus began the triumphal march of a paradoxical national symbol that is familiar all over the world except in its supposed Chinese homeland. ♦

# Unique

Text: **Mathias Plüss**

## **From clay tablets to crime scenes to smartphones: A brief history of the human fingerprint**

Mankind has known about fingerprints since ancient times – but this knowledge didn't reach the West until the 19th century. Four thousand years ago, the Babylonians had already recognized the uniqueness of the human fingerprint, using it as a seal on documents written on clay tablets. There are indications that handprints were used as evidence during burglary investigations in China as early as the third century B.C. After paper-like materials were developed in the Far East, it became common to confirm the authenticity of official documents by means of fingerprints.

This method spread out from China across all Asia. In India in 1858, the British colonial official William Herschel became the first European to recognize that identifying people by their fingerprints could have many different applications. He used this technique to combat identity fraud – for example, to prevent the pension of a deceased soldier from being claimed by different relatives who looked alike. Herschel's collection of fingerprints proved useful to the British scientist Francis Galton, who had already devoted himself to anthropometry – the science of measuring the human individual. Galton subsequently invested his energy in classifying fingerprints, and in 1892 he published his influential book entitled simply "Fingerprints."

However, England wasn't the first country to introduce dactyloscopy – the science of fingerprinting – into criminological practice on an official, systematic basis. That was Argentina. This decision was prompted by the killing of two children in 1892, which became the world's first-ever murder case to be solved by fingerprints. The children's mother initially claimed that a neighbor was the perpetrator. But in the end, an inspector found a bloody thumbprint on the bedroom doorframe and was able to prove that it belonged without any doubt to the mother. When confronted with the information, the mother broke down and confessed to having bludgeoned her children to death because they stood in the way of her marrying her lover.

After this, dactyloscopy spread quickly. The first murder conviction thanks to fingerprinting came in India in 1898; England followed in 1905, and Switzerland in 1912. Only the police in France still resisted the official introduction of dactyloscopy, even though a murderer had been identified by his fingerprints there back in 1902. The catalyst for this change of heart was the theft of the "Mona Lisa" from the Louvre, which was only solved two years later thanks to the thief's own carelessness. A subsequent analysis proved that the culprit could have been arrested just hours after the theft if there had been a systematic check of the suspects' fingerprints.

From now on, the value of the method was undisputed. However, the ever-growing official collections of fingerprints offered challenges of their own. The FBI in the USA, for example, already possessed a hundred million fingerprint cards by 1946. Fingerprints from a crime scene can be checked swiftly against those of a suspect in custody, but trying to find them in a huge card index is a far more elaborate process. In Switzerland, it is reported that such "hits" – which were rare enough in any case – were seldom the result of a systematic comparison, but came about thanks to the photographic memories of specialist staff.

This is why, in the 1960s and '70s, companies and research institutes began making major efforts to develop the first electronic means of processing fingerprints. Today, the general standard is the Automated Fingerprint Identification System (AFIS), in which an algorithm records and abstracts the characteristics of a fingerprint, capturing them as a mathematic formula that makes it easy to save and find again.

Despite DNA analysis, the tried-and-tested technology of fingerprinting still has its place in the fight against crime. It saves time and is cheap. Besides, genetic material is not always found at every crime scene. Today, it is even possible to identify the gender and ethnicity of a criminal based merely on his or her fingerprints – and even to determine matters such as their drug consumption and diet.

Furthermore, the uniqueness of fingerprints means they are also used in other fields today – most recently, for example, in biometric passports. In our digital age, fingerprint scans on tablets and smartphones are now replacing personal security codes. Here, the fingerprint has reverted to the function it had for the ancient Babylonians: it's a person's distinctive signature, simple to use, and almost impossible to forge. ♦





Every book he writes changes him, too. Alois Prinz writes biographies of personalities as varied as Hermann Hesse, Franz Kafka, Joseph Goebbels, Ulrike Meinhof, Jesus of Nazareth, Teresa of Ávila, and, most recently, Milena Jesenská, Franz Kafka's friend.

# “Doing justice to the life of another”

Interview: **Thomas David** | Photos: **Volker Derlath**

**The identity of a person can sometimes reveal itself in just a hand gesture, says the writer Alois Prinz. His highly regarded biographies relate how internal and external forces shape a life, and why people don't always follow their own inner voice.**

*CREDO: Why write or read a biography and engage so intensively with the life of another human being, when one's own life is complicated enough?*

Alois Prinz: Because you can learn from a biography that people before us too have lived their lives. They, too, have dealt with life's complexities – and have sometimes been defeated by them. It is astonishing just how complicated the life circumstances of people can become. And there is something reassuring in the knowledge that another human being once chose a journey through life that we would never dare to take, or might never have allowed ourselves to pursue. It is my experience that people like to read a biography because they know that behind it there is a real person, body and soul, just like them.

*Are there moments in the life of a person when their identity is clearly revealed in full?*

I think that there are such moments in the life of every person. It can be a mere hand gesture, a remark, or the manner in which someone acts in a specific situation. A moment in which something bursts out that assumes symbolic significance for a whole

life. It's these moments that I look for in the lives of the people I write about, and I often use them as a point of departure in my books. And yet identity for me always means a search for identity. You can adopt a certain identity and act it out, but as soon as it's put under pressure you lose your sense of inner harmony. An agitation is triggered within you, a feeling that St. Augustine said will pursue you your whole life long, reminding you that you're not the person you perhaps should be.

*Of all the people who are the subject of your biographies, only Hermann Hesse lived a long life, reaching the age of 85. What is it that makes for a “whole” life, a life that is complete?* This is an interesting question because several of the lives I have described were unable to be lived to their natural close, or went off on a path that led them away from their true personality. That was certainly the case with the terrorist Ulrike Meinhof, who died at the age of 41, and perhaps also with the natural scientist Georg Forster, who was 39 when he died. The longer you live, the more opportunities you have to correct your own journey through life. But mostly there is a certain point at which the die is cast. You're on a track that suddenly doesn't allow you to turn round anymore. All the same, there are people such as Hermann Hesse who end up in a blind alley – but then a memory of their true identity (or their “own voice,” as Hesse would perhaps have said) enables them at some point to turn themselves around and set off on a new path.

**“I’m depicting another person, but at the same time I’m reflected back and am myself called into question. I’m different every time after finishing a new book. It’s a great learning process.”**

*So is life just a relentless search?*

Many people are similar to each other in that they are indeed searchers. They won't be satisfied with being assigned a place by others, nor will they accept an identity that is forced upon them. When I was working on my Kafka biography and wrote about his relationship to his father, it became especially clear to me how someone can fight against being allotted a specific image of themselves. It's an important gauge for a person if they can succeed in shedding an identity they have wrongly assumed, casting off their mask in an endeavor to become the one who is conceivably inside them.

*You mean: to become “visible” to yourself, as Hannah Arendt once wrote, without hiding behind your own “distinctiveness”?* Yes, and we can observe this in Hannah Arendt, in a crucial aspect of her own biography. She opens herself up in order to do justice to something or someone, and as a result she loses control of her own life. But she also regained her independence – in her love for another human being. There's something beautiful about the fact that you don't necessarily have to retreat into yourself or cut yourself off to find your own identity. This human aspect is something we can observe not just in Hannah Arendt, but also in other people I've written about. They only find themselves when they reach out to others or experience themselves through others.

