

ADAM BY KURT VONNEGUT

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Background

In the short story "Adam," set during the early 1950s, the main character, Heinz Knechtmann (knDKHtPmän), has survived the atrocities of the Holocaust and, like many Jewish survivors, has come to the United States seeking a better life. As the story begins, he and another expectant father, Mr. Sousa, are in the waiting room of a maternity hospital.

It was midnight in a Chicago lying-in hospital.

"Mr. Sousa," said the nurse, "your wife had a girl. You can see the baby in about twenty minutes."

"I know, I know, I know," said Mr. Sousa, a sullen gorilla, plainly impatient with having a tiresome and familiar routine explained to him. He snapped his fingers. "Girl! Seven, now. Seven girls I got now. A houseful of women. I can beat the stuffings out of ten men my own size. But, what do I get? Girls."

"Mr. Knechtmann," said the nurse to the other man in the room. She pronounced the name, as almost all Americans did, a colorless Netman. "I'm sorry. Still no word on your wife. She is keeping us waiting, isn't she?" She grinned glassily and left.

Sousa turned on Knechtmann. "Some little son of a gun like you, Netman, you want a boy, bing! You got one. Want a football team, bing, bing, bing, eleven, you got it." He stomped out of the room.

The man he left behind, all alone now, was Heinz Knechtmann, a presser in a dry-cleaning plant, a small man with thin wrists and a bad spine that kept him slightly hunched, as though forever weary. His face was long and big-nosed and thin-lipped, but was so overcast with good-humored humility as to be beautiful. His eyes were large and brown, and deep-set and longlashed. He was only twenty-two, but seemed and felt much older. He had died a little as each member of his family had been led away and killed by the Nazis, until only in him, at the age of ten, had life and the name of Knechtmann shared a soul. He and his wife, Avchen, had grown up behind barbed wire.

He had been staring at the walls of the waiting room for twelve hours now, since noon, when his wife's labor pains had become regular, the surges of slow rollers coming in from the sea a mile apart, from far, far away. This would be his second child. The last time he had waited, he had waited on a straw tick in a displaced-persons camp in Germany. The child, Karl Knechtmann, named after Heinz's father, had died, and with it, once more, had died the name of one of the finest cellists ever to have lived.

When the numbness of weary wishing lifted momentarily during this second vigil, Heinz's mind was a medley of proud family names, gone, all gone, that could be brought to life again in this new being—if it lived. Peter Knechtmann, the surgeon; Kroll Knechtmann, the botanist; Friederich Knechtmann, the playwright. Dimly recalled uncles. Or if it was a girl, and if it lived, it would be Helga Knechtmann, Heinz's mother, and she would learn to play the harp as Heinz's mother had, and for all Heinz's ugliness, she would be beautiful. The Knechtmann men were all ugly, the Knechtmann women



were all lovely as angels, though not all angels. It had always been so—for hundreds and hundreds of years.

“Mr. Netman,” said the nurse, “it’s a boy, and your wife is fine. She’s resting now. You can see her in the morning. You can see the baby in twenty minutes.” Heinz looked up dumbly. “It weighs five pounds nine ounces.” She was gone again, with the same prim smile and officious, squeaking footsteps. “Knechtmann,” murmured Heinz, standing and bowing slightly to the wall. “The name is Knechtmann.” He bowed again and gave a smile that was courtly and triumphant. He spoke the name with an exaggerated Old World pronunciation, like a foppish footman announcing the arrival of nobility, a guttural drum roll, unsoftened for American ears. “KhhhhhhhhhhhhhhNECHT! mannnnnnnnnnnn.”

“Mr. Netman?” A very young doctor with a pink face and close cropped red hair stood in the waiting-room door. There were circles under his eyes, and he spoke through a yawn.

“Dr. Powers!” cried Heinz, clasping the man’s right hand between both of his. “Thank God, thank God, thank God, and thank you.”

“Um,” said Dr. Powers, and he managed to smile wanly.

“There isn’t anything wrong, is there?”

“Wrong?” said Powers. “No, no. Everything’s fine. If I look down in the mouth, it’s because I’ve been up for thirty-six hours straight.” He closed his eyes, and leaned against the doorframe. “No, no trouble with your wife,” he said in a faraway voice. “She’s made for having babies. Regular pop-up toaster. Like rolling off a log. Schnip-schnap.”

“She is?” said Heinz incredulously. Dr. Powers shook his head, bringing himself back to consciousness.

“My mind—conked out completely. Sousa—I got your wife confused with Mrs. Sousa. They finished in a dead heat. Netman, you’re Netman. Sorry. Your wife’s the one with pelvis trouble.”

“Malnutrition as a child,” said Heinz.

