

AR 25161 Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 4: The Shadow of Violence, part I

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In The Shadow Of Violence

II ONE

When 'AD PORTAS', by Thomas Buttenwieser, first appeared, it received scant attention. However, almost a year later, one of the highly regarded magazines considered by many a model of intellectual sophistication published a carefully written, detailed review of the small book of a mere 110 pages. The first printing, up to now languishing in the book stores, was quickly sold out and followed in fast order by almost a dozen or so new printings.

Potential readers were intrigued, first, by the unusual title of the book; then by the person of the heretofore unknown author, and lastly, by the book itself.

The title, it was quickly pointed out by classical scholars, was a shortening of 'Hannibal ad Portas' which, according to some, was a quotation from one of Cicero's famous Philippics, used by him to refer to an imminent danger to the Roman Commonwealth. Others stated that the quotation was reported by the Roman historian Livy, whose narration of the Punic Wars dealt with the threat of Hannibal to the Republic and the fear of the citizens of Rome who, terror stricken, called to each other 'Hannibal at the Gates'.

Buttenwieser, of course, was not attempting to write about history. His claim was to have found an interesting parallel between the threat to the civilised Roman Commonwealth by the ruthless Carthaginian general from the Barbary Coast and the present-day menace to our own civilisation. He explained that the danger he was concerned with resulted, not from a foreign aggressor, but from an aggressor in our own midst. The gates, therefore, that needed to be protected were those erected by ourselves in the interest of our civilisation.

One of the reviewers of 'AD PORTAS' included the following outline of Buttenwieser's work which is reproduced here in its entirety:

'The abiding concern of civilisation is the common good. By definition civilisation is imperfect but striving to become perfect; indeed, it is this striving towards the goal of perfection that best defines the concept of civilisation. As long as men stand firm in their belief in the perfectability of civilisation, civilisation is assured of continued progress; and this remains true even though it be neither free from all manner of imperfections, nor consciously looking towards the achievement of a prescribed ideal.

Civilisation today is threatened by 'modern man', whose image emerged in the aftermath of the literary romanticism in the latter part of the nineteenth century. 'Modern man' no longer believes in the perfectability of civilisation, hence of the common good, but in what he considers the perfectability of his own individual lot. He becomes, in Buttenwieser's words, homo praedator ('predatory man') because he preys on his fellow-man at whose expense he seeks to satisfy his demands for material and emotional gratification.

Since his appearance in the early writings of psychoanalysts, 'modern man' has become the endlessly

celebrated hero of the pen-wielding clergy of the Mother Church of Analysis and its countless offshoots.

The image of 'modern man' has given rise in our day to a vast network of exploitation reaching into every sphere of our civilisation. This network comprises not only such undisguised practitioners of exploitation as doctors, lawyers, public relations managers, writers, artists, a.s.o., but also the myriad practitioners of their private 'rackets'.

The image of man, as both homo praedator and his victim, is it reversible? Battenwieser is skeptical, if not outright pessimistic. The increasing awareness of man's powerlessness in the face of such large-scale menaces as nuclear war tends to weaken man's faith in the management of his own destiny. Nonetheless, Battenwieser, like the Roman citizen facing the threat of the Carthaginian general, calls for a final stand in the interest of civilisation and the common good. 'As a first step', Battenwieser says, 'let us unmask the techniques of exploitation and abolish the self-induced respect and self-arrogated positions of power 'predatory men' hold in our society.' '

I,

Thank God, Carola had not come herself. She had sent the chauffeur. The conductor had shaken him awake, shouting "Crestmont" in his ear. Dizzy, he had risen clumsily, fetched his bag and coat, which was heavy with perspiration and rolled into a tight shapeless wad, from the overhead rack, and stumbled visionless, proud in a forlorn way, off the train onto the station platform. The chauffeur had steered him to the airconditioned Chrysler and driven him to the home of Otmar and Carola Cramm on the Sound.

In the July heat, unabated for nearly two weeks, the ancient Cramm mansion, usually pleasantly cooled by soft sea breezes, offered no comfort this late Friday afternoon. Büttenwieser was delivered to his accustomed room in the so-called Guest-Wing. He decided to take a shower; remembering, however, *the*

complexities of the showerhead installed precariously over the old-fashioned bathtub, which rested uneasily on four unsteady legs, Battenwieser lost courage, and crawled on the bed. His alcohol-drenched brain, incapable of any but formless pictures and ~~of~~ ineffective attempts at orderly thoughts, pulsed weakly, then yielded to comatose sleep.

When Carola Cramm returned from the city, loaded with provisions for the forthcoming Saturday night party, she was informed circumstantially about Battenwieser's arrival and of his retreat to his room. Carola smiled and said, "There is nothing to worry about" and "Mr. Battenwieser will be o.k. in the morning." Before retiring for the night, she opened the door ^{to} ~~of~~ his room and found him fully dressed on his bed, snoring heavily in total oblivion.

Otto Cramm, 16, and his sister Caroline, not yet 13, arrived with their father late Saturday morning. Although thick clouds had been visible on the horizon since daybreak, they had remained motionless, emitting now and then a feeble sound as of soft-rolling remote thunder. The sun stood pitiless over the calm water. The heat, firmly settled, seemed bent to choke life out of all living things, condemning to deathlike stillness the small waves of the Sound, the burnt lawns, the drooping flowers and the trees silhouetted against the blue-grey sky.

Brother and sister went for a swim; but the water provided no refreshment. They withdrew to the basement, their refuge since the days of their childhood. But the basement, though dark, did not even offer that initial moment of deceptive coolness Otto and Caroline had been used to experience with delight in their grand-

parents' home in the midsummer heat. There was nothing to do but stretch out on the chintz-covered bunks they ^{had} slept on as children, when their grandparents, and after them their parents, had wanted to shelter them from the all-night noises of their summer parties. They leafed drowsily through stale, dusty magazines, then fell asleep.

Throughout the afternoon Otmar Cramm and his wife Carola, willingly and expertly assisted by their German-born chauffeur and gardener, Willy, and his wife, Herta, were busy readying food and drink for the party. The sky and the water of the Sound were taking on an even grey hue; and in the oncoming dusk the thunder remained as distant as ever.

Only once, in the early afternoon, had Otmar Cramm opened the door to ~~Thomas~~ Bittenwieser's room. Finding him breathing

quietly, relaxed in the aftermath of his alcoholic excess, he thought it best not to wake him. After the guests had arrived, he would rouse his friend, giving him plenty of time to shower and shave; thus Bittenwieser could mingle with the guests easily, like any late-comer to the party.

Carola woke her children shortly before 7 o'clock. She said that their clothes were laid out for them in their upstairs bedrooms. She advised them to go for another swim and have something to eat in the kitchen, before getting dressed for the party.

Brother and sister complied with their mother's suggestions. By 8 o'clock they were wearing their light summer clothes and waiting for the arrival of their parents' guests, on the large terrace overlooking the Sound.

At an uncertain hour in the late afternoon, Bittenwieser emerged from his room and went for a swim. He ^{was} ~~did~~ not ~~try~~ ^{was} seen ^{by} anyone. Not that he wished to avoid drawing attention to himself (which in view of his by now repellent looks might have seemed reasonable enough), but in the big rambling house and on the grounds sloping downhill to the private beach, which was hidden from view, it was easier to come and go unseen.

Outside the house Bittenwieser had recaptured his normal self for a brief moment. But back in in his room, whose stale air was thick with the stench of his own perspiration, a throbbing headache was reaching from behind his blurred eyes for the center of his brain, while wave after wave of nausea tom at his insides with excruciating pain, forcing him to his knees. He started to cry, noiselessly, helplessly, clinging terrorstricken to his flagging consciousness. ^{He} ~~Bittenwieser~~ dragged himself to the bathroom, where he collapsed on the tiled floor.

Sometime after 9 o'clock, the guests were climbing, glasses in hand, to the first high of their new-born party. Their laughters were circling in widening ranges and their hands were reaching in bursts of delighted self-consciousness for the hands, shoulders, waists and elbows of their fellow guests.

Shortly after 10 o'clock Otmar Cramm realized, with the shock of sudden remembrance, that he had forgotten to look after Bittenwieser. Disengaging himself as discretely as possible, he went to the guestroom occupied by his friend. He found the crumpled body of Bittenwieser, clad in his still dripping-wet bathing trunk, in the semidarkness of the bathroom. He went at once in search of his neighbor, Edward Gartz, MD, who was at the party.

"Severe post-alcoholic dehydration", said Dr. Gartz.

"Nothing to worry about. Replenishment of fluids, a restoration injection. . . . your friend will be fine".

The measures prescribed by Dr. Gartz were implemented at once. When Bittenwieser woke up, he was without sense of time and did not look for his watch. He showered and shaved himself and put on fresh clothes. In the pantry, next to the kitchen, he was served a light meal, several glasses of fruit juice, and a cup of weak coffee. Dr. Gartz visited Bittenwieser in the pantry. If Mr. Bittenwieser wished to put in an appearance at the party, Dr. Gartz had no objection, "Of course, nothing stronger than . . .", he said. Bittenwieser smiled, the horror he had so recently experienced having been replaced by the lighthearted carefree mood of his best hours.

Shortly before ~~mid~~^{mid} night, Bittenwieser installed himself in a far corner of the front terrace. Inside the house the guests had descended from their earlier high to the pleasant valley of subdued conversation, They had finished their ice cream desert, but were still seated at the tables spread throughout the sprawling Terrace Room and the adjoining ^Dining ^Room.

Carola Cramm, to whom her husband had whispered a few words about his friend's downfall and rescue, joined Thomas Bittenwieser whom, ~~with the exception~~^{save for} of Dr. Gartz, none of her guests had as yet met. Once again, Carola was ~~bathing~~^{enjoying}, as she had done often, ~~in~~ the altogether effortless conversation of her husband's most intellectual friend. For Carola, Bittenwieser's conversation had a magic quality she never experienced with other men. His most casual words, as well as his voice ~~with~~^{with} its faint mid-western ~~country~~ accent, were as an unspoken appeal, a below-

the-surface invitation, arousing her senses. Once only, Bittenwieser had drawn her close to him, reluctant yet overcome by desire, and she, Carola, had been thrilled and frightened by the unexpected violence spreading from his hands to her soft, all but surrendering body. Carola had known that Bittenwieser had been in love with her almost since the day long ago when she first met the shy, awkward, Jewish boy from the well-to-do midwestern family, who was so much brighter than the rest of them. And Carola had also known that Bittenwieser had wanted her, that it might well be she who stood perpetually between him and all the other women passing through his life, unable to hold him. If such was fate, Bittenwieser must have accepted it, remaining serene, civil, witty in her company. He was not the man, she not the woman, for tawdry affairs, and Thomas Bittenwieser would never defile the friendship ^{that} ~~which~~ he and her husband had maintained, unwaveringly, in spite of their differing personalities and ways of life: her husband, the earnest, conservative, responsible partner in the investment banking firm founded by his German-born father,

unfailingly devoted to his duties as husband and father; Thomas Bittenwieser, spectator and commentator, his interests passionate yet ephemeral, utterly careless with his money. "Don't call me irresponsible", he had said one day, "a man without responsibilities can't be irresponsible".

After midnight, the guests began rising from their tables. Carola wanted to be at her husband's side, so that anyone wishing to leave, could do so unobtrusively without having to search for her. She rose, leaving Bittenwieser by himself in his dark terrace corner.

Justin Masterson, retired partner of Otmar Cramm's late father, and his wife, Hilda, were the first to depart, as was their custom. They said all the right words, and each planted a kiss on Carola's cheek, in the formal manner of their generation. "I have hardly had a chance to talk with your children", said Hilda Masterson. "Say hello to them for me", said Justin Masterson. After the Mastersons were gone, Carola said to her husband, "I

shouldn't wonder, if the children were still down by the water".

"I'll go look for them".

Midnight was long past when Otmar Cramm discovered his son asleep in the dark, airless library, across the hall, an empty champagne bottle on the floor beside him. Except during late fall or in winter, when a fire burned in the fireplace and dispensed the gloom of the room's dark shelves filled with ancient unread books, the library was not used by the family.

Before opening the door to the library, Otmar Cramm had run down to the beach. Finding it deserted, he had returned to the house and checked the bedrooms of his children. These, too, being empty, he had begun to look for his children methodically throughout the house. Meanwhile many more of the guests were leaving, requiring Carola's attention. Those who remained were on the terrace within the radius of the dim light from the lanterns which were hung from the terrace ceiling, moving slightly in the

night wind from the Sound.

He shook the boy by his shoulders. "What in the world are you doing here?". At first, the boy did not seem to know where he was. "Where?" he asked, forcing his eyelids open, uncomprehendingly, while trying to raise himself from the deep upholstered chair. "Where?" he asked once more, still in the depth of his slow awakening. Finally his eyes steadied themselves, he was ready to respond to his father's insistent inquiry and gave this account of how he and his sister had spent the earlier part of the evening:

~~Edna and Caroline~~ ^{They} had remained - - "an hour or so, I guess" - - among the guests, but finding the party dull - - "of course, Dad, we knew beforehand it was to be yours and Mom's party" - - they had gone down to the beach, where they were alone. Caroline had taken off her dress because it was new and she did not want it to be "all messed up". "What she wears underneath is ~~anyhow~~ ^{anyway} the same as her swimming outfit", ~~he~~ ^{Otto} explained.

As it was still very hot, they decided to go for another swim. All of a sudden Edna Parsons showed up, unexpectedly. Since

her parents were also at the Cramm party, Edna had been at home, all by herself. "Why don't we go to our beach", Edna suggested, "where we'll^{be} all by ourselves". The Parsons' beach was within earshot, with only a narrow shallow bay separating the Cramm property from the neighboring Parsons property. Otto and Caroline agreed to come. Otto went back to the house to fetch his swimming trunks. The girls said they would go ahead, using a narrow foot-path which skirted the bay and had been a familiar shortcut for several generations of visiting Cramms and Parsons. Back in the house, Otto changed his mind. He did not want to join his sister and Edna - - "you know Edna's just a kid, and she doesn't care about me, but she's got some kind of a crush on Caroline" - -. He got hold of a half-empty bottle of ice-cold champagne, and drank it in the library where no one was likely to look for him.

"Where's Caroline? Why hasn't she come home?" Otmar Cramm knew the question was useless since by his son's account brother and sister had separated hours earlier. "She must still be at the Parsons", Otto answered, wide awake now, disregarding a dull pain in the back of his head. "I'll run over and get her." He left through

the service entrance in order to avoid meeting any of the guests. The night was moonless. It was very dark outside. He decided to run along the street to the Parsons' house, a matter of 2 or 3 minutes.

Upset by the irresponsible conduct of his son, Otmar Cramm returned to his guests on the terrace. By now their number had shrunk to no more than a dozen, among them Dr. Gartz and Mr. and Mrs. Parsons. For a brief moment Otmar met his wife's eyes, ~~and~~ wishing to convey to her, by a smile he wanted to be reassuring, that there was no ground for concern. But Carola was not reassured. Something, she told herself, was amiss, and it had to do with the children. She forced herself to attend to her guests. Their conversation was beginning to languish; whatever strength sustained it, was due to the polite labors of a very few. Where was Bittenwieser? He still sat, his eyes closed, breathing evenly, in the dark corner of the terrace. Carola wanted to protect him from prying eyes and indiscreet questions. She redoubled her efforts to draw to herself the flagging attention of the slowly expiring party.

"Edna . . ." Mrs. Parsons' voice was shrill, an outcry as in the grip of sudden terror.

Out of the area of unrelieved darkness, below the terrace, the girl and the boy, Edna Parsons and Otto, had suddenly risen and stepped into the narrow zone of dim light. Then they had come up the steps towards the people on the terrace, the remnant of the party.

Edna Parsons, the top of her pyjama tucked in a pair of blue jeans, was barefoot. Her small body was convulsed by sobs and her childish face was distorted by unmanageable emotions. She was unable to speak. When her mother at last went to her, she started to whimper softly. Her mother drew the child towards her, so she would be shielded, at least for the present moment.

The boy had wanted to say many things, but his voice failed him, and his lips began to quiver. He tried to steady his lips, but they continued to tremble and turned ashen, as the whites of his eyes grew enormous. The boy would have fallen to

the floor, had not Dr. Gartz been suddenly by his side and caught his body before it became limp. Dr. Gartz lowered the boy on a chair someone placed beneath him. The boy drank a glass of ice-cooled water.

2.

All of the windows of the Parsons house had been dark, except for a single light in the entrance hall. The only noise had been the deep hum of a powerful air-conditioner. The boy was unfamiliar with the house. He was still breathing hard and he was hot from running. Knowing that Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were at his parents' house, the boy was scared to rouse strangers. He decided to walk around the massive brick-house, in the hostile darkness.

He was relieved to see a weak light in the rear of the house, as from a bedside lamp, behind one of the front windows on the second floor. He called "Edna", soft and selfconscious at first, then louder. Behind the window he saw the approaching

shadow of the child, but the child did not dare open the window. The boy called again "It's me, Edna. Is Caroline with you?". Recognizing the boy, Edna opened the window. "Is Caroline with you?" the boy asked again. "No", Edna said, childish surprise in her voice. Then the child asked, wondering at the boy's question. "Is it that late?" "It's past midnight", the boy said, "Caroline isn't home. I thought she might have stayed at your house". But he already knew the hopelessness of his conjecture, and he also knew that a great fear was rising within him, and that he would have to overpower this fear or be utterly paralyzed by it and rendered useless.

"I can't imagine where she has gone", the child said, still not comprehending that the boy's search for his sister had ceased to belong to the every-day world of parents or of brothers and sisters looking for one another. "After the swim she said she must go back to your party". Having said all she knew, and for want of any helpful suggestion, Edna asked again "Are you sure she isn't home, not even in your hideout in the basement?"

"Dad has looked for her everywhere", the boy said. "I must go back". But I don't want to be all alone now, the child thought, as a chill took hold of her.

"My parents aren't home yet. They must be still at your house", Edna said. "I'll go with you".

The boy, himself threatened by the complicity of darkness and silence, was relieved. "Yes, let's go together", he said. Within moments Edna was by his side. She had brought a flashlight for each of them.

They never considered returning to the street. The boy knew that the child would not be able to run fast enough, and they did not want to be alone any longer and were both eager to lose as little time as possible.

The shortcut, by means of the familiar footpath, was their obvious choice. The boy let the child walk ^{behind} ~~ahead of~~ him. Their flashlights provided all the light they needed. They did not speak.

After they had reached the head of the narrow bay, they

stepped across on the rocks rising above the muddy ground, and continued the footpath on the opposite side. As far as the boy knew, they now found themselves on his parents' property which, at that point, had been left unattended and was overgrown with ferns. But the ferns did not conceal the footpath guiding the steps now leading back to the beach of the Cramm house.

For the first time, it occurred to the boy that his sister must have walked on the same path after leaving Edna a few hours ago. His heart began to pound in his chest. He would have liked to walk faster, to walk as fast as he could, but Edna's steps became slower, and, as though the strain which had begun with the boy's sudden appearance had become too heavy, the child started a soft high-pitched whimper, of which she was probably unaware.

As they reached the edge of the brief stretch of overgrown wilderness, the child stopped in her tracks. "Look", she said but before the boy knew what she meant, the child lurched forward and, dropping her flashlight, clung to the boy. The child's voice

and her words were breaking apart as though she were drowned by a huge wave and her small chest had exhausted its tiny store of air. "I want to go home". For a moment, the boy was tempted to lift the child up and carry her back to her parents' house. But he realized the child was too heavy for him to carry.

In the thin light of Edna's flashlight now lying beneath the ferns, the boy saw what the child has seen: a pitifully distorted light blue slipper with dark brown stains. For a fraction of time, they stared wide-eyed, motionless, at the tiny, mute message in the radius of Edna's flashlight. Then they were seized with panic. Taking the lead and dragging the whimpering child behind him, the boy raced to his parents' house.

Seated on the chair on which Dr. Gartz had lowered him, the boy had said all he knew, striving to give as coherent an account as he could. Noone had interrupted him. It was clear that he would have faltered, perhaps collapsed like the child, Edna, who

was still clinging to her mother, crying softly, unresponsive to her mother's attempts to soothe her in her private agony.

Questions, many questions, needed asking. But none were asked as yet. For no one who was present when the boy and the child had suddenly stumbled onto the terrace, not even the parents of the missing girl and of the desperate boy, wanted to cross the tenuous threshold into a nightmare from which there would be no escape anymore.

Carola had listened as best she could. She wanted to hold on to a margin safeguarding the orderly functioning of her mind's processes, because they may yet prove an effective barrier against failings, errors, chaos itself. She asked her husband, "Then you hadn't found Caroline, but only Otto?" "Yes, Caroline had gone with Edna, and I thought she had stayed with Edna at her house . . ." Carola still remained calm, proceeding safely.

"But it was quite late by then. After midnight. Caroline would have let us know, if she wanted to stay over with Edna". "She might not have known how late it was", someone else said, also endeavoring to stay within the safe limits of ordinary conjectures as to a

child's whereabouts.

Edna had stopped crying. Her head in her mother's lap, she had come to the end of her endurance, and fallen asleep. The boy, Otto, was also quiet, but his eyelids and his lips were still trembling. He wasn't asleep. He had done what he must do and said what he must say. Whatever need now to be done or said, was up to others.

Once more, briefly, the small cluster of late guests rose to a feeble effort at warding off a menace. "Perhaps Caroline went to some other friend's house. ." "She might have tried to phone, but no one heard the ring . ." "Are you sure you've looked everywhere? It's such a big place . ." "Did you check with your help , Otmar?" These and similar questions, carrying no conviction, drifted, ebbed away, needing no answers

Although Richard Parsons couldn't have explained it in a rational manner, he had become increasingly conscious of a burden of responsibility that had fallen on his shoulders, and that was uniquely his. Edna, his youngest late-born child, had invited

Caroline for a swim on his beach, then she had gone back to his house and stayed there while Caroline had set out to return by way of the footpath which few, if any, people knew, save for Parsons and Cramms Richard Parsons was a lawyer, past middle-age; he and his law firm had done a considerable amount of work for his friend and neighbor Otmar Cramm, and for his father before him. Friend, neighbor, family and business lawyer. . . . of course he was all of that and it could be said of noone but himself Yet, his burden of responsibility was weighted heavily by something else, which was obscure and difficult to rationalize: For it was on that stretch of ground, where the bay narrowed and ended in muddy uncared-for no-man's land, that something unspeakable may have happened to Caroline, and that no-man's land, whether his or not, was his concern, now, this very moment . . . his, and noone else's, who was present.

He picked up the flashlight the boy had put on the floor next to his chair and moved towards the steps leading to the grounds "You mustn't go alone", his wife called to him softly, so as not to

awaken the child, whose head lay in her lap. Dr. Gartz said, "Yes, don't go alone, Dick", and as he started to follow Richard Parsons, Otmar Cramm left ~~from~~ his wife's side in order to join Richard Parsons and Dr. Gartz. At that moment, the word "police" was first mentioned by somebody, hesitatingly, a mere suggestion of a possible move.

Bob and Marjorie Hollingworth, middle-aged, childless, provided, on both sides, with ample incomes, had drifted long ago from somnolent boredom into obsessive competitiveness. They hid their violent dislike of each other behind a screen of comradely good-nature. This allowed them, on the occasions of active competition, to aim and throw their darts, sharpened with use, at each other's most vulnerable parts.

No sooner had the search-party vanished in the darkness beneath the terrace, than Bob Hollingworth rose, and with soft measured steps walked over to where Mrs. Parsons held the child, Edna, beneath the protective closeness of her ample bosom. Not knowing her husband's purpose, but disapproving it, whatever it be, Marjorie Hollingworth said as soon as she thought she could gues

his aim: "What do you want from the poor child? You'll only wake her up. Leave the child alone".

But Bob Hollingworth merely raised his hand in the direction of his wife, bidding Marjorie not to interfere with his mission. To Marjorie's mounting irritation, this gesture drew everyone's attention towards Bob Hollingworth's inquiry, for this was obviously his purpose. One of the peculiarities of Bob Hollingworth, detested more than any other by his wife, was his propensity of making use of his uncanny faculty of speaking tonelessly, yet articulating each word so clearly that not one was missed either by the person he addressed or those nearby.

"You need not say a word", he said to Mrs. Parsons in his finest whisper, "but only nod or shake your head as a yes or a no. Do you understand me?"

Mrs. Parsons nodded her head.

"Was Edna all alone at home while you were over her at the party?"

Mrs. Parsons shook her head.

"I believe you have an old maid. Her name is Mary. Was

she at home?"

Mrs. Parsons confirmed it silently.

"Would it be alright if I went over to your house and woke her up, just to ask her a question or two?"

Mrs. Parsons, neither nodded nor shook her head. She looked bewildered. Then, however, it occurred to her that Mary might have discovered Edna's absence, and be worrying about the child.

Bob Hollingworth took Mrs. Parsons' indecision as consent. He said he would tell Mary that Edna was with her mother. Entering the house, he walked past Carola, who did not seem to have become aware of the semi-mute exchange between Bob Hollingworth and Mrs. Parsons.

As Bob Hollingworth stepped in his car in order to drive the short distance to the Parsons' house, his wife appeared at his side. He had hoped Marjorie would, for once, stay behind, leaving him to carry out his plan without her interjecting herself.

"Look, Marjorie", he said, as he had said so often, when he saw no reason why she should impose her presence for the sole purpose of recording some small error or other shortcoming on his

part, "I want to handle this myself, and I'm perfectly capable ..."

But Marjorie had already seated herself. "I can't figure out why you should get mixed up in this dreadful business, but whatever you hope to accomplish by rousing a frightened old woman, I won't have you do your errands by yourself in the middle of the night".

A heavy wrought-iron door knocker served to announce callers at the Parsons' house. Mary, who was familiar with the sound and its echo throughout the house, awoke at once. She wasn't at all frightened, assuming the knocker had been sounded by Mr. and Mrs. Parsons, who had forgotten their key. When she looked through the small window in the door, she was surprised to recognize Mr. and Mrs. Hollingworth. She opened the door, and Bob and Marjorie stepped inside.

"No reason to worry, Mary", Bob Hollingworth said at once, "Mr. and Mrs. Parsons will be coming home shortly".

"And Edna too", added Marjorie.

"Edna?", asked Mary. "Why, Edna's been asleep in her room for hours".

"Don't worry, Mary", Bob Hollingworth spoke reassuringly.

"Edna is with her parents at the Cramms. Mr. Parsons will explain everything. May I ask you a question?"

Mary suspected that some as yet undisclosed unpleasantness was hidden behind all these reassurances. Therefore she sought to satisfy herself that her own responsibilities were not involved, before she was willing to answer any questions put to her by strangers such as Mr. and Mrs. Hollingworth.

"How come Edna's over at the Cramms? She was in her bed right in this house by ten-thirty. I looked myself in on her. If she had slipped out again, I would have seen her. I was watching TV in my room, which is right next to hers, and I kept my door wide open because it was so hot".

"When you looked in on her, was she alone?"

"Alone?" Mary was unable to comprehend the question.

"There was noone in this house but the child and myself, after Mr. and Mrs. Parsons left for the party".

"But Edna didn't stay in the house all the time, ^{or} did ~~she~~ she?"

"If you mean, the child stayed inside all the time, or maybe that she went for a swim to refresh herself . . . I don't know every time folks go down for a swim these hot days . . . Edna's bathing suit hasn't been dry for days".

So far Mary's answers had been prompted by a set of almost automatic reactions to which she had become accustomed in the long years of her employment. However, Mary did not consider it proper for anyone to ask her questions while keeping her in the dark as to the reasons behind those questions.

"Why do you keep asking me all these questions that don't make sense to me if the child is, as you say, with her parents, as it should be, even if she slipped away without telling me as she was supposed to?"

At this point, Bob Hollingworth could show his hand, praying silently that Marjorie would restrain herself and not try to play her own hand (or what she held for it).

"When I asked you, Mary, whether Edna had been alone, what I wanted to know was whether you had seen anyone with her - - -?"

"Or around the house", Marjorie fell in.

No more beating around the bush for Mary.

"Anyone, anyone", she said with un~~ce~~aled impatience.

"Would you mind telling me who you have in mind, Mr. Hollingworth?"

"Any of her friends, for example", Bob Hollingworth suggested.

"Or a neighbor", Marjorie specified.

He might just as well mention names now, Bob Hollingworth resigned himself.

"Otto Cramm", he said, "Or his sister Caroline".

A scrutinizing look came over Mary's face. The names of the Cramm children must have evoked in Mary feelings which were at least ambivalent. But she shook her head.

"I haven't seen much of them this summer", was Mary's brief answer.

Marjorie Hollingworth looked at her husband. Mary's terse statement, as reliable as her person, did it not end whatever purpose his errand may have had, which in Marjorie's private opinion merely served his need to let no occasion pass allowing him to assign an

important role to himself. But Bob Hollingworth had not failed to notice Mary's mute reaction at the mention of the Cramm children.

"You don't care, do you, Mary, for Edna's association with the Cramm youngsters? "

"It's none of my business, as long as Mr. Parsons, who is Mr. Cramm's lawyer, don't object. But I hold to the opinion that when a child like Edna becomes involved with people who are too old for her, she may also get into all kinds of mischief if she doesn't look out".

As Mary had said herself, what business was it of hers^r to acquaint these strangers, who had not disclosed the reason for their nighttime call, with her opinions concerning anyone? She could put an end to all this questioning. But her curiosity having been aroused, Mary couldn't bring herself to close the matter.

"Something is wrong, or else you people wouldn't have woken me up in the middle of the night. I bet it's got something to do with those children over there".

"Yes and no", Bob Hollingworth said.

"We don't as yet know" Marjorie Hollingworth added.

"It's all the same to me", Mary stated gruffly,

↳ "I'll know soon enough".

As they were driving back to the Cramm house, Bob Hollingworth said to his wife: "I'd wish you'd understand at last, Marjorie, that there are situations where one can do a better job than two. Don't you realize that you were upsetting the old woman with all your mystifying remarks?"

"Not any more than you. I should think our entire approach was all wrong". There was no reply. Bob Hollingworth was glad Marjorie could not see his smile in the darkness: he felt there might well be a worthwhile avenue to be further pursued in Mary's disapproval of Edna's associating with the Cramm children.

Carola knew she was fighting off panic and that time was running out on her fight, just as it had run out on her son and the child Edna, earlier, out there, somewhere in the darkness. The thought of the children running away wildly from what they had

seen extinguished her self-possession. It spread a fine coating of ice-cold perspiration over her skin. The children running towards the house . . . yes, she had been able to re-live their experience, but she knew nothing about Caroline, knew only that she too had been out there, all alone, and that she too must have wanted to come home. Carola said ~~only~~ "Oh God, oh God", and she wasn't sure she heard her own voice. She hoped no one would speak to her because she wouldn't be able to say or do anything, with her husband gone after Mr. Parsons and Dr. Gartz. But the group on the terrace remained motionless and silent. Their tired and strained faces were deeply lined and wore a sickly hue because of the yellow lightbulbs holding off the insects swarming in the night.

Buttenwieser awoke in the far corner of the terrace. As he lifted himself from the rocking chair, in which he had fallen asleep, the chair creaked audibly. For a brief moment, the persons gathered in the middle of the terrace near the entrance door to the ^{Silent} deserted house_y had been frightened. But the slow, leisurely

approaching steps were reassuring.

When Bittenwieser stepped from the shadows, he guessed at the lateness of the hour. Clearly, the party had broken up. But what were the few silent and expectant people still doing here, the woman with the head of the sleeping child in her lap, Carola who was leaning against the doorpost as if she must sink to the floor if she let go?

Bittenwieser kept staring at Carola in wonderment. He wanted to speak to her, but he refrained because he wasn't sure Carola had become aware of his presence. Gazing about himself in search ^{of} ~~for~~ a clue, unwilling to let his voice break into the silence, Bittenwieser saw the boy, whose head had fallen forward and who appeared to have drawn away from the others. All at once he knew that the presence of the abstracted boy and of the sleeping child held the clue to a secret command that Carola and the sprinkling of late guests obeyed in total silence.

The boy, the unknown child . . . He heard himself ask, "Where is Caroline?" He had wanted to ask "Where is Otmar?",

and had substituted the girl's name unwittingly. At the sound of Bittenwieser's voice the boy raised his head and opened his eyes, looking at the questioner wide-eyed. He said haltingly. "I hadn't known Tom was here". Suddenly the fear he had striven to contain became unleashed and he ran past his mother into the house. There he was caught up in the strong, safe arms of Willy, who had sat up in the kitchen, unwilling to retire as long as the last of the guests had not departed. Willy carried the boy to the wide sofa in the Terrace Room and promised to fetch his wife. Willy thought the boy was exhausted or that he had fallen ill, so long past his ordinary bedtime.

"Where is Caroline?" No one had attempted to answer the question, but Carola, still clinging to the doorpost, had shaken her head slightly. Bittenwieser did not need to interpret the meaning of her gesture. Even while he had asked "Where is Caroline?" he had already sensed that some thing as yet unknown to him had happened to the child.

Buttenwieser would have liked to return to his rocking chair in the far corner, but he dared not. Instead he pulled up a chair and seated himself, a little removed from the others, slightly outside the area lit by the yellow light.

He knew he would have to wait with the rest for some denouement following upon an earlier development of which he was ignorant.

But the boy's sudden flight, what did it mean?

3.

On a Saturday morning in January, Otto and Caroline, who were both passionate ice skaters, had been left with Buttenwieser. Their parents had to leave the city unexpectedly and Willy and his wife had been given the weekend off. The children, then 13 and 10 years old, could not be left alone in the big townhouse of Otmar and Carola on Manhattan's Eastside. Buttenwieser felt tired and depressed. The longest and most exhausting quarrel with his wife, into which each had emptied the last dredges from their cups of accumulated

poison, had also been the final one. Sandra had moved out of their apartment on lower Fifth Avenue the night before. Bittenwieser, once again at the end of his tether, had not been eager to have the children stay with him, but he knew how much they were looking forward to skating on the Rockefeller Plaza skating rink and he had lacked the strength to relate to Carola the complexity of his latest crisis, which climaxed in Sandra's departure. It would be time to tell Carola that he and Sandra had separated when Carola came to pick up the children Sunday night.

The children were skating most of Saturday. In the late afternoon Bittenwieser took them to dinner in a quiet restaurant in his neighborhood. He had several drinks in the hope of lessening the sense of being hopelessly adrift in the aftermath of the break-up of his third marriage. Conversation with children had never been easy for him, and the Cramm children had always appeared shy and more uncommunicative than other children he knew. Or were they merely awkward, possibly jealous, because Bittenwieser, so different from the other friends of their parents, nevertheless was always made welcome in their family with special warmth and attention?

Buttenwieser relaxed when his laborious search for witty and entertaining subjects of conversation came to an end. The children were stifling their yawns and admitted that they were tired and ready for bed.

Sandra had insisted ~~to~~^{to not} set ~~up~~^{things} their quarters before she left. The children waved "Good Night" and withdrew to the comfortable guestroom with its twin beds. After they closed the door behind them, a deadly hush settled on the apartment.

With an interminably long evening before him, Buttenwieser turned on the television set. After switching briefly from channel to channel, he turned it off. He poured himself a drink, then put the whiskey bottle back in the copious liquor closet which he locked. He removed the small very thin key and threw it out of the window. To reopen the liquor closet, he would have to go to his safe deposit box at the bank where he kept an ample supply of additional keys.

Buttenwieser found little sleep that night. No sooner did he begin to lose himself in the labyrinthine^{me} approaches to sleep, than he found himself propelled back to wide-awake consciousness.

At first he attributed the disturbing process to some actual interference. Had one of the children called his name? Had someone, perhaps Sandra, opened the apartment door? Had the telephone rung? Each time, however, total stillness surrounded him.

At 7 o'clock in the morning he fetched the Sunday paper and took it to bed with him. His thought was to shuffle the separate sections with their smug headlines, hoping against hope that at least one of them would claim more than cursory attention. At 8 o'clock he would start preparing breakfast, and at 8:30 he would awaken the children as he had promised. The children wanted to go skating again.

He fell asleep once more and woke up at 9 o'clock. This time the slight steps and subdued noises he heard were healthy and real and they came from the kitchen. To Bittenwieser they brought the first warm sensation of comfort in many days. He slipped on his dressing gown, went to the bathroom to brush his teeth and combed his hair, and hurried to the kitchen.

Caroline, wearing the full-length quilted robe she had gotten for Christmas, smiled at him and her smile was new; it had none of

its previous studied politeness, it was open and cheerful, and it added to Battenwieser's newly-found comfort.

"I love your kitchen", Caroline said, "it's so much cozier than ours. Everything is ready, only . . ." , she interrupted herself, "you have so many kinds of coffee and tea . . . "

He smiled, "I'll take care of it".

"Good", Caroline said, "all the rest should be right".

She had set the table in the dinette. She watched him as he surveyed the table naming everyone of the breakfast ingredients, she had carefully arranged, and she flushed with pleasure at the note of satisfaction ⁱⁿ to his voice ^{that} which he knew how to make especially deep and sonorous on occasions like the present.

Before he had finished preparing coffee for himself, they were joined by Otto, who was already dressed for the planned skating matinee.

Caroline found innocent pleasure in carrying lightly and gracefully the conversational and other burdens at the breakfast party in the sunlit dinette. At first, Otto was quite willing to support her initiative and to respond in the same spirit to the questions she addressed to him. But whether he disapproved the lead

so readily assumed by his smaller sister, or whether he begrudged her the enjoyment she was finding so visibly in her role as this morning's hostess, Otto soon fell silent. He finished his breakfast well before Bittenwieser and Caroline and threw uneasy and impatient looks in the direction of his sister.

"It's time we got going", he said at last.

"I'm not sure I want to go at all", Caroline answered calmly.

"Unless, of course, I'm in Tom's way". She looked at Bittenwieser, silently begging for the answer she wanted. "For my ^{part} ~~sake~~", Bittenwieser said, "you can stay here, Caroline. I may have some things to attend to but there are plenty of books and records".

Caroline was radiant because her wish had been granted. Otto's blue eyes darkened, and he looked away. It was agreed that Bittenwieser and Caroline would meet Otto at one o'clock at the skating rink and that the three of them would have lunch together.

After Otto had left, Caroline cleared the breakfast table. While she was rinsing the dishes and the silver, stacking both in the dishwasher, she kept up her bright conversation.

Was she still acting the part, Bittenwieser asked himself, wishing to prolong the pleasure of her hostess role? Or was she making the premature discovery of the heretofore unknown territory she would share with a man some day? At any rate, thanks to Caroline's presence, Bittenwieser, at the end of his tether yesterday, felt easy and serene this morning and, as much for his sake as the child's, was eager to satisfy her small curiosities and to fall in with her innocent whims.

Bittenwieser did not realize it was past eleven o'clock when Caroline, feverish with excitement, begged him to put on the record of the 'Nutcracker Suite'. She was taking ballet lessons, and she had seen the 'Nutcracker Suite' at Christmas time. Perhaps she would become a dancer or at least an actress . . .

Bittenwieser found an old record of the 'Nutcracker Suite'. As the strains of the music were filling his large living room, which was equipped with an extraordinary stereophonic system, ~~Thomas~~ Bittenwieser let himself be drawn in^{to} the mood of fairytale enchantment which had come over the child with the first notes of her beloved 'Nutcracker Suite'.

From a corner of the sofa Bittenwieser watched the child and listened to her retelling, scene for scene, the story ~~which~~ she wished to resurrect for the listener, who had quite forgotten it. The noonday sun of January streamed through the windows. In order to fill with as much life as possible the imaginary stage she had all to herself, Caroline became a dancer, no, she became the several dancers, in the 'Nutcracker Suite', whose steps and actions she performed for her listener, who was also her spectator. She became hot in her long awkward robe. She threw it off. Underneath she wore only her panties. But she didn't care and delighted in her freedom.

~~But~~ Bittenwieser found himself transported into the realm of a kingdom woven from childhood's innocent phantas~~y~~, access to which is granted no~~one~~, save those born on Sundays. And Sunday it was, a Sunday of a kind he hadn't known in years and years, had, in fact, never known . . .

He was exuberant, he wanted to cry, above all he didn't want the spell to collapse with the end of the record when the lovely naked

creature would inevitably become a 10 year old little girl, embarrassed perhaps, surprised, stammering silly words . . . He must forestall this without offending her or shedding the slightest ridicule on the child's enchantment with her rendition of the 'Nutcracker Suite' . . . Above all, he mustn't frighten her . . .

But before Bittenwieser ~~had~~ had to make any move, Caroline stopped in the middle of a dramatic recital and broke into silvery laughter. "It's been so great", she exclaimed. "Oh, I love you, Tom . . ." And she threw herself in his arms and he held the child, and the child was kissing and hugging the tall heavyset unshaven man in his dressing gown, who was crying and laughing.

At that moment, the door was opened, Otto stood on the threshold and the expression of his face changed from uncomprehending surprise to wordless shock. He stepped back and closed the door quickly behind him.

This picture, this single frame of a film outside of any sequence, which had been held up to his eyes on that Sunday in January three years ago and which he had sought in vain to exorcise ever since,

had arisen for the boy, out of the hot, dark night in June, when Bittenwieser suddenly stood in the shadows beyond the reach of the yellow light and asked "Where is Caroline?"

Otto had never cared for Bittenwieser. It had always troubled him that his parents ~~were treating~~ ^{treated} Bittenwieser differently from their other friends. He did not understand why they ~~were~~ time after time ~~found~~ ^{found} excuses for Bittenwieser's behavior which was unpleasant, if it wasn't outright offensive, as when he was moody and silent or overbearing and domineering in the company of friends. What, Otto had asked himself, was so "special" about a person who, as far as he knew, did not even work for a living and of whom one had to repeat over and over again that he had been, in the words of his father, 'the most brilliant guy of our class at Princeton' or that "he was the author of that remarkable and controversial book entitled AD PORTAS"? Nor did Bittenwieser's sheer physical strength endear him to Otto Cramm. He found Bittenwieser's brutal serve at tennis and his powerful crawl in the water utterly without grace. Once he had heard his mother say that the huge, swarthy man with his unruly hair and the dense fur on his chest was 'capable of more tenderness than anyone she knew'. There

could be only one explanation for so false a view: Bittenwieser must also be a phony and a faker.

After the boy had run away from the terrace and Willy had caught him and carried him to the sofa, Otto recalled every detail of that Sunday in January: how he had been disgusted with his sister because she put on a stupid act and how he had been hurt when she refused to go skating with him and how he had been mad at Bittenwieser because he had not put his foot down and insisted that Caroline must go skating, which had been the whole idea of the weekend.

Later, after he had waited for Bittenwieser and Caroline for a full hour, frozen through and through in the icy January wind, and was feeling foolish and hungry, he was close to weeping with anger and grief over the wasted weekend. He had no choice but to return to Bittenwieser's hated apartment. The doorman, who was standing in the lobby because of the cold, assured him that Bittenwieser had not gone out. So he had rung the doorbell, but no one had come to open the door for him. But he had heard the music and recognized 'The Nurcracker Suite'. Of course, he had said to himself, now turning his wrath against Caroline, it was she

who was still leading him on, and he was doing her bidding, and they couldn't care less about him . . .

He had rung the doorbell again, and then he had returned to the lobby and explained to the doorman that Mr. Bittenwieser hadn't heard the doorbell on account of the music. The doorman had called up on the house phone, but the phone had not been answered either. At last the doorman had fetched the building superintendent, and the superintendent had gone up with Otto and opened the door with his passkey. At once they had heard Caroline's childlike laughter, which he knew was the laughter of her happiest moments.

Then he had found himself alone in the presence of the man and the naked child . . .

He had concealed his outrage, he had mastered his terrible anger. He had spent the rest of the afternoon as though the shocking scene to which he had fallen witness, had never happened. But he became also conscious of a position of secret strength, a reservoir of power available to him alone.

In his mind, however, dimension became added to dimension.

During the three years that had elapsed since the Sunday in January, Otto had become aware of his own sexual instincts. With these, there had arisen sinister implications: his sister, a mere child possessed only of the vaguest allusions of her female body, had she lent herself to the lust of the towering giant who had held her on his knees?

He never mentioned the incident to anyone. But his dislike of Bittenwieser kept space with the apprehension of his own sex and of its demands.

Now Willy's wife was keeping watch over Otto as he lay on the hot sofa, his eyes closed, waiting.

4.

It was past 2 in the morning when the ^lman returned. They had stumbled in the darkness, finding, losing again, the footpath none of them knew as well as the children. But they had failed in their search for the flashlight that the child, Edna, had dropped and in whose glimmer she and Otto said they had seen the stained light-blue slipper. Perspiration running in the deep lines crisscrossing their faces, they had held on to the single hope of Caroline's safe return in their absence. Their hope, however, was annihilated, when they

caught sight of the stony-faced group under the yellow lights. There were two newcomers: Bittenwieser and Willy; the former seated silently in the semi darkness, a worried outsider, the latter appearing calm, disbelieving, or at least rising above apprehension, safe in his indestructible conviction of the fallacy of appearances and in his faith in the rule of common-place explanations.

"Please", Willy said, with his strong German accent, "please let me go and look for Caroline. I've been tending the garden, I know everything. In the end there is always a simple explanation".

Willy's words had a soothing effect as though he, the sensible gardener and chauffeur, might somehow be endowed with the gift of unraveling the mystery by his ordinary common-sense and restore the missing child to her habitual place. "Please", Willy said again, looking pleadingly at Carola, who nodded in silence.

Willy reentered the house and was gone.

Bittenwieser understood that Caroline was missing, but he knew none of the circumstances surrounding her disappearance. He felt his situation to be an awkward one, having intruded on a small group of exhausted and worried people, the remnant of a party which he had been

invited to but never attended.

The violent reaction of the boy was puzzling him. Even if the boy hadn't known that he, ~~Thomas~~ Bittenwieser, was spending the weekend at his parents' house, why should he have run away, as if in flight? Bittenwieser had no relationship with the Cramm children, save for the usual benign attention one devoted to the pre-adolescent children of one's friends, particularly if one was oneself childless and found, if one thought about it at all, the state of pre-adolescence ^{to} a subject for a sobering appraisal of the human condition.

When he had seen the sleeping child, Edna, and the dejected boy, he had wondered where Caroline was, because the presence of these two, without Caroline, had made the question a reasonable one. Of course, his question might also have been a matter of instinct: he may have felt that the exhausted and worried people were still here because they were waiting for Caroline.

But what of the boy's face, distorted so strangely, almost beyond recognition, as he was running away? The question did not cease to trouble ~~Thomas~~ Bittenwieser. He started asking himself whether among the few blurred recollections he had preserved from the stretch without

time, there might be one, some encounter perhaps involving the boy and himself, or some other occurrence that had upset and frightened the boy suddenly exposed to the sight of a person in a state of drunken stupor. But ~~Thomas~~ Bittenwieser could not think of any such thing, and not once did any of the events of the Sunday in January rise to the surface of his mind.

Willy's wife, Herta, dipped a towel in a small basin containing a mixture of water and vinegar and wiped the boy's forehead, and the towel soaked up the boy's fever until it became hot and moist. "Sei nur ruhig", Herta whispered, "der Willy wird sie schon finden, deine Schwester". But the boy was not to be soothed. "When did he get here?" he kept asking, "where is he now?" Herta did not know whom he meant and thought the fever was speaking ~~out of him~~. His voice became hoarse and his lips so dry they wanted to stick together.

Herta had promised her husband that she wouldn't ~~leave~~ the boy out of her ^{sight} ~~eye~~, not even for a single moment, while he was gone. But she had to give him ^{something} to drink, so she helped him to his feet and walked with him to the kitchen. She fetched cold tea from the refrigerator, and the boy drank it through a straw. He seemed to grow calmer.

Willy came back through the service entrance.that led to the pantry adjoining the kitchen. He heard his wife say, "Trink noch einen Schluck, der Tee ist gut fuer dich", and so he knew that Herta and the boy were in the kitchen. Without entering the kitchen, and making his voice sound casual, Willy asked Herta in German, "Fehlt nicht irgendwo ein Handtuch?" And Berta said, "Ein Handtuch? Ja, angeblich bei Mr. Buttenwieser. Aber ich hab' ihm doch schon lang ein frisches gebracht". Nothing further was said between Willy and Herta. Willy went from the pantry to the dining room, without entering the kitchen.

The boy had not appeared to pay any attention. But he had strained his ears at the mention of Buttenwieser's name and, unlike Herta, he was not deceived by Willy's casualness in inquiring about a towel missing from Buttenwieser's room.

Willy touched Carola lightly. Carola was still leaning against the doorpost. She had been staring into the darkness outside. She now turned her head towards Willy.

"Please, Mrs. Cramm, call your husband".

Carola obeyed, believing that Willy, approaching her from inside the house wanted only some indifferent information. She said softly, since there was no reason to alarm anyone, "Willy wants to talk to you, Otmar".

Otmar Cramm had been sitting next to Dr. Gartz on the wide wooden fence of the terrace, painfully erect against an excruciating pain in the nape of his neck. Otmar rose and, with the physician's practiced intuition, Dr. Gartz wanted to rise at the same time. But Otmar begged him tacitly to let him go alone.

The Terrace Room, lit only by a single lamp in a remote corner, was so dark that Otmar Cramm at first recognized only the mere outline of the chauffeur.

"You have to call the police".

Otmar staggered, then got hold of the back of a chair. Willy stepped forward to support him. But Otmar steadied himself.

"Have you found her?"

The room seemed suddenly filled with shadows. The shadows pressed in from the terrace. Then lights sprang up everywhere. The

boy, led by Herta, entered unnoticed. He seemed to be walking as in his sleep. Herta steered him softly back to the sofa and seated herself next to him.

Willy had not wanted to speak to anyone but the girl's father, who was his employer. Willy was not a man to seek the lime-light, least of all in an affair which must inevitably bring in the police. He was convinced it was everywhere part of the social pattern, strictly adhered to by the police, to consider persons of lower stations automatically as primary suspects. But there was now no choice: Willy had to report what he had found. He decided to do so with the fewest possible words and to refrain as far as he could from any conjectures.

"I have not found her", he said, "Caroline is nowhere on the property. I went everywhere with the big flashlight from the car, all the way up to the street". At that point he paused. Once more he asked himself whether there were some way of avoiding the most disturbing aspects of the information he had to convey. But the best

he could do, was to state everything soberly, point for point, amplifying nothing. "I went first down to the beach and looked it over carefully. There was nothing unusual there. Then I walked up the footpath, and quite a way's up, I came upon a flashlight, a small one like children have, its battery was probably dead, and not too far from it, maybe two feet away, there was this light-blue slipper, and I bent down and looked closely, and it was like the one Caroline had worn for the party. And then I went on, and when I came to the place where the children step across to the other side, I saw these foot-steps further up where the ground is soft and muddy, and I went to have a closer look, because the foot-prints were kind of fresh. And there was also a towel, which was folded lengthwise and the ends were tied together, like for a blindfold. Although I couldn't be sure, I thought the towel looked like one of ours. I climbed all the way up to the street, but I didn't see anybody or find anything else. The street is paved and it wouldn't show any ^{tiny} marks or footprints. Of course, I didn't touch anything. I left everything where it was."

"You didn't search at all on my property, as I understand it",
said Mr. Parsons.

"No, Sir, I didn't think I needed to, the footsteps pointed away, towards the street", Willy answered.

Mr. Parsons' question and Willy's answer revealed the futility of any further questioning of Willy. Silence followed upon Willy's words. The burden must now fall on Otmar and Carola Cramm. A meaningless offer of help by inexperienced and frightened people would be a cruel imposition. Yet, how could one stride to one's car and drive away? And was there not the police to be reckoned with?

Otmar and Carola Cramm had known it throughout all these interminable hours. Caroline had not gone to someone's house to sleep over and she had not hurt herself and was waiting for help somewhere. They had lost sight of her, for a short while, to be sure, at the height of the party, believing all the time that she was as safe among them as she had always been.

Their thoughts could go no further. They must come to a halt where Willy had come to a halt.

Dawn had begun to outline the shapes of dark clouds when Otmar Cramm picked up the telephone to call the police.

Willy's mention of the towel evoked several trains of thought.

Buttenwieser remembered that he had gone for a swim and wondered whether he had taken a towel with him. He also remembered that there had been only a hand towel in his bathroom when he wanted to dry himself after he had taken a shower. He must speak with Herta, he decided, because Herta might help him bridge the gaps that were troubling him.

Herta remembered bringing a fresh towel to Mr. Buttenwieser's room late in the evening. Dr. Gartz had told her that Mr. Buttenwieser needed a towel, but Herta was positive that she had checked his bathroom before his arrival and that she would have noticed if a towel were missing.

Otto remembered each word of the brief exchange between Willy and Herta. Although he didn't speak German very well anymore, it was not as a foreign tongue to him: as a young child Otto had spoken German with his grandparents, and he still understood most

of the words in common usage. Speaking to Herta from the pantry, Willy had not known that Herta wasn't alone in the kitchen. Had Willy known that he, Otto, was also in the kitchen, he might not have asked Herta about the missing towel and Herta wouldn't have mentioned the fact that a towel was missing from Buttenwieser's bathroom.

When Otmar Cramm went to the telephone, Buttenwieser looked for Herta. He saw her in the far corner of the room sitting next to the boy who was slumped in the corner of the sofa, his head resting against its back. His eyes were closed, but Buttenwieser knew he was not asleep because Herta was holding his hand in hers and was talking to him softly.

Buttenwieser started to walk slowly towards Herta and the boy. But Dr. Gartz was ahead of him and Buttenwieser stayed behind. Dr. Gartz was now bending over the boy. He reached for the boy's free hand and felt for his pulse. "Go, and lie down for a while", Buttenwieser heard Dr. Gartz say. "Herta will stay with you". But the boy shook his head, without opening his eyes. "They will need me", he whispered, "they will ask me questions". Dr. Gartz said nothing and walked away.

Before Bittenwieser had come nearer, Herta had seen him. She slowly shook her head, pleading silently on behalf of the exhausted boy. Bittenwieser understood her gesture. He must wait until he could see Herta alone.

Otmar Cramm told Herta to make coffee and Carola took Herta's place next to the boy. Herta went to the kitchen. Willy had already fetched the big coffee-maker that had been rented for the party. He had cleaned it earlier and stored ^{it} in the pantry with the rest of the articles to be returned to the caterer.

Bittenwieser followed Herta, but before entering the kitchen, he hesitated because Willy and Herta were carrying on a conversation in German. Although their voices were subdued, Bittenwieser realized that both were agitated, and that Herta's tone was reproachful.

Bittenwieser's knowledge of German was far from perfect, and Willy's and Herta's South-German dialect added to Bittenwieser's difficulties. But he was eager to understand as much as he could and he kept listening strenuously.

Herta, he gathered, blamed Willy for having undertaken to look for the missing child and for having done so all by himself. Willy defended himself, although far from vigorously, by repeating stubbornly "Man ruft doch nicht gleich die Polizei!" Then there was a brief moment of silence, broken only by the humming of the coffee-maker and the clatter of cups and saucers.

When Herta spoke again, she had changed the subject and was speaking so softly that Buttenwieser caught only a few disconnected words.

"Das Handtuch" . . . "Buttenwieser's Zimmer . . ." ("The towel . . . Buttenwieser's room"). Willy laughed "Du bist verrueckt . . . Der war total betrunken" ("You're crazy .. he was stoned") And Herta . . . "Der Bub weiss etwas , . . Angst vor Buttenwieser . . ." ("The boy knows something . . . Afraid of Buttenwieser")

In another moment Willy and Herta would be ready to leave the kitchen with the coffee trays, and Buttenwieser realized he would not be able to see Herta alone. He went to his room. He was overcome with the need to penetrate the obscurity that had swallowed so many

hours of his life for which he was unable to provide even the loosest kind of account.

Might he not come upon some fact, perhaps even only the semblance of one, that would help him understand the strange implication of himself to which the boy's behavior and Herta's words had alluded?

The Terrace Room was hardly brighter after dawn had yielded to a grey morning. Someone had wanted to turn off the lights, but so deep had been the gloom that it had seemed unbearable and the lights were restored. The breezes had become fresher and the air was damp and chilly. The door to the terrace and the windows had been closed. The child, Edna, had been carried inside and installed on a long couch, without awaking. She was flanked by her father and mother who were both somnolent and looked grey and old. Dr. Gartz was leaning against the grand piano. He had drunk several cups of the strong coffee. He anticipated that his personal intervention would be required. Dr. Gartz was used to the exercise of authority. He had in this respect few equals in the community.

Extreme fatigue balanced the nervous strain; with no possibility

of retreat, now that the police had been alerted, everyone of the guests was determined to hold out until his moment of release.

Carola had taken one sip of coffee but she had become nauseous and had put the cup down on the low table in front of her. The boy next to her was breathing evenly; ~~she knew~~ he was asleep, even though a tremor ran through his body and his facial muscles tensed now and then, making a stranger of him for a mere fraction of time.

Otmar Cramm knew he must remain calm at whatever cost. As father of Caroline and Otto, as Carola's husband, as host of the forlorn persons in his now inhospitable living room, neighbors of his, all of them, and even as employer of Willy and Herta, his outward calm must act as a shield against the apprehended onslaught upon the last flickering trust in some denouement at the end of a benevolent chain of unknown circumstances.

He sat down at the side of his wife and his son. In a matter of minutes the police would be here. He remained silent. He gave in to his extreme fatigue and for a brief moment lost consciousness. Just then the boy opened his eyes and looked around the room. "Where is Tom?" he asked his mother. Carola saw that he was agitated and she wanted to

soothe him. But he rose from his sofa corner, stood erect and, slowly turning his head, sought to focus his bloodshot eyes upon one after the other in the silent and motionless group.

"Don't let him get away", he articulated suddenly, his parched lips suppressing what Carola knew might have become a scream. Then he fell back, burying his head against his mother.

At that point, the police were shown in by Willy.

6.

Police Officer O'Callahan and Police Officer Andreotti, both in their early thirties, had driven up leisurely in their patrol car. In less than an hour their tour of duty would have ended. Except for a bar brawl shortly after midnight, they had remained undisturbed at the station. After Otmar Cramm's call had come in, they had had trouble locating Lazarus Lane, but they had felt that it would have hurt their prestige, had they called back and requested detailed directions. So they had pored over their map and, after leaving a hastily scribbled explanation on the desk, they had set out in search for Lazarus Lane.

On their way they had cracked a few private jokes but after their patrol car had stopped in front of the wrought-iron gate, their faces were set in practiced professional folds as they strode with measured steps ~~with measured steps~~ towards the entrance to the house where Willy stood awaiting them. They were surprised at the number of cars parked in the rounded driveway.

Officers O'Callahan and Andreotti had heard a good deal about 'run-away-children', but they had never been involved in any actual incident. The ghost-like assembly in the enormous room, in which the weak day light of the morning hours competed with the lights of the shaded lamps dispersed throughout the vast space, presented a bewildering aspect. Officer O'Callahan recognized Dr. Gartz. He knew that Dr. Gartz wasn't the kind of man whom a police officer could deal with lightly.

Dr. Gartz made up his mind that no time must be wasted upon useless routine, much less with pointing out to inexperienced patrol-car-policemen what he had come to fear had the potential earmarks of crime.

Dr. Gartz proceeded at once to give the policemen a brief outline of the circumstances leading to the discovery of Caroline's disappearance and to the evidence found by Willy.

"From here on", Dr. Gartz said quietly, each of his words carrying the weight of the man used to deal with the earnest concerns of human beings, "the responsibility is yours - - not yours personally, Officer, but your Department's. The child is 12 years old, she may have become the victim of a crime".

The policemen looked uncomfortable but Dr. Gartz did not give them enough time to respond.

"Take my advice, O'Callahan, and refer the matter to the Chief Inspector without delay".

Officer O'Callahan was impressed, but caught in a painful dilemma between the determination of Dr. Gartz and his own concept of police procedures.

~~However, it was no use to try and resolve the dilemma.~~

"I want to use your phone", said Officer O'Callahan. Otmar preceded him to a small room across the hall which he used as his private office. Dr. Gartz walked over to Carola and the boy.

The sudden outcry of Otto had stunned Carola. It was by no means the first time that the boy, usually uncommunicative and often so remote as to be inaccessible, had surprised her and others by similar eruptions of pent-up emotions whose intensity was frightening. These eruptions always culminated in ice-cold, seemingly rational, accusations involving someone's commission of some outright misdeed or someone's lowly act of betrayal or other morally reprehensible conduct. It had never been easy to separate fact from imagination or to reduce to its true dimension a small incident that had spread like a fungus in the boy's mind.

Carola didn't have the strength to question him; she had often tried it but rarely succeeded and so had resigned herself to wait until Otto's savage and impassioned rage had spent itself. Once again, Otto had uttered an absurd and monstrous accusation. Carola said nothing, but she put her arms around the narrow frame of the sobbing boy and drew him closer.

Dr. Gartz had known Otto since childhood. For a long time he

had watched with concern the symptoms of his near-total withdrawal during protracted periods of time and the sudden unpredictable reversals which were as brief as they were unrelated to any discernible motivation. Although judgment would be premature in view of Otto's young age, Dr. Gartz had recognized what were to him the unmistakable traits of a disturbed, if not a psychopathic, personality.

Dr. Gartz had been too far away to read from the boy's lips the words he had uttered soundlessly, and which had stunned Carola. But he had observed the boy's conduct - - his sudden rise from lethargy, his searching stares, his ultimate collapse in his mother's arms - - and it had all seemed bizarre to Dr. Gartz, even in light of the strain the boy had been subjected to. Dr. Gartz, a man who reasoned with caution, was compelled to consider whether the boy was in fear of some danger he alone was aware of, or whether he was burdened by something he knew, but had not told to anyone.

As soon as Otmar Cramm and the police officers had left the room, Dr. Gartz went over to Carola and disengaged the boy, who offered no resistance, from his mother. He spoke quietly, as though he had come to perform a simple chore for which he possessed the

qualifications of professional experience.

"I'm sure Inspector Farnsworth will be here shortly. He is a very capable man. I've known him for years. We must help him as much as possible".

Carola understood that Dr. Gartz' words were not intended for her, but for Otto.

"I've been trying myself to piece things together in my own mind", Dr. Gartz continued, assuming the reflective air of someone endeavoring to establish, for his own rather than for his listeners' benefit, an orderly sequence of facts. "Unfortunately, I was one of the last to arrive last night and I also spent some time with Mr. Bittenwieser in his room . . ."

At the mention of Bittenwieser's name, a shudder ran through the boy and he reached impulsively for his mother's hand. Dr. Gartz sought and met Carola's eyes which were troubled and filled with anxiety.

"Is there anything, Dr. Gartz, you can recommend we should do, Otto and I?"

"Yes, Carola", Dr. Gartz said with calm authority, taking his

cue from Carola, "you should not use up your strength, or what is left of it, waiting uselessly in this stuffy room . . . go and wash up and put on some fresh clothes". Carola rose at once. "Would you mind staying with Otto while I slip on another dress?" She, too, succeeded in speaking in her everyday manner. She drew away from the boy and, rather than leaving by the door nearby, Carola crossed the whole length of the room as fast as she could, wishing it to be as plain as possible that she wanted to be left alone. Before the boy was able to make a move, Dr. Gartz had placed his arm around his shoulders, and steered him to the door Carola had avoided.

A few moments later, Dr. Gartz and Otto were alone in the boy's room. Although time was running short and his presence might soon be needed elsewhere, Dr. Gartz determined that it was his duty to stay with the boy who in the daylight of his second-floor room looked as ill as any patient who has had a close brush with death. There was no reflection of light in the boy's eyes; they were as dark and deep as empty caves. His narrow face had shrunk. His lips, dry and bloodless, had developed cracks. His blond hair seemed to be without life, as

though pasted on his scalp by an inexperienced puppetmaker.

Otto had no willpower left. Dr. Gartz made him take off his shirt. He led him to the bathroom and bathed his face and his boyish chest and his bony shoulders and arms.

When Dr. Gartz asked him whether he wanted food or drink, Otto shook his head; Dr. Gartz did not urge him on, realizing that Otto's bodily needs had become suppressed, as in all cases of extreme self-denial.

Dr. Gartz fetched a fresh shirt from the boy's closet and helped him put it on and button it.

"Nothing must be rushed now", Dr. Gartz said to himself. He seated himself on the windowsill and began stuffing his pipe, as though he had a limitless stretch of leisure at his disposal. Being a tall, heavy man, the narrow windowsill was uncomfortable.

Otto leaned against the desk, his face turned towards the window. The first words he said were, "The light is hurting me". Dr. Gartz only nodded his head. He must say or do nothing that would plunge the boy back into the crisis from which he was emerging. He lit his pipe slowly and tested it by some initial puffs, absorbed in each detail of this operation, as though it required his undivided attention.

"If something awful has happened to Caroline, I know the person who did it", the boy had spoken unhurriedly but his manner was still tentative, not like someone's who isn't sure of his case, but ~~who is~~ eager to present it coherently and soberly.

Dr. Gartz said, without removing his pipe from between his teeth, "You mean you've actually seen . . . I mean someone you know . . ." Dr. Gartz wanted to appear slow, very slow, not as yet comprehending that he might have to share the awesome knowledge about to be conveyed to him.

The boy remained tentative, but he was growing more eager to strengthen the foundation upon which were to rest the unconquerable walls that were to immure the evildoer in the end. He shook his head.

"No . . . not actually seen!"

He added softly, as though the reflection was of no consequence.

"Tom Battenwieser is a clever man".

Dr. Gartz removed his pipe from his mouth. He seemed still as far from comprehending as ever.

"Tom Battenwieser . . .? But he was sick in his room all the time . . . drunk like a log . . . I don't understand . . ."

Dr. Gartz appeared quite confused.

Now that the finger had been pointed, the boy no longer needed any additional groundwork. There was nothing tentative any longer in his manner. His voice assumed a new, incisive tone; he was now sure of himself, and of the road he must go.

"Drunk like a log? Or playing drunk as a cover-up? Drunk like a log, but going down to the beach for a swim?"

Here now was the mention of a specific fact. Dr. Gartz remained silent, but the puzzled frown appearing on his forehead evoked the shadow of a smile on the boy's face: all the pieces, he felt with elation, were falling into place.

"Yes", he said, "Tom went for a swim, or, at least, that's what he pretended to do in case he ran into anyone, and he took one of our towels with him. The same towel that was later found by Willy, the towel with a knot in it."

He had now said it aloud, said it aloud for the first time, this thing about the towel that had terrified him more, much more, than anything else, because in Willy's words the towel had been used as a blindfold; and having said that the towel was the towel of Tom Batten-

wieser had taken with him when he left the house while everybody thought he was too drunk to make a move, the boy was relieved of the intolerable burden of his lone knowledge, and all that remained to be done was to expose, as he so easily could, the evil designs of Tom Bittenwieser.

Dr. Gartz was absorbed, but he was absorbed in his observation of the boy, in his now completed transition from a human being caught and all but strangled in a web of fear; to a self-possessed person following the commands of reason. The towel, yes, Dr. Gartz had listened to Willy's report - - he was far from taking it lightly. He also recalled that he had found Bittenwieser clad in his still wet swimming trunks and that there had been only a single hand-towel in Bittenwieser's bathroom, and that he had told Herta to bring another towel. But Dr. Gartz was not at this point concerned with the story of the towel but with the story behind the towel, the story about to be told by Otto Cramm.

"Of course, the police will investigate everything", Dr. Gartz said, in the manner of a thoughtful person who is not ready to form an opinion but willing to lend every fact and every reason their rightful weight, "but assuming the towel did in fact come from Mr. Bittenwieser's room . . . does it mean he had anything to do with Carolina's disappearance?"

The boy held his breath. He leaned forward into the room. A flickering light had appeared in his eyes, a new mobility was enlivening his face.

"But Tom was in love with Caroline. He wanted to hold her in his arms, he wanted to kiss and hug her, and he wanted to strip her of her clothes. He wanted her naked, naked, don't you understand?"

"But did he . . . want to hurt her?" There was no disbelief in the question; Dr. Gartz wanted only to be sure he hadn't misinterpreted anything he had been told.

"Tom Bittenwieser is a very big and a very strong man. Not long ago our cat had a litter of tiny soft kittens. I loved the kittens, I was crazy about them, every free minute I went to pick them up, I held them close, and I listened to their plaintive purrings . . . But one day, suddenly, I couldn't help myself, I threw them all, one after the other, against the stone wall . . . and they were dead bundles of blood and fur . . ."

At this moment, there was a knock on the door. Almost at once the door was opened, and before Dr. Gartz had turned around he saw the boy's withdrawal, his lapse into sheer physical presence.

Buttenwieser took no notice of the boy. Without entering the room, he addressed himself to Dr. Gartz.

"I wonder whether I can talk to you, Doctor. I'm all confused about that towel they've found. Can you spare me a moment, in my room?"

Dr. Gartz nodded. He promised to join Buttenwieser in his room as soon as he had looked after the boy's mother.

"If I were you", he said to the boy, "I'd stretch out on my bed and get some rest. I'll send for your mother."

Buttenwieser had gone to his room because he hoped to reconstruct, with the help of any mute witness he may find, an orderly sequence of his actions. He had had to do the same thing in the past, and often he had been surprised how much information inanimate objects, as well as lights, smells and sounds, were capable of yielding. In the pale light of early morning the room seemed bare. Was it altogether devoid of clues?

There were fresh sheets on his bed, also a neatly folded blanket at the footend. His suitcase had been placed on the floor. He examined its contents. Each article was as familiar ^{and} as non-committal as the every-

day-use it served.

The bathroom had been cleaned and tidied up since he had used it. There was a fresh towel next to the sink. The towel he had dried himself with coming out of the shower had also been replaced by a fresh one.

Thus there were two towels in the bathroom made up by Herta ^{during} ~~the~~ his absence. There must also have been two towels, when he had arrived. It was not likely that he ^{had} taken both towels to the beach, one of which would be quite useless. But such reasoning of a sober person aside, had he taken any towel? If so, which of the towels? The small hand towel? The large towel?

Had not Dr. Gartz called on Herta for a towel because there hadn't been any in his bathroom?

Buddenwieser resolved to try and clear up the matter with Dr. Gartz.

Before Dr. Gartz went to Bittenwieser's room, he had made up his mind not to repeat any of the boy's statements. He believed that the boy's claims, with their references, originated in his private phantasies and that he had become the victim of the horror he had experienced. It was Dr. Gartz' experience that the less attention one paid to the palpably absurd, the less one muddied the waters and the better one served the cause of reason.

"I don't want to detain you, Doctor", Bittenwieser said, "but I'd be grateful, if you could help me clear up a matter which is bothering me. I've overheard a conversation between Willy and Herta. They were speaking in German. I'm not certain I understood what they were saying. But at one point Herta was mentioning something about the towel Willy told us about last night. Herta seemed to say the towel may have come from my room. Now, I'm quite sure . . . there must have been towels in my room, when I got here Friday . . . two, as a matter of fact, as usual . . . But after you had gotten me back on my feet. . . and I was ready for a clean-up and so forth, . . . didn't you say there wasn't any towel in the bath-

room, . . . and you went and asked Herta to bring fresh towels'

"No", said Dr. Gartz, "there was a small hand towel next to the sink. But there was no regular towel. I asked Herta to bring one. What makes you believe it was a towel from your room . . . up there near the bridge?"

Buttenwieser told Dr. Gartz all he could remember about his late-afternoon swim.

But Dr. Gartz was tired and felt he was wasting his time listening to a confused story about towels, told by a man he had found in alcohol-induced stupor a few hours earlier. At any moment now Inspector Farnsworth would arrive, and his place must be at the side of the parents facing the ordeal of police work, and, before long, the hounding by the news media.

What Dr. Gartz needed now was another cup of strong coffee. He went to the kitchen where Willy and Herta faced each other across the kitchen table, nearly overpowered by sleep. Dr. Gartz poured himself the coffee he longed for. While he was sipping it slowly, he had the same sensation he had experienced as a young doctor years

ago: what disease would be revealed by the x-ray picture about to be processed? And his thoughts kept returning to the weird phantasies he had heard from the mouth of that strange, troubled boy.

After Dr. Gartz had gone, Bittenwieser, still searching for clues concerning his own movements, opened the door of the old wardrobe. The crumpled suit he had worn on his arrival was on a hanger in the darkness. As he was reaching for it, his nostrils were met by a smell that puzzled him. In the overwhelming odor of the antique piece of furniture there was an elusive scent of perfume. His puzzlement lasted but a fraction of time. The scent stemmed from Angela Mangelhoff's perfume.

Bittenwieser came face to face with the encounter that had precipitated his immersion in alcohol.

7.

Angela Mangelhoff was a free-lance editor, also a literary agent of sorts, to whom Bittenwieser had been introduced by their

common analyst earlier in the year.

"I don't seem to be able to put my book together", Buttenwieser had complained to the analyst, after he had assembled the materials for the sequel to 'Anne^{Ad} Portas'.

"Why don't you try working with Angela Mangelhoff?", the analyst had said, "she is a very strong and very disciplined person. As a child she played at being a wild-game hunter".

Angela Mangelhoff turned out to be the most bewildering person Buttenwieser had ever met.

Buttenwieser turned over to her the helter-skelter of his disjointed notes, footnotes, references, aphorisms, anecdotes and digressions, and Angela Mangelhoff shuffled, reshuffled, rewrote and reworked his fragmented materials relentlessly, until there emerged from her pale hands a smooth, if alien, text, replete with new and obscure citations and quotations. By this time, however, Buttenwieser was far more interested in Angela Mangelhoff than in authorship.

While they had been working on the book, Buttenwieser had pressed Angela to sleep with him. But Angela was determined not to

yield. One day, Bittenwieser nearly mad with desire, compared himself to the biblical Joseph and Angela Mangelhoff to 'Rachel and Laban rolled into one'. He knew it was too late for diversion by weak attempts at humor. Angela smiled, "It won't be seven years". Saying this, she sat in the corner of his sofa, Angela Mangelhoff at her most beautiful.

But it was not Angela's beauty, although it was of rare perfection, that played havoc with Bittenwieser's sensuality.

Angela's body beheld a veiled uncertainty, belying, as it were, the regularity of her features, her long graceful neck and the sculptured harmony of her forms. The color of Angela's skin responded, mirrorlike, in various hues of ivory, to the changing sources of light falling on her bare arms and neck. But the same ivory-hued skin, was it also the skin of Angela's body, or would her long thighs, her narrow hips, her small breasts offer to Bittenwieser's thirsting eyes another, perhaps darker-hued, flesh?

The veiled uncertainty of Angela Mangelhoff's body . . . Bittenwieser wondered whether Angela in spite of her Jewish name and of what he knew of her straightforward New York middle-class background, might not

be a late flower of black ancestry. But even if it were so, the explanation would fall short of satisfying Bittenwieser's growing puzzlement. It reached the point of no return, when Bittenwieser sought to convince himself by a multitude of proofs, all of them equally absurd, that Angela Mangelhoff was a person who had undergone a change of sex. At this point Bittenwieser's fascination, far from ceasing, had turned into torment.

If Angela Mangelhoff had called on the preceding Friday, but a few minutes later, Bittenwieser would have been gone. He would have picked up his car in the basement garage and have been on his way to Crestmont. Glad to escape from the sweltering city, he would have been looking forward to his swim, and to his cool quiet room in the Guest Wing of the old house on the Sound.

"I'm free this weekend", Angela had said. "My girl friend's children have the measles".

Experience had taught Bittenwieser to avoid implications. He said, as though Angela had not mentioned the weekend, "I was just

about to get away from the city".

"Let's have lunch at my place", Angela had answered. "It's cool and comfortable. Let me prepare lunch for you".

He had hesitated briefly, then decided to take his bag with him in which he had placed what he needed for the weekend. Angela Mangelhoff's midtown apartment was not far from Grand Central Station and Bittenwieser could take a train to Crestmont any time he wanted.

The doorman on duty who knew him said, "Miss Mangelhoff is expecting you", as Bittenwieser stepped in the aircooled lobby. But the doorman had announced him ~~nonetheless~~, for Angela Mangelhoff, in the open door of her apartment, was awaiting him. Time and again Bittenwieser had been surprised and vaguely upset when he became conscious of his huge cumbrous size next to Angela Mangelhoff's figure, delicately formed, as it were, by the hand of a French or German 18th century porcelain maker. Angela Mangelhoff wore a suit of white unwrinkled linen. The buttons of the loose-fitting top were open, and Bittenwieser knew that it was Angela's breasts that were causing a play of shadows on her bare skin beneath the restless

linen folds.

Buddenwieser had often felt uneasy in Angela's presence.

He had begun to wonder whether his desire to make love to her, after having reached what he called 'puerile' proportions, had not consumed itself, leaving in its place a more bewildering question: If Angela gave herself to him, would he want her?

Today, however, Buddenwieser found instead of the reticent person, striving to be scholarly and professional, a fresh and relaxed young woman, eager to play, ^{with, as it were,} transformed by, another role for the acceptance of which she pleaded silently, 'Please, please, do not say anything now to spoil the good time we are having . . . and let us play the game as it has always been played between a man and a woman . . . ' Although Buddenwieser was unable to squelch his uneasiness, he was willing to fall in with what he sensed was Angela's attempt at lightheartedness.

Pointing to his bag which he had deposited in the dim, narrow space between the entrance door and her living room, Angela asked jokingly, "Is this for your country weekend with your socialite gentile friends or for a city weekend with poor simple me?"

"If you want to know it, Angela, this is a magician's bag. I inherited it from my great-grandfather, who was a peddler in Ohio. All you have to do is to say my great-grandfather's magic formula, and when you open the bag, you'll find in it anything you wish for".

They drank well-chilled Bloody Marys. But after each casual turn, their conversation tended to stumble and was in need of rescue efforts they knew to be awkward. They were tempted to talk about Battenwieser's book, now in his publisher's hands and still in quest of a title as effective as "Ad Portas". But they were unwilling to let themselves drift into what might become another 'working session', with their roles once more ambiguous and emotionally draining.

On Battenwieser alcohol, unless used excessively, acted like an invisible material shaping his behavior according to whatever he perceived to be the prevailing mood of the situation he found himself in: anger and aggression, or sweetness and sentimentality or despair and pain. Drinking, he could never dominate any situation.

A second and a third generous helping of Bloody Marys failed to provide Battenwieser with a suitable mold.

Angela Mangelhoff, drinking steadily, if more slowly, than Battenwieser, was unsteady when she rose to fetch drinks or to go to the bathroom. But she always returned to the sofa, leaving the coffee table between them. At one time, Battenwieser noticed that she was no longer unbuttoned and he missed the shadow play of her breasts. "Drinking in the middle of the day makes me shiver", she said. "It's stifling hot in here", he answered.

Angela laughed, and he heard a shrillness in her laughter. "Why don't you take off your clothes? Let's have some fun", Angelea said. "How about yourself?", he replied. "I promise I will, Tom. Give me time". Battenwieser was conscious of acting a halfwitted schoolboy scene of long ago.

But he went to the tiny, airless powder room which was almost too low and too narrow for his large frame. He wrestled with his clothes which were clinging to his damp body, and left them on the floor. He did not remove his tight briefs. He had looked at his

puffed, red face in the mirror, murmuring to himself, "I must be even crazier than that goddamned bitch".

When Bittenwieser returned to the living room, Angela wasn't there. His head was throbbing, and he stretched himself out on the sofa. He must have dozed off because Angela's touch had startled him. She was bending over him and she was stroking his thighs.

"You are the most athletic person I've ever seen. You could crush anybody between your thighs. May I kiss your thighs?"

Angela kissed his thighs, and her kiss was soft and knowing, and aroused him. Bittenwieser reached for Angela and, without changing his position, he raised her with outstretched arms, until he was holding her securely on his hands.

"Carry me to my bedroom. Lie on my bed and wait for me", Angela said.

Still holding her, Bittenwieser rose and did as he was told. In the bedroom there was total darkness, as though it were windowless. There was no source of light, it was cold, and the air had the smell of a dark cellar.

Angela had slipped away from Bittenwieser as he lowered himself

"You are the dark prince. You are strong and beautiful like a wild animal".

Was Angela Mangelhoff, his extraordinary literary co-conspirator, his beautiful Angela who had stirred and dominated his sexual longing until it had become the daily excruciating sacrifice of his selfrespect . . . was she no more than one of thousands of women who get drunk and want to be made love to on their inbecilic infantile terms?

The very thought, rather than calm Bittenwieser and allowing him to fall back on his proven techniques of lovemaking, enraged him. Instead of saying to himself, 'Let's get it over with', he listened to a different command, 'I shall make you pay for the disgusting face into which you have led me'.

With this silent command ringing in his ears, Bittenwieser's precise recollection dissolved into fragments. Try as he might, it proved to be impossible to contain these fragments beneath a lid securely fastened over unwanted recollections. Again and again, the

only his own laboring breath . . .

He does not know whether he fell asleep. The afternoon light had blinded him when he had gone to the powder room. He had left his briefs in Angela's bedroom. He took another pair from his bag and put on his clothes. He left the apartment and rode alone in the elevator to the lobby. He did not know the doorman on duty. He walked to a nearly empty bar a few blocks away and started drinking.

Buttenwieser succeeded at last in recapturing all, or almost all, of the knowledge he needed in order to account for the time he had sought to drown in alcohol. But he knew nothing about Angela Mangelhoff after he had overpowered her and she had lain still beneath his body. He did not know whether she was still lying next to him, when he rose to grope for the door through which he stepped ^{to} in the blinding light of Angela's living room. He had but one aim: to get away . . .

Buttenwieser decided he must call Angela Mangelhoff as soon as possible. Angela had become hysterical, and he had lost his self-control. As soon as he could speak with her, he trusted himself to find words permitting both of them to disengage themselves from their ill-fated attempt at love-making.

At this point, the question of the missing towel seemed of little importance. Being able once more to rely upon his recollection of precise sequences and images, Buttenwieder no longer felt he needed to concern himself with the movements, if any, of a man who had all but paralysed himself by drinking himself into a quasi-non-existence. Had not Dr. Gartz shown his own only too understandable impatience when Buttenwieser had sought to involve him in the insignificant matter of the towel?

8.

The formal education of Inspector Peter Earnsworth had come to an end upon his graduation from the local high school. He would have gone on to college, but to do so would have depleted the savings of

his parents. He turned a deaf ear to their well-meant warnings of opportunities forever missed, and accepted their disappointment.

However, Peter Farnsworth continued to educate himself. He knew that the basic materials he had been supplied with at school were capable of considerable further development. He had always profited from books intended to impart or augment knowledge.

Knowledge, to Peter Farnsworth, included above all the phenomena of the physical world. Since he entertained no illusions concerning the obvious limitations of his incomplete education, he did not seek access to information he knew to be beyond his reach. But he also avoided ~~the~~ pseudo-informative literature offering seductive titles to the vanities of the ignorant and the conceited. Instead he developed the skill of selecting, for the slow gradual increase of his knowledge, texts and writings written and published, not for specialists, but for students eager to acquire solid, reliable information.

The views of Peter Farnsworth, always conservative, had become more so in his middle years. To Detective Inspector Farnsworth, the 'old

days', while they might not have been 'good' in the word's fullest sense, had been most certainly 'better' than the present, bearing visibly the marks of physical and moral decay. He experienced often a sensation of nostalgia, a sensation welling from such depth that he lacked the words (if indeed there were any) he would have needed to define it. Most often this occurred when his business called him to one of the stately, old houses that represented to him eloquent testimony to the past of his community which, in his private opinion, had been condemned to lose its identity in the relentless onslaught by shabby commercial interests, the shoddy exploitation of fine properties, by unscrupulous outsiders, and the influx of people without roots or pride in the community.

Peter Farnsworth had joined the police after his return from the war in Europe. At first he and his English-born wife continued living with his parents in the small but comfortable house on the large estate of Frank Torrington Holding, who had been his parents' employer as far back as his memory reached. His father's responsibilities had been extensive, since Frank Torrington Holding spent only a few weeks

out of each year on his estate overlooking the Sound, entrusting to Farnsworth's father the care and maintenance of the large house, the flower gardens, the greenhouses, and the private beach and marina. When his father died suddenly, Frank Torrington Holding sold the estate, and Peter Farnsworth, with his mother and his wife and his two small children, moved to a solid and well-kept home in a quiet residential area where he and his wife were still living.

Detective Inspector Peter Farnsworth liked his work. He also liked to think about it and this meant to him not ^{only} the kind of routine retrospective in which a man, in moments of leisure or idleness, goes over the ground he has covered in his day's work, but it also involved a careful examination of himself and of the matters he had been required to deal with. Nor was this all: Peter Farnsworth was by nature a learner, and thus the significance of his unrushed, methodical thinking lay in his deepening understanding of the nature of a crime. Peter Farnsworth did not preoccupy himself with matters pertaining to criminology or sociology which in his view did not partake of the phenomena of the physical, but of the speculative world. In its structural

elements, crime was to Peter Farnsworth not different from any other 'ordinary' human action. "As a matter of fact", he explained one day to his shocked wife, "right here in this house, with you and me and the visits of our children and grandchildren, I've learned a whole lot more about my work than any other place."

What he meant was this: like any action performed by a human being, crime has by necessity a beginning in the physical environment. Usually, the manifestation of this beginning is extremely slight, often almost imperceptible. ("When your household money is running short", he also said to his wife with a smile, "you don't run to the refrigerator and throw its door open when I enter the kitchen, so I can see how empty it is. No, but you serve me a smaller than usual steak and you eat some leftovers yourself . . . and if I still don't get it, you'll sigh softly how steak has become so expensive . . .") It is this slight, barely noticeable, initial manifestation in the physical environment, the detective must learn, in fact, train himself to become alerted to. And herein lies another, perhaps greater challenge, because alertness, however highly developed, is not of any use unless the detective is

familiar, or if he isn't, becomes familiar, with the physical environment in which the initial manifestation must necessarily occur. ("When I come home on Wednesday night and I find a fresh towel on my side of the sink, I know that my little grandson Luke has been here and has once again dried his hands on my towel, as he loves to do"). "Physical environment" includes areas, people, customs . . . in short, everything sufficiently or necessarily close enough to reflect the beginning of the particular human action which is called crime in retrospect . . . Such were the private reflections of Peter Farnsworth. To the best of his ability, he tried to search for the earliest manifestation the actor or actors have caused in the physical environment in which their action has had its beginning.

The Inspector had driven up by himself. After being introduced by officers O'Callahan and Andreotti, he had been briefed by Otmar Cramm and Mr. Parsons. Except for their report of their own vain attempt to retrace the footpath which had led Otto and Edna to the discovery of Caroline's slipper, Otmar Cramm and Mr. Parsons had supplied little, if

any, information. The Inspector had listened silently, patiently, aware that no question on his part, at this point, was likely to yield any more information. Thus the briefing was short. The Inspector wanted to speak to Willy, who was waiting to be heard.

Being neither familiar with the Cramm premises, nor helped by descriptive details, time references and names, the Inspector decided to make no attempt at developing a coherent account for the time being. Nevertheless, it was obvious that he must meet Otto and Edna as soon as possible. When he was told that both were asleep, the Inspector preferred not to wake them, hoping for their memories to be rested and for their overwrought emotions to be less vulnerable after they awoke.

The dark clouds of the early morning had retreated into the distance and, although thinner clouds were still covering the sky, the day had become brighter. In the large Terrace Room the lights had been extinguished.

The rumor of the Inspector's arrival had shaken the lingering guests from their drowsiness and they had started talking to one another,

the hope for their impending dismissal having revived their spirits and made it possible again to touch upon ordinary subjects. The child, Edna, had woken up once, uncomprehending and bewildered, but was led by her mother to another room, where she questioned briefly her unwonted surroundings. Soothed by her mother, Edna had gone to sleep again.

The Inspector met the tired guests briefly.

"There is no reason to detain you any longer", he said.

"Please return to your homes and get some much needed sleep".

The guests rose quietly. But they did not at once move towards the door. It seemed difficult, all of a sudden, to step from this room into the indifferent world of suburban Sundays. Some undefinable secret bond has been forged between them during the interminable night. The Inspector understood the meaning of their hesitation.

"I may want to speak to you before the day is over", he said. "I shall ask Mrs. Cramm to give me a list of her guests."

He turned to Mr. Parsons. "I believe you wish to make a suggestion,

Sir?"

"Yes, thank you, Inspector. I would suggest that none of us talk over the telephone wires concerning this situation and that, pending further developments, we do not speak to any reporters, but refer them to Inspector Farnsworth or to myself".

If it hadn't been for Edna, whom his wife was eager to take home, Mr. Parsons would have considered it his duty to remain at the side of his friends and clients.

They all nodded their heads in silent assent. In their crumpled evening clothes they slowly filed from the room.

Carola had followed the advice of Dr. Gartz. She had taken a hot shower, put on fresh clothes, and then gone to Otto's room. She found him on his bed, fast asleep. All tenseness was gone from his face and he looked again like a child, relaxed and dreamless. As Carola bent over him, she felt like crying: she had so often wanted to put her arms around her son's vulnerable, underweight person, but while her son had never repulsed her, he had manifested nothing but embarrassment and had never responded.

In order not to disturb his sleep, Carola sat on the floor and rested her head against the footend of Otto's bed. As soon as fatigue threatened to overwhelm her and she closed her eyes, frightening pictures presented themselves in quick succession, and Carola forced herself to ^{stay} ~~be~~ awake.

With her ears attuned to the meanings and origins of even indistinct noises in the old house, Carola became aware of the movement towards the entrance hall, after Inspector Farnsworth had sent the holdout remnant of her guests to their homes. She decided to leave the boy, who was fast asleep, ^{in order} to be at her husband's side as the guests were ending their vigil at her house.

On the landing between the first floor, where the family bedrooms were, and the groundfloor there was a small room, ^{It served} used as a convenient storage for sundry articles for which there was no present need. It also contained a telephone. As Carola was passing the landing, Battenwieser stepped from the disused room, closing the door behind him.

"Tom, what in the world are you looking for?"

"I wanted to use the phone", he answered.

Only for a fleeting moment did it appear odd to Carola that Buttenwieser had sought out the abandoned room on the landing to make a telephone call.

Buttenwieser had used the telephone on previous occasions. All other telephones throughout the house offered little, if any, privacy.

He had dialed Angela Mangelhoff's apartment and gotten a busy signal. At first this had pleased Buttenwieser and he had waited for Angela's line to open up. But as the busy signal continued, Buttenwieser had dialed the operator and ascertained that Angela's telephone in the operator's terse words, was 'off the hook'.

Although there were many plausible explanations, not the least plausible of which was the likelihood that Angela had removed the receiver because she did not want to be disturbed, Buttenwieser was nevertheless alarmed. He felt he must return to the city and look after Angela. At the same time he was aware that he shouldn't leave because his role in the development of his friends' ordeal was different from anyone else's role, if for no other reason than that he was burdened with the

knowledge of his irresponsible conduct, which was like a betrayal of friendship.

Dr. Gartz had not departed with the others. As a close personal friend of Otmar and Carola Cramm, and as the doctor whose advice they sought for themselves and their children, even during the fall and winter seasons when they were living in the city. Dr. Gartz wished to share the burden of acquainting Inspector Farnsworth with the circumstances of Caroline's disappearance.

"I take it", the Inspector said after Otmar Cramm had recounted the facts such as they were known to him "that there were no other children at the party?"

"That's right. My son and my daughter were the only children".

"Were your children known to all of your guests?"

"Yes - they were. All of our guests were friends and neighbors".

"So that Caroline, at some time or other, is likely to have met everyone of your guests?"

"Absolutely".

Otmar Cramm, clearly, did not think of Bittenwieser who had emerged much too late to have met Caroline at the party, nor did he

notice Carola's hesitation before she nodded her head in apparent agreement with his answer.

Before he took any other steps, Inspector Farnsworth gave instructions to pass over the police network the description of the missing child and of the clothes she had been wearing. Since he had not yet spoken to Edna, who was said to have last seen Caroline, Inspector Farnsworth qualified the description of the girl's dress Carolaland given him by adding the words 'believed to have worn light-blue sleeveless dress'. Inspector Farnsworth had not called for additional police officers but only for two more members of the detective squad. Experience had taught him that in the initial phase of an investigation likely to stir profoundly an entire neighborhood, arousing multiple responses ranging from mere curiosity to self-gratifying intervention, the risk of 'over-involvement' on the part of the police is more hindrance than help in effective work.

