

May - September,

1957

GERMANY

WORK
LOVE
and
TRAVEL

a
Diary

by

Bruno Scarfe

Tuesday 30th. of April.

The train whined fitfully onwards, through the dark, rain-swept night. I slept lightly, my head reclining precariously against the heat regulator: I was very tired, and my eyes seemed to burn from the effects of the heavy cigarette smoke that hung densely over the compartment. The two American soldiers certainly knew how to smoke.

I was beginning to dream: I was so sleepy. Then came a confused murmur, and a tapping on my knee; the American soldier was trying to awaken me; I gradually came to life. An Officer in black stood in the centre of the compartment: I handed him my Passport and he stamped it and gave it me back and I again dropped off to sleep. As I slept I slowly put two and two together: this must be Germany: that might explain the Passport episode. Germany, and all around was dark, and I was tired; the Officer had looked grim, perhaps over-conscientiously to the point, quite devoid of any form of humour; I was seized with a feeling of expectation, of dread. Would all Germans be the same? I hoped not.

The night went by, and I slept at times, occasionally reverting to the last few pages of Lawrence's 'Sons and Lovers'. The sky grew lighter, and it was six in the morning; only another five hours I thought bitterly to myself. I was very much astonished to see how patiently I was surviving the fourteen-hour train journey.

Eventually I could make out the surrounding countryside. Flat, with fields that stretched to infinity. The occasional river, stream, path, wound a tortuous course over the plain; no hedges as in England but, rather, as in Spain, the odd tree, terribly tall, thin, fine, lank and grimly impressive. Yet no man stirred: it was too early, and the rain swept drably downwards, and the train whined on and on, with flatness around. As the train sped ever Southwards the land began to heave, to assume some shape, with the occasional hill in the distance, the momentary dip, the fleeting tunnel. We rushed through towns, deserted yet and quiet; factories lined the route, new and often impressive.

I was furious at my ignorance of the German language. I tried to decipher the hoardings by the side of the railroad, and with no success. Waiters entered the compartment at irregular intervals, mumbled something in German, then went out; I swore under my breath, and stared blankly at the retreating figure. The German girl in the corner of the compartment giggled and smiled at me; the American soldier was distinctly monopolising her. I slept a while longer.

At last we were near Munich. I heaved my two cases from the rack, donned my duffle-coat, and sat down to wait. We were in on time: I quite expected this from the German people. I lurched very awkwardly out of the carriage door to the low-lying platform; the rain had momentarily ceased. I scanned the platform for the lady who was to meet me; not a sign of her. But I knew she would be there: no German would forget a rendez-vous, let alone not be punctual. I dragged my cases wearily along the platform, the whole length of the train, towards the barrier: and there she was.

Frau Walter, friend of a friend of my Mother's, welcomed me in broken English and better German: I struggled out of the Station with her, my cases hanging heavily in my hands. We took a tram to her house. In the tram was silence, and no-one smiled at any time; people looked sullen and reserved. The tram itself was very modern, clean and most efficient-looking, like its silent inhabitants of the moment. I had to stand at first, as there were no empty seats: eventually we drew near Frau Walter's home, and the tram began to empty. We got out, and, almost in pain, I carried my vast cases to her home, some minute's walk from the tram stop. I was more than thankful when we arrived, and I could have a wash, and a rest, and a cup of tea. But the tea was bitter, being German tea, and I did not like it very much: I felt very disappointed at first. Afterwards I unpacked one or two gifts for Frau Walter

and had lunch.

Frau Walter is very tall, wears a grey suit and spectacles. I suppose she must be quite old. Her face is deeply furrowed, is rather long and grim-looking; I felt a trifle awed in her presence, as one might be on beholding the Sphinx or the antique Pyramids of Egypt. Yet she was friendly, spoke English quite well, and tried to keep the conversation flowing; I grew a trifle less distant, a little more sociable. She loved England, where she spent the summer months of 1956, and she spoke highly of the English and their attitude to life; she said that she had not felt at all happy on returning to morbid, gloomy Germany. So she sees things as I do: I felt relieved to find in her a sympathiser.

She let me have her bedroom for the two days I shall be here. It looks out over a vast courtyard, on three sides surrounded by the backs of high, rather elegant-looking flats. The courtyard is simple, yet not unfriendly in aspect, with a wide lawn and small shrubs all round. The room is small but comfortable, the bed soft, the remainder of the furniture well-made and polished. I slept here after lunch for some two hours, and then we had tea together in the living-room, as Frau Walter called the front-room, with its beautiful old German furniture, its dignified desk, its chandelier.

At about half-past four we set out together on a walk round the central part of the old city. Walking up Leopoldstr., we had vast blocks of flats on either side, most of them dark grey, with small windows, of a fairly modern design: except in their colour, they reminded me very much of the new flats now being built in Madrid and Santander. Occasionally there was merely the shell of a block of flats, which had been wrecked successfully in the last war: sometimes we passed great buildings of an older style, exceedingly heavy and dark, with classical pillars all around. Frau Walter took me into the University buildings: outside everything had been restored, rebuilt; inside was chaos, with the mosaic floors in pieces, no plaster on the walls, sometimes no walls. I entered a Church opposite: it too had been partly restored. We passed by the Ministry of War: it was one enormous gutted shell, a skeleton; I felt relieved and triumphant, at the same time a trifle fearful. Everywhere the people passed by with glum looks deeply carved upon their faces; never a smile, nowhere a look of pleasure or of joy.

We entered the Royal Park, and I saw the remains of the Military Museum, severely damaged, in places only at half-height, with a fine tree growing out of the roof: I was glad. Everywhere people were grim, tight-lipped, without feelings or looks, walking abstractedly home by themselves. Except for the heavy traffic, no-one said a word, laughed or spoke: I read conscientiousness and disillusion on every face.

I visited some more Churches: they had all been rebuilt from the effects of the war. It is tragic that Churches should be damaged in wartime; maybe this will give people more incentive to hate Hitler and the irreligion he represented. Walking round these restored Churches, all of magnificent size, I was struck by the lightness prevalent, the stark whiteness of the newly-hewn stone, of the still recent paint. In the Churches all was white and, if not white, gold; the contrast was rather harsh, rather too pure to my mind; I yearned for the soft yellow stone of Salamanca, the restful feeling it gives you. Most of the sculpturing here was Baroque, very rich, very heavy, very precise and clear-defined.

Traffic round about the Town Hall was hectic: eventually we managed to cross the square, and Frau Walter showed me the older houses and shops of Munich, quaintly decorated on the outside, very clean, old-fashioned and full of character. In contrast to these were many extremely new buildings, fine, glass-sided blocks of offices, artistic and gay to behold. But no-one smiled. We made for home at last: my feet were painfully tired. The sky remained overcast, and I wondered whether Germany was a graveyard or not; I hoped that things would not strike me in the same light for the remainder of my six months here; I felt home-sick, and yearned for



View from rear of Frau Walter's; the building dates to approximately '30.

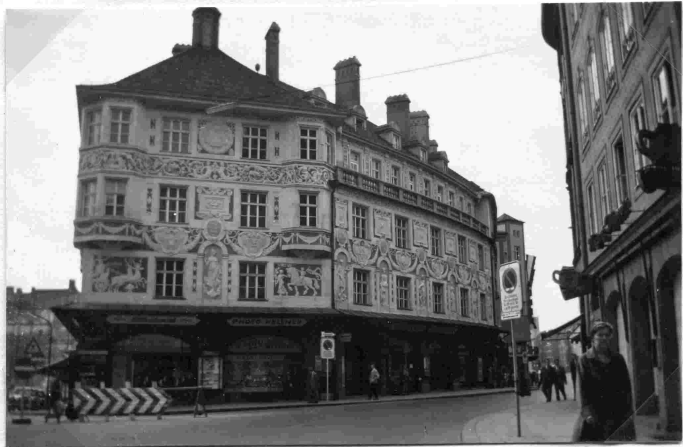


Maximilianeum.

Theatiner -
kirche and
Odeonsplatz.



An old München house.





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an English smile, a laugh of pleasure and laisser-aller.

After supper with Frau Walter, I repacked my case, took out my typewriter, and started on some letters. First I wrote home, to my mother, then to Ingrid, who should arrive at Hamburg - from Oxford - to-morrow. By the time I had finished I was feeling pretty tired, and longed for bed. I shaved, washed, put my room in order, and slipped into bed. There were no blankets, not a sheet to cover me; there was a sheet to lie upon, one large pillow, and a heavy eiderdown; I thought I would freeze. I slept beautifully, and soon, and long.

And that was my first day in Germany: it made me think. I felt there was yet an awful lot to learn about the people themselves before I would be able to fully appreciate their attitude to life; I felt there was an extremely wide gulf to be crossed before I could even understand their ways; if only I could speak German! And yet, from what I had seen of the inhabitants of Munich, I wondered whether it would be worth knowing German, for no-one spoke a word. The men, heavy-faced, sombre, thoughtful, disillusioned, looked as though speech were a science unknown to them: and so too with the women, expressionless, white-faced and coarse-featured, heavy in build, with broad shoulders and heavy arms, fat legs and scarce a smile. I always thought that, the fatter people were, the happier too; here that is not in the least true. In spite of their ample food, the variety of the food to be had, and in spite of the very beautiful new houses now gracing the town, in spite of the sturdy fibre of the German race, disillusion and hopelessness were engrained in every face; faces were blank. The Germans are too realistic after two tragic world wars, any longer to deny their position, hopeless politically and dangerous economically. Ruins still remind them of the recent past: American soldiers still roar through the town in their heavy lorries. Food is expensive, people are not to be trusted; theft, Frau Walter told me, is disgracefully high; there is an atmosphere of insecurity, instability, impotence and greatness now lost. I wonder whether things are as bad out in the country? I hope not.

May-day.

I got up very late - at a quarter to nine; I wondered what Frau Walter would say. She did not seem in the least disturbed. Breakfast was after the English fashion, with a sort of porridge to start off, followed by bacon and egg on toast. I ate well, and gratefully; I doubt if I shall enjoy many more such English breakfasts in Germany.

It was raining dismally steadily afterwards, so I just sat down in the living-room and typed for some two hours. There was nothing else to do; all the books here are in German, and outside I would get drenched in a matter of minutes. And so the morning went by, with nothing worthwhile to show for it.

At one o'clock Frau Walter listened to the news: I could hardly understand a thing. Then we put on a coat or two, I donned my shoes and we went out to have lunch. It was not far to go; just round the corner, in an oldish house of large proportions we stopped, sat down at a small table with a bench surrounding it on three sides. I could not make out the menu, where everything seemed to consist of pigmeat, so Frau Walter dealt with my meal. We were served by a smiling, plump girl in black, who obviously knew Frau Walter well; I was given an enormous steak, with blood dripping out on all sides; it was really magnificent, rather like those Spanish steaks as regards quantity, and good. German people must eat a frightful lot; a steak half the size of this one I would term large. I had apple-juice to wash it down with, sweet and heavy and rich.

When we went out again it was still raining; I felt immensely full. We returned to Frau Walter's flat and made some coffee, discussing modern conditions of German life, discussing theft and comparing life in Munich with the happy and trustful existence one can have in Oxford. Frau Walter referred to Oxford constantly as a dream-city, ideal, like pre-war Germany. She loves England immeasurably.

I typed for a short time in the afternoon, and then reverted to Cohen's Penguin History of Western Literature. At half-past six Frau Walter and I once again put on our coats - it was still raining - and made for the nearest tram-stop. We moved gracefully into the city-centre, I staring hard at all the adverts to be seen through the fogged-up windows; I was mad on learning German as fast as possible; Frau Walter was most amused. When we dismounted it was raining fairly heavily, and I was feeling very cross at being dragged out of the dry at this time of the day.

We were making for a nearby Benedictine Church to attend what I presumed would be Benediction; although Frau Walter is a Protestant, she seemed very keen that I should make the most of being a Catholic. I rather resented this. Eventually we found the place, a church of Basilica style, beautifully simple and classical in its every respect. We took a pew near the back, and waited. We were half an hour early: this too, I resented somewhat. When we entered the place, there was hardly a soul there; at seven-thirty I could no longer see the Altar for all the people standing in front of our pew. I felt amused, interested, impressed, and nettled. At last the service began. A boy and a girl, both about eighteen or nineteen years old, carrying a banner apiece, the boy a red and black one, the girl a blue and white one, entered and made for the altar; they stopped by the Communion-rail, gave a tremendous flourish of their banners, and stood absolutely still, scarcely moving until the end of the service. I was left in doubt as to the nature of the service until very near the end, when the congregation sang the Tantum Ergo. For the remainder of the time they were giving long responses in German to prayers in that language, of which I could understand not a thing. There was some beautiful, most mysteriously romantic singing that seemed to emerge from some unknown place: I suppose that this would have been a choir, perhaps set over our own heads, singing from a hidden gallery up above us.