*Is this also true for the inner encounters that you have with the people you write about, while you're actually working on their biography?*

Absolutely. One of the great attractions of writing a biography is the possibility of expressing yourself indirectly and letting another person play a role in your own life. This doesn't mean that I project my person onto them. It's not as if, metaphorically speaking, I paint over the lives of Hesse, Kafka, Hannah Arendt

or Ulrike Meinhof and only ask them about me. That's not how it works. But I'm always present as an interrogator and an observer, and to a certain extent I take on the role of director. Yes, I'm depicting another person, but at the same time I'm reflected back and am myself called into question. I'm different every time after finishing a new book. It's a great learning process.

*What have you learned from working on the biography of Joseph Goebbels?*

I decided to write about Goebbels because for once I wanted to deal with a person who is regarded as absolutely evil. I tried to go along his journey with him without prejudice, because of course Goebbels wasn't born as propaganda minister, and in his early years his development was undoubtedly comparable with that of positive personalities. It was very interesting to illuminate the moment when he had to take decisions. I don't mean the everyday decisions, but his fundamental decisions. We come across such decisions only very rarely in a life – perhaps two or three times – and there are even people who never have to face up to them. But with Goebbels, I think I can determine the precise point when he decided to embark on a path that essentially contradicted what had hitherto been inherent in him. He had wanted to become a communist, so he did have a social aspect to his personality. But he was also an egomaniac, so he wanted recognition and longed to be at the focal point of things. Ultimately, he was seduced by something he could not resist.

*How can a man like Joseph Goebbels forget who he was at the beginning?*

That was possible because people like him, who slip into evil, at some point evade any sense of responsibility and instead make themselves invulnerable. It has something to do with what Hannah Arendt called “non-thinking.” People like Goebbels don't look for any kind of critical debate, but make themselves



Alois Prinz in his study:  
"Bringing a biography to life can  
only be achieved by literary means."

immune to criticism. Their concentration of power is so great that they no longer have to listen to anyone, not even to themselves. You're dealing with a morally autistic person who shuts himself off from others and doesn't even converse with himself anymore. His own identity is impregnable, and the gates of hell, as it were, are kept closed from within.

*You speak of morals. As a biographer, do you have a responsibility to the person you're writing about?*

Trying to do justice to the life of another is an immense responsibility. The people I write about are all dead and can't defend themselves anymore. They are in their biographer's hands, so to speak, and it's a great moral obligation that you don't make them worse or better than they really were. In what I write I'm limited

as possible. It's about selecting those aspects that really tell us something about a person. However contradictory it might seem, literature is an abbreviation that says more than the whole. It's like poetry, an art of condensing that can tell us more than would a prose list of facts for every day in the life of a person. In my opinion, you can only achieve this type of concision with literary means and with creativity; only then can you breathe life into a person.

*What is the difference between a fictional character in a novel and a real person as you depict them – someone who happens to be called Hermann Hesse or Ulrike Meinhof?*

There's not much of a difference. But it would be better to move away from these stereotypes, because writing a biography is also

**“I believe that there is a core to our personality that is not accessible. As a biographer, you should have the greatest respect for this, because it is what makes this person in some way unfathomable.”**

by verifiable facts, but there is naturally a broad spectrum of what I have to interpret, without falsifying it through subjective judgement. I also encounter prejudice in others, and I can't verify what they say in every case. But I try not to look down on my subjects from some omniscient standpoint, nor to pass irrevocable judgment on them. Instead it's as if I am placing them on a stage and letting them act, inasmuch as this is possible using the documents at my disposal. I don't want to pin them down, I don't want to present them like a dead butterfly impaled on a needle. Instead I leave it to the readers to draw their own conclusions, based on what they see on the stage I have set.

*To what extent do you have to simplify a life, structure and mold it, in order to be able to relate it to us?*

If you collect a lot of material, there is naturally a very great temptation to put every detail into the book you're writing. After all, a life is exceedingly complex and is comprised of an endless abundance of individual episodes. But this type of completeness is a fallacy because biography isn't about including as many facts

a literary act. Of course I am basing what I write on fact; I can't make things up arbitrarily. But on the other hand I also engage creatively with my subject matter. In other words, I make a story out of it. I can use this story to get closer to the truth than if I just list facts. This creative process is carried out by literary means. I'm committed to what is real, but have to depict it as literature. So when I try to get to grips with a person such as Ulrike Meinhof, I orient myself according to objective facts – letters, oral statements and other documents – but then have to bring all these pieces of the jigsaw together so that the person and their development can come across as credible. To bring a biography to life in this manner can only be achieved by literary means.

*Is the answer to what makes up someone's identity – whether one's own or that of another – always a story that is enmeshed with a whole network of stories that also determine the identity of a country or a religion?*

It's true; when my grandmother told me about the currency reform [in Germany in 1948] or when my father told me about

the war, they were telling stories in which you could discern the important attributes of their own personality. History is something that creates context, and it allows us to achieve a certain distance to a person. That is very important to me in my act of observing them. I believe that there is a core to our personality that is not accessible. As a biographer, you should have the greatest respect for this, because it is what makes this person in some way unfathomable. I have to be moved, I have to want to partake of the life of another, but I may not presume to put them on the couch and analyze them.

*With your experience as a biographer, can you tell us fundamentally how identity is constructed?*

I have observed that the search for identity is something that starts early on in life, and it begins where reflection commences. There's a good reason why Hermann Hesse's books were so popular among young people for a while. At their age you no longer feel cushioned by the family where you naturally acquired your identity in the first place. Instead, you ask yourself: "Who am I, really?" And you're surrounded by thousands of offers in answer to your question – in the media, advertising, movies, music and social networks. The danger is that you latch onto something too soon because you want to be accepted, or because you want to live up to the expectations of your parents or friends. So you never grasp the opportunity to try to find out who you really are yourself. I think that every one of us has what Hesse called "self-will."

*"If the majority of men possessed this courage and self-will," writes Hermann Hesse, "the earth would be a different place."*

I'm convinced of this. And it's not just Hesse who thought that. The mystic Teresa of Ávila spoke of a gentle whistling in us, a slight unease, a voice that speaks to us. Something that admonishes us. In our time it is perhaps more difficult than ever to listen to our inner voice. But self-will can also be a burden – something to which many people don't want to expose themselves because it would disturb their comfort zone, their tranquility. It would present them with problems. I am sure that this voice exists in every person, yet sometimes it's very quiet or is violently suppressed. But at some point it might make itself heard all the same. There are life stories in which everything runs a normal course until something breaks out and disturbs one's self-complacency. We've all had the experience of chatting cheerfully with a group of people, only for one of them suddenly to become all worked up or even to freak out in reaction to something said because it touched a raw nerve. It allows what had been suppressed to bubble up to the surface and unmask the person in the process.