It was a small group, Inspector Farnsworth, Detective-Sergeant Conti and Officer O'Callahan which, led by Willy, retraced

the steps of the latter in search of the missing child. Willy, more familiar with the grounds than anyone (with the possible exception of the children), was endowed with an almost unfailing visual memory, an instinctive selection of guideposts he chose from a peculiar sense of jealousy: no one else would be likely to use similar, seemingly insignificant details out of a variety without limit in order to be able to identify a given place. Thus the policemen's mission, as far as it went, was quickly accomplished.

The light-blue slipper, as well as the flashlight, were recovered. Detective Conti, wearing gloves, lifted the slipper from the dry ground. The inner sole had soaked up a good deal of blood, but the blood had not seeped through the outer sole which showed no trace of blood. The slipper was new and had been little worn.

At a sign from Willy, the policemen stopped in their tracks and each in his own way, surveyed a scene of small dimensions which would

have appeared nothing but casual, had not the observer's awareness of its possible implications placed it in a pathetic context.

So they stood still, each questioning himself as to the meaning of what he saw.

The place was at the head of the narrow bay dividing the Cramm and the Parsons properties, directly below the street. An old wooden bridge served to maintain the street level. Beneath the bridge the ground rose; so that the ground adjoining the bridge on the other side of the street, was at that point higher than the place surveyed by Willy and the policemen.

There was the towel with the knot in it.

"I'm sure I came by here yesterday morning", Willy said in a whisper, hoarse with suppressed excitement, "and I could swear to it that this mess wasn't here". What Willy called "this mess" was a dozen or so of empty beer cans and soda bottles.

"But the garbage was here when you found the towel last night?"

"Yes, it was, but not yesterday or the day before . . ."

"Someone may have dropped it from a passing car", Inspector Farnsworth said.

"There's never been any garbage here", said Willy. "There's

not that kind of people living around here ":

The Inspector and Detective Conti approached the place slowly. The ground was dry, with an array of small rocks and pebbles. If there were any footprints, they would be weak and uncertain.

The Inspector picked up the towel after putting on gloves. Then he signaled Detective Conti, and both men hoisted themselves onto the wooden bridge, which was no higher than their chests.

The paved street serving the homes in the neighborhood was narrow, winding itself around the shoreline. It had, as the Inspector knew, a total length of some 5 or 6 miles, connecting at both ends with one of the County's busier thoroughfares. Although it was unlikely that the street would yield any information, Inspector Farnsworth directed Detective Conti to drive the whole length of it in his unmarked car. He also told him to take samples of the cans and bottles, bearing blue price stamps, to the stores and markets of the neighborhood, in order to ascertain, if possible, where and when they had been bought.

Carrying the slipper and the towel, the Inspector returned with Officer O'Callahan and Willy to the house.

Inspector Farnsworth decided not to call for an organized area search, at least for the present. He had experienced the wasteful preliminaries and the swelling chorus of complaints about inadequate police work that were the inevitable accompaniment of public involvement. But Inspector Farnsworth also knew that few matters lent themselves as readily to the sudden appearance ~~from~~ nowhere and the cancerous growth of unverifiable lurid reports and rumors as the disappearance of a child. Thus there was little time left for the kind of investigation which in Inspector Farnsworth's opinion needed to be carried out, before action were taken on a wider scale.

In view of the shortness of time at his disposal, Inspector Farnsworth also dispensed with another search of the Cramm property.

Willy had gone over every square foot of it, not like a stranger who must devise a suitable procedure as best he can, but as one to whom the grounds are as familiar as his backyard because there is no season in which he is not called upon to perform a variety of outdoor chores. Such a man had been Inspector Farnsworth's own father: although the size of the Cramm property did not bear comparison with the former Holding estate, his 'old man' must

have known every hillock, every indentation in the ground, every cluster of ferns and trees, every pond and stream . . .

The Cramm property, once among the smallest, today was larger than all of the neighboring properties. As the area had been built up in the post-war boom of real estate values, the expensive old estates had been acquired by builders and developers and modern homes, at most 100 feet apart, had been erected. Any search in the vicinity would have amounted to the police looking for the missing child among the homes and lawns of the neighbors of the child's parents.

For want of any present indication to the contrary, the Inspector discarded the possibility of Caroline's having left her parents' home voluntarily for some reason or purpose known only to herself. He had also ascertained that Caroline was an excellent and experienced swimmer and that neither the sailboat nor the boat equipped with a small outboard motor had as yet been in use this season. While the Inspector was thus inclined to rule out the occurrence of an accident, he ordered another careful inspection of

the area surrounding the brief and narrow stretch of sand, serving as the Cramm family's private beach. At low tide the rock formations enclosing the sandy stretch were several feet above the water.

If the child had not run away of her own will nor become the victim of an accident, someone must have had a hand in her disappearance, either by luring her away or by abducting her.

Inspector Farnsworth decided to center his attention on the physical environment of the Cramm and Parsons homes, as well as on the involvement, accidental or not, of the persons present during the 'critical time', searching for some, perhaps very slight, manifestation marking the beginning of a series of events he was called upon to reconstruct.

The 'critical time' was far from certain. Inspector Farnsworth had learned long ago that it could comprise a period remote in relation to the act or acts constituting a crime: suppose someone had told Caroline days or even weeks ago to meet him or her at a

given time last night? A child, quite trusting and innocent, might not have told anyone. Inspector Farnsworth had received so far only a vague and wavering time frame in which to situate the initial manifestation he was seeking. To make the time frame more certain was important for two reasons: the period most likely to have produced any physical manifestation, if not necessarily the earliest one, would be identified, thus serving as a reliable and waste-avoiding starting point for police work; and the providers of the time frame would be placed in the closest proximity of the 'physical manifestation', thus being cast in the role of prime observers.

Before the Inspector had gone very far in his endeavor, Dr. Gartz demanded to speak with him. The Inspector had turned over the towel to Dr. Gartz on returning to the house.

"You were right, Inspector", Dr. Gartz said, not concealing worry and bewilderment, "the stains and the hardened particles in the towel are vomit - - and I would say, the vomit in all likelihood, not of a grown-up but of a child. The towel must have been used to gag a

child". Inspector Farnsworth said nothing. He anticipated that Dr. Gartz possessed additional information, which was the cause of his urgency and concern.

"I showed the towel to Herta," Dr. Gartz continued, and she is certain it is the very towel she took to Mr. Bittenwieser after I had told her that there was no towel in Mr. Bittenwieser's bathroom".

Inspector Farnsworth understood at once the implication.

If Herta's identification of the towel was indeed correct, it would furnish both a valuable reference to the time frame and a physical manifestation in the environment, within which the police work must proceed.

"When did you tell Herta to take a towel to Mr. Bittenwieser's room, Doctor?"

"I can't be positive as to the exact time, Inspector. I believe it was shortly before nine o'clock when Mr. Cramm asked me to look after Mr. Bittenwieser. I spent no more than five or ten minutes with him. Then I fetched my bag from my car and returned to Mr. Bittenwieser's room to give him an injection. I'd say, it must have been fifteen or twenty minutes past nine. A few minutes

later I spoke to Herta about the towel. I had washed my hands and noticed there was only a small hand-towel in the bathroom.

The Inspector reflected on what he was being told. Although Dr. Gartz anticipated his next question, he kept his silence.

"When did you see Mr. Bittenwieser next?"

"About eleven-thirty, eating in the pantry."

"How soon after the injection would you say, Doctor, was it likely for Mr. Bittenwieser to regain consciousness?"

"It might take as much as an hour." ^{to an hour and a half}

Herta was unequivocal and positive.

"When the doctor told me Mr. Bittenwieser needed a fresh towel, I had no time to fetch one from the linen closet on the second floor, as the food was being served, so I grabbed a towel out of the drier . . ."

"You mean you hadn't emptied the drier after you last used it?"

"That's right. I had done a washing in the afternoon. I was going to empty the drier after the party."

"How do you know the towel you took to Mr. Battenwieser's room came from the drier?"

"Because it's a different kind. As a matter of fact, it's not one of ours. It's a towel that got mixed-up last summer, at one of the children's camps."

"What time was it, when you took the towel to Mr. Battenwieser?"

"I'm not sure, Maybe ten or ten-thirty."

"Where was Mr. Battenwieser when you entered his room?"

"I first knocked at his door. But he didn't answer. Then I went in. I had no time, so I put the towel on the chair next to the bed. Mr. Battenwieser never woke up."

When Detective O'Brian and Otmar Cramm, who had gone with him, searched the small bathing beach and the adjoining area, they found, stuck inside a crack in the rocks, a crumpled, apparently unused towel. Otmar Cramm recognized the towel as one of the Cramm household.

To be entirely certain, Detective O'Brian showed the towel to Herta.

"It's one of ours", Herta said, without hesitation. But she said nothing more and asked no question. To Herta, any towel had by now become a sinister object fraught with unknown dangers threatening her own involvement with the police.

Detective O'Brian turned the towel over to Inspector Farnsworth and told him where it had been found and that it belonged to the Cramm household.

1.

Buttenwieser had stopped dialing Angela Mangelhoff's number after he had been told that her telephone appeared to be out of order and that the Company would take the necessary steps 'first thing in the morning'. He was weighing other means of getting in touch with Angela.

He knew she had a half-brother who was a dentist in Queens, but he did not know his name. Angelea's personal contacts were nearly all in the professional world of publishers, literary agents and media representatives. He was familiar with many names, but

even if he tried to reach one of ^{the persons} ~~these~~ whom Angela had referred to as 'personal friends', they were certainly not at their offices on a Sunday afternoon in July.

Buttenwieser had tried to call the building superintendent. The doorman on duty had answered the telephone. The doorman recognized Buttenwieser and told him that the superintendent was out-of-town for the weekend and that in the superintendent's absence no-one had access to the apartment keys. The doorman had called Angelea's apartment on the house phone, and when there had been no answer, he had rung the doorbell of Angelea's apartment. Since the door had not been opened, the doorman assumed that 'she must have gone out'.

~~Buttenwieser's recollection of what had happened between himself and Angelea consisted of fragmented sounds and disembodied visions. However, Angelea's voice begging him not to force physical invasion upon her - - "I can't, I can't, I can't" - and his own struggle to overcome his utter desolation in the cold and darkness of Angelea's room, had the power of remembered realities. These realities, however, were deprived of any context. The only means to break their~~

~~power, was to restore their lost context, which Bittenwieser could not achieve without finding Angela.~~

Bittenwieser had been told that Inspector Farnsworth wanted to speak with him. He waited for the Inspector impatiently.

Otmar and Carola Cramm and Dr. Gartz were speaking with Inspector Farnsworth in the Terrace Room. Outside, Bittenwieser was pacing the terrace floor. Although the windows stood wide open, no sound of the conversation in a remote corner of the Terrace Room reached Bittenwieser's ears. He watched the group closely, eager for their conversation to end, so he could meet the Inspector and give him what little information he would be able to provide.

The conversation in the Terrace Room broke up suddenly. Inspector Farnsworth walked across the room, while Otmar and Carola Cramm moved closer together, reaching for each other's hands. Dr. Gartz leaned back and closed his eyes.

Bittenwieser stopped pacing the terrace floor in order to meet the Inspector.

After introducing himself, the Inspector suggested that they pull up two chairs and talk for a few moments.

"I would like to check with you some points of reference I believe to be important in this investigation. We have reason to believe that something happened right in this house, something perhaps quite innocuous in appearance, that may provide us with at least a clue."

"Anything I can do, Inspector."

"As I understand it, Mr. Battenwieser, you are a close friend of the family who has often visited here in the past, and I take it you are familiar with the old house and the grounds."

Battenwieser nodded his head as Inspector Farnsworth continued.

"Now, some time after you arrived here in the late afternoon on Friday, you went for a swim, presumably from the small beach down here. Do you remember when that was, and whether you met or saw anyone at that time, in the house or on the grounds or by the water . . . anyone at all, whether known to you or not?"

"To the best of my recollection - - and you are, of course, aware of the condition I was in - - it was afternoon, when I woke up for the first time since I had gotten here some twenty-four hours earlier and passed out in my room. I was extremely unsteady on my legs, my head was throbbing, and it was all I could manage to go down to the water, swim a few strokes, and get back. . . . I don't believe I ran into anyone or that I saw any other person, but I wouldn't swear to it. What I can give you, though, as a reasonably reliable fact, is the exact time, when I found myself back in my room, sicker than ever. It was within a few seconds of six-twenty-seven."

The Inspector listened attentively, without a change of expression, as Bittenwieser proceeded to describe, with more emphasis than he liked, the incident of the broken watch. Standing by itself, Bittenwieser realized, the evidence of the broken watch was quite meaningless. To himself, to be sure, the broken watch had furnished the evidence he wanted: by fixing the exact time of his collapsing into unconsciousness, it removed him from the scene well before the

family, including the children, had received their guests. But why should he have greeted this evidence with a sense of relief that, even now as he was retelling the incident of the broken watch, filtered through every word of his detailed description? The reason, of course, was that there lay a darkness behind him, a failure of memory, that deprived him of the ability to account for himself, as an ordinary person would. The investigation of the missing child, was it not but the prelude to another investigation yet to come, one in which he might not be able to rely on even so meaningless a piece of evidence as a broken watch?

"I suppose", the Inspector said, "since your watch was broken, you can't fix the time when you regained consciousness again, at least not with the same degree of accuracy?"

There was no irony in the Inspector's voice.

"No, I can't. As a matter of fact, I was quite unaware of what was going on around me until much later in the evening. I remember asking Mrs. Cramm what time it was, when she joined me on the terrace."

"What time did she say it was?"

"She said it was close to midnight."

"When you went for your swim, did you take a towel with you?"

"I don't know for sure. I would think I didn't because I rarely do. On the other hand, I might have grabbed a towel in the bathroom before I went down to the water."

"What makes you think you might have grabbed a towel?"

"Well, last night, after I had taken a shower and wanted to dry myself, there was only a small hand towel in my bathroom."

Buttenwieser was now limiting his answers carefully to the questions put to him: there must be no more extravagant offerings of descriptive details, or demonstrations of straightforward good sense. The Inspector waited briefly, before he asked the next question:

"Did you look for a towel anywhere else? In your room, for example?"

"No, I didn't. I dried myself with the hand towel as best as I could."

The Inspector paused again.

"We are told that the maid placed a towel on the chair next to your bed before you got up and took your shower. Did you see her, when she came to your room with the towel?"

"No, I know nothing about it."

This time the Inspector remained silent for what seemed a long time. Clearly he wanted to underline the importance of what he was going to say next.

"We have reason to believe that the towel found by Willy may have been used to gag the child. The maid tells us the towel is the same which she placed on the chair in your room, after she had been told by Dr. Gartz that there was no proper towel in your bathroom. If that is so, someone must have gotten hold of the towel in your room. I now ask you whether you have any recollection, however imprecise it may be, of anyone entering your room, before you got up to take your shower. Please, Mr. Battenwieser, focus as sharply as you can on the moments preceding your returning to full consciousness".

The Inspector had spoken slowly and with great earnestness. He had strongly emphasized the last sentence. In Büttenwieser's mind shadows began to stir, striving to acquire the shapes of real beings. For the first time he understood, albeit dimly and hesitatingly, that between these shadows and his own troubled reaction, whenever the towel had been mentioned, there existed a connection. Something had taken place in his proximity, a strange and puzzling scene, of which a towel had been a part.

"As I now understand it", Büttenwieser said, still groping for precision among the shadows, "the towel in which you are interested, is not the towel I had been wondering about, namely the one I may have taken with me to the beach and left there ... Now that I know you speak about an altogether different towel, yes, I do have a faint recollection if I can call it that, of someone doing something with a towel, right in my room".

"The maid perhaps, as she put a towel on a chair next to your bed?"

"No, that wasn't it. To put a towel on a chair in my room,

would have been a very ordinary thing . . it would not have impressed itself on me in the same way . . ."

"In what way? Can you be more precise?"

"I'd wish I could. The thing, as I recall it, was puzzling."

"Might it have been someone entering your room and taking the towel?"

"No, that too, would not have been out of the ordinary."

The Inspector's expression, for the first time, revealed concern. When he spoke again, his voice had a sharper edge.

"As I told you, we have reason to believe that Caroline Cramm was gagged with the same towel the maid delivered to your room. Could it be that the out-of-the-ordinary thing you have witnessed in some way, was someone gagging a child with a towel."

"No, Inspector. As I have been trying to explain to you, all I recall is that something was happening in my vicinity having to do with a towel, and that I found it puzzling. I am sure there was no violence of any kind."

Dr. Gartz roused himself from somnolence. It was time, he said, to look after Otto who had been left in the care of Herta. After Dr. Gartz was gone, Otmar and Carola Cramm, still seated side by side in the far corner of the Terrace Room, were finding the weight of unbroken silence and of unspoken words equally heavy. Thus they were relieved by the presence of the telephone standing in front of them on the glass-topped coffee table. The Inspector had stressed that any phone call must be answered by no-one but Otmar Cramm.

They had watched the Inspector's conversation with Bittenwieser through the terrace window. They had seen the Inspector depart, his expression somber and dissatisfied. They had noticed Bittenwieser's move in their direction, and his sudden change of mind, as he, too, departed, without seeming to pay any attention to them.

In their minds, they went over the same ground they had, each for himself, already covered countless times. Their coverage, however, far from being an orderly operation, had been a compulsive sorting of

fragments, a desperate endeavor to put into logical sequence words overheard and movements perceived. "When and where can I be certain to have seen Caroline, or if not actually seen her, at least assured myself of her presence?"

Some time before dinner, Carola had overheard a remark of Marjorie Hollingworth commending 'that lovely new dress' of Caroline. At that point, Carola told herself, Caroline must have caught Marjorie Hollingworth' attention . . . And again, a good deal later, would she, Carola, have walked all across the Terrace Room, to the buffet where Herta was spreading the food, brought from the kitchen, on platters and dishes and in bowls, in order to ask Herta whether she wanted Caroline to give her a hand . . ., would she have done this if she hadn't been aware of Caroline's presence in the Terrace Room? ...

"But when and where can I be certain to have seen Caroline with my own eyes, and not to have seen her again afterwards?"

Otmar Cramm was more definite in placing Caroline at his side. He recalled putting his arm around the child's narrow waist, buoyed by his secret admiration for the quickening flowering of Caroline's

loveliness on the threshold to womanhood. But this had been while drinks were still being handed around, before Dr. Gaetz and he became concerned with Bittenwieser's resuscitation. Otmar Cramm was certain he had not seen Caroline again.

Like exhausted birds, the thoughts of Otmar and Carola Cramm continued to search, in endlessly repeated circles, for the child they had lost sight of, as if they, rather than the police, must find the tracks leading to the child.

After leaving Bittenwieser on the terrace, Inspector Farnsworth walked around the house, re-entering it through the side-entrance providing the most convenient access to the Guest Wing. The Inspector wanted to examine again, more thoroughly than he had done in the course of his initial inspection of the complex house, the area from which the towel must have been removed.

There were eight guestrooms, four to each side of a narrow dark corridor. At one end of the corridor was the door through which the

Inspector had entered, and at the opposite end was a door providing access to the Entrance Hall of the Main House, to which the Guest Wing had been added. The guestrooms, the Inspector noted, were rarely used these days: the old-fashioned furniture had a coat of settled dust, the doors of the heavy wardrobes creaked noisily, and the drawers of the marble-topped chests were warped and difficult to move. The windows were tightly closed. The air was stale and saturated with the overwhelming smell of uninhabited rooms, shut off from winds and breezes. There were four bathrooms, each of them serving the adjoining guestrooms. Inspector Farnsworth satisfied himself quickly that, except for the room and the bathroom used by Bittenwieser, none of the rooms and bathrooms contained any visible mark of recent entry.

When the Inspector opened the door to Bittenwieser's room, an altogether different picture presented itself: the first sunlight of the day had dispelled its former gloom, and, after the semi-darkness and oppressive stillness of the other rooms in the Guest Wing, the Inspector had a distinct sense of relief, as he stepped into the brightness and the fresh air let in by the wide-open windows.

He proceeded slowly, methodically, all his senses awake, so as to give each detail the opportunity, as it were, to communicate with him. He knew that he found himself at the very location where at least one act - - 'the handling of the towel' - - had taken place. Could it have been a single act, standing by itself, dissociated from any other, without preceding or subsequent connecting element? Inspector Farnsworth was a sober man: he believed there could not be any such singleness. Yet neither the contents of the room and the bathroom, nor any of the few personal belongings Bittenwieser had brought with him, furnished any link furthering his investigation.

The Inspector was reluctant to leave the room. In order to survey it once more, he seated himself on the windowsill; contemplating the sun-flooded room, the Inspector noticed, halfway beneath the wide double bed reaching from the wall to the middle of the room, what appeared like a shadow on the carpeted floor. At first, he thought that what he saw was one of the discolored areas of which he had observed several in the old carpet. However, as he lowered himself for a closer look, he found that what he had held to be a color deviation, was due to the removal, in a circumscribed space, of a coat of dust elsewhere

present underneath the bed. This, of course, could have many reasons; such as a poor vacuum cleaning job, for example. But it wasn't likely that a vacuum cleaner had been employed since Bittenwieser's arrival. The space, on the other hand, must have been cleared of dust recently, since otherwise at least a light coat of dust would have resettled.

The shape of the dust-free space was irregular. It might have been caused by an object such as a pillow or folded blanket someone wanted to shove out of the way. But it might also have been caused by a person lying under the bed. Such a person could not have been Bittenwieser, who was too big and too bulky, but it could have been a child.

Before leaving the Guest Wing, Inspector Farnsworth decided to have one more look at its uninhabited rooms. He would ask himself later whether, in doing so, he had been acting from his unconfessed desire to prolong his inspection of the area which he knew to be linked in some way, to the child's disappearance, or whether his discovery, thanks to the bright sunlight, of the dust-free space in Bittenwieser's room, had been an alert and a warning.

He opened the door of the room across the corridor, which was the exact replica of Bittenwieser's room. Facing the rear of the Guest Wing, it was not exposed to the sunlight as had been Bittenwieser's room. However, the bright daylight falling through the large window revealed both the well-defined outlines of objects and distinct shadows.

The Inspector entered the room and closed the door behind him. He again took a seat on the windowsill and cast his eyes around him, omitting no detail in his field of vision. In this manner the eyes of the Inspector came to rest on the small light-blue slipper, which was the twin of the slipper first seen by the children Otto and Edna. It was standing in the corner behind the door.

Inspector Farnworth picked up the slipper carefully and left the Guest Wing the same way he had come, through its separate outside entrance.

Otto had spoken calmly. Hours of dreamless sleep, followed by his awaking in the middle of the day, had given him a sense of

removal from the events of the night, which had placed intolerable demands on his endurance and span of attention.

Inspector Farnsworth and Dr. Gartz, who had stayed with Otto after he had found him awake, had listened quietly, without a single interruption, as Otto recounted how Caroline and he had spent the afternoon and early evening together, until he had left Caroline with Edna at the beach and returned to the house. He also retold his own search for Caroline at the Parsons', and his and Edna's shock, when they caught sight of the stained slipper and ran back to his own house to tell it to his parents and to the other people on the terrace. There was no deviation in Otto's report, and there was no reference to any of his earlier reactions. Dr. Gartz asked himself whether Otto had erased the feverish divagations of his unbalanced mind.

"I take it, Otto", the Inspector said, "you knew all of the people who were at your parents' party last night. Did you see anyone - - anyone at all- - whom you didn't know, either somewhere in the house or on the grounds or down by the water?"

There was an uncertain flicker in the boy's eyes, as though he wasn't sure how to interpret the Inspector's question, and he remained silent.

"Anyone who didn't belong to the party?" the Inspector suggested, trying to be helpful.

"Tom Battenwieser wasn't at the party", Otto said.

"I know he wasn't", the Inspector confirmed, "at least not during the time you and your sister were. As a matter of fact, isn't it correct that you saw him for the first time after you and Edna returned to the terrace?"

Now Otto was frankly hesitant and his former composure began to dwindle. He looked in the direction of Dr. Gartz. He said softly:

"He knows".

But Inspector Farnsworth had either not heard or not understood the meaning of these two words.

"Had you seen Mr. Battenwieser before you met him on the terrace?"

Otto became agitated. Dr. Gartz, fearing a repetition of the boy's loss of self-control, sought to lead him past the phase of ego-centered conjectures.

"You didn't actually see Tom Bittenwieser with your own eyes until he joined your parents and the others, including myself, on the terrace. You hadn't even known that he had come for the weekend, and you were surprised when he suddenly showed up. Isn't that true, Otto?"

Otto nodded his head, but an ambiguous smile appeared around his mouth. Dr. Gartz continued without pausing for an explicit answer:

"Later on, after Willy reported he had found a towel, you mentioned to me that you figured that Tom Bittenwieser might have gone for a swim all by himself, and that he might also have taken the towel with him, which was later found by Willy. Am I getting it right?"

Otto nodded his head again. He said nothing, and Dr. Gartz and the Inspector understood that, by his remaining silent, he wanted to encourage Dr. Gartz to continue to speak to the Inspector in his place.

"Meanwhile Tom Battenwieser has told us himself, Otto, that he did go for a swim, but he isn't sure whether he took any towel with him."

At this point, the boy's smile freed itself of its earlier constraint, became almost lighthearted.

"I don't care what he is saying" he said. "I know he did take the towel with him when he went swimming".

"Caroline and I went for a swim before we got dressed for the party. We found the towel by the water."

The boy was now speaking with ease. Dr. Gartz had succeeded in steering him away from emotional outpourings, involving him instead in a controllable set of questions and answers. The Inspector understood this, and let Dr. Gartz handle the troubled adolescent.

"How do you know it was Tom Battenwieser's towel?"

"I didn't know it then. But when I learned that Tom's towel was missing, I put two and two together."

"What did you do with the towel you found by the water?"

There appeared, very briefly, a flicker in the boy's eyes, before he answered:

"My father hates it when people leave things lying around. I told Caroline to take it back to the house".

Dr. Gartz and the Inspector rose, without pursuing their questioning.

"You've done very well, Otto", the Inspector said. "I know I've asked you this before: when you left Caroline with Edna and walked up to the house, that was the last time you saw her?"

"Yes".

"And you are sure you haven't seen anyone you didn't know, at any time, after you arrived here with your mother?"

The boy shook his head.

After his talk with the Inspector Bittenwieser wanted to go to Otmar and Carola Cramm and explain to them, as briefly, as possible, why he must return to the city. But when he saw Otmar and Carola, silent, their faces drawn and marked by unspoken pain, he could not bring himself to speak to them of his own concern about Angela, to whom he had introduced Carola only recently.

What, if he borrowed a car and drove to the city? Bittenwieser

remembered that Angela had given him a key to her apartment some time ago. He didn't think he had used it more than once or twice. The key must be somewhere in his apartment. If he drove to the city, fetched the key, and went to Angela's apartment, he could be back in a matter of hours . . . unless his presence were needed because of some misfortune which, unknown to him, had befallen Angela.

Was there any reason why he, Bittenwieser, must come back to Crestmont? The police had taken charge. There was nothing he could do for Otmar and Carola in their distress. They were his friends, old comfortable friends. With Angela, it was different. Unless she had gone away and abandoned him, Angela was a part of his own life, just as Caroline was a part of Otmar and Carola's life . . .

Bittenwieser went in search for a car he could borrow for a few hours. Realizing, however, that he could not take leave without announcing his departure to his friends, he returned to the corner in the Terrace Room where Otmar and Carola sat by the telephone. As he approached, Carole acknowledged his presence with a brief wan smile and Otmar pointed to a nearby chair.

He did not seat himself. He spoke softly, as though the stillness in the large, empty, sundrenched room offered protection. He found it difficult to find the right words.

"I am afraid I must return to the city. I won't burden you with any details. If I can be of any help, I'll be back on a moment's notice."

Otmar Cramm nodded his head. He said nothing. Carola rose unsteadily.

"I want to ask you something, Tom", she said, "before you leave."

Buttenwieser followed her to the dining room. The large antique table was loaded with the dishes, glasses and silver of last night's party, which had not yet been put away.

"Tom, has anything happened between Otto and you, I mean anything that may have given him a wrong idea?"

"I have asked this question myself. I can't think of anything. Otto has been acting peculiarly for a long time."

"Last night, he became upset each time he saw you."

"I noticed it. I don't know what to make of it."

All of us know, he is a strange, unpredictable boy. He carries a whole world of phantasies around with him." Carola, choked with tears, was unable to continue, and Bittenwieser moved by her convulsed face and by her hand vainly groping for support across the silver and china covering the table, placed his arm around her shoulders.

"I wish I could help", Bittenwieser said. Then he added clumsily, "I've never even seen Caroline since I've been here."

Bittenwieser did not know whether Carola, who was now crying softly, had listened to him. But as he was pronouncing the sentence "I've never even seen Caroline since I've been here", a sense of discomfort invaded him, as though he was not telling the truth, or was evading a blame for some unknown failure he should be accountable for.

Perhaps it was all the reaction of his own over-stimulated mind, a sort of double-exposure in which his concern for Angela became merged with his concern for Caroline, and beneath his desertion of Angela lurked his shadowy desertion of Caroline . . .

Before he walked to the Parsons', Inspector Farnsworth ordered a complete search of the Cramm house, room by room, attic to cellar, as well as of the garage and the several sheds for garden tools and the like. Detective O'Brian and Willy were to undertake the search ordered by the Inspector.

Inspector Farnsworth knew that time was running out on him, and that he must soon coordinate his own responsibilities with those of other officials on different levels, charged with investigations of this kind.

As the Inspector was entering the Parsons' driveway, he was met by Bob Hollingworth, who must have been waiting for him.

"I've been hoping to speak with you, Inspector, before you call on the Parsons."

"May I ask why, Sir?"

"Of course. I believe the children, Caroline and Edna, were left to themselves, after they came to the Parsons' last night. At least, the maid - - her name is Mary - - was unaware that Caroline Cramm had come with Edna."

"Do you mean to say that there might have been someone else over here?"

"It's at least possible. Suppose the children met someone they knew, perhaps even someone living in the neighborhood . . . Caroline, who, as you know, is a good deal older than Edna Parsons, may even have dated some boy, I mean, she may have called up somebody from the Parsons' house and asked him to come over . . . "

The Inspector assured Mr. Hillingworth that he would bear his warning in mind. He knocked at the Parsons' door, which was opened by Mary. Her old face was marked by sorrow and by the workings of her private subdued suspicions.

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons had found little rest since they had come back to their home. Edna, however, had continued to sleep for several hours. When she awoke, she wanted to know whether 'Caroline is at the hospital because she has hurt her foot and her slipper was all bloody'. Mr. Parsons had asked Edna if she had been with Caroline when she hurt her foot, and Edna had shaken her head.

Inspector Fransworth met Edna and her parents in the library, offering a ^{re}most intimate setting ^{than} the adjoining ^{normal} ~~large~~ living room.

Unlike Otto, who had spoken fluently and without having to correct himself, Edna was at first reticent in the Inspector's presence. But the Inspector avoided burdening her with questions he was sure she would resist because they carried implications she apprehended instinctively. So the child became more relaxed. She told the Inspector how she had 'sneaked out' to look for Caroline, after she had eaten her supper and Mary had gone upstairs to watch television. Caroline and she had come back 'right away' and they had gone for a swim, without waiting for Otto. They had been in the water "a very short time, because it was getting dark'. Otto had not shown up, and Caroline did not want to stay. She did not want to come to the house, either, because she had been swimming in her undies and did not want Mary to see her. She said she wanted to pick up her dress, which she had left at the Cramm beach and 'go back to the party'. After Caroline had left, Edna watched television for a while with Mary, and then went to bed. But the room was hot ('because the air-conditioner works better

downstairs") and she couldn't sleep too well. She woke up when she heard Otto calling her from the garden and she tiptoed past Mary's room, "who was snoring", and went with Otto . . .

Mr. and Mrs. Parsons were relieved when the Inspector, obviously satisfied with Edna's simple childlike retelling of what she knew, did not insist on any further questioning. He smiled at Edna and said she had a very good memory and that it was a great help to him.

"Weren't you girls disappointed when Otto didn't come, as he had promised?"

"Well, not really" Edna said, and she was blushing. "Caroline and I don't mind being by ourselves. When Otto is around, he is always teasing us."

The Inspector laughed.

"Well, I guess that's the way boys are." He rose, and stroked Edna's blond head. "So you girls had a good time together, just the two of you, with no-one to tease you and no-one else around except Mary . . ."

Edna smiled broadly.

"Mary didn't even know Caroline was here. She usually falls

asleep in front of the television set."

Mr. Parsons had risen at the same time as the Inspector. Realizing that Mr. Parsons did not want to talk in the presence of the child, the Inspector preceded him, walking slowly to the living room.

"I do not wish to detain you, Inspector. I have been informed that you are a capable and conscientious man. All of us here are going through a nightmare. But this must not lead to one single ounce of useful information being unavailable. I know you've been most careful with our child. Are you sure, Edna may not possess some additional information, the usefulness of which she may be unaware of? After all, she was apparently the last person to have seen Caroline."

"Let me be frank, Mr. Parsons. There is indeed a whole line of questions I might have asked. I refrained deliberately. I had made up my mind, at least for the present, to settle for what I judge to be essential as far as your child is concerned: Were she and Caroline alone after they came over here?"

"I understood your approach, Inspector. But should you not have been more specific? Should Edna not be asked, whether she saw any other person while she was with Caroline?"

"Caroline, you must remember, had taken off her dress and left it at the Cramm beach. She wore only her undies and her slippers. She was practically naked. Had the girls seen anyone, Caroline would have run for cover, either back to the place where she had left her dress, or, more likely, to your house. She did neither; otherwise Edna would not have told us, with entire unconcern, that Caroline left her in order to put on her dress again and to go back to the party, and that she never entered your house because she didn't want to be seen by Mary 'without her clothes'."

"Then you believe, Inspector, that whatever happened to Caroline, must have happened after she and Edna separated?"

"I am reasonably sure, Pr. Parsons".

The fear that Caroline Cramm may have come to harm while she was at his place, which had never ceased to haunt Mr. Parsons, began to abate. He felt relieved, yet secretly reproached himself for this distinctly selfish reaction in the face of the menace of tragedy hanging over the Cramm family, with whom he had so many ties.

"Before I leave you, Mr. Parsons, I should like to speak with Mary."

"I shall call her at once."

"No, if it's alright, I should like to see her in one of her habitual surroundings, say, in her room or in the kitchen."

"As you wish, Inspector. My guess is, Mary is fixing some dinner. My wife and I have gone without food for too many hours."

The Inspector found Mary in the kitchen. From the cautious way she greeted him, he knew she was expecting him, and that she was not altogether sure whether her answers to the questions she anticipated, would be satisfactory to the Inspector. But Mary would strictly abide by the facts such as they were.

"Please correct me", the Inspector said, "if anything I say, or rather repeat, since I have to rely on what others have told me, is either not accurate or incomplete. As I understand it, you were in your room watching television when Edna says she slipped out to look for Caroline Cramm, over at the Cramm beach?"

"That must be so, because the child isn't one for making up things like that."

"She also says she brought Caroline over her, and that the two girls went for a swim."

"I see no reason to doubt that. Since I didn't know the child had gone out, I never checked where she might have gone. I took it, she was in her room, which is right next to mine."

"And you never did see Caroline Cramm?"

"No, I didn't see her. She can't have been here for more than half an hour at most. Let me tell you, why. Edna and I finished dinner shortly before eight. I washed up and went upstairs to watch my program, which begins at eight. Edna came up to watch the program with me about eight-thirty, quarter of nine, and I had to fill her in on what went on before."

"Edna says 'she sneaked away', when she went to look for Caroline. Would you have objected and told Edna to stay home?"

"I think, as long as they are children, they have no business roaming around after supper. Mind you, I have nothing against Caroline Cramm personally, nor against her brother either, except that, being so much older than Edna, they're not, in my opinion, the right company for her."

"Caroline is little more than a child. What harm could there be in the two girls getting together?"

Mary looked at the Inspector in a way he had grown familiar with whenever a person he was questioning wanted him to understand that he or she was well aware of the underlying significance of a question of his, although the question appeared to be merely rhetorical on the surface.

"I didn't say there's any harm in that", Mary said, speaking very slowly, "as long as they are by themselves, by which I mean that they stay away from those who don't belong here."

"Have there been any around, Mary, who, as you say, don't belong here?"

"I wouldn't know. You can't have your eyes everywhere, all the time. But I've seen the Cramm children hang around in town with some they have no business associating with."

Although Battenwieser had been firmly resolved to return to the city as soon as he had told his friends, he could not bring himself to depart. He couldn't walk out on Otmar Cramm who was his

most reliable friend, nor on Carola with whom he had been in love, unspoken and unspoiled, for a long time. They, as well as the loyal Dr. Gartz, were exhausted, at the end of their strength, clinging to the fading hope of some denouement restoring their every-day life, before they must fall in the abyss opening and widening itself around every established crime.

But was this the only reason for his delaying his departure? Did he not also seek to be himself delivered from the spell that, of all the persons present at the house of Otmar Cramm, had been cast on him alone?

Buttenwieser had been tempted time and again to dial Angela's number, using the unlisted telephone in Otmar Cramm's office. Each time he had resisted the temptation; the endless, meaningless busy signal, and the operators business-like announcement that Angela's line was 'out of order', had become as so many warnings of disaster. How much longer could he tolerate his inaction?

Inspector Farnsworth impressed Buttenwieser as a reasonable, careful man. He decided to disclose to him his predicament at the earliest opportunity, and to abide by his advice.

In tracing Caroline's movements, the Inspector started with the assumption that the child had been in the house, more exactly in the Guest Wing, some time after leaving Edna Parsons. She had told Edna she wanted to pick up her dress she had left behind at the Cramm beach, and join the party at her parents' house. This, by all accounts, she had not done, but gone to the Guest Wing instead, although she must have thought the Guest Wing to be empty, assuming Caroline, like her brother, was unaware of Bittenwieser's presence. Why did the child go to the Guest Wing, and not to the Main House?

There could be, the Inspector reasoned, only two explanations: Either Caroline did know that Bittenwieser occupied a room in the Guest Wing and she wanted to go to him, or she wanted to enter the Main House by way of the Guest Wing, thereby reducing the likelihood of being seen by anyone.

Suppose, Caroline, coming back after her brief visit with Edna, did not find her dress where she thought she had left it, and for this reason wanted to avoid meeting anyone before she had

gone to her room and put on another dress; or that she had been frightened by something that occurred before she had reached the place where she had left her dress, and though she was scared, did not want to enter the Main House swarming with party guests, without her clothes.

Why, however, did she stay in the Guest Wing and even, as appeared likely, seek a hiding place there? As a matter of fact, if indications could be trusted, Caroline had been in one of the uninhabited guestrooms, as well as in Bittenwieser's room.

The more closely the Inspector examined Caroline's movements, the more probable it seemed to him that these movements had been dictated by fear and that fear had been aroused in the child before she entered the Guest Wing. The abandoned slipper could be construed as proof: Caroline had hurt her foot, and her foot had started bleeding, profusely at first, as is the case with superficial flesh-wounds. This must have happened after she had left Edna who otherwise would have mentioned the stained slipper. When Caroline, a short while

later, was running away from whatever scare she had encountered, the slipper came off, but she didn't bother to pick it up or put it on again. There remained a question which, though without bearing on the Inspector's interpretation of the child's hasty abandonment of the slipper, was puzzling in other significant respects: Caroline's foot had bled abundantly, as the condition of the slipper revealed; yet the Inspector had not been able to find a single mark of blood anywhere in the Guest Wing. In the short interval between the injury and Caroline's refuge in the Guest Wing, the bleeding was not likely to have stopped by itself. Did she have anything to bandage her foot with such as a handkerchief or other usable material. Did anyone come to her assistance?

If, as the Inspector no longer doubted, the child had sought to hide herself in the Guest Wing, she must have done so without being aware of the true nature of the danger threatening her. Suppose, someone had surprised her as she was trying to still the blood of her injured foot and, after bandaging her foot for her, had molested

her, and she had run away . . . 'Someone' . . . One of her parents' guests who had strolled to the beach, or a stranger . . .? The only link between the presence of strangers on the Cramm property and the disappearance of the child was the towel with a knot in it in the vicinity of the empty beer cans and soda bottles at the bottom of the wooden bridge. And the towel came from Buttenwieser's room in the Guest Wing . . .

All of these reflections persuaded Inspector Farnsworth that the child had not known the true nature of the danger she was incurring. She had been scared, to be sure, and she had acted from a sense of danger, at least of apprehension, but like the child she was, she had felt safe in Buttenwieser's room, with the big strong man on top of the bed and herself crawling under it, following a common childhood impulse.

What, however, was the source of her scare and her ensuing apprehension? Was it not possible that his, the Inspector's, speculation about Caroline's motivations and movements was nothing but a 'red herring' he had thrown in his own way? There was, perhaps, no connection between Caroline's disappearance and the sequence and motivations of her

movements after she had separated from Edna.

Inspector Farnsworth was not discouraged. He was familiar with the pitfalls inherent in his work. He knew they resulted from the adoption of premises and from the trust placed in the function and the processes of the mind, both of which owe more to usage and convenience than to search and analysis. Inspector Farnsworth did not adhere to what he called 'the intrusion of psychological acrobatics' into sound and proven police procedures. From the standpoint of police work, it was in his opinion immaterial whether the human beings involved in the act or acts called 'criminal' did, or did not, fall in one or the other psychopathic classification. To Inspector Farnsworth the basic assumption was that, within the needs and requirements of any given situation, all parties involved were acting rationally, with due allowance to age or intellectual development. This was equally true for the perpetrator and for the victim of the act called 'crime'.

In view of his growing preoccupation with Caroline's move-

ments, Inspector Farnsworth decided to question Bittenwieser again. He had no thought of casting Bittenwieser in the roll of 'potential suspect', even if it were only for reasons of investigative technique. However, by sharing with Bittenwieser his foremost preoccupation, he might yet succeed in helping Bittenwieser recapture some detail, capable of throwing light on Caroline's behavior.

It was ten minutes after two in the afternoon, when the telephone rang in the Terrace Room. Since the telephone stood on the glass-topped coffee table, its ring was shrill and loud and accompanied by a vibrating glassy echo. The hand of Otmar Cramm shook as he lifted the receiver and pressed it against his ear. He dared not look at Carola, for fear of surrendering his ability to respond to the call, in the face of Carola's own floundering attempt at retaining her self-control.

"Hello", he said, his heart pounding against his chest.

"This is Mrs. Muldoon. Mary Muldoon. May I speak with Mrs. Cramm?"

Otmar Cramm passed the receiver to Carola.

"Mrs. Muldoon", he said. The surprise he read in his wife's eyes indicated to him that, while she knew Mrs. Muldoon, she was not someone from whom Carola would ordinarily expect a telephone call.

"yes, Mrs. Muldoon", Carola said. "My husband says you wish to speak with me."

"I'm sorry to trouble you, Mrs. Cramm, I've been worrying about your little girl. Is she alright?"

Carola's face turned ashen beneath the make-up she had applied half-heartedly and quickly.

"It's about Caroline", she said softly to her husband. "I can't talk very well." Carola handed the receiver back to her husband.

"I am Otmar Cramm, Caroline's father."

A distinct note of anxiety had replaced the earlier nervousness in Mrs. Muldoon's voice as she repeated her question:

"Is your little girl alright, Mr. Cramm?"

"We have not been able to find her since she disappeared last night. Can you help us in any way?"

There was a moment's silence.

"Have you told the police?"

"Yes, we have."

Another silence.

"Can Mrs. Cramm meet me alone? I mean, without the police.

Please, do not misunderstand me. I want to help, if I can, but I . . .

I have to cope with so many angles. Please, do not misunderstand me."

Mrs. Muldoon had spoken emotionally, pleadingly; Otmar Cramm guessed at either the possession by Mrs. Muldoon of information implicating others and acquired by her accidentally, or at Mrs. Muldoon's having a personal stake in the move she was making.

"My wife will meet you wherever you want her to be."

"I must drive to the railroad station and pick up a friend who comes from the city. My friend is due at three-nineteen. I shall be about five minutes ahead of time. I shall drive up to the ramp and wait in the car. It's a gray Chevrolet. My license plate ends with the digits seven-six-eight. Tell Mrs. Cramm to place her car next

to mine and to move over on the seat next to the driver's seat, as if she were making room for somebody who was going to drive her car. I shall stop talking to Mrs. Cramm as soon as the train rolls into the station. Please make sure that Mrs. Cramm understands and does exactly what I say . . . I must rely on you."

"My wife will do exactly what you want her to do."

Though Mrs. Muldoon had spoken emotionally and pleadingly, it was nonetheless clear that she had prepared her approach carefully. Otmar Cramm put down the receiver and repeated Mrs. Muldoon's words to Carola.

In promising Mrs. Muldoon to abide by her instructions, Otmar Cramm had acted in accordance with the express directions of Inspector Farnsworth to accept without objection or hesitation the terms of any proposed contact. He went in search of the Inspector.

Carola Cramm had known Mrs. Muldoon for a number of years. She was an ever helpful, sweet-tempered sales lady in the 'Young Fashions Department' of the suburban branch of a major department store. About

Mrs. Muldoon's private existence, Carola Cramm knew next to nothing. She had gathered in the course of her conversations with Mrs. Muldoon, although these brief exchanges hardly deserved being called conversations in view of their sporadic occurrence and fragmentary contents, that Mrs. Muldoon was a divorced woman and that she provided the sole support for one or two children. Carola thought that Mrs. Muldoon, whom she considered a handsome woman, was probably a little older than herself.

"Are you absolutely certain", the Inspector asked Carola Cramm, "that the woman you spoke to was Mrs. Muldoon?"

"Oh yes. I would recognize her voice any time. There's no doubt whatever."

Carola Cramm was buoyed by Mrs. Muldoon's message. Oblivious of Mrs. Muldoon's pleadings and warnings, Carola wanted her to be the instrument of Caroline's safe return, and she became almost exuberant in preparing herself for her mission.

AR 25161 Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 5: The Shadow of Violence, part II

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In The Shadow Of Violence

II Two

"There's no kinder, no more considerate lady", Carola said, "than Mrs. Muldoon. She is decency and reliability personified . . . And she just loves Caroline . . . As a matter of fact, Mrs. Muldoon and Caroline have known each other for years and years . . . The very dress Caroline was wearing . . ." Carola did not finish the sentence; falling silent, she cast frightened looks at her husband and at the Inspector.

"You mean Mrs. Muldoon sold the light-blue dress to you?"

"Yes", Carola answered, without trying to conceal her shock. It was as if Carola only now became aware of the connection between Mrs. Muldoon's telephone call and her missing child.

"Oh, my god", Carola said, "I don't really know Mrs. Muldoon all that well. Must I go all alone?"

"Yes", the Inspector answered, "but I shall not leave you out of sight. It isn't likely that Mrs. Muldoon is in any way personally involved. She may have come by some information, though, probably quite accidentally."

"Suppose", Otmar Cramm said, "Mrs. Muldoon were to ask my wife to follow her to some other place, or even ride with her in her own car?"

"In that case", the Inspector said, "Mrs. Cramm must do as she is told, and not in any way indicate, by word or gesture, that she knows she is being followed."

Carola's initial elation was gone. Fear of an unknown personal danger, never before experienced, rose in her, and it seemed to her that now, for the first time, her child's fear became her own.

The conversation between the Inspector and Bittenwieser, which had taken place after the telephone call of Mrs. Muldoon, had been brief. The Inspector had hardly listened to Tom Bittenwieser's explanations.

"There is no reason for you to stay, Mr. Bittenwieser", he had said. "Of course, there may be new developments at any time, and I want to be sure I can contact you wherever you are. Should you leave your apartment, please call at once my home or my office."

Buttenwieser went to his room and fetched his bag. Since the Inspector did not want any of the Cramm cars to be seen on the road, it had been arranged that he would borrow the Parsons' old station-wagon for his drive to the city.

On his way to the Parsons', Buttenwieser passed the small roadside garage where Carola kept her car. Its door stood open. Carola sat in the driver's seat, but she hadn't started the car yet. Her arms folded over the wheel, Carola was leaning forward, resting her forehead on her arms. She did not hear Buttenwieser, as he approached the car, and she was startled when he touched her shoulder lightly. When she raised her head and looked at him, there was a strange expression in her eyes, an expression of hightened suspiciousness, an attempt at gaining an advantage over her unknown adversary by her own cunningness.

"I have been kept in the dark", she said. "And now I am to go and listen to a stranger who can tell me anything . . . just anything . . . But what can she know? It's happened right here, hasn't it Tom? Right here under our own eyes?"

"We don't know, Carola."

"We don't know" Is that what you say? You are a liar, Tom."

Carola had raised her voice, and Bittenwieser tried to soothe her.

"Please try to remain calm, Carola. So much depends on it. Inspector Farnsworth is a most capable man, and he must be able to rely on us . . ."

"But you aren't leaving, you of all people, Tom?"

The look of cunningness in Carola's eyes became intense.

"I must go to the city, Carola. I must attend to something which can't wait any longer."

"Is that why you were making all those secret telephone calls, Tom?"

"Yes, I tried to reach Angela, Carola, but I couldn't. It's terribly important that I look for her. She may be sick. She may need help."

"Tom, you're not telling the truth. You know, something has happened to Angela. Hadn't you been with her before you went on your binge? Her perfume was all over . . . you know, I went through your things."

"Please, Carola . . . I don't know. I ran out on Angela . . ."

"I'm sure you did, Tom. How about Caroline? Did you run out on Caroline?"

There were a few cars only as Carola drove up against the ramp running alongside the railroad tracks. She shut off the motor and moved to the other side. Although the heat, rising like colorless flames from the empty commuter parking lot, was intense, Carola's hands and feet were numb with cold.

Mrs. Muldoon placed her car next to Carola's. She did not shut off her motor. She placed a section of the Sunday paper on the driver's wheel, as though she wanted to kill time, while waiting for the train. It was 14 minutes after three; if the train was on time, only a few minutes were left before its whistle would signal its

approach in the station.

Mrs. Muldoon spoke, without looking up from her newspaper.

At first Carola's heart beat was so loud and violently it threatened her ability to understand what Mrs. Muldoon was saying; but by centering all of her will power on grasping Mrs. Muldoon's words, Carola succeeded in holding on to her rapid, often unfinished sentences which, like so many sharp needles, penetrated Carola's head and caused it to ache throbbingly.

". . . the same light-blue dress I sold you the other day . . . there can be no mistake . . . in the attic among our winterclothes . . . someone must have put it there . . . I was worried . . . when I phoned, I prayed that Caroline was alright . . . we live alone . . . my daughter is seventeen . . . I have no one else to support us . . . my daughter often comes home long after me . . . I wouldn't want to have it on my conscience, if anything happened to Caroline . . ."

Only a few persons alighted from the incoming train. Folding her newspaper, Mrs. Muldoon stopped talking. When she recognized the person she was expecting, she waved to her. A whitehaired lady returned Mrs. Muldoon's greeting. Behind her, as though he, too, had arrived on the train, Inspector Farnsworth descended the steps leading from the station platform to the parking area. The Inspector appeared to be looking for someone awaiting him. Carola caught his eye and waved to him feebly. He paid no attention to her. Instead he stopped a stranger, apparently asking for directions. Only after Mrs. Muldoon and her whitehaired friend had driven off, did the Inspector enter Carola's car and take the wheel.

Carola told the Inspector what she had been able to grasp. The Inspector dropped Carola in front of her house. He did not follow her into the house.

After Carola had repeated the fragmentary communication she had received from Mrs. Muldoon, the small group gathered around the

coffee table in the Terrace Room experienced at first a sense of relief. Tension gave way to the liberating anticipation of action. It was as though a door had been opened and positive steps were called for, replacing at last the slow inquiry of Inspector Farnsworth, which suddenly seemed altogether futile. However, as each of those present, in a revitalized burst of conversation, sought to deal with the interpretation of the initiative taken by Mrs. Muldoon and with the substance of her communication, apprehension took the place of their short-lived relief.

Could Mrs. Muldoon be trusted? Had she told Carola everything she knew? Why had she taken such extreme precaution in meeting Carola? Was it really Caroline's dress she had found in the attic? And, if it were, why had this discovery, for which there might be other quite harmless explanations, so upset Mrs. Muldoon?

Dr. Gartz suggested practical measures which, of course, should not be implemented without the approval of Inspector Farn-

worth: Information about Mrs. Muldoon herself and the daughter she had mentioned appeared vital; it might well point the way to outsiders who were more and more likely to be involved; at any rate Mrs. Muldoon's comments provided the only presently available lead to the whereabouts of the missing child.

While Otmar Cramm agreed with the approach of Dr. Gartz, he noticed the growing anxiety in Carola's face and he realized she was nearing the end of her endurance. No time must be lost, Otmar Cramm said, in further investigative work. Someone had abducted his child and was holding it against its will. He, the child's father, must call on Mrs. Muldoon forthwith, guided by his own responsibility and as a private person, and ask for her help in recovering his child at whatever price.

For Carola, the light-blue dress in Mrs. Muldoon's attic and the fear in which Mrs. Muldoon had accomplished her mission could only mean one thing: her child . . . either something dreadful had happened to Caroline, or a terrible threat hung over her . . .

"Please do nothing", she said, speaking tonelessly, "We must wait for the Inspector."

After he had deposited Carola, the Inspector walked to the Parsons'.

"I want to ask you a question or two", he said to Mary, who had opened the door.

"I've told you as much as I know", Mary answered, diffidently.

"Not quite, Mary. What you have told me, has been very helpful, and I appreciate your absolute honesty. But now I want you to help me and not be concerned if you can't be as specifically accurate ..."

Mary said nothing in response. She was not so easily taken in by obvious attempts at ingratiation, least of all on the part of police officials.

"You mentioned, Mary, that in your opinion it wasn't good for Edna to keep company with Carolina Cramm, as long as Carolina

associated with people you didn't care for."

"That's right. That's what I said."

"Mary, we're facing serious business. You must speak with me openly. And I promise you, you will be kept out of it. But I need your help, Mary."

"There's a bunch of people hanging around at the 'Old Wharf'. My husband at times goes fishing there on a Sunday or in the late after-noon after work. They're smoking pot or grass, or whatever they call it. My husband is scared of them at times. They're positively crazed, he says. There's nothing good to come from them. And there's more than once this season, my husband's seen one or both of the Cramm children there too . . ."

"Does your husband know any of these people by name?"

"I wouldn't know, but knowing my husband as I do, I very much doubt it."

Inspector Farnsworth was familiar with the 'Old Wharf' and the people, mostly in their late teens or early twenties, who congregated on the abandoned, delapidated wooden structure precariously

clinging to its slowly disintegrating supports.

The work that needed now to be done was ordinary police work. But before proceeding with the initial assignments, the Inspector wanted to have another talk with Otto Cramm. He entered the house by way of the guest wing and climbed to the second floor, without being noticed by any of the persons in the Terrace Room, whose subdued voices fell briefly on his ears.

Otto Cramm was not alone in his room. Herta sat on a chair by the open window, attending to some sewing or mending. Otto rested on his bed, looking idly at a sheet from his stamp collection which he had lifted from a thick pile of similar sheets lying on a low table next to his bed. From a small radio issued rock music, barely audible.

"Please, stay where you are", the Inspector said, nodding to both Otto and Herta. "We are checking on a number of angles, as they put it in the newspapers."

The Inspector paused. He noted that his mention of the newspapers prompted Otto to look up, his curiosity being both aroused and directed away from the principal concern, as the Inspector intended it.

"Now, we have a problem here", the Inspector continued, "because the two of you, I mean you and Caroline, live in the city most of the year and, except for some week-ends now and then, spend very little time here. Is that right?"

Otto nodded; he said nothing.

"I suppose", the Inspector continued, "that Caroline's friends live mostly in the city, I mean they don't have a place like this. We may want to talk to some of them, on the chance that Carolina may have told them about the things she's doing around here and the people she is meeting, and whatever kids are in the habit of telling one another. Once the newspapers get hold of a case, they'll send their reporters right and left, and we are likely to get a lot of confusion, with all sorts of persons being dragged in unnecessarily

Otto looked uncomfortable; he was puzzled by the Inspector's recurring insistence on the newspapers.

"How would I know it if Caroline told her girl friends all kinds of stories?" he asked defensively.

The Inspector smiled.

"Well, Otto, you and your sister have always been pretty close, haven't you? Let me ask you, because if this case ever breaks into the open, I'll be the first person the reporters will turn to. . . Can you think of any stories Caroline may have told her friends?"

"There's a bunch of crazy kids around."

"Crazy kids?"

"You see, this is a pretty boring place. And we've gotten to know . . . I don't mean to know really . . . but to sort of hang around these guys once in a while . . . and they're pretty wild . . . and Caroline thinks they are kind of funny . . . and I guess she may have bragged about knowing them . . ."

"Who are these crazy kids? Where did you meet them?"

Otto now became uneasy. He looked at Herta who had dropped

her sewing and returned his look with its unspoken appeal for help, uncomprehending, stonefaced.

"At the 'Old Wharf' Otto said, almost in a whisper.

In order to calm his growing anxiety about the child (of whom he, childless himself, was very fond, Willy worked on the front lawn, setting the sprinklers, removing the tireless crabgrass, spraying the rosebushes. He recognized the little boy on the bicycle, whose family lived a few houses further away.

"I am supposed to deliver a letter", the boy said, as he stopped and handed a crumpled sealed envelope to Willy.

The envelope was addressed to Mr. T. Bittenwieser. It also carried the words "urgent and confidential".

The letters were printed. "Wait a minute", Willy said. "I want you to deliver this yourself".

The little boy said "O.K." and followed Willy to the Terrace Room.

Inspector Farnsworth had by now joined the small group in the Terrace Room and begun to outline his forthcoming moves. The little boy wanted to hand the envelope to Otmar Cramm, who pointed to Inspector Farnsworth.

"Put it on the table", the Inspector said, and the little boy did as he was told.

"Hello, Peter", said Carola.

"Who gave you this letter?" asked the Inspector.

"A man who stopped his car. He said he couldn't find your house. I said I knew it and he asked me whether I would bring it by as he had so little time."

"Did you know the man?"

"No".

"Had you ever seen him before, anywhere or with anybody?"

"no."

"Was he alone in the car?"

"I think so."

"Was he a young man?"

The little boy was embarrassed.

"No, not very young. About twenty or so. He was wearing sun glasses and gloves too."

"What kind of a car was he driving?"

"Well, I guess a pretty old one."

"What did he say to you? Can you try and repeat his words?"

"I'm looking for the house of Mr. Cramm. I can't find it.

I have a letter for a man who is staying with them. Do you know the house?" I said, yes, and then he gave me the letter. He said, "I am in a hurry' . . .

"How long ago did this happen?"

The little boy blushed. "It was in the morning. I put the letter in my pocket and forgot it."

"Where did you meet the man in the car?"

"At the corner of the Drive and Lazarus Lane."

"Think carefully, Peter. Do you remember any letter or number on the license plate?"

The little boy shook his head.

"No", he said, "but there was a sticker of some college or university on the rear window."

"Do you rememyer any part or the color of the sticker?"

"no."

"Tell me, do you think you would recognize the man, if you met him again?"

The little boy, looking doubtful, shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know."

"Thank you, Peter", Carola said. "You may run along now."

After the little boy had left, they leaned over the coffee table and looked at the envelope, puzzled, yet sure in their minds that the letter was connected with the disappearance of the child. Why, they wondered, was the envelope addressed to Tom Bittenwieser.

"Whoever wanted it to be delivered", Dr. Gartz said, "must have thought Mr. Bittenwieser was still here."

"When did he leave?" Otmar Cramm asked.

The Inspector consulted his notes.

"He left the house a few minutes after three to pick up the Parsons' car. It takes no more than four or five minutes to walk over to the Parsons'

"Tom passed our roadside garage when I was getting ready to drive to the station. We talked for a few minutes."

"Assume Mr. Bittenwieser picked up the Parsons car at 3:15 or thereabouts", Farnsworth said, "and that he left for the city about that time. It's now 4:30. The traffic isn't heavy yet. He should be home by now."

"Do you want me to dial his apartment", Otmar Cramm asked, his voice suddenly hoarse.

The Inspector nodded his head, and Otmar Cramm dialed Bittenwieser's telephone number. There was no answer.

While the telephone was ringing in Bittenwieser's apartment, they scrutinized the envelope and the words upon it. The envelope was of an ordinary, readily available kind, indistinguishable from countless others. The printed letters were done with care. The hand that had executed them was a mature hand, experienced in the

use of the pen.

"Does Mr. Bittenwieser have any connections here, business or otherwise?" the Inspector asked.

Otmar Cramm shook his head.

"He promised to keep in touch with us", Carola said. "But he mentioned some urgent personal business. He may be detained."

"Let me open the letter", Dr. Gartz said. "Bittenwieser has spoken to me about his concern for Caroline. I shall reseal the envelope and keep its contents to myself, unless it involves Caroline."

Everyone agreed with the doctor's suggestion. The doctor slipped on the gloves which Inspector Farnsworth passed to him, and walked to the window.

Standing by the window, his back turned towards the others, Dr. Gartz slid open the envelope, removed a single-page note, unfolded and read it.

"Mr. Bittenwieser:

Caroline is safe and in the care she needs after what you have done to her. You are a sick man, as everyone knows

who has read your book. You should thank God that we, my friends and I, rescued the child, before it would have been too late. If you leave this country and never come back, neither Caroline nor we, her rescuers, three in all, will speak up, and no one will ever know what happened in your room on the night from Saturday to Sunday. As a token of your compliance, we demand that you pay \$10,000 in bills of tens and twenties to the rescuers of Caroline and the saviors of your own name and person. You will drive back to the city at once and leave the city again tomorrow, Monday, at 11 A.M. Be alone in the car. Have no one follow you. Take Route 294 in a northerly direction at Exit 27 on Fieldstone Parkway. A motorcycle will pass you somewhere on 294. At that time drop the money, safely wrapped, from the car window next to the driver's seat. Within the hour, Caroline's parents will be advised as to her whereabouts and complete safety.

If you fail to comply, you will face the charge of attempted rape of a minor child, or worse."

After reading the note, which he did very slowly, the doctor's reaction was one of bewilderment. The insinuations of Otto he had not mentioned to anyone come to his mind. At the same time, he was staring at a blackmail attempt. The monstrous implication was that the child, a girl of thirteen whom Dr. Gartz knew well, was implicated both as the victim of one crime and as the possible accomplice to another . . . Was it not all tinged with absurdity, perhaps even a cruel prank?

The doctor remained silent and placed the note on the coffee table, where the others read it.

"Tom", Carola said, unbelieving, in the face of an accusation surpassing her powers of comprehension, "doing something unspeakable to our child . . . and Caroline . . . , where is she? Does she know of this dreadful note?"

For Otmar Cramm the only safe course now lay in the instructions set forth in the note.

"I believe we must try to carry out the instructions. We must pay the ransom demanded for the return of our child."

"Yes", the Inspector agreed, "we shall have to abide by the instructions, unless we are able to act faster. Don't you think, doctor, that whoever thought up this scheme is, how shall I put it, a stranger to reality?"

"I have a similar impression," Dr. Gartz said. "How can a child of 13 be relied on to keep the truth to herself, whatever it may be?"

Farnsworth rose.

"We can;t wait till tomorrow. The child may be in the hands of a dangerous amateur, or of a blackmailer, who doesn't care any longer once he has collected. . . . Fortunately, we have enough information to carry on, without losing time. Whatever happens, we must also get hold of Bittenwieser."

Carola buried her face in her hands and cried quietly. She felt events were closing in on her. Her husband sought to soothe her, stroking her hair softly.

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Farnsworth picked up the note and left the Terrace Room.

Dr. Gartz followed him.

"I want to speak to you about the boy, Otto Cramm." Dr. Gartz said. "I don't believe it has any bearing on your work at this point. Perhaps I should have spoken earlier. The boy's development hasn't been a normal one. There have been psychotic episodes . . . He dislikes Buttenwieser. Last night, when he found out that Buttenwieser was here, he had some kind of seizure, and he became upset each time he saw Buttenwieser afterwards."

"Did you find out why?"

"He suspects Buttenwieser to have done something to Caroline. He kept referring to some incident in the past and he said that Buttenwieser wanted Caroline to be naked. I am quite sure it's all a phantasy, the outgrowth of the boys over-excited mind. But I thought you should know about it."

The highway traffic was light at the early Sunday afternoon hour. Bittenwieser, driving fast, arrived in front of his apartment building shortly after 4. He left the car in charge of the doorman. He went to his apartment and found at once the key Angela had given him. A few minutes later Bittenwieser was back in the car and on his way to the building where Angela lived.

Bittenwieser parked the car a few blocks away. He walked to the building whose doorman, leaning drowsily against the wall in the still, cool lobby, greeted him:

"I'm afraid Miss Mangelhoff hasn't returned yet. I know you've been asking for her."

"I have the key to her apartment."

"Go right ahead, Sir."

Bittenwieser entered the elevator. He was perspiring in the hot air from the overhead fan whirling with a soft hum. After he stepped from the elevator and the door shut with a click behind him, the stillness in the dimly lit, narrow hall stretching past countless

closed apartment doors to his right and left was complete, threatening, conjuring in Bittenwieser's brain the vision of a prisonward.

Bittenwieser was not steady as he walked to Angela's apartment. He fumbled, unlocking the door. But at the very moment he opened the door and stood on the threshold, a joy deeper than any he had ever known lifted fear and oppression from him.

Everything was at its accustomed place; but there was more to it than just that: whatever objects Bittenwieser's eyes fell on, they all conveyed the same mute message: They were where they were, assigned to their order in their own small universe, by no one's hand but Angela's.

There was, on a small silver platter in the entrance hall, the usual neat pile of unopened letters. The vase next to it, in which there had been long-stemmed roses day before yesterday, was empty! Angela dreaded the sight of wilted flowers. The door to the small kitchen stood open, and on the otherwise empty kitchen table lay a sheet, torn from Angela's notebook, on which he recognized her handwriting: absent Angelea's habitual manner of communicating with Vivian, her maid, due tomorrow morning

Buttenwieser was still standing on the threshold. Although he knew she wasn't there, he called her name. "Angela." Then he entered the apartment and closed the door behind him.

The living room was as tidy as at its best times, after Angela had given it a look of pleasant expectancy: a trifle formal (chairs and sofas at precise angles), yet without pretense, revealing its owner's private interests and preoccupations, Magazines and recent books of general interest were neatly arranged on the low table. Of the drinks Buttenwieser and Angela had consumed, of the impression the bulk of his person must have left on the soft cushions of the sofa, no trace was left.

Although Buttenwieser had grown calm, experiencing the same sense of serenity he had when he let himself be carried along effortlessly after a long taxing swim, he vacillated briefly, as he opened the door to Angela's bedroom.

Daylight, though dimmer than in the living room, fell in through the single window looking towards the rear of the building. The bed had been made up. The receiver of the telephone next to the

bed had been taken off, and after replacing it, Bittenwieser checked the telephone for its restored hum. There still hung a subdued memory of Angela's perfume in the air.

The door to the bathroom stood open. Bittenwieser switched on the light. The bathroom, like the rest of Angela's apartment, was not linked to any but an undisturbed past.

Bittenwieser's eyes fell on a small bundle of undergarments on the low stool next to the bathtub, readied for washing, it awaited Vivian's arrival in the morning. Among the silken things Bittenwieser recognized the briefs he had left behind . . .

Where was Angela? Where had she gone? He remembered the note left for Vivian on the kitchen table.

"I'll have to be out of town for a few days", Bittenwieser read in Angela's handwriting, which tolerated not a single letter, unless it was fully and clearly executed, "but I expect to be back when you come on Friday. Should anyone call, take name and telephone number. There's no message for anyone, except Mr. Bittenwieser.

Should he call, tell him I am about to re-write the last chapter and that I hope he will be satisfied."

Buttenwieser read and reread Angela's note. He felt like crying. He fetched a tall glass from the cupboard and filled it from the kitchen faucet. He emptied it in one gulp. He had to sit down. He pulled out the single kitchen chair. He leaned forward until his head came to rest on the cool table, and he fell asleep.

Otmar and Carola Cramm stopped Farnsworth, as he walked towards his car.

"Perhaps I can be of some help to the police in trying to locate Buttenwieser", Otmar Cramm said.

"At this point, I don't care about the Buttenwieser angle. Unless this is a sick joke or a hoax", Farnsworth said, "the child is hidden somewhere, probably not very far from here. We've got enough information to get control of the situation."

The Inspector was impatient. He was certain he could break the case in short order.

"But suppose you don't find the child", Otmar Cramm insisted, "before the deadline set for Bittenwieser."

"I told you we shall get hold of Bittenwieser", Farnsworth agreed. "We will need him in any event."

"He promised to get in touch with us before he left", Carola said. "How are we to locate him? He is often quite . . ."

Carola did not finish the sentence. How was she to speak of a person who stood accused of a hideous offense upon her child?

"I know something of Bittenwieser's habits. Otmar Cramm proposed, "I could drive to the city . . ."

"No, no", Carola interrupted her husband, "you must stand by us . . . you are needed here."

"Let us wait a couple of hours", Farnsworth closed the conversation. "If Mr. Bittenwieser hasn't called by then, we'll go and get him . . . that is, if we still need him."

After Farnsworth had left, Carola remembered that Bittenwieser had told her he wanted to return to the city because of his concern for Angela. She had met Angela some time ago in a midtown restaurant.

She wasn't certain whether Bittenwieser had mentioned Angela's full name.

Whatever Detective Farnsworth was going to do in his line of duty, nothing seemed more important to Carola than Bittenwieser's presence here and now. Whether or not the horrible accusation was true, Bittenwieser was the only person in whose power it was to restore Caroline to her. Nothing else mattered. She, Carola, wanted Bittenwieser for the sake of her child. The only effort she was capable of was to try and extract from her memory any suggestion, however vague, providing a link with Angela.

Mrs. Muldoon's house, an elderly one-family home on a quiet middle-class street named Monroe Place, was being watched by Detective Conti. The house across the street belonged to his wife's sister and her husband. Their car stood in the narrow driveway, separating their house from their neighbors'. In order to avoid attention, Detective Conti had not driven up in his car. He had left it nearby, in front of another house.

There was a narrow backyard behind Mrs. Muldoon's house. A similar backyard belonged to the house in the rear, which fronted another street whose name was Jackson Place. A backdoor led from Mrs. Muldoon's kitchen to her backyard. Detective O'Brian, who had been assigned to watch the back door stationed himself on the rear porch of a nearby house on Jackson Place whose owners were away on vacation.

Shortly after 5:30 Mrs. Muldoon and her whitehaired friend left the house. They got into Mrs. Muldoon's car, moving leisurely, wearing neither coats nor any other wraps, having clearly no other purpose than a late afternoon car ride. Detective Conti decided not to leave his post.

A few minutes later, a short heavy-set girl, with straining shoulder-length blond hair, wearing a dark sweatshirt, blue jeans, and sandals on her bare feet, left by the back door of Mrs. Muldoon's house. She crossed the yard, then walked through the tangle of intertwining backyards in the direction of Detective O'Brian's observation post. However, before reaching it, the girl turned into one of the driveways serving the houses on Jackson Place. Detective

O'Brian emerged on the street, in time to see the blond girl walk away at a quick pace. He followed her in his car.

After several turns and street crossings the girl was met by a man, who descended from a bicycle. He appeared to be older than the girl, possibly in his early twenties. He was tall and very thin. He wore short pants and a white shirt, open to the waist, and baring his darkhaired chest. Being so much taller than the girl, he bent forward, listening attentively as the girl started at once to talking to him.

Detective O'Brian got out of his car at the nearest street corner holding a large yellow business envelope in his hand. Without paying any attention to the young man and the girl, who had not moved, Detective O'Brian walked slowly towards them, scanning the houses for their hidden numbers. At his approach there was in the posture of both of them a gesture of withdrawal, but not of suspicion: rather of impatience at being interrupted by a stranger.

By the time Detective O'Brian had reached the next street corner, without having found the housenumber he had been looking for, the young man had mounted his bicycle. He was out of sight

in a matter of seconds. The girl, however, was still hovering on the same spot. Retracing his steps, Detective O'Brian wondered whether she was waiting for him, perhaps trying to be helpful with the undelivered business letter. But as he was about to pass her, he noticed the same gesture of withdrawal and impatience in the presence of an unwanted passer-by.

"Excuse me, Miss" Detective O'Brian said, "I'm looking for number 139 ... the name is Campbell Jaspers."

The girl shook her head.

"I'm sorry", she said, "I don't live here."

"Well, I guess I better start ringing some door bells. Thanks anyway."

As he had expected, the girl was visibly upset by his declared intention of continuing his attempts at locating the non-existent Campbell Jaspers, likely to arouse the attention of the drowsy Sunday afternoon neighborhood.

"Are you sure you've got the right street name?" she asked.

"Positive. Mr. Campbell Jaspers, 139 Lorimer Street."

— With his slow lubering gait, the detective walked to a nearby house, and looking distracted and mournfully at the girl in the street he rang the doorbell. No one came to open the door, but the detective waited patiently, before he rang the doorbell again.

Just then the girl waved in the direction of an approaching car and started running toward it, obviously trying to signal the driver to stop before meeting her in sight of the importune person with the undelivered letter. But the girl could not run fast enough. By the time she had reached the car, which had indeed stopped at her signal, Detective O'Brian was back on the sidewalk. The girl climbed in the car beside the driver, who executed a U-turn. Although Detective Conti was unable to obtain more than a shadowy impression of the male driver behind the tinted windshield, he had no trouble whatever in noting the car's New York City license plate.

Mrs. Muldoon and her visitor returned shortly after six o'clock. Leaving the car in the street, they entered the house. Instead of their earlier leisurely pace, they moved briskly. Detective Conti,

having wondered at the short duration of their outing, thought he understood the reason when the two women reemerged from the house a few minutes later: Mrs. Muldoon was to take her visitor, now wearing her hat and coat, back to the railroad station. But why the visitor's abrupt departure? Detective Conti followed the two women in his own car.

Mrs. Muldoon deposited her friend at the station. Their good-byes were brief. Mrs. Muldoon was anxious to proceed by herself, without delay.

Mrs. Muldoon drove fast. The section of town she was heading for was a once fashionable neighborhood adjoining the golf course. The owners of the large houses had sold most of their land to the golf club. The old houses, left with only the ground they stood on, had little market value.

The house in front of which Mrs. Muldoon stopped was at the end of Grove Street, a very short dead-end street abutting on the golf course. Backing his car into Grove Street, Detective Conti observed Mrs. Muldoon through the rear-view mirror. With the same sense of urgency her movements had already revealed, Mrs. Muldoon

walked to the front door of the house and knocked at the door. The door was opened, but Detective Conti could not see the person opening and closing the door behind Mrs. Muldoon.

Detective Conti parked his car well beyond Grove Street where he was sure it could not be seen from the house at the end of the dead-end street. In the waning afternoon the wind had shifted and from across the golf course a chill north-east wind foretold a change in the weather. A bank of dark clouds had risen in the sky, calling for the early demise of the long daylight-hours of July. Detective Conti located a cluster of thick pine trees on a slight elevation on the fringes of the deserted golf course. Hidden from view, the detective focused his binoculars on Mrs. Muldoon's car in front of No. 6 Grove Street, as well as on another car with a New York City license plate behind the houses. All of the windows he was able to see appeared closed and curtained.

The car in which Vera Muldoon had been picked up was registered in the name of Dr. Edwin Pindar, residing at a Manhattan address. The name was an unusual one, and Farnsworth remembered hearing it

mentioned at his sister's house, who worked in the lunchroom of the High School. Before he called his sister, Farnsworth checked both the local and the Manhattan telephone directories, but found no listing.

Yes, his sister said, Dr. Pindar had taught at the school until summer recess. She believed there had been trouble between Mr. Andrews, the High School Principal and Dr. Pindar, and that Dr. Pindar would not return in the fall. Farnsworth's sister didn't know whether Dr. Pindar had been commuting from the city.

Mr. Andrews was at home and Farnsworth, who knew him well, called on him at once.

"A capable English teacher", Mr. Andrews said, "but a difficult man. Among his students were many who thought of him as the best teacher they ever had. Others disliked him and called him a crackpot. We decided not to reappoint him for the coming year."

"Well, Farnsworth said, "this sort of divided opinion about a teacher isn't unusual, is it?"

"Of course, it isn't. But Mr. Pindar is a problem teacher. He creates issues that go beyond the intellectual horizon of tenth or eleventh grade students. He seems to thrive on it. This past year, they read 'Moby Dick', in the eleventh grade. Mr. Pindar compared the pursuit of the White Whale to contemporary man's challenge to achieve his salvation outside of community and convention . . . by means of drugs, far-eastern cults, sexual gratification . . . And he wanted to know whether this was preferable to finding salvation (as he called it) within the rules and conventions of the community. Perhaps I'm simplifying his views, but the point is that a teacher confuses the students by drawing them into discussing some very difficult questions. Of course, Mr. Pindar didn't think so. He said that in his opinion the point in reading a book like 'Moby Dick' was to relate its meaning to our own day and age . . . that is to drugs and sex and cults, in short to all the difficult problems our school has to deal with as a practical matter and not as a philosophical speculation . . . Mr. Pindar's approach lead to a most regrettable divisiveness . . . "

"Any evidence of drug involvement?"

"We aren't sure. You and I know we have a drug problem."

"Was this thing you call 'divisiveness' the only reason why you didn't reappoint the man?"

"Well, there were other reasons, and although they weren't terribly grave as such, they amounted to an attitude we couldn't reconcile with what we must expect from a responsible teacher. Mr. Pindar lives in the city and he has an unlisted telephone number. He refuses to let us have it. But we can't run the school if we can't contact our teachers on a moment's notice.:

"Hm"

"We also have information that Mr. Pindar has the use of a place here in town, apparently with some elderly relative . . . but again he says it's none of our business, if he spends the night here when he is too tired to commute."

"I think I get the picture", Farnsworth said. "An obnoxious fellow. Are you familiar with his background?"

"Well, yes and no. He is a native New Yorker. He graduated from a mid-western College and afterwards traveled extensively for

a year or two. He must have had some money . . . He has a doctor's degree from a respectable Teachers' College."

"Family?"

"He has apparently no family of his own, but as I mentioned to you, he is supposed to have some relations in town."

"Look here, Mr. Andrews, I am going to show you a hand-written note. I want you to read it. After you've read it, I want you to tell me whether in your personal opinion that I promise you will never be repeated to anyone, either the hand-writing or the text might point to Mr. Pindar as the author of the note."

Farnsworth placed the note addressed to Bittenwieser on Mr. Andrews' desk and switched on the desk lamp, which was very bright. Mr. Andrews bent over the note and read it slowly. When he straightened himself, he was shocked and bewildered and there were pearls of sweat on his forehead.

"This is terrible, what is one to do? This Bittenwieser, is he the man who wrote the book 'Ad Portas'?"

The Inspector nodded his head.

"The handwriting, I have to tell you, means nothing to me. But there was an incident, a number of months ago. I called Mr. Pindar to my office to tell him that he was not going to be reappointed and that he better look for another position. If he was upset, he didn't show it. As I recall it, he said he had been working on a book and would welcome the opportunity to finish it, without the pressure of a job. I asked him what subject he was writing on. He said he was working on a strong reply to 'Ad portas' which he called 'one of the most reactionary books of our time.' I told him that I had not read the book. A few days later, I found a paperback copy on my desk. Of course, it's most likely sheer coincidence . . . It's absurd to try and connect Mr. Pindar with a crime . . . a crime of this nature."

A cold rain started falling shortly after 7 o'clock and dusk settled slowly. No light appeared behind any of the windows of the last house on the dead-end street. However, a male figure left the house briefly in order to remove Mrs. Muldoon's car from the street and to put it alongside the other car in the back of the house. Detective

Conti walked back to his car. He radioed an up-dated report for the attention of Farnsworth, suggesting that Detective O'Brian join him and giving appropriate directions.

After Inspector Farnsworth had left Mr. Andrews, taking the note with him, time and the darkening afternoon weighed heavily on the exhausted minds of the three persons in the Terrace Room. They hesitated to turn on the lights, because they did not want to acknowledge to themselves and to one another that the arrival of another evening marked the passing of fully 24 hours since they had last seen Caroline.

After Farnsworth's departure Otmar Cramm had only spoken once. "There is no threat against Caroline", he had said softly, and Dr. Gartz had agreed with him. But Carola had said nothing, persevering in her silent search for a link to Angela, through whom she was certain Bittenwieser could be located.

Bittenwieser had mentioned Angela's name a few times, but each of his references to her had been vague. Carola was familiar with the half-serious, half-mocking manner in which he dropped casual

remarks about women to whom he was attracted although they made him uneasy because they insisted on what he had once called 'a privacy so excessive as to be positively rude.'

The one time Carola had met Angela, Bittenwieser had not introduced her formally. Had he ever told her how he himself had known Angela who was so much younger than he? Since Bittenwieser knew a great many people with whom Otmar and Carola maintained no contact whatever, it seemed a hopeless undertaking for Carola to try and force the chambers of her memory in order to come upon someone who could help her, Carola Cramm, find the woman for whose sake Bittenwieser had been anxious to leave, and of whom she knew no more than her first name. Carola leaned back and closed her eyes. She wanted to shut out the presence of her husband and of Dr. Gartz, as she came face to face for the first time with a sequence of conjectures she had so far avoided.

Bittenwieser had promised to return on a moment's notice, but by now close to 5 hours had passed, and he had not been heard from. Was it possible that Bittenwieser's concern for Angela had

been only a pretext invented by him because he wanted to get away, before it became known what he had been doing to Caroline when these people, whoever they were, took the child away from him? These people, who were holding her child for ransom, were they lying about Buttenwieser? And Otto, what did he know? Had he been witness to some horrible scene involving Buttenwieser and her child about which he was afraid to talk? Had Buttenwieser threatened him?

And the Detective, had he not established the presence of the child in Buttenwieser's room, just before she was taken away?

Was she, Carola, deceiving herself? Had she known fear of Buttenwieser because her senses were responding to his sheer physical presence, as she said to herself, or because there was a dark side to his maleness?

In the course of these probings Carola remembered Buttenwieser's mentioning that he and Angela had seen the same psychoanalyst. While Carola did not know his name, she knew that among

acknowledgements in Buttenwieser's 'Ad Portas' there was one to his psychoanalyt, giving, however, the initials of his name only.

Carola rose and fetched the book. Yes, here were Buttenwieser's words. 'Last but not least, I am greatly indebted to my analyst F.G., whose disagreements with my remarks on psychoanlaysis have severely tested my thoughts, but not our friendship.'

"F.G." Carola said aloud, "are the initials of Buttenwieser's psychoanalyst. If we find him, we may be able to locate Buttenwieser. He left because he wanted to look after this girl, Angela, who is also a patient of F.G."

Dr. Gratz picked up the telephone ⁱⁿ Otmar Carmm's office and called a patient of his, an elderly Austrian-born psychoanalyst, who was spending the Summer weekends in a rented house on the Sound.

"F.G.?" . . . wait a moment, wait a moment", the psychoanalyst said, "F.G. . . . there are two names that come to my mind: Franz Grabowsky who is like myself a pupil of Freud . . . and Frederick Gerber, a quite talented younger man . . . If you give me more time, I promise you more names with the initials F.G. Why, may I ask you,

why do you want to know?"

"A friend of mine wrote a book. Perhaps you've heard of it 'Ad Portas'...."

"Of course, 'Ad Portas' by Thomas Buttenwieser, a very stimulating little book . . . I guess you want to know the name of the psychoanalyst who played the role, if one can say so, of the devil's advocate for Mr. Buttenwieser's romantic excursions into psychoanalysis . . . Well, it's neither Grabowsky, nor Grimm . . . but my good friend Firmin Guestrich, formerly Fritz Gastreich . . ."

"How can I contact him? The matter is of great urgency."

"Then you are very lucky. Firmin Guestrich is about to leave for Europe tomorrow. I spoke with him a half hour ago. I give you his telephone number."

Firmin Guestrich was unwilling to supply any information.

"I cannot speak with you about my patients. - I am sorry, but it's quite impossible", he repeated several times. But Carola, her voice tear-choked, was pleading for her child.

"Please, Dr. Guestrich, please try and understand us. All we want is to locate Mr. Battenwieser so we can talk to him. He would never forgive us, if we did not do everything in our power to call upon him in this emergency, which has arisen after he left us a few hours ago."

"Did he tell you he was going to see my patient?"

— "Yes, he said he was concerned about her.:

"What did you say your name was? I'm not sure I caught your name."

"I am Carola Cramm. My husband is Otmar Cramm."

"Is your husband the man who looks after Mr. Battenwieser's investments?"

"Yes, my husband is one of his oldest friends, as well as his banker."

"Alright. The name you want is Angela Mangelhoff. Her Telephone number is 212-753-4117."

Carola dialed the number.

Battenwieser, asleep at Angela's kitchen table, was woken by the wall telephone behind him. For a few moments he did not know where

he was, then he lifted the receiver and placed it against his ear, without rising.

"Yes, hello"

The relief felt by Carola made her voice sound cheerful.

"Tom", it's Carola. Tom, where are you? We've been waiting to hear from you."

"I've fallen asleep, Carola. I'm glad you've called . . .

"Please, Tom, please come as soon as you can. We need you, it's . . .

At this point, Carola's voice broke.

"I told you, Carola, I'd come back on a moment's notice. The car is in front of the door."

Judge Garofalo signed the search warrant for the house at no.6 Grove Street in the living room of his house.

"Who, did you say, the records show to be the owner of the premises?"

"The name is Cornelia Williams", Farnsworth answered. "The house was left to her some years ago by Lewis Waldron, who was either

a widower or a bachelor. As far as we know, Cornelia Williams is an old lady, living alone, although she is believed by some sources to be renting rooms, usually for short periods. The neighborhood, right off the golf course, is a rather lonely one, and it seems there is little, if any, contact among the people who live there."

"The Muldoon car and the Pindar car have been parked at 6 Grove Street for the past several hours?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And Mrs. Muldoon was seen entering the house?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The car registered in the name of Pindar has been used to transport at least one person who may have been involved in the abduction or detention of the child. Is that so."

"Yes, Sir."

A police car, driven by Farnsworth, its lights dimmed, slowly approached the dark house at the end of the dead-end street and stopped in front of it.

Another car, unmarked, without lights, driven by Detective O'Brian, moved across the golf course and came to a halt in the rear of the house, within approximately 300 yards of the Pindar and Muldoon cars. Detective Conti left his post and joined Detective O'Brian, who had left his car and turned over the wheel to a police officer. The rain was still heavy. Detectives Conti and O'Brian walked in total darkness to the two cars behind the house. Crouching in front of the cars, they could not be seen from the house.

At o'clock, which was the pre-arranged time, Farnsworth left his car and walked across Grove Street to the front door of no.6. There was a doorbell, but it did not appear to function. Farnsworth knocked at the door. Inside the house, the silence remained unbroken and no light was turned on.

Farnsworth stepped back into the street. His powerful flashlight ranged from window to window. There was no sign of any presence of movement anywhere. Farnsworth waited a few moments before he returned to his car and drove away.

The door in the rear of the house creaked as it was being opened. It was left ajar, but no light fell from the inside into the yard. Seconds later Detectives Conti and O'Brian heard the sounds of a scuffle involving several persons, and the excited half-tones of male and female voices. The distance between the back door and the cars hiding the Detectives from was about 30 feet. Confused steps were moving towards the cars. The steps came to a halt, and the trunk compartment of the Pindar car was thrown open.

The shadowy figures of the Detectives rose in front of the car. The shrill call from Detective Conti's whistle pierced the monotony of the rain and the glare from several flashlights blinded and rendered motionless the small group of persons facing the Detectives. Before any of them had made a move or spoken a word, Farnsworth had stepped in the radius of light.

The tall, thin, swarthy young man, who had been met by Vera Muldoon, was carrying the limp child loosely wrapped in a blanket. The child appeared to be asleep. Vera Muldoon stood next to the young

man, her hands frozen inside the open trunk compartment. Mrs. Muldoon, her face white and tearstroked, was standing next to a much younger man, supporting herself by gripping the young man's arm.

No words were spoken. Detective Conti, on a sign from Farnsworth, took the child from the man who was holding it and carried it into the house. On another sign from Farnsworth, the four persons preceded Farnsworth into the house without any attempt at stepping from the radius of the Detective's lights. Detective O'Brian, entering last, closed the creaking back door.

The spacious ground floor of the old house appeared unused, though well cared-for. There was no speck of dust on the heavy old-fashioned furniture. Chandeliers hung from the high ceilings. Their light was absorbed by dark oriental rugs. If Mrs. Cornelia Williams lived here, she confined her activities to the upper floors.

Detective O'Brian stayed with Vera Muldoon and the two men in the formal dining room. Detective Conti deposited the child on a stiffbacked sofa in the adjoining living room. Mrs. Muldoon, her

voice feeble and uncertain, asked Inspector Farnsworth whether she may sit down. Farnsworth nodded and Mrs. Muldoon walked over to the sofa, and as she sat down, she reached for the sleeping child's hand through the folds of the blanket. She began to sob. Between sobs she looked questioningly at Farnsworth: would he listen to her, if she tried to speak?

Farnsworth understood Mrs. Muldoon's silent appeal.

"There will be plenty of time to have you tell us what you know, Mrs. Muldoon" he said. "First we must take care of the child. I shall call for an ambulance and inform the parents."

"Please, o please call the parents," Mrs. Muldoon said softly.

The telephone was in the empty kitchen in which no cooking had been done in a long time, as revealed by the spotless sink and stove and the disconnected refrigerator, all stemming from a by-gone era. Farnsworth ordered an ambulance to take the child to the hospital. Then he called Otmar Cramm.

"Your child is safe", he said. "She is asleep and I prefer not to wake her. As a matter of routine, she will be taken to the hospital to be seen by a doctor. I suggest you come to the hospital

with Dr. Gartz. I shall myself meet you there very shortly."

"Yes, yes, yes . . ." was all Otmar Cramm was able to say. But before Farnsworth hung up, Otmar Cramm added that Carola had reached Bittenwieser and that Bittenwieser had promised to come at once.

"Have the maid tell Mr. Bittenwieser to meet me at my office."

When Farnsworth returned to the living room, Caroline's eyes were open, but they were dark and vacant and unblinking. Although the room was hot and airless, the child seemed unaware of the blanket she was still wrapped in. But she had freed her hands so she could clasp Mrs. Muldoon's hand with both of her own hands.

The ambulance arrived and Farnsworth opened the front door. A stretcher was brought in. Caroline was awake when the stretcher was placed alongside the sofa and she was afraid of the unknown men in their black raingear, who lifted her on the stretcher. She tightened her hold of Mrs. Muldoon's hand. Mrs. Muldoon again looked pleadingly at Farnsworth.

"May I stay with her until her parents come?"

"Yes, you can accompany her to the hospital. Lieutenant Conti will also go with you. Later I want to see you at my office."

After the ambulance was gone, Farnsworth mounted the stairs, which were covered with a worn runner, to the second floor. It contained the living quarters of Cornelia Williams. Everything was tidy, in the place meant for it. The doors of Mrs. Williams' personal rooms stood open, obviously for the purpose of helping the air circulate in the owner's absence. Farnsworth spent little time on this floor which so clearly reflected Mrs. Cornelia Williams' sense of an orderly existence.

The third floor was subdivided into a non-insulated, oppressively hot, attic, and two additional rooms. One of these rooms, the door of which stood open, contained only a large wooden table and a chair. But piles of newspapers and of magazines, a cardfile, and a variety of books, as well as sheets covered with writing, and an aged typewriter pointed to the use of this room

as the working place of a man engaged in some intellectual work.

