

**AN ENGLISH TRANSLATION OF  
STEFAN ANDRES' "DIE MASCHINE"**

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BY  
SYLVIA KARIN BADKE, B. A.

A Project  
Submitted to the School of Graduate Studies  
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements  
for the Degree  
Master of Arts

McMaster University

September 1986

Dedicated to my Mom, Dad and  
brother, Edward, whose unflinching  
love and support saw me through  
this endeavour.

Wer fremde Sprachen nicht kennt,  
weiß nichts von seiner eigenen.

Johann Wolfgang Goethe

MASTER OF ARTS  
(German)

McMASTER UNIVERSITY  
Hamilton, Ontario

TITLE: An English Translation of Stefan Andres'  
"Die Maschine"

AUTHOR: Sylvia Karin Badke, B.A. (McMaster University)

SUPERVISOR: Dr. Robert Van Dusen

NUMBER OF PAGES, iv, 52

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS**

To my supervisor, Dr. Robert Van Dusen, I would like to express my sincere gratitude for all the help and guidance he gave me throughout this project.

To my reader, Prof. J. B. Lawson, I am extremely grateful for his countless, invaluable suggestions involved with the translation. My gratitude is also extended to Dr. G. Teuscher for his valued contribution.

To all my family and friends, I extend a very special thank you for your patience, encouragement and love which I was always able to count on.

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The successful author of numerous novels and short stories, as well as plays and poetry, Stefan Andres began his literary career writing primarily about his childhood impressions and experiences along the Mosel valley: 'a so-called "Heimatdichter"<sup>1</sup>. However, as he matured, so did his works, and he evolved, among other things, into an often satirical critic of Germany's Hitler and post-war years: a "Zeitkritiker". It is this latter part of his creative development that saw the addition of the short story "Die Maschine", published posthumously in 1973, to his list of completed works.

The youngest of nine children of a hard-working miller and his wife, Stefan Andres was born on June 26, 1906 in Breitweis near Trier. His early years which were spent in the country, surrounded by the beautiful simplicity of nature, influenced many of his works, including the autobiographical novel, Der Knabe im Brunnen (1953).

Shortly after the death of his father in 1916, young Stefan was sent to a monastic school in fulfillment of a promise his parents had made to God before his birth. Although Andres made the effort, he could not carry out this

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<sup>1</sup>Hans Wagener, Stefan Andres, (Berlin: Colloquium Verlag, 1974), p. 5.

vow made on his behalf and was still trying to find himself when he enrolled at the University in Cologne in 1928. His studies in theology, art history, philosophy and especially German literature took him also to the universities in Jena and Berlin. Andres himself said of his student days: "Ich hatte kein Ziel, ich schnupperte an den Wissenschaften herum, träumte vorwärts und rückwärts, hatte wenig Geld aber viel Gottvertrauen."<sup>2</sup> However, one significant event did take place during those uncertain years: he met Dorothee Freudiger, a medicine student at Jena, whom he married in 1932.

In 1933 Andres' first novel, Bruder Lucifer, based in part on his experiences in the monastery, was published. Two well-known short stories with anti-fascist overtones, "El Greco malt den Großinquisitor" (1936) and "Wir sind Utopia" (1942) broadened his popularity among contemporary readers.

After travelling through Egypt and Greece, Andres, his wife and their two daughters settled temporarily in Munich before moving on to Positano in southern Italy in 1937. As his wife was half-Jewish, the search for an inconspicuous existence during the war years in Europe kept them in Italy even after the war until 1950. During this often uneasy and fearful period, Andres did manage to

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<sup>2</sup>Clément André, Dichtung im Dritten Reich: Stefan Andres "Die Arche", (Bonn: H. Bouvier u. Co. Verlag, 1960), p. 1.



continue with his writing, producing among other things, Die Hochzeit der Feinde in 1938 which, however, could not be published until nine years later because of its pacifist theme of a German-French reconciliation. This "politically dangerous" novel earned Andres his first award, "Der Rheinische Literaturpreis" in 1948. The following year he became a member of the prestigious PEN-Club.

Upon settling in Unkel on the Rhine, Andres wrote many other novels and a number of plays and poems which brought him various honours and prizes. Another side of the author Andres was being revealed; he began to concentrate on the problems and conflicts of his time. The trilogy Die Sintflut (1949-1959) and the novel Der Taubenturm (1966) are only two examples of Andres' critical, satirical, often allegorical observations of Germany from its problems with national socialism to the building of the Berlin wall. He also used religious themes and in the novels Der Mann im Fisch (1963) and Die Versuchung des Synesios (1971), stressed the need to resist destructive forces in a violent world.

As a result of complications arising from an operation, Stefan Andres died on June 29, 1970 in Rome where he and his wife had been living since 1961.

...der Dichter lebt ja nicht in  
einem elfenbeineren Turm, sondern  
dort, wo alle leben: in der gegen-  
wärtigen Stunde!

Stefan Andres

"Die Maschine", one of three short stories contained in Die große Lüge, was published three years after Stefan Andres' death in 1970. The year in which it was actually written could not be found, but from its anti-fascist theme one could assume that it belongs to a series of works highlighting the same subject matter produced for the most part from 1936 until 1959.

"Die Maschine", written in the subjective first person, is a disconcerting account, in which past and present events are interwoven, of an historian's incredible experience in a concentration camp near the end of World War II. Through the narration of this principal character, who is never given a name, the reader learns what happens to him and his newly acquired friend on one night in 1945. The thought processes, flashbacks and descriptions of various circumstances and situations all interweave frequently so that the reader is never really certain of what actually did happen until the end.

The historian, now living at a house kept by the wife of a pastor missing in the war, had been sent to a

concentration camp for speaking his mind; and it is at the camp that he makes the acquaintance of a lawyer. The two are thrown together in order to repair the SS-kitchen's meat grinder, hence the title; each mistakenly thinks the other mechanically inclined. What occurs that fateful evening, and his vow of revenge, is slowly unfolded throughout the course of the story. Andres creates a suspenseful, sad and shocking short story which reveals clearly the critical, anti-fascist viewpoint of an author aware of the evils of his day and age.

Andres' exacting yet unobtrusive approach is characteristic of a great number of his other works as well. Here, the tragic death of the historian's friend is described in a detailed yet nonsensational manner. You can sense the indignation, but unlike many of his contemporaries such as Brecht, Andres still leaves room for some hope and optimism. Although "Die Maschine" is not in the slightest degree carefree, the principal character, though disappointed and disillusioned with society, does realize that life must go on and that he still has a purpose in this world. He says at the end: "Ich werde deine Frau aufsuchen...ich werde deinen Sozius -- ich werde -- die Maschine wird -- nie wieder dürfen wir..."<sup>3</sup>

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<sup>3</sup>Stefan Andres, "Die Maschine" in Die große Lüge (Munich: R. Piper u. Co. Verlag, 1973), p. 59.