*Who is the author Alois Prinz when he takes off the masks of the people he's writing about?*

I don't put any mask on. I wouldn't go that far. I get involved, but don't assume their personae. A certain distance remains. How much of me enters into them? Well, that's a question that will probably follow me throughout my life. After finishing my studies I worked as a journalist. My first biography was about Georg Forster. I later chose Hermann Hesse because he was important to me in my youth. I grew up in a family where people worked with their hands. There were no books there, and the passion for literature that I already felt as an adolescent was something I had to suppress a lot at the time. It was important to me to read writers like Hesse who had endured something very similar, but who at some point found the strength to struggle against it and to strike out on their own path. In my youth, my companions weren't so much real people but rather writers and their books. Perhaps the moment of emancipation and self-discovery is so prominent in my books because my own upbringing didn't allow me to do what I had always wanted. And this topic is again important in my latest book, which tells the life story of Kafka's friend Milena Jesenská. There has to be something about them that touches me deeply, there have to be a lot of questions that link me to the people I'm writing about. And a great deal flows into my books that I don't even see myself – but perhaps my readers see it. ♦

---

Alois Prinz was born in Lower Bavaria in 1958. He completed his doctorate in 1988 with a thesis on the student movement of 1968 and its influences in literature. He worked as a journalist until 1994. His first biography appeared in 1997. Since then he has written the life stories of Hannah Arendt, Hermann Hesse, Ulrike Meinhof, Franz Kafka, St. Paul the Apostle, Joseph Goebbels, Jesus of Nazareth, Teresa of Ávila and Milena Jesenská. His books have brought him several awards, such as the Evangelical Book Prize and the German Youth Literature Prize.

# Of culture and commerce

Text: **Christina Schott** | Photos: **Romi Perbawa**

**The village of Pejeng lies between the elephant cave Goa Gajah and the holy spring of Tirta Empul, both of which draw hordes of tourists searching for Bali's unique culture. Pejeng, however, remains as pristine as the rice terraces that surround it. And in order for it to stay that way, members of the younger generation are now focusing on their cultural traditions and engaging in a passionate struggle to retain their identity.**

It's eight o'clock in the morning. The altar behind the office of the village chief of Pejeng is overflowing with offering baskets made of artfully woven palm fronds. They are full of colorful blossoms, and next to them stand pyramids of fruit, along with eggs, rice crackers and bottles of Yakult – a drink made of fermented milk. While the village leaders are still texting on their cell phones, four men and two women in traditional Balinese costume walk in a row through all the rooms of the small council building.





Anak Agung Gede Oka Santika (Gung Oka), 24, and Ni Ketut Purnamantari (Icut), 25, praying together at a temple celebration in the neighboring village.



The village secretary Gung Oka is also a talented singer and actor; here he is singing at the full-moon ceremony in the office of the village chief.

The officials are waving incense sticks smelling of jasmine and are sprinkling consecrated water everywhere. They're accompanied by the penetrating jingling of a little bell. A woman clerk strikes a small gong every now and then and utters muffled cries to drive out evil spirits. Once the procession reaches the front of the house, it briefly gets muddled up among the mopeds parked too close together outside. Meanwhile, in the meeting room, two men start to chant a monotone prayer that is carried by rattling loudspeakers into every nook and cranny of the house. One of them is a priest who has traveled here especially for the occasion, and singing beside him is Anak Agung Gede Oka Santika, the secretary of the village chief. He's known as Gung Oka and is 24 years old.

### Gung Oka, the charismatic young politician

There is a full moon today, which means it's an important day on the Indonesian island of Bali. Here, almost 90 percent of the population belong to a form of Dharma Hinduism, and this is the day when all Balinese Hindus pray to Chandra, the god of the moon, begging for forgiveness for their sins in order to purify their souls. A symbolic act of external cleansing also takes place, whether at home or in the workplace, at the market or at school.

Gung Oka is the youngest of four siblings in a Brahmin family, the highest caste in Hinduism. Since primary school he has been learning traditional dancing, singing and music. At the age of 18, after having begun his studies of religion, Gung Oka founded the association Kader Pelestari Budaya, which is committed to preserving Balinese culture. Since he and his team reconstructed a forgotten sacred dance, things have been picking up: first he worked for a group from UNESCO, then he was elected the local chair of the national youth organization Karang Taruna, and half a year ago he was appointed village secretary – a position that until now was commonly filled by men much older than him. “All the global influences to which Bali is subjected harbor within them a danger to our traditions: I would like to motivate the young generation to re-engage with their true values once again,” says the charismatic young politician. Gung Oka almost always wears a wraparound skirt and a traditional headdress.

“It's people like Gung Oka that Bali needs today,” says Tjokorda Agung Pemayung, otherwise known as Pak Tjok. He's the 50-year-old village chief of Pejeng and is also a descendant of the former King of Pejeng. As he sits on the reception chair outside his office, drinking sweet tea, he says: “We have to preserve our culture so that it doesn't degenerate into a commercial spectacle. If we only act it out for the tourists and forget the sacred significance of our arts, then we've lost our identity.”



Children at the state primary school in Pejeng, praying together with a priest on the morning of the full moon before their lessons begin.

He is a tireless, maverick thinker and he is doing everything he can to keep mass tourism away from Pejeng. It has already reached the neighboring district of Ubud. It's not an easy task. Ubud is a popular center for yoga retreats and shopping and is now bursting at the seams. But Pejeng still nestles peacefully among its picturesque rice terraces.

The village of Pejeng has 6500 inhabitants and is one of the oldest on the island. The archaeological museum exhibits artefacts from prehistoric times, and Pejeng is also home to three of the oldest temples on Bali. Its only guesthouse to date is idyllic, and can only be reached along a bumpy road. "If I have the streets repaired, I'll immediately have investors on my doorstep wanting to build villas here," complains Pak Tjok, who would rather get the villagers interested in alternative sources of income. Such as organic farming, for example. Given the general organic trends on Bali, this has a promising future.

The Balinese are an agricultural society whose culture and religion are closely bound up with nature. Several times a day,

they make offerings to the gods and demons that populate their island – not just in their innumerable temples but in every conceivable place: at home, at work, on the streets, at crossroads, on lakes and rivers, in forests and out in the rice fields. But mass tourism and an uncontrolled building boom have today brought about a crisis in agriculture and in water provision. "The traditional cultivation systems don't work anymore," explains the village chief, who at one time studied development economics. "The young people today all want new cell phones, fancy cars and big houses – but what use is all that to them if they have no water and no more rice?"

### Ode – punk music fan and student of religion

Cars and houses don't interest Ode. On weekends, this 21-year-old student rattles home from the capital city of Denpasar on his old moped. He's studying Hindu religion in the capital, just as Gung Oka had done a few years ago. He would really have preferred to study art, but his parents wouldn't allow it. The only furniture in his former childhood room is a bare mattress and an old TV set with big speakers. On the black wall behind the TV,



Dewa Gede Dwarsa Putra (Ode), 21, a student of religion and a punk music fan – here in his bedroom.

Ode – a punk rock fan – has painted masked graffiti artists. Above them there hovers a pretty girl with angel's wings. But she looks peeved – her eyes are closed and her arms are crossed. It bears the title: "Story of life." On the windowsill is a row of empty whisky bottles, and on the floor there's an overflowing ashtray in the form of a skull.