Farnsworth looked into a few books briefly. The owner had identified himself in each of them; the name he had written was Dr. Edwin Pindar.

The other room, whose door had been closed, presented a different scene. There was a large wooden bed, its sheets in disarray, stripped of its blanket. The single window was covered with thick layers of newspapers which had been fastened to the wall with scotch tape. A bedside lamp on an old-fashioned night table was still lit. The room contained also an upholstered chair, three ordinary chairs, a dresser, and a table. All over the floor there were empty or nearly empty beer and soda bottles and glasses. The odor of marijuana or similar substances was unmistakable in the stale used-up air of what must be the modest bedroom of Dr. Pindar.

Farnsworth glanced briefly at the two suits and a pair of sandals in the wall closet and the clean shirts and underwear in the dresser, all of these being undisturbed and testifying to the orderly habits of their owner; then he descended to the groundfloor.

In the somber dining room Vera Muldoon and the two young men were leaning against the dark oak paneled wall. Their faces were white and strained. Detective O'Brian had never once said a single word. He had pulled out a dining room chair and seated himself, awaiting Farnsworth's return.

Farnsworth spoke quietly.

"I place you under arrest, all three of you, on the following charges for the time being: unlawful entry and presence upon the premises known as no.6 Grove Street in the town of Crestmont, illegal possession of drugs, and the very serious charges of kidnapping and restraining a child of less than 13 years of age, and attempted extortion. I advise you that you are entitled, each of you, to have a lawyer present at any interrogation by myself or any of my colleagues in the Police Department, and that if you cannot afford a lawyer, the State is prepared to supply one free of charge. I also advise you that you may remain silent and that you cannot be compelled to talk, but that if you do talk, anything you say may be used against you."

Farnsworth paused. The younger of the men, leaning against the wall, was swaying slightly.

"You may also contact your parents or other close relatives from the Police Department, where you will be taken at once for questioning. At this point, I have only one or two questions which, like all questions put to you, are subject to the same limitations I have just explained to you."

"Does any of you live here as a tenant or a boarder or a guest of the owner, Mrs. Cornelia Williams?"

They did not answer.

"Does any of you have the right to be here by permission of Mrs. Williams?"

At first all three remained silent. Then the younger man, who was perspiring profusely, said, without looking at his companions:

"Vera and I have been here many times to see one of our teachers, Dr. Pindar."

"He is renting two rooms on the third floor from Mrs. Williams."

"Is Dr. Pindar here now?"

"No. He's been gone all summer."

"Before he left for the summer, did Dr. Pindar give you or any of you permission to come here?"

They did not respond, but there was a confusion in their silence indicating that Farnsworth's question could not be answered by a simple 'yes' or 'no.'

Otmar and Carola Cramm were told to wait in the aircooled empty hospital lobby. Dr. Gartz was asked to come to the office of Dr. Loretta Wolff, who was on duty when Caroline was brought in.

"I have asked Dr. Frost, of the pediatric service, and Dr. Eva Taubman, of the gynecological service, to examine the child. They're now with the child in the examining room. If you want to join them, Dr. Gartz. . ."

"No, I prefer to wait in your office, if I may."

Dr. Frost was the first to return to Dr. Wolff's office.

"The child is drowsy, with lapses into half-consciousness and incoherence, presumably from some barbiturates or tranquilizers, probably in fairly substantial amounts. But all her vital signs are entirely normal. There's no visible sign of any violence, except for a quite recent cut, as from a piece of glass or some similar sharp edge, on the sole of her right foot. I have ordered a number of additional tests. I believe it is too late to have the child's stomach pumped; whatever substance she may have ingested, has by now been absorbed. What she needs is rest, care, and help in coming to terms with an experience that has brutalized her."

"Your recommendation, Dr. Frost?"

"As a matter of precaution, I believe the child should be kept here for another twelve to fourteen hours."

"Any objection to having her parents see her?"

"I'd be inclined to wait until the child is once again able to respond to her normal surroundings."

"Is the woman still with her who came along in the ambulance?"

"No. She is in a state of near-exhaustion, but she wants to speak to the police as soon as possible."

After the brief exchange, Dr. Wolff turned to Dr. Gartz.

"Do you agree with Dr. Frost's recommendation, Dr. Gartz? I understand you are a close friend of the family?"

"I want to thank Dr. Frost for his most sensible views. I am in absolute agreement as to the immediate needs of the child. I trust you will stay with the child as long as necessary, Dr. Frost?"

"I shall return to the child as soon as Dr. Taubman has finished examining her."

The report of Dr. Taubman was reassuring, at least insofar as Caroline's physical condition was concerned. There was no evidence of any sexual abuse. But Dr. Taubman had not been able to elicit any answers to the few questions she had put to Caroline in order to ascertain whether anyone had molested her.

Caroline had started to cry.

Vera Muldoon, Peter Crawford and Bill Landis were taken to separate rooms at the police station. Mrs. Muldoon remained at the hospital under the care of a doctor, with Detective Conti standing by.

None of the arrested persons so far had made any statement or requested the assistance of a lawyer or to contact any member of their families.

It was past o'clock, when Farnsworth had Vera Muldoon brought to his office where Detective O'Brian was ready to take her interrogation. After cautioning her once more concerning her right, Farnsworth asked her whether she wished to make any statement. For the first time, the girl opened her mouth.

"Yes. None of us is guilty of the crimes you have charged us with."

In his brightly lit office, Farnsworth noted the unblinking, extraordinarily pale-blue eyes of the girl. She sat very still and erect, like someone disregarding all of the ordinary demands of her body for the sake of the greater need for mental concentration.

"Do you care to enlarge on this statement?"

"We didn't take Carlina Cramm with us against her will and we didn't keep her against her will. Caroline came with us because she wanted to and she didn't want to go home again."

"You speak of 'we' and 'us'. Are the 'we' and 'us' you refer to, yourself and the two men arrested with you?"

"Yes."

"What are their names?"

"The other one is Peter Crawford. The other Bill Landis."

"Anyone else?"

"No."

"So that the three of you have been alone in this thing from the very beginning?"

Vera Muldoon nodded her head.

"And when and where did Caroline Cramm express her wish to go with you?"

For the first time, Vera Muldoon's until now unmoving face betrayed the labor to appear calm and sure of herself.

"Last night, at her parents' house."

"Where you and Peter Crawford and Bill Landis last night at her parents' house?"

Vera Muldoon's labor inside of herself was becoming increasingly more noticeable.

"Not exactly. We had gone swimming from their beach. On the way back to our car, Peter Crawford and I were passing the house and heard Caroline call for help."

"Where was Bill Landis?"

"He had gone ahead to the car."

"How did you know that it was Caroline Cramm who was calling for help?"

"We had met her a few minutes earlier. She had hurt her foot and I had bandaged it for her.:"

"Where was that?"

"At the place we were swimming from."

"Did you know Caroline?"

"I had seen her once or twice."

"Where?"

"Her brother and she had been a few times at The Old Wharf. They wanted to join our gang. But they were too young and we told them to leave us alone."

"Did Caroline go swimming with you last night?"

"No. She must have been some place where she could hear us. She knows Billy Landis. Her foot was bleeding, and she looked for someone to bandage it. She wanted to go back to the party.:

"Did she say how she had hurt her foot?"

"No."

"Was she barefoot?"

"Yes. She was carrying her slippers because she didn't want to spoil them. She was all dressed up for the party."

"How was she dressed?"

"She was wearing a thin light-blue dress."

What did you do when you heard Caroline call for help?"

"We rushed in and found her with this man who was holding her and trying to stuff a towel into her mouth. He was naked and ...

"And what?"

"His penis was all big and red."

"What did you do?"

"We struggled with him and pushed him away. Then we left and took Caroline with us."

"Why didn't you take the child to her parents after you rescued her from her attacker?"

Vera Muldoon did not fail to notice the shift in the Detective's questioning, his doubt, perhaps disbelief. She sought to cope with it by becoming more circumstantial and voluble.

"We wanted to, but she wouldn't let us . . ."

"Did she say why?"

"She said she didn't want her parents to know because this man was Thomas Battenwieser, who was her father's best friend and a very famous writer, and that her brother hated him and said he was a dangerous person. She said she wanted to stay with us until he was gone . . ."

"Where and when did she say all this?"

"In the car, when we drove away."

"Where did you take Caroline?"

"To the house on Grove Street. We didn't want to involve Billy's parents or my mother."

"Did Mrs. Williams give you, or any of you, permission to enter her home in her absence?"

"No. But one of our teachers, Mr. Pindar, lives with Mrs. Williams during the school year. I have visited him often."

"Did Dr. Pindar permit you to enter his rooms?"

"No, but I knew he wouldn't object . . ."

"How did you get into the house?"

"There is always a key in the frontyard, underneath a stone."

"Whose key?"

"I guess, Mrs. Williams' key."

"In whose car did you take Caroline to Mrs. Williams' house?"

"Dr. Pindar's car. He had allowed Peter Crawford to use it, while he is away."

"Where did you want to take the child when you were stopped by the police?"

"We weren't sure. We had to keep her with us. We wanted to make sure that Caroline would not again fall in the hands of Mr. Bittenwieser."

"What did you do to make sure of that?"

"We wrote to Mr. Bittenwieser."

"Did you, or any of you, know Mr. Bittenwieser?"

"No, not personally, but we know a great deal about him. We have read his book."

Farnsworth rose and took the note from a drawer in his desk and put it before Vera Muldoon. She swayed on her chair as though overtaken by a wave of dizziness. For a moment she appeared to lose the facile unconcern she had striven to maintain in answering the Detective's questions.

"Is this what you wrote to Mr. Bittenwieser?"

"Yes."

"Whose handwriting is it?"

"Mine."

"I shall not question you any further for the time being.

Is there anything you wish to say at this time?"

"About this note?"

"Anything."

"The money . . . first of all, we wanted it because we wanted Mr. Bittenwieser to admit his guilt. But we didn't want the money for ourselves."

"For whom did you want it?"

Vera Muldoon did not answer at once, and her face became the mirror of concealed emotions. She stared at Farnsworth who braced himself for what he anticipated would be the break of the dam that had contained the girl's frustration. He had often seen it happen to those who had broken the law for the sake of a dream, which had been snatched away from them. But it did not happen to Vera Muldoon. She regained her composure and said quietly:

"I needed the money to take care of Caroline."

"Weren't you going to return her to her parents?"

"Not right away. Not until she was recovered from what had happened to her."

15.

William ('Bill') Landis made the following statement in the presence of Frederick Hummel, an attorney retained by his father, Herman Landis.

"My name is William Landis. I am 17 years old and an 11th grade student at Crestmont High. I live with my parents at 17 Winthrop Lane in Crestmont. On Saturday night at about 8:30 o'clock Vera Muldoon, who is a classmate of mine and Peter Crawford, whom I believe to be a friend of hers, picked me up at my house. We wanted to go for a swim. I did not know the car Peter Crawford was driving. It was a 68 or 69 Ford and had a New York license plate.

We parked the car on what is known the Old-Wood-Bridge, on Serpentine Drive. From there we went down to a strip of sand beach which I believe belongs to the Cramm property. It was very dark. We had to use our flashlights. From the noises coming from the

Cramm house we figured they were having a party.

I took my clothes off and went for a swim. I felt uncomfortable. I did not want to stay. I was afraid Mr. or Mrs. Cramm or one of the guests might show up suddenly. We had gone to swim from their place before, but mostly during the week, when there is no one at the Cramm house.

When I came out of the water Vera showed me a girl's dress which she said she had found while I was swimming. She also said it was more like a child's dress. I became even more worried and I said we should leave. But Vera Muldoon became very excited and said something might have happened to the child to whom the dress belonged. Suddenly, Caroline Cramm came. She was wearing practically nothing and she carried her shoes, or rather her slippers, in her hand. I have known Caroline Cramm a long time, since I have grown up in the same neighborhood.

Caroline said she wanted to pick up her dress and go back to the party at her house. Vera Muldoon said, "It is such a pretty dress and it must have cost a great deal of money and I want to keep the dress for my little sister." I thought she was only kidding because her

younger sister was killed in an automobile accident a few years ago, and I said to Vera "give her the dress and let the kid go home." But Vera Muldoon said, "Why can't she go to her party as she is. I'll bet they like to see pretty little girls all naked."

Then Caroline started to cry. I became very upset and I tried to take the dress away from Vera Muldoon. But Peter Crawford said, I should leave her alone and I would only ruin the dress.

Vera Muldoon and Peter Crawford were drinking beer all the time. They had brought two or three sixpacks. I did not drink any beer. I wanted to go home, but I didn't want to leave Caroline alone.

I asked Caroline, if there wasn't any way she could get in to the house without being seen by anyone. But she only shook her head and went on crying.

Then I remembered what they call the Guest Wing of the Cramm house. I knew it has a separate entrance. I mentioned it to Caroline but she said she couldn't go without her dress.

Caroline had dropped her slippers and she started looking for them in the dark. I looked also and found the slippers, but Caroline said she must have stepped on a piece of glass and her foot was

bleeding and that the slippers would be spoiled, and she cried even more. I asked Vera Muldoon whether she could bandage Caroline's foot. She tore a piece off one of our towels and put it around Caroline's foot, and I helped Caroline into her slippers. As soon as she had put them on, she ran away.

I was more anxious than ever to leave as quickly as possible. Peter Crawford said I should go ahead and wait for them in the car. But I had made up my mind not to wait and to go home, which is what I did.

When I woke up in the morning, it all seemed like a stupid joke, and I tried to put it out of my mind. But when my mother mentioned that there was a rumor in the neighborhood that the police were looking for a missing child, I thought at once of Caroline Cramm, and I became sick with worrying. I asked a few people but no one seemed to have heard anything but the same rumor. I did not go near the Cramm place, and I did not want to get in touch with Vera Muldoon. I do not know where Peter Crawford lives, but I believe he lives in New York City.

At about in the afternoon, my father wanted me to drive him to the golf course. He said he wanted to play a few hol

~~Moles~~ before it started to rain, and he suggested that I walk with him.

I was by now so nervous I was glad to get away for a while.

When we got to the third hole, which is very near a row of houses alongside the golf course, I saw a car driving up and stopping directly behind one of these houses. I recognized the car. It was the same car in which I had been the night before. Peter Crawford and Vera Muldoon got out of the car and went quickly into the house, without turning around. I was sure they had not seen me.

I said to my father I had just seen a couple of friends of mine, and would he mind finishing alone, and I would get a ride home later. My father said it was alright with him.

I ran to the house which is, I am told, no. 6 Grove Street and rang the door bell. When no one came to open the door, I banged against it. Then the door was opened by Vera Muldoon. She let me in. Before I could say anything, she said, "Caroline is here with us. We rescued her last night. A man was about to rape her in her own house. She called for help as we were passing outside. She is asleep now, she'll be alright. We want you to take her home."

I was enormously relieved. I said, "I'll get my father's car

from the golf course and take her home". But Vera said "No, you can't take her home just yet." I said I would wait, and Vera said, "That's alright."

While we were still standing in the foyer, a car stopped in front of the house. There is a peephole in the door and Vera looked through it. I saw she was upset as she opened the door and a lady walked in, who was Vera Muldoon's mother. "Please stop following me around, mother", Vera said, "I'll be home in a little while." But the lady wanted to know who else was there. Vera said, "Pete is upstairs, and this here is Billy Landis, and ther's no one else." I said nothing, although I knew Vera was lying.

I guess Mrs. Muldoon didn't believe Vera either. She said she wanted to talk to Vera alone. So Vera told me to wait, and she and her mother went to one of the downstairs rooms and Vera closed the door behind them.

I can't say how long I waited. When Mrs. Muldoon and Vera came back to the foyer, Mrs. Muldoon's face was all white and I saw she had been crying. She didn't notice me. She seemed to have trouble walking up the stairs, as she held on to the banister.

I said to Vera, "Please, let me take the child home." But Vera said, "We can't send her home before we have a confession by the man who was trying to rape her. Otherwise we're in trouble ourselves. They wouldn't believe us."

I was all confused and I said, "The police are looking for her now." Vera asked me if I had talked with anyone about last night. I said no, I haven't." Then she said, "You can't leave now, Billy. We're in this together." I didn't understand the whole thing, my only thoughts were about Caroline, I wanted to take her home . . .

I went with Vera to the third floor. It was very dark by ~~now~~ and I heard the rain on the windows. Vera said it was useless to turn any light switch, since all the light bulbs were unscrewed.

I believe Peter Crawford and Vera Muldoon had been drinking beer and smoking pot. I could smell it and there were lots of empty bottles and cans around.

There were two rooms on the third floor. Vera told me to wait in one of them and after a while Peter Crawford came in, but it was so dark I could see almost nothing. Peter Crawford started talking to me and I thought he was high. I am not sure I understood everything he was

saying because he was rambling on and on and I was waiting for Caroline and didn't care about anything else.

To the best of my recollection, Peter Crawford said that they, that is he and Vera Muldoon, had surprised this man who wanted to rape Caroline and that they had saved Caroline from him. He also said the name of this man was Thomas Bittenwieser and that he was very rich and a famous writer, and that they must make sure he didn't get away with it. They were waiting for him to admit his crime and they had given him a deadline.

I asked Peter Crawford if I could see Caroline. He said I should not worry because Vera and her mother were taking care of her.

I was glad that Mrs. Muldoon had not left again and that she was with Caroline. I said I wanted to go home, but he said, "No, you can't go now, because you have nothing to do with this thing and you may have to take the kid back to her parents."

Then I heard a loud knock at the front door, but no one went downstairs to open. A few moments later, Vera came in and said, "We must leave. I'm not sure but it might have been the police."

Peter Crawford got up and went to the room next to the one I was in. I got up too and stepped outside and waited on the landing. It was very dark. Then Peter Crawford came back. He was carrying Caroline wrapped in a blanket. Mrs. Muldoon and Vera were behind him. Vera Muldoon was holding a flashlight which she pointed at the stairs as we were ~~coming~~^{going} down.

Mrs. Muldoon was holding on to my arm and her hand was shaking. At one point she whispered to me, "They want to take her away. I won't leave the child alone. Please, Billy, stay with me. We must follow them in my car, but I can't do it alone."

I felt sorry for Mrs. Muldoon, and I was not sure what I should do. I knew I could run away and go to the police. But I also did not want to leave Caroline.

We left the house through the rear door and were walking towards the cars, when we were stopped by the police."

16.

The interrogation of Peter Crawford was slow and painful. He had been advised of ~~his rights~~ his rights, ~~and he had signed the waiver submitted to him.~~ and he had signed the waiver submitted to him. Although he had declared himself pre-

pared to answer all questions put to him fully, he showed signs of physical and mental strain, and he has signed the waivers submitted to him.

"May I smoke?"

"Yes."

"Can I have a shot of something?"

"Yes."

He was given a pack of cigarets and a tall glass of bourbon and water.

"Your name, age, address, occupation?"

"Peter Crawford, 24, 572 Riverside Drive in New York City, free-lance writer."

"Any other occupation?"

"Restaurant waiter, not regularly employed."

"The car you were driving last night is registered in the name of Edwin Pindar. Did you drive it with his permission?"

"He lent it to me."

"Did you drive to Crestmont in Pindar's car?"

"Yes."

"What did you do when you arrived in Crestmont?"

"I had a date with Vera Muldoon."

"Where did you meet her?"

"At The Old Wharf."

"What did you do at The Old Wharf?"

"Nothing in particular, just hanging around."

"Who else was there?"

"Nobody."

"How long did you stay at The Old Wharf?"

"About an hour or so."

"Doing nothing?"

"Drinking beer, talking, feeling depressed."

"Where did you go next?"

"Vera said we should go for a swim."

"Whose idea was it to go to the Cramm place?"

"We always go there."

After each brief answer, Crawford fell silent, and Farnsworth recognized that Crawford's silences were not due to his resolution to say

no more than he had to in response to the questions put to him. Crawford's faculties were diminished; he was unable to extend his reach beyond the concrete information wanted from him. Farnsworth knew he had to proceed cautiously so as to avoid confronting Crawford with implications or extensions of his answers, however obvious they might be; otherwise he risked to choke off altogether the trickle of monosyllables.

"At what time did you leave The Old Wharf?"

"About eight-thirty or nine."

"Did you drive directly to the Cramm place?"

"No, we bought some beer and we picked up Bill Landis."

"Did you tell Bill Landis that you wanted to go swimming from the Cramm property?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He said we shoul'n't go."

"Why didn't he want to go?"

"He said we might run into people."

"What did you say?"

"I left it up to Vera."

"She said she knew the Cramm children, and it was okay."

"Did she say anything else about the Cramm children?"

"Only that she knew them."

The telephone rang, and the officer on duty announced the arrival of Bittenwieser. Farnsworth told the officer to take Bittenwieser to one of the empty offices on the second floor and to ask him to wait. While Farnsworth talked to the officer, Crawford closed his eyes and the skin beneath his unshaven face turned ashen. Farnsworth realized that his time for questioning was running out; he decided to limit his interrogation to Crawford's personal involvement in the events surrounding Caroline's disappearance. At a sign of his, Detective O'Brian fetched a cup of black steaming coffee. He put next to the cup the small supply of paper-wrapped pills removed earlier from one of Crawford's pockets. Crawford placed two pills on his tongue. O'Brian supported Crawford's head, while Crawford sipped the coffee slowly. The pills and the coffee widened the range of Crawford's responses.

"Did you know Caroline Cramm before meeting her last night?"

"I had seen her a few times but I had never spoken with her."

"What did you know about Caroline, I mean, about her background?"

"Nothing, except that Vera had mentioned her a number of times."

"In what connection did Vera mention her?"

"I recall her remarking that Caroline's parents did not seem to realize that Crestmont wasn't the safe little town it used to be, or they wouldn't allow her to show up at places that weren't meant for a kid her age."

"Anything else?"

"I can't quote specifically. Let me put it this way: Vera was interested in Caroline Cramm, Caroline was on her mind. But I don't think she really knew her. It was as if she had a crush on her."

"Did she expect to meet Caroline last night?"

"No, I'm sure she didn't. She was all upset when she found the dress. She said it must be Caroline's, and something terrible must have happened to her. She was close to tears until Caroline came. Then she was relieved, and she started teasing Caroline about the dress."

"Teasing?"

"Yes, she made Caroline believe that she would hold on to her

dress. At one point Caroline wanted to get hold of her dress and stepped on a piece of glass, and her foot started bleeding, and she cried. Vera tore a piece of one of our towels and bandaged Caroline's foot."

"Did Caroline stop crying?"

"No, I guess her foot was hurting."

"Did she say so?"

"She wanted to put on her shoes. Billy helped her, and suddenly she ran away."

"After Caroline had run away, what did you do?"

"I went for a swim."

"And Vera and Bill Landis?"

"They were still arguing."

"Did you hear what they were arguing about?"

"About the dress. Billy kept saying Vera should give it back to Caroline, and Vera said she wanted to wait for Caroline to come back to get it."

"What did you do after your swim?"

"Vera told Billy to go home, and he stopped arguing and left."

"Was there any special reason why Vera wanted to get rid of Billy?"

"She wanted us to screw. I said, "okay, let's go up to the car.'" But she said, "No, I'm terribly upset, this kid has done something to me, it's like the time when my sister screamed after she was hit by the car."

"So you gave in to her?"

"Yes. I wanted to get it over with. It was all kind of eery. I wanted us to leave as soon as possible."

"What time was it when you started back towards the car?"

"I don't know. We had fallen asleep. It was so dark we had to hold on to each other."

"Wasn't there any light in the Cramm house?"

"No, All the windows on our side were dark."

"Did you stop when you got to the house?"

"No, we had already passed the house when Caroline called for help."

"Did you hear Caroline calling for help?"

"Yes."

"Any specific words?"

"I'm not sure."

"How do you know it was Caroline calling, and that she was calling for help?"

"Vera had heard her too, and she stopped and said, 'The kid's in trouble, she is calling for help.' She ran back in the direction of the house and I followed her. But she was faster than I, and by the time I got to the house, Vera was already inside, and I had to grope for the door."

"Did you hear any noises inside the house while you were looking for the door?"

"Yes, but they were difficult to make out."

"Did you find the door?"

"Yes."

"Did you go inside?"

"Yes, but I wasn't inside for more than a minute. There were many doors, and one of them stood open, and there was Vera. She was carrying Caroline. There was a thick towel tied around Caroline's face. Vera handed her to me. She said, 'We've saved her in the nick of time.'

The son-of-a-bitch was going to rape her. Let's get out of here."

"Did you see anybody else inside the house?"

"Yes, I did. There was only a weak light in the room behind the open door, but I could make out a bed and the form of a tall man on the bed. He was naked. I did not see his face, because his face was hidden by a pillow. He did not move."

"What did you do about the child?"

"She was all limp. I was afraid she might suffocate. As soon as we were outside, I loosened the towel and she vomitted.

"Why didn't you take the towel off altogether?"

"Vera said we must keep it as evidence. But in the end we lost it anyhow before we got to the car."

"What did you do when you got to the car?"

"Vera took Caroline from me. She sat with her in the back seat of the car. I asked Vera where she wanted me to drive her. She said "Let's go to Dr. Pindar's place and talk things over." That's what we did. We drove to the house on Grove Street."

"What did Caroline say after she stopped being sick?"

"She was crying most of the time. She was also trying to say

something, but she managed only a few words without context."

"Do you recall any of her words?"

"No, they were meaningless."

"Did you speak to Caroline?"

"No."

"Did Vera?"

"Yes. She tried to soothe her. She said we were her friends and we would call her parents and tell them what had happened, and that her parents must decide whether to call the police, because the man in whose room she has been was a guest of the parents."

"Did Caroline respond in any way?"

"No. I'm not sure she listened to Vera. She was just crying. I was glad when we got to Pindar's place on Grove Street."

"What did you do when you got there?"

"I carried Caroline upstairs and put her on Pindar's bed. Vera said she wanted to be left alone with her. So I went to Pindar's study and waited.

Farnsworth rose and, after pacing the room several times with the air of a man carefully going over in his mind the details of a

complex set of facts came to a halt in front of the single window. His back towards the room, he let several more minutes pass. Suddenly he swung around and fastened his eyes on Crawford:

"Listen to me, Crawford. There is this girl, this thirteen-year-old girl, not quite yet but almost a young woman, who finds you and your sweetheart and your friend on her parents' property late in the evening. She comes to pick up her dress that she's left behind, because she wanted to save it for the party at her parents' house. She is naked, except for a few scanty underthings. She begs for her dress, but no one's going to give it to her. She starts to cry and she steps on a piece of glass and she hurts her foot which is bleeding. Someone bandages her foot, but no one gives her the dress. She runs away as she is, which means, practically naked. Now, didn't it occur to you, and I am asking you, that this wasn't a harmless joke, a 'tease' as you call it, but the cruel exposure of the most private and most sensitive possession of a young girl? Tell me, did you get a

kick out of it? Was it the not-so-subtle torture of the child that made you want to screw right then and there? And what did really happen, later on in the deserted guest wing where the child had fled, naked as she was, not daring to go to her own home? Was there really a naked man hiding his face in a pillow? Did you really see such a man, or was there perhaps a mirror, and the man you saw was yourself?"

At first, Crawford had not seemed capable of grasping the significance of Farnsworth's intimations. However, when he understood that Farnsworth was suspecting him, his tired face sagged, and he fetched his words laboriously.

"Who has told you such a monstrous lie? I've never even been near the kid. I've never said that the other man, the man on the bed, had anything to do with the child. I don't even know whether he was Thomas Bittenwieser."

He paused. His pupils had grown dark and large, leaving only a narrow rim for the white of his eyes. He slumped forward,

reaching with both hands for the edge of the table.

Farnsworth knew his time had run out. He suspended the questioning of Peter Crawford.

17.

So great had been Buittenwieser's relief at Angela's safety and the promise of her return that there had been no room in his unburdened mind for the concern of his friends in Crestmont. But when he was awoken by Carola's phone call, Buittenwieser was willing at once to devote his mind and his energy, refreshed and vigorous after his short, relaxed sleep in Angela's kitchen, to whatever was demanded of him.

He stopped briefly at his apartment for a shower and a change of clothes. The drive to Crestmont was slowed down by Sunday evening traffic. Buittenwieser tried to place into logical sequence the fragments of information he had picked up in the nearly twenty-four hours that had elapsed since he first emerged from stupor. However, he still recollected only odd pieces with hardly any meaning by themselves that he gave up his attempt at providing himself with a set of stable facts he could rely on. When he stood

in front of the house on Lazarus Lane, waiting to be let in, Bittenwieser felt again the weight of his own unaccountable involvement in the shadowy events that had overtaken the family of his friends.

Herta, her face red and swollen, opened the door. Behind her, in the dim light of the entrance foyer, was the silent presence of a police officer.

"Caroline is at the hospital," Herta said, fighting onrushing tears, as she had done every time she pronounced the child's name, "Mr. and Mrs. Cramm and Dr. Gartz are also at the hospital."

"How is Caroline?"

"I don't know, Mr. Bittenwieser . . ."

"Yes?"

"You should go to the police station and ask for Inspector Farnsworth:

"I'll go there right away. Where is Otto?"

"Upstairs, in his room. My husband is with him."

For a moment, Bittenwieser wondered whether he should stop at the hospital and inquire about Caroline. He decided against it.

The cause for Caroline's being hospitalized did not belong to the common variety of sicknesses or accidents befalling children.

Detective Conti phoned from the hospital and said that Caroline was still 'out', but that she slept quietly and, in Conti's words, was looking again like a normal, sleeping child. He also said that Mrs. Muldoon had been given a light meal with 'lots of coffee', and was eager to talk to the Inspector at the earliest possible time. Since Mrs. Muldoon did not want to leave the child, could what she had to say be taken down at the hospital?

Farnsworth said he and Detective O'Brian would come to the hospital at once in order to take Mrs. Muldoon's deposition. Before leaving the police station, Farnsworth instructed the officer in charge to see to it that Bittenwieser was provided with food and beverage.

The hospital lounge was empty and Farnsworth and O'Brian installed themselves before Mrs. Muldoon was called from a near-by room where the child was left in charge of a nurse.

Instead of the distraught woman Farnsworth had encountered on Grove Street, the person entering the lounge presented the appearance

of quiet composure, although the earlier strain was visible in the deep lines beneath the thick coat of powder. Farnsworth who so far had paid little attention to Mrs. Muldoon's looks, did not fail to note the care with which she was dressed and which had withstood, without damage, the long hours on Grove Street that lay behind her. She seated herself at a table across from Farnsworth and O'Brian, trim and erect, holding her purse on her knees.

Farnsworth spoke slowly, emphasizing each word:

"I understand you wish to make a statement, Mrs. Muldoon. Before you do, let me read to you certain important cautions and warnings and advise you of your rights specifically."

Listening to the text read to her by Farnsworth, Mrs. Muldoon nodded her head, answering each question with an affirmative 'yes'. After Farnsworth had ended, she said quietly: "I understand you fully. If you wish, I shall be glad to sign my name to your form."

Farnsworth handed the sheet to her, and Mrs. Muldoon signed her name with his pen. As soon as she had done so, she started speaking and Farnsworth realized at once that she was as careful and as circum-

spect in her recital of the facts she knew as she was in her neat and attractive person.

"Please interrupt me if anything I say is not sufficiently clear. My name is Marya Muldoon. My home is at 17 Monroe Place. I have been employed as a sales person by S. J. Peabody for over 20 years."

"I'm divorced. I have one daughter, Vera, who is seventeen years old. She will be a senior in High School this fall."

"I had another daughter whose name was Laura. She was six years younger than Vera. She was run over by a car in front of my house two years ago. She was killed instantly.

It happened on a Sunday afternoon. I had guests. Vera wasn't at home at the time of the accident, but she arrived before the child was picked up by the ambulance. After the death of the child, Vera experienced a severe crisis. She had always been a difficult child. When my husband and I separated, Vera had to see a psychiatrist.

After Laura's death, Vera blamed me for the tragedy that had nearly destroyed my own life. She claimed that it was my fault, because I had allowed Laura to ride a bicycle, and disregarded her warnings

that Laura did not yet know how to handle it.

Vera became more and more difficult. She has been a deep and continuous concern for me. She did not make friends at school, but from time to time she is overtaken by a violent gust of passion that almost sweeps her off her feet. Vera's passion isn't always a falling-in-love in the usual sense. Quite often it is a boundless admiration for one of her teachers, or an overwhelming sense of compassion for a classmate whom she feels to be disadvantaged because she is unattractive or poor or has lost someone she loved.

During these phases, Vera is even more than usually withdrawn. But she is also in the habit of writing down her thoughts and feelings. There are often many scraps of paper all over the house. She must want me to see and read them.

In this way I have learned other things about Vera that have upset me even more. I often can't sleep at night when she is out. I know she has an affair with Peter Crawford who is three or four years older than Vera. I also know they are using drugs.

Dr. Pindar is a different matter. He has been Vera's teacher this past year, and she admires and adores him. Dr. Pindar's quitting

the school is distressing her. She dreams of persuading him to take her with him to Greece.

I guess the police knows all about my finding Caroline Cramm's dress in my house. Shall I repeat it?"

"Yes."

"Vera didn't come home Saturday night. When she came, at about nine or nine-thirty Sunday morning, I could see she hadn't slept. She looked pale and drawn. I also noticed a peculiar smell about her that I had come to associate with drugs. I didn't question her. I had found out all too often that by questioning her I drove her to lie."

Vera refused breakfast. She went upstairs to take a bath. She stayed a long time in the bathroom. I knocked once or twice on the door. As she didn't answer right away, I knew she'd fallen asleep. Eventually she went to her room. When I tidied up her room later in the day, I saw that she had been lying on her bed, without opening it up.

While Vera was resting in her room, I remembered that I wanted to look for a bathing suit I couldn't find. It occurred to me that it

might be in the attic, where I keep our out-of-season clothes. I went up to the attic softly, so as not to wake Vera. I found the light-blue dress among Vera's winter things and I recognized it at once. I had sold it to Mrs. Cramm only a few days ago!

"I did not call Mrs. Cramm right away. I realized that Vera must have gotten hold of the dress. I tried to find explanations of how she might have gotten it. I couldn't come up with any satisfactory explanation. I became more and more rest-less and apprehensive. At about two o'clock I called Mrs. Cramm. I had made up my mind to ask her if something were wrong with Caroline. When Mrs. Cramm told me that they didn't know where Caroline was, I decided I must meet Mrs. Cramm and tell her about the dress.

But I also made up my mind to be as careful as possible. I didn't want to change my afternoon schedule. Vera knew I was expecting my friend, Mrs. Peckham, and that I was going to meet her at the station.

I told Mrs. Cramm after we were parked side by side at the station that I had found the dress and that no one except Vera and myself were living at my house. A few moments later my friend arrived

and I returned with her to my house. By the time I got back, Vera had left.

I was worried and restless. But with Mrs. Peckham around, I could do nothing further. After we had coffee, Mrs. Peckham suggested we take a ride and I was relieved because I had found it very hard to carry on a normal conversation.

We wanted to drive to the Sound. Suddenly I recognized Vera and Crawford in a car ahead of us. I also recognized the car. I had seen it many times when Crawford had come to pick up Vera. I had been told the car belonged to Dr. Pindar who was away for the summer. I also knew that Dr. Pindar was renting rooms from Mrs. Williams who lives near the golf course on Grove Street.

I told Mrs. Peckham, I wasn't feeling well, and she said that she didn't mind taking an early train back to the city. So I drove Mrs. Peckham back to the station. I drove on to Grove Street.

I knocked, and the door was opened by Vera. There was a young man with her in the foyer. Vera said he was Bill Landis, who is a classmate of hers. I asked Vera whether anyone else was with her and she said "Yes, Peter Crawford is upstairs", but she said nothing of

Caroline. Then I said I wanted to speak with her alone, and she took me to another room.

I begged Vera to tell me the truth. She said she had not wanted me to become involved, but since I had come of my own accord, she hoped I would help her see her task through to the end. She told me that Caroline Cramm was upstairs. Last night Crawford and she had heard her call for help, as they were passing her parents' house. They had rushed in and freed her from the grip of a man who was holding her and about to rape her. Caroline, Vera said, was afraid of this man and did not want to go home, because the man was her parents' best friend and no one would believe her, if she told how he had taken his clothes off and pulled her on his bed. Vera also said she had written a letter to this man, who was a well-known author and very rich, and told him that they would not inform the police if he would stay away. Once he was gone, Vera said, she wanted to care for Caroline for a while, and she was sure that Caroline's parents would not object, since she had saved their child.

I went upstairs and when I saw the child, I knew I had no alternative but to stay. I expected the police to be here at any mo-

ment, and I prayed for the police to come.

Caroline was lying on the bed. Her eyes were closed. The room was stifling hot, the air was foul with the smell of beer, cigaret and other odors I thought to be drugs. Vera said nothing. She was covering up the windows with newspapers and scotch tape.

Crawford was half-asleep in an easy chair, surrounded by a mess of beer cans and spilled ashes.

Once or twice Caroline opened her eyes, but she neither moved her head, nor seemed to focus her eyes. I tried to place myself in her field of vision, but she gave no sign she saw me. But when I reached for her hands, she did not withdraw them and she responded to my pressure.

I never spoke to her, nor she to me. At one point, when Caroline's eyes were open. Vera bent over her with a drink of water. Vera said, 'Buttenwieser is far away now. You need not be afraid of him.' I can't say whether Caroline heard and understood what Vera had been saying. She only closed her eyes and shook her head.

I counted the minutes in the dark, hot room. I felt nauseous in the used-up air. I heard the rain outside. My arm was stiff and

and my hand went numb, but I did not want to move my hand or loosen the grip of the child. I strained to hear the child breathe; she was so still I panicked her heart might stop.

I don't believe Vera left the room as long as I was there. But Crawford did and he did not come back until the end.

When the knock on the front door came at last, I was so weak I could not have lasted much longer. I knew it was the police. I was relieved and scared at the same time, and my arm and my hand were shaking and I could not control myself.

Vera remained calm. I think she must have expected it. She said 'We must leave, before the police becomes involved and Caroline is messed up forever by this lousy scandal-hungry town.' Crawford came and picked up the child. Bill Landis waited on the landing. We felt our way down the back stairs and to the back door of the house. You know the rest."

"I shall no doubt have further questions," Farnsworth said after Mrs. Muldoon had ended, "and I shall call on you when I need you. Caroline mother is now with her. I believe it is in the best interest of the child .

and the family to be left to themselves and to restore their privacy as soon as possible. As far as you are concerned, the time may well come when Mrs. Cramm and you may wish to talk. It's too soon, and too many questions remain to be cleared up. I place no formal restraint on you, but I expect you be available on a moment's notice. I would think, you want to contact a lawyer. You may go home now. Detective Conti will go with you and have a look around your house."

Mrs. Muldoon rose slowly. She had accomplished what she had conceived to be her duty. Now she was overcome with fatigue. She had almost no feeling in her legs as she made her way slowly to the exit. She must pass the room which she knew to be Caroline's. The door was ajar, and Mrs. Muldoon saw the back of Caroline's mother and the form of a sleeping child.

Dr. Frost was satisfied that Caroline had drifted into what he hoped would be her 'balancing-out sleep'. He had found this kind of sleep, in the wake of a gravely upsetting experience, to be one of a child's most effective self-regulations, removing at a comfortable distance yesterday's alien experience while restoring the child's trust in

tomorrow's familiar life.

Dr. Frost had led Otmar and Carola Cramm and Dr. Gartz to Caroline's bedside. The child's position in sleep, her rosy skin, and her soft even breathing had done much to cause prayers of thanks in the hearts of her parents, and a hopeful appraisal on the part of Dr. Gartz. It was agreed that Carola would stay with Caroline and that Otmar Cramm and Dr. Gartz would return to their homes.

Before he left the hospital, Farnsworth talked with Dr. Frost. Dr. Frost was responsible for Caroline's recovery and Farnsworth wanted to consult him regarding the child's interrogation.

Caroline's was bound to become the key testimony. At this point, there was only Vera Muldoon's account and, while she claimed to have been an eyewitness of the attempted rape, Crawford had cast a measure of doubt on Vera Muldoon's version.

Of course, there was Bittenwieser himself, waiting to be questioned. But in view of his repeated denials of his conscious involvement in any phase covered by the investigation, Farnsworth was doubtful whether any useful information would come from the man

whose name loomed large in this strange case, while his active role, if there was any, remained elusive.

Dr. Frost was well aware of the need to question Caroline. But he warned that neither her ability nor her willingness to provide the descriptive details sought by the police should be taken for granted. It would be best, Dr. Frost counseled to go slow and to be prepared to break off the interrogation if Caroline became agitated, unwilling to come face to face with any phase of her ordeal.

Dr. Frost assured Farnsworth that he would return to the hospital the moment he was advised that Caroline was awake. The actual arrangements for Caroline's interrogation must be considered in light of her physical and emotional condition.

Buttenwieser had been waiting for close to hours. Farnsworth was aware of this, but he decided to have Vera Muldoon brought to his office once more, before he was ready to question Buttenwieser.

"I have a few questions at this time. You needn't answer, if you prefer to remain silent. You have the right to cut off this interrogation at any point you wish."

"Please ask your questions."

"Very well. I want you to tell me with as much detail as possible what you observed after you had entered the so-called Guest-Wing of the Cramm house."

"It was dark, and I didn't know at first where I was."

"Had you closed the door through which you came behind you?"

"I believe it falls shut automatically."

"What happened next?"

"There was somewhere a narrow band of light. I thought it must be a door. I walked towards it and I heard muffled noises coming from the same direction. I didn't find the door knob right away. I was afraid the door might be locked on the inside, but it wasn't. I opened it, and at first I was unable to move. There was this man stuffing a towel into Caroline's mouth with one hand and trying to strip off her underpants with the other hand."

"Where was the man and where was Caroline while he was doing this?"

"He was sitting on the bed, facing the door. Caroline was

lying across his thighs. She was moaning underneath the towel and she was struggling and trying to hold on to her underpants with both hands."

"Was there a light in the room?"

"Yes. On the nighttable on the other side of the bed, between the bed and the window."

"What did the man do when he saw you?"

"He didn't see me right away. I believe he saw me only when I tried to take Caroline away from him and he tried to hold on to her. But Caroline had seen me too and she clung to me. Then I heard the door at the end of the hall open and close. I knew it was Peter Crawford. The man must have heard it too. Suddenly he let go of Caroline."

"What did he do?"

"He lay down on his bed. He made believe he was asleep."

"Did he pull his sheet up?"

"I can't say."

on next page

"Caroline may have thrown up when he was gagging her."

"You didn't notice the vomit?"

"No."

'What became of the towel?'

'I pulled it out of Caroline's mouth and then put it over her when we were outside. But we lost the towel on the way to the car.'

'The towel was found. It had a knot in it. Do you know anything about that?'

Vera shook her head, but she remained silent.

'There was also vomit in the towel. Do you know anything about that?'

"Tell me, during all the time you were there, in this room in the Guest Wing, was nothing said by anyone?"

"No."

"Isn't it possible that what you took for a serious offense, was some kind of roughhousing, outrageous, of course, but nonetheless quite harmless among old friends?"

The question upset Vera.

"He was excited sexually. He was going to use Caroline in order to satisfy himself."

"How do you know this?"

"I saw his prick. It was huge and red all over. It might even have been blood. He might have gotten it inside Caroline before I took her away from him."

Bultenwieser had eaten the sandwiches and drunk the coffee the Inspector had sent up to him. He was still hungry and would have welcomed the Inspector's renewed attention to his needs. But he did not wish to call on the unknown police officers on the floor below,

whose voices he could hear. He opened the grimy window and was delighted with the cool breeze and the soft early sunlight of dawn. He was drowsy.

Farnsworth found Bittenwieser dozing on a straightbacked wooden chair next to the open window; as he entered the room, Bittenwieser opened his eyes. He smiled at the Inspector, whose features were drawn and whose color was a whitish-gray.

Bittenwieser rose and walked to the table in the middle of the room. The Inspector shoved the remnants of Bittenwieser's meal to the side. The two men seated themselves across from each other.

"We have not yet been able to talk with the child. She has been heavily drugged, according to her doctor. Meanwhile two persons have been arrested and charged with the abduction of the child."

Farnsworth paused and looked at Bittenwieser. Bittenwieser said nothing, but Farnsworth did not fail to note a subtle change in Bittenwieser's expression, as Bittenwieser was bound to wonder whether the arrest, in the eyes of the police, had anything to do with the Inspector's wanting to question him again.

"We have a statement by one of the persons arrested," Farnsworth continued, speaking slowly, "that the aim of the abductors, at least initially, was to save the child from someone who was about to abuse her sexually."

Farnsworth paused again and turned his tired, red-rimmed eyes upon Bittenwieser. To his surprise an easy smile accompanied Bittenwieser's almost casual question:

"Am I supposed to be involved in this?"

"Barring anything the child might tell us, there is, at this point, a single alleged eyewitness account by one of the abductors. The account is quite specific. If it is to be believed, Caroline Cramm was in your room late Saturday night. The witness who is, as I said, one of the child's abductors, claims to have responded to the child's call for help and surprised you in the attempt or in the commission of sexual acts upon the child."

Bittenwieser's calm appeared undisturbed. The Inspector wondered whether he was aware of the peculiar dangers of the situation compounded by his own total lack of memory, his confrontation with Vera Muldoon's

descriptive details, and above all, the as yet uncertain account of a frightened child who had been drugged and possibly brainwashed.

"Let me propose a deal to you, Inspector. This so-called eye-witness account, this single account by one of two persons you have charged with the abduction of Caroline Cramm, leaves you uneasy, doesn't it?"

"Well, yes, there are many points that need clarification."

"You find yourself in a dilemma, Inspector. If you charge me with the commission of a hideous crime on the strength of an absurd story, you're likely to commit a major blunder. On the other hand, as a responsible policeman charged with the investigation of an actual crime, I mean the abduction of a child, you can't waste your time in order to get to the bottom of a matter that is likely to be murky, or outright sick, or vindictive and unrelated to the crime of kidnapping and extortion. Let me try to clear the air! If you brief me, that is, if you tell me all you have been told, I may well be able to resolve your dilemma, as well as protect my own integrity.

"Are you so sure?"

"The key lies in the person who has chosen to accuse me. Who is he or she?"

Farnsworth asked himself whether, if Vera Muldoon's account were true, his disclosures would not provide Battenwieser with the opportunity for obliterating any as yet undiscovered damaging evidence or for constructing an alibi for himself. Aware of Farnsworth's hesitation and of the reasons for it, Battenwieser wrote in his own hand a detailed statement setting forth each of his movements he was able to recollect, beginning with his arrival in Cresmont. He also said that his concern had been aroused when it was established that the towel with the knot in it had come from his room. And he added that he at no time left the Cramm premises until he drove to the city Sunday afternoon.

After Farnsworth received Battenwieser's statement, he proceeded at once to brief Battenwieser with skilled professional care for each detail. Battenwieser listened to the ^{Inspector} ~~statement~~ and promised to keep in touch with him. He turned the borrowed stationwagon over to Detective O'Brian. After examining the car, Detective O'Brian returned it to Mr. Parsons. Battenwieser went by train to the city and took a taxi to his

apartment. It was early yet. Bittenwieser had always considered it one of his most precious gifts that he was able to overcome even extreme physical fatigue by concentrating on a given problem to which he sought a solution. He leaned back in a comfortable chair and closed his eyes.

Besides its obvious use as a self-serving device, what other, less obvious, ends did Vera Muldoon's fabrication serve? There was her intense preoccupation with sex, the kind of sexual explicitness that, in the eyes of others, tends to lend credence to the fabricator's assertions. But there was also the fact that the extortion note was aimed at him personally. Thus a new altogether different twist entered the picture: the fabrication was hurled like a poisoned dagger against him as the author of a hated book.

Vera Muldoon, Peter Crawford, Bill Landis . . . their names meant nothing to Bittenwieser. But the Inspector had also mentioned the name of Edwin Pindar and the name had appeared vaguely familiar. If it was unlikely that Edwin Pindar knew anything about the abduction of the child, it was clear that he played a role in the personal lives of Vera and her friends and that he had used his book in Vera Muldoon's and Bill Landis' classroom and created what the Principal had called 'a most regrettable

divisiveness."

While he had been listening to the Inspector, Bittenwieser had kept wondering what sort of person Edwin Pindar was. Vera Muldoon used to visit him often and he had lent his car to Peter Crawford. According to the Inspector, Edwin Pindar, to judge by his living quarters, was a man of orderly habits who spent his leisure time reading and writing. Bittenwieser wondered whether he should drive up to Vermont and call on Edwin Pindar at his summer camp. Although he could not have fully explained either his desire to talk with a man whom he had never met (was it merely because Edwin Pindar knew Vera Muldoon and her friends?) or whether he expected that Edwin Pindar could or would help him to disentangle the web of absurdities, Bittenwieser was drawn to the obscure and apparently excentric High School teacher who had been so upset by his book that he wanted to write a reply.

It was not yet eleven. If he left by one o'clock, he would be at the summer camp in Vermont before nightfall. This left him with enough time to check the voluminous files in which Angela had collected the hundreds of letters he had received after the publication of "AD PORTAS". Had there been a letter from Edwin Pindar?

Buttenwieser located Edwin Pindar's letter in one of the folders Angela had subtitled: 'Criticism Shaping or Reshaping Writer's Own Ideas.' The letter, several pages long, was written in a careful, appealing hand, a neat copy, no doubt, of the draft that had preceded it. Buttenwieser read the letter slowly.

It was a curious letter, and Buttenwieser remembered pondering its contents and trying to formulate the answer he never wrote.

He re-read several passages more than once. After he had finished reading the letter he was convinced that it was important for him to listen to the man who had written the following passage after reading 'AD PORTAS':

'May I speak frankly? However much I am willing to agree with your painful description of the 'predatory men' of our time, I cannot help but find an equally painful want of compassion. Man's responsibility for his fellow-man is not fulfilled by his reference to the loftiest, ethical concerns; his responsibility includes as well his work as his brother's healer.'

There was no word from Angela. Bittenwieser called her apartment. When he heard the sound of the busy signal, his heart pounded in his chest. Had Angela come back or had her maid, ^{Vivian} ~~Mary~~ arrived earlier than usual? He let a few minutes pass, before he dialed Angela's number again.

"It's Bittenwieser, ^{Vivian} ~~Miss~~. Has Miss Mangelhoff come back?"

"No, but I've spoken to her this minute. She wanted to know if you had called."

"Did she say when she'll come home?"

"Yes, Sir. As a matter of fact I'll have to take her some clothes."

"Where is she?"

"I'm not supposed to tell anyone, Mr. Bittenwieser."

"She's asked me to tell you to please not call her until she calls you herself."

"Did she say when she'll call me?"

"She said she'll try to call you tomorrow night."

18.

Caroline awoke shortly before noon. She sat up in her bed just as she did every morning, and it was this, her customary sudden transition from profound sleep to total awakes^s, that made Carola's heart leap with joy and gratitude. Was it not the surest sign that the nightmare had ended and that her child was unharmed?

Carola was met by a look of puzzlement.

"Why haven't you taken me home, Mom?"

"We're only waiting for Dr. Frost. He will be here any minute and sign you out."

"Can't we go right away? Please, Mom, let's go right away.

I'm okay now.:"

At that moment, the nurse, who had left the room when Caroline had sat up in her bed, returned with a tray on which there were a cup of light tea and a piece of toast.

"I've just spoken with Dr. Frost", the nurse said, "he will be here shortly. He wants you to have some tea and toast."

The nurse held the tray for Caroline, but Caroline made no move to help herself.

"Why can't we go home?"

She was about to cry.

"You'll feel so much better with something in your stomach," Carola said. "Dr. Frost may not want you to get up before you've eaten something."

Caroline drank a few sips of tea and reached for a slice of toast. She was still chewing on the toast when Dr. Frost entered the room.

"We don't want to keep you a moment longer than we have to, Caroline" he said. "So let's check you out and send you on your way. Don't go away, Mrs. Cramm. Just step outside for a minute."

Carola left the room, but Dr. Frost did not close the door behind her.

"I've examined you last night, Caroline", Dr. Frost said, "I know there's nothing wrong with you physically. Do you feel any pain or discomfort this morning?"

"I've a headache."

"It'll go away as soon as you have some food in your stomach."

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"It'll go away as soon as you have some food in your stomach."

Dr. Frost felt Caroline's pulse and looked at her closely

"Mr. Fransworth is a very nice gentleman", he said. "He works for the Police Department. He is a detective. He wants to ask you some questions, Caroline."

"About what?"

"About what happened the night of your parents' party, about the people you met, and about where you were . . . things like that."

"Do I have to go to the police?"

"No. Mr. Fransworth will come to your house."

"Then I can go home now?"

"Absolutely."

"I want to get dressed."

"Okay. The nurse will help you."

Dr. Frost had advised to answer accurately and fully any questions Caroline were to ask. But Caroline whose eyes were clouded and whose color was sickly asked no questions. The degree in which she took part in the normal routine Carola sought to observe was low. The only time she showed any emotion was when she met Herta, who put

her arms around her so she wouldn't notice her tears.

"You're home now", Herta said softly, struggling with both her emotion and her English, "das ist die Hauptsache. I'll fix you a nice lunch."

It had been agreed that Otmar Cramm would go to his office in the city as on other days. Caroline did not ask for him. When Otto came in from the terrace, approaching hesitantly, in silent quest of directions from his mother, Caroline looked hardly up from the magazine she was leafing idly. At lunch, Caroline left her favorite strawberry yogurt untouched, but she drank two glasses of milk. Carola kept up the appearances of conversation by small talk. When she was called to the telephone, the two children continued facing each other in silence.

"Would you like to say hello to your father, Caroline?"

Caroline took the receiver from her mother.

"Hi, Daddy - - - Yes, I'm finished - - I don't know yet - - - Thank you - - - Okay."

After Herta had cleared the table, Carola suggested that Caroline try and get some sleep.

"I don't want to sleep. Can I read?"

"Of course. Shall I get you a book?"

"Yes. Get me 'The Little House on the Prairie', Mom."

Caroline must have read it many times, but she hadn't read it in the past year. After Carola had fetched the book in Caroline's room, Caroline went to her preferred corner in the Terrace Room, lay down on the floor and fell quickly asleep. As she relaxed, a rosy hue overspread her face. She slept quietly for two hours. After she awoke, she drank a tall glass of sweet iced tea. She did not rise from the floor. Carola, busying herself with some paperwork she had long postponed, watched the child. She couldn't say whether Caroline was reading very slowly in the book she was holding, or merely turning the pages while her thoughts were elsewhere.

Since Carola had first seen her child, asleep in the hospital room, the wish had steadily grown in her to relegate to the realm of nightmares the sinister events forced upon her and her family. Was there a better way to restore her child, and with her Otmar and Otto and of

course herself, to the reality of their life filled, as it seemed in retrospect, with the glow of unmarred happiness? She had tried to explain it all to Otmar, but he had warned her not to trust their power to control the inevitable aftermath of an experience that, far from being a nightmare, involved the actions and the motives^{v2} of so many real persons. Carola knew he was right. And she also knew that they all owed an enormous debt to the courage and the honesty of Mrs. Muldoon whose daughter, her only child, had been arrested and was now facing a terrible charge that might destroy her own and her mother's future. Neither Otmar nor Carola referred to Battenwieser by name, each of them thus carrying out their silent agreement.

Farnsworth had left word that he would call in the afternoon. Carola dreaded the Inspector's visit but when Farnsworth entered the Terrace Room all by himself, much like a friendly, casually visiting neighbor, Carola's apprehension receded. She felt he would be considerate of a child's natural sensitivities and take any necessary precaution in order not to endanger what she hoped was the beginning of Carolina's reaching out for the world of her childhood that she had been torn from.

"This is Inspector Farnsworth of the Police Department",
Carola said. "We are all very grateful to him. He's come to see you,
Caroline.

Caroline wanted to get up, but Farnsworth waved to her to
stay where she was. So Caroline remained seated on the floor, leaning
against the wall. The Inspector pulled up a chair.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Farnsworth", Carola said, "I'll
finish my work, while you and Caroline talk together." She withdrew
to the far corner of the Terrace Room.

"How are you, Caroline?"

"I'm okay."

"Do you feel up to answer a few questions?"

Caroline shook her shoulders, but she said nothing.

"Shall we try it? ^{If} any question isn't clear, just tell me.

And if you don't know or can't remember, I'll be satisfied with 'I don't
know' or 'I can't remember.'

Caroline nodded her head.

"Do you remember that your foot was bleeding and that someone
put a piece of towel around it to stop it from bleeding?"

"Yes."

"Who put the towel around your foot?"

"Vera."

"Who else was there?"

"Her boyfriend and Billy Landis."

"Did your foot stop bleeding?"

"It started bleeding again after Billy helped me in my shoe, so I took the shoe off. I didn't want it to get all messed up. But then I dropped the shoe and couldn't find it."

"What happened to your injured foot?"

"It was okay after I tightened the bandage."

"Did you keep it on?"

Caroline nodded her head.

"Did your foot hurt when you were walking?"

"Not really."

"Where did you want to go like that?, the Inspector asked with a smile, "I mean with one shoe on and one shoe off?"

"I wanted to sneak upstairs. But the door was locked."

"Which door?"

Caroline's eyes had grown large and dark. Farnsworth recognized the child's increasing concern as she realized she was being led from comparatively harmless subjects such as the injury to her foot to the dangerous ground of violent acts. He decided to skirt the zone of the child's apprehensions as much as possible, in the hope of gaining Caroline confidence, or at least of obtaining a closer, more reliable, view of the truth:

"I guess you mean the door from the Guest Wing to the Main House. Isn't it supposed to be locked?"

"Not when people stay over."

"Tell me, Caroline, you mention 'people'. Did you know that Mr. Battenwieser was staying over?"

"Yes. My parents had invited him to the party."

"Did you think anyone else was staying over?"

"My mother hadn't mentioned anyone else."

"Did you know which room Mr. Battenwieser was staying in?"

Instead of answering, Caroline scrutinized Farnsworth's face as though she wanted to be forewarned of the hidden object of the Inspector's question. But Farnsworth did not appear to consider his

question especially significant, since he didn't wait for her answer.

"I suppose", he said, and what he said wasn't a real question either, "Mr. Battenwieser, being a frequent guest, usually occupies the same room, doesn't he?"

Caroline nodded her head. Then she volunteered:

"I was afraid he had gone to the party. But he was still sleeping."

"So you looked in on him?"

"Yes."

"Did he hear you?"

"No, I don't think so. I closed the door again right away. I went to another room, right across from his. I wanted to wait for him to wake up."

"What made you think he'd wake up soon?"

"My mother had said he would come to the party. I figured someone would come and wake him up, if he didn't wake up by himself."

"Wasn't it kind of lonely in the empty room?"

"It wasn't too bad. I could hear the noises from the party. And I knew that Tom was just across the hall. I guess I fell asleep."

"Did you wake up by yourself or did someone wake you up?"

"I was cold. I was afraid Tom might have gone to the party while I slept. I went over to his room. But he was still there."

"Didn't you try to rouse him, this time?"

Caroline again shook her head. A moment later she said, almost inaudibly: "I didn't want to embarrass him."

"Do you want to tell me why?"

"He was naked."

"Did you go back to the empty room?"

"No, I didn't want to be all alone. I crawled under Tom's bed."

"Tell me, Caroline, didn't you think your parents would be looking for you?"

"I had no idea how late it was. The party was still going on."

"Did Tom go right on sleeping without noticing anything?"

"I'm quite sure he hadn't seen me, but he was sort of restless and moving around a lot. I was sure he was about to wake up."

"So you kept on waiting?"

"I was cold. I was shivering. There was a towel on the chair next to Tom's bed. I pulled it down and used it as a kind of blanket."

"Did it keep you warm?"

"I guess it did. I'm getting dizzy. Do you mind. . . ?"

Caroline let her body slide away from the wall she had been leaning against until she lay flat on the floor. She closed her eyes. Her face was gray and moist with perspiration. Carola came and kneeled next to her and stroked her forehead. The Inspector rose and stepped aside. Caroline opened her eyes and turned her head in the direction of the Inspector. In the stillness of the Terrace Room, Caroline's words, spoken in a whisper, were intended for the Inspector's ears:

"It's all gotten so mixed-up in my head. It's terrible. Please don't go away, Mr. Farnsworth."

Caroline did not wait for the Inspector to answer. She turned over on her side and, since no muscle was moving in her face, she appeared unaware that she was crying.

Dr. Pindar had not yet returned from an all-day hike with a group of campers when Buttenwieser arrived late in the afternoon and introduced himself to the wife of the camp director who received him as though she had expected him. The reason was that there had been a telephone call for Dr. Pindar from the Crestmont Police during the day. Although the call did not seem to have any other purpose than to ascertain Dr. Pindar's current employment at the camp, the wife of the Director took it for granted that Buttenwieser's arrival must in some way be connected with the police inquiry. Buttenwieser offered no explanation. He said that his matter was personal and not urgent and declared himself satisfied to wait for Dr. Pindar's return in the shade of an old pine tree.

Soon afterwards, the returning hikers passed Buttenwieser two or three at a time without paying attention to him. They were hot and tired and they exchanged few words. Some were limping, all had taken off their T-shirts and the girls wore only their shorts and halters.

Dr. Pindar brought up the rear. His appearance did not correspond to Buttenwieser's spontaneous picture of him which owed much to the Inspector's description of his austere living quarters. Dr. Pindar

was a short, muscular man whose ruddy broad face, under thick grizzled hair, seemed extraordinarily young and receptive to all the normal pleasures of the good life. A much taller, slim boy was walking at his side, supporting himself on Dr. Pindar's shoulder and favoring one of his legs he appeared to have injured during the hike. Dr. Pindar, whose sweat-stained shirt clung to his body, was talking animatedly to the boy and he too passed without noticing Buttenwieser.

But Buttenwieder did not have to wait long. Within a quarter of an hour. Dr. Pindar joined him under the pine tree, fresh from a shower and the plentiful use of an agreeable smelling soap and wearing a snow-white shirt and neatly creased, faded blue jeans. His face expressed delight as he greeted Buttenwieser and warmly shook his hand.

"I am delighted to make your acquaintance, Mr. Buttenwieser. I can't imagine what brings you here, except" - Dr. Pindar interrupted himself.

"What were you going to say?"

"Am I pretentious to think you happened to be in this neck of the woods and, remembering my letter, took the trouble of looking me up?"

"If I said yes, it wouldn't be the truth, although your letter bolstered considerably my decision to call on you. But let me not speak in riddles, Dr. Pindar. I've come because I need your advice and possibly your help."

"I can't imagine - -"

"I want to tell you as much as I know myself which, honestly, isn't a great deal or, I should say, leaves me with a curious and incomplete story. Can you make yourself free tonight and have dinner with me?"

"The evenings are mine. I'll be glad to go with you. There is a decent, quiet French restaurant about 10 miles from here."

Buttenwieser had gone over in his mind, and fitted together, the facts he had learned from Farnsworth, as well as those details concerning his own person that he felt to be essential. Dr. Pindar proved to be an attentive listener; he interrupted Buttenwieser from time to time asking him to enlarge on certain incidents Buttenwieser had reported too briefly. When Buttenwieser, using the Inspector's words, described the scene in Dr. Pindar's Grove Street rooms, the latter's stunned expression

testified not only to his utter bewilderment but also to his deepening concern.

"I've come here", Bittenwieser said after a lengthy silence, "to learn more, indeed as much as possible, about this strange person, Vera Muldoon, whom I don't believe to be a criminal in the ordinary sense, but whose bizarre actions may have disastrous consequences."

"I'm glad you've come", Dr. Pindar said. "As you will see when I tell you about the part I've had in Vera's life during this past year, I must accept some responsibility. But before going into that, let me go back a bit. The best I can do is to let you see Vera the way I came to see her."

While Dr. Pindar reflected briefly on how best to proceed, Bittenwieser placed a handsome, small tape recorder on the table. Far from being intimidated, Dr. Pindar appeared to welcome the opportunity of speaking carefully and freely and 'for the record' about a subject in which he was both indirectly involved and directly concerned.

"I first heard about Vera from another teacher who had taught her in tenth grade. He pointed her out to me. I learned from him some

of the circumstances of her sister's death. I realized my colleague wanted to put me on my guard, knowing Vera would be in my class the following year. What he said was that Vera was able to cause a good deal of trouble, particularly to people who were trying to be good to her. "If I were you", my colleague said, "I'd steer clear of her." It's not unusual nowadays, in a school faced with so many difficult problems, to warn one's colleagues of potential troublemakers."

"It happened that I met Vera before she became my student. During the summer vacation I was doing some work of my own and went to the Town Library every morning. Vera, too, was at the Library most of the time, always behind a small tower of books. She appeared to make copious notes - - a rather unusual thing to do for a high school student in the summer vacation."

"One day Vera had just left after returning her books at the reservation desk when it was my turn to do the same. I noticed the puzzled expression on the face of the lady in charge. "I wonder what she is reading these books for", she said to me. "What books?" I asked.

"Well," she said, "just look at them." There was, as I recall, Norman Brown's 'Life against Death', and Ernest Becker's 'The Denial of Death', and 'On Aggression' by Konrad Lorenz, and a few others. I must admit I agreed with the puzzled lady behind the desk."

"I decided to watch Vera more closely and to seek an opportunity to speak with her; after all, she was to be in my class in the coming year."

"As I watched her, it occurred to me that she was not an unattractive girl, but that she didn't make the slightest attempt to make herself attractive. Of course, Vera doesn't have a good figure, everything about her is heavy and shapeless. She wears forever a dark shirt and blue jeans. Her pale-blue eyes, though, are arresting, although at times disturbing. I take it, you've never met Vera?"

"No; I haven't."

"After observing her a few more days, I managed to meet Vera in front of the Library. It was a very warm day. She introduced herself and asked me if I had room in my car for her bicycle and if I would drop it for her at the repair shop. I said, "Of course, there's enough room for you and your bike." "Teachers aren't supposed to give rides

to students, unless they're sick", Vera said, "do you agree with this rule?" "Well", I laughed, "do you?" "I don't know if it's a good rule", she said, "but I feel a lot safer riding with a teacher than with some crazy kid."

Vera continued her reading and abundant copying most of the summer. We exchanged a few words now and then. I knew she was as aware of my presence as I was of hers. In the hot, ill-ventilated Reading Room Vera and I many times were the sole readers. And although she remained her unkept, unprepossessing self in the same dark shirt and worn blue-jeans, I would have missed her had she not been there. Don't think for a moment I was physically attracted to her - - nothing could be further from the truth. I was concerned about the girl, and if she had stayed away, I know I would have gone out of my way to reassure myself about her."

"One day late in August, shortly before the resumption of classes, Vera came over to the table in the Reading Room that I was working on and said she wasn't feeling well. She hadn't taken her bicycle that morning and she didn't think she could make it home. Would I drop her at her house when I was ready to leave? I said I was ready to leave at once and when I walked with her to my car, I noticed she had trouble

steadying herself and I offered her my arm on which she leaned heavily."

"I stopped in front of her house and asked her whether her mother was at home. "No", she said, "my mother is at work and she won't be home before tonight." "Aren't there any neighbors who could look after you until your mother comes home?" "I don't want anyone", she kept repeating, "I'm used to being alone." But then she almost didn't make it from the car to the door. I became worried and insisted she must either let me take her to the hospital or she must get someone to stay with her."

"Would you really take me to the hospital?" she asked me, as though I had made a monstrous proposition. "There's always a doctor on duty", I explained. She said, "Don't you know they kill people at the hospital when it's too much trouble to save them?"

"I didn't answer but continued urging her to have someone stay with her. She rejected all my suggestions, insisting she didn't need anyone. At last, however, she said she would try and call a friend of hers. I assumed she meant a girl friend and asked where her friend lived and offered to pick her up. But the friend she meant was Peter Crawford.

"He's going to move to the city", Vera said, "but he's got no money. He has no car either. Would you really pick him up and bring him over?"

"Shouldn't you speak to your mother? I bet she can be called where she works", I said.

"No, no, she hates it to be called to the telephone. Besides she says she would lose her job."

"So I had no choice but to pick up Peter Crawford, whom I met for the first time. I'll tell you more about Crawford later. He made rather a better impression than I feared. Yet I didn't stop reproaching myself for having all too readily complied with Vera's wishes. It didn't seem right for me as a stranger, and even less as Vera's soon-to-be teacher, to arrange for her and Crawford being alone together in Vera's home."

"Vera was sitting on the doorstep when I returned with Peter Crawford. They hardly greeted each other. I said I'd come back in a little while to pick up Crawford. But Vera said it wasn't necessary because her mother would take him home. I still hesitated, but Vera's ready reliance on her mother reassured me. As I was walking to the car,

I heard Crawford ask, "what's wrong?" and her answer, "The usual."

That, too, made me feel easier."

"Weeks later, after I had begun to meet Vera regularly, she told me, quite matter-of-factly, that she had faked the entire incident. She wanted me to take her home and she hoped I would find her so ill that I had no choice but to stay with her. I was shocked when she told me this. And I told her so."

"Perhaps I should have been more shocked by Vera's answer:

"Does it matter whether I was sick or not? Didn't I have the right to expect you would not run away from a sick person seeking help?"

Dr. Pindar once again paused.

"By the time Vera confessed her deception, I had become entangled in the phantoms that were haunting her and from whom she sought to escape into a 'wish-to-be-true' array of extravagant phantasies. As I said, I was by then seeing Vera regularly. You must believe me there wasn't the slightest physical contact between us. Yet, I can't honestly say, that I didn't experience in Vera's presence a sense of well-being to which neither Eros nor its close parent, the active father-image, are altogether alien. Here was this haunted girl, apparently unloved and without an ounce

of self-esteem, with her sole refuge a vision of a self-made reality that was either non-existent or unattainable, and nearly always absurd. And here was I, the only person as far as I knew, who had understood her silent call for help and was willing to listen to her and to try and guide her to a safer shore. Romantic, presumptuous, dangerous . . . indeed, indeed. Don't think I didn't know it."

"Hardly a day passed when I didn't try and think of ways and means of dropping her or of removing myself. But aside from my interest in Vera, I was afraid of any move I might make to that end. It wasn't so much that I feared the embarrassment of Vera's predictable fight to hold on to me, no, what I feared a great deal more was that Vera, if left to herself, might do something utterly foolish or even desperate . . ."

"Let me try and explain Vera's situation as I became her English teacher in the eleventh grade. Not only did she have no friends among her classmates, she was, in fact, being deliberately avoided by them. For a while I thought it may have something to do with her persistent neglect of her own person, which set her miles apart from the majority of the other girls whose casual clothes did not hide the fact that they were taking excellent care of their persons. On the other hand, Vera belonged

definitely to the good students. She was a rather more mature student than most, a perceptive reader and an attentive classroom follower. I wondered why her fellow-students so consistently avoided her."

"There was another bright girl in Vera's class. One of these pretty girls who want to be noticed by their teachers and aren't a bit shy in making it known that they are mature young women. Her name was Alta Fisher and I took advantage of her wish to be treated as a grown-up person in order to question her about Vera and her isolated existence among her classmates. At first, she too was quite unwilling to talk about Vera. At last, when I kept insisting, Alta Fisher said, 'She shouldn't be in our school. She isn't normal. They keep her because the psychiatrists think she'd go over the bend if she were put away.'"

"After I had launched Alta Fisher, I had no trouble learning from her some very strange facts. After the accident in which her sister was killed Vera pretended for weeks that her sister wasn't dead. She insisted that her mother and the doctors and the hospital to which the child has been taken were saying that she was dead, in order to prevent Vera from seeing her sister. Several times she was caught inside the hospital trying to find her sister. When she told her suspicion to her

classmates, many of whom had attended the child's funeral, they reacted at first in the typical manner of young people: they refused to take her seriously, some made outright fun of her. Vera became sad and withdrawn. Her Classmates called her a creep and avoided her."

"About the time I learned this from Alta Fisher, we were reading Melville's 'Moby Dick', and I had assigned discussions of certain chapter to some of my better students. There were a few nice papers, and an astonishing one of Vera's. Her paper, of course, reflected all the reading she had done. 'Moby Dick', Vera explained, is concerned with the search for death and with the healing through death. At the opening of the book, Ishmael brings up the fear of every funeral and in the end he is saved on top of his best friend's coffin! You may want to see Vera's paper some time."

For a moment Dr. Pindar seemed to forget that Battenwieser had not come all the way up to Vermont in order to listen to an interpretation of 'Moby Dick'. But when Battenwieser touched lightly the hand in which Dr. Pindar was holding the glass he had raised earlier, the teacher interrupted himself:

"At any rate, I used Vera's 'Moby Dick' paper to draw the isolated girl towards me. I pitied her since she was obviously caught up in a hostile world of her own making."

"It would have been unwise and probably self-defeating if I spent too much time with Vera in conferences at school, so I invited her to see me at my place on Grove Street."

"As a matter of fact, since a teacher has to be careful where female students are concerned, I arranged for Bill Landis to join Vera at my place as often as possible. Billy is a goodhearted, if not terribly bright, fellow and his feelings towards Vera weren't as negative as those of the rest of them. I always managed to be alone with Vera for a half or even a full hour before Billy showed up or after he was gone."

"Vera had seen a psychiatrist after her father had moved out and married another woman. I understand it wasn't the break-up of the family as such that upset Vera (who was then 13 or 14) but the bitter struggle between her father and her mother as to which of them should keep her younger sister. Neither of her parents, Vera felt, was the least bit interested in her. Vera had always been jealous of her sister who, to judge by photographs, was a most appealing child. Now, after her mother

won the fight and was given the custody of the child, Vera's jealousy became an inexhaustible source of self-torture and of a parallel sense of guilt."

"She told me that she so perfectly misled the psychiatrist that he never found out the true reason of all her suffering and, instead, 'bored her stiff with all this stupid nonsense about her father for whom she couldn't care less." She had stopped seeing the psychiatrist by the time her sister was killed in the accident."

"Now the accident. It had happened some two years before I knew Vera. I told you that Alta Fisher had told me the weird things Vera had been telling her classmates. I felt I had to make inquiries of my own. Let me tell you what I found out:

"The accident has occurred in front of the house in which the child lived with her mother and sister. The child was run over by a car as she rode her bicycle out of the driveway into the street. The street, a quiet residential street, was particularly safe on a Sunday afternoon in the midst of summer. The driver of the car, a boy of 16, was without fault and no charge was brought against him. After the accident Vera began prowling around the boy's house, without, however, attempting to

Speak with him. Eventually the boy, who was distressed, was sent to a private school."

"At the time of the accident Vera wasn't home and her mother was having coffee with friends in the backyard. It is probable that the child was instantly killed in the impact with the car. At any rate, the child was unconscious when she was picked up by the ambulance and was pronounced dead on arrival at the hospital."

"Vera refused to go with her mother to the hospital to see the dead child. She stood stonefaced between her parents at the funeral. Soon afterwards the process began that lead from altered facts to absurd conjectures. Vera resorted to an extraordinary set of inventions."

"Her mother, she claimed, had bought her sister a new bicycle with many gears the day before the accident, and the inexperienced child was unable to control its speed, so there was no way of avoiding the car. It was entirely invented. The child has used the same bicycle for two years. Vera also told me she had gone to the hospital at night while her mother slept and that she had seen and talked to her sister. She had read the chart and a notation that the child wouldn't be safe at home because

her mother and sister hated her. The nurse told her that another dead child had been buried in the coffin and that her sister had been adopted by a rich man and taken to Switzerland."

"of course, you understand, all this I found out some two years after the accident and I was inclined to ascribe it to Vera's problematic childhood, the broken family, sibling jealousy and rivalry, a severely crippled father image and, most of all, the shock of the accident-death of her younger sister, the lovely and beloved child, whose disappearance Vera both wished and dreaded."

"Well, these conjectures appeared quite reasonable as explanations of Vera's actions after her sister's death. But I was soon to recognize that I must look elsewhere for the key to Vera's extraordinary and indeed disturbing person. I must admit I often found it difficult to argue with her. 'A person, who isn't telling the truth', I said, 'has no right to the same consideration as one who is telling the truth.' 'The truth hasn't anything to do with it', Vera replied, 'but human beings have a right to be respected.' 'Not if they deceive others', I objected. 'You always insist on bringing in others', Vera repeated angrily over and over again,

'Does it matter what I do and how I live as long as no one gets hurt?
Would it have hurt you if you had stayed with me when I needed you?
Don't you let me come to you now? Isn't it the same thing?'

"As I told you, Vera was extraordinarily inventive in the development of imaginary plots from which she derived a satisfaction and a stimulation far exceeding any other. I know she had an affair with Peter Crawford and that they used marijuana and the like. But I doubt that these things mattered a great deal. What mattered was the recurring theme of a life of her own, far away, where no one knew her and where she would forget everything. She endlessly invented schemes to that end. When I pointed out all the obvious reasons why they must fail, she said, "Everyone thinks of his future as of their life time, I'm satisfied to count in days, even, if it has to be, in hours."

"Let me mention Peter Crawford at this point. I saw him only a few times, but it was obvious that he was heavily on drugs, drifting, aimless, and much the weaker of the two. If Vera ever wanted a companion, Crawford would go along more or less blindly."

"The phantoms of her sister's death were still haunting Vera. Several times she claimed she had seen her sister or at least a girl

looking as her sister would by now, on the street or in a store, and that the girl had also recognized her and run away. Once she showed me a newspaper clipping with the blurred picture of a child. Someone, Vera said, had sent it to her anonymously. The picture, she was positive, was of her sister."

"I saw Vera at least once, sometimes two or three times a week, at my place. Although I took care to have Billy Landis join us most of the time, I was uncomfortable. It wasn't so much on account of Vera's visits, but because of my responsibility which I felt to be growing. After all, I was her teacher, not her therapist or her doctor. What qualifications could I claim to possess?"

"Of course, many of the conversations I had with Vera were about the things I knew her to be interested in. I loaned her a number of books. After I had read 'Ad Portas' I gave it to Vera. The book upset her. When she returned it to me, I found a long note in it. She was almost aggressive in criticizing your book. At one point she said that you were an elitist writer whose aim was to keep the world a safe place for elitists . . ."

"Did I help Vera? I believed it sometimes, but I more often

questioned it. The only thing I was reasonably sure of was that as long as Vera confided in me (although that's probably not the right word) and kept talking with me, there was a good chance she wouldn't go off in order to try out one of her many unmanageable or unattainable schemes."

"I don't know what Mr. Andrews said to Inspector Farnsworth about the reasons why my appointment was not being renewed. He probably mentioned that I had tried to keep my Grove Street address private. You understand my reasons. As a matter of fact, I welcomed Mr. Andrews' action since it gave me the chance, as I saw it, to try and disengage myself from Vera."

Dr. Pindar had reached the point where he knew it would be neither necessary nor helpful to further dwell upon the background against which, it seemed to him, Vera Muldoon's actions, as well as his own role, must be seen. Also he was tired from the long hike in the mountains and the strong wine which at the beginning of the evening had contributed to the ease and care of his words, but now began to depress him.

Buddenwieser ordered another serving of strong coffee. Although the hour wasn't very late, he and Dr. Pindar were by now the only guests.

"I'm not sure', Dr. Pindar said, "what steps we must take now. I trust you have consulted a lawyer before coming to see me."

"No, I haven't. I felt it to be more important to see you. Inspector Farnsworth is a reasonable man. He isn't anxious for the police to become mixed up in yet another weird case, if he can help it."

"I understand. The whole case rests on what Vera told the police, doesn't it?"

"At this point it does. Except for Caroline."

Dr. Pindar appeared to realize for the first time that Caroline's presence had been part of the dark scene in Bittenwieser's room. He was at a loss what to say.

"Yes, Caroline. You said she is only thirteen."

"It's better", Bittenwieser said, "to speak to Vera than to put the child through another ordeal. That's why I've come to you."

20.

After Caroline had turned towards the wall, Farnsworth and Carola withdrew to the corner of the Terrace Room where Carola had been sitting over her paper work. "I hope you can stay with us, Mr. Farnsworth", Carola said. "I'm so worried about Caroline. In spite of what Dr. Frost

said, she hasn't been herself for a single moment." Carola was fighting back her tears. "I've telephoned Dr. Frost before coming here", Farnsworth said. "He thinks the sooner Caroline is able to unburden herself, the faster she will feel better. I thought she made a good beginning." They said nothing further.

Caroline raised herself but as before remained seated on the floor, leaning against the wall. As though unaware of Farnsworth's presence she reached for her book. Carola called to her: "Shall I bring you something to drink, Caroline?"

Caroline shook her head. "I want to know where everybody is." she said, speaking hardly above a whisper, "I mean Vera and her mother, and Peter and Billy . . ."

Farnsworth walked slowly across the room and seated himself on the chair he had occupied before.

"Vera Muldoon and Peter Crawford are at the Police Station", Farnsworth said, speaking quietly. "Mrs. Muldoon, I guess, is resting at home and Billy Landis - - well, I met him in the street as I was coming here."

"I'm glad the police didn't keep Vera's mother and Billy. Are they going to let Vera and Peter go home too?"

"Not right away. It depends on the judge. Vera Muldoon and Peter Crawford will see the judge in the County Court House tomorrow or the next day."

"Will I see the judge too?"

"It's quite possible, Caroline. As a matter of fact, it's likely you will be asked the same questions that I've come here to ask you."

"Must I answer? I mean, what happens if I can't answer the questions?"

"Let me try and explain it to you. The police has questioned a good many people and listened carefully to what each had to say. Now it's up to the police to check on everything they were told and to get as close to the truth as possible and to report to the judge and the other people who are responsible for the safety of everyone of our citizens."

Without taking her eyes off Farnsworth, Caroline remained silent. When she spoke again, her words were barely audible.

"Is Tom also at the Police Station, I mean, like Vera and Peter Crawford?"

"No. As a matter of fact, he's left town for the rest of the day."

"So the police hasn;t talked with him?"

"Oh yes. I've had a long talk with him this morning."

Caroline, her misty eyes still scrutinizing Farnsworth, again fell silent.

Farnsworth thought it best not to try imposing his own sense of direction on Caroline's slow, almost circular inquiry. He knew from experience that, when left uninterfered with, a child's inquiry often unravels in an uncanny way the central facts on an investigation.

"Have you talked with everybody, I mean, also with my mother and my father and my brother?"

"Yes, I've talked with all of them."

"Have they told you all kinds of things about me, I mean about going to 'The Old Wharf' and the crazy people?"

"I've heard about it."

"Do you believe everything people tell you?"

"Not necessarily. People do make mistakes. At times, they don't tell the truth. That's why it's my job to check on the things people tell me."

"Sometimes people don't remember, I mean, they get all confused."

"That's true. But memory isn't always the last resort. Suppose there is a hole in your memory. For one reason or another, you don't remember what happened on a certain day last week between five and six in the afternoon. You want to know because it's important for some reason. What would you do?"

"I could ask people who know."

"That's one way. But there are other ways. You could look for props, memory props, things that stir somewhere in your mind while you're worrying about the memory hole, for example, what people had said or done later, after the memory hole was gone."

"I think I know what you mean."

Farnsworth felt he had led the child to an invisible bridge. This side was the safety of her ordeal's end and the promise of her return to all that was good in her sheltered life. At the far end of the bridge loomed the anguish of the terror she had experienced and the threat of its revival of which he, Farnsworth, was the very instrument. The child, Farnsworth realized, would be willing to cross the bridge only if she understood that her safety would be deceptive as long as she hadn't, in

Dr. Frost's words, 'unburdened herself'. For a moment Farnsworth was tempted to give up the attempt, at least for the present, at prompting the unhappy child to walk across the invisible bridge. However, he did not yield to the temptation. Had not the child herself, by her own inquiry, helped lead the way?

Adopting a casual, easy-going approach, Farnsworth said, speaking as much to himself as to Caroline:

"Now, let's try and do a little police work together. You were lying on the floor in Tom's room, and you were cold, so you took hold of the towel on the chair next to the bed to cover yourself. And you were waiting for Tom to wake up. Is that right?"

"Yes. I was waiting all the time. I wanted Tom to wake up. I was afraid."

"Was there a light in the room?"

"Yes. A nightlight next to the bed."

"What were you afraid of?"

"So many things were going through my mind. I didn't want Vera and Peter to come back, with Tom being asleep and all naked and me hiding in his room. I wouldn't have minded Billy so much, I even hoped he would

~~he would~~ bring me my dress."

"Had any of them said they would come after you?"

"They were acting crazy. I just was afraid. I wanted them to leave. I listened all the time."

"What were you listening for?"

"I figured they would pass outside, I mean, in front of the window on the way to their car."

"Did they come?"

"Yes, they were passing right under the window. After they were gone, I started to count. If Tom hadn't woken up by the time I had counted to one hundred, I was going to wake him up. But long before I got to one hundred, I fell asleep."

"I bet you're a sound sleeper, like my granddaughter. Did you sleep as soundly as in your bed?"

"No, I guess I kept listening for Tom to get up. And when I heard that the door was pushed open, I thought Tom was leaving and I got up as fast as I could. I saw Vera and I wanted to scream - -"

Caroline was gripped by a sudden shiver inspite of the late afternoon warmth. Farnsworth knew the point had been reached where she was

on the threshold of conflicting versions: her own, perhaps a mere recall of what she had wanted to happen, and Vera's or Crawford's who claimed the reliability of eyewitnesses.

"Did you scream?"

"Hasn't Vera told you?"

"Of course, she has. And so has Peter Crawford, and Tom Buttenswieser. As I told you, it's my duty to listen to everyone. If I don't listen to everyone, or if they don't tell me what they remember, I can't do my job properly and the truth may never come out."

"I started to scream and I tried to grab Tom's hand and to pull him up. But Vera said "Stay away from the bastard", and she lifted me off my feet and she squeezed my chest very hard and she carried me from the room and Peter Crawford was standing outside in the hall and said "What are you doing?" and Vera said something I didn't understand because she put the towel over my face and pulled it tight and I couldn't breathe because my chest hurt and I had to throw up . . ."

Again Caroline cried silently and tearlessly. Carola wanted to rush to her child but she restrained herself. Although she hadn't been able to understand every word, she knew Caroline had been talking at last

and she prayed inwardly for the strength the child needed to see her through. Farnsworth did not move; he was sure the invisible bridge had been crossed, and Caroline, now on the far side, needed him to regain the safety she had had to give up.

"Peter Crawford carried me to his car. I was in the back next to Vera, and she talked to me all the time. She was terribly excited and I didn't understand what she was saying. She mentioned the police and my parents and said she had saved me and I should stop crying."

"Did she and Peter Crawford talk to one another?"

"I guess they did, because he kept asking whether he shouldn't pick up the garbage they had forgotten to put in the car, but Vera said she wanted to go to the Grove Street place. I tried to say, I want to go home, but I was sobbing all the time and I couldn't really speak very clearly."

"Did they stop anywhere before they got to Grove Street?"

"No, I didn't think so."

"What happened when you got there?"

"Peter Crawford carried me upstairs. It was very hot. Vera asked me whether I wanted some ginger ale. And I was all dry, as I had been

sobbing so much and there didn't come any tears anymore. I drank lots of ginger ale. And Vera said I should stop worrying and that the place she had taken me to belonged to a friend of hers who was a teacher at the High School. And I wasn't so upset anymore and I said I wanted to go home and if I could call my father he would send Willy to pick me up. But Vera said she wanted to take me home herself and speak to my father. And then she told me all kinds of awful things - - must I tell them?"

"No, you don't have to, Caroline. Perhaps you could talk to the lady doctor whom you met at the hospital."

"I didn't like her."

Farnsworth and Caroline looked at one another during a moment of silence and mutual appraising. Carola, straining her ears, had been able to follow the pained recounting of her child's ordeal. She now rose and left the Terrace Room.

"Could you give me an idea, Caroline, what Vera was talking about?"

"She said - - no, it's too horrible. I don't want to . . ."

"Do you think it would be easier for you to tell your mother or Herta? Isn't Herta a little like an older sister?"

"I don't want my mother or Herta. I mean, you at least aren't all that personal. I mean you wouldn't ask me all these questions about myself, like the lady doctor did."

"I think I know what you mean, Caroline. I've had two little girls myself and it isn't so terribly long ago. I won't ask any questions that aren't my business."

"You just want me to tell you what Vera said?"

"Absolutely."

"She said Tom was only pretending to be asleep and that she had watched Tom and me before she pulled me away and that I was lying on top of Tom and she asked me - - - it's too horrible . . . "

Caroline interrupted herself. Farnsworth knew she no longer needed any prodding to continue: as she was retelling her hurt, it began hurting less.

"She asked me if Tom was my boyfriend and if I liked what he was doing to me - - and if we had done it before - - -"

"Did she know who Tom was?"

"No, she didn't because she was all surprised when I said he was a friend of my parents and that my brother and I had often stayed over in

his apartment and that his name was Thomas Buttenwieser and that he was a very famous person. She said that she knew all about Tom Buttenwieser and that he was an evil man, and a criminal, and she said that I had gone to his room without any clothes on and that Tom was also all naked, and that he wanted to do to me what men do to women, and she had had to pull me away . . . And she went on and on . . . And suddenly my head felt all fuzzy, and Vera was far away and I couldn't hear what she was saying . . . and I had to go to the bathroom . . . but when I tried to get up, I was so dizzy I couldn't stand and I started to cry again . . . and then Vera called Peter Crawford and he carried me to the bathroom . . . and put me on the toilet and pulled down my underpants and he said he has to stay with me and he didn't even turn around, and I couldn't make and he carried me back and put me on the bed . . . I was like numb. I didn't feel my skin when I wanted to touch myself . . . I heard voices from time to time and I saw people for a few moments but I didn't hear what they were saying or anything else."

"Who were these people?"

"Vera and Peter Crawford and Mrs. Muldoon. Mostly Vera."

"Where you surprised when you saw Mrs. Muldoon?"

"No. I like her and I've known her for a long time."

"Did you know she was Vera's mother?"

"Not right away. She was holding my hand and she was crying all the time."

21.

Buttenwieser spent the night at a nearby motel. Early next morning he called Farnsworth, as it had been agreed between them. Farnsworth told him that he had been able to talk to Caroline and that in light of the child's testimony Vera's version was no longer believable. He added, however, that the cause of justice, as well as the interests of each and everyone touched by the bizarre case, would be better served if Vera would herself retract the statements she had made concerning Buttenwieser's involvement. At any rate, the police must go forward with the main case and complete its investigation, as far as possible, before the arraignment proceedings. It was necessary, therefore, that both Buttenwieser and Dr. Pindar, whose role, though seemingly passive, nonetheless required clarification, return to Crestmont at once.

Buttenwieser and Dr. Pindar left before eight o'clock. Dr. Pindar said he had spent a sleepless night and fell asleep as soon as the shady country road merged into the Interstate Highway shimmering in the July sun.

The arrest of Vera Muldoon and Peter Crawford and the first-aid care provided for Caroline Cramm, as well as many rumors of uncertain contents and origins, had aroused the attention of the local news media. There were also inquiries from larger regional news interests. In order to minimize the media impact, at least as long as the development of the case remained unclear, Farnsworth met Buttenwieser and Dr. Pindar at a small roadside diner outside of Crestmont. He informed them at once that Mrs. Muldoon had retained legal counsel for her daughter, in the person of Paul Sutter, an elderly lawyer with an excellent reputation, though no wide experience in criminal matters. Vera had, at first, been unwilling to see the lawyer, then talked with him briefly. She appeared, so the lawyer had told Farnsworth, quite unbalanced; her attitude alternating between bravura and depression, the lawyer was still uncertain whether she wished him or any other attorney to represent her. On the other hand, Vera had mentioned several times Dr. Pindar, stressing that

he had absolutely no knowledge of her having gone to his place and saying she was sure that Dr. Pindar would 'not drop' her once she could 'explain everything' to him. The lawyer suggested that in view of Vera's youth and her concern about her teacher's opinion of her, Dr. Pindar should be given the opportunity of seeing Vera.

With a few questions Farnsworth satisfied himself that Dr. Pindar had no connection with any of the weekend events, except for the permission for the occasional use of his car, which he had given Peter Crawford at the beginning of the summer.

