

After Diary typing for a long while, I resorted to letters home: one for my Mother; I always write to her first, as she gets frightfully anxious if she does not hear from me. Then a letter to my Father - from whom I have not heard since my arrival in Germany - and a letter to my Grandmother in Fraserburgh; finally, and I was weary by then, a card to a friend still at school, headboy of the house I once belonged to, St. Oswald's. I wish I could have written at greater length, but I really was tired. I then had another pot of tea brewed, ate some of my bread and butter, did just a trifle revision work, and made for bed - after a very thorough wash. It took me a long time to sleep, although it was nearly eleven when bed was mine. Johannis must have come sometime in the course of the night; I never heard him arrive.

Monday evening.

In some senses it has been a dismal day, with continuous drizzle from the moment I first got out of bed until this minute; just one, so steady, drizzle at its best, and, at worst, a mildly annoying rain. The mountains have been all day hid in writhing grey mist, reminiscent of Scotland or the Basque country in Spain. It has been very cool, and my duffle is nearly soaked through. I have once again hung it up to dry, but there is little hope of its being dry by the morrow; I only hope I don't have to wear it to-morrow, at least not for the morning. Yet I am convinced it will pour all day, as it did yesterday and has done to-day. What a life. Weather plays a mighty important part in one's existence, physical and moral.

I arose at three past the hour this morning, washed and dressed, called the others and made off for the Institut. I was a few minutes early, but in any case no-one else turned up until about twenty to eight; the effects of this confounded weather. It meant I could have the wireless on with the music I fancied longer than usual, that I could have my breakfast in peace and think as I drank my hot tea; for today it was really hot; the day when no-one bothers to appear on time.

The Canadian lady was next along; she no longer wanted my Players cigarettes, having bought a great deal herself at better exchange prices, trading dollars and not marks for the Austrian shillings. So I sold the cigarettes to Paco and Peter and a Greek or two. I made no loss; if anything, a profit of some pfennigs, if that counts.

There was an exam for the first period; I finished soon; the result, eight mistakes. I suppose I should have revised more thoroughly. I am afraid I am still just a little shaky on irregular verbs and prepositions! Well, having finished my work very soon, I made off for the village and posted my letters, all written last night. I also laid in stores of stamps for the future. Then I went to the village chemist's and had five passport photos made. This involved going upstairs into a rather pleasant room, well furnished, with the Gasthof just across the road. The man who took my photo, probably the Chemist in charge of the place, was very friendly, correcting my German profusely - amongst other things. Afterwards I made my way back fairly rapidly to the Institut, for the rain was dismally wet, and my trouser bottoms suffering badly. There again, in the shelter of a warm classroom, I found a letter for me from Ingrid.

I had wanted to write to her yesterday evening, but, after all the other letters I had written I had been just too tired to have been able to write anything at all interesting and agreeable. So, having perused her charming, long, picturesque letter to an end, I started working out some contents for one in return in the course of the afternoon. I started writing - again with pencil - to her after lunch. I was then in a good mood, fresh and full of thoughts; to-day I really loved writing to her. I felt sincere and in love and dependent on her; I had something to say. Good old Ingrid; I am still trying to figure out some means of reaching Hamburg from Kochel; I am reserving all my affection for her. My lips are dying for her lips, my cheeks for hers, my thoughts for her own. I love her much.

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HAMBURG - OTHMARSCHEN

PARKSTRASSE 47a

Darling Bono,

What a very depressing letter.
I wish I could comfort you with warmth
as a compensation for the cold weather,
cold water and seemingly cold people.
Here, too it was very cold; but it's sunny
now, although life seems to be hard, realistic
unromantic and without any charm. Last
night I dreamt about Oxford, how I went
along one row of colleges after the other,
weeping, having lost something indescribable.
The night before I dreamt about you
and again I awoke with that very
pleasant feeling I told you about.