This cavern-like room forms a stark contrast to the traditional Balinese residential complex where Ode's extended family lives. He has more than 20 relatives in these little houses, all built closely alongside each other. There is an open charcoal fire smoking in the kitchen, and the scent of coconut cream mixes with that of frangipani blossoms in the yard. Out on the veranda, an aunt is weaving baskets for sacrificial offerings, and above her, exotic birds are twittering in wooden cages. These contrasts are reflected in Ode's own personality. His full name is Dewa Gede Dwarsa Putra. In Denpasar he is a politically active student who regularly campaigns with his comrades against a controversial land reclamation project in Benoa Bay in the south of Bali. But here at home he is the dutiful son, helping his mother to prepare the traditional cakes that she sells each morning at the market.

While Ode could actually imagine marrying a non-Hindu girl from somewhere outside Bali, it would never occur to him to leave out an important prayer, and certainly not the full-moon ritual. "Those not taking part in a big ceremony or gathering have to make an offering of money or natural produce instead. That creates a social pressure that isn't always pleasant. A lot of events take place during work time, or during your studies as is the case with me," says Ode. He does not have to take part regularly in the village meetings yet, for these are intended for all the married men in the village. "All the same, I think these rules are essential, otherwise our cultural identity wouldn't have been nearly so well preserved."

In contrast to most people his age, this handsome fellow with a pompadour hairstyle and leather jacket doesn't spend his leisure time in cafés or clubs, but in Kebun Setaman Pejeng, the village's garden. It's a communal vegetable garden set among the rice terraces to the north of the village. The chief set it up last year according to the ecological, economic and socially sustainable principles of permaculture. This is a system that emerged in Australia in the 1970s as an alternative to the industrial agriculture of the time. "After finishing my studies I would like to help out

here and pursue the vision of our village," says Ode, gazing out over the freshly planted, wet paddy fields glistening in the sun. Dozens of ducks are quacking as they look for food. "If the water becomes scarce, we will have to offer the farmers alternatives so that they don't lease out the fields to hotels. Sustainable agriculture without chemicals, for example. Or an alternative learning center," says the budding religion teacher, who would one day like to teach ethics at an alternative school. "However, it's pretty difficult to get other young people to join in. Most of them prefer to hunt for jobs in Ubud to earn as much money as possible."

### Icut, English teacher and room attendant with a vision for the future

But many people are dependent on just such jobs. Like Ni Ketut Purnamantari, also called Icut. In order to supplement her meagre wages as a contract teacher at a state high school, this petite 25-year-old English teacher also has a job in Ubud in a small hotel on the edge of town. Every day she spends five hours preparing breakfast, cleaning rooms, making beds and manning the reception. Her brief lunch break offers her just enough time to slip out of her dark blue work clothes and change into a pink lace blouse and a colorfully patterned wraparound skirt before going off to teach.

Because today is a full moon, the students and teachers at SMP 3 Tampaksiring wear traditional Balinese clothes instead of their usual school uniform. The school year has just begun, and Icut introduces herself to a new class of twelve year-olds – 15 girls and 18 boys. She explains to them how important it is to learn English in our age of globalization, especially on Bali, whose economy is 80 percent dependent on tourism. Then they all repeat the alphabet together.

"Of course the tourists influence our lives," Icut explains later that afternoon in her parents' house right next to the village meeting hall in Pejeng. A split gate leads to the four residential buildings where the 17 members of her extended family live. The youngest of them is just one month old. A few young men are playing chess and smoking clove cigarettes while her mother is preparing offerings for the whole family – she spends some six hours every day on it. Icut's father, on the other hand, is a well-respected teacher of political education. Icut brings in tea and continues: "The foreigners aren't particularly polite, their clothes are too skimpy and they're always in a hurry. But then again, they have far better table manners and show more respect to women. I think most of all we should take on their positive aspects. Ultimately we're dependent on tourism as a source of income. We just shouldn't forget where we come from ourselves."



The English teacher Icut, praying at the shrine in her family home on the occasion of her Balinese birthday, which comes around every 210 days.



The villagers of Pejeng accompanying four statues of gods from the medieval temple of Pura Kebo Edan, which are being brought to a temple celebration in the neighboring village.

Icut is proud of her cultural and religious traditions. She loves joining the colorful processions when the women balance piled-up offerings on their heads. She admires the traditional dancers and musicians who have mastered the old sacred rituals. But she would also like to see more progress, better education and more technology, for example. And she has taken a stance against outdated social constraints such as having to marry as early as possible. "I'm only young once, and I'd like to enjoy it and organize my time actively," she says.

She too has a vision for Pejeng. Instead of excluding tourism completely, she would rather see a soft version of it allowed into the village – a few homestays and cafés for example, with guided tours through the rice fields or permaculture workshops. She herself dreams of opening a small restaurant to serve delicious meals made from the organic vegetables grown in the community garden. In the process, there would be an opportunity to show interested tourists what real life is like on Bali – not just the tailor-made dances staged especially for tourists every night in Ubud.

Just like most Balinese women, Icut spends a lot of her time fulfilling social and religious duties. These include a ritual on her Balinese birthday, which takes place every 210 days. This time round, it's coinciding with the day of the full moon. She is a devoted Hindu, and despite the fact that it's raining, she brings offerings after work to each of the main gods: Brahma, Shiva and Vishnu. And Icut prays before the shrines of the family temple that we find in every house on Bali. Then her father sprinkles her with consecrated water and places blossoms behind her ears.

Dressed in a white silk blouse and a bright yellow sarong, Icut kneels before the altar, fanning the scent of the incense sticks on her. And she meditates in an act of inner cleansing. "Our cultural identity is far too deeply anchored in society for us simply to cast it off. Children learn from an early age that there are consequences if you don't keep to the community rules. The Internet and social media will change none of that," she believes.

The next day, four magnificently decorated statues of the gods are carried in a ceremonial procession from Pura Kebo Edan – the medieval "temple of the mad bull" – to a temple celebration in the neighboring village. Icut joins Gung Oka and the young people from the Karang Taruna organization. Accompanied by the clanging of the gongs, the young Balinese disappear amidst the hundreds of white-clad villagers. All the local mopeds are queued up behind them – today, modern Bali has to wait. Only Ode is missing. He had to travel back to campus – perhaps to go and prepare for his next demonstration. ◆

 You can find an audio slideshow about this report at [www.lgt.com/credo](http://www.lgt.com/credo)

---

Christina Schott is a freelance journalist who has been reporting from Indonesia and other Southeast Asian countries since 2002. Her reports are published in papers such as the daily "taz," the weekly magazines "Stern" and "Zeit," the specialist magazine "neue energie," Qantara.de, the Internet portal of Deutsche Welle for dialog with the Arab world, and the English-language daily newspaper "Jakarta Post."