Andres also feels it necessary to point out the weaknesses in his society which result from the vulnerability of the human spirit and the restrictive nature of governments. In this story the state is shown as a dangerous, vindictive, manipulative force; the individual, a defenseless, controlled object. The lives of the historian and his "friend", the lawyer, seem to be entirely in the hands of their SS-captors. Are they strong enough, inwardly, is it even possible, to escape these incredible physical and psychological bonds?

Many twentieth century writers criticized the governments of their time, but few did so with the great narrative style and objectivity of Stefan Andres. "Wolfgang Borchert und Ernst Jünger sind diejenigen, die Stefan Andres am nächsten stehen, Borchert wegen seines tiefen Ernstes und Jünger wegen seiner allegorischen Erzählkunst."<sup>4</sup> It is this profound seriousness of Andres and his mastery of storytelling that I have tried to recapture in the translation.

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<sup>4</sup>André, Dichtung im Dritten Reich, p. 5.

**THE GRINDER**

In the afternoon the Russians came. That same evening the former occupants of the camp lay in the double beds of married couples or soldiers' wives who, pale and without resistance, let themselves be pushed into their  
5 kitchens and children's rooms or through the back door into the open air, and unsolicited, still maintained through a crack in the door that really they had known nothing. They had known nothing about the existence of the camp; the others, nothing about its purpose. Still others admitted to  
10 having suspected a number of things, but they asked what they could really have done? The excuses rang annoyingly in our ears and empty, like the crackling of geese still running around in great numbers on Easter Saturday in the little city  
15 were I was staying, until late in the evening when their squawking rose and dwindled into silence within ten minutes and rose once more as the voices of the former concentration camp occupants who, overtaxed by their digestive systems, their eyes clouded, and due to unaccustomed Vodka consumption had become boisterous, were staggering through the cold  
20 streets in fantastic disguises -- I had caught a worn-out Persian lamb -- and wishing each other and everyone else a happy Easter.

The Russian officer had me put up in the rectory. The absent pastor's wife discovered the title professor

directly after my name and was surprised how I, the well-known historian, could have gotten into the camp something which corresponded to my own feeling; for as I assured her, I had quite unjustly come to the attention of the authorities.

5 I had been committed to the concentration camp because of a remark which had been made just as bravely -- and also as foolishly -- as the too grand gesture of a man who throws orange peels out of a moving train, losing his arm in the process. The pastor's wife agreed with me: Yes, one had to  
10 be careful, even the Officers' Revolt, what carelessness all along the line! And who had benefitted from the operation? Only the enemy, right?

I heard my voice (which had become small and weak in the camp) laughing. My own wife had muzzled me in the same  
15 way each day and every hour when we were still living in the university town in the west -- she was just one whole bundle of caution and then -- again because she was cautious -- set out with our son, who at the time still hadn't been drafted, for her hometown and lost her life there during an air-raid.  
20 And our son de-activated mines and things like that in a punishment squad. He had never been cautious and yet he was still alive when I was put in the camp. Then, while I was spending those three months in the rectory, since not even a year and a half had elapsed since my descent into hell, I  
25 talked myself into believing that perhaps he is still alive; the spring had softened me, a lime tree tapped its branch

tips against the window -- a proper lime tree. He probably was taken prisoner and he'll survive, I whispered through the window up at the tree. But now after two more years of waiting, I don't hope anymore.

5 I was certainly a restless and probably even a troublesome guest. But the reason for my restlessness was not a result of my attempts to keep on hoping. Nor did it result from my having to sit down with this comfortably venerable Penelope already at breakfast and having to watch  
10 how she removed the coffee warmer with some ceremony, and carefully placing the fingertips of her left hand on the lid of the stoneware pot and full of kindness, reaching over her well-endowed bosom, poured me a cup and cooed something almost everytime while doing it, like for example: "If only  
15 the Russians hadn't --", and: "What is happening, Professor, are you still being given your butter ration?" Or: "Father (she meant her husband!) is of exactly the same opinion, you would understand each other marvelously. Too many mistakes and foolish acts were committed by our leaders, it shouldn't  
20 have come to that..."

No, the restlessness which was driving me out of this exceedingly peaceful house had a totally different cause. I was dreaming, I was dreaming every night. There was no development in these dreams because it was always the  
25 same dream which, mind you, did vary when it was a matter of



the subject arrangement and the stage lighting. The hard and fast pattern with which this dream sought me out had only taken shape since I had exchanged my cot in the camp for the pastor's bed.

5           There were nights when I longed to return to the deathlike sleep in the camp. My camp dreams, if I once happened to remember them, were always full of light and pleasant smells, I swam in pools full of wine, ate ten kinds of bread and all kinds of meats or cut slices of salmon right  
10 out of the evening air. But once my new freedom began, I did an about-face in my sleep and marched back to the camp into the SS-unit's kitchen in front of a red-lacquered machine gleaming with chrome -- its base, a cube, over that, a cylinder locked with a circular flat top lid, covered: the  
15 whole thing looked something like a Tibetan idol. Tattered black banners hung down from the rafters -- but I knew: they were SS-coats, they were also lying about on the tiles and silver death's-head moths were crawling and jumping around on the cloth, flying up, then buzzing right by me: death's-head  
20 hornets stung me in the back of the neck, stung me in the same spot, in the same pore. And then the pale, bloody hand cut off at the wrist -- it was there all of a sudden, soaring through the air, poking at the idol's middle as if it were unbuttoning its coat of steel and I looked into the motor,  
25 caught sight of wires and screws: the meat grinder! But then the hand turned around in the air, banked like an airplane,

this hand of flesh and blood; and pointing a finger right at me, touched me -- right between my eyes and I sprang up in bed and screamed out a name, the name of the one to whom this hand had once belonged.

5           It probably only rarely happens that a person becomes our friend before we know his name; that we are as close to him as a twin brother in a mother's womb -- except that the womb here was the night of death. Just after our liberation I found out his name and his home address, he had told me his  
10 profession himself. In that guardhouse kitchen I had given my promise to the dead hand -- not in a dream, but in actual fact on that Easter Saturday morning after the air-raid: that I would avenge him, that I would search out the man and find him, the associate -- my friend was a lawyer -- the man  
15 who had denounced him, gotten him into the camp and then taken his wife, his house and his practice as well. I wanted to squash him with the criminal code like a bug, that's what I had sworn to him and to myself.

20           But I was bone-tired, lulled by the spring air; and as far as my journey for justice was concerned, my Penelope had made me feel just a bit unsure, what with her prophetic outlook for the future, which was to be based on "sincere Christian forgiveness". However, I did finally make the journey, perhaps only because I hoped that my friend's hand  
25 would then leave me in peace in my dreams and I could hand

over my nightly job in front of that machine to someone else, namely to that smooth, unctuous lawyer with his legal knowledge and fashionable life style whom I did in fact finally meet in the house of my slaughtered friend.

5           The nameplate beside the bell still bore the name of the deceased, just above the one now living there whom I acquainted with the reason for my visit -- still wearing my coat, and I didn't take it off either -- without, however, achieving anything more than to have him nod quite  
10 understandingly, offer me a seat and assure me without any further ado that he had actually had to denounce his partner, after warning him futilely a hundred times! His expression froze in tragic dignity for a moment, from within his words the tramp of inexorable fate was heard as he began to go on  
15 about Hegel's philosophy of law and the state: as long as a state exists it has the right to deprive all its enemies, domestic as well as foreign, of power, whether through deprivation of freedom or even, in certain circumstances, through death itself.

