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DISSERTATION

STEFAN ANDRES AND "DIE ORDNUNG DER WELT"

by

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1958
Approved

by

First Reader  ........................................
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Second Reader ........................................
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INTRODUCTION

It would be virtually impossible to discuss a specific phase of a modern author's contribution to literature, and to substantiate my treatment of him without giving a brief insight into the movements and philosophies that go to make up the period in which he has lived. Disregarding the fact that many of the problems of our present day differ in kind from those of previous decades, nevertheless the common link is literature's constant search for the answers to such questions as: "What is the purpose of life?" "What is man's place in the Universe?" "Is there a "jenseits" as well as a "diesseits"?" "Is there hope or despair midst chaos?" "From whence springs the evil in the world?" And as long as civilization exists, men of literature will keep searching for the answer to these and other questions, and reflecting in their writings the world as they see it.

The purpose of this study is to evaluate in detail the works of Stefan Andres, with the intention of seeing through his eyes "the Arrangement of the World", and to thereby judge in what respect and to what degree he has contributed to the modern German literary scene. His writings encompass an era which is characterized by powerful forces of adversity, which seem to strain human endurance to the breaking point, putting man into the desolate center of a Universe that seems to spin merrily on its way, oblivious of his presence. And midst the frightening advances of
technology, man tends to feel lost, left to his own fate. The fears and tensions which then arise, keep narrowing man's scope, until he is forced in self preservation to look "nach innen." There he hopes to find a way to restore to himself his rightful nobility and dignity, whence the slave can become the master of his own existence.

The heritage of Andres and his contemporaries has been a multi-colored combination of many movements and conflicting philosophies of life. The period of Naturalism at the turn of the century, under the influence of Dostoevski and Tolstoy, failed in its intent because it looked "nach aussen" and, because of its morbidness, did not face the problem squarely. However, Friedrich Nietzsche's explosive conclusion "Gott ist tot", reverberations of which are still being heard, shook man out of his smug feeling of complacency. Not through Christian dogma, but by the creation of the "Übermensch", could man be saved—as it were he "Muss die Welt als eine Einheit neu begreifen, und die Mitte Wiederfinden."¹

With the coming of Expressionism just before the First World War, man was made further conscious of all the dangers that surrounded him—authors concentrated on the inner man, his problems, the crises he faced. Some adopted Nietzsche's code in toto, others sought a different way out of the labyrinth. For example, Ernst Barlach tried to re-

capture man's contact with primitive nature—to dispel the darkness around him, not through his own resources, but through a divine order, in which "sein Gott ist nicht der des Orthodoxen und Buchstabengläubigen, nicht der des Schwärmers und Pietisten."  In Franz Kafka, on the other hand, we see mirrored the vital ingredients which characterize modern Existentialism: the nothingness of human existence—the cleft between the Ego and Life—society's utter desecration of fellow-men—man "out of step" with the world, ridiculed and scorned by its sadistic temperament. This same strain also runs through outstanding figures in other literature, such as Francois Mauriac, James Joyce, and Ernest Hemingway, whose razor-sharp pens have methodically dissected human ills and have come to rather discouraging conclusions.

The line of communication between Nietzsche and modern literature circumvents Kierkegaard and passes through Karl Jaspers, Martin Heidegger and Jean Paul Sartre. Their general message is fringed with futility and despair for individual mankind. Kierkegaard, in the mid nineteenth century, stressed the cleft between God and man—and concluded that truth is subjectivity—he defended the Particular against the Universal, a point which reappears in some of the Nihilists. To him the Christian world was anti-Christian—a new radical "Christsein" had to be realized. Thus his

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thesis coincides with Nietzsche's in its idea of tearing apart the World to establish a new one. His influence was felt on Karl Jaspers, the great Psychopathologist-Philosopher of our age, who claimed that what is essential in the concrete decisions of personal fate remains hidden. In man's search for the Absolute, he stresses abnormal personalities, and shows that any choice by man, based on a personal or a categorical imperative is always subject to doubt. Martin Heiddeger, the revolutionary philosopher, starts by rejecting all forms of traditionary logic and metaphysics, proceeds to investigate what he considers the "origin of negation," and concludes that nothing is the source of negation. His ontology designates a barren, desolate age in which nothingness has replaced God. Jean Paul Sartre merely carries his theory a step further. Here the individual or human existence is taken as the Absolute. As the author of all things, man is only naturally, but not morally responsible for his actions. "He is not answerable either to God who does not exist, nor to a moral law or values which are denied objective validity and depend on the individual as the creator."

Many of these nihilistic overtones are dynamically crystallized in the works of Thomas Mann and Gottfried Benn. In Doktor Faustus, we are led into the darkness of chaos with Adrian Leverkühn, depicted by Grenzmann in these words:

Spiegelt sich der letzte Augenblick Einer auf den Untergang hin eilenden Zeit, für die es offensichtlich keine Rettung mehr gibt.4

One of the most powerful and influential figures of this age, Gottfried Benn, reappeared on the literary scene, a forgotten sixty-year old writer, right after the last war, and since then has been the guiding force of the "Literatur der Krise". Nurtured originally on expressionistic ideas and permeated with Nietzsche's thesis, he had delved almost farther than Mann into the recesses of Nihilism, where man and the world are inexorably disjointed—and this initiates what could be called the secondary stages of Expressionism.

As we swing away from the specific school of Existentialism, we find a maze of such movements as Parasymbolism, Pointillismus, Essentialism and Positivism, which cannot be categorized here in detail. However, the names of Gertrud von Le Fort, Elisabeth Langgässer, Reinhold Schneider, Werner Bergengruen, Rudolf Schröder and Stefan Andres could possibly be considered under the notion of Optimism or Christian Humanism. Their general code is crystallized in the formula: the reclaiming of mankind's individuality, the spanning of the cleft between man "deserted" and the divine order, the reaffirmation of God, of man's faith and trust in himself as a creature. Though the goal is the same, the artistic means by which to attain this goal varies to a definite degree amongst these authors. With a comparison of

Bergengruen, Schröder and Stefan Andres, I will attempt to provide a clear insight into their trend of thought.

In the novels of Werner Bergengruen (Der Gross-Tyrann und das Gericht, Am Himmel wie auf Erden, etc.), we find all types of men placed into various moments of crisis and decision; and yet the resolution of forces is centered in the divine power that gives man the strength to overcome the ills of the world. To Bergengruen, existence, to be sure, is a never-ending battle, yet in the order of things, the power of God, or Christianity, is a light which guides man in his darkest hours, and gives him hope when all else fails. He feels that it is the primary task of a writer to "disclose the Eternal Order of the world"; to be the people's voice; to close the gap between Heaven and earth; to bring God back to the world.

As a Christian-Humanist, Rudolf Alexander Schröder is one of the essential figures of modern German literature. A man steeped in a staunch Lutheran background, he has taken the inheritance of antiquity and transferred its message to a world, sceptical and distrustful, even antagonistic to anything akin to past history; framing it, as it were, with the guiding hand of God dedicated to men of all ages.

With Stefan Andres, the subject of this study, we find many characteristics common to both Schröder and Bergengruen. However, his method of approach, his concept of the divine essence, his dynamic, vibrant manner, his love of Nature, and
his tortuous baring of men's souls, puts him in a different category. Though a Catholic, he is extremely liberal, sometimes radical—he does not stress church dogma as such, but concentrates on the trials and tribulations of men of all ranks of society to embody these principles in action. He is not interested in an individual's plight; nor the catastrophes of any particular nation as such, other than as a symbol or representation of men, who, trapped by adversity and struggle, fall, then rise again to fight on ultimately to personal victory, either through noble resignation or the courage of their own God-given convictions. His heroes, caught in the web of life's eternal struggle, come from all parts of the world and all walks of life. The common denominator for all is the ever-recurring theme that the paths of life all lead by one way or another to Eternity—to God, and that by the full exercise of his free will leading to decisions, man brings himself into alignment with the will of God and thus creates order out of chaos.

Though his world is purposefully peopled with symbols of deep hatred, class enmity, injustice, and a myriad of overpowering evils, to Andres these are merely phases or stages of the development of humanity. To the distraught, frenzied cry of the Existentialists who see man doomed beyond recall, he extends a lifeline of courage and hope; in his consoling message, crystallized in the expression
"We are Utopia,"--we are not perfect, yet we constantly strive for greater perfection within our lives, where the hand of God combines with man to re-create the lost order in the world.
CHAPTER I

ANDRES THE MAN

Stefan Paul Andres was born on June 26, 1906, at Breitwies in the Dhron valley, within the district of Trier. He was the ninth child of Susanna Rausch and Stefan Andres, a miller by trade. Being the youngest in such a large family had both advantages and disadvantages for Stefan. He seemed to be his father's favorite and as such enjoyed certain privileges around the farm and the mill. He was with his father constantly, either riding his broad shoulders on a hike through the woods, or just sitting near him as he performed his everyday chores. No matter how often he asked questions or described the fanciful images of his childish mind, he was given a patient reply or nod of approval. On the other hand, his own awkwardness, his restless curiosity and super-sensitive imagination were not so tactfully treated by his older brothers and sisters. They loved to tease him and note his impetuous reaction; to make fun of his feeble attempts to "help," and often were a bit cruel in decrying the people whom he conjured up in his own private world.

Fortunately, the author's own candid, revealing, and dramatically presented version of these and other events of his early life have been recaptured in the pages of his
great novel Der Knabe im Brunnen,\(^1\) oddly enough not written until 1953. In this book we are brought directly to the cradle of little Steff (or "Steffchen" as his parents called him). We then follow him through the trials and tribulations of school days, covering approximately the first decade of his life.

This autobiographical novel provides a detailed view of the Andres home and its environs. Through Andres' mature eyes, we return with him to the peaceful Dhron valley; to the grazing cows, the ice-house, the mill wheel; all the objects which he treasured so much; the people and the events which sooner or later find their way into his literary world. We meet personally the members of his family: his sisters Maria, Lischen, Franziska and Katharina; his brothers Martin and Nickel, his deeply religious father, as well as his loving, high-spirited mother, who managed the Andres household and farm so frugally.

Andres was too young at the time to fully appreciate the antique heritage of the millers and farmers of the Dhron-Moselländisch region, through which Roman culture and civilization had flowed for practically eight centuries. Nevertheless, his natural God-given qualities and his personal acquaintance with the ancient lands of Greece and Rome unconsciously partook of this heritage, and gave his mature literary creations one of their most predominant...

\(^1\)Stefan Andres, Der Knabe im Brunnen (München: R. Piper & Co. Verlag, 1953).
characteristics. The very heart of this and other influences, however, is immediately evident in the author's own personality as a child.

To a more severe degree than the ordinary child little Steff was prone to day-dreaming. He tended to envision nature as containing within itself animate, almost human outlines. The brook at the far end of the farm, the trees along the valley road, the flowers in the family garden, all had their own personality in his eyes. To him they became members of his own private realm—live beings which had to be protected and guarded against imaginary enemies. Nature to him was not merely an appendage to life, but rather served in the capacity of a devoted companion, who shared one's joys and sorrows.

Because of his small physical stature and the reputation that the dreamy youngster soon acquired as a "fauler Knabe," unwittingly he became subject to a great deal of harmless joshing. In his darkest hours, when he felt that the big, cold world had turned against him, however, he always could turn to his blond-headed Katharina for consolation and comfort. Though his fiery temper continually had him in "hot water," it was his over-active imagination that caused his greatest grief. His numerous "tall" stories of the devils and witches and the mysterious personages he met in his dreams were so real to him that he could never quite understand why others refused to believe in them.
On one occasion, for example, young Stefan and a friend, Herings-Pittchen, for the first time in their lives had seen an airplane at close view. In no time at all they had assembled a model of their own from a variety of scrap materials. On the following day, Pittchen sat quietly by as Steff dramatically described his imaginary solo flight into distant lands in their home-made plane. He was greeted with scorn and ridicule. His impetuous and exasperated retort was brief, yet to the point: "Bei mir is net alles so wie bei euch."²

Lest it be imagined that our author was made up solely of negative qualities and inner frustrations, it should be pointed out that he was like the average boy in so many respects. He loved to romp all over his father's farm, occasionally stopping to pat the horse Max, or to whisper a word of greeting into the ear of one of the cows. He used to lie in his bed at night and listen enraptured to the continual droning of the mill-wheel and the splashing of the water below. But the crowning goal of each week to him was the Sunday Mass at the little church in Leiwen. It was a fairly long trip, going by the Moselle valley, and through Trittenheim and Wingert. During the service he would keep up a barrage of "quiet" questions regarding the priest's vestments, the tabernacle or the colored trappings on the altar. And, like any effervescent, roguish youngster, he

²Ibid., p.144.
occasionally tore a hole in his trousers, stole a few apples from a neighbor's tree, made faces while the teacher's back was turned, and, in general, attempted all the things that challenge the ordinary, mischievous lad.

One of his favorite spots on the Breitwies mill-farm was a large draw well, a little distance from the house. One day while a group of workmen who had been repairing a safety cover for the well were on their lunch hour, he saw his opportunity to inspect it first-hand. He had been warned repeatedly by his father: "Wenn du über den Pütz gehst, dann kommt de Wassermann aus dem Pütz herauf un knallt mit der Geissel un holt dich herunter in den Pütz."³ In spite of this threat, he hoisted his tiny frame up to the edge of the retaining wall until he could peer into the water far below. He saw his own reflection shimmering there, heard his own voice re-echo, and at this moment was born a lifelong companion, the "boy in the well." To him this boy was a real person, with whom he carried on almost daily conversations, and to whom he spoke out the innermost secrets of his heart. No doubt the saddest day of his life was that on which he had to say a last farewell to this bosom companion. He was only five years old at this time, yet that same boy was never really very far from his side even as he grew into mature manhood.

The events preceding this day were ones of great import

³Ibid., p.10.
not only to Stefan and his family, but to the other millers living in the Dhron valley. Their lives up to this time had been filled with the warm, neighborly atmosphere of a typical small, isolated community. They shared each others joys and sorrows, and over a bottle of wine the men would discuss their crops, their animals, their church, and their hopes for the future, while the women gathered to boast of their offspring or share some favorite recipe.

Like an ominous cloud, the modern advances of technology suddenly descended on these people whose lives had been lived so very close to nature and the soil. The result was the death of an old era to make way for the birth of a new one. A dam was to be constructed across the area above the Dhron valley; electrical power was to be harnessed; the mill-wheel had outlived its usefulness, since now it would not have available its vital water power. More important probably was the fact that any accidental break in the dam could theoretically cascade tons of angry water into the valley below. Consequently, the residents were urged to move to different locations for their own safety.

Immediately the normal smooth-running Andres household became a hubbub of activity as plans were made to move the family and livestock to Schweich on the other side of the mountain. Stefan's young mind was utterly confused by the events that followed. His father sold his lead-horse Max to a man whom Stefan recalled later "der aus Dusemont war,"
then the fancy-dressed men from the city appeared; finally the servant, the "Neumagener Pittchen," carted the animals to the train depot for shipment. It was Nickel who finally explained the mysterious happenings to him, through a visual lesson both in the purpose of a dam, as well as the danger that it represented. Though he hated to leave the boy in the well, he resigned himself to the inevitable move.

The dramatic story behind the dam was crystallized, approximately twenty-five years later, in one of his earliest novels Die Unsichtbare Mauer.4

However, the dam soon became only a memory as the family subsequently became settled in its rented sandstone house on Wilzgasse in Schweich. Little Steff lost no time in orientating himself to his new surroundings—the heavy iron gate at the entrance, the cow wagons which rumbled by, the new paint job on the house, the large pig-pens, and particularly the fascinating lightning rod. Then on an extremely rainy day he accomplished his own personalized version of a typical "Peck's bad boy." First of all he scaled the locked gate, waded joyfully up to his knees in the street puddles, romped in a nearby brook, and was chased by a goat "with a long, narrow beard." He sought refuge in a stranger's house, and after eating a hearty meal while learning that his Moselländisch dialect was so

4Stefan Andres, Die Unsichtbare Mauer (Düsseldorf/Köln: Eugen Diederichs Verlag, 1934).
different than that of Schweich, he sauntered home leisurely to face the "usual"—being sent to bed "ohne zu essen."\(^5\)

Katharina benevolently sneaked a sandwich to him, which he had to eat, rather than confess the cardinal sin of having eaten in a stranger's house. "So ass ich das grosse Butterbrot langsam auf, und das war eine richtige Strafe."\(^6\)

His earliest contact with the neighbors near Wilzgasse was in the home of the "Kebericks-Leute." Here the atmosphere was one of disorder and utter confusion, as the air rang with the continual noise of the dirty-faced, impetuous children of Herr and Frau Keberick. Yet Stefan loved to visit them, because of the fascination and magnetism of a particular picture book of Creation, which was always at his disposal. We look over his shoulder, as it were, into this fluid world of pictures and become suddenly conscious of the very unusual, almost mature reactions of this young boy. His ability to project his whole being into an object is clearly illustrated by his initial baptism into the mystery of Adam and Eve. He says that he "war sofort im Paradies, wo Gott aus dem Adam die Eva herauszieht, ein Vorgang, der mir viele Fragen aufgab."\(^7\) This curiosity quickly became overshadowed by a deep-felt sympathy for Adam and Eve's subsequent banishment from Paradise. His childish gaze was then directed to the God who stood afar

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\(^5\)Andres, Knabe im Brunnen, p.85.

\(^6\)Ibid., p.85.

\(^7\)Ibid., p.97.
off in the garden. This God "war für mich nicht mehr der-
selbe, der mit den Weltkugeln spielte und den die Tiere
umdrängten."8 (This was a metaphor employed by his father.)

This intrinsic habit of weighing and counterbalancing
divergent forces, and the process of rationalization
towards a final conclusion are here merely pin points of
light, which later became the large beacons for such works
as "Wir sind Utopia," "Das Grab des Neides," "Die Sintflut"
trilogy, and others. Andres' idea, for example, of the one
God who was kind, merciful and forgiving, and the other who
appeared so bitter, cruel and heartless, constantly plagued
his early years—it probably reached its culmination during
his life as a theological student. This restless, wavering
and questioning phase of his character is very evident in
his earlier literary works. But in his Die Hochzeit der
Feinde9 and Reise nach Portiunculal0 written during more
recent years, it is evident that he began to crystallize
the majority of his paradoxical viewpoints. In these two
novels he has accomplished a dichotomy of the world of man
and the world of God.

The great sympathy which he felt for the less fortu-
nate figures in the book on Creation, is, however, merely

8Ibid., pp. 97, 98.


indicative of his over-all universal concern for "suffering" in any form. For example, one day he was watching his father pulverizing corn into meal, later to be carted to the city. Despite the explanation that without this meal people would not have bread to eat, Stefan's only comment was "Die armen, schönen Körner."

During the first winter in Schweich, a serious cheek operation and resultant complications almost proved fatal to Steffchen. However, the sympathy and attention of his brothers and sisters because of the massive bandage around his head, more than compensated for any discomfort he experienced. After his recovery, he returned to school, but the six year old Stefan seemed to spend more time being boxed in the ears by the stern disciplinarian, Herr Burx, than learning the subject matter at hand. He was greatly annoyed by the perpetual routine at school: mass every day (rain or shine), memorizing songs, learning poems, reciting Latin declensions. His greatest complaint was against the various gradations of punishment set up "to fit the crime", because he unwittingly found his way into each one. One of his most trying moments was the day on which the entire class was called out to see the Emperor, Wilhelm II, in a parade in his honor. Little Stefan tells us that after waiting three "agonizing" hours in line, his only glimpse of the Kaiser was through a window of the royal limousine.

11Andres, Knabe im Brunnen, p.19.
He had an opportunity later to accompany his mother, who was serving as an official of a farmers guild, to the large, modern city of Trier, which he previously had seen only from a distance while grazing cattle on the hills of Maroul. From his history books at school he had learned a little about the various points of interest in Trier. This, however, was to be his first opportunity to see at close range a city which had been so steeped in Roman lore. Founded by Augustus as Augusta Treverorum, it was once a flourishing Roman city, and a residence of the Western emperors from c.295 until its capture by the Franks in the early fifth century. (In 1815, Trier, through the Congress of Vienna, was granted to Prussia).

Here could be seen many emblems of the once-powerful Roman Empire, and edifices of early biblical ages. The grave of the Apostle Matthew, the magnificent Porta Nigra, once part of Simeon’s church, the Cathedral where Empress Helena once lived and which contained the Holy Coat, supposedly the seamless coat of Jesus— all these great monuments of history on this day became part of this starry-eyed youngster’s world.

As he stood in the arena, and heard the account of the Christian martyrs who, centuries ago, had been thrown to the lions for the amusement of their Roman persecutors, little Steff was visibly effected. In his mind’s eye he envisioned

12 "Trier," Columbia Viking Desk Encyclopedia, Vol.II.
those days of persecution, and tried to understand why such atrocities had to happen. This day for Andres turned out to be only the beginning of a life-long interest in and love for Roman antiquity, which reached its full fruition during his later stay in Italy.

On the lighter side, a rather comical incident capped this exciting visit to Trier for little Steff. While his mother was kneeling in one confessional box in the great Cathedral, he decided to slip into the vacant box on the other side. Though he was supposed to make his first Confession with Chaplain Leo's group back at Schweich a few weeks later, he couldn't resist this opportunity. As he explained, very shrewdly, to his mother:

Ein Weihbischof, so nahm ich an, das sei noch mehr als ein Bischof, und eine solche Beichte würde—wirksamer sein als die bei einem Dechanten oder gar beim Kaplan... 13

A very important part of Stefan's early training was the strong religious ties within the Andres family. His father was staunch in his spiritual beliefs, and continually instructed his youngest son in the mysteries and dogmas of his faith. By so doing, he was able to plant the original seeds of a vocation in this young heart. He constantly reminded Steffchen that he hoped and prayed that someday he might enter the religious life.

One day while Herr Andres and his son were on their way to uncle Hannes' house in Azertwald, the father took

13Andreß, Knabe im Brunnen, p. 188.
the boy into his confidence and revealed a secret which he had kept within himself for many years. He told Stefan that it had been the custom of his own generation to promise either the youngest or the oldest child to God's service. As a young man he had wanted to become a Trappist missionary, but could not receive parental approval, since it was his lot to inherit the mill upon his father's death. As a consequence it became his cherished dream to see his ambitions realized in his own youngest son. Naturally to a boy who was so deeply impressionable, this wish of a devoted father had a powerful effect, which ultimately assumed the form of an obligation and a pledge which he felt morally bound to keep.

When Stefan was only eight years old the peace of all Europe was suddenly shattered by the advent of World War I. Immediately, the town of Schweich girded itself for what it hoped would be a very short battle, but the increased din and rumbling of the heavy artillery at Verdun soon dispelled these vain hopes. In time the Andres family was directly affected by the holocaust, as Martin became of military age and was called into service.

With the war well into its second year, and Martin a seasoned veteran, the members of the family were intact from time to time, whenever Martin was home on furlough. Stefan noticed—to his surprise—the transformation in his older brother's general demeanor. He had become a very mature
adult, who reflected to a startling degree the effects of having been face to face with death in all its manifest forms. Little Steff very innocently tried to ape his oldest brother and to pretend that he, too, was a soldier—he and Nickel carried on daily "wars" with their toy soldiers. But their mother soon put an end to these "wars" which she considered quite sacrilegious, reminding her sons that while they were playing their game, other boys not much older than themselves were actually giving their lives on the battlefield.

Nickel, though now only fifteen years old, was compelled to completely take over the heavier duties of the farm, once performed by Martin. Stefan, too, was assigned more responsible chores. And in spite of the frequent jibes of Lischen and Franziska, in his own independent mind he felt like one of the "men" of the household. It is evident, at this point, that young Stefan has begun to outgrow his former sensitiveness and to curb, to some extent, his fiery temper.

About this time he ventured his first literary production in the form of an inspired war poem. While working on it he willingly allowed Nickel to insert a few lines of his own into the "masterpiece." Naturally he assumed that Nickel's addition to the poem was original, and never suspected the repercussions that would follow. Very proudly he sent the finished product to the "Schweicher Boten" and nervously awaited its appearance in print.
Two days later, the budding ten year old poet was confronted in the school yard by the angry Herr Tippheune, his teacher. Stefan's first reaction was that Tippheune was about to chastise him for recently stealing pears from a stranger's orchard. He was amazed as he instinctively looked downward, to see a familiar sheet of paper in his teacher's hand—it was the paper containing the poem which he had sent to the "Boten." As Tippheune waved the paper before Stefan's eyes he roared out a wrathful accusation of plagiarism, charging the boy with having stolen his verse. Angrily he blustered:

In diesem Gedicht aber hast du deine eigenen, unreifen, sauren, wurmstichigen und mit allerlei Warzen versehenen Verse neben weisse, süsse, glatte, tadellose und bis ins Mark gesunde und edle Verse gesetzt.14

Immediately Nickel's name came to Steff's mind. He realized that his brother had merely copied lines from a poem by Tippheune and passed them off as his own. Though he was able to ignore Tippheune's presumption and pride for the time being, he knew in his own heart that he himself was without blame. In his utter frustration and resentment at the injustice of it all he vowed never again to write poetry. However, the fresh, vibrant poems of Der Granatapfel,15 happily attest to the fact that Andres never kept this vow.

14Andres, Knabe im Brunnen, p.226.

15Stefan Andres, Der Granatapfel (München: R. Piper & Co. Verlag, 1950.)
The decisive battle of Verdun, upon which the Germans had so optimistically pinned their hopes, finally came and went, leaving the German army still fighting for its life. The numbers of dead and wounded increased daily. Back at the home front the parents, brothers and sisters of the fighting men dug in for what they now knew was to be a prolonged war.

For months many Russian prisoners had been quartered in Schweich. In place of incarceration they were given extensive privileges—were lodged in the various farm houses of the area, and were treated more or less as "hired" hands. Stefan enjoyed the company of one Russian soldier in particular; a young mandolin-player, named Dimitri, who used to call his friend "Stjopuschka." Together they exchanged ideas about their individual countries—their customs, mannerisms, and so forth. One day upon Dimitri's request, little Steff recited a patriotic poem which he had learned at school. Like all the poems in this category, this one had the novel propaganda features, aimed at picturing enemy countries in a bad light, to arouse hatred and enmity against the people who represented them.

Dimitri's initial reaction of disbelief and amazement, gave way to sudden dejection, followed immediately by outright rage. He turned and walked away from Stefan—for weeks he would look the other way whenever the boy approached.

This incident left a lasting impression on the mind of
young Stefan, as he began to realise the insidious implications contained in the propaganda poems. He had come to admire Dimitri as a person— he had considered him one of his closest friends; yet as a German he was supposed to blindly hate all Russians. His child-like mentality could not align these two thoughts—at this moment, probably more than at any other time in his life he was experiencing the full import of the "human" side of war. Whereas in times of peace peoples of different countries can co-exist through mutual agreement, in times of war the individual must hate where he once loved, kill where he once befriended. This, the essence of war in Stefan's eyes, presented a mysterious, unfathomable paradox when referred to his personal contact with Dimitri. However, Andres later was to find his own solution to this problem in Die Hochzeit der Feinde,¹⁶ which emphasizes the theme of brotherhood even amongst warring nations.

It has been said that time alone heals all wounds. This held true for Stefan and Dimitri, for by the following March, when Steff was preparing for his first Communion, he and Dimitri were again on speaking terms. The words which the young Russian soldier uttered at their renewal of friendship were simple, yet so very profound:

Wir nicht mehr Feinde,...Du mir verzeihen, was Russland ist. Ich dir verzeihen, was Deutschland ist.¹⁷

¹⁶Andres, Die Hochzeit der Feinde
¹⁷Andres, Knabe im Brunnen, p. 314.
One can almost hear these words vibrating through the pages of his book.

Entering into the third year of the War, Stefan became conscious of a sudden change in the overall physical condition of his normally energetic father. It was unlike Herr Andres to allow anyone but himself to handle the heavy work on the farm, yet he seemed almost relieved to accept the offers of Nickel and young Steff to "assist" him. Two years prior to this time, Herr Andres, still a massive powerful figure of a man, had confided to Stefan the results of a medical examination, which he had taken shortly after coming to Schweich. He had apparently contracted a serious heart and kidney ailment, probably aggravated by countless nights in the ice-house in Breitwies. He had been advised by the doctor to curb his normal activity considerably, to prevent further spread of infection. At the time, Stefan did not understand the full implication of the doctor's diagnosis. Now he understood his father's recent casual remarks about a "heart" condition, and the grimaces of pain that would flash across his face whenever he exerted himself. Though Herr Andres valiantly tried to hide from the family the physical tortures he was experiencing, one day he was stricken with a severe attack and confined to his bed from which he never again arose.

Death came mercifully two months later, November, 1916, but not until little Steff had sat daily at his father's
bedside spinning out all the "fanciful" tales that were so much a part of both of their lives. As his loving father breathed his last, little Steff, through tear-stained eyes, found consolation in his father's concept of the sceptre of death:

Der Tod is en Tür—net mehr un net weniger, un et kommt dann der Tag, dat man anklopft, weil man gerne in dat andere Licht hineinmöcht. Da hört et auf mit dem Krieg un der Unruh un all dem Getu un Gemach.18

During the summer of the year 1917, young Stefan, who had already told his mother Susschen of his desire to enter a monastery, spent most of his spare time avidly reading a religious treatise "Christlicher Hausfreund." This was one of the very few books which Herr Andres would allow in the house. Then one day a letter arrived from the Collegium Josephinum in Holland, accepting Stefan into the cloister on the recommendation of the Herr Dechant of Schweich. He was given a short preparatory course in Latin on a tutoring basis—a rather tortuous experience for both the pupil and his teachers, Herr Burx, and a young novice.

Just before his departure for Holland he was saddened by the news of the tragic death of Dimitri, who had succumbed to blood poisoning and was to be buried in Trier. Consequently, with mixed emotions of sadness and an almost overwhelming fear of the new world he was about to enter, he left Schweich in the fall of 1917.

18Andres, Knabe im Brunnen, p.199.
The nostalgic memories of all these treasured formative years of life caused Stefan Andres to say years later:

Oft erinnerte ich mich des kleinen Müllersjungen und versuchte im Hass und der Wut und dem Wahnsinn dieses letzten Jahrzehnts einen Funken von dem zu retten, was ihm als Gottesgeschenk im Auge wohnte: Vertrauen--Einfalt--Liebe.19

During the next few years, the life of Stefan Andres became a complex maze of maladjustments as he frantically sought to find his proper niche in life, or at least to localize his diverse talents. Adhering to the fond wish of his deceased father, as well as a newly acquired personal sense of desire, he first entered the seminary at Collegium Josephinum. Here he whole-heartedly devoted himself to the priesthood as a vocation. However, even his most sincere intentions were insufficient to overcome the monotony of regulations and rules which he found so distasteful. His stay was thus of short duration.

Though he planned subsequently to become a Franciscan Friar, in a brief span of years he had attended various cloisters, where he served mainly as a Krankenpfleger-kandidat. In each case, his inability to adjust and to discipline his own thinking, and to bridle his fiery temper caused him to rebel against all forms of authority. The restless nature, which he had manifested so often in his younger days, now seemed to impel his every move. But what had once been

a mere youthful idiosyncracy had gradually assumed very serious overtones in the adult. Andres has this to say regarding this difficult period of his life: "My memory of this time if I were to write it would stand under the words 'Nam homo proponit, sed Deus disponit nec est in homine via ejus.'"

It is noteworthy, however, that Andres continued to reflect these same weaknesses of character even apart from his monastic pursuits. In all, he attended three different Universities: Köln, Jena, Berlin. He was unable to decide on a major field in any one of them. At first he tried science, then Germanics and philosophy. No doubt his greatest liability was his tendency to dream about various careers, building castles around them, but never actually getting beyond this point. For a time it appeared as if he had finally made the proper choice when he pursued a course in the history of art at The University while simultaneously attending a specialized school of art. But this too turned out to be merely a passing fancy, despite the fact that he had a natural gift for painting.

When Andres left Berlin University, he was still undecided--probably even more confused than ever about himself and his future. By this time he had reached the lowest rung of discouragement; for a time at least he unwisely attempted

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to "drown" his cares artificially. He was discouraged almost to the point of despair; he had very little money; it is no exaggeration to say that he considered himself a lonely pauper in every sense of the word. And though he realized the futility of his plight, it is rather revealing to note his reaction, "I had something more important: Gottvertrauen."21

The transparent, clear outlines of these desperate years with their shattered hopes and soul-searching problems are more or less crystallized in the pages of Bruder Lucifer,22 written in 1932. This autobiographical novel reflects the specifically monastic phase of the period, and coincidentally anticipates such figures as Padre Hernandez and El Greco, whom we eventually meet in later literary works.

The opening statement of Bruder Lucifer is a rather startling one. Andres explains, in a word, his reason for joining the Capuchin Order of St. Francis: "Denn so wollte ich es: ausziehen aus der Welt."23 In this brief remark is doubtless contained the key to his many years of indecision, his restless moving from one apparent goal to another. All of these divergent paths, whether in cloister or University life, represented in their individual ways, a type of

22Stefan Andres, Bruder Lucifer (Düsseldorf/Köln: Eugen Diederichs Verlag, 1932).
23Ibid., p. 7.
"escape" mechanism, triggered by Andres' inability to settle down to any particular line of activity.

At least in the cloister he was able to arrive at a decision of sorts, even though a negative one. In the course of approximately one year he came to realize, beyond a shadow of doubt, that this was not the life for him. He had tried to make the adjustment to the monastic world and had failed. Yet for the rest of his life he was to carry with him many of the impressions he had formed inside the cloister walls. Even more important for his literary career was the tremendous influences of certain personages with whom he had come in contact during that memorable year.

The day on which the twenty-five year old prospective candidate entered the cloistered life was filled with all sorts of impressions. He was particularly struck by the deathly silence within the cloister walls. Then he was led by Pater Magister to his private cell. Stefan's eyes stared at the meagre furniture; a chair, a desk, a straw-bed--now the full impact of this new strange world hit him. For the first few days he experienced a frightening sensation of loneliness. By the end of the week, however, he was ready to don his Franciscan habit and assume his new name, "Frater Lucius."

Later, as he became fully cognizant of the regular routine of the cloister, his old nemesis began to rear its ugly head. Once again, the "inner" person started to rebel
violently against anything that smacked of authority. Frater Lucius was unable to subjugate his own personality to even the simplest rule or regulation. As a result, his few months in the monastery were a mere succession of internal conflicts between the two opposing souls of his person.

He had not been in the cloister very long before these two souls came to grips with one another. He, with some of the other brothers had gone on a hike through the marshland near Sandberg. Pater Magister had come along as the chap­eron. Somehow, Frater Lucius strayed away from the group and became lost. He was rescued from his predicament by a tall, very attractive girl who showed him the pathway back to the other monks. He describes his terrible awkwardness in her presence, his sudden consciousness of his sheared head and half-grown beard, his frantic attempts to find the correct words to say to her. For days afterwards he was unable to get "Maria" out of his mind. The emotional turmoil within him obviously contained lethal overtones for one who ostensibly had come to the cloister "to escape from the world." Yet Frater Lucius apparently saw no danger in Maria's magnetic effect upon him, as he proceeded to make a colored pencil sketch of "Unsere Liebe Frau in der Heide," and then hung it on the wall over his study-desk for all to see.

