

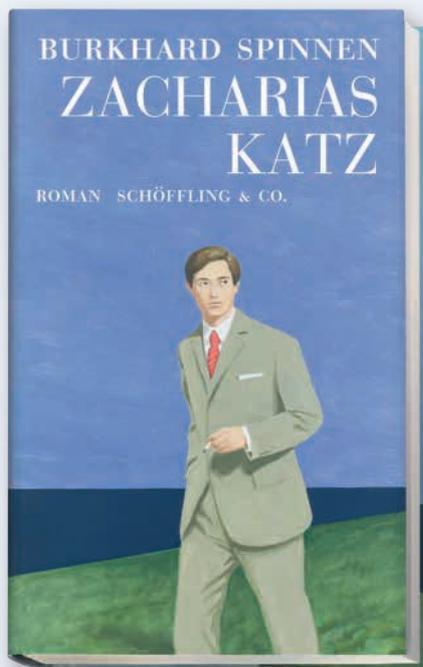
BURKHARD SPINNEN

ZACHARIAS KATZ

NOVEL SCHÖFFLING & CO.

What happened in 1914, when
the century was plunged into war,
could happen again – and
especially vulnerable are precisely
those who would most like
to keep themselves out of it.





Burkhard Spinnen Zacharias Katz

Novel

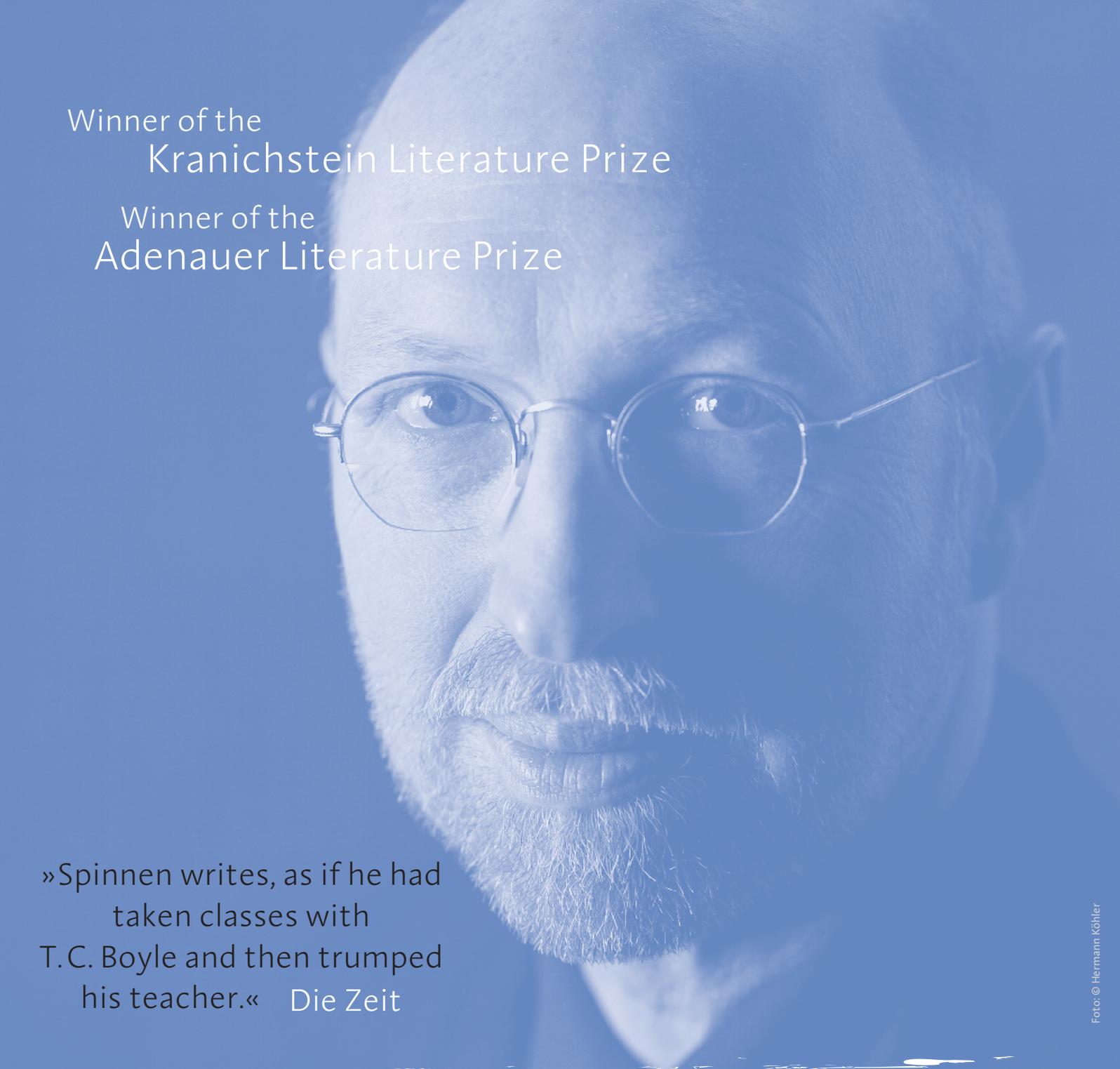
344 pages (83,814 words)