20           And then the smile of this specimen washed over me and I could do nothing but mumble and stare at his goldblond, meticulously trimmed little moustache. When I informed him -- this time after a longish introduction, as if it were the proper thing to break the news to him gently -- that his  
25 partner had died in the camp, his head remained in the same position, bent a bit toward the right shoulder -- and I

heard: "Oh!", and then "I am sorry", and finally: "But we know how that is": the law works like clockwork in times like these and not just at times like those!"

5 When I gave him a nod showing him I understood: yes, unfortunately that is the way things work and perhaps he would find this out for himself because I would have to report my friend's death, and at the same time, report him, his partner and informer, he then got up with a smile, stretched out his arms and cried: "Go ahead! That speaks  
10 for you! But it will get you nowhere. You will only reveal who your friend really was. The way things stand --"

I wasn't listening any more, I went out the door, through a crowd of clients -- the last words of the obviously very popular lawyer rang in my ears all the way home to the  
15 little university town and my little house which on my return, having cleared it without even asking me beforehand of the tenants billeted there by the authorities, they had just put at my disposal.

"The way things stand --": From day to day I  
20 realized more clearly how they did stand. My attempt to bring about justice now looked to me like foolishness. What did I expect? This man who had been schooled by his conscience and by Hegel had wanted to take care of an incorrigible enemy of the state -- nothing more and nothing  
25 less. Indeed, he had sacrificed his friend for his country.

The wife of the deceased had approved of this decision, turned from her husband and had looked for help to this man of conscience. His office was jammed with seekers of justice, he enjoyed the confidence of his fellow citizens and probably even of the occupation authorities. Furthermore, the first victim of conscience was dead, this second one, however, was still alive and therefore had the advantage over the rebel who had been killed by Russian bombs: he would be able to defend himself and be defended, and in the process, could show the dead man in a light which would make him an object of pity and consign him to oblivion.

"The way things stand", a good acquaintance also said, a professor of law, to whom I had presented the case. He shook his head with resignation. When I started at his "rebus sic stantibus" and grabbed at my neck -- I could feel the sting of the death's-head hornets again -- he then said: "Well now, justice! That is -- was -- something for young writers -- once, ages ago."

Certain realizations hurt us to the core, but we cleverly let the scars heal and they now ache but seldom, vaguely, like old wounds when the weather suddenly changes -- but it can happen that psychological wounds like that, apparently healed, suddenly break open. I knew as well as my friend, the legal savant, that Justice itself also had come into its own and that its own had received it not.

But at that point in time I simply would not accept this unbearable truth. I called out my dead friend's name softly, leaned forward and cried. That is to say my chin and shoulders shook as if I had propped my arms on a machine, a heavy machine, idling.

The law professor thought that I was having a fit of the shivers. I went along with it, however, I did ask him to stay on as I was determined to tell him about "the affair" -- in case he wanted to listen -- the affair of my friend, the lawyer, about a good many other things as well where I often didn't know for sure whether it had taken place before or after my time in camp, if it were cause or effect, punishment for my searching for and finding justice or a game of demonic power or even just a chance mistake: "For example, my arrest -- here in this room; my wife had already been dead for more than a year, my son in a punishment squad -- oh, you hadn't heard yet? -- yes, he never kept his mouth shut, couldn't keep it shut, that's how he was. And when I found out what they had done to him, I for once didn't keep my mouth shut either, not because I wanted to be just as brave as my son -- oh no, I was never brave. I just cried out in pain like a pet dog unexpectedly given a kick by his master. Then when they came to arrest me I even had to laugh at first, for I assumed that the legal arm had made a mistake and when they forbade me to laugh -- yes, that they did -- I explained to them that they were acting foolishly, in fact hurting

themselves, if they were about to turn a loyal citizen, devoted to the regime out of cowardice, into a resistance fighter, and that, unwillingly. Then they laid their hands on me, I never knew before what this expression meant. And all the other expressions with hidden meanings which now take on meaning and life: Gestapo, arrest, getting ready -- I mean to leave home -- the conviction, removal to jail: the whole dry philology of the police. I had to cram a lot in the first weeks in order to work my way through this subject-matter, passed one exam after the other, however, everything went automatically because the vibrator, that is the conveyor belt, kept dragging me further into the system like skin for tanning, like a butchered pig...

Really, it shouldn't have come to that, my pastor's wife thought so, too, with whom I -- what's the difference! She just thought that so many mistakes and foolish acts on the part of the leadership shouldn't have occurred from which it can be seen what unorthodox ideas about the state she entertained. And that is because she, although a German citizen, still didn't have enough Hegel in her blood. But what gives me the right to sneer at this Christian Penelope when I myself didn't stop brooding during the first weeks of camp, trying with all my might to look upon the state with the eyes of a philosopher? True, it was perverted in its inner-workings, but it was in essence nevertheless a state,

with all the consequences a subject of the state might expect. And not only had I called the rebels of July 20th "careless" as did my pastor's wife, I had actually doubted inwardly the lawfulness of their act in launching their  
5 attack. For that had been drilled into me from the first moment of my intellectual anesthetization: that every state has the right to sacrifice the part for the whole, in this respect it proves itself a child of nature, quick to learn, that was the logic used ...

10 And so I would push my barrow before me in the camp, exchange a few words with the person next to me, would feel the cold -- especially in my feet and between my shoulder blades, my coveralls were thin. And the gravel in the barrow made me think of the incessant hunger as if it were gravel in  
15 the stomach. In my thoughts the ideas presented to me about the nature of the state turned little by little into gravel as well, became millions of small, smooth, impenetrable facts -- you carted them back and forth in your mind and at the same time felt like an animal disoriented through some sort  
20 of injury.

"Good", sighed my listener, "that's how everyone felt at that time. But carry on."

25 "After my time in the camp I often took a backward look, in my thoughts I passed over these months quickly, over this flat, open, icy wasteland, that radiated out in all directions. But whenever I force myself to look back and



into myself, to remember, I discover how a frost painting forms over the death zone below me, that windowpane to the underworld, and how everything frozen, everything lethal is etched by its lines, absorbed into its pattern.

5           In 1945 Easter fell on the first of April; it was still bitter cold on Good Friday. I particularly remember this day because the frost penetrated my hands and feet like nails and I thought about the cross on Golgotha; I threw light on the cross from all sides and followed the shadow it  
10           threw far back into historical time, both ahead and back. Suddenly I found myself before the forty thousand crosses of slaves around Enna, then before the cross of Spartacus, saw Marshal Crassus -- saw him standing there only ten steps away from me, cleanly shaven, perfumed and powdered, bemedalled  
15           and his flabby corpulence corseted up: a kind of official visit -- a staff of escorts -- all with the expressions of committee members for a leper colony. We stood, frozen stiff, for two hours in the parade square, each of us supporting the other with elbow and hips until Crassus came  
20           and left again after five minutes, waddled away from there; the state in jackboots, the deus terrenus obscenus, the butcher, the executioner -- I had finally reached that point: free of my past, and without philosophizing, I saw this state for what it was! The cross and Crassus had enlightened me.  
25           From far and near came the moaning of the crosses, the

whispering of dry lips, the death rattle of the final breath. Then I realized: the rustling came from the leaves on the ground where the east wind was raging. We stood there, swaying like blades of grass and at the same time, trembling. 5 These were two distinctly different movements, and perhaps the trembling prevented us from falling over as we swayed.