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24Andres, Bruder Lucifer, p.58.
During his initial month at the cloister, Frater Lucius' table companion was a man who was eventually to represent one of the most powerful influences on Andres' life, both as a monk and as a literary artist. It was Frater Gerenot who had acquired an unenviable reputation among his colleagues as a fanatical, independent thinker. His heretical utterances had caused many a lifted eyebrow. Frater Lucius felt an immediate attraction to the rebellious brother. One can trace, with little effort, the very delicate line between this same Frater Gerenot and the philosophy of the excommunicated priest in *Wir sind Utopia*.

It was not long before Frater Lucius likewise distinguished himself among his colleagues, but in a slightly different manner. One morning he woke up to find that he was late for the usual opening religious exercise in the choir. He dashed out of his cell, ran down the corridor and suddenly sent both sandals flying off his feet as he reached the stairs adjoining the choir. He then became entangled in the folds of his habit, missed his footing and, along with his sandals, crashed against the choir door with a thud. From that moment on the name of Frater Lucius became the conversation piece of the entire cloister. In time he had acquired greater renown when, because of his close affiliation with Frater Gerenot, he became known as "Bruder Lucifer."

The impressionistic newcomer soon had occasion to see his new-found friend in action. He and the Frater had been
chided for not kneeling down while speaking in the cloister garden to Pater Ivo, the abbot's chief assistant. Pater Ivo immediately saw the defiant look in Gerenot's eyes and reminded him of the case of the "notorious" Pater Cherubin. When Frater Gerenot angrily protested the presumption behind this remark he was ordered to report the following day to face a charge of insubordination. As this little drama unfolded, Frater Lucius inwardly admired Frater Gerenot for his courageous stand. Already the latter's rebellious nature had begun to permeate the pliable character of his younger friend.

In spite of the few discomforts which he experienced at the hands of Frater Otto and Frater Friedrich during his fraternization with the outcast Frater Gerenot, his first few months at the cloister were generally pleasant ones. He had developed a close bond between himself and Pater Magister, whose pious, lovable nature seemed to have such a consoling effect on the impetuous lad. Pater Magister, probably more than any single person in the cloister, had the ability to see into the young man's troubled heart, and he did all in his power to help the struggling novice. Thus it was with a definite, curative idea in mind that one day Pater Magister asked Frater Lucius to be the new male nurse for the friary's sick bay. He felt certain that in caring for others and administering to their needs, Frater Lucius might gradually overcome his "introvert" tendencies and see
monastic life in a different vein. The immediate results were most gratifying as Frater Lucius appeared to have finally broken through his own emotional barrier. Now he was happy and carefree in the discharge of his new duties.

Suddenly, just before Easter time, Frater Gerenot was stricken with consumption and lay at the point of death. Frater Lucius was called in to take care of him during his last days on earth. In the matter of a few hours Pater Magister's plan had turned into a boomerang. As the dying man whispered his innermost thoughts to Frater Lucius, the already existing ties between these two men were forged into a perpetual bond of allegiance.

Even as he faced the sceptre of death, Frater Gerenot's deep-seated resentment against Pater Ivo and all those who ostracized him had lost none of its venomous sting. In his own eyes he had followed the rules of St. Francis, the founder of the order, to the letter. Frater Lucius standing near the death bed now took the final step in his complete transformation into the explosive world of Gerenot as he vowed:

Wenn alle nein sagen, ich sage, dir, Bruder, aus deinem Leben könntest du die Regel wieder aufschreiben, wenn sie verlorengegangen wäre. Dir gibt Franziskus seinen Segen.25

Although Frater Gerenot breathed his last a few minutes later, his "voice" was instantly revitalized in the person of its new owner, Frater Lucius. It was a voice which was

25Andres, Bruder Lucifer, p.31.
to ultimately prove the undoing of Frater Lucius, who at this moment had only one idea in mind: to be another Frater Gerenot.

Long before the death of Frater Gerenot, however, this same Frater Lucius had been unconsciously laying the groundwork for his new role. He seemed to be eternally receiving punishment for one misdemeanor after the other. He was an individualist not only in mind but in action, and appeared to enjoy the attention which his lack of concentration and day-dreaming often caused. Once he forgot to turn the pages of the mass book and the other brothers were forced to recite the succeeding pages as best they could by memory. On another occasion he was assigned the task of ringing the bells for a certain service, but unfortunately Frater Lucius hadn't found out when to stop ringing them. These incidents were humorous enough, yet they were merely indicative of his general inattentiveness to duty.

As soon as Pater Magister became aware of the artistic ability of Frater Lucius, however, the latter's world began to appear a lot brighter. The Pater had been quite impressed by his painting of Maria, the heathen girl. He was convinced that with his natural talent Frater Lucius could provide a definite service to his cohorts. Consequently he assigned him the task of translating Joinville's "Life of Holy Ludwig" into German. He was also to draw the illustrations for the text. As a model, Pater Magister gave him a collection of
paintings by outstanding artists of the fifteenth century. When Frater Lucius expressed consternation about the "nudes" in the collection, the Pater quickly pointed out the fact that it was the hidden beauty in these undraped figures which constituted their value. Eagerly Frater Lucius set to work on this fascinating project.

A few days later as Frater Lucius was sitting at his writing desk surrounded by his completed drawings for the new book, Pater Ivo happened along. Seeing the naked figures everywhere, he cried out: "Frater Lucius, an ihren Werken erkennt ihr sie."26 The insidiousness of this charge, in a flash, trampled Frater Lucius' new found world into broken pieces of hate and resentment. Up to this moment he had felt as though he "belonged." Now the fires of rebellion within his heart became a blazing inferno. His first reaction was one of pure frenzy. He picked up all the pictures, rushed to Pater Ivo's cell and slid them under the door one by one. Two days later he was to rue his impetuosity. "Somehow" a few of the nude pictures had found their way into the novice's reading room. He was ordered to report to Pater Magister. As he stood in the magister's cell, his face went white with rage when he was accused of contaminating the other novices by circulating these same pictures. Though proclaiming his innocence, he was immediately ordered to stop work on the Ludwig translation and return both books.

26Andres, Bruder Lucifer, p.63.
to the library. The complete injustice of the whole affair caused him, once more, to retire into the protective seclusion of his own "secular" world.

No sooner had Frater Lucius begun to work his way out of this emotional upset when, through his own lack of discretion, he found himself facing still another charge. It all came about while he and some of the other brothers were handling a clean-up detail under the supervision of Pater Magister. The latter had fully realized the overpowering loneliness felt by Frater Lucius even since the death of Frater Gerenot. He took the Frater aside and handed him a book which briefly treated the life of the Carmelite nun, Theresa. Frater Lucius was to read and interpret the story for the novices.

Frater Lucius perused the book for a few minutes and quickly perceived the Pater's reason for selecting the text—Theresa, too, had been a "lonely" person. On the prompting of Pater Magister, he proceeded to give his interpretation of her life. After a few sentences, however, he switched to a completely different subject which suddenly had flashed through his mind. He dramatically depicted what he considered to be the stark contrast between the Capuchin fathers of old and the present crop, emphasizing the need for greater contact with people outside of the cloister.

As his voice grew louder and his tones more frantic, the "interpretation" was resolving itself, step by step, into a
full-fledged sermon. Then in his mind's eye he recalled the dying words of Frater Gerenot "Mein Sterben ist dein Anfang." With this he thundered forth his unabashed admiration for the "heretic" whom so many of them had ostracized. He concluded his remarks with the admonition that the life of Frater Gerenot could well serve as a model for all to follow.

One day later, in Magister's cell, he stood with one hand on the Bible, while he heard the ominous pronouncement: "You are possessed." When he mentioned the pact which he had made with Frater Gerenot, he received this answer:

Frater Gerenot war ein Heiliger...Sie aber zweifeln, leugnen Lucifer und haben ihn nun mitten in sich. Das ist des Lügners Meisterstück. This was probably the great turning point in the monastic life of Frater Lucius, for from this moment on his resentment and bitterness knew no bounds.

After the turn of the year, Frater Lucius had occasion to meet for the first time the head of the cloister, Pater Guardian. He had contracted a severe infection in a lower tooth, and, as was the custom, had come to Pater Guardian for permission to see the dentist in the city. It was soon obvious that the escapades of Frater Lucius had long since reached the Pater's ears. He gave the brother his tickets for the train ride to the city and dismissed the incident of

27Andres, Bruder Lucifer, p.90.
28Ibid., p.123.
Frater Lucius' "sermon" with the suggestion that all the unpleasantness might have been avoided if he had learned to keep such thoughts where they belonged—within himself.

The first trip to the dentist proved to be quite eventful. The doctor happened to be a petite, curvacious twenty-seven year older, who was substituting for her brother while he was on leave. As the "doctor" proceeded to treat his tooth, Frater Lucius found himself unconsciously following her every move. He felt waves of excitement course through his body whenever she approached the chair. On the train trip back to the cloister he felt a flush in his face every time he thought of "Doktor Agnes." He knew that he had to think of an excuse to see her again. Back at the monastery, Bruder Habakuk, the cloister tailor, and Frater Friedrich were the first ones to notice the sudden change that had come over the brooding Frater Lucius. Soon the entire cloister either knew or surmised what was happening.

With each successive visit to the Fräulein Doktor, Frater Lucius' bridled passions were let loose with increased abandon. Agnes continued to reciprocate his affections and illicit love-making. On one visit this clandestine romance reached its ultimate peak. In this vicarious moment, Frater Lucius had made his initial break with monastic life. It was merely a matter of weeks before he would make official his final advance to freedom in the secular world.
Before he actually left the monastery he was asked to paint a picture of St. Antonius, using Pater Guardian as a model; and one of St. Paul, with Pater Magister in the model's role. He was to use the historical accounts of each saint in order to be able to give his paintings an authentic tone.

Following the unorthodox dictates of his conscience, he used as a background for the St. Antonius picture the various articles he had noticed in Pater Guardian's cell as he painted: all sorts of pots, glasses, rusty boxes, and piles of newspapers. To the observer it would seem that these things were dashed off rather impetuously, yet closer scrutiny would reveal the casual, almost worldly, atmosphere which they were to imply. When Pater Guardian saw the picture he questioned the Frater's reason for making St. Antonius almost devoid of the qualities of holiness and sanctity. Finally he said: "Um es also einfacher zu sagen: Ihr heiliger Antonius ist einer, der nicht glauben kann?"29 Bruder Lucius nodded "Er wird sich seines Mangels nicht zu schämen brauchen...der Glaube ist ja auch für die Gläubigen nicht das Bleibende."30 Pater Guardian accepted his young novice's explanation for what it was worth, without question. He had grown to understand the unusual "other" person which dwelt in the habit of Bruder Lucius. Therefore his parting

29 Ibid., p.189
30 Ibid., p.189
words that day were ones of fatherly advice: "Für Sie aber ist das Kloster noch nicht die Welt und die ganze Fülle des Lebens geworden. Gehen Sie also, wo es Sie hin treibt." 31

His experience with Pater Magister's painting had quite a different ending. His final act as a brother was the completion of the picture of the holy hermit St. Paul. Just as Pater Magister approached the finished drawing to give his appraisal, the sun suddenly shot a bright ray of light across the picture, transforming the gold-brown sky in the background into a ball of fire. "Die Sonne malt es zu Ende," 32 Lucius whispered and looked toward the Magister. This same sun years later was to perform a similar role on the painting of the Great Inquisitor in Andres' El Greco malt den Grossinquisitor. 33 Doubtless it was the vivid memory of this occasion that prompted Andres to use the same technique so effectively.

The heat of the sun-ray seemed merely to infuriate Pater Magister. As he viewed Frater Lucius' version of St. Paul, the caustic reference to the "heathen" painting of St. Antonius prompted the defiant Frater to ask: "Just what do you know?" The answer was swift and final: "Dass Sie den Glauben verloren haben, hier im Hause Gottes." 34

31 Ibid., p.192.
32 Ibid., p.197.
34 Andres, Bruder Lucifer, p.199.
These words were still ringing in his ears as Stefan Andres, once more a free man, stepped forth from the cloister, realizing full well that in this one short year he had literally lived a lifetime. For a while he broke with the church, but soon found his way back from the torturous paths of loneliness into the light of day with a renewed faith in himself and his Maker.

In the year 1932 Andres met and married Dorothea Freudiger, who proved to be a very steadying influence on her impetuous husband. Two years after their marriage, the couple took a trip through various parts of Greece and inspected many of its outstanding monuments of antiquity. Some of the locales which they visited and the people whom they met in their travels were later to find their way into Andres' fictional world. This was the first of many trips by the Moselland artist, which took him through parts of Europe, Asia, and even the United States. His impressionistic and creative nature enabled him to fully utilize the unusual and individualistic atmosphere of the countries to people his world of books.

The year prior to Andres sojourn through Greece was a very decisive one in the history of German Literature; one which was to exert a strong influence on the author's subsequent decision to leave his fatherland. On May 10, 1933, the books of approximately two hundred and fifty outstanding German personalities, banned because of anti-Nazi leanings,
were burned publicly in all the major cities of the Reich.\textsuperscript{35} By order of Dr. Goebbels the names of the authors were placed on the Index of the Druckschriften, and forbidden in the Third Reich as "Schmutz und Schundliteratur."\textsuperscript{36} Naturally the writings of Stefan Andres were subject to the same strict censorship imposed on all authors. Since he was not considered to be a full-fledged Nazi sympathizer, however, his literary pursuits soon came under rather close scrutiny. As a consequence, in 1937, we find Andres leaving Germany as a political refugee, and settling permanently along the southern coast of Italy in a section called Positano. In the ensuing twelve years here, he completed the greater majority of his works which were to catapult him to one of the foremost modern writers in Germany.

Prior to 1937, possibly with the exception of \textit{Bruder Lucifer}, the early literary efforts of Stefan Andres had gone unnoticed. The dormant talents of the artist from Breitwies suddenly shone through \textit{El Greco malt den Grossinquisitor} and \textit{Vom heiligen Pf"{a}fflein Domenico},\textsuperscript{37} both written in 1936.

However, it was in the peaceful atmosphere of Positano that the individualistic talent of the born story-teller that the individualistic talent of the born story-teller


\textsuperscript{36}Ibid., p. 3.

\textsuperscript{37}Stefan Andres, \textit{Vom heiligen Pf"{a}fflein Domenico} (Ungekürzte Ausgabe; Leipzig: Paul List Verlag, 1935).
came to full fruition. Though this peace was shattered two short years later by the advent of World War II, Stefan Andres had by this time moulded himself into a mature, polished writer.

The secret behind the amazing conversion of the former impetuous cloister-brother into a finished artist is revealed rather succinctly in Andres' descriptive essay Terrassen überg Meen. There is no doubt whatever that Stefan Andres found in tiny Positano the quietude and peace of mind which was so conducive to the furtherance of his literary career. But one of the most inspirational sources for the succession of outstanding works to follow came from the different "terraces" which he and his family inhabited. It was here, while relaxing and looking out at the sea and hearing the joyful voices of people along the shore that he had at last found a reason for existence. It was not long before these impressions and conclusions were carried over into their own fictional world, providing impetus for an inspired series of narratives.

It is interesting to note that Andres uses the word "terrace" as a reference point or symbol in describing even his own children. He says: "the first one bore our first child, still unborn at the time--the second saw two little girls; on the third stepped an additional one, a third girl;

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on the fourth, however, one of the girls passed away."39

From this we begin to gather, and correctly so, the impression of the great importance which the author ascribed to what would normally be a mere appendage to a household.

The "personalized" tone of the greater majority of Andres' works has always been one of their most fascinating characteristics. In each of his productions we can see the reflection of certain segments of his own life. In describing the terrace in the Casa Carmela at Positano, for example, he says that he loved to walk barefoot over the cool, smooth flagstones. "This experience of my naked soles went over into the feet of the Mann von Asteri to whom I gave this terrace for his "Romanleben."40

In Casa Rosa, the terrace served a different purpose. Here almost every night the people of practically all walks of life used to gather with Stefan to discuss Kafka, the German army, the Italian KZ, and so forth. These discussions aroused Andres' creative impulses. He now plunged into the Mann von Asteri41 and later the Sintflut,42 with a firmer heart and brought into his books many of these people whom he had let into his terrace.

40Ibid., p.15.
With the start of the War, Andres and his family moved to Casa Santa Croce. On the upper terrace they had placed the baby's cradle, and often Stefan would stand and look at the child, thinking how peacefully it lay there while the adult world was at war. Once again, in his own words, we see the birth of a new novel:

I began, stretched out beside her bed, to consider this upper terrace in my dreams to be a type of Ark. And I began to reflect on Noah and the great flood. Thus the upper terrace in the Casa Santa Croce plus the cradle on it were to blame for my beginning at that time (1939) the Sintflut.43

The twelve years which Andres spent in Italy encompass the most productive period of his literary career. In addition to the selections just cited, he had completed several other outstanding works, among which are the following short stories: Moselländische Novellen,44 Das Grab des Neides,45 Das Wirtshaus,46 With his Wir sind Utopia47 in 1942, his fame was established in literary circles. Before he left Italy to return to Germany in 1949 he had written two of his first novels Die Hochzeit der Feinde and Ritter der

43Andres, "Terrassen überm Meer," p.18.
44Stefan Andres, Moselländische Novellen (München: Paul List Verlag, 1937).
46Stefan Andres, Das Wirtshaus zur weiten Welt (Düsseldorf/Köln: Eugen Diederichs Verlag, 1943).
Gerechtigkeit, 48 both inspired by World War II.

After concluding the first two volumes of the monumental Sintflut trilogy, he made an extensive lecture tour in the United States in 1952. He then settled with his wife, Dorothea and their two remaining daughters in Unkel am Rhein, where he presently resides in the capacity of a free lance writer. While working on the third volume of the trilogy, to be entitled Der Regenbogen, Stefan Andres doubtless finds relaxation in the pursuit of his favorite hobby, water-color painting and charcoal drawing. 49 His countless scores of admirers eagerly await the completion of his great trilogy which, in a sense, will culminate the controversial philosophy of the mature man, who was once simply "Der Knabe im Brunnen."

Awards and Distinctions accorded Stefan Andres

Abraham Lincoln Prize for Bruder Lucifer ............. 1932
Der Erzählerpreis der neuen Linie .................... 1936
Der Rheinische Literaturpreis (for coll. works) 1949-1951
Der Literaturpreis v. Rheinland-Pfalz ................. 1952
Der Grosse Literaturpreis von Nordheim-Westfalen ... 1954
Komtur-Kreuz des Verdienstordens der
Italienischen Republik ............................. 1957

Member--German Akademie für Sprache und Dichtung.
German Pen-Zentrum (Bundesrepublik).

48 Stefan Andres, Ritter der Gerechtigkeit (Zürich: Scientia Verlag, 1948).

CHAPTER II

THE WAY OF THE ARTIST

It is in the material of everyday life in its pure unadulterated form that Andres finds the basic ingredients for his literary productions. The awesome struggles of existence itself, man's attempt to unravel the shrouded riddles of life and then to restore order to a chaotic world, constitute the principle motifs of his diversified works. Since it is his intent to reveal truths of a universal nature not confined within the limitations of religion, race or occupation, Andres achieves this goal by a diversity of character and plot. By treating a cross section of humanity and analyzing primarily the "inner man" under all possible aspects, he creates a rich and significant world of men and creatures. Though ever conscious of his responsibility to treat the life of his time, he never allows his end-product to become only self-portrayal, mere cognitive streams or symbolizations of his own ego. "He speaks as an all-embracing thinker, dedicated deeply to the problem of human existence."¹

To enrich his literary world, Andres brings the benefits of his native Moselland soil, his Christian inheritance, and his love for Antiquity, plus the fruits of his extensive travels. His works reflect the order in the cosmos

resulting from man's courageous struggles and his conformity thereby to the will of his creator. Indeed, the keynote to Andres' specific and individualistic talents as a writer is the fusion of all these qualities into a composite whole. The fact is brought out rather profoundly by Dolf Sternberger, who classifies the artistry of the author in these words:

Die Begegnung des modernen abendländischen Menschen mit der unverletzbaren, aller geschichtlichen Verwandlung längst entwachsenen Naturwelt, ihre Vermischung und Verschmelzung mit dem unedlen und glanzlosen Stoff der heutigen Wirklichkeit ist Stefan Andres Grundthema.2

Though the techniques which Andres employs to color and set the tone of his portrayals are many and varied, the nucleus of his style centers around "symbolic" effects. Even in his choice of titles such as Ritter der Gerechtigkeit (Knights of Justice), Gäste im Paradies (Guests in Paradise), and Das Grab des Neides (The Grave of Envy), this tendency is obvious. Concrete objects take on like symbolistic or allegorical connotations, which either ominously guide a character's destiny or act as an impelling influence on his ultimate decisions.

In Andres' delineation of character and action, wherein the pictorial effects of a concentrated foreground are balanced by the fusion of embellishing milieu of the background, we see the experienced hand of the painter. The verbal language which he uses is of the "middle course"

variety, only occasionally showing dialectic peculiarities. Yet his characters convey strong, powerful emotions, and extremes are commonplace. Thus Andres, through his language and his ability to describe pictorially, is able to create dynamic tenseness of action which gives an almost dramatic quality to his works.

Along with these basic techniques, Andres employs the intrinsic power of humor and fantasy in the transmission of sublime thought. For in the world of imagination and laughter he finds the metaphysical and human traits that are so vital a part of mankind's worldly existence. Even his works of a purely critical and philosophical nature ultimately serve the purpose of revealing glimpses into the complex gyrations of a troubled and confused world. Whenever Andres sets to work, irrespective of the literary genre or technique he uses, his intent is to convey a message, a slight ray of hope, perhaps, to struggling humanity, which looks to the writer, as to other creative artists, for solace and consolation.

A. The World of Fantasy

In *Die Häuser auf der Wolke*, for example, Stefan Andres has created a dramatic and powerful story of the violent clash of two completely different ways of life. Certainly this theme is not new, yet the medium through

which the author discloses the tragic event is both unique and ingenious. Ostensibly the book is a children's story, containing all the fanciful images of the usual fairy tale—a cathedral that talks, a cloud which can transport human cargo through the air, a sea-god with an enormous face, and even an island occupied by bewitched females. However, deep beneath this world of magic lies the seething realm of human ills and frailties which are laid bare for observation. But later, through this imaginative world of fairyland, Andres succeeds in conveying a profound message to readers of all ages.

The scene is laid in the little city of Positano situated on the side of a mountain along the southern coast of Italy. As per custom, the cathedral which has reached its millennium of existence is allowed to make a wish, the consummation of which must be completed within a twenty-four hour period. It's compatriot, the bell tower, suggests that a wish for a new golden roof might be in order. The cathedral, however, unselfishly decides in favor of an ocean trip to New York for the greater part of the houses in Positano. At the stroke of midnight, after the cathedral and the tower have assembled the houses along the beach, a magic cloud suddenly descends to the earth. When all are aboard, it rises up into the air and heads for the Knickerbocker State far across the sea.

A few miles out, the cloud interrupts its flight to
pursue the bewitching voices of the "sirens" on a lonely island. After being subsequently re-inflated by the mysterious tones of the "Lorelei-like" females, it continues on toward its port of call. A brief skirmish with a group of "Windputen" is then engaged in, following which the skyline of New York becomes visible in the distance.

Filled with pride over their own Positanese architecture the houses excitedly discuss the anticipated impression they are about to make on "little" New York. But only disillusionment and embarrassment await them as they file through the broad streets of America's cosmopolitan city and find ridicule and scorn directed at them from all sides. They receive a much more amiable welcome from their own Positanese people, who have migrated to a suburban area of the city. The original inhabitants of the houses rush out to get a closer look at their new surroundings, while the former Positano natives take over to spend a nostalgic night in their once-treasured homes.

The thoroughly disillusioned cathedral soon reassembles his entourage along the beach and is compelled this time to resort to the modern driving power of literally 2000 snorting horses for the return flight to Positano. The sea-god Proteus, who is encountered along the way, presently supplements the "Pferdekräfte" with his own private escort: "siebzig Silberhexen in Menschenformat! Sieben hundert
Tritonen--siebenundsebzigtausendsiebenundsiebzig Ver-
treterfische!"\(^4\)

The fantastic menagerie unloads its cargo at the coast and returns to Proteus, while the little houses of Positano settle back in their original places. At the stroke of twelve on the bell-tower, all communicative language comes to an end. The cathedral becomes silent once more; it must wait another thousand years for its next wish.

This in essence is the story of Die Häuser auf der Wolke. The various leitmotifs which are scattered throughout it, however, offer the "real" key to the author's purpose. They symbolize something other than the apparent surface meaning which serves as pure embellishment for the narrative. The cathedral, the siren islands, the bell-tower, the "Windputen," the "pride" of the Positanese, and the sophistication of the city of New York are all representative symbols of a typical segment of society. In their manifoldness they mirror some of the most fundamental weaknesses of human nature from which ultimately arise so many of the intricate problems that face modern man.

The two main figures, namely the cathedral and the bell-tower, can be rather easily interpreted as depicting two distinct yet universal types of human personality: the one a sound, ethical character whose conduct is guided by

\(^4\)Andres, Die Häuser auf der Wolke, p.33.
accepted Christian norms; the other a "selfish" extrovert, utterly apathetic toward traditional standards of action. In the opening lines these antitheses are immediately obvious. The tower has craftily suggested: "Wünsch dir ein goldenes Dach und mir ein goldnes Zifferblatt." In rejecting this materialistic proposal, the cathedral thinks only of how beautiful it would be to fly across the ocean "und zwar mit allen Häusern von Positano." This merely sets the stage for subsequent disclosures of each character.

The island, inhabited by the melodious sirens, who attract men and objects through their "Häbsch-Böse" singing, reflects the satanic powers of temptation which utilize the beautiful to implement the ugly. The cloud has fallen victim to their temptation and now lies lifeless on the ground. With Faust-like facetiousness, the drooling sirens demand the blood of a human being in return for re-inflating the hapless cloud. However, after placating the she-devils with the offer of Krämer Vincenzo's house and its sole occupant, a broken-down donkey, the crafty tower promises to meet their carnal demands on the return trip. Obviously it is a vain promise—a means calculated only for the sake of the end—yet the cathedral's eyes see the unethical overtones here: "Man darf nichts Böses versprechen, auch wenn man es nicht halten will wegen des schlechten Beispiels."
These profound words of wisdom certainly transcend the boundaries of an animated fairy-world.

By the time the concluding hour of midnight has been struck, the delicate lines of force employed by the author clearly frame the figure of the cathedral against that of the bell-tower. This part of the message is clear. Andres has spotlighted a human frailty by revealing mankind's need for a realignment of his sense of both moral and ethical values.

Whereas the main theme concerns itself with the great, yawning abyss between the ways of life in Positano and those of a modern American city, it is principally in the transient actions that many of Andres additional commentaries on life are realized.

A violent storm strikes the cloud immediately after it has left the Azores, and a sudden net of balloons with massive round heads and no bodies is catapulted against the surface of the houses. One becomes caught on the cathedral cross and hangs limp in the air. This is identified as "Windpute 17f." These "Windputen", as it turns out, control the heavens--their assigned job is to make sure "Dass keine schlechten und drückenden Träume nach America eingeschmuggelt werden." This humorous summation of their avowed profession is supplemented by the reminder that the deflated Windpute 17f. can get its life-giving oxygen only if one of

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8Ibid., p.13.
the houses from Positano can offer a suitable dream. Otherwise the cloud and its occupants will be hurled into the ocean.

The Windpute violently rejects the dreams offered by the glamorous and beautiful houses which have been tactfully brought forth by the sagacious bell-tower. For a while it appears that the doom of the flying Positanese has been sealed, then an antiquated old house comes to the rescue, by telling of the dreams of two blond girls which it has overheard. The older girl dreams of saving a piece of bread each day from her own meal to bring to a poor little dog in a poverty-stricken home. The other girl, six years old, dreams of a dead sister who had once been a little mother to her. The youngster has made a "Puppentee" and invites also her deceased sister, to whom she says:

Du musst aber deine Flügel wegtun, sonst merken die Puppen etwas und sind traurig. Wir wollen nicht traurig sein.9

This recalls the oft-repeated notion that much of the sadness in the world might be averted if only men would recapture the simplicity and the naivete they once had as children.

One of Andres' most striking characteristics is revealed through the interplay between the "Pferdekräfte" and the retinue of the sea-god Proteus. It is the theme of the compatibility between the scientific forces of modern tech-

9Ibid., p.17.
ology and the primitive powers of nature. The secondary symbol is representative of the idea that the only way in which order can be restored in the world is by actuating this principle in all phases of life.

With the bell-tower at the reins of the 2000 horses, the Positano party suddenly realizes, after flying for an hour or so, that it is lost. Try as he may, the tower can not bring the petroleum-eating animals to a halt; on and on they churn aimlessly through the dark atmosphere. At a prearranged signal all the houses make a purring sound, hoping in this way to stop the galloping caravan—then something quite miraculous happens. Out of the sea arises the gigantic bearded figure of the sea-god, attracted by the uproar. The friendly deity explains that this is the sea palace of himself, Proteus. After he has heard the account of their journey, he chastises the cathedral and the tower for not having brought along the "Heidenturm" of Positano. His comment on the lame excuses that are offered is most provocative:

Ein Gott muss eben immer sehen, das, was die anderen verderben, wieder in Ordnung zu bringen. Es ist doch seltsam, dass sogar die Häuser, darin Menschen wohnen und auch beten, sich nicht miteinander vertragen. Wo nur sowas Menschliches hinkommt, herrscht auch sofort Unordnung; es ist richtig ein Jammer!10

This is Andres' plea for peaceful co-existence within families, within society, within countries in all parts of the

10 Ibid., p.33.
world.

The escort which Proteus subsequently provides supplements, as it were, and literally gives a direction to these powerful, yet "dumme Bestien." With his "Delphinen, Silbernen, Tritonen," and others, the sea-god provides a safe passage home for the grateful Positanese. Thus, side by side, the advanced technique of modern man works in harmonious union with the God-given creatures of nature to constitute a compact, orderly unit. Andres seems to have implied earlier that little, if anything, can ever be done to mend the permanent breach between two utterly different ways of life in this world. But here the symbol is more optimistic. The advances of modern technology have contributed much to mankind's general welfare; yet the world must learn to bridle and channel these advances into a purposeful goal by utilizing the time worn traditions of primitive nature as the guiding light. In the fusion of these two divergent factors Andres sees a resulting harmony and unanimity which helps in its own way to create an "orderly arrangement" within the cosmos.

B. The Lives of Little People

Outside of the main body of Andres' works, many of the most fascinating and unusual tales are encountered in productions which, because of their brevity, have received scant attention. Probably one of the best examples of the
short "epics" is the tension-packed story of *Die alte Babe*. The dramatic impact of an inconspicuous and frail old lady on an entire city, as depicted here, reads like a pure fig-
ment of the author's imagination. Yet it is a story which might well have occurred in real life. It describes the minds of men as they frantically attempt to "set their house in order" before calamity strikes.

For nine frightening days, a state of utter confusion and awesome consternation gripped the inhabitants of Görlitz as they literally held their breaths waiting for the world to come to an end. The background to this story, along with the day-by-day account of what actually transpired, forms the heart of the narrative.

It was the little old lady from Deutsch-Ossig with the "hen" and a basket on her head who set into motion the human drama that was soon to envelope all Görlitz. With a wild look in her eyes she had attracted immediate attention by staring up at the sky as she entered the city, repeating over and over a prophecy she had from a mysterious "grey" man. The grey man had told her:

In neun Tagen wird die Sonne platzen und in heissen Scherben auf die Erde fallen.

With incredible speed, the prophetic words spread like wildfire through the city, and within the hour, a full-scale

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\footnote{Stefan Andres, "Die alte Babe," Deutsche Rundschau, (79 Jhrg., Heft 4, 1953), pp.416-422.}

\footnote{Ibid., p.416.}
panic was created. (It is a common device of Andres, to use the narrow confines of a small city to allow almost word of mouth communication, whether in times of great joy or dire panic. It is here that communal features create a strong bond between individuals and their problems.)

Soon the old woman appeared at the city hall where she was asked to explain the prophecy and its source. The Mayor of Görlitz showed immediate concern and began to plan an appropriate course of action. The chief pastor suggested that the remaining nine days be used in atonement for the sins which the inhabitants had committed. Another felt that the best way to spend their remaining days on earth was to share their wealth with the less fortunate members of the city.

The cloth-maker had a novel idea, whereby all the material goods could be moved into the nearby mountain. He was reminded that the prophecy concerned the whole world and not merely Görlitz. Then the sceptic Gregor Gobsch arose and declared the whole affair ridiculous on the basis that it would be impossible for the sun to hit the earth. He and the pastor argued violently about the issue. At this point the old lady collapsed onto a sofa, crying;

O God, O God, in nine days.13

On the first day a long line of terror-stricken people assembled for the "Bussprozession" while Gregor and his non-

13Ibid., p.418.
believing followers retired to the "Brown Stag" to drink to their health. (The spiritual idea of atonement reflects the initial spark that ignites men's souls at the first sight of impending evil, and quickly fades away.) On the second day, the crowd had dwindled slightly, and a report was circulated that a certain shepherd girl had also seen the "grey" man with his nine day prophecy. "Grobius" sarcastically concluded that in that case they'd have an extra two days respite. Only a handful appeared for the penitent row on the eighth day, and on the ninth day the Mayor ordered Gregor confined to a tower cell for causing scandal among the people of Görlitz.

With seven minutes to go, an enormous crowd had gathered in the center of the city. They waited and whispered in ominous tones, and waited some more. Nothing happened—came the dusk—and then the morning. On all lips appeared the words "Die alte Babe." She was brought before the council and only a last minute plea by the rogue Grobius saved the poor old lady from execution as a sorceress. Her sentence was then changed to exile from the city. As she reached the Reichenbacker Gate moments later, she turned to Gregor and said:

To tell the truth I'm not sure whether the grey man said nine days or nine years.\textsuperscript{14}

With that she stormed angrily out of the city of Görlitz

\textsuperscript{14}Ibid., p.422.
and was never seen again.

Andres makes a great deal of the spiritual and religious connotation reflected in the various characters of this little tale. To a certain degree, he is also attacking both the gullibility of people as well as their lack of judgment and common sense in times of crisis and panic. The story is filled with overtones of the Romantic era, when abstractions and hallucinations seemed to govern so many writers. Certainly the grey man, for whom the old lady is a mere mouthpiece, is reminiscent of the same "schimmelgrau" Mann in Chamisso's Peter Schlemihl.

The specific religious theme shines through the story as a side-motif in the heated battle between the pastor and Herr Gobsch. As the latter decries the sun's ability to hit the earth, he questioned the possibility of the prophecy coming true, since to his mind no signs have as yet appeared to verify the scripturally-defined Antichrist's kingdom. The pastor flares back at Gobsch with an explosive remark:

Ich glaube, er ist in der Stille Papst, sonst wie könnte er das Reich des Antichrist erkennen—er sitzt dort in Rom und mit seinen jesuitischen Heuschreckenschwärmer das gelobte Land das Evangelium überfüllt.15

Certainly this statement is intended to speak volumes.