Throughout the service everyone stood frightfully still, and again I was most impressed. Everyone looked frightfully grim and earnest: true to the German tradition, I presume; you could have heard a pin drop for most of the time. I often wondered whether this was really my idea of how Church Services should be attended. If such discipline had been enforced upon us at school in England, there would soon have been mutiny. The responses, too, were orderly, especially seeing the vast congregation. In Spain, well, responses would start before the priest had so much as finished what he had to say; in France, too, things are little better. I was much impressed. I felt my blood go tingling all over every time the people gave their responses, prayed; they were so utterly absorbed in what they were saying, they were so serious, so intent, so concentrated, so knowing of what they were doing.

Eventually the service came to an end, to my delight - I fear - as the tension prevalent throughout the ceremony is unbearably great, and we went out and made again for home. I had supper, then a good bath, and made for bed. I was moderately tired, and was ready for the morrow, when I would certainly have to rise earlier than to-day.

May the second.

My alarm awoke me at a quarter to eight, and by eight o'clock I was more or less fully dressed. I then proceeded to pack my case, wash, and prepare for another day. Breakfast was at half-past the hour, and consisted again of a sort of porridge, followed by bacon and egg. I enjoyed a good cup of tea: one of my last, perhaps. Soon afterwards a taxi arrived to take me to the Station, and I made off, accompanied by Frau Walter. The taxi-fare, which I insisted on paying, came to five marks - somewhere round ten shillings: I felt absolutely stung. Still accompanied by Frau Walter, I made for my train, found a seat, and took my leave

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of her, thanking her for her marvellous hospitality, her food, and the trouble she had taken over showing me some of the most important sights of Munich. I then sat and waited for the train to leave, which it did about half an hour later.

It took quite a time for the train to clear the suburbs, but, once it had done so, all around was beautiful countryside. Here, in Germany, as in France and in Spain, the houses are painted white on the outside: the effect here is most agreeable, for the Germans seem to believe in making a sound job of their painting, unlike the French and the Spanish. At first the countryside was fairly flat: but not for long. Soon, to the left, the land gave way to water, and there was a great lake that seemed to stretch to the very horizon; it was a magnificent sight. The train followed the side of this lake for quite a time, before making its way into a mountainous kind of country, yet wilder than the Spanish Basque country or the Montaña of Santander: and that is saying a great deal. Here, too, the peaks were surrounded with writhing mist, disappeared into the heavens, gave way at times to the pureness of snow. And the air, meanwhile, grew proportionally cooler.

A deer sauntered idly in a field on my left, watched the fleeting train with nonplussed eyes: behind rose the firs and pines of a wooded slope: I was utterly amazed, and delighted. I was kept for ever in suspense lest I miss Kochel: here the stations are rather badly denoted, and the German pronunciation for the stations by no means left me any the wiser. Still, in the end, Kochel arrived, and I got out, and clambered along the platform with my two heavy cases, and made for the barrier. I handed in my ticket, and added myself to a group of people who claimed to hail from the Goethe-Institut.

After a few minutes they were ready, and, all together, leaving the baggage to be dealt with by the director of studies, we made for the village. I had already been paired off by a Greek to share his room with him; I felt tickled at the prospect. I wondered when we would start discussing Cyprus: he was at least three years older than I: I felt just a trifle apprehensive. We soon stopped, and in a body entered a café-restaurant sort of building, with long tables running the entire length, the roof timbered, and the wall also of wood, with boards' heads hanging at irregular intervals. It felt very Bavarian, very comfortable, cosy in every respect.

I sat at a smaller table with my Greek, and three fellow Greeks; I learnt that there were nine Greeks in all, and one other Englishman, a few Americans, a Spaniard, a Frenchman, an Indian, some Italians, some Brasilians, some Swedes and so on: only two Englishman, I thought. Not so good. There was soup to start with, to which we helped ourselves from a basin on an adjacent table: it tended, on the whole, to be a bit watery. There followed a piece of meat, which was good though much smaller and thinner than what I partook of yesterday; with it there were some potatoes, some macaroni, some lettuce. Meanwhile the Greeks chattered Greek to one another, and from a nearby table came the loud laughter of a tubular sized Canadian woman. Towards the end of the meal I moved over to the Spaniard, who sat at the next table, and spoke to him for a few minutes. My Spanish is not yet all that off.

He was very friendly, and for quite a time he asked me what I thought of the Montaña, Madrid, and Salamanca, where he himself studied Chemistry for a while. After a bit the Director nodded to me and informed me that I ought to be going outside, where there was a taxi awaiting my disposal; with me came the Spaniard, the Indian, my Greek - who arrived a long time ago -, and the taxi-driver dropped us in turn at our appropriate chalet. I had been expecting that we would all be living in rooms at an Institut: this was an agreeable surprise, above all seeing the beauty of these mountain homes, clean, white, picturesque to extremes. At the very door I was greeted by the owner, a woman of thirty-six, still with a fairly fresh complexion, plump though not fat, and extremely hilarious: she was quite tall.

I set to work unpacking my trunk, all the while speaking a hash of English and German alternately with my Greek and Frau Resenbur~~g~~. The room was really rather beautiful, with a wooden floor, modern furniture, all of a light colour and a most agreeable design. There were windows on three sides, with a view of the towering mountains dominating all else.

Eventually I had everything under control, and sat out in a corner piece of a verandah and typed for three-quarters of an hour. It was a trifle cool, and I missed the sunshine - of which there had been some at Munich this morning. At about three o'clock I put on a jacket and went out - having been taken in great detail through Frau Resenbur~~g~~'s Stamp Album - and made for the Goethe Institut. It was a large-sized house set on a jagged ridge of a mountain, on all sides surrounded by pines, looking right over the valley below; but it was a trifle cool up here.

The Greeks were playing ping-pong on the verandah. I watched them at it for a time, then made indoors to have a look round. There was nothing very impressive, but then, I was afraid to venture upstairs lest that be private; I decided to wait until the morrow before further exploring the site. Leaving the fortress on its spur, I descended into the valley, following twisting roads down steep inclines.

Everywhere the white chalets, with far-reaching roofs and eaves, with wooden gables and wooden timbering, with large pictures painted on their exteriors, with Madonnas at the corners of the walls. I peered into a few shop windows, at the half-romantic Bavarian clothes on sale - mainly for the women-folk -, at the odd Bavarian hooked pipes, at the rows of hanging sausages. It is a small village, and there was not very much to see: I had not expected much, and so I was not really disappointed; moreover, my interest had most certainly been aroused to the quick. On the way back to my chalet, I stopped at a shop for something to eat. I haggled at great length, in frightful Anglo-German, over various types of cheese for sale, bought one hundred and fifty gramms of the cheapest, and also some dark brown, ready-sliced bread. The whole cost some hundred and ten pence: I thought it was rather a lot; still, I always do.

I returned to the chalet, ate as much as I had a mind to, as well as an Easter egg in red presented to me by the Greek, and some raisins and walnuts of his own. At five-fifteen I again put on my jacket, and sauntered off to the village centre for supper, 'gutentaging' everyone I thought fit. I longed for an agreeable young girl to whom to speak; most of those whom I met were looking after babies, so that was out of the question, and I made my way ever onwards.

Supper was interesting. I sat next to the French student, speaking French with him for most of the time, otherwise speaking broken Anglo-German with neighbouring Greeks. There was tea for the drinking, which tasted mildly of scented roses: I can't say that I objected, having in all some six cupfulls. There was some soup, and then a plate covered with cold stuff such as sausages, ham, cheese, butter, lettuce, a turnip, a tomato, and so on. It was rather amusing, though everyone most indignantly complained at the scarcity of every item; personally, I have never had so good a supper at school on a normal evening.

We were served by an interesting looking, cheerful girl in red, whose face looked as though it might just do with a slight wash; she was very popular with a wicked looking, sinful little Greek who sat at my right, constantly yelling compliments at her right across the room. Behind, that ever-increasing bellow from the lumpy Canadian woman. I was sorry for the Spaniard who sat at her left. After drinking and talking for a very long while, I made my way out and back to the chalet. It was an agreeable evening, but coolish; there were not many people about: I wished I had Ingrid here: it would be so wonderful with her to talk to, instead of my mere shadow and the writhing mists above. Back in the chalet - which was deserted at this time - I typed steadily until nine-twenty, the curtains drawn in search of some warmth. I felt a little lonely.

In the end I felt just too cold to continue, and I undressed and retired off to bed, although the Greek had not yet appeared; he came about half an hour later, towards eleven o'clock. When he, too, had taken to his bed, we stayed awake trying to speak German for at least another half-hour, with varying success.

My bed was a goodish one, with another vast eiderdown of the same sort as I had enjoyed at Frau Walter's; the trouble is that, being so enormous, it is for ever slipping off the bed on to the floor.

May the third.

My alarm awoke me at seven o'clock sharp; I did not mind, as I had already lost all good sleep at six o'clock, with the light streaming in through the thin curtains above my head. At five-past seven Frau Resenburger knocked at the door, to make sure we were awake, and I started dressing. I was ready far earlier than the others, who were shaving into the bargain, and so I tuned in to Panos' Greek radio, with its jazzy American music. At twenty to eight we all made for the Institut, Jaques the French man, Johannis the Greek, Panos and I; it is with Johannis that I share a room.

In unison we greeted all passing Bavarians with a Grüss Gott, completely startling all and sundry. Then there was breakfast, consisting of rolls, butter, jam and tea, taken in one of the smaller classrooms. The wireless blared jazz in the background, and the Greeks acted extremely cheerfully all along. Eventually ... work.

I went upstairs with the rest, and we all gathered in one of the longer classrooms to hear an opening speech by the Director. Speaking continuously in an extremely simple sort of German, he welcomed us to the Institut, told us the rules - not to dance, sing, or get drunk in Kochel after ten o'clock at night, not to walk on the grass, not to let our politics carry us away. He welcomed us individually, trying his hand at our different names and countries of origin, with a great deal of ensuing hilarity. Then there was a short interval, followed by the first class. I attended one of the senior sets, so as to see exactly how much I knew; I was to be disappointed. First there was a dictation, which left me quite at loss, and then a sort of précis. The master in charge read us a short story, and we had to re-write it in our own words; I could not make head or tale of the thing. We handed all this in, and then had yet another interval. I decided to attend a more junior set, where the following hour was spent in learning elementary geography.

At half-past eleven I returned to my chalet, accompanied by Don Paco the Dago, put away my books, showed him my Spanish Dictionary and my Quijote, and then, still in his pleasant company, made for the village restaurant for lunch. To-day I sat with Don Paco and a new Portuguese man; for much of the time we were commenting on the fact that the only worthwhile girl on the course, a Spaniard, was being extremely closely guarded by her mother. We felt a little rattled. There was fish to be eaten, lettuce and potatoes, with a banana apiece as sole dessert. Afterwards I went with the Spaniard to his chalet, where he showed me his room; I then made for mine, put on my sandals, and, together, we made for the soccer ground, where the remainder of the people from the Institut were at work.

I played with them for a while, but my knowledge of soccer is scant, as rugger is the only game I really like. Then, at two-thirty, we all made back for the Institut and class. I joined up permanently with one of the senior-junior sets, and we set to work on the article, some of the simpler auxiliary verbs, and some easier vocabulary. It was fun watching the master gesticulating in an effort to describe to the Greeks what he meant: Greek was their only language, and Greeks form by far the majority of students studying here: they must be a problem.

At ten to six we broke up, and made down to Kochel for supper, which consisted of poached eggs, soup, potatoes and lettuce, with water for the drinking; I had two platefulls of soup, knowing that I would be hungry quite soon. Meanwhile I chatted with an American from San Francisco and Don Paco: we discussed Britain's problems.

Later, after a good talk, I returned to the chalet for some typing. At about a quarter past eight I donned my duffle-coat and returned to the village, in search of some form of entertainment; none was to be had. The place was pretty well deserted, and the air was ice-cold. I wandered up and down the main-street once or twice, staring into shop-windows, and I had a peep into one of the larger hotels: it was crammed full of Germans at dinner, all in evening dress. On the way back to my chalet I met some of the Greek contingent, and we went home together, one person after another leaving us for his chalet; eventually there was only myself and Johannis left, and we returned alone.

There was some form of heating on, and the room felt somewhat more inhabitable for a change; that, however, means more to pay when I leave the place. My friend had a bath while I cleaned my shoes, finished off my bread and cheese, and did a little revising. I was too tired to really concentrate, and I quickly packed up.

Saturday.

My alarm did not fail me, and I got straight out of bed at seven o'clock to shave. Frau Resen~~burg~~^{berg} saw me make my way to the bathroom, and asked me to call Jaques and Panos, which I very readily agreed to do. I did not half give their door a battering; they probably thought I was Frau Resen~~burg~~^{berg} in a mood!