Farnsworth decided to take Dr. Pindar to the Police Station surrounded by a substantial contingent of media representatives. Buttenwieser, for the present, was to remain at the diner, awaiting further word from Farnsworth.

Farnsworth had no sooner parked his car than he was met by a chorus of reporters. "What's going on, Inspector? Who's the guy with you? Has the kid been talking? Has the money been recovered? Is it just another dope-crazed bunch of youngsters?" All of them clamored for a statement.

Farnsworth was non-committal. "Things are falling in place, I'll see you later" - - as he penetrated, an embarrassed and red-faced Pindar in tow, the crowded Police Station. The lawyer, Paul Sutter, and Mrs. Muldoon were waiting for him.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Sutter. Do you have a client?"

"I'm not sure, Inspector. But in view of this odd situation and my old friendship for Mrs. Muldoon, I'm prepared, at least at this juncture, to act as Vera's counsel. I expect to be present at any further deposition."

"Alright, provided she'll have you."

"I so hope she will", said Mrs. Muldoon. "I know Vera. It has happened so often. First her attempt to substitute a private fantasy for the real world, then despair and collapse."

At this point, all eyes fell on Dr. Pindar.

"Dr. Pindar has returned to the city of his own free will", said Farnsworth by way of introduction. "He is in no way implicated in the things that happened in his place over the weekend. But Dr. Pindar has known Vera Muldoon for better than a year, not only as her teacher but as a person interested in her welfare. Moreover, I have been informed

by Mr. Sutter, who acts as Vera's counsel, that she may be willing to speak with her friend and teacher."

"That is definitely my impression", said the lawyer.

"I won't object to a one-to-one conversation between Dr. Pindar and Vera. It must be understood, of course, that Dr. Pindar will not enjoy any kind of privilege with regard to any communication he may receive from Vera. Is that alright with you counselor?"

"It is, provided Vera herself is properly advised on this point and consents explicitly to talk with Dr. Pindar."

Farnsworth turned to Dr. Pindar.:

"As far as you're concerned, Dr. Pindar, you must be aware that you may be called as a witness at any time and be questioned about anything you may have learned from Vera."

"I'm quite aware of it, Inspector."

The man who returned to the roadside diner was not the same person who had left several hours earlier. His face was red and deeply lined, he was agitated and sweated profusely. He ordered strong coffee and emptied three or four cups in quick succession. Noting Dr. Pindar's exhaustion, Battenwieser refrained from asking any questions.

Having spent close to two hours with Vera, Dr. Pindar had left the Police Station alone by a side entrance and a police officer had driven him in his own car to the diner. Farnsworth, to whom Dr. Pindar had spoken briefly, had promised to join Bittenwieser and Dr. Pindar as soon as he found a way of eluding the reporters.

By the time Farnsworth arrived at the diner, Dr. Pindar had grown calmer and was ready to talk, although he had no desire of engaging in the expansiveness and presentation of detail he had exhibited in his earlier description of his relationship with Vera.

According to Dr. Pindar's restrained report stressing the facts of which he had been apprised, Vera admitted at once that she, and she alone, had been responsible for the abduction of Caroline Cramm and for the attempt at obtaining money from Bittenwieser. For weeks, she said, she had spun in her mind all sorts of plots through which she would obtain the care and charge of a child, a little girl as much as possible like her sister, at least for the duration of the long, empty summer. At times she thought of locating a poor child by paying money to its family. But, of course, she had no money. Or she wanted a child that needed

tutoring and keep her until the beginning of school. But she also considered stealing a child. In whatever direction her wishes went, the child must be hers, hers alone to care for and for her alone to be in charge.

The moment Caroline stepped out of the darkness, like an apparition in answer to her secret longings, Vera felt the decision had been taken from her. Was the child not naked like a new-born babe? Had the child not separated herself from her regular world, from the noisy party at her parents' house?

Yet, even while she was inventing and discarding, in her mind, ways and means of preventing the child from returning to her parents and remaining with her, Vera knew there simply wasn't any legitimate way in which she could achieve her goal. There was nothing left but an act of violence. But she did not know how to go about it, how she could get rid of Bill Landis and if she could count on Peter Crawford to stand by her.

She must, above all, gain time. Caroline, she figured correctly, would not want to go back to the house swarming with her parents' guests, without her party dress. So she decided to hold on to the dress.

After Caroline had hurt her foot and ran away, Vera felt despair mounting inside her. She retained only the tiniest spark of hope for Caroline's return in order to pick up her dress. Caroline did not return and Billy Landis went home, and as she and Peter Crawford lingered on the dark beach, there arose in Vera's mind a series of idyllic images of herself and Caroline, sisters by choice, reunited at last. The brighter the images glowed, the dimmer became Vera's hope and the deeper her anger at all the hostile powers standing forever in her way.

When Vera and Peter Crawford were passing the Cramm house, Vera may have heard a call for help she took for Caroline's but she may have only imagined it. What she did realize to be the stark reality of her situation was that she was walking away from the most beautiful promise of her life. (Speaking to Dr. Pindar, it was here that the first and only smile lit up Vera's distraught features. 'It was like Orpheus hesitating before looking for Eurydice. Why hasn't Dr. Freud thought of the most irresistible desire instead of the stupid fool who bores the hell out of people?')

At any rate, Vera, passing in the dark, it was the last chance of reaching out for the fulfillment of her shining promise. Hadn't

Billy Landis spoken of the Guest Wing through which one could enter the house unseen and which must be empty at this hour, with the party still going on in the Main House? Vera told Peter Crawford she was going to find out if Caroline was in trouble, but she wasn't sure whether she asked him to follow her.

Vera found the door, the same through which Caroline must have entered the house a short while ago. Inside, she saw a light framing the outline of a closed door. Her heart beating in her throat, as she was penetrating the dark, narrow corridor, she made up her mind to open the faintly lit door of the unknown room and, if it were locked, to throw her weight against it, fully expecting to find Caroline inside. Perhaps, she said to Dr. Pindar, she would have done nothing further to Caroline, had she found her alone. But as she opened the unlocked door, she was revolted by what she saw.

On the bed was the huge, swarthy, totally naked body of a man, his face hidden behind a pillow. The shadows created by the single nightlight exaggerated all shapes and sizes. The man lay motionless, Vera couldn't tell if he was asleep, but she claimed that his penis was big like a monster. And kneeling in front of the bed, her back turned

towards the door, was Caroline, and she pulled at the man's arm, begging him to get up. "Please, please, get up." The man didn't move, and when Caroline turned around and saw Vera in the door, she was about to scream. Vera grabbed a towel and with it stifled Caroline's attempted scream. She lifted Caroline up and carried her out of the room, closing the door behind her. She handed her to Peter Crawford and placed the towel over her mouth, so Caroline couldn't call for help.

Vera said she was beside herself with rage. Why had the child not gone home? Why had she gone to the room of a horrible, repulsive man who had exposed himself so that anyone entering his room would have to see his enormous sex? But for Vera the most excruciating question was whether there was some kind of relationship between the man and Caroline? Her rage turned into hatred of the naked, male stranger and of the world to which the stranger and Caroline belonged.

Vera wanted to take Caroline away, but her only thought at this point was: Where can we go? When they got to the car, it occurred to her that Dr. Pindar's place was vacant. She told Crawford to drive to the house on Grove Street, hoping to manage avoiding Mrs. Williams. As it turned out, Mrs. Williams had pinned a note for the newsboy on the door

of her house which told the boy to deliver the paper after five on Monday.

In the car, driving to Grove Street, Crawford realized they had left the towel, which must have fallen off somewhere, and a mess of empty bottles and beer cans on the Cramm property. But they did not return and look for them. Vera said she did not seek to conceal the child and that she wanted nothing else but the child's safety.

They entered the Williams house without trouble. Crawford carried Caroline to Dr. Pindar's bedroom on the third floor. Caroline had been crying and asking to go home most of the time. Crawford was upset. He had been drinking and smoking pot all evening. He said it wasn't possible to act sensibly as long as Caroline was in this condition and they should give her some of his 'downers' so she would relax. Vera agreed and so Crawford put some of the stuff in the ginger ale Vera gave to Caroline. Caroline became drowsy. But for a time she did answer the questions Vera put to her.

Vera found out who the stranger was. And she found also out that Caroline had danced for him naked when she was still a child. When Vera told Caroline that Buttenwieser had gone back to the city, Caroline said

she wanted to go to the city and stay with him in his apartment.

Caroline fell asleep and Vera became depressed. Crawford was of no use; he left her alone and went to Dr. Pindar's study. Then Caroline woke up and said she must go to the bathroom, but she was unable to stand on her feet. Vera had to ask Crawford to carry her to the bathroom.

Afterwards Vera became more and more worried about Caroline's condition. Had Crawford put too much of the stuff in the ginger ale? Had they harmed Caroline? At any rate, there was something unnatural about Caroline's lack of response, her pallor, her immobility.

Worry turned into scare. "Wait", Crawford said, "it'll wear off." Vera listened to Caroline's heartbeat and it seemed normal. She dared not make any move. She could only wait.

But they couldn't stay in Mrs. Williams' house, who might return at any moment. Where could they go without any money? It was then that Vera thought of frightening Bittenwieser into giving her the money she needed. Why not asking for as much as possible, as long as she was ready to commit the crime of blackmail? None of the things she had done so far appeared as a crime to her.

She worked out the note to Bittenwieser in her mind. She had neither pen nor paper. She could have found both in Dr. Pindar's study, but if she used them, the note might be traced to Dr. Pindar. She went to her own house, leaving Crawford behind; she knew she had neutral stationery and many throw-away ballpoint pens. As she was parking the car a few blocks away from her house, her eyes fell on Caroline's dress that had been left in the car. In order to prevent the dress from being discovered, she went to the attic of her home and hid it among the winter clothes. Then she wrote the note and within the hour she was back in Grove Street.

Caroline was still asleep and she reminded Vera of her sister, whose sleep she had often watched for hours. Vera's fear of having harmed the child stayed with her.

She dozed off towards morning. It was past nine o'clock when she woke up and went to Peter Crawford who was still asleep in the study. She wanted to talk over their situation, but Crawford said it was all up to her and she knew he was not a quitter. She showed him the note she had written to Bittenwieser and Crawford said it sounded like a clever scheme. He left at once in order to give the note to someone living in

the Cramm neighborhood, asking him to deliver it to Bittenwieser.

After Crawford returned, Vera went home. She was afraid her mother would become alarmed if she stayed away. The walk took nearly three quarters of an hour. Vera and Crawford agreed that he was to call the moment Caroline awoke and that he was to say he wanted to confirm his date with Vera, if Vera's mother were to answer the telephone. Vera would then come at once on her bicycle. Under no circumstances must Caroline leave the house or use the telephone.

At home, Vera kept to herself as much as possible. She bathed and she retired to her room. She probably slept off and on. She saw her mother as she was getting ready to go for a ride with her visitor, but she didn't want to leave the house in her mother's absence. She thought that her mother was upset because she hadn't been home all night.

As the time passed without word from Crawford, Vera became increasingly anxious, and she was tempted to call Mrs. Williams' house. But she knew Crawford wouldn't answer the telephone.

At last Crawford called. He spoke so fast Vera had trouble understanding him. He said he was getting very uptight, being all alone with Caroline who had hardly changed her position and he needed 'a serious

workout' or he would go 'completely nuts' and he had located Dr. Pindar's bicycle and he would meet Vera because he must talk with her.

He hung up before Vera was able to say a word. She now had no choice but to meet him.

When they met, Crawford said he wanted to call on a friend of his who was a nurse at the hospital and knew all about emergencies. He had supplied Crawford with the stuff Caroline had swallowed and Crawford wanted to find out from him what they should do about Caroline. His friend wouldn't ask for any details, and they could always 'cook up' a story.

Vera consented in order to appease Crawford. She insisted, however, on seeing Caroline before Crawford called on his friend and so they agreed that Crawford would fetch the car and return to pick up Vera.

When Vera returned, Caroline's sleep appeared lighter and Vera noticed that she moved her eyelids from time to time, although she didn't open her eyes. Vera felt reassured and she easily persuaded Crawford to give up his plan to call on his friend at the hospital.

As her worry about Caroline receded, Vera's load grew heavier. With each passing minute, her next move became more pressing. And she realized she was all alone in this. For all she could tell, Crawford might be near the breaking point and, even at his best, he had never been more than a willing tool in her hand.

Time itself was growing short. They could stay one more night in Mrs. Williams' house; but in another few hours they must leave without arousing the attention of any neighbor or passer-by' and before they left, they must restore Dr. Pindar's rooms to their usual tidy condition.

Only now, as Vera had to face up to the reality of having to carry out her move on the outside, away from her refuge in the attic of an empty house; did she also realize that the outside was threatening her with a multitude of dangers. Should she undo what she had started? Was it not too late, nearly twenty-four hours after she had taken Caroline from her home and concealed her in a strange place? Nor was this all: could she undo the note she had written to Battenwieser and which by now must be in his hands?

Was there another way out? There was one, and only one: She must abide by her vision of what must have occurred between the man who had

exposed himself, and the naked child. Yes, she must have been right. It must have happened before she arrived and even before then, when Caroline had been staying in Bittenwieser's apartment - - Everything she, Vera, had done, she had done for the sake of the child.

A new wave of confidence~~s~~ and warmth seized Vera and gave her a brief sense of wellbeing. She didn't take her eyes off the sleeping child. She kept inventing and filling with a thousand details, the life she and Caroline would henceforth live together in faraway places. Like the sisters they were, they would share everything. And she, Vera, would make good to Caroline for all the evil that she knew had been done to her.

When Billy Landis rang the doorbell, Vera had no choice but to let him in. He had been many times in Mrs. Williams' house, and there could be only one reason for his coming at this time: he knew Vera to be at Dr. Pindar's place. Although Vera wasn't sure what to do about Billy, she didn't worry about him: she had always been able to manage Bill Landis.

However, it was a different story when her mother arrived. Vera realized that control of the situation was slipping away from her. One look at her mother's worried face told her that her mother had put two

and two together, although how she had come by her knowledge and how much she knew, Vera could not tell. Nor did it matter now. Vera wouldn't ask any questions, but she would not let her mother take the child away from her, causing her once more to lose a lovely and beloved sister.

Vera's only concern after she had revealed Caroline's presence and retold the circumstances of her rescue, was to prevent her mother from taking any action of her own. This proved easier than she anticipated. After she had led her mother to Caroline's bedside, her mother was so overcome by her own emotions at the sight of the child that she would do nothing except stay with Caroline.

Vera hadn't thought of the police so far, but after Farnsworth had rung the doorbell and let his flashlight play upon the windows of the dark house, Vera realized that the police had been alerted and that it was now only a matter of time until she must surrender Caroline and have an answer to hundreds of questions all of which would seek to make a criminal of her and of poor Peter Crawford, and none would be concerned with her needs and her wants and her love.

Vera knew that the end was at hand. At the same time it occurred to her that if the police came to arrest her and Crawford in Mrs. Williams'

house, Dr. Pindar's name would be smeared and his kindness towards her would be dragged in the dirt. It was clear they must leave, at once, before the police came back.

Vera had no further aim. As she was leaving Mrs. Williams' house, she didn't even know where she would tell Crawford to head the car

Upon their arraignment the following morning, Vera Muldoon, represented by Paul Sutter, and Peter Crawford, represented by a court-appointed attorney, pleaded 'not guilty' to all charges.

22.

Angela had not called in his absence, and Bittenwieser, after a quickly passing mood of disappointment, was relieved at being left to himself. But the sense of relief did not last. It was replaced by a dull and steady call on his attention by disembodied questions he was unprepared to face for the present. Bittenwieser ascribed his state of mind to his physical exhaustion and his narrow escape from a nightmare.

Sleep had come reluctantly at first, suddenly plunging him into an abyss so deep that only the halves or quarters of human facts, and aborted sentences, reached into his dreams. He experienced a rapid succession of brief moments of troubled sleep and uneasy waking.

He rose early and welcomed the sharp light of the July morning and the street noises beneath the wide-open windows. He took more than the usual time to get ready for the day and was dismayed when he found that only 35 minutes had passed between the time he had gotten up and the moment he had wanted to put off as long as possible: What am I to do next

His first thought was of Angela. Why hadn't she called yet? He felt no impatience, no familiar urge to speed developments he judged to be slow and wasteful. Had not Angela herself told him that she was ready to come back to him so that all he had to do was wait for her? But it was only yesterday that the anticipation of Angela's return had filled him with joy, like the promise of still finer, more meaningful things? If she came this very moment, as he was pacing the floor of his living room, would he not have to search for, and quickly put together, a scenario in which they must both act the parts of strangers?

The disembodied questions -- whether he was prepared or unprepared, willing or unwilling to grant them substance, could not be put off. They had striven to rise to the surface in his half-sleep during the night, and now, with Angela's return at any moment, there was no way any longer for one of Bittenwieser's often practiced withdrawals. Yesterday, driving

back to the city after hearing Dr. Pindar recite yet another chapter of Vera Muldoon's private ordeal, Battenwieser had contemplated going away for the rest of the summer, perhaps longer, until, as he said to himself using one of his favorite French expressions, 'les choses rentrent dans l'ordre' ('matters return to their customary order'). But he had known then, and knew now, they wouldn't, at least not for a long time; and more probably never; and that 'going away' would not only be useless, it would also be cowardly and disloyal.

Once more Battenwieser, still pacing the floor, thought of Angela. If she returned to him and if she was in love with him, as her note seemed to imply, would he love her, and after having possessed her in violence, would he be able to possess her again as he possessed other women? Had he not raped Angela, doing to her what Vera Muldoon had said he wanted to do to Caroline? Had not he committed a real crime while Vera Muldoon, desperate and lonely and starving for love and tenderness, had committed no crime, but stumbled from one absurdity into another?

Vera Muldoon - - she loomed large, larger than anyone, against the dark background from which the disembodied questions were drawing their

substance. Did she have any claim upon his compassion, or at least his pity? Dubious reactions at best, aroused momentarily in the wake of his own sense of relief and in light of Dr. Pindar's eloquent evocation of Vera's tortured existence. Must not he, Thomas Buttenwieser, the author of 'AD PORTAS', turn his back on Vera Muldoon and the likes of her, deliberately avoiding the wasteful preoccupation with her private world so hopelessly at odds with the fabric of our civilization?

Buttenwieser was still seeking answers to these questions when the buzzer sounded, calling him to the building telephone.

"Miss Mangelhoff is in the lobby, Sir. She wishes to know whether she can come up, Sir."

It was not yet 9 o'clock. Buttenwieser recognized in her choice of the early hour Angela's familiar eagerness to unload the day's heaviest cargo as early as possible.

"Of course", Buttenwieser said, "ask Miss Mangelhoff to come up."

As Angela stepped from the elevator facing the door of Buttenwieser's apartment, Buttenwieser held out both hands as if he wanted to support her. Angela smiled, but she did not seem to notice his gesture. Instead she stopped before she was close enough to invite his embrace and,

rather formally, her eyes not seeking his, offered her cheek to the touch of his lips.

In the strong, evenly distributed daylight in Bittenwieser's living room, Angela looked wan, thinner and more delicate than Bittenwieser remembered her, yes, remembered her, so long it seemed since he had last seen her. She also seemed young, almost still a child, but a child who has risen from a sickbed, still lacking confidence in the strength of her recovery.

"Do sit down, Angela", Bittenwieser said, speaking softly because Angela, he was sure, although she had not said anything yet, would also speak softly, "can I get you some coffee or some orange juice?"

"No, thanks", Angela said, for the first time looking at him, choosing, to sit down, her usual place in the corner of the sofa, beneath the blurred mirror, facing the windows far across the room. "I've had breakfast before checking out."

She didn't mention the hospital, and Bittenwieser didn't know whether ^{Vivian}~~Mama~~ had been supposed to tell him that Angela has been hospitalized.

"I'm so glad you've come, Angela. After what's happened to us ..."

But Angela didn't seem to have listened. There was no smile, no outward indication of her intention not to respond to any mention of personal concerns.

"I've worked on the chapter we've been struggling with. The last chapter. I trust you want to go ahead with the book."

"Yes, I guess so. But do we have to talk about the book now?"

"Well, no, I guess it's all settled." Angela reached for her purse. "I should be going home."

"Angela, Nora told me you were at the hospital. Are you alright?"

"Yes. The doctor said there was no reason to keep me at the hospital. I'll be alright."

Angela got up. Her movements were slow and careful. She still avoided looking at Bittenwieser, acting like a child who believes it won't be seen if it averts his eyes.

"Are you sure you're alright, Angela? Isn't there anything I can do for you?"

"There isn't, at least not for the moment, Tom."

It was the first time Angela addressed him by his name.

"Are you ill, Angela?"

"No, I haven't been ill. Only the bleeding wouldn't stop. Something needed to be corrected. The doctor at the hospital said it had nothing to do with you."

By the end of the week Bittenwieser had made up his mind to go away. He chose one of the remote, sparsely settled Caribbean islands to which he had fled before in the wake of other mid-summer crises. He had cleared his departure and his projected absence of undetermined duration with Farnsworth and the District Attorney in charge.

He had also called on Angela and found her at home. She was more of her former self, although she remained unresponsive whenever Bittenwieser sought to reawake the echoes of their shared past. She wore dark glasses and Bittenwieser did not ask her to remove them. He stayed only a few moments. Angela accompanied him to the elevator and waited with him.

"Your message, Angela, about the unfinished chapter of the book -- perhaps I read more into it than you intended?"

For the first time Angela's smile was spontaneous and she removed her glasses and looked at him.

"I have to do more work on the book", she said. "The last chapter is still unfinished. We both need rest for a while."

The elevator arrived. Its doors slid open noiselessly.

Before Angela entered the elevator, Bittenwieser kissed her on the forehead.

The plane was scheduled to leave from Kenedy Airport at noon on Saturday. Bittenwieser arrived early. There were only a few persons in the lounge behind the check-in counter, and Bittenwieser, with a great amount of time ahead of him, unfolded his newspaper and started reading it slowly and without omitting a single line. Thus neither Bittenwieser nor Otmar and Carola Cramm, who arrived with Otto and Caroline shortly before flight time, became aware of each other's presence. Parents and children were already installed in the small first-class compartment when Bittenwieser boarded the plane and located his own seat across the aisle from Otmar Cramm. Carola occupied the window seat next to her husband and the children were in the row ahead of them.

Bittenwieser and Otmar Cramm exchanged brief 'hellos' as the plane started moving towards the runway. The stewardess demonstrated the

use of the oxygen mask and of the swimvest and, although Otmar Cramm and Buttenwieser had attended the demonstration a great many times, they gave the stewardess their undivided attention. They had not spoken to one another since Buttenwieser had left Crestmont hours before Caroline had been returned to her family. They had not expected to meet so soon again.

At the Cramm house, Buttenwieser's name had not been mentioned. At first the children, no less than Otmar, had supported Carola's tireless efforts at creating and maintaining an invisible wall severing the past from the present. However, by the end of the week, Carola had recognized that the wall was not solid. For the rambling old house itself, and the questioning eyes of Willy and Herta who were finding it not as easy to fall in with Carola's silent plea for the restoration of their usual summer routine, were constant and often unexpected reminders of the events that had shattered serenity and carried messages of threats and failures.

Dr. Gartz suggested a holiday for the entire family and recommended one of the large Carribbean hotels where Otto and Caroline could go sailing fishing and swimming and where they would meet young people of their age.

"It's not the reason," Carola remarked. "All the better", Dr. Gartz said, "you won't have to answer a lot of unwelcome questions."

From the moment Angela had walked into his living room, Bittenwieser had been preoccupied with the strangeness of her behaviour and with the assessment of his own responsibility. Once or twice he had been on the verge of telephoning Carola in order to inquire about Caroline. But before lifting the receiver, he persuaded himself that it was better, at least for the time being, not to inject his own person in what must be the difficult aftermath of the ill-starred weekend; Bittenwieser knew that this was only part of the reason for his reluctance to speak with Carola. Had not Carola, in her distress, asked him, "Did you run out on Caroline?" Even now when it was established that his failure to intercede did not amount to any guilt on his part, could he be certain that Carola, in the recesses of her mind, did not hold him responsible for what had happened to her child? Bittenwieser resolved to call Otmar Cramm at his office "one of these days" and to meet him for lunch.

After the plane had reached its cruising altitude and the warning to fasten the seat belts had been extinguished, Caroline got up and leaned over the back of her seat. She was about to ask a question of her mother when her eyes fell on Bittenwieser. She blushed and her smile of which she was as unaware as of a sudden rush of tears, left no doubt that her surprise was a happy one. "Tom", she called across the aisle, without paying any attention to her parents, "I had no idea you were coming with us."

Bittenwieser smiled broadly, but he said nothing. Otmar Cramm laughed as he started telling Caroline that there were hundreds of islands in the Caribbean Sea and if it turned out that Tom had picked a different island for his vacation, he would surely hire a plane and come and visit his friends.

AR 25161 Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 6 The Story of Xenia

Note.

The following pages were delivered to me by the granddaughter of one of my clients who had recently died, within a very short time after the death of his wife. I had known both, but rarely seen them after their retirement to a Maine Coast village some years ago. With the exception of some fragmentary notes without cohesion, the pages hereafter reproduced were the only text presenting a certain, if entirely personal and limited, interest. It was decided to have them retyped. Since some passages had been written in German, the author's mother tongue, I asked a friend of mine whose command of the German language could not be faulted, to translate into English the brief German poem on page 6, and the text on pages 16 through 16C. In accordance with the wishes of the granddaughter of the author, the retyped text will be added to the accounting of my old client's estate, at no cost to the beneficiaries.

V o r w o r t .

'The Story of Xenia' , although the highly personal record of a loss and a consolation, invites a few reflections. I offer these the more willingly, as 'The Story of Xenia' is related to an experience , shared not only by its anonymous author and this writer, but common to many who upon the advent of the era of Adolf Hitler, left the land whose words were the only words they knew, and learned as best they could, other words foreign to them.

In the spring of 1938, a few weeks before I left for America with my wife and my little son, I visited my parents then living in Switzerland, for the last time. They also had decided to leave Europe and to join us in the United States. For my ^Ggerman-born father who was then 64 years old, the decision had been a more difficult one than for my ^Aamerican-born mother. He had made it principally out of his abiding sense of responsibility for the wellbeing of my ailing mother and because of his doubt concerning the state of ~~we~~ his own health, undermined by recent illness.

In one of our last conversations, my father referred to the many practical difficulties and additional burdens which his limited knowledge of ^Eenglish was bound to create for all of us. Not too successfully I tried to dispel his fears. At one point he said sadly, 'Come to think of it, I shall have an ^Aamerican grandson, but I shall never be able to tell him a fairy tale properly'.

They were words of prophecy, although my father did not himself find out how true they were, for he died before he and my mother, in September 1938, were to sail for America. Thus it was left to me to establish, many years later, the truth of my father's prophetic words.

The truth, however, was both more complex and more far-reaching. What my father with his wistful observation had anticipated, was the process by which human beings, in a state of deprivation, cease to be themselves, and by the same token become incomprehensible strangers to those in whose midst they live. The 'state of deprivation', in this context, refers to the wasteland in which human beings are cast when the source of their essential nourishment has dried up, and they become as the dry bones in the vision of Ezekiel, without the prophet's promise of resurrection. For the nourishment here at stake is no ordinary nourishment. It is the nourishment on which those among us depend whose sense of self is determined by their need and their capability to use words in the manner in which they were given them at (perhaps before) the dawn of their conscious life.

The words thus given are given in perpetuity. They are, in the terminology of the Common Law, an estate in fee. They may fall in disuse, seemingly forgotten. But there are no substitutes for them.

In this brief preface to 'The Story of Xenia', I do not wish to either dwell upon the mystery of language (here used merely to describe the sum of varying numbers of words), or to speculate about the nature of language itself, today one of the richest fields of exploration by linguists, philosophers, anthropologists and so on. When I refer to the 'word', I use the term in its functional sense: TO DEFINE ONE'S SELF, TO TRANSMIT ONE'S SELF, AND TO ELICIT THE RESPONSE OF OTHERS TO ONE'S SELF; ALL FOR THE ONLY SAKE OF ONE'S SELF.

III.

The function varies with the need. It is in this sense not different from other functions of man's complex system: The undeveloped brain will not perform beyond minimal functions; the emotions never called forth will grow dull; the unused muscle will not render more than minimal service. Thus the use of the word, like that of the brain, the emotions and the muscles, is determined by need. While the needs themselves are born with us, their relative powers manifest themselves in varying degrees.

To explain these variations, many approaches have been developed. In our time, psychologists, psychoanalysts, anthropologists are engaged in tireless search to uncover, if not the origins, then at least the conditions to which the needs owe their existence, and most importantly, their varying spheres of power in our lives.

If I compared 'the need for the use of the word' to such other needs as the use of our physical or emotional potential, I have done so with some hesitation. For the need for the use of the word outranks, I believe, every other human need. The truth of this statement becomes overwhelming when we free 'the word' from its linguistic limitation and recognize its true dimension: Not only a work of art, but also the simplest of our deeds may qualify as a phenomenon of spontaneous self-definition, self-transmittal and elicitation of response-to-self, in the same manner as the word in its most direct sense; so understood, the most humble deeds of ordinary men are no less 'the word made flesh' than the sublime works of artists. It may well be that 'the need for the use of the word' is in truth man's only need, and that it is this need, rather than man's unique heritage of 'the word', which distinguishes the human world from the animal world.

If, as I have said, not all men manifest 'the need for the use of the word' in the same degree, it is only fair to add, in the interest of man's estate, that it is precisely, indeed only, the 'manifestations', not the underlying needs themselves, which occur in varying degrees. 'The need for the use of the word', common to all men, is universal, because it is shared by all men. The 'word' itself is utterly and unalterably parochial.

The word has but a single life. The fact that it is capable of disguising itself, or even of producing nearly indistinguishable 'Doppelgänger' outside its realm, lends it a unique power of dissimulation, even deception. Since the power of dissimulation is, for the most part, a welcome one (for the trend away from parochialism is one of the major trends of history, and especially pronounced in our age), the apprehension is justified that the 'word' may fall victim eventually to a bland universalism, the prophet's valley of dry bones, an assembly of fleshless skeletons. But the 'word' is secure: the same parish in which the person is born with his need for its use, is also the birthplace of his word.

Those who abhor any kind of parochialism hold the word to be interchangeable, a convenient tool designed for many practical applications, comparable to one of those ingenious ^S swiss knives with special blades for every conceivable use. Thus, they claim, even the words of the elct few such as the poets and writers of every place and age, are the very negation of all that is 'parochial'.

Neither the author of 'Xenia' nor this writer would deny the universality of the works of the masters. Indeed, if the poet or writer, the painter or sculptor, the composer or architect, be not a mere imitator or exploiter in the market-place, the work created by him, 'the word made flesh', acquires that extraordinary quality of 'the word' which transcends its functional mission, which is alone the subject of this 'Vorwort'. Yet, the words of the masters have at all times been quite literally 'parochial'; and this

'Parochialism' is evident, once we contemplate them in the light of their time and place.

The intimate relationship between man and word is as well-defined, as carefully circumscribed, as unconcealed, as the relationship between man and a piece of land he has inherited. Having once entered on our inheritance, we own it. As its owners, we can use it freely, can make much or little of it, expanding its use within the limits set by climate and quality of soil, and not least, our willingness to cultivate it. We can leave it, and acquire another piece of land elsewhere. But we cannot take with us the piece of land we inherited; we cannot even divest ourselves of it: it was given us as an estate in fee, undefeasable.

'The word' is our inheritance of inheritances. Many have chosen or have been forced to deal with it, much like the imaginary inheritor who sought to exchange his piece of land for one on another shore. The foreign soil often rewards the newcomer for his labors, but the foreign word refuses to do so; and its refusal leaves the newcomer an infinitely poorer man than when he came. To the ancient concept of the 'foreigner', which has few equals in bitterness in man's long history, a still bitterer meaning is added: the newcomer whose 'need for the use of the word', is the single unifying and sustaining force of all his other needs, becomes a 'stranger'. Those ^{who} ~~by~~ by choice or merely by virtue of their relatedness seek access to him, as well as those to whom he seeks access, must rely on 'the word' as the principal means of reaching one another. If 'the word' fails, both seekers are stalled by impassable roads. Their common failure is 'the unshared word'.

'Much Ado About Nothing?'..On a cold wintry night it may be my turn to sit at the footend of my little granddaughter's bed, faithful to my promise to tell her a story. As soon as she says 'Tell me a story about my daddy when he was my age', it doesn't take long before, only too willingly, there rises within me the unsophisticated memory of some event I should like to lift from the past

as a welcome contribution to this comfortable moment. But the words won't come. Instead I present to her, in well-constructed sentences, a stiff-legged array of words selected from the pale staple of worn words readily available to the well-read-person-with-the-literary-bend, which I am. My granddaughter doesn't mind this: she goes to sleep. But as I rise and tip-toe from her room, I am infinitely sad: for what I would have wanted to resurrect for her, was a moment which, to this sensitive, imaginative and loving child, might have conveyed that portion of myself for which nothing else but 'words' will do: other words in another tongue.

As I have said in the first sentence of this 'Vorwort', 'Xenia' is the highly personal record of a loss. It does not fall on everyone in like manner; for 'the word' has many strings to its bow. The most common is the employment of the words as an ingenious cover-up or mask, or as the pleasurable exhibition of one's ^p'papageientalent' ('gift of a parrot'), or most ordinarily as the dissimulation of an uncomfortable void. No one satisfied to so use 'the word' will experience the sense of loss I am concerned with; he may, however, discover that 'the word' so used is not free from vindictiveness, as the wearers of masks, the exploiters of their parrot-gift, the dissimulators of emptiness may find out to their sorrow.

What is the true nature of the loss anticipated in my father's casual remark, and experienced by me? At the moments when I feel it most keenly, I am tempted to paraphrase the text of Matthew: 'All they that take the word shall perish with the word'. Put, however, in less dramatic fashion, the loss is this: A portion of myself, starving for lack of nourishment, withering for want of energy, has become a 'hidden portion'. The only remaining questions are these:

VIII.

The hidden portion of myself, is it meaningful? If meaningful to me, is it also meaningful to others? Is such meaning as it may have being compensated in other ways?

The hidden portion of myself is neither more nor less than my entire education, both that which I have learned in the term's usual sense, and that which has become my own in the impact of experience broadly understood: persons, places, books, without which I would not have become I. Education has been an uninterrupted process of absorption which, even when it did not involve speech, culminated in the discovery of words which, like so many crystals, had existed and taken possession of their realm, long before I discovered them and made ^{them} my own. They were the words of my parish.

Meaningful as this hidden portion of myself is to me, is it, at least in some measure, meaningful to others? If all anyone could ever see of the moon were its slender crescent, he would no doubt be satisfied with its pleasant, agreeably shaped presence mildly lighting the nighttime sky. Of the fulness of the moon, its brighter light, its changing cycle, he would know nothing. It is likely that, unless he possessed the gift of divination, the spectator would have no sense of frustration. While all this may be true enough of the crescent of the moon, it is not, alas, the same with the human personality. For the 'hidden portion' is never altogether hidden. Outsiders, casual encounters, passers-by neither have the opportunity, nor do they care, to know the 'hidden portion'. Those, however, whose hands I wish to hold, whose bodies I wish to embrace, even those whose attention I wish to draw towards me, they all are aware of the 'hidden portion' of myself; and as little as I can they dismiss it as meaningless. Like the spectators in the night, they discern the moon's outline hidden from their view.

But is not the human personality versatile enough to compensate for

the fact that the 'hidden portion' of ourselves, admittedly meaningful, remains both incommunicable and inaccessible? Do not all of us compensate for our hidden defects, our guilt, our incapacity to love, our many corruptions? And do not those close to us, by a similar process, accept this compensation for their own sake, if not for ours?

Each of these examples is related to a 'hidden portion' of ourselves. In order to keep it hidden, we offer compensations designed to relieve the burden ourselves and others would have to bear, if our guilt, our incapacity to love, our corruptions stood revealed. Can the sense of loss or diminishment arising from our inability to achieve the very opposite, namely to reveal that 'hidden portion' of ourselves which may well represent our greatest need and potential, our use of 'the word', be dealt with in the same or a similar manner as we learn to deal with our defects?

It may well be so, for the loss or diminishment of the functional use of 'the word' may be experienced as a defect which, although without moral opprobrium or emotional self-blame, releases our compensating mechanism. Thus it may be observed that the 'word-starved', like the emotionally stunted, cripples both, seek compensation by identical means: most commonly through various schemes and managements in the material world, man's most ancient store of readily available compensations for his short-comings.

I trust that the readers of this 'Vorwort' to 'Xenia' are aware that what I have wanted to say applies only to those among us whose sense of self is determined by 'their need for the use of the word', by the word's functional mission. Most of us do well enough with words not our own, with our 'papageientalent', our clichés, and our compensations. Rarely is our equanimity threatened seriously by alien words or other substitutes.

P The story, however, is also, indeed essentially, the story of Xenia.

P This 'Vorwort' would be incomplete, indeed misleading, if it failed to abide by its own concept: for as was pointed out earlier... 'the simplest of our deeds may qualify as a phenomenon of self-definition, self-transmittal, and elicitation of response-to-self, in the same manner as the word in its most direct sense; so understood, the most humble deeds of ordinary men are no less 'the word made flesh' than the sublime works of artists'.

P The name of Xenia, so the author explains, is derived from the ^Ggreek: Xenia means 'both the stranger and the distinguished gift delivered by him to his host'. Xenia, so we read, is 'word-shy', 'shy and silent', 'utterly discreet', 'all-but-invisible'.. And 'she uses the word reticently, often awkwardly, her questions and answers sometimes causing bewilderment'... But Xenia does not brood over 'The Enchanted Garden', spending long hours in the rediscovery of its well-ordered plan, its once carefully tended flowerbeds, its stone-bordered paths, its orphaned pedestal, all obliterated by neglect. It is Xenia, however, who on bitter-cold mornings revives the fire in the sitting-room, whosets the breakfast-table, and pours steaming-hot coffee..

P Much more important yet is Xenia's role in the achievement of the author's book, that had so long eluded him. 'For hours on end', he writes, ' I initiated Xenia in my endeavors, doubts, ~~speculations~~, speculations, interpretations, reading to her in the intimacy of the 'Stueblein' the excerpts I wished to quote. The world I believed to have grown familiar with since the beginning of my work, became as new to Xenia and myself.. It was an exuberant world..'

^PNor is this all. For later, when the author, 'once the proud possessor of words through which (he) could share with others the human experience, had become a mere borrower of words not (his) own, a teller of tales whose words are blurred in the ears and minds of even the most attuned and the most loving. a man who should stand mute..', it is Xenia who saved him from becoming 'an embittered or maudlin old man': Xenia provides 'a new, wider and infinitely more satisfying perception'...

^PThe time has now arrived to restate the familiar phrase for the last time and, abiding by the recognition gained by the author himself, to so alter it as to give it its finest meaning: The word serves to define one's self, to transmit one's self, and to elicit the response of others to one's self; all for the only sake of the HUMAN SELF.

The HUMAN SELF relies on word and deed alike.

P. J. S.

I.

My new lodgings consisted of two rooms, only one of which had been listed in the newspaper column, under the heading 'rooms to let, as 'comfortable studio-bedroom for serious gentleman seeking quiet and privacy'. The other room, adjoining it and connected with it by a plain wooden door, had been the landlady's sitting room. While the former had provided the widowed landlady with a steady source of income for many years, the sitting room furnished in tasteful Biedermeier fashion, had never before been let. However, after the recent marriage of her youngest daughter, the landlady, now the sole occupant of her apartment, gladly accepted my offer of hiring both rooms, at little more than double the rent of the studio-bedroom. She was satisfied to retain for her own use the two remaining rooms of the apartment, the smaller of which had been the room of her daughter Claire and was referred to by her as 'Claire's Stublein'. I was more than satisfied with these arrangements for I had assured myself of the privacy I needed in order to write my book which, conceived in the course of preparing a modest doctoral dissertation I had submitted some two or three years earlier, was to bear the title 'Die Landschaft der deutschen Erzähler. Goethe bis Hesse'.

The old building in which the landlady and I were now sharing her apartment on the third floor, had at first presented an aspect of such unmitigated neglect that only the realisation of the latter being as old as the building itself saved it from becoming menacing. Indeed the unpromising aspect of the building would have deterred me from climbing the many steps leading to its entrance, had it not been for its unique location, making up most generously for the cracks in its weatherbeaten surface and for the musty smell and the discolored walls of its staircase. Everyone of the buildings front rooms, two of which I could call my own, commanded a most extraordinary view. For if the spectator wished to give

his eyes the widest possible range, there stretched before him an incomparable panorama in which the shining band of the river might serve as a welcome guide: Approaching the city from the distant east, the river entered it at the remnants of the old town fortifications, and after traversing the city from end to end became indiscernible, long after having left it, in the long hazy plains to the west. The city itself was not large, and its Altstadt, a cluster of roof tops and church spires, lay at the spectator's feet. After contemplating its multiple shapes and forms, which many centuries had given a pleasing harmony of subdued colors, the spectator's eyes came to rest on the soft hills beyond the river whose highest elevation was only slightly above his own vantage point. The hills were dotted with a few widely distributed brightly colored villas surrounded by generous gardens. The hills' shades of green were beginning to borrow the soft reds and yellows of early fall.

If the spectator were inclined to disengage his eyes from the sweeping view to which the building's front windows had invited him, seeking out instead a single subject arousing and rewarding his curiosity, he could do no better than turn his attention to 'Die Heiliger Geist Kirche' ('The Church of the Holy Spirit') or 'Der Hexenturm' ('The Witches' Tower') or 'Die Alte Brucke' ('The Old Bridge'), to name but a few among the many famous landmarks of the Altstadt beneath his window. As he fastened his eyes upon anyone of these, there were likely to arise in his mind one image upon another borrowing, from the inexhaustible store of the past, a rich tapestry of colors and countenances.

Yes, for the writing of my book I had found both the privacy and the kind of inspiration no dusty library shelf could provide. Yet, the events that were about to unfold and with which these pages, if I can ever write them properly, are concerned,

led these happy prospects to a peak of fulfillment higher than my fondest and most secret hope, only to destroy them utterly and forever.

It was my custom to breakfast in my sitting room. Long before I rose, the landlady cleaned, dusted and aired it thoroughly. Upon the hour and minute I had asked her to wake me, she knocked at my door, calling with genuine and contagious cheerfulness 'Guten Morgen, Herr Doktor, der Kaffee kommt grad vom Herd' ('Good morning, Herr Doktor, the coffee comes directly off the stove'). I put on my dressing gown, and as I stepped in the sitting room, she poured me a cup of strong steaming hot coffee. Breakfast awaited me on a small round table covered with a fresh table cloth each morning, and I ate it leisurely while the sun flooded through the wide open window, and the landlady, under the pretext of making sure I wanted nothing, busying herself with small errands to and from the kitchen, engaged me in conversation. Since I had come to like her within the first few days of my arrival, I fell in willingly with her good-natured scheme for satisfying at the same time her curiosity about me and her desire of acquainting me with what she wanted me to know about herself. In this fashion I learned that she was the mother of three married daughters, the youngest of whom, though according to her mother the prettiest, had been a shy unworldly girl who, until her marriage less than a year ago, had inhabited 'das Stublein' and spent most of her spare hours reading books. While I learned this, and a great deal more, from her communicative mother, it became obvious that her youngest daughter was closest to her heart, probably because she felt her to be more vulnerable than her older sisters, being so much more 'verschlossen' ('locked into herself') than they. 'She is the very image of her father', the landlady added, and it was easy to believe her.

One morning, in early October, the landlady added a simple, seemingly innocuous, sentence to her usual breakfast invitation. 'Heute ist ein Brief fur Sie da, Herr Doktor'. ('Today there is a letter for you, Herr Doktor.'). It was the first I rec-

eived and I felt I could not do otherwise than open it while the landlady was hovering about me. This I did, unfolding the single sheet it contained. Although I had seen but a few samples of it, I recognized the handwriting at once. 'Dear Kalén', the letter read, ' I believe it is advisable that I return to Heidelberg for the coming fall semester in order to prepare myself for the Physicum. Do you think you might look around for me for a simple not too expensive room? I know there is little time left before classes begin. If you know of any suitable quarters, please let me know. Hope to see you soon. Xenia. ' PS. I liked your poem, though I probably did not understand it. Perhaps you can explain it to me some time.

I turned to the landlady. 'A young lady who is a medical student getting ready for the first examination, asks me to find a room for her. Perhaps you know of someone who has a room to let, a simple not too expensive one..' 'The nice rooms are all gone by now', the landlady answered, She appeared genuinely concerned; she wanted so much to be of service. 'I shall keep my eyes open', she promised.

Xenia and I had known each other slightly when we were both students in Heidelberg, she a somewhat unlikely medical student in her first year, and I, already considerably past the usual number of semesters allotted a 'Doctorant', engaged in the leisurely search for a suitable dissertation in my chosen field of German literature. In order to widen my horizon - - the way, at least, I explained it to my more than tolerant father - - I decided to leave the all-too-familiar world of my south-german home, and went to Berlin, then Germany's, if not Europe's, most stirring, bewildering, challenging city where I found a sense of freedom and exhilaration, not to say drunkenness, never before experienced. I gave myself to as much of it as possible, trying to satiate a hunger that was, in truth, insatiable. The most unexpected result of this change of scene was that my doctoral dissertation which had been languishing in the peaceful South, engaged

all my spare time, more exactly, my early mornings and late nights. What I surrendered cheerfully and without ill-effect was a corresponding number of hours of useless sleep.

I knew that Xenia was also continuing her studies in Berlin. I made no attempt at meeting her. Thus it was by sheer accident that Xenia and I found facing one another on a late wintry afternoon, with snow threatening, on a windswept bitter-cold station platform of Berlin's elevated 'Stadtbahn'. The rooms I then occupied nearby and, having just alighted from an incoming train, I was on my way home. Xenia, frozen through and through, clutching an ill-wrapped flower bouquet in her hand, was waiting for another train that would take her to a distant part of the city where she wanted to visit a sick friend. Being a stranger to Berlin, she found herself where we met only as the result of a string of compounded errors, equally remote from the friend she had set out to call on, and from her own room.

I persuaded Xenia easily to renounce her planned visit and to repair to my place, at least long enough to warm herself over a cup of tea. By the time we arrived in front of the building in which I had sublet a small comfortable apartment, snow had begun to fall. It was to snow all night. That evening, although nothing occurred to invest it with any out-of-the-ordinary significance, nothing, that is, save the steadily falling snow hung like a veil between the street and my windows, glistening, a willing plaything to the storm, Xenia and I were not to one another the strangers that, in fact, we were. Most of the time we were watching the visitation of the storm, glued to the window, side by side, with no more than an occasional slight touch of our bodies. The words we spoke were few, none of them other than casual. Only once, I recall, did I quote these lines by an obscure poet of another age.

'Schweigen herrscht jetzt allerorten.

Schweigen herrscht jetzt allerorten,
Schnee verbirgt des Hauses Pforten.
Nun sind Worte D e i n e I a r e n,
Die das Haus vor Gram bewahren.

Now that silence reigns on earth
And the snow has locked all doors,
Words become your home's protectors
And will guard it against grief.

Xenia left shortly before midnight. Firmly she rejected my offer to see her home on the last subway train. We parted at the nearest station, sharing with the transformed city buried in deep untrampled snow its strange fairy-tale silence. I had begun to like Xenia. I hoped to see her again at an early date. I am certain I said so. I believed, at any rate, it wasn't necessary.

The following is the text of a diary entry found among the few left of the 'Berlin days'. It may refer to the evening with Xenia.

'Tonight I realized for the first time that my seemingly endless work on my dissertation, my undaunted reading of countless books, my tireless textual transcription of long passages, all of which I have called à part moi-même, an outrageous waste of time, the lazy pursuits of a rich and overly tolerant father's son, is in some as yet unclear way related to the only gift I am capable of giving and receiving, without which all is shadow and nothing is substance: the transcendent holiness of the WORD. I know its mastery is forever denied me. But by the grace of God, I may be allowed, be it ever so rarely, an hour in which I shall be rewarded as one of the humble yet deserving servants of the WORD. Tonight such an hour of grace was close at hand.'

II.

From the time Xenia left me that wintry evening in Berlin until I found her letter on my breakfast table in Heidelberg, I had seen but little of her. One or two indifferent dates in Berlin; that was all.

Yet, a day or so after Xenia had spent the evening with me, I had written and sent her a poem dealing with someone I had given, for reasons long forgotten, the

name 'Kalén'. In view of my heavy literary immersion, I possessed, not surprisingly, a fair gift of style imitation. My poem was written in the manner of B.R. whose 'Drei-Groschen-Oper' and ballads were then a powerful stimulant. Xenia did not respond to my ballad, and I did not know whether she ever received it. If she did, I kept wondering, that my lengthy baladesque piece ended by casting her in the role of a cathartic personage dissolving loneliness and all the frustrating attempts at my, indeed every man's, eventual redemption?

A full year later, at my Biedermeier breakfast table in Heidelberg, the view of the Altstadt, the river, and the hills beyond the river before me, all in the unmarred harmony of another bright early October morning, I knew at last that Xenia had gotten my poem and that she wished to return to Heidelberg; these, at least, were the main messages in her letter. My immediate thought was to find for Xenia a room that, whatever the view from its window, it must fill her with such happiness as now suffused my whole being.

I spent the whole morning walking up and down the Schlossberg, searching in its narrow cobblestone streets and 'Steigen' for any sign announcing a 'room to let', and inspecting every room so offered. One after another, all the rooms I was shown, were ill-aired, ill-furnished and uncared-for, with a single unwashed window looking upon a courtyard dark in mid-morning. I even inquired at some of the stately homes standing in quiet garden-protected dignity along the wider well-kept streets of the Schlossberg, only to expose my embarrassed question to a more embarrassed or downright hostile 'Aber nein, wie kommen Sie denn dazu?' ('Of course not -whatever made you think of that'). At last I stopped looking any further, resigning myself with a heavy heart that there was no choice

for Xenia but to move into a pedestrian indifferent room in one of the city's flat outlying districts. Bitterer still, Xenia would not live near me, and with a demanding work schedule awaiting her, there would be little, perhaps no opportunity for me to see her..and yet, had not her letter been prompted by her unspoken wish to find me again, so that our chance encounter in Berlin would not remain the single link between Xenia and me? When I returned to my rooms, I now almost hated the view that had given me so much happiness but a few hours ago. All of a sudden it seemed pretentious, kitschig, its colors artificially enhanced like on one of the picture postcards offered to tourists.

A little later I heard the landlady enter the apartment. A moment of reawakened hope, for I was certain that she had been on the same errand as I, was brief. 'It is too late', she said sadly, 'the nice rooms are all gone'. Then, however, she changed her tone of voice. 'I have an idea, Herr Doktor. I don't wish to be indiscreet. What is the young lady to you?' 'A mere acquaintance. To be frank, I hardly know her'. 'Well, in that case, perhaps she could stay in Claire(s) Stublein, at least until she finds something else'.

So unexpected, so pregnant with conflicting reactions was her suggestion that for the next few, seemingly eternal, moments, my mind was plunged into chaos. If the landlady noticed it, she did not let my literal speechlessness interfere with the projects she had begun to embrace with visible satisfaction. Without waiting for any attempt on my part to sort out my own thoughts and to consider the complex matter from all sides and as sensibly as possible, the landlady preceded me to 'Claire's Stublein, across the narrow corridor separating it from my sitting room. 'Das Stublein' - - how can I describe that first time I stepped upon its threshold, believing to be a mere surrogate for Xenia, pretending no concern of my own, yet wanting 'das Stueblein' to be Xenia's for my sake, and for the fulfill-

of a prophecy. It is true we prefer the word 'destiny' because all we perceive are trivial incidents, and we do not perceive the commandment to which we, the only true prophets addressing themselves to our own affairs, lend voice and authority.

Now, when my hand's tremor compels me to trace laboriously like a child every letter of every word, each beloved detail of the 'Stueblein' which alone was to have a never again equalled place in Xenia's and my life? Tiny as it was, 'das Stueblein' was one of the most pleasant of its kind. Although it contained a simple narrow bed covered with a bright flowery bedspread and a washstand complete with basin and pitcher, these two pieces occupying one of its walls, the 'Stueblein' was in every other respect a carefully furnished room, intended not merely as a place to sleep but to find in it the self-sufficient privacy of 'home'. The floor was covered by a soft well-preserved rug whose subdued colors matched those of a loveseat. Before the latter stood a square solid table on which the landlady, while showing me Claire's Stueblein, was already spreading a fresh tablecloth. The remaining objects completing the room's furnishings were a small peasant-type wardrobe, a single straightbacked chair, a woodstove and, hanging from the ceiling over the table, an adjustable lamp with a pale green papershade.

That wasn't all..Wonder of wonders, the Stueblein had two windows, wide open in the warmth of the early afternoon, and these windows were looking out upon a garden so close one might reach out and touch one of the sunlit branches of its dense trees. The reason for this wondrous illusion was that the narrow 'Alte Schlossstrasse' passed so far beneath the windows that, although it separated the rear of the building from the property across the street, the Stueblein's windows were, in fact, on a level with the garden.



Were the existence and closeness of the garden unexpected enough, equally so were its dimensions: its width far exceeded the view framed by the windows, and its depth seemed without limit. Was it a garden at all, as the landlady persisted in calling it, or was it a wilderness never tamed by human hands?

I dare not show the emotion welling up in me at the thought I could offer Xenia this marvel of a room. I feared the landlady, having acted on impulse and noticed my earlier dejectedness, had gone too far in her willingness to let a stranger take possession of the room her favorite daughter had until recently used as her home. I remained silent. The landlady said, 'Your acquaintance will be happy here. No one will disturb her. It will be good to have a young woman again'. A reasonable rental was agreed upon. At once I wrote a letter to Xenia, almost businesslike in tone. I stressed the advantages of the room I had found, its simple pleasant furnishings, its convenient location, its appealing view, and mentioned only casually, merely as a matter of information, that it belonged to the apartment in which my own rooms were. Xenia's answer was prompt enough to spare me the pangs of waiting.

'Dear Kalén, the room sounds just right for me. I promise not to be a bother to you. Please tell the landlady how grateful I am, and to make no special preparations for me. Thank you again - - Xenia'.

Only a few more days preceded Xenia's arrival. On each of them I observed the landlady busying herself in the 'Stueblein', attending, no doubt, to many chores invisible to me, the necessities of which she alone could judge. One late afternoon, with the garden already sunk in October twilight, she invited me to inspect the room now readied for Xenia. The windows were still wide open for the day had been as warm as a pleasant day towards the end of summer.

To the old-timers in the neighborhood', the landlady began, 'the garden has

been known for many years as 'Der verwunschene Garten' ('The enchanted garden'), though nobody knows exactly why. Some say it is an ancient burying ground where the jewish people in the old days buried their dead in the middle of the night. Others want to know that a french officer who served in the army of his king who destroyed our city and burned its castle, used the garden to hide an elegant little pavillon for his 'Stelldicheins' ('trysts') with the german ladies of the neighborhood..There are other strange tales, handed-down gossip. Let me rather tell you what I know. Within the next few weeks, as the trees will lose their leaves, you will be able to see the outline of a house, an old house to be sure, one more stately and more spacious than all the other old houses in the Altstadt. The last persons who inhabited the house, although they may not have owned it, were a young couple, at the beginning of the last war. My husband who grew up in the neighborhood, well remembered them years later, after they were both long gone. Often he told our children, when they were small, about the handsome young man and his pretty wife..how he used to spend hour upon hour taking care of his garden as though nothing could be of greater importance.. One day he wore his uniform and my husband saw him taking leave from his wife. At any rate, even before the war ended, the house abandoned, and noone has lived in it since. But the story doesn't end here.'

For a brief moment, the landlady remained silent. When she spoke again, I noticed that peculiar mixture of reticence and eagerness so often encountered in the telling of events whose credibility the listener may well be expected to question.

'Yes', the landlady continued, ' the old house has stood empty for all these years. For all we know, its roof and windows may be leaking and squirrels and birds may may nest in its attic, because the unknown owner, whoever he may be, never has anything attended to. There is way up on the Schlossberg a short narrow

from which a footpath leads to the entrance door. But all is over-grown, up to the solid fence that runs all around the property and has withstood the seasons and the years.'

Again the landlady stopped, but this time I was sure that she had arrived at the point where she would reveal the heart of her tale. As a reader of more than one story dealing with strange places, I also knew how to prod her on. 'And no one has ever set foot on this remarkable property since the days when the young couple lived there?'

'I believe they have been back, perhaps even a few times, though not often'.

'Have you seen them?'

'Yes, once. I am quite sure I did. Two years ago we had as fine a month of October as this year, and as I was doing some of my sewing in your sitting room in the early afternoon, and Claire was in her 'Stueblein', reading I thought, I heard Claire calling me softly. Both our doors were open. 'Quick, mother, they're here, they're here'. I rose and stood still on the threshold of Claire's Stueblein. Claire was sitting on a chair by the window, a book on her knees, her head turned motionless toward the garden.. There they were, just as my husband had described them, but they moved about so easily, so noiselessly, so gracefully, as if they were walking in a real well-kept garden, and not in a wilderness where the branches and roots of trees and all kinds of weeds barred every step of the way.. Claire and I were entranced. A moment later, they had passed out of sight without ever becoming aware of us. Claire began to cry. 'Why do you cry, child?', I asked her. 'Because they're unhappy, mother'. 'What makes you say that, child?' 'But don't you see, mother', Claire answered more than ever shaken by her sobs, 'they are blind, mother, they are blind'.

the effect of her latestmost startling revelation to act as fully as possible upon my consciousness, before she proceeded to bring the tale to an end. I remained silent and attentive.

'Afterwards neither Claire nor I ever mentioned the incident again...until the day before she left to get married. But although I never said a word, I was worried about Claire, as I had always been since she was a child. Claire, you see, was different from other children, and as a young girl she was also different from other girls. My husband called her a dreamer, and sometimes he scolded her. 'Aus Traeumern wird nichts rechtes' ('Dreamers come to no good'), he would say and deliver a long lecture full of good examples.. Yes, I never mentioned the couple in the garden. Had I really seen them? Or was it some kind of a strange spell, a play of shadows cast by passing clouds, or an image composed of branches stirred by a sudden breeze?'

'What was it Claire said the day before she left?'

'She said, I don't think they will ever come back, mother. They are blind now, and the garden they have loved so much, for them it is gone forever. But we mustn't be so sad anymore. They still have one another. And as long as they go hand in hand, side by side, blindness doesn't matter'.

III.

Dass es mit dem Garten eine eigene Bewandtnis habe, waere mir vielleicht auch ohne die Erzaehlung meiner Wirtin, die als solche doch wohl ein Gespinst der Phantasie war, zu Bewusstsein gekommen. Dieses den Groessenverhaeltnissen der Altstadt so gar nicht angepasste Stueck unsichtbarer, da dicht ueberwachsener , Erde, immerhin mit gutem Recht als 'Garten' angesprochen, obgleich es die allenthalben, zwischen die wunderlichen Haeuser eingezwengten, Gaerten der Nachbarschaft an Bodenflaeche um ein vielfaches uebertraf und keine sichtbaren An-

zeichen fuersorglicher Pflege aufwies, ja, es musste irgenvann einmal als ein wirklicher Garten angelegt worden sein. In seiner Mitte befand sich nach der Aussage meiner Wirtin ein seit Jahrzehnten unbewohntes Haus, dessen Aussenseite mit jenem mattgelben Sandstein verkleidet war, der vordem in der nahen Umgebung in ausreichendem Mass vorhanden gewesen und von wohlhabenden Bauherrn fuer ihre gediegenen, wenn auch prunklosen, Haeuser verwandt worden war. Sprach das Vorhandensein dieses Hauses, dessen Umrisse sich hinter dem Gewirre der entlaubten Aeste aufzeigten, deutlich genug fuer die Annahme eines angelegten, spaeter sich selbst ueberlassenen Gartens, so enthuelle die fortschreitende Jahreszeit, indem sie eine Lichtung ueber die andre mit sich brachte, vollends die Anlage, die der laengst dahingegangene Gaertnermeister, vielleicht der Bauherr selbst, geplant und mit Geschick ausgefuehrt hatte. Zu dieser Anlage gehoerten die verwitterten Wege, deren Spuren sich ohne Muehe verfolgen liessen. Denn waren die Wege selbst auch von Gras und vielerlei Unkraut ueberwachsen, so konnte man sie doch an ihrer Einfassung erkennen. Diese bestand aus einer Folge von Steinen, die, wenn auch nicht laenger lueckenlos, doch hinreichende Regelmassigkeit aufwiesen, hier und dort sogar auf andre abzweigende Wege verwiesen, die in ebensolcher Weise eingefasst waren.. Was aber allen noch immer verbleibenden Zweifel beseitigte und damit die verlorene Ordnung des Gartens wieder erstehen liess, waren die Astern, Zinnien, Chrysanthemen, und die noch immer in spaetsommerlicher Fuelle prangenden Rosen, die aller scheinbaren Unordnung zum Trotz ihren Platz behauptet hatten, auch wenn sie sich in einer Weise recken, dehnen, biegen und strecken mussten, die der vormalige Gaertnermeister nur mit traurigem Kopfschuetteln haette betrachten koennen.

Jener Oktober war eine Folge wolkenloser Tage und seine in diesem Jahr erwiesene

besondere Gunst verwandelte auch die ungehegten Herbstblumen in eine verschwenderische Pracht von leuchtenden Farben.

Von Tag zu Tag versenkte ich mich tiefer in die Betrachtung des Gartens. Ich verbrachte, zumal um die Mittagszeit, wenn meine Wirtin ausgegangen war, um ihre taeglichen Besorgungen zu machen, viele Stunden im 'Stueblein', durch dessen weit geoeffnetes Fenster ich, die Geheimnisse des 'verwunschenen Gartens' zu erschliessen suchte. Nur ganz selten wurde die Stille von einem unsichtbaren Fussgaenger unterbrochen, dessen rascher oder gemaechlicher Schritt, je nachdem er die 'Alte Schlosstrasse' hinunter oder hinauf ging, unterhalb meines Fensters erklang.

Die Ordnung, in deren Befolgung der Garten angelegt war, vervollstaendigte sich und erfuellte mich mit einer Befriedigung, in welche sich eine, zwar nicht laestige, aber eigentuemliche Bewegung mischte. Beides konnte ich umso weniger erklaren, als meine Beschaeftigung mit dem Garten zuerst kaum mehr als ein Zeitvertreib, eine Spielerei, gewesen war, zu welcher mich die Ges hichte meiner Wirtin angeregt hatte. Nachdem die Wiederentdeckung der von den verbliebenen Steinen eingefassten Wege zur Erkenntnis des einstmaligen, seit langem dem Walten der Natur preisgegebenen, Gartenplans gefuehrt hatte, erhielt diese Erkenntnis ihre endguelte Bestaetigung durch die Wahrnehmung, dass auch die Blumen ihr Dasein jenem gleichen Plan verdankten. Sie waren nicht etwa von gleichgueltiger Hand, wo es gerade zu passen schien, der Erde anvertraut oder gar willkuerlich vom Wind gesaet, sondern von jenem verschollenen Gaertnermeister liebevoll in Beete gesetzt worden, die er so lange fuersorglich pflegen, auch von wucherndem Gestraepp hatte freihalten koennen, dass ich noch heute die Umrissse der alten Blumenbeete zu erkennen vermochte. Am klarsten bewiesen dies die Rosen. Langstielig

im Uebermass, unermuedlich dem Schatten der nicht laenger gestutzten Baumaeste ausweichend, nahmen sie ein Stuecklein Erde in Anspruch, das ohne Zweifel einmal als Bescheidene Wiedergabe eines Rosengartens angelegt war, wie man ihn in vornehmen Gaerten anzutreffen pflegte.

Als ich am Vorabend des Eintreffens unsrer Mitbewohnerin das in makelloser Sauberkeit erwartungsvolle 'Stueblein' zum letzten Mal allein betrat, fiel auf den Garten ein ungewohntes grelles Abendlicht. Am spaeten Nachmittag waren Wolken aufgezogen. Eine Wetteraenderung stand bevor. Noch einmal schaute ich klopfenden Herzens in den Garten. Das fast unnatuerlich scharfe Abendlicht liess mir wie ein Geschenk eine Offenbarung zuteil werden: Was ich so lange fuer den altersgrauen Stumpf eines Baums gehalten hatte, war in Wahrheit ein verwaister steinerner Sockel, auf dem wohl eine Figur gestanden hatte, die, wessen Inbild sie auch gewesen sein mochte, den Garten mit ihrer Anmut geziert haben musste.

(*That there was something very special about the garden, I might perhaps have sensed even if I had never heard the landlady's story which, after all, was possibly no more than a figment of her imagination. That plot of invisible earth, hidden from view by the dense growth which covered every inch of it - that wilderness, so out of proportion with the Old City in whose midst it was -, rightfully called 'the Garden', although it far surpassed the gardens squeezed in wherever there was room among the oddly-shaped old houses of the neighborhood, and even if it showed no signs of being tended or cared-for, -- there could yet be no doubt that once, a long time ago, it must have been planned and laid out as a true garden. In its midst, there was a large house which according to the landlady had stood empty for generations. It was built from the light yellow sandstone in which the region was rich and which had long served the prosperous landowners for the plain but solid homes they had built for themselves. If the

presence of the house whose outline had begun to show through the network of bare branches, seemed to hint clearly enough at the past existence of a properly designed garden long since left to fend for itself, further proof appeared as the advancing season opened up new clearings every day, until finally the garden stood revealed as it had once been ~~revealed~~ and skilfully laid out by some old gardener or perhaps by the owner himself. Part of the garden's design showed itself in the weathered paths which the eye could trace without effort. For even though the paths themselves were overgrown with grass and all manner of weeds, they were clearly defined by their borders: rows of stones which, in spite of some gap here and there, had still preserved enough of their symmetry to make the paths recognizable, showing clearly where they branched off into cross-paths framed in the same fashion. But more than anything else, it was the abundance of flowers which finally dispelled the last shreds of doubt and restored to the garden its lost order: asters, zinnias, chrysantemums, and roses still glowing in their late-summer fullness - the roses which had stood their ground in the midst of confusion, although to do so they had to push, stretch, pull and bend in a manner that would have made the old gardener shake his head in sad disbelief, had he been there to see it. October that year brought a succession of cloudless days, and the special favors thus bestowed by a benevolent season transformed even those wild, untamed autumn flowers into a magnificent profusion of radiant color.

Every day I steeped myself more deeply into the contemplation of the garden. Especially around noontime, when the landlady went out on her daily errands, I would spend many quiet hours in the 'Stueblein' and, looking out through its wide open window, would try to unlock the secret of the 'Enchanted Garden'. Only rarely was the stillness broken by an invisible pedestrian whose steps would sound below my window, fast or slow, depending on whether his way took him up or down the steep hill of the 'Alte Schloßstrasse'.

The ordered plan which had been followed in the making of the garden, finally revealed itself to me down to its last detail. This filled me with deep satisfaction, and at the same time with a strange, though not unpleasant, sense of excitement.

I was all the less able to explain these feelings, as my preoccupation with the garden had started out as little more than a pastime, a kind of game inspired by the landlady's story. If my discovery of the weathered paths within the remnants of their borders of stones, had first led me to recognize the garden's original plan, long since abandoned to the hazards of nature, this recognition ripened into unshakable conviction, when I realized that the flowers also owed their existence to the selfsame plan. Their seed could never have been entrusted to the soil by an uncaring hand, wherever they seemed to fit, nor could they have been sown by the wilful wind - No: they had been lovingly planted by that long gone old gardener planting them in carefully prepared beds which he had tended so well and managed to keep so clear ~~from~~ spreading weeds and shrubs that even now, after all these years, I would be able to discern their outlines. The strongest proof were the roses: having grown to unnatural height in their labor to escape the preading shade of the untrimmed branches, they still remained rooted within the borders of that same little place of ground which no doubt had once been designed in modest imitation of the rosegardens that used to adorn the parks of the Great.

The evening before the new sharer of our home was to join us, when I entered, alone for the last time, 'das Stueblein' which shone in scrubbed expectancy, the garden was bathed in an unearthly light of almost piercing brightness. Clouds had gathered in the late afternoon. A change of the weather was imminent.

Once more I looked out into the garden, my heart beating at an accelerated pace.

From the evening light, almost unreal in its sharpness of outline, I received, as though a gift, a revelation: For the first time I saw that, what I had always taken to be the stump of a tree, grey with old age, was in truth an orphaned stone pedestal; and I knew that the figure which once must have stood on it, no matter in whose likeness it had been cast, had graced the garden with its loveliness').

IV.

The arrival of Xenia coincided with the beginning of winter which, in these parts, comes on the heels of the late uniformly grey days of late fall, chilly days often accompanied by a variety of drizzle, outright rain, and wet snow, lasting usually through the december. The cold real winter, the snow that won't soon melt, set in after Christmas.

At first the presence of Xenia went little noticed. Her goings and comings appeared to be so timed that neither the landlady nor myself came face to face with Xenia, and the rare times we did, she said that she must either depart 'right now' ~~for~~ one of her classes, or return equally fast to the books and papers forever awaiting her in her room. The landlady, as she did for me, served Xenia breakfast in her room, and could not help expressing to me her amazement that 'someone so young and working so hard was never hungrier than a bird'.

At last, however, when it began seeming like an eternity since she had taken possession of the 'Stublein', Xenia knocked at my door. 'Don't let me interrupt youyou', she said, without noticing my sense of relief, I thought you might want to have a look at my room. I can't thank you enough for all you did for me. I love it here'.

It was late in the day. Except for the soft murmur of the wood burning in the stove, spreading warmth through the 'Stueblein', there was a great stillness, a pervasive sense of comfort and secure sufficiency, something so precious you wanted to hold it foreverboth as a shield against adversity and as a 'Kleinod' (('exquisite and rare gem') shining in the deepest darkness. Was it the curtains drawn against the night, the books and papers on the table, the print of Rubens' tender picture of his little son on the wall, or the fragrance of a slowly roasting apple on the stove? I knew even then that it was she, Xenia herself,

who, as she had made the room her own, had made it in her image. I could do no more than tell Xenia how much I liked her room and how glad I was we had become neighbors.

And so it all began.

There was no drama in the unfolding of our love. There were no emotionally exhausting crises, no tearful surrenders, no torments or agonies, no deceptive victories, no abject defeats. Neither of us rushed off to test the need he had for the other against other needs. Neither martyred his mind for searching questions to place before the other. Neither sought a legendary fulfillment greater than that of which he was capable, and each discovered that his capacity of fulfillment exceeded any of which he had heretofore known himself to be capable.

Later, much later I have at times asked myself whether this entire absence of lovers' tribulations was due solely to ourselves, our love for one another, or whether we had the good sense, and if it weren't that, at least the guidance of our instinct, sheltering us and keeping us safe within our four walls, in what became in time 'Fraeulein Xenia's Stueblein', while the beginning of the inexorable drama of our generation was being prepared in the streets of our German towns. Stranger still, all there was left to us in Germany was what was still remained of late fall and the coming winter, another spring and another summer, and at last one more fall and one more winter, and a mere token of spring. Yet no other period in my life was richer, more exciting, more deeply satisfying as regarded my life and my work.

Xenia pursued her studies methodically, allotting each subject she would be examined in, its measured quantity of time. Her anatomy, chemistry, physics,

botany, zoology and biology were a far cry from my own work in which I immersed myself yet more deeply. By now the earlier vision of my book steadied and organised itself, grew to new dimensions within discarded limitations, became a concrete program whose execution retained its inebriating quality. This development I owed to Xenia, my innocent Xenia..I could not then foresee that, much later, the blessing the young man then experienced, would become the old man's sorrow. To understand this, it is necessary to speak about Xenia.

Xenia was 'wort-scheu' ('word-shy'). Not that Xenia looked down upon, or mistrusted, those who, like myself, believe that man is not capable of any higher achievement, that the word is the ultimate reach of man's potential, and that all else, be it man's art, his music, his architecture, is but the alter ego of the word, indeed 'the word made flesh'. To Xenia, the word, and henceforth language, beyond being our necessary tool of communication, was 'holy ground', a reserve set aside by the unknown god to be guarded from desecrating intruders, among Xenia included all those whose idle chatter she compared to the phlegm of which the chronically afflicted have to rid themselves. Yet 'odi profanum vulgus et arceo' ('I dislike the vulgar and avoid them'), was not among Xenia's articles of faith: she was not claiming any of the 'high places' for herself. But neither would she venture there, for fear to become one of the desecrators; she would not allow herself to be led into temptation. Holy was the word, and dangerous. Xenia stood aside, 'wort-scheu'.

None of this I knew in the beginning. Here she was, living under the same roof, the doors of our rooms a few feet apart, our meetings still infrequent and casual. Always the first to rise on these cold dark mornings and the earliest to retire for the night, in order (as she confessed to me much later) to interfere as little as possible with our accustomed single-bathroom procedures, Xenia remained the most elusive of boarders. She was shy and discreet, jealous of her own and our

privacy, to the point of defeating every one of the landlady's well-intentioned attempts at establishing among herself and her boarders at least a small number of shared moments: a cup of tea in the middle of the afternoon, an extra log to be fetched from the kitchen corner on a particularly cold night, and most importantly, the exchange of a few words for the sheer sake of companionship. When Xenia was mentioned the first time between the landlady and myself, I acted as though I knew her better than anyone else, ascribing to this exclusive personage the most extraordinary human qualities, of which the least, indeed the most obvious, were her highly developed sense of tact and her unusual regard for the comforts of others. In my exalted picture of Xenia, I made the bewildered landlady aware that the very name Xenia, a greek word of great antiquity and and profound meaning, signified two distinguished yet marvelously related things: Xenia indeed, I advised the woman totally unprepared for such eloquence and learning, meant both 'the stranger' and the distinguished gift delivered by him to his host. Still not soothed, however, by my speech in defense of Xenia, the landlady said drily, 'Ich hab's immer gesagt, Herr Doktor, das Stueblein hat's auf sich' ('I have always said it, Herr Doktor, there is something uncanny about the 'Stueblein').

If there was, it did not last; or at least manifested itself in a manner heretofore unknown in its history. The season of the Christmas holidays was rapidly drawing near, and Xenia's withdrawal, under the influence perhaps of the season's brief glory shining even in this winter of ever growing unemployment and political restlessness, began to break down under its own weight. Henceforth it was Xenia who on bitter-cold mornings revived the fire in my sitting-room's huge Kachelofen ('a stove made of bricks faced with tiles'), Xenia who surprised us with my table set for the three of us and pouring the steaming hot coffee. With my permission, the landlady had placed a small Christmas tree in my sitting-room. The signs of Xenia's late-december thaw multiplied.

Before I turn to Xenia and myself, let me mention how her presence had affected me, even before her late-december thaw had set in. Far from being distracted, I worked harder than ever. I was not only absorbed, forgetting the world around me. I reached, so it seemed, new heights of extatic recognitions, at those times in particular when the elements of which these recognitions were made up, fell in place, or when I was satisfied, after countless vain efforts, with the words I had attempted to reach, unmuddled, pleasing to eye and ear, comprehensible. For my progressing work I succeeded in choosing the most significant passages. Reading copiously, I filled every corner of my rooms with books in such a manner that I could turn to any I needed without losing more than a fraction of time. I spent long hours at Heidelberg's incomparable university library. I extended my search into areas heretofore deemed obscure, or unworthy of more than casual second-hand attention. I rarely failed to come upon worthwhile information, promising at least a footnote of interest. The only thing slowing down my progress, as it always had, was my troublesome tremor, my sometimes nearly total incapacity to use pen or pencil.

The shape of my book lay manifest in a rapidly growing number of sheets covered by my writing. There were worksheets, as well as what I hoped to be final versions. I have always needed the latter, even in the earliest phases of my work, much like a cook who, while still engaged in preparations, will test and taste a dish and put it on a low flame, well before he readies it with his final touch.

With no shred of the ancient materials left, and my head at its best a

a disarray of faded memories unworthy of trust, I cannot go beyond one or two bare indications of what my book was all about.. I dealt, first of all, with the richness and variety of the landscapes chosen by Germany' storytellers and novelists, not as incidental, but as focal reference for their work, so that one could not live without the other, thus creating the work's indestructable essential life. The author was not satisfied to create the framework of his novel or story by a few sparse strokes of the pen, as so many masters, entirely his equals or surpassing him, deemed rightly and effectively sufficient for their needs, if not sometimes hostile to these. If Goethe or Keller or Hesse (do not at this late date insist on all the others whose works were then the glory of my searches and discoveries and whose names were hallowed by their landscape evocations: the men from the Black-Forest, the bleak shores of the North-Sea, the heath and small towns of the Mark Brandenburg, the loneliness of the high mountains..) set out to develop and hold on to the landscapes they needed for their settings, for the very thrust of their work, not a single necessary detail was omitted; in fact there wasn't any that was not necessary, since a single missing link would have broken the chain.

Having thus dealt with 'the evocation of landscape', I recognized that my story-tellers and novelists, perhaps often without any conscious act of their will, conjurers for their work's sake, called upon 'landscape' as their most trustworthy guide: its heartbeat sustained the life of their work, it pulsed in each word they used to describe its location.

'Listen to it, Xenia, this passage from..' But this was later, after Xenia, the shy and silent, the utterly discreet, the all-but-invisible, the same Xenia for whom I had written the first of many 'Kalén' poems, had come and installed herself in a room next to mine, with no more than a simple greeting such as one wayfarer may extend to another as night comes on, after Xenia and my work became one.

It happened in this way.

The Landlady left in the morning of the 24th of december, to spend the Christmas holiday week with her eldest daughter and her children. Christmas eve found Xenia and me alone. It had been snowing most of the day but the evening was cold and clear. Needless to say, that other wintry evening we had spent together, a year earlier in Berlin, was in our minds, as we looked out on the lights of the 'Altstadt' which served as so many signs to situate the 'Heiliger Geist Kirche', the 'Hexenturm', the bend of the river which, so it was rumored, had already begun to freeze over. Long ago I had outgrown the thrill of Christmas eve commonly shared by many of Germany's Jewish families. However, even without the evening's traditional distinctiveness, Xenia's presence was more than enough to liberate it, not only from ordinary restraints, but also from those Xenia's presence, unobtrusive as it was, had imposed on me. Thus I suggested we take our meal together and Xenia accepted my suggestion cheerfully. 'If you are satisfied with the little I know about cooking, I'll try my best'. I fetched one of the bottles of wine my father had selected for me with his never failing admonition 'to save it for special occasions'. As we faced one another in my sitting room, with the

unlit Christmas tree as backdrop, Xenia enjoyed equally my father's wine, and adding surprise to surprise and pleasure to pleasure, and questioning me about my work. Never had I found Xenia more beautiful, more radiantly sensitive, more appealing to every fold and fiber of my entire being. Never had my book acquired a brighter glow, a fuller promise.

V.

As a long-lingering grey and wet winter, by no other achievement than a change of name, became known as spring 1932, Xenia and I had drawn close to one another, though still occupying our separate rooms. I had begun to flesh out the first hand-written draft of what I still hoped to become my book. Much of my work now had become formal, dividing itself into chapters and sub-chapters and enriching itself by footnotes in the best scholarly tradition.

Xenia was the very touchstone of my work. It was as though she alone held the key by which I was able to unlock the workshops in which the masters had fashioned the miraculous entity made of landscape and story. For hours on end I initiated Xenia in my endeavors, speculations, doubts, interpretations, reading to her in the intimacy of the 'Stueblein' the excerpts I wished to quote. 'Listen to this, Xenia, this passage from..' The world I believed to have grown familiar with since the beginning of my work, became as new to Xenia and myself.

It was an exuberant world. The words, those mere combinations of letters formed by a past which, in spite of grammatical etymology remained elusive, what else were they but clay in the hand of the potter? A mere borrower, himself, he was indebted to a greater Master who, rather than words, lent the fashioner-borrower the tools and materials: the sky and the clouds,

, the storms and the calm, the mountains, waters, meadows, each single plant and flower and tree, and the light and the dark. But who could use any of these wondrous words, unless his Eros, his overwhelming desire to possess in the flesh all that threatens to elude him forever, placed these words under the dominion of his senses! 'The word was made flesh and dwelt among us..full of grace and truth'.

Meanwhile time was running out on Xenia and me, on her work and on my book, but we and untold many like us did not know that the events whose witness we became, marked the dawn of the age of the executioner.

Xenia passed her 'Physicum' in the late summer. By the end of fall, she had typed a complete draft of my book. Under the eyes of the landlady who was disregarding convention benevolently or from a deeper sense of foreboding than ours, Xenia and I had become lovers. Night after night we slept in the small bed in Xenia's 'Stueblein', Xenias head resting in the hollow of my arm.

Another October heralded the end of our chores; for us as for nature itself, a long stretch of rest was at hand. This year, however, the bright fall days, so abundant yesteryear, were denied us. Instead a fine chilly rain fell day upon day. The time had come to lay the book aside, atleast to arrest all further work for the time being, which meant forever, and to turn inside. But it was there, the book, and it provided time after time, as a deep well, a drink more refreshing, richer in subtle flavor, quenching but never stilling the thirst Xenia and I had: to share all, all, all.. Our words were drawn as the water from our well.

Only once did we sit by the open window in the 'Stueblein', facing the rainsoaked wilderness of the garden. Never had I told Xenia its strange story. As I contemplated the all but impenetrable confusion, I searched in vain for the stone-bordered paths, the flower beds, the rosegarden, the orphaned stone-pedestal.. With a shiver I closed the window and drew its curtain.

VI.

April, 1933, was proclaimed officially as a day of boycott of Germany's Jewish citizens. No date has ever been set with greater accuracy for the expiration of a past gone forever and for the stillbirth of a future-never-to-be. On the same first day of April, not yet two years after Xenia and I had met on an unforgettable winter-afternoon on a deserted 'Stadtbahn' station platform in Berlin, we bought two golden rings no wider than necessary for the engraving of the date, in so small letters that even our young eyes needed a magnifying glass to be sure they were there. A year later Xenia and I were married. Another four years we lived outside of Germany, on the European Continent, watching its growing preparedness, not for the uncertain but worthwhile hazards of avoiding defeat and ignominy, but for the certain consequences of subjugation and shame. All we could do was to struggle with the present and read its signs. In the summer of 1938, Xenia and I, the parents of our first child, came to America.

What was expecting us, was a 'new life', a 'fresh start', a 'beginning all over'. What awaited us, were the days and years of bewilderment. Outwardly, to be sure, we did all the ordinary things. A brief catalog will suffice: We had two more children, we raised our first-born and his younger brothers as best we could, we lived at first in a modest, then in

... in a suburban home; we had friends

rooted in our past, and we met new friends, most of them newcomers like ourselves. We did not become rich, but we always did have enough money for the things we needed, and for a few we knew we did not need.

I went into business, although I had learned nothing to prepare me for it. I achieved a creditable success, the explanation of which lay in 'the new world' which afforded the opportunity, and in the merchant tradition running my blood. It is now close to twenty years since I took advantage of a singularly propitious moment to sell my business and to assure for Xenia and me the income which, though modest by today's standards, will suffice to sustain our livelihood to the end of our days, whether or not the actuarial tables apply or be exceeded. All our sons are married, with children of their own, and as well established in their lives as men of their generation can be.

Xenia and I still own our suburban home, but from the onset of summer until the early days of fall we retire to a cottage which overlooks one of the countless 'rivers' fragmenting the coast of Maine. and which is surrounded by fields and woods whose changing colors, from the bright early greens to sunburnt browns and yellows, we watch year after year..

Of my book, nothing is left. I do not know when it, or rather the draft I considered final, became lost. If a vague memory, no more substantial than a faint echo, occurs at a moment of day-dreaming, it is likely to be the unwanted short-lived recall of a landscape described by Goethe, Keller, Storm, Hauff, Hesse..

From time to time I come across some scraps of paper, pages torn from old

notebooks whose paper has become brittle and yellow, scribbled-on sheets of many odd sizes. I glance at them briefly. Out of time and context, nearly all are incomprehensible, and I either discard them or restore them to their resting place, with a frown and a sigh of relief.

However, when I found the description of 'The Enchanted Garden' I had written in 1931, a few days before Xenias arrival, I reread it several times. At first I wondered whether I had written it myself: Had I ever written so well? Had I ever proven myself so worthy an apprentice in the workshops of the masters? At the same time, a sorrow pervaded me such as one might experience when a beloved landscape, so bright and distinct a few moments ago, is extinguished by the sudden onset of darkness.

It was by no means the first time that I had come face to face with the loss of words whose use, unless it were an idle pastime, had become meaningless. Many a time I had seen myself as a skilled artisan struck by some calamity destroying all his tools and leaving him only ill-suited inadequate substitutes, and the memory of his former accomplishments. But, I had said to myself, what is my loss when measured against the immeasurable destruction which has reduced my generation to dust, burnt and wrecked its homes, and thrown its children to the winds? Is not a loss such as I have sustained whom an undeserved fate has cast in the ephemeral role of a survivor, a mere token-sacrifice, and my grief a vanity and a conceit?

Yet, there had been moments of bitterness, even despair. I resented it

that I, once the proud possessor of words through which I could share with others the human experience, had become a mere borrower of words not my own, a teller of tales whose words are blurred in the ears and minds of even the most attuned and the most loving, a man who should stand mute, or at least limit his speech to those transactions of life which do not require the use of words at all.

The moment of sorrow I experienced when I reread the description of the enchanted garden, did not last. No more than the pang of a cherished memory, the faint grasp after a dream escaping into oblivion, the moment of sorrow came and went. For by then my recognition that my concept of the word had been a narrow concept, was no longer new.

To Xenia I had owed my personal experience of the word, of its iridescent glory and all-surpassing power, an experience very different from that which had helped me develop my sensitivity to the word's role in literature. During the years of bewilderment and resignation, just when I thought I had made my peace with the word, I gained a new, wider and infinitely more satisfying perception: By our deeds, no less than by our words, do we define our selves, transmit the knowledge of our selves, and elicit the response of others to our selves. So understood, word and deed are identical.

This recognition, I also owe it to Xenia. Had it not been for Xenia, I might have become an embittered or maudlin old man. But Xenia, my 'word-shy' Xenia, who uses the word reticently, often awkwardly, her questions and answers sometimes causing bewilderment, has stood by me, by our children, and by our friends, neither in want of the means of proving her commitment

to us, nor failing to receive our response. The 'good deeds' of Xenia, of which there have been many, have gone unnoticed for the most part, as every form of ostentation is foreign to her. The light of Xenia's deeds is the same light that shines in the words of the masters: The light of the human being in a state of grace.

November 29, 1976.

POSTSCRIPT

'The Story of Xenia', although the highly personal record of a loss and a consolation, invites a few reflections. I offer these the more willingly, as 'The Story of Xenia' is related to an experience, shared not only by its anonymous author and this writer, but common to many who upon the advent of the era of Adolf Hitler, left the land whose words were the only words they knew, and learned as best they could other words foreign to them.

In the spring of 1938, a few weeks before I left for America with my wife and my little son, I visited my parents, then living in Switzerland, for the last time. They also had decided to leave Europe and join us in the United States. For my German-born father who was then 64 years old, the decision had been a more difficult one than for my American-born mother. He had made the decision out of his abiding sense of responsibility for the well-being of my ailing mother, and because of his doubt concerning the state of his own health, undermined by recent illness.

In one of our last conversations, my father referred to the many practical difficulties and additional burdens which his limited knowledge of English was bound to create for all of us. Not too successfully, I tried to dispel his fears. At one point he said sadly, 'Come to think of it, I shall have an American grandson, but I shall never be able to tell him a fairy tale properly'.

They were words of prophecy, although my father did not himself find out how true they were. He died before he and my mother, in September 1938, were to sail for America. Thus it was left to me to establish, many years later, the truth of my father's prophetic words.

The truth, however, was both more complex and more far-reaching. What my father, with his wistful observation, had anticipated, was the process by which human beings, in a state of depriva-

II.

ion, cease to be themselves, and become incomprehensible strangers to those in whose midst they live. The 'state of deprivation', in this context, refers to the wasteland in which human beings are lost when the source of their essential nourishment has dried up, and they become as the dry bones in the vision of Ezekiel, without the prophet's promise of resurrection. For the nourishment here at stake is no ordinary nourishment. It is the nourishment on which those among us depend whose sense of self is determined by their need and their capability to use words in the manner in which they were given them at (perhaps before) the dawn of their conscious life.

The words thus given are given in perpetuity. They are, in the terminology of the Common Law, and estate in fee. They may fall in disuse, seemingly forgotten. But there are no substitutes for them.

In this brief postscript to 'The Story of Xenia', I do not wish to dwell upon the mystery of language (here used merely to describe the sum of varying numbers of words), or to speculate about the nature of language itself, today one of the richest fields of exploration by linguists, philosophers, anthropologists also. When I refer to the 'word', I use the term in its functional sense: TO DEFINE ONE'S SELF, TO TRANSMIT ONE'S SELF, AND TO ELICIT THE RESPONSE OF OTHERS TO ONE'S SELF; ALL FOR THE ONLY SAKE OF ONE'S SELF.

The function varies with the need. It is in this sense not different from other functions of man's complex system: The undeveloped brain will not perform beyond primitive functions: the emotions never called forth will grow dull: the unused muscle will not render more than minimal service. Thus the use of the word, like that of the brain, the emotions, and the muscles, is determined by need. While the needs themselves are born with us, their relative powers manifest themselves in varying degrees.

To explain these variations, many approaches have been developed. In our time, psychologists, psychoanalysts, anthropologists are engaged in tireless search to uncover, if not the origins,

than at least the conditions to which the needs owe their existence, and most importantly, their varying spheres of power in our lives.

If I compared 'the need for the use of the word' to such other needs as the use of our physical or emotional potential, I do so with some hesitation. For the need for the use of the word outranks, I believe, every other human need. The truth of this statement becomes overwhelming when we free 'the word' from its linguistic limitation and recognize its true dimension: Not only a work of art, but also the simplest of our deeds, may qualify as a phenomenon of spontaneous self-definition, self-transmittal and elicitation of response-to-self, in the same manner as the word in its most direct sense; so understood, the most humble deeds of ordinary men are no less 'the word made flesh' than the sublime works of artists. It may well be that 'the need for the use of the word' is in truth man's only need, and that it is this need, rather than man's unique heritage of 'the word', which distinguishes the human world from the animal world. If, as I have said, not all men manifest 'the need for the use of the word' in the same degree, it is only fair to add, in the interest of man's estate, that it is precisely, indeed only, the 'manifestations', not the underlying needs themselves, which occur in varying degrees. 'The need for the use of the word', common to all men, is universal because it is shared by all men. The 'word' itself is utterly and unalterably parochial.

The word has but a single life. The fact that the 'word' is capable of disguising itself, and even of producing nearly indistinguishable 'Doppelganger' outside its realm, lends it a unique power of dissimulation, even deception. Since the power of dissimulation is, for the most part, a welcome one (for the trend away from parochialism is one of the major trends of history, and especially pronounced in our age), the apprehension is justified that the 'word' may fall victim eventually to a bland universalism, the prophet's valley of dry bones, an assembly of fleshless skeletons. But the 'word' is secure: the same parish in which the person is

born with his need for its use, is also the birthplace of his word.

Those who abhor any kind of parochialism hold the word to be interchangeable, a convenient tool designed for many practical applications, comparable to one of those ingenious swiss knives with special blades for every conceivable use. Thus, they claim, even the words of the elect few such as the poets and writers of every place and age, are the very negation of all that is 'parochial'.

Neither the author of 'The Story of Xenia' nor this writer would deny the universality of the works of the masters. Indeed, if the poet or writer, the painter or sculptor, the composer or architect, be not a mere imitator or exploiter in the market-place, the work created by him, 'the word made flesh', acquires that extraordinary quality of 'the word' transcending its functional mission which is alone the subject of this postscript. Yet, at all times, the words of the masters have been quite literally 'parochial'; and this 'parochialism' is evident, once we contemplate the words of the masters in the light of their time and place.

