

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

Fraeulein. Outline of a novel.

Mann, Klaus

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F R A E U L E I N
OUTLINE OF A NOVEL
TO BE WRITTEN BY
KLAUS MANN

The heroine of this novel is an ordinary German girl -- just one of the many fräuleins with whom our soldiers like to fraternize. We follow her monotonous and yet eventful career from the days of the German collapse (May, 1945) up to the present moment.

The fräulein's hometown and hunting ground is Berlin -- the smashed, macabre, nightmarish Berlin which is the setting of our story. Her name is Lotte Schulz. She is of average intelligence, not without a certain natural shrewdness; tall, well-shaped, fair-haired, quite attractive. Her father, a retired Government official, is a jolly little fellow with a handsome white moustache. He believes in authority and adores "Lottchen," who reminds him of his first wife. As for the second Frau Schulz, Lotte's stepmother, she is a née von Baschwitz, and she looks it, too. The rigid dignity with which she carries herself, her clipped speech, the sour expression of her lean, racy face -- every inch of her appearance suggests the Potsdam lady who

resents her present humble status. But although she considers her marriage a *mésalliance* and despises Herr Schulz, she is almost hysterically devoted to her son, Horst, who is about fifteen at the beginning of the novel.

Horst, brought up in the spirit of the Hitler Youth, is the only real Nazi of the family -- a fact which has always been depressing and irritating to his aristocratic mother. For she -- a royalist at heart, still loyal to the House of Hohenzollern -- has nothing but contempt for that upstart and plebeian, Hitler. Herr Schulz, on the other hand, is more realistic. To him, the Führer is a great man, as long as he is successful. Herr Schulz is not a fanatic, just a practical man. He joins the Party because it is the correct thing to do. His daughter Lotte quite agrees with him. Naturally, she belongs to the "Bund Deutscher Mädel;" naturally, she hopes for German victory. Her fiancé is a lieutenant, stationed in the East -- wherever that may be... In January, 1945, he was in Berlin on a furlough. Lotte promised him that she would not leave the capital, but wait for him, right there.

So the Schulzs stay on -- air raids or not. The bombardments are hell; but as long as one's own home happens to be spared, one may as well stick to it: it's so difficult, these days, to find a place to stay... Besides, Lotte ^{now} has ~~been~~ a job in an armament factory (not a very pleasant job, to be sure!), while her father and brother serve in the newly-organized "Volkssturm."

Lotte has known for some time that she is expecting ~~the~~ a baby. It must have happened when Fritz was here last time -- she hasn't

been with any other fellow. Originally she wanted to have the baby, but now the situation looks different. Germany is losing the war -- what would be the use of giving birth to another hungry, frustrated German?... The day on which the Red Army enters the capital Lotte decides to have an abortion.

Of course, the coming of the feared, hated Russians creates a tremendous panic, and the Schulz family are as frightened as all the other Berliners. The first night after the fall of the capital, a bunch of Red-Army soldiers invade Lotte's home and ask in threatening tones for "Uhr" (watch), "Frau" and "Schnaps." Fräulein Schulz, heroically cheerful and nonchalant, explains that she has no watch ("Uhr -- kaputt... understand?") and opens the last bottle of ^{"imported"} ~~French~~ brandy (a gift from Fritz who used to be stationed in France) for the unwanted guests. They are tough little fellows of unmistakably Mongolian countenance. If at first their attitude was grim and ominous, they ^{have soon} become ~~more~~ more affable and in the end quite gay, under the spell of Three-Star Hennessy and Lotte's irresistible smile. After some time, the merry little men with the high cheek-bones and the grimy uniforms withdraw, except one of them. Lotte, left alone with the tough, grubby fellow -- his face is disfigured by an ugly rash of some sort --, cannot help feeling a little scared. Soon enough she understands, however, that he doesn't mean any harm. In fact, there is something quite touching about the way he stares and grins at her. He does not sound like a human being as he keeps repeating the three only German words he seems to know: "Frau...schlafen...schön..." -- over and over again, in a hoarse, barking voice. His first kiss is unpleasant --

the smell of his breath makes Lotte feel quite sick. But she does not dare resist. 'So that's what it is like to be raped by a Russian,' she thinks as he leads her to the bed. He needn't really violate her, though; Fräulein Schulz, bravely ignoring his disagreeable odor, whispers: "Liebling, I'm yours..."

The next day, Alexey shows up again; this time, it is Father Schulz in person who opens the door for him. "So pleased to see you, Herr Feldwebel," the retired Government official cries enthusiastically. "Lottchen will be with you in a minute. Just make yourself comfortable, my dear boy..." After all, the Russians are the conquerors, the "authority," so to speak, and have to be treated accordingly. Herr Schulz tries to humor his daughter's exotic lover by volunteering abrupt little statements, like, "Hitler -- stinks! Stalin -- great man!"

The Mongolian-faced petty officer turns out to be rather helpful, however unwashed and inarticulate. There is a lot of looting going on in this bourgeois neighbourhood, but the Schulzs are well-protected: Whenever a Red tries to enter their home, Alexey knows how to deal with him. Of course, even his authority would not be sufficient to prevent a disaster like the one that befell the wealthy tenants of the second floor. Herr von Hohenberg -- a perfectly respectable man, as far as the Schulzs know -- was suddenly arrested by the Russians: nobody knows, why. Could it be on account of his connections with the Air Ministry of Reichsmarschall Hermann Göring? It would be just like the Russians to arrest a harmless citizen, simply because he happens to be a business friend of dear, fat Hermann!

... In the meantime, Lotte has found a gynecologist willing to remove her fetus. Dr. David Dorn is a peculiar man -- soft-spoken,

deliberately polite and conventional, yet not without a certain ambiguous, indeed, demoniac fascination. Lotte, who first tries to dislike him, is only too sensible to his curiously impersonal, ironic charm.

After the operation, she feels utterly weak and depressed -- deprived, as it were, of the only thing that might have given dignity and meaning to her life. 'A German girl can't even afford to be a mother, these days,' she thinks, full of bitterness and self-pity. 'That's what defeat does to a nation...'

But no matter how desperate she may be, she has to keep smiling. Life is tough, there is no time for melancholy reveries... Helpful Alexey is gone -- probably transferred to some other place. Or could it be that the young lieutenant now occupying the Hohenberg apartment has asked him not to come any more? But he seems so indifferent; not once, so far, has he cracked a smile or even talked to Lotte. She has to work with the other women cleaning up the street. What a tedious job, to pick up all that rubble! And how humiliating! At times, the young lieutenant -- his name is Pjotr -- would watch the women from his window on the second floor. He is a handsome fellow, all right -- tall, broad-shouldered, with a clear-cut, manly face. Funny that a Russian should look that way -- almost like a German...

^{now}
Lotte has ~~now~~ to room with her stepmother, which is rather tiresome; her own bedroom is occupied by one of the lieutenant's men. As for Pjotr himself, he sleeps in what used to be the drawing room of the Hohenbergs -- the same room where he has set up his office. After some weeks, however, he finds it more convenient to move to

the third floor, while the enlisted man takes over the cot in the Hohenberg parlour. Lotte asks the new tenant whether he wants her to come to his room with a cup of tea in the morning. He accepts, and that is how it begins...

Pjotr enjoys sleeping with Lotte, but his pleasure seems to be constantly disturbed by certain qualms and scruples. To begin with, he dislikes the Germans in general and, in particular, has no sympathy for the Schulz family -- the servile father who tries to curry favour with him, the frustrated, arrogant mother, the furtively hostile boy. Besides Russian soldiers are not supposed to fraternize with German civilians, and the lieutenant, for one, takes Army regulations seriously. Moreover, he is a married man and very fond of his wife. But then, Lotte is such a charming girl, and so educated! She has read all the plays by Schiller and is pretty good at the pianoforte. The lieutenant has a great respect for education. Yes, he d o e s like Fräulein Lotte... "But I am n o t in love with you," he keeps telling her. -- "I know it, dear," she says blandly. "I am in love with y o u -- that's all that matters..." Which is a lie, of course. How could Fräulein Schulz fall in love with a Russian? It would be unpatriotic, to say nothing of certain other considerations of a more personal nature...