Well, I shaved, with ice-cold water, and then made my way back to my room, where Johannis was just getting out of bed. I dressed, tidied myself, bade the others adieu, and made off at a rapid rate for the Institut, so as to obtain plenty of breakfast for a change. I did intend, in fact, to breakfast fast in order to do some work afterwards - but that plan never really materialised. For breakfast I sat in the main class-room, with three darkies; I had a Thailander on my right, and a Ceylonese in front, with another Asiatic on his left. I spent most of my time either eating the good, fresh rolls, or else in conversation with the Ceylonese, who is studying at Faraday House - probably somewhere in London. His English was quite good, and he was most agreeable, though infinitely older than I.

After breakfast I was dragged into a game of volley-ball, which proved great fun, and at the same time gave me no opportunity to get on with my work. I kept on at this until time for work, which started promptly at a quarter to nine.

A great deal of work was done this morning, starting with sentence structure, ending with interrogative pronouns, and with many hundreds of words, with their genders and their plurals thrown in as well. I felt the classes to be quite a strain. It is the genders that catch me every single time; each word seems to be an exception, to be different; genders are real Hell to learn. In the breaks between work I discussed English economics with a small group of students; the Americans seem to think that our Queen is the last word in everything, and that our Prince Philip ought to be King; they have much to learn. There is a rather nice American girl on the course, but she must be at least twenty or twenty-two: a great pity. I rather like her.

At eleven-thirty we were dismissed until Monday; I was thankful, and gratefully resumed a game of volley-ball: but not for long, as we had to be in Kochel by twelve o'clock for lunch. I walked down with the stoutish Canadian woman, who was moaning something dreadful concerning genders; it looks as though they are a problem for her as well. Lunch was good, but insufficient. I sat at the central table, and spoke English for much of the time with the two Americans opposite; for a while I spoke with the Director, who was also sitting at this table.

Eventually, having eaten as much potato as possible, as much bread as possible, and having made the most of my pigmeat, I left for my chalet and rest. Once there, I set to work on my shoes, cleaning them, and then I washed my hair, with a small basin of hotwater, for which I shall probably have to pay extra later on. It was quite a job, with a tiny basin, and so little water. Still, after a fashion, I

managed, though I afterwards discovered that my comb was full of soap which I had been unable to wash out properly. Intending to go to a dance in Kochel this evening, I then put on my suit and a stiff-collared shirt. With Panos and Jaques I then made down to the village for supper.

Outside the Gasthoffs were a couple of Brazilians, bitterly shivering in the cold and impatiently waiting for the place to open, which in the end it did. The evening meal was good, though we had the same soup as we have been having since I arrived in this place. There was a Viennaschnitzel, which I fully appreciated. After the meal - where I had a small pot of disgustingly weak tea on request - I was in half a mind as to whether to go to the dance or not. I ended up by going to the Prince Ludwig and having a cup of bitter coffee, and speaking broken German with one of the Turks from Istanbul on the course also.

Having made the most of this bitter coffee, I returned to the chalet and got down to a stroke of work, writing out lists of words and their genders and plurals. These I then proceeded to learn, firmly entrenched in my warm bed: for the room was ice-cold. In the end came sleep. At three o'clock in the morning, who should enter - but Johannis ! Out with one of his girls after the dance, I take it. He almost broke the door in the dark, muttering vague apologies to himself afterwards. I pretended to be fast asleep.

Sunday: first Sunday in Kochel, second after Easter.

I got up at ten to seven, put on my suit, all the time keeping an eye on the sleeping Johannis; I supposed he might be tired after his night out. At seven-ten I was out of the chalet and on my way to the local Kirche for seven-thirty Mass. It was drizzling very finely all the time, and the air was icy cold; I rather wished that I had taken my duffle with me.

The church, on the outside simple enough, was beautiful inside; the roof, or, rather the ceiling, was painted over white, with delicate tracery added in pale green. Everywhere were pictures of Our Lady, and Crosses were few. The Sermon, of which I could make but very little, seemed devoted to Our Lady; the priest seemed to be appealing to the peoples' Bayern spirit to be more devoted to Our Lady; I wondered how much of this emphasis was really necessary, seeing that all the statues, pictures and candles in the entire church were already in her honour. I suspected at times that the side of the Church on which I was sitting was meant for women only: still, there was no indication of that by means of a notice, and no-one tried to turf me out. I was unimpressed by the hard wooden benches, and their narrowness. I was also disagreeably surprised at the number of prayers that were in German, going so far as to say the ^m Dóine Non Sum Dignus in German. I received Communion - a tricky process requiring acute timing in this Church - and left soon after the Mass had come to an end. It did not last as long as I had feared. Once outside, it was raining, no longer drizzling. I hurried home.

I changed back into my old jacket and grey flannels, and at nine o'clock Johannis and I had breakfast in our room. I had ordered some tea - which was weak - and, besides that, we were given some syrup and bread. Added to that was my cheese and butter and rolls; it proved to be a very good and satisfying meal. For the rest of the morning I kept myself busy writing letters, and was still at it after lunch.

Johannis made the lunch, using potatoes, meat, my sausages, and bread. It was well made; he managed to turn the potatoes into first-class chips, to everyone's delight. This meal we had in Panos' room, all of us together. Afterwards, having finished my letters, I went down to Kochel and posted them; it cost me a lot of trouble to find a place where I could have stamps, but in the end I was lucky, and made use of a kiosk in the station. Here stamps for England are frightfully expensive; my three letters cost me a whole mark, all told. I was on my way back to the chalet when I met the Director, his wife, and their baby daughter: they

were on the way to the station to meet a new arrival to the Institut, an Englishman. They asked me if I would accompany them, and I willingly did, having little else but work to do. The town - if one can call a large village a town - was full of German teddy-boys, and almost as many teddy-girls; between them they were able to create quite a rumpus.

At the station, after with amusement watching the Director's daughter walk, I found the Englishman as he emerged from the train. He was a Manchesterian and, as I discovered on the way up to the Institut, a Catholic, having been educated by the Jesuits. The Director showed me the way to his chalet, where he at once proceeded to unpack his haversack, all the while chattering amiably with the old landlady in Anglo-German. Having successfully done this, I showed him the way up to the Institut before returning to my own chalet. On the way out of the Institut I was accosted by one of the Greeks, who had with him some three Kochelese girls; they were interesting, but certainly not beautiful. I was not impressed by his choice, though by his audacity, yes.

Now back home, in my heated room, I slept for a while, until tea-time came round. Then more food, consisting of bread and cheese and tea - for me only. I seem to be doing nothing else these days but eat and sleep! The Frenchman, a very pleasant fellow, was at his famous subject of Prosts. once again. He seems to live for this. He spent most of the time discussing how best to bring her into his and Panos' room unobserved; I wonder where he digs them all up; I am curious, and would very much like to know. After a very much prolonged meal, Johannis and Jaques made off together, the snow falling heavily around them. Snow in May; is that not rather incredible? I was startled and horrified and amazed all at once. Such an event! And yet, even in this weather, nothing can stop Jaques from having his fun; I do rather admire his perverted obstinacy and courage.

In the afternoon I wrote to Ingrid. It is odd, but I do not seem to feel very painfully about her absence. I miss her in a heavy sort of way, negatively, as though a part of me were absent. But it is not that jabbing pain that I have so often experienced in the past, at school for instance; I feel lonesome, not in pain. I feel very much alone rather than abandoned. Yet I do wish she could come here for a while. I suppose that in a week or two this dull pain will become more acute, that I shall become more insistent, shall write her more passionate letters. Moods are odd things, aren't they? They leave me with a feeling of inconfidence, fatality. Life is horrid.

I am feeling rather glum and tired today; I suppose that the weather is very largely to blame for that; it certainly is not very helpful. I lack all incentive to work, and feel utterly kaput, without energy. I miss the nice, strong, home brew of tea, which so helps to keep me awake. Male company is fine but, without any variety on the part of mother or father, or on the part of Ingrid, I feel worse than damned. I feel bloody bitter, and I can't quite figure out why.

I wonder whether it is also snowing in Salamanca? I am looking forwards very much to tea for breakfast tomorrow; it sounds so wonderful. Tea: a mirage in a desert. Yet I still hate the sight of a cigarette.

In the evening it went on snowing hard, and the result was that I was forced to take to bed and some light work before sleeping. It was cold. Again, in the middle of the night, in came Johannis with a vast thumping and crashing. I slept on pretty well undisturbed.

Monday evening.

What a day. For the past five minutes I have been trying to type despite the presence in this room of three Greeks. And, to add to my personal discomfiture, it is already latish, for I have been enjoying myself overthoroughly.



Kochel in the snow: a very strong impression of my first week there.



Home dog: few were lucky to be spared. But we became great friends.



Wastel at ease: a rare sight



Kochel: one of many aftermaths to be experienced in the first week.

11

Well, the day started much the same as ever, but with a great deal of snow on the ground, and more still falling. I got out of bed promptly enough at seven, called Panos and Jaques, washed, dressed, and made rapidly for the Institut and breakfast: I was looking madly forward to the tea we would be having.

To-day I decided to abandon my conventional and distinguished habit of wearing a tie, and I resorted to my short-sleeved, slate blue shirt, a new one and, thus, full of excitement. It was messy walking up to the Institut, but I made it; it was very cold. I met some local children going to school on the way, as usual: they were looking most awfully mystified by the snow, ever falling, falling, thick and white, settling on the grass, as on the mountains above and on the trees, but not on the water-logged paths and roads.

I enjoyed breakfast thoroughly, and made the very most of it; much tea, more rolls, and most butter, presented to me by Aparicio, the Spanish girl. I was more than charmed. The classes proceeded well, with heavy bouts of snowballing in between; the girls on the course had it by far the worst, especially the Swiss girl, charming though she, too, is. I suppose that this is the male idea of fun.

At lunch-time I hastened home to change shoes, or, rather, to clean the brown ones I was then wearing, which were certainly suffering from a surfeit of mud. Then came lunch in the Gasthoffs, consisting of stewed meat, followed by apple purée: this was good but small in quantity. I again sat with the English-speaking group on the central table. At the end of the meal I tried out my glass-vibration trick; it took an awfully long time to get going; eventually I got hold of a beer glass, much longer than the rest, and within a few seconds success was mine. People were very puzzled and amused. Afterwards I went to a small kiosk and bought a film, feeling that I just had to take some photos of the mountains and the countryside, which are now so beautiful with all their snow, and, fortunately, plenty of sunshine and a fairly clear sky.

I made back for the Institut at about two o'clock, and proceeded to play volleyball with the new Englishman, Mike. The object used instead of a ball was not in very good shape, nor were the rackets, and the ground was distinctly wet and muddy. Eventually I turned to table-tennis, where I managed to beat a Greek in the course of a mere two games, to my utter mystification, and satisfaction. Then back to work; I was in a good mood as we ploughed through German numerals. In the course of the evening two Egyptians arrived; my back immediately bristled with hate; I felt strangely tempted to kill the one sitting next to me. A horrid thought, which I nearly succumbed to. I felt like throttling him; but why?

First out of the last class, I hastily made back for my chalet, changed from my very uncomfortable shoes into sandals, and then made for the Gasthoffs and supper. By now there was nearly no snow at all left; it has been melting away at a marvellous rate, though there is still plenty on the mountains up above. I thought I would be last into the Gasthoffs, because of the delay incurred in changing shoes; in fact, I was first there, to my temporary bewilderment. So I chatted with the maids for a few minutes, until Mike eventually appeared. Supper was interesting, though I am not so sure I really liked it.

There were sausages, rather raw and very un-English, saurkraut and mashed broad-beans, with some of the usual soup for this weak, bread, potatoes and water. I sat next to the Canadian lady, with Mike opposite. We simply discussed age. After the meal had drawn, for us at least, to an end, she took me and Mike and the other Englishman, as well as an American, to a restaurant by the Kochel See. It was a delightful walk there, with the mountains on two sides, pine trees stark in the evening light, snow glistening on the mountain caps, the hillsides pale brown and green and white, and the vast lake stretching into the distance. The restaurant, too, was beautiful, by the edge of the lake, with a glass sided dining-room looking out over the waters. It was large and clean and homely and elegant, and the coffee more than good; it was a pleasure to drink.

It was cold when we set out on the return journey, the sun had quite gone, and the sky was growing dark all over; we walked fast. Past the Institut this time, until our paths diverged, and I took my way home. With me went Bill, a thin, very tall American, very agreeable. We started discussing England's present economics; as it grew darker and darker, and colder, the American invited me along to his chalet, only a minute's walk from Frau Resenberger's. There, seated in the sitting-room, with the landlady sitting silently by on the sofa, knitting, we moved from economics to politics. According to Bill, as far as politics are concerned, America is still feeling her way; not very reassuring. We spoke most amiably, very matter of fact; I was feeling rather despondent about the rut into which England has been slipping more and more rapidly of late, and also rather despondent about the part America has, to my mind, been unconsciously playing in putting us there at all. Eventually, as time was moving towards nine o'clock and I had done neither work nor typing, I bade the family and Bill adieu - what a lovely, porcelaine cat they had! - and made home.