Father still wants me learn Portuguese, which
means 3 to 4 hours school and just as
much time for homework a day. He did
not allow me to give private lessons, or to
^{teach} give German in exchange for Portuguese, as he
thinks I won't have any time. But in spite
of that I will do it and I will go to an
English club too and write lots of friends.
He must get used to that, if he wants to

keep me here for longer. But I think I can handle him quite well now, especially with tenderness and ignorance.

On Sunday we visited my little, oh no, quite big now, brother. He greeted me with "Kallo, you silly girl" and after having said a few words of welcome and how nice it is to see him again: "Be quiet you fool." Don't you think his English is most surprising. He is very good in it. He showed off very much in the course of the afternoon, but when I said good-bye he said exactly the same about me, because of not going in for his rudeness and being softer than usual. Otherwise he was quite lovable and the sun was

shining beautifully when we walked on the
(it is very near the water-see.)
shallows barefooted and in very light clothes.

I wish you could have been with us.

My father will probably go to Bavaria in the middle of June to meet a cousin from Coburg. I hope to make it possible to meet you, but as we can only stay for a few (if that) days I cannot be so sure about it. I do so wish you would get to know a charming person of some sort, so as to have some German conversation and to enjoy your stay more. With all my love and kisses yours
Ingrid. I do miss your
delicate kisses.

It appears she may be able to come for a day or so, with her father, to Bavaria; that would be wonderful. My dream, however, is to spend a week-end with Ingrid in Innsbruck: would it be good there together! I reckon that this was the only thing I could have done with yesterday, that I in any way missed. I must economise, if I am capable of such a thing.

At ten to three I left the chalet for work; still rain. We tackled adjective declensions in the evening, then word-order: quite a mouthful. Thank goodness I had a slight foretaste of all this at school in England first. Otherwise I should be completely swept off my feet. In the pause I rushed wildly down to a letter-box and posted Ingrid's letter; it was then one minute to half-five; at half-five the box was due to be emptied. I would do anything for Ingrid; running is nothing.

I went down to supper with Mike, tall, lanky, the water dismally dripping off his black cape. With my coat it merely sinks gently right in. There was some good soup, then poached eggs and sour cabbage that was not very nice. The two American women were back, straight from Innsbruck. Yes, it has been raining there too ever since I left. I did more than well to leave when I did! Mike, sitting on my left, discussed American Income Tax for most of the time with them; for the rest of supper-time I was asking the Americans about their impressions of Innsbruck; they are not, oddly enough, keen on returning. That, again, is an evidence of what the weather can do in district relations; it is a shame.

Back home I ordered a bath; I would like to wash my hair and some clothes, so I might as well fit a bath in too. Luxury. Still, it is the first proper bath I will have had since my arrival here. I think I deserve it: I ordered it for eight o'clock in the evening.

And it was a good bath; hot, and I heard the flames hissing, the wood cracking beneath the boiler as I lay in the warmth. After washing myself, I washed my hair, then my socks and some handkerchiefs, then a white, sports shirt: with shirts, as far as I am concerned, it is mainly the collar that matters, or the cuffs when there are any. After my bath I returned to my room and ordered some hot water for tea. I buttered some of my Innsbruck bread, sat in the armchair, my back against my grey flannel trouser legs, so that they might acquire a crease; the rain has more or less washed all traces of one away. And I proceeded to read *Fiesta*, by Hemingway, and continued to read it to the end in bed; that, when my tea and bread had all gone. I wore my dressing-gown - in fact my Father's - and it was a very pleasant evening: I even gave my grammar a brief look in before going off to sleep. Johannes only arrived much later, and I had finished the *Fiesta* just as he turned his night-lamp out. Outside it was still raining.

To-day, Tuesday.

It was raining when I got up, and it was raining at lunch-time, and it is still raining now; it tried weakly to clear a little before supper. But, as I said, it is raining again now. What's the use? If only this rain were a little warmer, I would go out somewhere and strip and stand in it for a long time; it has its uses; but it is snow-rain, cold, like the Kochel See - and there is nothing warm into which to step out afterwards.

