

## **Verbundkatalog Kalliope**

**Voschkov.**

**Mann, Erika**

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HEADQUARTERS

In the primeval times B.N.T. (Before the Nuernberg Trials)  
I was commissioned one day to ~~put~~ <sup>ask</sup> two simple questions to the  
American, British, French and Soviet delegations respectively.

The show was scheduled to open on November the 20th; but rumors, nourished  
and spread by the STARS AND STRIPES, had it that the date could ~~not~~ <sup>NOT</sup>  
possibly be kept. Since, according to the <sup>INITIATED</sup> G.I. paper, the U.S. Prosecution  
was ready, the clever and suspicious reader could not escape the  
conclusion that ~~somebody else~~ <sup>SOMEbody ELSE</sup> was not. Hence my editor's  
request for binding assertions straight from the four horses' mouths.  
As for his second query, it will be dealt with in due course.

I had been here for a week now - long enough to feel cosily at  
home in the pentagonal labyrinth of the Palace of Justice and presently  
to spot the American spokesman, the British representative and the  
authorized mouthpiece of the French Republic. Their names, ranks and  
<sup>were listed</sup>  
titles ~~appeared~~ in a handy house-directory which also gave their room-  
as well as their telephon-numbers; additional information concerning  
their special functions appeared on small posters fastened to their  
doors; their desks, too, were adorned with identifying plaques.

What with 45 minutes of brisk walking <sup>FROM OFFICE TO OFFICE</sup>  
it took exactly one hour to conduct the three interviews. Five minutes  
went to Mr. Gordon Dean, Press Relations Officer for Mr. Justice Jackson;  
three to Colonel H. Phillimore, Secretary to the British Delegation;  
and seven to M. Serge Meyer, French Public Relations Officer. Then  
the Soviet representative had to be traced out. While he was not,  
of course, listed in the house directory, he could not but be stationed  
in one of the barren <sup>BUREAUS</sup> ~~offices~~ forming the "Russian Wing". The doors  
were not numbered in those parts and nowhere in these silent corridors  
could there be found the faintest hint as to who occupied what room.



The first place I entered had ~~haphazardly~~ <sup>been</sup> ~~harbored~~ <sup>filled</sup> a great many people who laughed heartily at my attempts to make myself understood and reacted altogether in the most friendly fashion. Behind the second door, a high-ranking officer (possibly a general - but then, you never quite know) was seen dictating to his secretary. When the latter had grasped the nature of my concern, there ensued a rapid and lengthy conversation at the conclusion of which the ~~general~~ general stepped outside, raised four fingers of one hand and, having counted them repeatedly, used ~~then~~ <sup>THE FIFTH</sup> to point to the right. He also said something which sounded like "Voschkov".

I knocked at the fourth door to my right.

"Mr. Voschkov?" , I said, approaching a slim figure clad in civilians and seated behind a large and entirely empty desk.

He did not answer, but turned to what proved to be his interpreter, an attractively narrow-eyed girl with high cheek-bones and a fine command of the English language.

"The gentleman", she said smoothly, "wishes to learn the purpose of your visit."

I explained. Was I - to begin with - right in assuming that Mr. Voschkov was authorized to speak for the Soviet Prosecution?

My inquiry having been duly transmitted, Mr. Voschkov looked me straight into the eyes and said (or so the girl told me):

"Your name? The name of your paper?"

While surrendering this bit of intelligence, <sup>- WHICH THE GIRL TOOK DOWN IN WRITING -</sup> I decided to take ~~the~~ <sup>THE MAN'S</sup> question for an answer and to assume that Mr. Voschkov was indeed authorized to speak for the Soviet Prosecution. What about his delegation's state of preparedness, I inquired. Was the Soviet Prosecution ready?

Mr. Voschkov smiled. Had I not - he wanted to know - read

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"I understand", she said, inexplicably saddened.

spoken,

"Just one second Sir", I said hastily, "how do you spell

The silence that ensued seemed shoreless like the siberian steppes. Eventually I learned that Mr. Voschkov attached no importance

# HEADQUARTERS

Civil Affairs Detachment DSC

~~the~~ to the spelling of his name. That ~~such~~ should be ~~the~~ <sup>THE CASE,</sup>  
 appeared to deepen the sadness which had gripped my <sup>SLAVIC</sup> friends.

As I moved to depart, however, Mr. Voschkov's face brightened, not so much - I felt - because I was leaving, as because of what he was about to say. In a clear and ringing voice he sounded that short sequence of words which I'd come to understand even in Russian and which I ~~shall~~ <sup>SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER</sup> like an endearing bit of melody.

"The trials", echoed the girl, "will open...."  
 "Thank you", I said, stepping  
~~the~~ swiftly outside .

.....

Voschkov

10/1/50

(1) 10/1/50