# Who am I?

## And why not many?

Text: **Karin Hutflötz** | Illustration: **Markus Roost**

**Asking big questions from an early age and an ability to marvel at anything and everything – this is a privilege of being human. It's also a valuable resource, and a good reason to engage in philosophical dialog with children.**

Curiosity, the joy of thinking and of wanting to know and understand, the pleasure gained from asking your own questions and being able to offer answers even if there is no ultimate answer to some questions – all this is inherent in children from a very early age. It helps them to situate themselves in the universe while at the same time retaining a broad perspective. This is how they learn about “me” and “you,” the world and nature, life and death. It’s how they experience meaning, grasp connections and learn to focus on what is essential. It’s how they learn to ask: What’s it all about, here and now, and in general?

### Childlike wonder and curiosity

This ability to ask open questions and to orient ourselves in a fundamentally open environment is something that truly makes us human. And if we are to keep this ability alive into later life, it is worthwhile engaging in philosophical dialog with children (not just with children, of course – but especially with them). Philosophizing in practice means self-reflective thinking. Experiencing wonderment and posing questions are a sustaining force in life. It’s in conversation with oneself and with others that we find our own answers to the big questions. Early childhood development is all about forming a core identity. It’s a time when our basic values are being fixed, and when we start to orient ourselves in the world. And it’s precisely at this time that philosophical dialog can offer a means of developing and molding our personality. This is especially important when we consider the challenges we face in today’s world, where cultural boundaries are disappearing and the virtual is becoming the norm. But how exactly can philosophizing help?

The essentially reflexive feature of philosophizing – a “conversation of the soul with itself” (Plato) – promotes self-formation through enabling us to articulate our own perspective freely on an existentially relevant topic. This applies to the individual as a unique person, and to human beings with and among each other. In this manner, “the humanity in my person” (Immanuel Kant) becomes accessible as an inner entity, prompting aspirations to ethical behavior. Being able to experience a sense of community in what is actually disputable, and appreciating the essential equivalence of everyone’s individual viewpoint, in turn enables us to develop a conscience and a community spirit. This is a necessary stage of development that empowers us to acquire moral judgement and to make use of reason in our public actions.

Learning all this from an early age requires experiencing ourselves in dialog with others and reflecting on their respective viewpoints, interpretations and mindsets. To all intents and purposes, this can only succeed on the premise of mutual respect and a lively curiosity, and it works best of all within the framework and the ground rules of a philosophical dialog. Let’s take the example of a conversation with children about their sense of self and the puzzle of identity: Who am I? And why not many?, even though everyone carries many different things within themselves and is in a constant state of change? How do I become who I am and who I could be? Who decides about everything that I am, and everything I’m not? What determines the extent of this process of self-becoming? Ultimately, there is no answer to any of this, and every child knows it. And yet children display an unconditional urge to know and understand things. They can come back to these issues time and again, asking these questions in different ways. They’re creative, and take delight in struggling to find words and images so that they can offer new answers before discarding these, too, after a



certain period of reflection. Clearly, what matters here is the act of asking questions and answering them. It's not about getting an identifiable result or about acquiring an unquestioning knowledge about themselves. And this constant process is responsible for the formation of the self.

## A community of ignorance

Who I am cannot be defined unambiguously, neither from within nor without, let alone outside the bounds of time or beyond the span of my own life. And yet, all the same, one of me is present in every moment. When an individual can say what they think and mean by participating in a dialog with others – by situating themselves in it, and by expressing their view of things according to the circumstances and context – then they become visible and audible to others and to themselves. They thereby practice listening and speaking in the overall “conversation” that we constitute as a community of people and of language. As the German poet Friedrich Hölderlin wrote in his “Celebration of Peace”: “Man has learned much since morning / For we are a conversation, and we can listen / To one another [...].”

So philosophizing is an experience of unity that does not exclude difference. In fact, it expressly needs and demands it. A well-guided philosophical dialog with children will aim to empower them to give expression to their respective viewpoints within the context of questions that unite all human beings. In this manner, the person who is the object of the question already experiences a degree of respect acknowledging their uniqueness and their answers. This draws them into the conversation of the world, which in turn is of immense benefit to mutual esteem and to the self-acceptance of the individual.

We can succeed in this by paying attention while listening, and by offering appropriate questions and answers in a joint approach to the fundamentally important matter at hand. This joyful experience of “belonging in ignorance” results in the buoyant feeling that we are in the same boat as others, that we are all on a journey through existential questions that are a vital dimension for us all. This enables every individual to take on the challenge of discovering selfhood: through the necessity of having to question themselves and to find where they stand in the context of our common criteria, principles and values. And through tangibly experiencing the resultant freedom that every individual has in offering their own answers in any given situation.

## The journey as a way of life

Philosophizing with children enables them to practice referencing themselves within a community, which is so crucial to

personality development; it means being seen and heard as a person on an equal footing with others. It is an exercise in experiencing oneself as unique and individual, in becoming conscious of oneself as an individual but on the common basis of logic and reason. Instead of this, children today are commonly encouraged from an early age to abstain from exploring who they are as a person and from exercising their own thoughts and opinions, deferring instead to “objective” knowledge that can seemingly be communicated in an unambiguous fashion, as if everyone had his or her own “reality” in an essentially disconnected world. This manifest confusion between perspectivism and relativism leads us to hold too fast to the crutch of a standardized language and to a factual knowledge that has been learned unquestioningly. This is the kind of knowledge that is usually understood today to constitute “education.” But the real goal of education, namely empowering children to think independently and to act autonomously, means enabling them to learn to relate to themselves when confronted with general questions. And this is something that is systematically neglected in today’s educational context.

Practicing philosophical dialog in this manner also allows us to see a positive connotation of what is open-ended and unfinished, even greeting what is uncertain with curiosity and delight. It teaches us to appreciate the idea that we are on a journey of thinking and reasoning, with ourselves and with others, and that this is a fundamental form of being. If people are offered this journey and this reference to the real world, it can strengthen them in their relationship to themselves far better than glorifying their supposed arrival in a promised land of seemingly clear guidelines and secure knowledge. This is still being propagated, albeit against our better judgement, despite our living in today’s knowledge and information society. ♦



Dr. Karin Hutfötz is a lecturer in philosophy at the Munich School of Philosophy, where she runs a project on intercultural value development and the new study program “Personality development in an intercultural context.” She

is also active as a freelance coach with a focus on personal development, life direction and career orientation. She is also a consultant for various educational institutions, and helps to train teachers in ethics.



Bartholomeus Spranger (1546–1611), "Self-portrait," c. 1585. © LIECHTENSTEIN. The Princely Collections, Vaduz–Vienna

# Creative self-exploration

In his self-portrait from around the year 1585, Bartholomeus Spranger appears proud, almost aloof. The Flemish painter's head is tipped back slightly, his brow furrowed. There is a majestic white ruff around his neck, while below it his artist's smock is only loosely buttoned. Spranger's searching stare conveys a yearning for self-knowledge. But he is not looking at anyone else; he is gazing into a mirror. Spranger is giving his observer the "cold shoulder," as an art historian once aptly put it. The painter is placing himself center stage as a man conscious of himself and of his abilities.

Today, the genre of the self-portrait is regarded as a supreme discipline in the visual arts, and an unsurpassable medium of self-exploration. And yet it is a relatively recent genre. To be sure, back in Ancient Egypt the master builders of the Pharaohs were already immortalizing themselves on their steles, and Ancient Greece had mirrors of polished metal with which an artist could view his own face to paint his image accordingly. And the sculptor Phidias is said to have depicted himself on the shield of a statue of Athena back in the fifth century B.C.