Now it was very dark, with no snow at all left. I have spent too much today; it is a shame to see how little some money can do; you need such the hell of a lot to get a real kick out of life, to go to the flics, to drink what you want when you want, to go with a girl: in fact, to do anything at all worthwhile. And, after all that, I shall have to economise to-morrow!

Tuesday the seventh of May.

I first awoke at six o'clock, then fell asleep again until my alarm called me to life at ten to seven. I had had a restless night, in spite of the tablets I took: maybe because of the tablets, I know not. When I arose I at once shaved, with cold water once again: I must grow a mustache: it would be fun, to say the least.

After shaving, I called Panos and Jaques and then completed my dressing, took up my books and made for the Institut and breakfast. On the ground, and still coming down, was snow, white and icy and, to-day, uninviting. I was wearing no coat, so I made for the Institut as fast as I could; it started snowing again just as I entered the place, and I had the pleasure of watching the others enter all through breakfast, damp all over, with snow in their hair and all over their clothes. I was early to breakfast to-day - by about one minute, and yet there were two or three people already there. Johannis, I knew, was still in bed, and I am sure that he was not the only one. I was glad to have my tea once again; the only time of day when I have it and, even if I were to buy tea elsewhere at other times, I would be unable to drink just as much as I really like. The rolls were good, and the dear old Canadian lady gave me some of her butter, as she never gets through all hers. She has been trying to devise a system of taking her butter up to lunch, but so far without any luck.

Classes went well, though in the interval - because of the heavily-falling snow - we were unable to go out for a gasp of fresh air. It was very stuffy inside. No mail for me yet; maybe, in a few days time, there will be something. I feel a trifle forgotten. But don't worry Bruno: you're always feeling like that, you good-for-little lump of an egoist! Yes, I am always feeling as though I am not being given my fair share in life.

At lunch-time I dashed back to the chalet and put on the painful brown shoes: the sandals simply cannot stand the depth of the snow; it was not snowing on the way to the chalet. Hardly had I left, when I was struck full in the face by a cool blast of whirling snow, cold from the mountain. More snow. Lunch was not very nice, and consisted of rice mixed up with some thick and rather sickening yellow substance; I don't think it was curry; no-one was much the wiser. Then there was one cold apple-fritter per head; at home I usually have about eighteen, hot, and with plenty of sugar. Here things are rather different, I fear. ~~Tempis~~. After lunch, back to the chalet and a spot of typing; I was cold, and the room colder.

But lunch had hardly satisfied me, and I was soon on my way back to the village, to buy some real white bread, not that thick, dry stuff they give us in the Gast-hoffe. Johannis was delighted when I returned with some bread - which had cost thirty pfennig, and consisted of half a loaf - and at once proceeded to put it away. He said he was hungry. I had bought it for myself, but, seeing classes were due to begin, had decided to postpone the eating thereof until after supper; but Johannis was hungry enough to be able to eat it more or less in one mouthful. He said he would buy some more.

Evening classes proceeded normally, with snow ever falling outside. For the last period we had to do an exercise written; I soon got under way. The subject being verbs that govern the dative, the accusative, and both.

Pancake for supper proved interesting. There was mincemeat in mine; at home I always have pancake with sugar or jam, or both. I felt envious of a Greek who had a plateful of chips, and nothing else; I wonder whether he had to pay extra, or had asked to have them in advance. Afterwards I made ~~star~~straight back to my chalet, as my feet were more than frozen, and I was limping in my uncomfortable shoes: I most certainly seem to have an artery in the wrong place. Back in my room, and after heavy discussions, Johannis and I agreed that the room needed a little in the way of heating. For the remainder of the evening my feet began to acclimatise, and I to grow ever more cheerful .

Jaques is in the deep; he has been untidy with his cigarette-ends, which he has been negligently dropping all over the carpet in his room, which he shares with Panos. The landlady is beginning to murmur: Panos entered my room and, in a white hot blaze, Johannis also grim, sat here studying for the remainder of the evening.

After some work on my part, I washed and changed, resumed my interrupted thirty press-ups exercise, and made for bed, where I read Hemingway's Fiesta, kindly given me by Jaques. I adore Hemingway, having already read his Old Man and The Sea, as well as his For Whom The Bell Tolls; both I enjoyed immensely, and would like to read often again.

I am getting tired of the weather here; it is rather a wet and cold blanket, and I did not even suspect such climatic disturbances when I left England for this place. I am hoping to go to Innsbruck on Sunday, perhaps also on Saturday: I would like to go with Jaques: we would hitch-hike, perhaps spend the night there.

Wednesday lunchtime.

I am enjoying a cup of tea in my room; the time, G.M.T., is one-thirty-four, and the sun is absolutely blazing into my open window, not quite on to me. The heavy snow-fall has practically disappeared, though Frau Resenberger threatens that there might well be more to come before the week is out.

I got up this morning on time, although I felt sleepy and still tired. I had awoken at two in the morning, and Johannis' light was still on; he had fallen asleep with it like that; I wondered for a long time whether or not he was still awake and at work. Then we had an argument of sorts, the outcome of which was that he did put it out, though not without a good few groans. Well, I washed, dressed, and then, in Johannis' company, made for the Institut and breakfast. I wore no jacket, so beautiful was the sky: just as when I swim, I am not interested in the state of the water, but in the presence of the sun and a blue sky above, so too this morning was I quite ~~dis~~interested in the cold air, so intoxicated was I by the blue sky and the pureness of the white mountains above. Johannis was bitterly complain-
-ing it was cold: my hands were, indeed, cool, but inwardly I was warm and aglow.

In class - after a delightful breakfast in Aparicio's company, discussing Spanish literature in Spanish - I discovered that I had come fifth out of about seventeen in the work I did yesterday. And that was without bothering to correct

my work at all. Each class came and went as usual in the course of the morning, and to-day we were at last able once again to emerge for some fresh air in the course of the intervals. I played volley-ball with a Jap - or was he the Thailander? I cannot remember.

At lunchtime I returned nach Hause to change shoes, as the black ones, like the brown ones, were hurting my foot. I proceeded to give my sandals a good cleaning, put on my brown jacket and made off at a rapid rate for lunch which had already got well under way when I finally arrived. There was some good meat and, as usual, having asked for some extra potatoes, they arrived when I had already finished everything else. Tempis. I sat at the English-speaking table, and carried on a vigorous conversation with the Californian woman opposite - who is rather attractive. I was defending the cause of Latin as a subject that ought to be taught as a foundation for any other language: she, a teacher, thoroughly and deeply disagreed. She teaches children - I did not enquire whether male or female - between the ages of twelve and fourteen in a High-School: her language being German.

After lunch - which was concluded with a dish of transparent, light-green jelly surrounded by pale scarlet juice - I returned to my chalet to type and sip tea: at the cost of thirty pfennig, I later found out. And there we are.

After my tea, I returned to the Institut, on the way meeting the Indian: his is bad luck, for his arm has been in plaster ever since he came, and will remain so for quite a time; it is his right arm, unfortunately for him. We discussed the beautiful weather - amongst other things. I warned him that it may well snow again; it daunted him not a little, vast though he is.

I played volley-ball and table- tennis for some time, and then classes were resumed. We attacked some rather unpleasant conjunctions and prepositions, which were always just that little bit unlike the English in meaning, though almost identical to appearances. In the four-fifteen break I watched Herr Wurz, my Lehrer, playing volley with the Swiss girl, who is for ever saying 'nur Deutsch' when you speak to her in French. Yet my French, I am convinced, is not so bad. For the last class we had a pleasant, not too hard, longish dictation: I hope that I have done well in it.

Mike, Panos and I returned together to the Gasthof afterwards, speaking a sort of unfluent German with success. The weather, once more, featured high in our subject list. Supper - we were by far the earliest there - was excellent; I thought at first that it was fried spam; whatever it may have been, it was not at all bad, and in fact I enjoyed it immensely. Then back nach Hause. It was cold by now, and the room little warmer. I read Hemingway's Fiesta and typed.

Reckoning my spendings in the course of the week, I find them rather high; but, you must remember, five marks went to a taxi, and two marks to another one, and, this morning, six marks or more for the grammars that have at last arrived from Munich. I am glad I at last have one of my own, though.

At about eight o'clock I once again went out, as my room was quite unbearably cold, and I really did not want to have to pay for it to be heated; so I made for the Institut, bent on doing a small stroke - at least - of work. It was cold going there, freezing on the way back. People had lit smoke-fires in their back-gardens to stop their orchards from being ruined by the frost. Up at the Institut was Mike, the only person, also working in one of the upstairs rooms; I joined him, and after a while we undertook a mutual cross-examination on the work done this 'term'. There was much I did not know, and, with him, the trouble was genders. Eventually, at ten o'clock, we left and returned to our abodes; I washed in the cold - even giving my feet a look in for once - and took rapidly to bed. Johannis returned some time in the course of the night - I presume: he was tired on the following morning.

Thursday evening.

It has been a delightful day, warm, adventurous, and in no way disillusioning. I got up as promptly as ever, washed and dressed and made off for breakfast - again with no jacket, so beautiful was the weather; and today it was warmer at that time than yesterday for much of the day. Now there is little snow at all and, even on the near mountains, it is melting rapidly. So encouraging; yet the wireless has threatened more snow for the week-end.

I enjoyed breakfast, discussing Spanish politics with Aparicio, that charming Spanish girl from Barcelona. I was rather nettled to hear that the Falange - which hitherto I had always rather admired - makes women work for it if they intend to go abroad at all; so too with men, who must do Military Service first. We spent quite a time discussing politics, and then did I start a little light work in readiness for the morning's classes. We tackled accusative-taking prepositions in the morning, as opposed to dative-taking ones, which were the subject of the day gestern. Gestern is a word I am for ever forgetting; let's not do so again.

I played table-tennis in the break, and at lunchtime showed Mike my room; the house-dog was as obstreporous as usual, and had to be locked up in the W.C. by Frau Resenberger. This dog still barks at me when I am alone, and when I bring a friend along, well Mike was agreeably struck by this beautiful room. We agreed to take to the Kochel See in the afternoon, seeing the state of the weather, using a rowing-boat for transport; I decided I would swim, and took my trunks and a towel with me; Mike was astonished, as were the people in the Gasthof; they claimed the water would be too cold.

Lunch was heralded by ox-tail soup, which was hot and good, and was closely followed by an Irish stew of potatoes, onions and meat, all piping hot: although not exciting, it was all hot and tasty. Afterwards I made with Mike for the lake, we hired a lightly-built little row-boat at the cost of only forty pfennigs apiece, and took to the water. The surface was as smooth as a baby's, and the surrounding scenery was beautifully mirrored in its every detail on its surface. Mike and I took it in turns to row, and after a while, when the sun managed to make a clear break through the clouds for some fifteen minutes, I had a swim. The water was most certainly fairly cold, but the air was very warm on my coming out, and, hang it all, I only stayed in for about three or four minutes, if that. I really enjoyed the swim. I believe that if you only stay in water - however cold it be - for a couple of minutes, you continue to retain normal body-temperature throughout. Well, forgetting all the arguments for and against swimming with snow only two days in the background, I was glad I had swum; I was warm and comfortable within a few seconds of emerging from the lake, and sat in the stern enjoying the sun for a minute or two before donning my shirt.

It is a vast and beautiful lake, mountains on two sides, lower hills elsewhere, rugged and white here, green and verdent elsewhere. The water was absolutely still, dark blue or green, and the shores sloped very steeply downwards. After our hour on water we returned via the Institut, I to my chalet, Mike to some work; he is most conscientious.

In the afternoon classes we did no work, but sat filling in remes and remes of official forms for the German government information bureau all night, until almost a quarter to six. It was hectic, boring, frightfully and trickily detailed, requiring every imaginable detail concerning our own life, past and future, as well as our parents'. Afterwards I managed to cadge a couple of rolls off the maid, and made contentedly for supper at the Gasthof, accompanying the Indian and the Spaniard and the Brazilian, with his local rustic's hat, green and aslant. Supper was as last week, cold, but with tea, pots of it; I sat next to the American teacher - the one I like - (actually she sat next to me) and we discussed all sorts of imaginable things, swimming, prices of meals, haircuts; her hair is two colours.

It amuses me, and, in my opinion, is very beautiful; so, in my opinion, is her face - though maybe the Spanish girl has the advantage there.

Afterwards I made back for my chalet and a stroke of typing, then for the Institut and a spot of work. I went upstairs first, but the Director's wife came and asked me to go downstairs, because her baby was trying to sleep, and last night Mike and I awoke her with our chatter. So I went downstairs, into the room where I do all my classes, dragging my typewriter with me. The tables were laid for breakfast, and I cleared myself a place, and made ready for some work; then in came Herr Wurz, my teacher, and asked me to move to the next room, please, as it would be warmer; this I did. Here the place was not laid ready for breakfast. I switched on the wireless at some opera and set to work. In the course of the evening I was joined by the American, Bill, and a Greek. I worked on undisturbed. At ten I made home and to bed. I was glad that I had shaved in the late afternoon: I need not get up earlier than usual tomorrow. Johannis arrived at about eleven, when I was falling asleep.

