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Heimito von Doderer

THE MEROWINGIANS
OR THE TOTAL FAMILY

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*Translated from the German by
Vinal Overing Binner*



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1 ∞ THE TREATMENTS

AS BACHMEYER, a small, energetic, very well-dressed man with a black pointed beard, climbed the stairs to the private office of Professor Dr. Horn, Director of the Neurological and Psychiatric Clinic, he trailed a streak of the scent of lavender water, bitter and at the same time roundish, a what could be called comfortable smell. As the door was opened for him, he entered the wide entrance hall, and, having arrived at the appointed minute, did not have long to look around these new surroundings before a tall, pretty, white-clothed and blond-tufted nurse appeared—luckily Bachmeyer could not see her eyes properly, because of her glasses!—and said that the Professor was ready for Mr. Bachmeyer. In the office itself, the patient was immediately overarched, one might say, by the doctor, as by an overhanging rock: the doctor, too, wore purest white, a doctor's smock of which there was a tremendous lot to see, and which was crowned by the face, by a wide, round beard, by gleaming golden eyeglasses. Horn was one of those people who is always panting with good will and making some little sound even when he is not saying anything, a kind of asthmatic squeak that in a curious way can remind one of the fine tone that a certain kind of moth is able to make, a moth which though native to Europe is still rare: we are talking about the fat, velvety Death's-Head Moth. Horn peeped that way when he was not panting or speaking. Bachmeyer had sat down

and Horn now placed his glacier-white mass in a chair opposite, arranged his glasses, looked down at Bachmeyer's elegant shoes and said, "Well, Mr. Bachmeyer, what's the matter with you? What's your complaint?"

Bachmeyer's intelligent eyes, bright like faceted black jet buttons, moved animatedly as he answered, speaking precisely, in an urbane and well-bred manner:

"Rage, Professor. I suffer heavy attacks of rage that are terribly strenuous for me and extremely exhaust me."

"Hm," said Horn with a light puffing and panting, his eyes still glued to the toes of Bachmeyer's shoes. "Can you perhaps tell me, Mr. Bachmeyer, the cause of these attacks of rage?"

Bachmeyer's eyes flashed like the ignition at the muzzle of a firearm; at the same time, the Professor noticed how the toes of his shoes moved farther and farther apart, so that the separating feet formed an obtuse angle. Simultaneously, both feet began a kind of walking and stamping, naturally without the soles properly leaving the floor. Although Bachmeyer spoke the words that followed as urbanely and politely as the earlier ones, his fury seemed to swell precipitously, and he absolutely ground what he said between his teeth. At the same time, his voice became highpitched, almost falsetto.

"If I knew the reason, Professor, I probably wouldn't have come to you at all."

Horn was not put off by this. He could just as well have said that he had not really intended to ask about the *cause* of the attacks of rage but only the occasion, and that the term "cause" had been chosen inadvertently. But in the meantime, Bachmeyer's toes had turned considerably farther apart, and the Professor said aside in a low voice to the office nurse, Helga, who had entered the room,

"One hundred and thirty degrees. Nose pincers."

This instrument, about the size of a small butterfly—it looked like one, too—now sat upon Bachmeyer's nose (while Horn held his hands gently for a moment) like a pince-nez, only considerably lower. A fine, long cord was fastened to it, which Nurse Helga held in her hand; however, the cord was not at all pulled tight, but hung slack.* The nurse looked at the patient; however, the narrow slanted eyes behind her eyeglasses displayed no proper look, only the thin and watery substance of an almost inconceivable, an *utmost*, impudence, and even a mild satisfaction.

"Now we'll begin the treatment," said Horn to the perplexed Bachmeyer, and panted soothingly. "Please don't make any sudden or violent movements because discomfort could easily occur. And stand up slowly; yes, so, Mr. Bachmeyer." He turned the patient gently around, so that Bachmeyer stood with his back to the doctor. The nurse activated an electrical contact, and in the next moment "The Coronation March" for Giacomo Meyerbeer's opera, *The Prophet*, intensified by a highly-amplified loudspeaker, blared into the room. This powerful rhythm finally freed Bachmeyer's soles from the floor

* *These nose pincers belong to the group of so-called plate pincers. They are those flat pincers with an extremely broadened pressure area, for the manufacture of which a thinner material is used. Their position on the bridge of the nose is determined by springs. There are no handles. Still, the slightest tightening of the cord causes a lever to release three sharp needles through each plate which immediately penetrate the membrane and thereby easily subdue the most wildly raging individual. These pincers are not to be confused with those of the same name that are taken on the hunt to lift out badgers after the dogs have chased them into their holes. A certain analogy with the badger pincers exists, however.*

completely. With the tips of his toes wide apart—the angle of his feet was now nearly 140 degrees—he began to walk, indeed soon to stamp, and moved forward with small steps, keeping his toes pointed to the sides, promptly developing a more powerful stamping, a rhythmical, orderly fury. Helga glided in front. She was a Botticelli angel—from whose eyes, however, flashed complete disdain. And thus she led Bachmeyer, while holding in the air the end of the cord that was attached to the nose pincers, and resting the other arm on her hip like a dancer. Thus she led Bachmeyer like a bear. The string hung loose. Due to the ingenious little lever on the nose pincers, the slightest tension was enough to cause the raging person extreme, indeed almost anesthetizing, pain, to subdue him if he tried to escape sideways from the rhythmically determined march of anger. In the meantime, the Professor had chosen two instruments, long kettle-drum sticks, from numerous drumsticks, clappers, bats and wooden hammers that hung in bags in a row on the wall, and stepped behind Bachmeyer to drum the rhythm regularly onto his skull, letting the drumsticks fall elegantly and with routine from his hands. So this three-member therapeutic rage element moved to the blare of trumpets through the doctor's broad office, and then through folding doors standing open at the rear, and across the neighboring room, finally to arrive in a very broad chamber that was completely empty except for a long extended table in the middle—such as one often sees in dining rooms of very large dimensions—which, exactly in the manner of display cases in museums, had several levels covered with red velvet. The levels were garnished at intervals by cheap porcelain or earthenware figurines: girls with harps; dancers with tambourines; boys with shepherd's

flutes; female figures holding pitchers on their shoulders; and other such nuisances. Bachmeyer's stamping had considerably increased during this rage march, to the satisfaction of the Professor, who could, indeed, hope for some success in his therapeutic goal only through a powerful boiling-up and stirring-around of the fury; as they entered the last large room, Bachmeyer was already stamping so powerfully that the floor quaked and with it all the figurines on the table. When, with a quick glance, he had become convinced that Bachmeyer's foot angle had by no means diminished, but rather was about to increase, the Professor quick as lightning exchanged the drumsticks for two wooden hammers which were stuck in the pockets of his white smock; moreover, the rhythmic applications were imparted much more vigorously than before, which in view of Bachmeyer's thick curly head of black hair seemed permissible to the doctor; the heads of the hammers, though, were cushioned with leather. They had not proceeded two steps along the table with the red velvet levels when Bachmeyer swiftly, even lustily, grabbed one of the figurines and smashed it to the floor, so that the pieces sprang far over the parquet. "One!" said the Professor aloud, and Helga repeated, "One!" During the following circuits Bachmeyer consumed two further figurines, one of them a faun with a pointed beard and the legs of a goat. Each time, the doctor and the nurse counted loudly together. After the second figurine, the foot angle had already begun rapidly to diminish and Bachmeyer's stamping now became steadily weaker. After the third figure the doctor said loudly, "Ninety," the nurse repeated, and the application was modified, from the hammer to the drumsticks, which now Horn allowed to dance only very lightly on Bachmeyer's head. In the end, Bachmeyer

started toward the doctor's office with the foot angle of a normal human gait. The nose pincers were still in place. Only after the doctor had convinced himself of the present harmlessness of the patient (by a short, moderately firm pull on Bachmeyer's beard, to which there was no reaction) were they removed.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Bachmeyer," said Professor Horn, bowing slowly with his entire bulk (while in Nurse Helga's glance was insolence as gelatinous as eggwhite). "You will certainly be able to notice a diminishing of the complaints during the next days; the reactions were very favorable, promising absolute success. Still, I'd like to suggest that you come back in ten days. As you know, my office is open for such special cases every 1st, 10th and 20th of the month, so the next appointment will be on the 20th."

Nurse Helga had already checked in a book and with a friendly smile she called to Bachmeyer the exact time that he would be expected. Horn bowed once again, panting with good will. With that, Bachmeyer left in deepest amazement, sweating slightly (which further stimulated the lavender fragrance), and in happy numbness: in deepest amazement less because of what had just befallen him than because of the lack of rage; even more than that, because of the momentary lack of any relation to, any connection to, any possibility of rage or fury. In Bachmeyer, as he stepped lightly over the landing in front of Professor Horn's office, was the innocent friendliness and gentleness of a good-natured youth. Then, just as he trod the first step, he met a small, very bearded man coming up, and he inadvertently brushed against him in passing. Bachmeyer raised his hat, excused himself quickly, and ran lightfootedly down the stairs full of deep admiration

for the doctor from whom he had just come, and given wings by the prospect that he could be helped.

Had Bachmeyer turned around (luckily he did not) he might have been frozen to the spot with shock at the look which the lavishly-bearded man—whom he had lightly brushed by on the top step—sent after him; rage without equal, horrible fury broke in a yellowish-green shining ray from the eyes of the small man; indeed, rage stood as in quaking towers above his head. He strode over the landing to Horn's door, raising his knees much higher than was necessary to walk, like a cock; the angle of his feet would have shown a skilled eye that he was in critical condition. The Professor, as soon as he caught sight of the little man (who was named Baron Childerich von Bartenbruch and was called Childerich III, to distinguish him from his father and grandfather, who bore the same name) recognized immediately the danger of this condition in which his patient of long acquaintance found himself today; and Horn also knew very well the existing possibility that two or three seconds later the small, bearded being could have bitten deeply into his shoulder, jumping on him with a monstrous leap. Nevertheless, the Professor usually gave the proper treatment at the proper time. Using the flats of his hands, that were about the size of soup plates, he began immediately to apply pairs of such hearty slaps to von Bartenbruch that the little gentleman, soon with a red face, could just manage to get around the office; after the sixth set of slaps, the nose pincers could be applied and the Baron set into a trot, that is, into a march of anger. Helga floated in front. All the same, it was only after the fifth figure (all in all, von Bartenbruch destroyed

nine of them today) that the angle of his feet began to decrease, so that Professor Horn undertook a second circuit, at the beginning of which the angle was still 100–110 degrees; only at the very end was the angle normal, and the limits of a human gait achieved. Bartenbruch had to be bathed immediately and then to be bedded down in a relaxation chamber near the doctor's office that was intended for such purposes.

5 ∞ THE PAUST SACK—
THE SUB-ACCOUNT HOLDERS*

AT THIS POINT, where we stop with the head of the family, Childerich, we find him ready to look back over what he has achieved up to now. Following the decease of his fourth spouse, we, too, welcome such a pause for breath; for the genealogical entanglements that developed in this relatively short time—that is from 1915 to 1939, thus in but twenty-four years—nearly exceed the realm of possibility.

This sounds as though he had produced innumerable children. In fact, there existed only ten of his own. One does not need to go back to the princes of ancient times to meet up with more extensive procreation feats. For instance, the President of Venezuela, Juan Gomez, who died in the year 1936, acknowledged—and this was in the newspapers—126 persons as his own offspring. Compared to that, Childerich III's achievement pales completely. But his greatness, his splendor, lay not in the quantity, but in the pursuit of the totality of the family, that permeated all of his legalized sexual actions, at least from his second marriage on (the one with Countess Cellé, that had made him his own grandfather). But still, it was especially the first matrimonial union—that he entered in his twenty-fifth year, with the nearly twenty-

year-older widow of the Kulmbach brewer, Christian Paust—that has had the quaintest genealogical consequences. Childerich III would sum up these consequences in the expression "The Paust Sack."

If one takes into consideration only the ten children belonging to Childerich III, it looks almost simple: two daughters from the first marriage with Widow Paust, born von Knötelbrech; both already vanished from us, gone abroad about 1937, with considerable dowries, as wives of French nobility; more exactly, one of the two men was at home in French Switzerland, and when the Germans marched into France, his brother-in-law likewise moved there just in time, and the two sisters were again united and then remained together later on. Married off, they lose all importance for us. Then follow the children of Countess Cellé: foremost, the in 1922 born son and heir, Schnippedilderich, actually Childerich (IV), Baron von Bartenbruch; and the girls, Petronia and Wulfhilde, both of insect-like fragility. Further, the daughters of the Egyptian, the piercing beauty, the in 1928 born Anneliese, and Geraldine, who so surprisingly had the delicate exterior of the Cellé daughters. Finally, the three children of the fourth wife, the commoner—Widhalma, Karla and Sonka—the first with a quite early and distinguished marriage, and the younger ones in 1950 still adolescents and in boarding school. But this fourth spouse, widow of the mountain-climbing district judge from Kulmbach, Bein, was also Childerich III's stepdaughter. Thus we find ourselves amidst the complications and in the Paust Sack.

For the brewer Christian Paust had, after all, had four children by the widow born von Knötelbrech, who now as she married the Baron, that is, in the year 1915, all became his

* See in this connection, at the end of this book, the family tree of the Merovingians, covering the 19th and 20th centuries.

stepchildren. The eldest, the tall beautiful Barbara, was married off forthwith—the weddings of mother and daughter falling in the same year, as once, in 1890, Childerich's date of birth had fallen at the same time as the first date of marriage of his first wife!—and so Barbara got her district judge whose Schnauzer whiskers Childerich, as her second husband, would one day carry home like a trophy together with the fourth spouse. Of Barbara's three brothers, when their mother married once again, only the eldest was already really grown, a gigantic, big-boned man with the black horse hair of the von Knötelbrechs, whom one called within the family circle Hagen von Tronje*. He really looked that way. All the Paust sons inclined toward the ancestral profession of beer brewing, and one after the other have become proper graduates of the Bavarian Brewers' College at Weihenstephan by Freising. Also the younger ones became strong men as their father had been. But Hagen towered above all of them.