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Summer, 1914. The young German-American Zacharias finds himself on board of the President, a German ocean liner picking up passengers in the Caribbean. Zacharias is on the run – from what, he’s not sure. Maybe from gangsters in New York, maybe from his own past. Formerly a dispassionate journalist and Broadway librettist, Zacharias writes down the stories told to him by the other passengers aboard the President. They are tales of self-doubt and identity crises, scenes from a crumbling society that has lost faith in itself. When war breaks out in Europe, it reaches the President, too. First it becomes a refugee ship, then an auxiliary cruiser with which the captain embarks on a mission to attack enemy vessels. Zacharias has to decide where he stands, and who he wants to be.

Individual stories of fate, humour and hope set up against the dark looming of WW I.





Winner of the
Kranichstein Literature Prize

Winner of the
Adenauer Literature Prize

»Spinnen writes, as if he had
taken classes with
T.C. Boyle and then trumped
his teacher.« Die Zeit

Foto: © Hermann Köhler

Burkhard Spinnen

Burkhard Spinnen, born in 1956, received a PhD from Münster University and held several lecturerships. He is Head of the Jury for the prestigious Ingeborg Bachmann Award at the Days of German Language Literature held annually in Klagenfurt, Austria.

For his adult's and YA's novels, short stories and essays he has received many awards.

Burkhard Spinnen lives in Münster with his wife and two sons.

ZACHARIAS KATZ

by Burkhard Spinnen

English sample translation
by Caroline Waight

I.

Military hospital, Bastogne, 15 January 1945

Are you ready, Brady? Is that contraption working? I'm sorry to tell you this, but it does look pretty bizarre.

Hey, you're already writing!

I'll get started then. So. My name is Zachary Katz. Or Zach Katz, to my friends and readers. Actually I should really say: I am Zach Katz.

Emphasis on the word ›am‹.

What's the difference? Well, Zach Katz is written right here on my hospital bed, and for the last thirty years nobody's called me anything else; in fact, Zach Katz isn't a name at all. It's a brand. A good one, too. A brand you can trust.

Brady, I know you're not supposed to toot your own horn, but look at me – can't a man in my situation make an exception?

Good.

Then I'll quote from memory: ›When Zach Katz puts his name to a story, you can expect that the facts will be reported as accurately as possible and the events vividly described, without getting bogged down in emotion and atmosphere like a Sherman tank in the mud.‹

Not bad, eh? That's what my editor wrote when I won the prize for my reporting on London and Guadalcanal. And there's still one more sentence: ›Zach Katz's articles don't try to mask a lack of information with empty phrases, they don't inflate trivial things into world-historical events, and they don't confuse analysis with partisanship.‹

Oh, and if you'll permit me to add – it's important to me, you see – in thirty years Zach Katz didn't write a single line telling people that war is a noble endeavour for honourable young men, or that it's sweet and glorious to die for the fatherland. No way. War is terrible. War is hell. And nobody who reads my articles will ever hear anything different from me.

But war exists. Isn't that right, Corporal Brady? I know it, and you know it, too. I guess we're not so far advanced that we can get along without weapons. Maybe sometime soon, when we've counted up all the dead. Or when we're bristling with so many weapons that no one will start a war because they'll know they won't survive it. Could be. But until that happy day we're stuck with wars, and we'll need people to cover them, honestly and openly, so that everybody can decide where he stands – with the hawks or with the doves. With those who say ›an eye for an eye‹, or with those who turn the other cheek. And honest reporting is my job. That's been the Zach Katz guarantee for thirty years.