Friday afternoon.

I have had a beastly cold today: not severe, but involving both eyes and nose. Could I have caught it swimming? I think I caught it from the snow, if anything, with the accompaniment of wet shoes and socks and cold feet; maybe also from having the window over my bed open at nights. Too bad: it will go.

I got up on time, washed and called the others, then made for the Institut; it was another beautiful morning; it is warmer every day now. Breakfast went not so well: my cold was distracting, despite the conversation on the part of Herr Schmidt's wife, who was for a long time the only other person at my table. At five past eight I made back for home and a handkerchief, then again for the Institut; I felt nettled by my indisposition. In the course of morning classes I was given my week-end food allowance by Frau Director, and for the remainder of the time we were working at personal-pronouns and time. I had prepared all this days and days ago; still, so much the better.

The American I like has an absolutely beautiful Volks^wag^en, khaki-coloured, like a bomb in shape, perfectly stream-lined, almost better than the English M.G., which is my favorite car. She bought this in Germany, and will take it back to the States with her after her stay here; it costs six hundred pounds; not bad. No English person is even allowed to take that much money out of England; those Americans are too darned lucky for words. Such a wonderfully designed car!

Today I remembered to snatch two rolls after breakfast: these kept me very happy in the course of the morning; also, to aid me in my distress, were two letters, my first here. One from the Hispanic Council, telling me to write to some other address for details concerning a Salamanca University course, and one from a friend who happens to be living in Munich; it is a she, about twenty-four years old, I guess. Nice to know one has a friend within travelling distance - if one can say that of Munich.

Lunch was good to-day; the soup, a vegetable soup with little cubes of fried bread on top, was tasty and delicious; the fish was agreeable, so was the salad, and so was the dessert - which looked like bun with custard. They say that a cold makes one lose one's sense of taste: maybe I have not got a 'proper cold after all, just hay-fever. It certainly felt like that when I made my dejected way home, the sun beating heavily down upon me, and my eyes watering enough to drown the devil himself. I then read Hemingway for a long while, miserably, sniffing continuously, wondering how long this state of affairs would continue. I then resorted to some tea at thirty pfennigs, made by Frau Resenberger; we had a good conversation that must have lasted about ten minutes; I definitely feel that I am getting some grasp of the German language: it is consoling. What odd weather; it always clouds over so at mid-day; I suppose that is usual with mountains and wet land. Still: a pity.

In the afternoon I continued with the usual classes at the Institut, my cold getting a little better, and, after the evening meal I put in an hour and a half's extra work there as well. Then bed, with exciting prospects for the morrow.

The Week-end. Saturday and Sunday.

Very interesting. It is now Sunday evening, and I have not had a spare minute for typing since Friday afternoon. I have had a pretty full and a very interesting time since then.

On Saturday morning we had a light exam in the Institut, which went rather chaotically; the lady's handwriting was pretty illegible, and I am short-sighted. I think, however, that I did fairly well: I certainly hope so. At eleven-thirty I returned to the chalet, took passport, money and duffle-coat, had lunch in the Gasthof as usual, and then set out for Vienna. That, at least, was where I was hoping to go. With me I had a towel, soap, a camera, a pullover, and a light haversack; I expected to return, perhaps, on Sunday evening.

My first lift came from a New German Army soldier in his little Volkswagen; he was most friendly, and we spoke in a mixture of German and American all the way to Tölz and past, up through the mountainous village, and over to the new American flats on the suburbs. There my first lift came to an end, and I sought another. I had quite a wait, until a dam-engineer, also in his Volkswagen, came along and took me with him to the main Munich-Vienna autobahn. We discussed light-engineering and tunnel-building and subjects I have now forgotten; I am sure we must have discussed the weather - it was beautifully hot and cloudless - and the variety and picturesqueness of the surrounding countryside. Well, he dropped me at the main autobahn, and there I stuck. I started to thumb, until a policeman turned up and told me pretty clearly that thumbing on the main route is illegal; I was furious, and walked back about half a mile to where he would not see me, before starting the same tactics. No luck. I was stationed on the end of a vast steel and concrete bridge, spanning a narrow valley, whose floor was many hundreds of dizzy feet below. It was beautiful, and the valley was thick with trees, a river flowing down the centre. The bridge was narrow and long and slender, and it was frightfully hot. Eventually I walked over to the end of the bridge and started thumbing there; a police-car arrived within minutes, and took me back to the other side of the bridge, where there was a sort of lay-by, empty. There, and only there, the police told me, could I thumb. So I stayed there, obedient but angry.

I took out a letter from Ingrid, received that morning, and read it to a close: I had not had the time previously. Also received by the morning's post was a small package of tea from my Mother: I had left that at the chalet for future use. As I read Ingrid's letter I suddenly felt very bitter. I felt separated, probably for good, from an extremely close friend; I felt tragic at heart. What could I do? Nothing. She is at Hamburg, so terribly distant from here; I missed her with sharp poignancy, and it hurt, this feeling of passion and impotence. I felt lost and deceived by circumstances. To add to my bitterness, Ingrid asked that I come up to visit her: how I would love to: the realisation that she is willing to see me, and, again, this impotence to do anything about it, stung me to the quick. I felt sullen and disappointed.

After about half an hour longer I managed to persuade a driver to give me a lift to a place called Rosenheim, on the route to Salzburg and Vienna. By the time I reached Rosenheim I realised that I had aimed high; this, above all, after trying unsuccessfully to thumb for at least another hour. I then made the great decision, crossed the autobahn, and started thumbing back to Munich. Soon I struck gold, and was given a lift in a beautiful car, with a Mercedes engine and an Isabella body, driven by a wealthy druggist or Chemist from Munich and Rosenheim; he was accompanied by his daughter, who, I learnt, was in charge of the Rosenheim end of the business. It was a wonderful car, and the owner was more than friendly.

HAMBURG - ÖHMTARSCHEN

PARKSTRASSE 47a.

den. 5. May 1957

My Darling Bruno,

Arriving home, after a quiet and boring journey, I found your letter as a first sign of something I find so accustomed to and had to leave so suddenly. Not only you but England and with that the softness, charm and politeness of the people. Especially in Hamburg people seem to be too well-off and like to show it with a certain air of superiority and arrogance which I loathe. Father and brother seem to quarrel constantly. They might take a degree in rudeness. The competition is going well. I hope I do not find it too difficult to remain a bit more charming.

Father agrees with being here in the sense not really minding, but thinking it rather strange to have someone with a helping hand around. He proudly showed me round the beautifully installed house and the garden with something like an

As the language. Perhaps you write to me ~~at the~~ school
I'm sorry after a lot of time. One of the main points

Life and do not be too pessimistic. You once told me you wanted try to
enjoy everything you eat to do. I will write again soon. Write all my love
and never I think I have learnt! God's friend.

English lawn. He then managed to tell
me about a ~~woman~~ wonderful female person,
who would sometimes come over week-ends.
After seeing her to-day I think her quite char-
ming. My brother greeted me with great
enthusiasm. (20). By the way, as soon as my
father and brother kissed I was very much
surprised by the excellent quality of mine,
and it goes on being good, Day, I wonder?!
You kiss most beautiful, as you probably
know by now.

What great a change it is to come from Ox-
ford to Hamburg, It has its own beauty, al-
though everything seems to be business, but
not exactly the beauty I love round me
I am so happy we don't live in the city.
Everybody were youths seems to be wise
and to have experienced all the troubles of
the world. But it may be better to get
to know them better and see the goodness
in them. Up to now pretty everything in and
about England seems to so far away, apart
from me, and yet there is great longing
and pain in my heart for it and you.
Father still wants me to learn ~~Dutch~~ French too.
and after a few months ~~later~~ French too.

I hope to visit you, but you
could prepare yourself too to visit me.
My bicycle was missing in London and as

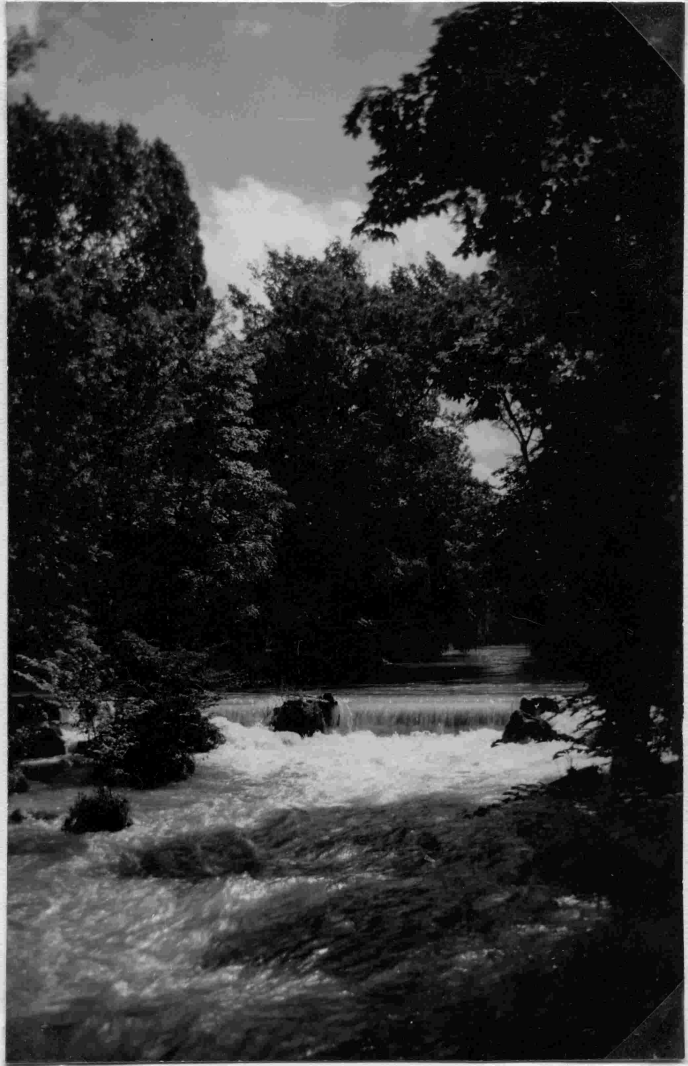
As the language. Perhaps you write to me at the school
I'm sorry after a lot of time. One of the main points
I did not give my registration card to the luggage potter in Hamburg my case
I do so hope you will like it more so
I do so hope you will like it more so

After a while his daughter began to complain of thirst; barely had the word thirst been pronounced, when the driver swung off the road to an autobahn-side hotel. He then proceeded to invite me in for some tea - although I had immediately claimed that I would wait their return outside. So I went in to this wonderful, luxury hotel, with mile after a mile of snow-capped mountains forming the panoramic background, and had tea. The Father told me about the family business, and how everyone was doing something in it - his two daughters, his son and himself: he tried out his English on me, and asked me about English 'tea-drinking-habits'. Eventually I came to the end of my hot tea, with lemon and sugar and silver glass-holder, and together we made back for the car and Munich. We entered the town at a hundred and twenty kilometres an hour, purring smoothly, leaving all other people standing. In the back of the car were flowers for his Mother: to-morrow is Mother's day. Well, after driving me to a point near my hoped-for Munich destination, and after a very profuse and thankful good-bye, I set out for an address I had on the back of an envelope.

And I found it. Elfried was in, living in a vast Students' home, and I gave her the devil of a shock at my sudden appearance. She had not seen me for four years, since she spent three weeks to a month with us in Oxford. She welcomed me more than profusely, put away her work, made scrambled egg and chatted in German: I answered in English, and we managed to make ourselves understood somehow. She had a charming, though small room, only a minute or two from the University itself, where she studies History and Arqueology. At about half past eight or a bit earlier I took my leave, caught two trams, one after the other, taking me out of the town. Then I again started to thumb; but it was already dark, and I had to wait quite a time before getting a ten kilometre lift. That left me at a level-crossing somewhere in the wilds, with everything near-black; there was just a glow by the crossing, and there I stood and waited. And I had luck - in an Auto-Union, black car, man and wife in control - which took me all the way to Kochel, where I arrived more than gratefully at ten in the evening. I spoke only German on the way, and I felt tired out. Back home I washed and undressed, ate two rolls I took after the Institut breakfast in the morning, and slept.

To-day I got up at ten to seven and shaved, washed, put on a stiff-colored white shirt and made for Mass; I was sleepy, and the weather uncertain. This week the seven-thirty Mass was different, without any singing at all, and with a smaller congregation altogether. I went up on the gallery at the back, and there listened very carefully throughout. I believe that the sermon had something to do with the influence of good mothers and bad on their children, and of the sanctity of mothers as a whole. Afterwards I stepped out on to the Munich road and started the day's hitch-hiking. The first lift was about a mile outside Kochel, from a New German Army Panzer Officer; the car, again, a Volkswagen. The officer was terribly nice, and I enjoyed my trip with him. He ended up by giving me his address at Murnau and telling me that I would be welcome whenever I might want to come; meanwhile we spoke German the whole time, and he kept correcting me.