Breakfast was good, quite as ever. I brought a chunk of my own butter to add to my ration: an extra portion costs twenty pfennigs. I had my own music for quite a while - but it is always dance-music at this time of day: I would like some classical music. As for Jazz, well, no: not at that time of day, please, although I don't mind it on the whole. My fingers were for ever getting stuck this morning, thanks to the marmalade; maybe I was nervous about something? Conversation centred mainly on the state of the weather; interesting topic from my point of view.

In the interval I made for home and donned a windcheater; it really was rather cool. I felt better afterwards: Frau Resenberger smiled at my self-protective action, before going out to do her shopping. After the last morning class I made for the Chemists: my photos were not yet ready: too bad. Lunch - and I was

a long time waiting to be served, having ordered a different course on the previous night - was not very pleasant; the dessert was hideous, being mainly burnt rice pudding with marmalade inside and bits of orange, very, very raw. I tried mine with salt, and it was just a little better. Afterwards I made straight for home, ordered some tea rather on the late side - at about two - and typed an answering letter to Addy, somewhere in the Russian Zone of Germany. I made one copy, then had it corrected by Frau Resenberger; then I retyped it out before going to see if my photo's were ready yet. They were not. But I was given two of the expected five; interesting. Never knew I looked like that. It is true that they were only Passport photo's. In the course of the evening I grew to like them a little more.

I walked up to the Institut after visiting the Chemists with Don Paco; my Spanish is becoming somewhat rusty, every second word being German; on the other hand, perhaps my German is improving? Just a chance.

Work was tiring; we had to write exercises for the first period; an ordeal, although - I trust - we were allowed to look up for them. In the interval I had Herr Wurtz have a look at my pink slips for Russia, and the letter; he still found quite a few mistakes in the letter. Pink slips were O.K.. Still, such was the state of the letter, that I knew I would have ~~it~~ to type it out yet again. A pity.

The weather cleared a little before supper, and we all wondered what things would turn out like on the morrow. I called in again at the Chemists, and collected the remaining prints. I was given an extra two, free, to compensate for a microscopical flaw in the two I already had; not bad, though, truth to tell, the things cost three and a half marks too many in the first instance. Supper was just passable, and there were some good potatoes to make up for the not so very nice bean mash. There was a frightful amount of jokes being repeated round my end of the table. Edith, the Canadian, called Herr George, the Director, a slave-driver: she told him so in a most amusing and heart-broken way, and he answered with 'that's what you need!'. Another joke, repeated by the more beautiful American, from class-time, ran so; the master in charge, a very North-German looking Herr Schmidt, had chalked up a Proverb, in which the word Kartoffel occurred. As one may have noticed from reading up to date, if one wants to survive at Kochel one eats mainly Kartoffel, with, perhaps, bread and soup to help. There is certainly a predominant portion of potatoes to every meal except breakfast. Well, on having chalked up this Proverb, someone - called upon to translate - at once remarked, sadly, that the Germans even remembered their Kartoffels in their Proverbs. I stayed in long at supper, eating potatoes and talking with Bill, just back from Salzburg. He told me all about it, the Konig's Lake, the music performances in Salzburg itself, the places he had put up at. We discussed the merits of guides, the value of seeing things as they appeared, not as part of a fixed schedule. Bill now wants to go to Innsbruck; I don't really blame him; I only wish he would take me with him, on his motor-scooter.

I accompanied him home afterwards; we discussed American politics, as usual; I suppose it was my fault. Politics intrigue me. At lunchtime I tore up a paper used as a rest for the soup tureen, on discovering it was Egyptian Communist literature, barking about Imperial corruption. I am also a bit narrow-minded.