Lotte knows now that she has been infected -- by Alexey, naturally. Her Wassermann is "plus-minus": Dr. Dorn^{has} told her so with a sardonic grin. "Looks like syphilis, my dear child," he explains in his strangely aloof, cruel manner. "We'd better start treatment right now." -- Twice a week she has to get injections;

twice a week she spends an hour or two chatting with Dr. Dorn. What a remarkable man he is! The successful gynecologist turns out to be also a well-known poet who has published several volumes under the pseudonym of "Azrael" -- which, as the doctor points out to his awe-stricken patient, stands for "Angel of Death." And Death seems to be indeed the leitmotiv of Dr. Dorn's obscure and pompous verse. Not that Lotte is always capable of grasping the exact meaning of those lyric ^{prophecies} ~~poemes~~; but somehow she responds to their general mood and tenor -- that odd mixture of bitter irony and sweet nostalgia, of apocalyptic forebodings and sensual ecstasy. Clearly, Dr. Dorn anticipates the imminent end of the world and rather enjoys the prospect. "That's why I was for Hitler," he explains with a curiously absent-minded, wistful smile. "He had the genius of destruction, annihilation, nihilism. Who cared about his New Order, his Greater Germany, his Master Race? Those cheap catchwords had just one purpose and function -- to fool the ignorant masses. His real mission was to exterminate this foul, worn-out civilization, to transform the world into a jungle or a cemetery, to prepare the final catastrophe, the apocalyptic disaster. He was not far from succeeding; too bad he didn't have enough time to finish the job. Now the Germans will have to carry on without their talented Fuehrer -- in his spirit. Yes, my dear child, our nation may still play its predestined role and assume the sinister glory of Azrael, the great destroyer, the hangman of civilization, the bringer of the end!"

Lotte, who has not been quite able to follow the doctor's weirdly suggestive words, ponders over them, repeats them in her mind, recalls their rhythm, their melody -- dark and seductive like a tune

from Richard Wagner's "Tristan" -- as she walks home through the ruined city. The landscape of Death, the bleak scenery of destruction -- there it is, right in front of her! Are cities everywhere going to look that way? And will ^{there} then be peace -- the peace of the jungle or the cemetery, the German peace Hitler and Goebbels used to talk about?

Pjotr speaks of the reconstruction of the Soviet Union, of the new Five-Year Plan, of recent technical inventions and improvements. Who wants to hear about tractors and all that stuff? In Pjotr's arms, she thinks of Dr. Dorn. Is she in love with him? Or does she still love her fiancé? There is no news from Fritz. He is probably dead or has been shipped to Siberia, which amounts to the same thing. If Pjotr would only stop talking about Soviet engineers and their clever devices!

The Russian lieutenant is transferred to Magdeburg; a cultural organization by the name of "Neuer Geist" (New ^Y Spirit) establishes its offices in the second-floor apartment. Lotte presents herself to the new boss, who finds her qualified for the job of a secretary. Otto Mathias, from whom Fräulein Schulz has now to take orders, is a German writer who spent the past twelve years -- that is, the whole period of the Nazi regime -- as a refugee in the Soviet Union. A reliable Communist, he has been entrusted by Russian authorities with the responsible task of purifying and re-orientating German culture. Lotte meets curious people and witnesses curious scenes in his office and also in the smug suburban villa where she ~~is~~ often visit^s~~ing~~ ~~with~~ him of an evening. Almost needless to say, she has an affair with Mathias. It's

rather an unsatisfactory romance; for Otto seems to be more interested in discussing Marxism than in making love. Lotte cannot help giggling when she sees him prancing through the bedroom in his pyjamas, lecturing on Lenin and Dialectic Materialism. If she pays any attention to his rodomontades, it is only for the sake of Dr. David Dorn, to whom she repeats twice a week whatever she recalls of her lover's nocturnal sermons. -- "So our great revolutionary, the cultural czar of Red Berlin wants to convert little Lotte to his own glorious faith!" the doctor cries, diabolically amused. "What a joke! There's something positively staggering about the naiveté of those Bolshevist crusaders!" --

The friendship with the Marxist prophet and reformer is not to last very long; Herr Mathias moves his headquarters to another part of the city, as the former Hohenberg apartment has been claimed by the British Army. Yes, the British are here at last, and the Americans too! There has been a lot of guessing and speculating -- Will they come? Are the Russians going to let them in? --, and then, quite unexpectedly, Union Jack and The Star-Spangled Banner have appeared on the Kurfürstendamm. Lotte is full of joy and expectation, as are most of her fellow-citizens. Now the Russians and their German stooges -- fellows like Otto Mathias -- will have to share their power with the more civilized, more generous Anglo-Americans. Even Mother Schulz, née von Baschwitz, who has been in a state of almost morbid depression, seems to be somewhat cheered up. -- "My father, the general, had many friends in London," she points out. "The English are gentlemen. And so, I'm told, are most Americans -- except of course the Negroes."

Lotte's first ^(encounter) ~~meeting~~ with the American gentlemen takes place

in a public park, on a bright summer day. There are six or seven of them -- big, husky fellows, very drunk and aggressive. Fräulein Lotte, surrounded by the truculent GIs, is actually shaking with terror. She is a tough girl, all right, and would not be afraid of any of these ruffians individually; but a whole bunch of them, and in this state of utter intoxication -- it's too much, even for Fräulein Lotte! Never before in her life has she been quite so frightened; yet, somehow she manages to keep her poise and even to crack a joke -- something about "schnaps" and "fräuleins" that makes the boys guffaw with delight. This is her chance: she starts running... The GIs are too full of whiskey to catch up with her.

The street where the Schulzs live is situated near the U.S. sector but belongs to the British zone. Originally, Lotte would much rather have been under American jurisdiction ("It's the Yanks who have all that wonderful canned food and the cigarettes!"); but after her ghastly experience with the drunk GIs, she has suddenly changed her mind. Surely, the English would not behave in such a beastly manner...

She gets herself a job with the Officers' Club now occupying the second-floor apartment. -- "I'm working there as a hostess," she tells her girl friends, while in reality her position is rather that of a glorified waitress. The English officers on whom she has to wait are gentlemanly enough -- almost too much so, in a sense; for they ignore her completely. The only one who ever condescends to speak to her at all, is a young captain with dreamy eyes. Lotte feels rather flattered as he asks her a few polite questions about her family -- "How is Mrs. Schulz? She looks a little tired. And that nice little boy I happened to notice today -- is he a brother of yours?" But a few days later, the ~~same~~ captain makes a pass ^{at} ~~her~~

"that nice little boy," which explains his gracious interest. Horst complains to his sister: "Tell your ^eLimy friend I'll kill him if he dares touch me again!" Lotte, who would not have minded being touched by the aristocratic-looking officer, has to content herself with the supply sergeant, a burly cockney in his forties with a good sense of humor. Tom provides his mistress lavishly with canned meat and biscuits; but her ego is hurt: She would have preferred the captain. What has Horst got she hasn't got?

Life begins to take on a certain appearance of normalcy as the weeks and months pass by. Dad has a job with the Americans but finds it difficult to get along with them: they are like children, he says; so moody, so capricious... Horst goes to school again and keeps away from home most of the time. Mother complains about mysterious ailments, is sickly and dejected. As for Lotte, she has to stand the daily routine at the Officers' Casino, where the gentlemen treat her with the most insulting politeness, and the dreary evenings with Tom whom she would drop at once, if it were not for his badly needed presents. Food is getting very scarce, these days, and the Schulzs would be reduced to starvation rations without the sergeant's generosity. Besides Dr. Dorn depends on the cigarettes Fräulein Lotte receives from her lover, and which she, dutifully, passes on to the physician. She still ^ssees him twice a week to get her treatment, psychologically as well as physically. Whatever happens in her life, she confesses it to the doctor. He listens quietly, looking at her with his cold blue eyes -- those terrible, inhuman eyes to whose spell she submits herself with masochistic delight. Is she in love with Dorn?

