

New Year 1944.

The last days of the old year were dreadful. On Christmas Eve Dorothee telephoned from Grainau. Everything's been wiped out in Berlin: the house is destroyed, the factory in Köpenick¹ severely damaged, the house in which the old Schnabels used to live, gone.² Ernst was with Peter, who is already a good skier, on the Kreuzeck.³ Dorothee received an urgent call from Berlin. She must have been really shocked for her to phone us – you must remember how reserved she usually is. She didn't tell Ernst that there was a train connection to Berlin at 5 o'clock [in the evening]. He therefore took the morning train at 4 o'clock which enabled him to spend Christmas Eve with his family. That the children were happy helped a great deal. Dorothee was glad he took that as his last impression with him. Now we are waiting for more precise information. –

The poor house: in March the conservatory was torn off, doors and windows blown out. For 4 days it was a makeshift hospital for those poor souls whose furlough-train had been strafed on the railway embankment.⁴ In August the roof and upper storey were burnt out,⁵ windows and door blown out again. On 16 December it was shot up. And finally on 24 December it was completely gone. I often think of the song: "Once upon a time we had a beautiful Fatherland".⁶ Now it is bleeding from thousands of wounds that no time can heal. What precious things were destroyed in the old year and how many lives were lost in our country. And this immense worry about the front. You too will know the song from the hymn book: "put an end, oh lord, put an end to all our misery".⁷ And there is misery in every house, child, or more accurately in every family, because there are so many who don't have a roof over their heads anymore. Hopefully you have a place to live. Up till now we in Dresden have been spared, we've only had alarms, but our hour will soon come.⁸

¹ A district in the southeast of Berlin.

² See the entry for Christmas Eve, 1943.

³ A mountain in Bavaria.

⁴ According to Klemperer, reports of low-flying planes targeting civilian infrastructure were part of National Socialist propaganda: "The public is only told: Low-flying English and American planes are firing at people walking, at trains, at workers in the fields." (Klemperer, 752) Former pilot William B. Colgan claims that any civilian casualties caused by an aircraft's strafing run were accidental: "Policy of units I flew with prohibited "going after" or "gunning down" people that were observed in civilian pursuits. However, it was impossible for the enemy civilian population to be totally separated from all strafing." (*Allied Strafing in World War II: A Cockpit View of Air to Ground Battle*, Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland and Co., 2010. 186) This was particularly the case when the targets were transportation infrastructure such as trains and train stations or marshalling yards. For planners, the targeting of civilians became part and parcel of any attack on transport infrastructure and so became a form of antimorale warfare. When Operation Clarion, a strategy aimed at destroying the German transportation and communications network, was being proposed in 1944, a number of American Air Force commanders objected because "they had no difficulty understanding what was really being prepared" [i.e. the targeting of civilians]. (Schaffer, Ronald. "Military Ethics in World War II: The Bombing of German Civilians." *The Journal of American History* 67.2 (September 1980): 318 - 34. p. 328.) According to Marshall DeBruhl, accusations that civilians were deliberately strafed by allied aircraft have been "neither substantiated nor refuted in the sixty years since the raid" (*Firestorm: Allied Airpower and the Destruction of Dresden*. New York: Random House, 2006. 227).

⁵ This remark is inconsistent with Charlotte's previous claim that the damage occurred on 26 March 1943.

⁶ Presumably this is the poem "Ich hatte einst ein schönes Vaterland" ("I had a lovely homeland once") by Heinrich Heine (1797 – 1856). In it, the poet mourns his lost homeland which has become nothing more than a dream for him.

⁷ The quotation is from a Lutheran hymn, „Befiehl du deine Wege“ ("Entrust your way"), composed by Paul Gerhardt in 1653.

⁸ These sentiments are echoed in Victor Klemperer's diary entry for the previous day, 31 December: "Berlin was badly hit again. Everyone in Dresden is full of unutterable fear. There is surely not a soul here who does not feel that he has one foot in the grave. At the same time, the fact Dresden continues to be spared is ever more puzzling." (Klemperer, 716)

And within minutes all your property which we keep and care for and hope that one day will come to you again, could be destroyed. All the things which have been kept and valued for generations – what will become of them? In that case this book will also be destroyed and no one will be able to tell you how much we thought of you all day and every day.