The second thrust into Childerich III's stepfatherhood resulted from his union with Barbara in the year 1932. This woman had, during her marriage to the district judge, borne three sons, the eldest of whom in 1934 turned to the study of medicine and attended an out-of-town university. Subsequently, he became a well-known doctor, at first in Kulmbach and then in the university city where Childerich lived. His younger brothers, though, again took up the profession of the grandfather and uncles, they became beer brewers; also these, as well as the later doctor of medicine, Bein, were powerfully-built fellows.

* *The villain of the Nibelungen Saga.—translator's note.*

But with the second thrust into stepfatherhood, the family complications reached their high point and *the Paust Sack* its broadest expansion.

This expression was invented by Childerich III while climbing in family trees and drawing up genealogical tables, which he, as have some persons of his class, had a predilection to do; though, considering his effort to gain the totality of the family, it was more in the sense of descending, in that in order to increase his feeling of omnipotence he included his stepchildren. Of these there existed, in all, seven. Actually, the genealogical table showed—if one imagines graphically depicted the marriages, children and stepchildren of Childerich III—just to the left and at the beginning a wild distension. For just this he invented the already frequently mentioned expression. But to put it exactly, his own two daughters belonged to this sack as well, those whom he had from the beerbrewer's widow (and who now lived in Switzerland and France), so that the Paust Sack just then held nine people, among them Childerich's wife, Barbara; whereby it naturally had to follow that he had become not only his own father-in-law and his own son-in-law, but also the brother-in-law of his stepchildren (first thrust) and the uncle (once-removed) of his grandchildren, which as such Barbara's descendants should be considered, for he had been, of course, the husband of the grandmother of all of them, of the beer brewer's widow. Widhalma, Karla and Sonka, for example, Barbara's children from her second marriage, that is, with Childerich III, had to consider him as their grandfather, father and uncle in one person: the latter because he was, of course, the brother-in-law of Barbara's siblings, and so their uncle. (That Barbara became her own mother through her

marriage to her stepfather is but an incidental circumstance, and she had hardly, quite differently from her husband—near whom it would not have been advisable, either!—placed any value on the acquisition of this kind of family rank.) One sees, as we have already mentioned above, that the entanglements that evolved in twenty-four years nearly surpass the possibilities of a clear recording.

On the whole, one can say that for Childerich III the totalitarian tendency always outweighed the financial motives in his marriages. Barbara Bein's Paustian inheritance hardly came into consideration—however bounteous it might have been—in comparison with Cellé's fortune or the Egyptian dowry; but the fourth marriage brought two family ranks (he became his own father-in-law and son-in-law) and three beard designs (throat whiskers, Schnauzer, and double-pointed goat's beard). In the planning of Childerich III's fifth marriage, however, financial motives played absolutely no further role, as we shall still see. Just the opposite; the intention or the prospect of becoming his own brother-in-law actually required a readiness for financial sacrifice.

Here at this point where we now stop, a new period began in the life of Childerich III, that is, that of adoptions; which doesn't mean that he himself adopted anyone, but that he could hope only by way of the method of adoption to gain the family ranks that he still lacked; namely, those of his own brother-in-law and, indeed, even uncle and nephew. Thus, such means played a pervasive role in his plan for a continuation of family totalization, centralization, and omnipotence. Only in this way did the one-man principle remain realizable. Also, only in this way was there hope for an increase and a further differentiation within the beard de-

sign, even though Childerich's fur-encircled visage had little additional space for such, at most on the chin under the district judge's beard—that already looked almost like a goat's beard. Just the same, one could have reduced that part of the design in order to add a little pointed beard beneath it, separated from the rest by a distinctly shaven canal. There were, though, already a few beardless individuals to be found among those objects of Childerich III's adoption plans. Accordingly, the rank already meant more to him than the trophy.

Remarkably enough, the Second World War, and just as little the First, had not in any considerable way reduced the family in persons or goods; only Childerich III's youngest brother (Childerich himself had never been a soldier) was killed in 1941. Dankwart, Rollo (Rolf) and Eberhard survived. They had, as officers with a by now higher rank, also served in the Second World War on the English side; thus they were, to be sure, a certain embarrassment to the baronic family in the so-called Thousand Year Reich—not to speak of the discomfort caused by the son whom the uncles (following the occasion of a visit he made just before the war) simply kept over there. On the whole, that cost the Baron a lot of money, namely in Germany, through contributions that became necessary on all sides and to the most diverse places and associations. But then, after 1945—Childerich III, in his mid-fifties, being long since a widower for the fourth time—the head of the family had to struggle against a certain unbalance that the changed situation in the family seemed temporarily to bestow on the Royal British officers. However, they had as good as entirely dissipated their inheritances, while Childerich III's ever-swelling fortune had already blossomed for more than a decade, quietly apart in

Switzerland and in Brazil, at least the greater part. And so, especially in South America, the assets grew significantly. Moreover, the real estate—the Bartenbruch estate and still other associated properties—remained undiminished. There were war damages on only a few buildings, here and there. But the beautiful palace with the park, in the university city, remained in good condition. And of no less importance was the fact that the large toy industries, that Childerich III had inherited through Countess Cellé from his grandfather, the baboon with the turn-up moustache, came through without damages and, moreover, happened to be in West Germany, so there followed no expropriation.

In the meantime, even in the midst of all this, there were potent inheritances, in the Sack as well as out of it. More exactly: there had been inheritances, and these sums should have been handed over to be used freely. It might still have been acceptable for Childerich III to administer the inheritances of the minors. However, he also blocked payment of the shares of those who were of age.

Those who know him—and we know a bit about him already, if by no means everything, for he will still give us a surprise or two!—know that the Baron did not care that much about money; but he unconditionally opposed the tiniest reduction of his power and central omnipotence. All together those sums under his administration and in the inheritances that were on sub-accounts were as good as nothing in comparison with his immense personal fortune. But he was most concerned with the chastisement and suppression of his stepsons (both thrusts). In this way he wanted to keep matters in hand. And so he let the business of settling the inheritances

drag on endlessly, a business that his lawyer, the nimble young Dr. Gneisl, understood perfectly. In no case were receipts conceded in advance, and the allocation of even a small bit of the revenues would be so long deferred by endless quisquilien and vexations that hardly anyone, ever, attained so much as a taste of the fruit.

Such cases do happen, not seldom, even. By much busy-ing around, dragging of feet, or considerations of some sort or other on the one hand, and by greediness for power and stubborn determination on the other, it was ever and again possible to withhold rightful inheritances for many years, especially on the part of one familiar with legal tricks, or well-advised in them. And this latter he indeed was, Childerich III; that is, through Dr. Gneisl. Added to all this, not one of these “sub-account holders”—that is what one soon called them, and, actually, they called themselves that!—was driven by any kind of necessity to bargain. They all, in and out of the Sack, that is, the sons and grandsons of the brewer Paust as well as, for example, the daughters of the Countess Cellé and of the Egyptian, found themselves—in truth—not only in comfortable circumstances, but really very well off; Childerich III allowed the daughters to lack nothing that they needed to maintain their station. But to have control over anything themselves—that is just what they should not! Just the same, Petronia and Wulfhilde, Schnippedilderich’s younger sisters, disappeared from view, well-dowried, soon after the mid-forties. These ladies did not trouble themselves very much (nor did their husbands) about that that was bequeathed them, by testament and legally, by their mother, the Countess Cellé, just as little as did the daughters who lived in Switzerland trouble themselves about the inheritance from their mother,

von Knötelbrech. To be sure, Anneliese, the cold beauty, born in 1928, the elder daughter of the Egyptian, behaved differently.

Still, one asks oneself why some legal procedures were not initiated, in spite of the aforementioned obstacles, by those in the Sack, namely the Paust's. They could have taken a good lawyer who was a match for the nimble Doctor Gneisl and his tricks. With this, we arrive at the situation which we assume to be the determining obstacle to all more resolute and effective actions they might have taken: basically, any-and-everything remained undone only out of respect for the most aristocratic relatives, with whose feathers, indeed, the commoners in the family plumed themselves and whom they mentioned at every opportunity. Thus they wanted not to appear to have been written out of the family. Most strange how they seemed to bow before a kind of authority! This was just the right way to behave, at least according to Childerich III; that is, from his questionable standpoint. So he saw to it that such authority never suffered a decrease, and he stared glassily at every Paustian who came near him, out of protruding eyes, especially at the stepsons of the first thrust, led by Hagen von Tronje. These had never lived in the Bartenbruch palace. In 1915, at the time of Childerich's marriage to Paust's widow, born von Knötelbrech, the eldest of them, the above-mentioned Hagen, had long been, at twenty-two, in the military instead of at the completion of his studies; and also the younger ones were caught up in the war. At war's end, the Baron did not take the boys into his house. Perhaps he was afraid of losing his authority over the fellows, he himself not yet thirty years old. They all lived then in Freising for the same reason that Hagen did, namely, to finish

their studies. There they were lavishly provided for by their stepfather, and the young gentlemen were at first content. But for the head of the family, however, there was always the possibility of pulling in the reins, by decreasing their payments, for example, or by depriving them of extra allowances, if at some time or another they did not show due reverence for his omnipotence. Finally, they entered the paternal brewery, over which not Childerich, but rather the partner of the deceased Paust, had authority.

Those of the second thrust, though, had been brought into the marriage by Barbara Bein, the Widow's daughter, partly still as boys, where they then grew up in the Baron's domicile. Yet, he nudged them out as soon as possible (and once more let it cost him something), the first to go being the eldest, who was sixteen at his mother's second marriage and who entered a university to study medicine, as we have already learned. The stepfather's desire was in accordance with that of the young man, who wanted to hurry through his studies not in this place but somewhere else. And thus did Childerich rid himself of him; and the other two, as well, and as soon as possible. Later those two also moved to Freising—first the older, followed in two years by the younger—and acquired knowledge of the brewery, as formerly had their uncles, now living in Kulmbach. The youngest was still attending college in Weihenstephan when his mother did not rise from her bout with pneumonia. Basically, all three accused their stepfather of the early demise of their mother. They never returned to the baronial home.

All the same, from 1932 on, they had lived in the Bartenbruch palace (and also on the estate in the country) where still lived at that time Childerich IV, the future

Schnippedilderich, just turned eleven, who beat them all up, also the eldest, the doctor to be—although he had, after all, six additional years on him. However, such a thrashing of the commoners occurred not as an expression of a permanent animosity or a kind of state of war among the young people, but only occasionally, that is in passing, and always with disdain. Also, Schnippe could often be quite friendly with them, especially with the smaller boys, who were just twelve and fourteen years old. Childerich III thoroughly approved of the way his son and heir treated the stepsons of the second thrust.

Besides that, there were at that time enough daughters in the house, even disregarding little Widhalma and Barbara's two, that were still to come. The oldest girls, Childerich's children from his Knötelbrech wife, were already in bloom; not yet, of course, Petronia and Wulfhilde, Schnippedilderich's younger sisters; and the Egyptian's children were small, that Anneliese with the ebony-colored hair (She always enjoyed watching when Schnippe thrashed someone!), and Geraldine, later as insect-delicate as were the daughters of the Countess.

She enjoyed watching whenever Schnippe thrashed someone, Anneliese did, but one time, just as he was working over the eldest son of the district judge—it happened in the park behind the city house—who invariably offered resistance bravely and desperately (but what could he do against that monster?), the at the time not yet five-year-old "black-haired Egyptian," as she was called, shot across the grass and bit with her little white teeth into Schnippe's bare calf above the short socks. And sure enough, the pain restrained him; he left off, and now the little one removed her teeth. Blood ran down. The behavior of the monster was quite characteristic.

He grinned with amusement, lifted the wildcat in his arms and said, "Now will you bring me something to bandage this with?" But the beaten-up young Bein had done that already, frightened at the way that blood flowed from the calf and colored the white socks red. Now he came running with gauze and wadding, and behind him, fluttering with horror, the English governess of the little girl. Schnippe permitted this bandaging around on himself, but paid not the slightest attention to the business. Four days later one of the children noticed with screams of astonishment that one could no longer see the least trace of the deep bite on Schnippe's calf. It was smoothly healed. The young baron had thrown away the bandage.

Immediately following Barbara's marriage, after a just decent time lapse, in 1932, the first girl came into the world, Widhalma. At any rate, it became more peaceful when the fellows were happily out of the house. Schnippedilderich had no one left to beat on. There followed the smallest, Karla and Sonka. The daughters of the Widow Paust, born von Knötelbrech, were married off two years before Barbara's demise in 1939. Just after the mid-forties, this fate befell Petronia and Wulfhilde. In 1947, it was Anneliese's turn, and but one year later Widhalma's, Barbara's oldest child from her second marriage. None other of Childerich's daughters had married as young as this one—she had not reached even her seventeenth year!—but none had made such a tremendously good marriage. Her husband, a middle-aged man, was a South American, but descended from a family of Spanish grandees, and almost idiotically rich. He treated Widhalma, who was an ordinary brat and in addition a real bitch, in a ceremonial

way, like a little goddess, and in but a few weeks the girl became entirely unbearable. Childerich III, who displayed complete agreement with this matrimonial union—in addition, he liked his son-in-law in whom his instinct immediately recognized the true *Grandsigneur*—was pleased that the impudent Widhalma should be in Buenos Aires soon, and be-dowered her splendidly. Here the dependency relationship was not to be maintained, and the Baron certainly must have been glad to have this to him increasingly impudent female, who was already setting about to undermine his authority, sooner and better out of the house.

At about the same time, the insect-fragile Geraldine, who at that time numbered not yet nineteen years, went to Cuba to be the secretary of an American oil magnate, as she revealed to her father in a sawing cicada voice shortly before her departure. Childerich III kept her Egyptian inheritance himself and is said to have given her a pair of slaps as a farewell. Of her one heard nothing for a long time. Instead, now the teenagers, that is, Karla and Sonka, Barbara's younger daughters, filled the house with horrible and disgusting noise, and Schnippedilderich, who would certainly have thrashed them, had long since left home. The two very pretty girls exhibited a repellent and truly detestable savagery, mistreated human beings and animals, battered and destroyed everything that came under their fingers, and tormented one governess after the other out of the house. Up against them even Childerich III was as though intimidated by helplessness and was perhaps gripped by an even greater shock than that caused by his giant son. When in the end the beasts behaved violently against even him, he put them out of the house; they were sent—separated—to expensive boarding schools that

each girl managed, all by herself, to turn in the shortest time into a madhouse, so that they were alternately thrown out of each and every one time and time again. Karla, the oldest, locked herself in the apartment with the directress of one of her institutes, a small fifty-year-old lady, beat her deaf and dumb, tore the clothes from the woman's body, and locked her stark naked on a small balcony overlooking the street. Then she left the apartment, carefully locked up everything, and threw the keys into the well in the courtyard. The fire department had to march out to rescue the nude person who was raving from the balcony, whom one then immediately carried to a lunatic asylum and also kept there.

