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THIS book reports the story of Franz Biberkopf, an erstwhile cement- and transport-worker in Berlin. He has just been discharged from prison where he has been doing time because of former incidents, and is now back in Berlin, determined to lead a decent life.

And, at first, he succeeds. But then, though economically things go rather well with him, he gets involved in a regular combat with something that comes from the outside, with something unaccountable, that looks like fate.

Three times this thing crashes against our man, disturbing his scheme of life. It rushes at him with cheating and fraud. The man is able to scramble up again; he is still firm on his feet.

It drives and beats him with foul play. He finds it a bit hard to get up, they almost count him out.

Finally it torpedoes him with huge and monstrous savagery.

Thus our good man, who has held his own till the end, is laid low. He gives the game up for lost; he does not know how to go on and appears to be done for.

But, before he puts a definite end to himself, his eyes are forcibly opened in a way which I do not describe here. He is most distinctly given to understand how it all came about. To wit, through himself, that's obvious, through his scheme of life, which looked like nothing on earth, but now suddenly looks entirely different, not simple and almost self-evident, but prideful and impudent, cowardly withal, and full of weakness.

This awful thing which was his life acquires a meaning. Franz Biberkopf has been given a radical cure. At last we see our man back on Alexanderplatz, greatly changed and battered, but, nevertheless, bent straight again.

To listen to this, and to meditate on it, will be of benefit to many who, like Franz Biberkopf, live in a human skin, and, like this Franz Biberkopf, ask more of life than a piece of bread and butter.

FIRST BOOK

Here in the beginning, Franz Biberkopf leaves Tegel Prison into which a former foolish life had led him. It is difficult to gain a foothold in Berlin again, but he finally does. This makes him happy, and now he vows to lead a decent life.

On Car 41 into Town

HE stood in front of the Tegel Prison gate and was free now. Yesterday in convict's garb he had been raking potatoes with the others in the fields back of the building, now he was walking in a tan summer topcoat; they were still raking back there, he was free. He let one street-car after another go by, pressed his back against the red wall, and did not move. The gateman walked past him several times, showed him his car-line; he did not move. The terrible moment had come (terrible, Franze, why terrible?), the four years were over. The black iron gates, which he had been watching with growing disgust for a year (disgust, why disgust?), were shut behind him. They had let him out again. Inside, the others sat at their carpentry, varnishing, sorting, gluing, had still two years, five years to do. He was standing at the car-stop.

The punishment begins.

He shook himself and gulped. He stepped on his own foot. Then, with a run, took a seat in the car. Right among people. Go ahead. At first it was like being at the dentist's, when he has grabbed a root with a pair of forceps, and pulls; the pain grows, your head threatens to burst. He turned his head back towards the red wall, but the car raced on with him along the tracks, and only his head was left in the direction of the prison. The car took a

bend; trees and houses intervened. Busy streets emerged, Seestrasse, people got on and off. Something inside him screamed in terror: Look out, look out, it's going to start now. The tip of his nose turned to ice; something was whirring over his cheek. *Zwölf Uhr Mittagszeitung*, *B. Z.*, *Berliner Illustrierte*, *Die Funkstunde*. "Anybody else got on?" The coppers have blue uniforms now. He got off the car, without being noticed, and was back among people again. What happened? Nothing. Chest out, you starved sucker, you, pull yourself together, or I'll give you a crack in the jaw! Crowds, what a swarm of people! How they hustle and bustle! My brain needs oiling, it's probably dried up. What was all this? Shoe stores, hat stores, incandescent lamps, saloons. People got to have shoes to run around so much; didn't we have a cobbler's shop out there, let's bear that in mind! Hundreds of polished window-panes, let 'em blaze away, are they going to make you afraid or something, why, you can smash 'em up, can't you, what's the matter with 'em, they're polished clean, that's all. The pavement on Rosenthaler Platz was being torn up; he walked on the wooden planks along with the others. Just go ahead and mix in with people, then everything's going to clear up, and you won't notice anything, you fool. Wax figures stood in the show-windows, in suits, overcoats, with skirts, with shoes and stockings. Outside everything was moving, but —back of it—there was nothing! It—did not—live! It had happy faces, it laughed, waited in twos and threes on the traffic islands opposite Aschinger's, smoked cigarettes, turned the pages of newspapers. Thus it stood

there like the street-lamps—and—became more and more rigid. They belonged with the houses, everything white, everything wooden.

Terror struck him as he walked down Rosenthaler Strasse and saw a man and a woman sitting in a little beer-shop right at the window: they poured beer down their gullets out of mugs, yes, what about it, they were drinking, they had forks and stuck pieces of meat into their mouths, then they pulled the forks out again and were not bleeding. Oh, how cramped his body felt, I can't get rid of it, where shall I go? The answer came: Punishment.

He could not turn back, he had come this far on the car, he had been discharged from prison and had to go into this thing, deeper and deeper into it.

I know, he sighed to himself, that I have to go into this thing and that I was discharged from prison. They had to discharge me, the punishment was over, that's as it should be, the bureaucrat does his duty. I'll go into it, too, but I'd rather not, my God, I can't do it.

He wandered down Rosenthaler Strasse past Wertheim's department store, at the right he turned into the narrow Sophienstrasse. He thought, this street is darker, it's probably better where it's darker. The prisoners are put in isolation cells, solitary confinement and general confinement. In isolation cells the prisoner is kept apart from the others night and day. In solitary confinement the prisoner is placed in a cell, but during his walks in the open air, during instruction or religious service, he is

put in company with the others. The cars roared and jangled on, house-fronts were rolling along one after the other without stopping. And there were roofs on the houses, they soared atop the houses, his eyes wandered straight upward: if only the roofs don't slide off, but the houses stood upright. Where shall I go, poor devil that I am, he shuffled alongside the walls of the houses, there was no end to it. I'm really a big duffer, a fellow ought to be able to traipse his way through hereabouts, five minutes, ten minutes, then drink a cognac and sit down. When the given signal rings, work must begin immediately. It can only be interrupted at the time set aside for eating, walking, and instruction. During the walk the prisoners must hold their arms stiff and swing them back and forth.

A house appeared, he took his glance away from the pavement, he pushed open the door of a house, and a sad growling oh, oh, came from his chest. He thrashed his arms about, well, old boy, you won't freeze here. The door of the courtyard opened, someone shuffled past him, stood behind him. Now he groaned, it did him good to groan. In the first days of his solitary confinement he had always groaned like this, and had been happy to hear his own voice, there you have at least something, everything is not lost yet. Many did that in the cells, some in the beginning, others later on, when they felt lonely. Then they started it, it was something human, it consoled them. Thus our man stood in the hallway, did not hear the terrible noise from the street,

those mad houses were not there. With pursed lips he grunted to give himself courage, his hands clenched in his pockets. His shoulders in the tan summer topcoat were hunched for defense.