May God keep you safe in the new year. Does it begin for you, too, so dark, fearful and ominous?

25 March 1944.

My dear, do you think of us today the same way we think of you? On the 25 March 1939 we were together in Brussels! 5 years have passed since and not one word from you – it is as if one couldn't go on any longer. And yet we said no when Dorothee recently suggested asking a friend to act as a go-between. This horrible war has been going on for five years now, but one day it has to end. We will wait and will be all the more grateful for a word from you. I haven't written since Christmas. What should I write? We are getting ever quieter and more tired. Every letter brings sad news, every military report is a retreat in the East, aircraft crossing into the poor German Fatherland from all directions. How the people in Berlin, the Rhineland, the Ruhr area have suffered, 6 alarms during the day, 3 at night. Dorothee and the children have been in Grainau for 5 years now, without interruption since August 1943. Ernst has more work than he can cope with, the house is in ruins, no one to look after him. When will they have their own roof over their heads again? The children are growing up and don't know what has been taken from them. And the two of us are getting old and have no pleasure from our children. We haven't seen Dorothee for 2 years. Child, how lonely we have become and how different everything would be if you were in the country. With what gratitude do we think of all the love you gave us. Those Sundays in Cologne, when you couldn't do enough to make everything comfortable for us. And in Berlin – when we travelled together to Dresden, our trip that time to Potsdam. We keep ourselves going from these memories, but for how much longer? Child, will we see ever each other again? We hope you have a home, are happy and content, healthy and satisfied in your work. We think of you daily and during quite a few sleepless nights. The frequent alarms are utterly exhausting. Packed suitcases are lying about everywhere. So far we have been spared. But at some point horror will come to our wonderful Dresden. Our days are monotonous – a lot of work, arduous because there is no help available and there is a shortage of just about everything. Food is much, much scarcer than it was during the World War. The shortage of potatoes is dreadful. One wakes during the night and is hungry. There is no fat and no flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ l of skimmed milk for 2 people, none on Sundays! Father looks terrible but I don't have anything that would give him strength. My gall bladder is playing up and my foot is getting worse, I still can't walk very well. As I write this, the airplanes are roaring overhead. It is a bright night and one thinks of those who will lose the roof over their heads today. Why are the best years of your life stolen from you, why are children and parents ripped apart? We don't understand it anymore -

27 May, Whit Saturday

My dear, it is a beautiful Whitsun. Until yesterday it was cold and rainy. This morning fog, then a warm rain and sunshine towards evening. We had finished all our tasks early. Everything spick and span – but no child [of ours] is coming – We just had a leisurely walk through the glorious park, alone and lonely, and thought of you, in an enemy country from which all the horror comes to us, and also of Dorothee, who lives down in Grainau with

the children in two small rooms. Will Ernst be able to be with them? Is the house now totally destroyed? How are you? If you only knew how much we worry about you. But who does not worry these days about those one knows and loves? When our aircraft are flying over England we are always relieved when Sheffield is not mentioned. Do you have enough to eat? Are you safe and sound? Just now there was a radio broadcast about enemy aircraft over Bavaria. And all 4 Schnabels are down there. Child, it is incredible how they are wrecking beautiful Germany. Now the siren is sounding – 2 hours of alarm and yet again Dresden was spared. How hectic it gets! Get dressed, pack things, open windows and doors, put water in front of the door – how tired one gets. And who has lost the roof over their heads this time?

30 June 1944.

Today is your 40th birthday, dear child. You know how much we are with you in our thoughts. Are you healthy and in good spirits, can you celebrate your birthday just a little bit? All the things one thinks of on such a day. – If we could only receive one word from you. In 4 weeks time it will be father's 70th birthday and we are all alone and lonely. We cannot reach you. And under no circumstances would we want Dorothee and the children to travel from Munich to Dresden when helpless people in trains are being shot at by low-flying enemy airplanes. Children, what is going to happen to us!? It is as if horror is spreading throughout the world. On my desk I have a horrible picture: "Bolshevist horror". A waste land, broken chimneys, a shattered tree, a wrecked vehicle, a dead body and in the foreground the last human being covered in rags and reduced to begging, dehumanised, horror in his eyes.⁹ Is that our future? You go to bed worrying and you get up worrying. One worries about the soldiers in the field, about Ernst in Berlin, about Dorothee and the poor children, about father's health – pulse of 52, his heart terribly weak, he looks so miserable. First there's the totally unsatisfactory diet and then the worry about the both of you: the endless separation from you – and that Dorothee has become distanced and estranged from us. We have not seen any of the Schnabels for more than 2 years. And we long so much to see Dorothee and the children. We were quite certain they would write to say: "let's celebrate Father's birthday in Grainau". I had already saved some meat and cake coupons to make it all nice. Well, so be it. We hope that with God's help we two old ones can be with you at some point and have some affection. A lonely old age is hard. Today there was nothing going on in the air. I hope to God that you had a quiet day too. If only peace would come soon -