At that moment I awoke abruptly from my Good Friday visions. One single word pulled me back into reality, that was: meat! Within me, a cornucopia of extremely pleasant 10 memories burst open: wooden tables under chestnut trees, pewter plates, a so-called hunter's sausage, head cheese, salami, garlic sausage! The gravel in my stomach rolled, my ears pricked up as if I were a dog looking up at a bit of meat in my master's hand and I heard that word again: meat - 15 meat grinder -- repair -- step forward -- and I actually leaped forward, started to stumble and almost fell down. Yet I was still able to feel surprised that everyone didn't step forward out of the ranks at one and the same time, that not all of them took off down the path to the guards' barracks, 20 the only place where this marvel could be found: meat! -- My first thought was that the machine had probably broken down in the middle of its operation and that some of the ground stuffing was still lying inside -- which I roughly imagined to be some kind of meat grinder. I smelt the aroma of thyme 25 and garlic, my stomach snapped at it, drove me to it.

Then I heard, as I was staggering along, the voice of the man next to me who had volunteered as well -- yes, right, and thank God! -- the voice of someone who understood something about such machines. For, it's hard to believe, it only just occurred to me that I had never even seen such an object and would be more capable of getting a lame man through some miracle to run than a defective motor. And so I looked at my fellow repairman, sizing him up, I only knew him from a distance: a real beanpole even if he was snapped in the middle. But his nose -- a great beak! His face had an audacious expression with cleft wrinkles alongside mouth and nose, he had a distant stare, I thought about what he had asked me. Not only my feet, my thoughts, too, had taken on a slow waddle-like way of walking.

And then I asked him under my breath, a blockhead was marching less than ten paces behind us: what was it you just asked? And he: "What do you do -- I mean for a living?" And I: "Oh! Historian - that is --", I thought he didn't know what that was and wanted to explain it to him. But he beat me to it and hissed: "You damn fool!" I shrugged my shoulders, and he, two paces later': "Well who's going to repair this shit machine then?" And I: "Well aren't you -- well what are you?" "Barrister, lawyer, if it's any of your business, you dummy. That's what I get for depending on someone else -- once again!" I then asked him encouragingly if he didn't understand anything at all about machines, if he

hadn't owned a car? "Yes," he snarled, "but along with it, a chauffeur! And a wife. Anyway: a car is not a meat grinder. And you probably can't even drive a car." I exclaimed: "Me? For God's sake!" And then I asked very quietly, looking at the dirt road which led past the flowerbeds to the guards' quarters: "Well what on earth are we going to do?" He turned his face towards me slowly: "It would be more to the point to ask: what they are going to do to us!" After that he spat.

I felt all of a sudden a tightening in the region of my kidneys, his spitting irritated me. I silently pointed to the borders where pyramids made of slats and straw mats stood in orderly intervals, apparently for the protection of roses or similar delicate plants. It looked so neat, so solid, attended with such expert and fatherly care. I made up a porthole in time, I was looking back -- through the window of my home onto the garden displays in the city park when peace still reigned -- when people were still tending to plants -- but after all, here they were, still tending to plants -- probably roses! In my mind I wanted them to be roses, I fantasized about their colours, dewdrops -- and without any transition I now also imagined men in black uniforms, standing in front of these dewdrenched roses and then asked, again only in my mind, so I thought: if our fear wasn't --? if then these rose trees which were so carefully protected

weren't --? if under their uniforms these people didn't --?  
if our lack of knowledge of the meat grinder would really --?  
Then I jumped! From what my fellow prisoner said, I gathered  
I had been thinking out loud.

5 We talked under our breath, almost without moving our  
lips, we repeated some words and our jabbering must have  
seemed to the watchman, marching ten paces behind us, as  
though he were dealing with an assortment of deaf-mutes,  
paralytics and throat cases. A miracle that he even allowed  
10 a conversation! Maybe he wasn't even listening at all; or  
the vibration of our voices sounded so insignificant to his  
ears that he simply ignored it. What did we mean anyway to  
this well-fed, well-padded, autonomous slave!

Dawn broke. I drew a deep breath and realized that I  
15 was shivering -- with cold, I talked myself into believing  
it. And then, even more quietly, and now and then blowing my  
nose, I asked the shadow beside me: "Have you ever seen a  
machine like this? I mean, if we're put in the SS-kitchen  
now -- we really have to walk up to the thing."

20 "It won't be a piece of cake, you doughhead", I  
noticed how he looked at me, "at any rate, you are to hold  
your tongue for the time being and look important, you're  
really good at that. And you leave the matter to me. I mean  
really: a historian! But that's my luck: always the wrong  
25 partner!" And after a while: "The other partner, my  
associate, who is sitting in my office now and lying in bed

with my wife, he quartered me in here -- yes, something like that does happen, but only because there happened to be someone like me. For years I thought that fusspot was an honourable man, you see." He snorted through his nose. "And you I took for an engineer! And I fell in line behind you only because of your know-it-all look. But now you had better get behind me and do what I tell you to do. I sometimes get the silly notion for five minutes at a time that I'll make it through all this -- just so I can meet up with my partner again -- and my wife -- that's why!"

I ought to mention further that the lawyer and I were shuffling along in the ordinary camp clogs, otherwise our work on the meat grinder would have finished before we had even started with the repairs. For as my helpmate walked up to the machine with the casual confidence of an expert, placing his hand in a proprietary way on the lid, on the hat of the Tibetan idol, he flew into the air and, before he even landed, thundered out a curse that rang through the shed. For a moment there was silence, then the kitchen rumbled and tumbled from the laughter of the blockheads who slapped their thighs and turned red with delight. But right after that their boisterousness wore off: the back of my fellow prisoner, curved like a toy bow, sprang back upright as if the electrical shock had cut the tendon which made his six-foot, five-inch frame bend forward. He seized the wire of

the electric cables and tugged on it with such force that the plug popped out of the wall and the contact clamps in the machine gave way, and with the same gesture he threw the wire far from him, one might have thought it was a snake. "Watch it!" threatened one of the blockheads, but the other uniformed men were still laughing. "What do you mean -- watch it?" he shouted. "Am I supposed to repair the meat grinder or go to the electric chair? Well, all right then, everything in its turn! First of all, the machine has to be repaired, then we'll see. Here's what I need: wrenches, tractable screw-wrenches, pliers, screwdrivers, hammers! Let's go, hurry up, move it now!" This list of tools and his urging them to hurry up made it sound as if we were the masters and the uniformed men the apprentices. My mouth and eyes opened wide, I couldn't believe it: the men in jackboots rushed out, scooted around the doorposts. He glared at me and snarled: "You see? They'll obey anybody!" But then he explained to me that the miracle about which he had spoken could hardly be counted on. What other choice did we have: one full evening's entertainment, probably the last.