A stranger had stopped beside the discharged prisoner and was watching him. He asked: "What's the matter, anything wrong, are you in pain?" until the man noticed him and stopped his grunting at once. "Are you sick, do you live here in this house?" It was a Jew with a full red beard, a little man in an overcoat, with a black plush felt hat, a cane in his hand. "No, I don't live here." He had to get out of the hallway, the hallway had been all right. And now the street started once more, the house-fronts, the show-windows, the hurrying figures with trousers or light socks, all so quick, so smart, each moment another. And making up his mind, he stepped again into an entrance-way, but just here the gates opened to let a wagon pass. Then quickly into the next-door house, into a narrow hallway next to the staircase. No wagon could get in here. He clung to the banister-post. And while he held on to it, he knew he wanted to escape punishment (oh, Franz, what do you want to do? You'll not be able to do it), he would certainly do it, he knew now where there was an escape. And softly he started his music again, the grunting and grumbling, and I won't go back to the street either. The red Jew stepped back into the house, did not at first notice the man by the banister. He heard him humming. "Say, tell me, what are you doing here? Are you sick?" He moved away

from the post, walked towards the courtyard. As he grasped the gate, he saw it was the Jew from the other house. "Leave me alone, what do you want anyway?" "Well, well, nothing. You moan and groan so, can't a body ask how you are?" And through the crack in the door across the way he saw the blamed old houses again, the swarming people, the sliding roofs. The discharged prisoner opened the courtyard gate, the Jew behind him: "What could happen? Now, now, it's not going to be as bad as all that. You're not going to go under. Berlin is big. Where a thousand live, one more can also live."

He was in a deep dark courtyard. He stood beside the dustbin. And suddenly he started singing in a resonant voice, singing towards the walls. He took his hat off, like an organ-grinder. The echo resounded from the walls. That was fine. His voice filled his ears. He sang in such a very loud voice, he would never have been allowed to sing like that in prison. And what did he sing, that it should echo from the walls? "There comes a call like thunder's peal." Martiallly hard and pithy. And then: "Tra-la-la-la-la-la," a bit from a song. Nobody paid any attention to him. The Jew received him at the gate: "You sang beautifully. You really sang beautifully. You could earn gold with a voice like you've got." The Jew followed him to the street, took him by the arm, pushed him farther along, talking endlessly all the way, until they turned into Gormanstrasse, the Jew and the raw-boned, big fellow in the summer topcoat with his lips pressed tight together, as if he wanted to spit gall.

Still not There

HE LED him into a room, where an iron stove was burning, and sat him down on the sofa: "Well, here you are. Make yourself at home. Can leave your hat on or take it off, just as you please. I just want to get somebody you'll like. As a matter of fact, I don't live here. Am just a guest like yourself. Well, that's the way it is, one guest brings another, if only the room is warm."

The discharged convict was sitting alone. There comes a call like thunder's peal, like billows' roar and clash of steel. He was riding in the car, looking out the window, the red walls were visible between the trees, many-colored leaves were raining down. The walls stood before his eyes, he looked at them from the sofa, kept on looking at them. A fellow's very lucky to live within these walls, he knows at least how the day starts and how it goes on. (Franz, you wouldn't hide, I hope, four years you've been hidden, courage, look around, this hiding will have to stop some time.) All singing, whistling, and noise is prohibited. The prisoners must immediately rise in the morning at the signal to get up, they must put their bunks in order, wash, comb their hair, clean their clothes, and dress. Soap should be issued in adequate quantities. Boom, a bell, get up, boom five-thirty, boom six-thirty, doors unlocked, boom boom, we go outside, distribution of breakfast, working hours, recreation hour, boom boom boom, noon, don't make such a wry face, old boy, you're not going to be fattened up here, singers should step forward, they are to appear at five-forty, I'll report myself

hoarse, at six the doors are locked, good evening, that's that. A fellow's lucky to live within these walls, they dragged me down in the dirt, I almost committed murder, but it was only manslaughter, bodily injury with fatal consequences, wasn't as bad as all that, I had become a great reprobate, a hooligan—almost a real bum.

A big, long-haired old Jew, a little black skull-cap on the back of his head, had been sitting opposite him for a long time. Now in Shushan there was a certain Jew, whose name was Mordecai and he brought up Esther, his uncle's daughter, and the maid was fair and beautiful. The old man looked away from him and turned his head back to the redbeard: "Where did you pick this one up?" "He was running around from house to house. He stood in a courtyard and he sang." "Sang?" "War songs." "He must be freezing." "Maybe." The old man looked at him. Jews must not handle a corpse on the first feastday, nor shall Israelites do this on the second feastday; and this applies to both New Years days, as well. And who is the author of the following rabbinic teaching: If a man eats from the carcass of a clean bird, he is not unclean; if, however, he eats of the intestines or of the craw, he is unclean? With his long yellow hand the old man groped for the hand of the discharged prisoner lying on the top-coat. "Heh, don't you want to take your coat off? It's warm here. We're old people, we freeze all the year round, maybe it will be too much for you."

He sat on the sofa, he squinted down at his hand, he had walked from courtyard to courtyard through the streets, gotta look and see where something can be found

in this world. And he wanted to get up, walk out of the door, his eyes looked for the door in the dark room. And the old fellow pushed him back to the sofa: "Why don't you stay, what do you want?" He wanted to get outside. The old man, however, held his wrist and squeezed and squeezed: "Just want to see who is stronger, you or I. Now are you going to remain seated, or not? You are going to listen to what I am saying, young fellow. Pull yourself together, rascal." And turning to the red-haired chap who grasped the man by the shoulders: "Get out of here, you. Did I call you? I'll fix him up."

What did these people want with him? He wanted to get out, he tried to rise, but the old man pushed him down again. Then he shouted: "What are you doing with me?" "Go ahead and curse, you'll be cursing more than that." "You better lemme go. I've got to be off." "Into the street again, I suppose, or the courtyard, maybe?"

Then the old man got up from his chair, went rustling up and down the room: "Let him scream as much as he wants to. Let him do as he pleases. But not in my house. Open the door for him." "What's the matter, haven't you got noise here anyway?" "Don't bring people here who make a noise. The daughter's children are sick, they're back there in bed, I got enough noise already." "Eh, eh, what a shame, I didn't know, you must excuse me." The redbeard grasped the man by the hands: "Come along. The Rebbe's got his house full. The grandchildren are sick. We'll go somewhere else." But the other chap did not want to get up. "Come along." He had to get up.

Then he whispered: "Don't pull. Why don't you leave me here?" "His house is full up, I tell you, didn't you hear?" "Just lemme stay here."

With sparkling eyes the old man looked at the strange man who was now pleading. Thus spake Jeremiah, we would have healed Babylon, but she is not healed; forsake her, and let us go everyone into his own country. A sword is upon the Chaldeans and upon the inhabitants of Babylon.

"If he doesn't keep still, send him away." "All right, all right, we won't make any noise. I'll sit with him, you can depend on me." Without a word the old man rustled towards the door.

Instruction through the Example of Zannovich

AND so the discharged prisoner in the tan summer topcoat was sitting on the sofa again. Sighing and shaking his head, the redbeard walked through the room: "Now don't be angry because the old man was so excited. Are you from out of town?" "Yes, I am—I was—" The red walls, the beautiful walls, cells, he couldn't help looking at them with longing, his back seemed glued to the red wall, it was a clever man had built it, he did not leave. And the man, like a doll, rolled from the sofa down to the carpet. In falling, he knocked the table to one side. "What's that?" cried the red chap. The discharged convict stooped over the carpet, his hat rolled down beside his hands, he thrust his head downward, moaned: "Down into the ground, into the earth, where it's dark!" The

red-haired man tugged at him: "For God's sake. You're among strangers. Suppose the old man should come in. Get up." But the other one did not let himself be pulled up, he held fast to the carpet, continued moaning. "Just keep quiet, for God's sake, suppose the old man should hear you. We'll get along all right." "Nobody'll get me away from here." Like a mole.