She is not in love with Fritz any more, as she finds out when he

(unexpectedly) shows up ~~surprisingly~~, having made a hazardous escape from a Russian prison camp. He whom Lotte remembered as a dashing young officer, has been reduced to a haggard, pitiful figure -- just another uprooted, helpless fugitive, another displaced person. The first hour they spend together ends with a bitter fight. Fritz cannot forgive his fiancée for having "murdered" the baby; besides Horst has told him all about Lotte's recent adventures. The ex-lieutenant is outraged, disgusted. He slaps the girl's face, calls her a "whore" and a "traitor." -- "Do you think it's fun for me to carry on with those bastards?" she asks, deeply hurt. "It's a sacrifice I make, for the sake of my family. Thanks to my 'whorish' behaviour, Dad and Mom and Horst ^{at least} don't have to starve." ~~at least~~ -- But Fritz has made up his mind. He is through with her, for good. In a sense, she understands and respects his reaction, even though she protests her innocence. And then, why should she humiliate herself by begging for his pardon? A reconciliation with Fritz would not really be in her interest, at this point.

Her present lover is a French Public-Relations officer who, by special courtesy of the British, has been allowed to establish his headquarters temporarily in a back room of the Hohenberg flat. Major Jacques Renault is a skinny little man with a ^{smart} ~~stylish~~ black goatee and mephistophelian eyebrows. He is quite a wit, completely frivolous, and, for all his skinniness, surprisingly good at making love. Lotte rather likes him ^{since} she needn't pretend in his company: he does not expect her to be maidenly or sentimental. -- "You Berlin girls ^{these days} are ~~the~~ the most hard-boiled and most business-like females in the world," he tells her with a snicker. "That's what makes you attractive. Those primitive Yanks may mistake you for sweet, gemütlich

housewives or Wagnerian heroines; but a sophisticated European will admire you for your greed, your callousness, your cold determination. I suppose that's one thing Nazism has taught you: the completely impersonal, detached and realistic attitude towards sex. You may be a boche, my sweet, but you're certainly very gifted. Very gifted indeed... Viens, mon petit cochon..."

Surely, Monsieur le Major would not be surprised or disappointed if he knew that his talented Fräulein is not quite faithful to him but allows herself occasional escapades ⁱⁿ the American sector. There she has made friends with some GIs who turn out to be a lot of fun, as long as they keep sober. The major may be a brilliant talker and remarkably skillful dans l'amour (as he would put it), but he doesn't have the candy bars and Camel cigarettes with which those "primitive Yanks" present an obliging girl. Besides, Lotte has learned from an usually well-informed M.P. sergeant that the Americans will soon take over the particular district where the home of the Schulzs is situated. It seems advisable to seek the favour of those under whose rule one may have to live tomorrow.

The M.P.'s prediction materializes: the "Limies" move out and are replaced by the "Yanks." Lotte's first "steady" GI boy friend is a corporal billeted in her house -- a tough guy from Brooklyn named Antonio Pollini. He is a remarkably active and successful black-marketeer, most resourceful and ingenious when it comes to cheating both the Army and the "Krauts." It is from him that Lotte, a responsive and gifted pupil, learns all the tricks of that shady and risky trade. Her liaison with the Italian-born petty officer might have lasted for quite some time, if it had not been for his immoderate drinking. Under

the influence of strong liquor, Tony is liable to get very nasty indeed. On one occasion, he goes so far as to beat up his Fräulein -- which marks the end of a beautiful friendship.

His successor in Lotte's bedroom (not to say in her heart) is a young lieutenant whose distinguished appearance and haughtily ^{casual} ~~affected~~ manner the observant Fräulein has not failed to notice. As he finally introduces himself, she finds out, not without surprise, that his name is Siegfried Abraham. He is a German-born Jew, a refugee who has become an American citizen and -- incredible as it may sound to Lotte! -- a commissioned officer in the U.S. Armed Forces. She is half-shocked, half-fascinated. There is something revolting, indeed, terrifying about the idea of having anything to do with a Jew and a refugee -- aren't they more contemptible, more hideous than even the Bolsheviks? But as far as this particular Jew is concerned, he doesn't look at all like the ghastly cartoons Lotte has seen in Streicher's anti-Semitic paper, Der Stürmer; on the contrary, this one is positively handsome and attractive -- a tall, elegant youth whose delicate features and soft, yet authoritative, speech seem to suggest a somewhat decadent nobleman, rather than a non-Aryan Untermensch. Besides the lieutenant has been smart enough to join the winning side -- an argument which, to a person like Fräulein Schulz, carries more weight than any other consideration.

As for Lt. Abraham, his feelings towards Lotte are at least as complex and ambivalent as are hers towards him. He finds the girl attractive (those lascivious-looking blondes are his "type," alas!) but at the same time hates her for attracting him. He hates the Germans -- they have killed his father, his two brothers. If there was a con=

flict between Duty and Desire in Pjotr's heart, the emotional dilemma confronting Siegfried is even more disturbing. The Jewish lieutenant feels humiliated, polluted by his weakness for Lotte Schulz, and punishes her for his own self-indulgence. The sarcastic politesse with which he treats his mistress is his subtle form of revenge. It gives him a perverse kind of pleasure and satisfaction to remind her of his race, even while he is enjoying her caresses. -- ~~"Doesn't it seem to you like a dirty trick?"~~ he would ask her. "Doesn't your conscience bother you, gnädiges Fräulein?" "Don't forget, it's Rassenschande (an offense against the racial laws) what we're doing here..." -- Curiously enough, his sadistic irony, far from repelling her, rather appeals to her typically German, typically female sense of self-degradation. The same Lotte who was so remarkably detached and "realistic" in her attitude towards all her previous lovers, is on the point of falling in love with this melancholy and malicious Jewish aristocrat. She cannot help admiring his nonchalant elegance, his wit, his cruelty. And then, he is so good-looking!... Lt. Abraham, noticing the change in Lotte's behaviour, presently decides to drop her -- partly in order to complete the humiliation of the Teutonic blonde, partly because he is afraid of getting emotionally involved himself. To Lotte, the abrupt end of the relationship ~~was~~^{is} quite a blow: she is hurt, bewildered...

But she will survive this unpleasant experience -- it would not be like her to die of a broken heart. ~~There is~~^(Besides) there is Dr. David Dorn, her mentor and confessor, comforting and encouraging her with his clever, cynical talk. How he sneers at Lotte's penchant for the Semitic beau! What eloquence and astuteness he displays in

analyzing and "debunking" her emotional entanglement! Finally the doctor advises his patient and protégée to get Lt. Abraham out of her system and to concentrate her attention on a certain high-ranking officer -- a full colonel to whom Siegfried has introduced her.

The romance with Col. P. P. Potter marks the climax of Fräulein Lotte's career. A well-preserved gentleman in his early sixties, the colonel takes quite a fancy to the attractive blonde, whom he employs as his private secretary. Now Lotte has not only as many cigarettes and ~~precious~~ ^{delicacies} as she wants ~~but~~, but also something even more desirable and precious -- power! Potter ranks with the big-wigs of the Military Government hierarchy, and Lotte, as his semi-official mistress and official assistant, participates in his glory. No German applicant is admitted to the colonel's sanctum without first being interviewed by Fräulein Schulz. It is up to her discretion to grant or refuse certain priorities. She is in a position to ruin or to boost business enterprises and political careers, according to her own whims or interests. Her father, a former member of the Nazi Party, gets a fairly important job; Dr. David Dorn, alias "Azrael," is put in charge of the gynecologic department of a major hospital. Lt. Abraham, on the other hand, finds himself surprisingly transferred to a not very desirable position in a small Bavarian town. Does he realize that this is Lotte's doing -- her triumph, her revenge?