Probably the finest bit of ironic imagery in the whole story occurs after the ninth day, the prophetic day, had come

15Ibid., p. 418.
and gone. The crowd which had been "taken in" so completely by the little old lady's fantastic story, had reached the boiling point of shame and anger. In a body they headed for the culprit's house. What they saw there was enough to make their blood run cold. Instead of praying to the Creator who was to bring the world to its prophesied end, she lay grotesquely across her bed "celebrating" the end of the world in her own private way by "schwimmend in dem glühenden Lachewein."\(^{16}\) It was almost as if she herself was sure that it could never happen anyway.

Yet it is in this very point that the author is revealing one of the very basic weaknesses of human nature, namely a lack of a true sense of values. To the city of Görlitz, the old lady's prophecy was a telling force; whereas to herself the awesome event was merely just another day in her alcoholic-ridden life.

Whereas Die alte Babe dramatizes the theme of men and their reactions when faced with imaginary crises, in a subsequent Novelle entitled Der andere Name,\(^{17}\) Andres takes us into the fascinating land of Egypt, and presents us with a topic of the most intriguing sort. Here we are given the true-life story of a beautiful girl's romantic venture which, oddly enough, was violently shattered

\(^{16}\)Ibid., pp.416-422.

\(^{17}\)Stefan Andres, Der andere Name (Hochland:Karl Muth-Verlag Joseph Koselsche Buchhandlung,1935/36),pp.132-139.
because of one thing—a name.

It was on a trip from Alexandria to Greece that Andres encountered the unusual person with this equally unusual experience. Five years previously the girl had married an Egyptian archaeologist in complete defiance of her parent's anguished admonitions, and now realized the terrible mistake she had made. The startling events which intervened require no analysis or special interpretation, since they themselves reveal adequately the human problem concerned. In their own essence they correlate the great tragedy of class barriers and national customs are brought into explosive contact with the western world and its traditions.

In her short period of married life, more than once the profound words of her father, spoken on the very day of her wedding, had flashed through "Marguerita's" mind.

Den Ehebogen von Madrid nach Berlin zu spannen, wäre schon weit und gefährlich genug gewesen, zum Nil hin gingen keine Brücken.18

Yet, from the start, she felt convinced, despite the new and strange world which she was voluntarily entering, that the intense love she felt for Faki could transcend any and all obstacles.

With almost complete subjugation of her own "abendländische" nature, she plunged into the Oriental atmosphere and

18 Andres, Der andere Name, p.133.
tried to reshape her own life with her husband's best interests at heart. Valiantly and suppliantly she followed Faki's every suggestion and unusual request without question. In deed and word she exemplified to the letter the modern Moslem code, "Ihr Beruf ist der Mann."

She had first lived in Cairo, where Faki held an important post at the museum. Two years later he was transferred to Luxor along the Nile River, the home of his family. Marguerita, in recounting her story to Andres, mentioned how happy she was to leave Cairo:

Es war ein krankes, kaufmännisches und gar politisch heimtückisches Europa, das man in den Hotels und in den Abendgesellschaften erlebte.19

This remark can be classified as a scathing denunciation of the inordinate excesses to which the natural phenomenon of politics and business can be carried.

Shortly after settling down to the quietude of her new life in Luxor, a sudden feeling of intense loneliness overcome her. It was not that Faki had changed. By now she was well used to his Mohammedan ways. Even when her husband started to search for a spouse for his sixteen year old sister she didn't consider it barbaric, because she knew this was the custom. Her feeling of isolation was brought on mainly by the utter refusal of either Faki or his doting mother to address her as "Marguerita." They

19Ibid., p.134.
called her instead the "Unausprechliche" and addressed her directly as "du"—no more, no less. The hurt she felt went deeper and deeper as the days passed by.

Finally the issue came to a head. One day after the servants had left, Faki violently enunciated the Oriental customs to Marguerita regarding the use of names. He ordered her to refrain from using the nickname "Momo" for him in front of the others—"the name Mohammed suits me perfectly",20 he concluded. The worst blow of all was Faki's subsequent mandate to his wife to stop smoking—declared in the full presence of his numerous relations. She found this intolerable. A short time later, after the initial reaction had temporarily worn off, she approached Faki with a sincere question. With no bitterness intended, she asked her husband whether she should not be veiled whenever they took their Sunday stroll along the Nile. His answer was cruel and final: "The veil is used only by Egyptians."21 From this moment on she felt almost completely isolated from the Oriental world of which she was supposed to be a part.

A visit from her brother and his wife seemed to clear the air for a while. Yet this turned out to be only the calm before the storm. In a few days her world would tumble

20Ibid., p.134.
21Ibid., p.135.
into ruins around her. Faki invited them all to visit and inspect the famous Karnak temples. As they neared the area Faki recognized the occupants of an approaching limousine and stopped to greet them. He introduced the couple as "Theresa and Carlos Munera;" turning to his spouse he said rather brusquely in his native tongue "my wife"--she added a single word, "Marguerita!" The shocked amazement on her husband's face was indescribable, yet to her it was a final desperate effort to regain the God-given individuality that her name implied.

At Der-al-Bahri, Faki stood like a Titan of old and proudly described to his guests the background of a particular ruin which epitomized a powerful Egyptian dynasty of a former era. He made much of the fact that the name of Queen Habshepsut, originally etched on the walls of so many temples had been rubbed out each time by Tutmosis the Third. He pointed, almost triumphantly, at a spot on the wall to illustrate his point. At this moment, Marguerita spoke: "Mohammed, do you have a pencil?" Then she wrote something on the wall. Turning to Faki, she said "rub it off!"--As he bent close to the writing she remarked:

Tutmosis hat ausgelöscht ihren Namen. Sie haben ausgelöscht Ihren in mir-Welches ist schlechter, Mohammed?23

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22Ibid., p.135.

23Ibid., p.135.
As she sat near Andres a few days later on the steamer Ariadne, she worried as to how Carlos might react to her "unorthodox" reason for leaving her Egyptian husband. Andres' reply was most reassuring:

Wer, wie Carlos, in seinem Namen das Gewicht seines Wesens fühlt, und ihn so sparsam und innig tauscht, wird sicherlich verstehen, dass mit dem Namen auch das Gewicht verloren ist.24

We might logically conclude that not only is Marguerita's reason unorthodox but the basic theme of her story as well. The fact that Andres could see the powerful overtones in her tragic experience, however, reveals his intense sensitivity to even the most apparently irrelevant theme. Though this is an experience which admittedly few have ever or will ever face in real life, it nevertheless is stark realism at its very best. Nonetheless, the author is conscious of the fact that it is in very minor crises of this sort that an individual's entire life can become so tainted as to disrupt the "order" that each one of us instinctively strives for. In this sense then, does the narrative attain a universal quality and a powerful moral for the observant reader.

\[^{24}\text{Ibid.}, \, p.136.\]
C. Humor and Guile

The diversity and innate flexibility of Stefan Andres' literary talents allow him to depict the world in all its ramifications by making effective use of both the sublime and the ridiculous. This is truly the case as one leaves the oriental atmosphere of Marguerita's sphere and turns to the roguish, fun-loving environs of *Vom heiligen Pfäfflein Domenico*. In this comical and entertaining story, vibrating as it does with a carefree and uninhibited perspective, the obese figure of Don Domenico suddenly looms as the possible heir-apparent to the throne of the arch-rogue "Till Eulenspiegel." Though in the hearts of the German literary world at large he might never replace his much more famous counterpart, certainly Domenico's legendary exploits will not soon be forgotten by the citizens of little Positano. And in spite of the fact that never once was he out-witted or even out-maneuvered at his favorite game, he was deeply loved and admired by young and old alike. They loved him for what he was—not for what he did. In this, the story of Domenico assumes profundity and depth.

It has been said that Stefan Andres is the "Meister" not only of the lonely and oppressed but also the gay and lighthearted. In his all-out efforts to mirror realistic-

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ally a multiplicity of cosmic forces, both good and evil, he attacks each with equal vigor and authority. The character of Don Domenico, in spite of its serious overtones, is a humorous one; consequently Andres' approach to him as a literary personage is humorous. Whereas other short stories by the author are purposefully etched with the oppressive problems enshrouding the world, the intent here is basically to provide light and entertaining reading.

Any evaluation of its contents or its "implied" motifs must be guided by this premise. In like manner, one should not read into the plot any malicious intent on the author's part to degrade the priestly office which Don Domenico represents. If Andres does have a secondary motive, it doubtless would be the depiction of what--in his eyes--might constitute "Sainthood on earth." The unusual manner in which Don Domenico brings souls into conformity with moral and ethical standard embodies one phase of Andres' own philosophy of life. Normally he is a staunch believer in the traditions which mankind lawfully, and by birth, inherits from preceding generations. However, by rationalization and analysis he follows a course contrary to tradition whenever prudence and common sense demand it.

In the opening pages of the narrative Andres sets the stage by a brief yet important glimpse into the legendary manner in which the city of Positano (Poseidonia) is
supposed to have come into being. It was to this spot on earth, according to tradition, that Lucifer fled from heaven, closely pursued by the archangel and his celestial horde. To this event the present-day name "Monte Santo Angelo," in Positano is due. For this was the site of the battle of the Heavenly Hosts with Lucifer.

The story tells that after the devil, in hurried retreat, had crashed against the side of the mountain, his body hung grotesquely from a ledge. The corpse was covered by the shimmering heavenly vessels which he had seized in flight. As the angels were about to gather up the stolen booty, the voice of the Lord was heard in their midst:

Läset den Menschen die Erinnerung an das himmlische Haus, sätt den Raub Luzifers über die Erde.27

The insertion of these and other apparently unrelated events and biblical quotations ultimately serves a very important purpose in the story. For in this way Andres manages to set up a spiritual antithesis, as it were, to the comical events which follow; the purpose is to root firmly into place a nervecenter from which the life of the hilarious Domenico proceeds, and to which it returns "nach seiner eigenen Art." It is furthermore symptomatic of a theme which the author repeatedly presents; namely, the correlation between satanic forces on earth and the divine Providence which helps men to counteract such elements.

27 Ibid., p.9.
Years later, continues the legend, there came men from the sea, attracted by the gleam of the one celestial vessel still left on the mountain side. Here they constructed the city of Poseidonia, which they named after their god Poseidon. In due time, Michael, the archangel, let the city be pillaged by a roaming band of pirates. In accord with the angel’s decree, the monument and statues of the pagan gods which had been erected by the pioneer settlers were utterly destroyed. But from the ruins there was created a completely new temple, adorned with figures of the many pseudo-gods of the people. In the most prominent places they set up sculptured images of the Madonna for all to worship. By this means they gained the goodwill of the protector of their city, Saint Michael.

At this point, the slightly veiled purpose of Andres in recreating the mythical background of the city becomes even more obvious. Through the words of Michael he utters expressions of thoughtful innuendo and profound implication. It seems that the spirit of Michael had been greatly moved by the unusual aspect of the new Positanese in stressing God’s mother rather than the Creator Himself as a central point of adoration. His reaction, Andres notes, was equally unusual:

Er zürnte nicht, wenn sie oftmals über der Mutter das Kind und über den Halbgöttern den Gott vergassen, ja, wenn sie sogar mit ihren Bildern verführen wie mit Menschen, hassend und liebend gleich Kindern, die nie erwachsen werden.28

28Ibid., p.12.
This is an anticipatory justification, if such is needed, of the true child-like character of the eccentric and portly Don Domenico. In a sense, it has also a universal connotation as applied to all men who, despite their personal vicissitudes, manifest a heart that beats in simple rhythm with the God who created them.

Our initial meeting with "Pfafflein Domenico" finds the squat figure snoring on a bench in Peppino's inn. The author's description here is delicately human in its truthfulness:

Ermüdet von seiner bereits zelebrierten Frühmesse und vom Wein ein wenig benommen.29

The cleric's peaceful sleep is ended by the Sexton who has come to ask Domenico to substitute for the "hager" Don Beppo inasmuch as the latter has "forgotten" his prepared sermon. As he drowsily responds to duty, the onlookers radiate their profound praise of this little priest:

Ja, der Don Domenico ist wahrhaftig das Muster eines Priesters, obs der Prätlat Don Beppo glauben will oder nicht.30

Deep within this statement lies an immediate revelation of the paradoxical position in which Domenico finds himself. On the one hand, he is considered by his people to be an exemplary priest, regardless of his frailties; whereas his

30 Ibid., p.15.
confreres violently resent the admiration which his rather "unorthodox" mannerisms are able to evoke. One might well come to the conclusion, therefore, that the "Pfäfflein" represents a "Phenomenon" of human nature, which is inexplicable in its chameleon-like qualities. However, the rotund figure of the cleric happily revelling in his dual role as hero and villain alike soon dispels any such ideas.

It is vitally important to note in this regard that the "butt" of Domenico's wittiness and of his sometimes caustic or even un-Christian humor, invariably is on a particular class of people. His intent to embarrass and humiliate others is always aimed at those who are ostensibly well equipped to defend themselves. For example, when Don Domenico reports at the cathedral to his superior Don Beppo, he seizes the opportunity of chiding the latter:

"Er estaunt mich nicht, dass ein so weitgemaschtes Hirn wie Eures das Wort vergisst, wohl aber bin ich erstaunt, dass Ihr auf mich verfielet, auf den einfältigsten Eurer Priester, um Euch in der Festpredigt ersetzen zu lassen."31

Through skillful manipulation of the sentence, Domenico has succeeded in being quite deferential and sarcastic at one and the same time. There is just enough of a dual connotation in these words so that the more sagacious Don Beppo is not sure whether to be angry or to feel complimented.

In rapid succession now, Andres proceeds to unfold the latent capabilities of his "saintly" hero in exploits of a

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most varied nature. First of all, Domenico cures a wealthy couple of their miserliness by "baptizing" their two underfed donkeys. This is done on the pretext that they are infected with evil spirits and must from that moment on be treated in a manner befitting "good" spirits. Failure to spend the necessary money for this and all other remedial measures will mean:

Die Madonna wird einen Felsen vom Berg lösen und ihn euch auf das Dach schmettern, weil ihr beide undankbar seid und fromme Christen wie gewöhnliche Esel traktiert.32

Once again, in his strange yet effective way, Don Domenico has created harmony and order for lives that had been temporarily distorted by a misplaced sense of values. And he has brought into play the spiritual sanction under which the couple's future human actions will revolve. This fusion, in Andres' eyes, is one way in which man in general can begin to align the disjointed elements within his own life.

Domenico then is invited to celebrate the service for the feast of the Madonna in nearby Amalfi; he ends up by absconding with a few bottles of the Bishop's favorite wine. In some mysterious way he lands in a watering trough from where he is initially judged by a gaping audience to be his own devil. He escapes with his life only by "miraculously" changing water into wine (the Bishop's wine)

32Ibid., p.35.
to the amazement of his accusers. The subsequent punishment by the Bishop for these misdemeanors confines Domenico "under his own roof" each day after the Angelus has struck. The portly cleric circumvents this little difficulty by opening his umbrella at the appointed time and perambulating under it through the city. Justifiably he feels that he is meeting the prerequisite conditions—he is, after all, "unter seinem eigenen Dach."33

There is no doubt that the sight of a supposedly less endowed subordinate defeating a haughty superior at his own game and on his own terms constitutes a comical image. Yet it is likewise provocative from the author's own viewpoint; Andres never loses an opportunity to champion the "underdog," as witnessed in so many of his productions. In this case, of course, there is the added note of the individualistic spirituality of Domenico which is being simultaneously spotlighted. To Andres, the world should have flexibility enough to accommodate its fixed patterns to forces which arrive at noble goals by such devious means.

In Domenico's waning years, his people began to consider him as a living saint. In humility he refused to acknowledge this emotional claim. He began to read, avidly, books dealing with the lives of the great Saints. In his own life now he attempted to imitate parts of what he read.

33Ibid., p.48.
He went to Monte Santo Angelo and fasted for three days; in Naples he preached a sermon of atonement, for which he was imprisoned. On his release he was greeted by the people in Poseidonia with admiring cries of "il santo, il santo." 34 His reply was a decisive:

Lasst mich in Ruhe, ich bin kein Heiliger, ich bin Don Domenico und sonst nichts. 35

A few years later his sight failed completely, and on the August feast day of his holy patron, while walking toward Vetri, he died. As the bodily remains of the man who had done so much for the spiritual life of Poseidonia were lowered earthward, those who knew the "real" Don Domenico "wussten nicht, ob sie lachen sollten oder weinen." 36 The little girl, his "Madonna", in whose lap he had laid his head just before death, has this to say:

Und nun bringt er uns nach Poseidonia das Paradies. 37

The life of Don Domenico was an inspiration for the humble people of his little city. He made them laugh—he made them cry. There is no doubt, furthermore, that within the exterior garb there dwelt a man who had an intense spiritual devotion to the Madonna, the mother of his Creator. Primarily, of course, Andres intended the account of Pfäfflein Domenico to be refreshing in its humorous outlines—to bring a bit of laughter to a world that needs to

34 Ibid., p.117.  
36 Ibid., p.127  
37 Ibid., p.127
laugh more. But at the same time, the militant campaign Andres has this "unusual" little priest wage against all the powers of evil must be considered as a vital part of his serious contribution to those whom he served so well.

The extreme variety of content-matter, as well as the manifold leitmotifs embodied in the four minor works discussed thus far, give striking indication of the broad scope of Andres' literary realm. It could be readily admitted that the actual crises involved in Die Häuser auf der Wolke; Die alte Babe and Der andere Name are of a localized nature, yet in their way they mirror truths which are inescapably parts of the total picture of life. Vom heiligen Pfäfflein Domenico, however, which, as we have just seen delves deeply into a community's religious side, offers a much more expansive base and with it a more inclusive symbol.

The important note in all of these lesser writings is the insight which they give into the author's pliable and resilient technique. From them alone we can readily realize that Andres draws no line of demarcation whatever in investigating any and all problems of a human or spiritual nature.

Whereas the enunciation of moral and ethical principles in Andres must be deduced from his fictional works only after careful analysis; on the other hand his personalized essays
give their own unequivocable proof of his "Weltanschauung." These non-literary efforts reveal certain phases of the author's philosophy of life which might otherwise pass unnoticed within the complexities of a created narrative.

Probably the most notable feature of these writings is the self-conviction of their author, who radiates virility and strength of character. We readily perceive that he is a man, who in his almost fanatical devotion to truth, is oblivious of the tender feelings of those whom he might offend by "calling a spade a spade." (This characteristic, incidentally, encompasses the entire range of his major works as well). In these essays we observe Andres as a forthright, Christian thinker, whose training in classical antiquity gives these dynamic utterances a crystal-clear, translucent quality. He truly means what he says, and is never afraid to say exactly what he means in a straightforward manner. His subjects are always those which, in themselves, are serious and profound; he treats them consequently with the delicate, yet firm hand of a literary surgeon.

One essay, in particular, merits special consideration inasmuch as the import of its subject matter reflects certain very fundamental notions to be found in Andres' literary productions. This is Reifsein ist alles.38 Here he

treats the need for "maturity" within the human race, and urges all men to become fully conscious of their obligations not only in the natural level, but also in the supernatural order of human existence.

In the body of the essay, Andres makes a very definite and solemn pronouncement regarding the somber subject of death. It was the reading of a morose and melancholy poem by a Jürgen von Holländer which first impelled Andres to treat this theme in essay form. One of these verses rang in his ears as symbolic of the frantic cry of civilization in times of despair and frustration:

Wenn es so weit ist, werde ich aus dieser zuchthausstinkendem, wassersuppigen, staatlich zugelassenen, knirschenden Welt gehen.39

While the initial reaction to this statement was one of shocked sensitivity with Andres himself, he could not help but recall the words of a famous Shakesperean character, King Lear, who said: "Men must endure their going hence as their coming hither."40 It is the contrast of these two modes of thought that constitutes the heart of Andres' text.

He begins to cogitate on the manifold forms which death seems to assume for different people. He mentions those who look upon it with awe and fright; some who blissfully regard death as the ferry-man to the blessed shore;

and others who in their dreams meet in a hundred mysterious pictures. Yet Andres insists on the point that man should view the spectre of death, not as the great emancipator of worldly ills, but rather as part of the plan of a benign creator. His advice, therefore, to the young poet, is to be "mature" in his judgments and to raise his sights above and beyond the grave, to be conscious of the nobility of his nature, and realize that it must not be violated.

In the process of discussing the stigma of self-inflicted death, Andres is actually citing universal norms of conduct. He recalls to mind the great responsibility of each man not alone to himself and his family, but to his country and his eternal Creator as well. He states quite bluntly that mankind's freedom of will should never allow itself to obviate the necessity for obeying the laws and principles which these great responsibilities imply. His terse judgment is: "One cannot justify anything by suicide."41

Andres feels, and his own characters agree by implication, that along with life's daily struggle there comes for everyone the hour when the sense of life itself is severely tested. Yet the answer to it all, in the eyes of the author, is not in war, or force, or self-slavery, or

41Ibid., p.1259.
despair, or even death. He prefers to see the solution in man's cultivated ability to put all the conflicting forces of existence itself in their proper perspective with regard to one another, and then to act accordingly. The man who is able to do this has attained the noble quality which Andres defines as "Reifsein."

Since it is the intent of this paper to analyze Andres' outstanding works from the viewpoint of "Die Ordnung der Welt," these minor fragments of his total production have been selected to provide us with a capsule view as a starting point. It is immediately apparent that Andres sees this complex world of ours, not through rose-colored glasses, but rather with an almost microscopic delineation of its factual truths. In his eyes, even the most isolated instance has an important bearing on universal existence. The apparently labored detail within Andres' technique is the author's way of envisioning realism not as a single entity, but enlivened by all the elements which go into its making. It is not sufficient to merely present the final stages of an action, he feels, unless all of the preliminary causes are vitalized and channeled in this direction.

As a realist, he is not only prone to recognize the evil inherent in the world, but also to highlight its devastating effects on humanity in the hopes of revealing its grotesque side. To Andres, man is threatened, both
physically and spiritually, by constant dangers which he either creates or helps to foster. Being a Christian writer he logically looks on evil as a force which upsets the balance of morality and ethics within each man's soul. He views man as a creature endowed with a capacity for "jenseits" as well as "diesseits" and with a conscience and a sense of right or wrong which carries him beyond a mere materialistic idea of the world.

Andres pictures the composite happiness of the human race and its consequent hopes for the future to be ultimately based on each individual's own compatibility. Consequently his theories stress the notion that if each human being at first in himself and then through his relationships with God and all other men is able to somehow "bring his house into order" then there is still hope for man. With the author's usual determination he visualizes man's victory against any and all odds as being optimistically attainable.

The characters in his enormous fictional world are doubtless exposed to some of the most excruciating frustrations and dilemmas conceivable. They are brought, as it were, to the very precipice of despair and psychological discord, and they must, without the author's help, solve their own problems. It is through the uneven battle between the powerful, alluring forces of evil and a human
being's basic, Christian tenets that man attains new stature and new perspective in Andres' works. The one common denominator in all these battles is the particular brand of faith, courage, and moral tenacity which Andres considers as the gateway to equilibrium and peace within the universe.

He doesn't pretend, under any circumstances, that the daily struggles of life can be circumvented or easily solved. He is careful to distinguish human frailties from soul-killing evils, and to grade these evils in progressive stages depending on the insidiousness of their sting. His main point of concentration puts the subduing of all the crises in the world squarely up to man himself. Man creates the evil voluntarily, he therefore destroys it voluntarily. If nature, or circumstances, or fate force some evil upon him, then only can he denounce it. If the double horns of difficult dilemmas present themselves, then he must choose the one which will maintain or re-create, if necessary, the nobility which is a part of his God-given human nature. It is in the light of all of these factors that this paper considers Andres' conception of "Die Ordnung der Welt"; a world which can, by adherence to Christian principles of conduct and thought, acquire an orderly arrangement in the midst of the turmoil of normal living and under the shadow of humanely-controlled forces of power and technological phenomena.
CHAPTER III

JUSTICE TEMPERED BY LOVE

The symbolistic type of realism which marks the outstanding novels and short stories by Stefan Andres, reflects the author’s realization of the import of the physical and materialistic elements in the universe. Yet the actual distinguishing characteristics of these works stems from the fact that he never allows the world to be regarded from this viewpoint alone. For he skillfully weaves into this pattern the metaphysical entities and human qualities of man’s nature, which give a purposeful significance to the inanimate objects within each individual’s existence on earth.

Inside of Andres’ fictional world one finds a continual diagnosis of the mind, the emotions, and the souls of men as regards their quality of action. The human frailties which all beings possess, as well as those virtues which they should acquire are analyzed on the basis of their relative merits. Through the entire process we are conscious that these masterfully portrayed lives do not exist as an entertainment medium alone. It is Andres’ great skill as a story teller that permits each and every message he conveys to become a bit more palatable under this guise. His purpose at all times contains symbolic overtones for the reader; namely, to shock or to alarm; to admonish or to enlighten, as the particular situation may demand.

Basically, in the eyes of Andres, the very cornerstone
upon which society rests is the maintenance of equitable, lawful, and Christ-like relationships among its corporate members. Because of the magnitude of this subject, he concentrates on particular phases of it within each of his narratives. However, one of the main tenets of his method centers about the theme of "justice" as it affects human behaviour. He feels that a major cause of the serious human ills of the world lies in mankind's universal rejection of the objective principles of justice and all that it implies. An examination of specific narratives of Andres reveals the author's rather extensive and forceful convictions on this vital issue.

It is important to note, first of all, that he combines under one heading both the natural laws of justice applicable to society in general and those moral principles implicit in each person's being. In the novels and short stories under consideration, the "inner man" is brought forth to show how and why the harmonious balance of this dual relationship has been violated.

It is true that Andres, in his unfinished "Sintflut" trilogy, does follow the traditional literary approach to the concept of justice, wherein tyrannical rulers and power-crazed law givers are featured. His singular contribution to modern literature on this score, however, results from his extension of the concept into man's everyday existence. Here, he would contend, are first sown the seeds of discord
which ultimately infect the growth of the healthy social organism. His literary personages then proceed to expose the manifold ways in which the laws governing man's existence are disseminated, either for society's welfare or merely to satisfy the selfish ambition of egotistical creatures.

The theory and the application of justice along with its demoniacal counterpart injustice, take on countless shapes and hues in Andres' hands. For example, he mercilessly attacks those who in their introverted lives follow the tarnished rule of self-righteousness. He spotlights in particular the "poetic" type of justice where the unbalanced scales are levelled into equilibrium by a humane realignment of the forces of attrition and retribution.

In the short story El Greco malt den Grossinquisitor,\(^1\) Andres delineates the process through which such justice is attained. As is customary in so many of the author's narrative works, the "classical" length of the opening sentence sets the "time," identifies the locale and brings the main personages into immediate focus. The innuendo of the first words we read are voluminous in tone:

Es traf den Meister Domenicos Theodokopulos, wie ein kalter Blitz, als der Kaplan des Kardinals, der eigens von Sevilla nach Toledo herübergeritten war, ihm überbrachte, der Maler el Greco habe am ersten Sonntag im Advent vor seiner Eminenz zu erscheinen.\(^2\)

\(^1\)Stefan Andres, El Greco malt den Grossinquisitor (Leipzig: Paul List Verlag, 1936).

\(^2\)Ibid., p. 5.
El Greco, the famous 16th century "Spanish" artist from Crete has been commissioned to paint a portrait of the equally famed Grand Inquisitor, Nino de Guavera, a Dominican prelate. He, of course, shares the universal resentment of the people of Seville against what they consider to be flagrant abuses of justice by the haughty and stern Inquisitor. His own friend, a theologian named Cazalla, had been a recent victim of the scourge against the schismatics in Valladolid, Spain. And yet, in spite of his personal feelings of repugnance, a certain prudence and noble dedication to his art now dictate his compliance with the Pontiff's commission.

As the narrative begins to develop, we note another common literary technique employed by Andres, namely the inclusion of controversial religious issues. And yet the disputation in El Greco as in all other works, dovetail perfectly into the story as unobtrusive elements which actually aid the construction of the framework around the delineation of each character. The initial dispute in particular is most revealing as regards the natural animosity of the painter toward the clerical world.

The cardinal's messenger has just commented on el Greco's surprise over the unexpected assignment by sarcastically providing the probable reason:
Eure Malart ist, neben Juan el Mudo gesehen,--sehr--, er überlegts,--fremd zu nennen.3

When the artist proudly reminds the chaplain of his Greek ancestry, the latter inquires as to whether or not el Greco's parents were "schismatic." This question sends the painter into a rage:

Das Volk ist nicht schismatisch zu nennen, es sind die Priester, die Hirten--die Grenzen aufrichten und niederreissien.4

The depth of bitterness reflected here cannot be disregarded in any final judgment on el Greco's ultimate display of justice.

El Greco's only previous contact with the Pontiff had been a very unpleasant experience in the art museum at Escorial. Just as the artist was affixing to the completed picture of the "Legion of Thebes" his name, in Greek letters, along with the figure of a viper, the Cardinal and King Philip chanced along. El Greco explained to the inquiring cleric the significance of the viper and particularly his name on the picture: "Mein NAME soll allem Bösen den Eintritt in das Bild verwehren."5 While the king proceeded to praise the brave men in the picture, ignoring completely the Cardinal's prying questions to el Greco, the latter was derided for assuming that his name held such power:

3Ibid., p.7.
4Ibid., p.7.
5Ibid., p.12.
Verzeiht, Eminenz, aber mir scheint, dass der Mensch, der ein Werk schafft, Gottes voll sein muss. Und so ist sein Name eine Beschwörung Gottes, wie es ja die Namen Ihrer Katholischen und Apostolischen Majestäten auch sind, bei uns freilich in kleinerem Masse. 

It is immediately evident that neither the hot-blooded Spanish painter nor the fiery-tongued Inquisitor will give any quarter to each other. Each one is head-strong, determined and fixed in his opinions. Each feels completely "justified" in his iron-clad conclusions. One wonders if some happy medium can be reached in their future contact. The Pontiff wishes to be immortalized for posterity through his portrait; he has acknowledged el Greco's artistry by selecting him for the task despite their differences in religious matters. El Greco must either uphold this trust or allow his hatred to "color" the finished picture. The opposing forces are lined up at this point for their most important encounter.

Now Andres introduces the all important figure of Dr. Cozalla, brother of the murdered theologian. He brings el Greco news of the death of King Philip. In recounting the dying words of the King, Dr. Cozalla is revealed to be a balanced, charitable, humane nature. His modulated voice proclaims a noble philosophy:

Ich habe Philipp gehasst wie Ihr, aber wer einen Gehassten wie ein König sterben sieht, vergisst ihm alles. 

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6Ibid., p.13.
7Ibid., p.15.
Later, when he mentions the great "favor" bestowed on el Greco by Nino de Guavera, the former replies very bitterly:

Oh, es ist die Gunst, die ein Spiegel im Dienst eines häßlichen Weibes hat.8

In this basic variance between the character of the doctor and that of the painter, Andres has created a nucleus from which the fibres of an unusual type of justice are to be woven together.

As the bright sun shining through the library window clearly illuminates the face of de Guavera, the discerning artist immediately observes:

In Nino war kein Krumen Süssigkeit, er war Bitterholz, hart, trocken, ohne Wurzel, ein Stab.9

Skillfully, el Greco transfers this basic impression onto the canvas. Through the entire sitting, he and the Cardinal discuss one subject after the other, never once coming to an agreement on any point. Whether by design or accident, el Greco thus is able to catch the nuances of each emotional outburst or facial gesticulation, and to lend a "natural," un-posed appearance to the portrait.

The air of tenseness surrounding this unusual human drama is climaxed when el Greco is forced to explain his use of red and black as the dominant colors of the sketch. When he states that this is to connote "Feuer in der Nacht,"10

8Ibid., p.18.
9Ibid., p.28.
10Ibid., p.32.
the Cardinal suggests: "Ihr meint die heilige Kirche mit
diesem Bild!" The author's choice of words at this point
are most revealing:

El Greco nickte, aber nun zitterte er; und wieder nickte
er, flehte zu seinem Mut, dass er ihn nicht verlasse,
dass er mit diesem Nicken kein Verräter werde, und so
sprach er zitternd: "Sie ist ein blutiges Feuer
geworden, Eminenz!"

El Greco's flexible, tactful and dangerous sense of justice
begins to envelop his whole being as he attempts to justify
his actions to himself. The "two souls" of his being now
literally stand face to face.

At this vital point, the unpredictable hands of fate
consort to bring all opposing forces into a battle to the
finish. The Cardinal is suddenly taken ill and personally
asks the artist to suggest a reputable doctor. A hurried
letter to Toledo quickly brings Dr. Cozalla to the Pontiff's
residence. With this the die has been irrevocably cast;
Nino de Guavera has already placed his own hoped-for post-
humous reputation in the hands of a man whose artistic integ-
rity alone is above reproach. Now, with a continued display
of apparently blind faith in human nature, he is about to
stake his life on a person, who by all standards of human
conduct, might appear with revenge alone as his basic medical
panacea. On both counts, he is knowingly at the utter mercy

\[11\] Ibid., p.32.
\[12\] Ibid., p.32.
of potential enemies. And yet, as the feared Inquisitor, there is a certain smugness and complacency about his being which seems sufficient to nullify the element of any great risk involved.

Dr. Cazalla enters the sick chamber, with the final words of el Greco throbbing through his brain:

_Wisst, es is umsonst, die Inquisitoren zu töten. Was wir können ist--das Antlitz dieser Ächter Christi festzuhalten!_\(^{13}\)

That is their "mission;" he and el Greco, working together, can see justice brought to bear by preserving the real Inquisitor for posterity's critical gaze.

In the matter of minutes, the normally placid doctor finds himself embroiled in a heated argument about the virtues of justice, mercy, and the workings of the Holy Inquisitor. Dr. Cazalla reminds Nino of the horrible injustice of the mass burnings at Valladolid, and when the Cardinal dismisses the matter rather brusquely, the emotions of the doctor reach a white-hot pitch:

_Ich werde Euch heilen. Ein Mensch wie Ihr müsste vom Leben immer neue Fristen bekommen, bis er keine Frist mehr haben will.--Mein Hass wird Euch heilen._\(^{14}\)

And, in due time, under the skillful care of Dr. Cazalla, de Guavera completely recovers from his nearly fatal attack of gout and returns to the studio where a serious-looking

\(^{13}\text{Ibid.}, \text{p.42.}^{14}\text{Ibid.}, \text{p.45,46.}
el Greco awaits him.

The days and weeks during the Cardinal's convalescence have given el Greco much time to think and reflect. Andres takes us into the very heart and mind of the painter as he begins to redeem himself from complete abandonment to the deceptive laws of self-righteousness. A new perspective regarding the Cardinal's portrait comes over him—in the Pontiff he begins to see a sort of "kindred spirit."