It started raining heavily just as I got home; I took off my duffle and made myself at home, drawing the wooden shutters on the outside walls for the first time since arrival. That should induce better sleep at night and in the early and later morning, when the sun - if there is any - always wakes me at about six or five. I then set to work typing: but I feel lazy. I would like to sleep. There is an enormous amount of vocabulary I should be learning soon, for the morrow; I trust I will be conscientious. On coming home, Johannes asked if I was a Scotsman; I wonder exactly how mean I am? I cannot afford to throw away money when I have ten pounds - or just under - to last me nine weeks! He's probably rolling in the stuff. Still, I suppose I need not be so meticulous over everything: but it is very much in my nature, I fear; and I am not a Scot.

I typed a brief card to Elfried, thanking her for her hospitality in Munich, when I went there for two days just over a week ago; I also acknowledged the letter from the Hispanic Council, and finished filling in the forms for the Soviet Zone of Germany. By then it was late, and I was certainly glad to get to bed - having, once again, had a good tea first.

Wednesday evening.

It has rained all day, and only just stopped; but now the sky is pretty clear, and I have hopes for tomorrow. My coat is sodden, my shoes are disintegrating, so I hope my hopes will not be dashed! When I got up this morning, at five past seven, there was almost what amounted to a storm in progress; I regretted having done the wooden shutters up, for that meant I had to lean right outside to swing them back and refasten them to the wall. I am getting up a little later every day: a pity, but it proves I am human. I felt very tired this morning. I am looking forwards to another long sleep on Sunday.

I took some of my butter to breakfast this morning; for most of the time I was speaking Spanish with Don Paco. We were discussing the merits of the Jesuit Order, with particular reference to Spain. Personally, I rather prefer the Benedictines: Don Paco was educated by the Jesuits - as, too, with Mike. After breakfast I revised the newspaper reports - which we had to learn - and made ready for class. I was handed back the exercises I did yesterday: only three mistakes in three sides of writing: still, I did think I knew how to decline my adjectives. I was right. The next person had nine mistakes, and the others anything up to thirty or forty. I was mighty pleased; success makes me feel like an inflated balloon for a while; it's good that this feeling does not last too long. In the interval I had a letter from Ingrid; I was furiously delighted at my luck; she must like me.

Towards the end of the interval the rain began to come down like cats and dogs; Edith and I remembered very clearly the previous night's wireless announcement, stating that in the morning there would be some superficial mist, clearing soon over the whole of Europe as well as Western Germany; then it would be fine. We chuckled gleefully.

I left a few minutes before the end of the last morning period, dashed off to the Post Office; it was foul weather. I registered Addy's letter - forgetting to add my own address on the envelope. I hope the letter will arrive safely. I also bought some cards for Mike, and some stamps for myself. I posted everything, including Elfried's letter and the H.C. letter, for London. Then I made for lunch, and sat at a smaller table, having resolved to speak nur Deutsch. I sat beside two of the Turks, and there was an Egyptian opposite. Soon along came Herr Wurtz, and I more or less absorbed him in conversation for the remainder of the meal. There was some good meat, with noodles too; the sauce was excellent, the dessert middling.

Afterwards I returned home and typed: no, I did not type. Forgive me, but in fact I wrote - a long letter to Ingrid, enclosing one of the Passport photos for her approval. Meanwhile Johannis played cards with another, slight-sized Greek at the same table, only once stopping to eat two fried eggs as made by Frau Resenberger especially for him. I munched bread and butter, sipped tea and was more than content. The tea was delicious, and I enjoyed every drop; I let Jaques have a cup full when he came in; he, too, appreciates this soothing beverage. Johannis has still not learnt.