We fiddled around with the machine. "Smell that", he murmured excitedly, "there's stuff still in there! If only I could get this damned lid off!" He got it off. But then the door banged open. Two uniformed men heaved in a hamper and except for a blacksmith's sledgehammer and crowbar, the

basket contained everything that a plumber requires for his work, even a drill with a rotary crank. We looked around in the basket, he whispered: "That tool there really looks ingenious, what all we could do with it! This deep-rooted scepticism at our fingertips. If only we had read a Do-it-yourself instead of Dante!"

His voice faded.

Then he pulled himself up to his full height again and explained to those in uniform: This is all well and good, but now I'll still need a dark drop-sheet, black if possible, otherwise in this dim lighting -- you should scrounge up a powerful flashlight -- yes, otherwise the smaller parts could get lost when we dismantle the machine. At any rate, I don't see very well and on these speckled tiles here -- it would be best if we would spread out a few coats, they are actually uniform black. What's more, I need paper, graph paper -- and a pencil -- and a ruler -- and an eraser -- he kept listing all sorts of things which he said were a matter of urgent necessity, "in order to take inventory of the interior parts of the machine". His mode of expression grew more and more bureaucratic and pompous from sentence to sentence until he had the gall to demand pure alcohol. And in case it shouldn't be available -- he really didn't want to take it from sick bay -- a proper schnapps and cotton would also do, "that's because of the gobbledegook in cubiculo aereis which easily occurs during an oil change",



this machine is unfortunately too fancy.

The uniformed men looked at each other, one was already on his way out the door, the one next to him held him back and asked how much schnapps and what proof it should be?

5           And my lawyer, with great forbearance: "Well, see what you can do! Whatever you have. But please, no potato-schnapps because of the Bezettelin acids it contains. Think about the Nernst heat theorem and absolute zero for which -- both of us -- have to be prepared if need be. I do what I can, but you know as well: nemo ultra posse obligatur!" It was splendid, his mockery flew right over the heads of these rabbit brains. And perhaps he wasn't even aiming it at them, but rather at himself or at the powers which had landed him here.

15           "Still lots inside!" he mumbled, almost before our uniformed assistants had left, "here, quickly!" He lifted the lid from the cylinder, reached in, filled both of my hands with the meat paste. I bent my head over it and gobbled. "Quick, into your pockets, fill up all your pockets!" He, too, was chewing, gobbling and panting, then he shouted at me: "Wipe your mouth! And your nose! Man, historian, I feel like a bear that's just eaten a calf. But chew it, chew it or else it'll tear you apart -- yes, that's also why a little bit of schnapps would be just the thing right now."

25           Right after that he seized hold of some wrenches and

started to dismantle the thick, steel-sheet cover hiding the motor. The blockheads actually brought in some uniform coats -- and three right away -- that I immediately spread out on the tiles. Another one laid a sheet of graph paper on the kitchen table and on it, a ruler, a pencil and -- believe it or not! -- an eraser. A third came a little later with schnapps and cotton, a fourth, with a flashlight -- their organization was as always first class.

He accepted everything with an appreciative nod. The machine was anchored to a cement block. Furthermore, since it was placed in a corner of the room, my -- what should I call him? -- crony found himself behind a type of fortification as he bent down and shone the lamp into the motor he had uncovered in the meantime. There he plonked himself down and spoke to the motor with the indignation of an expert. I walked over to him and saw how he loosened and unscrewed a few nuts. After that he handed me the parts out of the bowels of the motor and added: "Gorgon-plate A. Jot that down!" -- "Watch it! Mutterling to Maeterling!" -- "And here, be careful! The main socket!"

I could have bawled him out, but I was afraid that our watchmen, for the present, looking on with a bit of sympathy, would ask questions. But they were soon going in and out, standing around, talking with each other, one pointed to the electrical lamp and the windows which weren't darkened, the others shrugged their shoulders, swung their

arms contemptuously and went out the door -- except for one. The last of our guards appeared to be sleepy. He watched how I wrote down on the graph paper every syllable uttered to me and asked, as he gaped with an astonishment that fairly crackled, how long this could take.

"Until we're finished." I noticed right away that the voice behind the cement block sounded more cheery, livelier -- the schnapps! I bent down low over the table and while I felt the watchman's eyes glaring at my neck, I drew a few symbols and numbers with the pencil. They were executed with painstaking precision and meant nothing. In my dreams that I had as a result of this night, I saw blackboards full of characters that then flickered away in meaningless squiggles as soon as I tried to read them. And I almost think that the fear which made it so hard for me to breathe that evening in the SS-kitchen consisted more of being in the clutches of futility than in the fear of becoming exposed by that fool behind me. What's more, you have to remember the way I was sitting there: my stomach and pockets full of a sausage-like paste. The meat mixture, chopped up but not yet cooked, made me think of food which had already been digested. Mostly to get rid of my pockets' contents, I time after time stuffed a handful in my mouth, but I hardly got down the globules of fat when I choked, swallowed and finally had to wipe the cold sweat from my brow. At the same time I could feel how the grease slowly saturated my pockets'

lining, full of holes, and how it smeared the skin between my thighs. The guard had already gone outside a while ago. I sidled up to my ally and watched him raise the bottle to his lips.

5 "Don't do that!", I pleaded with him, "you can already tell how much you've had. And then what?"

"Then we'll play the French horn on the meat grinder!" He snickered and at the same time stuck a tool into the motor, pulled at the handle with both hands and using it like a crowbar, he pushed down on a piece of iron equipment I couldn't see. When nothing moved, he grabbed the bottle again, drank and passed it to me, but I went right back to the table to my graph paper and listened to what came out of the night: voices, empty laughter from the guards' rec-room -- not a French horn! Why did he mention that instrument of all others... For suddenly I was back at the opera "Freischutz", my wife to my right, our son to my left - and the boy's mouth close to my ear: "We should rework that, the whole thing!" -- Then his voice pulled me back into the SS-kitchen.

20 He was talking to a screw which somewhere still held the motor to its housing: "But where is it hiding? Where?" He was practically whimpering. "I just have to find it. But how am I supposed to find it if the motor doesn't want to come out? And how is it supposed to come out if this screw is holding it in? But how do I get hold of this bloody screw

25

if the motor isn't first turned on its side? Oh, yes, you fool, there has to be a trick to it -- or fate?" -- he raised his voice: "A fate sent and delivered by a single inaccessible screw, nowhere to be found! But wouldn't that have been -- that would've been easy -- it would've been unfair! The war could be over any day, at any hour, and me -- such a stupid thing can't just fall into my lap -- a screw like that -- such a stupid machine! An apprentice could repair it -- a loose contact somewhere, I've heard that often enough -- but where? Remove the motor, that's what's called for: out! All nuts out -- nuts? -- the plural is nuts isn't it? And somewhere in this whole mess there's a nut like that and you can't get at it..."