And as he could not get him up, the redbeard rubbed the curls on his temples, locked the door, and resolutely sat down on the floor beside him. He drew up his knees and looked at the table-legs in front of him: "It's O. K. with me. Just stay where you are. I'll sit down, too. Of course, it's not comfortable, but what of it? You won't tell me what's wrong with you, so I'm going to tell you a story." The discharged prisoner groaned, his head on the carpet. (Why's he groaning and moaning? He's gotta make a decision, that's why, he's gotta walk down some road—and, Franze, you don't know of any road? You're through with that bunk from the old days, and in the cell, too, all you did was groan and hide away, and you didn't think about anything, Franze.) The red-haired fellow said fiercely: "You shouldn't bother so much about your own person. You should listen to others. Who told you there's such a lot the matter with you? God won't let any man drop out of his hands, but then there are also other people, don't forget. Didn't you read what Noah put into his ark, into his ship, when the great flood came? A pair of each. God didn't forget any of them. Not even the lice on our heads did he forget. All of them were near and dear to him." The other man

was whimpering on the floor. (Whimpering doesn't cost anything, a sick mouse can whimper, too.)

The red chap let him go on whimpering and scratched his cheeks: "There's a lot on earth—a man could tell a lot of stories about it, when he's young and when he's old. You see, I'm going to tell you the story of Zannovich, Stefan Zannovich. You never heard it. When you feel better, just sit up a bit. The blood goes to your head, it's not good for you. My late father—God bless him—told us a good deal, he traveled a lot like the people of our race do, he lived to be over seventy, died after our dear mother, knew a lot, a clever man. We were seven hungry mouths, and whenever there was nothing to eat, he told us stories. It don't fill your stomach, but you forget things." The muffled groaning below continued. (A sick jackass can groan, too.) "Well, well, we know that in this world there ain't only gold, beauty, and happiness. Now, who was Zannovich, who was his father, who were his parents? Beggars like most of us, hawkers, peddlers, tradespeople. Old Zannovich came from Albania, and went to Venice. He knew why he went to Venice. Some fellows go from the city to the country, others from the country to the city. In the country it's quieter, people turn everything around and around, you can talk for hours, and if you're lucky, you've earned a couple of pfennigs. Now, in town, too, it's hard, but the people live closer together, and they have no time. If it's not one thing, it's the other. Got no oxen, but fast horses with cabs. You lose and you win. Old Zannovich knew that. First sold what he had with him and then he took to cards and

played with the folks. He wasn't straight. He made a bizniz out of it, he did, knowing that folks in the city have got no time and want to be amused. He entertained 'em all right! It cost 'em hard cash. A swindler, a card-sharp—that was old Zannovich, but he had a head on him. The peasants made things hard for him, here he made a softer living. Things went well with him. Till one of them suddenly imagined he had been done a wrong. Noo, old Zannovich hadn't exactly counted on that. It came to blows, the police mixed in, and finally old Zannovich had to scoot with his children. The law of Venice was after him, the old man thought he'd rather have no dealings with the law, they don't understand me, they couldn't catch him either. He had horses and money with him and settled again in Albania and bought himself an estate, a whole village, he did, and his children he sent to college. And when he became very old, he died peacefully and respected. That was old Zannovich's life. The peasants wept over him, but he never could bear them, because he always thought of the time when he had stood before them with his trinkets, rings, bracelets, and coral chains, while they turned them around and around, fiddling with them, and finally went away and left him standing there.

"Y'know, when the father's a li'l plant, he wants his son to be a tree. When the father's a stone, he wants his son to be a mountain. Old Zannovich said to his sons: 'I was nothing here in Albania, as long as I went peddling for twenty years, and why not? Because I didn't take my head where it belonged. I send you to the big school, to

Padua, get horses and wagons, and when you're through studying, think of me, who had many cares together with your mother and you and who slept at night with you in the forest, like a boar: it was my own fault. The peasants had drained me dry like a bad year, and I would have gone to pieces. But I went among people and I didn't go under."

The red-haired chap laughed to himself, wagged his head, rocked his body. They were sitting on the carpet. "If anybody should come in now, he might think we're both *meschuggge*, we've got a sofa and we sit on the floor. Noo, if we want to, why not? If we only get some fun out of it. Young Zannovich Stefan was already a great orator as a young man of twenty. He could scrape and bow, make himself popular, he could make goo-goo eyes at the women and act noble with the men. In Padua the nobles learn from the professors, Stefan learnt from the nobles. They were all nice to him. And when he came home to Albania, his father was still living, how happy he was about him and he liked him, too, and said: 'Look at him, there's a man of the world for you, he won't trade with the peasants for twenty years as I did, he's twenty years ahead of his father.' And the youngster stroked his silk sleeve, brushed his beautiful curls from his brow and kissed his happy old father: 'But you, father, you spared me those bad twenty years.' 'May they be the best of your life,' said the old man, and patted and petted his youngster.

"And then things went like a miracle with young Zannovich, and yet it was no miracle. Everywhere people

rushed to him. He had the key to all hearts. He went to Montenegro on an excursion as a cavalier with coaches and horses and servants, his father was overjoyed at seeing his son a big man—the father a little plant, the son a tree—and in Montenegro they called him count and prince. They wouldn't have believed him, if he had said: 'My father's name is Zannovich, we live in Pastrovich in a village and my father's proud of it! They wouldn't have believed him, he appeared on the scene so like a nobleman from Padua, and he looked like one, too, and knew them all. Then Stefan laughed and said: 'You shall have your way.' And pretended to the people he was a wealthy Pole, which they really believed, a Baron Warta, and then they were happy about it, and he was happy about it, too.'

The discharged prisoner had sat up with a sudden lurch. He was crouching on his knees and slyly watching the other from above. Now he said with an icy look: "Monkey!" The redhead replied contemptuously: "Well, then, I am a monkey. But monkeys know really more than many a man." The other was forced down to the floor again. (Repent thou shalt; know what has happened; know what is needed.)

"So we can go on talking. A lot can still be learned from other people. Young Zannovich was on this road, and so it went. I didn't experience it, nor did my father experience it, but you can imagine it, can't you? If I ask you, you, who call me a monkey—you should not despise any animal on God's earth, they give us meat, and they show us many a kindness, think of a horse, a dog, sing-

ing birds; monkeys I only know from the county fair, they have to do tricks, on a chain, a hard lot, sure, no man has such a hard lot—now I'm going to ask you, I can't call you by your name, because you won't tell me your name: how did Zannovich get that far, both the young and the old man? You think because they had brains, they were clever. Other people were clever, too, and hadn't got as far at eighty as Stefan was at twenty. But the main things about a man are his eyes and his feet. He should be able to see the world and go after it.

"Now listen to what Stefan Zannovich did, he who had seen men and who knew how little we should be afraid of them. Just look how they smooth your way, how they almost show the blind man his road. They wanted this from him: You're Baron Warta. That's nice, says he, then I'm Baron Warta. Later on that wasn't enough for him, or not for them. If he was a Baron, why not be more? There's a celebrity in Albania, who had been dead a long time, but they honor him like people honor heroes, his name was Skanderbeg. If Zannovich could have done it, he would have said: he himself is Skanderbeg. After Skanderbeg was dead, he said, so he did, I'm a descendant of Skanderbeg's, and threw out his chest, he was called Prince Castriota of Albania, and he's going to make Albania great again; his followers are waiting for him. They gave him money, so that he could live like a descendant of Skanderbeg's should live. He did the people a lot of good. They go to the theater and hear a lot of cooked-up things that are agreeable to them, and they pay for it. They could pay for it, too, couldn't they, if

the agreeable things happened to them in the afternoon, or in the morning, and they themselves could play a part in them."