“Yeah. Well, the baby came normally, but, if you’re going to have another one, it’d better be a Caesarean. Just to be on the safe side.”

“I can’t thank you enough,” said Heinz passionately. Dr. Powers licked his lips, and fought to keep his eyes open.

“Uh huh. ’S O.K.,” he said thickly. “Night. Luck.” He shambled out into the corridor.

The nurse stuck her head into the waiting room. “You can see your baby, Mr. Netman.”

“Doctor—” said Heinz, hurrying out into the corridor, wanting to shake Powers’ hand again so that Powers would know what a magnificent thing he’d done. “It’s the most wonderful thing that ever happened.” The elevator doors slithered shut between them before Dr. Powers could show a glimmer of response.

“This way,” said the nurse. “Turn left at the end of the hall, and you’ll find the nursery window there. Write your name on a piece of paper and hold it against the glass.” Heinz made the trip by himself, without seeing another human being until he reached the end. There, on the other side of a large glass panel, he saw a hundred of them cupped in shallow canvas buckets and arranged in a square block of straight ranks and files. Heinz wrote his name on the back of a laundry slip and pressed it to the window. A fat and placid nurse looked at the paper, not at Heinz’s face, and missed seeing his wide



smile, missed an urgent invitation to share for a moment his ecstasy. She grasped one of the buckets and wheeled it before the window. She turned away again, once more missing the smile.

"Hello, hello, hello, little Knechtmann," said Heinz to the red prune on the other side of the glass. His voice echoed down the hard, bare corridor, and came back to him with embarrassing loudness. He blushed and lowered his voice. "Little Peter, little Kroll," he said softly, "little Friederich—and there's Helga in you, too. Little spark of Knechtmann, you little treasure house. Everything is saved in you."

"I'm afraid you'll have to be more quiet," said a nurse, sticking her head out from one of the rooms.

"Sorry," said Heinz. "I'm very sorry." He fell silent, and contented himself with tapping lightly on the window with a fingernail, trying to get the child to look at him. Young Knechtmann would not look, wouldn't share the moment, and after a few minutes the nurse took him away again. Heinz beamed as he rode on the elevator and as he crossed the hospital lobby, but no one gave him more than a cursory glance. He passed a row of telephone booths and there, in one of the booths with the door open, he saw a soldier with whom he'd shared the waiting room an hour before.

"Yeah, Ma—seven pounds six ounces. Got hair like Buffalo Bill. No, we haven't had time to make up a name for her yet . . . That you, Pa? Yup, mother and daughter doin' fine, just fine. Seven pounds six ounces. Nope, no name. . . . That you, Sis? Pretty late for you to be up, ain't it? Doesn't look like anybody yet. Let me talk to Ma again. . . . That you, Ma? Well, I guess that's all the news from Chicago. Now, Mom, Mom, take it easy—don't worry. It's a swell-looking baby, Mom. Just the hair looks like Buffalo Bill, and I said it as a joke, Mom. That's right, seven pounds six ounces. . . ."

There were five other booths, all empty, all open for calls to anyplace on earth. Heinz longed to hurry into one of them breathlessly, and tell the marvelous news. But there was no one to call, no one waiting for the news.

But Heinz still beamed, and he strode across the street and into a quiet tavern there. In the dank twilight there were only two men, *tête-à-tête*, the bartender and Mr. Sousa.

"Yes sir, what'll it be?"

"I'd like to buy you and Mr. Sousa a drink," said Heinz with a heartiness strange to him.

"I'd like the best brandy you've got. My wife just had a baby!"

"That so?" said the bartender with polite interest.

"Five pounds nine ounces," said Heinz.

"Huh," said the bartender. "What do you know."

"Netman," said Sousa, "Wha'dja get?"

"Boy," said Heinz proudly.

"Never knew it to fail," said Sousa bitterly. "It's the little guys, all the time the little guys."

"Boy, girl," said Heinz, "it's all the same, just as long as it lives. Over there in the hospital, they're too close to it to see the wonder of it. A miracle over and over again—the world made new."

"Wait'll you've racked up seven, Netman," said Sousa. "Then you come back and tell me about the miracle."



"You got seven?" said the bartender. "I'm one up on you. I got eight." He poured three drinks.

"Far as I'm concerned," said Sousa, "you can have the championship." Heinz lifted his glass.

"Here's long life and great skill and much happiness to—to Peter Karl Knechtmann." He breathed quickly, excited by the decision.

"There's a handle to take ahold of," said Sousa. "You'd think the kid weighed two hundred pounds."

"Peter is the name of a famous surgeon," said Heinz, "the boy's great-uncle, dead now. Karl was my father's name."

"Here's to Pete K. Netman," said Sousa, with a cursory salute.

"Pete," said the bartender, drinking.