The intimate relationship between man and word is as well-defined, as carefully circumscribed, as unconcealed, as the relationship between man and the piece of land he has inherited. Having once entered on our inheritance, we own it. As its owners, we can use it freely, can make much or little of it, expanding its use within the limits set by climate and quality of soil, and not least, by our willingness to cultivate it. We can leave it, and acquire another piece of land elsewhere. But we cannot take with us the piece of land we inherited; we cannot even divest ourselves of it; it was given us as an estate in fee, undefeasable.

'The word' is our inheritance of inheritances. Many have chosen or have been forced to deal with it like the imaginary inheritor who sought to exchange his piece of land for one on another shore. The foreign soil often rewards the newcomer for his labors, but the foreign word refuses to do so; and its refusal leaves the

newcomer an infinitely poorer man than when he came. To the ancient concept of the 'foreigner', which has few equals in bitterness in man's long history, a still bitterer meaning is added: the newcomer whose 'need for the use of the word' is the single unifying and sustaining force of all his other needs, becomes a 'stranger'. Those who by choice or merely by virtue of their relatedness seek access to him, as well as those to whom he seeks access, must rely on 'the word' as the principal means of reaching one another. If 'the word' fails, both seekers are stalled by impassable roads. Their common failure is 'the unshared word'.

'Much Ado About Nothing?'... On a cold wintry night it may be my turn to sit at the footend of my little granddaughter's bed, faithful to my promise to tell her a story. As soon as she says 'Tell me a story about my daddy when he was my age', it doesn't take long before, only too willingly, there rises within me the unsophisticated memory of some event I should like to lift from the past as a welcome contribution to this comfortable moment. But the words won't come. Instead I present to her, in well-constructed sentences, a stiff-legged array of words selected from the pale staple of worn words readily available to the well-read-person-with-the-literary-bend, which I am. My granddaughter doesn't mind this; she goes to sleep. But as I rise and tip-toe from her room, I am infinitely sad: for what I would have wanted to resurrect for her was a moment which to this sensitive imaginative and loving child, might have conveyed that portion of myself for which nothing else but 'words' will do: other words in another tongue.

As I have said in the first sentence of this postscript, 'The Story of Xenia', is the highly personal record of a loss. It does not fall on everyone in like manner; for 'the word' has many strings to its bow. The most common is the employment of the word as an ingenious cover-up or mask, or as the pleasurable exhibition of one's 'Papageientalent' ('Parrot-talent'), or most ordinarily as the dissimulation of an uncomfortable void. No one satisfied to so use

'the word' will experience the sense of loss I am concerned with; he may, however, discover that 'the word' so used is not free from vindictiveness, as the wearers of masks, the exploiters of their parrot-talent, the dissimulators of emptiness may find out to their sorrow.

What is the true nature of the loss anticipated in my father's casual remark, and experienced by me? At these moments when I feel it most keenly, I am tempted to paraphrase the text from Matthew: 'All they that take the word shall perish with the word'. Put, however, in less dramatic fashion, the loss is this: A portion of myself, starving for lack of nourishment, withering for want of energy, has become a 'hidden portion'. The only remaining questions are these: The hidden portion of myself, is it meaningful? If meaningful to me, is it also meaningful to others? Is such meaning as it may have, being compensated in other ways?

The hidden portion of myself is neither more nor less than my entire education, both that which I have learned in the terms usual sense, and that which has become my own in the impact of experience broadly understood: persons, places, books, without which I would not have become I. Education has been an uninterrupted process of absorption which, even when it did not involve speech, culminated in the discovery of words which, like so many crystals, had existed and taken possession of their realm long before I discovered them and made them my own. They were the words of my parish.

Meaningful as this hidden portion of myself is to me, is it, at least in some measure, meaningful to others? If all anyone could ever see of the moon were its slender crescent, he would no doubt be satisfied with its pleasant, agreeably shaped presence mildly lighting the nighttime sky. Of the fullness of the moon, its brighter light, its changing cycle, he would know nothing. It is likely that, unless he possessed the gift of divination, the spectator would have no sense of frustration. While all this may be true enough of the crescent of the moon, it is not, alas, the same with

VII.

the human personality. For the hidden portion' is never altogether hidden. Outsiders, casual encounters, passers-by neither have the opportunity, nor do they care, to know the 'hidden portion'. Those, however, whose hands I wish to hold, whose bodies I wish to embrace, even those whose attention I wish to draw towards me, they all are aware of the 'hidden portion' of myself: and as little as I, can they dismiss it as meaningless. Like the spectators in the night, they discern the moon's outline hidden from their view.

But is not the human personality versatile enough to compensate for the fact that the 'hidden portion' of ourselves, admittedly meaningful, remains both incommunicable and inaccessible? Do not all of us compensate for our hidden defects, our guilt, our incapacity to love, our many corruptions? And do not those close to us, by a similar process, accept this compensation for their own sake, if not for ours?

Each of these examples is related to a 'hidden portion' of ourselves. In order to keep it hidden, we offer compensations designed to relieve the burden ourselves and others would have to bear, if our guilt, our incapacity to love, our corruptions stood revealed. Can the sense of loss or diminishment arising from our inability to achieve the very opposite, namely to reveal that 'hidden portion' of ourselves which may well represent our greatest need and potential, our use of 'the word', be dealt with in the same or a similar manner as we learn to deal with our defects?

It may well be so, for the loss or diminishment of the functional use of 'the word' may be experienced as a defect which, although without moral opprobrium or emotional self-blame, releases our compensating mechanism. Thus it may be observed that the 'word-starved', like the emotionally stunted, cripples both, seek compensation by identical means: most commonly through various schemes and managements in the material world, man's most ancient store of readily available compensations for his short-comings.

VIII.

I trust that the readers of this postscript to 'The Story of Xenia' are aware that what I have wanted to say applies only to those among us whose sense of self is determined by 'their need for the use of the word', by the word's functional mission. Most of us do well enough with words not our own, with our 'Papageien-talent', our clichés, and our compensations. Rarely is our equanimity threatened seriously by alien words or other substitutes. The story, however, is also, indeed essentially, the story of Xenia.

This postscript would be incomplete, misleading even, if it failed to abide by its own concept: for as was pointed out earlier... 'the simplest of our deeds may qualify as a phenomenon of self-definition, self-transmittal, and elicitation of response-to-self, in the same manner as the word in its most direct sense; so understood, the most humble deeds of ordinary men are no less 'the word made flesh' than the sublime works of artists'.

The name of Xenia, so the author explains, is derived from the Greek: Xenia means 'both the stranger and the distinguished gift delivered by him to his host'. Xenia, so we read, is 'word-shy', 'shy and silent', 'utterly discreet', 'all-but-invisible'... And 'she uses the word reticently, often awkwardly, her questions and answers sometimes causing bewilderment'... But Xenia does not brood over 'The Enchanted Garden', spending long hours in the rediscovery of its well-ordered plan, its once carefully tended flowerbeds, its stone-bordered paths, its orphaned pedestal, all obliterated by neglect. It is Xenia, however, who on bitter-cold mornings revives the fire in the sitting-room, sets the breakfast-table, and pours steaming-hot coffee...

Much more important yet is Xenia's role in the achievement of the author's book, that had so long eluded him. 'For hours on end', he writes, 'I initiated Xenia in my endeavors, doubts, speculations, interpretations, reading to her in the intimacy of the 'Stueblein' the excerpts I wished to quote. The world I believed to have grown familiar with since the beginning of my work, became as new to Xenia and myself... It was an exuberant world...'

Nor is this all. For later, when the author, 'once the proud possessor of words through which (he) could share with others the human experience, had become a mere borrower of words not (his) own, a teller of tales whose words are blurred in the ears and minds of even the most attuned and most loving. A man who should stand mute...', it is Xenia who saves him from becoming 'an embittered or maudlin old man', Xenia provides 'a new, wider and infinitely more satisfying perception'...

The time has now arrived to restate the familiar phrase for the last time and, abiding by the recognition gained by the author himself, to so alter it as to give it its finest meaning: The 'word' serves to define one's self, to transmit one's self, and to elicit the response of others to one's self; all for the only sake of the HUMAN SELF.

The HUMAN SELF relies on word and deed alike.

P. J. S.

AR 25161 Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 7 : Various manuscripts

Szene:

Elegante Einzelkabine eines Schiffes. Nacht. Dampfes,
gleichmäßiges Geräusch. In der Ecke ein kleines Hündchen.
Fräulein Dina (im Bette). (Sie spricht im Schlaf)

„Egon... Du solltest nicht... Ach,
wie unmodern, wie grauenvoll.“

Wie schrecklich muß die altmodische
Zeit gewesen sein... Egon... ich schreie
noch dem 20. ten Jahrhundert! ...
Ach...

(Sie erschrocken auf).

(was) Ich habe geträumt. Die Luft in der
eigenen Kabine ist so dumpf. Es ist
drückend schwül...

(Sie wirft Decken von sich; in der Ecke nützt
sich ein kleines Hündchen, schläft dann
weiter).

Tut... ja, schlafe, schlummere.
Mit meiner Kuh ist's mal
wieder Essig..... Leben! ...

(Sie nimmt ein Buch).

~~es ist langweilig...~~

(aus dem Bett)

Ein wenig Gymnastik... ein, zwei Übungen

(sie singt):

"Was wagt ihr um Leben

Es ist ja so fad

Nach Wissen um Streben

Es ist ja nur Schade,

Tief atmen

Tief atmen...

Der Unschuld zu waschen

Wer hat' s so bequem

Avancen zu waschen

~~Wer hat' s so~~ Na, wenn denn Schme, wenn?

Reinigt beugen

Rückwärts...

In eurem Platz

geh'n wir nicht herein

Wir sind nur gescherte

um glänzer'ger nur sein...

Tief atmen

Tief atmen...

uh, es ist wirklich so stickig hier...

Der Schwanz tritt einem auf die Stirn

(sich frottelnd)

Wenn wir endlich überm Ocean wären..

Das gelobte Land, wo alles herkommt

und ^{wahin} alles zurückströmt, hat meines

Füßes...

(sie legt sich aufs Bett)

gelobtes Land (sie löscht das Licht),

Das Land des 21. Jahrhunderts....

Dunkel; wieder Musik

grünliches, fahles Licht fällt von der linken

Wand in die Kabine. Das Licht wird stärker,

und bald darauf tritt eine Gestalt

im schwarzen Cape in die Kabine, aus der

Wand sich lösend wie ein Schatten).

Die Gestalt (schüttelt, taktet mit Händen u.

Füßen, verfällt Schlieflust, von plötz-

lichem Schwere befallen, in ein Fit-

tem).

Dinah: Was ist hier nur? Wasch herein
liche Nacht, kein Schlaf.....

(Sie macht Licht, die Gestalt stockt
tödlich, weicht nur Hand und Stuhl
ins Licht).

Dinah: Ist da jemand? (lauter) Ist da
jemand.....?

(Sie reißt sich die Augen, blickt auf die
Gestalt).

Mein Gott... wer sind Sie? Was su-
chen Sie hier...? Ein blinder Passagier,
das gibt es! Wer sind Sie?....

(aus dem Bette, schießt einen Seidenen Mor-
genrock nurwerfend) (auf die Gestalt zugehen)

Sie sehen ja grauwohle aus... Als
wenn Sie im Begriffe ständen, Hunger
zu sterben... (zurückweichend) Sind Sie
tot? ... Rühren Sie sich doch!

(an der Tür) Ich läute Hilfe...

(Sie drückt auf den Knopf)

Da... Jetzt eben haben Sie den Kopf be-
wegt.... Sind Sie wahnsinnig... Sie ste-
hen wie ein Irreter.... Haben Sie Hunger?

(am Tisch) ... das ist Schokolade ...

(Sie wirft die Schokolade, die mit einem
höflichen Laute von der Gestalt ab-
prallt) ... Seltsam... warum könnt
den Niemand? (Sie drückt wieder

auf den Knopf) Wasch hereinliche Nacht!

Wieder bewegen Sie den Kopf..... Nun
muss ich mich Ihrer eintägigen Ge-
sellschaft durch Flucht entziehen... (Sie

mittelt an der Tür, die sich nicht öf-
fnet) .. Was ist das? (Angst in
der Stimme).... Das ist so herein-
lich.... (hitzig) Mir ist so bang!

Die Gestalt (unbeweglich, starr, mit heiserer Stim-
me): Hum, hum, hum...

Dinah: Was sagten Sie?... Mir ist ganz
schwach... (Sie setzt sich aufs Bett).

Die Gestalt (isst die Schokolade auf und bringt Sie Dina
Nehmen Sie... Schwäche hat sich Ihr
bemächtigt!

Dina (nimmt, isst, nistend): Danke... trü
me ich? (aufschreiend) Tut, Tut

Tut (, das Hündchen, stürzt sich auf die Gestalt
und beißt) ...

Die Gestalt: Dies Tier ist ein Hund. Der Hund
ist keine. Der Hund bellt.

Dina: Komme, Tut, komme! (Sie mit
den, sich kommend benötigenden Tut
auf den Kopf).

Die Gestalt (läuft im Zimmer rumher, tastend
Schüttelnd, bald erschreckend, bald
bewundernd, bleibt schließlich vor Dina
stehen)

Dina: Was ist Ihnen? Sie... Sie machen
mir Angst! Sprechen Sie doch! ...

Die Gestalt: Dies ist ein Schiff!!!

Dina: Ein Inver!

D. g. Ein Schiff! ^{Эт} ^{то} ^{то}... ein Schiff!

D. Huh... (Sie beginnt zu schluchzen).

D. g. Sie weinen! Warum weinen Sie?

D. Ja, so sehen Sie denn nicht, dass
Sie mich tödlich erschrecken? Ich
habe Angst!

D. g. Meine Zeit ist kurz, wie die Ihre
Sie haben mich aus meiner Ruhe
aufgeschreckt. Nun bin ich da.

D. Ich verstehe Sie nicht.

D. g. Hören Sie das Geräusch?

D. Die Maschinen, das Wasser..

D. g. Ja, das Wasser! Unsere Zeit ist
kurz.

D. Sie sagten das schon einmal!

D. g. (+tritt näher): Sie sind schön! Wie weiß Ihre
Arme, wie weiß Ihr Hals ist.
Ich muss Sie streicheln

(D. fällt entsetzt zurück und Tut
kannst böseartig.)

D. g. Ja, ja, ja - mein Hundchen

(d. g. setzt sich auf meine Stühle)

- Neues Schweigen -

Dinar: (eifrig, gemacht, ihre Bewegung verbergend):

Man muß sich in jeder Situation zurechtfinden,
nicht wahr? Ich bin nun nun nächstiger

Stunde unter den abenteuerlichsten Verhält-
nissen mit einem Mann seltsamer

Art beisammen! Ich kenne Sie nicht,
ich habe Sie nie auf dem Schiffe ge-

sehen! Sie wollen nicht sagen, wer Sie
sind... gut! Sie sehen schrecklich aus,

ganz und gar nicht vertrauensweckend... gut.

Hier habe ich einen Revolver, halt ihn aus
der Lade des Nachttisches, wenn Sie kleine
Maden, mit mir nahe mir treten, erschüßte

ich Sie! Da Sie schweigen muß ich anneh-
men, daß Sie mich verstanden haben! -

D. g. Ich finde Sie sehr schön!

D. Sie sprechen alle meine Dinge! Wer sagt

D. g.

D.

D. g.

D.

D. g.

heute so etwas einem jungen Mädchen! Am
Ende werden Sie noch dicken! Wom?
D. g.

Sie sind ganz Seltsam! Ich dachte, daß
die Augen einer Frau aufleuchten, wenn man
von ihrer Schönheit spricht!

D. Keine Frau wird das zeigen. Man weiß, daß
man schön ist, und wenn einer es sagt,
ist! Ist ein Knabe oder ein Preis!

D. g. und wenn man es nicht sagt, so ist's
eine alte Frau!

D. Wie geistreich Sie sind. Sie beginnen mich
zu amüsieren! Geistreiche Menschen sind
Seelen geworden.

D. g. Sie sagen es! Man spricht von Tugend und
die Philosophie befaßt sich mit religiösen
Problemen. Die Religion ist im Begriffe
ins Leben zu dringen und das Leben
verliert seinen Keiz. Solange Sie aus-
serhalb leben, was Sie niemand nur
hat, und den Narren, Bettlern und Hei-
ligen eine Freude. Heute ist die Macht

der Puffer im Philosophenkleid allem groß.
D. gewiss, die Freude, die wir am Leben
haben können, ist Sauer ^{geworden} und abgestan-
den. Es gab Zeiten, da dies anders
war. Damals war der Wolf im Schafspel
noch ein Wolf, heute ist er ein Schaf.

D. g. ^{Hahaha,} Ich habe selten eine trefflichere Charak-
terisierung des Sokrates gehört.

D. Es gibt keine Menschen mehr, die man
fürchten muß. Es ist so langweilig ge-
worden! Nichts mehr reizt uns fort.
Wir tunen.

D. g. Wie bitte?

D. Wir tunen, wir treiben Gymnastik
Wir widmen uns dem Sport und der
Pflege des Körpers. Der Geist schmachtet
der Körper behauptet Figur.

D. g. Hahaha, das ist gut gesagt. Welches
treffliche Charakteristika der Gymnasien.

D. Nur der Körper, sagen Sie alle, die Dichter
die Maler, die Pädagogen alle: nur

D. g.

D.

D. g.

der Körper. Da meinen Sie, man brauche
nur einen widerstandsfähigen Körper,
um das Leben zu meistern. Aber, ich
fühle: es gibt Gemütskräfte, die nur der
Geist nur schenken vermag. Nichts nur
wollen: nur der Körper.

D. g. Erfolgeerscheinungen der Kultur.

D. unserer Kultur! Der Kultur der gelebten
Klassen, der bürgerlichen Kultur! Es gibt
Anderes, Neues - von unten herauf kommt
es. Einmal hatten wir Körper und Geist,
heute haben wir nur den Körper; der Geist
ist nur dem Proletariat entflohen und
hat sich mit gesunden Körper vereint; un-
Seren hat er verdorben zurückgelassen, aber
wir pflegen ihn ... wir tunen. x

D. g. Ich hätte ^{nie} ~~Selten~~ eine Frau solche Worte sagen!

Ich gestehe, daß mir vieles fremd, fast
mir wenig der Zeit voraus erscheint. Aber
ich fühle, daß Sie die Wahrheit sprechen.

- D. g. (geht nur Wand und Linsen): Das Schiff ist fest gebaut. Es hält noch eine Weile ...
- D. Anweilen werden Sie ganz eigenartig und reden etwas zusammenhanglos. Ich bin müde, meine Kopf ist so dumpf. Tut, Du nicht ja, Tutchen.... Sie gestalten, ich lege mich ein wenig runter....
- D. g. Aber bitte... Ich möchte Sie ^{mit meiner Antwort} nicht be-
lästigen. Diese letzte Stunde....
- D. Nicht im geringsten. Erzählen Sie mir etwas!
- D. g. Ich habe nicht viel erlebt. Aber ich habe nachgedacht. Das Ergebnis wird Sie schwerlich sonderlich interessieren.
- D. Sie haben nachgedacht. Ich kann mich nicht erinnern, wann zum letzten Mal mir das gesagt wurde. Wir denken nicht mehr.

D. g.

D.

D.

D. g.

D.

D. g.

D.

D. g.

D.

Das
noch eine
lig und
Ich bin
Tut, Da
men, ich
meiner Antwort
nicht be-
Sie mir
Aber ich
ergebnis
s interes
raum mich
ten Mal
denken

D. g. Da nehmen Sie mit einfachem Wort
das Ergebnis meines gedanklichen Arbeit
vorne. Wir denken nicht mehr. Andere
denken für uns. Sokrates treibt sich
herum. Und wenn er sagt dass er nicht
weiß, so genügt das nur unserer
Beruhigung.

D. So ist es! (Das kind verlässt).

D. Was ist das?

D. g. Das Seltsame Lurcker ist gestorben.
Aber es geht noch eine Weile...

D. Schweiß und unheimlich ist mir.

D. g. Ich fühle mit Ihnen.

D. Ich bin so matt, dass ich kein
glied regeln kann. Tut wühlt sich
in die Kissen, als wäre er sich
ersticken. Mein Hirn arbeitet qual-
voll!

D. g. So Sprechen Sie!

D. Es ist alles so sinnlos! Es ist

D. g. nun Verzweifeln! Manchmal wünsche ich dies ganze Dasein wäre zu Ende. Ich könnte solche Wünsche, aber die Pflicht hält einen Schicksal doch zurück.

D. Pflicht! Immer reden Sie von der Pflicht, ~~und~~ Sie wissen nicht, daß es viel leichter ist, seine Pflicht zu tun als Sie nicht zu tun.

D. g. Ich bewundere Ihre Klugheit!
D. Pflichterfüllung! Alles ist eine Frage der Kraft! Kraft! Kraft! Kraft!
Wir brauchen Kraft, um eine Sünde zu begehen, eine Sünde, die unser Leben erst nun Leben macht.

D. g. Seltsame Frau - /

D. Hören Sie?

D. g. Was denn?

D. Was ist das? Das klingt, als ob das Schiff besetzt! Es tobt!

(Das Geräusch wird nun gelöst).

D. g. Schon so weit? Und ich wollte gerade hören, was aus den allein-
sehen Feldherren nach der Schlacht bei den Arginusen wurde!

D. Was reden Sie? Das Schiff geht unter!

D. g. geht unter? Seit einer Stunde liegt es auf dem Meeresgrunde.
(Das Tosen nimmt zu)

D. Hilfe! Hilfe!

D. g. Zu spät!

D. (kreischt auf).

D. g. Ich bin bei den Arginusen erstickt!
Was ist aus den Feldherren geworden, die uns nicht retten?

D. Hingerichtet hat man Sie! vor 1500 Jahren war das. ^{Sokrates hat sich für Sie} ~~Sokrates hat~~ ~~Sokrates hat~~

D. g. 1500 Jahre bin ich tot! Und wir haben uns doch so gut unterhalten!

(Das Schiff besetzt; ^{es wird dunkel!} ~~Dionysos~~ ~~erschneit sich~~).

wieder Musik; ein stimmungsvoller Tanz.

— Licht. —

Er tritt, spontaner angeregt, ein, schreien
an das Licht, kriecht D. auf die
Stimme)

Aufstehen, dieckung — es ist
heute Nacht — und alles
ist schon kein Feiertag an
Bard. —

Ende.

F r ä u l e i n D i n a h .

Scene für das Kabaret

von

Paul Schrag.

Such' die Träume Dir zu halten
Wenn die Zeit im Takt entflieht.
Lass' die Lippen nicht erkalten
" Ja, die Zeit ... " ein Jubellied.

- 1 -

Elegante Einzelkabine eines Ozeandampfers. Nachts 2 Uhr.

Dinah und Egon nebeneinander im Bett. In der Ecke ein kleines schlafendes Hündchen.

Egon: (steht auf, gähnt, zieht seine eleganten Pantoffel an und beugt sich über Dinah, indem er sie küsst)

Nun musst Du schlafen, Kind. Ich schleiche einem Gespenste gleich in meine Kabine zurück.

Dinah: Wie jede Nacht seit ich Dich kenne.

Egon: Was soll das heissen Dinah? Dabeiben kann ich doch nicht.

Dinah: Eben.

Egon: Warum bist Du so unfreundlich? (leise) War es nicht schön?

Dinah: (sich aufrichtend) Das ist es, was ich mich auch frage.

Egon: (entrüstet) Was hast Du nur Dinah? Ich verstehe Dich nicht.

Dinah: Setz Dich noch einen Augenblick Egon. (er tut es unwillig) Ich muss Dir jetzt etwas sagen. Wirst Du mir böse sein?

Egon: Ich bin zu müde.

Dinah: Sag' mal Egon, bist Du ganz glücklich mit mir? Oder gibt es in Deinem Leben Träume, in denen ^{Du} glücklicher bist?

Egon: (zärtlich) Nein Dinah.

Dinah: Kommt es Dir nicht manchmal einwenig leer vor? Du liebst mich, ich weiss es. Du bist mir auf dieser Reise gefolgt, weil Du nicht ohne mich sein kannst.

Das weiss ich alles. Und trotzdem frage ich Dich

Egon: ~~Ist Dir das Zusammensein mit mir nur Befriedigung der Sinne oder ist es Erfüllung?~~ ^{Gibt es Träume, in denen Du glücklicher bist?}

Egon: Du fragst so eigenartig, ^{Dinah} ~~wie aus einer anderen Zeit...~~ ^{gefragt?} wie aus dem neunzehnten Jahrhundert. wie leben im zwanzigsten. Genügt denn nicht die Liebe, um alles zu

erfüllen? Was willst Du noch, Dinah: Heisse Stunden, Sehnsucht, und wieder heisse Stunden. Träume? Ja ich träume von Dir. Und Du bist die Erfüllung.

Dinah: Müsste Erfüllung nicht mehr sein als der Besitz der Geliebten? Alles, alles, das Grösste wie das Kleinste, alles muss erfüllt sein.

Egon: Früher dachte man darüber nach, was die Liebe alles erfüllen sollte. Aber man vergass dabei das Wichtigste: Den Körper und die Sinne. Den Zauber der Erotik. Lust und Spiel. Wozu die Liebe so ernst nehmen? Lust und Spiel. Das hat unsere Generation entdeckt. Seien wir stolz darauf. Früher nahm man die Liebe zu wichtig, und hatte wenig von ihr, heute nimmt man sie weniger wichtig und hat alles von ihr.

Dinah: Träume Gute Nacht, Egon. Schlafe wohl (sie küssen sich

Egon: Gute Nacht mein Liebling. Keine solche altmodischen Gedanken mehr! Seien wir stolz auf unsere Zeit. Wer weiss, wie es im einundzwanzigsten Jahrhundert sein wird. (er geht, bleibt aber unter der Tür noch einmal stehen) Und morgen spielen wir den ganzen Tag Ringtennis. Und wenn es regnet, spielen wir Ping-Pong.

Dinah: (seufzt auf)

sie löscht das Licht, und wie es dunkel wird, fällt ein leiser Foxtrott ein.

Dinah: (spricht im Schlafe) Egon Egon (laut) Ich schreie nach dem einundzwanzigsten Jahrhundert. (sie erwacht) Ich habe geträumt. Die Luft in der Kabine ist so dumpf. Es ist drückend schwül. (sie wirft die Decke von sich. In der Ecke rührt sich das Hündchen, schläft dann weiter.) Tut Ja, schlafe, schlummere, mein Hündchen. Mit meiner Ruhe ist's mal wieder Essig Lesen (sie nimmt ein ^{Buch}, legt sich zurück und beginnt vorzulesen) • Und so kam es im Jahre 406 v. Chr. zur Seeschlacht bei den Argenusen. Die Athener errangen einen glänzenden Sieg, die spartanische Flotte wurde fast völlig vernichtet. Für die Feldherrn der Athener aber hatte der Sieg ein trauriges Nachspiel. In Athen

machte man ihnen den Prozess, weil sie es unterlassen hatten, die Ertrinkenden aus den Fluten zu bergen. Sie wurden verurteilt, trotzdem sie mit Recht einwandten, dass sie bei dem hohen Wellengang nicht imstande ^{gewesen} gewesen seien, die Ertrinkenden zu retten. Selbst Sokrates legte sein Wort für die offenbar unschuldigen Feldherrn ein. Umsonst " Wie langweilig. Ueber 2000 Jahre ist das her..... ~~wie~~ ~~schrecklich~~ muss die alte Zeit gewesen sein. Wie langweilig. Es ist zu warm hier. (sie springt aus dem Bett) ein wenig Gymnastik. Ein, zwei Uebungen (sie singt)

Was wollt Ihr vom Leben

Es ist ja so fad

Nach Bildung zu streben

Es ist ja zu schad'.

Tief atmen

Tief atmen

Der Unschuld zu wachen

Wer hat's so bequem

Avancen zu machen

Na, wem denn schon, wem?

Rumpf beugen

Rückwärts

In Eure Pleite

Gehn wir nicht herein

Wir sind zu gescheite

Um Gläub'ger zu sein

Tief atmen

Tief atmen

Ach es ist zu stickig hier. wenn wir erst ^{im Land} ~~über'm~~ Ozean wären! Gelobtes Land! (sie legt sich auf's Bett und löscht des Licht) Du Land des einundzwanzigsten Jahrhunderts.

Dunkel, wieder Musik.

Grünliches, fahles Licht fällt von der linken wand in die Kabine. Das Licht wird stärker, und bald darauf tritt eine Gestalt in schwarzem Ueberwurf in die Kabine. Die ~~ne~~ Gestalt legt den Ueberwurf ab, man erkennt eine knöcherne Figur in einem altgriechischem Kostüm.

Die Gestalt(schnüffelt, tastet mit Händen und Füßen, verfällt schliesslich, von plötzlichem Schrecken befallen in ein Zittern.)

Dinah; Was ist hier nur? Welch' unheimliche Nacht, kein Schlaf (sie macht Licht, die Gestalt erschrickt tödlich und starrt in die elektrische Birne) Ist da jemand? (Lauter) Ist da jemand? (sie reibt sich die Augen und blickt auf die Gestalt) Mein Gott, wer sind Sie? Was suchen Sie hier? Ein blinder Passagier, das gibt es. Wer sind Sie? (sie springt aus dem Bett, wirft eiligst einen seidenen Morgenrock um und geht bebend auf die Gestalt zu.) Sie sehen ja grauenvoll aus. Als wenn Sie im Begriffe ständen Hungers zu sterben (zurückweichend) Sind Sie tot? Rühren Sie sich doch. (an der Türe) Ich läute. Hilfe! (sie drückt auf den Knopf) Da jetzt eben haben Sie den Kopf bewegt. Sind Sie wahnsinnig? Kommen Sie von einem Maskenball? Sie stieren wie ein Irrsinniger. Haben Sie Hunger? Hier ist Schokolade. (sie nimmt die Schokolade vom Tisch, wirft sie nach der Gestalt, von der sie mit einem hölzernen Laute zurückprallt.) Seltsam --- Warum kommt den niemand? (sie drückt wieder auf

den Klingelknopf.) Welch' unheimliche Nacht. Wieder bewegen Sie den Kopf. Nun werde ich fliehen. (sie rüttelt an der Tür, die sich nicht öffnen lässt) was ist das? (Angst in der Stimme) Das ist so unheimlich. (zitternd) Mir ist so bang

Die Gestalt: (unbeweglich, mit heiserer Stimme) Hm, hm, hm.

Dinah: Was sagten Sie? Mir ist ganz schwach (sie setzt sich auf's Bett.

Die Gestalt: (hebt die Schokolade auf, und bringt sie Dinah) Nehmen Sie.

Dinah: (Isst, zittert) Danke! Träume ich? (aufschreiend) Tut, Tut.

Tut: (das Hündchen stürzt sich auf die Gestalt und keift)

Die Gestalt: Dies ^{es} Tier ist kein Hund.

Dinah: Komm Tut, komm. Du gutes, prächtiges Tier (sie nimmt den sich knurrend beruhigenden Tut auf den Schoß)

Die Gestalt: (läuft im Zimmer umher, tastet, schnüffelt, bald erschreckend, bald bewundernd, bleibt schliesslich vor Dinah stehen)

Dinah: Was ist Ihnen? Sie machen mir Angst. Sprechen Sie doch.

Die Gestalt: Dies ist ein Schiff!!!

Dinah: Ein Irrsinniger.

Die Gestalt: Ein Schiff! Ein Schiff!

Dinah: (beginnt ⁺ zu schluchzen)

Die Gestalt: Sie weinen! Warum weinen Sie?

Dinah: Sehen Sie denn nicht, dass Sie mich tödlich ^d erschrecken?
Ich habe Angst.

Die Gestalt: Meine Zeit ist kurz, wie die Ihre. Sie haben mich aus meiner Ruhe aufgeschreckt. Nun bin ich da.

Dinah: Ich verstehe Sie nicht.

Die Gestalt: Hören Sie das Geräusch?

Dinah: Die Maschinen, das Wasser

Die Gestalt: Ja das Wasser! Die Zeit ist kurz.

Dinah: Sie sagten das schon einmal.

Die Gestalt: (tritt näher) Sie sind schön. Wie weiss Ihre Arme sind.
Ich muss Sie streicheln.

(Dinah fährt entsetzt zurück, und Tut knufft böseartig. Die Gestalt setzt sich auf einen Stuhl.)

Kurzes Schweigen.

- Dinah: Man muss sich in jeder Situation zurechtfinden. Ich bin nun zu nächtiger Stunde mit einem fremden Manne zusammen, den ich niemals gesehen habe. Sie wollen nicht sagen, wer Sie sind. In einem schamlosen Aufzuge kommen Sie in mein Schlafgemach. Hier habe ich einen Revolver. (Zieht ihn unter dem Kissen hervor) Wenn Sie Miene machen mir zu nahe zu treten, erschiesse ich Sie. Da Sie schweigen, muss ich annehmen, dass Sie mich verstanden haben.
- Die Gestalt: Ich finde Sie sehr schön.
- Dinah: Sie sprechen alberne Dinge. Wer sagt heute so etwas einem jungen Mädchen. Am Ende werden Sie noch dichten.
- Die Gestalt: Ich dachte, dass die Augen einer Frau aufleuchten, wenn man von ihrer Schönheit spricht.
- Dinah: Vielleicht. Spricht man heute von der Schönheit einer Frau, so ist das ebenso, wie wenn man von der Schönheit eines Rennpferdes spricht. Sachlich. Mag sein, dass wir uns innerlich doch freuen. Aber keine Frau wird das zeigen. Man weiss, dass man schön ist, und wenn einer es sagt, so ist's ein Knabe oder ein Greis.
- Die Gestalt: Und wenn man es nicht sagt, so ist's eine alte Frau.
- Dinah: Wie geistreich Sie sind. Sie beginnen mich zu amüsieren. Geistreiche Menschen sind selten.
- Die Gestalt: Sie sagen es. Man spricht von Tugend, und die Philosophie befasst sich mit religiösen Problemen. Die ~~religiöse~~ Religion ist im Begriffe in's Leben zu dringen, und das Leben verliert seinen Reiz. Solange sie ausserhalb blieb, war sie niemand zur Last, und den Narren, Bettlern und Heiligen eine Freude. Heute ist die Macht der Pfaffen im Philosophenkleid allzu gross.

- Dinah: Gewiss, die Freude, die wir am Leben haben könnten, ist sauer geworden und abgestanden. Es gab wohl Zeiten, da dies anders war. Damals war der Wolf im Schafspelz noch ein Wolf, heute ist er ein Schaf.
- Die Gestalt: Ha, ha, ha, ha! Ich habe selten eine trefflicher Charakterisierung des Sokrates gehört.
- Dinah: Es gibt keine Menschen mehr, die man fürchten muss. Es ist so langweilig geworden. Nichts mehr reisst uns fort. Nur in ganz seltenen Stunden, wird es uns bewusst, dass in unserer Brust ein Blasebalg ist, der toben und rasen kann. Aber -- es ist still geworden. Wir turnen.
- Die Gestalt: Wie bitte?
- Dinah: Wir turnen, wir treiben Gymnastik. Körperkultur! Der Geist schrumpft, und der Körper bekommt Figur.
- Die Gestalt: Ha, ha, ha, ha! Welch treffliche Charakteristik der Gymnasien.
- Dinah: Nur der Körper, sagen sie alle. Die Dichter, die Maler, die ^{und} Pädagogen. Da meinen sie, es gebe keinen grösseren Genuss, als den Körper von morgens bis abends abzuschinden, und auf den blutenden Leib heften sie uns eine Medaille. Ach, ich ahne, es gibt Genüsse die nur der Geist zu schenken vermag. Nichts zu wollen: Wir turnen.
- Die Gestalt: Zerfallserscheinungen. Dass dieses ewige turnen überhand nehmen werde, und eine Gefahr für den Geist bedeute, habe ich stets gesagt.
- Dinah: Unser Leben ist nichtig und öd'. Ich darf doch offen zu Ihnen sprechen. Ich habe mich daran gewöhnt, dass diese Nacht voller Seltsamkeiten ist. Sehen Sie: Ich habe einen Geliebten. Er liebt mich mit der ganzen Macht seiner Seele. Aber glücklich bin ich nicht.
- Die Gestalt: Es mag an Ihnen liegen.
- Dinah: Nein. Die ganze Zeit, in der wir leben ist, schuld.
- Die Gestalt: Wie soll ich das verstehen?
- Dinah: Das ist so: Sonntags muss ich mit ihm auf den Fussballplatz.

Die Gestalt: Wie bitte?

Dinah: Auf das Match. Sie verstehen. Dort gebärdet er sich wie ein Kind. Er schreit, tobt, rast, schimpft

Die Gestalt: Olympia! Aha!

Dinah: Wie bitte?

Die Gestalt: Ich verstehe schon.

Dinah: So sind alle heute. Sport, Sport, Sport.

Die Gestalt: Und die Frauen?

Dinah: Die Frauen? Wir turnen, und der Mann steht daneben und zählt. Eins, zwei drei- Eins, zwei, drei! Das ist das Leben. Puppen sind wir Frauen, Puppen, mit einer eingebauten, wunderbaren Maschinerie. Wir sagen nicht blos Pappa und Mamma -- Nein, wir turnen und sagen: " Ach mein Schatz, ich bin ja so pervers." Liebe? Liebe? Aufgeputschte, ekelhafte Erotik. Die Sensation der Entartung.

Die Gestalt: Sokrates ist schuld! Der Jugendverderber! Unsauberer Geselle.

Dinah: Wehe der Frau, die sich gegen den Zeitgeist stellt. Sie wird zur Seite geschoben. Es bleibt nichts übrig, als turnen und pah! wer das nicht tut, muss ~~Sich~~ studieren. Das ist die letzte Möglichkeit. Zeitgeist. Ich bin so erregt, mein Atem geht stossweise. Wohin führt uns der Zeitgeist? Ab von der Bühne. Wir haben ausgespielt Ausgespielt.

Die Gestalt: Ich gestehe, dass mir vieles fremd ist was Sie sagen, fast einwenig der Zeit voraus. Aber ich fühle, dass Sie die Wahrheit sprechen (geht zur Wand und lauscht) Das Schiff ist festgebaut, es hält noch eine Weile

Dinah: Zuweilen werden Sie ganz eigenartig und reden etwas zusammenhanglos. Ich bin müde, mein Kopf ist so dumpf. Tut, du zitterst ja Sie gestatten, ich lege mich einwenig zurück.

Die Gestalt: Aber bitte, ich möchte Sie mit meiner Anwesenheit nicht belästigen. Diese letzte Stunde

Dinah: Erzählen Sie mir etwas.

Die Gestalt: Ich habe nicht viel erlebt. (das Licht verlöscht)
Sokrates treibt sich herum. Und wenn er sagt, dass er nichts weiss, so genügt das zu unserer Beruhigung.

Dinah: Was ist das?

Die Gestalt: Das seltsame Leuchten ist gestorben. Aber es dauert noch eine Weile.

Dinah: Schwül und unheimlich ist mir.

Die Gestalt: Ich fühle mit Ihnen.

Dinah: Ich bin so matt, dass ich kein Glied regen kann. Tut wühlt sich in die Kissen, als wolle er sich ersticken. Mein Hirn arbeitet qualvoll. Es ist alles so sinnlos. Es ist zum Verzweifeln. Manchmal wünsche ich, dieses ganze Dasein wäre zu Ende.

Die Gestalt: Ich kannte solche Wünsche. Aber die Pflicht hält einen schliesslich doch zurück.

Dinah: Alles ist eine Frage der Kraft. Pflicht! Mode! Kraft, Kraft, Kraft! Immer reden sie von Pflichterfüllung, da sie wissen, dass es viel leichter ist, seine Pflicht zu tun, als sie nicht zu tun.

Die Gestalt: Seltsame Frau.

Dinah: Hören Sie?

Die Gestalt: Was denn?

Dinah: Was ist das? Das klingt als ob das Schiff berstet. Es tost.

Die Gestalt: Schon so weit? Und ich wollte gerade hören, was aus den athenischen Feldherrn nach der Schlacht bei den Argynusen geworden ist?

Dinah: Was reden Sie? Das Schiff geht unter!

Die Gestalt: Geht unter? Seit einer Stunde liegt es auf dem Meeresgrunde!

Ungeheueres Tosen.

Dinah: Hilfe! Hilfe!

Die Gestalt: Zu spät.

Dinah: (kreischt auf)

Die Gestalt: Ich bin bei den Argenusen ertrunken. (schreiend) Was ist aus den Feldherrn geworden, die uns nicht retten wollten?

Dinah: Hingerichtet hat man sie! Vor 2000 Jahren war das. Sokrates hat sich für sie eingesetzt.

Die Gestalt: Sokrates? 2000 Jahre bin ich tot! Und wir haben uns doch so gut unterhalten!

Das Schiff berstet, es wird dunkel.

wieder Musik, ein stürmischer Tanz. Licht.

Egon: (tritt sportlich angezogen ein) Aufstehen Lieblich, es ist herrliches Wetter. Alles ist schon beim Ringtennis an Bord.

E n d e !

=====

Der Geburtsdag.

im Adel.

Von
Paul Jernag

in aller Bescheidenheit

I. Bild.

gardenhaus, unweit von Berlin, der Arbeiterfa-
milie Jureit gehörig. Ein gewitter flieht im
Hintergrunde, langsam näher rühend. Abend
im späten Mai. D. Tisch flieht ja, daß man die Tür nicht
von innen aus gehen kann.
Mutter gureit, um den Tisch beschäftigt.

Juse, die Tochter, sitzt und träumt
vor sich hin.

Mutter: Heute, was doch Dein Geburtstag
ist, Kind, könntest Du da nicht ein
helleres Gesichtchen aufsetzen?

Juse (schweigt).

Mutter: Brauchst nicht Antwort zu geben,
Kind; es ist immer manchmal
nicht demnach zu tun, wenn
die Leute ja viel fragen....

Juse: Du bist ja gut, Mutter, Du....

Mutter: Ob der Vater die Pfingstrosen für
Dich nicht vergiftet, Kind.....
gut, daß wir das Dach über
uns haben... es wird ganz
gemittig....

Juse: Soll ich helfen, Mutter?

Mutter: Nein, nein - das geht ja
alles von alleine.... manch-
mal gehts von selber, wenn
die Jorgen nicht die Hände
ungeschickt machen.... mach!
Du gehst ein helleres Gesicht,
Kind....?

Juse: ja.

Mutter: Wägst Du, Dein Bruder, Willi,
der macht mir auch Jorgen.
Der kann' ohne die Arbeit
fast nicht mehr leben....

und dass Vater arbeitet, was er Jüngster
muss, das ist es, was ihm ja wohl
kust... (sie schüttelt weiter um den Tisch)...
manchmal, da braucht ein Mensch
fürchtbar viel Kraft... nicht wahr,
Küid?

Juse (Juchzeit)

Mutter: Wie hübsch sich die kleine Decke aus-
nimmt, und da ist die Vase
für die Pfingstrosen... (sie kommt
nach vorne, was Juse jekt)

Juse: 19 werde ich heute....

Mutter: Ist ja eigentlich klein genug, bravig zu
sein....

Juse: Damit hängt's auch nicht zusammen.
Das ist ja etwas anderes, Mutter...

Mutter: Ingeandere, denke ich, wirds mit
den Neuren schon zusammenkri-
gen.... Kraft Du, jetzt hätte
ich fast einen Teller für Karl
vergessen; der liegt heute einem
Kollegen die Rechnungen austragen,
und kommt zum Abendbrot
heraus....

Juse: Karl sollte überhaupt öfters abend
herauskommen... es ist jetzt ja
heiß in Berlin... hier geht doch
wenigstens die Luft....

Mutter: (wider sie den Teller hinstellt):
Jetzt ist noch ja ein Augenblick
Zeit, bis die anderen alle
kommen.... Fein, das Du an Du

nein Geburtstag nicht ins Neben gegangen bist...
(sie streichelt ihr das Haar).

Juse: Das ist ja, Mutter: Wir lieben uns ein-
lich; aber jetzt ist alles aus....

Mutter: Fiehl Du, Küid: Wie alles gut war,
und Du Dich immer nur gefreut hast,
da haben wir, Vater und ich,
nie etwas gesagt, deshalb, weil
jeder sich selbst seine Freude macht.
Du hast geglaubt, wer Deine Eltern
Jüid, und wer Du bist, und das
ist ja genug. Aber jetzt, wo
Du schon seit zwei Monaten ja bravig
bist, und niemand was anrufen
zu weiß, geht es es Zeit, das die
Eltern helfen... und das ist
doch das Wunderbare, Küid: ich
meine, man kann immer helfen,
was man mitbringen kann....

Juse: Ja wollte schon lange mit Dir spre-
chen, aber das ist doch wegen den
Tränen.... ja... Schluss....

Mutter: Warum ist es zwischen Euch ausge-
gangen?

Juse: Weil er zu gut und zu unständig
ist, und weil er sagt, das ich
nur unglücklicher werde, wenn
es so lange dauert... und er
das mich nicht klärt....

Mutter: Heiraten?

Juse: Ja, das ist es doch.... der hat
mich ja lieb.... ja lieb.... und
alles hat ihm genau so viel, wie
mir.... Er hat gekämpft für mich
bei seinem Vater... verglichen.

Mutter: Was ist er denn?

Juse: Das ist das Schlimmste: er ist ein ge-
schäft seines Vaters, und das ist die
schwerwiegende Mann. Der Besitzer
von den Langer - Werken.....

Mutter: Das ist ja....

Juse: ja... schlechtlich, schwerlich schlimm....

Emst (der arbeitslose Bruder): Guten Tag,

Mutter.... da hast Du ja einen Tisch
gedeckt, als wenn wir in Villa
im Wannsee hätten... Guten Tag, Juse,
ich gratuliere (ergibt ein wenig Jähren
auf sie zu), machst Du an Deinem
Geburtsstage auch ja ein hübsches Gesicht?

Juse: Guten Tag, Ernst....

Emst: Geschenke habe ich nicht! Die kriegst
Du nächstes Jahr, oder in 10 Jahren,
denn kann keiner wissen.... Das
hängt von der Krise ab....

Hast Du gehört: von der Krise....
in feines Wörtchen, das... Krise....

Das heißt einfach: Es sind in paar
zu viele auf der Welt... die

werden human, ganz human be-

reitet: durch die Krise.... und weißt
Du, was das Gegenteil ist von Krise?

Konjunktur, weißt Du was das
heißt? Es sind da ein paar ganz
wenige, die stecken das alles ein....

Juse: Hör auf, Ernst....

Emst: Ist das Deine Geburtsstimmung?

Sie 2 Monaten drückt Du mir den
Kopf hin.... (er fängt an
zu schreien) Das kann ich Dir ja-

gen: Wenn Du arbeitslos wirst, wie ich....
dann wirst Du an mich denken! Wie fein,
das ist, wenn die Leute einen ja
ein Gesicht machen.

Mutter: Ernst, laß sie in Ruhe.... jeder hat
sich Sorgen.... und niemand macht
Dir ein Gesicht....

Emst: Kann ich dafür, daß ich jenseits
gehen muß?

Juse: Wer jagt den Jovans? gibt mir die Hand, Ernst!

Emst: Laß gut sein... das ist alles zum
Weinen, zum Lachen und am meisten
zum Kotzen....

Vater: (Pflanztrögen auf dem Aum): 'N Abend alle!

Juseken, also das sind ja denn die
Rosen... (erküßt sie)... Ich gra-
tuliere. Das nächste Jahr wird
für alle ein besseres sein.... Ja-
gendwie wird!) Luft gehen....

Juse: Danke, Vater... die sind schön, die
Rosen... und mit die duften,
die haben Angst vor dem Gewitter...
(es donnert).

Mutter: Vater, ficht wirst Du mir in
Kopf gehen... wenn die Kinder
Geburtsstag haben, hat auch die
Mutter Geburtsstag... das ist
nun mal so. (die Alten küssen
sie).

Emst: Hier drängen, weil man, Juse
bessere Zeiten! Bös, daß das
ja viel heißt wie: alle Zeiten...

Juse: Jetzt fehlt noch unser Kleiner!

Vater: mit dem ersten Regentropfen fließt

der da...

Kurt (15-jährig): gerade hats angefangen...
 einen Zug wird das gehen... wie vor
 dem Kriege... guten Abend, Eltern!
 guten Abend, Kurt; Juseken,
 wie ich heute früh weg gegangen
 bin, ward Du noch nicht 19 Jahre
 alt... weil nämlich Du mit
 tags um 2 Uhr... gerade nach
 der Kollaps... aufgegangen
 bist... und jetzt bist Du also
 schon 19 Jahre... Wie doch die
 Zeit vergeht... 'N Kauf kriegt
 Du, auch wenn Du ja ein böses
 Gesicht aufgezogen hast, wie zu
 letzt alle Tage... und damit soll
 gesagt sein, das es nun an der
 Zeit wäre, Dich mit einem
 Jammergesicht zu versehen... auf
 die Gefahr, das Du unbekanntlich
 wird... geschenkt gibts nicht.
 Krise! Ja lautet der amtliche
 Beschluss der beiden Brüder Kurt
 gezeit, unerschrocken, Kurt gezeit,
 Zeitungsträger... Immer die Haupt
 Sache: Solidarität.

Juse: Danke für die Rede, Kurt....
Vater: Er ist darin 'n freigelegter Mensch.
Mutter: und nun steht Ihr auch an dem
 Tisch.... Das ist schön, auch alle
 das zu haben....
Juse: Komm! Kurt! Mutter hat für
 Kaufmännin gesorgt....
Kurt: Segnete Mutter....

(Alle sitzen am Tisch);
 (Dampfen kocht das gewitter, Regen, Regen,
 Regen).

(Eine Aulohupe ertönt,)

Stimme (von außen): Ist Herr gezeit zu Hause...
Vater (an die Tür; öffnet); ein älterer
 eleganter Herr tritt ein, dahinter
 ein blonde aussehender Jüngling:

Der Herr: O, ich bitte... Verehren Sie:
 das gewitter hat uns die Witterfahrt
 verschlagen... gestatten Sie: mein
 Name: Direktor Langer....

Diktator und Juse (erschrecken).

Vater: Wenn Sie 'n Augenblick hier unter-
 stehen wollen; auf der Bank ist
 für die Herren noch Platz....

Kurt (Kallehaut): Das hat gefehlt....

Mutter (ragt): Vielleicht nehmen die
 Herren ein gläsern Obstwein....

Der Herr: Aber bemühen Sie sich nicht....

Mutter (bringt zwei Gläser);

Der Jüngling: Willst Du mich nicht bekannt
 machen? Es gehört sich ja!

Langer: Ich hätte Dich fast vergessen,
 lieber Jusekerson. Verehren Sie:
 dies ist mein Jusekerson von
 Lübsam....

v. Lübsam (Juse verlagend): Rittmeister a. D.

Vater: meine Frau, meine Kinder....

Langer: Wie alt ist Ihre Tochter, Herr
 gezeit;

Vater: Heute 19 Jahre....

Langer: Sie feiern Geburtstag... das ist ja ein Mensch, Sie an diesem Tage zu überfallen...

v. Lüssan (aufstehend): gestatten... wir gratulieren... (neigt u. hebt sich)

Langer: Nun müssen Sie gestatten, daß wir auf Ihr Wohl trinken! (Er hebt auf und läßt mit allen auf)

Juse: Was sind Sie Fräulein guttrot? Näherin, Herr Direktor! 40 Mark die Woche....

Langer: Wollt Ihnen Ihr Beruf Freude? Juse: mehr Angst als Freude! Draußen wartet die Arbeitslosigkeit. Mein älterer Bruder ist schon 2 Jahre arbeitslos...

Langer: Das ist hart, Herr guttrot....

v. Lüssan: Sie wären natürlich Hitler...?

Emst: Wenn Sie mich fragen, Herr! Nein. Ich bin Kommunist.

v. Lüssan: Ich glaube, der Regen läßt nach, Schmiedepapachen!

Kud: Nein, ich sehe am Fenster! Da kommt ein neues Gewitter! Die Blitze zucken mit Hasenkreuz! Schade, daß man ja noch nicht dabei!

Langer: Darf ich noch um ein gläsernes Obstglas bitten! Er schmeckt ganz ausgezeichnet.

Vater (einsetzend): Aber, genug! Sie sind noch ein Gläschen, Herr Rittmeister!

v. Lüssan: Ich - nein - ich danke.

Langer: mein Schmiedepapach erträgt Alkohol nicht. Jagen Sie, Fräulein guttrot, haben Sie schon viele Wünsche zum Geburtstag?

Juse: O, man wird bescheiden mit dem Wünschen! Arbeit für Ernst, die Wünsche Freunde für die Eltern....

Vater: Bessere Zeiten, Herr Direktor! Ich bin mir ja mit dem Schicksal aller Menschen so tief verknüpft, daß unser Leben das Leben aller ist.... Hier draußen, in unserem Gartenhaus, sind wir nur gerade Jügel für uns... daß jeder bei sich weiß: bei meinen Eltern, da hab' ich die besten Plätze... und nur die Alten wartet ein Nid.

Mutter: Sie glauben nicht, wie recht Vater hat... ich denk' es jedes Mal wenn ich, ganz langsam, auf der Friedrichstraße gehe und sehe: B. t. B. t. am mittag...

Kud: Sie haben nicht gelacht, was es heißt, arbeitslos zu sein... und ich hab' es gut, besser als die anderen: ich hab' ein Bett dabei....

Emst: Fräulein guttrot, wollen Sie uns Ihren Vornamen sagen? Juse: ... Warum sollen Sie mich so an?

Langer: Mir ist, als wenn ich Ihren Namen irgendwo gehört hätte....

Juse: ...

Langer: ...

(Die Mutter Juchet zusammen)

Juse (lächelnd): Kann, Herr Direktor!

Langer: Kann sein, daß ich mich hänsel. Aber glauben Sie, wenn ich Sie schon einmal gesehen hätte, dann hätte ich Sie niemals vergessen....

Juse: Darf ich ... auf das Wohl Ihrer Familie ausstoßen, Herr Langer?

Langer: Ich habe nur einen Sohn... meine Tochter ist gestorben... Aber wenn Sie auf den Sohn mit mir ausstoßen wollen, von Herzen gerne... Sein Glück ist es, wenn er ja braves, ein ja gutes, ein ja schönes Mädchen auf sein Wohl entgegen trinken will... Prost...

Juse (gesenktem Haupt, leise): Prost...

(es klopf an die Tür).
Juchet.

Vater: Wer ist drinnen?

Juse: Laß mich schnell öffnen gehen, Vater

(Sie öffnet, ein junger Mann tritt ein).

Der junge Mann: Juse... was soll unser Anlaß vor der Tür (küßt sie).

Ich mußte Dir gratulieren....

Juse, Kleines, geliebtes....

Langer: Juse gutheit... jetzt fällt mir ein.... Künder....

(Alle stehen auf)

Vater: Was ist....

Mutter: mein guter gott....

Peter Langer: Vater... Schwager Lüssam... Was hat Ihr hier...?

Der alte Langer: Vater gutheit, Mutter gutheit...

Wenn es Ihnen recht ist, dann werde ich jetzt meinem Sohn eine Liege sagen: mein guter Peter, wir juchetkommen um Juses 19 ten Geburtstag zu feiern, und ^{unglück} eine Verlobung....

Vater gutheit: Also, ich hab' nichts dagegen.... wenn Juse nun wieder ein helles Gesicht machen wird....

Mutter: Daran glaubt' ich....

v. Lüssam: Schnell, Ihr Schnell....

Peter L.: ~~Vater~~ nicht schnell genug.... werden wir heiraten können....

Juse: Künder... die Welt ist groß... weit... arm... reich... gut...

hell... hell... finster... kalt... heiß... unglücklich...

glücklich.... wo sind wir?

Langer: Da, Künder, wo es vorwärts geht.... vorwärts!....

Kund: Nun paßt mal auf.... sich werde auch den neuesten

Schlager juchet.... der ist ja schön blond.... wenn Ihr

aber nicht... dann gefällt er Euch trotzdem... das ist der Witz bei den Schlager...

(juchet. Melodie: trink, trink, trink Bräutchen, trink!...)

Reich, reich, reich ist die Welt Künder, was schaut Ihr zurück

Weit, weit, weit ist die Welt Künder, was juchet Ihr das Glück

Aufwärts die Augen und vorwärts den Joch...
Kinder, das Glück geht ja mit...!

Ende.

an $\frac{+}{II}$.

Es gibt so manchen Jahrestag,
Dem nur die Seele feiert...
Ein Traum, der hinter Nebeln lag
Hat sich entschleiert...

Was ich sehe Deine weissen
Hände

Und lege meinen müden

Kopf in ihre Kühle

Dann ist's, als ob ^{ich Dich} ~~als~~ verstände

~~Mein Traum~~

Und all Dein Leiden mit
Dir fühle.

CLASSMATES.

Four Stories for Naomi and her Parents.

Wolfgang Lorenz

Fritz Ermarth

Walter Heinrich

Rudolf (Rudel) Fuchs

1915 - 1928

December 28, 1975.

My dear Naomi:

Often during this Christmas vacation in New Rochelle, I have found you curled up on your bed, covered by a warm blanket, reading a book.

The text you will find on the following pages is different from the one you find on the printed pages in your books for several reasons:

1. It is written on a typewriter, and therefore does not lend itself to the easy reading you are used to. For the publishers of real books are careful about selecting the type they use, trying to make their books as readable as possible.

2. It is written by someone who is neither a 'professional writer' nor even one who wishes to write for others, except for those, like yourself, who know him. He enjoys 'writing' in much the same way as you enjoy 'reading'. Both are very private occupations.

3. It is written by someone whose mother tongue is not English. This explains why some things appear strange when they should be quite simple; why others are dull when they could be exciting; and why still others are awkward when they should be smooth..

4. It is, as the title says, written for your parents, as well as for you. This gives you, as to many children before you, the privilege to skip a page (or many pages) whenever the going gets heavy.

5. It deals with events, persons and places of a country as unknown to you as America was to Columbus. Yet, it lacks the fairy-tale quality which makes even horrors quite comfortable when one reads about them in the cozy warmth of one's room. The stories of my 'Classmates' are true.

Wolfgang Lorenz.

When your new school year begins, in the fall of 1976, it will be exactly sixty-one years that I entered school. As you know, my school whose name was 'Seminarvorschule' (which I do not expect you to pronounce without at least a half-a-dozen try-outs) was in a small town in southern Germany. Since the year was 1915, the First World War was already a little over one year old. Nearly all men-teachers had become soldiers and for this reason my first-grade teacher was a young and very beautiful woman. Her name was Fraulein Tyran (pronounced something like Teeran), and many of us fell soon in love with her: she was so beautiful and also a little sad even when she smiled and particularly when she blushed; she smiled more rarely than she blushed, perhaps because she was also a very shy person who had never before taught a class of some thirty to forty first-graders.

Among the boys I met on my first day in school, there were four who, each in his own way and for different reasons, was to play a very important role in my life. Before I tell you more about them, I want to acquaint you with their names: Rudolf (Called Rudel) Fuchs remained my best friend until he died only a few years ago. With the exception of one single year, Rudel and I shared the same classroom desk for all of the 13 years we went to school. The one I shall name next was called Fritz Ermarth. He was the most brilliant of the entire class. Even as a six-year old, he drew everyone's attention upon himself by his quick and sharp mind. We all admired him and many recognized in him qualities of a kind one finds in those who are somehow born to become leaders in whatever group they belong to. Fritz Ermarth was to cause a great deal of unhappiness for me several years later.

So far I have named two of my new classmates. While they were meant to exert great influence on me in a direct and personal way, the two others remain unforgotten for another reason: they became the messengers, as it were, from another part of my personal world until then unknown to me. One of the two was Walter Heinrich; and the other, Wolfgang Lorenz. The next few pages tell the story of Wolfgang Lorenz.

Even though the small town of our homes wasn't far from the border between Germany and France, the arch-enemies of the First World War, we boys knew very little of the war itself. Of course, we wanted Germany to win the war with all our hearts; we believed, like all Germans, that the war had been forced upon us by France; and that ours was the 'just cause'. (Needless to say that french boys felt exactly the same way for their country.) The war itself was fought bitterly, and with enormous losses of life on both sides, on french soil. Sometimes, in the stillness of a summer day, we could hear the far-away thunder of the huge cannons, and we could not help but shudder, and hope for another victory of the german armies fighting against the french.

Many fathers had become soldiers like the men-teachers. From time to time, they would come home to their families on furlough. They wore their uniforms proudly and their pride was shared by their wives and children. In 1915 the people at home in german towns did not have the opportunity of being directly involved in the terrible events taking place on the battle fields; there was no television camera, no eye-witness reporting by radio transmission, and the newspapers printed only the kind of news they wanted their readers to know.. Thus all the people at home knew about the cruelties and ugliness and horrors of war itself, they learned by word of mouth when, on rare occasions, a soldier on furlough told the 'real truth'. It is no exaggeration to compare the people at home, at the end of the war's first year, to people who have been blind-folded.

The Schrag home was no different. My older brothers Otto and Fritz , as well as I and little three-year old Karli, listened to our father eagerly when he told us that the final victory of Germany was inevitable and that it was necessary for the civilisation of mankind that Germany be victorious. Because of his age, our father had been assigned to an anti-aircraft unit not far from our home.

The father of Wolfgang Lorenz, who was much younger than mine,

served as an officer with the German armies in France. One day, in the late fall of 1915, he spent a few days with his wife and Wolfgang (who was their only child) when in our home town, he waited in front of our school building in order to pick up his son. I shall never forget the feelings I had when I saw him after we had been dismissed: There he stood in his immaculate officer's uniform, tall, proud, smiling; all of us boys at once surrounded him and he greeted us in the most friendly manner and inquired how we liked school, what our names were, and where we lived. When it was my turn, he looked at me closely as if he knew me. 'Your name must be Schrag', he said, 'you are the image of your father'. I was too embarrassed to open my mouth, and merely nodded my head. 'Remember me to your father', he said, and then took Wolfgang by the hand like any father, and left with him.

When I reported the meeting to my father, he told me that Wolfgang's father was an attorney like himself, and one of the most promising among the younger attorneys in our home town. And for many days, I carried within me the same sense of pride I had felt when Wolfgang's father had recognized me in front of the school building. At the same time I was also jealous of Wolfgang. Was it not 'great' to have a father fighting far-away from home for our country? A father wearing the uniform of an officer and doing his share in achieving all the glorious victories which the newspapers announced in extra editions and which the church bells celebrated with their solemn voices?

We were still in first grade when Fraulein Tyran, one dark winter morning, was late for class. Since this had never before happened, we sat quietly on our seats, at a loss what to do. At last, Fraulein Tyran entered the class room. I saw at once that she was even more serious than usual, it seemed that she had been crying for her eyes were moist and veiled. For a moment she stood very still, uncertain whether she should go to her desk in front of the class or remain where she was. Then she spoke, softly, not altogether sure of being able to steady her voice. 'Lorenz', she said, 'you are excused for the day. You must go home now.'

your mother..' Then her voice broke. Quickly she walked across the class room to the desk by the window which Wolfgang was sharing with another boy. He rose and she took him by the hand and led him from the room. We sat in silence, bewildered, not knowing what the strange scene we had observed meant.

A few moments later, another teacher, an elderly motherly woman, Frau Gunther, who would teach us in second grade, entered our class room. 'Before we start', she said quietly after installing herself at Fraulein Tyran's desk, 'I have to tell you something, children. I know it will make you quite sad, but sadness is as much a part of life as joy. Wolfgang's father was killed in the war. Fraulein Tyran will now take him home to his mother. Tomorrow, or the next day, he will be back at school. It's all very, very sad. I know you will be kind to your classmate who is now fatherless'.

Like all of us I knew that many had already died in the war, that many were dying every day. But this was the first time I realized that, among those dead and dying, were human beings I knew; who in one way or another were not just names or numbers but, like Wolfgang's father, real people with whom I had talked, who had shaken hands with me, smiled at me. I no longer know whether I was the only boy in my class who started to cry. I did not mean to, I was ashamed of myself, but I had only my tears and my sobs to relieve the feeling of total helplessness.

At home my parents knew already. My father announced that my mother and he would call on Frau Lorenz later in the afternoon. My father said, 'If you want to, you may come with us. Wolfgang and you are classmates. I am sure it will be good for him to know that you stand by him'. I knew my father expected me to accompany him and my mother to Wolfgang's house. Although I dreaded the visit, I forced myself to join my parents. In later years, after Wolfgang and I had become friends, I was so often at his house that I have no precise memory of that first visit. I don't even know whether the framed photograph of his father in his officer's uniform stood then already on the upright piano in the living room.

From the moment our first-grade teacher called Wolfgang Lorenz from our class room and took him home, the shapes of all things around me became more precise, sharper; it was as though I was beginning to learn how to adjust the binoculars in order to see things properly. No longer was the war something the grown-ups talked about endlessly; no longer were the men in their fine uniforms different from other men. But the most important thing I then began learning, was the knowledge that we share with others not only the events and accidents of life, but also their experiences of sadness and, happily, of joy.

Later, as I have already said, Wolfgang Lorenz and I became friends. He was an excellent student and year after year earned the highest honors for his achievements. As long as I lived in Germany I remained in contact with him. Thereafter we lost sight of one another. After the end of the Second World War I learned that he had become a pastor of the Lutheran Church, and lost his life in Russia in ~~the course of~~ the Stalingrad battle.

Fritz Ermarth.

When the war ended and four years of untold tragedy were at last over, death seemed the only true victor. With few exceptions, every european country had lost hundreds of thousand of its young men. Villages and towns had been destroyed and millions of homes were left without men. Women and children had to face up to a kind of life they had never known.

But as always life must go on. Germany who had lost the war installed a new government: the Kaiser who had ruled his country for exactly thirty years left Berlin, Germany's capital, and settled in Holland. In the place of his ministers, new men assumed the responsibilities which were heavy: they must henceforth see to it that from the ruins of a whole way of life which was gone forever, a new and better order could be created. The other countries, above all France which had suffered as much as Germany (and even more because the war had been fought on its soil), considered themselves as the victors and entitled to demand that Germany pay to them huge amounts of money and turn over to them all the material things they needed to rebuild their devastated homes: coal, lumber, iron ore.. Thus there existed no good will between the nations, although the President of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, recognized the great danger of this state of affairs, and did his best to prevent its harmful effects for the future peace..

Of the few men who returned from the war in the winter of 1918/19, nearly all were bitter and sad. They had starved and suffered in the war's last years, but they had hoped to find a better world once the war was over. Now, however, everything was infinitely worse: Their families were hungry, freezing in their unheated houses, without clothes. True enough, the new republican government promised better times, but meanwhile how was one to cope with the lack of food, fuel, clothing? The former proud soldiers had nothing left to wear but their war uniforms; and this they did after they replaced the shining brass buttons with ordinary ones.

In the spring of 1919, not yet ten years old, I completed

the 'Seminarvorschule' and became a 'Sextaner' at the 'Humanistisches Gymnasium' of our small town. ('Sexta' - a latin word meaning 'sixth' - was the name given the first-year class; and 'humanistisches Gymnasium', a strange mixture of greek, latin and german means a school in which education in the humanities as they were understood by students of the ancient culture of Greece and Rome was considered all-important, while the sciences and mathematics were being paid little attention.)

At the 'Gymnasium' we had subject-teachers; and this was a new experience. Our teachers were all men. They were the same men who had returned from the war and wore their converted soldiers' uniforms. They did not believe in Germany's new government. Many thought it, rather than the superior power of Germany's enemies, was responsible for Germany's defeat, and that if only the war had lasted a little longer, Germany might still have won it; or, at least, obtained a 'peace with honor'.. It is strange to think that when former President Nixon spoke of an end of the war in Vietnam, he also used the words 'peace with honor'; the reason may well be that it is a phrase that makes unhappy people feel better when they have to accept a bad turn of fate under a better-sounding name..

The four classmates of the 'Seminarvorschule' whose names I have mentioned, and I, entered the 'Sexta' together and since many of the other 'Sextaner' came from different schools, the four of us became even better friends than we had been in the old school. Rudel and I continued to share the same desk. The schoolday began at 8 in the morning and ended at 1 - - if you counted merely the hours in class. But if you added the hours needed for homework, the day was much longer: for in addition to the five classroom hours, you needed another two to three hours to do your homework. There were six schooldays, including Saturday, and on each of them you had one hour of Latin (except on ~~two~~ of them when you had two hours of Latin). Arithmetic, German, Geography, 'Turnen' ('gym'), and Religion

were the other subjects taught in 'Sexta'. As for our religious instruction, the students were divided into three groups: Catholics, Protestants and Jews. The catholic students were instructed by a priest, the protestant students by a pastor, and the jewish students by the rabbi. Since they were so few of the latter, students of several grades were placed in one class.

Of the five of us, Rudel and I found the going hardest. Wolfgang Lorenz and Walter Heinrich, perhaps they worked even longer hours, were fine students. But head and shoulders above all of us was Fritz Ermarth. And it is his story, and in a deeper sense also my own, I want to tell you now.

With the rest of the class, I recognized his uncanny gifts: Where we had to struggle our way with all the patience and endurance we possessed, through subject after thorny subject, often being close to tears when we found ourselves unable to remember the growing number of latin words, its difficult rules of conjugation and declension, Fritz Ermarth had no difficulties at all. He seemed capable of learning everything while merely reading it. Often, indeed, he looked at a page in our grammar, and before one of us had read the first line or two, he closed the book - - and knew it as well as if he had spent a whole long afternoon doing his homework. If he won our admiration and envy by his accomplishments as a student, that wasn't all of it: for Fritz Ermarth excelled in every other respect as well: there were his looks, in the first place: although not the tallest in the class, he was the one whose bearing distinguished him. Straight, always erect, dark-skinned, his eyes a deep luminous brown, his movements easy and his gestures so rare that, when he underlined a statement with a move of his hand, everyone paid even more attention to him than at other times. Yes, this was the extraordinary thing about the 'Sextaner', that although only 10 years old like the rest of us, he was our unquestioned leader; and as such also acknowledged by every one of our teachers.

The story, however, occurred in 1923. At that time, our class was called 'Unter-Tertia' (again a combination of the latin word 'Tertius' and the german word 'unter', meaning the lower grade of third, but being, in effect, the fourth grade of the 'Gymnasium'); and our subjects had grown in number. French, Greek and History were the principal new subjects, each taught by a different teacher whose official title was 'Herr Professor'.

The year 1923 was one of the decisive years, not only for the future of Germany, but of the entire world; and particularly of the jewish people. If one would select a single year in my lifetime carrying visibly the seed of the evil to come, that year would be 1923. For in 1923 Adolf Hitler entered first upon the stage which would become the scene of untold and untellable destruction and utter misery.

Adolf Hitler, too, had returned from the First World War, a bitter frustrated man, who had fought in the army of his native Austria, Germany's ally. But Adolf Hitler came home with a vision all his own. He wanted to remake the world which, as he saw it, had been sold out to the ancient enemy of mankind, far worse and infinitely more powerful than Germany's enemies in the First World War: and that enemy were the Jews. Of course, this sinister idea was not Hitler's; it was an old old idea that had haunted men since the days of Christ and had often before led to the destruction of jewish life and communities in the past. What was new in Hitler's vision after the war, was his belief that it was Germany's mission to solve the 'jewish question' for all times by destroying the jewish people, and that he, Adolf Hitler, was to be the instrument to achieve this goal by becoming the 'Führer' (leader) of Germany, and eventually of all the peoples who had been corrupted by the Jews and longed for their liberation from the jewish evil demon.

In 1923, the voice of Adolf Hitler was first heard throughout all of Germany which was then going through the bitterest phase of the war's aftermath: its economy was exhausted (due in no small measure ^{to} ~~through~~ the unreasonable and

self-defeating demands for reparations by the war's victorious nations) and, worst of all, an uncontrolled inflation ^{which} reduced all but ~~the~~ very few citizens to extreme poverty. Not only did people no longer earn the minimum they needed for living, there was, in the most simple terms, no money any more. Money had become pieces of worthless paper. Under these circumstances, it was to be expected that the desperate and bitter men and women wanted to know who was to blame for their misery. Hitler and his early followers had an answer: the Jews, the Jews wherever they live..

In November 1923 Hitler undertook his first direct attack against Germany's government. At the head of his band of fanatics he marched upon the seat of the government of Bavaria, one of Germany's provinces, in order to seize power and to establish in Munich a new government of his own. He failed. He was taken prisoner and later convicted and sent to prison. There he wrote what was to become his masterpiece, a book which but a few years later was printed and reprinted in millions of copies, translated into nearly all languages, and read by his believers everywhere ^{as} like the bible had never been read in modern times. The book's name, 'Mein Kampf' ('My Fight'), was the master plan for the future as Hitler envisioned it. In that future, there was no place for the Jews, or more correctly, for all those men, women and children whose ancestors had been Jews, even if they themselves had ceased to be Jewish. To describe this large group of people, Hitler used the word 'Non-Aryans' for them.

I have tried to explain that in the fateful year of 1923, Hitler held out to the Germans two main promises: One was the end to their starvation, despair and hopelessness by the early rebirth of a powerful Germany able to establish its rule over all inferior nations; the other was the 'final solution' of the Jewish question by eliminating Jewish wealth, influence and 'secret power' everywhere. But both promises could ^{be fulfilled,} so Hitler proclaimed, fulfilled only by him and his followers. Therefore, what he wanted, and asked the German to help him win, was his own power, his becoming the single ruler of Germany whose word was to be the law of the land.

For all his evil deeds and all the suffering he is responsible for, I believe that Hitler was one among other evil geniuses who at various times in history have plunged mankind into the depth of degradation. The question is being asked: How could Hitler obtain power in Germany of such dimension that under his guidance and by his will the Germans committed crimes ^{so great} ~~of such horror and magnitude~~ that even the worst episodes of history appear pale by comparison? The answer lies, I believe, in this: No one man, whether his name be Stalin or Hitler or Genghis Khan, can commit such deeds of inhumanity alone: he depends on those who follow him blindly, who execute his plans and become his henchmen. As long as the plans of inhumanity are directed against only a small group of little people, few are necessary for the execution of their leader's evil assignments. But when, as with Adolf Hitler, the aim is not the destruction of relatively few, but the annihilation of an entire people, the Jewish people everywhere, and where that people is an essential and highly significant part, even one of deep and far-reaching influence, in every field of civilisation, then it is not enough to depend on a small selected fanatic number of human beings for the execution of the master's will. No ~~more~~ less than an entire nation must be bent to do the master's bidding. But how, one must ask again, how can an entire nation be so used? In our time, Adolf Hitler has shown how it can be done. By the planned pursuit of a policy of progressive destruction of the Jews in Germany, ranging from the initial acts of ridicule and defamation to the ultimate extermination of the Jews in the death-camps, Adolf Hitler has made of an entire people, the German people, his accomplices in every step towards brutalisation and inhumanity. It is a well-known principle of human behavior that nothing binds criminals so closely together as their shared guilt for the crimes they committed. Thus the Jews served not only as the ready targets of age-old antisemitism, but much more importantly ^{as} ~~by~~ the victims of countless crimes committed by large numbers of Germans who thereby were chained to Adolf Hitler by the most solid chains known in any society of men: People thus chained to him, common crimes and common guilt. With ~~them~~ Adolf Hitler set out to conquer the world, like the master of the ancient galleys whose slaves wore chains..

The time has come to return to the classroom in my small hometown which I shared with my classmates in 1923. The one or two other Jewish boys who had entered the 'Gymnasium' with me in 'Sexta', had dropped out and I was the only boy whose religion was Jewish. We were by now fourteen years old and all of us had ceased to be children: the world in which we were growing up could not afford the kind of childhood or young-boyhood of the past. We had neither the physical nor the psychological shelters of the so-called pre-war generations of children. For one thing, our homes were unheated in the long cold winters and so all family life took place in a single room around a small iron stove. There we had to do our homework while our mothers made old worn clothes do by mending and patching them and our fathers and older brothers and sisters discussed with anger and often emotional outbreaks the harassments and frustrations of everyday life: the shrinking, eventually disappearing worth of money, the politics of a government that had never been popular since it was born from the devastation of the late war, the want of everything from bread to fuel.. To this early exposure to life's dark side came the change then occurring in our own: gone were the days of carefree play which, although it had been concerned with a make-believe war of our own for four long years, had withstood the shock of real war (like the death of Wolfgang Lorenz' father) because we, like our elders, believed all would end well and thus made sure our games of war would end well too. Instead we inherited the feelings and reasonings of our elders. This meant that by far the greatest number of my classmates brought to the classroom the same attitude our embittered teachers showed openly: hostility towards the new, the Weimar Republic, and all it tried so hard to stand for. I belonged to a tiny minority who came from the few homes of those who were either on the side of Germany's new government or at least prepared to give it a chance...

Several times already the unforgiving enemies of the republic on the right had tried to destroy it unsuccessfully. They had murdered the most hated representatives of the republic, the Catholic Erzberger and the Jewish Rathenau, in

in 1920 and 1922. Now, however, a new and different movement appeared on the scene: the party of Adolf Hitler (soon adopting the name Nationalsozialistische Deutsche Arbeiterpartei), and its program was new: it did not want the restoration of the Old German Reich which had lost the war, but the creation of an entirely New Reich, which for reasons of history they called 'The Third Reich'. Its foremost goal was the elimination of the Jews.

Until now we, the 14 year old students in 'Unter-Tertia', had been involved in the events of the troubled post-war years; we had taken sides, had discussed them, speculated about them. But we had at no time been actors with a theatre of our own. All this changed when the voice of Adolf Hitler made itself heard everywhere. How was this possible at a time when there was neither radio nor television? The fact that our newspapers reported the rise of Adolf Hitler and his party, even some of his statements, does not suffice to explain the deep penetration the man and his program gained at this beginning of his astonishing career. The phenomenon can be explained, if at all, only by his conscious or as yet still unconscious exploitation of a common human weakness: the same that makes most, if not all, of us run to watch a house in flames, a highway collision, a bloody gang war, a bull fight. It was this instinct for terror which made of Adolf Hitler the messenger who reaches into the farthest village and call to its inhabitants: Go from your homes, come to me, watch the show of destruction I shall offer you - nay, in which you shall take a part, a part which in spite of the terror it inflicts on watchers and victims is a noble, a necessary part in order for us to regain self-respect and the respect of all others...

In this fashion, Adolf Hitler reached into our classroom in 1923. And it was there, in this chilly room filled with some thirty ill-fed and unwashed boys, that a drama was enacted which foreshadowed the events of a future which was still some ten years away.

How it happened that the drama I am about to tell you about,

was played-out, as it were, on two levels, must be told in order to reveal its true impact.

That I admired Fritz Ermarth, the brilliant student with his almost magnetic powers, I have already told you. You also know that in this respect I was no different from most of our classmates. But I also realized that there existed between us some unbridgeable distance, a mutual shrinking-away uncharacteristic for both of us, I did not understand and often reproached myself for; although I knew I was totally innocent and had never done anything to hurt him. On the contrary, I wanted Fritz Ermarth to be my friend. This wish, however, had another reason, very much my own: for his mother was one of the most celebrated actresses of our local theatre, and the roles she played in the great dramas of Sophocles, Shakespeare, Goethe and Schiller were those of strong tragic heroines. How I admired her, indeed more than any actress I have ever seen in later years, as Jocasta, the wife and mother of King Oedipus, as Shakespeare's Lady Macbeth, as 'Regentin' in Goethe's Egmont, as England's Queen Elisabeth in Schiller's Maria Stuart.. Even today, when my brother Karl and I happen to talk about the strongest impressions of our youth, Melanie Ermarth is sure to be mentioned and the vibrations of her performances return in our hearts for a few brief moments.. More than that: from my mother I knew that Melanie Ermarth stood all alone in life, that she had none but Fritz, her only child, whose father had been killed in the war, and that she was not only a great actress but also a very fine exceptional lady. She and my parents had known one another long before I was born.. Thus there was, at least as I saw it, another personal claim I possessed for the friendship with Fritz Ermarth for which I longed..

Against this background, let me now unfold the drama of the year of destiny, 1923, such as it was played by the students of 'Unter-Tertia'. It must have had its beginnings, like all personal dramas, long before the events which in logical sequence built it into the drama itself.

One day, in the course of our history class, I had been absent-minded and failed to listen to a question Professor Klinger, our history teacher,

addressed to me. With the sound of his voice in my ear but unable to locate even the general nature of the topic of his usually rambling manner in which he sought to tie historical events to present-day situations, I rose from my seat and remained mute. To this day I am not sure what the Professor's question had been, for soon the whole matter became so muddled and shot through with emotions that no examination or cross-examination could establish just what I had been asked in the history class. At any rate, whether my embarrassment made me blush a deepening red (on which every observer agreed) or whether my growing bewilderment was due to the fact that suddenly all eyes were upon me as if my answer was of the utmost importance, I stood next to my seat, silent, unable to say a single word. Professor Klinger's lined thin face hardened, taking on an expression I well knew and dreaded because it indicated a fit of cold anger such as I had witnessed before. After what I thought to be an eternity, he said: 'Am I right in supposing that you refuse to answer my question, Schrag?' I shook my head. 'Alright, I shall ask you once more to tell us - -' These were the last words I understood. What I next remembered was that I was told to sit down, and that I was close to tears while an icy silence installed itself in the class room and Professor Klinger's words continued to escape me. Yet I was aware that what happened was more than an ordinary class room incident: for the Professor and my classmates time and again cast stealthy glances at me - why?

As soon as the bell announced recess, Professor Klinger rushed from the room. The students seemed to persist in their unusual behavior. Passing my desk, they looked past me. Many gathered outside the classroom; while I saw nothing but their backs, I knew they were now talking about the still mysterious incident. Though it was against the rule, I stayed in my seat. At last, my friend Rudel gave me the first inkling of why my failure to respond to Professor Klinger's question was so serious a matter. 'He wanted you to say that Bismarck was the greatest genius of Germany'. 'What had been his question?', I asked. But Rudel confessed that he did not remember it too clearly himself, but that he like everyone else realized

that I was supposed to say 'Bismarck'. While he provided me with this seemingly meaningless information concerning the incident, Rudel did not hide from me his apprehension that my silence might be construed as wilfull violation of one of the time's holiest cpmmandments: Thou shall have no hero greater than the founder of the German Reich - - and no villain worse than those who destroyed it'. In simple words, the 'old' Reich, the Reich of Bismarck, was good; the 'new' Reich, the Weimar Republic in which we lived, was bad.

Such was the drama's first act. While I recognized that through my absent-mindedness I had made a grave mistake because my silence would be construed as a denial of Germany's master builder, Bismarck, I did not at once notice, much less foresee, the consequences. These, however, revealed themselves soon enough. Day after day, more and more of my classmates avoided me. Their answers, when I wanted to talk to them, were evasive, they looked the other way, they left from my presence as soon as possible. While a few, like Lorenz and Heinrich, took no part in this scheme of systematic 'cutting', they did not really count: they were in a sense outsiders uninterested in everything except their work. Only Rudel remained unchanged. But he was a quiet boy respected for his steadfast honesty and for his outstanding gift in mathematics whom most of our classmates considered unworldly because of his absolute acceptance of his catholic religion.

Soon Fritz Ermarth became the unquestioned leader of the vast majority of students who had found in me a target for angame more exciting than any commonly available to schoolboys. But was it a game such as children sometimes play for the sake of excitement, even though someone may get hurt? No, if it had been a game, no more, at the beginning, Fritz Ermarth saw to it that it ceased to be one. He created a scenario which resembled closely, indeed was modelled after, the drama now taking place on the political stage in Germany: he cast himself in the role of Hitler's deputy in our classroom, and me in that of the evil Jew bent on completing the ruin of Germany for which he alone had been responsible from the be

ginning of time. To this end, Fritz Ermarth drew our classmates ever more closely towards himself, demanded their absolute loyalty to him, in short, transformed a whole group of fourteen-year-olds into the followers of a leader not of their own choosing but by his overpowering will and the excitement of a real-life manhunt. Day after day, he instigated new humiliations for me: avoided at first, I eventually became an outcast. Sometimes, in later years, the situations have haunted me in my dreams. Among them I shall describe only one or two taking place in this second act of the classroom drama: On cold or rainy days, when we wore coats or 'Windjacken' ('wind breakers') to school, these had to be left in the classroom where each of us had his assigned hook in a row of hooks all around the classroom walls. On such days the smell of all these much-worn and we garments was almost unbearable but the classroom was the safest place against theft such as they occurred often at the time. One day I was told by the boy who had been designated as class monitor that henceforth I no longer could hang my coat with the others; that instead a nail, a very ordinary nail, had been provided for me away from the row of hooks, in front of the classroom next to the blackboard. At first I made believe that I was indifferent and tried to hide my coat beneath my desk. But it was too bulky, and fearing the teacher's anger I hung my coat on the nail in view of everyone. It was a symbol of my growing isolation, a hand-down from my older brothers, shabby and forlorn. All around me my classmates laughed with glee while I could hardly suppress my anger and tears. The Professor entered the room, noticed the lonely garment at once, frowned for a moment, and then - - said nothing. Some days later I arrived for our gym lesson in the 'Turnhalle' ('gymnasium'), which was in a separate building. In order to remove my shoes and put on sneakers, ~~we~~ I went to a locker room in the basement. I found most of my classmates already in the locker room when I arrived and began removing my shoes. This was their signal for at once rushing from the locker room, calling to one another, 'let's get away..how can anyone stand the smelly stinking feet of the Jews'...

At home I said nothing. My parents, however, noticed the change which had not failed to affect me. Already a pale fragile-looking boy, my morale sank lower and lower, and there was, so I learned much later, an expression of dejectedness about me which prompted one inquiry after another: 'Tell us, Paul, what is wrong?' But for me the humiliations in school were such as to make it all but impossible to relate them at home. Like most children exposed to personal humiliation, I feared that I could not explain them adequately and, even worse, that any tale would plunge me into deeper despair.

So far the teachers had ignored the situation in 'Unter-Tertia'. That most of them were aware of it, could not be doubted. Some wanted simply to remain uninvolved, others, above all Professor Klinger, condoned it in more or less subtle ways. Now, however, in the drama's third act (in which the principal antagonists usually face one another openly), the teachers played their own, major or minor, roles.

In the wake of the German revolution in 1918 and its attempts to establish the principles of democracy wherever possible, schools had been instructed to have each of the older classes elect so-called class-speakers in secret ballots. In our class, Fritz Ermarth was elected without contest. Whenever the class-speaker, presumably as the legitimate representative of the class, wished to present a request of any kind, he had to do so publicly by addressing his request to the 'Klassenlehrer' ('class teacher in over-all charge'). Our 'Klassenlehrer' at that time was Professor Nimis, the arch-type of the mild-mannered decent teacher whose principal aim is to avoid trouble by following the lines of least resistance. In later years, long after the nightmare had vanished, I had a good deal of respect for Professor Nimis to whom I am indebted for much of my basic knowledge in the humanities. He taught us Latin when he was our 'Klassenlehrer' in 1923.

Thus it was to Professor Nimis that Fritz Ermarth on a darker than usual November morning, a few days after the attempt of Adolf Hitler to seize power

had collapsed, presented the demand that I be isolated from the rest of the class as totally as our class room facilities allowed. In a speech clearly worded in the familiar phraseology of Hitler, Fitz Ermarth declared that it had become 'unzumutbar' ('intolerable') for Aryans to maintain with the Jews any but the most minimal contact; and that 'in this darkest hour of Germany's tragedy', it was everyone's 'sacred duty' to yield not one inch of the national-socialist program for ultimate victory over Juda... I sat in stunned silence; this time no one dared look in my direction. Stammering helplessly, Professor Nimis was at a loss how to react to a demand never before made in any class room and overwhelming by the injection of political themes which as such were deemed abhorrent in public schools. . . Weakly Professor Nimis pointed out that politics had no place in his class room, but eventually knew nothing better to say than to ask for time in order to reflect upon the matter..

No sooner had the Professor left the classroom at recess, than Fritz Ermarth took things in his own hands. He ordered the desk just ahead of the one Rudel and I shared cleared and then removed it to another part of our class room after loosening and unscrewing the screws which had fastened it to the floor. Then he ordered the boys occupying the desk behind our's away from their seats and assigned two other ^{to them} seats which happened to be occupied by single boys. By then Rudel and I were clearly and painfully isolated. But the greatest challenge remained to be accomplished: Rudel also must be ordered to accept another seat. When Fritz Ermarth, with less assurance because of the well-known fact of Rudel's and my friendship, requested Rudel to vacate his seat, Rudel refused. As was his habit, he said little, hardly a word or two, and shook his head.

The next class was our history class. Professor Klinger noticed at once the class room rearrangement and his satisfaction was obvious to all. After a while he interrupted himself and in his mildest most persuasive tone said, 'Fuchs, I have always felt as a teacher that it is not good for close friends to sit next to one another. Their attention is too often distracted. In my class,

I want you to swap with...' The boy he named as my deskmate in Rudel's place was a half-retarded considerably older boy who had gotten in our class because he had failed so often to be promoted. It was impossible for Rudel to disregard the Professor's assignment and so the swap was completed. The tension in the class room, however, had increased and was headed for a climax.

More dejected than ever I returned home. Still I could not bring myself to tell my parents the new and most humiliating move which had been made against me.

The climax came in an unexpected way. As you already know, Rudel was far and away the best mathematics student of our class. Mathematics was taught by one of the strangest teachers of the entire school, Professor Häuser, whose nickname was 'Mogul' because, I should think, of his short heavy figure with its huge protruding belly and his totally impassive face whose half-closed slanted eyes gave him a far-eastern look. He never raised his voice but nonetheless his classroom authority was ^{questioned} never ~~challenged~~. Even as 'Unter-Tertianer' we recognized that 'Mogul' was a fine mathematician, probably miscast in the relatively unchallenging role, of a teacher at our 'Humanistisches Gymnasium'. We also granted him willingly the privilege to call on but a very few students in the course of his class, who were able to follow him into fields above our comprehension. Outstanding among these was Rudel; and at times 'Mogul' seemed to teach none but him.

The day following the fait accompli of my isolation we had our mathematics class. At first, 'Mogul', appearing as somnambulist as ever, paid no visible attention to the change. Yet it was clear to all of us that he would soon call on Rudel for some answer none else could give. When the moment arrived, 'Mogul' looked for Rudel at his customary seat next to mine, for a fraction of time opened his heavy lids, then quietly asked, 'Where is Fuchs?'. Nobody opened his mouth. Some turned to Fritz Ermarth expecting him to acquaint 'Mogul' with the new seating order but he too remained silent. Rudel raised his hand to indicate where he would be found.

Still finding nothing unusual in the situation, though as an old experienced teacher he must have sensed the quiet uneasy expectancy in the class room, he pursued his inquiry, turning his bulky figure slowly towards Rudel. When he had asked his question which as usual was beyond the scope of our knowledge, Rudel sat in stony silence. 'Mogul', as casual as was his habit, wanted to know whether Rudel knew the answer; and without a single word, Rudel nodded his head determinedly. 'If I can no longer rely on you, Fuchs, 'Mogul' said sadly, 'I shall have to leave this room and become a Kindergarden teacher.' He sighed heavily. 'I would have to make a report to the Ministry of Education and explain to them why I cannot be expected to work with blockheads like the rest of you. But perhaps you are not just contrary, Fuchs, and have a reason for your extraordinary behavior?' Without rising from his seat, a privilege he enjoyed with 'Mogul', Rudel said with a tremor in his voice. 'As long as I am forced from my seat, I shall not answer any question'. 'Mogul' did not pursue the matter, but said simply, 'I shall make it my business to see to it that you return to your regular seat - - and that all this nonsense come to an end, once and for all'.