And again the man in the tan summer topcoat sat up, his face wrinkled and gloomy; he looked down at the red-haired man, coughed, his voice was changed: "Say, listen, young feller, you're cuckoo, heh? You're off your noodle, ain't you?" "Cuckoo, maybe. First I'm a monkey, then I'm *meschugge*." "Say, listen here, you, what do you mean sitting here and giving me a lot of your bunk?" "Who's sitting on the floor and don't want to get up? Me? When there's a sofa standing right behind me? Well, if it bothers you, I'll stop talking."

Then the other man, who had been looking around the room at the same time, drew his legs from under him and sat down with his back to the sofa, resting his hands on the carpet. "That's right, you can sit more comfortably this way." "Well, you might stop your blathering now." "If you like. I've often told the story before, I don't care, if you don't care." But after a moment of silence the other turned to him again: "Just go on with your story." "Noo, you see, a man tells stories and talks with another man, time passes better that way. I only wanted to open your eyes. Stefan Zannovich, who you heard about, got money, a lot of it, and he traveled to Germany with it. They didn't unmask him in Montenegro. What's to be learnt from Stefan Zannovich is that he knew about himself and about people. He was innocent like a little bird that twitters. Look here, he was so little afraid of the world, the greatest and most powerful men of his time,

men to be properly afraid of, were his friends: the Elector of Saxony, the Crown Prince of Prussia, who later became a great war hero, and before whom the Austrian Empress Theresa trembled on her throne. Zannovich didn't tremble before them. And once when Stefan came to Vienna and got in with people who were prying around him, the Empress herself raised her hand and said: Leave the youngster alone."

Completion of the Story in an unexpected Manner and the tonic Effect it has on the discharged Prisoner

THE other chap sitting on the sofa began to laugh, he fairly neighed: "You're a card. You should join the circus as a clown." The redhead sniggered, too: "So you see how it was. But keep quiet, the old man's grandchildren. Maybe we'd better sit down on the sofa, after all. What do you say?" The other laughed, crept up and raised himself slowly, sat down in one corner of the sofa, while the red-haired man sat in the other corner: "You sit softer that way, you don't rumples your coat, either." The man in the summer topcoat stared at the redhead from his corner: "You certainly are a funny bird—I haven't seen the likes of you in ages." The redhead, quietly: "Maybe you didn't take a good look, there are some. You got your coat dirty, they don't clean their shoes here." The discharged prisoner, a man of about thirty, had merry eyes, his face was fresher: "Say, tell me, what are you selling anyway? You must be living on

the moon." "Well, that's fine, let's talk about the moon, now."

A man with a curly, brown beard had been standing at the door for about five minutes. He went to the table, sat down in a chair. He was young, wore a black plush hat like the other. He described a circle in the air with his hand, then began in his shrill voice: "Who's that? What are you doing with him?" "And what are you doing here, Eliser? I don't know him, he won't tell his name." "You've been telling him stories." "Well, what's it to you?" The brownbeard to the convict: "Did he tell you stories, that one?" "He don't talk. He just walks around and sings in the courtyards." "Then let him go." "It's none of your business what I'm doing." "But I overheard what happened at the door. You told him about Zannovich. What else would you do but tell stories and stories?" Then the stranger, who had been staring at the brownbeard, grumbled: "Who are you and how'd you get in here, anyway? What do you want to mix in his affair for?" "Did he tell you about Zannovich, or not? He's been tellin' you stories. Nachum, my brother-in-law, goes around everywhere telling stories and stories and can't do anything for himself." "Did I ever ask you to help me? Don't you see he's feeling bad, you low-life?" "What of it, if he's not feeling well? You didn't get an order from God, just look at him, God waited till he came along. Alone God wasn't able to help." "Low-life." "Keep away from that man, I tell you. He probably told you how Zannovich or some other feller got up in the world." "You better get out o' here soon!" "Just listen

to the swindler, the charity hound. Wants to talk to me. Is it his house? Noo, what did you tell him again about your Zannovich, and how a man can learn from him? You should o' become one of our Rebbes. We would o' fattened you up, sure enough." "I don't need your charity." The brownbeard shouted again: "And we don't need any sponges around here always hanging on to a man's coat-tails. Did he also tell you what happened to his Zannovich finally, in the end?" "You rascal, you low-life." "Did he tell you that?" The prisoner blinked wearily at the red-haired chap who shook his fist and walked towards the door, he growled after the red-haired man: "Hey, there, don't run away; don't get excited, let him shoot his bull."

The brown-bearded fellow was already talking violently to him, fidgeting with his hands, shifting back and forth, clucking, and jerking his head, with a different expression every moment, turning now to the stranger, now to the redhead: "He makes people *meschuggge*. Let him tell you what kind of an end his Stefan Zannovich came to. He don't tell it, why don't he tell it, why, I ask you?" "Because you are a low-life, Eliser." "A better man than you are. They" (the brownbeard lifted both hands disgustedly, making terrible goggle-eyes) "chased his Zannovich out of Florence like a thief. Why? Because they found him out." The red-haired fellow placed himself menacingly before him, the brownbeard brushed him aside: "It's my turn to talk now. He wrote letters to princes, a prince gets lots of letters, you can't tell

from the handwriting what a man is. Then he stuck out his chest and went to Brussels as a Prince of Albania and mixed up in high politics. It was his bad angel told him to do that. He goes to the government, just imagine Stefan Zannovich, the youngster, and promises to give them a hundred thousand men or two hundred, it don't matter, for a war, with somebody or other. The government writes a little letter, thank you very much, they're not interested in uncertain enterprises. Then his bad angel told Stefan Zannovich, take the letter and get a loan on it. Didn't you have the letter from the minister with the address, To His Royal Highness the Prince of Albania on it? They loaned him money, and that was the end of the swindler. How old did he get to be? Thirty years, he didn't get to be any older than that as a punishment for his evil-doing. He couldn't pay the money back, they reported him to the authorities in Brussels and that's how everything came out. Your hero, Nachum! Did you tell about his black end in prison where he opened his veins? And after he was dead—a fine life, a fine end, go on and tell it—the executioner came, then the knacker with a wagon for dead dogs and horses and cats, and loaded him on the wagon, Stefan Zannovich himself, yes, sir, and chucked him out by the gallows and dumped garbage from the town all over him."

The man in the summer topcoat was standing with his mouth open: "That's true?" (A sick mouse can groan, too.) The red-haired fellow had counted every word his brother-in-law had been shouting. He waited with his

index finger lifted in the face of the brownbeard as though for a cue, then touched him lightly on the chest and spat before him on the ground, peh, peh: "That's for you. So you are one of those fellows. My brother-in-law." The brownbeard sprawled towards the window: "Now you go ahead and talk, and say it isn't true."

The walls no longer existed. A small room with a hanging lamp, two Jews running around, one with brown hair and one with red hair, both wearing black plush hats, quarreling with each other. He pursued his red-haired friend: "Say, listen to me, is that true, what he told about the man, how he went to pieces and how they killed him?" The brownbeard yelled: "Killed, did I say killed? He killed himself." The redbeard: "Well, then, he killed himself." The ex-convict: "And what did they do, the others?" The redbeard: "Who, who?" "Well, there probably were others like him, like Stefan. Most likely they weren't all ministers and knackers and bankers." The red and the brown fellow exchanged glances. The redhead: "Well, what could they do? They looked on."

The discharged prisoner in the tan summer topcoat, the big fellow, stepped from behind the sofa, took up his hat, brushed it, and put it on the table; then he threw his coat back, and without saying a word, unbuttoned his waistcoat. "Here, take a look at my pants. I was that stout and now they stand out, two thick fists, one on top of the other, that's from short victuals. All gone. The whole caboodle gone to the devil. That's how you go to pieces, because you weren't always the way you should

have been. I don't know as the others are much better. Nope. Don't believe it. They just try to drive a man crazy."