The girls always grinned and actually looked like pretty hyenas or chimeras. The corners of their mouths were ever ready to stretch far back. Both possessed a real and effective chic, and in all their matters—including their schoolwork!—they were on time, clean and orderly; they wrote a beautiful and elegant, small and rounded script; and they emitted a light, blond smell of sweat. Their terribleness was actually recognized for the first time just before 1950 by a Baron Landes-Landen, who also then rightly used them in one of his largest undertakings. In the end, however, they were not able get what they were after; rather, they increased the tumult by their inciting presence; indeed, it was just their presence which at that time led to the most serious excesses.

The most significant marriage was Anneliese's. Her chosen mate was that Dr. Bein whom she had once furiously defended as a five-year-old against Schnippedilderich.

She had nineteen years on her and her fiance thirty-one, a doctor with a good position, when it happened. Earlier, we

once called Anneliese “the falcon,” because of the sharpness and alertness of her facial expression. A person composed of milk and ebony, a real Snow White, but such a one as would have caught her seven dwarfs, roped them together and driven them to a circus-manager in order to sell them, after hard bargaining, most likely for a freak show. Had her mother been a flower-like creature, with no will nor mobility of her own—aside from her tough love for the Franconian landscape—so then did her no less beautiful daughter have a perpetual motor that propelled her, always with her nose in the direction where it smelled money. Among the sub-account holders—for also her considerable inheritance from her mother was being delayed, under the pretext of her minority—she was undoubtedly the most active personality. She had turned her husband into the same kind, had freed him from all, even the least, inhibitions. To Anneliese—Childerich III’s daughter and a princess!—was the aristocratic kinship in no way impressive..

She was, to put it exactly, the only sub-account holder not in the Sack, and she became by way of the lever of her marriage, as it were, the Archimedean point of the Paust Sack, that now had a support outside itself from which its element of inertia could be overcome. What otherwise found itself outside the Sack among the sub-account holders was insignificant. From Switzerland the daughters of the wife born von Knötelbrech did not trouble themselves with anything; Petronia and Wulfhilde had received large dowries; Geraldine and the ghastly Widhalma had disappeared. Just the same, Anneliese had, as it were—and later on this was of no minor importance—managed to substitute for the fact that she was left alone, not in the Sack. She felt the decisive affinities deeply

and clearly, and she followed them, too. We should mention here that she gladly let herself be led into a busier social life by her cousin Agnes, six years older, the daughter of Childerich III’s sister Gerhild, and that the social events became more frequent following Anneliese’s marriage; for the husband of that Agnes, Dr. Stein, was an older colleague at the same university clinic where Anneliese’s husband found himself. So, then, she became drawn at that time to Agnes (whom we shall come to know). Together both doctors’ wives took a course for surgery nurses and office assistants in order to lend a hand in their husbands’ practices when other helpers were absent. It may be less significant, but also along the same line, that Anneliese maintained a friendly relationship with Karla and Sonka. It had already been so when those two were filling the Bartenbruch palace with their repulsive noises, and never were the deviltries of the youngest directed against Anneliese, and also not against her younger, insect-fragile sister, Geraldine (and, by the way, also later not against Majordomo Pépin, whom both sister pairs liked; Geraldine with the rasping voice even enjoyed his special favor). There is reason to believe that some of the two chimeras’ base deeds were instigated by the older girls; for example, when they once found it necessary to clean their kid gloves with gasoline themselves, they allowed the liquid to be poured into the W.C. by Karla and Sonka, with the stipulation that the flushing should be omitted. The chimeras understood immediately, for they well knew that just this designated W.C., among the numerous such relief spots in the large house, was visited with special preference by the Württemberg House-and-Court Master, Heber, who was a heavy smoker. When he had tossed his match behind him and in the next

moment forfeited his pipe and, followed by a wild ball of flame, was driven out in deficient clothing, all four girls stood together behind the cracked-open door of an adjoining room listening with delight to his murderous cursing.

Childerich III had immediately opposed Anneliese's engagement. Dowry zero! The Egyptian inheritance would be withheld! He foresaw nothing good here. He at once rightly recognized in Anneliese a connection between the sub-account holders and his own house, considered her also—he saw so far ahead!—to be completely capable of recruiting allies. With a resounding roar he declared to his daughter that he would in no way tolerate a marriage among siblings, in his fury including his stepsons in his descendantal omnipotence and totally forgetting that there was not the slightest blood relationship between Anneliese and her fiancé. But Anneliese got away with it. The marriage was consummated. Frau Agnes Stein helped with everything, well knowing to what a rich heiress she offered a hand. Now the clamp was tight between the sub-account holders on the inside and those outside; for there was something withheld from both: the husband (the inheritance from his father, the district judge, and from his mother, Barbara) and the wife (the Egyptian inheritance).

The marriage had a revolutionary effect within the Sack. Of course there the rage had repeatedly swelled enough as it was, and that through the years. Whenever Doctor Gneisl had nothing better to do and nothing better occurred to him, he always simply had the petitioners and payment-demanders put off until they gave the thing up because of other impending business; or he demanded ever new declarations, documents, and vouchers—during the Thousand Year Reich

there was to his advantage, in addition to these, the so-called "Aryan identification," in the documentation of which he always found without fail something to which he could object—or (and this worked amazingly!) he suddenly introduced a peppered memorandum of expenses that brought those affected into such a rage that in two cases it furnished Doctor Gneisl with the opportunity to sue for libel, whereby the association with him was again severed, time was won, and things came to a standstill. The sudden release of expense statements (some were really shameless, and every telephone call was dearly reckoned as a "consultation") proved itself, among all the quisquilien and vexations, to be especially effective, so that in the end certain individuals among the vexed persons in the Paust Sack already hopped around on one leg alone in their rooms; or, in this position, each rotated around the self, stretched up and pulled more and more toward the ceiling, as if twirled to the heights by rage. Three of them, even, found themselves on the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month taking special treatments from Professor Horn, who was at least sufficiently oriented—the patients agitatedly saw to that themselves, until the nose-pincers were applied—to prevent a meeting in his office of these vexed persons with the Baron of Bartenbruch himself, in that he gave them appointments with sufficient intervals from those of the Baron.

Six people in the Sack, and of the most disparate ages. After all, the horsehaired black gloom-man Hagen von Tronje (a stupid man, by the way), was already in his upper fifties toward the end of the nineteen-forties, but still, as ever, full of strength, a big-boned animal! And still, as ever, a sub-account holder. His brothers were around fifty, or approach-

ing fifty. Then there was between the first and the second thrusts a natural gap, for Dr. Bein, M.D., was at the critical time of his marriage but thirty-one years old, and his brothers were at the end of and in their mid-twenties. A powerful team, on the whole. Now that they got angry more often, it frequently rumbled quite heartily in the Sack; for those inside were continually twitted and baited by their women. Yet Anneliese preserved absolute presence of mind. She did nothing precipitantly. At first there ensued no action at all. The new couple enjoyed their honeymoon, traveled, and established themselves in a villa above the city; for so advantageous were things for the doctor, who also was a tough fellow, which must have pleased Anneliese mightily. So the time passed, and the waves that were caused by this marriage ebbed. For the present, one did not put the screws to Doctor Gneisl, however much his twisted name tempted them to do so. In short, all of them together lacked a head (Hagen, the eldest of them, really had none), a head that would have untied and opened up the Paustian Sack, so that those sitting inside could have swelled out like a protuberance and spilled over Childerich III. As it was, all they had for now was their rage.

DUE TO HIS ROLE as a retired, self-effacing head teacher, what Zilek was really doing behind the scenes remained completely secret; and the really terrible consequences of the Zilekian main occupation did not associate themselves at all with his name. They remained anonymous.

He was an agent, and in fact an undercover agent, for the firm Hulesch & Quenzel.

Although this far-branching institution, which had and still has its central offices in London (registered as Hulesch & Quenzel, Ltd.) is organized as a commercial enterprise, it is essentially a metaphysical authority, as is also the case, for example, with the post office. While, however, the latter operates with dignity in breadth and really for the most part in bulk—its mere uniform display bestows on every postal appearance a dramatic clarity to its contours!—with Hulesch & Quenzel one sees a principle of life's entirety being divided into ever smaller parts and particles of parts, so that the multitude of curves in our existence (that, indeed, as we know, exhibit not one actual and literal straight stretch) disappear, and with them also the verve that otherwise carries us through such curves. Even more, it demonstrates that perhaps even the circular line is formed only of countless tiniest straight ones. Every situation, then, immediately breaks down into these straight ones when the firm Hulesch & Quenzel goes into action. That such has to amount in the end to par-

ticularized torture goes without saying. The famous learned professor Vischer, who in his epochal work, *Also One* (1878), examined this stuff, then believed he had discovered a general quality of life altogether; logically, he must then have considered that every single life and finally all of world history was in essence a sum of countless separate torments, in short, the work of ten thousand of the tiniest-sized devils. Naturally, we do that, too. However, today we are no longer of the opinion that we have the knowledge of a universal quality of life, and perhaps even the principle of life itself; in this, scientific research has gone a long way since Vischer. Further, we now know that all this has to do with something that has been manipulated, that is, brought to life artificially; this especially since the London quarters of Hulesch & Quenzel have themselves been exposed, and their facilities—that are also to be found repeated in all the branches of the company, worldwide—have been more exactly described.

The institute was administered by Big Quenzel, and one has never heard that this person has, perhaps, changed: in so far as he has ever been seen, the person in question must have a quite expansive, always smiling, moon-face, a head that reminds one almost of a blister or a balloon; he finds himself usually in a state of slightly swaying movement. Big Quenzel also visits the branch offices in his travels, and recently he was supposedly seen at quite a distance from London, among other places on Hulesch Street in Vienna, which runs out at the edge of the city, softly rising to a most charming view over the vineyards and mountains. There, on a balcony, but not at its railing, rather standing back behind a glass door, the mighty one was supposed to have been glimpsed. The *hulesch*, after whom the street is named, is of

an essentially neutral nature, and to a certain extent but imaginary, with a mythological or heraldic existence, to be compared with a Pterodactylus, that is, having thoroughly cutaneous, lobed and flabby bat wings, essentially a night creature. It was never seen.

It would not be incorrect to suppose that the business on the roof experienced by Gerhild von Bartenbruch in Vienna (in a circle that was not exactly suitable to her origins) had been arranged by Hulesch & Quenzel. It is quite possible that the hulesch itself took part in the action. In this case, Agnes (the daughter of the Bavarian lord who for her sake had been thrashed in the woods by Schnippedilderich) was, as it were, of demonic origins.

The central office in London fills a whole impressively large building in which the various divisions are separate from one another. It seems that the writer Vincent Brun picked up certain allusions from there for his novel *Spirits of Night*;^{*} perhaps, even, he had once actually entered the building. One of the most important divisions is the one for public life, which can among other things be thanked for that frightful attack of coughing that breaks up a longer speech in the House of Commons. The same was with the sudden flaring up of corns that burst out in patent leather shoes like petards, so that one's head roared with pain. Both pointed here to Professor Vischer and his *Classes of Devil*; indeed, this learned man had particularly emphasized catarrhs and corns as biographical junctions. The corn division at Hulesch & Quenzel employs a complete staff of orthopedists and der-

* German edition, with the title *Pearls and Black Tears*, published by Wolfgang Krüger, Hamburg, 1948. Translation by Hans Fleisch.

matologists and with their agents reaches out to nearly the entire European and American shoe manufacturing factories and knitted goods industries; but especially included are all shoemaker associations. "Taking measurements is an old bias and up to now has kept not one tailor from botching up every new garment," said world-wise Johann Nestroy. It is the same with shoemaking. But the work of the division we are talking about was significantly simplified just recently, a few years after the Second World War, when the specialists succeeded in creating a kind of crystal-like powder that, when sprinkled into even fitting shoes or stockings, produced corns in no time. The first guinea pig was an oriental diplomat who had to present his credentials. He forced himself to stand erect until the end of the audience, but had to be carried out of Buckingham Palace and to his car.

Certain analogies in the arrangement of the divisions to Professor Vischer's above-mentioned "classes" give rise to the notion that this learned man might personally have participated in the founding of Hulesch & Quenzel (1867); indeed, one goes so far as to declare that he had for a long time been entrusted with the division "Furniture and Small Commodities." Still, that is all nonsense, even if the time could, in a pinch, fit. Vischer was a professor at the Polytechnical University in Stuttgart from 1866, and had never lived in London for any longer period of time. Besides that, his basic theoretical viewpoint, as we have suggested before, totally contradicted the truth in such a legend. For the course of events according to the principle of particularized torment would have been determined already at the time of the ancient lake-dwellers, in Vischer's opinion, as is the life of every individual human being, after all. But as we know today,

Hulesch & Quenzel is a modern institution of artificial vexations, entirely "l'art pour l'art," and its results are in no way to be considered merely a fundamental quality of life. As an afterthought, one could just as well accuse the noted Austrian author, Karl Kraus, of a partnership with Hulesch & Quenzel, for even today the second most important department bears a title that indirectly derives from Karl Kraus, namely, "The Irritating of Serious Men During the Performance of Difficult Professional Duties."

There is a quiet and friendly atmosphere in the building. At every stroke of the full hour, a fine chime with an odd obstinate melody sounds in all the rooms:



Everywhere one sees affixed the curiously circular-shaped coat of arms of the firm, not only on the letterheads, but also on the furniture, and even on the plates, glasses and tableware of the quite comfortably and tastefully appointed can-

* Theme (commissioned by H. & Qu., Ltd.) by Ada Troschl-Kozlik in Vienna. To be played two octaves higher.

teen with bar. But in the vestibule it can be viewed giant-size, executed in colorful glass mosaic and lit through from behind. The coat of arms displays the head of smiling Big Quenzel in a decorative style, over which spreads Hulesch's pinions. On the lower rim one reads the heraldic motto, in English:

TAKE IT EASY!