Es sind Kryptenaugen wie die meinen--, sind traurig wie die meinen, es sind Gräber in diesen Augen.15

He comes likewise to the realization that it is his "own" fear which he is painting, because he says:

Meine Bilder schneiden die Welt mitten durch, ja, das will ich, und Nino soll gewahr werden, wie der General­inquisitor inwendig aussieht.16

We note that a bit of the "personal" animosity here has assumed a more universal aspect, where the portrait is to serve not as a medium of hatred but a powerful reminder of the great evil created by such dispensers of Injustice and Inhumanity as the Inquisitor. Thus el Greco is about to "ennoble" an "ignoble" goal.

A few days later, Cardinal Nino de Guavera stands passively before the finished portrait—his own monument to posterity. The skilled hands of the painter have transfixed for all eternity the death-mask of hatred and self-indulgence

15Ibid., p. 57.
16Ibid., p. 53.
indelibly registered on his face. For the first time in his life, the prelate sees himself as others see him: obsessed with power, the ruthless dispenser of his own man-made justice. In this countenance, el Greco has etched a coldness and a cruelty which no longer recognizes the divinely sanctioned tenets of the Holy Inquisitor: "Misericordia et Justitia."  

De Guavera, at the moment, seems more interested in attempting to decide what is "missing" in the picture. When el Greco replies that he has not as yet affixed his signature, the Prelate asks if the serpent is to be added in front of the artist's name as usual. El Greco's reply is quite final in tone:

Nicht davor, darinnen fehlt sie; zwar fehlt sie nicht, Ihr seht es doch ist sie nicht so aufgerichtet wie jetzt in Euren Augen, Eminenz. 

With these words the scales of justice, unbalanced at first, now begin to equalize the span between the present and the future. Through the dynamic power of his brush alone, el Greco has succeeded in immortalizing the Satanic interior of a power-benumbed ruler, who has made himself into a "Mensch-Gott." By this act, he has simultaneously upheld the nobility of a God-given artistic talent which dictates truth alone as the final goal.

17Ibid., p.35.
18Ibid., p.59.
The last words which the Cardinal utters to the departing Dr. Cazalla and el Greco, however, give optimistic evidence of a possible "break-through" in the Prelate’s calloused interior:

Nach des Arztes Willen sollten wir in Zukunft nur Unserer Galle dienen. Unsere Galle aber dient der Heilung der Welt. Denn der Arzt, das wisst ihr, stirbt an seinem Heilen.19

A few weeks later, when it becomes evident that no retaliatory measures are to be taken by de Guavera, a smiling el Greco inscribes the name of the Great Inquisitor among his lists of "Heiligenbilder." To a certain extent, Dr. Cazalla epitomizes the paradoxical essence of the Cardinal, as he concludes:

Er ist ein Heiliger um seiner Schwermut willen, ein trauriger Heiliger, ein heiliger Henker.20

Even in the heart of el Greco, there is more pity than rancor in the words:

Er hat Kryptenaugen—und wo sie im Dunkel seines Hauptes und seiner Welt, münden, wissen wir nicht.21

In the powerful fusion of the "heroes" of this narrative, Andres has crystallized the great triumph of truth and benevolent justice over temporarily distorted human relationships. Each of the figures has gained a clearer insight into the humane side of life—each has profited in some way

19 Ibid., p.59.
20 Ibid., p.60.
21 Ibid., p.60.
by his contact with the other's individual world.

The moral of Andres' *Die Rache der Schmetterlinge*\(^{22}\) on the other hand, centers around the same metaphysical theme, yet its approach is much more personalized in scope. The tragedy depicted in this case is one which is entirely self-created; the threads of a distorted idea of justice begin and end within the confines of an individual's own soul. In this respect, the distraught hero of the narrative closely resembles the main character in Heinrich Keist's *Michael Kohlhaas*. Both set out to take justice into their own hands: both live to regret the means they use to attain such justice.

Once again, Andres employs an historical situation in which to clothe his timeless message to the world. The reader is carried back into the exciting days of Alexander the Great and the powerful Macedonian dynasty. The daring exploits and conquests of the famous warrior are set up as the backdrop before which the legendary story unfolds. The author has cleverly interlaced the narrative itself with images taken directly from the world of Greek mythology. Yet the theme is completely modern in tone and the lesson it imparts meets one of the burning problems of our day.

The young hero, Daimon, and a group of fanatical followers of Alexander are encamped in a forest overlooking

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\(^{22}\)Stefan Andres, *Die Rache der Schmetterlinge-eine Legende* (Freiburg im Breisgau: Verlagsanstalt Hermann Klemm), 1953.
the bay where the Emperor's battle fleet lies at anchor, just prior to the invasion of Asia Minor. Their plan is to forcibly join their idol's task force by boarding the ships below under cover of night. While all the others are appropriately celebrating the occasion with wine and song, Daimon sits alone, nostalgically reflecting on former days. He recalls the wonderful time in the past spent with his young friend Alexander in hunting wild boar on his father's estate at Tempettal.

Unter demselben Mantel schliefen sie, tauschte ihre Speere, ihre Röcke, ihre Träume 23

Now, however, their relationship is so different. Alexander is near the peak of his ill-won fame and Daimon is completely forgotten midst the Emperor's lofty and ambitious rise to prominence. In spite of it all, Daimon is determined to join the fleet which is about to make history in its greatest of conquests. He has dreamed of this moment many times, and has pictured himself as a future hero, acclaimed by all of Greece. His goal is practically at hand.

One of Andres' most effective techniques as a master narrator comes into play at this point. Here too, as in so many of his narratives, he allows a small, apparently insignificant object to assume great magnitude in determining the course of action, both externally and internally. Almost

23Ibid., p.11.
as if by fate, a tiny butterfly alights on the shield at Daimon's feet—paradoxically enough, the shield which Alexander had given him during happier days. Daimon lunges at it, the little creature eludes his grasp and flies off with the embryonic "hero" in full pursuit. Hours later, after capturing the prized possession, he returns to the same spot. The fleet has gone and with it his dreams of a lifetime. His uncontrollable rage is now turned against the helpless butterfly as the cause of his predicament. And with this irrational judgment as a basis, he sets out to forge his own terms of justice, blindly guided by feelings of jealousy and revenge.

Eventually, Daimon is sent by his father to a health-resort in Kos, an island in the Aegean sea, to be cured of his temporary unexplained "dementia praecox." An extremely warm, human touch is inserted here by Andres in regard to the apparently impetuous action of the parent:

In Wirklichkeit aber, weil er im stillen erhoffte, dass Kos den Ereignissen in Kleinasien nahe genug liege, um dem verstürrten Sohn die Möglichkeit zu geben, doch noch eines Tages zu Alexanders Heer zu stossen.24

At the health resort Daimon becomes conscious of the fanatical awe with which a typical Greek populace regards the crushing military might of Alexander:

Von Tag zu Tag und von Sieg zu Sieg nannten die Leute von Kos Alexanders Namen lauter.25

In no time at all they came to regard their hero as a god, inspired by the magical power of Nike, the goddess of victory. The heart of young Daimon, meanwhile, only seethes with increased feelings of envy and hatred whenever the Emperor's name is mentioned. Yet his frustration knows no bounds when the people refuse to listen to his feverish warning of Alexander's diabolical goals.

Once again, Daimon vents his insane rage against the assumed cause of his undeserved lot in life—the innocent butterfly. He turns to his favorite hobby, yet with a grotesque intent. He attaches each captured species on the walls of his room as "impaled" beacons to record the mounting victories of his arch-enemy.

Sooft er die Nadel durch die Brust eines der gefangenen Herolde des Lichtes oder der samtigen Nacht stiess, verzerrte sich seine Miene in grimmiger Wollust.26 This, to Daimon, fully gratifies the laws of attrition.

When the powerful city of Halikarnassos, under Memnon, able general of the "Grosßköning" Darius III, succumbs to Alexander's might, Daimon suddenly becomes obsessed with despair. It is at this crucial point that Andres' intense sensitivity for the "unusual" and the "unexpected" is revealed in the "Durchburch" of this partially demented pioneer of self justice.

One day, while hunting a large butterfly, Daimon

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26 Ibid., p.25.
almost catapults to certain death in a mountainous ravine. He is pulled to safety by a stranger who turns out to be Memnon, the defeated general. The shock of his miraculous escape forces Daimon to look deep into the blackness which has pervaded his very soul. He begins to understand the folly of his ways. As he unfolds the eerie details of his tortured past, the keen eye of Memnon catches the nucleus of the youngster's misguided efforts:

Wenn du ihn und seine Siege weiter hassen musst, warum stehst du dann nicht gegen ihn selber an-statt gegen das Volk der Schmetterlinge?27

The new Daimon, with his now nobly-inspired message, finds a receptive audience throughout Greece. By now the barbarism and vandalism of Alexander have permeated the blind devotion which once colored their hearts. They will fight such tyranny to the death. And so with his mission to his fatherland successfully accomplished, the complete catharsis of Daimon's ill-wrought past takes place within his own being. Through a pilgrimage to the magical, yet cleansing abode of the goddess Kore and her son Theophonius in Lebadeia, order is restored to his life. As he leaves Lebadeia, he writes his own epitaph on a tablet:

Ich starb und ging in die Mitte meines Lebens. Ich habe alle Flüsse Alexanders überschritten. Ich war im Grenzenlosen, aber ich fand den Weg zurück.28

27Ibid., p.38.
28Ibid., p.77.
The expression "I found the way back", incidentally, symbolizes the very essence of Andres' literary heroes in general; this is the keynote to the staunch character of such men as Daimon and his fictional brethren.

The full impact of the author's capacity for character analysis and delineation is felt in his description of Daimon's waning years of life, where the symbol of justice is truly tempered by love:

Und Daimon, auf dem Hügel der Ostküste der Insel sitzend, weinte über Alexander, der einst mit ihm Keiler gejagt hatte. Jeden Abend sass er da wie ein Bild—und ob es die Tränen bewirkten oder die Sonne, in die er nach Helligkeit verlangend starrte, das Augenlicht schwand ihm dahn wie auf dem Berg, auf dem er sass, an jedem Abend der Tag.29

Whenever anyone appeared overly solicitous about his blindness, he would merely smile and speak the words that no one could every quite understand: "Die Rache der Schmetterlinge."30 With this, the noble resignation of Daimon's heart and mind to the humane dictates of the laws of nature and of God is completed.

There is no doubt that Andres envisions this "self-cleansing" type of justice as one of the most powerful antidotes against modern man's tendency to fashion his own expedient norms of conduct. And yet, like so many other twentieth century German authors, he finds his greatest

29Ibid., pp187,88.
30Ibid., p.91.
material for exposition during times of war when human emotions and human reason are strained to the utmost.

For example, to writers such as Leonhard Frank, Ernst Jünger, Erich Remarque and Albrecht Goes, the real story of wars lies not in the physical mutilations of bodies, but rather in the human drama that unfolds behind the roar of guns and canons. Each of these great literary figures interprets in his own way the great nobility of man as it shines through society's blackest hours.

While Andres has made very effective use of this same volatile material, he is impelled to his subject by quite a different perspective. As noted previously, circumstances had caused him to spend the very vital years before and during the second World War in the Italian city of Positano. Though physically close to the scene of actual battle, his heart was ever saddened by the yawning abyss that separated him and his family from their beloved fatherland. He expresses the feelings of loneliness and isolation that so constantly plagued him at this time: "Ich lebte am Rand der Welt."31 It is from this position literally on the rim of world shattering events, that the initial reactions of the author against the horrors of the two great wars began to crystalize. His unusual theories of justice and brotherhood, applicable even to warring nations, constitutes his indi-

31Andres, "Terrassen überm Meer," p.20.
vidual contribution to the war literature of his day.

The fruits of his thinking along these lines resulted in the creation of one of his finest novels, dealing with a story from World War I. and called rather appropriately Die Hochzeit der Feinde.32 Probably no other narrative reflects so well the "personal" side of its author, whose fondest wish and hope for all nations is embodied in the words "The marriage of the enemies." And yet, in characteristic portrayal of the human frailties, which make the attainment of the goal so difficult.

Andres turns his vitriolic attack in this story against the insidious character of those who dare to poison the lives of loved ones by the diabolical shadow of their own blighted past. And yet as the narrative unfolds we realize that all of the characters involved are symbolic of a much more universal theme. For in each one we find a particular philosophy of life that has been conditioned by the horrors and carnage of the human holocaust just ended.

In the first few pages we meet Doctor Clairmont, who has just returned from France after counter-spy duties with the German army. His family is immediately struck by the complete change in his personality. There is a certain bitterness and hatred reflected in his whole being which they find hard to ignore. Not only has he grown to be utterly

intolerant of anything that smacks of France, but he seems to be weighted down by some personal problem which has distorted his whole life. In a relatively short time, his two children and his wife are made to feel like strangers, unwelcome in the strange world which he has fashioned about himself.

Then to their complete amazement he announces his intention of giving up his lucrative practice in Berlin to move to a lonely house on the "Apollonsberg" in the French occupied zone of Trier. His avowed purpose is to get as far away as possible from all contact with the outside world. The fact that in so doing he is dragging his innocent family into a senseless labyrinth of "escapism" matters little to him.

Andres immediately draws the sharp outline around Clairmont's introverted personality. An initial glimpse into the doctor's private library reveals the fanatical "race" consciousness of the doctor. Diabolically enough, he has already begun to instill this same narrow ideology in his son Wilhelm. One corner of the room is equipped with an enormous replica of a fully manned battle field, fashioned painstakingly out of plaster, papier-mache, wire and stone. Andres makes a provocative observation here:

...Und hatte er in späteren Jahren in den Holzregalen zur Rechten Deutschland und zur Linken Frankreich, das heisst nur die befestigten Grenzpunkte der beiden Länder.33

33Ibid., p.11.
Suddenly then, almost as if by fate, an ominous figure enters this "den" of racial enmity and hate. He is Francois Frecourt, Captain of the French Occupational Forces, appearing as an ambassador of good will to welcome the new inhabitants. He wins the favor of the family immediately by his ingratiating manner and soon becomes a regular visitor to Apollonsberg. He forms an immediate attraction for Clairmont's charming daughter, Luise, and spends many pleasant hours in her company.

One day, while in casual conversation with the family, he mentions the tragedy that had occurred in his married life five years previous. For no apparent reason, according to his account, his wife, Denise, had committed suicide a short while after joining the French espionage corps. From this moment on, Clairmont's bridled ill-feelings towards Frecourt seem to be unaccountably enflamed by the fires of some mysterious and mute embers of his own dark past.

It is through subsequent heated discussions between Frecourt and Clairmont that Andres solidifies the air of mystery surrounding his "hero." Midst the eerieness of the pseudo battleground in the library, Clairmont himself provides the key to his own character as he says on one occasion:

Sehen Sie, Monsieur le Capitaine, Ich wohne sozusagen zwischen Frankreich und Deutschland-aus dem Niemandsland.34

34 Ibid., p.14.
Frecourt's initial reaction of sympathy for such a plight soon changes to horror when he perceives the total picture of the doctor's perverted philosophy of life.

Clairmont makes it very evident that he considers himself to be the victim of a blind fate, over which he has no control whatever. This staunch Calvinist strikes Frecourt as a man whose overly rigorous consciousness has refused to recognize the salutary mercy and forgiveness of any divine power. The "self-guilt" which he constantly refers to has colored and even blinded his ability to think along rational lines. To Frecourt, the figure of Clairmont is a pathetic one, blighted beyond recall. He shudders when he hears the finality of the doctor's conclusions:

Ich traue mir selber nicht über den Weg, warum soll ich andern trauen?35

One by one, the members of his family come to feel the sting of his venomous nature. Frau Clairmont tries for a while to win her husband "back from the grave" but finally dies of a broken heart. Young Luise, a devoted and loving daughter, sees her father changed into a raging tiger when he becomes aware of her fascination "for a Frenchman."

Wilhelm is spared temporarily from any discomfort, because he is in full accord with his parent's "justifiable" hatred for a victorious enemy.

35Ibid., p.27.
When Frecourt leaves for military duty in Vouvray, Clairmont seizes his big opportunity. He forbids Luise to continue any future relationship with Francois. He adds, in a rather patronizing tone:

Wenn du achtzehn alt geworden bist, gestatte ich dir zu korrespondieren, mit wem du willst.36

Ironically enough, by so doing, he has set into motion the forces of unrestrained passion powerful enough to unlock the well-guarded environs of his secret past.

Thus it is on Luise's eighteenth birthday that all of these diverse factors come together with explosive force. Up to this point Andres has emphasized again and again by implication that the powers of fate, generated by the hatred between France and Germany, have had a great part in manipulating the lives of each one of the participants into this excruciating predicament. As Otto Mann expresses it:

Sie (the enmities created by the War) wirken jetzt Verhängnisvoll fort, durch die Haltung Clairmonts, der Frecourt als Bewerber für seine Tochter ablehnen muss, und durch den gesteigerten Nationalhass in der unterlegenen Nation, besonders in deren Jugend.37

These then are the real issues at stake as the stark drama of lives, belabored by this blind, manmade stigma, unfolds in all its reality.

Andres, in characteristic fashion, employs here the

36Ibid., p.66.

first of five very revealing letters as his all-important "extirpators" of Fate. But it is with the foresight of the gifted narrator that he selects Clairmont's well indoctrinated son as the central axis around which the action revolves from this point on. First of all a letter has been received by the doctor stating that Frecourt will come to Apollonsberg to discuss his marital intentions. Wilhelm is then hurriedly called home from Bonn University for an important "conference" with his father. Even Clairmont, from his "convenient" sickbed, shudders at his son's proclamation:

Ich gehöre zu diesem Land-meine Schwester darf keine Französin werden-Niemals, wir müssen all unser Blut auf die eine Seite ziehen.38

Yet it is from the very depths of such national hatred that Andres, all the more effectively, is now able to restore a sense of love and brotherhood to hearts dulled by fate's unjust wiles.

With shocking suddenness, Clairmont's "house of cards" begins to totter and crumble. Just before Luise is sent with Wilhelm on a "suggested" three-day hike to Mount Montroyal, she accidently comes upon the "key" to her father's shrouded past. Her curiosity had first been aroused when Babette, the family housekeeper, told her of Frecourt's letter. Clairmont, whose emotions have reached the breaking point, suffers a mild stroke. As he regains consciousness,

38Andres, Die Hochzeit der Feinde, p.95.
Luise hears from his quivering lips a muffled name "Denise"--
her mind flashes back to Frecourt:

Da hatte sie den Namen gehört. Bis zu diesem Augenblick wusste sie nicht, dass in diesem Namen Feuer enthalten sei. 39

It is on Montroyal, however, that she senses the insidious connection between the name Denise and her father's changed personality.

Frecourt, on the other hand, arrives at the same result, even more convincingly, while pleading his case to Luise's father. He, of course, refuses in his own heart to believe Clairmont's smug reference to Luise's "new love." Even more important is the fact that he is forced to admit to himself from certain incriminating remarks which are passed, that somewhere, somehow, the lives of his wife Denise and Clairmont must have a common reference point. Where that is, as yet he does not know.

Meanwhile a "miracle" of transformation is taking place high up on Mount Montroyal; one in which Frecourt himself is to take part. Far removed from the shadow of their misguided parent, Wilhelm and Luise recapture the mutual love and admiration which they once treasured so deeply. Wilhelm is purged of his racial bondage, and now joins forces with his sister, whose Christian charity alone has won his awesome respect. So well does he express his

39 Ibid., p.106.
own "conversion":

Du sollst ihn haben, ich helfe dir—wirklich, ich, Wilhelm von Clairmont.40

By a bit of "forced" motivation on the part of the author, a reunion of the lovers takes place on Montroyal. Along with Wilhelm they now head for Apollonsberg. Unfortunately, their optimistic smiles of joy fail to reckon with the instinctive wiles of the "cornered" creature of prey.

For it is with a truthfulness, born of sheer frenzy and desperation that Clairmont now pens his full "confession of guilt" to his avowed enemy. Ostensibly he accomplishes his diabolical purpose of alienating, for ever, the two inveterate lovers by proving the implausibility of their marriage. Frecourt, shocked by the amazing revelation, immediately leaves for Vouvray after writing a note of farewell "Der schwerste Brief Meines Lebens."41

Through tear-dimmed, confused eyes, Luise can only shudder at the words:

Ich kann unmöglich vergessen, dass Ihr Herr Vater, mich derart beraubte, nein, ich möchte sagen, in den Schatten stellte, das kann kein Mann vergessen.42

Frecourt's final words are without doubt the most explosive in the entire story:

40Ibid., p.181.
41Ibid., p.225.
42Ibid., p.266.
Und mein Gefühl sagt mir, dass es unmöglich ist, den Vater zu hassen und die Tochter als Frau zu lieben.43

Thus far in the narrative, Andres has given full rein to the powers of fate, through which enmities fostered by the spoils of war have cast their ignominious spell over the lives of innocent human beings. In Clairmont, he has epitomized this type of relentless class hatred which rebukes the Christian tenets of the "equality of all men," and establishes its own justice on this norm. And yet, Andres has dramatized this evil all the more by adding to it a personal guilt, which paradoxically enough, has actually violated the racial line of demarcation. By his self-indulgence and Godless surrender to each of these maladies, Clairmont has left nothing but havoc and sadness in his wake.

In the events which now ensue, however, the author's deep symbolic message begins to shine through. In the resolution of all opposing forces he shows that love, and love alone, can overcome such a "man made" catastrophe, no matter how overwhelming the odds may be.

The transformation takes place first of all in Clairmont himself. Though still deep within the clutches of fate and his own sinful past, he now begins to see the great evil he has inflicted, so unjustly, upon his family. His own

43 Ibid., p. 266.
hateful world has paled in shame before the "charitable" revelation of Luise:

Ich weiss es jetzt--mehr als Einzelheiten sagen können!
Warum nehmt Ihr es nicht mit in Euer Grab: dass Ihr seine Frau vernichtet habt, vernichtet musstet--in grausamer Pflicht, Ja! Und alles wäre gut! Ich--
ich bin Eure Tochter--ich--könnte--schweigen--
ich kann schweigen.44

It is with a noble desperation now that Clairmont thus takes his first step "back from the grave" into the world of light and hope.

Luise's undying love for Francois, does not stop until it reaches its goal in Vouvray. Later, when she is shown the diary of her father, she reads the lurid details from a heart full of compassion and forgiveness:

Ich habe die Frau eines andern verführt, und sie nahm sich das Leben, weil ich aus Liebe zu ihr ein Verbrechen beging, und das konnte sie nicht ertragen.45

She realizes, at this moment, that ever since that day, her father has carried the guilt of Denise's death deep within his own conscience, where justice seemed its own reward. Now more than ever before she vows to restore in his being the redeeming virtues of love and charity towards all men.

Even her fondest expectations are surpassed in this regard when an aged relative of Francois volunteers to write to Clairmont in their behalf. This letter, epitomizing that philosophy of love which alone can temper and guide the hand

44Ibid., p.221.
of true justice, amongst men, makes possible a true sym-
bolic "Hochzeit der Feinde." Its personal message sinks
deeply into the receptive soul of the penitent sinner.
Doctor Clairmont smiles in peaceful agreement with its im-
plied sentiments of Christian truth and morality:

Die Welt ist so einfach, ... man muss es nur lernen, 
ebenso einfach zu sein. Das ist allerdings in der 
Tat schwierig, besonders fur so einen Charakter, 
wie Sie ihn mitbekommen haben. Aber das ist alles 
Ihre Sache. Sie mussen Ihre Sache von der unsern 
trennen, mein Herr. 46

The triumphant victory of the power of love over 
racial enmities, as depicted here so dramatically and con-
clusively by the author, reveals his own deepest con-
victions, regarding the proper dispensation of universal 
human justice. This idea is corroborated in the words of 
Eduard Schröder:

Here Andres unburdens a weight from himself, which had 
oppressed him greatly: The load of the German-French 
Boundary. 47

Yet in doing just that, it becomes obvious that one 
of the most unusual phases of Andres' concept of "Die Ordnung 
der Welt" is his extremely unbiased and unprejudiced view-
points. Conscious of the author's obvious pride in his 
German ancestry, one tends therefore to admire even more the 
very humane and understanding message of "Die Hochzeit der 
Feinde," which reflects such a volatile and Christ-like

46 Ibid., p.367.

47 Eduard Schröder, "Portrait of Andres," Frankfurter 
interpretation. By the hard-won "marriage of the enemies" as particularized through Luise and Francois, he has thus stated his thesis in no uncertain terms: Let the feelings of brotherhood and charity prevail for all, once the weapons of war have been put aside.

Andres does not pretend, as his narrative has just shown, that the road to this goal is anything but replete with great difficulties and obstacles. Once again, through the characters in his story he has proved that each man has within his own heart the very virtues that can assume a glorious victory. However, the vitally human and humane qualities which we find here, as well as in his other works, do not come into existence by mere chance or artistic flexibility. Basically they reflect their author's own personal way of life, guided eternally by the voice of conscience and truth imbedded deeply in his God-fearing nature.

In this regard, one characteristic in particular, observed so often in his fictional personages, actually identifies Andres himself; namely, the virtue of self-resignation to unexpected or sudden personal tragedy. Yet never once does he fail to give proper deference to the hand of Divine Providence during moments of such emotional crises. The finest example of the author's own intrinsic faith and spiritual courage, is the poem collection Requiem für ein Kind, written after the premature death of his young

daughter. Despite his deep sadness at the time, in his attitude toward the Creator's dispensation of "heavenly justice," we see no trace of vindictiveness or malice whatever in such words as:

Ach, deine Liebe ist's. Woher ich stamme
Und du, mein Kind, erfuhr ich, als die Sterne
Aus deinen Augen blinkten tödlich ferne.

Nährt Nähe sonst als Oel der Liebe Flamme.
Du hast mit Ferne mir im Herz entzündet
Leuchtenden Schmerz—and Heimat mir verkündet.49

Whereas the poems of this collection reflect in general the warmth and deep-seated emotions of a dedicated parent, in other works Andres is most vehement in his very sober ideas of normal family relationships. He visualizes the daily exercise of the virtue of reciprocal love and equitable justice as the basis of permanent order and harmony within the members of such a natural unit. It is through the extremely comical and laugh-provoking pages of Die Liebesschaukel50 that Andres provides a concrete example of such abstract notions, embodying, as the title implies, a veritable "see-saw of love."

Though the basic issues in this story have to do with a very serious and complex domestic crisis, the author has cleverly framed the action in a rather humorous and light-hearted atmosphere. The cover of the Fischer edition ex-

49Ibid., p.59.

50Stefan Andres, Die Liebesschaukel (formerly "Der Gefrorene Dionysos) (Frankfurt/M-Hamburg: Fischer Bücherei, 1954).
presses this paradoxical combination so adroitly as: "Komödie der Verzweiflung - Sieg der Lebensweisheit."

Indeed, Andres' use of a rich variety of witticisms, clever dialogue and hilarious "human" situations leaves no doubt as to his intention of treating his theme in the lighter vein. And yet, despite the amplitude of humor and the even sometimes annoying philosophical repartee, he never quite allows the reader to ignore the deep, sublime motif contained therein: namely, the "sanctity of the home" as one of man's most treasured possessions.

It was twenty long years ago that the citizens of Positano were literally shocked by a tragedy which, without any warning, had struck one of their favorite native sons, the reputable sculptor, Ulrich Huhl. Kätta, Huhl's pregnant wife, had suddenly left him and run off with his closest "friend," Reinhold Latten, philosopher from Sorrento. The heartfelt sympathy of this little city was extended in full to the sculptor because of his great loss, particularly since it was common knowledge that he practically idolized his wife. The effect of this unexpected separation on Huhl was instantaneous and devastating.

From that tragic moment on, the sculpturing tools of the great artist were eternally stilled within a heart apparently broken by grief and loneliness. As the years rolled on, Huhl abandoned himself completely to the scourge of alcoholism, and eventually his inactive and deteriorated
body became almost a landmark in a particular cafe in Citta Morta. In this environment, his odd mannerism and unkempt figure, characterized by his cold, steel-like eyes and constant philosophical jabberings made him the object of almost self-solicited ridicule and scorn. It is from this same cafe, nineteen years later, that the author begins to look "behind the scenes" and to reveal an almost fatal "miscarriage of justice."

The narrative eyes of Andres in this case are taken over by Franz, an Hungarian sculptor, who with his wife Aglaia, and a mutual friend from their native land, meet here the once reputable, but now pitiful figure of Ulrich Huhl. Their friend Karl expresses the trio's violent initial reaction:

Er schien uns ein Eisberg zu sein, in dessen Tiefe, irgendwo Wärme erzeugt wurde...Allein er blieb ein Block für uns, in den hinein wir vergeblich die Stollen unserer Vermutungen trieben.51

Impelled basically by their own aroused sense of curiosity, they eventually learn to know the "true" story behind this once respected citizen, and unwittingly find themselves personally involved in the unexpected events to follow.

By repeated contact with Huhl's personal life, they are made aware of the maze of paradoxes and antitheses which characterize the sculptor's being. They have found his life to be entirely shrouded by the "mere relics of the past":

51Ibid., p.11.
The candle power which still lights his home, the overstuffed chairs, once occupied by devotees of his art, and the apparently "symbolic" white vest, a gift from Kätta, which he wears ludicrously under his tattered and thread-bare coat. They assume all of these oddities to be reflections of Ulrich's undying love for Kätta, secreted deeply within the privacy of his own heart. Yet subsequent revelations cause them to begin to reevaluate their original ideas on the place of love in Huhl's being.

In a casual reference to his wife Kätta, Ulrich has remarked rather coldly and indifferently:

Meine Frau--das heisst, sie war nicht mit mir verheiratet--ich meine, was man so nennt, meine Frau, Geliebte also, oder Freundin.52

While the illegitimacy of his marriage seems a rather insignificant factor to Huhl, he admits later that to Kätta it was a very important issue. Yet, in full justification of self, he notes:

Ich hätte mich zu dem mir stets widerlichen Weg auf Ämter und Büros entschlossen, aber nicht ein einziges Mal hatte sie mich daran erinnert.53

With this, Andres has hit the "key" to the split-personality of Ulrich Huhl, where the flames of once-treasured love and warm feeling have been blackened over the years by a cold, analytical manipulation of the hands of guilt and self-

52 Ibid., p.23.
53 Ibid., p.77.
effacement.

Huhl's glibness of tongue has long since convinced Franz and the others that Kätta must have shed many private tears of sadness because of her husband's uncontrollable temper and addiction to drink. He has also referred in disparaging tones to her many faults, particularly her amateur efforts at sculptoring:

Von denen man nie wusste, ob sie ein Spass waren oder ernstgemeinte Sachen.54

Yet he has ranted in rage at Latten's unfavorable comments about Kätta, a brief six months after marriage.

Er nannte die Liebe übrigens in einer Reihe mit Essen, Trinken, Schlafen.55

However, midst the smugness of such rationalized interpretations, the most startling revelation of all is about to take place.

In the few days of their rather intimate association with Ulrich Huhl, Karl and Franz have gradually come to sense the irrevocable longing that beats under the sculptor's calloused exterior. Thus it is with mixed emotions that high up near the snow-capped peaks of Mount Santo Angelo they witness the final chapter of Ulrich's inglorious past.

Seated around a table in a farm house in Casalla just below the top of the mountain, Huhl's guests have been

54 Ibid., p.64.
55 Ibid., p.44.
treated to a comical and minute description by the loquacious sculptor of the provocative antics of the native dung beetles. Their smiles suddenly turn to awe as the innuendo of his remarks become clear. For now, Ulrich admits that his previously described "heroic" rescue of Latten after a near fatal fall from Santo Angelo's cliffs was actually a murder attempt on the life of his "rival." His ensuing remark strikes the real tragic note:

Und was nun die mistigen Käfer betrifft—jetzt können Sie doch verstehen, dass diese eifrigen Transporteure ihrer Fruchtbarkeit mir die Galle hochsteigen lassen. Denn sie sind wirklich schuld an meinem Entschloss.56

It is at this point that Andres skillfully solicits the aid of his narrator in drawing his pitiful hero out of his hideous enslavement to self and thereby restoring love and warmth to a heart "frozen" by utter bitterness and remorse. The human mediator between these two distinct poles of existence turns out to be the sculptor's own daughter Ulricke, paradoxically enough, the real victim of Huhl's miscarriage of justice.

By means of a happy coincidence and a clever ruse, Franz and his friend are able to make the first step in realigning the lives of Huhl and his loved ones. Two days later, Ulrike is on a bus headed for Positano ostensibly to pick up for Latten certain philosophical manuscripts which Karl happens to have in his possession. Her errand of

56 Ibid., p.45.
paternal "love" ends in Franz' home, where for the first time in her life, she meets her real father. It is from this moment on that the forces in Sorrento and Citta Morta are brought together in dramatic union.

The stage has been set for this dynamic close by Andres who, through the impressions of Franz and Karl, reveals the great injustice forged over the years by the malicious character of Reinhold Latten. For in him we see the epitomy of pompousness and tyrannical rule. It becomes quite obvious that Ulrike possesses little or no affection for her domineering foster father. And yet it is Frau Latten who reflects most dynamically the weight of her life with Reinhold:

Ihr Gesicht konnte trotz sorgfältiger Gepflegtheit den Zug von müdem Gleichmut nicht verbergen, unter dem Puder und Wangenrot lag eine vielleicht täglich massierte, aber von keinem Lachen mehr bewegte Haut.57

The mere presence of Ulrike in Citta Morta has already inspired Huhl to resume his life's work, using his daughter as his first subject. Through a voice choked in utter happiness he remarks:

Ich habe wieder eine Werkstatt, weil ich ein Bild in mir habe...Sie werden es sehen-warten Sie-auf Wiedersehen.58

With this, the life of Ulrich Huhl has been partially redeemed from its net of self-wrought loneliness and isolation.

57 Ibid., p.93.
58 Ibid., p.120.
Oddly enough, it is Ulrike's subsequent "adolescent" infatuation for the sculptor that brings his final redemption through the love he once cherished so deeply.

By defying her father's frantic efforts to win her back from the "clutches" of Huhl, she has unknowingly helped to unmask the most diabolical traits in Latten's nature. Bit by bit, through his treacherous insinuations about the relationship between Huhl and Ulrike, Reinhold has begun to alienate himself from his wife Kätta. Kätta, almost unconsciously, finds herself defending her former husband on each and every point of argument. However, it is when she meets Huhl face to face that she shows by word and action, that the years have not dulled her great love for him. The climax comes when Latten, utterly frustrated at every turn, heads for Sorento--alone. Two days later a letter arrives for Kätte "in dem Latten ihr ohne jeden Vorwurf und in ganz geschäftlichen Ton die Auflösung ihrer Ehe anbot-ohne weitere gegenseitige Verpflichtung beiderseits."59

With these words, a twenty-year saga of injustice comes to an end, as the hearts of two people, once separated by the guiles of human frailty, find their own justice in a mutual love, founded on renewed understanding and compatibility. As Huhl, himself, so aptly expresses it:

59 Ibid., p.192.
I have never forgotten the laughter, it was the laughter of love, that began, once again, to hope, after so many years.\textsuperscript{60}

As we look back in retrospect at the now peaceful and contented lives of Kätta and Ulrich Huhl, reincarnated, as it were, after so many years of self-inflicted isolation, we begin to get the full import of the author's message. And yet, the near-tragic consequence of their combined exploitation of human frailties is quite symbolic of the type already encountered in the personages of Daimon, El Greco, and particularly Doctor Clairmont. For in all of these figures we have been brought face to face with those universal traits of human nature, which so often, and so needlessly, can wreak dire havoc upon the world of men.