Col. Potter is only too willing to ~~break~~ ^{break} the young lieutenant: he does not like the Jews. He considers it his "privilege as an American" to be anti-Semitic, as he points out to his private secretary. Nor does he think it un-American to despise Negroes. On ^{one} one occasion, Lotte has a colored soldier arrested for "molesting" her

the street. The Colonel (who hails from Alabama) sees to it that the "damned Nigger" is properly punished -- Dishonorable Discharge, twelve years of hard labor.

Lotte's happiness -- now as nearly perfect as happiness can ever be here below -- is somewhat disturbed by certain events taking place in the Schulz home. One night, Horst is arrested by the Military Police, without any explanation. Frau Schulz, whose nervous condition has been ~~laboring~~ ^{increasing}, is so shocked and upset that she takes an over-dose of sleeping tablets. Before doing so, she has a violent scene with Lotte whom she reproaches for her "undignified, cheap, vulgar conduct." The née von Baschwitz dies the following day in Dr. Dorn's hospital. It is he, "Azrael," who closes the eyes of the proud and irritable Potsdam lady who ~~was~~ ^{lived} a stranger in the jungle of Nazi- and post-Nazi Berlin.

In the meantime, Lotte has found out the reasons for Horst's arrest. The boy has been mixed up with some kind of "Resistance" or "Underground" organization designed to spread anti-Allied sabotage and prepare the ultimate "liberation" of the German nation. The leader of that clandestine group is Fräulein Schulz's former fiancé, Fritz. He wants Lotte to hide him in her house, but she turns him over to the police. He is sentenced to death as head and instigator of the subversive movement. As for Horst, however, he gets away with a few days in jail, thanks to his sister's influential contacts. Lotte has him sent to a reformatory in the U.S. Zone and sees to it that his name ^{is} omitted ^{from} all ~~the~~ documents concerning the conspiracy. The Schulz family is not compromised, and Fräulein can keep her position on the personal staff of Col. P. P. Potter.

The liaison between the high-ranking U.S. officer and the Germanic

belle -- a most satisfactory arrangement, obviously, for both parties involved -- might have lasted for ever, if the old Casanova had been a little more discreet about it. Instead of tactfully concealing his amour, however, he seems bent on publicizing it as much as possible. Col. P. P. Potter takes Fräulein Schulz to the opera, appears with her in night clubs, restaurants, officers' casinos -- indeed, he goes so far as to present her to a general! Naturally, there is gossip. Mrs. Potter, back in Alabama, receives alarming reports. A strong-minded, energetic lady, she decides to find out for herself what's going on over there, in that faraway and fantastic city of Berlin. The Colonel receives a cable announcing his wife's imminent visit.

Will there be a scandal? No, Lotte proves as docile and sensible as her "paternal friend" has always expected her to be. Quietly and discreetly, she disappears from the Colonel's office and bedroom. ^{By} the time Mrs. Potter alights from the Transatlantic Clipper at Tempelhof Air Field, ~~the~~ Fräulein Schulz has already reported for duty to a new boss to whom Mrs. Potter's husband was good enough to introduce his former protégée.

Of course, it is quite a decline from the inner sanctum of M.G. Headquarters to a quartermaster outfit somewhere in the suburbs. What makes the situation even more discouraging, from Lotte's point of view, is the fact that the Commanding Officer happens to have an American fiancée -- a fairly good-looking WAC lieutenant, which would be too much ~~of a~~ competition for any fräulein. So the former maitresse en titre of a full colonel finds herself reduced to a listless flirtation with a mere Pfc -- ~~a greenhorn~~ just arrived from the States.

It is true, Jim is a pleasant chap -- tall and handsome, with a

soft, almost childlike face. But Fräulein has decided to be a little difficult, for a change. As he makes the inevitable pass ^{at} ~~in~~ her, she refuses, gently but ^{eddy} ~~determinedly~~. No, she doesn't like to do "such things" -- it's a principle with her. "We may be a ~~wretched~~ wretched, defeated people but we still have our pride. A poor fräulein cherishes her maidenhood as much as does any American girl. Don't you understand that, Jim?" -- He does understand -- in fact, her attitude does not fail to impress him. How shocked and indignant he is as she discloses to him the terrible experience she once had with a "Bolshevist swine" who attempted to rape her! Fortunately, her courageous ^{old father} ~~little brother~~ interfered at the last moment -- otherwise her precious virginity would not be intact any more...

Jim and Lotte see a great deal of each other. She introduces the young American to Father Schulz, who is more jolly and jovial than ever, and treats him to simple, but tasty, home-cooked meals. After supper, the "little housewife" displays her skill at the pianoforte (Jim is almost as impressed with her ~~musical~~ musical talent as was Lieutenant Pjotr, almost two years before) or the sentimental GI produces letters and photographs from "back home." He loves to talk about his father's farm in Kansas and about his mother and his many brothers and sisters. "I think you'd like my folks," he says to his girl friend. "Of course, they aint quite so refined as you, but you'd get along with them all the same."

After a few weeks, he begins to speak of marriage. It is true, he is two years younger than she -- but what's wrong with that, after all? His parents wouldn't object to his bringing home a fräulein as his wife; in fact, his old man rather likes the Germans.

A photograph of Lotte has ^{made} ~~been~~ quite a hit back home. -- "My folks are crazy about you," Jim assures his sweetheart. "Mom says in her letter you look like a nice, clean girl to her. I bet she'd like you even better if she knew how good your dumplings taste -- not to mention your Hasenpfeffer and your wonderful piano-playing!" --

Lotte consults Dr. Dorn: "Do you think I should marry that child?" -- "Yes, I suppose you ought to," the doctor answers, not without a certain solemn emphasis. "I'd hate to lose you, my dear; still I advise you to marry that silly boy and go to the States with him. You've had a good training: you'll do a good job over there." -- What kind of a job? Lotte inquires timidly. -- The doctor grins -- more mysterious, more diabolical than ever. "I needn't tell you, darling," he says in his softest voice. "You'll find out..." Then, after a short silence: "We Germans have a historic mission, as I told you before. Romantic fools like your late fiancé and your little brother are incapable of grasping the vastness of our task -- hence the amateurish clumsiness and inefficiency of their conspiratorial tactics. The German race has been chosen by Providence to bring about the overdue apocalypse, to liberate the universe, once and for all, from that scourge and plague -- Homo Sapiens. Hitler tried to do the job all by himself, which proved his fatal mistake. We have to join other powers and collaborate with them. It doesn't make any difference, really, whether we put our destructive genius at the disposal of the Soviet Union or work for the United States. What matters is that we precipitate the inevitable clash between the two -- the universal conflict which must and will result in universal disaster.... Now, a girl of your talents and experiences may contribute, in her own little way, to the success of that lofty effort. You can help in corroding and undermining whatever

may have remained intact of their so-called democracy; you can teach them racial prejudices (if they need any teacher, in that particular field!), can promote, in your own circle, the spirit of nationalistic hysteria, corruption and bigotry. In short, you may prove as much of an asset to our Cause as any atomic expert or political propagandist." He concludes, in a lighter vein: "Besides you'll be better off in Kansas. Think of all the cigarettes!... I trust you'll send me a nice little package, once in a while..."

"I certainly will," Lotte promises, her eyes moist with emotion. "Thanks for your advice, Azrael. Thanks for everything." -- As usual, she has not been quite able to follow his little sermon, but somehow she has grasped the gist of it. Yes, her friend is right: There is a job waiting for her, over there...