The brownbeard whispered to the redbeard: "There you got it." "What have I got?" "Well, a convict." "What of it?" The discharged prisoner: "Then they say: you are discharged and back you go, right back into the dirt, and it's the same dirt as before. It's no laughing matter." He buttoned his waistcoat again: "You can see from that, the way they do. They take the dead man out of his hole, the lousy fool with the dog wagon comes and dumps a dead man, who killed himself, on the wagon, the damned stinking swine—why didn't they knock his brains out? Sinning against a human being like that, and it don't matter who it is." The red-haired man sadly: "What can you do about it?" "Yes, sir, are we nothing, just because we did something once? Everybody who has been in jail can get back on his feet again and it don't matter what he did." (To repent! A fellow's got to have air! Hit out! Then everything will lie behind us, then everything'll be over, fear and everything.) "I just wanted to show you: Don't you listen to everything my brother-in-law tells you. You can't always do everything you want to, sometimes it works just as well another way." "That's no justice to throw a fellow on the dung-heap like a cur and then dump garbage on top of him, and that's the justice they give a dead man. Ough, hell. But now I've got to leave you. Give me your paw. You mean well and you, too, (he pressed the red-haired fellow's hand). My name's Biberkopf, Franz. Was nice of you to

take me in. My dicky-bird has already sung its bit in the courtyard. Well, here's how, merry business, it'll soon be over." The two Jews shook hands with him and smiled: The redhead held his hand for a long time, beamed: "Now you're all right. And I'll be glad if you have time and can come around one day." "Thanks, we'll fix that up, we'll find time all right, only no money. And give the old gentleman who was there my regards. That boy's got strength in that hand of his, say, he musta been a butcher once. Ow, we'll have to put the rug straight, it's all crumpled up. No, let's do it all ourselves, and the table, like this." He worked on the floor, laughed over his shoulder to the redhead: "Well, here we sat and told each other a lot. A good place to sit down, askin' your pardon."

They accompanied him to the door, the red-haired fellow was still worried: "Will you be able to walk alone?" The brownbeard nudged him: "Don't call him back." The ex-convict, walking erect, shook his head, pushed the air from him with both arms (we must get air, air, air, and that's all). "Don't bother about it. You can let me run along. Didn't you talk about feet and eyes? I've still got them all right. Nobody's chopped 'em off for me yet. Bye-bye, gents."

And across the narrow, obstructed courtyard he went; the two men looked down the stairs after him. He had his stiff hat down over his face, mumbled, as he stepped over a puddle of gasoline: "Lotta poison. Now for a cognac. The first man who comes along gets one in the jaw. Let's see, where can I get a cognac?"

Market dull, later Bears very active, Hamburg depressed, London weaker

It was raining. To the left in Münzstrasse signs sparkled in front of the movies. At the corner he was unable to pass, the people were standing in front of a fence, then it got very steep, the street-car tracks ran on planks laid across the space, a car was just riding slowly over them. Look here, they are building a subway station, must be work to be had in Berlin. Another movie. Children under seventeen not allowed. On the huge poster a beet-red gentleman was standing on a staircase, while a peach of a young girl embraced his legs, she lay on the stairs, and he stood up above with a leering expression on his face. Underneath was written: No Parents, Fate of an Orphaned Child, in Six Reels. Yes, sir, I'll take a look at that. The orchestra was banging away. Price sixty pfennigs.

A man to the woman cashier: "Say, Fräulein, is it any cheaper for an old territorial without a belly?" "Nope, only for children under five months with a sucking nipple." "Sure. That's our age. New-born babies on the instuttermen plan." "All right, make it fifty then, get along in." Behind him there meandered a young chap, slim of build, with a muffler on: "Hey, lady, I'd like to git in free." "How do you get that way? Tell your Mommer to put you on the pottie." "Well, kin I get in?" "In where?" "The movie." "There ain't no movie here." "You really mean it, there ain't no movie here?" She called through the window of the ticket-office to the

watchman at the door: "Say, Max, come here a minute. Here's a fellow wants to know if there's a movie here. He's got no money. Go ahead show him what we got here." "What we got here, young fellow? You ain't noticed it yet? This is the poor-box, Münzstrasse division." He pushed the slim fellow out of the ticket-office, showed him his fist: "If ye want me to, I'll give ye what's comin' to you right off the bat."

Franz pushed on in. It just happened to be an intermission. The long room was packed full, 90 per cent men with work-caps on, they don't take them off. The three lamps on the ceiling are covered with red. In front, a yellow piano with packages on top of it. The orchestra makes a continuous racket. Then it gets dark and the film starts. A goose-girl is to be given culture, just why, is not made so clear, at least not right in the middle. She wiped her nose with her hand, she scratched her behind on the staircase, everybody in the movie laughed. Franz thought it was quite wonderful, when the tittering started up around him. Just folks, free folks, amusing themselves, nobody has a right to say anything to them, simply lovely, and I right here among 'em! It went on. The high-toned Baron had a sweetheart who lay in a hammock and stretched her legs vertically in the air. The girl had drawers on. That's something. Wonder why people get so excited about that dirty goose-girl and her licking the platters clean? Again the girl with the slim legs flashed by. The Baron had left her alone, now she toppled out of the hammock, and flopped onto the grass, lay there a long time. Franz stared at the screen, there was already

another picture, he still saw her toppling out and lying there for a long while. He gnawed his tongue, hell's bells, what was that? But when finally the one who had been the goose-girl's lover embraced this fine lady, the skin of his chest felt hot as if he had been embracing her himself. It went all over him and made him weak.

A jane. (There's something else besides anger and fear. What about all this bunk? Air, m'boy, and a jane!) Queer he shouldn't have thought of that. You stand at the window of the cell and look into the courtyard through the bars. Sometimes women pass by, visitors or children or house-cleaning up at the old man's. How they all stand at the windows, the convicts, and look, every window occupied, devouring every woman. A guard once had a two weeks' visit from his wife from Eberswalde, formerly he used to drive over to see her once every two weeks, now she made good use of the time, every moment of it, at work his head hangs with fatigue, he can hardly walk any longer.

Franz was now outside on the street in the rain. What'll we do? I'm a free man. I've got to have a woman! A woman I've got to have! Gee, how great, life is nice outside. But I must hold on to myself so I can walk. He was walking on springs, not on solid earth. Then, at the corner of Kaiser-Wilhelm Strasse, behind the market-wagons, he came upon a woman; he posted himself beside her, any old gal will do. The devil, how did I suddenly git such cold feet. He went off with her, bit his under-lip, he was so excited, if you live far, I won't come along. It was

just across the Bülowplatz, past the fences, through a hallway, to the courtyard, down six steps. She turned back, laughed: "Don't be so dithery, sweetie, why, you'll knock me down." She had hardly shut the door behind him, when he grabbed her. "Boy, just give me time to put my umbrella down first." He pressed her, hugged her, pinched her, rubbed his hands across her coat, he still had his hat on, angrily she let the umbrella drop. "Let me go, won't you." He groaned, and smiled an awkward, dizzy smile: "Whazze matter?" "You're going to ruin all my get-up. Are you going to shell out for it afterwards? All right then, we never get anything for nothing either." He did not let her go. "Say, you fool, I can't breathe. You must be loony." She was stout and slow, small, he first had to give her the three marks, which she put carefully into the chest of drawers. The key she put in her pocket. He couldn't keep his eyes off her. "It's because I've been behind the bars a couple years, fat gal. Out there in Tegel, you can imagine it." "Where?" "Tegel, you know."