This expresses the actual educational intention of the institute. But in the entrance hall one finds still a second text, somewhat below the huge, colorful coat of arms, in raised letters of marble:

POST RABIEM RISUS

(After fury, grin)

One sees, here the great dignity of the whole business becomes clear.

Originally, Zilek belonged to the "Third Division," something that sounds almost sinister because it brings to mind the old secret police of the czars, the well-known "Ochraha." Still, that horror has paled; for what one has since been allowed to see of government and officialdom makes a cute miniature out of "Ochraha." The "Third Division" was actually the one for furniture and small commodities, the direction of which one had once wanted to foist on old Vischer.

It was not the most dignified, this division, was not to be compared to "Public Life" or "Distractions" (the disturbance of serious men); but it called the largest extension and diversity of the operation its own, and it had five times as many

employees—designers, technologists, lab assistants, industrial representatives and agents—as both the other sections put together. Its activity included a great deal, indeed almost all areas of our daily professional and social lives. One single extraction from the catalogue of items—of which Zilek, too, possessed a copy, for which he continually received supplements and improvements (amended pages to stick in) from London—lists:

No. 10729. HORROR CHAIR. Especially effective with tea guests. Cause not immediately to discern. Sudden shortening of a leg that restores itself when one investigates. Spilling tea as good as guaranteed.

No. 10730. SAUCERS, PNEUMATIC. Stick a few seconds to the tea cup.

No. 10731. CAPS OF BOTTLES, TOOTHPASTE TUBES, ETC., ETC. Made of highly elastic materials, bounce when dropped. Devil's dance on the stone floor of a bathroom, roll to the furthest corner.*

No. 10732. SEWING NEEDLES WITHOUT EYES (0.5% admixture with normal ones)

* Today standardized worldwide by H. & Qu.—Before the Second World War, Hotel Victoria at the Frauenmauer in Nürnberg was the only exception to 10735.

- No. 10733. TORTURE BOTTLES (numerous models). Certain and entirely gradual defilement of bookcases, laundry cupboards, entire rooms. In assorted colors, depending on use. Difficult to discover. Only 2 millimeters thick, can be quickly laid or shoved in anywhere. Every odor, depending on personal antipathies, available. Elegant and inconspicuous. Form of a cigarette case. Ready for use with the turning of the cap and with open nozzle.
- No. 10734. SHARP COLLAR BUTTONS. Generally function normally. However, from time to time a tiny blade snaps out. Causes heavily bleeding wound, dirtying of shirt and collar guaranteed. The commencement of the annoying function especially in times of increased haste.
- No. 10735. WATER FAUCETS, projecting, always in the middle of the basin, to prevent bending forward when washing (see footnote for 10731).
- No. 10736. ARTIFICIAL POCKET GRIT. In miniature packages. With permanent dirtying-effect on fingertips and nails. Entirely inconspicuous, tiny amount sufficient. Hardly to be removed from suit pockets. Temper tantrums of at least middling intensity guaranteed.

The last item emphasized shows us that Professor Horn, without suspecting it, probably profited here as well, something that could well signify a certain compensation for the increasing cases of bureaucratic insensitivity.

FOR HORN it was, first of all, necessary to speak once more with Doctor Döblinger.

The poet was just about on the verge of becoming stout. One could say that for once psychiatry was applied here to the right person.

He strode toward the Professor, for whom this time an attendant had opened the door, wide-shouldered and bustling, pen holder still in hand, attired in a brand new, pompous sports jacket. It almost seemed difficult for Horn to arch over him in a really fatherly and glacial-white way. But finally one did sit down, the Professor took out the cigar case and emitted, while lighting up, a whole bouquet or peeping and panting sounds in all directions.

One can imagine the rest without difficulty, the worthwhile part. In addition, Doctor Döblinger behaved carelessly: immediately he agreed to everything and felt himself well reassured in the idea of a further raise in his income. In his bravado, he now nearly attempted on his part to arch over the Professor, and he even emitted from himself single little inarticulate noises, naturally of the assenting sort. All this was the result of ignorance. He had still never participated in a drumming-on day, but had gadded about the whole time; otherwise a jolt like that any one of the Hornian elements was used to producing would surely have made him suspicious: and that from the coming month on the remittance

should be still higher was enough to suggest the conclusion that there was something terrible in preparation here. But concerning Doctor Döblinger's erudite industriousness, by virtue of which he had intended using the historical institute as an alternative working place, namely on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of each month, in the end one has to say that he had yet to go there a single time, to the cool rooms between the partitions of books, the walls of which hid so much knowledge behind their wisdom-swollen fronts. All in all, he was naive and content. A poet should never be either. He was nonchalant because of ignorance. "If an affliction is unfamiliar," said the brilliant Marcelle Sauvageot in her little book *Commentary*, "one has more strength to resist it because one does not yet know its power...but when one knows it, one wants very much to beg for mercy..." Now, Döblinger knew nothing, and Horn was one of those who know nothing at all, a specialist, of course, and in no way to be restrained.

Now to Zilek.

When this one opened the door a crack, he could see but a small part of the Professor, even when he himself could be seen as a whole by Horn; but recognizing the glacier-white mass in the hallway, the head teacher threw wide the wing of the door and stepped with deep bow devoutly to the side.

Just as Döblinger was far from grasping what was here literally gathering over his head, just so was the Professor, in the matter of Zilek, completely ignorant: a scholar should never be that. He peeped in different tones under the door and excused himself exhaustively for his entrance with a smoking cigar in his hand—"Now, hm-m, the responsibilities, the rush, the absent-mindedness!"—thereby he also said "col-

league" to Zilek, something that in any case must have seemed meaningless, for Zilek was no psychiatrist, but rather of normal intelligence, completely healthy. So they entered the living room amid various compliments. As the compliments were made, the head teacher looked like a thin pocket knife that one clamps together. It is significant that here in the lower apartment Horn as little noticed as he had up in Doctor Döblinger's the somehow inappropriate antique baroque pomp of certain single pieces of furniture, immediately next to which, on the other hand, perched shameless shabbiness. With some specialists three-fourths of their intelligence and understanding is wiped out by science, and the fourth fourth is not much better. This was shown now in that the Professor, at first completely forgetting his original intention—that is, to find out about Doctor Schajo—jumped in right away with his offer of a noise-rent: that is, with an open door through which Zilek just as quickly sniffed out a considerable advantage. Horn explained this situation somewhat the way he had the first time to Doctor Döblinger. He just did not speak of "literary work," but otherwise in the same style—breadloaf-loyal, fatherly, vaulting, well-wishing, peeping, snorting, smoking.

Zilek was reserved.

Horn made an internal hundred mark increase of the still unmentioned amount of the offer.

Zilek's reserve, however, in no way arose simply from a commercial tactic. It was simply that he was not sure of the situation, neither with Horn, nor with Schajo, and also not really with Nurse Helga. Just her he believed himself to have recognized, not long before, as an agent of Hulesch & Quenzel—simply by affinity with her, from the physiognomy:

also he had often conversed with her on the steps, and once she had stepped into his place as she passed by and had even briefly sketched out for him, as she stood in the entranceway, Horn's drumming (naturally, still that with but one element), without, though, mentioning that Doctor Döblinger received a noise-rent. Even so, shortly after that Zilek went on a spying visit to Doctor Döblinger, as we already know, a proof of his ability to make deductions and of his vigilance. Yet, as surely as Zilek believed Nurse Helga to be an agent of the company, he had still not given her the sign, and she had not given it to him, either. In this, all the employees of Hulesch and Quenzel were obligated to maintain the greatest restraint, and agents often worked side by side for a long time without identifying themselves to each other for certain. On the other hand, Doctor Schajo—whose membership in the company Herr Zilek considered but a dubious possibility—had today at eight o'clock in the morning, presented that sign.

It was a copy of the previously cited epochal work by Professor Vischer: every agent of Hulesch & Quenzel receives several copies from the company, one of them in an edition in the language of the country in which he lives and works. The presentation forms the sign. However, there is nothing that differentiates the presented book from those copies available in the bookstores, in which it can be found everywhere, having long entered the realm of world literature. But due to the wisdom of the company, by doing it this way, for that person to whom the sign is given there is always a small bit of certitude missing: for the presenter can of course be simply a lover of literature who is just recommending a treasured work. And so the final decision that can lead to an open discussion is still left up to the intelligence of the functionary in question.

The drumming away of anger and rage, as Horn practiced it, of course grossly contradicted the in a larger sense ironic tendencies of Hulesch & Quenzel. But even Schajo seemed to contradict them. Certain insinuations that he had casually made—under completely different circumstances—suggest that it also seemed all right to him to do away with tormenting vexations with a kind of lightning rod, and thus to bring about a short circuit with the whole of earthly life; indeed, it almost sounded as though the government official found himself here in possession of more exact knowledge and of an entirely different, and also even unshakeable, standpoint. That spoke against his belonging to the company. But of course, enigmatical smiles swathing Doctor Schajo remained impenetrable, and for the present Zilek made no such attempt to approach him.

He had become acquainted with the government official once during the course of a discussion in a coffee house, and such a developed organ for Quenzel-like affinities as that possessed by Zilek had but to stir and then identify itself. However, later, as already intimated, he again became confused about the business. In a conversation about books, Doctor Schajo recommended Vischer's epochal work. Zilek, without batting an eyelash, merely remarked that he did not know the book. "I'll bring it to you tomorrow," Schajo had said. (Such an announcement preceding the presentation of the sign of recognition was in no way usual). "Are you going to be home at eight? I'll pass by on my way to the office." "I'd be very pleased, very pleased," Zilek had replied heartily. "Too kind of you, too kind of you. Sir, my humblest thanks in advance." And on the next day he had really come, had at once seen the whole of Zilek when that one at first opened

the door only a crack; then, to be sure, Zilek swung the door wide open and bowed in the manner of a folding pocket-knife.

But for all of this, if you think about it, there was—unfortunately!—nothing unusual in Doctor Schajo's bringing a book to his apartment, for they had known each other for nearly a year or longer; and besides, Zilek had lent Doctor Schajo books a number of times, and even delivered them zealously to his apartment in the upper-class suburban district (and at the same time, like people of Zilek's ilk do everywhere and always, even without any special purpose in mind, completely and automatically checking out the building, the position of the apartment, the rooms and their furnishings).

In a certain way, he regretted all that now. If he had not in such a way motivated Doctor Schajo to a friendly return of favors, namely to the lending of books, then the presentation of Vischer's fundamental work at eight o'clock in the morning would have been a revealing and nearly unequivocal action.

Now, due to Zilek's guarded behavior, Horn burst out with an increase of yet another hundred marks; that is, an enormous offer.

Zilek accepted. Horn paid. Then the Professor said in a conversational tone, "I think we have an acquaintance in common, Sir..."

Horn had put his foot in it again. He was really slow, the Professor; honest as the day, willing to pay up, with a loaf-like face in his beard, a panting bonhommist, a fatherly type. Inspired by science, he had had to get right down to work to

do what it had just occurred to him to do a short time before: and which had cost another hundred marks. Horn did not so much as consider sleeping on it. Just get on with it, just overroll with a cloud of good feeling—immediately! This person had no idea about the present and real state of affairs. Yet he himself had become just now threateningly overvaulted by the circumstances, as by an enormous overhang: the biggest danger and the biggest chance had hung over him and his innocent head.

For on the one hand the drumming business straightway demanded the intervention of Hulesch & Quenzel; and the doctor's rooms just had to be a highly sensitive place for all the fine "zilking" actions of the company; besides, there had, some time before—assuming that the Quenzel-like looking Nurse Helga really belonged to the institute—gone off an exhaustive report to London together with a request for instructions. Here catastrophies of unimaginable magnitude could occur.

But on the other hand there was no power on earth that was to such a degree prepared to replace the patients who were increasingly being lost to the mysterious spreading insensitivity-to-public-officials disease (anaesthesia officialis), as was the corporation of Hulesch & Quenzel. Through it the most powerful attacks of rage could be continuously created and harvested, like plums in autumn. And thereby one would still be independent of the officials.

We grant you that for Horn, unlike for Zilek, it would have been impossible to know all that. But his jumping into the whole business was still, precisely stated, foolish. Still, it happened to him as it supposedly and proverbially happens to the dumbest folk, of whom it is said they fall butter side

up. The Professor perfectly managed the incorporation of Zilek; but to this must be added, one must say, that it was high time.

For one served the Company—as we want now to call Hulesch & Quenzel for short—for no fixed payment, but for ideological reasons, indeed, from the depth of the soul: the Company existed for its affiliates as the expression of their truest, most inner tenets of life. In principle it was of no consequence at just whom the current activities were directed. The victims were interchangeable (in this sense it was really *l'art pour l'art*). Only for projects dealing with “public life” and “distractions” did the central office now and then issue definite directions. However, it was conceivable that in London, due to Nurse Helga’s information, one considered Professor Horn to be a “serious man,” and psychiatry itself not at all a business, but an “earnest professional responsibility.”

Just the same, the so-called idealists are usually easier to buy off than the materialists, who, after all, seriously weigh the offered advantage against that they already enjoy. But the Professor was luckier than he was smart. Zilek was, for the time being, incorporated.

Immediately his vigilance brought light to the new field of activities.

Zilek had, so to speak, an orderly workbench, where his instruments for profit were laid out in rows.

“I believe we have a common acquaintance, Herr Zilek,” panted the Professor, “the government official, Doctor Schajo.”

Zilek immediately drew back, not at first recalling the

official. “Doctor Schajo...yes, but he isn’t a patient of yours, Professor?”

“No, no—just the opposite, so to speak,” responded Horn, idiotically.

“How do you mean—just the opposite, Professor?”