The words ended in a gurgling noise, then there was the sound of glass clinking against metal. I glanced toward the kitchen door and rubbed my brow with a finger as if I had to recall something. An insect hummed monotonously insistent around the lamp in the exposed rafters of the kitchen. I heard how my ally was now talking about his mother, almost babbling, and instead of removing the motor, he was talking about house construction, about a beautiful house, the most beautiful in the city -- "and then Diana, light-footed goddess, moon and stars and --"

Right after that I heard the clanging of a hammer -- right in the motor. He shouted while doing it, swallowed his words. I only understood a little: knock on their door:

either way! -- and as soon as he saw them: either way! -- and he'd fix their bastard too, if they had one: out! and get out!

5 A grinding noise engulfed his voice, there was a harsh, toneless thud right after that. My ally laughed, swayed and with a childlike singsong to his voice, he called out: "I've got it out, got it out!"

10 I quickly glanced to the door -- at any moment one or two or all of them together could rush in. Now, as he assured me vehemently, he wanted to start to figure out the facts of the matter -- everything was analysis -- not one wire was to remain untouched.

15 I didn't succeed in getting through to him in his drunkenness. Again and again I glanced at the door. Now I saw him slowly getting up, groaning, the iron mass of the motor in front of his chest that wouldn't have been too heavy for a healthy man. He lifted it, over and above his head -- "this was ridiculous" -- trembling all over, came running up in small steps and finally, with a burst of laughter, chucked it into the hamper onto the hand tools.

20 I felt my tongue grow heavy. I placed my finger on my lips, pointed to the kitchen door and whispered: "We're up the creek now!"

25 "What is it?" he mumbled, looking around in a circle, I realized that he didn't know where he was any more. "So;

up the creek! Of course, why not! What else could I have done? Take legal action? Me? Sue them? A machine?"

5 His head thrown back, he roared unexpectedly up at the rafters so that his silhouette criss-crossed through the kitchen: over the stove and tables and the brightly scrubbed pots as if everything should be crossed out, checked off for now and for always. Right after that he was orating and directing his words with a wrench: "Even the steed which once Diana, naked --"

10 As he was still reciting the verse, we could hear them drawing near: plodding steps, mumbling and, in between, rasping. There was a crash: the kitchen door flung back against its own panel, a half-dozen, a dozen in uniform pushed in, hesitated, streamed closer. I escaped to my table, tried to stand at attention, raised my chin, but not my eyes -- I couldn't do it. So I only saw the boots, how they surrounded us at first in a semi-circle and how they then, as if they could free themselves from the floor only with difficulty, pressed a hand's width forward -- and yet another, but not everyone at once -- and how the semi-circle became more crowded...

20 "What's going on here?" someone shouted, only the last word could be properly understood. The kitchen things were hidden, caught in the shadowy outlines of the rafters. It seemed to me as if the silence was getting thicker, then I heard the monotonous buzzing -- the insect up there under the

25

lamp globe I didn't dare look up at. And his voice already starting up, my friend's voice, clear and uninhibited: "Oh, my fat little sweetie, yes, I mean you little greaseball, do you believe in Dante's Beatrice? If this prize package didn't -- when he descended into hell, if she really didn't send him to hell so that she-he-he-he", he split his sides laughing through the word that was probably supposed to be "heaven" and tried to complete the sentence in ten different ways.

Some of the jackboots had come forward and retreated a hand's breadth again, other jackboots wriggled their toes as if they had to look at and question one another. Then the kitchen door flew open with a bang once again and a voice burst in, ordering an immediate black-out and tossing the words "air-raid warning" into the confusion like a hot potato. The jackboots lifted their heels, ran, stamped, turned around on their own axis. I now dared raise my eyes and saw how the ones in uniform, shouldering each other, pushed themselves through the door, now much too narrow, stomach to stomach, waving their arms about, shouting. The threats they threw at us -- swinish saboteurs! -- were unambiguous, they fell on us along with the darkness which was dumped on us with a flick of the switch as the last of them fled the room.



In the excitement and fear of those preceding minutes I was just barely aware of the nausea, filling me up from my stomach. Now the meat mixture was lying again cold and prickly in my stomach, I doubled up with pain. Doing this, I hit my forehead on the edge of the stove in the darkness and as I laboriously straightened up and leaned on the burner, I held something in my hand: a carving knife. Hardly had my fingers taken hold of the blade when my thoughts stirred anew -- and as I tested the knife's point with my fingertip, I made my decision -- not to let the skulls and crossbones take me alive. The arteries opened -- there was certainly still warm water on the stove -- put your hands in -- "Seneca" -- I mumbled his name -- "an easy, the easiest way to die", I whispered as if I were standing beside my body and encouraging it.

Then I heard the drunkard's voice, it came from somewhere in the dark, quietly swaying on moth's wings as it were, he obviously smiled at his words: "In the midst of cool, fluid crystal! But when I saw my nut-brown shepherdess, how she removed the veil from her blond hair --"

I knew then I couldn't get through to him -- it was futile to tell him my decision. I groped my way over to him, then the light beam from his flashlight stood between us. I struck out at the searchlight, shouted: "Turn the light off! Don't you hear it?"

The sound I had believed to be insects buzzing a half an hour ago was now hovering right over us. He let the beam of light fall on the hamper -- like a sword -- and he said coldly and precisely as if he had sobered up for a second:  
5 "Out!" There was a clicking noise, the night fell upon us once again.

I whispered, tried to make it clear to him that we somehow had to sneak away. He didn't answer, a while later he yawned extensively, for a long time. I stretched my hand  
10 out to him, searching, shaking him by the shoulders and letting him know what this rat-pack would do to us if it returned after the air-raid warning. "Rat-pack!" He repeated the word a few times, then laughed quietly, and interrupted by hiccups, "you're right there -- the rat Diana  
15 -- the blond rat --"

I shook him again, urged him on: Over there, that grey square, that's a window -- or maybe it would be better to end it all right here? I had a sharp knife in my hand, here -- I wanted to pass it to him and yet he gestured his  
20 rejection, immediately called out and swore at me: he had wounded his hand on the knife. He grabbed it and threw it in a corner.

Now I tried to drag him away with me over to the window -- we had to decide, I shouted the word in his ear.  
25 But he got away in one go, mumbled: Decide? Everything had long since been decided. He would do nothing more -- about

this -- no more! Besides there was still something left in the bottle -- well then!

"Tit for tat", he recited and I thought it was meant for me, however, I gathered from what he said then, he was speaking to the world in general.

I gave up. My panic drove me away. I groped my way to the window, opened it, climbed out and moved further along outside on all fours. When my eyes had become accustomed to the darkness -- the sky was heavily overcast -- I found I was crawling around in some sort of vegetable garden. Just in front of me loomed something like a megalithic grave: a compost heap -- my fingers, and even more clearly my nose told me, whereas my sense of hearing was directed toward the grinding noise in the sky. My wife's drowning, warning voice bubbled up in my memory -- I saw how she ran down the street -- on the left, the railway embankment; on the right, the barracks; above, the planes -- and how she was hit -- I heard my son who was with her to the very end: human bodies bouncing around -- in the air, the fighter planes -- howling of the engines -- shots.