The same evening, she sits with Jim in the drawing room after supper. (They have had a particularly fine meal -- Sauerbraten and Apfelstrudel, followed by a recital of Schumann's Träumerei at the piano.) -- "I've been thinking it over, dear," Lotte says to her guest. "Yes, I suppose I w o u l d like to go to that great, free country of yours, if you really want me to become your little wife..." -- "Do I really want you to!" He hugs and kisses her, overjoyed. "Why, honey, that's wonderful!" -- The only thing worrying him is the special permission he needs to marry a fräulein. If it were not for that damned red-tape, they might get married tomorrow! -- "I may be able to get that speeded up," she tells her fiancé. "I used to work for M.G., you know, and have a few contacts there." -- Jim is deeply impressed. "Why, honey, you're so smart!" he cries, while Lotte adds, as an afterthought: "In fact, I may as well apply for Dad's visa at the same

time... Of course, Dad has to come along: I couldn't possibly leave the old man behind, all by himself, in a city full of Bolshevists! You want my Daddy to go to Kansas with us -- don't you, Liebling?" And he, with his soft, childlike face tenderly close to hers: "Of course I do, honey. Whatever you say goes. You're so smart, and so good, and so lovely -- just perfect! The perfect fräulein..."

TH END

Approximate length: 250 pages

CHAPTER ONE

'Do I still want the baby?' the girl wondered, contemplating her image in the mirror. 'Do I still want to live? Fritz is gone -- dead, for all I know. The Führer is dead. We're losing the war. The Russians are in Berlin. Is there any hope left?'

She remained motionless, with bent head, lost in thought.

There was a crack in the mirror, dividing the surface of the glass into two triangular parts -- the lower half somewhat larger than the upper. The girl had to stretch her neck or to stoop a little, if she wanted to see the whole of her face in either triangle. Sitting before the mirror in a normal position, she found herself confronted by a strange and evil grimace. The crack in the glass distorted her features like a terrible scar.

'I don't know what to do,' the girl felt. 'The man I love has been captured or killed by the Russians. Now the Russians are right here, in our capital. Has my Fritz died in vain? Have all our efforts been wasted? The nerve-wrecking nights in the air-raid shelter, the long working days in the armament plant, the digging of trenches in the Potsdamer Platz -- has it all been to no avail? What is to become of our poor German nation? What is to become of me?'

There was no answer -- just a vast and oppressive stillness. The shooting had ceased: the Battle of Berlin was over. A dazed and exhausted city received the conqueror with hostile silence.

'Is there nothing left to believe in, to look forward to?' the girl

asked. 'Is there no hope? No future?'

She had raised her head a little and was now staring at the hideous caricature in the mirror -- her own face twisted and torn by the black mark, the gaping wound.

'No hope, no future -- nothing,' the ghastly visage seemed to whisper. 'No hope for you, no hope for Fritz, no hope for your unborn baby, no hope for generations to come. Germany is through, finished, kaputt -- you'd better get that straight, Fräulein! Your Führer may have died heroically, as Grand Admiral Dönitz put it yesterday, in his radio announcement. But heroic or not -- what's the difference? He's left you in the lurch, your great leader; he's failed you -- see? You may as well face the situation as it really is. It's hopeless, dear -- quite hopeless.'

The girl covered her eyes with a trembling hand. Before looking at the mirror again, she resumed her bent position. Now she was able to see her countenance, full and intact, in the lower section of the split glass. What a comforting sight! Relieved, she smiled at her own unblemished features.

The face in the mirror, returning the smile, seemed to say: 'Hopeless? Why should I be hopeless? I am young. I am pretty.'

Yes, Lotte Schulz was young and she was pretty -- "a nearly perfect sample of the Germanic type," as the leader of a local Hitler Maidens' organization had once pointed out. A more critical eye might have noticed the not so very Germanic shape of the high-set, prominent cheekbones which seemed to suggest a Slavic element in Lotte's ~~and~~ racial background -- inherited, perhaps, from her late mother, a native of Königsberg, East Prussia. But apart from the slightly exotic cheek bones, there was nothing wrong with the face: it resembled indeed one of those Nordic pin-up girls adorning the cover of the Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung and other popular

German magazines. Everything was just the way it should be: the fresh, healthy complexion (no make-up! Just soap and water, and at night some German-made Nivea Creme!); the firm, yet inviting mouth with its beautifully shaped upper lip ("Your upper lip has the form of a heart, mein Herz!" her fiancé used to say); the two rows of white and sturdy teeth her lips revealed when smiling (no signs of rachitis, there! No symptoms of malnutrition!); the straight little nose with its saddle of delicate freckles; the large, grayish-blue eyes which could be remarkably bright and observant, while on other occasions they darkened -- covered, as it were, with a veil of dreaminess and sensuality.

The most striking feature of Lotte's appearance, however, was her rich blond hair -- a splendid chevelure in whose silky texture golden streaks alternated with somewhat darker, honey-colored tresses. The high forehead, bulging under this fair crown, suggested a certain sense of complacency and stubbornness. A long, ~~and~~ fleshy neck rose from broad, well-shaped shoulders. In contrast to the ~~soft~~ girlish face, the bust appeared surprisingly statuesque and luxuriant, with large, slightly sagging breasts that might have belonged to a much older woman.

'Well, I suppose you're all right,' Lotte admitted, studying her vis-a-vis with detached curiosity. 'By no means perfect, though! Your eyes tend to protrude in an unpleasantly cow-like fashion. And your throat is too thick, my dear -- almost goitrous. Having trouble with your glands or something? You'd better wear a scarf to cover that long, fat neck of yours.'

'Now, really!' The image was rather hurt. 'Let's not ~~go~~ exaggerate! It's not a goiter, my dear -- just a little swelling: ever so slight, hardly noticeable at all.'

'I do notice it, though,' Lotte insisted. 'And I still say you'd better wear a scarf.'

'Oh, leave me alone with your scarf!' the face in the mirror snapped back. 'Men don't seem to mind looking at my bare throat; in fact, they rather enjoy the sight of it -- goiter or not. Some guy told me the other day that my neck reminded him of a swan. Cute, isn't it?'

'How conceited you are!' Lotte shook her head disapprovingly. 'Even if you think there's nothing wrong with your throat -- what about your figure? Aren't you getting a little too heavy, Fräulein? A little too massive for a girl of twenty-one?'

'Why, naturally I'm gaining weight, these days,' Lotte's double agreed, not without a certain pride. 'Women in my condition usually do, you know. It's the fifth month, after all...'

'The fifth month already...' Lotte said pensively. 'It doesn't seem so long.'

'Just figure it out for yourself,' the other girl advised her. 'Today is the second of May; Fritz was here the week before Christmas. Remember the night he arrived, quite surprisingly? You were not expecting him any more: all furloughs had been canceled at the Eastern front. It was only thanks to the little wound in his shoulder that your lieutenant managed to get a five-day pass. There he was -- his shoulder heavily bandaged, but otherwise in fine shape. No sooner had he taken off his cap and his boots, than he was in bed with you.'

'Do I remember!' There was that cloud of nostalgic sensuality darkening Lotte's eyes. 'I'll never forget the way he kissed me, that night.'

'It was a lot of fun, wasn't it?' The face in the mirror beamed, shamelessly pleased with the memory of that stormy reunion. 'He hadn't

had any sex for a couple of months or so -- no wonder he was hot. Boy, oh boy -- such passion! He couldn't get enough. How often did he do it? Let's see now....'

'Please!' Lotte blushed a little. There was a short silence, before she added, rather casually: 'Seven times at least, during the first twelve hours.'

'Seven times! Not bad.' The girl in the glass clicked her tongue, respectful and amused. 'That's probably when it happened -- right that first evening. You were about as wild as he was, on that happy occasion. And no precautions were taken.'

'I wanted a child from him,' Lotte confessed. 'And I told him so.'

Her frivolous double chuckled. 'Well, you certainly got what you asked for, honey.'

'I know. But conditions have changed since then. Do I still want the baby?'

'Of course, you do!' the mirror girl said cheerfully. 'Why not? Fritz may be back any day, now that the war is practically over. By the time the baby is born, you'll be happily married.'

He's let you down, you damn bastard

CHAPTER ONE

'Do I still want the baby?' Lotte wondered, contemplating her image in the mirror.

There was a crack in the mirror, dividing the surface of the glass into two triangular parts -- the lower half somewhat larger than the upper. Lotte had to stretch her neck or to stoop a little, if she wanted to see the whole of her face in either triangle.