26 July 1944.

Today is father's 70 birthday! And we're alone! Early in the morning I think of you, dear child, and know that you are thinking of us. We shall remain by ourselves all day. Our thoughts are heavy, and run so much through the past, that other people would only distract us. Father is well, but a silly heart complaint requires him to take it easy.

29 July 1944.

The birthday guests have just left. Everything turned out differently from what was planned. Old Aunt Klemm¹⁰ has to stay in bed and so Gerta can't get away. Uncle Fritz, Aunt Ilse and Erika spent all day Sunday at the main railway station because Jochen

⁹ Clearly, a National Socialist propaganda poster.

¹⁰ It is difficult to say who this person is from our research into Charlotte's family tree. The closest match is Anna Wolf *née* Klemm, Konrad Angermann's first cousin once removed. In 1944 she would have been 92 years old.

announced that he would be passing through on Saturday night on his way from Avignon to the East. We are not certain yet whether he actually did come. Aunt Anna¹¹ had a commission to paint a portrait, the date of which had been moved, and instead of coming on Wednesday she had to travel on Friday. So, in all haste we asked Mary Piegler – the only one who could come – Anne Weinpert and Frau Zobel,¹² grandmother's younger friend whom we like very much, because we had cake, ½ l of milk, 6 tomatoes. That won't come again so easily. We sat together peacefully and were thankful to have a roof over our heads still. We were also glad to be by ourselves after a few nice hours together.

11 August 1944.

Today is grandfather's 100th birthday.¹³ No one in the family remembered. What a benefactor he was to so many! How very much he loved you, and how good he was with children and in understanding their needs. How attached his former pupils were to him. Very often I think of one of his sayings: To experience history is very, very difficult. Only when we see it in printed form in front of us, when all its trivia has been eliminated, when everything that one could not understand at the time has been sorted out, only then can we understand it. We're experiencing history daily. It's so hard, so difficult, so incomprehensible, one cannot make any sense of it! The people dearest to us cannot be reached. What on earth is going to happen? The assassination attempt of July 20th¹⁴ is quite incomprehensible, this too will have to be explained by future generations.¹⁵ Everything, everything around us is dark.

1 October 1944

My dear, now we are in the middle of autumn. It is cold and unpleasant. We have to heat the flat and worry about firewood and coal. We worry about everything, child! About you, far away ... about Dorothee who still is in Grainau with the children, about Ernst, who has no one to look after him. The factories in Berlin have been moved to Dietz a. d. Lahn.¹⁶

¹¹ The artist Anna Angermann (1883 – 1985), Konrad's first cousin. Anna-Angermann-Straße in Loschwitz (Dresden) is named after her.

¹² For information on this person, see Charlotte's entries for Christmas Day 1941 and 15 July 1945.

¹³ This was Konrad's father, Theodor Konstantin Angermann, who was born in 1844 in Höckendorf (Glauchau) about 100 km to the southwest of Dresden.

¹⁴ On 20 July 1944 a bomb smuggled in by Colonel Claus Schenk Graf von Stauffenberg had detonated during a briefing for Hitler at his eastern headquarters in Rastenburg, East Prussia. Although the device killed several people, it failed to eliminate its intended target and a planned uprising fizzled out. In the ensuing crackdown most of the conspirators – officers and high-ranking officials – were arrested and sentenced to death in show trials at the notorious Volksgerichtshof (People's Court).