“Well, you see, dear Herr Zilek, this man has inborn abilities and effects that would be, for a doctor, particularly one in my (hm) speciality, invaluable, yes, that are hardly even to be replaced by (hm) scientific means (peep!)...I want to say, calming effects. They are mostly nervous (hm) patients that I treat here in my private practice (peep!), people who suffer from deep irritations (hm, schwwmm, hm), who are especially sensitive this way...Now, our dear government official, Doctor Schajo, has the ability to affect such persons in a most beneficial way, I mean therapeutically beneficial, yes, also even diagnostically, if you will; for not before a patient has somewhat quieted down, can one begin to do much about such a case...”

Here we have reproduced a complete acoustical picture of the first sentences that Horn spoke; and he continued to peep and pant through the rest, as well.

Zilek kept a clear head, as clear as a little brook, just half a hand deep, at the bottom of which one can see every pebble.

Zilek kept his clear head and also the order he had made on the workbench of profit.

It is a characteristic of such a head that in the outside world it always notices, first thing, just the spot where profit lies.

And it is characteristic of Zilek’s personal fate, it is, even, almost an expression of the elements of his course of life,

that he just now remembered exactly and in detail Doctor Schajo's comment, casually dropped: that it seemed right to him to remove racking annoyances by way of a kind of lightning rod, and so forth—a comment that Zilek at the time (in a café) had heeded only insofar as it might have spoken against Doctor Schajo's membership in the Company; but it now seemed to him in hindsight that in fact the government official's suggestive comment quite clearly pointed not only to a more exact awareness of such things, but also even to his possessing some methods relating to them!

And now Zilek threw the right switch. He still did not know anything, but he would find out everything, continuing along this track. The head teacher no longer doubted this in the least. For those interested in psychology, let it here be noted that in this moment he thought of Doctor Schajo's home out in the villa district, of the approach to it, of the lay of the rooms in relation to the street and the yard, about all that he had noticed so carefully: and just this now gratified him very much.

They were in a certain way rivals, the Professor and the government official: so much Zilek had already grasped. That was his basic interpretation and now he saw his own position quite clearly: once incorporated, he took Horn's side, and concluded that he would let himself be used against Doctor Schajo (if this were the case, of course, it could not remain by a mere noise-rent!).

"You mean then, my dear Professor," he said, "that a man like Doctor Schajo would be highly suited to be a doctor, especially a psychiatrist?" (At the same time, Zilek was thinking to himself: I simply cannot consider that the identification signal has been given in the proper form!)

"Without doubt," panted Horn. "Quite without doubt. He would have developed his methods in a first-rate manner."

"Strangely enough," opined Zilek, and let the following words drop casually, "once he even mentioned to me something about his methods."

Now a loaf of bread is a simple and openly honest thing. So was Horn's countenance. His surprise puffed from every wrinkle and caused the hairs of his beard to stand on end; indeed, it very nearly blew out his cheeks.

"Ah—you don't say!" he burst out. "But, but—that's extremely interesting! And your opinion, Herr Zilek, your opinion concerning Doctor Schajo's methods?"

"I don't know anything about these methods."

"But all the same, it would be possible under certain conditions to inform oneself; it would surely be possible for you since you've known him for years!"

"Certainly. But I've never interested myself in this, Professor. I'm no scholar myself, you know."

"Yes, well, quite right. Still—should the occasion arise, if there should be an opportunity, and if you could then interest yourself—I mean, the subject as such is certainly worthy of one's attention, even for a so-called layman..."

As in the bodies of other people leaps the heart, so the wallet of the willing-to-pay scientist almost moved in his jacket pocket. Here it had to do with, you could say, unmedical methods. But Horn also had a connection even to these methods, as we already know; indeed, nearly a preference.

"Under certain conditions, Professor, I would gladly be ready to acquire any information for you," said Zilek in bold, by this time, naked, shamelessness.

"Yes, that's clear, dear Herr Zilek, that's clear! You must just have the goodness to give me your conditions concerning this matter..."

They were soon in agreement. Horn then paid an advance. The rest was to be handed over after the information had been delivered.

Zilek's wife was fat. When she was standing behind a door, she could be seen in her entirety only when one opened it wide. Frau Zilek was pretty, with the head of a doll, blond, even the fat on her rosy and clean, piglet-like, soft and buxom; the facial expression stub-nosed and singularly shameless. Insolence sprang from her face like a rubber ball.

The couple lived in perfect harmony. They very candidly discussed all their concerns with each other. And that is what they did this time, too. The head teacher lay on his back in bed.

"You have to sneak yourself in," said Frau Zilek, "whether Schajo takes you with him into his house sometime, or you go in even without his knowing about it. You know the place."

"What kind of methods are those? One can probably get it out of him just as well in a café."

"Have you tried?"

"Of course not. Up to now I haven't had the slightest interest."

"But you've told me that he'd once almost mentioned such a thing?"

"Just in passing."

"And you didn't even pursue it? You didn't ask him a single question?"

"Just the opposite. I immediately began talking about something else, if I remember correctly."

"That's a real piece of luck. So all he got from you was indifference?"

"It was even real."

"So much the better. Of course he felt it. So there's still the possibility to begin this inquiry advantageously. The terrain isn't blocked by some kind of already existent distrust on Schajo's part. Still, it's not going to be easy with that fellow."

"You can say that again."

"The tall, thin, rough-hewn ones with the deep-set eyes are always very difficult, those gnarled ones. Besides they're usually proper, as well. There's nothing to get out of it—"; she rubbed her thumb and pointing finger in the way one does to signify money, monetary value and counting.

"An impeccable official," said Zilek.

"Probably Horn should have seen that himself," returned his wife. "He worms his way into everything that has to do with him. And that's just why he came to you. He who pays the money gets the honey, so to speak. We'll take care of that gnarled weed." She switched off the light. Her bed creaked as the impressive levels of her personality turned over to sleep.

Pouch stabbing is a method by which one can quickly become calm even the heaviest attack of rage, and this without costing a significant amount of money or too much effort; and, in addition, it can be done in a discreet way and at home: all together this gave a high value to the invention of Doctor Schajo, the government official. He himself operated it in offices, and could do that because, indeed, such an important functionary always has his own office, with a smaller front office which accepts the appointments of possible visitors. The equipment required for pouch stabbing is not ex-

tensive, somewhat the size of an office typewriter, just a bit longer, but considerably lighter. Dr. Schajo kept such an apparatus locked up in one of his filing cupboards.

It is not known whether or not Director Schajo perhaps allowed individuals, particularly parties in pitiful condition who called on him, the use of the apparatus and taught them how to use it. The absolutely obvious calmness and relaxation of certain office visitors following a visit to Doctor Schajo—which created for Professor Horn a matter of such grave concern—could properly be thought to stem merely from the tranquil personality of the high official, and also from the fact that he could, motivated by such good will, arrange and bring to a quicker and more lenient conclusion some urgent affair of a visiting party. In any case, it is clear—and for this Herr Zilek would later be a qualified witness—that Doctor Schajo acted from pure humanitarianism and without getting the slightest thing out of all of it for himself; that he supplied at cost a number of rage-inflicted persons with apparatuses of his design which he had had built from the most exact plans, and then instructed them in their use. He was, in a small and illustrative circle, and in a quietly operating way, a philanthropist.

Now, about the pouch stab itself; it works this way: on a solid support there are displayed two shelves, one above the other—something like those one has in a laboratory for test tubes or *eprouvettes*—on each of which sits a row of grey leather pouches held on by strips of wood and stuffed full of red glass beads of the smallest caliber. The belly of each pouch is painted with a red ring in the middle that surrounds and points out the so-called “sensitive spot.” From the pouches

there stick out little rods with tiny plaques on which can be written, as required, “Attorney, Dr. N.N.,” “Passport Office,” “Foreign Exchange Control Bureau,” “Revenue Office,” and so forth, corresponding to the need at hand. Beneath the shelves there is a wide channel, like a gutter around a roof, made of nickel-plated tin, closely attached to the lower shelf; it is lightly tilted and feeds into a removable spouted collection container.

The pouch stabber takes a simple instrument in his hand, which, by the way, is kept hanging on a small hook that is pounded into the side wall of the apparatus for this purpose—it is never to be separated from the apparatus because under certain conditions having to look for it could have extremely harmful results. Such an instrument is formed from a long, thick, on the one end very finely and sharply filed knitting needle, the other end of which has been stuck into a wooden grip.

The pouch stabber takes his place opposite the apparatus and puts the point of the instrument, somewhat leaning on it, precisely against the “sensitive point” of the pouch in question at the moment. In such a position, now remaining motionless, the stabber is obliged to have all the fury toward the object collect until it swells up to an almost unbearable and nearly suffocating dimension; only then can the puncture occur, which experience shows brings immediate deep relief, but only perfect when the instrument is drawn back, while simultaneously from the pierced opening pours out a thin tinkling stream of red glass beads into the tin channel, which roll down into the collection container until the pouch is deflated. If one closed the pierced opening with adhesive plas-

ter, then the partly empty pouch can, from the funnel-shaped container, be comfortably refilled and then properly set ready to be used again.

The effectiveness of the described device has been practically tested by Doctor Schajo and his circle countless times; also here no one can maintain that the system is especially complicated or connected with excessive costs: here one can think just once of the methods used by, and of course of the remuneration asked by, Professor Horn, who charged 150 marks for a single drumming.

One qualification must be made, however. Doctor Schajo's method was not new. It was not even the Government Director's invention, but just a fruit of the cultural-historical scholarship of that highly educated official.

Pouch stabbing is thousands of years old. Science knows of it: as the "Magic of the Effect of Analogies"; that is, in its mimicry form. One gets oneself a likeness of the person against whom the harmful magic is to be directed, and pierces through it where the one concerned is to sicken; along with curses and sayings, naturally; and when a murder is wished, then to the heart. The portrayal need not in any way be true to nature or look like the person; but it must be expressly named and somehow demonically baptised with that person's name whom one wants to harm or murder. By way of the appropriate concentration of the spirit and juicy curses, it was once enough to drive three nails into a tree: one representing the head, one the chest, and one the belly. In Germany, in the so-called dark times of the middle ages, one hung up some coat, over which one spoke the name of someone to be thrashed and beat it with hazelnut twigs; then the bearer of the name, however far away he was, suddenly got

his back full of lashes.* It would have been something if Doctor Döblinger had gotten hold of such magic; had it worked, then the stupid embossings would have been completely superfluous. In addition, this author remembers from his childhood that he and his favorite sister, with whom he grew up, used a so-called "anger pouch." It was a sack stuffed with something or other. In certain situations one threw oneself upon it and beat it, not without—and this seems here the important part—first giving it the name of the person who had caused the attack of anger.

Still, the core of the matter, that is, the pouch stab, originated in the revenge doll, that one pierced through. It was usually made of wax and the piercing was usually done with a red-hot needle and with concentrated cursing. In the ancient high civilization, where practically everybody could read and write, one was so serious about giving the name that one wrote it on likenesses to be pierced. The Roman writer Apuleius† knew about such things; indeed, he was even accused of practicing them himself. Among other writings from the early middle ages, the *Historia Scotorum* by Boethius‡ hands some of this down to us, in the xixth book: A king is very sick; in a castle two women are caught at that time, one of whom is holding the king's likeness in wax on a spit over

* See Hanns Bächtold-Stäubli/Condensed Dictionary of German Superstitions, Vol. I, p. 394.

† Metamorphoseon, in the 3rd book; also in *De virtutibus herbarum* 7 (*si quis devotatus defixusque fuerit in suis nuptiis etc.*).

‡ Thus, without any further additions, by Bächtold-Stäubli, l.c.I. 1293. Boethius? One wonders. The philosopher? Anicius Manlius Servinus Boethius, the one that Theodore the Great had executed? Can't be him.

the fire, while the other is singing magic songs. When the witches have been rounded up, the king becomes well.

The great authors of the XIIIth century absolutely acknowledged likeness-magic; we read of it in Berthold von Regensburg and Albertus Magnus. At the courts of the French kings it was enthusiastically practiced and was called *envou(1)tement* (from the Latin *invultare*). The Bishop Guichard of Troyes is supposed to have had Joanna, wife of Philip the Handsome of France, murdered in this way. In a later age Theophrast of Hohenheim (Paracelsus) wrote about it, too. Indeed, even in the year 1611 in Bavaria it was apparently necessary to enact a law against it. At the end of the XVIIth century, George III and George IV of Saxony are sup-

Migna, Patrologia Latina 63, had at the close of this tome a complete, detailed elenchus of all the writings of B. Naturally, as not even expected, nothing about Hist. Scot. Of note is Boethius of Dacien, d. presumably before 1284 in Italy, who with Simon, Martin and Johannes of Dacien (referring, in this case, to Denmark), formed the "Modisten (milliner) School" of Dacier. This was no educational establishment for making such things as ladies' hats, but they investigated the "mode" in the grammatical and logical sense (grammatica speculativa, much to be recommended!!!). Boethius of D. had a number of works published, among them one about the dream, but no Hist. Scot. An article signed by Pfister in Bächtold-Stäubli refers to: Meyer, Superstitions 261 (I, 1297, Note 58). To quote a person named Meyer without noting a first name can be called inhumane. The book catalogue at the Vienna University Library, for example, has 91 large folio pages (not to mention the additions on the reverse sides!) with Meyers' works. So his name is Carl; quotes Boethius also without any supplementary material. Anyhow, a Parisian printing from 1575 was mentioned. The good old Court Library in Vienna, today it is called the "National Library"—honestly, it has everything that is printed! And so it then turned out that this, in Bächtold-Stäubli, respectively Pfister, earliest example from the Middle Ages originated with a school man from Aberdeen on the east

posed to have been killed by the burning of a revenge doll. All in all, the cases are innumerable, and the literature on the subject is without bounds. Probably the government official Doctor Schajo knew a lot more about it than we do.