But the real beginnings of the self-portraiture boom are found in the 15th century. According to popular legend, it can be traced back to the invention and widespread use of flat crystal mirrors – though in fact, these only became common some 200 years later. All the same, there had long been convex mirrors the size of a saucer: these were made of cross sections of glass balls, onto the back of which lead, pewter or mercury was applied. In the twelfth century, this invention had set off a veritable obsession with mirrors. They had symbolic meaning for man as the "mirror of the Creator," and they became a medium of moral self-exploration and self-awareness. At that time, visual artists were regarded as mere artisans or handymen who were unworthy of entering onto the stage of art themselves.

From the 15th century onwards, however, painters began to "smuggle" themselves more and more into their own artworks alongside the famous and mighty people they were depicting – and this in turn served to raise their own standing. They were all outdone by Albrecht Dürer, the son of a Nuremberg goldsmith. He immortalized himself in no less than 16 self-portraits and also made studies of his own hands and legs. One of the most magnificent of these self-portraits shows Dürer in the guise of a Venetian aristocrat in semi-profile, with corkscrew curls.

In the year 1500, he painted himself as a Christ-like figure, with a waxed beard and plucked eyebrows. This seems to have been a watershed.

So it was, too, for the painter and etcher Bartholomeus Spranger (1546–1611). He was one of the most fascinating, best-educated and farthest traveled artists of his day. He had originally trained in landscape painting, but in 1565, during a visit to Paris, he became acquainted with the art of portraiture. He made an initial version of his self-portrait in the early 1580s, along with a companion portrait of his wife – possibly in connection with their marriage in 1582. Spranger was well established by this time, having already worked for Pope Pius V and Emperor Maximilian II. He was now resident at the court of Emperor Rudolf II in Prague, but in the year of his marriage Spranger moved to Vienna, returning to Prague two years later. In 1586, the Venetian antiquarian Jakob König visited Prague. He was a passionate collector of artists' self-portraits, and he was so enthralled by Spranger's that Rudolf II gave it to him. This was also in itself an expression of the great esteem in which the Emperor held his painter.

It was presumably this gift to Jakob König that prompted Spranger to make a second rendition of his self-portrait. It is this painting that is today in the Princely Collections and that radiates all the pride of this sought-after artist. It is almost identical with the first version, but more animated. This impression might well be in part a result of this portrait having been preserved in its original format, for here Spranger has sufficient space to exude his aura, whereas the initial self-portrait was trimmed and inscribed by Jakob König.

For his self-portrait, Spranger clearly modeled his head posture and his gaze on a famous self-portrait by the Italian artist Giorgione, painted in circa 1500/1510 with a very similar facial expression. His self-assured turn of the head has since then come to stand for the ingenuity of the artist and his unique creative energy. ♦

---

Dr. Johann Kräftner is the director of the Princely Collections of the House of Liechtenstein and from 2002 to 2011 was director of the LIECHTENSTEIN MUSEUM, Vienna. He is the author of numerous monographs on the history and theory of architecture.



# Freedom of choice

“Who Am I? And If So, How Many?” The title of Richard David Precht’s philosophy bestseller of 2007 offers us an excellent way of getting into “Stiller” by the Swiss writer Max Frisch. This was the novel that in 1954 established Frisch as a leading, influential writer of his generation.

“I’m not Stiller!” The novel’s opening sentence presents its basic source of tension in a nutshell. It’s all about the conflict between a man’s objective and subjective identities – who he says he is, and who he feels he is. A man claiming to be an American by the name of James Larkin (Jim) White is arrested when crossing the border into Switzerland. The authorities believe him to be the sculptor Anatol Ludwig Stiller, who has been missing for six years. White struggles to maintain his current identity with a vehemence that first makes the reader doubt he could possibly be the man the authorities are seeking. But time and again, the diary-like notes he writes in detention suggest that he has assumed a new identity that has split off from the old one. For example, when White encounters people who were close to the sculptor, he speaks of “their lost Stiller,” saying: “He has a lot

of imagination. He suffers from the classical fears of inferiority on account of making too many demands of himself [...].”

Stiller’s most important reason for fleeing “the here and now, at least inwardly” was probably Julika, his wife, who recognizes her husband in this fantastical American who likes complaining about Switzerland. Her perspective offers us insights into the marriage between the sculptor and his wife, and it becomes clear that it was deeply unhappy and unfulfilled. Initially, it seems Stiller might have fled his country because he was engaged in espionage of some kind. But this notion gradually recedes into the background as we discover that his real reason for wanting to escape was his fear of commitment in marriage.

The more White learns about Stiller, the more incomprehensible he finds his actions – and the more he feels attracted to the unapproachable Julika. Ultimately, he sees himself compelled by witnesses and hard evidence to accept that his identity is that of Anatol Ludwig Stiller, though this grudging acknowledgement does not match his sense of self.

In the “postscript” that forms the second part of the novel, the investigating prosecutor describes how the story continues. He is personally involved in the case, for Stiller had at one time cheated on Julika with the prosecutor’s wife. In this postscript, the unhappy marriage of Julika and Stiller is repeated a second time. Only after the death of his wife from tuberculosis can Stiller find some kind of harmony within himself.

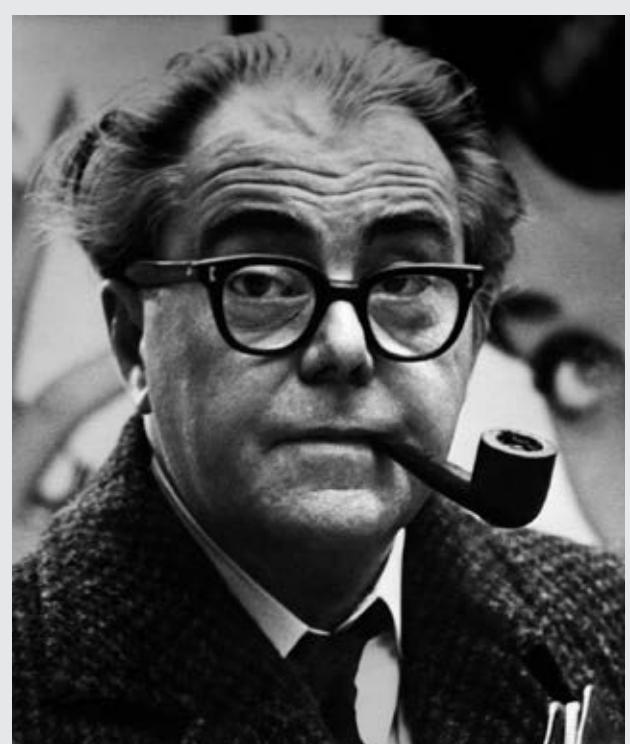
The desire to be someone else – that insatiable yearning to enjoy a more fulfilled life – is a feeling that probably everyone experiences at some point in their lives. Frisch here takes it to a radical extreme that illuminates the neurotic aspect of what is really an everyday phenomenon. “Stiller” is not a novel that invites us to identify with its subject. Instead, it is a work that reveals the unbridgeable chasm between the protagonist and his environment, and emphasizes his existential, self-determined unhappiness.