A bomb cut through the air like a siren and landed near me. The compost heap lay approximately eighty feet away from the kitchen. I huddled my body which just fifteen minutes ago I had wanted to get rid of into the side of the heap away from the kitchen, burying my head in the mass: it

was made up of garbage left-overs, paper, cans, as well as dirt. Maybe the bomb had fallen on the barracks -- on the crematorium. No defense possible! The guys up there in their coffee grinders could take their time. They circled, searched -- the grinding, buzzing sound of the machines tickled the silence until it suddenly burst into piercing laughter. I crept to the edge of the mound: the light from the kitchen window stabbed into the night with six square sails. The drunkard had probably been looking for the bottle of schnapps, not found his flashlight and therefore switched the whole ceiling lighting on. And I already felt it above me: a shoveling -- howling -- whistling -- digging, there was a crash, the ground flew up. The noise blocked up my ears like an overthick plug and then broke up, flaked in silence like tinder. I had been shaken about, picked up, wrapped up at the same time -- in this very silence which pressed down so heavily on my head and chest that I could hardly breathe.

I don't know how long it took until I had figured out my situation: because of the explosion's air-pressure, the megalithic grave of compost had slid and shifted and covered me up once more. It's lucky that the heap consisted of more than earth. I succeeded in boring an airhole with my hands. For the time being I remained lying down and thought about what I should do. I heard someone running by -- intermittent, drawn out cries from a distance: commands,

responses. It was clear to me: I had to play dead and I thought of the one in the kitchen and hoped he was dead.

Very soon, footsteps crowded in from every side, I heard scraps of words, all kinds of noises. The voices of prisoners and those of their guards are easy to tell apart. I could detect right away that was jackboot-voices which were shouting and screaming, cursing and swearing, yelling out questions and names. The kitchen, as far as I could make out from the agitated running back and forth, was nothing but a pile of rubble.

The babble of voices moved off, I already assumed that everyone had left, then -- a voice quite close, like a cautious iron poker, searching for a few embers: "Karle --? What do you think --? The Russians -- here soon --, something is from one day to the next --" As a response to that, a throat being cleared, mumbling, I only understood, "Clear out!"

At first there wasn't a sound and again the cautious one: "Well then, move it!" They departed, I could still pick up the words: "Lock up -- sparklers -- everything made of wood.

I lay partly on my right side, like a foetus curled up to the heart. My breathing was heavy, but not really because of the weight I felt on me, but it was this stench that enveloped me and that sausage mixture in my stomach! --

I was afraid I might vomit and choke to death on the contents of my own stomach. I broke out in a sweat again. I felt my face being tickled by the drops running down, I finally realized: what was really running down my skin were bugs which apparently thought I was compost. The tickling sensation and the nausea kept me wide-awake: "Sparklers" -- my memory suddenly uttered the word which had been grunted, and "lock up" and "everything made of wood"? What I just now had not comprehended, now stood before my eyes. They want to blow the camp up in the air or set it on fire in the coming night when we're sleeping, on Easter night.

I thought of my friend in the bombed out kitchen. He is dead or else they would've found him, I would've heard his voice, his shouts... And I was consoled by the fact that he was dead. "The rat Diana" -- what a phrase - did I make that up here on the compost heap or --? I asked myself if I was feverish -- if I was fantasizing. But I had to admit: this friend did exist and so did his fate, it was lying on top of me and weighing me down like this great waste heap. Wasn't it my obligation to see that justice was done him -- his memory -- his good name?

I can't tell any more how the time passed this night, whether I slept for hours or lay there lost in unconsciousness. Whichever: my consciousness had decided to lie in wait. I heard voices, -- it must have been morning already -- they sounded tired, short, disjointed and muted.

I paid quick attention, picked up commands, cursing, shouts and I got an idea of what was going on outside: the bomb craters were being filled up with dirt, rails were being put down, trucks were rolling by.

5 I don't know how much longer I lay there, again half unconscious, there was a grinding noise close to the top of my head -- it must have been a hoe -- a spade -- shovels. I screamed as if they had already hit me, pushed my knees away from me, my arms, raised my head and gazed up into the morning light and at the same moment into some startled, pale  
10 faces from which the words "Man, oh man!" dropped down on me. They lifted me up. But no sooner was I sitting up on the heap when I noticed a uniformed man come rushing over on the dirt road bordered with flowerbeds, a whistle in his mouth  
15 which shrilled in the morning stillness with each gasp of breath of the running man.

The black, thin figure, leaping rather than running, had, so it appeared to me, only one objective: me.

20 The silence of my fellow prisoners seemed to me to express the same thing. Then I suddenly screamed: "Kill him!", and was just about to continue my shouting out of fear, but...

25 -- the man with the whistle who came leaping toward our group turned -- not on his heels, but as one of my fellow prisoners said: on a fart -- around in the air and ran back

down the bordered path as if he had caught sight of death. He ran and continued to blow staccato-like on his whistle. In the distance a loudspeaker clattered. We listened with our necks craned, but the wind swept the voices apart and away from there. We held our breath. Each noise rising in the distance was of great importance to us: the prolonged honking, sputtering noises from the starter, whistles again. Whenever car doors were slammed shut some of us started. We stood there like that until someone, after quiet thought, said: "They're clearing out." Into our silence soared the high, trembling voice of an old man: "God, canst thou still speak to us!" A man, still young, hurled away his hoe, threw himself on the ground and, legs in the air, slapped himself on the behind with both hands and challenged "all skulls-and-crossbones types of the world" to "kiss my ass" -- at that he writhed in laughter on the ground. The older ones among us remained quiet, looking at the laughing man one moment, and then, into the distance where the noises were coming from, somebody said: "Buy why? They wouldn't run away without doing something to us first -- that would be just -- that would be abnormal!"

Others pointed out the conduct of the man with the whistle. He probably had had orders to bring us back to the others in the shack or lead us to the secondary road so that we could march with them to the West. And then this robot, as he was already leaping so close to us, heard from the



loudspeaker that -- it must have been that -- the Russians were moving in. We looked at each other, grinned cautiously, heartened each other with a nod, whispered: yes, of course, the Russians! But at the same time we kept shyly looking  
5 around as if someone was there who was listening in to check our expressions. "Leave this hell" - the pale, little old man was weeping now.