During the recess following our math class, 'Mogul' did not assume his customary station in front of the building, leaning on his umbrella and smoking his cigar before carefully cutting off its front end at the end of recess time and preserving the remaining stump for future enjoyment, and his absence could indicate only one thing: namely that he, 'Mogul' had taken the initiative to report the 'Unter-Tertia' crisis to the 'Director' ('School Principal'). After we returned to our classroom when the bell rang, instead of our next teacher, the 'Director' awaited us. Director Karle, ascetic, white shoulder-length curls, deep lines on his forehead, commanded respect, not by the traditionally severe approach borrowed from the military, but by a gentle and very immediate appeal to what one might call 'our better instincts'. He was an observant catholic and like those who take

seriously the commandments of his religion. Usually a man whose strength lies in his kindly persuasion, he could be outspoken and firm at times and on those rare occasions surprised everyone by his directness and eloquence. I do not remember the exact words

Director Karle used. While he named none by name, all of us knew whom he meant, when he minced no words in speaking of 'arrogance disguised as patriotism', and called cowardice the most contemptible of human weaknesses, and then added the only of his words I can even today quote directly: 'The true name of intolerance is not stupidity; it is want of honor.' To me his words were as balm on my ailing heart..

Then he ordered that all of us resume the seats we had occupied

before the events I have described. While those who had removed the desk in front of mine now were placing it back in its former place, Director Karle watched in silence. After the former order had been fully restored and Rudel and I again shared the same desk, the Director dismissed the class for the day, and within a few minutes the room was empty and we were on our separate ways heading for home.

Yet, there was a final act to the 'Unter-Tertis' drama.

Of its events, however, I learned only several years afterwards, when except for the invisible scars, all wounds had healed.

In this final act, new and heretofore uninvolved actors

appeared on the scene. When I at last told my parents what had occurred, they were greatly upset and although neither they nor anyone else then knew that the class room drama was as the prologue to the fate Hitler held in store for all Jews, my parents took a more serious, more far reaching view; and my father felt that the Director's action in restoring order was not enough. Unexpectedly in this view they were supported by Melanie Ermarth, the mother of Fritz. She called on my parents and, after telling them how deeply she had been shocked when she learned of the role her son had played and how she shared my parents' concern, she suggested that Professor Klinger as the principal villain should be removed as our history teacher. He is a fanatic and for some reason has fallen under the spell of my son',

It is true that...

forteen-year-olds let themselves be trapped by all this absurdness, a responsible teacher, particularly in history, should know better'. Frau Ermarth was sincerely distressed. She had tried as best she could, so she told my parents, to convince her son of the morally wrong aims he pursued, but had not succeeded. She had done all she could as a woman but unfortunately, since Fritz had no father, she was unable to break the stone wall of his political beliefs.

Subsequently my father went to see Director Karle and urged him to replace Professor Klinger with another teacher. This, of course, placed the Director in a difficult position. He feared, so he explained, that such an unusual move would only serve to disturb anew the relative calm now reigning in 'Unter-Tertia'. He promised, however, to watch the situation closely and to take whatever action were necessary, should Professor Klinger again abuse his position as our history teacher. My father was satisfied and urged me to report to him at once any attempt by the Professor to use our classroom for political propaganda.

The year 1923 passed into history. Germany was on the threshold of a brief period of surface-calm, a democracy living on borrowed time, a country only a few years away from a crisis swallowing and devouring its men, women and children, its institutions and traditions, its entire way of life. Germany, between 1923 and 1929, resembled a plant whose flowers, inspite of their bright colors which arouse the admiration of all casual observers, cannot conceal from the careful eye of the experienced gardener the hidden sickness sapping its strength and slowly destroying its health. The terrible inflation was ended in 1923. Germany obtained a new lease on life, albeit a short one, at least in any sense life had been lived heretofore. All this was unknown to those who, like Germany's Jewish people, wanted to forget the year 1923, and the march of Adolf Hitler and his fanatic followers which, so they made themselves believe had ended in failure because, as they said to one another, 'the Germans are too sensible to fall for a charlatan and a madman who has nothing to

offer but the warmed-over superstitions and bigotries of a by-gone age.'

The apparent calm on the big stage of German politics in the years from 1924 to 1929, also reigned in the class rooms of the 'Humanistisches Gymnasium' in my home town. The power Fritz Ermarth exerted had been short-lived, and he never attempted to revive it. Whether, as some said many years later Fritz Ermarth had learned from his own experience the enormous danger in overpowering the wills and capacities of others than one's self, and their capacity for reasoning, or whether he began even then to adopt the political views of the German Left he was to hold later, no one can say; and no one who knew him and whom I met in later years, knew the answer. For he himself never spoke of the crisis in 'Unter-Tertia'.

Yet, the story of Fritz Ermarth would not be complete, if I did not speak of the relationship between him and me during the five remaining years at the 'Gymnasium'. Fritz Ermarth, who was responsible for a hurt deeper than any I had ever known, and surpassed by none deeper throughout my entire life to this day, he remained my secret idol. Even while his class room influence declined from year to year, I continued to be drawn towards him, in the same inexplicable way in which we are sometimes drawn towards total strangers we encounter; suddenly becoming aware of their presence and wishing win their confidence, if not their friendship. Are they not the holders of a secret key permitting us to open a room filled with beautiful things, access to which has been denied us? To readers of books and stories dealing with adolescents the situation is well known. Hermann Hesse's Demian, which had been first published in Germany in 1919, serves as a classic example to this day. (It would not be the least merit of these few pages if you, Naomi, not many years from now would read Demian and start wondering about what it may mean..)

Fritz Ermarth and I shared the same classroom until we parted ways after the final examination ('Abitur') in 1928. We never exchanged a single personal word, hardly looked at one another. This state of affairs became so well established that no one ever tried to change it. Not only did we all wish to forget the events of 1923, but other preoccupations took the place of what most came

to consider 'boyhood aberrations'. It was, above all, the 'Jugendbewegung' ('Youth movement') of these years which captured the imagination of the young. Everywhere young people were joining organised groups which in some ways were similar to the scouts, but differed from the latter in all important aspects. True, most of these groups (whose common name was 'Jugendbewegung') were drawn towards the woods and fields far from the towns and cities, demanded enough physical vigor and energy for long hikes and out-door nights in tents and at youth hostels, had a mild form of leadership based more on age than other qualifications. They differed from the scout movement in a significant way. Nearly all of the groupings were based on their members' religious affiliation: there was the catholic 'Quickborn' (which Rudel was to join), the predominantly protestant and antisemitic 'Wandervogel', the jewish-zionist 'Blau-Weiss'. Where the scout movement was based on broad and generally accepted principles of good citizenship, the german 'Bünde' (There is no adequate translation for this word deeply involved in german history where it refers to all kinds of associations of men whose goals were often of a secret character and who depended on strong discipline) stressed the ideals and motivations of their founders: some sought to provide the physical training which the former military service had demanded; others were devoted to the ideals of patriotism which their organizers believed were neglected in democratic Germany; still others were religion-oriented like the catholic groups; and the jewish-zionist 'Blau-Weiss' was, as always in the history of german-jewish relations, both a conscious reaction to the antisemitic youth organisations, the largest in number, and an attempt by german zionists to gain support among the young. What the 'Bünde' (excepting the 'Blau-Weiss') had in common was their success in drawing many young people of the german middle class into a semi-mystical world of their own; a state of affairs which was soon exploited by Adolf Hitler who formed a para-military youth organisation, 'Hitler Jugend', into which not many years later the 'Jugendbewegung' was merged. Meanwhile, however, the students at the 'Gymnasium'

all of whom came from middle-class homes, found in the youth movement a second home equally satisfying their emotional urges for idealistic fulfillment and their need for physical work-out.

There were other interests coming into our lives. Some of us fell in love and what could be more important than to court your girl, perhaps write poems or at least long highly personal letters for and to her? Others began preparing themselves for their future, spending whatever time they found to spare, in factories, workshops, laboratories.

Gone, gone forever, seemed the days of political turmoil. There was no unemployment, the inflation and the destruction of property were forgotten by all except its silent victims such as impoverished widows and old people, the moderate political parties formed the governments in Berlin and in the German States, and even the arch-enemies, France and Germany, found common ground and common hope for lasting peace.

The time has come to bring the story of Fritz Ermarth to its conclusion. Both he and I studied law. Since I lost an academic year by my initial attempt to study medicine, Fritz Ermarth was a full year ahead of me. Only in his last semester did our paths cross once more, for the last time. This happened when we found ourselves, by sheer accident, in the same compartment of a late afternoon train taking us back to our home town. The year was 1931. A few weeks had passed since Adolf Hitler had become the 'Führer' of Germany's second-largest political party, and the storm clouds were gathering all around us.

For a brief moment I felt again the vibrations of boyhood; and a sudden flicker in his eyes told me that he, too, saw himself in the mirror of memory. Then all was present. We talked easily like any former classmates at a chance meeting. He told me that he planned to spend the coming year as an exchange graduate student at Harvard University in the United States. I told him that I hoped to take the law examination in Germany the following year. We parted ways

at the railroad station in our home town.

If there was a mystery about Fritz Ermarth, and I believe there was, it has so remained to this day. I do not refer to the mystery which arises from his sudden abandonment of a power of personality he unquestionably possessed, the power of leadership. Nor do I find his departure from Nazi-Germany as such mysterious, even when he chose to remain in America at the very time when leadership offered greater promise in Germany than in any western country. No, the mystery about Fritz Ermarth surrounds his moves and decisions which, though visible to many, have remained unexplained forever.

As a student in Germany he had loved a girl, and their relationship was such that all who knew him assumed they would remain together and eventually marry. Yet, this did not come to pass, and in America he married a young woman from a midwestern State and became the father of two sons. After the end of the Second World War he returned to Germany and obtained a position with the newly established radio network of southern Germany. A short time later he ended his life by committing suicide, leaving behind him for this ultimate act in the face of nothingness, only rumors and conjectures. His mother, Melanie, still living in retirement in my home town whom he had visited with his young sons, also chose the same road in the end.

Was it mere accident, an encounter no different from countless others, or was it some of destiny's acts of management, that my son Raymond on one of his climbing excursions met one of the sons of Fritz Ermarth, Michael? It is a question which requires no answer. At any rate, when Raymond introduced me to Michael a number of years ago, he wanted to know from me answers I could not supply. Neither he nor his American mother knew much more of Fritz Ermarth than I - - except for the events of 'Unter-Tertia' I have told in this story. Since these events reach into a past so remote as to be but one step this side of oblivion, I believe they mirror nothing save the moment in which they occurred.

Thus the story of Fritz Ermarth is as little his story as the stories of my other classmates are theirs. They, as well as my own story, show that it is not the students and the scholars but the storytellers of all ages who alone can teach 'history': for history is nothing else but that which happens to human beings who are born to live their lives at a given time and place.

The stories of Walter Heinrich and RudelfFuchs (which is the finest of them all) I shall tell you another time.

Midnight December 27, 1975.

June 10, 1986

My dearest Susie -

The 'Russian' story 'Irina's Husband' belongs to you. Nothing meant more to me than your very personal statement that you were listening to some kind of music when you read my story. I believe that in the sense expressed by you, there is, at least in your judgement, a harmonious relationship between the the events described and the words used to do them justice. Since I did not write the story in the language that is truly my own, I derive all the more satisfaction from your statement.

'Irina's Husband' is a sad story but it also recognizes the mystery that renews itself timelessly in our spoken and unspoken love.

You will find on another page a few lines that have to do with the small occurrences of everydayday life which fortunately are often funny.

All my love -

these year round ^{but}
① lived in 1900-1901 ^{in the village}
rather than ~~at the beach~~ ^{at the beach}

cut a distance of
② some 50 km from
his village.

there was no one who could

How long ~~the peasants~~ ^{the peasants} ~~lived~~ ^{lived} ~~in the village~~ ^{in the village}
The ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}
The ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}

for ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~rich~~ ^{rich} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} ~~who~~ ^{who} ~~spent~~ ^{spent} ~~each~~ ^{each} ~~summer~~ ^{summer}

a few weeks at his villa ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} ~~gave~~ ^{gave} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~wife~~ ^{wife} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}
is a ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~husband~~ ^{husband} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~take~~ ^{take} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~acquaintances~~ ^{acquaintances},
to ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~acquaintances~~ ^{acquaintances},
and ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~acquaintances~~ ^{acquaintances},
acquainted and ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}

a small

estate ^{the} ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} ~~gave~~ ^{gave} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~wife~~ ^{wife} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}

specimens ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}
and ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~kept~~ ^{kept} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~a~~ ^a ~~guest~~ ^{guest} ~~house~~ ^{house}

young The former owner had been
living a good ~~part~~ ^{part} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~life~~ ^{life} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}
and ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~kept~~ ^{kept} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~a~~ ^a ~~guest~~ ^{guest} ~~house~~ ^{house}

for the ~~sup~~ ^{sup} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~estate~~ ^{estate} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} ~~gave~~ ^{gave} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~wife~~ ^{wife} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}

was ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~charge~~ ⁱⁿ ~~charge~~ ^{charge} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~estate~~ ^{estate} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~soon~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~found~~ ^{found}

a husband for his youngest daughter,
and ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~might~~ ^{might} ~~well~~ ^{well} ~~engage~~ ^{engage} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~husband~~ ^{husband} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~carry~~ ^{carry} ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~work~~ ^{work}

necessary repairs and improvements
part of ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~landowner's~~ ^{landowner's} ~~estate~~ ^{estate} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village} ~~Trina's~~ ^{Trina's} ~~husband~~ ^{husband} ~~received~~ ^{received}

at few weeks before

rather ~~near~~ ^{near} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village} ~~from~~ ^{from} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} ~~gave~~ ^{gave} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~wife~~ ^{wife} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~land~~ ^{land} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~village~~ ^{village}

The father T. J. L.

It was from the returned civil servant
control of T's husband the

use of the guest house on his estate ^{and} ~~was~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{used}
as ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~residence~~ ^{residence} to ~~fit~~ ^{fit} ~~top~~ ^{top} the

long
time

neglected ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~house~~ ^{house}. The father also informed
the trustee ~~that~~ ^{that} the estate ~~had~~ ^{had}

never been ~~restored~~ ^{restored} to ~~form~~ ^{form}
the ~~interests~~ ^{interests} necessary for

to pay T's ~~husband's~~ ^{husband's} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~personal~~ ^{personal}
wages.

17 years
in the same
wild age
was given

I had lived all of her
life ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place} but
the ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~had~~ ^{had}
been ~~given~~ ^{given} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~mother~~ ^{mother} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~will~~ ^{will}
17 years ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~had~~ ^{had}
been ~~given~~ ^{given} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~mother~~ ^{mother} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~will~~ ^{will}

known by her mother-in-law's
wappings that she urged her husband
to accept the civil servant's

proposal. His mother ~~did~~ ^{did} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~object~~ ^{object}.
A present was found ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~agreed~~ ^{agreed}

to take T and her husband to their
destination. Their ~~first~~ ^{first} ~~baggage~~ ^{baggage}

The carriage
and

was ~~loaded~~ ^{loaded} ~~quickly~~ ^{quickly} T's husband
sat next to the peasant and she

sat on a ~~blanket~~ ^{blanket} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the}
carriage, her ~~feet~~ ^{feet} ~~drooping~~ ^{drooping} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~head~~ ^{head} ~~resting~~ ^{resting} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~back~~ ^{back} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~carriage~~ ^{carriage} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~slipping~~ ^{slipping} ~~backward~~ ^{backward}.

They had hoped ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~peasant~~ ^{peasant} ~~manager~~ ^{manager} ~~or~~ ^{or} ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~one~~ ^{one} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~office~~ ^{office} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~able~~ ^{able} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~appear~~ ^{appear} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~them~~ ^{them} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~arrived~~ ^{arrived}.

was to be seen. The ~~main~~ ^{main} ~~house~~ ^{house} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~its~~ ^{its} ~~wind~~ ^{wind} ~~towers~~ ^{towers}

11 what used to be a pleasant garden,

- ① At last, the matter fell silent and I's husband explained to her with his wife who was pregnant as usual to start working as soon as possible.
- ②

wasn't sure if the EM knew who he was, he interrupted speech. I'll interrupt to to summarize what I's husband that he was returning from a day of splashing and that the want of work and the supervisor surrounding him were due to his injuries. However, I's husband noticed the estate manager's fumbling hands and his nervous eyes frequent glances at the large globe of board for the nearby cupboard.

He went to see I's husband sought to interrupt his rambling speech. ① The reason for his being there was to provide a table for the unfolded the father from the He explained that he had come ② The

pt 4.5

estate manager walked to his house and provided himself a large glass of brandy.

'You must be patient, little father', the estate manager said, 'I have given orders to cut the timber and take it to the sawmill. You will need plenty of it for the main house is in bad shape. I have also ordered ^{paint} window glass, and a large supply of nails. The work will be done any day now.'

'The sooner, the better.'

© and though they had little ^{for 5 pence} ~~money~~ ^{7.}
the ~~money~~

without little money I have left, I must
save for the baby's birth.'

The ^E estate ^{man} manager, pouring ^{ed} his
self another glass of brandy.

'We've fallen on hard times,
little father. ^{The crops were poor.} ~~to help~~ ^{the manager}
to scrape together, I send to the
agent in K you must speak with
him when he ^{is} ~~comes~~ ^{here} next time.'

'When will that be?'

The estate manager shook
his head.

'I don't know. But he will
~~be~~ ^{surely} come before long - and
then you will see ^{at once} ~~how~~ ^{troubling}
times a hardship.'



A few weeks later by. Trina
became acquainted with the wives of ^{the} ~~the~~
^{neighbouring} ~~the~~ ^{poor} ~~poor~~ ^{people} ~~people~~ who sold to her some
of milk and eggs, and enough flour
to bake a loaf of bread. ^{Being} ~~for~~ ^{poor}
were poor, the ~~poor~~ ^{poor} women were
satisfied with what little money Trina
could afford ^{as} ~~she~~ ^{could} ~~do~~ ^{with}
with ^{anxious} ~~concern~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{but}
steadily diminishing of little money
savings.

who was ~~completely~~ ^{completely} sober 8.

He recognized that he was unable

After a few ^{make shift} ~~fraternal~~ attempts
There was ~~no way~~ ^{no way} for his ~~husband~~ ^{husband} and
to ~~undertake~~ ^{do} any of the work ~~which~~ ^{for which}
had been ~~done~~ ^{done}. ~~From~~ ^{From} the ~~materials~~ ^{materials},
his carpenter's tools were ~~useless~~ ^{useless}.
It was ~~time~~ ^{time} to ~~be~~ ^{be} done. There must
have been ~~steps~~ ^{steps} of such ~~materials~~ ^{materials}
for the ~~steps~~ ^{steps} of a ~~spaceous~~ ^{spaceous} and
well ~~appointed~~ ^{appointed} ~~house~~ ^{house} in ~~the~~ ^{the}
city had ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~done~~ ^{done} or
rolled away.

The ~~husband~~ ^{husband} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~on~~ ^{on} the
the ~~whole~~ ^{whole} ~~message~~ ^{message} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same}
~~idle~~ ^{idle} ~~promises~~ ^{promises}.

"You must learn to be patient
little father. The agent must be
on his way by now. You will get
something with him by your
satisfaction!"

As far as the neighbors
were able to recall, the agent
of the ~~landowner~~ ^{landowner} came only once a
year, in the spring, when the planting
and sowing was in progress. ~~There~~ ^{There}
~~was~~ ^{was} ~~nothing~~ ^{nothing} ~~else~~ ^{else} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~do~~ ^{do} ~~there~~ ^{there} ~~was~~ ^{was}
husband ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~decided~~ ^{decided} ~~that~~ ^{that} ~~he~~ ^{he} ~~would~~ ^{would} ~~go~~ ^{go} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~his~~ ^{his} ~~journey~~ ^{journey}
to K. and to call himself on the
landowner's agent. ~~He~~ ^{He} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~set~~ ^{set} ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~journey~~ ^{journey}, the roads were

skip the end form.

... would ... with ...
his body and ...
ness. The time must be lost.

Irma was strong and his body was light. It felt rough
she did not ...
her gentle ...
head reached ...



Irma returned to her straight-
backed chair beside the stove. She
was wide awake, ...
listen to the sound of the youth's
breathing. It was ...
would to ...
she must ...
try to ...
some ...

He had not moved. ...
she raised his head, she noticed
...
on his chest and ...
when she withdrew her hand,
it was ...
with his body.

① By the middle of the day the rain had stopped off, and suddenly the sun ^{shining} brighter than ever, ^{cast} aside the ^{dull} ^{rain} clouds. The raindrops still clinging to leaves and branches were ^{driven} into sparkling ⁱⁿ ^{the} winds. A strong lake-summer breeze was fast drying up the pools of rain water ^{that} ^{marriage} the dirt road.

He ~~was on his way~~ ^{was on his way} to an ^{house} couple's ^{home} who had promised to send him to school. The youth was ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} and ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}. 'I shall soon have a baby', she said. 'I know it will be a boy. ^I ^{hope} ^{he} ^{will} ^{be} ^{like} ^{you}'. A deep blush darkened the youth's face. 'I know you will love him' he said.

② The youth ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} ^{and} ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}. ^{He} ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} ^{and} ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}. ^{He} ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} ^{and} ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}.

She ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} ^{and} ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}. ^{He} ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} ^{and} ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}.

him before she had to go.

Then he was off.

2.

By nightfall T's household ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} ^{and} ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}. ^{He} ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} ^{and} ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}. ^{He} ^{was} ⁱⁿ ^{his} ^{house} ^{and} ^{was} ^{decided} ^{on} ^{going} ^{at} ^{once}.

'I wish we had to wait a

did not urge him to stay. The sudden break
 in the clouds and snow was too long to wait, the
 sun ^{with the youth} ~~and the youth~~ ^{reached} the ~~main road~~ ^{main road} ~~from~~
 which he had stayed the day before,
 the ^(saber) ~~hobby~~ off he would be.

- ① that made her undress herself and lie beside the youth,
- ② as she was sharing her warmth with him,
- ③ that with his wife some days ago.

unconscious youth.

Later Tereza could not recall whether it was her own ^{loosing} struggle with the night breeze ^{or} whether ^{the only} left her ^{was} the warmth of her own body ^{spread to} ^{her} ^{from} ^{the} ^{unconscious} youth ^{at} ^{first} ^{to} ^{keep} ^{its} ^{natural} ^{temperature}. At any rate, once she lay beside him, she drew him towards her, and ^{they} ^{were} ^{sharing} ^{the} ^{heat} ^{with}, Tereza drifted off into sleep.

She dreamed that the child had already been born and that she was holding it in her arm. But she awoke. The youth ^{now} ^{was} ^{lying} ^{quietly} ^{with} ^{his} ^{head} ^{against} ^{her} ^{shoulder}.

I felt the heartbeat of her child and of the sleeping youth to her step for ^{her} ^{steps} ^{on} ^{his} ^{forehead}, ^{her} ^{unconscious} ^{was} ^{that} ^{from} ^{her} ^{like} ^{the} ^{metallic} ^{rod} ^{her} ^{had} ^{not} ^{waken} ^{up}.

I never knew much more about the youth. ^{Her} ^{name} ^{was} ^{the} ^{same} ^{as} ^{that} ^{of} ^{her} ^{husband}.

- ① harvested in the fields
- ② kindly manner. He did not stay. 15.

He knows that the ^{estate} manager is a drunkard and can't be relied on.

"But in the meantime, how shall we get along?"

"The agent gave me an advance of ~~20~~ ¹⁰ rubles. ~~He said he would make it back with the harvest and he would give me 10 more, but I thought as everything is so bad around here, as poor as we are. But this time of year, with the harvest begun at most, they have enough to help me out. At least until the agent comes.~~"

They said the manager ~~like any other~~ ^{laid at the} ~~side of~~ ^{side of} the house and ~~with~~ ^{that paper as deep} ~~as soon as~~ ^{the} stretched his legs, ^{Irina} ~~rested~~ ^{rested} on the strong back of the child, ~~and~~ ^{to have her} ~~she~~ ^{she} would be there to provide him with everything he needed.

The room was followed by a ~~long~~ ^{short} ~~series~~ ^{series} of ~~doors~~ ^{doors} that had been ~~closed~~ ^{closed}, a multitude of flowers raised their heads and ~~over~~ ^{over} night transformed the ~~rough~~ ^{rough} ~~surface~~ ^{surface} into a ~~delicate~~ ^{delicate} ~~carpet~~ ^{carpet}. The agent left his ~~word~~ ^{word}. The ~~morning~~ ^{morning} and Irina's hope was ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~handed~~ ^{handed} when he ~~stumbled~~ ^{stumbled} at her ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ a ~~circle~~ ^{circle}.

(1) and the materials that were needed.

(2) The estate manager, a ^{British} ~~British~~ ^{man} ~~man~~ ^{works on} ~~works on~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{property} ~~property~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{nothing} ~~nothing ^{After} ~~After~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{had} ~~had ^{completed} ~~completed~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{inspection} ~~inspection, the ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{left} ~~left ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house ^{but} ~~but ^{directly} ~~directly ^{to} ~~to ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{manager's} ~~manager's ^{house} ~~house~~.~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{estate} ~~estate ^{manager} ~~manager ^{went} ~~went ^{to} ~~to ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house~~.~~~~~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{applied} ~~applied ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{company} ~~company~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{accompany} ~~accompany~~ ^{them} ~~them.~~~~

The house
carefully

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

piece of ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent's} ~~agent's ^{work} ~~work ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{done} ~~done.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~~~

3
The agent
was
instructed
to
inspect
the
house
carefully

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

come to

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

~~The agent~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{agent} ~~agent~~ ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{instructed} ~~instructed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{inspect} ~~inspect ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{house} ~~house.~~~~~~

① In this manner the agent
 kept on talking for ^{quite} long time.
 Before he left, he gave T's
 husband another note of 5
 dollars. 'Enjoy things with
 work out', he said. 'Once
 the school manager sees with
 his own eyes the fine work
 you are doing, he'll be
 proud because it would be
 a feather in his own cap,
 wouldn't it?'

① ^{in the afternoon} ~~gone~~ ^{left} ~~with~~ ^{the} ~~party~~ ^{before} the first ²⁻¹ snowfall and ~~failed~~ ^{returned} to return.

It had been snowing day and night for several days. Although the peasants left their houses only on occasions they could not be sent off, the rumor had spread through the village that the Est. M'ger had ~~fallen~~ ^{been} ~~and~~ ^{fallen} ~~was~~ ^{fallen} ~~found~~ ^{found} since it was known that he was drunk most of the time, it was feared ^{being} ~~that~~ ^{instead} he had fallen and lay ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~where~~ ^{where} ~~under~~ ^{under} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~snow~~ ^{snow}. It appeared at first that this was indeed what had occurred. His body was found next to the entrance of the M'ger House under several inches of snow. Only after his body had been taken to his house, ^{a deep gash} ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~found~~ ~~that~~ ~~he~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~struck~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~head~~, and it was thought unlikely that ~~so~~ ~~great~~ ~~an~~ ~~injury~~ ~~could~~ ~~have~~ ~~been~~ ~~caused~~ ~~by~~ ~~a~~ ~~fall~~.

At the same time suspicion fell on E's husband. It was known ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~village~~ ~~that~~ ~~there~~ ~~was~~ ~~bad~~ ~~blood~~ ~~between~~ ~~the~~ ~~husband~~ ~~and~~ ~~the~~ ~~Est.~~ ~~M'ger~~. The village ~~people~~ ^{people} ~~all~~ ~~accompanied~~ ~~by~~ ~~many~~ ~~peasants~~, ~~went~~ ~~to~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~ ~~where~~ ~~the~~ ~~Est.~~ ~~M'ger's~~ ~~body~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~found~~. ~~The~~ ~~men~~ ~~at~~ ~~once~~ ~~a~~ ~~short~~ ~~heavy~~ ~~board~~ ~~was~~ ~~dig~~ ~~from~~ ~~the~~ ~~snow~~ ~~and~~ ~~after~~ ~~the~~ ~~snow~~ ~~had~~ ~~been~~ ~~driven~~ ~~off~~, ~~found~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~found~~ ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~a~~ ~~ball~~.

so. understood when she was ^{born} ~~not yet~~
 18 years old, ~~she had~~
 had a ~~app~~ but forgot the ~~name~~.
 I was a ~~person~~, it was
 kept by ~~many~~, but ^{begin to act} ~~at times~~
~~some~~ ~~at times~~ ~~some~~
 called it ~~subject~~ ~~not~~ ~~included~~,
~~with~~ ~~the~~ ~~years~~. I ~~did~~ ~~not~~, what
~~was~~ ~~it~~ ~~when~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~born~~.
~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~age~~ ~~of~~ ~~18~~ ~~years~~ ~~old~~.
~~name~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~place~~ ~~was~~ ~~born~~
~~at~~ ~~the~~ ~~age~~ ~~of~~ ~~18~~ ~~years~~ ~~old~~.

January - April 1986

Irina's Husband.

It had been raining without interruption for a full week. By now deep layers of mud made the roads all but impassable. In other years the autumn rains would come later, preceding the onset of winter. Over night the surface of the roads would harden again and travelers could reach their destinations without unusual delays.

Irina's husband had left before the rain started. She was expecting her first child, and although its birth was not due for another month, Irina was afraid of being alone in the unfamiliar house. They had been married for less than a year. Irina's husband had been a widower and was a good deal older than she. At first they had lived with his mother who never ceased comparing her seventeen year old daughter-in-law with her son's first wife who had been childless. When Irina became pregnant, her mother-in-law warned her of the dangers of childbirth, describing with many terrifying details the misfortunes lurking at the end of pregnancy, Irina was frightened and wept a great deal. 6

Irina's husband was skilled at carpentry work which he had taught himself. However, there was no one in the village who was able to afford fine handmade pieces of furniture, except the rich landowner who lived the year round in Moscow but spent each summer a few weeks at his villa. He never failed to commission Irina's husband to add another piece to the furniture of his villa so that nearly all of it was his handwork.6

Usually taciturne, Irina's husband opened his heart to his benefactor and told him about his young wife's distress. The landowner promised to write to one of his acquaintances in Moscow, a retired civil servant, who had recently inherited a small estate at a distance of some fifty kilometers from their village. The former owner had been living abroad and done little for the upkeep of his estate on which there was said to be a spacious old country house. The new owner intended to live on his estate as soon as he had found a husband for his youngest daughter, and he

might well engage Irina's husband to carry out the necessary repairs and improvements of his future home.

A few weeks later Irina's husband received a letter from Moscow. He took it to the priest who read it to him. The letter said that the retired civil servant promised Irina's husband and his wife the use of the Guest House on his estate for as long as Irinia's husband would need to restore the Main House which was in need of a skilled carpenter. He had already instructed the Estate Manager to provide the necessary materials and to pay Irina's husband three rubles for his daily wages.

Although Irina had lived all of her seventeen years in her native village, she was so worn by her mother-in-law's naggings that she urged her husband to accept the civil servant's proposal. A peasant was found who for a reasonable amount agreed to take Irina and her husband to their destination. Their few belongings and the carpentry tools were loaded quickly. Irina's husband sat next to the peasant and she sat on a blanket in the rear of the cart, her feet dangling and becoming sore on the rough road as the cart was swaying back and forth.

They had hoped the Estate Manager, or someone on his behalf, would be expecting them as they arrived, but no one was to be seen. The Main House, its windows shattered, the remnants of paint peeling, the roof riddled with gapping & holes, as well as the weeds and sickly trees in what used to be a pleasant garden - - it all was a scene of neglect and desolation. The nearby Guest House was no more than a primitive hut. Its single window was not shuttered and the door was not locked. The only furniture consisted of a bed, a table, two chairs and a stove. Everything was covered with cobwebs and dust.

The peasant was eager to leave before nightfall. As soon as the cart was unloaded and Irina's husband had paid him off, he left and Irina and her husband followed him with their eyes until he disappeared in the dusk.

They were too tired and dispirited to talk. They ate in silence the rest of the food left over from the journey. Irina made up the bed. Then they both knelt before the ikon Irina's mother had given them on their wedding, and said their prayers.

Early next morning, Irina's husband left in search of the Estate Manager. Wherever he went, he found utter desolation. The few peasants he met, their clothes hardly more than rags and their oxen emaciated, looked at him askance when he asked for the Estate Manager, then shook their heads and went on their way without answering him. Eventually he saw a thin column of smoke rising from the chimney of a nearby house. The door was ajar and a woman stood in front of it, as though she had been expecting him. She eyed him suspiciously as he halted his steps.

"I am looking for the Estate Manager", he called to her.

She nodded her head and quickly reentered the house, closing the door behind her.

While Irina's husband was wondering what he should do, the door was opened again, and a middle-aged man, freshly but incompletely shaven, with blood-shot eyes, appeared and walked towards him with halting steps. He sought to hide his discomfort caused by the unwelcome visitor behind a forced smile and a long quite incoherent speech. Apparently he wanted to persuade him that he was recovering from a lengthy illness. Suddenly he interrupted himself and waved to Irina's husband to follow him inside the house. A few pieces of broken-down furniture, discarded articles of clothing, unwashed dishes - - Irina's husband wasn't sure whether the man who had resumed his rambling speech was in fact the Estate Manager. He unfolded the letter he had received from the civil servant in Moscow. The man nodded his head and with trembling hands poured himself a large glass of brandy from a bottle on a nearby cupboard.

"you must be patient, little father", he said, "I have given orders to cut the timber and take it to the sawmill. You will need plenty of it, for the Main House is in a bad state. I have also ordered paint AND window glass and a large supply of nails and screws. It'll all be here any day now".

"The sooner, the better", Irina's husband said. "My wife is expecting and I must start working as soon as possible".

The Estate Manager poured himself another glass of brandy.

"We've fa;;en on hard times, little father. The crops were poor. Whatever I manage to scrape together, I send to the Agent in K. You must speak with him when he comes the next time".

"When will that be?"

The Estate Manager shook his head.

"I don't know. But he will surely come before the autumn rains set in and traveling becomes a hardship".

A few weeks went by. Irina became acquainted with the ~~witxxxx~~ of the neighboring peasants who, although they had little to spare, sold her some milk and eggs, and enough flour to bake a loaf of bread. Being poor, the women were satisfied with what little money Irina could afford offering them as she was watching anxiously the steady dwindling of their meager savings.

After one or two makeshift attempts, Irina's husband recognized that he was unable to undertake any of the work for which he had been hired. ~~XXXXXX~~ Lacking all of the basic materials, his carpentry tools were useless. At one time, to be sure,

there must have been in the attic and cellar stores of the kind of materials that are required for the upkeep of a spacious well-appointed country house, but they had either been stolen or rotted away.

Whenever Irina's husband called on him, the Estate Manager, who was rarely sober, repeated the same idle promises.

"You must learn to be patient, little father. The Agent must be on his way now. You will settle everything with him to your satisfaction".

As far as the neighbors were able to recall, the Agent came only once a year, in the spring, when the planting and sowing was in progress. Under the circumstances, what else was there to do but for Irina's husband to undertake the journey to K. and to call himself on the Agent. On the day he started out, the roads were still dry and firm.

When the rains came prematurely and delayed her husband's return, Irina was compelled to stay inside all day long, waiting for the rain to stop. She kept a slow fire going in the stove, using as little as possible of the precious firewood she had gathered. With none of the neighbors' wives venturing out of their homes, Irina noticed drowsily the many signs of the life she was sheltering in her body grown heavy.

In the dusk of a late afternoon, Irina may have fallen asleep. or simply closed her eyes, listening to the monotonous sound of the rain beating on the roof and against the window. At any rate, she had remained unaware of the knock on the door and of its being opened and closed by the stranger. Yet, when she saw him, prostrate on the floor, water dripping from his clothes leaving a puddle beneath him, Irina shed the fear that gripped her briefly. She rose and bent over the stranger. His eyes were closed. His features were a mere adolescent's. Noticing his extreme pallor and his laborious breathing, Irina realized that the unknown youth, whoever he may be, needed her care.

She knelt down beside him. She removed the scarf she had tied round her head and dried his face and neck. When her fingers touched his skin, she was startled by his cold. For a moment she considered fetching the blanket from the bed and spreading it over him. But as long as he wore his wet clothes, the blanket would be useless. Since it also was the only one they owned, it must not get wet.

Irina decided she must rid him of his clothes before covering him with the blanket. She began to undress him which proved to be difficult since the youth failed to respond to her softly murmured guidance, and his clothes clung to his body. Eventually she succeeded in removing his clothes which she hung at once alongside the stove to dry. The youth's long thin limbs and his narrow hairless chest were as cold as his face. Had it not been for his labored breath, Irina would have feared that life had gone out of him.

What was she to do? If the lifeless youth beside her remained where he was, death was certain to claim him. The bed alone would restore warmth to his body and forestall a fatal sickness. No time must be lost. Irina was strong and his body was light. Although she did not know whether he heard her gentle directions, he appeared willing enough to let himself be helped by her until they reached the bed and Irina could lift him up and cover him with the blanket.

Irina returned to her straightbacked chair beside the stove. She was wide awake, straining her ears to catch the sound of the youth's breathing. It was now almost dark outside, and after she lit the candle, she felt hungry and it occurred to her that she must try to feed the youth some cabbage soup and make him drink some strong tea.

He had not moved. When she raised his head, she noticed his flushed cheeks and sweat on this forehead.

She placed her hand on his chest and felt for his heart, and when she withdrew her hand it was chilled from the contact with his body. As her concern deepened, she sought to arouse him sufficiently so she could feed him a few spoons of soup and hot tea.

"Please, please", she coaxed him softly, 'you will be ill, very ill, unless you warm up inside'.

But the youth failed to respond, and Irina, feeling no longer hungry herself, returned the soup and tea to the stove and sat again on her chair, watching and listening. After a while, she extinguished the candle. The rain did not abate, but its steady sound no longer made her drowsy. She heard only the rising and ebbing of the youth's rapid breathing.

Although Irina had worn her warmest clothes ever since the rain had commenced, she felt the chill dampness rising from the floor as she sat in the darkness. Time and again she returned to the bed and placed her hand on the chest of the unconscious youth. The cold had not loosened its grip.

Later Irina could not recall whether it was her own losing struggle with the nighttime cold that made her undress and lie beside the youth, or whether her action sprang from her hope that the warmth of her own body would spread to his body and restore its natural temperature. At any rate, once she lay next to him she drew him towards her, and as she was sharing her warmth with him, she drifted off into sleep.

She dreamed that her child had already been born and that she was cradling it in her arms. Once or twice she awoke. The youth now was breathing evenly and quietly,

asleep with his head against her shoulder. Gratitude welled up in her as she felt the heartbeats of her child and of the sleeping youth. She pressed her lips on his forehead, and she murmured the word 'Mamotchka', but did not wake up.

Irina never knew much more about the strange youth than that his name was 'Mihail' and that he had left his village some time ago and had been on his way to an uncle's house who had promised to send him to school. He asked no questions and gave only the briefest of answers. 'I shall soon ave a baby, Irina had said, 'I know it will be a boy. I hope he will be like you'. 'You will love him' he had said, avoiding to look at her.

By the middle of the following day the rain tapered off, and suddenly the sun, shining brighter than ever, cast aside the dull rain clouds. The raindrops clinging to leaves and boughs were transformed into sparkling crystals. A strong late-summer wind was fast drying up the pools of rainwater that marred the dirtroads. The youth grew restless. Irina did not urge him to stay. The sudden break in the clouds was not to be trusted. The sooner he reached the road from which he had strayed the day before, the safer he would be. Although he had eaten amply of her soup and drunk many glasses of tea, Irina forced a whole loaf of bread on him before she let him go.

By nightfall Irina's husband returned. He looked haggard and old, as though years had been added to his life. Irina realised at once that his journey had failed to fulfill his expectations. She refrained from asking many questions since she did not want to compound his disappointment.

'Twice we had to wait a full day for a change of horses', he explained, and Irina saw that each word cost him a great effort, 'The rainbrought everything to a standstill. Everywhere there were stranded travelers, nowhere room enough to lie down and stretch one's legs'.

He was famished, and there was hardly enough to still his hunger. We did not notice that Irina ate very little. She was relieved because she did not have to tell him that she had fed a stranger.

The Agent is not a bad fellow', he repeated his own words soothingly, as though they were apt to raise Irina's low spirit. 'He is going to write to the landowner in Moscow, and as soon as the landowner confirms everything as far as we are concerned, the Agent will come here himself. He knows the Manager is a drunkard and cannot be relied on'.

'And in the meantime, how shall we get along?'

'The Agent gave me an advance of ten roubles. The peasants around here are as poor as we are. But this time of year, with the harvest season almost over, they have enough to help us out'.

There was nothing else to say. They said their prayers like any other evening. Later, at the side of her husband who had fallen asleep as soon as he stretched his legs, Irina listened to the strong heartbeat of her child. Whatever happened, she would be able to provide her child with everything he needed.

The rain was followed by a series of cloudless late-summer days. Amid the stubbles left in the harvested fields and in the meadows that had been mowed, a multitude of flowers raised their heads and overnight transformed the monotoneous surface into checkered carpets.

The Agent kept his word. He arrived one morning, and Irina's hopes were rekindled when he called on her husband and promised to set things right. He went directly to the Estate Manager's house. He returned a short time later, accompanied by him. He asked Irina's husband to go with them to the Main House. There Irina's husband listed all

the work that needed to be done and the materials that were required. The Agent wrote it down in a small note book.

The Estate Manager, a sullen look on his puffed-up face, said nothing but nodded his head from time to time. After the inspection was completed, the Agent tore several sheets from his note book and handed them to the Estate Manager.

'You must see to it that the work is done by next Spring. The landowner wants to move in and everything must be ready for him'.

The calm, still warm autumn days ended abruptly. Overnight an icy wind swept across the steppe and brought the first snow. Irina's labor commenced before dawn and as the time between her labor pains grew rapidly shorter, her husband went to call for the midwife at daybreak. The child, a healthy boy, was delivered easily, and his newly-found voice proved to be a match for the wind noisily assailing the Guest House. For a few days, the neighbors' wives took turns in counseling and helping the young mother. After the child began sucking and Irina proved to be blessed amply with milk, she and her husband were again left to themselves. At night the baby slept between them, and Irina nestled his head in the hollow of her shoulder, protecting him from the agitations of her husband's frequent nightmares.

While Irina's husband was waiting for word from the Estate Manager, he also made a crib for the child and embellished it with small wooden figures he had carved and painted with the

remnants of some colors he had found among his carpenter's tools. The neighbors came and praised and admired his handiwork.

As winter settled in, the occasional work he had found in the village and by which he had earned a few roubles now and then, came to an end. The Agent's advance was

smaller rapidly. Irina's husband began calling on the Estate Manager daily, but never returned with anything more than the same promises.

One day, however, the Estate Manager told him that he had succeeded in procuring a sizable quantity of wooden boards of varying sizes so that Irinia's husband could begin his work in the Main House. For once it seemed that he had kept his word. But when Irina's husband arrived at the Main House at dawn the following day, he saw a disorderly heap of boards piled up hastily and without care. Looking more closely, he found that the wood was of a poor grade and that nearly all the boards had either served before or been discarded as useless.

Irina who had been watching her husband's growing despondency, could see only one way out of their predicament.

'Can we not return to our village?' she started hesitantly, then stopped as she noticed the revulsion in her husband's face. She recalled later that she had been more troubled by his calm than she would have been by his anger.

'Even if we found a peasant who owns a horse able to make the journey this time of year, we don't have enough money to pay him', he said calmly.

'Perhaps the Estate Manager has been deceived by the man who delivered the wood'. Irina knew it wasn't so, yet she continued. 'Did you ask him to inspect it himself?'

'Not yet', was her husband's quiet monosyllabic answer.

It had been snowing day and night for several days. Although the peasants left their homes only on errands that could not be put off, the rumor spread through the village that the Estate Manager had gone out in the afternoon before the first snowfall and failed to return. Since it was known that he was drunk most

of the time, it was feared that, being unsteady on his feet, he had fallen and lay somewhere buried beneath the snow. It appeared at first that this was indeed what had occurred. His body was found next to the entrance to the Main House under several inches of snow. Only after his body had been taken to his home, a deep gash was discovered on his forehead, and it was thought unlikely that so grave an injury could have been caused by a fall.

At once suspicion fell on Irina's husband. It was well known that there was bad blood between him and the Estate Manager. The village Elder, accompanied by many peasants, went to the place where the Estate Manager's body had been found. Quickly a short heavy board was dug out of the snow, and after the snow had been dusted off, one of its ends was covered with blood.

The Village Elder sent for the Police Inspector. After he arrived and was duly informed, they went, all of them, to the Guest House. Irina's husband was standing in front of the door, calm, composed, patient.

'The Estate Manager has been killed. Do you know anything about it?'

'I am guilty, whether I killed him or not. It doesn't matter. I've killed him more than a hundred times in my mind'.

Irina's husband was never tried for the murder of the Estate Manager. He had hanged himself in the night following his arrest.

After the winter came to an end and the roads became once more passable, Irina returned with her child to her own village. She had no choice but to live with her mother-in-law. At first the old woman refused to speak to her, taking as little notice as possible of her presence. Gradually, however, the child soothed her pain and she welcomed every moment Irina left the child in her care.

Irina was well liked in her village and there were quite a few houses where her friendly disposition and her skill in sowing and mending were in steady demand. She did not earn much but by working long hours she saw to it that the small needs of what in time became her own household were provided for.

A number of young men wanted to marry Irina but she rejected all offers. When her mother-in-law died, she was in her twenty fifth year. Those of her suitors who had expected she would change her mind after the old woman's death, found their expectations disappointed. Irina spent all her spare time with her child who had grown up to be a handsome boy.

So one year followed upon another, and even the people who had long remembered and often recalled the events that had made Irina a widow when she was barely eighteen years old, had all but forgotten them. Irina herself, it was felt by many, had begun to act strange at times. Some called her absent-minded. Indeed, what else was it when she forgot her own son's name, and instead of Nikita called him Mihail?

'S a i n t N i m m e r l e i n ' s D a y '

~~4/~~
Peter Nimmerle, age fifty one, a man with literary leanings, awaking in the morning of June 30, experienced a sense of relief. It ~~was not~~ ^{not} [did not] proved to be deceptive, as it had so often in the past. As a matter of fact, Peter Nimmerle felt so safe in its possession that he fetched his pocket diary and, sitting naked on his bed, made the following entry: 'Morning dread gone. Extraordinary.'

He shut off the airconditioner and opened the bedroom window which faced East. Then he opened the remaining windows of his two-room apartment in the Washington Heights section of Manhattan where he had lived with his immigrant parents until they had died.

Peter Nimmerle had been suffering severely from the unbroken 100-plus degree heat of the past thirty days. This morning, however, he felt capable of coping with the abnormal climate. He promised himself to show forbearance toward his black and hispanic neighbors who, rather than returning to their airless and crowded quarters, had spent the night beneath his bedroom window and whose voices had penetrated his apartment above the din of the airconditioner.

Returning from his shower, Peter Nimmerle noticed that, contrary to previous mornings, the temperature in his apartment had risen further, and was higher than in the narrow, windowless bathroom.

watching the sunlight and the shadows modifying the contours of his familiar furniture.

He reached for his watch. It was not yet ten o'clock. There was enough time to get dressed and to be at the office at eleven o'clock. Peter Nimmerle rose. His perspiring body left an impression of dark moisture on the white sheet. He was certain to have turned on the airconditioner and to have set its gauge ^{on} 'maximum cool'. Indeed, the airconditioner was humming. In brief regular intervals it was sending puffs of compacted heat into the room. Peter Nimmerle shut the airconditioner off. But he did not open the window lest a continued entry of heat puffs revealed itself as another caprice of the perverted climate.

Peter Nimmerle dressed and closed the apartment door behind him at ten-thirty.

~~Handwritten scribble~~
The janitor and his pregnant wife and their three small children were about to leave the building as Peter Nimmerle arrived at the foot of the stairs. They wore bright, freshly ironed clothes as for a holiday outing in Summer. They carried neatly folded blankets and ample shopping bags, containing, no doubt, provisions of food and drink. Although it was unusual for the janitor, a tireless, conscientious man, to take a day off in the middle of the week, it was more than understandable that he sought escape from his sweltering ground-floor apartment in the rear of the building, whose only windows faced a littered courtyard.

But the janitor and his family were not setting out for the beach. They unfolded their blankets on the sidewalk in front of the building and spread clean sheets and towels over them. They talked very little, and the

children needed neither restraint nor prodding as the family settled down quietly.

Peter Nimmerle's mild surprise at the janitor's and his family's unexpected action turned to outright bewilderment when he found that to either side of the street, and as far as his eyes could reach, groups of people were similarly resting on the sidewalks.

The janitor smiled broadly as he noticed Peter Nimmerle's bewilderment. 'You are most welcome to join us, Mr. Nimmerle. There is enough room for everybody', the janitor said, using, as he spoke, a soft English variation of his original hispanic melody. Peter Nimmerle thanked the janitor politely and stepped into the street.

He had but a few short blocks ^{to} walk to his customary subway station. He walked slowly. Although he had lived in the same neighborhood all his life and had known, or at least recognized, many of its residents at one time or another, there were by now only very few of them left. He was, therefore, all the more surprised when a vaguely familiar male voice pronounced his name. Peter Nimmerle stopped and looked for the face to which the voice belonged, but the face was not familiar at all.

The face of the speaker was extremely pale and its wrinkled skin appeared to be paper-thin. A smile of great sweetness, like the plea of a young woman for a deed of kindness or for an act of forgiveness, played around the finely-drawn mouth and the large dark eyes. The owner of the face was an old man looking up from the sidewalk where he was seated on an embroidered pillow the like of which Peter Nimmerle had seen in his grandparents' home many years ago.

'I am pleased to see you, but I am very much afraid you can not place me, never mind. You have a specific destination, I take it, since you have not yet chosen your spot?'

'I am late as it is', Peter Nimmerle said. 'I am on my way to the office'.

Even as he was uttering these seemingly weightless words, Peter Nimmerle felt that they were unveiling a promise of freedom ^{it} that was up to him to redeem. Was he on his way to his office? The old man's answer, to Peter Nimmerle's surprise, also ^{had} ~~attracted~~ a special meaning ⁱⁿ ~~from~~ Peter Nimmerle's reference to his destination.

Discover!
~~gite~~
'Offices, castles, never mind! ^{people} Destinations, destinations, never mind! Whom have they not frustrated in his time?'

'I am not in a hurry to get to the office', Peter Nimmerle heard himself say. 'But I am truly sorry that I cannot place you.'

'It does not matter. Names are troublesome.'

A whitish ball of compacted heat rolled in and temporarily interfered with Peter Nimmerle's breathing. He said nothing further. The old man also remained silent. It was likely that, even after the ball had moved on, breathing remained difficult for him. The sweetness of his smile, however, became as the soft reflection of ^{some} ~~the~~ nearby light on his emaciated face and it so moved Peter Nimmerle that he did not want to leave. But the old gentleman waved him on and Peter Nimmerle reluctantly continued on his way to his subway station.

In the meantime, many more people had arrived, and as the sidewalks could not accomodate all the new arrivals, they settled in the ^{road} ~~street~~ without

complaining. Many had brought oversized plastic bags in which they collected the litter and refuse. So dense, and still growing denser, was the multitude of people of all ages that Peter Nimmerle had to choose his steps cautiously, since he did not want to wake up sleeping children or disturb the silent bonds uniting groups of families and of friends.

Peter Nimmerle had been so absorbed in his slow progress that he found himself in front of the newsstand, within one block of his subway station, when it occurred to him that the unusual aspect of the streets ^{wight} ~~may~~ be due to the ~~declaration~~ ^{proclamation} of a non-scheduled holiday. The newsstand was unattended, but a very high pile of copies of the New York Times was still waiting for the morning customers. Peter Nimmerle added the required change to the quarters, dimes and nickels deposited in the attendant's absence, and, as was his habit, looked at the headlines.

There were three in very large print:

'President announces Cessation of all Government Activities ^P Federal and State Offices closed indefinitely, ^P Mayor praises City Holiday Mood' ^P

These lines were followed by a single line in smaller print:

'Israeli Prime Minister denies he is Messiah'. ^P

The rest of the front page of the New York Times was blank, and neither the newspaper's main section, nor any of its other sections (none of which was omitted) carried any text.

Although the New York Times headlines appeared to refer only to the 'Public Sector', Peter Nimmerle questioned the likelihood of the 'Private Sector' being unaffected by the important steps announced by the President.

He wondered why no mention had been made of the New York Stock Exchange, but inclined to the belief that the Exchange, as well as the offices of its member firms, were closed. He was, therefore, not surprised when, upon reaching the entrance to his subway station, he found a chain of multicolored beads strung across to which an 'Announcement' had been fastened: 'Final runs on all means of transportation completed. There will be no further public transportation. MTA'.

Peter Nimmerle accepted with joy the gift of freedom, now confirmed from so many sources, and his joy was deep and unhurried, partaking of the calm which had descended upon the multitude in whose midst he felt welcome and secure. This feeling, ~~replacing his former crowd-inspired sense of rejection and menace~~ ^{replacing his former crowd-inspired sense of} was so strong that he let his eyes range over the groups nearest him, seeking out those which by age and composition were most likely to receive him as a suitable sharer of their humble space. Wherever he rested his eyes, he encountered other eyes communicating their welcome silently, yet unmistakably. Words were superfluous, but words were also wasteful of the would-be speakers' breath. The succession of balls of heat of progressively thicker consistence ^y had quickened and the passage of each was of longer duration. Peter Nimmerle resisted the temptation to ~~abide~~ ^{stay} with the group of one of the friendly persons whose eyes he had met. He wanted to return to his own street, hoping for the company of the old gentleman who had befriended him or of the janitor and his family.

He retraced his steps slowly. Of the many children only very few were still awake; most appeared to be asleep with their eyes fixed and wide-open.

upon
replacing
the sense
of freedom
and warmth
formerly cool
in him by large
crowds

Middle-aged fathers and mothers, as well as still childless young couples, had moved close together. All street noise had subsided. There was no sound of spoken words; only an occasional movement of lips or a nodding of heads indicated that not all of the customary means of communication had ceased.

Peter Nimmerle had entered a short unfamiliar block when he saw the slim figure of Helena in a white tailored suit, erect against the entrance to an old apartment house. Although he was not close enough to see her face, he knew that she was frightened and uncertain where to turn. By one of Helena's nearly imperceptible movements ^{he was familiar with,} ~~which he knew how to interpret,~~ Peter Nimmerle knew that she, too, had seen him. He did not have the strength to turn around in order to avoid the street. As he drew nearer, he became more and more certain that he did not deceive himself, when he took for a smile the slightly lifted corners of Helena's mouth and her arched eyebrows.

'I knew you would come'.

'Helena'

'I've been standing here all morning so I wouldn't miss you'.

'Helena'

'Stay with me'.

'Helena'

Peter Nimmerle's sole response to Helena's subdued celebration of his arrival had been the single word 'Helena', pronounced three times, but it had been sufficient to seal the renewal of their union. They needed to be together, they needed to be alone. Supporting each other, they climbed the five flights of stairs to Helena's apartment. They paused many times because

the stairs were steep and their lungs were tired and unable to deal efficiently with the air which appeared to solidify.

The one-room apartment was in disarray, displaying the marks of Helena's hurried departure. The sofa-bed was unmade, its single sheet crumpled. The untouched breakfast tray sat on the mahogany desk beneath the open window. A vase filled with wilted flowers stood on the floor next to the apartment door, having failed to complete the way to the incinerator. Pieces of underwear and clothing were everywhere. The door to the tiny bathroom stood open. All over the floor ^{here} were soiled towels and wads of paper tissues.

Peter Nimmerle went to the window whose westward view, as in a skillfully chosen cutout in a photograph, framed the George Washington Bridge spanning the Hudson River. Many hours had gone by since noon, and beneath the pale sky the sun generated gigantic shadows of the Bridge, melting in the distance. No traffic moved across the Bridge, but on the streets providing access to it the crowds were so dense that there was no space left for newcomers.

When Helena called to him, her words were all but stifled in a long, exhausted sob:

'Don't leave me alone'.

Helena had stripped off her clothes and lay, her eyes closed, naked on the bed. Peter Nimmerle removed his own clothes and lowered himself, suddenly light-headed, until he lay next to Helena. He closed his eyes but reopened them at once. The inside of his head was ^{suddenly} seized by a disorder, ^{a sense of} ~~threatening~~ his being precipitated into a depth from which there would be no return.

threatening

Peter Nimmerle saw the trembling shadow, first, on the ceiling, then gliding, and slightly accelerating, down the wall. As the spectacle repeated itself, he rose laboriously and once more reached the window. The suspension cables of the Bridge were swaying slowly and noiselessly, as the Bridge itself was sinking towards the River. The enormous steel towers to either side of the River had begun to lean forward and, twisting uncannily, were yielding to the pull of the sinking Bridge. A low-pitched murmur, ebbing away steadily, emanated from the crowds alongside the River.

The available supply of air was rapidly growing shorter. Peter Nimmerle crawled back to the bed. He raised himself on his knees and placed his head upon Helena's cool breast.

Mariage et la femme
Blanche

~~avec qui elle partage ma admiration de~~
Pour son dévouement à son mari,

Pour son

qui m'a donné l'exemple de
l'attachement et de la fidélité
qui contribuent à charger
les mariages, etc.

X) Après un bref silence, elle dit de sa voix ordinaire: 'J'accorde, juste la le ^{de trouver} miss ~~le~~ contact.'

avec l'assurance d'une grande personne.

'C'est vous, le Commissaire "Aigre"?'

'Oui.'

'Je dois vous voir, c'est si ~~important urgent~~ important urgent. ~~Il faut me croire~~

Je peux rester chez vous? Je n'ai rien pas pour longer mes pas. ~~Il s'agit...~~ ~~Il s'agit...~~ ~~Il s'agit...~~

Elle hésita, comme s'il lui fallait reprendre courage.

'Je j'ai dit le jour, Mademoiselle?'

'- d'un crime qui se va commiser cette nuit. ~~Il faut me croire~~

Elle ^{semblait} repoussait ses paupières.

~~Elle était très agitée~~. sa voix se fit implorante.

'Il faut me croire', répétait-elle. 'Je connais bien l'homme avec qui vous habitez. Je passe souvent Boulevard Richard-Lenoir.'

X) sans attendre, elle se croqua. Elle avait prononcé ^{à l'intention} ses dernières paroles. ~~de Lapointe~~ de Lapointe. Elle voulait le dupier ~~avant~~ ~~avant~~ ~~avant~~ ~~avant~~

Il lui faisait croire que Margot avait consenti à sa séduction.

La femme ^{Margot} était toujours dans la cuisine et ^{elle} alla pour lui annoncer sa ~~venue~~ ~~venue~~ ~~venue~~ ~~venue~~

x) Le fiancé s'appelle Robert de
 Saint-Hugent, et habite avec
 ses parents.

^{son}
 père. Elle prétend que son père
 veut tuer son fiancé cette nuit et
 qu'il se cacherait ^{partout} par quelque endroit et qu'il
 va fuir dans une valise. Tu
 comprends?

'Oui, papa. Elle ne semble
 pas trop extraordinaire!'

'Après la jeune personne,
 le père mourra de la rage
 dans son état actuel, la nuit même
 s'il ne se débarrasse!'

La jeune ^{deuxième} Margot
 semblait réfléchir.

'Écoute, papa, mon petit,
 tu te feras conduire Route d'Ypres, les
 le père s'appelle Dupont, et habite
 au 23. Tu l'installeras dans la
^{de l'autre côté de la rue,}
 qui juste en face de la maison. Evidem-
 ment il y aura beaucoup de monde
 pour la réception de Noël au, mais tu
 l'arrangeras avec le patron.'

'Tu comprends?
~~Je comprends!~~

'Il y a aussi une jeune femme
 au 23. Tâche d'en tirer quelques infor-
 mations!'

Quand Margot se fut en-
 jalon, le docteur Pardon et sa femme
 s'étaient déjà installés dans leurs

~~Il avait sorti la valise~~
~~Il est intéressé. Quel genre~~
~~de valise~~

Il s'occupe au sujet des supérieurs. Elle
dit que peut-être les gens des gens des
pouvoirs comme il faut. Mais
il y a une chose curieuse...

'Il y a...'

'La conception est ins. etc. dit
que si apparaît... dit...
que pour l'histoire et l'histoire...
et pour... dit...
je n'ai rien. Mais quand...
l'homme se... dit...
pl. - dit... dit...
elle ne se... dit...
se peut-être... dit...
des...'

'C'est tout?'

'Non, la conception m'a dit
que M. Dupont a fait...
valise du sous-sol.'

~~Il~~ ^{assez} est... dit...
que les... dit...
au...'

'Où, dit... dit...
s'agit-il... dit...'

'Il n'a... dit...
de...'

'Il y a... dit...
quand il... dit...'

fin. leur café. Il se ^{restent} ~~retrouvèrent~~ que 2
 ou 3 minutes ^{avant} ~~juste~~ minuit. ~~Il se~~ ~~retrouvèrent~~
~~à~~ Margot chercha la boucaille de
 Champagne de la glacière. Le fantôme de Marie
~~se~~ ~~trouvait~~ sur la cheminée ~~en~~ ~~ce~~ ~~moment~~
 minuit.

Margot embrassa sa femme et
 Madame Pardon. Le docteur Pardon,
 après avoir fait comme Margot ~~se~~
 offrit sa ~~bonne~~ ~~venue~~
~~quelques~~ ~~simples~~ ~~paroles~~ ~~de~~ ~~bon~~ ~~soir~~
 à la nouvelle aublé ~~que~~ ~~se~~ ~~trouvait~~ ~~à~~ ~~ce~~
~~moment~~

Plus de temps après, les Pardon
 partaient. Margot haïla.

'Tu pleure le coucher' dit
 sa femme, 'j'aurai vite fait avec
 la vaisselle.'

Margot, sachant que sa
 femme ne pouvait se réveiller avant
 que tout soit rangé et mis à sa
 place, gagna la chambre, se dés-
 habilla et, après une courte toilette
 à la salle de bain, se coucha et
 aussitôt se rendormit.

Le jour de la belle saison
 la nouvelle ~~se~~ ~~trouvait~~ à 3 heures. Margot
 dévacha.

1) ^{travaux} ~~travaux~~ ^{travaux} de la pointe.

'Hélas!'

'C'est moi, patron!'

'Oui, moi?'

'La pointe!'

'Ih, oui. Où es-tu, mon petit?'

'Hélas! Rue de la...
pauvre, dans l'appartement
de l'île de la...'

'Où est-ce que tu fais?'
L'homme hésita un moment,
avant de répondre.

'Pour la...
ensemble...'

'Où est la jeune personne?'

'Je ne sais pas, patron!'
L'homme...

'Et les autres?'

'On veut de l'argent...'

'Tu veux dire...?'

'Non, patron. Robert
le fils-Hubert a-t-il pas...
à son...?'

'Je vois, mon petit.
Robert le fils-Hubert, pour que
vous ne l'aurez pas...
avant, ^{Robert le fils-Hubert} à jamais...'

La pointe...'

de la maison, tout juste à l'heure
 minuit, ma femme et Gérardine
 et moi, avons pu accéder promptement
 dans la valise, Gérardine
 a préféré comme un chien.
 Mais, ^{parce que grâce à votre intervention,} ~~quand~~ M. Lapointe s'est
 présenté, ~~il~~ ^{Gérardine} s'est levée
~~pour~~ ^{qu'elle} reconnue. J'ai pu l'ordre
 d'ouvrir la valise, et M. Lapointe
 a tout de suite ^{compris} ~~compris~~ la
 situation. M. Lapointe a Gérardine
 que la femme comme une
 Margot s'est avoué promptement
 pour assister à s'habiller et
 comme j'ai représenté par
 journal. Mais Gérardine s'est
 tout fait, et s'est présentée
 comme tout s'écroulait
 de plus en plus et, j'ai
 espéré, final de ~~la~~
 du jour Robert de St. Hubert.
 'Où l'avez-vous?'
 'J'ai une proposition
 pour de l'argent, M. de
 Lapointe!'
 'Votre fille, Monsieur,
 est une jeune personne peu
 ordinaire!'

A Midsummer Afternoon's Dream

or

for Ali, with love.

In the right foreground a Maine farmhouse, white with green roof. In the right background, a shingled barn with a slanted roof. From the center of the stage into the far distance, middle and left, fields lit by the mild sun of a midsummer afternoon. A few chairs, casually placed, as from the pleasure of summer occupants seeking the warmth of the sun or the cool of the shade. Enter slowly from a stroll in the field a tall, handsome lady, wearing a light-colored summer suit and a large-brimmed hat. She seats herself in a chair in the shade and dreamily contemplates the Maine landscape. Enter from right a middle aged man wearing a blue cap. The chair he chooses is slightly behind the lady's. He too looks dreamily into the distance. A few moments later, enter from right, a silver-haired gentleman, a twinkle in his eyes, a gray, slightly old-fashioned mustache adding to his distinguished looks.

In the following dialogue, the blue-capped man is the Host, and the silver-haired gentleman the Visitor.

Visitor: Good afternoon. If you don't mind, I'll pull up this chair and stay for a while.

Host: By all means. The sun is still high in the cloudless western sky. The afternoon breeze is warm.

Visitor: A good moment, indeed, for another of our quiet talks.

Host: Did you say "another"? Your voice is familiar. Yes, I must have talked with you before.

Visitor: Of course, you have, but in another tongue.-

Host: German, perhaps?

Visitor: Some kind of German, yes. But never mind - you have charming company this afternoon. Between you and me, it is really for the sake of your company I stopped by.

Host: You are welcome. No one could wish for a friendlier visitor. I don't know whether the wind is carrying your words to Ali, but there has been a wonderful young smile on her lips since you began speaking.

Visitor: Did you say "young"? She was but fifteen when we met the other day. A delicate, slim, young girl, a lovely face of earnest sweetness, shy, tender - easy to fall in love with, easy to stay in love with.

Host: Thank God, your voice is as soft and mellow as the light of this sunny August afternoon. Could she hear your

words, they might embarrass her.

Visitor: Did you say "embarrass her"? Why, I have told her all this and a great deal more so many times already.

Host: Whoever you are, you're a lover.

Visitor: I'm a freight-forwarder in love, or a loving freight-forwarder, or really and truthfully, the lover of a freight-forwarder's loving daughter.

Host: You do begin to sound familiar. But do you have to mention freight-forwarding this bright and lazy afternoon?

Visitor: Why not? Ali and I have always talked a good deal about freight-forwarding, as you might well know.

Host: I've heard about it from time to time.

Visitor: Let's drop the matter. I've just noticed a slight frown, a mere shadow, on her beloved face. Let me be, simply and loyally, what all of us are at heart: a lover -- and what all of us wish to be at heart: a lover beloved ---
(humming softly)

Oh, lover beloved,
the moon and the tide -
my loveliest girl,
be my beautiful bride.

Oh lover beloved,
the drum and the fife,
my beautiful bride,
be my loveliest wife.

Oh lover beloved,
the sisters and brother,
my loveliest wife
is a beautiful mother.

Host: What a funny little ditty. Shouldn't you go on?

Visitor: I can't, because I can't think of a word to rhyme with grandmother. It makes me quite sad. I love rhymes and grandchildren. They go well together. A nice rhyme is like a grandchild, or the other way 'round - a grandchild is like a lovely rhyme.

Host: It seems to me you jump too fast from children to grandchildren.

Visitor: Ah, but children do rhyme less easily. (Confidentially) You could ask Ali about Dori, Erika, and Fuf.

Host: Why wouldn't you tell me of them?

Visitor: With the greatest delight. Such an old habit.
Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story

of Dora, the princess, endowed by God Zeus
to rule our wills with strength and with wisdom.
To the hearth of her home she welcomes the wanderer
bestowing with gladness the gift of her friendship,
faithful, indeed, to her god-given name.

Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story
of Erika Agnes, the princess elected
by Goddess Athena.

For the proud and the humble she skillfully blends
the colors and fabrics of silk and of cotton.
Mother herself of auburn-haired princes,
rich with the songs of the Highlands of Scotland,
the wit of Berlin and the dreams of Bohemia.

Sing in me, Muse, and through me tell the story
of the last-born, the prince, endowed by God Hermes
to take to the airways on wing-adorned sandals.
To unimproved men he carries a message
of good will, improvement. When weary at last,
he returns to his dwelling, his wife and his daughters
lift from his feet the wing-adorned sandals,
lift from his brow the worrisome frown.

Host: You are a poet indeed.

Visitor: Unfortunately, my poetry is not good enough to match Ali's.

Host: Is she a poet too?

Visitor: She, a poet? A mere poet? She is the greatest of poets - She is a marvellous cook, temperamental, laughing, crying, cursing, singing, pots and pans swinging, yes, a swinging cook

Host: You are being carried away.

Visitor: Did you say "carried away"? Of course, I am. I have always been.

Host: It is strange. The sun hasn't moved since you came to visit with us. I can see it from the shadows which will not advance.

Visitor (laughing heartily): No wonder. The shadows will never advance as long as you have such charming company.

----- THE END -----

Scènes de la Bohème à Bruxelles.

(Scenes of the Bohemian Life in Brussels.)

I.

Prologue You are now in a treelined street in Uccle, one of the quiet bourgeois neighborhoods of Brussels. Dignified homes, surrounded by large well cared-for gardens, give to the lovely street an air of privacy. A summer day in the year 1936.

THE PAINTER, carrying a folding threelegged stool, a canvass, easel and a box containing his brushes and his paints, followed by his BROTHER, carrying only a book, enter. Silently but with many gestures such as persons perform when they survey and appraise a scenery for its picturesque qualities, they proceed to select a place where the PAINTER installs himself and at once, again with many gestures, starts working on the canvass. Throughout the following dialogue, the PAINTER remains absorbed in his work, unconscious of his surroundings. - AGENT de POLICE enters, looks over the PAINTER'S shoulders, scrutinizes the canvass, shakes his head. BROTHER withdraws, starts reading his book.

Agent ^{Quest-ce}
~~Qu'est-ce~~ que tu fais là?

Brother If you don't mind, address yourself to me, Monsieur l'Agent. My brother is a painter. As you can see, he is deeply involved in his work.

Agent A painter? Well, well, and what is he painting?

Brother He is painting a corner of this beautiful garden - the lawn, the flowers, the trees, the stately house in the background. Step over here, if you don't mind, Monsieur l'Agent, a painter must not be disturbed.

Agent Do you know to whom the garden belongs that your brother is painting?

Brother Of course not..

Agent Ah, your brother is painting the property of General Wielemans.

Brother A la bonne heure! The picture will be known as 'Le Jardin du Général Wielemans à Uccle'.

Agent Not so fast, not so fast.. First, let me see your carte d'identité, yours and your brother's.

Brother (taking carte from his wallet) Here is mine, my brother's is exactly the same, except for his first name and date of birth.

Agent I see you are foreigners. That's why you don't know our laws. (With great emphasis) To use someone else's property without permission is illegal.

Brother That's crazy. The canvass, the brushes, the colors - everything is my brother's property.

Agent But not the view of General Wieleman's garden. As a matter of law, I shall have to seize the picture as soon as it is finished.

Brother Wait a minute. Suppose we get the permission of General Wielemans.

Agent The General has been dead for close to a hundred years.

Brother OK. Now tell me, Monsieur l'Agent, what's going to happen to my brother's painting if you really seize it?

Agent Ah, once again I see you're not familiar with our law. (Emphatically) The painting will go to the Collections of the Musée Royal de Belgique.

Brother (To Painter, whispering) Did you hear what this guy is saying?

Painter (also whispering) I am working as fast as I can before he changes his mind. (Painting furiously) Just one more touch. Done. Here it is. (Hands the picture to brother) And don't forget to tell him that I'll start tomorrow on the garden across the street.

End.

II.

Prologue You are now in a small apartment in Brussels, consisting of a sparsely furnished living room and an adjoining room serving as a painter's studio. You are facing the living room, The door to the studio is ajar.

Enter Madame CONSTANCE, who is both janitor of the building and once-a-week cleaning woman of the PAINTER who is the occupant of the apartment. Madame CONSTANCE is followed by the Painter's BROTHER.

(Madame Constance tiptoes to the studio door, presses her ear on it, listening eagerly.)

Brother You still here, Madame Constance?

Constance Please forgive me. I am so dreadfully disturbed. Who would ever have expected this? And from your brother, too...I am too embarrassed..

Brother Embarrassed? My brother? What are you talking about?

Constance This is a decent house. I am afraid the landlord would not tolerate such goings-on.

Brother Goings-on? My brother is a painter, surely a most respectable profession in the country of Van Dyck, Memling and Rubens.

Constance If you don't believe me, all you have to do is to step over here, and listen.

Painter (his voice from the studio behind the door) Now, if you don't mind, I'd like you to return to the first position, legs drawn up, your back towards me, fine, fine...I trust you are comfortable enough...The light, I must confess, is most flattering...I'm getting along very well..

Brother You're all wrong, Madame Constance. My brother is painting a life model, a fine young lady whom my brother pays for sitting for him.

Constance Of course, he pays her for...how did you put it?... 'sitting for him'... 'Sitting for him', my ass...And she is a Russian too, I want you to know.

Painter (as before) You may relax now, I'll pause for a short while myself. All I want you to do for me now, is to stay in your relaxed position and to adjust the light a few times so as to illuminate different parts of your body. As I mentioned before, the light is very very flattering.

Constance A slut she is, a Russian slut. I wonder where a fine gentleman like your brother picked her up..

Painter (as before) Enough for today. Thank you very much. You'll find what I owe you on the mantelpiece. So long for now. (Painter opens the door, greets Constance and his brother) Hello, hello. You still here, Madame Constance, at this hour?

Brother Madame Constance is very upset. A misunderstanding..

Painter A misunderstanding? Oh, I see. Don't worry, Madame Constance' I'll be delighted to have you modelling for me next week.

End.

A Selection of Poems

by

Paul Schrag

Translated for his children

(Inadequately, but with love)

by

Dori

10/16/79.

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2100

Maerzsturmnacht
(1925)

I.

Der Sturm peitscht Regen daher
Er bringt ihn, der Sturm
Wolken sind noch nicht -
Der Sturm bringt Duefte daher
Er bringt sie, der Sturm
Blueten sind noch nicht -
Der Sturm bringt Erdschweiss daher
Er bringt ihn, der Sturm,
Erde ist noch nicht -

Die Welt gebiert sich im Sturm
Sie leidet, es hilft ihr der Sturm
Und ich ahne: sie ist!

March Storm at Night

1925.

I.

The storm whips the rain forward
He brings it, the storm -
No clouds as yet -
The storm carries spring scents along
He brings them, the storm -
No blossoms as yet -
The storm bears the sweat of the earth
He brings it, the storm -
The earth is not yet.

The world gives birth to herself
In the storm
She suffers, he helps her, the storm -
And I sense it: she is !

II.

Das Brausen schweigt . . .

Und wieder ist die Nacht

Wir alle sind -

Gluehende Kohlen

Vom Wind entfacht

Verglommen sind.

Die Zeit haelt ihren Atem an . . .

Ein Brunnen ausgetropft . . .

So sterbensbang -

Erstorben Hall und Widerhall

Das Herz der Erde klopft

So lebensbang . . .

II.

The roar is stilled . . .

And once more there is night

We all are -

Glowing coals

Sparked by the wind

Are burnt out.

Time holds its breath . . .

A fountain has ceased to flow

Weary to death -

All sounds and echoes have died

All but the earth's heart pounding

Heavy with life . . .

Herbstabend

Auf weichen Wegen sandt' ich die Gedanken
Ins Feld hinaus zur stillen Stunde.
Und als die Schatten um mich sanken
Da kehrten sie von ihrer Runde.

Ich fragte sie, was sie gesehn
Auf ihren Daemmerwegen -
Da sagten sie, wie wunderschoen
Das Sterben auf allen Wegen.

Fall Evening.

On rolling clouds I sent away my thoughts
Into the fields during the silent hour.
And as the shadows all about me sank
My thoughts came floating homeward from their rounds.

And when I asked what they had seen
Sailing the dark'ning air -
They said how beautiful had been
The dying everywhere.

Der Aermste unter den Armen

1929.

Als er durch die Strassen schritt,
Fiel langsam Stein um Stein
Von seinem Schmucke - wie ein Schein,
Der zitternd auf die Erde glitt.

Und alle Schmerzen, die er litt,
Und alle Freuden - Stein um Stein
Fiel von dem Schmuck jahraus, jahrein
Als wie ein Licht, das erdwaerts glitt.

Und als er blass und einsam schritt,
Da war die Strasse bunt und reich
Indes er arm und bettelbleich
Ein welkes Blatt, zu Boden glitt.

The Poorest of the Poor.

1929.

As he walked along the streets
Stone dropped by precious stone,
Dropped from his jewel'd breast, a golden stream,
That floated trembling to the ground.

And all the sorrows that were his
And all his joys, stone after stone,
Dropped from his jewel'd breast, year after year,
Like to a light that floats unto the ground.

And as he walked, pale and alone
The street grew bright and rich in shades
While he, a beggar, poor and pale
Sank to the ground, a wilted leaf.

The White Flag

1930.

The Women.

Touching a thousand stars with fleeting toes
As we stride on our path from star to star,
We deeply breathe the pure infinities
Like goddesses tow'rd whom you raise your shy, adoring eyes.

God-like, we can transform your ev'ry dream to action -
And yet we are but shadows of your deeds -
And when you rest your weary eyes upon us
Then are we free to sink into the void.

The Dead.

You who are nothing but ashes and dust,
Within you, about you: the void -
Earth weaves around you a covering shroud -
You who are nothing but ashes and dust,
You were such a great, such an infinite part
Of the light . . .
And you were part of a whole, all-encompassing world
And you walked the paths of the spheres

You were part of the scream that sounds without end,
Of the drop that forever falls
Ev'rywhere -
You who are nothing but ashes and dust
In the ample shroud of the earth
You always wore garments of earthly stuff
Made of ashes, and dust, and sand.

The White Flag.

Endless, wide, deep, endless, unending sea -
I want to fill you up with stones, up to the brim.
Where tempests roared, where floods rose heavenward
Tomorrow's dawn will find a desert, dead and bare.

A stony desert, dead and bare, will yawn -
Subdued the rising flood, the raging storm . . .
Then will I slowly walk the barren land
A white flag in my hand.

Ohne Titel

1932.

Wanderer zum Mond

Wanderer zum Licht

Was soll der welke Kranz,

Der mued' die Stirn umflucht?

Wanderer, wohin der Weg?

Zur Nacht, hinab zur Nacht?

Was ist dein Auge naechtig

Als haett' es nie gelacht? . . .

Es fiedelt einer, der nichts verstand

Ein Lied vom deutschen Heimatland.

Untitled

1932.

Wanderer toward the moon,
Wanderer toward the light
What use the wilted wreath
Upon your weary brow ?

Wanderer, whither the way?
Down into darkness and gloom?
Why are your eyes so somber
And know not how to smile? . . .

Someone who did not understand
Plays a song of the beautiful German land.

Kalên
VII

Today, in the calm hour of waning light
We find Kalên, sunk deep into his chair
(Softly embedded between day and night).
His eyes are closed.

During this hour of dusk, he likes to pause
And heavy shadows all around him draws.
What use is anything? Life holds no lasting gain
Its pettiness lies heavy on his brain.

Red tulips, without perfume, tired and fading,
Send their pale glow into the dying light.
Kalên thinks of those eyes, so deep and radiant
Who, by mere chance, brought him those flowers
last night.

Is he just playing? - Oh, please do not frown
Upon Kalên, for now at last he knows:
He seeks all men - to one alone he owes
The one green leaf within the withered crown.

May 27, 1939.

Flug nach Washington. - Auf-
stieg über die Wolken; der Himmel
über den Wolken; Berge und Wä-
• ker; Blick auf die Erde. - Wie
die Entfernungen schwinden - das
Geheimnis der "Luftlinie" wie
die Beziehung zwischen "Entfer-
nung" und "Zeit" aufhört: kein Zeit-
aufwand mehr erforderlich, um
Entfernungen zu überwinden. -
Flug und Magen. (26. V. 1939).

Bücher: Louise Hervieu, "Jang!"
Empassonnement du Jang dans une
suite de générations d'une famille
de paysans Normands. Mariages avec
d'autres races "empoisonnées". Déchéan-
ce finale de la famille.
• ctère de Françoise, paysan, à
la fois fort (mais plus assés
fort!) et tendre, pénétré d'
un mystère (du mystère de
d' hérédiété malade) dont il
est inconscient. Sa fille "L'Elise"
demi-folle, méchante, n'aspé-
rant qu'à la destruction d'autrui
et d'elle-même. La petite-
fille Mahande, expiant par me

divine pitié et par des souffrances
indicibles de péché de la
famille. - Sylmie, épouse de
François, sans âme humaine, et
gale à la vie glacée, ne dé-
fend que la mort; le Bellais,
époux de l'Église, fan et issu
d'une famille empoisonnée.....
Livre très fort. Roman (vie des
paysans; leurs danses; leurs
richesse; leur simplicité) et
accusation ("l'enfant (Mahand)
livrée aux fans").

5. VII. 1939

I. Von Schmutz; bestimmte
(Kamine) und unbestimmte Her-
kunft des Schmutzes (Sphäropar-
tellen); Von Wind und Schmutz.

Die Ironie des Schmutzes: die
vor das Fenster gelegten Bett-
laken.

Der Kampf gegen den Schmutz;
die Schmutzschicht in den Räumen; Schmutz
und Papier; Exasperation und
Resignation.

II. Von der "Humidity" Feuchtig-
keit und Schmelz; Humidity und
feelische Verfassung; die lähmende
Wirkung der Humidity.

III. Francis. - Das Gefühl, daß
kein Mensch außer mir den Reich-
tum versteht, der von ihm aus-
geht: die leuchtenden blauen Augen
der Klang seiner Stimme, die
Wunder aller seiner Lebens-
äußerungen. - Dankbarkeit und
Gebet: ich bete um Reinheit
für Francis.

IV. um Mama. - Der dumpfe Wund
nach Leiden - So wie Papa um Sie
gelitten hat. Inermüden des
Leidens; Das gewisse Verlangen
Leiden - das Her kam es nicht
gelen. - Die versunkene Teil
hat Mama mit sich genommen.
Wir sind allein! - Und
doch: Die wunderliche Kraft
der lebenden Mutter - Sei Sie
Sie noch so krank, noch so
versunken in der Vergangenheit. -

Bücher: Deux hommes, par G. Duhamel
Deuxième volume de "Galatin".
Roman de l'amitié d'Edmond
et de Galatin. Splendeurs et
misères de l'amitié entre
deux hommes. Jeune Jeunesse.
L'ami n'est jamais celui
qu'on cherche et dont on a
besoin, mais un être humain
différent, ayant des qualités
différentes et soumis à des
passions insoupçonnées. -
Edmond veut combler
son ami de bienfaits que
Galatin ne pourrait accepter.
Et toujours égal à lui-

même, Salavin faisant preuve
d'humores changeants. ---

Variété des personnages Du-
raneliens; exaltations senti-
mentales; Incertitude des caractères

J. Girardoux, Choir des échos
(NRF 1938, Nov. - 1939)

Comment les femmes "élues"
choisissent leur destin. -
Émée, la mère, et Claudie,
la fille, désertent la
maison de Pierre, mari et père,
et "polytechnicien". - Leur
monde n'est pas le monde
réel qui nous entoure, mais
un monde intime basé
sur les rapports à la fois
mythiques et conditionnés
par le sang commun qui
lient la mère à la fille.
Le roman est consacré
essentiellement à l'analyse
de ce monde intérieur.
L'action n'intéresse pas.
Ce qui intéresse, c'est
l'évaluation psychologique:

littérature d'Edmée d'une vie
d'épouse de polytechnicien
qui n'est pas la sienne; man-
uelle installation dans
une vie choisie " par les
deux " élues ". Edmée et
Claudie; rupture de cette
vie du fait de Edmée,
faisant l'amour avec Frank,
comme comme les autres;
désenchantement d'Edmée
(Retour à la maison de
Pierre) et nouvelle
" éléction " de Claudie
jeune mariée et déjà en
grande vers le destin
choisi.

Finesses d'un mal type psy-
chologique allant jusqu'à
la psychologie de pure
fantaisie.

Quelques personnages et épisodes très
français: Le général d'Amandine qui
vieille avec des saisis touchants
sur sa cousine paralytique dès l'enfance
et qui s'éprend de Roberte; plus tard
il couche avec Josette, la fille
du Dr. Drelâtre qui, par une
indolence bien marquée, couche
avec sa sœur impante qui... Le Dr.
Drelâtre, fils d'un ventru d'un ce-
lebre carnicide qui se livre
et lui-même à l'exploration
du "régulateur" pour les femmes,
un homme plat qui se donne l'air
d'un tra vaillleur de la science....

Sept. 20, 39

II. Von der Sommerfahrt zurück.
Die Jellist ist schon in die Ver-
gangenheit gerufen, erstaunlich und
fast überaus schnell. Es
ist schon bereits wie "Vorkriegs-
zeit" in Entfallen.....

Ich werde diesen Blättern
immerhin eine "Reisekarte" und
eine stichwärtliche Beschreibung
der Route beifügen. -

III. Bücher: Richard Hughes,

Pévil en mer (NRF, 1939).
Geschichte eines in einem schweren

Taifun verschlagene Frachtdampfer
und seiner Besatzung. Allein die
geistlich-intellektuelle Verfas-
sung der Männer wird geschildert.
(von dem analytischen Können
numerischen Beschauens). Ein-
druck des Unwetteres in die

Welt des Kapitäns (Verantwor-
tung des Führers; Verhältnis zu
den Reedern...), seiner Offiziere
und Ingenieure; Die Alten und die

Jungen; die Chinesen. - Sehr feine
andere der Angst; Körperliche
Müdigkeit und Wunden des Gehirns
(Zusammenbruch der Gesellschaft;
Tod von McDonald über die
Reeling des Schiffes; Haf gegen
die Ratten.)

Sept. 20, 39

- I. Samstag den 17. Sept. ist die „Russische Frage“ in der Vorkriegszeit getreten. Die Intervention der Roten Armee in der Polnischen Ukraine
- angekündigt einige Tage vorher in der „Pravda“, läßt Spekulationen und willfährige Theorien aufleben. Wir haben natürlich die russischen Nachrichten aus Europa mit dem gleichen Vorgehen aufzunehmen wie die sog. Kameradschaft in Amerikas Presse und Radio.
- an sog. offiziellen Erklärungen liegen vor: 1) die Aussage des russischen Außenministers Molotoff, 2) die Rede Hilles in Danzig (19. Sept.) 3) britische und französische Verhandlungen von
- heutigen Tag. Das Geheimnis wird nicht gelüftet. - Schemmelt man unter der verschiedenen Auffassungen die beiden hauptsächlichsten gegenüber, so lassen sie sich Schlagwortmäßig wie folgt darstellen:

a) Pessimistische auffassung: Trotz
auscheinend ideologischer gegensätze
haben Stalin und Hitler die weit
über die polnische Teilung hinaus-
gehende gemeinsame Front gebildet,
deren Zweck (n. u. m. u. m.)
Einschluß Japans und Italiens,
die Vernichtung der Demokratie
und des britischen Weltreichs
ist. Dabei ist nach der einen
Stalin der Stärkere, dem sich Hitler
früher oder später anschließen muß,
während nach der andern Hitler
die Oberhand behält. Im ^{ersten} ~~letzten~~
Fall werden die Alliierten
schließlich gegen den Kommunismus,
namentlich den bereits schon
nabegekommenen Deutschland, kämpfen
müssen. Prospekt: Weltkrieg,
Krieg in allen Erdteilen. -

b) sog. optimistische auffassung: Die
russische Intervention ist ein ge-
schickter Schachzug Stalins, dessen
Zweck es ist, Hitlers War
marsch in Osten und Südosten
endgültig und ohne eigentlichen
Krieg aufzuhalten. Weiter hat
Stalin vorerst gar keine Interes-
sen. Sind die Kriegführenden
aber schließlich angeleitet und

I. Sept. 20, 1939

2

- beschäpft, so werden die meist betroffenen Staaten Kampfplan, den militärisch und ideologisch immer schon geliebtem Rußland antreffen.

- Dies gilt in erster Linie für Deutschland. Nun erhebt sich die Frage: Wird diese deutsche Bewegung unter Besinnung auf die dringlich-intellektuelle Welt dieses von Hitler malen, malen, gespielt Soujetspiel richtig und bindungsgemäß genug erkannt, um Hitler und seine Gruppe (oder auch den gesamten Nationalsozialismus) abzuwählen und mit den dringlichen Staaten Frieden zu schließen?

- Trotz anfänglich entgegengesetzter Auffassung neige ich heute eher zur sog. optimistischen Seite - wenigstens in der Sinne, daß Rußland augenblicklich nur ein Interesse haben kann: Neutralität. Allerdings ist die Tatsache der Kriegverstrickung der europäischen Staaten sicherlich schon heute Ermächtigung für Rußland, ohne weiteres

Laden Sie egoistischen Interessen
zu verwicklichen: Balkan,
Finnland, u. u. Rumänien etc.
Sowjetdruck.

Sept. 25, 1939

I. Noch immer ist das "Sowjetgeheimnis" unklar in aller Gedankenwelt. Die ersten "Mitteilungen" über die Grenzziehung in der araberischen Pöden dringen in sich. Ist diese auch Reiselweg in gültiger Natur, so sind jedoch weitere klar: 1) daß Rußland die gemeinsame Grenze mit Ungarn und Rumänien erhält - 2) daß kein polnischer "Pufferstaat" im Augenblick ins Auge gefaßt ist - 3) daß D. die westrussischen Industriegebiete erhält. -

Die Tatsache, daß D. bei dieser militärischen Demarkation Gebiete den Russen überläßt, für die es gekämpft und gelitten hat, läßt es als denjenigen erscheinen, der den Preis zu bezahlen hat.

Immerhin bleibt Rußland Spiel weiter abzumachen: Wenn die

aufrechterhaltung der starken
armee?

Oktober, 2, 1939

- I. Die Morgenzeitung vom 29. Sept.
- hat eine Sensation gebracht, die sich zwei Tage zuvor angekündigt, als plötzlich bekannt wurde, daß von Ribbentrop erneut nach Moskau fuhr: "Endgültige Teilung Polens, bei welcher R. in wesentlichen die von den Ukrainern und Weißrussen besetzten Gebiete übernimmt 2) die Art von Friedensultimatum D.'s und R.'s an die Westmächte 3) Zusage wirtschaftlicher Unterstützung D.'s seitens R.'s. - über allem eine militärische Drohung: Gemein- sache gegen E. und F. falls das Friedensangebot abgewiesen wird.
 - Zunächst ist jeder da von über- zeugt, daß unter den abwechselnden Umständen die Annahme dieses Friedensultimatus außer Frage steht. Sodann beginnt die deutsche Propa- gandamaschine zu arbeiten: man

erfährd, daß von Frieden gespra-
chen, für den Frieden gemerkt wird,
nicht allein in Berlin und Moskau,
sondern auch in Paris und London. Nicht,
daß irgendeine, auch noch so leise,
Andeutung französisch-englischer Frieden-
absicht vorläge - unter dem Namen
gleichem Einbruch der deutschen Propa-
ganda wird die "Friedens"-
politik in Berlin beherrschend. Die
von Niederlage und Defaitismus
her vorgebracht - die laute, für
den ruhigen Beobachter fast un-
hörbare, Versicherung der mili-
tärischen Übermacht D'J' dankt
sich, nungesamener Bundesgenossen
wahrhaftig das Wunder: an die Stelle
dieses möglichen Sieges D'J' ist
bereits die Tatsache des vorwegenen
Sieges getreten: "Vain n'a été
qu'à capituler..."

In den Köpfen gilt dabei ledig-
lich die Stärke der deutschen Propaganda
in der Welt: allein Hitlers Wunsch
nach Abbruch des Krieges genügt,
um den englisch-französischen
Feldzug gegen den "Hitlerismus"
in der Meinung vieler in
Frage zu stellen.

Oktober, 4, 1939

- I. Die "Friedensoffensive" hat sich ab-
gespielt; ihr Hauptquartier ist Berlin;
Rum und Masken sind bis zur Stunde
nicht auf den Plan getreten.