¹⁵ German media reported that a group of officers was responsible for the failed attempt at assassinating Hitler. This news also caused consternation for Victor Klemperer and others in the 'Jews' House' in Dresden's Zeughausstraße. After years of propaganda, they were at a loss as to how to interpret this admission that the officer caste – who had sworn an oath of loyalty to the Führer – could have been involved in an attempt to overthrow the National Socialist regime. On 21 July he wrote: "Until now [...] I have been unable to find out anything more reliable here in the Jews' House. The Stühlers too are puzzling over things. He said: Perhaps it was all lies because HE wanted to give himself the aura of holy invulnerability. I: It would be suicide to say that the army had turned against the Führer, that had not even happened in November '18. Stühler: Perhaps the information that German officers were the perpetrators, is false. How would they have been able to, in the middle of General Headquarters? And why would German broadcasting have admitted it? – That is how little we in the Jews' House know about what is happening." (Klemperer, 768)

¹⁶ Diez an der Lahn, a town in the east of the Rhineland-Palatinate, about 70 km northwest of Frankfurt. Diez adjoins Limburg an der Lahn where it appears the Schnabel family continued to live after the war: the death notice for Charlotte Angermann in 1958 was issued on behalf of her surviving family in Limburg and Dunedin.

Ernst found a little flat there, 3 rooms, kitchen, no bath. Dorothee was very happy about that but it is not advisable to move there right now. The front is coming closer and closer. The fight for Aachen is on¹⁷ and the area around Koblenz is suffering heavily from enemy air attacks. They are taking pleasure flights around the German Reich.¹⁸ What, for heaven's sake, is going to become of our poor Germany? We are now in the 6th year of war! Everything is ruined or finished, nothing can be replaced. It starts with the mop and the scrubber and ends with the hair nets. If one only had a piece of soap. We have a bath 3 times a week, because we think we're getting filthy. Summer has passed, only a few vegetables, no fruit! We didn't see any cherries, no plums. The preserving jars are filled with turnips, kohlrabi and cabbage. We are in the cellar because of the air raids. What is going to happen in winter? The rations of bread and flour have been reduced. How shall Dorothee feed her children properly? She is forgoing her own share and barely weighs 100 pounds. Poor father weighs 116 pounds with his coat on. Should we see one another again, there won't be much to boast of: wrinkly, crumpled, the clothes worn and shabby. This dreadful war. Very often I think of dear Frau Laubmeyer, of Gerharda. What is becoming of their Fatherland? Dear child, we are being overwhelmed!

12 October 1944.

Dresden hasn't been spared after all! We had alarms quite often, during the day and at night and thankfully we were always bypassed. On Saturday, 7th at 1 o'clock midday a part of the inner city was hit quite hard.¹⁹ Weltiner Straße, Rosenstraße, Packhofgasse, Freiburger-Fischhof-Platz, Ostra-Allee etc. The Zwinger has been spared! How strange, all the glass below the Meißen glockenspiel²⁰ was broken, but the glockenspiel itself was untouched. It looks dreadful everywhere. We weren't there because we are nosy, we just wanted to know what is in store for us. Now we know it. We hope that when it does get to us that we'll be killed instantly. Life has no purpose anymore. You are out of reach, Dorothee doesn't need us, the children are almost strangers to us. In her short life of 5 years we have seen Sybille three times. She has never been with us in our house. And what a gift grandchildren are. Child, if you knew how dreary and lonely our life is. Everything would be different if you were here. Strange that there is really nothing that would draw Dorothee back to her parents' home. Everything looks dreadful. On 6 October they had a full alarm in Godesberg from 8 o'clock in the morning until 6 o'clock in the

¹⁷ Aachen is a city on the border with Belgium and Holland. It was the centre of major combat action in October 1944 before it finally fell to American forces on 22nd of that month, the first German city to be captured by Allied armies.

¹⁸ The Allies had established massive air superiority by this stage of the war and their aircraft, as Charlotte points out, were able to operate almost with impunity.