After his lift I had a mile's walk, then another lift, this time with an miner-ologist, speaking good Spanish and French. We discussed the position of the English and the Germans in Spain during the World War; he was mining there at the time. After a lively time with him, discussing Munich, languages, metals and the weather, he dropped me at the University, which is a minute's walk from Elfried's house. As it was still early I decided to pay Frau Walter a visit, and bought some flowers for her: she was not in. So I made back for Elfried and gave them her, and then we went for a walk in the English Gardens, where I sounded her on a job in Munich, on her existence here as a student, on her home-life, and on Munich as a whole. Feeling drowsy from a warm and balmy wind, we eventually made back for her room, where she made a lunch of tomato soup, pudding and tea; there was also some



Englischer Garten Waterfall



Englischer Garten with the Haus der Kunst in background

fruit cake that we had bought on the way back from the Park; I felt rather guilty at thus settling myself on her, probably also with not so plentiful finances, and I was glad that I had at least brought some flowers. My conversation was frightfully dull - I suppose - for I was feeling extremely sleepy from the warm air and the tasty lunch. At two 'clock I left, caught some more trams out of town, and began to hike. I had a frightfully long wait, and then was taken for some ten kilometres or so. Then a lift on a motor-bike, with a strong wind half-pulling my hair away from my head, then a lift in a dinky little green car driven by a slightly seedy garage-attendant: at least, he may have been that: his hands - which I shook on leaving after about ten more kilometres, were oily and grimy. Then another of the good lifts, with a Doctor of Philosophy, all the remaining twenty-one kilometres to Kochel. He was wonderfully friendly, a very keen corrector of my German, and enthusiastic on future meetings. He gave me his card and said I could go with him to Munich whenever he went and I wanted to; he was charming, elderly - perhaps middle-aged - speaking Russian and Roumanian. He knew about the Goethe-Institut, and did not in the least object to my hitching; in fact, he rather seemed to agree that the Zug fares were not really possible, especially for a foreigner.

Back at six-ten in Kochel, I made for the Gasthof and had a supper of two fried eggs and chips and soup and beer; I was hungry and tired. The Gasthof was pretty full of week-end tourists, and the wireless was full-on. I drank too much beer - the glasses are enormous - and felt a little light on emerging, having paid two-fifty-five for the whole meal. Quite a lot by British standards, without any meat. Then on home, by foot, a matter of five minutes or so; there I was enthusiastically greeted by Frau Resenberger, who had me in her living-room to tell her and her husband what I had done since they last saw me, on Saturday, at mid-day. I then made my first English brew of tea, and let her taste some; I think she found it a trifle on the strong side. Then a spot of typing, hectic and out-of-date. I was glad to be home again and in a chair.

So hitch-hiking was not as easy in Bavaria as I had hoped; maybe I shall have to try the Vienna and Strasbourg trip again one day, when there is a little more time for the journey. Still, the main advantage of hitch-hiking, in my mind, is the money saved, the people to be met, and the German - or other languages to be spoken. The people met are certainly interesting and extremely varied; it is fun seeing whom you knock up against by the luck of the thumb. It is also good to be speaking German all day long, making conversation with people willing and lively, able to correct you intensively for, perhaps, half or three-quarters of an hour.

Monday.

It was not much of a morning, cloudy and cool after the weather we have been having of late. I dressed a minute or two later than usual, called the others and made off for the Institut, where I was almost five minutes early. Then came a good breakfast, tea and rolls; to-day I switched for much of the time from my customary marmalade to jam, and from my accepted table to the English-speaking one, sitting in my work-hour place so as not to be interrupted if I attempted some work after breakfast.

The Canadian lady told me how she managed to struggle to the top of the nearest mountain, one of the highest in this region, with one of the longest ski-lifts, according to her, in the world. I think that was pretty brave of her, seeing her age and shape - a trifle on the heavy side. Still, she flows over with initiative and courage and incentive; she is almost violently active, being ever the second or third person in to breakfast. And, well, studying German at her age for fun is no mean feat. After Kochel she leaves for Vienna, where she will be studying yet more for a further year. She is a great friend, always giving me her coffee sugars, often her breakfast butter, full of conversations and with a great sense of humour and criticism; she misses the breakfast coffee !

The first classes were with the lady teacher again - I came second equals in the set - now with twenty people - for the Saturday exam: I was delighted: only three mistakes. At the interval I collected a letter from home - and included were a number of other letters from friends - Mulley, M.P., and Bright from Shack. I was glad to have a letter from home, which I proceeded to read out on the Institut balcony with great pleasure. At lunch-time I dropped back home a few minutes to get rid of my books, and then made off with Jaques to the Gasthof.

There was a good soup, followed by wine-sauce, meat, potatoes and salad: it was quite delicious. After the soup, and before the meat, I dashed out to a shop just across the road to buy a half-kilo of sugar to accompany my tea; it cost one mark-twenty: just as much as a few stamps for home that I had also just bought at the bank; life is dear in some things. I had my lunch fast, then made home for a few pots of tea, that I drank on the balcony as I typed my letters home to England. It was a rush, for I had much to do, and little time in which to do it; afterwards I again made off for the village to post the letters and buy yet more stamps. On the way home I met Bill, the American; I gave him a lump of nutty chocolate I had at hand - given me by Johannis - and that was the end of the slab. A minute later, hurrying home because of a shower of approaching rain, I flicked the chocolate-wrapper by the side of the road; it slipped through the bottom few inches of a back-garden fence. I did not mind - until I looked up and saw a baleful owner dismally and critically scrutinising me; then I doubled my speed home without turning once. The shower started just as I arrived at the chalet. I felt guilty.

I read some Hemingway, then made for the Institut and work; it rained. To accompany me I had the lady-teacher, with her blonde-dyed hair and her white under-the-eye shadows, where her sun-glasses have protected her.

For the evening classes we tackled genitives and imperfects: a problem, with work in store for me in the evening. Strong and weak verbs: what a bore, each to be learnt, like genders, seperately. It was raining when the courses for the day came to an end. Wearing my duffle-coat, my hood up, I ran gaily all the half or three-quarters of a mile to the Gasthof. Why could I never run so keenly at school? Maybe the incentive of a meal made me run. At school there was never any incentive except a bath to get rid of the mud afterwards. Supper, - I was easily first to it - was wonderful, and consisted of two fried eggs and chips and salad and beet-root, with some good soup to start with. I sat, for a change, not at the English-speaking table, but by the window, with the tall, blonde Italian on my right and some Greeks opposite, and a Portuguese man at the end of the table; but he came much later, towards the end of the meal. The Italian used his charm with the red-skirted maid to obtain an extra platter of chips, and not mere mashed potatoes. I was more than delighted, and liberally helped myself. They were good chips and good eggs.

I am enjoying life here: I enjoy the meals, the classes are not too long, there is just sufficient free-time, the weather, on the whole, has at least been very interesting, and everyone is very friendly. I always have enough to do, and stuff to do that I enjoy doing. Now I ought to be writing to Ingrid; I would like to, but time is lacking. This evening there is work to be done. After supper I invited my master - Herr Wurtz - to my room for some English tea; he gave me the plurals of my word-lists, we had some of his biscuits, discussed summer schools at Santander and University jobs. He has only just finished his University work, and his D.Phil. of Munich University: he had to help rebuild the place after the war before he could study there. He is a most pleasant master, blonde hair and very tall and good-looking and witty; he speaks quite a bit of English, some Spanish and Latin. I wonder why he does not marry? Too industrious, I suppose. Well, we had a great deal of tea, talked, and, eventually, he had to leave and go to his room at the Institut. It was still drizzling a little. I made for my typing and arrears of work. I was happy and felt workman-like for a change.

Later in the evening I passed from typing to learning my imperfects of the strong verbs, and then to a letter in pencil to Ingrid; it did not look very appetising in pencil, but I have no ink left in my pen. I could not think of very much to write, and was too tempted by bed to really care. A pity, for I love Ingrid.

Tuesday 14th. May.

An odd night: I woke up at some unearthly time and found all my bed-clothes on the floor; not the best way of keeping warm at night. I got up at twenty to seven and stumbled sleepily to the toilet, then back to bed for another quarter of an hour, trimming my finger-nails. It was a good morning, though cool.

At seven I dressed and made for the Institut and breakfast; I was about five minutes early, and, I think, first there. I sat at the old table, and the Turkish girl - new here - sat at my left. I enjoyed breakfast and ate my fill; I mixed my jam and marmalade; I really don't know which I prefer. Afterwards came a few minutes revision before the lesson, then class; I knew my verbs. In the interval I went for an interesting walk, up the drive at the back of the Institut, plunging deeply into a small valley on the other side, past some blocks of rather scruffy looking flats - with all the washing hanging out to dry - and along a gradually sloping road. On my left I had the mountains, on my right a hill, with some more luxurious houses gracing its side. I passed a beautiful Crucifix, with some flowers in front, then swung up a path and over the brow of the hill; I had, by now, completed what was more or less a semi-circle. In front was the lake, dark and cold-looking, hundreds of feet below; in places there were cats-paws, flurries where the wind was ruffling the otherwise calm and sombre surface. Round the lake, the usual mountains, today with nearly no snow left, black and gigantic. The sun was fitful, and the air cool; looking at my alarmclock I realised that I might be late back, so I ran down the steeply falling path to the main road, then up the steep way that leads to the Institut entrance; then slowly up the winding front-drive, not very well cared-for, and into the Institut. I was ten minutes early.

Lunch was not so good to-day: anonymous soup preceded some skinny liver, and was closely followed by bread-pudding; rather dull. Afterwards I made for the post-office so as to purchase some stamps; the place was shut, and I had to change a twenty-mark note into one mark pieces across the road so as to operate the stamp-machine; I felt indifferently angry. The flies were unpleasant on the way back to the chalet. I cleaned my brown shoes - they needed it - but Frau Resenberger was not in to make me some tea as usual, and I felt indifferently disgusted. The sky is half overcast, and it may well rain in the near future; it is warm but uninteresting weather. I am hoping to go to a performance of a play by Goethe tomorrow, but I do wonder whether I will understand any of it; the ticket cost one mark sixty: rather a lot. If I can understand it, it will have been well-spent: otherwise, I am not sure.

Mitra, the arm-broken Indian, called at about two-fifteen, just as I had started a letter to Father Bernard. He had some typing for me: I am afraid that I was not much on form; I made mistake after mistake. Maybe I was distressed at the absence of my much beloved tea. We went up to the Institut together afterwards, and classes began at about three-five, late as usual. Supper was good, and there were round meat balls, quite tasty, with rings of fried onions, all dark and good. The rather beautiful American girl has coined a new word for my 'ideas', which she calls Brunoisms. At lunchtime, on seeing the Spanish girl having difficulty in carrying a plate of soup without spilling the stuff, I had remarked she was not a good woman, in that she would not make a good wife; a good wife should have a steady hand. That is the first example I will mention; then, at supper, when she, the American girl, flicked her neckerchief round to the side, I remarked that it looked pleasantly accidental, and went into a sermon on how clothes should be worn - naturally, almost, as it were, accidentally, as though one were born in them. I also tend to sermonise at times on relative beauty, truth and taste and so on: it amuses her, somehow.

After this amusing supper I made home, typed out the remainder of my letter to Father Bernard, then made for the Institut to hear a short discourse on the Goethe play I intend seeing on Thursday. I understood most of what the master said: I must say, he explained himself extremely clearly, mentioning details of Goethe's own life, some notes on poetic diction, and the historical background of Iphigenia of Tauris before actually going into the subject matter of the play itself. Afterwards I had a short discussion with Bill on the relative value of Languages and the Sciences before making back home.

I intended having a bath, but Frau Resenberger and her husband were out for the evening: so I did without, and concentrated on my work for a while instead. Then off to bed. This evening Johannis beat me there: I had shaved first: my moustache is growing extremely slowly and unobtrusively.

Wednesday 15th.

I lay back in bed a bit this morning, then washed and dressed at a rapid rate, made for breakfast and settled down to my bread rolls: I was about fourth or fifth in to-day: not good. Even Mike beat me there, although I was five minutes early and the tea had not yet been made. I guess that the fine weather sort of stimulates people to get up sooner than usual.

After breakfast, and a stroke of revision, came work. For the first period we all took it in turns to recite the story of the Pickpocket, one of many in our beautifully detailed and able grammar. I had to wait an hour before my turn came round. A boring procedure, though with its points. In the break I played Badminton with my Turk, who sits on my left. He is an amusing fellow. I must take a photo of him some time or other. No letters. I suddenly felt homesick in the interval - towards the end - when thinking of what I might be doing instead of working: I thought of tea and absolute freedom. The not-quite-so-beautiful American girl agreed heartily. It was such a beautifully warm, hot, cloudless morning. The Greeks were playing their eternal pop. record: all us English-speaking-people cordially hate its mournful whine.