So that's who I am. Now it's your turn to introduce yourself, Brady!
Don't worry, I'll do it for you.

At the moment Corporal Brady is my right hand. My left one too, unfortunately. In the most literal sense – by which I mean that as long as I'm swaddled up to my fingertips in bandages, I'm dictating to him, and he types out what I say. You ought to see him at it, too. He's bolted his typewriter to some sort of tray, which is strapped to his thighs with belts. Immediately behind the machine there's a device fitted with a spool of paper, which is drawn underneath the roller then back up again. Very practical – no more trouble with pieces of paper flying about. I asked him whether this get-up was part of his standard equipment. Brady's with the paratroopers, you see.

He told me it's his own design. He picked up the trick with the spool of paper from watching the radio operators. Once he's back home he'll be going into something he calls the disability industry. It's all about making things for people who've lost their arms or legs, or people who are in wheelchairs. It's getting to be big business, he says.

And Corporal Brady knows what he's talking about. At the Normandy landings he was blown off course and landed on top of a church spire, where he got stuck hanging from his parachute for a few hours. The Germans shot at him, which is why his feet had to be amputated. Now he walks on prostheses, and he's already pretty good at it.

But back to me. Or rather, back to Zach Katz.

Now, I've been him for thirty years, but obviously I wasn't always him. In fact, quite the opposite. I was actually born Zachary Smith. My full name was Zacharias Katzwinkel Smith. That's what it says on my birth certificate, and, unfortunately, what it still says in my passport. Zach Katz represents everything I've made of myself, almost single-handedly. Zachary K. Smith, on the other hand, is what's inscribed on the millstone I was born with.

Yes, Brady, you heard that correctly. I want to begin at the very beginning. That's what you've got to do, if you want to do it right.

X.

Military hospital, Bastogne, 29 January 1945

I was out on deck late one night. I couldn't sleep. We were almost at Kingston, and I had to make a decision, but I couldn't. We lay just outside one of those small Haitian coastal towns. It was a warm night, stars twinkling, the moon a heavy reddish disc – but by this time I'd seen it all before.

Then I saw her. Mrs Schwartz. She stood beside the furthest of the three big lifeboats, tinkering with it. They'd brought the boat up to work on it, and it was covered in tarpaulin. Back then only two years had passed since the sinking of the Titanic, so it was just as well they were making sure the boats were continually checked and maintained. Donhauser had told me so.

I saw Mrs Schwartz struggling with something that looked to be coming out of the boat.

What can she possibly be doing, I wondered? But because it was her, it didn't cross my mind to be at all worried. Maybe she was organising a game for the other passengers, or needed a prop for a play. There'd be a perfectly reasonable explanation, as always.

I was standing behind a large ventilator. She couldn't see me, and she was so preoccupied that she wouldn't have noticed me anyway. She was carrying something that was clearly pretty heavy. Should I offer to help her, I thought? Or would she perhaps rather not be spoken to, in case she was trying to surprise someone?

Are you picturing it, Brady? Yours truly hiding behind this yellow ventilator, watching what's going on without really seeing anything at all! And all the while this woman is trying to heave the anchor, its rope wrapped around her chest, between the boats towards the rail. It was much too heavy. She would've had to lift it up to her waist – no – to her shoulders to get it over that rail. She couldn't manage it, of course, though she still tried, and it did actually go overboard, but only because it slipped under the handrail, so that when the rope tightened instead of dragging her over the railing into the water it pulled her tight against the iron bars, knocking the wind out of her.

Don't ask, Corporal! By that point even a certain Zachary Smith had cottoned on to what was happening. And believe it or not, I might be about to tell you one of the only honest-to-god heroic things that I have ever done.

No, to be honest, it was sheer chance. I ran over to her, of course, and I was thinking she hasn't got a hope. I won't be able to untie the knot quickly enough if it's being tightened by the weight of the anchor. I'll still be messing around with it as she suffocates before my eyes. But there, next to the first boat, was an axe gleaming brightly in the moonlight, either brand new or freshly sharpened. I grabbed it as I ran past, leant over the rail, and found where the damn rope was touching the side of the ship.

Yes indeed, Mr Brady. That's right. A single blow. Just one. I was still enough of a farmer's son to be able to handle myself with an axe. The President notched up a dent, the anchor disappeared into the sea, Mrs Schwartz fell unconscious onto the deck and my legs were shaking so badly I had to sit down next to her.