¹⁹ The attack on Dresden in October shattered the illusion held by the city's inhabitants that they would be spared: "When bombs fell between Hamburger Straße and Postplatz on 7 October 1944 it ended a deceptive dream. Within two minutes over 200 people lost their lives – amongst them 28 foreign prisoners of war and forced labourers – and nearly 3000 were left homeless." (GdSD 503) Robin Neillands put the death toll higher at 433 killed. (Neillands, Robin. "Facts and Myths About Bomber Harris." *The RUSI Journal* (April 2001): 69 - 73. Here, 73.) Other military historians have tended to downplay the importance of the October attack. For Tami Davis Biddle, this sortie by aircraft from the US Army Airforce was a "relatively light raid". (Biddle, Tami Davis. "Dresden 1945: Reality, History, and Memory." *The Journal of Military History* 72.2 (April 2008): 413 - 449. Here, 424.) In his account of the raid in his diary entry of 8 October, Victor Klemperer noted drily that it had put paid to the idea that the city had been spared because of a special connection with the British Prime Minister: "There appears to be nothing after all to Churchill's aunt [...]". (Klemperer, 797)

²⁰ A glockenspiel made of Meißen porcelain. It did not survive the raid of 12-13 February 1945.

evening.²¹ They flew 6 – 8 meters above the ground along the streets and were strafing defenceless people. It took one lady 10 hours to get from Düsseldorf to Cologne. Another lady walked past a train from Königsberg²² and saw some Brown Sisters²³ in a carriage with small children. She thought they were being sent on holiday, but no, the sisters said, they were all children that had been found alive after a terror attack. They were too young to speak and the nurses didn't know who they were. For the time being they were to be taken to an orphanage. Is that not terrible?! Hopefully there will be some young people to provide a loving home for these poor creatures. Every child needs a bit of sunshine to prosper!

15 October 1944.

My dear, when you were a small child you used to say: Today is dear Sunday. But today there was definitely no dear Sunday! From 7 o'clock in the morning airplanes crossed into the Reich, and every hour the radio reported them: in the west, in the southwest, in East Prussia and now at 8 o'clock in the March of Brandenburg. I suppose we will have an alarm soon! No, it wasn't a dear Sunday. Tomorrow, the 68th period of rationing will start. We barely had a tablespoon of ersatz coffee²⁴ left, no milk, no sugar. We had no coupons for white bread left, so I made a pancake from 4 boiled, grated potatoes, some artificial sweetener and the last 2 spoons of flour and dressed it up with mashed pumpkin. An hour later both of us suffered stomach pains. Then we went to console Frau Zobel who will get 3 bombed out evacuees in her flat tomorrow. On top of everything, [they're] 3 from the little Stärkegasse, the little Greek market in Cologne. At lunch time we heard on the radio that Athens has been evacuated.²⁵ Just now some acquaintances phoned to tell us that Rommel is dead.²⁶ That is quite unimaginable – what is going to become of us? The enemy is massed along all the borders, inside the country millions are without a roof over their heads. And so little food, so little firewood and coal. Child, what is the future going to hold for us? Uncle Adolar in Bielefeld has 5 bombed out families in the house, all relatives. And as they are all Kiskers you can imagine what beautiful properties will have been reduced to rubble.²⁷

²¹ Daylight raids were conducted by the United States Army Airforce while night attacks were the responsibility of the Royal Airforce. The RAF's main attack on Bonn (the next biggest town to Godesberg) came on 18 October and completely destroyed the heart of the old city which had been barely touched until that point; 700 buildings were destroyed, 1000 damaged and 313 people killed. (BCWD, 604)

²² Probably the city in East Prussia, rather than the small town in Northern Bavaria of the same name. The city of Königsberg is now called Kaliningrad and is part of the Kaliningrad Oblast, Russia.

²³ The name came from the uniforms worn by members of the NS-Reichsbund Deutscher Schwestern (National Socialist Reich Federation of German Sisters), the Nazi professional organization to which all nurses had to belong.

²⁴ A coffee substitute made from barley malt.

²⁵ German forces evacuated Athens on 12 October although garrisons on the Aegean islands held out until the end of the war.

²⁶ Implicated in the July plot to assassinate Hitler, Field Marshall Erwin Rommel – who had established a heroic reputation as commander of German forces in North Africa – committed suicide on 14 October.

²⁷ Adolar Angermann, Konrad's first cousin, was married to Emilie Kisker. The Kiskers were a family of wealthy industrialists based in Bielefeld in Lower Saxony and whose business was mainly in the manufacture of textiles.

18 October 1944.

Darling, just now there was a report on the radio: the enemy has entered East Prussian territory!²⁸ Today, 131 years ago on 18 October, the battle of Leipzig took place.²⁹ In remembrance of that the Führer is appealing to all men between 16 and 60 years of age who are still at home to join the Volkssturm³⁰ to defend the homeland. Child, do you realise the terrible, terrible situation the Fatherland finds itself in? We are becoming ever quieter out of concern for what the future holds -

Christmas 1944.