- Die Geister sind in den ausdehnendsten
Spekulationen befangen. H. V. Kallenberg
spricht von "Peace-Jcare" und "Peace-
"illery". Das ist unmissbar die von
Berlin gewollte Wirkung. Hinter dem
"Schrecken des Friedens" stellt er andere,
weit Schrecklicherere: denjenigen der
Niederlage der Alliierten.

- um die Lage zu begreifen,
muss man von dem psychologischen auf
das Gebiet der Tatsachen gehen:

Stellen) Welche die bekannten Tatsachen
sind für eine Annahme Hitler'schen
Friedens im Bereich der Möglichkeiten:

- 1) Chamberlains Rede im Parlament
vom 3. Oktober 39: Bereitschaft der
Alliierten, Friedensvorschläge zu
prüfen und sie in Licht des englischen
Kriegsplanes zu fundieren, welche
folgende Forderung in der gleichen
Rede enthält: "to put an end to
the successive acts of German aggression
which menaced the freedom and the
very security of every nation in
Europe."

- 2) Rede Lloyd George vom gleichen
Tage: Warnung vor illerhörter Ablehnung

der zu erwartenden Friedensvorschläge, von denen er voraussieht, daß sich weit über eine Regelung der polnischen Frage hinausgehen werden. - Außerdem, daß die Vorschläge von Mächtlichen kommen, die England als neutral anerkennen muß und falls, Rußland und Italien, daß diese Mächte unter Einhaltung künftiger Verpflichtungen ein starkes Interesse haben, daß Frankreich an Stelle der Unterschrift einer Regierung, zwei oder drei stehen.

3) Nachrichten maffineller Art, die von russischen Truppenbewegungen in asiatischen Ländern, die möglicherweise England in Indien bedrohen; dann deutliche Erkennbarkeit von Feindschaft in Lloyd George's Rede, daß England in Gefahr sei, wenn es einen Krieg gegen Rußland und Italien zu führen hat.

4) Welche Tatsachen lagen Annahme Hitler's dem Frieden unwahrscheinlich werden:

1) Rede Churchill's vom Samstag, 1. Oktober 1939: Kein Kriegabschluß durch eine Beseitigung Hitlers und seiner Regierung; fremden

2
Oktober, 4.

- Worte für Italien und Rußland, das in seinen politischen Erfolge von D. geschieden wird.

2) Rede Chamberlains vom 3. Oktober, die kein Zurückweichen vor der russischen Drohung zuläßt; die den Einfluß der gesamten englischen und nördlichen Macht einzusetzen verspricht; die "from the present German government could be accepted".

- 3) Versicherung auch in der Rede Lloyd George's, daß die Annahme des "Congress of Poland" England

4) Erklärungen beider alliierten Regierungen, daß die Kriegsziele unverändert seien.

- überblickt man nun die aufgeführten Tatsachengruppen, so wird ohne weiteres klar, daß eine einzige sich selbstverständliche Fortsetzung des Krieges Spruch: Chamberlains erklärte Bereitwilligkeit, eventuelle Friedensangebote zu prüfen - zu prüfen allerdings im Lichte des eng-

lischen Krieges, - während alle
nötigen Fakten die Fortsetzung des
Krieges unvermeidlich erscheinen
lassen.

allerdings ist meiner Einmüde
zu gedenken, die oftmals hier in
den Vordernmund gerückt werden:
Charakter, Vergangenheit, Be-
kenntnis Chamberlains und die
Tatsache, daß (nach populärer an-
sicht) Krieg zwischen den Vereinigten
und D. nach gar nicht begannen
hat, was deshalb die Hoffnung
auf eine baldige Wiederherstellung
des Friedens übertrifft.

Der erste Einwand ist ein
ganzes psychologischer oder als
praktischer Einschätzung, in sich
jedenfalls nicht widerlegbar und - vor-
erst - auch nicht beweisbar.

Der zweite Einwand ist strategisch-
militärischer Natur, da die Führung
dieses Krieges allein von Fach-
leuten, und von diesen nur dann
hergestellt werden kann, wenn
sie zu den "Eingeweihten" gehören.
Fall ist aber eine Meinung - wichtiger:
Diese Mutmaßung - wagen, ja

Oktober, 4

- wäre es diese: die Kontrolle des Krieges liegt bis heute in den Händen des allwissenden Stabs. Diese Stab - u. u. auf Grundlage eines Kenntnis der deutschen Pläne - die Entwicklung des Krieges voraus, weiß, daß ein deutscher Angriff nach Lage der Dinge kommen wird und bereitet die Abwehr vor - darüber hinweg den Angriff vornehmenden Gegenschlag.

Wie die Sachen heute stehen, er-
scheint ausgeschlossen: a) ein ausschlag-
endes Urteil des Reiches, da es
"ausgeschlossen" ist, die Vereinbarung
preisgeben müßte, daß D. es
spricht - eine Vereinbarung, die, ob-
schon oder nicht, von den Tatsachen
des Augenblicks bestätigt erscheint.
b) die Annahme eines Falles an-
geht, da ipso nach Wandelnden.

- II.) Bemerkenswert sind die Dispositionen,
die hier über Krieg und Frieden
Stallfinden. Bemerkenswert nicht etwa
wegen ihrer Unmöglichkeit oder
Grundlagen, sondern einzig wegen
ihrer psychologischen Eigenheit:

es wird in Wahrheit gar nicht ernsthaft
diskutiert, sondern es werden unter
dem Deckmantel der ^{der Interpretation} fraglichen Zweig-
nisse ^{weil} Uebertreibungen, Charaktera-
logische Elemente und "idéales géne-
rales" ausgetauscht. Frick - B. könnte
ebensogut sagen: "Ich habe in nichts
Vertrauen, was nicht fest und großartig
vor mir steht - ob das nun ein
geschäftswirtschaftsplan ist, von dem
maner kaum weiß, ob er in der Ver-
gangenheit sich bereits erfolgreich
bewährt hat, oder ein Krieg, den
man nicht sein heutiges "Maß" der
Kämpfenden aufgeprägt hat! - als
er sagt: "Ich glaube an eine Kriegs-
führung der Alliierten erst in dem
Augenblick, in dem Banden fallen,
Kanonen die Städte zerstören, etc.
Dann kommt hier in jedem weltan-
schaulichen Streiter natürl. erwachende
Anbaganie desjenigen, der auf andere
Basis steht, d.h. des Zweiflers und
Pessimisten gegenüberlichkeit zu
den Sicheren und Optimisten. Diskutiere
Frick und ich über die Aussichten
der Kriegslage, so handelt es sich
in Wahrheit um eine weltanschau-
liche Auseinandersetzung, die ^{nicht ohne} nicht ohne

4

Oktober, 4, 39

• ohne Bitterkeit von beiden Seiten
gefühlt wird.

31. Januar 1940

Ich habe in Wochen nicht gearbeitet.

Das Bedrückende an diesem Zustand ist nicht die Belastung des gemässen, sondern die verschwendete Öde, in die mein Dasein versinkt.

- Nicht arbeiten auf keinem Weg gleichbedeutend sein mit Öde: ich könnte lesen. Mein Besitz an ungeliesenen Büchern ist größer als er je war. Ich könnte ausgehen, Menschen sehen, ins Theater oder Kino gehen. Nichts von alledem. Nur Öde....

Ich lasse die Stunden verstreichen. Wichtigkeiten pressen sie mit unheimlicher Schnelle auf: gehackte Briefe, zwecklose Telefongespräche, tausend Beschäftigungen, deren einziger und dämlicher Sinn die Veranlichung der Stunden ist.

- Öde im Inneren. Alle Gedanken knieten wie klebriges geminnes Pflanzengleich in den Schlamm zurück, aus dem eine gute Hand sie sorglich und liebevoll erheben muß.

Körperliche Öde: Dampft in allen Gliedern, die Müdigkeit des Nicht-

wachte.

Was habe ich mich nicht?
Zwei Elemente haben stets in der Ver-
gangenheit meine Arbeit bestimmt:
Thunay (oder vielleicht genauer: An-
trieb, Anforderung, ein "äußeres" M.g.,
wie wellgestaltig es auch sein
mag) und Ehrgeiz. Vor allem
und am Stärksten das Erste.

Ein äußeres "Muss": Examen,
Doktorarbeit - das bedarf keine
weiteren Deutung.

Mein Buch wurde unter
dem moralischen Antrieb M.g.s
geschrieben. Er erwartete die
Leistung. Seine Person war für
jue hingeseht, verpfändel -
ein selbsterwarteter Vorgang: es ging
nicht um mich selbst, es ging
um ihn: um seinen Glauben,
seinen Willen und seine Macht.
(Vielleicht eines der Phänomene
in dem "Meister und Jünger", "Leh-
rer und Schüler" Komplex: ...
dass der "Meister bestehe" ...)
verantwortete ich alle die
Leistungen der vergangenen Jahre.

31. I. 1940

So frage ich mich, ob auch nur eine
 einzige unter ihnen ohne das
 "äußere Mass" entstanden sein würde.
 über meinen Ergehen nur Jovell,
 daß er nicht stark genug ist, um
 ● auch ohne äußeren Anstoß nur
 ● Anreiz zu führen.....

Isolation. Keine Berührung mit
 der Welt der Juristen. Keine Aus-
 sprache - tragischer Mangel für
 den, der von dem Engel der
 Eingebung nur in der Rede
 ● besprochen wird.

January 31, 1940

What a genuine pleasure to
 listen to the adventures of
 E. A. in his efforts to obtain
 the necessary visa for
 Edith R., now on her way to
 ● this country!

Among his numerous stories there
 is one which I think most
 significant and funny: One of his
 ● ~~most~~ ^{of his} ~~stories~~

~~went~~ to the Catholic Immigration
Organisation he met a bishop, of German
origin, on his way to China. The
Organisation, with great difficulties,
^{is trying to} obtain an English transit-visa for
the religious man. E. A. happens
to be present: ~~then~~ ^{when} the bishop
waits about in the office, anxious
by waiting for the result of
the visa-petition; the clergy-
man carries, in his hand, ~~the~~ ^{his}
passport, ^{a bunch} ~~several~~ documents and
the indispensable prayer-book...
Finally, the Catholic officer
appears, and cheerfully announces
the successful result of the
effort..... Gratefully, the bishop
waves passport and prayer-book
in his hand, and ^{exclaims} ~~exclaims~~ "I'll
pray for you, I'll pray for
you....."

February 1, 1940

Wieder habe ich für die aller gesagt,
was ich gestern auf diesen Blättern
niederschrieb. Aber ihr Glaube und
ihre Argumente sind mich schütter-
lich. Ich muß arbeiten. Werde
ich es können?

• Etwas muß geschehen.

Je viens de terminer le "Journal
de Salavin" par G. Duhamel. (3me
volume de la série des "Salavin").

• C'est assez curieux: ce Salavin
est très humain. Ses souffrances,
ses scrupules et ses faiblesses, ne le
font pas moins, mais ses aventures, son
esprit d'un homme malade, font
de lui un héros auquel le destin
joue de mauvais tours - bref,
ce Salavin appartient à ma
famille littéraire par laquelle
• nous avons beaucoup de sympathie
et pourtant - l'ami Salavin nous

laisse froids.

Pourquoi? Il lui manque une certaine
qualité réelle à laquelle nous ne
pourrions entièrement renoncer dans un
livre qui se place dans un
réel. Tel qu'il nous apparaît dans
le "Journal" Salavin est l'in-
vention d'un admirable narrateur
qui, dans une conversation
légitime et spirituelle, nous del-
ivre les aventures à la fois
canoniques et touchantes d'un
homme qui se propose de devenir
un saint. "Figurez-vous", dit
M. Duhamel, "un homme simple
et modeste, employé d'une firme
quelconque, qui un jour,
prend la résolution de devenir
un saint, pas un saint fanatique et
plein de foi, mais un saint
de notre monde... Figurez-
vous les mésaventures
qu'il aura à subir: manque
de compréhension de la part des
autres, obstacles sociaux (la
lettre à la police dans la-

1. II. 1940

quelle il dénonce (au employeur
au sujet du lait oxygéné), incapacité
de vivre l'âme ^{les} saints et
de souffrir de leur façon... Vous
doutez - vous de tous les gros
et petits malheurs tombant
sur le dos d'un saint moderne.

Je va sans dire que
ce sujet donne, à M. Duchannel,
induite, occasions de faire de
jolies imitations et d'inventer
des épisodes charmants et
comiques... Le doigt pince!
dans la pâte, le désir de
porter le fardeau d'un pauvre
qui au observé dans la rue
et qui disparaît subitement, ce
qui amène nul autre promeneur
à vous dire que vous êtes
un garsjal...

3. Februar 1940

Was ich vor einigen Tagen über die Öde schrieb, in die ich durch den anhaltenden Zustand des Nicht-arbeitens versetzt worden bin, ist unvollständig irreführend.

- Unvollständig, weil das Fehlen des "äußeren Mors" zwar ein, aber Reinesweg das einzige Element, ist, das die lähmende Unfähigkeit hervorgerufen hat.

Irreführend, weil der Reinesweg der Schlüssel zum Verständnis des gegenwärtigen Stadiums des "Ich" ist.

- Ich werde darauf zurückkommen.
-

La N.R.F. vient de publier deux nouvelles qui m'ont beaucoup impressionné: "un rude hiver" par Raymond Queneau, et "Flavie" par Marcel Auloy (1939 II).

- "un rude hiver" est une étude psychologique très fine: Durant un rude hiver de guerre, plus rude encore parce qu'il se passe à Flavre, ville de province d'une

tristesse sans pitié et sans relâche,
un jeune homme, nommé Lehanneau,
traverse une de ses grandes crises
de l'âme où se mêlent
l'ennui, la faim de la chair,
le mépris des hommes et des con-
ventions et surtout le désespoir
de trouver un peu de chaleur
humaine véritable..... Ce
Jérôme, après un certain nombre
d'aventures inutiles et
désespérées, me ^{trouve} une jeune fille,
presque encore une enfant, qui
promet, à Lehanneau, la protection
pure et pleine de chaleur contre
un rude hiver de guerre....

"Flavie" est la femme
d'un homme ordinaire qui l'aime
beaucoup. M. Arlaud nous montre
une soirée quelconque de ce
couple, dans l'appartement
de petite bourgeoisie qu'il
partage avec sa mère à lui.
Rien d'extraordinaire ne se
passe, et M. Arlaud nous
montre avec cette simplicité exquise

3. II. 1940

des Français quand ils nous parlent
de choses intimes, que Flavie
et son mari, bien que leur mariage
ne paraisse point heureux d la
meine et d la vieille
• Je devante, ne s'entendent pas
• plus mal que d'autres
• Couples.....

9. II. 1940

Ich bin an einer Station meines Ich
angekommen, wo es kein Bleiben geben
kann. Ich bin blind, geistig und
körperlich.

Nicht zu arbeiten - es ist nicht
das Fehlen des Eingegliedertseins
ins Reich der Arbeitenden, mit a. u.
der von außen verlangten Arbeit -
sondern die innere Öde, die keine
Sammlung, keine Energie, keinen
Ruf aufkommen läßt.

Die innere Verödung ist der
schmerzhafteste Zustand, den ich
kenne. In ihm gedeihen Scham, An-
klage, Verwirrung, der stellt
die Existenz selbst in Frage.

Immer wieder versuche ich
zu arbeiten. Diese Versuche sind
meiner Sicht als eine besonders
lächerliche Form des Selbstbe-
trugs.

" Du beginnst damit, daß Du
Deine persönlichen Angelegenheiten
ordnest, angesammelte Korrespondenzen
beledigst, Deinen Schreibtisch be-
reinigst. "

Daraus erwachsen Tausend

Abhaltungen - von Briefmarken Kauf
bis zu Besuchen - gemeinsamen, unricht-
liche Abhaltungen, deren Stunden,
Tage und Wochen zum Opfer fallen.

Das Lächerlichste: immer
wieder versuche ich erneut;
immer wieder sehe ich einen
"tast an: Morgen, nächste Woche,
nächsten Monat...."

Körperlich illud: Schlaflosig-
keit. Mittel, die sich hinnehmen,
verfolgen mich an Tage, machen
mich matt, abgespannt, illud.
unzulänglichkeiten: Schmerzen in
Bein und Rücken, eine illud-
jüngige Speicheldrüsen-geschichte.
Sexuelle Niederrungen.
Hat der Wagen die gute
Straße verlassen, so gerät er in
Unterholz, unheimliches Gelände,
über Stock und Stein

27. III. 1940

I. Im Stichworten:

Wieder Arbeit: Eingehende Lektüre des Kapitels "Foreign Corporations" bei Beale's Conflict of Laws; Anträge.

Verusche, Jessie zu diktieren, erweisen sich nicht als erfolgreich. Ich gehe heute abend noch nicht richtig auf; ich bereite mein Diktat vor: täglich müßte ich ein paar Seiten diktieren. Das Thema ist übrigens: The Crisis of int. al corp. law.

Die "Ode" ist gemessen, besser: aber Vorgehensweise werden jellener.

Ablehnung meines Antrags für die Guggenheim-Fellowship läßt mich unermüdet.

"To make a living or disappointments".

Bedenket: Mißfolge und gescheiterte Hoffnungen vor "Lebenslinie" machen: Affaire Columbia-University Sponsorship, Guggenheim usw. usw.

Lynismus: Frick und ich kaufen uns Antanahille.

Die Menagerie gottes:

Marie Kahn und ihre Kinder. - Dann
Hans Rockwell Kent. - Das harte Los:
"Kein Wort der Anerkennung, kein Wort
des Dankes." ("Bleibet heiss an
fast und fort...") - gefahren: Krank-
heit -

Ernst und Edith Abrahamson, ver-
heiratet: Das Heim in allen Einzel-
heiten, das Auto.

Betrachtung: Die Verblämung des
Spiegelebens in Nicht-Spiegel.

Lucien G. und Susanne. Die "heirliche"
Emigrantin aus Heidelberg. Die Rolle
Susannes: Nicht-Auftreten der Eltern.
Lucien G.'s Verhalten zu Susanne.
Sexuelle Hintergründe: Seine Erzählung
von den Dreien in Scheitert.
Lucien und die 3 "A": Adel, Amer,
Ahnen.....

N.J. und die Mine in Arizona. N.J.'s
merkwürdige Tügel: Leichtsinns, Raschheit
des Entschlusses. -
Low Kemp: Dunkelmann.....

Kalle: "Neulegim" - waldsamender Frau
des Menschen geliet, Mysticismus, Er-
leuchtung. Arief: das von den Mächten
des Dalens unahänderlich gefamte Ich.

Nach dem Auscheiden des Frühlings-
Judenmensch und Angst vor dem Frühlings-
Kein Verlangen nach Frühlings-
Janner - Keifen der Natur - die K.
Janner unangenehmes drängen: Jannigent,
Nächte ohne Kühlung, schwebt und Jtane
in die Jhule....

Die Einmengen; viele Perle
auf der Kette: mit Mania im Jannige
Jannerdullenden Hardtwald, die Jester
Entdeckungen. gar es einmal
einen Frühlings?

II. Bücher: "Le Boenf Claudeskin" - par
Marcel Aymé. - Tableau d'une famille
de la bourgeoisie de Paris. Le père,
luel'homme, Jénieux, verheiratet, peire de
famille et Jégetarien ^{mais à la fois}
"Claudeskin": ungeant un dipleique,
Juhissant des taulations Jexnelles, vani-
teux et vide.... Mais celle existena
le bourgeois a desan d'un Jecret:
le père caressant la clé de l'appartement

Claudestin ne se passe des heures
vie qu'à méditer.....
Raherte, la fille, décidée à épouser
Lardut, homme de succès dans ce monde
vital composé d'une famille, d'un
business et d'une carrière, fruit
d'un amour ardent de Dina, une femme
donnée d'une attraction ^{très} ordinaire
pour les femmes, mais sans aucune
ascendance sociale..... Et pourtant,
c'est à elle - et aux laïques de Dina -
qu'elle doit les plus grandes étonnements...

Lardut, fils de paysans qui abandonne
la vie de paysan pour se lancer dans
la carrière de ingénieur des Mines.
Ayant perdu son amour très sensible
pour une jeune fille quelconque,
il épousera Raherte sans éprouver
le plus haut degré d'amour qu'il
cherche en vain.

Histoire du Manacle et de la
façon mélancolique de le nettoyer:
manière de supprimer les inclinaisons
part rap Sentimentales.....

Le Boeuf Claudestin: parlant.....

AR 25 161 Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 8 : The World We Never Made



THE WORLD WE NEVER MADE

but shared with trust and confidence.

For Karl, at 70

And how am I to face the odds
Of man's bedevilment and God's?
I, a stranger and afraid
In a world I never made

A. E. Housman

I

In the early days of March 1938, the last desperate efforts of Austria's Chancellor Schuschnigg to preserve the independence of his country filled the headlines of the newspapers and newscasts of the radio. There were few conversations among friends and acquaintances that did not betray the new and deeper anxieties aroused by Adolf Hitler's latest step designed to extend the borders and hence the sphere of power of the "Greater German Reich". Yet there still was noticeable the same ambiguousness that had characterized Adolf Hitler's policies, as well as the public's reactions, since the very beginning of his amazing ascent as the principal, if indeed not the sole, forger of the world we were to live in.

This ambiguousness made it possible for many of Europe's and America's political leaders to consider Adolf Hitler, in spite of what they called his "bluster", a politician who in the end would be bound by the laws of moderation and reason. The warnings of those who had recognized that it was precisely the rejection of moderation and reason that

prepared the foundation on which the world according to Adolf Hitler was to be erected, remained unheeded.

If the ambiguousness was reflected in the moves of Europe's statesmen, above all England's Chamberlain, France's Daladier and even Italy's Mussolini, it was no less inherent in quiet conversations with family and friends.

* * *

I had gone to Lucerne to visit our parents. Spring was slow in coming, although its earliest messengers could already be detected: a crocus or a snowdrop here and there, a brief moment of warmth in the middle of the day, a slow lengthening of the daylight hours. I had not expected that the Austrian crisis would lead me so suddenly to the threshold I had sought to avoid. That threshold was not the outcome of more or less orderly sequels facing, in the course of time, any young man, not yet thirty years old; it was, however, neither new nor unexpected. For ever since my life in Germany and the beginning of a road into the future had come to an end in the spring of 1933, makeshift arrangements had taken the place of orderly sequels.

There was, in the spring of 1938, another more direct reason why I wished to avoid, or at least postpone, the threshold now confronting me.

In their comfortable apartment overlooking Lake Lucerne, this symbol of men's struggle for independence and freedom -- a milestone indeed on the road to the very civilization in which we wanted to believe -- our parents led a precarious existence. It was not due to any of the shortcomings that marked the daily life of so many who had left their homes in Germany. The source of their precariousness was our mother's illness. It had first declared itself five years earlier; with each passing year her illness took away a little more of our mother's radiant personality so that it was now necessary for our father to bear alone the burden he had heretofore shared with our mother.

* * *

On March 11 German troops, accompanied by selected "Organs of the SS and SA" (thus the official terminology) crossed the borders of Austria and accomplished what was then called the "Anschluss" of Austria (euphemistically in lieu of the starker word

"annexation"). The fait accompli was accepted, and little attention paid the reign of terror whose victims were the notorious targets of Adolf Hitler's persecution. The prescription first applied in Austria and which was to remain unchanged throughout the years of triumph, was designed to bind to Adolf Hitler's victorious chariot anonymous masses of perpetrators and spectators of a thousand acts of degradations and inhumanities. The German invaders and Adolf Hitler's henchmen were received in Austria by a jubilant population. Again newspapers and radio reported it all faithfully. While there were not as yet any television cameras transmitting the events instantaneously, the jubilant reception in the Austrian capital was shown in photograph after photograph published by the press.

It was this unreserved welcome that was most depressing. The question was unavoidable: would Adolf Hitler and his army be received similarly if he decided to invade another neighboring country? And even if he found less than an entire nation willing to receive him with open arms, might there not be in any country now under the spell of "Reawakened Germany", a considerable number of vociferous people

embracing the conqueror with his sensational and sinister promises?

* * *

It was by no means the first time that I broached the question of my and my family's future in Europe, prompted by my growing awareness of approaching disaster and by what I have called the "makeshift arrangements" of our day-to-day life. To the casual visitor of our small but pleasant apartment in Belgium's attractive capital, particularly if he were a recent emigrant from Germany who had but a limited transit visa on his way to South America or Australia, may well have seemed a place of order and friendliness denied him. Was there not a comfortable living room, a quiet bedroom, a modern kitchen and bathroom, and even a tiny room for our first-born son Francis, who was not yet nine months old? And was there not on a higher floor in the same building the apartment of my brother Karl, the painter, who had transformed it into a studio hung with his work? And not even a block away, was there not the equally comfortable apartment of my brother Fred and his wife Ruth? Above all, was it not clear to the casual visitor that the three Schrag brothers

in Brussels were provided with adequate means for their livelihood?

Why, then, speak of "makeshift arrangements"? The reason is this: there was in truth no room for any of us, except through the temporary grant, by a benevolent municipality, of the privilege to live in the "Commune d'Ixelles", one of Brussels' many boroughs -- not permanently, but for renewable periods of six months and upon the express condition of not engaging in work of any kind. Nor was this all: for any travel outside the small kingdom's borders, we needed visas to be impressed in our hated German passports -- visas for visits to our parents in Switzerland and even for the passage through French territory on the way to Switzerland. The hardships and petty chicaneries imposed on the homeless or those whose homes were merely on sufferance, have been forgotten in the post-World War II era. However, many of us remember only too well the abuses and acts of sheer sadistic exploitation of consuls, consular officials and sundry functionaries responsible for the issuance and use of visas.

The deepest and most depressing meaning of the "makeshift arrangements" was that by their very existence they deprived us of the one essential element of life in the important phase when a vision of the future emerges -- a vision that is no longer a very young person's dream, but a clearer and clearer outline of work to be done and rewards to be earned. This vision, although it does not necessarily identify for everyone the customary aims and objects common to most of us, is nonetheless at the very core of our affirmation of the life we call ours. It is thus both an act of faith and an acceptance of the place on which we stand.

In Brussels, where the fifth year was about to begin, I lacked altogether the vision I had hoped to define and I found no solace in the "makeshift arrangements", however pleasant they were

* * *

In earlier conversations with our father he had stated and restated the arguments favoring, in his opinion, the continued efforts of my brothers and myself to create a new existence on European soil. For each of his four sons there were, so he thought,

quite reasonable prospects: Otto and his family had gone to Luxembourg and thanks to his business connections he was able to make a living as agent for malt houses in Czechoslovakia, Poland, and other countries. Fred had made numerous contacts with business acquaintances and would certainly find a suitable connection one of these days. As for me, had I not established promising contacts in Brussels from which it was likely that a sound position in a law-related field would develop? And for Karl, the artist, for whom his work was all-important and filled with promise as teachers and critics had amply confirmed, was not his background and his very education as an artist essentially European so that he might never flourish in the harsh materialistic environment of America?

Such had been our father's true convictions. However, in his deep devotion to his children, he would not stand in their way if other prospects in other places offered other opportunities. To be sure, any separation would be hard on him, harder indeed than at any other time because of his growing loneliness in the deepening shadow of our mother's illness. Although he had no longer any true

companion in her, he fervently consoled himself at the slightest reappearance of her former self, this beloved self that had supported him during their marriage of thirty-six years. Yes, he admitted it freely, life was not thinkable far away from his sons, and especially from Karl, the youngest who was still unmarried, and from Susie and myself on whose help he might have to depend before very long.

In these days of the "Anschluss" our father's arguments had begun to sound hollow. Like the other members of the small circle of German emigrants gathered in Lucerne, he had striven to maintain his belief that, when all was said and done, no conquest truly endangering Europe's essential balance of power would be tolerated. Noone, so the reasoning went, knew this better than Adolf Hitler himself, facing France's fortifications known as the Maginot Line, England's naval superiority and, if all else failed, Russia's huge reservoir of manpower, and ultimately America's decisive strength. Only a madman would assume risks spelling his inevitable doom. How often had I listened to these hopes and prophecies of the bewildered emigrants in Lucerne! How often had I responded that my concern was the

immediate future, the dangerous stretch that lay ahead, and that I was unable to derive any confidence from so far-reaching perspectives! It is curious to recall today the prognostics of the Lucerne circle. At the end of the world's greatest man-made catastrophe, the undoing of Adolf Hitler and the Third Reich had come about as the Lucerne prophets had predicted it.

* * *

Whenever the question of a true resettlement had been raised in countless conversations with our father, the only destination seriously considered was America. It is true that other countries had been mentioned from time to time, but there was in such destinations as Brazil, Australia, New Zealand a sense of unreality. Not only was America the goal for the greatest number of emigrants, it was also, particularly in our family, a known quantity. A moving incident has remained with me from one of the conversations in March 1938. I had explained at some length my pessimistic view of the days and years ahead, in terms of the drift towards general and individual destruction, and my firm belief that for all of us the signs pointed strongly to America. Our

father had listened quietly and although he shook his head from time to time during my summing up, said nothing to contradict me, as he had done so often in the past. Unexpectedly our mother entered the room and he turned towards her and said, "Paul and I have just been talking about America. He would like to settle over there. What do you think about his idea?" Our mother's answer was as prompt as it was unexpected. "I think it would be wonderful. He would have Nathan and Tilly and Lily and I am sure they would all be happy to help him to become settled!"

The cheerful note did not last. During the rest of my brief stay in Lucerne my heart grew heavier with each passing hour. It was one thing for me and my family to plan our early departure for America, but quite another to leave the home in Lucerne in which two elderly people needed nothing so much as the care and love of children. Awake during endless nighttime hours, I weighed each and every aspect of the situation my move would entail. I recognized in the end that if Fred and Karl also decided to leave for America, the only alternative left our parents was to follow us and to try and re-

establish a home in America. With this solution came deep anxieties: would our father have the physical strength and the necessary enterprise to prepare and carry out, step by step, the one thousand and one requirements of the contemplated move? With these anxieties arose a sense of responsibility and even guilt. Did I not, through my move, resting on practical grounds and emotional motivations of my own, tear our parents from their home -- their comfortable tranquil accustomed place, the only one left them?

The night before I was to return to Brussels, our father turned off the radio program we had been listening to -- the slow movement of Beethoven's Second Symphony -- and turned to me. He spoke very quietly, looking at me, as was his wont, over the top of his glasses.

"Mama and I have talked over your plans carefully. We feel we do not have the right to disapprove them, much less to stand in your way. We can only hope you do the right thing. But we have also thought a good deal about our own situation. We feel it is more important for us to live near the home of one of our children than to have a home of

our own. Karl has no home as yet and we think it would be best for him to go with you and to stay near you. Mama and I feel the closest ties to Susie's and your home. Therefore, we are prepared to start at once the necessary preparations so as to be able to go to America a little later on, after you and Susie have found a suitable place for Mama and me."

I left for Brussels the next morning, by no means easy in my mind, but at least with the confidence that the time had come where everything that remained to be done held the promise of a better future -- for all of us.

II

When looking back over a long stretch of time it is not always easy to preserve the historical order of things. Even in one's brief lifetime, and in reliance on what we think of as a "good memory", the historical order of things tends to become blurred.

At the time I am speaking of now, the all-comprising regime of terror had not been unleashed. The Jews of Germany had not begun to scramble desperately for a place in the few life boats in which they hoped to escape from the once familiar ship that had become as a hostile camp.

Those who wanted to emigrate could still do so under quite normal conditions. Emigration, it is true, spelled the end of their worldly goods, at least of their financial resources, which they must leave behind or surrender. At best, they could still find complicated ways for the shipment of their personal possessions to the foreign countries willing

to receive them. But this state of affairs was going to last only a few months longer. For with the final blow to fall upon Germany Jewry, the "Kristallnacht" of November 9, 1938, the veil of relative benevolence was dropped once and for all. Thereafter, there was but one ancient call travelling from mouth to mouth inside Germany and heard around the world wherever friends and relatives had settled: "Save Our Souls." As I have said earlier, I have no doubt that the replacement of the relatively mild pre-1938 anti-Jewish measures by a regime of violence and terror, was designed to tighten the chain links between Adolf Hitler and the masses of perpetrators and spectators, dehumanized both, on whom he depended for the wars shortly to begin. The "Kristallnacht" of November 1938 and the ensuing destruction of Jewry coincided with the completion of Adolf Hitler's military preparations.

* * *

When I returned from Lucerne and announced my intention to leave for America, my brothers Fred and Karl relived with me the painful moments I had experienced in Lucerne. They shared my view of the somber developments appearing more likely with each

passing day. The ruthlessness of the "Anschluss" of Austria was a no less ominous sign of things to come than the weak pronouncements of French and English statesmen whose hollow sound was all too audible. Nevertheless, there still remained a good deal of speculation, also the whole gamut of personal judgments and preferences.

* * *

In many ways, Karl's situation differed from mine. Outwardly already, his work required only a minimum of dependence upon the social structure. There were no services to be rendered, no searches for useful contacts, no needs for his presence at any given time or place. There was only a modest studio, an equally modest artist's equipment, a life, on the whole, without outside commitments.

However, the confinement, although less tangible than intangible, in which he like all of us lived with no more than his "Permis de Sejour de la Commune d'Ixelles" was nonetheless real. It is true that he was free to do the work he wanted to do, free to take his sketchbook and even his easel and paint box to the nearby "Bois de la Cambre", that he could

roam the lively streets of Brussels with their poetic names stemming from the middle-ages ("rue du Marche aux Herbes", "rue des Sept Jeunes Gens Chretiens", "rue du Fosse au Loup"), and that a beautiful young girl was available as a model for a nude But however free an artist is in the exercise of his vocation, however lonely in the struggles with himself and his media, he, too, cannot close the doors and windows of his studio against the winds of a crumbling world. Karl knew little about life in America -- as it was little indeed for all of us -- but the promise that once you had passed the tests of the immigration laws, you were absolutely free to live where you wanted to live, to do what you wanted to do, and to have, instead of a "Permis de Sejour", a secure, permanent unimpeded home, was like no other promise.

Karl's decision to join Susie and me and to help us re-establish, in the beginning at least, the same private world we had been sharing in Brussels, was not as such a difficult one. It was neither more nor less than the easy continuance of a way of life that for Karl and me had begun in our early childhood and had lost none of its meaning in the years in which each of us had sought to realize his own

goals. Although law and art may seem interests so far apart that only a very narrow path would at rare moments lead us together, there had remained at all times a wide, comfortable and well-cared-for road on which we travelled side by side with ease and trust and confidence. And after I was married in 1934, the road proved to be wide enough to accommodate Susie as well, and to share the many benefits of her steadfastness, inexhaustible good will, and serenity.

In the course of the following weeks it was agreed, after weighing all factors carefully, that Karl and I would at once apply for our American immigration visas and leave at an early date. Fred and Ruth made the same decision but did not set a precise date for their own departure. This meant that, if the more difficult move of our parents could not be accomplished by the time my family and Karl were to leave, Fred and Ruth would do whatever was needed to help our parents.

While our oldest brother, Otto, understood and approved the family plan I had initiated in the wake of the "Anschluss" of Austria, he did not share my pessimistic outlook. Otto's decision to remain in

Luxembourg may well serve to demonstrate one of the main aspects of the Jewish situation prior to Adolf Hitler's last phase in his war against the Jews. I refer to the intrinsic belief held by Jews and most non-Jews before the age of the Holocaust, that even a state of systematic persecution has limitations imposed by the immutable laws of humanity. This belief, anchored in the standards of an enlightened society was further strengthened by the very real needs of day-to-day existence -- above all the need to earn the livelihood for oneself and one's family. Such was the spoken or unspoken reasoning of those who chose, even as Adolf Hitler's dogma became firmly established in Germany and began to spread across its borders, to remain in their homes in Germany itself and in the vulnerable neighboring countries.

* * *

As I have already mentioned, our move to America did not differ from any ordinary move from country to country. When Karl and I applied for immigration visas at the American Consulate in Antwerp, we were treated with great friendliness and told to return within the month for our perfunctory

medical examination following which the United States immigration visas would be stamped forthwith in our passports. Susie and Francis were to travel together on Susie's American passport, more valuable and enviable than a precious jewel, which she owed to her father's foresight throughout the decades that had passed since he became a United States citizen long before the turn of the century.

Passage was booked, first class, on the SS Washington. We packed what little furniture we had in our Brussels apartment and arranged with the moving firm for its shipment to New York as soon as we again had an apartment of our own. As it turned out later, the cost of the shipment of our few possessions by far exceeded the price we would have paid for more practical and useful furnishings in New York. However, this should not be taken as in any way diminishing the personal value of many of our old possessions that are still in our, as well as in Karl's, home -- proof of our loyalty and of their sturdiness

* * *

In the early days of July I spent a few days in Switzerland. Our father had been at the American Consulate in Zurich and filed his application for his own immigration visa; our mother had reacquired her American citizenship and, therefore, had her own passport.

Of my last visit in Lucerne I have preserved memories that are like none others. I realize that, had it not been the last time I saw our father, this particular visit would not have differed markedly from any other. In retrospect, however, there arises in me, even after the passage of more than four decades, a deep melancholy that casts a somberness and sadness over much of my life, a bitter commentary to the simple proverb, "Der Mensch denkt und Gott lenkt" (Man proposes but God disposes).

In the years following his move from Germany to Switzerland there had grown between our father and me a relationship of mutual trust and warmth that had not always existed. We had been critical of one another and since we were both given to a frequently intemperate eloquence, there had been many occasions for bitter words. The change was due, no doubt, to

many factors, above all a more mature understanding on my side, and a less tradition-bound, at times almost doctrinaire, view of the world, now more mine than his own, on his side. Other factors contributing to the welcome change were the close relationship between both parents and Susie, and my own eagerness to share with my father many family responsibilities that had become a heavier burden as the care and concern for our mother filled the largest and most important space in his life.

The last visit, as I have said, was to be different. From the moment I stepped off the train and was welcomed by our father who placed his arms around me and kissed me, I felt again the sense of responsibility and guilt I had first experienced in March. Our father had been ill for many months in 1936 and now I discovered another kind of suffering and his attempt not to show it, while I searched in vain for his happy and relaxed features during former visits.

America, it must be remembered, seemed then much further away than it would today. The boat trip would take five or six days. Of course, everything, to use a current expression, was "in place" for our

reunion in New York in late September, after the worst of New York's summer heat was over. The Consul had advised that the immigration visa would be available by the middle of September. Our parents would leave to Fred and Ruth the vacating of their apartment and the shipment of their belongings, so that they themselves would travel with only the immediate necessities.

While all this seemed sensible and practical enough, I recognized with each passing day of my brief visit more and more clearly the physical and emotional strain the impending move imposed on our father. Since he kept from our mother everything that might disturb her, she did not fully understand the implications of the forthcoming trip which, our father assured her, was not so very different from her many earlier visits in America, except that she could now look forward to find her children and even her small grandson in her native city. Deceptive, painful simplicity weighing heavily on me

Had I not gone too far in my gloomy forecasts? Had they not been colored by my own private dissatisfactions that were, after all,

noone's business but my own? Had I not forced upon our parents a decision whose consequences were at best dubious? Had I not done this by arbitrarily removing from their comfortable and peaceful life in lovely Lucerne, those to whom they were most attached?

On my return to Brussels I mentioned my doubts to Susie and Karl, adding that I was tempted to reconsider the plans we had made. All of us realized, however, that it was too late and that it would be graver to reverse our plans than to carry them out. As so often, Karl's quiet reasoning proved to be extraordinarily helpful. In situations such as the one I am now referring to this is characteristic of Karl's strength and counsel: often reticent to make his voice heard in the inevitable uncertainties of human affairs, he seeks, when he does offer advice, to support both the part of reason and the personal needs of a troubled human being.

* * *

Our last weeks in Brussels were filled with preparations of many kinds, the farewell from friends, and a great deal of correspondence.

The often daily letters to our parents reveal the emotional weight of the impending changes. A long letter Karl wrote to our parents in June 1938 ends as follows:

"As long as one is in tolerable health and has a little money, as long as one still carries within oneself some ideals (and therefore also hope), one is able to find somewhere in the world (except of course in one's "Heimat") a place that has not only shadow but also sunlight, be it in its smallest corner. It is then up to oneself to build upon this corner or to seek it out as often as possible!"

For all of us a single event stands out among the memories preserved from the last Brussels days. That event was Karl's one-man show at the Galerie Arenberg. The suggestion had come from our wise old friend Paul Otlet, one of the early admirers of Karl's works, and the young artist was introduced to critics and visitors by Pierre-Louis Flouquet, a poet of considerable reputation and editor of the remarkable series known as "Journal des Poetes". The

works shown by Karl were watercolors and drawings, and it is amusing to quote Karl's own words in a note to his parents regarding the reaction to the first show of his works:

"'L'Independence' and 'La Belgique Libre' have so far published reviews. Noone would be able to restate their entire text -- I shall show you the clippings shortly. The two reviews agree on nothing -- what one praises, the other judges less good or does not mention at all, for example, 'L'Independence' does not mention the twenty drawings, while 'La Belgique Libre' speaks of them in several sentences and praises them without reserve."

* * *

The crossing was easy. A little more than halfway across the Atlantic, the cool breezes under grey skies vanished and as a hazy pale blue sky replaced the clouds, warm moist winds brought a foretaste of the new climate expecting us. We

arrived in New York on July 22nd. Susie's parents, Uncle Nathan, Aunt Tilly, Aunt Sara and Davis Goldman were at the pier on the Hudson River. Thus everything might have easily fitted within the framework of a "normal world" -- the arrival of a comfortable, middle-class European family prepared to settle in America, eager to establish a new home and to carve out a place for themselves in a free environment.

III

Few experiences are more disturbing than our inability, for reasons within ourselves, to respond to acts of kindness and good will of which we are the inadequate recipients. Susie's parents had rented an apartment at the Hotel Marcy on New York's west side which we shared with them; Karl occupied a single room on the same floor. All of the windows of the apartment were facing west where the Hudson River reflected the strong late afternoon light of long July and August days. While the mornings were often pleasantly cool, the heat in the course of the day increased relentlessly and during the evening hours and well into the night weighed heavily on those who, like ourselves, were not yet used to Manhattan summers.

The first few days were filled with the excitement common to all arrivals. There was, above all, the reunion with Susie's parents who had come from San Francisco in order to make the beginning easier for us. There were also visits of family, a number of errands, initial attempts to become

acquainted with our neighborhood. Francis, however, was the only one who settled easily and cheerfully in the "New World", unaffected by the heat, the dust and the noise of the city where his Belgian baby carriage, a model as yet unknown on Manhattan streets, stirred many amusing comments.

After the first days of excitement had passed, a great emptiness seemed to surround me. Was it no more than the natural reaction to weeks and months of planning, caring, busying myself with a mass of details? It might have been all of that, plus, however, the realization that I was no nearer any vision of the future than I had ever been. At any rate, the emptiness in which I moved day after day made it difficult, often impossible, to respond to the warmth and care Susie's parents gave us in so many ways.

Most important was the correspondence with our father which, if one observed the sailing dates of fast transatlantic boats, proceeded as fast as, or even faster than, today's airmail. In this manner, and thanks to our father's customary zeal, we were at

all times posted on the progress of our parents' preparations.

* * *

Meanwhile Adolf Hitler's next move, designed to bring about the ultimate total destruction of Czechoslovakia, was foreshadowed in his own utterances and in the half-hearted attempts of French and English statesmen to minimize its consequences. This time the newspapers and radio reports (the latter being followed by skilled commentators who knew how to dramatize the latest "developments") focused on the demands of the "Sudetendeutschen" whose territories following the Treaty of Versailles had been included in the complex ethnic structure that became Czechoslovakia. It was not difficult to foresee that Adolf Hitler's goal went beyond the demands of the "Sudetendeutschen"; as a matter of fact he had himself issued an order to the Germany army declaring, "Es ist meine unabaenderliche Absicht, die Czechoslovakei in absehbarer Zeit durch eine militaerische Aktion zu Zerschlagen."*

* "It is my unalterable intention to dismember Czechoslovakia by military action in due course."

Although this order did not become known until after the war, it was clear to us that the next victim of the "Greater German Reich" would be Czechoslovakia; and but a few weeks later events reached their climax sealing the fate both of Czechoslovakia and world peace.

* * *

As the month of August drew towards its close we slowly emerged from the mixture of bewilderment and emptiness which had followed our arrival. Although the heat was as oppressive as ever and there were not enough chores and errands to fill our days, we took the first hesitant steps towards the sensible life we hoped to be ours. Karl had begun to familiarize himself with the New York world of the arts. It had not so long ago begun to recover from the Great Depression of the early 1930s and its modest revival was a far cry from the flowering that began after World War II and lasts to the present day. Karl had decided to attend classes at the Art Students League in the fall. I planned to seek out a number of persons none of whom I knew, using the introductions I had been provided with by Max Gutzwiller, Paul Otlet, and others. We also looked

for different accommodations because the hotel where we had spent the first few weeks proved to be considerably more expensive than anticipated. Needless to say that the major share of the requirements of our daily life, as well as of our forthcoming more permanent settlement, was borne by Susie, with the efficient help of her mother.

Karl accepted an invitation from Lily and Alfred Marx to visit them at their home "The Old Coast Guard" on Cape Cod. After the Labor Day weekend in the early days of September, traditionally the signal for the end of the summer and the beginning of new seasons and new enterprises, he would return to the city and start his work to which he looked forward eagerly.

In the early morning of September 6, I received a phone call from Davis Goldman who read to me a cable he had just received from Lucerne. It had been sent in the evening of the previous day and was signed by Fred. It said that our father had died of a brain hemorrhage and that our mother was well. Since there had not been any reference to his health in any of the letters written by our father after our

departure, the news was shattering. I shall not try, in these pages, to describe the effect it had upon me. I will only say that in the hours that followed I gained, and have never again altered, the conviction that our minds and our hearts are shaped far more lastingly by our pain than by our joy.

Davis Goldman had also telephoned the news to Karl in Truro. Within the hour he called me, finding me alone in an hotel bedroom. Karl tried to steady his voice as we were talking a few brief moments. I realized at once that by his own self-control and by his emphasizing the painless and peaceful death of our father, he wanted nothing as much as to lessen the burden of responsibility and guilt again heavy on my shoulders.

Moments later Susie entered the room, her face all lined with the pearly stripes of her tears. Rather than attempting words, useless between us, she placed little Francis in my arms and when he turned to me his wide-open blue eyes, smiling at the same time, I received a very large dose of life's best medicine.

* * *

It is true that in many of his letters our father had spoken of the strain caused by the preparations for the forthcoming move from Lucerne to New York, which, of course, he must bear alone. But in his latest letters which we received only after his death, he had also anticipated confidently the satisfactions he was certain to find in the renewed closeness with his New York children. These letters, delivered after the funeral in Lucerne, have a poignancy I feel as deeply today as when I first read them.*

According to Fred's report our mother did not fully comprehend what had happened. It was as though our father, seeking a moment's rest on one of the benches overlooking the Lake of Lucerne in the warm September sun, had gone to sleep at her side. For days she asked continually about him and at first questioned the veracity of those who told her that he had died. It was clear that she must come to New York at the earliest moment, for her own sake and for the sake of Fred and Ruth, to whom fell the responsibilities of dissolving the old Schrag household in as practical a way as possible.

* One of these letters is found in "Pages of an Intimate Chronicle" (1969) p. 107.

Among the plans considered was the return of Karl or myself in order to bring our mother to New York. For that purpose I had secured a permit of re-entry allowing immigrant residents who are not citizens to re-enter the country. But with the crisis of Czechoslovakia fast approaching the point of no return, the danger of war suddenly seemed quite real. Little did we know that Czechoslovakia had already been written off by those who were believed to protect its existence, if not its provinces inhabited by "Sudetendeutsche". Between the days of September 16 and September 29 Great Britain's Prime Minister Chamberlain promised Adolf Hitler to recommend the surrender of "Sudetenland", which Adolf Hitler assured the world was his "last demand of territorial change". Czechoslovakia, having rejected this demand, was forced to surrender, and this culminated in the meeting of Hitler, Mussolini, Daladier and Chamberlain in Munich on September 29, from which Chamberlain, umbrella in hand, returned to a grateful and jubilant welcome in London, with one of the most famous "Last Words": "Peace in our time". To complete this brief sequence of events, let me add that the ultimate dismemberment of Czechoslovakia came in March 1939 and was followed,

less than a week later, by Adolf Hitler's demand on Poland for the return of Danzig. It is well known that thus the chain was started which led in September of the same year to the beginning of World War II.

* * *

We had moved to the Hotel Chalfonte, on the corner of Broadway and 70th Street, about the middle of September. This time my family and Karl shared the same apartment and Susie's parents had a smaller apartment of their own. Lily and Alfred Marx had also come to the city and stayed at the same hotel. From day to day and hour to hour we followed the events in Europe which, all of a sudden, seemed very near, thus increasing our common concern for our mother. There could be no question any longer for Karl or me to return to Europe with our German passports. Lily and Alfred at once declared their readiness to travel to Switzerland and to accompany our mother to the safe shores of America. With Adolf Hitler's voice ringing in our ears, with his threats having the undefinable quality of a destruction you can as little avert as the breach of a dam built for

lesser contingencies, we, too, breathed a sigh of relief, listening to, although putting little faith in, the promise of "Peace in our time".

After the annexation of "Sudetenland", calm, though deceptive, was restored while the same statesmen who had attended the Munich Conference dealt with Adolf Hitler's demands on Poland. On Fred's recommendation it was decided that our mother would travel with a Swiss nurse-companion and that Fred and Ruth would take charge of vacating the apartment and putting our parents' belongings in a Swiss warehouse.

Our mother arrived in New York in October 1938. Having obtained permission to meet her even before the boat docked, boarding it together with the Immigration and Customs officials, I found our mother reasonably well. The crossing, I was told by her nurse, had been a stormy one but our mother who had not once been seasick in her life, had remained well throughout. A sunlit apartment awaited her at the Hotel Chalfonte and thanks to the love shown her by everyone she settled easily in her new surroundings. She mentioned our father rarely, limiting herself to

such simple statements as "Es ist so schade, dass der Papa das alles nicht erleben kann" ("It is a pity that papa cannot share in this experience"). The Swiss nurse promised to stay until a suitable companion had been found. This was not an easy matter and only after several failures did we find Grete Brinitzer who was to stay with our mother until shortly before she died.

Susie's parents returned to San Francisco in the beginning of December where they expected the arrival of their daughter, Ilse Brieger and her family. Fred and Ruth joined us in New York in the last days of the year.

IV

In retrospect, one may be tempted to believe that at the time we were now entering, America's reaction to the commencement of the era of Nazi conquest was not in doubt, and that there could be no question as to its ultimate stand against Adolf Hitler's reach for world domination. As a matter of fact, the question uppermost on our minds was whether America would ever accept the challenge and the responsibility of active intervention in a "foreign" war most people held to be inescapable. The issues were complex, deeply interwoven with the politics of Franklin Roosevelt's friends and foes, and with isolationism in many guises still a powerful magnet. For us, of course, America's decency, as well as our admiration of Franklin Roosevelt (whom we likened in our traditional naivete to the "Great Liberals" in whom modern Jewry had always put its faith) remained the spark kindling and rekindling our hope for the eventual undoing of Adolf Hitler and The Third Reich. In New York, we belonged again to a community of men and women recognizing, and to a very large extent also sharing, our opinions and our hopes. In short the Jewish immigrants expelled from their

native country at last possessed a legitimate place and a legitimate voice in America.

Inherent in our new perspective was also our unquestioned right to strive for the accomplishments of talent, inventiveness and industry, the sudden disappearance of all limitations that had deprived us of the sensible employment of our energies. No longer did we need any "permis de travail" or any other permission by a condescending bureaucracy. While this does not mean that the early years were easy ones for the newcomers to America, it does mean that, although many of us had to struggle hard with the disadvantages common to all newcomers, such barriers as there were had not been erected by hostile authorities. Thus the freedom to plan, to execute one's plans and if luck and industry would have it, to reap one's rightful rewards -- praised as the "American Way of Life" -- for us it was new, even though it had been also the way of life of our not so remote ancestors following the emancipation of the Jews in Europe.

Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, there was the privacy of our homes, particularly in the

great anonymous city of New York. Whether our first homes were no more than rented rooms or small apartments in Washington Heights, or still modest accommodations in so-called apartment-hotels, our four walls were safe, private, secure. What this meant was to become terribly clear when on November 9, 1938 word and picture evoked for us the terrifying events of "Kristallnacht" in which our former homes were turned over to the desecration by our former neighbors.

From our new American perspective, our new personal freedom and our new American homes, emerged our new American world. It did not happen suddenly. As a matter of fact, the question may well be raised whether the process that began with our arrival, in spite of outward appearances to the contrary, has reached any degree of completion, or whether our new American world still derives much of its substance from our European past. We were, of course, no longer very young when we stepped into our new world, and this fact alone may go a long way in explaining our particular place. Also New York was not as removed from the European realm, as, for example, Middle America often referred to as the American

Heartland. I believe, however, that, important as these factors were, they do not alone suffice to define our place.

At the risk of venturing in a field where intuition must serve as my only guide (since I lack the precise information of educated scholars), I shall take it upon me to say a few words about Karl's world of art. When he entered the Art Students League, he not only worked at learning and improving the media and techniques of printmaking, a field in which he was to become a master in the course of time, but he also established his first personal contacts with native American artists of his generation. These artists from the Far West or the Deep South had come to New York with the purpose of developing their individual talents within the framework of New York's unique role in the arts. During the next decade or so, there was to develop a major new wave leading eventually to the victory, at least temporarily, of Abstractionism. Among the American artists Karl was to befriend, many were carried forward by this powerful wave, some of them becoming its principal representatives.

Karl's work also underwent many changes but it steadfastly shied away from any extremism; so that the catalogues of his many shows reveal a convincing unity, the work of an artist, one might say, who has kept the faith. It is, of course, sheer speculation whether Karl's European background is responsible for his artistic individuality. Although no one knows the sources of an artist's personal genius, it is nonetheless possible, I believe, to recognize in works of art the distinctive marks of influence of environment and of original formation.

* * *

In the spring of 1939 we moved to the first homes of our own in New York. Susie and I rented an apartment on West 70th Street, within a few steps of the Hotel Chalfonte. Karl rented a small two-room apartment of his own on West 68th Street between Columbus Avenue and Central Park West. Although we no longer lived together, Karl joined us for at least one of our daily meals.

A home of our own -- it meant many things. Among its most important advantages was that we were

more able to open our door to friends, old and new, and shortly our home became a lively meeting ground for an interesting variety of personalities and ideas. Fortunately, today, after the passage of 43 years, most of these early visitors are still well and active and -- what is more important -- faithful friends. Lucien Goldschmidt and Francis Bligh (Bleibtreu) spent many hours at our home, each of them engaged in rebuilding a worthwhile life for himself, both sharing, for the time being, a small room behind Lucien Goldschmidt's first New York establishment on 54th Street off Fifth Avenue. Bernard Malamud had become a friend shortly after our arrival when he became my teacher in English. Although our lessons had ended earlier, our friendship had become as secure and sincere as our common interest. Bernard Malamud, with his vast knowledge of literature and his own budding interest in writing, was not only welcome for this reason but also for his personal warmth and his sense of humor with its, for us, novel reflections of Eastern Jewish customs and wisdoms.

Karl introduced us to his artist friends whom he had met at the Art Students League. Thus we

met Fred and Dorothy Farr and Edith Chemnitzer, who lived together in Greenwich Village. They had come to New York from their homes in Oregon and, considering the diversity of our backgrounds and the enormous good will on all sides, a source of youth and warmth is welling up in me each time I recall the many evenings we spent together either at our or at their place.

* * *

Our mother's condition remained fairly stable. But there often arose situations requiring the skill and understanding of a woman's hand. The chores of her small household were simple enough, but the care for all the details needed for her comfort and well-being could not be left entirely to her companion. Therefore, rarely a day passed without Susie's including in her busy day a visit with our mother, usually in the company of little Francis, which cheered both our mother and her companion and thus contributed to the smoothness of the Hotel Chalfonte establishment. Our mother was still able to take walks in the neighborhood and to visit our apartment across the street. Because of her poor

eyesight she was unable to read, replacing her beloved books with the careful study of newspaper and magazine headlines and pictures. What she most enjoyed, particularly when the sky was grey which seemed to diminish her vision, were the visits of her family and a few friends.

Often Karl and I met at the Chalfonte apartment towards the end of the day. Our mother easily took one of us for the other, which, however, had happened at times before her growing blindness. Often it occurred to me only in the course of our conversation that she was taking me for Karl. When I corrected the error, she would say, in the familiar vein of her easy sense of humor, "Does it make any difference? You know so much about one another and you are equally discreet!"

Fred and Ruth did not wish to settle in New York permanently. They preferred to start their new life on the West Coast. New York with its hectic pace, its suffocating summer heat and its icy winds of winter, was considerably less inviting than the slower pace and the even climate of San Francisco. After less than a year's time, they bought a car and

started their journey to the West Coast, allowing enough time for one of the outstanding experiences of our vast new country: a crossing by car from East to West, a unique opportunity to be in the presence of some of nature's greatest wonders. In fact, Susie and I had shared this experience earlier than Fred and Ruth, when in the summer of 1939 we undertook the same journey from East to West with Susie's brother Henry and his wife and teenage daughter, Eva.

* * *

The summer of 1939 was the last before the outbreak of modern history's most awesome war in terms of physical and moral devastation. Although it started with a single bloody explosion putting an end to Poland's entity and statehood, and for over eight months thereafter fell into the deceptive lull known as the "phony war", the portent of things to come was clear from the moment when Adolf Hitler's army and airforce invaded Poland. The act of aggression was carried out with such uncontestable military superiority that the same question was on everybody's mind: will France and England, who had formally declared war on Germany, be able to resist the same

army and the same airforce when they are thrown against them? Had not Russia taken the only step left to it when it signed the ill-famed nonaggression treaty with Germany, exchanging for its condonement of Poland's brutal destruction a slice of its territory and a brief respite for itself. Adolf Hitler's earlier pretense that he wanted no more than to regain what he considered to be rightfully his, namely the territories taken from Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, and those for which a claim could be advanced based on historical interpretation, had by now been dropped. What lay ahead was the test that France and England feared and for which Germany needed additional time following its conquest of Poland.

The test came on May 10, 1940 and it was brief. After the surrender of France on June 22 and the rout of the British and their tragic though remarkable retreat at Dunkirk in the last days of May, whatever doubt may have existed yielded to the certainty of Adolf Hitler's military might. For us, barely two years in America, the perspective acquired another dimension. The "Kristallnacht" signal now threatened not only the remnant of Jews inside

Germany and the large Jewish population in Poland, but also the Jews in Holland, Belgium, France and the Jews in Denmark and Norway whose countries had been occupied by Germany during the period of the "phony war".

* * *

Among the earliest drawings and prints that Karl executed in New York is a series revealing the impact of the events I have mentioned with necessary brevity. Their themes mirror dramatically and in deeply moving terms, the fate of the war's victims. One of the drawings bears the title "Jewish Fate". It strikes a note at once of hope and doom: hope for the youthful couple leaving their home, their small child on the father's shoulders, doom for the old parents left behind in the shadows. One of the prints shows the utter helplessness of those exposed to aircraft strafing civilians whose sole useless reaction is a gesture of desperation towards a sky that has become merciless. There is also a moving "Ecce Homo", a martyred red prisoner surrounded by jeering, unfeeling onlookers. While many early prints in America reveal the impact of the war, the

New York scene was not neglected by the printmaker who had recently arrived from Europe. A print bearing the title "Madonna of the Subway" is one of the early witnesses of the artist's discovery of life on the island of Manhattan. The transfiguration of the young woman and her baby reflects, however, the artist's vision rather than the reality of New York's life underground.

With the move of William Hayter and his "Atelier 17" to New York in 1940, a new and lasting influence, as well as a wider range of technical skills, furthered the development of Karl's work as a printmaker. The Catalogue Raisonne issued by the University of Syracuse provides a clear and impressive record of this evolution.

* * *

In the spring of 1940 I became associated with the law firm of Hardin, Hess & Eder. The association was to last for twenty-five years. In the firm's offices overlooking Trinity Church and its old cemetery I occupied in the beginning no more than a chair in the so-called small conference room. Nor

was my work that of a lawyer. Since I had not gone to an American law school and my knowledge of American law was fragmentary at best, I could be useful to the firm only in assisting its partners and associates in dealing with their European clients, most of whom were recent immigrants like myself, and required legal counsel for their early personal and business affairs. Before the year had ended, I registered at St. John's University's Law School and for the next three years attended its evening classes. Gradually I became more useful to the law firm, and thanks to my association with it, friends and acquaintances took advantage of my presence and became clients of the firm.

Outward appearances notwithstanding, I needed a great deal of encouragement to persist on a road that was highly uncertain. This encouragement flowed from many sources, above all Susie's trust and loyalty, but not less from Karl's unwavering confidence in the soundness of his brother's choice. Equally important was the continuous support of Jerome Hess, senior partner of the firm, to whom I owe a debt of gratitude for this and uncounted other proofs of generosity and friendship. Throughout the

law school years, my childhood friend Ernst Adler, whose intelligence was nowhere brighter or more successful than in the law, sat at my side in the classrooms of St. John's, joined me for the preparation of our examinations and very often provided me with a ride in his car on the way home. By the time I took the Bar examination in 1944, Ernst Adler had been drafted into the American army and was stationed, of all places, in Greenland.

* * *

Jerome Hess soon proved to be of great help in securing the safety of our brother Otto and his family. On the day of the invasion of Belgium in May 1940, Otto and his wife and little son Peter joined the ranks of refugees, many of them Jewish, who endeavored to reach the south of France. They crowded the roads, only little ahead of the invaders, frequently overtaken by German planes that already had free range in the sky. For many days we could only hope that Otto and his family had made their escape. By the time the first indirect word reached us, Otto had been interned by the French in the Camp of St. Cyprien in the south of France. The question

as to what steps could be taken for his release was not only difficult in itself, but nearly impossible of solution as long as he and his family did not have visas for any foreign country. By now the American Consulate in Marseille, still operating in so-called Free France governed by Petain and LaVal, was besieged day and night by people of many nationalities clamoring for visas. Our efforts to contact the Consulate remained without response. For Otto, as for countless others, the only hope was to secure a visa for another country. Thanks to Jerome Hess whose firm represented the Government of Mexico, we succeeded in obtaining visas for Otto and his family to enter Mexico, although not on a permanent basis. However, they must reach either Spain or Portugal where the Mexican Consul would issue the visas.

In the spring of 1941, a Swiss lawyer, associated with Hardin, Hess & Eder, returned to Europe and visited Otto at Camp St. Cyprien. With his help, complicated arrangements were made enabling Otto and his family to obtain French exit visas and to be admitted to Portugal for the sole purpose of picking up their Mexican visas. In due course, all

these efforts bore fruit and Otto and his family arrived in Lisbon. There the American Counsel issued so-called transit visas to them so they could pass through New York on their way to Mexico. Otto and his wife and Peter arrived in New York in the late spring of 1941. Eventually their transit visas, under a new procedure, were converted into United States immigration visas.

* * *

The circle of our friends widened. As I leaf through my pocket diaries where I was and still am in the habit of entering names and places noteworthy for one reason or another (most of these reasons growing pale in time), I find in the years 1940 and 1941, new names alongside the familiar ones. Of these "new" names some need a very special mention in these pages, for reasons that need no further explaining.

Thus I find the name of Ilse Price, and at once my eyes rediscover in our midst the beautiful young woman who would become Karl's wife a few years later. Ilse and Susie had been friends as students

in Heidelberg and when Ilse arrived in New York, she learned that Susie had become my wife.

I also find the name of "Miss Furth", thus the initial reference to Dori who was to become and to remain to this day one of our closest friends, belying indeed the frequent statement that only the friendships of our early youth are strong enough to withstand the running of time. Among the many fine qualities of Dori's friendship is her generous faith and trust extending to the later and even the latest generation of Schrags.

* * *

The year 1941 was marked by a series of events spelling simultaneously doom for the vanquished and reversal for the victors: for Adolf Hitler's victims the last doors of escape were shut forever; for Nazi Germany, a slow and uneven, yet irreversible beginning of the end set in. With the enactment of the so-called "lend-lease" legislation, America's enormous reservoir of military equipment and its advanced technology were committed to the cause of Nazi Germany's enemies. These enemies,

since the summer of 1941, also comprised Russia, with its huge manpower and its vast territory, and above all its unbroken will to resist the aggressor. When, in December 1941, America entered the war and thus provided not alone the "arsenal of democracy", but also its own human resources, the war had become "World War II" in the fullest sense.

* * *

The time when old friends reached our shores and joined our circle came to an end. The days of the last crowded boats like the "Navemar" were counted. Elisabeth Marum Lunau was among these last arrivals, unchanged, filled with the will and the strength needed for a new life. Otto and Olga Gugenheim, old friends of our parents, also were among the latecomers, too old to live a life other than of hope for their share of a new dawn that would find them reunited with their children and grandchildren in far-away places.

For the summer months of 1940 and 1941 we found our mother a cool and comfortable place in Belle Harbor on Long Island. There she was able to avoid the oppressive heat of Manhattan, spending long hours on a cool porch and walking up and down the block shaded by pleasant trees, leaning on the arm of her companion. As often as possible we would visit her, taking little Francis with us and watching him playing in the soft white sand of the beach. Usually Karl went with us. When he visited our mother alone, he took his sketch book along and did some drawings while conversing quietly with our mother.

Karl's drawings, these often funny pictures of people whose faces might mirror their character or perhaps their station in life, these at times satirical, private commentaries on the protagonists of a world in turmoil, these more and more often tender images of small children or young women, all of them might have been mentioned earlier in this report. For rarely did an evening pass when Karl did not reach for some idle envelope or other piece of paper and fill it with what were, no doubt, either the

fresh memories of the day, or imaginative evocations of the past, or perhaps essays for tomorrow's work. We possess a considerable number of these lasting witnesses of the years in which we shared such a large margin of our lives. Thus these witnesses fulfill a double mission: they witness the hand of the artist and the presence of the brother and friend.

* * *

In his studio, in truth the living room of his small apartment on West 68th Street with its northern exposure, paintings and watercolors filled the walls, took their turn on the easel, stood on the floor, their number growing. As he had done ever since he was released from the bonds of the "Humanistisches Gymnasium", he did not let a single day go by without occupying his beloved place in front of his easel or bent over his working table or printing press. And if he ever could not help but let a day slip by without attending to his work, he would do so only grudgingly and then as now exclaim the famous words of the ancient philosopher: "amici, diem perdidi"

* * *

In the summer of 1940 we had spent a few days at a modest inn in the Berkshire Mountains -- a brief respite from the airless asphalt gorges of the city. In 1941 we went to Wawbeek in the Adirondacks where we spent two weeks. These vacations were the last Karl and Susie and I would spend together. Afterwards, beginning in 1942, Karl set out alone on his search of nature's unending gifts to his artistic interests -- in Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard, in the Far West, in Gloucester, Massachusetts, on Chebeague Island, and in many of Maine's villages along its long coastline.

* * *

Otto and his family rented an apartment of their own after a brief stay at the Hotel Chalfonte. The beginning of Otto's stay in America was a difficult one; for him America was "exile" in the full sense of the word. His brothers had come to America, induced no doubt by the circumstances of the time, yet still masters of their ships. Otto had left behind, not only the old family business which

had become his, but also the new enterprise he had started in Luxembourg and continued in Brussels until the moment of flight. Resourceful as ever, in many ways the most resourceful of the four Schrag brothers as well as the most enterprising, he started the new phase in his life by writing a find book entitled, "The Locusts", while seeking contacts at the same time in the world of business. "The Locusts" was followed by other books, later on also by translations from English into German, and all these works now fill a long bookshelf in his widow Alice's beautiful home in Baden-Baden, which Otto and she built following his return to Germany in 1950 and his divorce and second marriage in 1953.

* * *

Ever since the spring of 1942 our mother's until then quite stable condition had begun to deteriorate. She left her apartment more and more rarely. With her failing eyesight, and probably for other reasons as well, she had become insecure, frightened by street noises or someone passing her in the street at the usual fast pace of rushing New Yorkers. But she continued to be comfortable within

her own four walls, often listening to the classical music of WQXR, limiting conversation with visitors to answering their questions in her old lighthearted way. Dr. Rosenbluth called on her regularly and she never failed to respond to his "good-bye" as he was leaving, with the same words, "Thanks for coming and thanks for going!"

There was nothing to be gained for our mother any longer by her taking up her Belle Harbor summer residence during July and August, and she remained in her apartment. Susie was expecting our second son Edward, and we did not leave the city. Edward was born in July and when he was a few weeks old, Susie took him along when she called on our mother, which became now more necessary than ever in view of the many responsibilities our mother's companion could not be expected to bear all by herself. Much later, long after our mother's death, her companion told me that each time Susie came with her new baby, our mother looked forward to holding his tiny hand in hers.

Tilly, our mother's sister, did not let a single week pass without calling on her. In her

strong faith as a Christian Scientist she never failed to state her conviction that our mother would recover her normal health, although the ravages of her illness were all too apparent. Our mother's brothers Nathan and Marion came more rarely, but they too, like other more remote members of the family, considered their visits a late tribute to our mother's unique gifts as a keeper of the peace and a bearer of good cheer.

Our mother's sister Lily and her husband Alfred Marx not only devoted a good deal of their time to our mother when they were in the city, but they also were at all times ready to help with their counsel and their practical assistance.

* * *

In the final days of a grey month of November, Karl and I made sure that one of us would be at the Chalfonte apartment at all times. Her eyes closed, our mother was softly carried in her sleep to the terminal point of her life.

We were, all of us, still in the initial phases of life and work in America. Today, exactly four decades later, our ties with the world we never made, have become manifold and solid. Although the fraternal bond between Karl and me may be less visible today, it has lost none of its strength "in the face of man's bedevilment and God's".

P.J.S.

October/November 1982

AR 25161 Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 9: Dora Furth, 1972 + 1977

THIS AGREEMENT by and between Dora Furth (hereinafter referred to as Dora Furth) and the Trustee (hereinafter referred to as the Trustee), dated this 17th day of June, 1972.

W I T N E S S E T H :

WHEREAS, Dora Furth, at and upon the high-water mark of a unique, successful and prosperous career as an attorney and counselor at law, devoted to the noble purpose of making the rich richer (otherwise known as the establishment of instruments, testamentary or inter vivos, designed to take advantage of every loophole provided or not provided for in the Internal Revenue Code); and

WHEREAS, anything to the contrary notwithstanding, Dora Furth has nevertheless recognized and is keenly aware that such of their assets as men can bequeath, devise, transfer and assign, through the instrumentality of Wills and Trusts, represent, in fact, the least valuable among the possessions of men; and

WHEREAS, Dora Furth, as of the date first above written, has established a complete and accurate inventory of all her possessions (including the balance of her checking account in the sum of \$51.04, more or less, and subject to verification by the Research Institute of America); and

WHEREAS, Dora Furth, as of the date first above written, wishes to place in trust the assets set forth in Schedule A hereto attached and made a part hereof; and

WHEREAS, Dora Furth fully intends that said trust be in violation of every rule against perpetuity now in effect

or hereafter enacted.

NOW, THEREFORE, Dora Furth sets over, transfers, conveys and assigns to the Trustee hereinafter named, IN TRUST, NEVERTHELESS, irrevocably and forever all of the assets in Schedule A, to have and to hold the same and to derive the greatest enjoyment therefrom and to share said enjoyment with whomever it may concern, without regard to age, sex, color, religion, Nixon, Agnew, McGovern and Humphrey, and any other similarly depressing characters; and as her initial trustee to serve, until he shall appoint a successor to himself, Dora Furth hereby nominates, constitutes and appoints Claude Michael Hugo Schrag.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, Dora Furth has hereunto set her hand and seal the day and year first above written.

SCHEDULE A

Partnership Interest in the works created by writers, artists and musicians of all ages, including, but not limited to, Friedrich von Schiller, Charles Dickens, Feodor Dostoevski, Simenon, Michelangelo, Raphael, Sawyer, Karl Schrag, Fred Farr, Mozart, Rudolf Serkin, Dessooff Choirs.

The gift of Hospitality, cheerfully extended and received, at, among others, 100 Remsen Street in Brooklyn; 127 East 95th Street, 285 Riverside Drive, and 251 Broadway in Manhattan; 1450 Palisade Avenue in Fort Lee, New Jersey; Chicago, Illinois, and 1921 Westlawn Avenue in Madison, Wisconsin; Deer Isle, and Ellsworth, Maine; and 91 Melrose Drive in New Rochelle.

The Gift of Enthusiasm, undaunted and self-renewing, for contemporaries old and young, including, but not limited to, Fritz Kessler, Dina Pancaldo, Ramsey Clark, Ben Nassau, and Camilla Curti

A N D

THE PRICELESS GIFT OF FRIENDSHIP

679

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that

WHEREAS, DORA FURTH, a person of a rich variety of achievements including, but not limited to, the exercise of legal skills of the highest order, as well as the organization of, and participation in, choral music of all ages, having divided judiciously the time available to her between the exercise of said legal skills and the organization of, and participation in, said choral music, including in the latter the promotion of outstanding concerts by the Dessoiff Choirs through finding, among others, suitable space therefor in churches and synagogues and engaging in the sale of an ever growing number of tickets for said concerts among friends, associates, relatives and even innocent by-standers; and

WHEREAS, the great love of DORA FURTH for the aforesaid choral music owes much of its origin and growth to the work of Siegfried Ochs, an incomparable master in the field of choral music; and

WHEREAS, Paul and Suzanne Schrag, in the course of human events, have acquired certain documents pertaining to said Siegfried Ochs known as Documenta Ochsiana (more fully described in Exhibit A attached hereto and made a part hereof); and

WHEREAS, it is the desire of said Paul and Suzanne Schrag to make a gift, upon the terms hereafter stated, of said Documenta Ochsiana to DORA FURTH on the effective date of July 5, 1977.

NOW, THEREFORE, Paul and Suzanne Schrag, jointly and severally, and by the entirety, and with love and affection, hereby and by these presents transfer, set over and assign to DORA FURTH the aforesaid Documenta Ochsiana to have and to hold and to cherish the same and, if she so wishes, to dispose of said Documenta Ochsiana by gift or testamentary disposition so as to assure the eventual incorporation of said Documenta Ochsiana among the collections of Leo Baeck Institute in New York City.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, Paul and Suzanne Schrag have hereunto set their names and seals this 5th day of July, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Seventy-Seven.

Paul S. Schrag (L.S.)

_____ (L.S.)

Witnesses:

Raymond V. J. Schrag
RAYMOND V. J. SCHRAG

Roberta Yates
ROBERTA YATES

EXHIBIT A

1. Chronik
Des Philharmonischen Chores in Berlin
Zu Seinem 25 Jahrigen Bestehen
Ihm Und Seinem Dirigenten
Siegfried Ochs
Gewidmet Von Richard Sternfeld

2. Menu on the occasion of the 25th
anniversary of Philharmonischen Chors

3. Tischlied
Zum
25. Stiftungsfest
Des
Philharmonischen Chores
in Berlin
Dienstag, den 10. Dezember 1907

4. Monograph on Siegfried Ochs by
Kurt Singer
1933

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS that

WHEREAS, DORA FURTH, a person of a rich variety of achievements including, but not limited to, the exercise of legal skills of the highest order, as well as the organization of, and participation in, choral music of all ages, having divided judiciously the time available to her between the exercise of said legal skills and the organization of, and participation in, said choral music, including in the latter the promotion of outstanding concerts by the Dessoff Choirs through finding, among others, suitable space therefor in churches and synagogues and engaging in the sale of an ever growing number of tickets for said concerts among friends, associates, relatives and even innocent by-standers; and

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Paul S. Schrag (L.S.)

_____ (L.S.)

Witnesses:

Raymond V. J. Schrag
RAYMOND V. J. SCHRAG
Roberta Yates
ROBERTA YATES

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3. Tischlied
Zum
25. Stiftungsfest
Des
Philharmonischen Chores
in Berlin
Dienstag, den 10. Dezember 1907

4. Monograph on Siegfried Ochs by
Kurt Singer
1933

I, DORA FURTH, of the County of Kings, City and State of New York, do make, publish and declare this to be a Codicil to my Last Will and Testament, dated the 26th day of May, 1969.

FIRST

I give and bequeath my memorabilia of SIEGFRIED OCHS, hereinafter listed, namely:

- (1) Chronik
Des Philharmonischen Chores in Berlin
Zu Seinem 25 Jahrigen Bestehen
Ihm Und Seinem Dirigenten
Siegfried Ochs
Gewidmet Von Richard Sternfeld
- (2) Menu on the occasion of the 25th
anniversary of Philharmonischen Chores
- (3) Tischlied
Zum
25. Stiftungsfest
Des
Philharmonischen. Chores
in Berlin
Dienstag, den 10. Dezember 1907
- (4) Monograph on Siegfried Ochs by
Kurt Singer
1933

(all of which documents are contained in a box called "Siegfried Ochs") to the LEO BAECK INSTITUTE INC., New York, New York, absolutely.

SECOND

I hereby amend Article THIRD of my said Will by striking out the provisions of Paragraphs II and III of said Article, and substituting in lieu thereof the following paragraph, to be numbered "II":

"II. Upon the death of the survivor of my mother and my said sister, I give, devise and bequeath the then remaining principal of said trust

or, if both my mother and my sister, ERIKA SCOTT, should predecease me, then upon my death, I give, devise and bequeath my residuary estate, in equal shares to the following:

my nephew, ANDREW C. SCOTT;

my niece, ALLEGRA SCOTT;

my niece, KATHARINE FURTH; and

my niece, SUZANNE FURTH,

or the survivors or survivor of them."

THIRD

As thus amended, I hereby ratify, republish and confirm my said Will dated May 26, 1969, and I declare that said Will and this Codicil together constitute my Last Will and Testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto subscribed my name and affixed my seal this 29th day of July , One Thousand Nine Hundred Seventy-Seven.

/s/ Dora Furth _____ (L.S.)

SIGNED, SEALED, PUBLISHED and DECLARED by DORA FURTH, the Testatrix above named, as and for a Codicil to her Last Will and Testament, in our presence, and we, at her request and in her presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses to said Codicil, the day and year above written.

/s/ David Gerson _____, residing at

9 Montreal Square, Marlboro, N. J. _____

/s/ Douglas M. Lehman _____, residing at

17 West 67th Street, New York, N. Y. _____

_____, residing at

STATE OF NEW YORK)
) SS.:
COUNTY OF NEW YORK)

Each of the undersigned, individually and severally being duly sworn deposes and says:

The within Codicil was subscribed in our presence and sight at the end thereof by DORA FURTH, the within named Testatrix, on the 1st day of August, 1977, at 120 Broadway, New York, New York 10005.

Said Testatrix at the time of making such subscription declared the instrument so subscribed to be a Codicil to her Last Will and Testament.

Each of the undersigned thereupon signed their name as a witness at the end of said Codicil at the request of said Testatrix and in her presence and sight and in the presence and sight of each other.

Said Testatrix was, at the time of so executing said Codicil, over the age of 18 years and, in the respective opinions of the undersigned, of sound mind, memory and understanding and not under any restraint or in any respect incompetent to make a Codicil.

The Testatrix, in the respective opinions of the undersigned, could read, write and converse in the English language and was suffering from no defect of sight, hearing or speech, or from any other physical or mental impairment which would affect her capacity to make a valid Codicil. The Codicil was executed as a single, original instrument and was not executed in counterparts.

Each of the undersigned was acquainted with said Testatrix at such time and makes this affidavit at her request.

The within Codicil was shown to the undersigned at the time this affidavit was made, and was examined by each of them as to the signature of said Testatrix and of the undersigned.

The foregoing instrument was executed by the Testatrix and witnessed by each of the undersigned affiants under the supervision of David Gerson, an attorney-at-law.

Sworn to, before me, this /s/ David Gerson
29th day of July, 1977. /s/ Douglas M. Lehman

Notary Public

IDA SMITH
Notary Public, State of New York
No. 24-9067825
Qualified in Kings County
Certificate Filed in New York County
Commission Expires March 30, 1978

AR 25161 Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 10 : Sara Levy Oppenheim

Deportation papers for Sara Levy

Her children left Luxembourg - ^{June} 1940

She stayed behind in Mersch, Luxembourg, in an apt. w/a maid

D.O.B. & where

Her husband's name, occupation, death date

→ Isidore Levy

Pictures of her

Anything @ what she did

2 documents - 1-1942 - says to Terezin, old age home
↳ somehow obliterated 1-1943 ↳ 8 days of food
1st one

How André got them 3 children

Where she died - Terezin

Ran a little store - sold kerosene, etc.

~~No picture~~ (May have one)

Has a picture

Luxembourg Yizkor book

Woman who was w/ her on transport told
them ~~her~~ @ how she died



Sara Oppenheimer Levy

Paul CERF

Longtemps j'aurai mémoire

Editions du Letzeburger Land

Transport du 6. 4. 1943 - THERESIENSTADT (suite 1)

Noms	Date de naissance	Lieu de naissance	Décès à Theresienstadt	Date de déportation de Theresienstadt vers une destination inconnue
Levy Esther Baum	10. 4. 59	Bosen	31. 5. 43	
Levy Irma-Wolff	27. 11. 83	Saarlautern		9. 10. 44
Levy Denise	8. 3. 23	Luxemburg		9. 10. 44
Levy Edith	10. 4. 17	Luxemburg		
Levy Mathilde	11. 12. 62	Hellimer	11. 6. 43	
Levy Moritz	26. 6. 61	Luxemburg	1. 2. 44	
Levy Rosalie	11. 4. 61	Großhettingen	8. 12. 43	
Levy Sara Oppenheimer	10. 6. 58	Baumholder	20. 4. 43	
Lieben Berthold	17. 6. 70	Minzesheim	3. 12. 43	
Lieben Pauline	7. 2. 75	Hamm		
Loeb Clementine Levy	10. 2. 71	Ettelbrück	6. 5. 43	
Loeb Olga	4. 7. 76	Trier		
Marx Rosa	11. 8. 79	Luxemburg		23. 10. 44
Meyer Joseph	10. 8. 71	Filzen	26. 6. 44	
Meyer Johanna Ermann	3. 10. 70	Wittlich		
Meyer Martin	21. 1. 90	Mülheim-Ruhr		16. 10. 44
Meyer Hedwig	9. 12. 91	Mülheim-Ruhr		19. 10. 44
Meyer Ursula	1. 1. 22	Mülheim-Ruhr		19. 10. 44
Muller Edouard	4. 6. 75	Oldenzael		6. 9. 43
Muller Lucie	24. 12. 89	Paris		6. 9. 43
Nathan Helene	18. 2. 93	Köln-Ehr		15. 9. 43
Oppenheimer Frieda Reinheimer	28. 8. 81	Zweibrücken		
Rauch Alice-Fuchs	4. 2. 85	Wien		6. 9. 43
Rind Else-Sternschein	26. 7. 93	Sattelbeihustein		
Rotschild Louis	23. 3. 61	Radegast-Coethen	16. 4. 43	
Salomon Leo	4. 12. 81	Wetzlar		6. 9. 43
Salomon Lina Hertz	17. 6. 92	Ettelbrück		6. 9. 43
Salomon Margot	19. 4. 22	Gießen		6. 9. 43
Salomon Sonja	18. 7. 26	idem		6. 9. 43
Schnurmann Elias	9. 10. 68	Schmieheim	2. 5. 43	
Schnurmann Rosa	1. 6. 79	Offenburg	27. 3. 44	
Silberstein Esther Mazowiecki	13. 3. 02	Wassokie	11. 7. 43	
Silberstein Elsa	2. 3. 32	Luxemburg		18. 5. 44
Silberstein Jeanny	3. 9. 34	idem		18. 5. 44
Simon Pauline Simon	5. 6. 75	Thalfang	27. 4. 44	
Soldin Alex	11. 5. 69	Konitz	21. 1. 44	
Soldin Debora	18. 8. 74	Schwerin		
Spiero Jette Marx	10. 12. 73	Schwebsingen	23. 6. 43	
Süsskind Hildegarde	31. 8. 03	Saarbrücken		15. 5. 44
Vorkötter Irma Leib	8. 2. 03	Junglinster		9. 10. 44
Wertheimer Frieda Weil	7. 1. 78	Speier		6. 9. 43
Winter Samuel	27. 10. 63	Hulchroth	21. 4. 43	
Wirth Harry	2. 12. 87	Gemünden		18. 5. 44
Wirth Bertha Zlotabroda	12. 6. 87	Straßburg		18. 5. 44
Wirth Inge	5. 12. 24	Bingen		1. 10. 44
Wolff Hertha	14. 8. 22	Kobern		15. 5. 44

Documents et témoignages
sur les Juifs du Grand-Duché de Luxembourg
durant la seconde guerre mondiale

**Einsatzkommando
der Sicherheitspolizei u. des S. D.
in Luxemburg**

Luxemburg, den 23. Februar 1943
Petrußring 57
Fernsprecher: 67-86

Br.-Nr. IV B 3.

Bitte in der Antwort vorstehendes Geschäftszeichen und
Datum anzugeben.

Staatspolizeiliche Verfügung.

Nachdem festgestellt wurde, daß Sie nach § 5 der ersten Ver-
ordnung zum Reichsbürgergesetz als Volljude gelten, haben Sie sofort,
spätestens bis zum 28.2.1943 das jüdische Altersheim Fünfbrunnen bei
Ulflingen aufzusuchen und als Ihren künftigen Wohnsitz zu betrachten.
Diese Entscheidung ist endgültig.

Sollten Sie dieser Aufforderung nicht nachkommen, so haben Sie
mit sofortiger Festnahme und Einweisung in ein Konzentrationslager
zu rechnen.

An
Sara L e v y
in M e r s c h (Kloster)



Abstrasse:

[Handwritten signature]

Einladung

An

R Luxemburg
763

die Jüdin ~~XXXX~~

frei durch Ablösung Reich

Sara Levy

LUXEMBURG
24.7.42-18



in

Mersch

Einladung
der Sicherheitspolizei S.D.
in LUXEMBURG

Kloster Mersch

6 1270

Einsatzkommando
der Sicherheitspolizei und des SD
in Luxemburg

Luxemburg, den 23.7.1942.

B.Nr. 1586/42 II B 3.

Staatspolizeiliche Verfügung.

Zum Zwecke der Aussiedlung nach dem Altersheim Theresienstadt haben Sie sich - und soweit Familienmitglieder vorhanden sind auch diese - am Dienstag, den 28. Juli 1942, vorm. 6 Uhr, am Hauptbahnhof in Stadt Luxemburg - Zollabfertigung - abfahrbereit einzufinden. Dabei ist folgendes zu beachten:

- 1) Mitgenommen werden kann:
 - a) pro Person ein Handkoffer oder Rucksack,
 - b) 2 Teile einer dreiteiligen Matratze, 2 Wolldecken und 1 Kopfkissen und 1 Essgeschirr mit Löffel,
 - c) Bargeld pro Person 50 Reichsmark,
 - d) Vollständige Bekleidung, soweit sie am Körper getragen werden kann,
 - e) Verpflegung für acht Tage.
- 2) Sie haben sich ordnungsgemäss unter Vorlage dieser Verfügung bei den polizeilichen Meldebehörden und dem zuständigen Ernährungsamt abzumelden.
- 3) Die bisherige Wohnung ist zu säubern, in Ordnung zu bringen und nach Verlassen zu verschliessen. Der Schlüssel ist mit Anhänger zu versehen, aus dem die genaue Anschrift ersichtlich sein muss und vor der Abfahrt dem Vertreter des Ältestenrates zu übergeben.

Bei Nichterscheinen erfolgt Ihre sofortige Festnahme und Einweisung in ein Konzentrationslager.

gez. H a r t m a n n

SS-Obersturmbannführer u. Oberregierungsrat.

An den
Juden - die Jüdin

... Sara ... Herz ...

in ... Mersch
Kloster



Beglaubigt:

[Handwritten signature]
Kanzleiangestellte.

AR 25161

Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 11: typescripts

MANUSCRIPT

John Niederer

Unfinished novel.

Although she
~~was~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~early~~ ~~years~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~life~~
 which she shared and encouraged her husband's
 grasp of an absolute perfect future
 imaginary ~~through~~ ~~the~~ ~~early~~ ~~years~~ ~~is~~
 while
 of much ~~she~~ ~~learned~~ ~~from~~ ~~her~~ ~~husband~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~experiences~~
 this attempt ~~to~~ ~~do~~ ~~the~~ ~~impossible~~
 of a deeper dissatisfaction, ~~and~~ ~~venturing~~
 wound of ~~unforgotten~~ ~~and~~ ~~where~~
 & C. was ~~not~~ ~~quite~~ ~~unaware~~ ~~of~~
 did ~~not~~ ~~know~~ ~~how~~ ~~to~~ ~~deal~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~children~~
 by ~~forming~~ ~~relationships~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~ ~~children~~
 going to engage them in what he called
 "Cannibalism". He broke the family
 and for several years of ~~the~~ ~~difficult~~ ~~years~~
 difficulty ~~to~~ ~~live~~ ~~with~~ ~~her~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~children~~
 family life ~~to~~ ~~be~~ ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~as~~ ~~before~~
 and ~~her~~ ~~wife~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~children~~
 of ~~the~~ ~~difficult~~ ~~years~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~children~~
 did not really need him

& C. did not know
 how to deal with her
 when he ~~was~~ ~~charged~~ ~~with~~ ~~murder~~
 who ~~was~~ ~~had~~ ~~married~~
 a ~~South~~ ~~American~~ ~~during~~ ~~the~~ ~~war~~ ~~and~~
 gone to live with her, first in ~~the~~ ~~country~~
 country, and ~~then~~ ~~in~~ ~~various~~ ~~countries~~
 from ~~man~~ ~~to~~ ~~man~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~children~~
 of ~~the~~ ~~difficult~~ ~~years~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~children~~
 Charles ~~and~~ ~~she~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~children~~ ~~and~~ ~~her~~ ~~own~~ ~~children~~
 only ~~at~~ ~~least~~ ~~12~~ ~~years~~

turn to the
 children to respect of the children in
 public school of the country since
 the children about the
 school. ~~the children~~ ^{and many}
~~of the children~~ ^{that they}
 experienced advice of the

the children
 as the result of many

to cause the children
 the children
~~the children~~

the children
 the children
 the children

the children

any expression indeed any showing of her
 own will. In doing so, she was ~~being~~ ^{being}
 happy, lived, perhaps the best, not least
 of her life. 'It may well have been
 as you say', she said thoughtfully to
 H.C., 'there were no any complaints in
 Sandra when she ~~reminded~~ ^{reminded} he had
 a Kansen, ^{reproaching} ~~feeling~~ ^{including} ~~everything~~ ^{even}
 marriage. ^{the fact of his} ~~feeling~~ ^{feeling}
 setting things ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~she~~ ^{she}
 yes, even then, when her whole life ~~was~~ ^{was}
 was shattered ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was}
~~harshly~~ ^{harshly} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~by~~ ^{by} ~~Frank~~ ^{Frank}
 had ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~mind~~ ^{mind} ~~that~~ ^{that}
 was ~~an~~ ^{an} ~~important~~ ^{important} ~~part~~ ^{part} ~~of~~ ^{of}
 her ~~life~~ ^{life} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was}
 completely ~~lost~~ ^{lost} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~Frank~~ ^{Frank}
 and ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~able~~ ^{able} ~~to~~ ^{to}
 married life. "I could not do that", she
 said, "it was up to him to ask me to
 marry him. ^{the more he needed} ~~the more~~ ^{the more}
 the more ^I ~~needed~~ ^{needed} it."