In each and everyone of these temporarily distorted and confused lives, it has been Andres' purpose to show that man himself, guided by an "inner light" and a resolute analysis of self, can ultimately overcome the evils which he has created. Wilhelm Grenzmann expresses this same notion of the author's primary objective:

\begin{quote}
Die Menschen zu sich Selbst zu führen, sie unerbittlich zum eigenen Richter über ihre Irrtümer und Verfehlungen zu machen und ihr Leben in Übereinstimmung mit dem Überindividuellen Gesetz zu bringen, das in Wirklichkeit der Wille Gottes ist.\textsuperscript{61}
\end{quote}

\textsuperscript{60}Ibid., p.173.

\textsuperscript{61}Wilhelm Grenzmann, Dichtung und Glaube (Bonn: Athenäum Verlag, 1952), p.285.
While in the afore-mentioned narratives Andres obviously aims at communicating his various ramifications of justice by means of unusual and individualized areas of operation, it is through his magnificent novel *Ritter der Gerechtigkeit*\(^{62}\) that he makes his most universal and dramatic appeal to each and every reader on this vital subject.

To a modern generation which has lived through two world conflicts and knows how easily human values can be distorted under great duress, the atmosphere and the personages here seem so very real and true to life. Certainly Andres' novel has earned well the accolade:

_Eines der nobelsten Bücher, die während der letzten Jahre von einem deutschen Autor geschrieben worden sind._\(^{63}\)

This powerful and realistic story takes place on the volcanic soil of Naples in the year 1943, as it were, on the very boundary between war and peace. By implication and innuendo, Andres lashes out violently against the frightful political intrigue, the black marketeering, and the illegal practices so rampant on all sides. In doing so, he pictures the base and "seamy" side of mankind which flaunts at will the accepted rules of ethics and right con-
duct at such times. Midst this utter breakdown within the normal social framework, Andres focuses the spotlight on the lives of three men, each of whom provides a rather startling answer to the mute question: "Does justice actually exist in the world of today, and in what manner can it be realized in human frailty?" The author's so-called "Knights of Justice" are represented in the narrative by the elderly Prince Ettore di Almi, proud member of the Knights of Malta, his bourgeois nephew Dino Falconieri, and a medical student named Fabio Casani.

In the paradoxical character of the Prince, Andres provides the very core around which the destinies of both Dino and Fabio are fashioned. "Fra Ettore" is depicted as a very eccentric and sanctimonious old gentleman, who, in the midst of the roaring guns of war, has lived a very sheltered and secure existence in his spacious twenty-room palazzo along with his man servant Luca and Federigo, the cook. Even at the ripe old age of 75, he continues to be very sensitive to the maladies which at the moment appear to doom the future of all mankind. We can admire his archaic words of wisdom:

Der freie Wille--ich bin davon überzeugt und ich spüre die Last der Verantwortung täglich mehr. Aber im freien Willen liegt es,--da beginnt dieser Widerspruch zur Welt, zum Ganzen. Da gibt es Menschen, die genau wüssten, was sie tun hätten,
aber es nicht tun—und da hört das Walten der höchsten Vernunft auf... All unser Elend kommt aus dieser Unvernunft: Hunger, Bomben, Herzeleid und Unkultur-alles.64

And yet this modern "Biedermeier", with his great "Socialistic" ideologies, his deep interest in the "common" man, particularly those in hospitals and State institutions, as well as his lofty ideas for the full rehabilitation of "his" beloved Naples, is actually a pathetic figure, lost in the maze of his own philosophical musings. For by his own admission, he has never once in his life been able to transfer his dreams into action, despite his immense fortune and influential position: "Alles spielte sich bei mir in Gedanken ab."65

Thus it is not strange that Fra Ettore seems to find his only "reality" in life from things "of the past," namely his daily reading of the breviary as a true Maltese Knight of old and browsing nostalgically through his most treasured possessions—a priceless collection of antique porcelain, inherited as a family heirloom. However, in some mysterious manner, one of his rarest pieces—a small white porcelain horse—has disappeared from its usual spot. From circumstantial evidence alone, he is convinced beyond a doubt that it has been "stolen" by his young nephew

64Andres, Ritter der Gerechtigkeit, p.52.
65Ibid., p.53.
Dino Falconierei, a regular visitor at the palazzo. His suspicions appear to be confirmed when just at this moment, he suddenly learns that the lad has been imprisoned at the notorious "Poggio reale" because of a minor theft. In accord with his stern and unbending norms of justice, he severs all relations with the "thief".

The impetuous and high-strung Dino, who seethes in innocent resentment against the insidious charge, vows to forge his own path of justice "by force" if his influential uncle will not intercede for him. Dino's cell-mate is the clean-cut, serious minded Fabio Casani, incarcerated because of a German. Marxist translation, written ostensibly as a favor to his fellow students at the University. In spite of the utter disparity between their individual personalities, these two young men form an eternal bond of friendship within the dank walls of Poggio reale. The benevolent heart of the medical student goes out in full sympathy to the distraught Dino.

When Fabio is unexpectedly released through the political pressure of his father, Advokat Casani, the one loyal "party" member of the family, he agrees to see the Prince personally to seek help for Dino. He begins to sense the full sublimity of his "mission of mercy", however, as he listens to the parting words of his emotion-wrought compatriot:
Sag dem alten Schuft, wenn er mich nicht hier heraushält, dann wünsch ich ihm eine Bombe auf den Kopf, auf seinen Palazzo—aber das sag ich dir allein: wenn sich diese Tür eines Tages öffnet, dann werden diese Ritter noch mit mir Bekanntschaft machen.66

Throughout the action so far, Andres creates a very vivid, symbolic picture of the great, universal cleft that has arisen, under the tensions of war between the youth of Naples and the "older" generation. Surrounded by a myriad of evils, which they cannot even comprehend, the young people of the city have been continually frustrated in their attempts to get advice and counsel from their elders, because in them they see the worst offenders of all. Consequently they must seek their own standards of values elsewhere or merely join the calloused mob. The truth of this statement is about to be borne out in Fabio's subsequent visit to the Prince's palazzo in intercession for a friend whose very future hinges upon the decision of one of the noblest members of this same "older generation".

At first Fabio is fascinated by the quaint mannerisms of this old aristocrat. In the Prince, he sees the true "Christian" spirit of philanthropy and justice which could truly inspire his own confused way of life in a world grown so cold and calloused to its sinful iniquities. Bit by bit, however, much to his sorrow, he becomes aware of this "dreamer's" narrow and almost inhuman philosophy of life,

66 Ibid., p.24.
which is even more confused than his own. For as he repeatedly pleads in vain for the desperate Dino, he is suddenly struck by the "brutal" truth: that the pathetic Fra Ettore, the illustrious Maltese Hospitalbruder, actually thinks more of his "precious" porcelain than he does of a human life. It is the cry of anguished youth that now pours forth from his lips, as he notes:

Dass die ältere Generation nur dasitze und über die Tat der Jungen jammere und sich ausmale, was aus dieser formlosen Masse hätte entstehen können.67

With tears in his eyes, Fabio pens what amounts to a letter of "doom" to the imprisoned Dino, proclaiming the Prince's irrevocable decision. In his own heart, he knows the diabolical effect this will have on his young friend.

When Fabio's father learns that his son has been in the Prince's home, he loses his temper completely, and demands that his son never see the nobleman again. Fabio listens in bewilderment to the reason: "Er ist ein Sozialist."68 Later, on a brief trip to his grandmother Bartoli in Citta Morta, he becomes even more disillusioned as he sees that the people of this city, like the Prince, look almost scornfully and smugly on a war which they too know only from a distance. In utter disgust he leaves this

67Ibid., p.56.
68Ibid., p.77.
"opera buffa"\textsuperscript{69} and heads for Naples, where, to his stunned amazement he hears that Dino has been freed from prison and has organized an armed band, ironically named "Ritter vom Weissen Ross."

A letter from his young friend urges Fabio to help supply the group with the weapons and ammunitions they need for their "Crusade of Freedom." Instinctively Fabio, hoping to prevent Dino from continuing his insane plans, feels he should contact the Prince in a final desperate appeal for help. But even Fabio is forced to admit to himself the tremendous odds that are now lined up against this impetuous youngster:

Alles spricht gegen Dino: sein Vorleben, sein Öffentlicher Diebstahl, sein Zynismus... Hier war nichts zu tun, das Ganze war, wie der Fürst sagte "heillos"... man musste der Entwicklung des Furchtbaren zusehen, machtlos wie in einem Traum.\textsuperscript{70}

And so, with a heart full of sadness and frustration, Fabio heads for the Prince's palazzo, where he accidentally becomes witness to a tragedy of quite a different sort.

As he arrives at the palazzo, the Prince's private tailor is just finishing fitting the Prince to a new Maltese uniform. Fabio never does get the opportunity to speak for Dino, because a sudden air raid warning signal sends both himself and the red-robed Prince scurrying to an underground

\textsuperscript{69}\textit{Ibid.}, p.100.
\textsuperscript{70}\textit{Ibid.}, p.106.
shelter. When the all-clear is sounded, the Prince looks out upon a scene of shocking proportions—the Allied bombs have levelled his enormous palazza to the ground—all that remains is a pile of rubble and smoldering ruins. A police cordon has been set up around the area, and the dazed Prince is restrained from entering by a burly officer of the law.

It is in the totally unexpected and nerve-shattering reaction of the old aristocrat that Andres now skillfully infuses the very nucleus, from which the dynamic power of the future events of the story are indirectly fashioned.

The author's description is so vivid:

> Der Fürst schien zuerst nicht zu begreifen und als er doch begriff, wandte er sich jäh von dem ruhig Sprechenden ab und stürzte mit einem wahrhaft tierischen Aufschrei gegen den Schattenkordon und bald mit einem Röcheln, bald mit einem flehenden Geschrei rief er immerzu dieselben Worte: "Rettet, Rettet".71

All the deep-seated mystery and "seelisch" behind these two simple words, locked within the heart and mind of the Prince, become a sort of silent companion to young Fabio who has fled in utter panic into the night. It is not until six months later, during which period he actually lives a lifetime, that Fabio discovers the "secret" of Fra Ettore's amazing "conversion of self" in the true ways of justice.

At this time, all young men between the age of seventeen and twenty-six are ordered by the German army to

71 Ibid., p.155.
serve as a supplementary force to meet the expected Allied landing and assault on Salerno. Both Dino and Fabio circumvent the mandate by escaping into the relatively neutral zone of Positano, disguised as religious "sisters". Andres takes this opportunity to symbolize in the character of these typical young Italians the two opposite poles of thought--the one, who will gain his introverted justice "at any cost"--the other, who still sees a hope for a humane carriage of justice midst the apparently "lost" creatures of such a war-torn world.

The almost fanatical personality of Dino looks with fiendish anticipation at his self-created lot in life. In speaking about the poor people of Italy, who have become more hysterical as the guns of war roar louder each day, Dino utters his own perverse philosophy:

Was glaubst du, worauf die warten? Lach nur, aber ich sage dir: auf einen wie mich, der ihnen zeigt, wie man's anfängt; auf einen, der ihnen Mut macht; auf einen also, der keine Illusionen Mehr hat, keine Ehrfurcht.72

Against this, we hear Fabio's Christian interpretation:

Sie lieben Gott trotz des Hungers, trotz der Bomben, trotz der Reichen, trotz der Lästerer.73

In the days to follow, Dino's name becomes the hated by-word of a frightened populace which quakes under the

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72 Ibid., p.197.

73 Ibid., p.196.
wanton destruction, murder, and reign of terror promulgated by the "Ritter vom Weissen Ross." Meanwhile, Fabio, who has broken completely with the power-crazed bandit leader, tries to expose the black-marketeering of Sorrento's "illustrious" Podesta, Herr Zecchi, only to learn to his regret that such practices are "accepted" by the so-called "Christian" people of this Southern coastal city as "normal procedure."

At this point, Andres takes us dramatically into the heart of young Fabio, who seems on the point of utter despair against the stark realities of life which have so dulled his own divinely-inspired philosophy. His distraught mind flashes back to the Prince, who he feels is most responsible for having impelled Dino into his insane life of crime.

Die Beschämung, die Fabio in diesem unvergesslichen Augenblick für den Fürsten empfunden hatte, war zwar einer Art von verstehendem Mitleiden gewichen -- aber die Enttäuschung blieb, denn sie bezog sich weniger auf die Person des Fürsten als auf die hohe Forderung selber, auf das Ideal schlechthin.74

But in this, his darkest hour, Fabio, quite suddenly, and as if from "a power above," finds his faith in humanity restored within his tortured soul.

For it is through Luca, the Prince's devoted servant, that Fabio unexpectedly learns that Fra Ettore has at last

74 Ibid., p.334.
been found—and of all places in the Santa Maria "Hospital for Incurables", where he now lies close to death, and has asked that the young medical student be brought to him. Much to the chagrin of Luca, the Prince has refused to identify himself at the hospital, preferring instead to be committed "as a pauper" to the public ward, where the most pitiful and hideous cases are housed. On the way to Naples, Luca describes the Prince's great remorse upon learning that his precious white porcelain horse was not stolen at all, but had been broken by Federigo the cook and hidden in a box, subsequently discovered by Fra Ettore in the ruins of his palazzo.

Just before he reaches the hospital, on the headline of a newspaper, Fabio sees the announcement of the final capture and death of the notorious bandit, Dino Falconieri, whose road to justice has ended in such ignominy. He vows not to disclose this information to the sorrowful Prince, who now realizes the frightful injustice he himself has committed.

As he stands before the death bed of the Prince, Fabio notices the tiny altar located nearby—Fra Ettore's private testament to the Creator, whose forgiveness he now seeks in deep repentance. It is from the dying lips of this frail old gentleman, who seems at last to have found the true Christ-like norm of justice and love, that young Fabio
visualizes a new goal, and a new ideal for his own future life:

Ich habe mein Leben lang eine Wahrheit behauptet, die ich nie bewies, dass wir auf dem Altare leben--Wir schädigen die Wahrheit am meisten, wir, die wir sie nur behaupten, ohne sie zu beweisen--so!

Ah, wagte ich es, diesen Platz zu verlassen, hätte ich mich an der höchsten Wahrheit: der Liebe--vergangen, ich wäre ein Ungerechter; ja ich hätte Angst für mich und die Welt, ja für die Wahrheit selber. 75

And thus, from an existence torn between the ways of justice by force in the hands of a fellow-youth, and a justice of ideas and dreams envisioned in the mind of an old man, Fabio Casani has found the glorious "media res" for all eternity. Andres closes his powerful narrative with the dramatic portrayal of the sublimity of this moment in the soul of young Fabio:

Der junge Mann stand ohne Träne da, sondern mit einem versonnten Lächeln in die Ferne blickend, als er es ihnen erzählte, wer hier soeben gestorben war und warum er seinen Platz vor dem kleinen Altar nicht verlassen hatte. Und es war ihm einerlei, ob sie es begriffen oder nicht: Dass die Wahrheit sich bewiesen hatte--in einem Menschen. 76
CHAPTER IV

THROUGH THE LABYRINTH OF LONELY LIVES

From the observations of the paper thus far, it is rather evident that the particular manner in which Stefan Andres analyzes, interprets and symbolizes the universe in some of its most basic and component parts reflects an author with a very humane and tolerant philosophy of life. His versatility in depicting the profound as well as the apparently superficial, in moving quite effortlessly from the hilarious to the tragic, and seeming to feel "at home" in so many diversified areas, further indicates the adaptability of his rather broad-based outlook and perspective.

Moving into his more major work, where the individual, social, and spiritual contrasts are so clearly in evidence, we find too that in his reflection of "Die Ordnung der Welt," which shines through this complex maze, Andres is equally well orientated. His are no idealistic or romantic notions which arise as an isolated creation of one who is not willing to face reality as such, but rather a balanced viewpoint of the dual side of reality's countenance. For, whereas he takes such keen and lively interest in the beautiful and more ethereal phases of the universe, he never attempts to circumvent the ugly, the despicable, or even the diabolical tint of man's being by cloaking it under the mantel of a predetermining fate or soul-killing social milieu.
To be sure, the elements of fate and environment do play a definite role in his literary works, yet, as we will see in this chapter, he keeps them within their proper sphere where they can serve rather than enslave man.

In his earlier, or at least his less famous writings, he displays a very temperamental and highly emotional idea of life, questioning frantically the paradoxical character of existence. But we notice that with time and vibrant experience has come a much more mature and logical appraisal of the complexities that are such a necessary adjunct of humanity's part in the great cosmos. However, the one common denominator through all of his productions is the deeper and more lucid insight which Andres seems to have gradually acquired into man's multiplicity of reactions to crises, problems, and dilemmas which arise under so many guises. For whether his setting is a small town, a lofty mountain retreat, an artist's studio, a cleric's domain or simply a neighborhood cafe, he has one specific reference point. His goal is realized through the harmonious fusion of the metaphysical and spiritual entities, under which man lives, with an undiluted view of man's existence "as is"--with no attempt to minimize the threatening forces which must be conquered, and which, in Andres' eyes, can be conquered.

It is likewise true that many of the lives of his literary characters must be classified primarily as "unusual"
or even "extreme" in nature. Yet it is precisely here that the individual style of Andres as a master narrator and a connoisseur of life's bitter enigmas reaches its greatest polarity. For in this manner, while dispensing an unforgettable moral theme, he is able to give full vent to the devastating overtones of such a life process. By enlarging, as it were, a particular human foible or dreaded vice apparently beyond all proportions, Andres presents to the reader a perpetual symbol, a warning sign to a generation which all too often tends to be blinded by and complacent about its own weaknesses and failings. As a Christian writer, completely dedicated to his God-given talents and obligations thereof, he unearths in these dramatically "gerettet" lives the most glaring as well as the most dormant, unseen dangers that lurk in all of us. He reveals the fact that these oftentimes accepted idiosyncracies of personality which can spread their cancerous effects in many directions, actually militate not only against man's bodily and spiritual well-being, but also against the peace of mind and contentment of heart that is the unconscious goal of every individual.

Probably one of the most striking features in the singularity of Andres as a recognized "modern" artist, however, is the very virile, uninhibited and yet deeply religious qualities of his own nature which stamp his creative endeavors so emphatically. An energetic and out-
spoken foe of Nihilism or pessimism in any form he makes use of every living entity in the world to fortify and frame his optimistic ideas of man's future as a creature of God. His own powerful emotions, nurtured on a life replete with vivid extremes, are transferred almost directly to those who people his literary world and in whom we see the truly Christian spirit of hope and courage, of faith and strength midst the daily trials of human existence.

Whereas the broad philosophical outlines of Andres' concept of life can be evaluated by logical and empirical dissection of his emotion-packed narratives, no study would be complete without a concise analysis of his relatively small yet truly inspired poetic efforts. We note immediately that the individualism which characterizes Andres novels and short-stories likewise runs through his outspoken, frank and almost prosaic lines of verse. This idea is brought out by Grenzmann, who notes:

In Andres Gedichten findet sich keine Spur von George, der ihm offensichtlich dem Wesen nach am fremdesten ist, aber er hat auch nichts von Rilke, dessen vers- sucherischem Zauber so viele erliegen.1

In his collection of poems, entitled quite succinctly as Der Granatapfel,2 we are provided with Andres' personal views on such varied subjects as: man, death, the earth, dreams, nature, antiquity and finally God as the guardian of

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1Grenzmann, Dichtung und Glaube, p.296.
2Stefan Andres, Der Granatapfel(München: R. Piper & Co. Verlag, 1950)
these and other diverse elements in the world. Here we can read, directly from the author's own lips, profound utterances which by their force and depth of meaning give a crystal-clear insight into the inner self of the highly competent writer. These are Andres' fundamental notions of a universe, which to his discerning eyes seems so complex and obtruse, yet so challenging and fascinating in its fond hopes and awesome fears, in its brightest as well as its bleakest hours.

Throughout the prolific works of Andres is found the ever-recurring theme of man's place on this earth in relationship to the Creator in heaven, whose Providence hovers mercifully over man's indecision and despair in times of emotional crises. One phase of the balance in the universe rests on the perfect juxtaposition of these two elements. In *Die Erde* the author describes this interrelationship with the sublime and vivid imagery that bespeaks man's ultimate dependence on the merciful powers of heaven:

> Die Welt ist Gottes Leib, denn ohne Grenzen
> Der Raum sich dehnt, und wie Gedanken licht
> In Seinem Haupt die heiligen Sterne glänzen—
> So sprach die Nacht in ihrem Lobgedicht.

The profound verses of *An den Tod* attests to Andres' acceptance and belief in the "Transcendence" of the human soul into a life beyond the grave. This notion is vitally important, because it is at this crucial point that the

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3Andres, *Der Granatapfel*, p.33.
Christian writers and those of nihilistic tendencies are so sharply divided. Andres' poem on death is a testament to his belief in the immortality of the soul, wherein the existential adaptation of Nietzsche's dictum "Gott is tot" is replaced by the theistic interpretation of sanctions and norms adaptable to a "jenseits" as well as a "diesseits."

Though the characters in our author's stories may fall into the depths of degradation, they are able to restore order to their lives by renewed faith and hope because to them death is not the end of existence itself, but merely the last point in this "vale of tears." Andres, in his opening words, symbolizes death as the comforting, unseen handmaid of life:

Wenn du mich triffst, sprich leise,  
Als wär ich dir bekannt;  
Und von der langen Reise  
Sag nichts, gib nur die Hand.

He brings out the idea of the separation of the body and soul of man as the very symbol of immortality in the final lines:

Vielleicht wird Liebe wehen  
Um uns, bin ich bereit--  
Dann zeug ich im Vergehen  
Mit dir: Unsterblichkeit.

Obviously Andres has a very sincere, almost Pantheistic admiration of the sky, the sea, the mountains, and all the natural phenomena that surrounds man. These elements are interlaced as component parts within the character and

4Ibid., p.28.  
5Ibid., p.28.
personality of the heroes of his literary works and are animated into "live" entities which actually shade and color his diverse plots. To Andres, the beauty, the power, the nobleness and the uniformity in Nature's essence provides mankind with warmth, with solace, and with a haven of refuge from a cold and calculating world of men. The author pours forth his great love for nature in the sublime lyrical tones of such as Der Frühwind, Nachtlied, and Inselmittag. However, the great skill which he possesses in fusing together the lofty and noble qualities of nature, along with the "ordinary" and the "commonplace" is seen to best advantage in his delightful and individually styled poem Der Morgen.

Ein Pferd trabt in den Morgen
Irgendwo auf einer Strasse,
Die ich hallen hörte.
Und Hähne tauchen
Aus dem Meer der Nacht
Mit steilem Schrei.
Und Vögel weben
Ihren hellen Faden
Aus des Tages unsichtbaren Wurzeln.
Die Kerze der verwachten Nacht
Steht klein und
Abgebrannt.
Vom Meer herüber
Stellt sich auf ein Schein
Und lischd die Flamme
Mit gespannter Hand
Und spricht:
Ich bin der Tag.
Und du bist mein.6

Though vitally concerned with the deep crises of a modern society and its need for renewed faith and stamina,

6Ibid., p.19.
Andres, to the fullest extent possible, is deeply rooted in the teachings and lessons learned from the Ancients, which are so timeless in their symptomatic messages. In his personal contact with Italy, where he spent such a lengthy period of his own life, he has grown to know Roman civilization and customs very intimately. The results of this are seen not only in his clear, precise and methodical techniques, but in the passionate and vibrant personages we meet in the pages of his great narratives. However, Andres' way of life and consequently those of his fictional characters, has been equally steeped in the noble heritage of Hellenic culture and its basic adherence to form and inner symmetry. We observe the author's personal tribute to Greece and its significance to our own modern times in the powerful ode

An Hellas; from which we quote here in part:

Wachsen die Völker nicht wie Steine,
Dunkel und unerkannt, eh
Heiliges Geschick auf dem Schleifrad, dem harten, sie schliff?
Nun im Ring der Geschichte,
Fest am Finger der Gottheit, der höchsten,
Sind sie Siegel geworden,
Unverwandelbar und ein Zeichen,
Prägung der Welt.7

In one dynamic verse in particular, Andres strikes a very deep note of regret and sadness for the present plight of the world and its need for a reevaluation and revitalization of its own decayed self by recourse to the helping medium of divine and mystical entities.

7Ibid., p.98.
Die ihr wohnt auf den Bergen der Völker,
Götter, kehrt uns zurück!
Ihr, vom Ruf der Dichter gelockt,
Freundlich gebannt in den Stein,
Götter von Hellas,
Ihr am Baum
Himmlischer Sehnsucht Europas
Einzig Frucht gewordene Blüte,
Bringt uns den Samen zurück!
Kündet den Gott,
Den in seinem Sommer der Kraft
Namenlos drängenden Kern.8

And finally, from the dramatic incidents highlighted in such works as Die Hochzeit der Feinde, Ritter der Gerechtigkeit, and Wir sind Utopia, we see Andres' conception of war and the paralyzing effects that he feels it has on mankind's sense of values as well as on his moral, ethical and physiological balance and equilibrium. In essence we can conclude that he is basically a peace-loving individual, who seeks desperately to convey the importance of peaceful co-existence on all levels of life, and at all ages of time as a most essential requisite for all mankind. It is from the depths of his heart, therefore, that he decries the folly of war, and promulgates his fondest wish and hope for a permanent return to a lasting peace in the passionate words of his ode, entitled Mittägliche Zeit:

Wann werden wir wieder die Blüte wie einst
Und den blinkenden Tisch der Augen,
Das ruhende Meer
Und die Sonne,
Rinnend wie Wein von den Bergen,
Schaun?—wie die Kinder es können
Noch heute, gleichmutsvoll und voll Andacht
und Lust?

8Ibid., p.99.
Grau vor den Augen, ein Schleier
Gefädelt aus Tränen, hängt
Die fürchtbare Stunde.
Himmel und Erde verhüllt
Wie endloser Regen der Krieg. 9

Even from the few poems just cited, we can form a
distinct picture of the manifold media of ideas and con-
cclusions which Andres is able to infuse into his expansive
narrative world. To him, the narrator is to reflect the
author's sympathetic attitude towards the wide world where
all paths of life have a common goal, and where the common
man, "the wanderer" is the symbol of the one who seeks and
finds his way to God. Certainly through these poetic lines
from Der Granatapfel we can feel the author's deep concern
for mankind, his intense desire to see order restored to a
chaotic world, and the deference he pays to the heritages of
Nature, Religion and Antiquity, which to him represent man's
most vital salutary metaphysical aids in combatting the
confusions of daily existence. It is in the realistic, as
well as the symbolic synthesis of all these elemental forces
that Andres has personally accomplished his own "Durch-
bruch" from the frustrating barrier of life's complexities
to a sound, logical and Christian philosophy of life, re-
flected so clearly in his more mature literary works.

Like so many of the great writers of modern Germany,
Andres finds probably his most lucrative source of material
in the oft-employed motif which symbolizes man's isolation"

9Ibid., p.81.
from the world around him. In the writings of the Existentialists, this theme depicts the utter helplessness of twentieth century man, who caught up in a pagan, materialistic world, gradually loses all sense of aesthetical and spiritual values and ultimately feels deserted and lost forever in the dark pit of Nihilism. With men like Kafka and Mann, the isolation theory is applied specifically to the artist himself, who feels cut off from his fellow men by the dictates of his own profession, which relegates to him the role of a mere spectator of life. To the virile Andres, however, this motif takes on a completely different reference point in the complex machinery of the world.

In his hands, it leaves the ranks of the "Künstler" and the "lost souls" and becomes a universal factor applied to all phases of existence. As such, it encompasses the basic nucleus of mankind's indomitable stamp to "find the way back" and thus to create his own "Ordnung in der Welt."

In the panoramic scope of Andres' outstanding works, we see his heroes plunged into the most excruciating labyrinth of loneliness and isolation, either self-created or caused by some cruel twist of fate. One of the author's greatest literary efforts in this regard is the lengthy and powerful novel Der Mann von Asteri,¹⁰ which probably as much as any other single work, reveals the full artistry of the skilled narrator.

Here we see the very epitomy of Andres' obviously instinctive inclinations toward the excesses, extremes and complications of the Baroque technique. With its dynamic portrayal of the base impulses of man, particularly of the sins of the flesh, as well as its inclusion of practically the full gamut of emotions, it aims at revealing man in the vibrant fullness of his nature. It is truly Baroque also in the complex plot arrangement and the great multiplicity of subsidiary characters, each of whom plays some part in the life of the hero, Franz Gratian. But, despite the panegyrics of action and personages, Andres creates an orderly, perfectly coordinated story with a profound message for each and every person. Grenzmann characterizes the effectiveness of the work in these words:

Der Leser fühlt sich als Teilnehmer eines staunenswerten Reichtums im Bannkreis einer fremdartigen Menschenwelt beglückt und zuletzt auch wohl nachdenklich auf sich zurückgeworfen, da er sich selbst in unendlich vielen Spiegeln erblickt.\(^{11}\)

For twelve years, the former wealthy vintager from Germany, Franz Gratian, suspected murderer and admitted adulterer, has lived a very idyllic life in his mountain retreat on the Hymettos, just above the village of Asteri. The existence of Wobido (as he is known here) seems to center around his pet goat "Irene", a vineyard behind his home--an old cloister ruin--, and a beautiful fir tree, which was brought with him from his native Moselland.

\(^{11}\)Grenzmann, Dichtung und Glaube, p. 283.
His only contact with the outside world has been his occasional trips to a shop in Athens or his brief chats with Pater Panagiatos, a monk from the cloister of Kaesariani located at the foot of the mountain.

No one to this date has ever been able to unravel the deep mystery that surrounds Wobido's prior life, though it is quite obvious that it is shrouded in some deep, dark guilt-complex; consequently, the natives can only surmise the secrets that he has kept locked within his heart over the years. Then one day, a human spectre of the past in the figure of his illegitimate son Hans Bleicher appears in Asteri, after a long search for his missing father, and promptly shatters the quietude and isolation of the strange "Winzer von Asteri," whose German "Tannenbaum" has guided the boy to this spot. Though Wobido immediately recognizes his child by the name-plate on his luggage, for some very unnatural and eerie reason, he refuses to disclose his own identity, stating quite coldly: "Sie werden nie Ihren Vater finden, das weiss ich jetzt."12 For a while he appears to be playing an almost inhuman game of cat and mouse with the frantic Hans, who seems to know so much about the "hunted criminal" Franz Gratian and his crimes of passion, yet is so willing to forgive a parent he has never actually seen.

After listening to the lad's repeated pleas for help, however, a sudden transformation comes over Wobido, who up

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12 Andres, Der Mann von Asteri, p.38.
to this moment has rebuffed the boy at every turn, but now finally admits that he did know Franz Gratian at one time. As he hands the surprised boy his own diary to read, ostensibly that of young Bleicher's father, as proof of the past, one feels that his basic impulse at this point is more prompted by a need to defend his own "other self" than from any noble dictates of paternal love. Andres describes Han's initial reaction to this coveted document: "Wie er sich tiefer in die Hefte hineinlas, wurde die Gestalt Wobidos mit der seines Vaters nach und nach ganz eins."\(^{13}\)

This first section of the novel sets the stage for the remaining three units in which we learn the true story of Gratian's guilt-laden past as well as the future relationship of Wobido and Hans Bleicher. In the next section, entitled "Das Buch von Citta Morta", Andres brings into focus the major figures connected so closely with Gratian's life of perfidy: Serafino, his young Italian companion; Igel, an eccentric rug-weaver; the Russian painter Dimitri and his attractive wife Nastasja, along with the very sinister figure of Herr Mjøsdal, a Norwegian "Kriminalchriftsteller." And thus it is through the amazed eyes of Hans Bleicher that we now look into the very soul of the dissolute vintager as laid bare in his own private diary.

It explains that twelve years ago, a great tragedy struck the life of Franz Gratian with the sudden death of

\(^{13}\text{Ibid.}, \text{p.45.}\)
his childless and very beautiful wife Hortense, who is found one day lying in a pool of blood next to her bed, and with her husband's hunting rifle nearby. By mutual consent, though for quite different reasons, the couple never had offspring, yet Hortense's very jealous nature often suspected Franz of illicit relationships with other women. Everyone in this German city, including Gratian himself assumed that she had taken her own life, impelled by some mysterious phobia or mental quirk.

But the cold, calculating mind of Franz, reflecting little or no conjugal love, makes this bland, yet very startling conclusion:

Seine Frau Hortense musste erfahren haben, dass die Tochter des Gemeindeförsters von Gratian ein Kind erwartete. Das war der Grund zu ihrem freiwilligen Tod, so glaubte Gratian und mit ihm der ganze Ort.14

And now as he rushes in rage to the house of the forester, whom he is sure has some connection with his wife's death, he learns to his amazement that the latter knows nothing whatever of Hortense's demise. Gratian's subsequent and suspicious departure for Naples causes the authorities to review the case, and an alert is sent out listing Franz as "wanted for murder."

In Naples, the "fugitive" is able to acquire a forged passport under the name of Philipp Keltermann, and later he heads for Positano under the solicitous advice of his new

14 Ibid., p. 57.
found friend and confidante, Serafino, who claims that:

Città morta sei nümlich ein Ort für traurige Leute
Thres Schlages, ein einziges Variete, wo sich alle
gegenseitig etwas vormachten, und zwar mit solchem
Ernst, dass man gar nicht mehr aus dem Lachen
herauskomme.15

In this Italian city he not only meets Mjøsdal, who is
writing a novel centered around the mysterious death of
Gratian's wife, Hortense, but also enters into a clandes-
tine romance with the beautiful Russian woman Nastasja,
whose cruel husband, Dimitri, is one of the most hated
men in Positano.

Wherever Philipp goes, he finds Mjøsdal either looking
over his shoulder, or prying him with minute questions about
the shooting. Try as he may, he is not able to get away
from this human shadow, whose only fanatic interest in life
seems to be the abstract, fictional world in which he is now
engaged, and to which Philipp alone can provide the necessary
missing pieces of the puzzle. In almost sheer desperation,
he has pleaded, in regard to his unfinished opus "Der
Drilling in Dreieck":

Bitte, lesen Sie doch einmal, mein lieber Keltermann,
helfen Sie mir. Es wäre ein Akt von Humanität. Ich
kann nicht mehr schlafen, bis ich weiss, wer diese
Hortense Gratian erschossen hat.16

Though Philipp refuses to answer the questions of the giant
Norwegian, he can never rest for fear that this man will
disclose his real identity to the authorities.

15Ibid., p.66. 16Ibid., p.106.
Andres treats the love-affair of Nastasja and Keltermann with a very delicate, yet dramatic hand. As Dimitri becomes conscious of the great attraction between the two, he is tortured and plagued almost to a point of frenzy by a particular dream of his adversary, which Nastasja insidiously keeps recalling to his mind. The dream concerned a boat trip in which Philipp, Nastasja, and Dimitri were the only occupants and ended thusly: "Und das Schiff war leck, wir gingen unter. Nur Nastasja und ich kamen ans Land." 17 What at the time seemed so humorous to the reputedly powerful swimmer, Dimitri, now takes on very gigantic proportions, in which he even recognizes a chance to do away with his hated antagonist.