The split identity that Max Frisch illuminates with his thrilling, multilayered art of storytelling is reflected not least in the biography of the author himself. After the great success of “Stiller” with critics and the public alike, Frisch left his wife Gertrud von Meyenburg and their three children, gave up his architectural firm in 1955, and settled down as a freelance writer. As early as his play “Santa Cruz” and his novel “Die Schwierigen oder J’adore ce qui me brûle,” he had depicted being an artist as ultimately incompatible with family life. In “Stiller,” Frisch demonstrates just how a bourgeois existence can clash with being an artist, and he does so on different chronological levels and from the most varied narrative perspectives.

The urge to self-realization, in life and in art, can go hand in hand with a desire to establish a lasting connection with another human being. But this age-old conflict in modern man was one that Max Frisch found to be forever insoluble in his own life. ◆

---

Felicitas von Lovenberg is the executive publishing director of Piper Verlag. She was for several years the head of the literature section at the “Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung,” and hosts the TV program “lesenswert” for SWR in Germany (Southwest Broadcasting Company).



### Max Frisch

Max Rudolf Frisch was born in Zurich on May 15, 1911, the third child of the architect Franz Bruno Frisch and his wife Karolina Bettina. He studied German and forensic psychology at the University of Zurich and endeavored to make his livelihood through journalism. But then he moved to ETH Zurich and took up architecture as his bread-and-butter job. Frisch won a competition run by the city of Zurich in 1943 to design the Letzigraben open-air swimming pool (which is his best-known building to this day). But by this time he had already published two novels: “Jürg Reinhart. Eine sommerliche Schicksalsfahrt” (1934) and “Antwort aus der Stille. Eine Erzählung aus den Bergen” (1937).

After the big success of “Stiller” in 1954, Max Frisch turned his back on his family and settled down as a freelance writer. In 1957 he published “Homo faber,” the novel that would make him world famous. The play “Biedermann und die Brandstifter. Ein Lehrstück ohne Lehre” (“The Firebugs. A morality play without a moral”), first performed in 1958, brought him further international success. Frisch wrote radio plays, dramas, novellas and diaries. His own experiences repeatedly found their way into his work, whether it was his relationship with Ingeborg Bachmann (“Mein Name sei Gantenbein” – “A wilderness of mirrors,” 1964) or – in later years – with Alice Locke-Carey (“Montauk. Eine Erzählung,” 1975). Max Frisch died on April 4, 1991, in Zurich. Many of his works are on the school curriculum to this day.

# Steinberger and Emil

Text: **Emil Steinberger**

**As a child, he improvised in front of his classmates. As “Emil,” he later became famous throughout the German-speaking world as the embodiment of the clumsy but affable Swiss, battling heroically against the perils of everyday life.**



A soldier in the humor brigade: the artist in one of his many roles.

“Because I was utterly determined to be born under the sign of Capricorn, I saw the light of the world for the first time in Lucerne on January 6, 1933, at 11 p.m. on the dot. I remember that there was a lot of laughter in our family, and that I was soon the class clown at school. I liked telling my classmates entirely fictional stories on our way to and from school. And I liked observing people – their demeanor, their gestures, their tone of voice – so I could imitate them. I loved improvising in front of an audience and even back then I was fascinated by the circus and its clowns. Many years later, I had the opportunity to spend nine months touring with the Swiss National Circus Knie to perform as Emil. It was the realization of a dream for me.

My first profession was that of a postal clerk. But I soon felt that I wouldn’t be pursuing my career behind a post office counter. At the age of 27 I embarked on a five-year training as a graphic designer, then opened a design studio. In 1967, I founded the Little Theater Lucerne together with my first wife, Maya. Then I was offered the chance to run a movie theater, and I promptly also built an art house cinema to show independent movies. It was all very exciting, but my true calling was something different.

I had acted in a theatrical group while I was still working for the Post Office. Though roles as the young romantic lead weren’t my strong point – at the age of 19, if I had to propose to my on-stage lover, I had no idea how to hold her properly. Later, when I was performing comedy in amateur ensembles, I was really more in my element. But these ensembles kept disbanding, and so I decided to design a solo program. I didn’t need to think long about using my first name, Emil, as the title of my shows. I was convinced right from the start that this is a perfect name for funny characters.

My first solo successes prompted me to take things further. In 1969, I began with a program entitled “Geschichten, die das Leben schrieb” (“Stories written by life”), which had been inspired by the satirical comedian Franz Hohler. It was he who had suggested that I should write all my routines myself, free of any local political considerations. He encouraged me, and helped me to turn improvised texts into proper skits.

As a comedian I was a real tinkerer, and it always took a lot of performances before my programs were really polished. I recorded every performance on tape and spent my days correcting the weak scenes, cutting every unnecessary word and expanding the program with new gags until it reached its final form. After that I changed almost nothing, and could keep playing a program for between three and seven years.

In 1978, I was given one of the two leading roles in the movie “The Swissmakers” by Rolf Lyssy, in which I play a young civil servant working in the citizens’ naturalization department.

I normally can't perform without a live audience, but the role was almost tailor-made for me. And it was a blockbuster at the movies, with almost a million Swiss going to see it at the time. Then the picture was shown abroad too – even in Australia. Naturalizing foreigners is still a hot topic in Switzerland today, and – regrettably – the official procedures haven't changed very much because people want it that way.

In 1987, I finished my career as Emil. After a performance before a thousand people in the Théâtre du Jorat in Mézières, I packed up my props for the last time. No one knew that it had been my farewell performance – except me of course. It was my secret. I'd had enough of it. Always driving hundreds of miles by car, sleeping in hotel rooms, never being in a private environment. And slowly, the danger grew that I would repeat myself when writing my sketches. It was time to change, to get to grips with something new, to become creative again.

So from then on I stopped working on stage and began working behind it instead – and behind the camera, too. I wrote and directed dozens of commercials, I ran an advertising campaign for Swiss Tourism and I even put together a fashion show for Willy Bogner. But when more and more ideas and offers came in, I finally fled to New York. It became too arduous for me to keep explaining why I had to say "no." I just wanted to be a nobody again. Perhaps for a year ... but then one year turned into six. I lived on the 26<sup>th</sup> floor of the Olympic Tower on Fifth Avenue, on the corner of 51<sup>st</sup> Street. It was fantastic.

I had been corresponding occasionally with Niccel in Germany since 1985. She was occupied with the topic of humor at the time, organizing laughter workshops and writing her Master's thesis on laughter. When she turned 30, in 1995, she visited New York along with her mother. We met up there and saw a lot of musicals together. One year later I called Niccel to ask if she wouldn't like to come back to New York. She came again, exactly on her 31<sup>st</sup> birthday. And that was when I really realized what a wonderful woman she is, and I fell in love with her. So I entered into my second marriage in 1999, and Niccel and I returned to Switzerland soon afterwards.