We passed about a minute like that before I made to get up and fetch the doctor, but she came to and held me back. She asked if I could please stay – and not tell anybody! She seemed to be doing pretty well, considering the circumstances. She'd uncoiled the rope from around her chest, and there was no hint of a tremor in her voice. She said she'd have to quickly come up with an accident to explain her bruises, then I could escort her back to her cabin and confirm her story, for which she thanked me kindly in advance. All of this was spoken in her usual calm and reasonable tone, as if she'd just had some kind of awkward mishap instead of trying to take her own life.

I helped her up; or rather, we both helped each other to our feet. ›Alright,‹ I said, ›I'll do what you want – but only if you swear to me that you'll never try this again.‹

She made to answer. I cut her off. ›And if you tell me why you wanted to do it.‹

There we stood, in the middle of that wonderful Caribbean night, on the deck of the President. She was looking at me as if I were some badly brought up adolescent who had once again behaved disgracefully, and whom there was no help for it but to indulge.

I felt so ashamed. What had I said! What had come over me? I should have immediately

begged her to forgive me, should have told her it was a joke, but another part of me was convinced I had a right to hear her story.

›Very well,‹ she said. ›Tomorrow evening, after dinner.‹

...

And then, quite composed, in the same soothing tone, she told me her story. It took an hour – no, more like two. Her husband came by once to see how she was. Passengers walked past, but no one spoke to her. Even the steward kept his distance.

Mrs Schwartz had been married for fifteen years. It was certainly no love match, even if it looked like one now. Back then Mr Schwartz had worked in his father's bank, and he had two big problems. First, he spent twice as much as he earned. He played cards, and lost. He kept his head above water for a while thanks to his father's support, but then the bank got into difficulties. His father had to give up his shares in the company, leaving the son almost broke.

The second problem had a name Mrs Schwartz didn't care to say out loud: Gertrud. She was twenty-three years old and worked in a bakery. Schwartz had met her on a public holiday, when everybody, including the common folk, was out and about. They were sitting at neighbouring tables in a beer garden when she was stung by a wasp. Schwartz, grateful for any and all distractions, had played the good samaritan, falling in love in the process.

So far, so ordinary. All young men from good families fall in love with shopgirls when the opportunity arises, and they take what they get: something nice and solid, not so uptight, not so demanding. Maybe they even begin to dream about another life, one where money and status don't count for everything, where you're not always walking on eggshells, and you can say what you like. A breath of fresh air, instead of the perfumed salons of genteel society. How wonderful! Until the little adventure comes to its natural end.

But it didn't come to an end for Schwartz. He was clearly hopelessly in love, and he began to take his dreams seriously. Maybe it was because he was as good as bankrupt, but at some point those romantic notions of another life solidified into a contingency plan, just in case he didn't come good, and lost everything. He even went so far as to become political. Among his friends he played the prophet: a change was coming, and soon – the banks might be altogether different, or there might be none at all. Nobody took him seriously, of course.

Then a revolution really did break out, completely different from the one Schwartz had imagined. Trude called things off. A painter-decorator from her neighbourhood, a somewhat thickset man of about forty, a widower with three children, had proposed to her. He had a successful business and was in urgent need of a capable wife. Her past didn't matter to him. She'd never get a better offer, said Trude.

Schwartz must have been beside himself. Why would she do such a thing? He was willing to sacrifice everything for her! They'd start again, together, from the beginning. Maybe in the colonies. He loved her, more than anything else in the world.

She knew all that, said Trude. She loved him too, with her whole heart. She was ready to go with him to Africa. All she doubted was that he would be able to bear it. Her father had said that people who were used to being above everybody else despised themselves when they too were brought low.

That was her final word on the matter. Overnight, she cut herself off from him. He tried everything. He wrote letters, sent telegrams. He spent nights on the street in front of her house and half-days outside the bakery. Finally the painter-decorator accosted him and asked him to leave his fiancée in peace. Schwartz lost control, insulted the man, made to hit him, and earned himself a beating. He went to the police, but the painter-decorator's assistants gave their boss an alibi. Schwartz knew then that he had lost.

He was going through a rough patch. He even fell ill. They thought it was his heart, but mostly likely he was just disillusioned. His dreams had been shattered, and he knew now that he lived in a world where shopgirls would opt for a painter-decorator with three children over an impecunious prince. Besides, there remained his initial problem: money. The escape to the colonies, the revolution – both had been called off. He had to repay his debts.