Meanwhile the illicit relationship of the Russian beauty and Gratian reaches its initial peak, on a trip to the Ceres temple in nearby Paestum. Franz discloses his whole story to Nastasja, whose complete love for him has been consummated just moments before her emotional proclamation:

\[\text{Hortense ist bei mir, glaub es, Franz!} \quad \text{Sie ist eins mit mir geworden, ist meine Seele, Franz, meine Schwester!} \quad \text{Du wirst zwei in einem Leibe lieben, du!}\] 18

Up to this point, Andres has interlaced the main plot with a few minor motifs, the common purpose of which seems to be to reveal the "earthy" and "God-less" atmosphere in Positano, where the usual norms of morality and human be-

17Ibid., p.87.
18Ibid., p.197.
behavior no longer hold sway. The populace of the city, for example, expresses only a passive reaction at the report that Igel, the amorous rug-weaver, has a child born out of wedlock after his reputed "heroic" rescue of the rainsoaked damsel, named Palmona. The attempted murder of the now hospitalized Mjösdal by the fanatical Russian painter likewise causes no stir whatever among the motley group which habitates the "Risorgimento." With the figures of the teen-aged Serafino (the "Männliche Hure"),19 the masculine Annette, and the displaced physician, Dr. Honig, the author completes his expose of the deep-seeded vice and the loose standard of human values that are so rampant in this coastal Italian town. And yet, there seeps through this dark atmosphere the plaintiff words of the conscience-stricken Franz Gratian, which reveal at least a reflective recognition of this horrible plight:

Diese Welt ist tot--es war eine schöne Welt.
Warum lebe ich nur eigentlich zweitausend Jahre zu spät?20

On the subsequent ill-fated boat trip, planned and engineered so diabolically by Dimitri to rid himself forever of the taunts of Gratian's dream world, the plot boomerangs on its creator. In self-defense, Franz is forced to drown his larger adversary, when he realizes the latter's insidious intents against his life. And now, by the death of

19Ibid., p.123. 20Ibid., p.189.
Dimitri. Nastasja appears at last to be freed from her human bondage of sorts and declares her undying love to the vintager from the Moselland region. To Gratian, new vistas of life seem to have suddenly opened up before his eyes—casting a bright gleam of light into his shrouded existence to this point, as he cries out "Ich muss einen neuen Anfang machen."21

Once again, however, Andres reveals the power of fate and human indignity in all their might. For suddenly, out of the shadows, there appears the obsessed figure of Mjösdal, who has recovered from his sojourn at the hospital in Amalfi, and continues to pursue, with almost animal-like instinct, his vital literary prey. In Ravello, the drama of these two opposing forces comes to a peak, when Gratian after throttling the giant Norwegian, is thwarted in his efforts to put an end to his human "nemesis" by Dr. Honig, who rushes to his friend to say that war has suddenly been declared. Even though conscious of the reprieve of life that he has thus been granted by fate, Mjösdal nevertheless sneers ominously at Gratian's final words:

Sie werden weder meine Frau noch mich auch nur einmal noch in irgendeiner Form beschmäffen, haben Sie mir verstanden?22

Two weeks later, after Franz and Nastasja have returned to their home in Citta Morta and have planned a rather extensive travel tour, the misfortune and tragedy that have

21 I bid., p.258. 22 I bid., p.300.
dogged Gratian's perverse life strikes again. In some mysterious manner, Nastasja is fatally hurt in a fall on her terrace, and Franz, who is called to her side, is told that his wife is dying. A note, sent to Gratian by Serafino, reveals that the frustrated Mjósdal is about to reveal his information to the police, and advises:

Mein Freund, lass alles stehen und mach dich über den Berg...Für Nastasja sorgen ich und A. Geh, du hast nicht vergeblich gelebt, auch hier in Citta morta nicht.23

And thus, Gratian, in order to save his own life, must forsake the one woman in whom he has found undying love and devotion.

With this, Andres concludes the main body of his story, giving in conclusion one final detail that is later to assume the most vital source for Gratian's future course in life. Franz is taken, along with other "prisoners of war," from his ship by an English torpedo boat and subsequently incarcerated in a lonely prison "somewhere on the Island of Malta."

At this point, Andres shifts the action back to the Hymettos and to Hans Bleicher, who has just completed the reading of the diary, bringing with it the shocked recognition that the hermit-shepherd Wobido and Franz Gratian are one and the same person. Though the boy's heart is breaking with happiness at having finally found his father, the latter, even at this dramatic moment, maintains the icy

23Ibid., p. 321.
and almost inhuman demeanor of a total stranger. From Gratian's own lips, he hears now the declaration of a typical "Flüchtlinge auf den Erde," to whom even his own son is an "outsider":

Ich schrieb es eigentlich nur für mich, als eine letzte Wohnung, in die ich dich übrigens hineinliess, ohne dich näher zu kennen...Viel Vertrauen einem Fremden, einem jungen Fremden gegenüber.24

In the latter half of this section, which acts basically as a type of literary interlude, however, the author in typical fashion makes full use of the symbol of the fir-tree to accomplish the initial step in bringing the father and the son together. In answer to Hans' question as to whether or not the "Tannenbaum" is a sad memory of the past, Gratian epitomizes his own "lost" being in saying:

Ach nein! Ich wäre selber nie auf diese Frage gekommen; ich und der Baum sind eins geworden. Ja, ist es nun ein trauriger.25

Here, the forceful appearance of Pater Panagiatos ushers in a whole new perspective to the desolate wine-vintager. He provides for Gratian a new reference point, a new goal of life in his powerful words of wisdom:

Kyrie, weil Ihr ihn gepflanzt und gehegt habt, sorgt Ihr Euch sogar um einen Baum. Seht den dort an, den Ihr gepflanzt und nicht gehegt habt: der ist traurig. Also lasst den Baum und wendet Euch diesem da zu.26

24 Ibid., p.329.
26 Ibid., p.331.
A much happier and peaceful Herr Gratian from here on makes his own first gigantic step back into a normal way of life by proposing to his son a trip through all the famous Greek "memories of the past" with, however, the most noble goal possible, namely:

Du musst mich sehen, wie ich bin. Das wollte ich dir vor dieser Reise sagen, damit du dich ganz auf dich selber verlässt. Ja, wie ich bin. 27

Even though his life has been saturated up to now with tragedy and an inescapable feeling of despair and frustration, in Gratian's own self-incrimination and evaluation of conscience is contained the vital key to existence itself. But the road ahead, as the author now shows, is lined with trials and temptations which never cease their "teuflisch" pursuits of man's higher strivings to self perfection.

On this very eventful trip, in which Andres' love of nature and the soil is so in evidence, the "real" Franz Gratian is unveiled to Hans Bleicher, in all his addictions to the vicarious and sensual weaknesses that are so much a part of his nature. In Mistra, the pretty young peasant girl, Galene, almost falls victim to the seductive approaches of the sixty-year old "dilettante" who ignores his son's pleas for propriety and decorum. In their further travels, they meet the drunken rug-weaver Igel, who was witness to Nastasja's dying moments and likewise tells of the death of the fanatic "Kriminalsschriftsteller" Mjösdal. With this the tragic and passionate memories of the sad city of Citta Morta become

27Ibid., p.349.
fused with Gratian's new-found present and lead into the final and dramatic pages of a truly great story.

By a rather diabolical plan, Gratian, completely against his son's wishes, succeeds in getting the permission of Galene's father, Demetrius Epimaches, to allow the daughter to come to Asteri to act as a maid for Franz and his son. Though Hans himself has fallen in love with the girl, his own moral turpitude rebels against such "human bondage." He shudders at his father's insidious implications in the desecration of all laws of decency:

Statt deinen Vater so peinlich auszufragen, solltest du lieber Galenes Sprache erlernen, nimm mich zum Lehrmeister, ich werde meine Paradigmen deutlich genug wählen; ich liebe, du liebst, and he added: Ich bin doch ein alter Mann, Junge! Du wirst schon Herr über mich werden.28

The great skill which Andres has in unravelling so dramatically even the greatest of human tensions and crises comes into play from here on. For while Franz goes into the village of Kaesariani to await Galene's arrival, the frantic and almost completely disillusioned son accidentally discovers a second diary, dealing with Gratian's imprisonment at Malta, and addressed directly to him. Here he reads the confession of one who has literally been abandoned by his own labyrinth of loneliness:

Ich würde erzählen, warum ich aus der Welt ging und zum Einsiedler wurde auf dem Berg Hymettos. Denn seit der letzten Nacht fürchte ich plötzlich, mein Sohn möchte von mir glauben, ich sei ein Verächter der Welt gewesen und ein teilnahmsloser Mensch.29

28 Ibid., p. 397. 29 Ibid., p. 456.
In these pages are contained the very heart of Gratian's human frailties, against which he has always been so powerless and helpless. It is his "noble" reflections on life's complicated paths, elicited under the gloom and darkness of his four years in the prison at Malta that convince Franz that his father can be saved from the depths of moral degradation.

The author provides a very emotional and yet penetrating final image of the complete reconciliation between the father and the son, and the ultimate victory over a dominant human weakness. As Gratian and Galene enter the lonely hut on the Hymettos, all the forces of human love and pathos are let loose in the passionate embrace of Franz and Hans "Gratian". Through eyes stained with tears of joy and happiness, Hans witnesses the ultimate transformation of his father back to the world of Christ-like men, as he hears the ecstatic words of the "hermit of Asteri":

Geh nun zu Galene,--es ist alles in Ordnung.30

A few days later as Gratian says goodbye to his former "haven of refuge", and happily heads for Germany with the two young lovers, he strikes the note of ultimate completeness in the bright future ahead with the words:

Und ich habe einen Sohn und eine Tochter.31

While doubtless we see a close similarity between the dominant guilt-motif here and that formerly seen in

30Ibid., p.471. 31Ibid., p.479.
Die Hochzeit der Feinde, it is obvious that the resemblance ceases at this point. For in Der Mann von Asteri the more crystallized techniques of Andres have provided so many new situations, and divergent forces of fate, particularly by bringing into play new symbolic horizons that have been skillfully dovetailed into his hero's confused and mal-adjusted way of life. These horizons, which are more or less on an unseen level, are the reflections of the author's deep faith in the hand of a Divine Providence, which acts unconsciously on men such as Franz Gratian, providing them with the courage to eventually see the true "light of life."

With Herr Gratian's dramatic life, Andres has, in a sense, revealed the fact that the powers of mercy are extended, and will always be extended, to even the worst of human sinners.

Andres has employed the same guilt-motif, this time incidentally, under a dual aspect, in the novel Die Reise nach Portiuncula, and yet this heart-warming story, reflecting a new aspect of the author's philosophy, does not rely on the deep sensuousness, violence or Baroque dynamics for its very sublime and enlightening theme. Though Andres employs as usual deep emotional crises and psychological dilemmas, the entire tone and atmosphere of the narrative plays on a much more serene and reflective plateau of human existence.

Herr Sulpiz Kasbach, a rich German brewery owner, whose wife had deserted him just after the birth of her only child, has travelled with his daughter Felicitas to Southern Italy, ostensibly for reasons of health. At Ischia, the couple accidentally strike up an acquaintance with a free-lance journalist named Norbert Klinger, who is immediately attracted to the vivacious and beautiful Felicitas. And now, much against her father's wishes, Klinger accompanies them to their next port of call in the ancient city of Paestum, where Sulpiz makes his initial step to stifle his daughter's apparently budding "escapade of love."

In the early stages of the story, Andres characteristically takes full advantage of the heated discussions between the fiery-tempered parent and the strong-willed journalist to dramatize some of the most crucial problems of twentieth century society. Probably the best example is seen in Klinger's plea to Kasbach for the latter's trust and confidence regarding the young journalist's honorable intentions toward Felicitas. As the two sit in serious conversation, Sulpiz echoes a rather smug and vain ideology in his opening words:

Was habe ich von Ihnen zu befürchten--Sie können mir nichts geben und nichts nehmen.\(^{33}\)

Klinger's forceful inference rings out as the universal and symbolic call of "disillusioned" youth:

\(^{33}\)Ibid., p.22.
Mir hat man—und nicht nur mir, ungefähr allen jungen Leuten, die heute in Deutschland leben und in Europa und vielleicht auf der ganzen Welt, die Urwälder und Wüsten ausgenommen, uns hat man allerlei genommen—aus dem Herz herausgenommen, ihr Bürger von ganz Europa, ihr, deren Schlachtruf und höchste Devise ist: "Sie können mir nichts geben und nichts nehmen." 34

Bit by bit, Felicitas begins to move out from under the sheltering and protective hand of her father, and for the first time in her life experiences a completely different feeling of freedom and individuality at the hands of her admirer and constant companion, Norbert Klinger. One day in the garden behind the "Villa Giula at Paestum," after a passionate embrace, she is shocked to hear from her lover's own lips the startling confession of a murder which he had committed three years before near the end of the Second World War. He describes how he had deserted from the German army in Italy, was harbored for a while in the home of an Italian Commandante, Signor Diso, and had to kill the latter in self-defense to prevent his being returned to Gestapo headquarters to face the charge of desertion.

He pictures the frightful oppression and silent fears that have plagued him ever since that day. And even though convinced that his act was one of pure self-preservation, the weighty feeling of guilt, both for his crime of murder as well as for his admitted cowardice in war, has now become a diabolical and inescapable part of his whole being. The reassuring words of Felicitas at this bleak moment, however,

34 Ibid., p. 23.
give Klinger some hope of eventual salvation:

Es war doch Notwehr! Ich hätte das auch getan--in deiner Lage.35

In the days to follow, Sulpiz Kasbach becomes fully conscious of the fact that, despite his great love for Felicitas, he has gradually lost the powerful "hold" he once had on her every thought and action. And now through the emotion-packed pages of a so-called "farewell" letter from Kasbach to Felicitas--the final gesture of a selfish and typically over-possessive parent--Andres discloses the real motive behind Sulpiz' mysterious and extended trip to Italy after so many years of absence. The opening words of the letter reflect Herr Kasbach's complete realization of the "new" road that lies ahead of him, the one he now must travel alone:

Wenn ein Vater, der mit seiner Tochter lange Jahre in innigster und selbstlosester Freundschaft lebte, eines Tages entdeckt, dass sein Glück an der Grenze anlangte, ...dann soll er ohne ein Wort aufstehen und abreisen, wie es einem Platzhalter bei der Ankunft des recht--mässigen Herrn geziemt.36

Kasbach's letter goes back to a period thirty years before, when like so many returning veterans from the First World War, Sulpiz found it extremely difficult to settle down and to adjust to the unglamorous and rather monotonous routine of daily existence. His father, who was in poor health, wanted his son to take over the brewery business, but Sulpiz preferred rather to go to the University where he

35 Ibid., p.48,
36 Ibid., p.84.
studied avidly the history of art. An American friend of his interested him in the writings of Henry David Thoreau, the famous "hermit of Walden Pond" who lived for years a mystical, reflective life, completely apart from a society which he did not trust in any way. The communal nature and freedom of such an existence fascinated the two men, and one week later, after passing through the inspirational home of the famous St. Francis in Assisi, they began their own Thoreau-like sojourn in Portiuncula, high up the lonely, wind swept side of Monte Cervati.

Their only companion in this mountain retreat was a villager named Ercole, who lived about a quarter of a mile from them. Then one day, Ercole's sister, Assunta, a very vibrant seventeen year-old girl, came to visit the two men she had heard her brother talk so much about. Soon she became a daily visitor, and although David treated her with great respect, despite her illiteracy and almost naive simplicity, Sulpiz felt a passionate attraction to her "magerer brauner Leib."37

Andres skillfully interjects at this point the basic human frailty that actually over the past thirty years has split the personality of the brewer into two segments; the one with noble aspirations and lofty yearning; the other, crassly materialistic and physical. Sulpiz strikes the very keynote of his shrouded past in these words--the words of a

37 Ibid., p.100.
dreamer, addicted to his own overpowering passions:

Ich dachte an Thoreaus mystische Verschlossenheit gegen das Geschlechtliche und ich legte mich oft in das Andenken des Armen von Assisi, der soviel von der Liebe wusste...38

yet he admits that as soon as Assunta came along:

Sanken die Sternbilder meiner Nächte sofort unter den Horizont.39

As the letter unfolds further, the eyes of Felicitas begin to perceive the "invisible" magnet that has drawn her father back to Southern Italy and to Portiuncula. For, after a very romantic interlude with the fascinating Assunta, Sulpiz discloses that he had, by chance, been "opportunistly" called back to Germany to take over the business of his father, who had just passed away. He had left Mount Cervati, under the protective "Morgengrauen" without a word of farewell to the girl who loved him so much. The parting words of David now seem so prophetic to the author of the letter, reminding him:

Ich müsse nun die Enttäuschung, mit tausend Jahren Bierbrauen machen...Denn dir werden zehn Jahre deines Bürgerdaseins wie tausend vorkommen. Aber du musst aushalten--bis dich die Stimme noch einmal trifft.40

And thus, before Felicitas reaches the last lines of the letter she knows exactly where her distraught father is headed at this very moment.

38Ibid., p.102.
39Ibid., p.102.
40Ibid., p.106.
In the subsequent meeting between Herr Kasbach and Assunta, after the long thirty years of separation, we see one of the most dramatic and poignant scenes that Andres has ever written. For into this one moment, the author has fused the past, the present, and even the future lives of these two people, which at one time appeared to be gloriously aligned in the same direction, yet are now on two utterly divergent and ignoble levels of existence. And as Sulpiz passes through Vallo della Lucania and comes closer and closer to Assunta's desolate hut on Mount Cervati, he attempts to justify in his own heart the never-ending feeling of guilt that has been his lot since the day he left his mountain retreat to return to Germany:

Die Unabänderlichkeit des Geschehenen vor Augen, hatte er es in der langen Zeit mit Kunst vergessen, was er ihr, dem damals siebzehnjährigen Mädchen, angetan hatte. Über Nacht war sie durch ihn vom Himmel in die Hölle gestürzt worden.41

At first, Sulpiz, who diplomatically pretends to be a "friend" of Kasbach, is convinced that the haggard and disheveled old lady who meets him at the door is Assunta's mother. In utter shock and disbelief, however, he suddenly realizes that this poor, frail-looking, and partially blind creature is actually Assunta herself. All the pangs of conscience and remorse surge through his body as he listens to her cynical, despairing and embittered outburst against the man who was directly responsible, not only for destroying

41 Ibid., p.137.
her youth, but also for placing her ultimately into this despicable and tragic enigma of human existence. In these dynamic moments, Andres takes us into the volcanic center of the soul of this same man, as he reflects:

Was er allein hätte, fragen mögen in diesem Augenblick, mit Seufzen, ja sogar mit Tränen, war nur dies: Warum bist du so alt geworden, Assunta, so alt wie deine Mutter?42

However, the answer to this mute question, encompassing the cold and brutal truth which Kasbach now sees embodied before his eyes, has already been provided in the human transformation that occurs at this precise point in Sulpiz' guilt-laden being. As he looks now at the pitiful, almost barbaric human being which he alone has helped to fashion, the purgation of his own smug way of life, of the years in which he has tried to "forget" reaches its full fruition.

The final and dramatic lines of this explosive meeting are struck by Assunta herself. By skillful innuendo of dialogue, Andres makes it appear that despite her poor eye-sight, something in Sulpiz' voice and actions, has made her imagine that the man she is speaking to might possibly be Sulpiz in person, yet she is not absolutely sure, for suddenly she says, "Schauen Sie mich einmal an,"43 and as Sulpiz keeps his head down, she pours forth her bitter condemnation:

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42 Ibid., p.147.
43 Ibid., p.165.
Das hätte er doch nicht gewagt, hierher zu kommen, mich anzusehen, und sich nicht zu erkennen zu geben.44

With these words ringing in his ears as a perpetual reminder of the human crime which he has committed, Sulpiz walks out of Assunta's life--forever--with tearful eyes directed towards a future of retribution and the hope of a peace of mind which he has actually never known until this moment.

Only now, as he begins to see his real self, does Herr Sulpiz Kasbach come to the personal realization that the specific character of his "Reise nach Portiuncula" was, in its essence, actually a "Flucht"--and nothing more noble than that. He summarizes his plight as a:

Flucht vor der Gegenwart in die Vergangenheit vor dem, was man geworden war, zu dem hin, was man hätte werden wollen; also eine Flucht der Wirklichkeit ins Ideal-Gewissensflucht.45

And yet through the powerful symbolism of these words, Andres has thus provided the final fulcrum around which he now brings together the divergent lines of fate that have encompassed the personages of his two male heroes.

The stage is set when Sulpiz has the frightening experience of being mistaken for a hunted "auto-thief" and finds himself, without any papers of identification, incarcerated by the police at a place called Altamura. A hurried telegram brings Felicitas to his assistance, but not before she learns from the frightened Norbert that "Altamura" had

been the scene of his murder of the Italian Commandante. At the urging of the girl, however, he agrees to accompany her to the city that has haunted his memory for such a long time.

On Kasbach's subsequent release, a very joyful and emotional reunion takes place between Felicitas and her father. She is amazed and pleased over the wonderful transformation that has taken place in his personality since his dramatic visit to Mount Cervati. No longer is there any "Grenze" between them or any strain in Sulpiz' affable reception of his future son-in-law, who can only say in deep regret:

Herr Sulpiz, wie konnte ich Sie nur so verkennen... Warum haben Sie nicht eher von Portiuncula gesprochen?46

The last scene of this human drama now takes place in the home of a woman named Anna Riparata, whom Sulpiz had known from his brief stay in Italy years before, and now wishes to visit before he returns to Germany. At first he is told that she is "indisposed," but learns to his horror and disgust that her cruel and brutal husband, Signor Diso, has for years figuratively "imprisoned" his attractive wife in their palatial estate because of her abnormal passions and fascination for other men. To Felicitas, who is utterly shocked by the Signor's crass remarks, he replies quite bluntly:

46 Ibid., p.259.
Weinen Sie nur, Signorina, die Ehre der Anna Riparata ist zu oft repariert worden. Da helfen auch Ihre jungfräulichen Tränen nicht mehr.\textsuperscript{47}

To Norbert Klinger, however, this visit turns out to be the most important event in his young life, for in Anna's husband he recognizes the Commandante, whom he thought he had killed. While his heart is filled to overflowing with feelings of relief and inner calm, he actually feels a sense of pity for the rash and almost inhuman being before whom he stands face to face. Klinger reflects his own feelings of the inner "Ordnung" that has returned to his entire being in the words:

Mein Hass ist fort. Mir ist so wohl, als wäre ich wieder ein kleiner Junge. Wie unglücklich ist dieser Mensch.\textsuperscript{48}

Herr Sulpiz, Kasbach and Klinger leave the eerie atmosphere of Signor Diso, and, with Felicitas, look eagerly ahead to their new life, free of guilt and obsession. Only now do we understand fully the sublime philosophical utterances of Kasbach just before the trip from Altamura. In explaining his reason for never having mentioned Portiuncula before, he expresses not only the real "key" to his own plight, but also provides a universal symbol of life itself:

Nichts ekelt uns mehr an als die Wahrheit, wenn wir sie im Magen der Erkenntnis liegen haben und nicht in den Kreislauf unseres Lebens bringen.\textsuperscript{49}

\textsuperscript{47}Ibid., p.275.

\textsuperscript{48}Ibid., p.276.

\textsuperscript{49}Ibid., p.260.
In the dramatic story of Herr Sulpiz Kasbach and his release from a guilt-laden past, Andres has revealed the process of transformation to a God-fearing human being, who after thirty long years, has recognized to the fullest extent, the enormity of his great crime against the nobility and dignity of fellow man and against the inflexible norms of Christian conduct. Truly this process can be symbolized as "the growth of an intellectually perceived moral rule into a spiritual necessity" (as one reviewer so aptly puts it), and as such it contains a most vital and thought-provoking message for all who might heed its symptomatic and timeless philosophy of life.

In his depiction of the purely metaphysical as well as the implied spiritual "Ordnung" attained so painstakingly in the once lonely existences of both Franz Gratian and Sulpiz Kasbach, Andres does not mean to imply in any way that it is only in such unusual cases that dire loneliness can exercise its awesome power. For, in his discerning eyes as a writer, he perceives this ominous force as being practically an inescapable element in every human being's existence. And as such, it possesses in all its manifold amplifications, probably the most dangerous single menace to order and harmony within the universe.

It is therefore with all the literary skill at his command that he shows in particular works that the hovering

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presence of this force, whether in actuality or merely dormant in the subconsciousness of the human mind, if not properly disciplined, can create a devastating labyrinth of despair that knows no bounds. In our own modern generation, with all of the new fears and deep-seeded anxieties that have been created by the phenomenal advances in technological science, man tends more and more to feel helpless and alone. While international crises and the ever-present threat of world conflict keeps man in almost a perpetual state of common social turmoil, it is within the confines of his own being that each individual first must strive desperately to maintain equilibrium and proper perspectives.

Though, as we have already seen, Andres faces this great human problem by a powerfully realistic portrayal of the seriousness and the complexities of every-day existence, his own dynamic nature infuses his fictional heroes with the inherent courage and spiritual integrity that gives all of his works a definite air of optimism and hope. For no matter how desperate might be man's plight, Andres never once loses his great faith in universal human nature and its potential ability to assert itself in the continuous battle of life. In the maturity of his more outstanding literary endeavors, he seems to channel his great narrative skill into one dominant theme: namely, a symbolic representation of mankind's lonesome, yet inspired struggle to "find" himself in the ever-changing modern "wasteland" of existence.
In Andrés' prize-winning work *Das Wirtshaus zur weiten Welt*, composed of three Erzählungen, we see this very notion exemplified to a marked degree. The recognized excellence of both its timeliness as well as its vibrant literary artistry, in competition with other top-ranking selections, is attested to in the glowing commendation:

Reifste Leistung unter den eingesandten Arbeiten, fügt sich das "Wirtshaus zur weiten Welt" würdig dem Werk des Autors an, der in der vorderen Reihe der modernen deutschen Literatur steht.

For the purposes of this study we will limit our discussion to the analysis and interpretation of one "Erzählung", namely *Der Weg durch den Zwinger*. This story with the very provocative and symbolistic title, vacillates in its setting between Rome and Egypt and finally ends in a place called Sao Paulo in Brazil. Written in the epistolary style as adopted throughout the collection, it depicts the lonely and individual struggles of a man and woman to find some common meeting ground of reciprocal trust and loyalty for a marriage that has been torn asunder by separation and isolation. As in all of Andrés' works, the story proper is not meant to be a purely psychological study, but rather a very modern and symbolic picture of mankind's desperate search for the true and valid meaning of life itself.

Here we meet a travelling "Kulturhistoriker", named

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51Stefan Andrés, *Das Wirtshaus zur weiten Welt* (Düsseldorf/Köln: Eugen Diederichs Verlag, 1943).

Gebhard, who for eight long years has been forced by certain circumstances to procrastinate in writing a planned book on the Egyptian "Anchorites". However, it is basically as a result of his own apathy and indifference that his wife Maria and her three daughters have been reduced to living in dire poverty and destitution in a slum area in the city of Rome. When Maria's father hears of their predicament, he invites them to come and live in his home in Brazil, until Gebhard has completed his literary project. The events that transpire in the interim are described very powerfully in Gebhard's letter to his publisher, explaining the delay in his submission of the anticipated manuscript.

It is only after his family has left Rome that Gebhard begins to rationalize on his own frailties and human weaknesses that have left him alone and confused in a world which suddenly seems about to crush him under its cruel hand. Andres, through the words of Gebhard, sums up the over-powering feeling of loneliness in the confused mind of the historian in these very descriptive words:

_Ein Mann, einem ganz abwegigen Ziele nachlaufend_.

As Gebhard heads for the city of Alexandria to procure the source material for his book, a new danger suddenly appears to shatter even further his "aimless" wanderings. For in a desert retreat—a type of health-resort and boarding

53 Andres, _Das Wirtshaüs zur weiten Welt_, p.9.
house called "Cafe Zahlmeester,"--he meets an attractive Iranian girl, who for a time, provides a type of "platonic" companionship for the lonely voyager. As it turns out, she too is a very abject and lonely figure, separated from her fiancee, a Russian musician named Boris, because of great financial stress, the permanence of which has made their future marriage seem suspended in the hopelessly remote distance. Gebhard's initial attraction to her arises from a sympathetic understanding of the deep sadness that seems to reside within her smiling exterior. In her he recognizes truly a "kindred" spirit as he says:

Sie lächelte dabei, doch glaubte ich, etwas wie die Müdigkeit von Süchtigen in diesem Lächeln zu bemerken--und sie war süchtig von den eigenen Hoffnungen.54

A subsequent illicit "escapade" between these two victims of a particular fate and circumstance which has caused their individual paths to cross so violently, brings now a new dilemma to Gebhard by adding the crime of infidelity to his already tortured mind. As he ruefully leaves the fatal confines of Cafe Zahlmeester, and begins to realize the full extent of his marital transgression, life becomes a despairing maze of inner tensions as he recalls his wife's prophetic and ominous parting words:

Ich konnte so was übers Meer hinweg spüren! Und dann---es wäre schrecklich! Ich nähme den erstbesten Mann.55

54 Ibid., p.15.
55 Ibid., p.7.
A few hours later, these words return again in even a more haunting refrain.

For when Gebhard returns from his "ignominious oasis," to the city of Alexandria, dejected and disillusioned, he finds a letter which had been sent from Sao Paulo by Maria, questioning the fact that he has not communicated with her in several months. From the contents of this letter, Andres brings into sharp focus the gradually widening breach that is being irrevocably forged between a man and woman who once meant so much to each other. Separated by the vast expanse of space, their individual lives, bit by bit, have begun to enter the foreboding and soul-killing paths of utter distrust and emotional chaos.

In her communique, Maria makes a rather casual reference to a particular German circus that has just completed a lengthy run in Sao Paulo, commenting on the excellence of the aerial artistry and the great impression that all of its performers have made upon the city. And yet between these apparently innocent lines, coupled with the serious tone at the end of the letter, Gebhard suddenly comes to a shocking realization. For he "senses" not only his wife's actually well-founded suspicions of his almost anticipated disloyalty to her, but also becomes aware of the terrifying note of finality in the closing lines that seem to eternally ostracize his being to the lonesome world of his own choosing.

It is in regard to the latter that Andres has unveiled
the very "heart" of his narrative by bringing into play a most profound and sublime commentary on life, applicable in its symbolic overtones to universal mankind. Maria has commented on a recent film-critique which praised a particular play in which the "hero" had finally and ostensibly "conquered" and "overcome" life. Her subsequent conclusion, however, is almost nihilistic in its negative tone:

Ich denke, man kann das Leben schulmeistern--aber meistern?...Ich finde es mit jedem neuen Tag: das Leben ist stärker als wir.56

And then, as Gebhard continues to read, his own guilty conscience allows him to perceive to the fullest the diabolical and insidious part which he himself has played in his wife's now despairing and desperate outlook. Her very last words, in the mind of the distraught husband, seem to bespeak an almost mystical plea for inner consolation to her own confused heart:

Gibt es denn Engel, Gebhard, die das höhere von dem unteren Leben abgrenzen können?57

And now, as his lonely steps carry him to the exotic city of Cairo and a most unforgettable experience, we see in his gaunt figure the symbol of utter dejection and self-abandonment to a bleak and dismal future where life has suddenly lost all of its significance and meaning.

In Cairo, however, he comes face to face with a messenger "out of the past" in the personage of Barth, owner

56 ibid., p.22. 57 ibid., p.23.
of an international circus company which has just returned from a tour through South America. Eventually he learns to his shocked amazement and pain that not only has the circus proprietor a personal acquaintance with Gebhard's family in Sao Paulo, but has also carried on a clandestine romance with the beautiful Maria. With this, the whole world seems to come crashing down around Gebhard's confused being, when he realizes that his final link to the salvation of his own tattered existence literally hangs now "in the balance".

From this point on, leading into the dramatic denouement and close of the modern "vignette of existence", Andres makes use of a motif which in its symbolic image is amazingly reminiscent of Goethe's well-known work Die Novelle. As the result of a moment of human carelessness, one of the most ferocious tigers in the circus menagerie named "Lili" escapes from her cage and has a tiny child trapped in her clutches in a small tent. After every attempt to ensnare the animal has failed, Gebhard, in spite of the frantic admonitions of Barth, volunteers to enter the "death-cell". By some unexplained and almost uncanny power of mental "persuasion," Gebhard is able to get the growling animal to release its captured prey; he returns the frightened boy--unharmed--to the thankful arms of his distraught parent.

With the subsequent realization of the full magnitude of his heroic, self-sacrificing action and the great inner satisfaction in knowing that he--Gebhard, the "aimless"
wanderer--has actually succeeded in taming the wildest of beasts, a whole new and bright world seems to open up before his eyes. At last he has found something tangible--and vibrantly "alive"--around which he can restore his lost confidence in self and re-shape the crumbled fragments of his misguided past into a purposeful unit. By becoming a lion-tamer, in daily contact with the ever-dangerous "feline" beasts, he now attains this peace of mind and heart, commenting very dynamically on his new-found "profession":

Ich habe mich nie so sicher im Leben gefühlt wie unter den wogenden Leibern meiner Tiger, mitten im finstern Licht ihrer Augen.58

Later, in describing the death of his favorite animal "Lili", he provides the very key to his miraculous "road back" in these very emotional and revealing words:

Sie hatte mein Leben in Ordnung gebracht, und ich weinte ihr nach wie einer Freundin.59

Following the tearful reunion between the now "famous" Gebhard and his grateful wife Maria, Andres closes his powerful epistolary narrative with a very symbolic message from the pen of the former "Kulturhistoriker":

Damit haben Sie die Erklärung meines langen Schweigens, Formulierungen nützen nichts; die Erfahrung, die innere Erfahrung ist alles: es ist der Weg durch den Zwinger.60

58Ibid., p.33.
59Ibid., p.34.
60Ibid., p.35.
In Gebhard's final recognition of this valid and realistic principle of life, acquired after so many years of fruitless and "aimless" wandering, we see the clear reflection of one of the most basic ideologies of Andres himself. For, in our evaluation and analysis of his works to this point, it has been shown by application that he, too, feels that "Die innere Erfahrung ist alles." The very depth and profundity of his literary accomplishments arises basically from this continuous emphasis on the more abstract or metaphysical characteristics of his fictional personages.