But the reader wants now more than ever to know just what we really and seriously think about this, what we believe. However, at this point in our story, where we stand now with the reader, there can be no direct answer given, and even our later one will be indirect when we describe a certain parting of the spirits that took place here. But one thing now and in advance: we take the side of the pouch stabbers.

coast of Scotland, who lived in the first half of the 16th century, Master Hector Boethius Deidonanus Scotus (the University was founded there in 1494/95). He wrote a number of forewords to his work (Scotorum Historia, not the other way around!), dated from April and May, 1526, then also placed on the front page of our Parisian copy—actually only published in Paris, by Jacobus du Puys, but printed in Lausanne. Now, Master Hector Boethius certainly got his story of the sick king—his name was Duffus—from some traditional story, but there is no source-analysis here, and one cannot accept it as a document from the early Middle Ages. The part in question, by Hector Boethius, begins in folio 221, at the bottom. In William Croft Dickinson's A Source Book of Scottish History, from the earliest times to 1424, London 1952, there is on page 30 a genealogical table of the early Scottish kings, but no Duffus. The tour through the 91 large folio pages exasperates. The works of Meyer are manifold: to introduce a few: A Case of Statistical Reflex-Cramps/ Treatment of Congenital Elephantiasis/ La Chanson de Bele Aelis par la trovère Baude de la Quarière/ On the Casuistry of the Healed Pneumothorax/ Masterpieces of Pre-Goethian Lyrics/ Concerning the Form of the Pressure-Surfaces of Solid Elastic Bodies/ Origin and Nature of the Viennese Buffoon/ Dividend and Interest Guarantees of Stock Companies; and many others.

HORN had already, long before Pépin's visit, switched over to serial treatments, on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of each month.

However, for Childerich—had he been around—he would not, as we already know, have used a serial aggregation, because of the risk to this patient.

Horn had not imagined the advantages of the serial treatments to be as great as they proved themselves to be. The time saved was enormous. He could now take all special patients in two shifts; one taking place in the morning, the other in the afternoon. Actually, in spite of the decline, the practice was still heavily frequented. The Professor made appointments for about ten persons at once for eleven o'clock in the morning, and the same number for four o'clock in the afternoon. The treatment for each group lasted one or at most two hours, including the time for rest and the, preceding that, possible cold hosing down with a concentrated spray of water (hydrotherapy). This "Scottish shower" had, by the way, a certain provocative significance. (We shall remind ourselves here that Gerhild von Bartenbruch remained Horn's first and last female patient.) To give rhythm to the march of fury during the percussion therapy, Horn had secured a brass band with twenty-five men sitting on solid and comfortable stools in one of the larger-dimensioned rooms, just behind the chamber with the porcelain figures, by the open French

doors, but made invisible by a curtain. It was a so-called "Dachau Farmer's Band." The same piece of music was always in use: "The Coronation March" from the opera *The Prophet*, by Giacomo Meyerbeer. The men from Dachau played this piece with the full brilliance of the brass and the brazen timbre of the trombones and trumpets. It was a very good band.

If one considers the amount of time that one was able to save by the simultaneous treatments in the "Hornian Line-Up," then at the same time it will be immediately clear what extremely hard work the Professor had previously made for himself every ten days; taking trouble with every case individually, and marching separately through his percussion therapy. It is really hard to believe the monstrous amount of what one might call honest effort and work that was expended along with humbug and swindle. Indeed, we consider such an enormous expenditure of energy to be one of the characteristics of our times, whose mighty powers frequently go happily up in smoke in this way.

The office hours had certainly been pretty lively up to now. One remembers the prophylactic hail of slaps that had to be applied, among other things, to Childerich, or that provocative tug on the beard following the percussion therapy, such as often enough befell Bachmeyer. But what now took place, with the systematic mass entrances, simply leaves all that happened earlier in the shadow. Each time there appeared, exactly a half hour before the arrival of the patients, that is, around ten-thirty and then three-thirty in the afternoon, about twenty people, of whom half were strikingly pretty young ladies, and the other half sturdy young men: all twenty medical students. Also Dr. Willibald Pauker, himself

an assistant professor of psychiatry, Horn's trustworthy assistant director at the clinic, came to the first two or three line-up treatments. The time was used, until the patients rang, for a short discussion of the cases for the day's treatment and the previous experiences gained through the line-up procedure.

Each element in the line-up had three members: the lady leading with the pincers; the patient; and behind him the applicator. So every time the music with "The Coronation March" from Giacomo Meyerbeer's opera, *The Prophet*, began, thirty people were set in motion, twenty of them with a normal gait and step; but the ten patients with their mostly much increased foot angle, at least until they had had their round at the table with the figurines, correspondingly stamping. This, together with the blaring of the brasses and the crashing and splintering of the figurines that were thrown to the floor, now created a completely overpowering noise. Here one had to keep one's head, if, in this uproar, one ever wanted to observe exactly the foot angles of those drummed-on, and, according to whether the angle grew or diminished, to make corrections in the strength of the application or to adjust the instruments used. In any case, the point was to prevent absolutely any rhythm-break. In accomplishing this, the lady with the pincers, who in every element virtually floated in front, had an especially hard time, for she had to move, of course, half backwards. Horn and Nurse Helga hurried continuously here and there along the line to supervise the foot-angles and the applications, and to give the student applicators—who naturally lacked any experience here—suitable instructions, such as, for example: easier! harder! hammer! mallet! The applicators all wore big white aprons from the numerous belt pockets of which protruded ready at hand the grips of the

necessary hammering tools. Also at the time an application was changed there was danger of rhythm-break. For the first treatments by his line-up method, Horn had not taken on ten patients right off; and had chosen absolutely harmless cases. Doctor Pauker, who had originally moved as applicator in Element 1, was soon asked by Professor Horn rather to help him by the supervision of the entire line-up (Horn felt not at all secure about it at first!). So an older student was placed in Doctor Pauker's place and at first the pincer-direction of this element (Bachmeyer) was let to be handled by Nurse Helga, who without any rhythm-break floated, brilliant, dancer-like, ahead of the train.

By employing the serial percussion elements for the treatments, the therapeutic success was increased significantly, even to an extent that Horn had in no way expected. Patients dropped out, sent thank-you letters, paid their high bills without question, called themselves healed. And in thank-you letters from daughters, sons, wives, yes, even from subordinates, from employees and house servants, the cures were admiringly confirmed. It could really be that by way of the mighty rhythm in the line-up—"the line-up pathos," Dr. Pauker once said—anger and fury were better brought to a boiling point, and with thundering behavior and enormous perspiration were at the same time sweated out. Anyway, Dr. Horn, who now as never before required numbers of patients—and not only for pecuniary, but more for methodological reasons—found himself forced, in one case or another, to carry on panting consultations by telephone with certain public offices with which some of his patients had appointments. The fine zilking of the officials did not fail,

then, to take place, it served its purpose, and the case was not lost for the Professor.

However, two of these patients, who Horn knew for certain would have to appear in the office which was headed by Doctor Schajo, could not be brought back into his practice. Here the extra-medicinal method ad hoc did not work.

Once again fell the long shadow of the high government official across Horn's methodically newly-lit way.

Where was Zilek keeping himself?

Yes, where was Zilek? And where was Doctor Döblinger? Stirred up, fat and greasy, slept out, early up, bombastically breakfasting, neither mornings nor evenings at home—but perhaps actually busy in that legendary scientific institute of which he was supposedly a member? Not on your life! Going camping? Taking hikes? Where was the fellow gadding about, with his circumstances so much improved? With the noise rent (and it much increased, at that) and a new contract with the publisher? One has to say that the noise rent was paid for stillness—payment for an empty apartment?

Up to now during the last months, Doctor Döblinger had never spent the 1st, 10th, or 20th at home, and never experienced Horn's drumming day above his head. When he did once go so far and stay at home, perhaps even from curiosity, the Professor had long since changed over to the full line-up treatments.

In Doctor Döblinger's apartment it sounded almost as if one had crept under the belly of hell.

The raging was so extremely powerful that that Döblinger fellow even began to enjoy the excess. A large crystal chandelier (it belonged to the other valuable antiques that Döblinger kept here in his apartment for the speculators) swung and

glittered and jingled with all its cut facets, as the line passed above it. Now the figurines slammed down. Only when this cannonade was over, was Doctor Döblinger able to hear the continuous shrilling of the bell at his apartment door. It entered his consciousness very gradually, for up to now it had just sounded like a mere chirp.

He stood in the center of one of the large rooms under an ever less oscillating, glittering chandelier. The horns still blared. Now he pulled himself together, snatched himself out of his daze, went to the door and opened it a crack. Through this he could see the head teacher Zilek as a whole.

"So now you're experiencing it, now you're experiencing it!" whispered Zilek. "Before it was still absolutely nothing! It's been multiplied!"

"One notices," said Doctor Döblinger and motioned the teacher in.

The drumming and blowing and thundering of the march of anger had already ended as they entered Döblinger's rooms. It is true one heard a lot of footsteps from above; but now they seemed, in comparison, like perfect silence.

"Earlier it went on from three to six o'clock, on these certain days, often longer. Now it begins at about eleven and again at four o'clock and it's soon over: but what a monstrous row! Earlier it was nothing compared to this! I know the nurse from up there. She once explained the whole method to me."

"The fellow earns a lot of money with it, I hear," commented Doctor Döblinger in a surly tone.

"And we could do it, too!" Zilek chimed in immediately. "And off his back. That's why I've come to see you, Sir."

Döblinger looked at him thoughtfully. It seemed that he

was not at all unwilling to be a party to such a discussion; and that was made clear by his fetching a bottle of cognac and two glasses. He pushed a metal container of cigarettes toward the head teacher.

"What do you have in mind?" he asked him.

Right after Zilek had spelled out his plan in great detail to the author and had received Döblinger's approval, he set to work, taking the matter into his own hands, for he seemed not to have a very high opinion of the alacrity of a literary man in outer and practical matters, and did not count on such alacrity from the start.

If someone wanted to prescribe treatments himself, according to the prescription and rhythm of the Professor, and using the music arranged for by him (this latter was particularly important!), then the main point was to get around the paragraphs of law that have to do with quackery, for neither Doctor Döblinger nor Zilek possessed medical or healing qualifications. The safest way was to found a club, which, as one knows, is unfortunately open to anyone to do.

So there followed the duly made registration with the police of "The Club for Rhythmically-Correct Walking and Gentlemen's Neogymnastics." The applicants were Doctor Döblinger (Ph.D. expressly!) and Reinhold Zilek, Senior Teacher, Retired. Headquarters: their address. The time of the meetings was stated exactly: every 1st, 10th, and 20th of the month from four to six P.M. It was all absolutely credible.

Quickly, keenly, Zilek buckled down to work, being not only a vigilante, but also an expeditious person. While installing the sub-treatment rooms in Doctor Döblinger's and in his own apartment (which also reverberated and quaked

when the Dachauer band played), there were more than a few details to work out. Above all, the anger-course had to be laid out, which necessitated some moving aside of pieces of furniture, and securing enough room for the table with the figurines, as well as working out a sufficiently broad encircling path: for just as took place in Horn's room above, here the line should make its turn and be led back. But they did not need an orchestra sitting in the next room; such was paid for by Horn. In other ways, too, there were, of course, some considerable simplifications. From the very beginning on, one chose a simplified Hornian line-up with one-membered elements (properly, one has to call them here in the sub-treatment centers, the sub-elements). Every sub-element was considered at the same time to be the applicator for the one marching in front. Normal, padded, drumsticks, such as one can see in every big orchestra, were used for the applications. The application was to vary only in regard to the intensity, with the quality of the instruments remaining unchanged (it is extremely peculiar that Zilek, when one had hardly gotten started with the business, fell into a kind of jargon-gibberish that he made up in part himself; though some expressions he must have obtained from Nurse Helga). The senior teacher, who had received an adequate advance from Doctor Döblinger, had soon procured everything; first, twelve pairs of drumsticks for each of the two sub-treatment areas, and for each thirty plaster figurines. These were of such an extraordinary and deep-seated hideousness that Doctor Döblinger, after his table had been set up with them, went around it reflectively, shuddering with pleasure. One of them was called "The Heart's Cook." It was a popular figure, representing a little cupid who held a red heart on a grill spit.

The facial expression of this angel of love, though, was of such an abysmal and swinish vulgarity that Doctor Döblinger himself could not see it enough. The figure was, by the way, smashed right off at the first sub-treatment in his apartment, but it was provided by him again and again.

The main question that arose now was of course who should be the first element in line, and who should drum on the last.

From the beginning, one dispensed with nose pincers.

The leadership should therefore be managed without such, and Frau Zilek, on her part, was charming enough to glide at the head of the line. The senior teacher had her put on a white work coat for this, such as he also wore. So it worked out that her other half had to walk at the end, drumming on the last element.

Doctor Döblinger wanted to do it similarly, and also in a white coat. He still lacked a woman to lead the line. But he knew what to do. A young lady, by the name of Elisabeth Friederike Krestel, who had even studied medicine originally, and psychology, had, when she was a student, been given work to do for him as a copyist; that is, at that time she had made a fair copy on the typewriter of a voluminous novel of several hundred pages for the publisher. In this alone, Doctor Döblinger had already noticed her great gifts. It was really a pleasure to work with her, for she always found her way through (with quick interpretation and remarkable artistic instinct), in spite of the difficulties presented by the in no way always clear and lucid manuscript as a result of the many corrections and insertions. Finally he discovered that she herself wrote, and his delight knew no bounds when he read her little, even miniature, tales that she plucked from

the web of life with masterly skill and an almost hellish wickedness; tales that Fräulein Krestel understood how to roll into devilish little dumplings, such as one finds in the stomachs of mad dogs. Later, she devoted herself entirely to the writer's profession and in it achieved a reputation. Now Doctor Döblinger thought of her, for he had remained in an occasional collegial contact with Fräulein Krestel.

As she listened to his request, her nose became still sharper than it had been before, and in her pretty and delicate little face there entered, at the idea of leading a line of hydrophobics in a profitable way, a quite singular and, we might say, disquieting expression. While she and Döblinger thoroughly discussed the matter—which from the start seemed to catch her greatest interest—the right one of her delicately-membered hands rose at every sentence as if pulled up from an invisible underground, whereby each time she also pressed together thumb and forefinger in a priggish manner.

So these two were in agreement.

A synoptic glance at all three line leaders—Nurse Helga, Fräulein Krestel, and Frau Zilek—teaches us about their deeper relationship and helps us to anticipate some things. For Herr Zilek it was about the same. We shall soon see that he had not made a mistake, namely in regard to Helga and Elisabeth Friederike. Besides that, for them he also laid the cards openly on the table.