'Fritz is gone,' she mused, sitting in a not very comfortable position before the looking-glass. 'Dead, for all I know. The Führer is dead. We're losing the war. The Russians are in Berlin. Do I still want the baby?'

'Of course you do!' the face in the mirror seemed to answer. 'Fritz may be back any day, now that the war is practically over. By the time the baby is born, you'll be happily married -- defeat or not.'

'I admire your optimism,' Lotte told her double, somewhat irritably. 'But I'm afraid you don't quite realize what defeat actually means. It means that we're done-for, through, kaputt -- you'd better get that straight, Fräulein! It means the end -- don't you see? Your end, my end, the end of our nation, the end of everything...'

Curiously, the face in the mirror still failed to take on the tragic and solemn expression that would have been appropriate, under the circumstances. Wasn't there even a discreetly amused twinkle[?] ~~in the familiar~~ ~~eyes?~~ A faint smile, at once bland and mocking?

'What are you grinning about?' Lotte demanded sharply. 'I tell you,

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Germany is doomed; there's no hope for you, no hope for Fritz, no hope for the baby, no hope for any German. There's no hope -- don't you understand? NO HOPE...'

But the face in the glass knew better. 'Why should I be hopeless?' it seemed to say. 'I am young. I am pretty.'

Yes, it was young and pretty, the countenance in the mirror. "A nearly perfect sample of the Germanic type," ~~as~~ ^{one going on} the leader of the local Hitler Maidens' organization had ~~put it~~, several years ago. A more critical eye might have noticed the not so very Germanic shape of the high-set, prominent cheek bones which seemed to suggest a Slavic element in Lotte's racial background -- inherited, perhaps, from her late mother, a native of Königsberg, East Prussia. But apart from the slightly exotic cheek bones, there was nothing wrong with the face: it resembled indeed one of those Nordic pin-up girls adorning the cover of the Berliner Illustrierte Zeitung and other popular German magazines. Everything was just the way it should be: the fresh, healthy complexion (no make-up! Just soap and water, and at night some German-made Nivea-Creme!); the firm, yet inviting mouth with its beautifully shaped upper lip ("Your upper lip has the form of a heart, mein Herz!" her fiancé used to say); the two rows of white and sturdy teeth her lips revealed when smiling (no signs of rachitis, there! No symptoms of malnutrition!); the straight little nose with its saddle of delicate freckles; the large, grayish-blue eyes which could be remarkably bright and observant, while on other occasions they darkened -- covered, at it were, with a veil of dreaminess and sensuality.

The most striking feature of Lotte's appearance, however, was her ~~fair, silky~~ hair -- a splendid chevelure ~~rich in golden lights, its~~ natural blondness interrupted by streaks of a somewhat darker, ~~more~~

*in whose rich, silky texture
golden streaks
a bluish tint with some
darker streaks
honey-colored*

softer, more mellow hue. The high forehead, bulging under the ^{fair}honey-colored crown of hair, suggested a certain sense of complacency and stubbornness. A long, fleshy neck rose from broad, well-shaped shoulders. In contrast to the girlish face, the bust appeared surprisingly statuesque and luxuriant, with large, slightly sagging breasts that might have belonged to a much older woman.

'Well, I suppose you're all right, Fräulein,' Lotte admitted, studying her vis-à-vis with detached curiosity. 'By no means perfect, though! Your eyes tend to protrude in a ^{unpleasantly}positive cow-like fashion. And your throat is too thick, my dear -- almost goitrous. Having trouble with your glands or something? You'd better wear a scarf to cover that long, fat neck of yours.'

'Now, really!' The image was rather hurt. 'Let's not exaggerate! It's not a goiter, my dear -- just a little swelling: ever so slight, hardly noticeable at all.'

'I do notice it, though,' Lotte ^(said cruelly)insisted. 'And I still say you'd better wear a scarf.'

'Oh, leave me alone with your scarf!' the face in the mirror snapped back. 'Men don't seem to mind looking at my bare throat; in fact, they rather enjoy the sight of it -- goiter or not. Some guy told me the other day that my neck reminded him of a swan. Cute, isn't it?'

'How conceited you are!' Lotte shook her head disapprovingly. 'Even if you think there's nothing wrong with your throat -- what about your figure? Aren't you getting a little too heavy, Fräulein? A little too massive, for a girl of twenty-one?'

'Why, naturally I'm gaining weight, these days,' Lotte's double agreed, not without a certain pride. 'Women in my condition usually do, you know. it's the fifth month, after all...'

'The fifth month already...' The girl in front of the mirror ^{6/25}had

Lotte

L.O.H. ~~from~~ said pensively:
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1. ~~you~~

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1. It's hard to believe,
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found it hard to believe. 'It doesn't seem so long,' she said pensively.

'Just figure it out for yourself,' the ^{other girl} ~~reflected~~ face suggested. 'Today is the second of May; Fritz was here the week before Christmas. Remember the night he arrived? No sooner had he taken off his cap and his heavy boots, than he was in bed with you.'

'Do I remember!' There was that cloud of nostalgic sensuality darkening Lotte's night. ~~824~~

'It was a lot of fun, wasn't it?' The face in the mirror beamed, shamelessly pleased with the memory, ~~of that turbulent night~~. 'He was so hot he couldn't get enough -- boy, oh boy! How often did he do it? Let's see now...'

'Please!' Lotte blushed a little. There was a short silence before she ^{admitted} ~~stated~~, rather casually: 'Seven times at least, during the first twelve hours.'

'Seven times! Pretty good.' The girl in the glass clicked her tongue to indicate how impressed she was. 'That's probably when it happened,' she added judiciously. 'Right that first evening, ~~of your happy reunion~~. You were about as wild as he was, on that happy occasion. No precautions were taken.'

'I wanted a child from him,' Lotte confessed. 'And I told him so.'

Her frivolous double grinned. 'Well, you certainly got what you asked for.'

'I know; but in the meantime conditions changed. Back in December, it was still possible to hope for victory...'

'Was it really?' the mirror girl asked sarcastically.

'Why, of course, everybody was full of hope, at that time,' Lotte insisted. 'Our counter-offensive in the West seemed to go pretty well; there was a lot of talk about our secret weapon -- and, above all, the

It was only thanks to the
kind woman in the room that
your lieutenant got a five-day
pass.

You hadn't ~~expected~~
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Führer was still with us!'

'Quite so.' The countenance in the glass maintained its skeptic expression. 'But what has all this to do with your baby, dear?'

'Oh, you're a cynic, or you're just dumb!' Lotte was losing her temper. 'Fritz is gone; Germany is going to pieces. What kind of life do you think the poor ~~kid~~ ^{girl} would have -- without a father and without a father-land?'

'Any kind of life is better than no life at all,' the image said, calmly but firmly. 'You want to go on living -- don't you, dear?'

'I'm not so sure...' Lotte ^{had} closed her eyes. ~~Some moments~~ 'I feel rather worn-out, you know; rather low and dejected...'

'But you want to live, all the same,' the double insisted

1 But do I still want
it now?
1 I know. But do I still
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still want the baby?
said leastly.
1 A ~~baby~~ child without a father?
~~Lotte asked~~
1 ~~Yes~~

" A child without a father ?

~~Loth~~

xr ybr

1 My dear mother, I am
puss B: M: W

1 But

1 My dear mother, your optimism,
Loth said, not without bitterness.

1 But, frankly, I don't
quite see what makes
you so confident.

CHAPTER ONE

A little tired who wouldn't be after a day's digging?
now remarkably soft for a girl of twenty-one
"No, it doesn't show yet," Lotte decided.
"It's my face, all right," Lotte thought, examining her image in the mirror. Funny -- we're losing the war, everything is going to pieces, but it's still my old face -- unchanged, as though nothing had happened. *I wouldn't worry. No body will get any thing.*

a fine slip
She looked a little older than her twenty-one years; the soft, vol-tuous lines of her bust seemed to suggest ^{(a mature,} an experienced woman. Certainly not undernourished. *in her late twenties* Also, there ^{was} ~~were~~ the something about her mouth, a certain hardness... But otherwise her features had the charm of youth... ~~Beautiful complexion...~~ Full lips... fine teeth... , the design of the upper lip particularly attractive -- shaped almost like a heart... The ~~short,~~ straight little nose with its faint saddle of freckles... The cheekbones, a little too prominent -- she had them from her mother who (Eyes: large, greyish-blue; lashes...) hailed from East Prussia and had probably Slavic blood... The forehead (at times, sentimental; humorous twinkle) -- pure and delicately shaped under the rich, blond hair... She was proud of her hair -- its rich, silky quality, its golden hue -- the color of honey... She needn't dye it, as many of her friends did... (Just water and soap, and some Nivea cream; German-made...) Nor did she use any make-up: her complexion was perfect.