At lunch-time I went home and put on my white tennis shorts, a clean white shirt, and my sandals: it was too hot for flannels any longer. So I took the plunge in change of clothes. There was an absolute roar when I entered the Gasthof and the Greeks saw me thus attired; I looked utterly non-plussed, poured myself some soup, and sat at my customary table. There, no-one was in the least bit disturbed. English people have sense. I suppose the Greeks wear fur-coats in summer, if the sight of shorts thus amazes them to the verge of hysterics. Lunch, to my mind, was certainly not bad; the Americans thought it lousy. There was a broad-bean sauce, with some mutton and salad, followed by rather hard and unready cherries. I left quite soon, and made off for the Lake and a swim and a lie in the pleasantly hot sun. I had looked forward to this when hitch-hiking with a duffle-coat in the blazing heat on Saturday and Sunday. For the way to the Lake I accompanied the blonde-haired teacher with the shadows (white) under her eyes. After a while she made her illicit way into a private garden, and I continued in my search for a pleasant and legal sunbathe-cum-swim place by the edge of the Kochel-See. I had to walk for some time, past the hotels and the white-walled convent, past the bathing sheds and the garages, on, ever on, past the foot of a steep cliff.

There was a beach, slightly set back from the road, with pebbles: after asking permission to go there - for this was a camping site - I lay down on the grass and stripped off my windcheater and shirt and shorts, was left with my swimming-trunks: I then slept. After a while I resorted to my Grammer, and then to a swim. It was cool, but not nearly as much as last time. In any case it was baking today, and I was really tingling and warm a minute or two afterwards: I only swam for about two minutes. I was so warm that I remained in my trunks and read for a while, basking deliciously in the blazing sun, keeping an eye on the ever-continuing chain of clouds

that will keep sweeping, drifting, slowly round the corner of the mighty mountains just above me. The water looked green with the pine-trees reflected on the calmest of calm surfaces; not a soul anywhere. I was left ever in peace. In the end I deemed it wise to change, and this I rapidly did, then worked. At ten to two I arose and made a speedy way home, in the hope of having some tea.

There I arrived at two-fifteen; the landlady was basking in the garden, and lay recumbent in a deck-chair. I lacked the gumption to wake her from such an Idyllic position, and proceeded to mow the lawn into an English shape for her, just for fun; the grass was awfully long and unkempt. Eventually I rinsed my face in the bathroom and made back for the Institut and work.

The evening went, and with supper we had spaghetti: the Americans were more than indignant: they were furious, and let theirs remain almost untouched. After a short while I rose and made home. I mowed some more lawn, then settled down to washing all my laundry. What a bloody back-breaking task. It took ages.

After my back was almost in pieces, having first soaked everything, then washed everything in hot water, then rinsed it all, I hung my socks and pants and shirts and handkerchiefs on a line in a corner of the backgarden. I felt awfully proud of what I had done, and much the worse for wear. I then attended to Mitra, the broken-handed Indian, and did about three-quarters of an hours' typing on his be-half, all the time sipping tea, hot and strong. Then I resorted to some hectic typing: it was already too late for work, and at eleven o'clock only, was I safe in bed; again, Johannis beat me to it. What's come over him?

I've had a good day: interesting: most glorious weather. But my hands are full of blisters from mowing the lawn, and my back sore from washing; I could do with another swim yet. I shall be tired to-morrow, for I am going to bed much later than usual. And I shall have to get up at half-past six, for I have not done my Aufgabe, as usual of late. I need reforming. And to-morrow evening I shall be at the play, and have even less time for work.

Thursday.

I resorted weakly to my grammar at six-thirty, and went through some of the verbs, then had a few more minutes shut-eye. At five to seven I got up and dressed, called the others and made for the Institut. I was there at twenty-past the hour, easily long before anyone else's arrival. I switched on the wireless in the next room and did some work for about ten minutes; then breakfast. On dropping a quite innocent hint that it was my ambition to bring in a pound of butter for breakfast one day - because of the small amount we are given here - I was loaded suddenly and rapidly with butter, both from the beautiful and the not-so-beautiful American girls. I was delighted. I was thus kept eating for another half hour. I must have eaten about seven rolls to-day. I don't think I am becoming thinner these days.

In the interval between the classes I took a photo of the Canadian woman, with the mountains and the lake forming an interesting background. I had to wait a short while for the sun to make an appearance. It is not nearly as fine to-day as it was yesterday. On returning to the Institut, I learnt that there had been a registered letter for me but that, as I had been absent, it had been taken back to the Post - Office until the morrow. I was furious. To-day the postman failed to come at the right time, and this is the result. So I left class five minutes early, before lunch, returned home, took in the laundry, changed jackets and made quickly for the Post-Office. After some unnecessary delay I was served with a letter from the Russian Zone of Germany: no money inside, as I had hoped - on a hint from the Canadian lady. Then off for lunch.

It was lousy - though the others thought it all right. All that was good about it was the apple-puree that came afterwards. I felt in a mood: maybe that was why I disliked the lunch so intensely. The weather - and its change for the worst - has

had a bad influence upon me once again.

Back home - just after a fierce gale had practically caught me in transit - I set to work on my laundry, ironing it all. Another hell of a job, which I skimped very hastily. I only bothered with the white shirt and the blue shirt: I did not touch the underpants or the socks or the handkerchiefs. I was simply interested that they be clean. Then some typing, some tea for the drinking, then work. It was raining hard as I left home. I felt dismayed.

Work, and it was impossible to go outside in the intervals because of the rotten weather. In the evening I went straight down to the Gasthof for supper: it poured all the time. Tea for the drinking, but very thick and murky; the more beautiful American girl was in one continuous state of hysterics from the start of the meal to the end: we all seemed suddenly to be in an awfully jolly mood. It was a cold supper, preceded by soup. There was the usual very wide variety of sausage meats, followed - or rather accompanied by - bread and butter and tomatoes and cucumber and pickles and cheese and eggs. It was really quite appetising. Afterwards I broke my traditions - after failing to entice the beautiful American to tea in my chalet - and accompanied her to coffee in the village Hotel. It was a trifle watery, but on the whole good. There were six of us: an Egyptian pilot, the two Americans, Mike and the other Englishman - called Peter - and an Indian: maybe that comes to seven: never mind! We enjoyed ourselves, discussing the merits of England, the privileges of the English-speaking peoples: on the Egyptian's Passport I saw that he was now only free to visit Italy and Germany. All other countries are closed to Egypt. I can go - in theory - anywhere at all. We discussed the waitress of this hotel, an accomplished singer, and I compared Passport with Peter's. In the end I had to go, as the play was due to begin at eight o'clock sharp. At first I thought I would go direct to the Kino, but I ended up by thinking I would do better to put on a tie and dress a little more elegantly for the occasion. So I made for home.

The Greeks were holding a small card-party in my room: I put on shoes instead of sandals, my stiff-collared white shirt and my brown shoes and a tie. Thus attired I made away; I was furious at the rain. I found the place: it looked like a Bavarian pub from the outside. I was struck by the number of nuns present for the performance. I left my coat in the cloakroom, after scrupulously taking everything out of the pockets, tidied myself in the decrepit looking toilette, bought a programme at twenty pfennigs, and made my way in. The Kino - which serves the dual purpose of cinema and theatre - was large and airy: the seats of new, light colored wood: they were hard after three hours.

The stage was low and broad, and so the actors all looked incredibly tall: it made an amazing effect on the play, this odd stage structure. The scenery - when I saw it - was very simple and makeshift, and so also the dress used by the actors. I did not fail to notice - before the play began, that even uglier girls wore very picturesque clothes for the occasion. Throughout the play utter silence was observed, and there was not the slightest fidgeting anywhere. Of the play itself I managed to understand terribly little. The action I could recognise, the speeches but rarely decipher in any detail. I occasionally succeeded in understanding a whole sentence, but that not often. I found myself constantly trying to drag my attention from the costumes and the scenery and thoughts on the History of Germany to the words as they were being pronounced. Then, for a brief while, I might understand something. After another minute my concentration - which had to be intense for this purpose of catching every sound on utterance, of remembering whole sentences at a time - would flag for another period. It was a shame, but I was glad to be there. It made me want to learn more German quickly. I was tired by the end of the performance - somewhere round eleven o'clock, and I asked Herr Wurtz if I might miss the first class on the morrow as I was so frightfully tired, and would only get to bed at about half-past the hour. He consented, and I made home through the ever-falling rain. I was lucky in finding a short-cut in the dark. At home I made straight for bed and sleep.

For once Johannis was in bed, though he had Panos' wireless humming. I undressed carefully, hanging my wet duffle-coat up, face to back, back to front, so that it might dry well. I put the shoe-trees in my rather wet brown shoes, put away my stiff shirt for a future occasion, put away my collar, put away my thoughts for a future day. I opened the window over my head, let the cool air calm me; it was still raining.

Friday, 17th, May 1957

I tried to have a long sleep, but did not really succeed. I awoke the first time at six o'clock, fell asleep again, awoke another time and then, at about half-past seven Johannis began tapping heavily on my foot, switched on the wireless. I had had it. As soon as he slipped temporarily out of the room I dressed, washed and made for the Institut. I may have dressed fast; maybe, on the other hand, Johannis was merely rather a long time in the Toilette.

Everyone was mystified and relieved at my appearance, being usually first there; to-day it was five past eight. Mike thought I was ill, the Canadian had serious doubts. Well, I tucked into my rolls and butter - which included some contributions - and my tea: then work - or, rather, revision. It was not precisely easy to do much in the way of work with all the Greeks singing uproariously away at the next table. One might have thought the place to be a Zoo.

I felt a trifle sleepy for the first period: outside it was still raining, and I felt morose. I knew my irregular verbs very thoroughly: Herr Wurtz does his best to catch me out, but rarely succeeds. No letter for me in the interval: a shame. I spoke with Herr Wurtz on the prospects of the weather for the morrow: he forecasts rain, and more rain. I'd like to go to Innsbruck: but I'd like to go there with fine weather only. A decision will have to be made.

Fish for lunch: I ordered chips to accompany it, and everyone was mighty envious. Afterwards I had to pay a bill of one mark: I was thunderstruck and annoyed. I thought that the bill would only be for fifty pfennigs. Afterwards I made for sweet home and typed, sipped pots of tea, conversed with Frau Resenberger, looked at her more recently-acquired stamps, cleaned my mud-bespattered brown shoes. I enjoy this time after lunch, about two and a half hours, whether taken inside or out; there is always enough to be done. I felt thought-less: you know, devoid of philosophy. I thought vaguely of yesterday night's drama: I wish I had understood a trifle more of it. Frau Resenberger asked me all about it: she complained that even the programme was in such intricate German as to be barely intelligible - especially with the numerous mythological names and places.

I ended up by shaving very rapidly: I did not cut myself. There we have the good points in not using a new blade. It was a rush putting on my scarf, which I have not worn for a year. Maybe it is my neck, maybe the scarf, but it is forever slipping round and undone. In the afternoon pause I returned home and changed it for a more comfortable tie: house-monitor's tie at Ampleforth College. I also put the duffle on, as rain is ever very imminent. The Greeks gave their usual roar at seeing me in it: they think duffles are odd.

Supper was good: scrambled egg and mushrooms with potatoes and salad; opposite sat one of the masters and his wife. It was the master who gave me some of his wine at lunch not so long ago. I spoke with his wife at great length on conditions in Germany during and straight after the war. It appears that her mother hails from Liverpool. She was eating Kaiser Schwamm: it was a sort of omelette, with sultan-as and sugar: it made my mouth water. Then home, accompanied by Bill the American. We had arranged after the lunch interval to have tea at my chalet in the evening. It was no longer raining: but it was ice-cold. We discussed these odd climatic conditions on the way. Bill is going to Strasbourg soon on his Vespa; is staying there for the night. Is going with a Brazilian: good luck!

When we reached the chalet it was deserted, and we settled down quickly to a quiet evening's work. Soon came Johannis and a bunch of Greeks: of course, they did not all come in a bunch. They came discretely, one at a time, whistling from behind the garden fence so that Johannis, not Frau Resenberger, might open them the door. Once assembled - and they were assembling all evening, until ten, they closed in on Johannis and helped him translate a letter into presentable German. Then they proceeded to cajole me into typing it for them. Meanwhile Bill tried very hard to do some work, and sipp tea. I made more tea either two or three times, ever filling the pot anew. It was good tea. All good things from England come. At ten o'clock Bill departed home, and I to bed. I was really too tired to do any work.

The week-end.

On Saturday morning I was tempted to go to the Institut for breakfast only, and then to leave immediately for Innsbruck. But what I regarded as sense prevailed, and I dressed, took my books, and made off for the Institut at the usual time. I was first in to breakfast - I dress quickly these days - and took three rolls for future reference before starting to eat. I was soon joined by the Canadian Lady - called Edith - and the Thailanders.