In the meantime, after the necessary preparations, the first three-storied drumming day approached ever nearer. Zilek expected, in his lower location, the greater number of customers, and not unjustly. Indeed, he did not so much as imagine that on the first day there would already be anyone mak-

ing the way up to Doctor Döblinger. He had previously placed a little sign on his apartment door with the inscription:

*Club
for Rhythmic-Correct Walking
and Gentlemen's Neogymnastics
on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of each month, from 4 to 6 PM*

Professor Horn now glided past this little sign each day, rising upwards in the elevator, without noticing it. The woman caretaker had received a hefty shower of tips (and the promise of a set amount on each 1st, 10th and 20th of the month). But she had been directed to lead, in the elevator, persons who asked about the "club" only to Zilek's floor. Around four o'clock in the afternoon, the elevator traffic must become really quite lively on drumming days, this together with that of Professor Horn.

Actually, it then outstripped all expectations. If Zilek had originally intended to hand only the leftover elements to Doctor Döblinger, that is, to send them up to the floor above—not wanting to attempt a more than ten member line-up at the beginning—then all that remains to be said is that from the club's first drumming day on, at Zilek's as well as at Döblinger's, eleven member elements moved serially (one did not want to turn away the two remaining members and so included them right off). Here the danger becomes quite plain. What Döblinger and Zilek very soon did, as the throng increased and the profitability of the thing became obvious, was to move on to fifteen- and twenty-member line-ups, very likely because of lack of scientific awareness, while

the professional on the floor above never exceeded ten elements; though with him, because of their three parts, there was more space necessary than for the twenty down below.

Now, nothing happened to Zilek and Döblinger (Zilek & Döblinger), in spite of the tremendous serial expansion (we take this expression from Zilek's peculiar jargon-gibberish). Fräulein Krestel as well as the Frau Senior Teacher proved themselves uncommonly adroit and most highly qualified for the leadership of the line-ups, and it was only thanks to the two ladies that a rhythm-break never took place, the results of which, under certain conditions, could have been very serious. Because they had in leading to remain half-turned toward the first element of the line-up, but the elements themselves as a result of the increased angle of their feet could move stampingly forward only with short steps, there developed in them a kind of dancing ahead with accentuated treading and preliminary exercise of the rhythm, whereby the knee had to be raised high in a dancing manner in order to keep the step fittingly short (a kind of cock's step), something both line-up leaders in their white coats understood well, the strapping Frau Zilek as well as the delicate Fräulein Krestel. One could see that they had an almost fascinating effect on the elements that stamped behind them—always with a little hand laid lightly on the shoulder of Element No. 1—so that even with a heavy serial expansion the whole aggregation remained for them controllable.

Zilek & Döblinger collected per treatment and element 10 marks, an all-inclusive price in which also the consumption of figurines was included, however great or small that was. This seemed uncommonly moderate when one considers that upstairs 150 marks were collected each time for a special treatment and that the therapeutic success of the sub-

treatments was hardly less than that of the Professor's. Fuss and to-do was also provided in the lower stories: the patients were received singly in a front room that was set up as a consulting room (the valuable pieces of furniture were there for the using!), after they had gathered themselves in their own waiting room (here, too, was a rich array of authentic Baroque furniture!), for which, to be sure, nearly all available chairs were soon needed. In the consulting room, the patient was questioned about his complaints, whereby one observed his foot-angle—of course, the treatment and applications always remained the same. Taking care of opening the door and directing to the waiting room was done, on both floors, by reliable servants, women who for these occasions wore little white caps and aprons. Doctor Döblinger's, a Viennese, who had been named Poldi—she had been in his service for more than ten years—was a lightning-sharp, sly person with a pretty cat-face, which her beautiful though already white hair suited excellently. Soon Poldi understood how to collect, during the sub-treatment times, considerable tips.

Their own running costs were negligible. Besides the salaries of the servants there remained only the figurines to pay for, which, though, one acquired most cheaply and in large numbers from a factory. Half of Döblinger's were always "The Heart's Cook." The cost of the drumsticks was fully made up after the third sub-treatment. One of these drew in almost always a pure profit of more than a hundred marks. Doctor Döblinger had still to remunerate Fräulein Krestel, of course, which he did properly. For her the three short afternoon engagements were comfortable and bearable enough. When Zilek for the first time received patients that he recognized (because he had previously seen them in the elevator

on their way up to Professor Horn), he knew that the matter had reached a decisive turn, and that it had solidified into true success.

It did not escape him that every one of those unfaithful to Horn possessed a common trait. They were mostly remarkably small, soft, even childishly submissive men, and one could hardly imagine of them that they could be capable of terrible fury. However, the foot angle of some of them was quite impressive. Yet they stamped, well-behaved in aggregation, on their little feet and beat as directed on the element in front. Zilek often speculated about the little, older, men, who really seemed to be good-natured sorts. Evidently they had for reasons of thrift exchanged the costly treatments for those of the so much cheaper sub-treatments. But what was the significance of their sweet temper? Had they simply been knocked stupid upstairs, and by such a radical method at the same time cured? That they now came here seemed to indicate a habit which they perhaps could not relinquish anymore—namely being drum-beaten—but one that had gone, in an amplified way at the Professor's upstairs, far beyond their financial means. All these little patients came three times a month; they did not miss a single drumming-day; and they were the ones who formed a dependable foundation for every serial aggregation, but also who tempted Zilek ever further in his expansion. He always placed them one behind the other at the head of the line-up.

He speculated about them often but came to no real conclusion.

Now things had gotten into stride. The expenses had been made up ten times over. Also the printing costs. These were relatively the most significant. Still, even had this expendi-

ture made it possible to completely fill the sub-treatment centers right off, Zilek would not have spared the advertising. And a brochure, with scientific explanations in Zilek's singular new jargon, richly pretentious and edited together with Doctor Döblinger, was produced with the most attractive printing style and on the best paper; and it was sent out and distributed in great numbers. Also, even now each new patient received a number of samples to pass on. The text peaked with the following words:

MUST IT INDEED THEN SO END
*that someone in his own apartment,
 bellowing and hammering,
 attacks the mirrors?!*

O NO!

The Club

*for Rhythmic-Correct Walking
 and Gentlemen's Neo-Gymnastics*

FREES YOU FROM THE CLUTCHES OF ANGER!

During the time that science was revolutionizing a whole apartment house—luckily in the bottom floor, under Zilek's apartment, there was only a storage space at this time—it overflowed itself once more, rose to the heights, and left its miserable highway robbers, profiteers and technical sub-oppressors far below.

Once again it was one of those creative moments, as indeed the man of science has (and which at the same time are for the progress of mankind unavoidable), that caused a serial aggregation suddenly to freeze in Professor Horn's inner

eye. It became stale-mated. The ten-member element tread in place.

In this spiritual happening there was born even then the principle that one later called the "Little Hornian House of Fury, Patented." For it really depended here only on the basic idea. The rest was a matter of the technical and electro-technical implementation, which, of course, cannot be lacking in our advanced time and age.

The little house was conceived man-high, though adjustable in its height, padded inside with leather. The feet of the patient who stood in it were to repose on footrests that could swivel horizontally at the heel, rests that always conformed to the current foot-angle of the patient. The movable rests, gliding along two quarter-circles and built-in rheostats (resistances), turned on and off the contacts for a stronger or lesser electric current which kept in operation a motor attached at the rear, as the propellant for the application—which then, becoming stronger or fainter, responded to each increase or decrease of the foot angle and reacted immediately to such changes, even to very fine deviations. The drumming-works of the application were mounted in a kind of hinged crash helmet and could be fed with whatever interchangeable instruments one chose—mallets, drumsticks, hammers. Somewhat at the belly-height of the patients, attached to the front lid, an indicator with a pointer permitted the reading of the width of the foot-angle at any time; by such with more than 165 degrees a red light with a short bell signal went on—and at the same time the application went into full strength. In front of the mouth of the patient in the crash helmet there was attached a speech or bellow megaphone that could be extended before the treatment started.

Horn knew exactly what he was about here: the sensitivity of the application variation had to replace the rhythmic moment that was completely missing in this method. Instead of it, there was an end to the previous, indeed each time risked, dangerous possibility of a rhythm-break, that had always been the greatest just when the applications were being modified. Such a thing could not happen here; the machine, once furnished with a well-defined grade of instrument, extracted from it every necessary intensification with an absolute constancy that was never to be achieved by hand.

Horn had this aggregate constructed by one "Medical Apparatus Construction Establishment"; then together with its chief engineer he composed the wording of the patent; this was given to a capable patent lawyer with the heading:

Little House of Fury by Dr. Horn, Professor,
with automatic application,
foot-angle indicator and removable bellow megaphone.
Medicinal healing apparatus for difficult,
on the verge of clinical, emotional conditions.

All this done, the Professor fell to daydreaming. If his apparatus proved its value in single treatments (Childerich III?!), then an acceptable investment would be to order ten such aggregates, which for their supervision Nurse Helga and he himself would fully suffice. Everything proceeding in a dignified scientific style and leisure. No farmers' band from Dachau. No appearance of thirty persons at once. And no racket fees anymore. Above all, no threatening danger of a rhythm-break happening to someone in the moving line-up.

Yes, science passes through such ever-changing phases. It

comes from the deep silence of meditation. But then there arises a monstrous noise, partly created by it, partly around it. And finally, perfected, it disappears again into silence, in this case into the Little House of Fury, Patented, which emits only the uniform sound of heavier or weaker applications. Yet even this sound ends. A green light comes on, the pointer on the foot-angle indicator falls under 60 degrees, the cure is over for today.

So Horn dreamed in the direction of a great and rewarding future.

The Professor's statistics, which we learned of before, were all essentially wrong, even though the individual bits of data might have been in order. Had he had any idea of how far the method of the Government Director Schajo, namely the pouch stab, had spread among anger-plagued people, it would have seemed inconceivable to him that his special office hours were not even less frequented than they were.

Yet there was here a third and superior factor in the matter, one that lay beyond Horn's *métier* but which for a long time now had had a powerful influence on it: it was the firm of Hulesch & Quenzel, Ltd. Not only that, he had it behind his own four walls. Zilek's suspicion did not deceive him. He saw it all as it was: Nurse Helga was an agent, a secret one, naturally.

When she brought about dreadful attacks of anger by the dissemination of articles, like those we described earlier—especially No. 10736 (artificial pocket grit) had proven itself most successful lately—she certainly served the purposes of the Professor's practice and also those of her own post. On the other hand, this practice of Horn's represented for the

specific activities of the firm a highly-sensitive and completely appropriate object, especially as it had gone over to line-up treatments with their enormous moment of danger of rhythm-break. This much one can say for sure: all the members of that high institute, in every compulsory conflict, have always decided in favor of the ideal goals of the firm, often even against their own interests. It was thoroughly in order here that Nurse Helga had informed Zilek about Horn's methods, originally about those used in the individual treatments, later concerning the serial ones, and that she now tolerated the sub-treatments and kept silent to the Professor about their existence. The high institute disliked going straight for a goal in a subalternate manner. It always preferred the indirect way, in this case the one by way of the sub-treatments. The bombardment of Horn in this case in point could have the effect tripled in this way, for all intents and purposes, and this increased to an improbable extent.

For an individual such as Count Landes-Landen, the danger posed by Nurse Helga had been clear from first sight, although he of course knew nothing of her function, and absolutely nothing about the high institute in London. But, though, this sharp fellow even had sharp wits.

In all of this Nurse Helga's double-dealing was still a relatively simple factor. More complicated was the way things were with Zilek. He now found himself in a threefold connection to Professor Horn, in a threefold community of interests. Firstly, by way of his "incorporation" as a recipient of racket-rent, who now for his own part created a racket three times a month with the sub-treatments: secondly, these, exactly the same as with Doctor Döblinger. No practice, no sub-practice. They themselves would never have been able

to pay the farmers' band from Dachau. But then, thirdly, Zilek had been hired by the Professor as a spy to get to the bottom of the secret activities carried on by Government Director Schajo. In this field we shall still see him successfully active.

For it had been secretly clear to Zilek from the beginning that the life expectancy of the sub-practice could only be quite limited. Sooner or later, one would become here involved with the public health authorities in regard to the quackery laws, in spite of being registered as a "club" with the police, and however much, for the time being, the Professor's ignorance exceeded all expectations. Just one little word from the caretaker—who indeed could not miss the powerful increase of traffic in the house on the 1st, 10th and 20th of each month—would have to be enough to start the ball rolling, if she were ever to let fall such a little word of it in the presence of Professor Horn. Now, for the time being, she kept her mouth shut, in the thick rain of tips. The elemental appearances in the lower stories must have penetrated to her hearing without any special vigilance being required. For this was the main reason for Zilek's aggregation becoming ever longer, to manage to get as much out of it as possible, and why he suggested Doctor Döblinger do the same. They were already working with twenty-five elements in each sub-practice. But beyond this—and Zilek did not mention this to Doctor Döblinger—the whole situation here in the apartment building would have to provoke the intervention of the firm Hulesch & Quenzel. However, Zilek had not yet sent a report to London. When one day Nurse Helga called him on the telephone and requested a talk, he knew immediately where he stood.

Astonishingly, she appeared to him accompanied by Elisabeth Friederike Krestel. In his office, each lady opened her leather handbag and then together they each handed Zilek simultaneously a copy of Friedrich Theodor Vischer's work, *Also One*, in the German language. Without a word, Zilek took the books and, after he had set them aside, reached behind himself into the bookcase. After that, he himself, with a short bow, presented each of the two ladies with a copy of the same epochal work. The signs of recognition were thereby given and, in this historic moment, Horn's fate was sealed.

Helga and Elisabeth Friederike had already twice reported to London. Zilek squirmed about a bit and tried to explain away and excuse the delay of his report. In the meantime, the reply with the final directive for action had long since arrived. Nurse Helga pulled out the document, which bore in the upper left hand corner the for us already familiar emblem of the institute. She disclosed some parts of it to her listeners. In this text there was a reminder of an earlier letter from the Central Office: "Two months ago, we recommended to you that you put a few of our Short Men—on all levels—into action. We do hope you have meanwhile done so."