After they both had ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~single~~ ^{single} ~~years~~ ^{years}
 of ~~marriage~~ ^{marriage} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~able~~ ^{able}
 to ~~live~~ ^{live} ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~any~~ ^{any} ~~more~~ ^{more}
 of the ~~way~~ ^{way} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~world~~ ^{world} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~she~~ ^{she}
 had ~~gone~~ ^{gone} ~~away~~ ^{away} ~~while~~ ^{while} ~~Frank~~ ^{Frank} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~gone~~ ^{gone}

was recovered from the ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 was to be an ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 was simply inside. He was deeply concerned
 about it, well being, although it was for her
 or any of his friends ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 to look out for her, he ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 leave several times, always unaccompanied.
 to ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 only a ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 while Sandra paid little ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 she reported carefully and truthfully
 the fulfillment of the ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~

was late in 1944, according
 to Chris's recollection, that Sandra
 wrote her letter from Florida where
 she spent the winter as a family
 estate, ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 name of Augusto ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 first time that the name
 appeared in one of her letters. Chris
 was at once pleased and concerned; while
 he had known Sandra ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 as an ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 was ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 of the ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 with Sandra Sandra ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~
 had ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~ ~~...~~

was pointing to her love for Auguste as the means for
 redeeming ^{the} ~~the~~ ~~possibilities~~ ~~use~~ of ~~her~~ ~~love~~ ~~for~~ ~~the~~ ~~future~~. I was surprised at her
 simplicity - ~~in~~ ~~her~~ ~~face~~, I thought she
 was sick and ~~laughed~~ ~~the~~ ~~heart~~ of ~~her~~ ~~love~~.
 They found her simple - of natural and
 composed. They ~~loved~~ ~~me~~ ~~but~~ ~~it~~ ~~was~~ ~~useless~~ ~~to~~
 with her plans. I knew of myself, I had gone
 as far as I could. Indeed ~~if~~ ~~she~~ ~~had~~ ~~not~~ ~~been~~
~~for~~ ~~her~~ ~~long~~ ~~presence~~ ~~when~~ ~~nothing~~ ~~could~~
~~have~~ ~~gone~~ ~~so~~ ~~far~~ ~~to~~ ~~pull~~ ~~length~~ ~~of~~ ~~her~~ ~~love~~
~~but~~ ~~at~~ ~~breathing~~ ~~the~~ ~~very~~ ~~last~~ ~~of~~
~~her~~ ~~wish~~ ~~and~~ ~~will~~ "

And Auguste? In certain human beings
 according to Char who was eager to avoid ~~the~~ ~~ill~~ ~~of~~
 causing pain and ~~to~~ ~~deal~~ ~~with~~ ~~Auguste's~~ ~~presence~~.
 Certain human beings per se are ~~the~~ ~~target~~ ~~for~~
 - this only as the ~~fullest~~ ~~of~~ ~~their~~ ~~destruction~~ ~~being~~ ~~lost~~ - they are in the end ~~the~~ ~~ones~~ ~~who~~
 approach the ~~end~~ ~~of~~ ~~the~~ ~~world~~ ~~as~~ ~~it~~ ~~comes~~
 such was Auguste. His ~~heart~~ ~~was~~ ~~filled~~ ~~with~~
 that kind of ~~love~~ - the ~~brotherhood~~ ~~of~~ ~~man~~
 brother, the ~~dearest~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~friends~~, ~~dismissal~~
 to the ~~point~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~destruction~~ ~~by~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~ ~~friends~~,
 friends, the ~~only~~ ~~friend~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~widowed~~ ~~mother~~ -
 a ~~most~~ ~~more~~ ~~in~~ ~~fluenced~~ ~~and~~ ~~poignant~~ ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~life~~
~~in~~ ~~his~~ ~~immortality~~. ~~to~~ ~~his~~ ~~father~~
 met him in New York, Auguste was ~~of~~ ~~his~~ ~~own~~

younger
 with the ... and ...
 after lunch evenings and ...
 in the morning and ...
 ... of the day.

The Christmas holiday, ...
 was

The retirement of 'me' and myself to
 carry on the business. I was then ^{his} ~~the~~
 children of his own. I was to give
 three of them, four might find ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{ad}
 vantage to join if ^{these} ~~these~~ ^{words} ~~words~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{used}
 with the firm. ^{These} ~~These~~ ^{were} ~~were~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{words} ~~words~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{used}
 aware of 'him' reluctance to ^{commit} ~~commit~~ ⁱⁿ ~~in ^{any} ~~any ^{way}
 the ^{course} ~~course~~ ^{of} ~~of ^{affairs} ~~affairs~~ ^{which} ~~which ^{he} ~~he ^{wanted} ~~wanted ^{to} ~~to~~
 choose their own ^{affairs} ~~affairs~~ ^{freely} ~~freely~~. Tonight, however
 'him' found ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{was} ~~was ^{not} ~~not ^{necessary} ~~necessary ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{worry}
 'him' against committing 'his' ^{future} ~~future~~. ^{He} ~~He~~ ^{said} ~~said~~
 'I don't think 'his' may want 'his' nephew
 for some young man 'his' ^{will} ~~will~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{interested} ~~interested~~ ⁱⁿ
 'his' not 'his' nephew and ^{will} ~~will~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{age}
 of an even younger job?'~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Why, indeed, but he was ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{one} ~~one~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{children} ~~children~~?' 'How right you
 are!' he said. 'I shall speak to 'him' ^{about} ~~about~~ ^{his} ~~his~~ ^{children} ~~children!' ^{His} ~~His~~ ^{reply,} ~~the~~ ^{answer,}
 'ready, more quickly and ^{readily} ~~readily~~ than 'him' had ex-
 pected, for 'he' said 'I don't believe you
 should speak to 'him' ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{will} ~~will ^{really} ~~really ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{concerned} ~~concerned~~
 about, considering that he ^{is} ~~is ^{having} ~~having ^{some} ~~some
 of 'his' ^{own} ~~own ^{children} ~~children!' But 'he' ^{did} ~~did~~ ^{not} ~~not ^{seem} ~~seem~~ ^{to} ~~to~~
 be in a hurry, and it gave him pleasure to
 dwell upon it. He ^{also} ~~also~~ ^{believed} ~~believed ^{that} ~~that ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{was} ~~was ^{not} ~~not ^{wise}
 to ^{keep} ~~keep~~ ^{him} ~~him ^{from} ~~from ^{knowing} ~~knowing ^{about} ~~about~~ ^{his} ~~his ^{own} ~~own ^{future} ~~future~~ ^{and} ~~and ^{his} ~~his ^{own} ~~own ^{business} ~~business~~ ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{was} ~~was ^{not} ~~not ^{wise}
 to ^{disturb} ~~disturb~~ ^{him} ~~him ^{with} ~~with~~ ^{such} ~~such ^{trifling} ~~trifling~~ ^{affairs} ~~affairs~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{these} ~~these ^{were} ~~were~~ ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{present} ~~present ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{was} ~~was ^{not} ~~not ^{wise}
 to ^{disturb} ~~disturb~~ ^{him} ~~him ^{with} ~~with~~ ^{such} ~~such ^{trifling} ~~trifling~~ ^{affairs} ~~affairs~~ ^{as} ~~as~~ ^{these} ~~these ^{were} ~~were~~ ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{present} ~~present ^{and} ~~and~~ ^{that} ~~that~~ ^{it} ~~it~~ ^{was} ~~was ^{not} ~~not ^{wise}~~

of the future, from which I have just heard of
 Sandra's children had died. had been
 On the following day, however,
 he spoke to Chas about the future of Sandra's
 children. He knew that Chas had grown very
 fond of my nephew and niece - although he
 knew them as yet very little and they were
 foreign in many ways. Chas was his customary
 forthright self in speaking his own mind to
 his friend. 'It is a pity that Sandra
 would not want to go to the school
 to go to boarding schools. But Sandra would not
 hear of it. She told me that she had
 suggested to give her children a home
 which would improve for them and
 though she now faced. And if there was any
 thing she must ask me, it was to let
 her children be near me ^{and} appear my house
 to them, whenever they came. I will
 understand her concern. She is passing to
 understand any ^{unfavorable} effect of the ^{on the children}
 course of the ill-placed Auguste!

Chas told of that that all children
 were doing well in public schools where
 Sandra had registered the Virginia State
 and promised to give me the same
 education. yet, she felt in my heart that
 change, not because of any prospect in herself

but from ~~the~~ ^{the} uncertainty as to her ~~own~~ ^{own} attitudes ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~were~~ ^{were} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ^{the} present period of upheaval ~~and~~ ^{and} of the past. The parents ~~it~~ ^{it} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~to~~ ^{to} support a ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~equivalent~~ ^{equivalent} ~~to~~ ^{to} what she had only ~~expected~~ ^{expected} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~much~~ ^{much} ~~upon~~ ^{upon} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~sense~~ ^{sense} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~dignity~~ ^{dignity}, ~~but~~ ^{but} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~marriage~~ ^{marriage} ~~than~~ ^{than} ~~when~~ ^{when} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~accepted~~ ^{accepted} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~married~~ ^{married} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~its~~ ^{its} ~~church~~ ^{church}, and ~~thus~~ ^{thus} ~~contented~~ ^{contented} herself to find the children to ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~own~~ ^{own} ~~children~~ ^{children}. The parents ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~years~~ ^{years} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~children~~ ^{children} ~~appeared~~ ^{appeared} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~be~~ ^{be} ~~happy~~ ^{happy} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~large~~ ^{large} ~~middle~~ ^{middle} ~~class~~ ^{class} ~~status~~ ^{status}.

'They are different from American children,' Chen added. 'They are more quiet and self-sufficient. They are not on the go all the time, ^{but only} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~restless~~ ^{restless} ~~as~~ ^{as} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~children~~ ^{children} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~west~~ ^{west} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~are~~ ^{are} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~most~~ ^{most} ~~important~~ ^{important} ~~in~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~country~~ ^{country}'

with the warmth of the wine, her ~~eyes~~ eyes
~~softening with the happiness~~ eyes ~~softening with the happiness~~
~~since she had extended to her~~ since she had extended to her
 had the same easy and gentle grace. The
 same alertness and receptiveness, which had
 attracted her to the young girl and then
 made her desire him as much as he had ever
 desired her.

with the warmth of the wine, her eyes shining with
 the happiness of her response to the welcome
 extended to her, had the same easy and gentle
 grace, the same innocent ^{and} ^{generous} ^{and} ^{good-natured} magic, which had attracted her to
 the young girl and at moments like the present
 made her desire him as much as
 he had ever desired her.

By now, all guests had arrived,
 and Charles turned the pattern blue for the house
 was free above with light. Everyone was in
 the room, the children ^{wanting to see} ^{at the door} ^{with} their eager
 faces ^{raised} ^{towards} ^{the} ^{its} ^{new} ^{brilliant} ^{glory}.
 and then came ^{and} their fair, ^{glad}
 together in the back of the room. There was a
 brief moment during which all voices and motions
 were suspended, before the Christ was seen
 partly a new phase of his own pleasure.

It was during the upstart of the new
 that he heard the gate opening at
 behind him. Turning around, he saw
 and the children in the front of the door
 against the darkness of the room, from which they
 had emerged. ~~Although he knew that she did~~
 not recognize him, ~~she~~ ^{her} ~~face~~ ^{features} ~~expressed~~ ^{astonishment} ~~at~~ ^{him}
 and ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~did~~ ^{not} ~~know~~ ^{him} ~~at~~ ^{first}
 other ~~guests~~. Apparently ~~nothing~~ ^{wishing to remain}
 uninvolved in such a possible ~~scandal~~
 she ~~did~~ ^{at first} ~~not~~ ^{know} ~~him~~ ^{at first}
 now ~~surrounding~~ ^{her} ~~freshly~~ ^{set} ~~the~~ ^{face}
~~of~~ ^{her} ~~face~~ ^{and} ~~her~~ ^{eyes} ~~and~~ ^{now} ~~she~~ ^{glance}
 towards ~~him~~, ~~the~~ ^{eyes} ~~of~~ ^{not} ~~her~~ ^{resembling}
~~any~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{other} ~~guests~~ ^{at} ~~all~~ ^{as} ~~for~~ ^{anyone} ~~was~~ ^{well}
~~to~~ ^{be} ~~seen~~ ⁱⁿ ~~the~~ ^{company} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~other~~ ^{guests}
 who ~~sat~~ ^{sat} ~~close~~ ^{close} ~~together~~, ~~as~~ ^{if} ~~if~~ ^{they} ~~had~~ ^{not} ~~been~~ ^{pre-}
 viously ~~introduced~~. ~~She~~ ^{she} ~~did~~ ^{not} ~~know~~ ^{him} ~~at~~ ^{first}
 he ~~however~~ ^{he} ~~did~~ ^{not} ~~know~~ ^{him} ~~at~~ ^{first}
 strain in ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~face~~ ^{face}. ~~He~~ ^{he} ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~not~~ ^{not} ~~at~~ ^{all}
 surprised ~~at~~ ^{at} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~appearance~~ ^{appearance} ~~and~~ ^{and} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~features~~ ^{features}
 and ~~recognition~~ ^{recognition} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~family~~ ^{family}, ~~which~~ ^{which} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~been~~ ^{been}
 and ~~common~~ ^{common} ~~place~~ ^{place} ~~she~~ ^{she} ~~had~~ ^{had} ~~disregarded~~ ^{disregarded}
 with ~~so~~ ^{so} ~~little~~ ^{little} ~~profit~~ ^{profit} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~herself~~. ~~He~~ ^{he} ~~went~~ ^{went} ~~with~~ ^{with}
~~her~~ ^{her} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~a~~ ^a ~~remote~~ ^{remote} ~~part~~ ^{part} ~~of~~ ^{of} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~room~~ ^{room}, ~~while~~ ^{while} ~~she~~ ^{she}
 went ~~with~~ ^{with} ~~him~~ ^{him} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~look~~ ^{look} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~her~~ ^{her} ~~gifts~~ ^{gifts} ~~underneath~~ ^{underneath} ~~the~~ ^{the}
 tree.

"Have you met Mrs. Jordan, or Carter?"

The question was the butler's, whom I knew well. He was idle at the moment, and the hot wine, for which he possessed water-compassion as traditional as the occasion at which it ^{he} was served, had loosened the old man's tongue.

'Yes, I met her, briefly the other day,' I answered.

"What a shock for us to see her again. Mr. C. my wife cried through the night. Next morning, her eyes being all red, I went off my feet to give her away. But Mr. Kern guessed the true cause, of that I am sure."

"Did you find her so changed?" I asked.

"'Changed' if hardly the word for it. Her eyes are older by some twenty years. She's been away from home. She is still the same, though in a different way. I can understand what I mean. Mr. C. Have you ever seen the picture Mr. Larson painted of her ten years ago, when she died?"

I did not fail to observe the signs of an announcement, perhaps not pain, that flaked the old man's voice as he pronounced the painter's name.

'I should be glad to see it,' I said. 'I'll be for a while to get that done.'

was unable to
still he could not come over the old man's
meaning.

"First she had with her husband
looked at the picture the other part of
lady had it kept out of sight
it had been for something the first to Mr. Jensen
Concerning the picture, I would have been
grasped myself - I would have seen the picture
to understand it, but let it go at that."

"What would she have said?"
"I had ^{unwillingly} a picture
trump of what she had suddenly by the picture
of a picture. But it was too late to recall the
picture."

"Well, after the break between Miss Jensen
and him, Mr. Jensen left the picture at the
old house where I took it from his hands
one day, was a long time
was my sister's room. I felt
to go to Miss Jensen's room to see
the picture, a woman told me not to go to anyone
where the picture was. The picture was
me that the others were decided to return
the picture to Mr. Jensen. But then, when
he saw the picture again, went white as a sheet
and said to Mr. Charles - 'I can't
if you don't give the picture to Jensen
Jensen alone can look at it, without for the
does not know of love that has
nothing else to give but love'. So Mr. Charles gave
the picture to Miss Jensen and she had it since

He had found it, but without mentioning his call
 on Mr. Sanders. She brought in her room.
 Although married, Mr. Sanders was out of sight
 again. These were his very words, "I
 don't know much about painting" and
 he must have had a "big picture" in
 mind.

LC, now frankly captured by the
 history of revelations, but only just, and
 "I don't know much about painting" and
 quickly went from the room.

When we arrived in the afternoon,
 guests were placed in informal groups
 in the evening of the doors to the ^{main} large
 dining room. He looked for a time and

found her ^{to be} ~~unpleasant~~ ^{in conversation with} ~~with~~ ^{painter,}
 who was ^{being} ~~pleased~~ ^{pleased} by her children. As he
 approached them, ^{she} ~~she~~ ^{smiled} and said, "Hello,
 I'm glad to see you - and to have you
 meet my children, Mr. Carter. This is ^{John} ~~John~~
 and his sister - Katherine." He ^{was} ~~was~~ ^{at} ~~at~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{table}~~

The children's greeting was formal,
 their faces, fully turned towards him,
 remained serious, they were clearly ^{not} ~~not~~
 showing a social promise, gracefully but like
 strangers. Both children were ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~the ^{same} ~~same ^{age} ~~age~~
 that seemed ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{be} ~~be~~ ^{of} ~~of~~ ^{the} ~~the~~ ^{same} ~~same~~ ^{age} ~~age~~
 narrow finely-etched faces. They remained
 silent, attentive ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{an} ~~an ^{mother's} ~~mother's ^{lead} ~~lead~~.~~~~~~~~

... at ...
 at ...
 of the ...
 he had ...
 quite ...
 quite ...
 Of course ...
 ... and ...
 ...
 which had ...

Dr. Otto Schrag
41 1/2 Judge Street
Roosevelt L.I. N. Y.

October 2, 1942

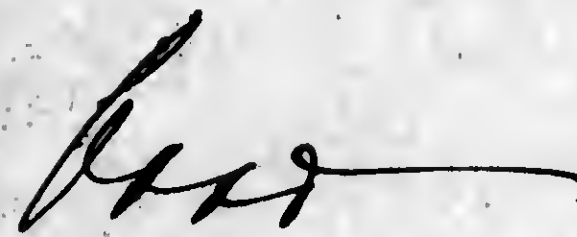
Dear uncle Nathan

I send you enclosed the radio play I talked about over the phone. I think it is very good and should be interesting for propaganda purposes. I would be very glad if you would read it and let me know your advice. Perhaps you know some body where we can go with it.

About the book. The publishers get middle of October the English version of the first part. The picture Companies are very interested to read the manuscript and I think I have quite really good prospects.

What you told me about Malzkoff sounds very interesting. It might be the time now to start a business like that. I could easily manage a production technically.

With best regards always yours



To whom it may concern.

The authors apologize for the orthographical, grammatical or stylistic mistakes you may find in this play. - However they hope that even by the first and provisional translation from their mother tongue it will be clear enough what they have to say. Thank you for your kind indulgence.

No. 1 of the Radio Play Series

" W A K E U P A N D L I S T E N , C I T I Z E N " .

" Y O U A N D T H E G E S T A P O "
=====

A Radio Play
by

H. L. MUT and Roland M. LARSEN

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The authors of the present, H. L. MUT and Roland M. LARSEN, intend to complete a Series of PROPAGANDA RADIO PLAYS similar to the one enclosed herewith.

The title of the series is

" W A K E U P A N D L I S T E N , C I T I Z E N ".

Those plays should have the effect to shake up thoroughly mind and will of the people and to inspire the thought and the action of the man on the street toward the common War Effort.

The themes in preparation are the following:

- 1) "You and the Gestapo!" Shows what would happen to an American family - in disregard of the Bill of Rights - if we lose the war.
- 2) "Slight Activity Only!?!?" The hard reality behind the mostly dry and laconical sentences of today's War Communiques. - Confrontation of scenes from the home and fighting front.
- 3) "So...why do you complain?" Confrontation of the slight and mostly voluntary privations in America against the forced and incisive privations under enemy yoke.
- 4) "Blitz Justice under Hitler". Flashlights into a Nazi Courtroom.
- 5) "Their talk - Our Talk". Confrontation of fascist and democratic words, from the past and the present. - The way enemy leaders talk - and the way our leaders do, with regard to the same subject.
- 6) "Mental Sabotage." The destructive effect of purposeful created rumors.
- 7) "The enemy is listening". The harm a harmless phrase can do.
- 8) "You and the inflation!" Shows what would happen if there would be an Inflation in America. Based on experience and facts of the German Inflation.

All those plays will be of dramatic action and thrilling reality, possibly avoiding each theoretical elocution. - Enclosed herewith is Play No. 1, "You and the Gestapo".

(The idea of this series, of the plays mentioned herein as well as each and every scene are original, and protected by and for the authors.) All Rights (Copyright, Radio, Screen, Stage, Television, Printing etc.) reserved.

Speaker What you are going to hear is a devilish spook, a cruel nightmare, a choking dream. - What you are going to hear, became a horrible reality in all the countries subjugated to the Nazistic "New Order". - To prevent that America lives to see the same horrible reality is up to you. O n l y u p t o y o u .

(Drums or music for change of scene)

Speaker Place of ^{action}: U.S.A.
Acting persons: Any American family and the Gestapo.
Time: After the "Taking over of power" by the Nazis.

F i r s t S c e n e .

Mary (speaking with foreign accent) Do you really want to go to your office today, Mr. Everett?

Henry Everett Sure. Why not? Or do you think that every thing has come to an end now ? That's not possible.

Mary It's so depressing outside. I cannot explain it. But I know it. It was always the same: in Vienna, in Paris, and everywhere.

Mrs. Lucia Everett Don't make my husband nervous, Mary. You better shut the windows. And lock the door. - (Pause) - Henry, perhaps Mary is right and you better stay home today. You know, Mary has gone through all that already over there.....

Mary And how, Mrs. Everett. They just pick up and arrest people on the streets. That's is what happened to my father, in Paris.....

Mr. Henry Everett -... But this is ridiculous, Mary. ~~Everybody is suspicious of them. We fought them. ...~~

Mary. What can they do to us ? We are no criminals. You don't know them, those Nazis. Everybody is suspicious to them. We fought them. ... Your son has been with the army....

Mrs. Everett Jimmy. - My God, if I only would know where he is. Why doesn't he phone at least ?

Henry Everett Telephone service has been suspended, you know. Don't worry. He will come home all right. They can't intimidate him so easily.

Mrs. Everett That's just what IM worrying about.

Henry Everett Heh, heh, We are still in America. There are millions of people over here as you and me. They cannot disappear or change their minds from one day to the other. Well, we have lost this war. But still.....

Mary Oh, Mr. Everett, you didn't see it happen. Once they hold the power, even millions of people are helpless. In France are millions, in Poland, Tschechoslovakia, in Belgium, in Holland, everywhere are millions. (her voice becomes louder) But the Nazis, they trample down everything..... everything..... you will see it-.....

Mrs. E. Psst, Mary, not so loud. Isn't there somebody at the door? (She goes to the door; they all listen.)

Henry E. Nonsense. All of you are crazy already. You see ghosts, Mary. You and my wife. I'm fed up with that whole story. I'm going to my office now.

Mrs. E. Wait, Henry. I'll go with you. I'm going to take Robert and Claire home from school. The children might be frightened today. You look after the lunch, Mary, will you?

Mary (hesitating) All right, Mrs. Everett. (After a little while, imploring) Please don't let me alone, Mrs. Everett. Don't let me alone today!

Mrs. E. Now, Mary, take it easy. Things perhaps wouldn't turn out as bad as that. Don't forget: There is still a "Bill of Rights".- And nobody will dare to touch it.

Henry E. Turn on the radio, Mary. You will not feel so lonely then. (encouraging) And don't forget: The Bill of Rights. - So long. (The door closes).

Mary Bill of Rights. (laughing bitterly) The Nazis and the Bill of Rights... (suddenly desperate) Oh my God, my God..... perhaps I really turn on the radio.....

(She turns on the radio)

Voice of the Speaker

This is the Broadcasting System of the New National-Socialist American Government. - People of America. - Keep calm. - The new provisional government under German and Japanese direction is in function. - Offices of the national-socialist party, of the Gestapo, and of the local national-socialist administrations have already been established in every city and in every county. - Army and ~~police~~ police forces have been disarmed. - Auxiliary police squads have been formed. - Any resistance is useless, and will be punished by death penalty. - In each and every town some hundred of outstanding American citizens have been arrested as hostages. - They warrant their lives the maintenance of the public order. - All land borders are closed. - Ports and the entire coast line are guarded. - Ship, telegraph, and railroad communications are interrupted. - Strict curfew for the whole country, starting at 5 o' clock p.m., ending 8 o' clock a.m., is ordered herewith. Keep calm. Listen to the hourly broadcastings of the new National-Socialist Government under German and Japanese direction.

People of America. The New Order has come.
Heil Hitler.

(The door bell rings.)

Mary Who is it?

Jim It's me, Jimmy.

Mary (opens) Oh, Jimmy, Good to see you back.

Jim (breathless) Where are the parents ?

Mary Your father is in his office. And your mother takes home the children from school. But you, Jimmy, you are still in uniform ? — And...what happened to you ? How do you look ?

Jim They attacked me on the way home. They tried to tear off my uniform.

Mary Who, for God's sake ?

Jim Oh, Mary, it's to go mad. The streets are crowded with people wearing swastika tags. Auxiliary police, party members... and I don't know what. Suddenly they are there, from nowhere. Faces you never saw before... As if everybody would have turned Nazi overnight.....

Mary The same as over there. Like rats out of their holes.....
(The door bell rings. The door is opened)

Mrs. Everett Jimmy, my boy. Thank God, you are here.

Jim Helloh, mother. And you, little Robert and Claire, how are you?

Little Robert Fine, Jimmy, fine. We have got a new tracher.

Mary Why, Robert, what happened to the old one ?

Robert Don't know. Has disappeared. Never mind. The new one is much nicer.

~~Mrs. Everett~~ He told us about our new "Fuehrer". He must be a wonderful man, Hitler.

Mrs. Everett But, Robert, don't you know who that really is, Hitler ?

Little Claire I know, Mammy. (She babbles the next words like knowing by heart.
He is our liberator. He is granting us a wonderful future. He is.....he is.....

L. Robert (helping her) ... he is the only one to whom we owe obedience and love.

Jim (disgusted) But, Robert, that's not y o u . It sounds like the babbling of a parrot. Is that what you learned today ?

L. Robert (proud) Yes, Sir. And from now on we will declame it every morning. And we will be the "Pillar of the Nation", me, Billy and all the other boys. And then we sing, and then we march, and I have a chance to become a "group leader".

Mrs. E. Just you, Robert ?

L. Robert Yes, because I am the strongest in the class. There was a man in a swell uniform.....

Jim What ? During the classes ?

L. Robert Of course. And ~~we~~ he gave me his word for it.

(The telephone rings)

Mary The phone. It works again. Helloh ??
Jim Be careful, Mary. The lines are tapped.
Mary (at the phone) Helloh ? Mr. Everett ? Hold the wire. - Mrs. Everett, your husband.
Mrs. Everett Yes, Henry, are you all right ? What ? That's impossible. They can't do that. They can't dare....
Jim (warning) Mother, mother....
Mrs. Everett Henry, you better tell me this when you are home. - Wouldn't you come home right away ? All right. I-LL be waiting for you.
Jim. What's going on, mother. ?
Mrs. Everett. They have placed a kind of inspector in father's office. They say, they have to "control" He has deprived father of the disposal of his own business. He says, it is "Temporarily"
Jim What it that ? But that doesn't exist. They haven't got the right to do that.
Mary Exactly like always. They start the thing like that, and it ends mostly with a complete "expropriation". But that is only the beginning.....
Mrs. E. What will happen, Jim ? What do you think will happen ?
Jim Well, mother, I suppose that this cannot last very long. Wait and see. Anyway, I think I ought to go back to College. I must do something. And first of all I like to see my friends again.

(The door bell rings.)

Mrs. Hanscom (enters sobbing) Mrs. Everett..... Oh, my God, Mrs. Everett..
Mrs. Evertt My dear Mrs. Hanscom. What happened ? Now, now, calm yourself.
Mrs. Hanscom They have taken away my husband. Right how they came and took him away.
Mrs. Everett What ? Your husband ? They just come and take away a man like judge Hanscom ?
Mrs. Hanscom They took him as a hostage, Mrs. Everett. They will detain him. They will beat him. They will kill him.
Mrs. Everett But where did they take him ?
Mrs. Hanscom I don't know. I don't know anything anymore. Oh, please....
..... please..... (her voice fades and she cries sobbingly)

(Drums or music for change of scene)

Speaker What you are hearing is ~~the~~ a devilish spook, a cruel nightmare, a choking dream. - What you are going to hear became a horrible reality in all the countries subjugated to the nazistic "New Order".- To prevent that America lives to see the same horrible reality is up to you -
O n l y u p t o y o u . -

(Drums or music for change of scene).

S e c o n d S c e n e .

(Murmuring of voices, like in a room with many people)

1. Student Good to have you back in College, Jimmy.

Jim Well, I don't know. Perhaps it would have been better if they would have killed me at the front. What's going on here in the College anyway ?

1. Student It's a hell of a College now, I assure you.

2. Student They have removed Dr. Brenton and Professor Gallagher....

3. Student and Professor Chapman has disappeared. They say that he has been arrested.

1. Student I think they will force us all to become members of their new party.

2. Student College shall be barred for everybody outside the party.

3. Student A few have already signed up with the party. We ought to do the same, I believe. What do y c u think, Jimmy ?

Jim What do I think ? That you are crazy. That you have lost your heads. You really intend to join this gang ?

1. Student But, Jim. Resistance is useless for the time being. You better swim with the stream than against it.

2. Student We might be able to change something and avoid the worst, once we are in the party. If we don't go, we are excluded for ever.

Jim Don't let them bluff you, boys. A College is a free institution, and everybody has the right to study here, regardless of his political opinion. And nobody can force us.....

3. Student Psst. Don't be so loud, Jim. In the corner there are a few new faces.....

Jim So what ? Am I not allowed to talk anymore ? Is that Hitler's kind of "liberation"? Our Bill of Rights, written by the people, says:

"No law abridging the freedom of speech..." and so on.

I would like to know who can take that away from us ? - Or have you all got the jitters ? What the hell is the matter with you ?

(Approaching voices. A rough voice yells.)

Rough voice Come on, boys, Let's take him.

Jim Who are you ? What do you want ?

Rough voice Enough of that rebellious talk. Are you Jim Everett ?

Jim That's right.

Rough voice You are under arrest. Take him, boys.

(Voices, wrestling, graining, police whistles.) Go ahead.
Throw him in the car.... Kick him in the pants.....
Will you go now?..... There we go..... That's a
good boy ?.....

(Drums or music)

Speaker "No law shall be made abridging the Freedom of Speech".

(Drums or music)

T h i r d S c e n e .

Mrs. Everett Henry, I'm so terribly worried. Jim is not back yet.

Henry E. Perhaps I try to get some information at the College.
I really don't know where I am anymore. Everything is
like in a madhouse. Arrests, Kidnapping, Blackmailing,
Seizures.....

Mrs. Everett Psst.....

(The doorbell rings)

Mrs. Everett I hope that's Jim. (She opens the door).

Lieutenant Reinhardt (at the door) My name is Lieutenant Reinhardt; may
I come in ?

Henry Everett What do you want ?

L. Reinhardt I am quartered in your house. Here is my slip. Please
show me my room.

Mrs. Everett Your room ? You mean to say that you will live here ?

L. Reinhardt Sure. I am going to live here. Sorry, if I disturb you.
Is this here your bedroom ? Very nice. I'll take it.
Please let my men in with the luggage. You, Schulz and
Miller, you can sleep here in the living room.

Schulz and Miller At your order.

Henry Everett That's unbelievable. You can't be serious about this.
I forbid you to enter this room. And I forbid you my
house.

L. Reinhardt You seem to ignore the facts, Mr. Everett. In your
place I would be glad not to have been evacuated.

Henry Everett Me, evacuated ? From my own house ?

L. Reinhardt You have lost this war, Mr. Everett. - Sorry. I have my orders. May I ask for lunch now? Also for my men. Schulz, Miller, unpack the machine guns. - Mrs. Everett, will be kind enough to show you the way to the roof, will you, Mrs. Everett? You understand. We have to protect ourselves. Some of your people seem still to be pretty democratic-minded. But we will get rid of them. (Menacing) If necessary, we will hold every street under fire. -

(Drums or music).

Speaker Bill of Rights, Article 3: "No soldier shall be quartered in any house without the consent of the owner."

(Drums or music)

F o u r t h S c e n e .

1. Gestapo agent Are you Henry W. Everett ?
Henry Everett Yes, would you explain what you and those other three men want here in the middle of the night ?
1. Gestapo agent And you are Mrs. Lucia Everett, Housewife ?
Mrs. Everett Yes.
Henry Everett If you don't give me immediately the necessary explanations, I am going to call the police.
1. Gestapo agent Safe the nickel. Here, look at that tag. Do you get it now ?
Mrs. Everett (horrified) Gestapo,.....
1. Gestapo agent You got it. - The first name of your son is Jim ?
Mrs. Everett Jim. What happened to him ? Where is he ?
1. Gestapo agent Arrested. - Say, Mr. Everett, with whom have you been in personal touch during the last six months ?
Henry Everett What do you mean ? I have been in touch with lots of people.
1. Gestapo agent Well, that's excellent. Sit down. Here is paper and pencil. Now put those names and addresses down as carefully you possibly can.
2. Gestapo agent And don't forget anyone of them. Get me ?
Mrs. Everett Why....why did they arrest my son ?
1. Gestapo agent I think you should know that better than we do.
2. Gestapo agent Rebellious talk. Political demonstrations. very nice.

1. Gestapo agent

Where are your personal documents? Over there? Let's have them. - Green, search the drawers, closet, and the other hiding places, they have in that house.

Mrs. Everett

We don't have to hide anything.

1. Gestapo agent

That's what they all say. - Green, pull out the bedding. Take out every book from the library. Turn over every piece in the house from the bottom to the top. - By the way: nice house it is!

Henry Everett

I protest against any search. It's entirely unlawful. How can you dare.....

1. Gestapo agent

(yelling) Shut up, you. Reply only when you are asked. (Objects drop to the floor, glass breaks, drawers are broken up). Green, take the pictures away, that with the beard. Look what's behind it.

2. Gestapo agent

Yes, Mr. Smith. (The picture falls to the floor, the glass breaks).

Mrs. Everett

That is a Lincoln picture.....

1. Gestapo agent

Who you say it is?

Mrs. Everett

Lincoln.

1. Gestapo agent

Who? Lincoln? - Aha. - By the way: How much money do you have, in the house and on your bank?

Henry Everett

I haven't to answer that question.

1. Gestapo agent

Oh, so you haven't to answer the question, haven't you? Rebellion against authorities? Mister, I am Ernst Smith, Stormtroopleader in this community. Do you know what that means? It means that you will perish in the Concentration Camp like your honey of son, if it's my will.

Henry Everett

You can do with me whatever you like. But But I don't tolerate any longer your dirty and humiliating....
(One hears the stark stroke of a whip, groaning and Mrs. Everett's screaming.)

Mrs. Everett

(yelling) With the whip.... in the face... your pigs, you dirty pigs.....

1. Gestapo agent

Green, arrest that man.

Green

Of course, Mr. Smith.

1. Gestapo agent

And you, Mrs. Everett, you better look out. (Continues in a matter-of-fact-manner). Your documents and your mobile estate are confiscated. You have to appear tomorrow morning 8 o'clock at the Commando Building and to sign a power of attorney for the opening of your vault. - We know how to handle people like you. Be sure of that.

(They go),

Mrs. Everett (crying) Henry, Henry, stay here.....Henry.....
Henry Everett (from the door) I'll be back, Lucia, I'll be right back.
l. Gestapo agent (laughs loud) Are you so sure of that ?
(Drums or music)

Speaker Bill of Rights, Article 4: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures shall not be violated."

F i f t h S c e n e .

Officer Next case. - The name of the prisoner, you say, is Henry W. Everett ?

Mrs. Everett Yes, officer, my husband. Where is he ? Where did they bring him ? I came here to get some information about him.

Officer Sorry, Madam. We are not allowed to give you any information. Political prisoners are to be isolated for two months.

Mrs. Everett Two months.....

Officer Well, well, that's not so terribly long. What did he do, your husband ?

Mrs. Everett Nothing, Officer, he didn't do anything. - He only protested when he the Gestapo was intruding in our house. That's all.

Officer "Intruding" ? You better watch your tongue, Madam. - Your husband surely committed an offense against the New Order. There I can't help you. Sorry. - Well, what are you waiting for ? Get out of here.

Mrs. Everett Officer, they also arrested my son. In College. Jim Everett. Couldn't you tell me at least where my son is?

Officer What, your son, too ? Seems to be a nice family. Now wait a moment. (He turns the leaves) Yes, I remember, Rebellious talk in College. That's it. - Is now in Camp No. 14. - Isolated. - Wait a moment. There is something written here. (Pause) Oh, I see. I see. Hm...Hm... Made himself very unpopular over there, apparently. - Seems to be in pretty hot water.-

Mrs. Everett Couldn't I go to see him ? Where is Camp No. 14, please ?

Officer Several hundred miles from here, lady. And no visitors permitted.

Mrs. Everett But if they accuse him, when will be the trial ? I want to send him a lawyer.

Officer A lawyer ? A trial ? (laughs) My dear Madam, you have to start learning again. With unteachables the trial is pretty short. The condemnation of your son will be made according to o u r time schedule. And it will be done in a Secret Court.

Mrs. Everett

Secret court ? Why secret ? Is there anything to hide about what he has done ? Are you afraid ? Or is there no justice any more ?

Officer

We are the justice and we are the law. That's all. Next case.--

(Drums or music)

Speaker

Bill of Rights, Article 5: "No person shall be deprived of life, liberty or property without due process of law. The accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial."

(Drums or music as scene changes)

S i x t h S c e n e .

Mrs. Everett

Oh, Mary, I can't bear it any longer. Poor Henry. Since two days he has been sleeping now, without interruption. Like dead.

Mary

Mrs. Everett, you should be glad that at least he is sleeping in his own bed.

Mrs. Everett

Don't talk like that. Don't you see what they did to him ? (sobbing) They have beaten him as one doesn't beat a dog. His back is like one bloody streak. His legs are paralysed. ...And what's worse, much worse, Mary, they broke more than that. His courage, his heart, his self confidence. He'll never be the same again. - So that's it what they do to men who don't want to become their slaves.-- And Jimmy, my poor boy. If I only would know what happened to him.

Mary

That's what they call "Liberation of manking".- They want to tear out our brains. They want to inoculate in our souls a new faith. The faith of a bloody Fuehrer. The religion of wrath and violence.

Mrs. Everett

Psst, Mary, the children are coming. For God's sake, let them not hear anything.

L. Robert

Mummy, what did you say right now ? Wasn't it something about a "bloody Fuehrer" ?

Mrs. Everett

No, no, Robert. You are mistaken. You better go, my boy and do your homework.

L. Robert

The main part of our home work is to watch out in the house, if anybody says anything against the Fuehrer.- I don't know if I shouldn't inform my teacher about what I think I have heard. (Leaving) Because, I am a "group leader" now, you know.

Mrs. Everett

Oh, Mary. One's own children are made spies against father and mother. - It's not worth living any more.

(Door bell rings)

Mary

But, Mrs. Everett, keep calm. I'll open the door.

Voice of a man (at the door) We have to deliver this box. (A heavy object is put on the floor). - Are you relatives of the late Jim Everett from Camp 14? -- What's the matter? What are you staring at me? You see, I am just an employee. -- Here, please, sign that you have received ... aah..... in good order..... the urn.

(Frantic ~~screech~~ screams of the two women.....)

(Drums or music for change of scene)

1. Voice (reading indifferently)

It is herewith confirmed that the premises 189 Broadstreet, formerly owned by Henry W. Everett - according to the proclamation of the Fuehrer of April 14 of this year - have been acquired By Friedrich Wilhelm Smith, Storm troop leader of this community. - The price of 25.00 Dollars - which includes yard, garden, and garage, - has been paid in full to this office. This sum will be turned over to the fond of the National Socialist Party as a voluntary gift on the part of the former owner of the premises, Henry W. Everett. - The party expresses herewith her appreciation for this deed.

(signed) Smith
Storm troop leader.

2. Voice (reading indifferently)

Whereas Mr. Henry W. Everett, formerly 189 Broadstreet, has been transferred to the State Hospital in serious condition and whereas the complete restitution of his health seems highly improbable,

and whereas his wife, Mrs. Lucia Everett, housewife, has been interned in State Asylum for Lunatics and whereas the recuperation of her mental normality cannot be expected any more,

the education of the two minor children, Robert and Claire Everett, is herewith confied to the National Socialist Youth Organisation and will be accomplished according to the fundamental principles of the New Order.

(signed) The Commissioner for Education
Heil Hitler !

(Drums and music)
The End.

Speaker

What you heard was a devilish spook, a cruel nightmare, a choking dream. - What you heard became a horrible reality in all the countries subjugated to the nazistic "New Order". To prevent that America lives to see the same horrible reality, is up to you. Only up to you.

(Room for special propaganda, like Bonds, Scrap, etc.)

(The present play "You and the Gestapo" is No. 1 of the series "Wake up and listen, Citizen", by H.L.MUT and Roland M. LARSEN.)

AR 25161 Paul Schrag Collection - Folder 12: Otto Schrag

THE BLACK HOLE OF BOULGNE

BY

FREDERIC MC LEAN

(Otto Schrag)

Peter was not quite nine years old the day he, his mother, and his grandmother found their way to the cellar in Boulogne. There was nothing especially striking about Peter. In Brussels he had played in the street with other boys and girls. He had had secret " bunks " under stairways and lit bonfires in desert lots. And like so many thousands of others, he had fled to France when the war broke over peaceful, sleepy Belgium.

When the first bombers came, the Belgians had taken his father away. Judith Licht, his mother threw herself upon Peter's bed and wept for a long time. Then she packed their bags, lent her arm to Peter's half-crippled old grandmother, and they immersed themselves in the great stream of refugees.

During their long, weary march Peter kept looking up anxiously at his mother's face. He understood little of what the people around him were saying, but he could see by Judith's expression whether things were going well or ill, whether he must be quiet or might talk and laugh as he pleased.

His grandmother made their journey even more difficult, for she could hardly walk. Peter thought old people ought not run away from the Boches. But he himself often got very tired, too. Sometimes he wanted to sit down in the roadway and cry, even though he knew he mustn't because the Nazis were coming closer every minute. It must be awful when they caught up to you; otherwise all these people would not be running away.

Like a great maelstrom, Boulogne sucked in masses of human beings. Once near the city, no one could escape the raging current. The once-charming city was a nightmare,

peopled with soldiers, women, children, cannon, tanks, with Belgians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Negroes, with the sick and the healthy, with young boys, cripples and old men.

"Let's take a boat", Peter said, when they passed the docks. Judith did not answer, her eyes searched for some place that would afford them shelter.

"Why don't we take a boat?"

"The ships are only for soldiers," Judith answered.

"Maybe they'll let us sleep in one of the little boats. I can't walk any more."

Judith saw that the child could not go on. His toes were exposed through his tattered shoes, his lips were swollen and his large blue eyes were almost shut for weariness.

"I just want to dip my feet in the water," Peter said.

His mother did not answer. She took him by the hand and gradually the three made their way through the milling thousands farther and farther from the docks.

Twice Peter turned his head, but his mother's frown warned him that he mustn't talk. He was longing to say again, "Let's take a boat."

From eighteen thousand feet Flying Officer Hans Schneider looked down on the dark mass of refugees in the streets of Boulogne.

A marvelous target, he thought. But can I really drop my eggs here?

All around him shells were bursting. But he neither heard them nor felt their force. All he saw were tiny white clouds.

Damn it, he thought, orders are orders. And with a quick motion he pressed on the lever that released the bombs and sent them hurtling down into the crowded city.

"Bombs, " Peter said, and crouched against a wall. The bombs must have exploded close by. All three felt the concussion and remained pressed against the wall of a house, waiting.

Peter clung tightly to his mother's hand.

"I even heard them whistle," he said. "We ought to find a cellar."

"Don't move," his mother shouted at him.

There were continuous explosions. High in the sky, white against the blue, hung delicate, harmless little clouds.

Peter began imitating the sound of falling bombs. He began high in the scale, the lower, until he was bellowing as he could: "Boo-oom".

Gradually the fire slackened, and the three stole away from the wall.

Peter watched his mother. They ought to have stayed, he thought. A few bombs at a time was never enough for the Boches.

He bent down and picked up some shell splinters.

"Look, Mama," he cried, "isn't it marvelous. If it hits you in the neck, you're dead, aren't you?"

He was clearly not expecting an answer, for he went on without a pause, "But if it falls on your head, I guess you only get a bump, like from a stone."

"I can't go on," his grandmother said. "I must rest a bit."

All three sat down on the curb.

Peter slipped out of his knapsack and began to study the splinter carefully.

"Do you think this piece hit somebody?" he asked.

Judith shook her head.

"Would it be bloody?"

"I don't know."

"I am awfully thirsty." He put his head in Judith's lap.

"I don't have any water," she answered.

"I'm so thirsty you couldn't find a well big enough for me."

Nevertheless, he fell asleep in a few minutes.

What will become of us? Judith thought.

"The resistance of Boulogne can be broken only by continual bombardments," General von R. said at the close of a German General Staff meeting. "Our planes must pound the city day and night."

While the Germans began to carry out this order, both women were still sitting on the curbstone, with the sleeping child. Judith herself was only half awake. She did not hear the distant hum of motors, so like the sound of a swarm of bees. When the first bombs burst, she started up. Peter was still sleeping quietly in her lap; the grandmother attempted to get to her feet.

"Peter, Peter," Judith shouted in his ear. She began to shake him. At last he opened his eyes and started to cry.

"Quick, quick, take your things. Don't cry, don't stand still."

With Peter's help, she got her mother to her feet. Everywhere people were running into houses. The bombs crashed incessantly.

Suddenly Peter laughed.

"Look how funny that man runs - just like a kangaroo."

He had quite forgotten, how tired he was. With the two women, he stumbled along, hugging the walls of buildings.

Ahead of them people were pouring into a house. Between crashes they made their way toward the door.

"Listen to the funny rattling," Peter said, and turned around.

"Come," his mother screamed, "come on, Peter."

Again he turned. "I think those are shell splinters."

"Of course they are."

"Faster, mother, please try to walk faster," Judith urged.

They had only a few feet to go now. "God let me save Peter," Judith prayed.

Five steps, then three, then two. There was the door.

Number 11 Rue Thiers in Boulogne Sur Mer was built in 1882, by an architect who knew nothing of airplanes. It has a

broad driveway and a cellar which is entered from the courtyard.

On May 23, 1941 many civilians sought refuge in this enclosed driveway.

An automobile occupied most of the driveway. Peter immediately scrutinized it in an earnest and professional manner.

"Model T Ford," he stated. "The tires are bad and the glass is missing from the right headlight."

He wanted to crawl under the car. You were safe there.

"Do shell splinters go through the roofs of cars?" he asked.

"I don't know," his mother answered absently. She was talking with a Belgian who held a blonde-haired little girl by the hand.

"This city is finished," the man said to her. "It will be leveled to the ground. I can't see any way to escape. God grant we are able to save the children."

Judith glanced around for Peter. The child would not stay at her side, and every time she missed him for a moment she was terrified.

Peter saw that she was looking for him. He slapped the fender of the old Ford, as one would pat a horse, and went to her.

"Stay near me", Judith said to him.

"We could let Ganny sit on the running board of the car," he said.

"Is there anything to drink?"

"Maybe we'll find some water later."

Peter noticed the little girl and went up to her. He liked children. Grown-ups were tiresome. With other children you could always laugh; you could tell stories to them and show them what you could do. He would show this little girl how he imitated the whistle of bombs. "Hello," he said, "are you afraid of bombs?"

The girl's name was Alice and she was very shy. She merely nodded.

"When you hear them, you have to lie on your belly. My Daddy told me about that long before the war began. Is he your Daddy?"

"Yes". She seemed friendlier now.

"My Daddy isn't here any more. We don't know where he is. If you like, I'll show you how to turn on the lights in the Ford?"

"No, Alice must stay with her Daddy," the Belgian said. Then he turned to Judith. "I think we ought to get into the cellar. It's getting worse every minute."

There was a thunderous crash.

Peter reached for his mother's hand. They stood together, pressed against the wall of the enclosed driveway.

"That was close," the Belgian shouted above the din.

"No, it wasn't," Peter said sternly, "it didn't whistle at all."

"How do you get into the cellar?" Judith asked.

"We have to look out in the courtyard," the man replied.

"Yes, the entrance is outside," several others called out.

"Why in the yard?" Peter asked. He had thought he knew all about cellars.

He went ahead; behind him came Judith and his grandmother. When the artillery stopped firing for a moment, they crossed the yard to a narrow door, beneath of which a steep stairway descended into blackness.

"Careful with Ganny," Peter cried.

"Hurry," those behind them called. "We can't stand still out here in the open."

The firing had begun again. Peter was still standing hesitantly on the first step, not knowing how he could help his mother and the old woman. "Ganny, give me your hand," he said finally.

"I can hardly see," the woman replied.

"It's dangerous here," those behind called indignantly.

"Hurry up there, go on down."

"Be careful," Peter whispered, paying no attention to the angry shouts.

Slowly the old woman descended, leaning on her grandson. Behind them came Alice and her father and many others.

When Peter got to the bottom he explained that it would be best to find a place in a corner. "I know that from playing. The best way to sit is leaning against two walls. Ganny must have a corner place, anyway, and mother can sit in another corner. I'll lie on the floor - I don't mind it at all."

They looked into the dimness. The cellar was divided into two sections. One was lit by the faint light through the door; the other had no direct light at all, except what came from the front room.

Both rooms were already overcrowded.- With his keen young eyes Peter saw that immediately, although all you could make out were white spots along the black walls, which he knew were faces and hands.

"Be very careful", he said, "Or you'll fall over the legs of the other people. Shall I look around and see if I can find some place for us?"

"Stay here," his mother replied. "I don't want to have to look for you in the darkness."

"All you have to do is stand here and I'll find you again."

Before Judith could say another word, he was gone. As adroitly as a small dog, he wove through the dimness of the cellar. With his bare toes he explored along the floor, but everywhere he felt bodies. Now and then someone cursed because his sleep had been disturbed.

What he was most interested in were the corners. Corners were wonderful places. The only bad thing about corners was the funny smell they had. He sniffed the air experimentally. Perhaps he would be able to smell out what he could not see. Finally he came to a coal pile. He knew it was coal because he had stumbled and his hands had grabbed hold of little hard stones. He knew it could be nothing but coal; otherwise it would not be in the cellar.

Next to the coal pile he felt a small area of clear wall. No one had taken the place yet, and he decided to fetch his mother and grandmother.

The way back was much easier. Going toward the light, he could see the legs and feet that blocked his way.

Judith and his grandmother were still standing where he had left them, together with Alice, her father and a small group of bewildered people.

Even in the dim light from the cellar door, Judith could see that Peter looked like a chimney-sweep. "What have you done to yourself?" she exclaimed.

"I have to whisper something to you," he answered.

Judith bent down to him.

He put his arm around her neck and whispered, "Back there is a marvelous place. There's a soft coal pile in one corner, and coal is so comfortable. I know. Right next to it is a clear space where you and Ganny can rest. "

Glad and proud that he had found them a place, Judith took his hand. Carefully he guided them to the place he had discovered.

With a sigh his grandmother settled on the floor. Peter announced that he was warm without his blanket, and he spread it over his grandmother. It could even manage to cover mama, he pointed out authoritatively.

We will not be here long, Judith thought. This place is impossible. As soon as the bombardment is over we must try to leave Boulogne.

Peter sat down on the coal . He dug himself a small hole where he was quite comfortable . This was all nothing new to him. He had played in neighbors' cellars often - it wouldn't be bad if he had to stay here for a while. He was the grown-up here; he had found them their place. What did women know about life in a cellar?

Through the door to the other room they could see the other people gradually finding places. Whenever someone found a place he lay down, for fear of losing the place if he did not.

It would have been easy to fall asleep, if he were not so thirsty. But he had to keep awake and move his tongue around in his mouth.

"I am awfully thirsty," he said.

Judith got up.

"I'll see if I can find any water."

She went into the other room. She wondered if she could simply ask into the darkness whether anyone had water for the child.

The father of the little girl came over to her.

"Do you have any water?" he asked.

"I am looking for some, too," Judith answered.

A young man came over to them. "We still have a pail of water from last night," he said.

"From last night?"

"Yes, we have been living here for three days. This is the only shelter we could find."

Judith filled an empty tin can with water from the pail. Then she picked her way back to the boy.

"It's the best water I ever tasted," he declared. "There must have been peaches in the can. I wish I had some now."

"I have some bread left. Do you want that?"

"Don't you want it?"

"No, I saved it up for you."

"Maybe Ganny wants it."

"Nooo," his grandmother said, "you eat it."

"I think I'd better just eat half of it. Maybe we won't have anything else tomorrow."

"No, eat it all. I have some left."

Peter took the bread and broke it. In the darkness he slipped one half into his pocket. Women were silly - they did not know anything about rationing in time of war. Tomorrow they would be pleased that some bread was left.

He ate the other piece. "You have to chew it well," he explained soberly to his mother. "Then you feel fuller."

For three bites he did eat slowly. Then his hunger overcame him and he greedily gulped down the rest of the bread.

He placed his knapsack under his head. The clothes his mother had stuffed into it made a soft pillow. In a few minutes he fell asleep.

Now and then Judith got up and went into the front room. She felt she must talk with someone. Sometimes the firing seemed to stop for a moment, but after a brief pause it started again with redoubled force.

The others wanted to talk too. When the din outside was still for a moment, low-voiced conversations could be heard from all sides. Every so often someone would go to the steps and look up into the sky. Dusk was already falling.

A fearful explosion rocked the entire building.

"That must have been right next door," a man cried. "Our house may catch fire from the others."

From all sides the people of the cellar came running. Judith pushed her way through them, back to her mother and Peter. She must wake him. But before she reached the door to the other part of the cellar, she heard him calling. "I'm coming," she answered, and stumbled toward his voice. Suddenly she felt his hand.

"The house may be burning", she said. "We must help Ganny get up."

The old woman began to cry. "I have such pains, such pains," she moaned. "I can't move. I'm a burden to both of you ... leave me here...I can't stand it any more."

"Please, mother, don't talk that way," Judith said, speaking calmly in spite of her fear. She bent down, and with Peter's help got the old woman to her feet.

"I think we ought to take our things," Peter said. "If it's really burning, we can't get back and we will lose everything. Do you think the fire engines are still running?"

Judith felt his hand trembling. She realized how frightened he was, and she tried to calm him. Slowly they made their way to the foot of the stairs.

There was hardly room to breathe. Judith had never dreamed so many people were in the cellar.

"They say a house is burning nearby," the Belgian said to her.

"Two houses down in the street," a voice said.

"You can see the flames from here," someone from the head of the stairs called.

"Any people in there are lost," Alice's father said to Judith. "I'm frantic about my wife... I lost her during the flight... she looks just like Alice. I've looked for her all over Boulogne. What do you think? where could she be?"

"It's so easy to get separated," Judith consoled him. "Why should anything have happened to your wife? Probably she's in some cellar, just like us, waiting until it's all over."

"Perhaps in the one across the street that was just hit."

Judith could not reply. Peter took a piece of coal from

his pocket and showed it to Alice. "Have you ever slept on coal?" he asked.

"No. Have you?"

"That's what I have just been sleeping on. I wish I could see it. But it is too dark. It's funny, one piece is hard but a million of them are soft. Do you have anything to play with?"

"Daddy didn't let me take my doll with me."

"My Mama didn't let me take anything either. But I know lots of games without toys."

"I don't think Daddy will let me play."

Peter tugged at the Belgian's coat. "May Alice play?"

"It's almost dark now."

"I mean tomorrow."

After a while they all went back to their places. Again Peter led his mother and grandmother. With his naked toes he felt his way through the darkness. He knew by the feeling that the floor of their room was not cemented; it was only pressed earth. Now he felt a few coals on the floor.

"Here we are, at home," he said.

Judith felt the wall in front of them and the blanket she had left lying on the floor. She sat down. Peter stretched himself out on the coal pile. Judith heard him turning around several times and little avalanches of coal clattered to the floor.

"What are you doing, Peter?" she asked.

"My bed was all out of shape," he answered. "But it's all right now. I'm very comfortable, but I'm cold."

Judith covered him with her coat. "Good night", she said.

"Do you think Daddy is in a cellar like this now?" he murmured.

"Perhaps", she answered, and choked back a sob.

That night the iron ring around Boulogne was closed. On the hilly roads in environs of the city, tanks and artillery rolled, thousands of hob-nailed boots pounded, and like hords of prey

hundreds of planes circled above the doomed city.

As yet, the ring had not been drawn tight. That would be done slowly, until all life was straggled in the steel embrace.

At five in the morning Lieutenant Durant, Staff Officer of the French Army of the North, who was in charge of telephone communication, told Lieutenant de la Rochefoucauld: "Boulogne est foutu, il ne répond plus."

The first rays of light of the new day fell across the courtyard of number 11 Rue Thiers, penetrated down the cellar steps to the front room, and from there were reflected dimly into the other room. A few stray shafts cast a wan light over the coal pile.

Peter had been awake for a long time. At first he could not recall where he was. He had groped for the glass of water that always stood on his night table at home. When his hands encountered nothing but coal, he remembered.

It would be fun to get up and look for Alice. All the others seemed to be still asleep, however, and he could disturb them if he went to look for the little girl.

His mother had been awake for a long time, too. His grandmother was in terrible pain. The hard stone floor was a torment to her, and her only wish was to die quickly. She tried to hide her pain from her daughter, and wept quietly into her tiny handkerchief without realizing that Judith was watching her. But Judith said nothing. Words could not help.

After a while Peter became restless. He set up. Behind him the coal trickled down into the grooves his body made.

"It must be morning", he said.

"How did you sleep?" Judith asked him.

"Very well. I wish I could wash."

"If you want to wash, you must be frightfully dirty."

Peter got to his feet and went to his grandmother. Her eyes were closed now, and in the dim light she seemed to be sleeping. When she felt Peter at her side, she suddenly took his hand. Peter

started, for he had thought she was asleep. But then he squeezed the trembling hand of the old woman in his strong little hand, and said, "Good morning, Ganny."

"Good morning", the old woman whispered.

"Can I go to see Alice now?" he asked his mother.

"She may still be asleep," Judith answered.

"I'll be very quiet."

Carefully he stepped among the outstretched legs. He was looking for a gap. He knew Alice would be there; her legs were not as long as these of the grown-ups. At last he found her. She had been lying awake and thinking of the little boy, wondering what games he knew that could be played without toys. Her mother had known some, too. Once, when Alice was sick, she had shown her all sorts of things that could be done with paper and pencil. But Alice had forgotten them.

"Hello", a voice from above her said suddenly.

In front of her Peter was standing.

"Do you want to play with me?" he asked.

"I have to ask Daddy," she whispered.

Monsieur Bertrand had been dreaming of his wife all the night long. Again and again he dreamt that he had found her, and just as he was about to embrace her she vanished.

"You ought to wash first, Alice," he said.

"I haven't washed either," Peter said. "There isn't any water."

Close by a number of heavy bombs burst, one after the other. Monsieur Bertrand held his child tightly against him.

Peter was quivering with fear. He crouched down against the wall, beside Alice. The little girl put her arm around him, and the three clung together until the thunder subsided.

When the usual noise of shrapnel became audible again, Peter shook himself free, feeling relieved that none of his friends had seen him that way with a girl's arm around him.

He caught sight of his mother searching anxiously for him. She was near-sighted, and as she was about to pass him he tugged at her skirt. "Boom," he shouted. Judith started. "Where are you?" she asked.

"With Alice. We were going to play, but when the big bomb went off we thought we'd stay a while."

Judith laughed nervously. Monsieur Bertrand rose and spoke to Judith.

"Bonjour, Madame," he said, "we ought to wash the children. They will catch some dreadful disease if they aren't washed. But I don't know where we can find water."

"I saw a faucet in the courtyard," Peter suggested.

"You can't go outside," said a young man who appeared suddenly out of the darkness. "It's raining shell splinters. If it keeps up much longer, we'll have no drinking water left."

"Can't I play with Alice now?" Peter asked.

"Yes, if you stay where I can see you," Monsieur Bertrand said.

The children went to the stairway. Peter took from his pocket a piece of coal and asked Alice whether she knew how to play squares. His fingers were just as black as the coal.

"I don't know the game. What do you do?"

"I'll show you."

They sat down on a step and Peter drew ten rows of dots on the stone floor. The coal made a first-rate pencil.

"You have to connect the points with lines," he explained. "You must watch out that I don't make a square. The one that makes the most squares wins. You will see when we play."

They began the game.

After a few minutes, Alice said, "I have a headache. It's from being hungry, I think."

"That can't happen."

"Yes, it can. My Mama used to have such headaches."

Peter fumbled in his pocket and pulled out the piece of bread. It was hard by now, and black with coal dust.

"Let's share it," he said. "I saved it last night because when there is a war you always have to have iron rations." He broke the bread in two, and the children breakfasted.

"It's wonderful bread," Alice said.

"It's Boulogne bread. A woman gave it to my Mama, Brussels bread is much better."

"No, this is the best bread I've ever eaten."

"My Mama has more of it."

Meanwhile more people had assembled at the foot of the stairs. Through the open door they looked up into a patch of sky. It was strewn with tiny white puffs of clouds - mementos of the shells that had scattered death all over the streets.

The people were recounting their experiences, and the two children left their play and listened. Peter wanted to stroll up and really astound them all. He wanted to tell how he and mother and Ganny had lain in a barn, burrowing under the hay and straw, during the bombardment of Dunkerque, how their automobile and their money had been stolen; and how they had walked almost all the way from Brussels, even though his grandmother was lame. But children must hold their tongues, and before long he found the conversation tiresome.

"You want to look for animals?" Peter asked.

"Animals?"

"There are animals in all cellars. They live in corners or under stairs."

"What kind of animals?"

"Spiders, mostly, and sometimes little fat bugs with a hundred legs that play dead when you touch them."

Peter and Alice clambered into the space under the stairs.

"I wish I had a match", Peter said.

It was amazingly dark in the tiny room they found under the stairs. And it was so small that they had to stop or sit on the ground.

"This is a swell hiding place if the Prussians come," ^{Peter} said.

"Do you think they will come?"

He considered. "I really don't think so. The British are strong and they have wonderful tanks and my Daddy always said the French have the best army in the world."

He felt around on the ground and groped in all corners. Spider webs, that meant there must be spiders.

"Could you steal a match from your Daddy," he said.

"I don't think so, and besides stealing is wrong."

"But how else can I get some light in here?"

They heard someone calling. Cautiously they crept out of their hiding place.

"Don't tell anyone where we were," Peter pleaded. "That's

our fort. If all the others are taken by the Boches, we can live there."

"But we will take my Daddy with us," Alice said.

Peter did not answer. He realized now, how foolish it was to show such marvelous bunks to stupid girls.....

"Where in the world were you?" Judith asked; "Goodness, what you look like. You are covered with dust and filth from head to toe."

"Peter found a marvelous hiding place from the Prussians," Alice whispered. "He says, there are animals, too."

"Do you want ^{me} to show it to you, Mama?" Peter asked.

"Later. Right now I wish I could get some water to wash you."

Toward noon, when the firing abated somewhat, a few of the young men dashed into the store across the way, and returned laden with a few bottles of wine and canned food. The provisions were distributed equally and for a while everyone was very cheerful.

Peter retreated to the coal pile. He could eat in peace there. It was dark and nobody criticized his dirty fingers.

"How did they get this stuff?" he asked.

"When the shooting let up, they ran across the street as fast as they could," Judith answered. "They say, there's a grocery store across the street, with plenty of food and wine in the back room."

"What kind of food?"

"Rice and barley and noodles and cans of things."

"Well, why didn't they bring something else?"

"What would we do with rice and barley here?"

"Oh, we could build a fire and cook. There must be plates and pots around somewhere, and then we could camp here as long as we pleased..... maybe even til the war is over. This whole house is deserted. The rent doesn't cost us anything, there is water in the yard, and you wouldn't have to go rushing into the cellar every time there's an air raid alarm.... you'd be safely there."

When he had eaten, he stretched out on the coal pile. Grown-ups are so stupid, he thought. They had brought just a few things. They should have carried away everything. I wish I could take a look at the food myself. I would sneak up the stairs and then run across the street as hard as anything. Then I'd dash into a store and in the back room I could stuff my pockets full and bring

the stuff back and hide it all under the stairs.... I have to make believe I'm asleep now. Then maybe Mama will fall asleep and when she wakes up it will be done and when she hasn't anything else to eat here, I'll go to my bunk and everybody will be surprised and say I'm very clever.

Judith thought Peter had fallen asleep; she relaxed and gave way to her weariness. Soon Peter sat up quietly, trying to prevent the coal from clattering. He watched his mother for a moment, but she did not stir. He saw that her head drooped to one side and that a few strands of her hair had fallen over her face; her breath waved them gently back and forth. Silently he moved toward the stairs. He stood there for a moment and looked around, hoping everyone was asleep, especially Alice and her father. He bent down and pretended he was watching the ants that were crawling over the steps. Slowly, still pretending to follow the ants, he ascended toward the door. Behind him he heard only the sound of deep breathing. Finally he reached the top step. Before him lay the courtyard. Over there was the faucet. Perhaps he ought to go there first - he was so thirsty. But someone would hear.... running water made noise.

With soft steps he made his way into the driveway. There stood the Ford. Peter patted it familiarly, and then inched past. The street gate was wide open. Outside was bright sunlight. At the moment they were shooting like mad. He thought he had better wait a moment.

With a soft ringing sound the iron fragments fell to the street. Where they hit, a small cloud of dust spurted up. Across the street was the grocery store. The windows were shattered and splinters of glass glittered on the pavement. If you ran very fast, you could surely make it in a second or two. The street wasn't as wide as the Avenue de l'Université in Brussels, where Peter always played.

The firing died down. Now he could chance it.... and then he ran. There was no one in sight, the city seemed dead.

With pounding heart Peter stood in the store. All the shelves were empty. The floor was littered with sheets of wrapping paper and empty cardboard cartons. And there was the door that must lead to the room with all the food.

He was afraid to open it. Racing across a sunny street, even with shrapnel showering all round, was really nothing. But opening a door into a dark room was something that needed courage. He wished there were some provisions in this part of the store, cans or a little rice or flour that had been forgotten. But here everything had been cleaned out.

Peter went closer to the door. Diffidently he put his hand on the doorknob. The door opened slightly. He hesitated. His heart failed him. Never mind, he thought, maybe behind the house, in the courtyard, he would find something interesting.

He turned around and went through the enclosed driveway to the courtyard. In the center of the yard stood two fine chestnut trees. Then he shrank back. Under the trees two men were lying. They must be sleeping, of course. He'd better stand still and not move, he mustn't wake them. The two were sleeping in curious positions, with their faces almost buried in the ground. They must be breathing in dust.

Suddenly Peter felt terribly frightened. He was alone and so helpless. He must get back to his mother, back to their cellar. He couldn't stay here. The firing had become redoubled and he could clearly hear the louder boom of bombs.

The two men were sleeping, deaf to all the noise. Peter stepped back into the driveway. Leaves and splintered branches drifted down from the chestnut trees, broken by the shrapnel. Peter saw a piece of steel hit the shoulder of one of the sleeping men; his clothes had twitched and a tiny cloud of dust had risen. If he could only get out there..... he ought to wake the men up. It was dangerous here.

Now he heard the whistle of bombs. As his father had instructed him, he threw himself flat. A fraction of a second later the explosions deafened him - they must have been very close. He hid his head in his arms. Mama will be looking for me, he thought despairingly. I hope she doesn't run out into the street, with all this firing going on. She doesn't know how to do it; she doesn't know how to run.

He wished he did not have to go back. Mama won't scold,

more probably she will cry, Why do the Boches ^{have} to let loose just now? Cautiously he raised his head. He thought he heard steps. The men were still lying in the same position. They're dead, after all, he thou^{ght}. Of course they're dead. He was very frightened now. He got up. Slowly he lifted his hand to his eyes. So silly to cry, he thought. But I'm all alone. And there are dead men and the Boches are shooting and Mama doesn't know where I am. He leaned against the wall and began to sob.

The young man who was looking for Peter heard the weeping of a child nearby. That must be the boy. Perhaps nothing had happened to him. He ran into the driveway and found Peter, his face streaked with tears.

"I'm scared, I'm so scared." Peter could hardly speak.

"You've frightened your mother half to death."

"I'm so frightened myself, I'm so scared."

"Well, come along now." The young man took Peter's hand.

"It's a little quieter now. We'll run back across."

Peter grasped the man's hand. It was wonderful to cling to somebody. He looked back. "Monsieur," he said, "I think there are two dead men back there."

"Where?"

"In the courtyard."

Motionless as before, the two men slept under the flowering chestnut trees.

It took some time for Judith to recover from the fright she had experienced. She was still sobbing as she carried him to his corner.....

Peter lay on his bed of coal, tired and happy. He would have to tell Alice the story about the two dead men. She would be astonished and respectful. He didn't have to add that he had cried.

The little girl brought him a piece of chocolate.

"My father gave me this for you", she said. "But why didn't you bring back any provisions?"

Peter accepted the chocolate. "I didn't find any food. But

I saw two dead men. At first I didn't know they were dead, but the one of them was hit by shrapnel and he didn't move, he just stayed still, so I know he was dead."

"What is it like outside?"

"The streets are empty. There isn't even a cat or a dog. There were just a few wasps flying around, but nothing else."

Peter lay quiet for a while, and thought about it. Why had the street seemed so utterly deserted? Finally he hit upon it. "There weren't even any birds."

Once more the light on the stairs dimmed. Shadows hid the faces of the people in the cellar. Peter slept. Breathing regularly, he nestled into his coal pile. Now and then Judith groped for him to make sure he was still there.

That night the bombardment became so severe that the floor trembled and crumbs of plaster rained from the ceiling. The din was so great that no one could hear his own voice.

Nevertheless, Judith managed to fall asleep toward morning, and when she awoke it was broad daylight outside.

Peter was sitting on the coal heap beside her. He had waked with the first faint rays of dawn upon the steps. He was gay and very hungry.

"Hello, Mama," he said. "You slept very well."

"How do you feel, Peter?"

"Fine. I slept awfully long. I wish I had something to eat, but I suppose there isn't anything because nobody could get out with all this shooting."

Judith gave him a slice of bread that she had saved from the day before.

"May I play with Alice now?" he asked. He expected his mother to keep him on the coal pile all day long, as punishment.

Monsieur Bertrand had made Alice a doll out of a handkerchief. "Her name is Arlette," Alice said, "Isn't she pretty?"

"I don't think so. My Daddy can do that, and lots of other things, too."

"Yes, she is. She's a lovely, sweet doll. And she doesn't

run away from her Mama, like other children."

Peter felt like pulling her hair for that. But he wanted to play with her, and so he suggested playing under the stairs again.

Tenderly Alice laid the doll down on a coat and covered it with a sweater.

"Can't you steal a few matches from your Daddy?" Peter asked. "Otherwise we'll never find any spiders. If we catch one, we can build a stable for it and keep it, and feed it until it's big and fat. Maybe we'll be able to sell it some time."

"I looked in Daddy's pockets last night, but he has no matches. Not in his coat pockets, anyway."

"Stupid, men always carry matches in their pants pockets." They disappeared under the cellar steps.

"It's much quieter here," Peter said. "You can hardly hear the shooting. Ganny would enjoy this."

They felt around in the corners, hoping to come across a spider. "I guess, the animals are all hiding from the shooting," Peter declared finally.

"Are animals afraid of bombs?"

"Dogs are."

"Yes, but such little animals like spiders and ants....."

Peter laughed smugly. "They don't know what bombs are. They haven't any brains."

After a while Alice said she wanted to get out because of the smell under the stairs. She was also lonesome for Arlette.

They crawled out into the cellar proper, and esconced themselves on a bag of straw. It was marvelously soft; they hadn't sat on anything so comfortable for a long time. His grandmother ought to lie on it, Peter thought.

The owner of the bag, a Belgian with a big red face like a butcher's, came back. "Get off there at once," he roared at the two children. "Where did you get your nerve! The straw belongs to me. I had a hard enough time getting hold of it."

Frightened, the two of them scrambled down. And then Monsieur Bertrand came to see fair play.

"What's going on here?"

"These two brats are trying to steal my sack of straw."

"It isn't true," Peter cried shrilly. "We just lay down on it because it's so soft. I don't want to steal his sack, it isn't true. I sleep just as well on my coal pile. Besides, his straw sack smells badly."

"What did you say, you brat, you," the big man roared. "Get out of here before I wallop you. This is my place, I've been living here almost a week."

Other people assembled. They all began to shout, as though they had gone off their heads. It was a release for them. But Peter was frightened and he escaped and went back to his mother and the tranquility of the coal pile. The others were still shouting abuse at each other, but gradually they tired themselves out and returned to their corners.

Peter was terribly hungry. He thought of the door he had not dared to open. Of course, he had never mentioned that detail.

He roamed through the cellar, sniffing and searching. He didn't really know what he wanted. The light on the stairs showed, that it was afternoon. He wished he had a piece of cake now, or even some detestable barley soup. There was no more water either; it had all been used up and the faucet in the yard was dry. Probably a shell had broken the main.

As dusk was falling, they heard the roar of low-flying planes and the rattle of machine-guns. They had thought that the bombardment was abating. But bullet pelted like hailstones on the roofs and in the courtyard.

Peter clung to his mother's hand.

"You mustn't be so afraid", she said. "Machine gun bullets can't penetrate these walls."

"But I can't go to sleep."

"Why not?"

"Because everything is so different tonight."

"Why everything is just the same. There's Ganny and here am I and here you are, and in front there is the big Belgian and Alice and the doll.... nothing has changed."

"I'm sure I could sleep if Daddy were here."

"Are you afraid?"

"No, but I just can't sleep."

"Lie down and try."

"When we get something to eat, can I eat as much as I want?"

"You can have all you can eat."

"I wish I had dry white bread."

"Please go to sleep now."

"Good night, Mama."

"Good night, Peter."

One by one they all awoke in the middle of the night. Everywhere was a dead silence. Not a single shot. They strained their ears, hoping to hear something... marching soldiers, voices, anything. But there was no sound. Like a massive thing, the night pressed into the room.

Then the people of the cellar began to whisper among themselves.

Peter took hold of his mother's arm. "What's happened, Mama?"

"Nothing. It's just so quite."

"There's no shooting and the planes are gone."

"You ought to get a little sleep."

"But I can't sleep. Someone ought to go out and see what's happened. Maybe we can escape now. I don't want to stay here. I want to find my Daddy. We can sleep some other time."

"Peter, be sensible. Lie down. When daylight comes we'll leave. We'll find Daddy, I promise you. Now go to sleep."

Peter fell silent, but he remained awake, like everyone else in the cellar.

At dawn they heard hob-nailed boots in the driveway. The footsteps came closer. Now they were in the courtyard..... They faltered. Probably the man was looking around. Now they approached the cellar door. A monstrous shadow fell on the stairway. The whole cellar was darkened. Judith closed her eyes. Peter buried his face against her side. She felt her mother reaching for her hand.

Then a hard, Prussian voice bawled, "Come on, come on out of there, all of you."

"We won't move," Peter whispered.

"No," Judith said, "just ~~lay~~^{lie} still."

The rays of a flashlight swept through the room. Slowly it moved along the walls, over the refugees, some still lying on the floor, some standing, over Peter and Judith and the old woman, over Monsieur Bertrand, Alice and the doll and all the others, until it came to rest for a fraction of a second on the German soldier himself. He mumbled something they could not understand and left. Apparently he was interested only whether soldiers were hiding in the cellar.

"What shall we do now?" Judith said.

"What shall we do?" Peter repeated.

"What will happen to us?" everyone in the cellar asked.

"What now?" thousands in the city of Boulogne said.

"What next?" hundreds of thousands in all France were asking.

And soon all of Europe would be ringing with the question:

"What now?"

The German High Command Communiqué of May 26, 1940 read:
"Early this morning German troops occupied Boulogne."

THE RETURN OF ADOLF HITLER.

by

Otto Schrag

It began to snow in the late afternoon of January 29, to thaw around midnight, to rain at dawn of January 30, 1959. Men leaving their houses at seven o'clock in the morning to go to their daily work found three inches of slush at their doorsteps, a moisty wind in the streets and the gargling noise of gutterpipes all over the town. They also found the light still burning at the intersection of Kaiser and Schlosstrasse, the café Baumann at the corner already open for business two policemen wearing their sundy outfits and red handbills with the swastika and the inscription "This Is The Day" on the walls of the houses. They eventually found that they all were early and had ample time for a ~~talk~~ cigarette and a talk with the others in the underpass, which connected the eastern with the western part of the town of Bruchsal Baden, Germany.

The underpass was dimly lit by a 60 watt bulb, smelled of wet clothing and mould, had a large puddle in the middle of the road and was crowded with talking and gesticulating men. For the greater part they were workmen of the Rail Road Signal Works or the Maltheuses, knowing each other for many years, but some of them were farmers from the neighborhood and a few did not belong at all.

One man's voice was louder than the others. He was a frail fellow with a snatic face and a yellow skin. When he spoke he spread his arms, lifted himself up on his toes and tilted his head backwards.

"Remember what I said when I spoke to you fifteen years ago?" he said "Hitler is n't dead I said. He'll be back one day ~~Isaid~~ said. Be careful what you do or say because the day of reckoning will come I said." He lifted his shoulders in a deep breath and looked around.

"At that time " he said " I could n't speak up.I had to go around whispering . It was mighty difficult to convince some of you that my believe was true, that this man would n't just disappear from the world like any other man , that he would be back when the time was ripe.I entreated you not to lose your faith , but to keep his picture in the shrine of your heart and to wait patiently for his return in flesh and blood."

"And I was right"he shouted."I felt that the old German God was still alive , knew that He would never permit His son Adolf Hitler to perish in an accident , waited and waited..."

There was the sound of a siren, and at the same moment the morning train Karlsruhe Heidelberg passing overhead . It was seven fifty.The men had to hurry.

Professor Bock entered his classroom in the New High school (formerly the Adolf Hitler Gymnasium)with a smile on his face, that became a broad grin when he saw that somebody had written the words "Heil Hitler " on the blackboard.Stepping up to his desk he took a piece of chalk,put an exclamation mark behind and a frame around and turning to the students lifted his arm in the "Old salute".With tears in his eyes he watched the ensuing uproar of the boys and girls, listened to their shouting and yelling, to the explosive reappearance of what he called the "Heroic Spirit " and felt that this was the apex of his life.

After a while he hushed the students and began his lecture.

"I have often talked to you about Frederick the Second " he said " the old Barbarossa in the Kyffhaeuser , who never died but waited to come back to his people.In the beginning you did n't know

, why I told you that story again and again and some of you thought that I could n't be quite right in my mind and that what happened in 1250 was really not of such a tremendous importance. Much later only you became aware of the fact that I had a certain purpose by repeating the Barbarossa story again and again , that I wanted to give you a hint of what was happening in our times ."Slowly he turned to a Jewish boy in the class."You Sternberger I think " he continued " were the only one , who suspected already very early that something was n't quite "Koscher ".I know that you talked about it to others , that you tried to prove something you simply could n't prove .My allegations were purely historical , had nothing to do with the present , nothing whatsoever with the "tragic death " of our Fuehrer."He took off his glasses , leaned back in his chair , began to stare at the ceiling."You see Sternberger " he said dreamily " our German soul is unfathomable . No mathematical formula will ever express it .We never accept a defeat and a national disaster has at its only consequence , that we retire for a while into the darkness of our shell , like a turtle or a snail. We become mystic .We believe in the return of Frederick the Second or in the immortality of Adolf Hitler . Our personalities remain unscathed and if we change the ways of our lives that is purely superficial."

There was a deep silence in the room while Professor Bock put his glasses back to his nose. Then he stood up. "When our beloved Fuehrer disappeared from the face of the earth fifteen years ago " he said , "we all knew that he was n't dead. In the beginning it was nothing but a conviction ,but soon people began to whisper . He had been seen in different places , had talked to different persons , had given the pass-

word "Patientia at Patria ." Then oneday I saw one of the secret snapshots of him . It was a small pæce of paper but it was more valuable than anything in the world. It showed him with a long beard like Barbarossa , his eyes filled with the same old fire , his forehead furrowed , his hair gray at the temples . Yeas , yes th t was him. That could n't be an impersonation , it just could n't be. "Professor Bock took a deep breath before he continued . "Some peoplex wanted him to speak over a secret transmitter , so that everybody could hear his voice but he would n't do it. "I talk the day before I come " he said "I know that the German people does not need the prove of my voice to know that I am alive. We must be patient". "

Professor Bock stepped down from the pulpit and up th the first row of benches . "And yesterday he has talked " he said. "It was like in olden days , the same sound of drums and trumpets in his voice , the same superhatural power in every one of his words . This is the thirtieth of January 1959 , the aniversary of an other thirtieth of January and the beginning of a new epoch. "

He locked from face to face , but avoided Sternberger's eyes . Then although it was only half past eight he dismissed the class for th day.

The man , who came with his horse and wagon every day from Ubstadt to Bruchsal , to deliver the milk to his costumers was late this morning. The mud on the road had caused this delay and that 's why he~~xx~~ at the students of the High School when he just drove through the Damians Tor.

"What's the matter with you ?" he asked. "No school today?"

"No" said one of the boys with freckles all over his very white skin, "our Fuehrer returns."

The man crossed himself. "The Lord have mercy upon us" he said.

"What do you say?" asked the freckled boy.

"Nothing" said the man.

"Yes you did" said another one, "and you crossed yourself."

"Git up there" said the man to his horse and hit it over the buttocks with a stick.

"Now wait a moment" shouted the boy with the freckles and got hold of the reins. "Don't be so hasty. You're late anyhow."

"Let that horse alone" said the man. "Get away from those reins or I'll hit you over the head."

"Take it easy bud" said a tall boy called Schlumberger, who had a brutal face and very broad shoulders "or you may hurt your self."

"We want to clear this up" yelled the one with the freckles "We want you to give the "Old Salute" and to sing the Horst Wessel Song"

"You can kiss my back" said the man. "I'm going to call the police if you don't get out of my way."

"Don't be so vulgar" said Schlumberger "I Can't stand it."

They all laughed and Schlumberger grasped the necktie of the milkman and pulled it out of the vest. "Sing" he said "and be good and quick about it."

"No" said the milkman and hit the tall one with the stick across the face, "I would n't sing. Not for anything in the world."

There was a short chill, a moment of indecision, but then Schlumberger kicked the milkman in the belly and the others hit him with rulers and pen cases until he bled and doubled up and became unconscious. Before they left him they unhitched the horse and turned the cart over...

All morning the store keepers heard the same talk from the women who came with their baskets over their arms to buy the things they needed. Yes, yes this was the day they said and they had always known that it would come and never really despaired of the return of the Fuehrer or wavered in their belief. They'd felt it under their very hearts as one feels a child and it'd always been there and sometimes at night they'd waked up and struggled for breath and lay sleepless for hours and hours. Even in the middle of the day they'd heard his voice or seen his eyes and they'd known that he was n't very far. They'd looked to it that their men kept their oaths to Adolf Hitler and worked against the new state - which was n't a state at all but a pigsty - and that the children heard at home what they could n't be taught in school, and that was the teaching of the Fuehrer.

"You see" said Mrs Schlumberger the mother of the tall boy "I've always told my husband that there is n't a way to get around the oath to the Fuehrer if the Fuehrer is n't dead. You don't want to become a perjurer I said, do you? You are n't a Judas, are you?" She looked at the butcher behind the counter and nodded to the other women in the store, and everybody said that she was right and that it'd been a terrible time. "The same with my boys" Mrs Schlumberger continued "those poor kids, who were too young to know themselves what it

was all about and listened to that outlandish radio and the Jews and the Communists and everything. Children I said to them, there is n't a ~~grain~~ grain of truth in all that jabbering and if those teachers in the schools tell you otherwise you just don't believe them. They're paid by them capitalists and you're better off as a bad student and a poor man than to lose your soul."

The tension increased from hour to hour, while the snow became brown and full of footmarks and the cement of the sidewalks began to show. Packs of sparrows gathered around heaps of horseshit; groups of children splashed through puddles; old man Keppler put a swastika in his show case; Mrs Woll did n't greet Mrs Sternberger on the street; the news on the radio were insignificant; only- the voices of the announcers sounded different.

Many stores and offices closed at twelve o'clock and the men went to the café Baumann where Mr. Henninger, a vegetable dealer and veteran from the last war - he had lost a leg near Odessa, his wife in an air raid on Karlsruhe, his money in the chaos following the military catastrophe - was the center of the discussion.

"It is well timed" he said "and this time it 'll work." He had a suntanned face with white beard stubbles around the chin, a nervous twitch in the right corner of his mouth and a cruel look in his eyes. "This time the British know what 's good for them" he said "and that they can beat the Russians only with our help." Suspiciously he looked around, bent forward over the white marble of the table top and with a gesture of his index finger motioned his listeners

nearer." As a matter of fact " he whispered " the whole thing was staged with the help or better connivance of certain intelligent foreigners. They had an ~~intense~~ interest to save the Fuehrer life and have him dangling over the Russians like the sword of Damokles , an interest also to intimidate our own leftists and to keep them from becoming outright communists by the healthy fear of Adolf Hitler's return."

"Do you think there will be another war ?" asked one of the men from the back of the room.

"There must be " said Henninger.

"It would be terrible " said Hans Baumann the owner of the café a soft spoken and girlish looking man with a white apron and delicate fingers. " It would be the end of everything , would n't it?"

When he did n't get an answer he blushed and left the room.

Around one o ' clock the subscribers of the Bruchsaler Zeitung got the paper delivered to their houses.

"Is anything in the paper ?" asked Mrs Sternberger her husband .

"What should there be in the paper ?" said Sternberger .Why should they bring things that are nothing but fairy tales?"

"But it is n't a fairy tale " said the boy , who had cried all the way home from school.You ~~know~~ should 've heard Professor Bock."

"He's an antisemite " said Mr. Sternberger who knew Bruchsal since more than fifty years and was one of the few Jews that had returned to the little town after the German disaster.He was

a bald man with a small brown mustache , grey eyes behind sharp lenses and a romantic soul in his plump body. One evening when they ~~returned~~ came home from their candy store in the Colcourse Avenue The Bronx N.Y. he had talked to his wife. "I am homesick" he had said. "I want to go back to the trails in the Eichelberg , the mayflowers in the Bueche nauer Wald ,and to the faces I've known all my life. America is fine but only for those who can find their Eichelberg over here."

So - they returned and were at their arrival greeted by the mayor and the first Sunday all their neighbors called and told them how glad they were to have them back.

Mr. Sternberger chuckled. "Do you know what they have on the first page today ~~is~~ ?" he asked pointing at the paper in front of him.

"How should I know ?" asked Mrs Sternberger , who had n't told anybody that Mrs . Woll had cut her this morning . "Do you think I'm a magician?"

Mr. Sternberger shook his head. "A real matter of importance they have " he said , " a thing that 'll frighten you to death ." And leaning forward he read with a comical intonation "The legend of Frederick Barbarossa."

Then he settled down in an easy chair for his ^r aftelunch nap and the house became quiet.

In the transom window of Carl Roth's radio store at the Hohenegger Platz was a loud speaker that looked like an open mouth. It was used to attract the attention of people , who either went

to the Central Theater or to the Music School or the public lavatory, or crossed the little square for no special reason at all. It was serviced by the boy with the freckles who as the child of Mr. Roth's sister and an unknown SS man was Carl Roth's nephew and at the same time a so called "honor child x" of the German Reich.

Although there was nothing special on the program, nothing that could have meant that something big was in the offing an ever growing crowd stood listening on the little square. They talked in undertones, told each other that they did n't mind the waiting and that it was as in olden times and would certainly start with the Horst Wessel Song and a torch parade and Sternberger and the other Jews better stayed in their houses. They laughed about the milkman and said that it had served him right and that other communists better kept their mouths shut if they did n't want the same treatment. They joked with the two policemen, who walked smiling around the square and disappeared in one of the side streets and finally they gathered around Mr. Hacker who was one of the editors of the Bruchsaler Zeitung and supposed to have the latest news.

"An urgent meeting of the cabinet has just been called "he said with a hoarse voice " and a decision of greatest importance is imminent."

"We don't want discussions " said Horninger the veteran "We want a Fuehrer . Is n't that right?"

"We have enough of ~~the~~ the blabbering " shouted a woman. "We want to have something to live for."

"I know " said the editor" and I think that's what Adolf Hitler is going to tell those gentlemen."

"And now," shouted Professor Bock.

"They'll be all wet afterwards" laughed the boy Schlumberger.

There was a pause in the musical program and the people in the square held their breaths.

"That is it" whispered a woman and a few men took off their hats, but then the Blue Danube started and somebody said that it was still too early and it would n't happen before the evening.

An hour later the Hohenecker Platz was packed and nobody could walk around any longer. The smells of moisture, slush, and ~~incense~~ lavatory, of spilled beer from the café, smoke from the chimneys, roasted barley from the nearby malthouse, of dirty socks and sweaty shirts and hungry stomachs began to flow together. Like a wave of heat the warmth of bodies spread through the crowd, crawled from shoulder to shoulder, from bellies to backs and from backs to bellies, through tissues and muscles and flesh and deep into the brains of the people. No longer were they independent personalities, no longer responsible for what they thought or did, no longer restrained by their own conscience. A miraculous transformation had taken place, ~~something~~ that ended their existence as isolated men and women and children in a hostile world and gave them instead the safety of the herd, the comfortable feeling of security.

The frail man who had talked in the morning to the workmen in the underpass sat on the roof of the pissoir.

"This time we are going to make a clean sweep of it" he said with his fervent voice, and nobody will stop us. All over the world our ideals will march and every people will get its share, every man a woman a part of the happiness we feel here tonight. The crusaders of mankind, that's what we are, the banner bearers of a ~~hate~~

better future .."

"The destroyers of the evil " yelled a woman.

"Kill the Jews " came the voice of the freckled boy ~~about~~
over the square . " hang them hang them.. "

"Smoke them out " shrieked a girl.

"Patience " shouted Professor Bock.

"What for patience " asked Mrs .Schlumberger. This is
the night. Is n't it?"

The man on the roof of the pissoir began to sing.

"Shut up " shouted the freckled boy " we want to listen
to the radio."

"Psht " made others.

There was a short silence, then the voice of Professor Bock

"Where is the mayor Why is the mayor absent?"

"And the priest " shouted the boy Schlumberger.

"And Judge Hambacher," asked Henninger , the man
with the wooden leg.

The radio began the Hohenfriedberger March.

"That's the beginning " yelled Maria Baumann the
sister
~~daughter~~ of the inn keeper and an old spinster. "Hats off. Look at the
sky. See the glow."

"It's from the rail road yard " said the boy Schlum
berger but nobody heard him.

"IT's a sign from Heaven " cried the girl. " it's like
dawn /n the middle of the night , like the morning we waited for."

She stretched out her arm and many others followed
her example . "Open up your souls " she yelled . "Be ready for him who

comes to marry you and take you along on his way."

"Hang the Jews" shouted the freckled boy.

"We want the mayor" bellowed Professor Book.

"Quiet" came the man's voice from the pissoir.

"Oh my Fuehrer" sang Maria Baumann "thank you, thank you". She could hardly remain quiet any longer, wanted to walk or to dance or to give herself to a man. She pulled her arms through the arms of her neighbors, drew them closer to herself, became one with them as they became one with the others. "We thank you" she babbled.

"We thank you" repeated the others.

"We thank you" said all of them and it became a chorus and a rhythm in which they moved their bodies to and fro.

When the music stopped they became rigid. There was a crackling noise in the loudspeaker, then a ^{ominous} faint humming.

"They connect his mike" said the man on the pissoir roof. "I can hear it..."

With a faint rustling drops of rain began to fall. The whistle of a locomotive sounded. Somebody flushed the toilet inside the lavatory. A window in the music school was shut.

Gradually ~~over~~ which a strange silence settled over the city as if a woollen blanket had been spread between the sky and the earth shutting off the noises of the wind, the fragrance of the air, and the light of the dying day — a silence that remained even when Hitler began to speak.