Finally I slid down from my garbage dump, waddled and crawled over the holes and stones to the kitchen. The  
10 roofing tiles on the roof beam had come off, the rafters were hanging down, partly broken off, rafters and laths were lying around, smashed and dashed, it looked as if a fist had slammed down on a half-full matchbox. I climbed over the rubble, scaled through potholes. From a rafter which was  
15 still in place, a black banner was fluttering in the morning wind, one of the SS-coats which we had used as a drop-sheet for the motor's parts. The air-pressure had swept the stove clean, the aluminum pots lay on the floor -- but something was still on the burner, something yellowish, bloody -- a  
20 piece of meat. After a while I dared to recognize the thing: it was a hand. My gorge rose -- or my heart, I don't know. My teeth clenched together, I stretched out my hand and with it touched the other hand. I closed my eyes. When I opened them again, my glance fell on the corner of the kitchen: it  
25 was still there, the cement pedestal where the machine stood

-- still stood: a monument to reliability. I tried to remember something long gone by, like a historical event: this dead hand had dismantled the machine's motor -- right in front of the watchmen. As if I were in need of a witness, I  
5 looked up at the rafters, hanging down threateningly. And then I was gripped with fear, something could come loose and plunge down on my head -- but nothing did fall.

I called to mind the ancient Greek who climbed into the open air, from a house that was caving in, as the only  
10 one not injured and remembered his words in my mind: "Zeus, to what end have you spared me!" But then I shook my head vehemently and looked once again at the solitary hand on the top burner. I will go to your wife, I thought, I will ... your partner -- I will -- the grinder will -- never again may  
15 we --

My thoughts were creeping, staggering like my feet. Finally I realized that two comrades were carrying me arm in arm along the flowered borders.

In the afternoon the Russians came.

## TRANSLATOR'S NOTES

In this section a number of the varied problems encountered during the translation of "Die Maschine" will be examined in greater detail. As with any work of this nature, countless difficulties, both syntactical and lexical, arise. The translations highlighted here are the ones I found particularly challenging and interesting.

With a simple two-word title like "Die Maschine", you would not think that translating the name of this story would prove to be a problem. A reading of the original work makes it clear that the machine in question is actually a "Wurstmaschine". The literal translation "sausage machine" is impossible, and trying to combine the ideas of an apparatus used for producing a type of meat as well as an allegorical reference to a powerful, dominating state intended by the author, I decided to use the term "meat grinder" (page 11, line 25). In order to remain consistent, I employed this translation throughout the story. When "Wurst" reappears as an "object of desire", I again chose "meat" (page 20, line 9) as it expresses more than the word "sausage" does in English.

Several other lexical complications had to be contended with, including finding an appropriate translation for "Strafkompagnie". Incorporating the military ideas of

chastisement and a group of men, the phrase "punishment squad" (page 9, line 21) was decided upon.

As the compound noun "Rüttelbrett" could not be found in the dictionary, it was apparently invented by Andres in order to describe the motion of this conveyor belt more vividly. I selected the unpretentious word "vibrator" (page 17, line 11) to convey the notion of a "shaking" apparatus.

Another noun "Inzitationen" also seems to be a creation of the author. This word appears in the stage of the narrative where the lawyer, under the influence of alcohol, attempts to impress and convince the guards of his mechanical knowledge. He has, however, no such knowledge and just throws in multi-syllable, foreign words as he tries to bluff his way through. The fact that he is quickly becoming intoxicated also plays a role here. "Gobbledegook" (page 26, line 25) conjures up similar thoughts, and although it is an existent noun, it is often used to illustrate an indefinable substance.

A unique problem involved a play on the German word "Mutter", meaning either mother or nut, as in a nut and screw, and its two different plurals -- "Mütter" and "Muttern" respectively. This effect could not be identically achieved in the English version because neither mother nor nut are at any time interchangeable. As the situation where this dilemma occurs centers around the repairing of the grinder, I simply adhered to the word "nut" (page 31, lines

11-12) and its plural and did not purposely attempt to create my own play on words although the plural "nuts", meaning insane or crazy, does seem to maintain the stylistic intent of the author.

"Daß auch die Gerechtigkeit in ihr Eigentum kam und nicht aufgenommen wurde" is part of a sentence in the original which reveals Andres' religious ties and therefore, knowledge of the bible is required in order to be able to properly express this in the target language. The translation "Justice itself also had come into its own and that its own had received it not" (page 15, lines 24-25) parallels the German idea drawing from the language of the King James version of the bible.

Certain phrases or colloquial expressions also proved in their own way to be challenging, especially when you want to re-create a similar language and comprehension niveau. One particular statement, "Es wird kein Heu da sein, du Ochse", posed a problem as it appears to be a saying characteristic of a specific region of Germany. Directed by the lawyer to the principal character, it is uttered at a point when he is somewhat exasperated with his so-called ally and the seemingly hopeless situation. A word for word translation is not feasible, so I made use of the colloquial saying, "It won't be a piece of cake, you doughhead" (page 23, line 20) which transmits the emotion at much the same

level.

Another such phrase "stundenlang und kreuzweise", is difficult to reproduce as it is in fact an intensification of the colloquial expression "du kannst mich stundenlang und kreuzweise". The meaning of this fragment is, however, completely clear to the native German reader. The English translation is blunt and to the point and would not be as self-explanatory in a fragmentary form. Consequently, "kiss my ass" (page 42, line 15) appears in its entirety, leaving no room for misinterpretation.

Complexities of a syntactical nature require special attention as well. One example, part of a series of sentence fragments, is as follows: "ob unsre Angst nicht --?" German grammar does not require the inclusion of a verb here in order to make sense, whereas a verb is vital and mandatory in English for a satisfactory understanding of the idea. I added a verb which is understood but not visible in the original to each of the fragments, resulting in translations along the lines of "if our fear wasn't --" (page 22, line 24).

Many words with adverbial or verbal roots can be employed easily as adjectives in the German language as exemplified by the clause "mit einem knackenden Mundauf-sperren". The surprise on the character's face is sensually expressed, you can hear and visualize the action through the single word "knackenden". No one adjective could render the

same association in the target language. "With an astonishment that fairly crackled" (page 29, lines 4-5), incorporating a more elaborate adverbial clause, provides the solution.

Abstract terminology is used more frequently in the German as the phrase "Augen der Philosophie" illustrates. This is a broad, general concept involving philosophy on a more theoretical level. In comparison, English prefers concrete terms, and I, therefore, found that "eyes of a philosopher" (page 17, line 24) emphasizes the specific viewpoint of the scientist interested in the understanding of values and reality.

The final observation which I would like to make in this section shows how one simple word which is comprehended without a second thought in the foreign language can lead to a complex solution in the mother tongue. You would think that the German word "Scheitel", meaning part as in a part in your hair, could be replaced with a singular English equivalent. However, as you have probably already realized, the word "part" has several distinct meanings and thus a definition of sorts is necessary in order to render the English clearly. In this instance the author wants to draw attention to the fact that the action is taking place extremely close to the uppermost part of the body, and consequently I chose to translate "Scheitel" with the

explanatory "the top of my head" (page 41, line 6).

Hopefully some insight into the kinds of difficulties and how solutions are arrived at has been gained through my comments and explanations, particularly when applied to "Die Maschine". There are many more examples which necessitated special attention of a similar nature, but if all were individually listed, the translator's notes would in all likelihood be longer than the translation itself. Basically I wanted to create a translation of Andres' powerful short story which would technically, but also stylistically, do justice to the original. Any literary translation is not only objective, but subjective as well, always leaving the door open to anyone interested in this intricate art.



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