In that same year, after the publication of my book "Wahre Lügengeschichten" ("True tall tales"), I started to do readings in bookshops. Over time, these "readings" turned more and more into a new stage show. First the program was called "Eine kabarettistische Lesung" ("A comedy reading"), later simply: "Drei Engel!" ("Three angels!"). So at my performances, both



A mischievous smile – that's typical Emil.

Steinberger and Emil were together on stage. Could that even work? Yes, it could and it did. The two of them got on famously, and 100 minutes of fun and laughter were guaranteed.

Meanwhile I've turned 83, and I'm back on stage for some 100 days a year, this time with my new program "Emil – Noch einmal!" ("Emil – Once again!"). Where will it go from here? Who knows! ◆

Throughout the rest of 2016, Emil Steinberger will be touring German-speaking Switzerland and Germany with his new program. He will continue the tour in French-speaking Switzerland in January 2017. It's variously entitled: "Emil – No einisch!" "Emil – Noch einmal!" and "Emil – Encore une fois!" in each linguistic region. It includes his favorites from former programs, along with surprise sketches on current issues. The tour calendar is available here: [www.emil.ch](http://www.emil.ch)

# Interested in back issues of CREDO?

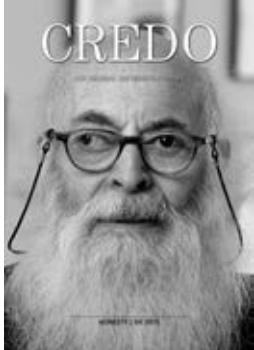
Are you interested in back issues of CREDO magazines? Under [www.lgt.com/credo](http://www.lgt.com/credo) you can order the journals illustrated below free of charge. You can also subscribe to future issues.



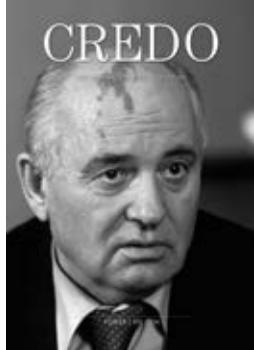
**Sustainability | XXII 2016**  
Céline Cousteau  
Just like her grandfather and father, she too campaigns for clean oceans.



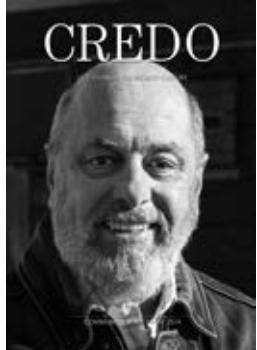
**Innovation | XXI 2015**  
Laura Weidman Powers  
She helps black and Latin American students to conquer Silicon Valley.



**Honesty | XX 2015**  
Adolfo Kaminsky  
A forger out of necessity, he saved the lives of thousands of Jews.



**Power | XIX 2014**  
Mikhail Gorbachev  
Once he was the leader of a superpower. Today he's regarded at best as a tragic hero.



**Community Spirit | XVIII 2014**  
Jim Capraro  
Builder of bridges between business, politics and the community in Chicago.



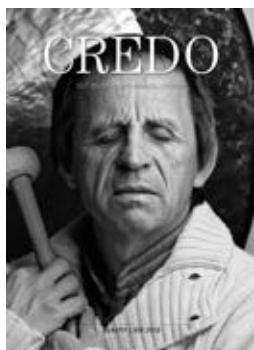
**Curiosity | XVII 2013**  
Ian Baker  
He succeeded where many before him had failed: he discovered the gates of paradise.



**Tolerance | XVI 2013**  
Kiran Bedi  
Fighter for tolerance among India's religious and ethnic groups.



**Freedom | XV 2012**  
Shirin Ebadi  
The Iranian Nobel Prize winner fights for human rights.



**Beauty | XIV 2012**  
Wolfgang Fasser  
How the blind music therapist opens up the world to disabled children.

**Credits****Publisher**

H.S.H. Prince Philipp von und zu Liechtenstein, Chairman LGT

**Advisory board**

Thomas Piske, CEO LGT Private Banking

Norbert Biedermann, CEO LGT Bank Ltd.

Heinrich Henckel, CEO LGT Bank (Switzerland) Ltd.

**Editorial office**

Sidi Staub (executive editor), Manfred Schiefer

**Layout**

LGT Marketing & Communications

**Picture editor**

Lilo Killer, Zurich

**Consultant**

Chris Gothuey, Zurich

**Translation**

Syntax Translations Ltd, Thalwil

**Lithographer**

Prepair Druckvorstufen AG, Schaan

**Printer**

BVD Druck+Verlag AG, Schaan

Energy-efficient and CO<sub>2</sub> compensated print.

**Picture credits**

Cover: Christian Breitler

Content: Christian Breitler, Romi Perbawa, Markus Roost, Volker Derlath

Pages 4–13: Christian Breitler, Stefan Nimmegern/laif, Gerhard Hagen/Poolima/laif

Pages 14–17: Laif, iStock, miscellaneous

Pages 18–23: Volker Derlath

Pages 24–30: Romi Perbawa

Page 32: Markus Roost

Page 33: Robert Haas

Page 34: LIECHTENSTEIN. The Princely Collections. Vaduz–Vienna

Page 36: Annette Fischer

Page 37: Keystone, AP

Pages 38–39: Keystone/Niklaus Stauss, Keystone/Martin Rütschi

**E-mail for correspondence**

[lgt.credo@lgt.com](mailto:lgt.credo@lgt.com)

**Subscriptions**

Are you interested in receiving future editions of CREDO? We will be happy to send you CREDO free of charge. Subscribe online at [www.lgt.com/credo](http://www.lgt.com/credo).

The “LGT Bank app” provides editions of the LGT client journal CREDO as well as further LGT publications which can be downloaded to tablets free of charge.

**Internet**

[www.lgt.com/credo](http://www.lgt.com/credo)



LGT Bank Ltd.  
Herrengasse 12  
FL-9490 Vaduz  
Phone +423 235 11 22  
Fax +423 235 15 22  
[info@lgt.com](mailto:info@lgt.com)

LGT Bank (Switzerland) Ltd.  
Lange Gasse 15, P.O. Box  
CH-4002 Basel  
Phone +41 61 277 56 00  
Fax +41 61 277 55 88  
[lgt.ch@lgt.com](mailto:lgt.ch@lgt.com)

LGT Vestra LLP  
14 Cornhill, London  
EC3V 3NR  
Phone +44 20 3207 8000  
Fax +44 20 3207 8001  
[info@lgvestra.com](mailto:info@lgvestra.com)

LGT Bank (Singapore) Ltd.  
3 Temasek Avenue  
#30-01 Centennial Tower  
Singapore 039190  
Phone +65 6415 3800  
[lgt.sg@lgt.com](mailto:lgt.sg@lgt.com)

LGT Bank (Hong Kong)  
4203 Two Exchange Square  
8 Connaught Place Central  
G.P.O. Box 13398 Hong Kong  
Phone +852 2868 0201  
[info@lgt.com](mailto:info@lgt.com)

[www.lgt.com](http://www.lgt.com)

LGT is represented in more than 20 locations in Europe, Asia and the Middle East. A complete address list can be seen at [www.lgt.com](http://www.lgt.com)