We had a new master this afternoon, a Herr Fischer. I did not like him very much to start with, but he proved quite able and enthusiastic: he also has quite a bit of imagination, and made us all invent a sentence as part of a letter he wrote up on the board. He made no use of any foreign language, relying entirely on his ability to explain himself clearly in German; this proved rather hard on me, dim as I too often am. In the interval I went for a short stroll down to the letter-box with a Turk, posted Ingrid's letter, and showed him my chalet. He was very

struck at its beauty, and, as everyone else has been, by all the books in this room I have the honour of inhabiting. We then returned leisurely Institut~~e~~wards, looking critically at the slightly cleared sky, and wondering about the future. I asked my friend about his hopes, whether he intended to come to England, or travel anywhere else. He answered that he hoped to visit France, and perhaps Italy too; he was not awfully communicative; he is one of those receptive souls, ever imbibing, rarely giving out to the world. But he is an agreeable fellow.

The last class of the day thankfully drew to a close with a dictation, in which I managed to obtain seven mistakes, to my disgust; I am bad at dictations in whatever language they might be, and German is not proving itself any exception. I went down to the Gasthof for most of the way with Mike, and then he left to enter his chalet and put his books away. He is still wearing his beret in case of rain, though he has dispensed with his plastic cape. I am still wearing my duffle, damp in many places, and the other members of the Institut~~e~~ are also well buttoned up. It is cold. I wish we could have a permanent change in this frightful weather. For the evening meal I again sat at a side table, surrounded by Turks, with Bill diagonally facing me, and Pico, a Brazilian, just opposite. We spoke in German all the time, though Bill was once well and truly tangled in the foliage of his own verbiage. We had a meat ball each, with onions and Kartoffel; good, tasty, but insufficient. I left soon - we all did at our table - and returned thoughtfully home. I do not know what thoughts I did think, but I am sure they must have been many: I took a long time over the walk, studying local architecture, modernisation as regards the window structure of some houses still being built; studying the mountains, seeking clouds; studying the ground, and its dreadful, holy state - worse than in Spain.

Back home I was alone, and cleaned my shoes, and put them away until the morrow; they need a good drying. My slippers were comfortingly warm and dry; and I then typed, and dreamt of the tea I had resolved not to make.

I ended up by going to bed at a very early hour - somewhere round about nine-fifteen; I was really a trifle tired. I drew the shutters, the curtains, and my bedclothes close around me, for my feet were icy. Then I slept, eventually.

Thursday 23rd. of May.

I arose at five to the hour, as the weather ~~outside~~ seemed to be quite good; there had certainly been some sunshine earlier in the morning, which had prematurely awoken me. I dressed and washed and called Jaques and Panos - the usual acknowledging grunt coming from the other side of their door - and made my way to the Institut for breakfast. It was cool, and there was quite a heavy mist around, successfully obscuring the sunshine.

I was first to breakfast, and changed tables once again, leaving the English-speaking one for the table I used to frequent when the course first started. I was joined, by and large, by Pico and Paco and Aparicio, the beautiful Spaniard. In the morning interval I made down to the Post Office and bought some stamps and two post-cards, then returned at high speed. The return journey - that is, both ways - took twenty-five minutes, which is good work. It is certainly good exercise for one, once P.T. has ceased to exist. Lunchtime saw better weather, the sky clear; but it was soon to cloud over, and now, in the evening, it is once again raining. I sat at side tables for both lunch and supper, in an attempt to speak German: so I ended up by speaking not a word, my neighbours knowing even less German than I. Lunch was good, and for supper we had the once-weekly tea. I am afraid I had rather a row with one of the Turks - Baikara - at suppertime, as he took the sugar-basin from our table and would not return it. I was angry, because a Greek had just taken the other sugar-bowl, and yet another Greek had just helped himself liberally to our bread; so our table - with a capacity of about twelve - was left with little bread and less sugar, all because other people were too lazy to apply in the correct way for more. Still, I do tend, it is true, to make mountains out of molehills!