›And that's where I came in,‹ said Mrs Schwartz. At the time she was eighteen years old, her parents' only child, and in her own words absolutely unbearable, to others as much as to herself. She had spent the previous two years at boarding school; or, more precisely, at a borstal for delinquent children from good families.

›I was recalcitrance made flesh,‹ she said. She was pleased with nothing, dissatisfied with everything. She recoiled from food and hated her clothes, to say nothing of other people. At heart she felt like a being from another planet who'd been inadvertently deposited on earth. At her debutante ball she hadn't wanted to dance with anybody. Instead she got drunk and threw up in the middle of the dance floor.

At boarding school they eventually started giving her medication, initially against her will, though she found that taking it gave her at least a few hours of rest. Soon she was blackmailing the doctor into giving her more pills. If he didn't, she said, she would tell people he had touched her inappropriately.

Schwartz was acquainted with one of her cousins through occasional meetings at the same club, so he knew of the ›family curse‹, as Etelka was called, but he had never met her. One day this cousin made him a firm offer. They understood that Schwartz was having some difficulties. If he married Etelka, they'd make him an heir. In other words, the family would give him such an enormous fortune – country estates, a business, a property on the French Riviera – that he'd never be able to spend it all.

Schwartz told the cousin that didn't suit his plans. He was intending to shoot himself, and soon.

›That's fine too,‹ said the cousin. ›Marry her and shoot yourself in Cannes.‹ Then at least the family curse could pass for an inconsolable widow. That would help.

Shortly afterwards Schwartz and Etelka were married. His father-in-law secured him a position in a department responsible for the colonies. He didn't need it, but it seemed better to all concerned that he be allowed a degree of independence.

And what did she do? A good girl would not have been able to refuse such a marriage, but she was not a good girl. She could be a fury. Why, then, had she agreed, instead of locking herself up and slitting her wrists? Because Schwartz was such a good-looking young man? Or because she wanted to make a hapless husband's life hell for a change, instead of hers and her family's?

She laughed. Nothing like that, of course. ›It was my chance,‹ she said. A chance to pull

herself out of the black hole she'd been living in. Schwartz was weak and malleable. As his wife she would escape her parents. Anything could happen! Like freedom. Maybe, too, she would find something, somewhere in the world, that would save her.

For the first few weeks after the wedding she pretended, lulling everybody into a false sense of security. For Schwartz she acted the part of the new bride, bursting with a thousand plans. To her parents she said that her husband was an angel in human form. In reality all she wanted was money, lots of money, so that she could leave.

But it never came to that. As she spied on Schwartz, she got to know him, and what she found was the only person in her life who had definitely had a worse time of it than she had. She was just young, and hadn't grown up, whereas he was unhappy through and through, a man who'd lost everything – love and his pride. It moved her. It was, in fact, the first thing that had ever moved her. It was a completely unfamiliar sensation, and it changed her completely.

She was moved, too, to see how Schwartz made an effort to uphold his part of the deal. He was obliging and polite. When she dropped the mask, he acted as if he hadn't noticed. As a husband he had certain rights, but he never insisted on them. He spent a good deal of time in his room. She didn't know what he was doing there.

After six months Etelka no longer thought of leaving. She had just one wish: to have an entirely normal marriage, and to make her husband happy. She had finally left her girlhood behind, as if leaving a prison she had burnt to the ground. The pills had been forgotten, too. She was no great beauty, but she easily made up for it with attentiveness, intelligence and serenity. Meanwhile the couple were invited everywhere, the handsome, thoughtful Schwartz and his sensible young wife.

›It was all a lie,‹ said Frau Etelka. She laughed as she spoke, as if it were a harmless joke, suitable even for children to hear. It was all smoke and mirrors! Schwartz wasn't thoughtful, he was severely depressed. Nothing had got better for him. He was exiled from his former life, and had made a bad bargain: his soul for the settlement of his debts.

He grew increasingly weak. Some weekends he would spend hours alone in his room. At first he said he had a cold, or that it had been a stressful week at the office. Later he simply locked the door and did not answer. Gradually Etelka became convinced that one day she would hear a shot.

If Schwartz had shot himself she would have been free, but freedom meant nothing to her anymore. Now she had a different goal, one that she wouldn't give up at any price. Everything depended on it. Yet she was at a loss to know what to do, and had no one to talk it over with. Either they wouldn't have believed her, or they would have blamed her.