The flabby wench guffawed. She unbuttoned her blouse at the top. There were once two royal children, who held each other so dear. And the cow jumped over the moon. She grabbed him, pressed him to her. Putt, putt, putt, my little chick, putt, putt, putt, my rooster.

He soon had beads of sweat on his face, he groaned. "Well, whatcha groaning for?" "Who's that bird running around next door?" "It's not a bird, it's my landlady." "What's she doing there?" "What do you think

she's doing? She's got her kitchen there." "Well, she ought to stop running around like that. What does she want to run around for now? I can't stand it." "Oh Lordyfordy, I'll go and tell her." What a sweaty fellow he is, I'll be glad to get rid of him, the old bum! I'll soon put him out. She knocked next door: "Frau Priese, won't you be quiet for just a few minutes? I've got to talk to a gentleman here, something important." Well, that's done, dear fatherland, be comfort thine, come to my heart, but you're going to be ditched soon.

She thought to herself, her head on the pillow: those tan oxfords need soling, Kitty's new boy-friend does that for two marks, if she don't mind, I ain't goin' to swipe him away from her, he can also dye 'em brown to go with my brown blouse, it's an old rag anyway, just good enough to be made into a coffee-cozy: them ribbons'll have to be pressed, I'll ask Frau Priese right away, she's probably still got a fire going, what's she cooking today anyway? She sniffed. Green herring.

Incomprehensible verses keep running through his head in a circle. When you cook soup, Fräulein Stein, I'll get a spoon, Fräulein Stein. If you cook noodles, Fräulein Stein, give me some noodles, Fräulein Stein. Tumbling down, tumbling up. He groaned aloud: "Maybe you don't like me?" "Why not, come on, I'm a lovin' gal, I am." He fell back into bed, grunted and moaned. She rubbed her neck. "I have to laugh myself sick. Just keep quiet there. You don't bother me." She laughed, raised her fat arms, stuck her stockinged feet out from under the cover. "I can't help it."

Lets get out of this. Air. Still raining. What's the matter? I'll have to get myself another gal. First let's get some sleep, Franz, what'se matter with you, anyway?

Sexual potency depends upon the concentrated action of 1. the internal secretory system, 2. the nervous system, and 3. the sexual apparatus. The glands participating in this potency are: the pituitary gland, the thyroid gland, the suprarenal gland, the prostate gland, the seminal vesicle, and the epididymis. In this system the spermatie gland preponderates. Through the matter prepared by it, the entire sexual apparatus is charged from the cerebral cortex to the genitals. The erotic impression releases the erotic tension of the cerebral cortex, the current flows as an erotic stimulus from the cerebral cortex to the switch center in the interbrain. The stimulus then rolls down the spine. Not unimpeded, however, for, before leaving the brain, it has to pass the brakes of the inhibitions, those predominantly psychic inhibitions which play a large rôle in the form of moral scruples, lack of self-confidence, fear of humiliation, fear of infection and impregnation, and things of this order.

In the evening there he is, shambling down Elsassers Strasse. Don't be afraid, m'boy, don't pretend you're tired. "How much for the pleasure, kid?" The black gal is fine, got hips, a toothsome piece. When a gal's got a man, that she loves, ain't it gran? "My you're a gay one, sweetie. Did you just come into a fortune?" "And how! You'll get some change out of it." "Why not." But, nevertheless, he is afraid.

And afterwards in the room, flowers behind the cur-

tain, a clean little room, a nice little room, why, the girl even has a phonograph, she sings for him, artificial silk stockings, rayon, no blouse, pitch-black eyes: "I'm a cabaret singer, I am. You know where? Anywhere I like. Just now I got no engagement, you know. I go into nice-looking joints and I ask. Then I do my stunt. It's a wow. Hey, quit tickling." "Aw, come on." "Nope, hands off, that knocks hell out of my business. My act—be nice now, sweetie—you see, I hold an auction in the place, no plate collection either; whoever gives me something, can kiss me. Crazy, ain't it! In a public place, too. Nobody under fifty pfennigs. Say, I get everything. Here on my shoulder. There, go ahead, it's all right." She puts on a man's top hat, croaks into his face, shakes her hips, her arms akimbo: "Theodore, what did you mean last night, when you smiled at me so gay and bright? Theodore, what was it you hoped to gain, when you stood me to pig's knuckles and fine champagne?"

While sitting on his lap, she pulls a cigarette out of his waistcoat and sticks it into her mouth; she looks yearningly into his eyes, tenderly rubs her ear on his and chirps: "Do you know what homesickness is? When your heart is torn by homesickness? Everything seems so cold and dreary." She puffs, strokes his hair, trills, laughs.

Sweat on his brow. Again that fear. And suddenly his head slithers off. Boom, the bell rings, get up, five-thirty, six o'clock, cells opened, boom, boom, brush your coat quickly, suppose the old man makes inspection, no, not today. I'll get discharged soon. Psst, say, one of the boys

got out last night, pard, the rope's still dangling out there over the wall, they got the police after him. He groans, he lifts his head, he sees the girl, her chin, her neck. If I only knew how to get out of prison. They ain't going to discharge me. I'm not out yet. She puffs blue rings from the side at him, sniggers: "You're sweet, come on, I'll pour you a glass of Mampe brandy, thirty pfennigs." He lies there, stretched out at full length. "What do I care for Mampe? They knocked hell out of me. I did time at Tegel, I did, what for, I'd really like to know. First with the Prussians in the trenches, and then in Tegel. I ain't a human being any more." "Well, but you're not going to cry here. Come on, open your k'l beakie, big mans gotta drink. We're a jolly lot, we are, we're as happy as can be, we laugh and sing with delight from morning until night." And the dump heap for that. Why, they might have chopped off the fellow's head at once, and be done with it, the lousy dogs. Could have dumped me on the garbage heap, why not. "Come on, big man, take another glass. I'd walk a mile for Mampe's brandy, it makes you feel so hale and dandy."

"To think the girls ran after me like a bunch of sheep and I didn't even spit at 'em, and there I was, flat on my nose." She picks up another one of his cigarettes which have fallen to the floor. "Yes, you ought to go to the policeman sometime and tell him." "I'm going." He is looking for his suspenders. And says nothing more and doesn't look at the girl with her slobbery mouth, she smokes and smiles and looks at him, shoves a few cigarettes quickly under the sofa with her foot. And he grabs

his hat and hurries down the stairs, takes the 68 car to Alexanderplatz, and sits brooding in a café over a glass of light beer.

Testifortan, authorized patent No. 365695, sexual therapeutic agent approved by Sanitary Councillor Dr. Magnus Hirschfeld and Dr. Bernard Schapiro, Institute of Sexual Science, Berlin. The main causes of impotence are: A. insufficient charging through functional disorder of the internal secretory glands, B. too strong resistance through extreme psychic inhibitions, exhaustion of the erectile center. At what moment the impotent patient will be able to resume his functions can be determined only through the progress of each individual case. A period of abstinence is often effective.

And gluttonously he eats and sleeps his fill, and the next day on the street he thinks: I'd like to have this gal, and that gal I'd like to have, but doesn't go near any of them. And the one in the show-window, what a plump little morsel. She could suit me, but I won't go near any of 'em. And he hangs around the café again and doesn't look at any of the girls and guzzles and boozes. Now I won't do anything the whole livelong day but eat my fill and booze and sleep and life is over for me. Over. Over.

Victory all along the Line! Franz Biberkopf buys
a Veal Cutlet

As WEDNESDAY rolls around, the third day, he puts on his coat.