"And here's to your little girl—the new one," said Heinz.

Sousa sighed and smiled wearily. "Here's to her. God bless her."

"And now, I'll propose a toast," said the bartender, hammering on the bar with his fist. "On your feet, gentlemen. Up, up, everybody up." Heinz stood, and held his glass high, ready for the next step in camaraderie, a toast to the whole human race, of which the Knechtmanns were still a part.

"Here's to the White Sox!" roared the bartender. "Minoso, Fox, Mele," said Sousa.

"Fain, Lollar, Rivera!" said the bartender.

He turned to Heinz. "Drink up, boy! The White Sox! Don't tell me you're a Cub fan."

"No," said Heinz, disappointed. "No—I don't follow baseball, I'm afraid." The other two men seemed to be sinking away from him. "I haven't been able to think about much but the baby."

The bartender at once turned his full attention to Sousa. "Look," he said intensely, "they take Fain off of first, and put him at third, and give Pierce first. Then move Minoso in from left field to shortstop. See what I'm doing?"

"Yep, yep," said Sousa eagerly.

"And then we take that no-good Carrasquel and . . ." Heinz was all alone again, with twenty feet of bar between him and the other two men. It might as well have been a continent. He finished his drink without pleasure, and left quietly.

At the railroad station, where he waited for a local train to take him home to the South Side, Heinz's glow returned again as he saw a co-worker at the drycleaning plant walk in with a girl. They were laughing and had their arms around each other's waist. "Harry," said Heinz, hurrying toward them.

"Guess what, Harry. Guess what just happened." He grinned broadly. Harry, a tall, dapper, snub-nosed young man, looked down at Heinz with mild surprise.

"Oh—hello, Heinz. What's up, boy?" The girl looked on in perplexity, as though asking why they should be accosted at such an odd hour by such an odd person. Heinz avoided her slightly derisive eyes.

"A baby, Harry. My wife just had a boy."

"Oh," said Harry. He extended his hand. "Well, congratulations." The hand was limp.

"I think that's swell, Heinz, perfectly swell." He withdrew his hand and waited for Heinz to say something else.

"Yes, yes—just about an hour ago," said Heinz. "Five pounds nine ounces. I've never been happier in my life."

“Well, I think it’s perfectly swell, Heinz. You should be happy.”

“Yes, indeed,” said the girl. There was a long silence, with all three shifting from one foot to the other.

“Really good news,” said Harry at last.

“Yes, well,” said Heinz quickly, “Well, that’s all I had to tell you.”

“Thanks,” said Harry. “Glad to hear about it.” There was another uneasy silence.

“See you at work,” said Heinz, and strode jauntily back to his bench, but with his reddened neck betraying how foolish he felt. The girl giggled. Back home in his small apartment, at two in the morning, Heinz talked to himself, to the empty bassinet, and to the bed. He talked in German, a language he had sworn never to use again.

“They don’t care,” said Heinz. “They’re all too busy, busy, busy to notice life, to feel anything about it. A baby is born.” He shrugged. “What could be duller? Who would be so stupid as to talk about it, to think there was anything important or interesting about it?” He opened a window on the summer night, and looked out at the moonlit canyon of gray wooden porches and garbage cans. “There are too many of us, and we are all too far apart,” said Heinz. “Another Knechtmann is born, another O’Leary, another Sousa. Who cares? Why should anyone care? What difference does it make? None.” He lay down in his clothes on the unmade bed, and, with a rattling sigh, went to sleep.

He awoke at six, as always. He drank a cup of coffee, and with a wry sense of anonymity, he jostled and was jostled aboard the downtown train. His face showed no emotion. It was like all the other faces, seemingly incapable of surprise or wonder, joy or anger. He walked across town to the hospital with the same detachment, a gray, uninteresting man, a part of the city. In the hospital, he was as purposeful and calm as the doctors and nurses bustling about him. When he was led into the ward where Avchen slept behind white screens, he felt only what he had always felt in her presence—love and aching awe and gratitude for her.

“You go ahead and wake her gently, Mr. Netman,” said the nurse.

“Avchen—” He touched her on her whitegowned shoulder. “Avchen. Are you all right, Avchen?”

“Mmmmmmmmm?” murmured Avchen. Her eyes opened to narrow slits.

“Heinz. Hello, Heinz.”

“Sweetheart, are you all right?”

“Yes, yes,” she whispered. “I’m fine. How is the baby, Heinz?”

“Perfect. Perfect, Avchen.”

“They couldn’t kill us, could they, Heinz?”

“No.” “And here we are, alive as we can be.”

“Yes.” “The baby, Heinz—” She opened her dark eyes wide. “It’s the most wonderful thing that ever happened, isn’t it?”

“Yes,” said Heinz.