Then, finally, she hit upon a solution. It was so easy: all she had to do was have a child. For Schwartz, a child would mean that he hadn't done everything wrong. Yes, he had lost the love of his life and sold himself – that could not be undone – but a child would be his creation, his own, and not her parents'. He would be responsible for it. At the very least, he would have to make sure that what happened to him did not happen to the child.

Thus far their childlessness had not been an issue; after all, she had a difficult past. Now she had no time to lose. She did what she could, but without success. She could already feel herself growing alienated from everything once more. Moreover she began to worry that her barrenness would be the final push Schwartz needed to pull the trigger.

Don't ask, Brady! That's how it was in those days. If there were no children, it was always the woman who got the blame. The man had done his bit, so it had to be her fault. Now, of course, we know better. Back then they sent the woman to the doctor, and the doctor sent her to take a cure.

This was exactly what happened, and in the course of her treatment Etelka got to know the wife of a professor, a woman of forty odd who was suffering from tuberculosis. They confided in each other. Oh, said the woman, she knew of cases where the woman had conceived after making a constitutive change.

Mrs Schwartz had to pause briefly as the steward laid the table next to them. At first she hadn't understood what the woman was talking about. What did she mean by ›constitutive change‹? Then she realised.

One of the senior managers in Schwartz's department – quite a character, always brimming with energy – was a man named Theising. He came from a modest background, and had worked his way to the top by way of numerous overseas postings. He was friendly, humorous and sharp as a razor. He and his wife, less well suited to elegant society than he was, had seven children.

Etelka chose him. He was about fifty, almost bald, with a long, old-fashioned beard. That didn't matter. She went to see him in his office and explained, quite candidly, what her problem was and what he could do for her. He replied that he was flattered, but that he had no desire to take a slug to the gut from a justifiably angry husband. He had other plans for his future.

Etelka went home and thought it over. She knew from Schwartz that Theising often stayed late at the office in the evenings, and on one such evening she paid him another visit. She tore off her clothes in front of him, scratched her face and hit her arms and legs until they were black and blue. Now, she said, he could decide: either get her pregnant, here and now, or she would go to the police and report him for rape.

We had to move our deckchairs a little to one side, as the sun had shifted. Perhaps, too, the President had changed course.

›That poor man!‹ said Mrs Schwartz. She felt truly sorry for Theising. He was left with no choice. He was a well-respected man, but Etelka's family were influential. Even if people had believed him, it would have been the end of his career.

So he did as she demanded. Afterwards he went with her to the police station, where she made a statement: she had been assaulted and beaten in the street before fleeing to the office. She was able to give a very precise description of her attacker, but he was never caught. Nine months later Elfriede came into the world.

The plan worked. Etelka's pregnancy transformed Schwartz. He kitted out a nursery and bought toys. He no longer shut himself away at weekends, but went for walks with his wife instead. It was important to get plenty of fresh air, he said. The child had not even been born, but he was already looking for the best school. When Etelka saw that it was a girl, she had to hide her disappointment; she'd thought that a boy would be the best medicine for her husband. Schwartz himself was delighted. Men, he said, always had to be obedient. Women didn't even have to obey their husbands.

Frieda's biological father was out of the country when she was born. All of a sudden he

had asked to be transferred overseas again. They could not refuse his request, and he was made governor of one of the African colonies – accompanied by his family, of course.

›The next few years,‹ said Mrs Schwartz, ›were wonderful.‹ The little girl grew up. She was no beauty, it must be said, but was cheerful and friendly. Schwartz threw himself into his work with renewed vigour. He became positively ambitious, and began to forge a career for himself, though he always made time for his family. They didn't busy themselves with any particular activity, though not for lack of choice; instead they simply spent time together, and were satisfied with that. Etelka knew that Schwartz wasn't cured, but his condition was stable. There was an antidote to his depression, and it lived in the room next door, playing with dolls.

Schwartz liked it best when Frieda came to pick him up from the office. At first she was accompanied by her nursemaid, but as their house was only a few streets away she eventually started coming alone. The two of them would drive to the zoo to see the baby animals, or they would wander through the department stores together. The only question was whether Schwartz would be strong enough to cope when, in a few years, Frieda married and left home. He was probably gambling on her staying with her parents for the rest of her life. The odds weren't bad.

Then Theising came back from Africa. That was a year ago. He hadn't been back to Germany at all, though they'd certainly heard a lot about him. He'd been busy. They said he'd virtually become a native, and it was difficult for him to give up his post. He might well return to Africa for his retirement.