Whose fault is it all? Ida's of course. Who else's? I

knocked that tart's ribs to pieces, that's why I had to go to the jug. Now she's got what she wanted, the wench is dead, and here I am. And he snivels to himself and races along the streets in the cold. Where to? Where she had lived with him, at her sister's. Through the Invalidenstrasse, into Ackerstrasse, right into the house like a whirlwind, second courtyard. Prison had never existed, nor the conversation with the Jews in the Dragonerstrasse. Where is the wench, it's her fault. Seen nothing in the street but found my way. A little twitching of the face, a little twitching in the fingers, then we'll go there, bumbledy, bumbledy, bumbledy, bee, tumbledy, rumbledy, tumbledy, bee, rumbledy, bumbledy.

Ring-a-ling. "Who is it?" "Me." "Who?" "Open that door, old girl." "Lordy, you, Franz." "Open that door." Rumbledy, bumbledy, bumbledy, bee. Rumbledy. A piece of twine on my tongue; got to spit it out. He is standing in the hallway, she shuts the door behind him. "Wahatche want here? Suppose somebody seen you on the stairs." "Too bad, eh. Let 'em see me. Howdy." He walks along to the left, swings into the room. Rumbledy, bumbledy. That piece of twine on my tongue won't come off. He scrapes it with his fingers. But it's nothing, just a lousy feeling on the tip of my tongue. So that's the room, the stiff-backed sofa, the Kaiser hanging on the wall, a Frenchman in red trousers giving him his sword. I have surrendered. "What do you want here, Franz? Are you crazy, or what?" "I'll sit down." I have surrendered, the Kaiser presents his sword, the Kaiser must return the sword to him, that's the way the world runs. "If you don't

go, I'll call for help, I'll yell murder." "What for?" Rumbledy, bumbledy, I have run this far, I'm here, I'll stay. "Have they let you out already?" "Yes, it's all over."

He stares at her and gets up: "Because they let me out, that's why I'm here. They let me out all right, but how?" How, he wants to tell it, but chews on his twine, the trumpet is broken, it's all over, and he trembles, and can't cry, and looks at her hand. "What do you want now? Is anything wrong?"

There are mountains that have been standing for centuries, that have always been standing, and armies with guns have gone over them, there are islands, people on them, chock-full, all strong, solid business houses, banks, industry, dancing, dives, import, export, social questions, and one day there starts a rrrrrrr, rrrr, not from the warship, the rumpus starts all by itself—from down below. The earth gives a jump, nightingale, nightingale, how beautifully you sang, the ships fly to the skies, the birds fall to the earth. "Franz, I'll yell, let me go. Karl will soon be here. Karl will be here any minute. You started the same way with Ida."

What is a woman worth among friends? The London divorce courts, in the suit of Captain Bacon, pronounced a dissolution of his marriage on the ground of his wife's adultery with Captain Furber, a fellow-officer, and granted him £750 damages. The captain does not seem to have put too high a value on his faithless wife, who is soon going to get married to her lover.

Oh, there are mountains that have been lying quiet for

myriads of years, and armies with guns and elephants have gone over them, what is one to do, when they suddenly start to caper, because down below there's a noise that goes: rrrr, rumm. Don't let's say anything about that, let's leave it alone. Minna cannot get her hand away from him, and his eyes look into hers. The face of a man like that is laid with rails, a train passes over it, see the smoke, it passes along, Berlin-Hamburg-Altona express, 6.05 till 9.35, three hours and thirty-five minutes, can't do anything about it, the arms of a man like that are made of iron, iron. I'll call for help. She screamed. She was lying on the carpet now. His stubby cheek against hers, his mouth greedily fumbles up towards hers, she turns away. "Franz, Oh God, have pity, Franz." And—she saw it all right.

Now she knows, she is Ida's sister, that's the way he looked at Ida sometimes. He has Ida in his arms, it's she, that's why he has his eyes closed and looks happy now. And there is no longer the terrible fighting and this moping about, it's no longer prison! It's Treptow, Paradiesgarten, with a display of fireworks, where he met her and brought her home, the little seamstress, she had won a vase at dice shooting; in the hallway, with her key in her hand, he had kissed her for the first time, she stood on tiptoe, she had canvas shoes on, he dropped the key, after that he could not tear himself away from her. That's good old Franz Biberkopf.

And now he smells her again, at the throat, it's the same skin, the same odor, it makes him dizzy, what will it lead to? And she, the sister, what strange thing is happening to her? She feels from his face, from his lying still

on her, that she has to give in, she defends herself, but a sort of transformation comes over her, her face loses its tension, her arms can no longer push him off, her mouth grows helpless. The man says nothing, she lets him have her mouth, she grows soft as in a bath, do with me whatever you please, she dissolves like water, it's all right, just come, I know it all, I love you, too.

Magic, quivering. The goldfish gleams in the bowl. The room sparkles, it is not Ackerstrasse, no house, no gravitation, no centrifugal force. It has disappeared, it has sunk away, extinguished is the red deflection of radiations in the sun's dynamic field, the kinetic theory of gases, transformation of heat into energy, electric vibrations, induction phenomena, the density of metals, of liquids, of non-metallic solids.

She was lying on the floor, tossing herself about. He laughed and stretched himself: "Well, go ahead and choke me. I'll keep still, if you can do it." "You deserve it, all right." He clambered up, laughed, and spun around with joy, delight, beatitude. The trumpets are blowing, hussars ride forth, hallelujah. Franz Biberkopf is back again! Franz is discharged! Franz Biberkopf is free! He had pulled up his trousers, hobbling from one leg to the other. She sat on a chair, was on the point of bursting into tears: "I'll tell my husband about it, I'll tell Karl, they oughtn't've kept you there another four years." "Tell him right away, Minna!" "So I will, I'll get a copper right away, too." "Minna, my l'il Minnakin, pull yourself together, I'm so happy, I'm a human being again, l'il Minna." "You're crazy, you are, they must have turned

your head around in Tegel." "You haven't got anything to drink, a pot of coffee or something?" "And who's going to pay for my apron, just look at it, all in shreds." "Leave it to Franz, leave it to Franz! Franz is alive again, Franz is back again!" "Take your hat and beat it. If he meets you, and me with a black eye! And don't let me see you again." "Bye-bye, Minna."

But next morning he came back again with a little package. She did not want to open the door, he wedged his foot in between. She whispered through the crack: "You oughta go about your business. I've told you that before." "Minna, it's only the aprons." "What aprons?" "You can pick out a couple." "You can keep that stuff you pinched for yourself." "Didn't pinch it. Go ahead, open that door, Minna." "The neighbors'll see you. Go away." "Open that door, Minna."

And so she opened the door, he threw the package in, and as she did not want to come in with the broomstick in her hand, he hopped around the room alone. "I'm so happy, Minna. I'm so happy all day long. Dreamt about you last night."

Then he opened the package on the table; she came nearer, touched the material, chose three aprons, but wouldn't yield when he grabbed her hand. He wrapped up his package again, she still stood there with the broom, insisted: "Now quick, get out of here." He waded to her from the door. "So long Minnakin." She pushed the door shut with the broomstick.

A week later he came to her door again: "Just want to ask about your eye." "Everything's fine, you got no busi-

ness here." He appeared stronger, had on a blue winter overcoat and a brown derby: "I just wanted to show you how I'm making out, how I look." "Makes no difference to me." "But just let me drink a cup of coffee." At that moment steps were heard coming down the stairs, a child's ball rolled along the steps; scared, the woman opened the door, pulled him in. "Stay there, that's the Lumkes, now you can go again." "Just want to drink a cup of coffee. Surely you got a little pot of coffee for me?" "You don't need me for that. You probably got another girl already, from the way you look." "Just a cup of coffee." "You do make a body miserable."