And yet, superimposed on his powerful and penetrating delineation of the "inner man," we find the interweaving of Andres' deep love for the soil as well as the "spirit" of Antiquity providing his narratives with their individualistic and singular qualities. As he describes modern mankind, in every conceivable walk of life, struggling and fighting to align himself with some tangible goal, he brings to bear all of these influences that play their own vital part in this great human process. The fusing together of all these variable component elements with the avowed implication of the realizable "Ordnung in der Welt" is accomplished to perfection in one of Andres' finest short stories Das Grab des Neides.61

This story, centered around a lonely coastal island in the Ionian sea, and incorporating into its pages the vibrant

breath of Greek mythology, itself portrays the theme of loneliness in a most dramatic and explosive atmosphere. We find in this narrative the actual crystallization of the author's strong and rather fearless approach to the "cardinal" vices in existence, which radiate their diabolical presence so deeply into the soul of man. Probably more than any other single work of Andres, *Das Grab des Neides* profoundly depicts the cancerous desecration of human life which is fashioned by such soul-killing "deadly" sins as pride, covetousness, envy, and revenge. Andres' message in this particular instance revolves about the depiction of two completely contrasting and confused ways of life, which in the final analysis, however, are restored to order by a reciprocal recognition of the "media res" of existence itself.

The dynamic background of the narrative comes into sharp focus in the first few pages. We perceive that this desolate and barren Greek island has for the last ten years been inhabited only by a very strange person with the biblical name "Abel" and his servant, the grotesque and dwarfish "Chrysologos." Over the years, Abel's name has become almost a legend among the inhabitants of this small coastal town, located approximately three miles distant from the island. The only people with whom he has ever had any personal contact, outside of his own weird realm, have been the proprietors of the village's sole inn; yet never once
has he even insinuated a possible explanation for his "bizarre" self-isolation from the world of men.

And yet, suddenly in the short space of twenty-four hours the life of this so-called "Schildkröte" is transformed and reshaped into a normal pattern of existence. This is accomplished through a young married woman, who has appeared as it were "out of another world", along with her husband and a mutual friend, ostensibly on a very solemn "human mission" which in some unfathomable way is connected with the lonely "island-dweller." For it is in a very poignant message brought "across the sea" that Abel's shrouded past, and with it the messenger's own surprising complexity of soul, is recalled from its "grave" of despair into the clear light of a spiritual rejuvenation and a new hope for a brighter future.

Andres opens his story on the particular note of eeriness and mystery that seems to pervade the entire narrative:

In einer kleinen, unbekannten Stadt, die in einem Winkel des Ionischen Meeres liegt, klopfen gegen Abend drei Personen an die Tür des einzigen Gasthauses, das den schönen Namen "Zur schattigen Platane" trug.62

These three strangers, who have come by steamer from the city of Genoa, are: George, a serious-minded nature painter, his wife Ina, a skilled "aviatrix" and their young companion, named Walter.

However, because of the language barrier between these

62 Ibid., p.5.
German-speaking newcomers and their Greek host, Theophilos, not only their names, but more particularly their mysterious "Reiseziel" remain for days undeciphered on the inn register. While word of their arrival spreads quickly through the tiny confines of the village, Theophilos, at the urging of his wife Zoe, decides to solicit the aid of the "man on the island," an accomplished linguist, to satisfy his almost insatiable curiosity. One week later, Abel comes to shore and quickly establishes for Theophilos and the other equally curious villagers the identity of the new visitors at "Zur Schattigene Platane." "Schildkröte," as he is known to these people, very tactfully and for reasons known only to himself, refrains from disclosing the mysterious implication behind their ascribed "Reiseziel." And yet, the miraculous and refreshing change that seems to have come over the usually bland personality of the island dweller from this moment on, almost implies the sensational developments that lie ahead.

At this point, Andres transfers our attention from the "Herr der Insel" to the personages of George, Ina, and Walter, bringing into clear outline certain phases of the unusual background that has precipitated their strange journey to this remote village. We learn that just prior to their trip from Genoa, Ina had returned from a very lengthy stay in America, where she had attained a world-wide reputation for her outstanding skill in "stunt-flying".
All of the major papers throughout the land had carried the dramatic and pictorial accounts of her great feats of daring, which were to be climaxed by a mammoth reception in her honor in Genoa.

Ina's connection with Walter, as it turns out, extends far back over the years, and in this her great hour of glory, she realizes how much she actually owes to him. For down deep in her heart she has always felt a deep debt of gratitude to her former suitor, not only because of his solicitous aid in her difficult school days, but also because he had been so instrumental in making possible her glorious career in aviation. And yet at this moment, neither Walter nor her husband can understand the connection between her return to Europe and the reason behind this strange and almost fantastical journey on which they all have embarked.

For, just two weeks prior to their sailing, in reply to Walter's request to accompany George to the Genoa reception, her only indication had been hidden within the cryptic words of a telegram, which said:

Komm, Walter, ich habe für uns alle ein klassisches Ziel gefunden.63

It is precisely in the symbolic innuendo of the words "ein klassisches Ziel" that Andres provides the focal point around which the story develops from this point on.

63Ibid., p.15.
In the subsequent "private" conversation between Ina and George, all of the complex implications of this statement begin to take hold. From Ina's own words we see that throughout her meteoric rise to fame and fortune, she had never once, up to now, stopped to contemplate and reflect upon her own personal life, which found her for months on end on one side of the globe, with her career-minded husband on a completely different hemisphere. Though George always seemed too busy to be too concerned with his wife's exploits, the full impact of their paradoxical married life had suddenly struck Ina, herself, during her last return trip from America.

At the very height of her career, she has finally realized to the fullest the emptiness and actual loneliness of her chosen lot; as well as her dangerous and complete submission to the excesses of self-pride and self-adulation at the hands of her fanatical "public." No longer does she care for the plaudits of the crowd, or the breathless excitement that used to throb through her being whenever she performed her daring feats far above the heads of an admiring multitude. We see this initial transformation as it echoes through her powerful words:

Oh, bewundert zu werden ist eine schöne Sache! Aber wenn sie einen mit ihrer Bewunderung präparieren wollen, wenn sie anfangen, aus einem einen Götzten zu machen.64

In a sense now, we begin to realize that this trip, though

64 Ibid., p. 25.
allied so closely with the lonely island and its strange, human caravan, has a very personal reference point in Ina's own "inner search" for peace of mind and soul.

And now, as Ina sits in the calm and quietude of the old Greek inn beside the husband, whom she has known thus far "only from a distance," the complicated pieces of this human puzzle begin to fit into place. She recalls to George the tremendous emotional impact which she had experienced on the steamer coming from Genoa in her meeting with a particular French "lady-doctor" on board. Though Ina does not go into specific details, she mentions the fact that this woman's very tragic and pathetic life's story, reflecting such great faith and noble resignation, had actually made her cry in self-embarrassment at her own fortunate existence.

She explains now that it is in this courageous woman's plight, connected, strangely enough, by the fibres of the past with the "Herr der Insel" that she has specifically pledged her avowed "klassisches Ziel." At this point, in a dramatic and still mystifying conclusion, she adds:

Sie war es übrigens, die mich in diese Stadt schickte, das heißt auf die Insel, die dieser Stadt gegenüberliegt...Es sei eine kleine Insel, sagte sie...Auf dieser Insel, nimm jetzt alle Einfalt, die in dir ist, zusammen, auf dieser Insel gibt es ein Grab, das "Grab des Neides."65

It is in the very dramatic meeting that takes place

65 Ibid., p.34.
the following morning between the married couple and the strange "man on the island" as well as the unravelling of the mystery behind the "Grave of Envy", that we see exemplified one of the most fundamental concepts in Andres' own philosophy of life. For in his attempts to depict the manifold forces against which and with which mankind is in constant flux, one of his very basic tenets is centered about the dynamic efficacy of the timeless and sublime message of Antiquity as applied to the crises and problems of our own modern civilization. This story, with all its powerful, symbolic overtones, has been brought through a "human" messenger to Abel from the woman "out of his past" as a final and poignant image in which, by reflection, he might see the utter folly of his years of "self-persecution and loneliness." The dramatic tension of this moment is heightened all the more by the fact that Abel is completely unaware of the source from which it stems.

The story concerns the era of the Messenian dynasty, and centers about the personages of two brothers, the sculptors Timon and Philadelphus, who centuries ago had lived on this very same island, while in pursuit of a most unusual goal. Each of these young men had been commissioned to create his own statue of the goddess of victory, with the understanding that the finer production of the two was to become the permanent war-emblem of the Messenian army. They both decided to work on their "masterpieces" at the separate
ends of the island, where they would not interfere with each other's progress. However, one day after the older brother Philadelphus had viewed Timon's far superior creation, he became filled with feelings of jealousy and envy and began to plot his younger brother's demise.

After getting Timon into a drunken stupor, Philadelphus had crushed his "rival" to death under the weight of his own inferior statue, and it was only as he saw his brother dying before his eyes that he realized the terrible crime which his own envy had visited upon him. In utter remorse of conscience and self-guilt he had inscribed the following words on Timon's grave, still visible to modern eyes.


And now as Ina and George stand before the once-famous grave, where only a pitiful rubble of scattered clay attests to its "living" lesson, the shocking words of the hermit Abel reverberate across the lonely island:

Die Akten unseres Lebens sind eines Tages abgeheftet, verstaubt, vermodert, keiner kümmert sich mehr darum, Gott sei Dank nicht!67

Later, after George has been dispatched to the inn as the result of a clever ruse, Ina is able to tell Abel personally the actual reason for her coming to the island. At

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66 Ibid., p.52. 67 Ibid., p.59.
first, the island-dweller is unable to understand how Ina seems to know so much of his past life. He has heard her refer to the name "Germaine" and certain letters from her which he apparently returned unopened. Ina refuses to accept Abel's claim that he had, without reading it, destroyed Germaine's final letter to him seven years previous. Her dynamic statement seems visibly to shatter Abel's crass exterior.

Sie sind noch lange nicht das, was Sie sein wollen, Gott sei Dank, noch nicht, auch zum Bösewerden braucht der Mensch seine Zeit.68

At this point, with eyes full of tears and deep sadness, Abel, almost sensing in Ina's strange connection with Germaine some slight ray of hope for his tortured soul, proceeds to tell his own tragic story, the nucleus of which bears such an ominous similarity to the vibrant narrative of Das Grab des Neides. Apparently throughout his whole life, the island-dweller, whose real name is "Josef," had suffered under a great emotional oppression, arising from the constant attention and deference that always seemed to be shown to his younger brother, Heinrich, nicknamed as "Abel." Not only in school or at play, but even within the confines of their own home the more-serious Josef was continually thrust into the background because of the extroverted charm and personality of Heinrich. Consequently, over the years, a diabolical type of "Cain and Abel" complex began to pervade the whole

68 Ibid., p.66.
being of the older brother, whose inner feelings of frustration and envy soon became almost unbearable. The dramatic climax to Josef's perverse hatred of his younger brother was reached during the First World War, after Abel had been assigned to his brother's flying squadron in France.

In a lonely farm house, owned by a girl named Germaine, whose both parents had died in previous air assaults, the squadron set up its headquarters. Much to the disgust of the members of the flying unit, and particularly to Josef who secretly admired the girl, young Abel had quickly won her heart. Up to that time—in almost a reverential tone—the squadron had looked upon Germaine as their own private "Schutzgeist." One day, after Abel had "accidentally" cut his arm on a machine in Germaine's kitchen, just prior to a scheduled flight, a charge of "cowardice" hurled at him by his jealous brother had sent him aloft on a trip from which he never returned. As the "doomed" plane left the ground, Josef almost instinctively "ducked", and yet in this symbolic and almost unconscious gesture, he had elicited the "condemnation of eternity" from the lips of Germaine.

...und nun müssen Sie sich ein ganzes Leben lang ducken, jeder Vogelflügel wird Sie erinnern, jede Abendsonne, jedes Liebespaar wird Sie erinnern, Sie werden sich ducken, dukken...

Then suddenly, as the gaunt figure of the island-dweller comes to the end of his story, the final realization of the fact that after all these years he has at last found

69 Ibid., p.105.
forgiveness again, and from the woman whom he still loves so dearly, strikes his whole being. And now midst the tears of joy and peace that fills his heart, his powerful words of hope ring through:

Und in Germaines Geschichte steht es ja: die Götter haben Philadelphos die Kraft genommen, sich zu töten, die Götter! Und sie lebt auch noch, die Göttin, die ich auf den Bruder stürzte! Germaine lebt! 170

As Andres brings this powerful narrative to a close with the return of Ina to the coastal inn, and implying indirectly that somehow and somewhere the "man on the island" will find his way back to Germaine, his dramatic message, couched in the mysterious atmosphere of Antiquity, reaches its fruition. For in the symbolic image of Abel, who for ten years has literally lived in his own self-created "Grab des Neides" we see reflected the full sublimity of man's eternal and courageous "search" even in "the labyrinth of lonely lives" that seems to be mankind's universal plight in existence itself.

70Ibid., p.109.
CHAPTER V

MANKIND'S SALVATION THROUGH "DIE ORDNUNG DER WELT"

In our study to date, we observe that the panoramic fictional world of Stefan Andres, which encompasses universal mankind on every conceivable plateau of human existence, aims specifically at the powerful juxtaposition of both the physical and metaphysical entities of the world, not idealistically, but rather in dynamic conformity with the banner of unadulterated, objective Truth. No object in the great cosmos, whether large or small, noble or ignoble, alluring or repulsive, dangerous or consoling, is deleted by the author from its realistic essence as it affects man's difficult way of life. And yet, the actual singularity of Andres' great novels and short stories, as examined up to this point, comes about primarily from the author's masterful ability to inject into his truthful and frank portrayals a sincere ray of sunshine—a clarion call of optimism for the future of this--our own threatened world.

From the foregoing narratives, wherein the apparently unusual victims of the crushing powers of fate or self-created distortions and mal-adjustments are revealed to be so typical and true to life, we begin to visualize definite, clear-cut elements in Andres' personal "Weltanschauung." We note, for example, that in his fascinating Novellen
particularly, the "unerhörte Fall" is never motivated by external media, but takes place solely within the hero's own being. In this, the author reflects a basic credo which sees that man in actual practice, is not impelled to critical decisions through stimuli by externalities alone, but more especially through the ultimate transformation of his own narrowed ego, his own subconscious leanings and his own will—voluntarily activated, however, because of a symbolic goal higher than self. In Andres' novels, the very same literary process occurs, yet obviously in place of the unexpected event, we find a gradual and methodical alignment of the inner man to his own metaphysical responsibility, which helps to guide his faltering steps back to self-victory and composite peace.

The ultimate order and harmony, not only on the individual and social strata, but in the abstract, invisible, and even divine levels of existence, which Andres infuses into these literary personages, is likewise a reflection of the author's personal ideologies. For the skill and precision with which he provides the proper functioning perspectives between the perpetually-present forces of evil and the inherent power of human good, evolves directly from his own avowed aims and consecrated goals as a dedicated Christian artist. He sees so realistically the chaos that surrounds man, yet in his own heart, he is confident that
the final and ultimate decisions are basically within mankind's powerful grasp, and therefore, as a writer, it is his task to illuminate such truths by means of his fictional creatures. We find Andres' personal reflections in this regard put forth rather profoundly in the expository essay Über die Sendung des Dichters.¹

In the eyes of Andres, the book, the permanent written word, is the vibrant symbol of intellectual and spiritual opposition against the powers of destruction and despair. As such, it transcends all human distinctions of race, creed, and color, and becomes the universal heritage of mankind; or as the author himself symbolizes it—the one common denominator in the world of men. And in view of the fact that it is not only in normal periods, but also in particular during time of great crises and tensions that the common man desperately looks to the writer for solace and comfort, the task of the literary artist assumes gigantic proportions.

In his reflections upon the serious obligations therefore incumbent on his profession, Andres expresses the enormous amplitude of the writer's function in these all-inclusive terms:

Certainly the great sublimity of his motifs and the profoundness of his thematic material in general, attest to the author's full cognizance of these requirements.

We have seen further, that in Andres' penetrating and realistic delineation of the inner man and his personal struggle to align his own human frailties to a purposeful goal, he does not attempt, under any guise, to avoid treating what normally might be considered as delicate or explosive themes. This, to be sure, is the direct result of the author's own fearless, unabridged evaluation of people from all walks of life, both real and fictional, with the guiding factor in each case fashioned in strict accord with Andres' almost passionate devotion to the principles of Truth in its universal concept.

In his reference to this particular point, he emphasizes strongly the idea that literature, nonetheless, cannot be conditioned into becoming a mere handmaid of Religion, Philosophy or Politics. Likewise, he brings into play the theory that no exigencies of the times or

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2Tbid., p.129.
"pressures from without" should deter the writer in his candid, truthful portrayal of human lives—as they are in actual fact, in their complicated and complex essence. For he states, quite frankly, that the author's basic purpose, in conformity with his own intellectual, spiritual, and artistic integrity, must be: "absichtlos und wesentlich—wie ein Tautropfen—Welt in Ordnung zu spiegeln."3

After discussing such subjects as "aesthetics" and the transmission of a philosophical "Idea" as being artistically fused into works of literature, Andres makes this very succinct comment:

Für den wahren Künstler ist immer der entweder wirklich geglaubte oder in die Welt hinein projizierte Deus Creator das höchste Vorbild.4

This inclusion of the vital "divine" factor which plays such a large role in the author's powerful narrative world, leads up to one of the most important observations in the essay. For as he blankly describes what might well be called "man's inhumanity against man" as the blighted symbol of all ages, he counterbalances this with the inspired conclusion:

Trotzdem bemerken wir gleichzeitig, und in jedem Zeitalter, Kräfte, die dies Chaos immer von neuem beschwichtigen, was in Anbetracht der mörderischen Möglichkeiten unserer Zivilisation wirklich ans Wunder grenzt.5

3Ibid., p.131.
4Ibid., p.133.
5Ibid., p.134.
These are the unseen Forces that surge so continuously through Andres' fictional world, lifting them, as it were, out of the darkness of despair into the clear light of hope and faith.

From this point, Andres stresses exclusively the dynamic power of the abstract or metaphysical entities in life as the author's prime reference point in his depiction of the world. As the central core of his realistic approach to existence, both on the human as well as the spiritual level in literature, he states:

Und das ist die Sendung des Dichters, das allein: dass er in seinem Werk die verborgene Ordnung der Dinge blossegt.\(^6\)

In this remark is contained a vital key to Andres' concept of the "potentiality for order" that lies powerfully dormant within each individual's own heart and soul. Likewise does this statement characterize the whole purpose and goal of this study, based upon its application in the author's fictional, narrative world.

Andres' final utterances leave no doubt whatever of the full implications resolved by this, his own basic concept of the artist's place in the world, and consequently reflecting his deep consciousness of this God-given mission. For he fuses all of his theories into this final vibrant note, enunciating in clear terms the author's

\(^6\)Ibid., p.138.
primary obligations and responsibilities:

Den Menschen die Augen zu öffnen für die "Welt an sich" und das Herz immer wieder auf den grossen kosmischen Rythmus zu stimmen, auf dass "der Mensch nicht allein sei" weswegen, wie wir wissen, Gott ihm zunächst das Weib schuf...der Künstler erschafft ihm dazu noch das Schöne...aus der Welt, die es bereits enthält, hervor. Und wenn es gelingt, ist viel erreicht: selbst Gott ruhte sich hinterher aus und--genoss.7

Although the word God or divine is rarely ever mentioned in Andres' narratives, nevertheless it is this specifically deeper, sublime layer of the great cosmos that constantly permeates and influences each of his literary productions. For whether his main motif has to do with a guilt complex, an unjust transgressor, a victim of the passions, or the pathetic figures so shrouded in inner-loneliness, it is man's salvation and the specific religious question involved that is of utmost import to Andres himself. The sufferings, the tortures, and the many-pronged tragedies which envelop his literary heroes represent in a sense the author's battle-ground of life where the powers of heaven combine with man in a reciprocal effort to decide the immediate issues at stake. Through this process specifically is man able to then recast his eyes upward--toward the real goals ahead, allied so intimately with his own personal and eternal destiny as a creature of God. And in this we see Andres' synthesis,

7Ibid., p.139.
as it were, of the individual, physical and social "Ordnungen" into the metaphysical and "divine" Ordnung, thereby encompassing mankind's existence under one ultimate, guiding principle of life.

In retrospection, it becomes apparent that despite the various lines of force which radiate through the author's fictional world, this synthesis unites all in a common endeavor. For in the great and masterful productions of his narratives, one finds himself constantly steeped in an eschatological atmosphere, wherein death, judgment, the hereafter, and the final entities are the basic motivating force. Even in the titles alone, we have seen the indication of such a force: Guests in Paradise--Knights of Justice--The Revenge of the Butterflies--and others such as The Grave of Envy, and El Greco paints the Great Inquisitor. Again and again emerges the Problem of universal hatred, of despair, of greed, of revenge--all so closely allied to the question of faith and religion in their symbolic overtones.

Right from the opening pages of his stories, the people of Stefan Andres stand in the tension between two extremes. In some the metaphysical elements multiply in intensity with every step of the action, and forces his characters to meet specifically existential, religious crises. In others, Andres thrusts mankind into the general
area of the eschatological without reflecting so clearly the religious connotation, but rather employing it as the underlying, sublime reference point for the hero's ultimate rescue from self. The strongest and most recurrent motif, of course, is the deep guilt of man, who falls out of weakness or passion. And this guilt, fashioned along with its diabolical effects on a human being infallibly leads man into tragic complications, belabors his conscience, yet ultimately confronts him with the very nucleus of his existence, the full significance of his "übersinnlich" being--his own Geist.

This very basic characteristic of Andres' literary approach to the real world of men, wherein all of the powers in the universe, both within man, and outside of his personal realm, are fused so tightly together, is described by Grenzmann very concisely in these words:

So ist sein Werk trotz aller Dunkelheiten, die ihm notwendig anhaften, doch mit der Helligkeit des Geistes erfüllt, die ihn nicht zum Sklaven, sondern zum Herrn des Daseins macht. Die Weltfälle, die in sein Werk hineinstrahlt, ist nicht vollkommen böse, ist auch nicht im selben Sinne wie bei Elisabeth Langgässer eine Welt der Elemente oder des Pan, sie ist eine Schöpfung Gottes, wenn auch eine gefallene oder unbegreifliche, eine bedrohte und eine bedrohende, geadelt durch den Geist.

As is so common amongst Christian writers, we find in the lives of Andres' characters clear-cut symbols which...
illustrate the actual gradations in the inter-relationship between man and God. The intricate problems of religion, which in the author's mind, by-pass to a great extent the usual "church-unit" as such and impose their solutions squarely upon the individual being, are to be approached by a very definite chronological pattern. For whereas an author such as Werner Bergengruen, in setting up the dual relationship between the Creator and the creature, emphasizes the "divine" element as most paramount, Andres concentrates solely on Die Erde, on man himself, as he conforms his voluntary actions in accord with the Will of God. To be sure, he allows, as we have seen, the "unseen" hand of Providence to appear at times of great crises, yet this is only after the individual himself, finally conscious of his ultimate purpose in life, turns from the depths of his despairing soul and tries to recreate the faith and hope that were once his divine heritage.

In his delineation of the various deep-seated and sublime religious problems, which thus represent a specific common denominator for his vast narrative masterpieces, Andres lays bare a sort of nucleus from which arise so many of the dangers that threaten to engulf our own modern civilization. This nucleus depicts very vividly the image of excessive "materialism" and "man-made standards of value" that have been permitted to seep in to our present-day
advanced age, thereby cutting off--almost irrevocably--man's life-line to any divine essence. For midst the specific evils and great human crises which have been evolved basically by man's own introversion to a world "of his own choosing," then of necessity God becomes either a forgotten entity or a mere myth of tradition's fancy. Andres, employing a most unusual "literary" medium, has crystallized this problem, so common actually to all ages, in the pages of his Hörfolge Der Reporter Gottes. This "radio-phantasy," along with a galaxy of appropriate "sound effects," was transmitted to the public at Easter, 1952, by the North-West German Radio Station.

In this book, the fundamental goal of Andres is to compare biblical times with his own, to classify one according to the other, in accord with a common reference point, and in this manner to let both become more real and true. For this purpose he selects a symbolic figure in The Reporter of God who shuttles back and forth in time and space, between the present and the past, calling to his portable microphone the typical figures of these different eras. In the ten "Sendungen" or chapters, grouped around definite situations and themes, this reporter has only one purpose in mind; namely, to portray, in modern terminology, the

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9 Stefan Andres, Der Reporter Gottes--Eine Hörfolge in zehn Kapiteln (Frankfurt am Main: Verlag Josef Knecht-Carolusdruckerei, 1952).

personality of Christ to his own era, and to discover thereby, whether or not the teachings of Christianity are still actually alive in this world of the twentieth century. In the myriad of very thought-provoking answers to the reporter's oft-repeated question "Who is--who was Jesus Christ."--directed to the people of Palestine of the year 32, as well as to our own contemporaries, Andres shows that the individual types then and now, are not so different after all. For they represent, as always, a horde of unbelievers along with an equal group of staunch followers of Christendom. Yet basically, the author's message is intended to convey the universal need of our times for a re-affirmation and re-creation, as it were, of a Divine Being, to whom struggling mankind might turn for spiritual "inner" solace in time of great need and distress.

While Andres roots his story within a very predom- inantly biblical setting, he skillfully weaves into this pattern a powerful, "realistic" approach to his material, which gives this book an extremely modern and understandable atmosphere. For this purpose, he uses the Present even in the manner of speech in all of his figures, in order to let them enunciate their ideas in a more compelling and convincing manner to the modern ear. And also instead of merely expanding the Scriptural text within its original setting, we see an imaginative expansion in both setting and words
alike, reflecting the author's fearless originality and yet recognizable tone of authenticity. In this way then, the work transcends the normal cleft between our own age and the biblical era, and spotlights, in clear, forceful language, not only man's Ignorance, but also man's Knowledge in the vitally important religious sphere.

In characteristic fashion, Andres likewise does not hesitate to employ a very vivid type of realism in depicting, in detail, the varied reactions of the people being interviewed regarding their particular views on "Der Mann von Nazareth." For example, he does not refrain from letting the one or the other speaker from the public of both ages speak of Christ as a crazy man, a sympathetic fool, or an extreme Leftist. However, in our overall analysis of this work, the author's own intentions and purposes in this regard must not be ignored. For certainly this is not meant to be blasphemous or sacrilegious, but rather strongly satiric, ironic, and particularly pedagogic. Through this bold and unabashed technique, Andres is thus able to deal, almost ruthlessly, with what he considers to be synthetic substitutes for the true religious sentiment which he wishes to see revived in modern society.

In the very first chapter or scene, we become conscious of the fact that not only does this book deal strictly with the theme of religion as such, but actually reflects,
under various hues, Andres' personal reflections on other allied philosophical motifs. From the basis of his main theme, he is thus able to infuse into the work, profound utterances regarding life in general, in all of its ramifications. The opening scene reflects this process very dynamically.

A teeming mass of humanity is seen gathered outside of the Imperial Hotel in New York, waiting, as it has for hours, to catch a glimpse of the famous and wealthy "Christus aus Amerika," who claims to be the Son of God. In dramatic fashion, the reporter describes the crushing throng, the "electric" excitement that seems to be in the air as their hero comes into view. As the reporter now moves his sound-truck in more closely, to interview the "pretender" and his ecstatic followers, he begins to ask himself again and again "What do they want of him?" And yet, in the very religious fanaticism of this uncontrolled mob, he suddenly senses the sublime innuendo and provocative implications behind their actions. For he says:

Immerhin, sie liefen wenigstens keinem General nach, keinem Politiker, keinem Boxer, sondern einem, von dem die glauben, dass er ein Heiland sei, ein Segensspender, ein Tröster. Wie tief muss doch die Sehnsucht nach einem Erlöser in diesen Menschen wurzeln.11

In a more reflective moment, the reporter wonders in his own mind whether or not the official, universal church

11Andres, Der Reporter Gottes, p.22.
in all religions has not failed in its vital purpose, if such a man is able to create this type of mass hysteria. It is here that Andres elicits from the reporter's questioning conclusions a very deep and penetrating commentary on modern man's almost unconscious turning "nach innen" in a final, personal effort to revitalize his whole being against the insidious effect of human frailties which engulf his daily existence. The author shows that in this specific process lie the basic elements of man's psychological and human salvation from the bondage of a world, wherein the alluring forces of cold materialism ever threaten the stable and latent, metaphysical powers in each individual's being.

The dynamic words of the reporter at this point symbolize this panoramic image of the great cosmos, in which the full impact of the divine order, as such, becomes superimposed, as it were, on Andres' own specific reference point: "die innere Erfahrung." As in all of his great works, here too Andres clearly visualizes man himself to be the vibrant core in which and from which all salutary lines of force must emanate initially. For he says:

Wir wissen es: nie wird das Reich Gottes in diesem Äon eine allgemein nach aussen sichtbare Wirklichkeit werden. Um so mehr muss es eine Sehnsucht bleiben, die wirklichste, spürbarste unserer Zeit. Eine Sehnsucht nicht so sehr des schweifenden Gemütes als des zielvoll strebenden Willens, eines Willens, der sich zum Himmel reckt und die Gerechtigkeit wie einen
In the next few scenes Andres takes the reader (or even more specifically the listener) back to the year 32, where one visualizes in successive appearances before the reporter's roving microphone such well-known biblical figures as the Pharisee, Simon of Cirene, The Levite, and so forth. All express in unabashed tones of self-justification or biting criticism their variant opinions of the character and personality of the earthly realm of Christ, in which they played so important a role. Though these chapters are very vibrant in their strong character delineations, one of the most powerful and symbolic scenes in this radio-phantasy comes about through the author's skillful and dramatic juxtaposition of the biblical era side by side with that of the present day. Here the simple and humble Nazarene is suddenly summoned to appear before a College of modern science professors and scholars to substantiate and defend the authenticity of his reputed philosophical utterances.

By innuendo, Andres now proceeds to attack one of the most vital issues of our own day, concerning man's own personal and human position in the midst of amazing scientific progress and even contact with outer space, that

12Andres, Der Reporter Gottes, p.29.
tend to dwarf, by the mere magnitude of their actual and potential accomplishments, his intrinsic nobility of self and dignity of purpose in the eternal Ordnung of life. The Professor, as the chairman of this cross-examination, categorizes the nucleus of science in the following terminology:

Wir sehen die Welt an und suchen sie zu verstehen—sagen wir, wie eine Uhr, doch mit dem Unterschied, dass die Uhr einen Zweck und einen Plan hat, während die Welt keinen Zweck und Plan hat, die Welt keinen.\(^{13}\)

And now in opposition to the purely objective and materialistic concept of science as being a specific "Ordnung" in itself, we hear these words of admonition and exhortation:

Auch die Wissenschaft ist der Seele entsprungen, und die Seele wird der Wissenschat aufs neue menschliche Ziele und Aufgaben setzen.\(^{14}\)

Andres brings his final and most profound idea to the foreground in the closing lines of the last chapter. Just prior to this he has depicted very vividly the events leading up to the fateful journey of the Nazarene to Golgotha and the Crucifixion that follows. In the sublime declaration of the "Stimme vom Kreuz," we receive the full impact of the author's basic philosophy regarding the need for all mankind to re-examine its inner-self and to then align its future goals in harmonious union with the eternal symbol

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\(^{13}\)Ibid., p.117.

\(^{14}\)Ibid., p.123.
of man's own "Cross" of existence:


The "voice" concludes on this dramatic note:

Denk' an die gepeinigten Kinder, an die Abhängigen und Hilflosen aller Art, an die Hungrigen, Müden... an die Zweifler, die keinen Sinn mehr finden. Fast immer ist es der Mensch, der den Menschen dahin brachte. Dann blicke fort und sprich von Humanität. Glaub'mir, wenn du nicht mein Kreuz, wie du sagst: als Koordinatensystem anlegst, wirst du nie den gesuchten Punkt finden.  

While Andres' greatest reputation obviously comes from his mastery of the narrative art in both the novel and the short-story, he has also successfullly ventured, as we have just seen in Der Reporter Gottes, into other literary lines of endeavor. This is even brought out more forcefully in his specific dramatic works, which in part have likewise received universal acclaim for the excellency of their dynamic technique. Andres entered the field of drama in the very earliest phases of his embryonic career, opening in 1938 with a Kammerspiel Schwarze Strahlen, and a few years later a Schauspiel entitled Ein Herz, wie man's brauchte.  

\[15\] Ibid., p. 226.  
\[16\] Ibid., p. 227.  
\[17\] Stefan Andres, Schwarze Strahlen--Kammerspiel, 1938. (Publication not available)  
\[18\] Stefan Andres, Ein Herz, wie man's brauchte--Schauspiel, (Publication not available)
In 1946 he further displayed his great versatility with the production of a Comedy, originally entitled *Die Söhne Platons* and later re-cast as *Die Touristen*, a burlesque play, with its stage-premier occurring in Berlin in 1955 by the "Studiogruppe der Freien Volksbühne."

One of his finest dramas, *Gottes Utopia* (the dramatic version of *Wir sind Utopia*) was quite successfully performed for the first time in Düsseldorf in 1950. However, it is in his "dramatische Dichtung" entitled *Tanz durchs Labyrinth* that Andres first brings to full fruition the great latent "episch" vitality of his literary pursuits. Written in the martial rhythm of the iambic pentameter, it portrays very dramatically an expansive motif of truly epic proportions: the notion that since time immemorial, mankind has carried within himself certain inherent "teuflisch" elements which constitute a perpetual "Gegenmacht" to the spirit.

The play as such is physically divided into five different "Bilder", which encompass a movable span of more than two thousand years, beginning in the barren and desolate "dark ages" of the Neolithic period. It's setting

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shifts in chronological succession to the days of the Greek
Alcibiades, the Diocletian era of Rome, the Spanish In­
quisition of the fifteenth century, and concludes within
the oppressive confines of a concentration camp, situated
in an un-named modern "civilized" European state.

Into this epic breadth of locale, where the central
reference point seems to be that of civilization "in toto",
Andres has characteristically transferred the tone and
atmosphere of Greek tragedy, by employing a spirit-like
chorus and its leader in the form of a "Zwischenspiel" to
act as the dispensers of the true and valid norms for human
existence itself, toward which the characters of the play
unconsciously are to strive. The central link between the
chorus proper and the "dramatis personae" is the strange
figure of the so-called "grüner Junge" named Fant, who plays
the dual role of a discerning spectator and an ultimately
"unwilling" participant in the dramatic lives which unfold
before his eyes.

Of all of Andres' literary productions with their
powerfully implied universal overtones, Tanz durchs Labyrinth
is doubtless the most purely symbolic in both form and
avowed purpose. For here, in a very dynamic and straight­
forward manner, the author brings to the foreground, not
merely the representative lives of any particular personages
or any particular period of time, but rather a single con­
centrated image of mankind itself, ageless and timeless in its communal existence as a corporate body.

We note, first of all, that both the chorus and the leader are designated almost inauspiciously as "zeitlose Wesen." This same abstract and metaphysical technique is likewise reflected in the fact that not only does Fant appear in each succeeding scene despite the paradoxical variance of centuries, but also the two principal figures, Oruto and Arana, move from scene to scene, from one age to the next, changing in transit only their titles and name designations. And it is specifically through this rather ingenious process, whereby all the normal differentiating and thereby identifying media of language, culture and "race" are obviated, that Andres is able to transmit his powerfully symbolic and universal message, applicable to all ages of civilization. His point of concentration in this work, however, is channeled purposely and unerringly toward the most vital part of this message; namely, the spotlighting of the "Geist" in man as the vibrant panacea in counteracting all humanly-created chaos and disorder.