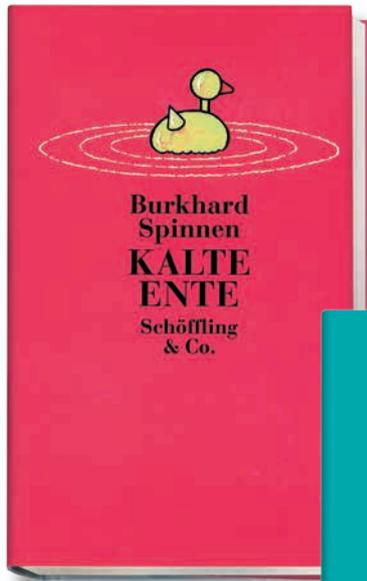
In the meantime Schwartz had taken over Theising's old position. He organised a reception in the department, as well as a party to which families were also invited. Theising had changed. He had grown thinner, and was clean-shaven now, so that it was even easier to see it: the resemblance to Frieda Schwartz. The same rosy skin, the same blue eyes – every line of her face was a carbon copy of his.

Nobody said a word, of course, though it was painfully obvious. Theising's children, Frieda's half-siblings, were also present, and were even more like her than their father. Every single one of them was rosy-cheeked and somewhat ungainly, a little odd, but not disagreeable. All that was missing was for Frieda to get up and go over to them.

The evening was endless. Etelka didn't know any more how she'd got through it. Back at the house she was on the verge of taking the pills again, this time enough to make sure she never woke up. Only the thought that Frieda would need her held her back.

The next morning the three of them sat down to breakfast. Etelka was waiting for Schwartz to confront her as soon as Frieda had gone. She had prepared herself. She would admit everything, deny nothing, and explain her reasons – and then, the flood.

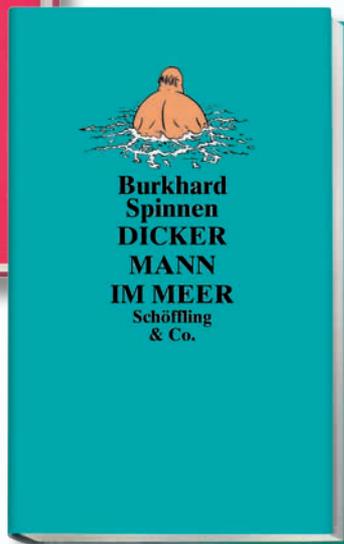
Burkhard Spinnen at Schöffling & Co.



KALTE ENTE (Cold Duck),
short stories, 1994

»What is so highly regarded in English literature by German readers can now be found in Spinnen's short stories: wit and intelligent entertainment.«

Süddeutsche Zeitung



»With his debut Spinnen proves to be a stroke of luck for German literature: His simple and precisely-told stories open worlds which otherwise remain hidden.«

Berner Zeitung

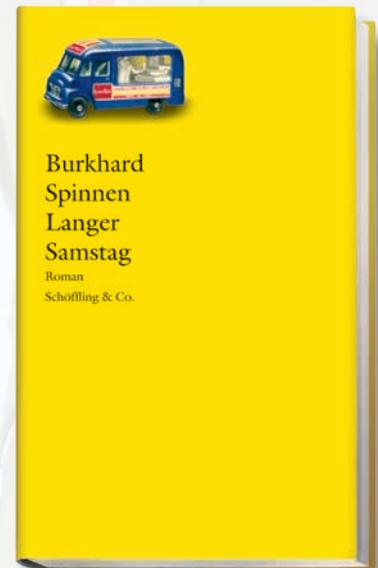
DICKER MANN IM MEER
(Fat Man in the Sea),
short stories, 1991

»The surprise-star of this year's literary autumn.«

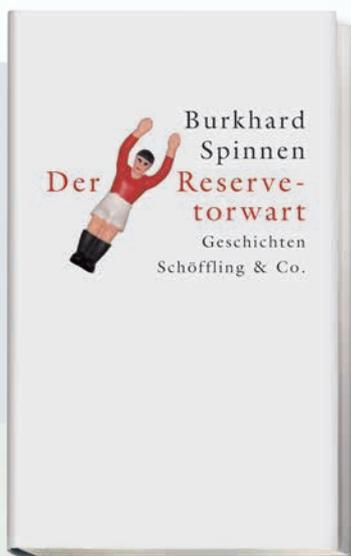
Der Spiegel

»Burkhard Spinnen sets a new standard. He has written a great book about the smaller things in life.«