After lunch I sat out on the verandah in the dying sunlight, drank some not too hot tea, typed letters to Frau Walter and the Secretaria General of Salamanca University; as they have not answered, and I wrote nearly a fortnight ago, I can only presume that my letter has got lost in the post; so I wrote again, in great and laborious detail, and registered the letter later in the evening. Jaques joined me on the verandah, wrote letters too, but by hand. Panos had a Greek girl in his room, so I suppose that explains Jaques' visit to our balcony: he wanted to leave the blissful pair in peace. This Greek girl's physique reminds me strongly of Ingrid: but this Greek girl's hair is not as beautiful as Ingrid's. After some writing, I set to work again on a section of the lawn, cutting it short in the English fashion; at a quarter to the hour I returned to the Institut for the afternoon's work, only breaking off at four-fifteen, for half an hour, to go down to the Post Office and register the Spanish letter. It was still fairly fine then.

I went down to supper with the tall, pilot Egyptian; he spoke bitterly of the Anglo-Franco v. Egyptian war, praising Egyptian economics and prosperity, the modernity of Egyptian towns, the similarity of the inhabitants of that country with the normal European. It seemed to me that he was suffering from an inferiority complex.

After supper, slowly - for it was a heavy, cold, hundred and one sausage-variety meal - I returned to the chalet and put in a great deal of time mowing the lawn in front of the house. I ended up by doing half, very well; then it began to rain, and I also had an appointment down in the village with the village priest. I had spied him straight after lunch, and had made the appointment then.

So at five to eight I put on a tie - which I had discarded for the day, because of the weather - and my better jacket, put on my now-dry duffle, and went down to the village in the rain; it was already dark. It took me some time to discover where the priest dwelt - for the church was shut - but in the end I triumphed, and he led me to the wooden, three-partitioned village confessional. It was a hard confession, made in German, Latin and French, with many repetitions for the sake of clarity. I did not know my German and Latin, especially, was that rusty! I could understand the Priest as he spoke to me in Latin, but my own diction was pretty poor. It was rather an ordeal, and a test, but I was glad when it was over and we shook hands in thankfulness. I then made for the Gasthof and had a chocolate to revive me; I felt as though I very much needed it.

The Gasthof was nearly empty, though from nextdoor I could hear Jaques speaking fairly good German, very loudly, with some females. I drank my chocolate gratefully, at sixty-something pfennigs, and then made home in the heavier-than-before rain, and typed.

I have been feeling better to-day. Yesterday I was suffering very much from an overwhelming sense of morbid continuity in everything, work, life, and all; this has gone in part with the temporary set-forwards in the weather. I am feeling a little tense, however; have I been drinking too much tea? I am a bit nervous of late, and do not appreciate this; it makes me get worked up fast in arguments, makes me fidget in worktime and not concentrate very well at my work. In general, it makes life unpleasant.

Friday evening.

Another fearfully morbid day as far as weather is concerned; it was raining very heavily when I got up, and when I left the house for breakfast it was still raining, though a trifle less. For the remainder of the day, showers contended with dry spells, and it was for ever cold. Breakfast I took on the non-English table, having Aparicio immediately to my left and the big Italian on my right; opposite I had Herr Fischer and another master, with Pico at the end of the table, and also old Bill. We tried hard to speak German. Herr Fischer was very interested in my past life, and my mother's previous nationality. Afterwards, work again.

I had two letters in the interval, one from my Father, another from my Mother. I was delighted at my luck, rare. The classes were taught us to-day by the same master as we had yesterday - not Herr Wurtz, - but the master who told us the story of 'Iphigenia' before its performance, and it was that master, too, who gave me some of his wine for lunch once, on a Saturday. Well, he teaches in fine style, and has a good grasp of the English Language. We worked at the Coffee Smuggler's story, each taking it in turn to read a section: very tedious, though only fair and necessary.

I had lunch at a side table, with Bill opposite and the Italian on my left, the beautiful Turk at the end. It was a fish lunch, and good, though the bones had to be dealt with appropriately. I enjoyed my meal, though I was almost as hungry afterwards as before. I then made for home.