She had reason to be satisfied with her inspection: like one of those Nordic girls you see on the cover of the Berliner Illustrierte. (It is true, The cheekbones were not purely Germanic; but then, most Berliners had a drop of Slavic blood...

she was sitting in a museum looking at a picture
She ~~made a face~~ stuck her tongue out, making faces at herself, as she usually did when studying her own features... *Lotte* Then she sighed, and sat straight...

some what
(There was a crack in the mirror, dividing the surface of the glass into two triangular parts -- the lower half ~~a little~~ larger than the

upper. Lotte had ~~either~~ to stretch her neck or to stoop a little if she wanted to see the ^{whole of} ~~undistorted picture~~ of her face, in either triangle. ^{to} Sitting before her mirror in a normal position, she ~~saw~~ her ~~face~~ the crack ran just across her face -- broadening, distorting her features like a terrible scar. She didn't like the sight of that ... grimace...

The looking-glass^{ss} had cracked the night when the building across the streets was hit... All the windows in the Schulz's apartment had burst on the same occasion... ~~Terrific air pressure...~~ Window-panes repaired with long stripes of paper, or replaced by wood...

Air pressure and noise of explosion had been so terrific that the Schulz's thought: 'That's it...' But it wasn't it. The house where the Schulz's lived spared, as though by a miracle. Situated on the Schlüterstrasse, a residential street off the upper half of the Kurfürstendamm, the so-called "Old West" of Berlin. Most streets of that neighbourhood had taken a terrible beating...

Frau Alice Schulz, Lotte's stepmother, said it was because of her prayers... Just like her!

The Hohenbergs, who had the fine apartment in the ^{first} ~~second~~ floor, probably thought it was on account of their important contacts... ^{H.W. is future father-in-law} ~~Frau von Hohenberg was so proud because her husband was on good terms with Fat Hermann, the Reichsmarschall. As if the Allied pilotes would spare a house merely on account of...~~

Lotte was rather inclined to believe it was just because of her own good luck.

In any case, it was a good thing they hadn't left when most people evacuated the capital. The Hohenbergs -- Lotte's future parents-in-law -- stayed on because Herr von H. was ^{as} regarded indispensable:

*Air raids - nightmarish...
But usually white to go out.*

his factories near Berlin still working -- underground, of course. Herr Schulz, too, was "essential": Government official, "Reichs-
(Then, "Volkssturm" -- he and L.'s little brother, H. post" -- had to go on functioning as long as possible...)

all but

Frau Schulz didn't want to leave, either: ~~was~~ impossible to find another place... all the small towns and villages overcrowded... The apartment, full of souvenirs -- furniture inherited from Potsdam family; portrait of her father, Colonel von Baschwitz, in uniform of Imperial Army... (She didn't want to part with these things...)

As for Lotte, she had promised her fiancé, Fritz Hohenberg, to wait for him right here, in Berlin... "I'll be back," he had said when visiting with his parents, on his furlough, last Christmas. That was just about four months ago... Returned to the Eastern front -- in Poland, or wherever it was, at that time. Three or four more letters, and then silence...

Was he dead? Captured by the Russians? Sent to Siberia?

Lotte looked at his picture which adorned on the small table next to her bed -- the handsome young officer, smiling triumphantly...

Well, she had kept her word, so far: she was waiting for him. But would he live up to his promise? Would he come back? And if he didn't -- what about the baby?

A baby without ~~me~~ a father -- that wouldn't be so good. Especially if Germany actually lost the war... ~~She didn't know what to do...~~

(got up, Lotte paced the room, nervously...

Her stepmother wouldn't like the idea of an illegitimate child. Had old-fashioned ideas...

Not that Lotte really cared about her stepmother's feelings. But it would be a nuisance -- all the scenes, the ...

Frau Alice Schulz didn't think much of her stepdaughter. Found

Had said she knew about it. Didn't know if he got L. Hohenberg...

She wanted the baby in any case...

P6

The constant praying didnt seem to make her any happier.
~~diser~~... Grew more and more bitter and misanthropic... Yes, it was
 a ~~misalliance~~... The née von Baschwitz had married Schulz, who was
 a bit of a Casanova... The Colonel had committed suicide, the day
 after defeat, leaving family penniless... So what else could Alice do?

Schulz was of good bourgeois stock, academic background -- an
 "educated man." Of course, Alice, a royalist at heart disapproved of
 his serving the Republican Government; but then, it was a good job,
 security...

Mexican
man

no
back-
bone

Disappointment of Hohenzollern: off stage; Nazis

But Lotte was more than the Potsdam lady could bear... Schulz's
 first wife, Lotte's mother, had been a simple shopkeeper in Königs=
 berg: Hence the streak of vulgarity in the girl's character, as Alice
 pointed out bitterly...

Lotte picked up her mother's photograph adorning the chest of
 drawers... Yes, there was a resemblance -- the same smile, and the
 cheekbones. That's why Dad was so fond of her, and why Alice hated
 her so much...

White Persecution

A wave of self-pity swept Lotte's heart... Suddenly felt so lonely
 ... Outside, the destroyed city... Fritz gone... No one to talk to,
 except Dad, and maybe even he wouldn't understand about the baby...

But then she read poem adorning the wall over the chest of drawers
 ... A poem by Caesar Fleischlen -- school friend had copied it in
 beautiful letters, red and green ink, framed, under glass, given as
 a birthday gift. The two opening lines -- written in larger type --
 said:

Hab Sonne im Herzen,
 Ob's regnet oder schneit...

"Have sun in your heart, whether it rains or snows..." Chin up!

Will, there would be time to finish...
 L. was anxiously calm... On the stand,
 sometimes reports! But one - finished
 objects ...

Keep smiling!

Things could be worse, after all... Maybe Fritz would come back.
And she had still her home -- "my own little realm," as she called it
-- a snug little oasis, in the midst of ruins and destruction...

And she was in good health. And pretty.

'What can happen to me, as long as I keep my looks?'

She was surprised with her own thought...

Was not everything collapsing she had believed it...?

One had to take a realistic view... 'just keep cool... sober, girl...' she said to herself. The leader of the Hitler Maidens used to address her that way... There was something heartening about that, "girl..."

Maybe there was still hope... People said the Führer was not really dead -- just hiding... He was so shrewd: Lotte wouldn't put such a thing past him...

Wasn't there some kind of a new government Hitler had appointed? Dönitz, negotiating with the Anglo-Americans... The Anglo-Americans didn't like the Soviets, Hohenberg said... So many rumors.

Hohenberg said the English would be here before the Russians: were in Leipzig already. That's why the Hohenbergs didn't leave town... Had inside information...

In any case, the job in the arament factory had been quite a nuisance: good thing she got rid of it...

Of course, if the Russians came all the same -- that wouldn't be so good... Lotte shuddered... She would have been that was more important than anything else. She would like to do something with some one who made good in

The door opened: Frau Alice Schulz, née von Baschwitz, Lotte's stepmother...

Tall, lean figure dressed in black... Haggard, ashen face...: looked ^{forty-seven} older than her for ~~fifty-three~~ years... Was thirty-one when she married Schulz; gave birth to Horst one year later...

(((Page 4)))

It happened rarely that she entered Lotte's room: must be some unusual reason...

Lingered near the door; then:

"Where is Horst?"