I was expecting to do the end-of-the-week exam this morning: I was to be disappointed, for it was moved to Monday. Too many people were missing today. I felt nettled; but I guess that the absonders will feel even more so when they hear this news! We all repeated the 'Misadventure' story for an hour; in the pause I did not receive a letter, and proceeded to play Badmington with Bill. The ball was in very bad condition. At twenty-five-past the hour I left the Institut, made home and had a complete-standing-cold-bath with my flannel and the cold water. I felt I could do with it. Then I packed some objects - a crucifix, a windcheater, my old camera, my dictionary and my grammar and a plastic raincoat, kindly lent for the occasion by Frau Resenberger's absent husband, on her recommendation. She smelt rain for the morrow: I doubted her word, but took her advice. Then away to the Gasthof for lunch.

I sat next to the beautiful American, who had little to say for herself to-day: but lunch was good, and I was glad I had gone. There were meat balls wrapped up in cabbage-leaf, with potato puree as well and lettuce. At twenty-five past twelve I left, and started walking out of Kochel in the direction of Mittenwald and Innsbruck. I walked for about a kilometre, then stopped and waited; soon I thumbed a lift on a motor-bike, which took me past the lake, and about three kilometres further on. Then our roads branched, so I dismounted; here was a fork in the road.

Some beautiful girls were chatting amiably together not far away, by the side of a bridge; there were two of them. They were wearing country dress, which much befits the female form. I felt foolish in my ancient tweed-jacket, with a bag over one shoulder. I felt that I would look more ridiculous than ever in their eyes trying to coax cars to stop: probably failing with at least the first twenty. But they were pretty girls, and I was not so sure that their psychology was as warped as my own. The outcome of this was that I managed to stop the first car that came along, and I felt my prestige immediately redeemed. Another thing that worries me no little when I hike here in Germany is this: the attitude of those who see me trying to hike and recognise me as an Englishman. Does this never infuriate them, or does it merely amuse them? I would dislike both these attitudes were I to know of their existence, and they might well put me off hiking. ~~Tempis.~~ As yet I do not know of them.

My well-timed lift came in a new Volkswagen, driven by a jovial Hamburger with a racing-sport-cap and no jacket on. At his side was a man of about twenty, with a jacket, and rather fine looking. I sat in the back, beside a vast rucksack: I gradually worked out that this other person was probably also hiking, and later this

assumption proved to be correct. He was an interesting driver, reminding me with his humour of someone who once gave me a lift in France. At every girl he met on the way he would exclaim at great length, whistle, shout, sing and smile and joke. The man at his side was amused. Now and then the driver would burst into very unmusical song, then peter out. After a while we stopped, and the two dismounted for lunch. They entered a Gasthof, and I mounted guard outside, with the help of a self-bought, large-sized white beer. It was good, though, as usual, over-abundant, and the glass had a good ring, very vibrating. The sun was wonderfully hot, and I took off my jacket as I sat there in the warmth. A white-trimmed poodle at a neighbouring table gratefully sipped water from an ashtray. The place was quiet, little the traffic. I waited for about twenty minutes for the driver and his pick-up to finish lunch.

On the way back to the car, which was parked not far from the Gasthof, I almost forgot my jacket; close escape. Then we made off, past the next vast lake, an unimaginable dark and glittering blue, looking deeper and more inviting than the greatest of seas. On all sides the mountains, white-capped, and everywhere the sun, hot and caressing. On the way down a steep hill, now near Innsbruck, the driver switched off the engine and parked the car for a rest. He then snored infernally for some twenty minutes. Meanwhile I chatted with the co-passenger, a native of Nuremberg, who is hiking to Yugoslavia for two months' stay there. I also resorted to my grammar and, in Spanish, he explained the meanings of some of the words I still knew not. Eventually the driver came to, and we made the rest of the trip into the city of Innsbruck. There we all parted.

Looking for a place wherein to acquire some Austrian money, I found a travel bureau, where I was given sixty shillings to the ten mark note, and also some addresses of places where I might spend the night cheaply. The first of these places was full - a Jugendherrnberger - and thence I made for another Gasthof, rather than go to the second place suggested at the Travel bureau, which they had not highly recommended. But the first Gasthof I found could only supply me with a double-bedroom, at a higher price - though I did not pause to enquire - and the second Gasthof at once directed me to the not-so-much-recommended place, first mentioned by the Travel Bureau. So that is where I ended, too tired to try any other place. For all these places were at least a kilometre from the centre of Innsbruck, and at least half a kilometre or more apart. My feet were aching, such was the heat, such my inherent laziness.

This second-recommended place was a Bierhalle, and not really bad. I first had to fill in a blue form with details of my past life, then pay fourteen and a half shillings of my Austrian currency, and only then was shown a bed for the night. It was in a small partitioned section of a corridor, with three other bunk-type beds to the section. But I was alone, and rejoiced in my solitude. I chose myself a nice bunk, then went downstairs and had a coffee. It was not particularly pleasant: it was sourish and thin. I was so sick of it half-way through, that I got up and asked for some more sugar, determined not to waste a costly five shillings completely. I did not have to pay extra for the sugar, which I ended a little more graciously and gratefully. Afterwards, leaving my room key on a panel of hooks with numbers, leaving the cheapish looking café entrance to the Bierhalle, I sought out some bread and butter for the evening and the morrow. I also bought the first instalment of player's cigarettes for the Canadian Lady, at the cost of fifty shillings. This necessitated my changing more money at the travel bureau. Having ridden myself of all this back in the Bierhalle, I set out to see the city; it was five-thirty or after, the sun setting, the sky a pale purple, the mountains towering perilously and in oppressive fashion right over the town below; the mountains were black in their silhouette.

I had little method - other than the aim of not getting lost - in my madness, and

I roamed the streets idly and at random. They were, on the whole, deserted: this all excepting the main street, which I only visited later. The shops were shutting or shut, and I peered at great length into the packed windows, full of legendary sweets, with almonds and spices, decorated everywhere, with chocolate liqueur bottles and vast boxes of delicate chocolates. But they all cost a great deal. In other shops were the usual innumerable varieties of sausages, in other shops quaint Austrian handcarved woodwork, including pipes and clocks and musical-boxes, with quaint designs in marquetry work thereupon. All these wooden articles, mainly hand-made, were inviting and attractive and expensive: I decided I would wait until some future date before buying anything, which I felt strongly tempted to do.

The women everywhere were exquisitely beautiful and graceful and well-built: I suppose that many of the people I saw must have been tourists like myself, but, on the whole, from Austria or Southern Germany. They all wore exquisite flouncy dresses, often black and matched against a white blouse of lacework; many of the women wore highly-coloured dresses, also flouncy and with puffed sleeves, white socks and interesting headress. The men wore leggings and grey jackets trimmed with green, and wore Tyrolese, feathered hats. Many of them were smoking the ornate type of pipes I had seen in the shops, and had so much wanted to buy, not to smoke but to look at. Everyone was gay and cheerful, the women all smiles, the men not nearly as grim as in Munich or even Kochel. There was an atmosphere of festivity and joie-de-vivre and plentyfulness. Everyone looked satisfied with life.

There were no bombed sites, and the older buildings remained sedately untouched by trace of war: and the older buildings were certainly impressive, though few. Passing down the main street, with the statue on its white pedestal in the centre, I reached an older quarter, resembling in its antiquity the Shambles of York City. It was picturesque, dark and cavelike, the shops set back from the road, with vaulted roofs over the pavement. The shops were richly stocked and interesting, and most imaginative: occasionally there would be a café, modern inside, but fitting in well with the surroundings of the Middle Ages. Eventually, having spent a few minutes in one of the later Baroque churches of the town, where the side altars were, as always, richly decorated with painted statues and flowers, the roof painted, the benches hard, I made for home. En route I stopped to buy three post-cards of the city, and in so doing met the manager of my late-school's laundry. We chatted amiably in mild Yorkshire on Ampleforth and the surrounding country, on Austria, on the tour this manager and his wife have been making through the land. We were very glad to meet, although previously we had not suspected one another's existence. It is always agreeable to meet someone from the homeland abroad, especially anyone at all connected with one's homelife - which includes school-life.

Back in the Bierhalle, I tidied my possessions and stripped, remaining in under-pants only; I then put on my windcheater and slipped into my bunk. Soon I put the pillows at the other end - I had pinched one of the pillows from the bunk above - as I had the open window right behind. In my new position I felt better and warmer.

All through the night new people came, but never to my cabin; the trouble was that they woke me with their lights and the noise of doors for ever opening and shutting. But I slept well, off and on. I only arose, to-day - Sunday - at nine-thirty. It is good to be able to sleep as long as one likes now and then!

I breakfasted off bread, still pretty fresh from the night before, and plenty of butter, then tidied up. At ten to ten I left the Bierhalle, with bag and all, in search of somewhere to attend Mass. I was not very lucky. Wherever I went there was a Mass nearly finished; I always seemed to come just as the bell rang for the Communion. I tried to pray, but I felt guilty and angered. Here, unknown to me, Mass begins at nine-thirty. In England they begin ever on the hour: I had hoped to attend a ten o'clock Mass. The churches were all packed, everyone in brilliantly interesting dress, the women attractive with shawls, the men in Tyrolese grey and green. One Church, with eight massive pink marble pillars rising in the centre,

boasted vast figures in coats of armour down either side, some with crowns, some only coronets. Heroes of Austria, perhaps more especially Tyrol, I supposed; they were proud and strong-looking, in darkest grey, either iron or lead. Knights of the Middle Ages: I am sure that England could boast the best, the readiest, the most loyal to their damsels, the most adventurous. But here they were impressive nevertheless. Again, in this Church, Mass was at an end. The organ music was deafening, the singing so loud as to be inaudible.

Hence I made my way out of the city, bought a packet of cherries for three A. Shillings, bought a Red-Cross flag off two forward and non-plussed girls, both of them beautiful. I asked them the reason of this cause - this flag-in-the-buttonhole ideal: I never give anything to a cause without first knowing as many of its whys and wherefores as possible. To-day, however, I seriously doubt whether I could long have denied these girls' so beautiful smiles: I gave in. Yesterday I had refused to subscribe to this cause: 'either I was too lazy, too anxious for my money, or too little impressed by the people who accosted me. On my way out of the city I had to walk a long stretch, then obtained a lift on a Vespa.

Yesterday I had intended staying Sunday in Innsbruck until after lunch-time: but yesterday the weather had been irresistible. To-day it was not so fine, though quite stifflingly hot: so that was why I decided to leave for Kochel this morning, not only this afternoon. And my decision was to prove very wise - in my opinion.

After the Vespa lift - and stopping once to discuss Austria, the driver's profession as a theatre hair-stylist, discussing the values of Innsbruck with its many attractions, the richness of the inhabitants - then I had to walk and wait long indeed for my next lift. I must have walked two kilometres up an almighty steep mountain road, seeing the Innsbruck and Inn Valley disappear miles below me, see the clouds gather across that valley, round the next mountain chain, where the snow still lay thickly. Eventually, after a long, long wait, hot and sweaty, my feet burning, I was picked up by an Englishman in a Volkswagen, hired for a ten day vacation in Austria. Almost as soon as I was in, it began to rain, and after ten minutes or more visibility was low, such was the heaviness of the thick mountain rain-fall. The driver, working in London at advertising, told me about his trip round Austria, his impressions, the cleanliness of the places he had seen, the vividness of the customs here. He was keen to return. He had also been, three years ago, to Spain, which, he said, made him think of the East with its poverty, the dirt. Yet everywhere was culture, the relics of the Moors: everywhere was kindness, everywhere had he been accepted in a friendly and not-alloofish way. He liked Spain too, but for slightly different reasons to my own.

Talking, talking, we took the wrong road, but he went to great pains to bring me back to the road that runs to Kochel, where I had told him I was staying. It was raining so frightfully hard. He was heading for Munich, where he was due to catch a plane home in the evening. To-morrow, in the Office, he said, this would all be like a dream. Yes, he liked Germany and Austria, in spite of his memories of the war; the people were hard-working, good business-men, solid and tough. He remarked that the New German Army soldiers - whom we saw en passant - were smart in their uniforms.

Back in Kochel, I took what turned out to be an all-too expensive lunch, with white wine, soup and Kaiser Schmarzn in the Gasthof. The place was nearly crowded out with people in country dress, uproariously happy and full of fun. I felt almost at home, although a stranger. Then back to the chalet, the working out of my finances, the drinking of tea and some typing; a lot of typing. I also sold Johannis and a friend two packets of the two hundred cigarettes I bought, and another packet to Frau Resenberger's husband; I only suggested that I might bring him some similar on my next trip to Austria: but he was keen on a packet right away. He gave me a tip for transport: here in Kochel, if available, they are at two marks, which is forty pfennigs or so more than in Osterreich.