"You've certainly noticed the Short Men in your aggregation, Colleague Zilek?" said Nurse Helga with a sly smile.

He would have liked to slap his forehead with the flat of his hand. At the same time, he was chilled by the feeling of something uncanny. The firm had, ignoring him, pushed its way into his own home. Also it was plain as day that Nurse Helga had a function superior to his own within the institute.

But he did not wonder very much about Krestel. Her looks and behavior were such that Zilek had for a long time, and

one might say unconsciously or completely casually, thought her to be a Quenzish figure.

The conference that followed was short. As the starting point for the bombarding of Horn's practice, together with its sub- and near forms or derivatives, there was picked of course one of the prearranged days and a specific time for the simultaneous rhythm-break of the serial elements on all three stories ("on all levels"*). In this the "Short Men" were to contribute appropriately. Then all three agents, as well as they could, each in an own way, were to escape the unimaginable results of the rhythm-break. Each had to find the way. There was no lack in them of willingness to sacrifice, or of fearlessness. Of the dumb ones (Professor Horn and Doctor Döblinger) there was nothing at all said during the whole drafting of the plan. One ignored them. But they put off the target date for a rather long time, nearly more than three weeks. This idea was represented and pushed through by Nurse Helga. She still hoped to have Childerich III set up by then. Professor Horn could certainly now, with the excellent experience he had had "in view of the therapeutic and so valuable line-up emotions aroused by the serial aggregations" (Dr. Willibald Pauker), be moved to insert into such an aggregation the single (up to now) patient remaining in individual care, namely the Baron von Bartenbruch, if he would but appear before then. His inclusion in the catastrophe would have to cause it to reach the greatest proportions.

* *English in the original—translator's note.*

MEANWHILE ZILEK, irrespective of the care he had put into establishing the sub-practice, had kept in mind his investigation of Doctor Schajo, and he had spoken with the Government Director once or twice in a café. For as small as the possibility had seemed to him, from the beginning on, that the sub-practice would enjoy a long existence, so little did he now believe in the complete eradication of Horn: it was never in the spirit of the institute to completely eradicate anyone. Only when one went too far, he got his nose tweaked; and that Horn had gone a bit too far, no reasonable reader of our dubious and exasperating story can doubt. Zilek was firmly convinced that Horn's practice would survive, even were a catastrophe of greatest dimensions to first crash down over the scientist's unwitting head.

Frau Zilek, the rosy one, recommended that her stringbean husband, as one of those suffering anger, seek help from Doctor Schajo and that he ask him for help. But the senior teacher had a clearer picture. He had gathered from a few remarks he had heard that the government official seemed to know those people very well. And Zilek was far from acting like such a type. He did not belong to that kind: the stocky fat devils, the excessively tall spindly devils, or even to the little lumpy ones—anger devils in various casings—with the terrible fury for but seemingly flimsy cause, that drives the eyes out of the head like snails' horns (exophthalmus), and at

the same time flushes the face red like the cap of the red mushroom, the fly agaric. The senior teacher could never make it seem believable that he suffered from such congestion, and he well knew it. Just as little as for one of the maniacs—always ready to tear the world and people into bits!—to ever be capable of such a sharp, fine, even poisonous, zilking as was he himself.

There had to be another way. Schajo was an old bachelor and lived alone in his own villa at the edge of the city. By experience, such old bachelors hardly pay any attention to the drapes being pulled tightly at all the windows in the evening, just the opposite of what a beautiful woman does, for instance; unfortunately it is not the other way around. Perhaps it would be possible to observe the Government Director in his private life and associations, and in this way to acquire some sort of information.

At any rate, Zilek wanted to try this out soon, and he arrived at the useful idea of taking along a pair of good artillery binoculars that had by happy chance fallen into his hands during his military service. In the advanced warmth of this season, that would but serve his purposes—perhaps a window would be open—he set out with his field glasses; and he approached, from above, descending through a wood, the villa that had been so built on the hill that in the rear there was a single story, whereas in front there were three. Now the whole undertaking depended on luck. It was questionable whether or not one would be able to see anything from here. Nevertheless, Zilek vigilanced carefully, after he had found himself a suitable position in the bushes above the by him, as we remember, already spied-out location. The house lay dark. To the rear there were a number of windows, but also an

entrance from the edge of the woods directly at that level, over a kind of veranda-bridge that was painted green. Gradually it became completely dark. Of course Zilek could not risk smoking a cigarette. He sat still and well-concealed.

This last served him well, for now light, that reached nearly to him, sprang on in three of the windows opposite, and he could see the Government Director personally as he walked to a glass door that opened onto the veranda-bridge, and unlocked it—in the silence one heard this clearly—and then pushed open one wing. He had a full view of the room across from him, although the windows had curtains; transparent ones, however. Zilek lifted the glasses and adjusted them. Now he busied himself with orienting himself to this garden room—at least it was a very large one compared to those in the front part of the house that Zilek knew about from a visit here—and this room seemed at first sight empty and airy and without any furnishings.

Just as he began to take this in more exactly, there could be heard the footsteps of a number of people who were approaching along a path that ran level with the edge of the woods. They walked quietly and quickly, left the path three meters from Zilek and turned to cross over the bridge to the illuminated hall. Zilek could see how the Government Director greeted each arrival. Then two more groups appeared, also in a hurry and silent. There were also ladies among them.

The behavior these people exhibited must have at first been incomprehensible to Zilek, who with the field glasses drew everything from the large room to himself. Those present walked in a row, with their faces to the (from Zilek's view) wall along the left side, to small tables that had been set up there, one next to the other. Doctor Schajo separated him-

self from the others and stood on the other side. The row stood perfectly motionless for a while. Then the Government Director raised his right hand, in which was held a shiny object, swung it, and in the same moment there rang out the silver peal of a little bell. Thereupon all the ladies and gentlemen who stood in front of the little tables bent forward a little, and reached to the right into a kind of rack that stood before them. Zilek could see what they were taking from there and thought it to be stilettos. Now they again remained in deep concentration. As the little bell rang for the second time, each and every one bowed forward still further. Now they raised the stilettos and seemed to stick them into the rack in front of them, being most attentive and cautious. Doctor Schajo's head wandered back and forth, and he obviously kept his eyes on each participant. A short time passed, during which Zilek believed he heard, through the silence, fine rippling, tinkling, noises. When everyone had stabbed—this happened not at all simultaneously—the little bell rang once again. Each participant hung up the stiletto where it had been before. Immediately, each took leave of the Government Director with a hearty handshake, and the up to now silent people came with a babble of voices and low laughter over the bridge and then left in this way on the path along the edge of the woods. Zilek was able to hear them yet a little while. Meantime, Doctor Schajo closed up the garden room, the light leapt back from the window, and the slamming of a door was audible. The entire proceedings witnessed by the senior teacher had probably taken up less than twenty minutes.

Zilek remained sitting in the darkness. What he had seen could of course not be as understandable to him as it is to us. Still, it had already begun to dawn on him that he had had

monstrous good luck to have come to this place on this very day, and he confirmed this to himself during the expeditions of the following days: now he sat each time futilely before darkened windows. For what Zilek had seen had been absolutely nothing less than the "Great Pouch Stab" (so-called by Doctor Schajo) that he held on the first Tuesday of every month for a group of his patients, students or proteges (or whatever one wants to call them), who from his instruction had already reached a higher level of preparedness in this particular discipline.

Zilek, of course, had not the faintest doubt that he had observed something that would be very important to Professor Horn; but not near and exact enough for a report, not yet ripe for one. Here the information was going to have to depend on details. For a single moment he toyed with the thought that such a meeting as that he had experienced as a secret observer could stem from the high institute in London—somehow the phenomenon of Doctor Schajo might well fit this consideration!—and actually before his inner eye there reappeared that morning when the Government Director had handed him a copy of F.T. Vischer's epochal work. However, he dismissed it. Now once again, as he sat here in the closed-in darkness, his thoughts turned themselves actually upside-down. Could one not one blow up Doctor Schajo's establishment, the same as the Institute would do with Professor Horn's practice? But where was here the possibility of a rhythm-break?

In any case, Zilek was somewhat perplexed as he went home. He talked for a long time with his wife. The mystery of the Government Director was a point on which a lot could go wrong.

That he had perfected a system to combat anger was plain

to see. The cheery, chatty departure of the patients after such a silent, hurried entrance told the whole story. Zilek was most astonished by the short treatment time, considering such an uncontroversial effect. Horn's serial aggregations, including those as they were also now put into motion by himself and Doctor Döblinger, were, compared to this, an antiquated and unwieldy arrangement. Troublesome and—as Zilek well knew—bound to a highly dangerous moment. How, if one wanted to appropriate this for oneself, to do it without reporting anything at all to the Professor?

Zilek talked these things over for a long time with his rosy wife before they finally went to sleep. The vigilance of both was from then on stretched to the utmost and at the same time carried on with the utmost resolve.

In the meantime, as has been stated before, Horn's design already lay at the patent office, and the firm to construct the apparatus was busy with the production of the first model. It gave to the careful construction also a splendid appearance. All the trims and fittings were executed in chrome, as was the hinged crash helmet and the removable bellow-microphone. The outer walls of the apparatus sparkled in antiseptic white. All that, together with the red light blinking on at more than 165° and the green light signal by less than 60°—when the apparatus was connected, there was, in addition, a constant blue point of light—made (especially when the limits were reached and the muffled bell signal sounded) such a serious impression that the sight of such technical perfection alone would have to awaken respect and trust and put a damper on anger: so here was an affective happening raised to a businesslike level. Was the apparatus in use—for the time being

it was only in the workshop, on trial—then it could, with its colorful lights, the shiny metal, the sounding signals and the continuously oscillating pointer, almost remind one of the kind of slot machine that one often meets up with in bars and guest houses, and also somewhat of those music boxes that are loved by our art-hungry youth.

Well, the construction of the Little House of Fury had already progressed this far, and in about fourteen days after Zilek, Fräulein Krestel and Nurse Helga had given one another the sign of recognition; there was no question that Nurse Helga would be initiated into Horn's plans and innovations, considering Horn's loquaciousness. In the end, he had even taken her to the workshop of the company that made medical apparatuses, the one that was working on the thing, and there he showed her the nearly completed model in action. Nurse Helga divulged none of all of this to Zilek or to Fräulein Krestel. Still, it was beginning to seem almost disquieting to her now that she had put off the date for the bombarding of Horn as far as she had. The set-up could change here, if hardly within one week. There was still this and that to do on the first model of the Little House of Fury, defects to correct, and according to the Professor's wishes, changes to be made.

Nurse Helga judged the chances for the new invention to be quite good, purely from her feeling for the fashion of the time, something that females are always nearer to than males, which is why they are more likely to succumb to it. Just the fussiness and the metallic shine of the whole technical equipment, the flashing on of the signal-lights and the sound of the at once serious and businesslike ringing of the short bell signal, must, in Helga's opinion, quite remarkably further the credibility and authority of the thing.

She was right about it, as time would prove. At first sight, one might have some doubts. However could such an expensive and complicated apparatus (and the costs would indeed have to be made up by raising the bill for special treatments!) compete with the cheap and simple pouch stab, to us long familiar, but still unknown to Nurse Helga? This is what we say, and thereby speak reasonably. But things do not always hang on reason alone. And maybe the pouch stab was far too cheap, far too simple. In addition, it required more of the patient than to place himself in a little house, equipped with all imaginable technical finesses, and to leave everything else up to the equipment. The pouch stab necessitated spiritual concentration if at the same time that the red beads were to flow, with a light tinkle, in a cathartic stream into the collection container, the paroxysm of anger should be dispersed. Without spiritual concentration, indeed of *high* concentration, this was not to be achieved.

Such is provided with reluctance.

Doctor Schajo's circle had to remain an exclusive one.

The pouch stabbing was most likely not capable of limitless expansion; and probably it had already achieved the greatest expansion possible by the time its effects became clear to Professor Horn from the statistics, though these effects were weakened by the from Nurse Helga disseminated Article 10736 (artificial pocket grit), which was just the one that she at that time thought good to use frequently, in such a way that it would bring under one hat Horn's interests, her own, and the higher purposes of the London Institute.

Frau Zilek, especially, worried her head about how to get through to the Government Director. Without success. The

invisible wall around that tall stringbean seemed impregnable. Finally, the Zileks reverted to that way she had suggested to begin with, namely, that the senior teacher should turn to Doctor Schajo as nothing less than crazed, that is, as it were, as a patient. He did it. In a café. And got nowhere. Doctor Schajo smiled. "With your temperament, sir," he said, "you don't need to fear that such a thing will become too much for you. For you there are completely rational or even reasonable ways, the ways of good sense, that is, to bring such conditions under control. For your case could never lead to dumpling-formation, glomeration. In those others a piece of life breaks loose, rotates around itself, and becomes, by increasing rotary speed, ball-shaped in an enclosed cosmos, the outer tension of which repulses everything reaching in from the rest of the world, but at the same time transforms injections from the outside into an acceleration of the rotation; and that happens in the deranged even with the most good-hearted and reasonable arguments, the most soothing words. Only the one who at the moment wants nothing other than his own fury, is really furious. Fury is the most catastrophic form of apperception-refusal, which otherwise creeps around in a hundred forms of stupidity. Fury is apperception—refusal grown acute, panic-stricken flight from life, a strange kind of suicide in which one wants to kill everyone else except oneself. He doesn't want any more life around. But what does that help him? He remains left over, an alone-in-space circling fireball of fury, hell with all its devils in one person. Concerning the dumpling formation, this is also to understand in a physical sense. One finds such glomerations in the stomachs of dogs that have perished of rabies, or hydrophobia. I myself knew a captain in the airforce in the Second

World War, an Austrian from Klagenfurt, an old reservist, also a heavily choleric person, who in fury in an argument with a Prussian major had a stroke. In his stomach were found a number of little fury-dumplings, although the man had in no way died of rabies.”

Zilek could only zilk finely outwards, somewhat in the way that a river crab that has been set on land produces with its jaw feet or maxillipeds, sounding like the regular fall of tiny drops of water. Perhaps that is connected also to the manner of breathing that this animal has to exercise out of water.

What should he, Zilek, add here?

We do not know, either.