And as she stood by the coat-rack in the hall, and he looked beseechingly at her from the kitchen door, she picked up the nice new apron, shook her head and wept: "You make me miserable, you sure do." "But what's the matter?" "Karl didn't believe me about that black eye. How could I have bumped into the press like that? I had to show him how. But a person really can get a black eye on that press, if the door's open. Let him try it. Say, I don't know why he don't believe me." "I don't understand it either, Minna." "Because I've got some marks here too, on my neck. I hadn't noticed them at all. What can I say, when he shows 'em to me, and I look in the mirror and don't know where they came from?" "Humph, can't a person scratch himself, suppose something is itching you. Don't let Karl razz you like that. I certainly would knock that into his head." "And you keep on coming up here. And the Lumkes probably saw you." "Well, they don't have to get all ruffled up about that."

"But if you'd only go away, Franz, and don't come back again. You make me miserable." "Did he ask about the aprons, too?" "I've been wanting to get some aprons for a long time." "All right, then, I'll go, Minna."

He grabbed her around the neck, she let him do it. After a while, when he didn't let go, without pressing her to him, she noticed that he was stroking her, and looked up, astonished: "But you must go now, Franz." He drew her gently towards the room, she resisted, but followed step by step. "Franz, is it going to start all over again?" "Why, no, I just want to sit by you, in the room."

They sat quietly talking next to each other on the sofa for a while. Then he left of his own accord. She accompanied him to the door. "Don't come again, Franz." She wept and laid her head on his shoulder. "It's certainly queer, Minna, what you can do to a fellow. Why shouldn't I come back again? Well, then, I won't come again." She clung to his hand: "No, Franz, don't come back." Then he opened the door, she still held his hand tight and pressed it hard. She still held his hand while he stood outside. Then she dropped it and gently, quickly, shut the door. From the street he sent her up two big slices of veal cutlet.

And now Franz swears to all the World and to himself to stay Respectable in Berlin with Money or Without

HE WAS already quite well on his feet in Berlin—he had turned his old furniture into cash, he had a few pennies

from Tegel, his landlady and his friend Meck gave him a small loan—then he got another terrible blow. But it turned out later on to be only a slap. One morning, which otherwise wasn't so bad, he found on his table an official yellow paper with printing and typewriting on it.

Police commissioner, division 5, reference number, you are requested in case of possible claims in the above affair to mention the above reference number. According to documents in my possession, you have been convicted of assault and battery with fatal consequences, as a result of which you are to be regarded as dangerous to public safety and morality. Accordingly I have decided on the authority granted me in paragraph 2 of the Law of Dec. 31, 1842, and paragraph 3 of the Prisoner Restriction Act of Nov. 1, 1867, as well as the Laws of June 12, 1889 and June 13, 1900, to expell you through the constabulary from Berlin, Charlottenburg, Neukölln, Berlin-Schöneberg, Wilmersdorf, Lichtenberg, Stralau, as well as from the districts of Berlin-Friedenau, Schmargendorf, Tempelhof, Britz, Treptow, Reinickendorf, Weissensee, Pankow, and Berlin-Tegel, and therefore instruct you to leave the districts specified above within a period of 14 days, with the warning that, should you be found after that period within the said area, or should you return therein, you will be fined, under Paragraph 132, Clause 2, of the General Administration Act of July 30, Q 11 E 1883, the sum of 100 marks, or, in default of payment, be sentenced to 10 days' imprisonment. I also direct your attention to the fact that, in the event of your being found in any of the following places adjacent to Berlin: Pots-

dam, Spandau, Friedrichsfelde, Karlshorst, Friedrichshagen, Oberschönevide and Wuhlheide, Fichtenau, Rahnsdorf, Carow, Buch, Frohnau, Cöpenick, Lankwitz, Steglitz, Zehlendorf, Teltow, Dahlem, Wannsee, Klein-Glienicke, Nowawes, Neuendorf, Eiche, Bornim, and Bornstedt, you are liable to expulsion from these places. I. Ve. Copy No. 986a.

A staggering blow, that. There was a fine house alongside the city car-line, Grunerstrasse 1, on the Alex, Prisoners' Aid. There they take a look at Franz, ask him this and that, sign: Herr Franz Biberkopf has sought our protective supervision, we will make inquiries whether you are working, and you will have to report here every month. O. K., full stop, everything, everything going slick.

Forgotten all fear, forgotten Tegel and the red walls, and the groaning and all that sort of thing—to hell with it. A new life's about to begin, the old life's all in, Franz Biberkopf is back to stay and the Prussians are happy and shout hurray.

Then for four weeks he filled his belly with meat, potatoes, and beer, and went once more to see the Jews in Dragonerstrasse to express his thanks. Nachum and Eliser were going after each other again. They did not recognize him when he entered, all dolled up, stout and smelling of brandy as he was, and asked in a whisper, his hat respectfully before his mouth, whether the old gentleman's grandchildren were still sick. In the saloon at the corner where he stood up the drinks, they asked him,

what kind of business he was in. "Me and business. I ain't got any business. With me things just go along any old way." "And where do you get your money from?" "From the old days, savings, I guess a man can save something, can't he?" He nudged Nachum in the ribs, puffed up his nose, looked at him with canny, mysterious eyes: "You still know that story about Zannovich? A crazy hound. Was a fine chap. Afterwards they killed him. Funny how you know everything. I'd like to be a prince, too, and study. No, I ain't goin' to study. Maybe I'll get married, instead." "Good luck." "You must come around and see me then, we'll put on the feed-bag and soak it up."

Nachum, red-haired Nachum, looked at him, rubbed his chin: "You'll listen to another story, mebbe. A man once had a ball, you know, the kind children have, but not made out of rubber, of celluloid, transparent, and inside there are little lead shots. Children can rattle it and throw it. Then the man took the ball and threw it and he thought: there are lead shots in it, so I can throw it, and the ball won't run any farther, it'll stand still right on the spot I intend it to. But when he threw the ball, it didn't go the way he had intended, it made one more jump, and then it rolled a bit, about two hands sideways." "Leave him alone with your stories, Nachum. The man don't need you, does he?" The stout chap: "What about that ball, and why are you scrapping again? Say, boss, look at them two here, they been scrapping ever since I know 'em." "You gotta let people be the way they are. Scrapping is good for the liver." The red-haired man: "I'll tell

you, I saw you in the street, in the courtyard, and heard you sing. You sing very nice. You're a good man. But don't get so excited. Just hold your horses. Be patient in this world. What do I know about how it looks inside you and what God intends to do with you? You see, the ball don't go the way you throw it and the way you want it to, it goes about this way, you see, but it goes a li'l bit sideways, too."

The stout fellow threw his head back and laughed, stretched out his arms, fell around the red-haired man's neck: "You sure can tell stories, that man can tell stories. Franz has had his own experiences. Franz knows life. Franz knows who he is." "I just wanted to tell you, you sang very sadly there for a while." "For a while, for a while. Well, let bygones be bygones. Now my vest's filled out again. Folks, everything's goin' fine! Ain't nobody can come near me. Bye-bye, and when I get married, you'll be there."

Thus Franz Biberkopf, the concrete-worker, and later furniture-mover, that rough, uncouth man of repulsive aspect, returned to Berlin and to the street, the man at whose head a pretty girl from a locksmith's family had thrown herself, a girl whom he then made into a whore, and at last mortally injured in a scuffle. He has sworn to all the world and to himself to remain respectable. And as long as he had money, he remained respectable. Later, however, his money gave out: and that was the moment he had been waiting for, to show everybody, once and for all, what a real fellow is like.