One could almost categorize its underlying theme as containing all the requisite ingredients for an all-inclusive, simulated type of "Entwicklungsroman". For we observe, as though in human evolution from one century to the next, a step-by-step catharsis and progressive develop-
ment within the spirit of the spineless and egocentric figure of the original Neolithic man. In the course of the play this transformation occurs through very gradual stages, until in the last scene, we see the perfect embodiment of the harmonious being, composed of staunch character, unselfish love, deep-seated spirituality, and steadfast maturity of perspective. The extremely complicated threads of this rather unique drama are actually interwoven into a compact and complete unit by the eternal search for just such a "Mensch," carried on by the intermediary, Fant, under the erudite impetus of the chorus leader, who mirrors so succinctly Andres' own realistic philosophy of existence.

Andres reveals the central motif of his drama in the opening dialogue between Fant and the chorus leader. Quite facetiously, Fant pretends that he does not understand the full meaning of the word "Geist" which the Chorführer has depicted as the very essence of true humanity. At Fant's insistence then, the leader not only characterizes the elements of this abstract word, but also simultaneously sets up an exposition, as it were, of the manner in which the actors in the play itself will be a living testament of the same. For after noting that the strict meaning of "Geist" actually defies definition, he states quite prophetically:

Doch sollst du unter diese Hieroglyphen
Dein eigenes Leben schreiben--Wort für Wort,
Mit Tränen, Angst und Jedes Daseins Not.
Und bist du fertig, wird die Chiffre steigen
Dir aus dem eignen Herzen--und du hast
Das Leben und den Geist erkannt in einem!

From this point on, the principal characters of the drama are to reveal in their own personal lives the myriad of obstacles and human impediments which make the actual attainment of this utopian goal so extremely difficult to realize.

In the opening scene, Andres emphasizes the very weak-willed characteristics of his hero Oruto, who at this point is nothing but a mere dreamer, unable in any way to face the world realistically and with conviction. His one redeeming feature, however, is his courageous stand against his chieftain father, who has vowed to disinherit him because of the son's "fantastic" attachment to the non-descript slave girl, Arana.

As the setting changes to Athens, Oruto, now called "Kriton", is about to face the severest test of his integrity of soul. He and his close associates are ostensibly to be charged with the destruction and desecration of the statue of the great Hermes. While he cannot infallibly vouch for his friends, Kriton himself knows he personally is completely innocent of the crime. It is then solely because he does not wish to have the name of his beloved Hedyle (Arana) brought into the case that he agrees to pay an exorbitant bribe demand to the diabolical Menesaichmos, his

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22Andres, Tanz durchs Labyrinth, p.11.
future "Fürsprecher". The unselfishness of his motive, however, indicates the initial "break-through" in his up-to-now egocentric being.

The third scene finds Kriton appearing as Flacus Sempronius, a Roman patrician, for whom a great future in the service of the state has been prophesied by none other than the Roman legate himself, his father-in-law, Quadratus. However, it is almost at the very peak of his greatest diplomatic assignment that both he and his wife Porcia (Hedyle of the previous scene) are suddenly unmasked as devout and loyal Christians, and thereby traitors to the Roman hierarchy of command. Despite the alluring offers of the legate, and the potential consequences of being adamant, side by side, Flacus and Porcia boldly proclaim their allegiance to Christianity, and are subsequently exiled from the country.

At this point, Andres seems to turn the face of life itself onto its other side for a more effective delineation of character. For the Jewish physician Baruch Ebreo (Flacus) and his wife Esther (Porcia) now become the victims of the Inquisition in Spain of 1492, suffering under the yoke of persecution and injustice. The amazing human transformation that has been gradually evolving within the whole being of this "homo universalis" reaches near completion in this scene. Porcia's cleverly laid plans to escape from Spain with the "corpse" of her dead husband, are dramatically
thwarted by Baruch himself, who rises from his bier to openly proclaim his defiance against the "Prior der Dominikaner." Though both he and his wife will now face the literal fire of the Inquisition, he has accomplished his own greatest victory over self, inspired not only by his undying love for Esther, but also his own fortitude of mind and soul.

The Zwischenspiel at the end of the fourth scene now acts as a dynamic medium through which Andres finally combines, as it were, the "play within the play," thus paving the way for the last and most explosive scene, wherein all of the dramatic lines of force are to be fused together into a glorious conclusion. For Fant, however, this is an unhappy moment; for after he has scurrilously condemned "en masse" each of the main characters as unfit, in his eyes, to be called "Mensch," he is suddenly struck dumb by the chorus leader and ordered to become a participant in the world of his peers with this specific and profound mission to fulfill:

Und erprob auf deiner stummen Zunge,
Siehst du ihn am Ziel, des Helden Namen!
Sagst du gläubig: diesen nenn' ich Mensch,
Sei die Zunge dir gelöst; verweigerst
Du den höchsten Namen ihm, dann bleibst du Stumm, bis du das rechte Wort gefunden
Dir im Herzen... 23

The final scene in the concentration camp contains

23 Ibid., p.101.
within itself the most dynamic and impelling image of the entire drama. For here the complete transformation takes place within the hero's whole being. Herded into confined quarters with hundreds of other grumbling and complaining prisoners, all of whom are identified by number alone, Baruch (No.39) attracts the admiration of those about him, and particularly the "mute" Fant, by his amazing adaptability and resignation in the face of imminent danger. First of all, he very stoically receives the tragic news of his wife's death in childbirth in another section of the concentration camp. In clear tones to those assembled near him, he then proclaims the noble philosophy which he has at last acquired in self recognition of his own past weaknesses and irresoluteness of character:


His final act of personal retribution, where he heroically and voluntarily offers himself to the gallows as the sacrificial victim for his less endowed fellow-creatures, represents the crowning glory of complete manhood to the now enlightened eyes of Fant, who shrieks out these most powerful and provocative words:

24 Ibid., p.113.
As Fant concludes his dramatic "eulogy", a single rifle shot is heard in the muffled distance, signalling another human slaughter at the cold and icy hands of the almost inhuman firing squad. Fant's own "inner conversion" takes place now almost miraculously as he exclaims:

Das ging mir quer hindurch...und doch, die Kugel Traf einen andern!(zum Galgen blickend) War das so gemeint? War das die Antwort, Mensch, hast du gesprochen?... Seltsam, was einem andern galt, mich warf es um!?

The true answer to Fant's question comes from the lips of the chorus leader, who expresses the underlying purpose of this extremely unusual "panorama" of life in these few words:

Alles ist eins! 
Und du, o Mensch, bist alles.

The strictly symbolic approach which we have just observed so effectually used by Andres in _Tanz durch Labyrinth_, where the whole universal scope of mankind is spotlighted, has actually been balanced and made specifically concrete in full epic proportions through his gigantic and monumental _Sintflut_ trilogy. All of the human riddles, tensions, 

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25Ibid., p.132.
26Ibid., p.133.
27Ibid., p.133.
crises and inner oppressions of his previous fictional world seem to be fused into this great Panorama of human existence. While on the surface it appears that here Andres has actually entered the rather foreboding political realm centered about National Socialism and the Third Reich, his actual goal is both philosophical as well as theological. For in his two completed volumes to date, Das Tier aus der Tiefe and Die Arche, his invented characters are not to be identified with the historical past, but rather serve as the media through which the author depicts the awesome and insidious effect that god-less, and power-crazed dictatorial rulers in general can exert upon the minds and souls of the masses who follow them. The shocking realism with which the author ironically depicts this model-world of society, led towards its destruction and ruination by a deified human being, and opposed by only a staunch few, equivocates his own ideology, which states:

The disease of our times is a human one and therefore ancient and essentially known to all who try to recognize it.29

The technique, by which Andres communicates his literary message, is accomplished along allegorical and symbolistic lines. Once again, in conformity with the Nietzschean creed, wherein for all intents and purposes "God is dead," the author now moves this notion into its logical conclusion.

Man (as Andres has pointed out in Der Reporter Gottes) needs the Divine Essence, and consequently he now must frantically create this God out of his own resources, namely the human creature, who becomes endowed with Almighty Powers as the absolute dictator—"the "Norm" of the Sintflut. It is this symbol of man making his own reckoning without God that the author thus clearly outlines. And now in the very title of his two volumes, we see the crystallizing of the Satanic man-made force depicted as Das Tier aus der Tiefe, and the counterbalancing image of those who turn from this beast-like ruler to the safe refuge of the symbolic Arche where the story of Noah and the Great Flood now attains modern stature.

The story begins in the south-Italian city of Città Morta where a very unusual sect of religious fanatics and ideologists has been gathered around the Confessor Leo Olch. This Nietzsche inspired young man preaches to them a new teaching of mankind, symbolized by the "Entwerdung" of each human being, according to which he must eternally surrender his individuality as such and subjugate himself completely to the so-called Norm, a human being elevated to the god-head of command. Under this "Theocracy without God," the individual who has become "Genormt" must submit his whole being to the dominant will of the Normer, who sets the pattern for his subject to follow.
In view of the fact that the theoretical leader is still an abstraction, Olch maintains control of this strange group by predicting that someday this Lord and Master will appear to take over the leadership of the "Genormten." The wish of this Psychopath to give to his ideals the potentiality for action is fulfilled in the moment when he succeeds in drawing into his circle a fallen theological professor, named Alois Moosthaler. Being a selfish and shrewd opportunist by nature, Moosthaler immediately gains the favor of Olch and soon is considered to be the long awaited "Normer." From this moment on, the Norm movement, which had been merely an innocent club made up of individualistic thinkers, becomes the pliable instrument for an utterly unprincipled man, who, possessed with a fanatical lust for overwhelming political and social power, is determined to let nothing whatever interfere with his insidious plans.

With lies, deception, and unabashed treachery, the Normer begins his ruthless campaign for complete control of the organization. Under the mask of peace, he works with all the media of mass psychology, employing in the process every emotional gyration of wit, pathos, threats, smiles, repetition, and a constant, dramatic plea for the cause which he skillfully veils in its own shroud. It soon becomes apparent that the political ambitions of the Normer
are aimed at the ultimate seizure of power in Germany, using any measures deemed necessary for the successful completion of this mission. At this time, a Jesuit novice Zeisig, comes into contact with Moosthaler, who immediately sees in the former a willing tool and actually the perfect creator of the necessary "apparatus", for final control. As the subsequent "Chef der Kartothek", Zeisig becomes Moosthaler's most valuable henchman by inventing an ingenious scheme whereby there is made available to the Normer a complete list of loyal followers as well as the avowed enemies of the movement. The stage is now set for Moosthaler's ascension to complete power and subsequent retaliatory measures for the non-conformists.

At Zeisig's proposal, the Normer absents himself for a certain period of time, in order to assure himself of the faithfulness of his "Genormten". Upon his return, the "Congress of the Norm", the first official Party-assembly is held, at which the high-ranking church dignitaries, such as the universally respected Bishop Cherubini of Citta Morta, and some of the large industrial powers of the Rhein and the Ruhr participate. It is here that the real nature of the organization as well as the "Normer's" true intent are disclosed wherein he announces the political and anti-Christian basis of the party and replaces God's commandments with ten of his own, deduced from Nietzsche's Gospel of "Superiority".
To the assembled gathering, Moosthaler pronounces the Norm "Manifesto":

Der Himmel schenkt uns nichts als das Ziel, wir müssen alles selbst erarbeiten--Unser ist die Verantwortung--aber dann auch der Preis des Sieges--Scheuen Sie die Verantwortung, meine Herren. Ich bin verantwortlich für Sie, Sie für Deutschland und Deutschland für die Welt.30

Later at a festival banquet, the anti-semitic phase of the movement, so long held in check, breaks forth. One of the leading members, "Madame von Finken", is ousted from the party because of her "abramatisch" ancestry, despite the fact that she had subsidized the difficult first years of the movement with the help of her almost unlimited financial resources. Even Moosthaler himself, for a time, feels the pangs of a similar persecution when he is unexpectedly imprisoned in Germany and sentenced to death because of high treason, based upon his outspoken utterances. However, his party members soon secure his release, and in due time, even the "military" begins to favor the Normer and his dramatic pleas for Germany's unity. Thus we see his own magic-like personality and apparently "noble" goals seeping into the populace at large, amassing thereby an awesome army of power and forces ready to move at the single command of the diabolical Moosthaler.

Only a small group of men and women has not succumbed

to the weird mass hysteria created by the Norm. We find
them inside as well as outside of the camp of the Genormten.
For example, the grand-secretary of the party, the brilliant
young intellectual Omega, from the very beginning has seen
through the veiled intents of his "lord and master".
Though fascinated by the phenomenon of power, he despises,
nevertheless, the Norm hierarchy as such, planning at a
given time to fight the Norm with his own weapons and to
wipe out his devil-like game. Yet ultimately, Omega comes
to realize the inanity of his paradoxical course of life,
as he admits:

In meinem Amtsräumen... da bin ich eben der Gross-
sekretär. Aber daheim--da weiss ich nicht, was
ich bin... Manchmal ist es mir, als hätte ich wie
Faust einen Pakt mit dem Teufel geschlossen.31

Another avid enemy of the Normer is the plain and
simple Franciscan priest, Don Evaristo, who with his very
human and easy going piety immediately recognizes Moost-
haler's insidious motives. It is in the second volume,
however, that Evaristo assumes his most important position
in the novel. And finally the main group of resistance is
centered around the blind goldsmith Emil Clemens (whose only
belief is in the "Weltvernunft"), and his niece Charis, who
live in an old castle-like dwelling high above Citta Morta.
Here their several friends gather--amongst them are the

31Stefan Andres, Die Arche (München: R. Piper & Co.
afore-mentioned secretary Omega, Madame von Finken, and the high-strung, fanatical painter Natters, who is despised by the "Genormten" for his brashness in opposing them. The remaining outstanding member of the group is the idealistic-thinking architect George Clemens, brother of the goldsmith, who becomes a Communist, oddly enough, only in order to counteract in his own way the Satanic forces of the Normer.

And thus, with the dynamic tension that has been built up around this humanly-created Norm movement, ready at any moment to lash out with its final murderous and soul-shattering consequences against all who dare to oppose it, this first volume Das Tier aus der Tiefe comes to an explosive close. In essence, this particular novel resembles a history of theology, in which the appearance of the Satan-like, inhuman "animal from the depths" of humanity, symbolizes in the Norm, himself, the imagined "Saviour of the World", the actual "Gegenspieler" of God, as prophesied in the annals of Scriptural antiquity. This thought is well expressed in these words:

Jetzt herrscht in diesem Raum das Antigöttliche, das Sittenlose und Unsittliche, und mit zuvor unbekannt zwingender, teils raffiniert getarnter, teils brutal offener Gewalt. Jeder einzelne ist hier zu radikaler Opposition aufgerufen.32

Whereas in the first volume, Andres' primary emphasis

32Friedmann and Mann, Christliche Dichter der Gegenwart, p.400.
is on the diabolical creation of the powerful Norm-machine as it tramples under its totalitarian feet the sacred freedoms of mankind; in Die Arche the author's basic theme centers almost solely on the "non-sympathizers" and even more particularly on the abnormal and strange religious and theological delineations which characterize their membership. The central figure in this second volume is the theology student Lorenz, the adopted son of the lawyer Gutmann, who as a close friend of Clemens, has provided a gathering place for the anti-Normers in Switzerland in a castle called "Arca di Noe". This castle becomes a haven for all who have been oppressed by the "Genormten".

At this time, the "Normer" and his fanatical followers give full vent to their "blood-purge" of the non-conformers, killing and desecrating everything that stands in their path. Gabriel Clemens and his niece are forced to flee from Italy into the security of the neutral country of Switzerland, as the Norm-inspired war clouds begin to cast their shadow on first Italy and then Germany. Both Natters and lawyer Gutmann are incarcerated for their counter political and religious viewpoints. It now becomes the avowed "mission" of young Lorenz to accomplish their release.

Eventually, through the powerful intercession of Omega, the theology student is able to secure freedom for his

33Andres, Die Arche, p.252.
foster-father, although the latter has been so affected by his lonely months in prison that he is unable to find his way back to himself and commits suicide. The effect of this death on Lorenz seems to be one of the turning points within his own inner and rebellious nature, as well as his father's personal belief in the mercy of God. However, it is in his subsequent dramatic reunion with Don Evaristo Pezzi in Citta Morta that this rebellion assumes gigantic proportions.

On the night before he dies, Don Evaristo pens his last will and testament, in which he urges the Bishop Cherubini and the members of his diocese who have accepted the credo of the Normer to denounce themselves before the Pope in Rome. In the violent reaction of the Bishop, who refuses under any conditions to follow the dictates of this simple priest, the final blow seems to be dealt to Lorenzo's already ironic views regarding the human justice and compatibility within the sacred priesthood. Later, he rationalizes his own reasons for not deciding to become a priest in these rather provocative words to Charis, whose love has never waned despite his obvious past years of indecision and spiritual wanderings;

Ich spüre nicht einmal mehr etwas von einer göttlichen Strömung--Wirklich, dann ist mein Herz für diesen Ruf Gottes nicht mehr empfänglich. Die Stimme hat mich gerufen, Charis, durch dich.34

34Ibid., p.348.
The strange path of life which Lorenz later chooses for himself, to a degree, seems to reflect that in his distorted view of the church unit as such and the "cruel" God who rules over it, there still exists some ray of light for his confused future. For while Charis announces that she will devote the rest of her life to nursing the now-freed and "neurotic" Matters back to normalcy after his years in prison, Lorenz displays, in an odd manner to be sure, a final act of Christian love in marrying a "Miss Brett" to "save" her from her own admittedly god-less existence.

In the closing pages of this novel, Andres provides a very clear cut synthesis of all of the opposing forces in his unfinished trilogy. For here the paths of Lorenz and his actual father, Herr Schmitz, the Norm's "Waffenminister", who had deserted his wife and child twenty years before, clash in a dynamic conclusion. In the newly renovated castle of Madame von Finken, where the anti-Normes are gathered in a festive celebration, Schmitz suddenly appears to demand that his "son" leave Switzerland immediately and volunteer his services as a soldier in the war which has just erupted as a result of the assassination of the Italian Tribune.

By means of a cleverly told fantasy Der Traum von den Schwefelgelben", Lorenz dramatically severs all con-
nections with the father, and indirectly reflects Andres' most vital underlying purpose, in these dynamic words:

Ich kann einem Genormten alles mögliche verzeihen... aber eins verzeihen ihm nicht: dass er die Kluft überbrücken will, die ihn von den anderen Menschen trennt...das ist Sünde wider den Geist. Ja...In all dem ist nämlich eine grosse Kluft zwischen uns und euch--keiner von euch kann zu uns herüber, und keiner von uns zu euch.35

While the volume actually closes with Clemens reading to the "Ark-dwellers" the legend "Wie Noah in die Arche ging", as a symbolic reference to the advent of the Sint-flut, it is in the final expression of Lorenz at the departure of his father that the author appears to strike his most anticipatory note as regards his third and as yet unfinished volume, to be entitled Der Regenbogen. Despite the fact that logically one cannot make any final or ultimate conclusions on the entire analysis of this monumental work, these words of the former theologian can be taken as rather symptomatic in their universal connotation:

Lorenz hatte das Gefühl, als ob die Welt plötzlich ganz in Ordnung sei und sein Leben ganz von neuem begannen.36

For in this expression and the powerful futuristic image which it implies, we can see the vibrant symbol of Andres' own philosophy which sees perpetually that order and harmony can be created out of all chaos, if only mankind will have faith in himself and in a Divine Power from above.

35Ibid., p.600. 36Ibid., p.611.
While the hitherto "recognized" works of Andres have given conclusive evidence of his artistic excellence, it is primarily through the profoundness and universal theme in the two volumes of the *Sintflut* trilogy that the name of its great author has achieved its proper stature amongst the writers of present-day literature. And yet, despite the fact that the prolific narratives of Stefan Andres have gained for him world-wide acclaim, not only as a master story teller, but also as a strictly "modern" literary talent, probably no single production has ever surpassed in excellence of form or depth of content his great Novelle *Wir sind Utopia*.\(^{37}\) For in its tightly-knit, compact style, so perfectly adaptable to the so-called "Falcon" theory of Heyse, this short story portrays in typical symbolic fashion the very nucleus of Andres' "Weltanschauung", providing the clearest reflection of the "Ordnung der Welt" as applied to all mankind—whom it is his vital purpose to serve. It richly deserves the accolade:

\begin{quote}
Kaum eine zweite Novelle lässt so bestürzend erkennen was menschliche Existenz, bezogen auf das überzeitliche Gesetz, heute bedeutet, wie dieses Meisterwerk von Stefan Andres.\(^{38}\)
\end{quote}

The scene is laid in Spain during the Civil War and centers about an old Carmelite cloister, now being employed


\(^{38}\)Editorial Comment--R. Piper & Co. Verlag.
by the Communist forces as a prison for war captives. As the story opens Paco Hernandes, a former excommunicated monk and soldier of Franco's army, along with two hundred fellow prisoners, is brought to the cloister, from where he, paradoxically enough, had fled more than twenty years before. Through his obvious acquaintance with the locale, he soon betrays his former connection with the monastery, and thus comes to the special attention of the Commandant, Lieutenant Pedro Gutierrez, who "graciously" allows him to be quartered in the same cell which he previously occupied.

After Pedro has further extended his favor by presenting his prisoner with a special "menu" and, in particular, a kitchen knife for his private meals, the Lieutenant's true motives gradually come to the fore. In a sudden burst of emotion, he openly admits that he is being plagued incessantly not only by his mass murders of the cloister dwellers two weeks previously, but also by certain nightmarish dreams which have driven him almost to despair. As a former lawyer, well versed in both judicial and canonical law, he first reminds the monk, that despite the latter's excommunication: "Sie bleiben Priester! Sie behalten alle Vollmachten."39 With the look of the caged animal in his eyes, he fervently pleads with Paco to hear his confession in view of the "dire emergency" of war.

39Andres. Wir sind Utopia, p.28.
itself covered under this lawful guise. In Hernandes' initial refusal to act, however, the stage is now set for the ultimate and dramatic meeting of these two men that provides the "key" to the author's basic theme.

Andres, at this point, focuses our attention specifically on the figure of Paco, who with the dynamic plea of the Lieutenant pulsating through his brain, suddenly sees himself no longer as a marine soldier, but rather as the "Padre Consalves" of the past, the dreamer and idealist, who once ventured to personally reform the world of actuality. In the former priest, who now tries desperately to fuse the past with the present, a violent battle begins to rage between desire to dare flight and possible freedom, and the inner voice demanding that he comply with the request of Pedro and thus exercise his priestly function. The sight of the knife, glistening almost ludicrously under his eyes, seems merely to amplify his internal dilemma of mind by providing the very medium through which escape can become reality, almost impelling the monk to an immediate decision.

That night, as Paco lies alone in his cell and ponders on the loneliness that has dogged his steps ever since he fled from the monastery, his mind flashes back to the days of his priesthood, as the various threads and symbols of this "distant" past begin to come alive again. This is
really the only world he has known up to now. He feels the cell bars—once his gateway to freedom which never actually materialized. His gaze now turns upward to an old rust-spot on the ceiling, which formerly in his vibrant "world of dreams", represented to him a Utopian island, the full embodiment of a perfect society wherein the normal human frailties and tensions were purely mythical, and where each and every type of religion could exist harmoniously side by side. It was specifically to accomplish the actual realization of this fantastic man-made island that he had been impelled to flee monastic life, and, therefore, to be free to accomplish this goal, not according to church dogma, but rather in his own "inspired" manner. After twenty years of confusion and wandering, he now sees this world of his imagination return to haunt his memory.

In this difficult hour, when the idealism of the past and the reality of the present in Paco's own soul must be resolved, he turns in retrospect from his conversation with Pedro in the sanctity of his cell, to the figure of his former Beichtvater, Padre Damiano, whose treasured words of wisdom now take on new meaning to his troubled being. For he recalls very vividly how Damiano, in reference to this fanciful "Utopian" scheme, had explained the "plan" of the great cosmos in these sagacious terms:
Vergessen Sie nicht: noch keiner hat die Welt zu einem Utopia reformieren können, keiner, Er selbst nicht.40

It is through this thought that Padre Consalves begins to crystallize, in his own eyes, the proper perspective between the ideal world of his past and the real world of the present, which from this moment on, comes cascading down upon his whole being with explosive force.

He realizes immediately thereafter that the dilemma which up to now has seemed to concern him alone has to a marked degree, an applied reference point to his fellow prisoners. For in the knife he now sees the instrument by which he, as a soldier, can conceivably carry out his duty to the fullest by helping to free, not only himself, but the two hundred other men held within the prison walls of the cloister. And yet his obligations as a priest will actually force him to weigh on the scales of his own mind, the lives of these men against the vice-ridden soul of the Communist officer, to be purified in the Confessional. The decision, he realizes, is his alone to make, and yet he perceives almost frantically that in his whole life he has never been able to face any crisis squarely, let alone the stark reality which he has now been called upon to encounter.

However, it is at this moment, that Andres provides the circumstances and the powers of fate, by which the Padre's

40Ibid., p.41.
own inner self, deliberating and weighing the unbalanced scales, is compelled into a final choice, which even up to the last second, seems to hang in the balance. For, with the sudden counter attack of Franco's army, the human drama which has enveloped itself about Hernandes and his rightful enemy, Pedro Gutierrez, rushes toward its climax. Recognizing the untenability of his own future, the Lieutenant no longer pleads, but rather orders the former priest to hear his confession. Paco's internal "battle of soul" is further magnified with the knowledge that, as per order of Communist headquarters, all prisoners in the cloister are to be immediately done away with and the cloister evacuated.

In accordance with the arrangement of the Lieutenant, the Padre is to give general absolution to the two hundred prisoners, immediately after hearing Pedro's confession. Almost as if in a daze, Hernandes walks from his cell, after secreting the knife in his trouser pocket with the resolved intention at the moment of carrying out the plan of killing the officer during the confession, and thereby freeing himself and the others. However, as he approaches the appointed spot, he is unable to erase from his mind the recurring thought of Padre Damiano's powerful analogy of life as a great "check-book".
And now, in one of the most dramatic scenes which Andres has ever portrayed, we see the ultimate and final decision, fraught as it is with such powerful universal overtones, to be truly fashioned out of the inspiring Christian virtue of "Love for neighbor" over self. Friedmann expresses this great moment, at which the excommunicated former priest makes his own lasting peace with God, in these dynamic words:

Paco wird nicht töten, sondern sich töten lassen, Christus, seinem Herrn folgend.42

For when Pedro, near the end of the Confession, inadvertently pricks his finger on the tip of the knife in Paco's pocket, the latter embraces him, and cries out a "confession of soul" that unites, in a word, the complex fibres of this great Novelle:

Ich hatte Ihren Tod beschlossen, ich wollte Sie losprechen und sofort niederstechen, um die Gefangenen zu befreien. Ich wollte es--wie ein Automat! Genau so gehorsam wie Sie! Aber da kam ein Engel zwischen uns, und nun brauch ich es nicht zu tun.43

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41Ibid., p.47.


43Andres, Wir sind Utopia, p.99.
Moments later, after Padre Gonsalves has given final absolution to his captive brethren, a machine gun is inserted through a wide slit in the refectory window, and, in staccato language, sends out its mission of death to all in its path. As Andres' powerful narrative thus draws to a very somber and yet eternally impelling close, his universal message begins to rise in crescendo to its ultimate goal in all mankind. For here, in the lives of Padre Gonsalves and Pedro Gutierrez, he has shown that while the very forces of existence itself must forever vacillate between the duty and the freedom of each individual, it is Love and Love alone that can provide the core for the harmonious arrangement within the world of mortal beings. In his multi-colored fictional universe, wherein the most diabolical as well as the most noble images are counterbalanced under the guiding hand of a Creator, in whom all men can find their true solace and hope, he realistically judges the world as the "intended" battleground of man's own pathway to a life "beyond the grave". Truly, in his eyes, the words of the old Beichtvater are Andres' own "Credo" of this eternal "vale of tears":

Gott liebt die Welt, weil sie unvollkommen ist--
Wir sind Gottes Utopia, aber eines im Werden.44

44Ibid., p.44.
CONCLUSION

The particular process through which I have arrived at a final evaluation of the theme "Die Ordnung der Welt," as seen through the eyes of Stefan Andres, is based in essence upon a balanced correlation of the author's prolific literary productions with his own personal, varied experiences, and his avowed aims as a literary artist. Depicting the author as a deep thinker, extremely sensitive to the throbbing nuances of the physical world about him, and strongly imbued with the noble heritages of antiquity and Christian teachings, this study has found him ever alert to the hidden and symbolic meanings of life, which are so indicative of his artistic creations. With telling force, we perceive fused into his fictional world a depth of content-matter and a sublimity of purpose, reflective not only of these particular qualities, but also of the multiplicity of influences to which he was later exposed.

Through close analysis of his life with his works, I have inferred that the author's own frustrating years of monastic life, and more particularly perhaps, his forced separation from his beloved homeland during twelve turbulent and war-torn years, have colored, to a very extensive degree, his ultimate "Weltanschauung" and the literature evolved therefrom. And yet, despite the hardships of readjustment that obviously resulted from these experiences, never once
does the author allow either himself or the symbolic figures connected with this phase of his life, to admit defeat. For it is specifically the strength and vitality of Andres' own personality, supplemented by his full cognizance of God's place in the universe, intimately connected with mankind's plight, that to my mind characterizes so powerfully the composite personages of his literary world.

Andres unearths the dangers in life mainly in hopes of shaking the sensibilities of a too complacent world, because he feels that the author's task is to put forth the facts realistically, not colored by any external pressures. Thus we note how he uses the figures of kings, clerics, soldiers, sculptors, or fishermen—a veritable cross-section of mankind—in which to clothe his message to readers of all nations. And it is by depicting the various layers of society, laid bare before our eyes not as isolated cases, but rather as types or symbols, that Andres' singularity of style is seen in essence. These vari-colored lives I have visualized as the author's way of representing the manifold paths of existence, which lead in different ways to be sure, to the re-creation of the nobility and dignity of mankind, wherein the higher goals can once again be realized, even in the midst of tensions and chaos.

The key theme in my study is based on the idea that Andres approaches the concept of the universe as such on
on very definite plateaus and levels of existence. For he brings to light not only the individual, physical and social order, encompassing man's relationship to himself and his fellow men, but also the metaphysical and divine order, both of which provide an ultimate reference point for man's struggles against the forces of adversity, from within and from without.

In addition, by detailed analysis, I have shown that Andres is concerned primarily with the inner man, depicted symbolically as fighting valiantly to align his own intrinsic urge for freedom with the difficult obligations and duties imposed upon him by the natural, social and divine laws of life. Andres continually displays a tremendous faith in human nature and its ability to make these needed adjustments. From his realistic viewpoint it becomes obvious that he fully realizes that economic distress, wars, personal tragedies, crises and frustrations of all types cannot be avoided. And yet, his ultimate message "We are God's Utopia," as long as we keep striving toward perfection, is dramatically indicative of the optimistic hope which he holds for the future of the world in which we live.

I consider Andres to be a truly modern writer, inasmuch as his constant goal, regardless of the divergent paths leading to it, or the specific style or genre which he employs, is always to attack with stark realism the prob-
lems and dilemmas of his own age. His particular individuality within the ranks of Christian writings, is revealed as stemming basically from his emphasis on man's own acquired responsibility to himself and to his Creator, whereby the individuals of Die Erde must initiate and then conform their wills to that of a Divine Power, which is ever present in times of need and stress.

This, to me, is Andres' contribution to humanity—to literature—to those who need the words of hope and encouragement which they seek in the world of books. For as a dedicated writer, conscious of the great responsibility which he has in utilizing his God-given talents to serve others, Andres sets forth for us the plan and the order of the world, resolved in a direct line, starting with the human being in all its latent nobility and dignity, passing through the time-trodden Christian avenues of life to the ultimate goal in eternity.


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Books Abroad.—an International Literary Quarterly, Oklahoma; University of Oklahoma Press.


Der Deutschunterricht, "Wir sind Utopia," reviewed by Dr. Walter Franke, Stuttgart, Heft 6, 1952.


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"Die Hochzeit der Feinde," reviewed by Elisabeth Wöllmer, 5. Jahrgang, Heft 4, April, 1950.


"Arche ohne Boden," a Review by Claus Pack, VII. Jahrgang, 4 Heft, April, 1952.
This study, devoted to an intensive analysis of the life and works of Stefan Andres, and based upon a broad, critical investigation of his novels, short stories, dramas, poems and essays, commences with the salient features of the author's life and traces his personal transition and that of his fictional characters towards a well-coordinated concept of man's tripartite relationship to himself, to the world, and to God, which in essence is "Die Ordnung der Welt."

I have analyzed his youthful impetuosity, the trying period of monastic life, and his lengthy separation in Italy from his beloved homeland as rays which are reflected so dynamically in his literary figures. Andres' innate appreciation of nature, his Christian heritage, and his deep love for antiquity are shown as the added media through which as a modern writer, he attacks realistically and fearlessly the burning issues of the day.

It is through his minor works and their world of little people, depicted under the mantle of humor, fantasy, and guile, that I have shown the early echoes of the stark realism, the microscopic character delineation, and depth of thought so synonymous with the name Andres.
Under the motif "Justice tempered by love," the study pursues the author's development from the individual to the metaphysical order. In the temporarily distorted lives of the painter el Greco; the "frozen" sculptor of Positano; and the so-called Knights of Justice, Andres' faith in mankind's potential ability to align the scales of attrition and retribution is evaluated in detail.

The diabolical effects of real and imagined guilt complexes, found in so many of his narratives, is considered then as the core around which Andres broadens his literary scope far beyond the purely individual and metaphysical problems, moving fully into the social order, where families and entire nations are spotlighted.

The study treats the theme of loneliness and its labyrinth of despair as characteristically encompassing a true cross-section of humanity, struggling to find the way back to order and harmony, and aided immeasurably in the search for higher, more elusive goals by the unseen hand of Providence and the intrinsic Christian way of life, in which the author's characters are so firmly rooted.

As the underlying theme of all his works, I have constantly stressed Andres' primary concern to be with the inner man, and specifically with the questions of religion and mankind's eternal salvation mirrored in the symbolic and universal personages of his expansive literary realm. It is
the note of hope and optimism that is shown in retrospect to be their further common denominator.

Andres' avowed mission, namely to reveal the hidden entities of life and the world within mankind, is proven to be perfectly consummated in the purely symbolic and epic breadth of his Tanz durchs Labyrinth and Sintflut trilogy, which together constitute a panorama of existence and reflect a maturity of artistic accomplishment.

Finally, I interpret the full crystallization of Andres' ideas of man, of nature, of God, and the universe—the epitomy of the Divine Plan—as most succinctly radiated in the provocative figure of the heroic, excommunicated priest of Wir sind Utopia. Impelled by love alone—Andres' panacea for ills of the world—Padre Consalves sacrifices the lives of his fellow-prisoners to uphold his God-given Christian principles. And thus, with Andres, I concur: Though weak and easily misled, we are God's Utopia, as long as we strive valiantly to perfect our own human dignity and nobility of soul.
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