My dear, this is now our sixth wartime Christmas. We attended Christmas vespers. The Kleine-Hirsch-Kirche³¹ was overflowing. There are many people who, in this time of misery, sorrow and distress, are looking for God. Our hearts felt very heavy. 9 years ago you went to Spain and we had 2 very happy days together when we met in Brussels. Is that enough to feel content? – If we had just a single message from you to let us know that you are alive. If we could only know how you are, how you are living, whether you or not you are being harassed and whether you are suffering. Child, we miss you so. – We are quiet, at home, we had an early evening meal. We'll have a bath and will go to bed and read. We have no Christmas tree, not a single light, no letter from Dorothee, not a single Christmas parcel. It has become very quiet and lonely around us. In the church, only a single Christmas tree was lit. The way home was dark and cold. Thick fog is covering the Hirsch – I think we will get snow. Today grandfather Beutler³² has been dead for 34 years and it is our 45th engagement anniversary. How old we have become and how difficult our life has been. The most beautiful thing is that we have both of you, that you are clever and competent, that you have clever and competent husbands and that we have Peter and Sybille. That is quite a lot! What is going to become of us all, child? How the West is suffering. Not even small parcels are reaching the Rhineland and the Palatinate. Parcels to Sister Elisabeth, Leni, Maria are all sitting on the sideboard. The parcel to Dorothee was sent at the beginning of November, when for a few days there were no restrictions for sending parcels, and it did indeed arrive on 18 December. Letters, if they arrive at all, take 8 days and longer. Child, what is going to happen? 2 hundredweight of potatoes per person are supposed to last until July. Vegetables have become very rare. Per person per month we get 375 g of butter, 375 g margarine, 125 g cheese, 62½ g of quark, 1¾ pounds of sugar, 1½ pounds of jam. Try to make that last four long weeks when you have still got 550 g of food.³³ We often eat out because there is no other way. How I worry about Dorothee and the children. They have lost their home and Dorothee yearns for it so. When will they be together again? Child, our thoughts cross the ocean to you. It is Christmas Eve, 8.30 in the evening, do you feel this, are you thinking of us, dear child?

²⁸ This was part of the Soviets' Operation Gumbinnen, launched on 16 October. Though the Germans successfully counter-attacked and brought the offensive to a halt, the Red Army nevertheless managed to retain a strip of German territory from which they launched the conquest of East Prussia in January 1945.

²⁹ The Battle of Leipzig or Battle of the Nations, 16–19 October 1813. Prior to World War One it was the largest battle ever fought in Europe. It led to the defeat of Napoleon and opened the way for an allied invasion of France.

³⁰ The Volkssturm was a hastily composed Home Guard into which all able-bodied males between 16 and 60 were drafted.

³¹ See entry for Christmas Eve 1941.

³² Charlotte's father, Paul Richard Beutler (? – 1910).

³³ A puzzling remark which does not seem to relate to the quantities she has just listed. Perhaps Charlotte meant 550 g of food for the two of them per day, including additional items such as potatoes which she has not specified.

New Year's Eve 1944.

The year is quietly coming to a close – for us old people. We had a heavy snowfall and it feels as if a shroud is covering the poor earth. It was a very, very difficult year. Misery, sickness and sorrow everywhere. How are you? In our thoughts we are always with you. We worry about Dorothee, she has sent us photos in which she looks shocking and miserable. If only we were able to help her. Let's hope we all stay healthy in the new year, that we can get on with our lives and don't become reliant on other people. Child, if we could only see each other once more in this life – where and when? Around us everything seems so dark and hard and difficult. What is the new year going to bring us? 12 months are a long time, but the path to peace will surely be longer than the span of a year.³⁴ May God watch over you in the new year and help you to progress with your work, because I am sure both of you are very diligent and hard working.

³⁴ Victor Klemperer was unable to be quite so optimistic in his diary entry of 31 December 1944: "The year draws to an end very disappointingly. Until well into autumn I, and probably the whole world, thought it certain that the war would be over before the end of the year. Now the general feeling and mine also: Perhaps in a couple of months, perhaps in a couple of years." (Klemperer, 816)