"Why, Mother, I don't know..."

"You know he went out this morning..."

"Of course, had to report to his Volkssturm unit."

"Took rifle along -- the old one, my father's..."

"I suppose they were supposed to be armed."

"Even the children?"

"Well, Mother, he isn't exactly a child anymore -- Horst is fifteen... And this is an emergency, after all..."

"It's y o u r fault," Frau Schulz said, pointing a long, bony finger at her stepdaughter.

Lotte, with a contemptuous smile: "What is my fault? The emergence?"

"No," Frau Schulz said irritably. "You know perfectly well what I mean. It's you who has made the boy a fanatic. You gave him all those ideas..."

"He was brought up in the Hitler Youth -- wasn't he? I ~~a~~ needn't tell him anything."

"I know. But my influence would have been strong enough to counter=

balance the Hitler Youth. You estranged him from me..."

"Oh, leave me alone..."

"Weren't you a Nazi...?"

"What a question! ... I had to join the Hitler Maidens, just as Dad had to join the Party if he wanted to keep his job..."

"Now you see that I have been right all along..."

"Doesn't prove anything. The others had just too much material..."

"Not everybody has your indifference. While you're sitting here... my boy is risking his life... Oh God, my God..."

"What has God to do with this...?"

"No blasphemies now, if you please! This is a tragic moment... They're fighting in the ~~suburbs~~ suburbs...(??)"

"Is it as bad as all that?" -- Lotte was shocked... But still she couldn't feel the strong sense of horror which he had expected to experience, under such conditions. Maybe it was her ~~stepmother's~~ stepmother's way of dramatizing things which made her act so calmly.

"And where is Dad?" Lotte asked. "You don't seem to be very concerned about him."

"He'll take care of himself. It's the boy I worry about..."

Frau Schulz turned out to be right as far as her husband was concerned: he showed up in the ~~early~~ early afternoon...

Lotte had never seen him so excited... The dapper little gentleman -- his clothes dirty, his thin white hair disheveled, the white mustache...

"They're coming," he cried in a hoarse... voice...

"Oh, my child, what will they do to you?" As he kissed Lotte she

wondered if she should tell him about the baby and ask him for his advice -- the baby was on her mind all the time. But he seemed so frightened, so helpless -- such a pathetic little man. "All organized resistance is collapsing," he said. "What will happen to us?"

"And what about Horst?" his wife asked desperately.

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Lotte decided to go down to the Hohenbergs, but there she found the same atmosphere of panic and disaster. Herr Hohenberg and his wife just in the midst of a heated argument...

She insisted that they had to leave; he: impossible, all roads blocked, completely cut off... Besides: "There is nothing I have to be afraid of... Have never been a Nazi..."

Lotte was surprised to hear that Herr Hohenberg had been involved in the anti-Hitler conspiracy of last July, the so-called "Plot of the Generals" which, at the time, he had denounced as a treacherous crime... "Now I may as well admit it," he cried, "that I was in contact with those honorable men... Ever since Stalingrad it was obvious to me that we would lose the war..." -- This, too, came as a surprise since too Lotte, ~~Mr~~ Herr Hohenberg had always spoken of victory...

"Quatsch!" Frau Hohenberg shouted -- how coarse... she seemed, all of a sudden!... She had held a leading position in a Nazi women's organization... "They'll arrest both you and me," she predicted anxiously.

But Herr Hohenberg maintained that "they wouldn't dare it..." "Besides," he said, "the Russians are here yet. The Anglo-Americans may still beat them to it... I am told they are fighting near Dresden... The SS has been incorporated into the Allied army in Italy..."

"We stay!" he concluded, and left the room, banging the door behind.

... Frau Hohenberg in tears: "We're lost..." Lotte trying to

her...

This was the moment to tell her about the baby...

"I'm happy you're going to stay," she said timidly. "So I won't be alone when my hour comes..."

"What hour...?"

"Well, you see,... I meant to tell you before... I'm expecting a baby... It happened when Fritz was here, last December..."

"Impossible! You have to get rid of it..."

"But why...?"

"Don't you see? Everything is lost... The Russians are coming... Fritz may be dead, for all we know..."

"I don't think he's dead," Lotte said calmly.

"Well, in any case, I think it would be sheer madness to have a child, under the circumstances... Besides, I don't care... I have other things to worry about..."

"Naturally," Lotte said.

She had never thought of getting rid of her baby... The idea had just never occurred to her...

Walked slowly back, upstairs...

Horst had come back in the meantime. Wounded in the arm. Nothing serious, but Mother made terrible fuss... Dressing his wound, etc.

The boy looked extremely pale -- ~~his eyes~~ dark, tight-lipped... A feverish light in his eyes...

"It can't be true," he kept saying. "The Führer never told a lie. He promised the Russians wouldn't come. What happened to the secret

weapon...?"

Lotte felt suddenly tired. "Well, we ~~have~~ have to face it..."

"Have to face it?" the boy snapped back. "... What will Fritz say?"

Horst was a great admirer of his sister's fiancé -- a hero to him.

'What will Fritz say?' Lotte ~~mased~~ ^{asked}. 'His mother doesn't want me to have the baby... Maybe his mother is right...'

"The Russians are coming..."

The panic swept the whole street...

Announcements over the air... A Russian general's voice...

"Further resistance useless... To avoid further bloodshed..."

Horst, trembling with anger... Mother, praying, ~~God~~ "God, my God..."
Dad, white face... Removing Hitler picture from drawing room...

"Old swindler -- cheated us!" ... Horst, gnashing his teeth...

Lotte, curiously quiet in the midst of general hysteria.

Walked down to the street. The ruins, already familiar sight...
People... talking, shouting... Rumors: looting, raping etc.

"The Russians are coming..."

Lotte, back to apartment; lock door. Waiting...

It was quite dark by now.

"Nothing to eat?" -- Last supplies..

Waiting... Maybe nothing would happen...

There it was: noise...:

Russian soldiers...

Lotte opens. Five of them. She smiled...

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Herr Schulz was not popular with his colleagues at the City Hall; nor did his superiors think much of him. In the beginning, ~~... He put on airs as long as his daughter~~

Herr Schulz lost his job with the City Administration -- Lotte had known all along that would happen. As long as ^{Lotte's} ~~her~~ affair with the Colonel had been going on, the proud father had acted as if he were running the place... , had been moody, arrogant, lazy... , eager, After Lotte's fall, he tried to change, turned servile... But it was too late; he had made himself unpopular with both his colleagues and superiors...

His "Fragebogen" had been handled with unusual discretion, according to Col. Potter's wish... Now they checked it again -- found out he had been a Party member... So that was the end...

"You're fired, Schulz," ~~his~~ the chief of his department told him.

Sch. made an attempt to appeal ~~to~~ to his sympathy -- a futile attempt, as he knew; but there was no harm in trying...

"Just lost my wife... Two children..." He had moist eyes, his lips trembled...

The boss remained unmoved. "Sorry," he said. "But it was a regrettable mistake that you got the job in the first place. There's nothing I can do about it."

He was a Social Democrat, Schulz knew. Had spent five years in Buchenwald.

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Tentative sequence of chapters:

ONE: Introduction: the ~~Russians~~ Schulz family. -- The Russians are coming...

TWO: Alexev

THREE: Lt. Ivan

FOUR: Dr. David Dorn: Abortion; first conversations.

FIVE: Otto Mathias; Dr. Dorn continued.

SIX: First encounter with GIs. -- The British Officers' Club. -- The English Sergeant.

SEVEN: French Officer. -- Return of Fiancé.

EIGHT: The Italo-American, and other GIs.

NINE: Lt. Abraham (and Dr. Dorn, who appears in almost every chapter)

TEN: End of the affair with Lt. Abraham; beginning of the affair with Col. Potter.

ELEVEN: The arrest of Horst and Fritz; mother's death.

TWELVE: Potter continued; sudden end of the romance on account of Mrs. Potter's arrival.

THIRTEEN: The new job. Jim...