Berner Zeitung



LANGER SAMSTAG (Long Saturday),
novel, 1995



»The average provides the arena for the sensational, for the zero-sum game of existential errors, the drama at the centre of the skillfully staged mediocrity. Burkhard Spinnen is its master.«

Die Zeit

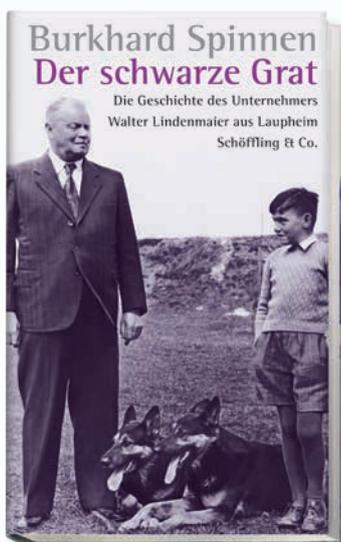
DER RESERVETORWART (The Substitute Goalie),
short stories, 2004

»Emotions that cannot be solved strategically – the question of truth and lie. Narrated in a timelessly wise way.«

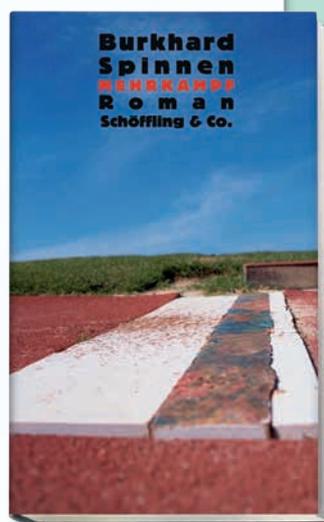
Die Welt

»NEVENA is not a research paper for educators or politicians, but in a double meaning it is a journey into a foreign country, an adventure for unarmed mid-level heroes, a story which takes a good turn.«

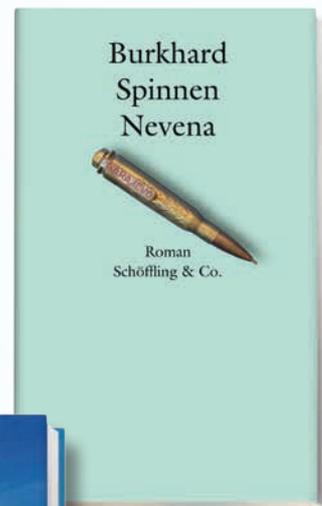
3sat Kulturzeit



DER SCHWARZE GRAT
(The Black Ridge),
biography, 2003



MEHRKAMPF
(The All Rounder),
novel, 2007



NEVENA (Nevena),
novel, 2012

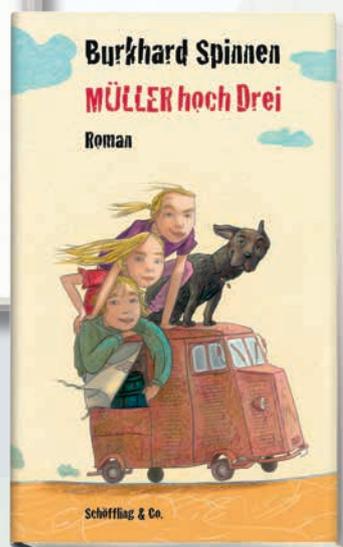
»A most remarkable book in many ways.

A stroke of luck for the reader: Where else could one find such details to entrepreneurship and the business of finance. Reading Burkhard Spinnen shows again how this essential part of our lives is usually covered by modest discretion.«

Welt am Sonntag



BELGISCHE RIESEN
(The Great Rabbit Revenge Plan),
novel young adult, 2000



MÜLLER HOCH DREI
(Müller to the Third Power),
novel young adult, 2009

»More than a simple crime story: MEHRKAMPF is an analysis of the forty-something generation, disclosing and

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Süddeutsche Zeitung/Critics' Choice
(Books for Young Readers)

BURKHARD SPINNEN

ZACHARIAS KATZ

Contact

Kathrin Scheel
Foreign Rights
kathrin.scheel@schoeffling.de
phone: +49 69 92 07 87 16
fax: +49 69 92 07 87 20

Schöffling & Co.
Kaiserstraße 79
60329 Frankfurt am Main
Germany
www.schoeffling.de