Back in the warm, and dry, I wrote off to Peter Havard, at Shack: it was quite a long letter; I also enclosed the photo of St. Oswald's and the photo of Joe and Dillon, together by the Theatre. I sipped coffee, and finally typed on my knees, as Johannis was attempting to snatch some sleep. Then I went down to the village to post the letter.

On the way I met Peter - the Englishman - and his Indian, five point red-star friend. We walked down together towards the Post Office, I posted my letter, and then we returned together, via my chalet, to the Institut. We discussed Herr Fischer, and his Inquisitional methods on the not-so-beautiful American: he certainly has some character in his teaching ways, though not necessarily good. Back at the Institut, class again, working on Present Participles and past participle noun forms. The Turks immediately on my right were anything but on their best behaviour: they quite annoyed me at times, puffing their ghastly cigarette smoke in my face; I do not smoke. They regard their action as the hell of a joke. In the interval we played volley-ball: the players other than myself were rather futile, and the weather unpleasantly muddy and cold. I did not enjoy the game much, though Herr Roukas, the Turk, was amusing in his attempts to hit the feathered bait: he missed and missed again.

Supper was, as usual, in the Gasthof; it was delicious, and consisted of meat-pancakes. I only remembered after the meal was over that to-day was Friday; why do they serve us with meat on Friday evenings, and with fish for lunch? Not very consistent, to say the least. Jaques was discussing the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo and the Great Armada with Don Paco: Aparicio was nonplussed, I uninterested, having won all these wars! The Greeks flared up when I attempted once to make my glass vibrate; the English speaking table tried to encourage me in my self-appointed task, out of dislike for the Greeks. I refused to continue, being purely uninterested in the whole procedure, and wishing to get home sooner than otherwise, in peace and not in pieces.

Back home, for a brief moment's rest, I disposed of my jacket, put on the duffle again, took the bread from supper out of my pockets, and made, with my typewriter, for the Institut. I did my Saturday morning exam, sitting it in Herr Wurtz' room, he being away for a farewell party; he had given me permission, beseeching me in so doing not to cheat. I did not cheat once! Oh, and, by the way, on the way home after supper, I saw Herr Wurtz hastily moving down the other side of the main road with a beautiful female; who could she have been? One doesn't make a fiancée in so God-forsaken a place as this - especially so intelligent a person as Herr Wurtz. He was moving very fast.

I sat my exam in all loneliness, and it was hard not to want to cheat; I typed as neatly as possible: it should be easier to read than my pencilled scripts that I have always handed in so far. Afterwards, back home to clean my shoes and do some typing. Johannis had a friend on the spot, and I had some tea made for us all later in the evening; I was tired and hungry, two in one. I hope Frau Resenberger did not mind!

May the 25th, Saturday evening.

I woke to the sound of the wireless and the American Forces Network' music; it was quite fun. At seven o'clock came an American News Report, full of local jargon and unAnglicisms; they would never dream of saying the sort of things, using the type of words the Americans use in News Broadcasts, over in England; it is all a hot-potch of journalese and twentieth century American light idiom. After a few minutes of American summary, I started dressing, called Jaques, and made up to the Institut for a quick breakfast.

I pocketed some sugar lumps for future reference, pocketed two rolls also for future reference, and switched on some light music: then I tucked in to something to eat on the spot, sitting at the foreign table again. I was hungry. By and by I was engaged in conversation by the teacher with the shadows under the eyes: she told me that my German was good, and I felt flattered. I can make several sentences without errors now, even with subsidiary clauses: I even remember to place my verbs in the right order at the end of these tortuous trials. After breakfast I met Herr Wurtz, quite accidentally, and he corrected my paper for me: six mistakes: not too bad, not good enough for my ideals. I thanked him. As far as I could make out I had more than six mistakes - somewhere round eight or nine - but I did not complain. I returned to the chalet to pack some clothes in case I were stranded in Munich for the night: one must always be ready for the worst.

At a quarter to nine I was out of Kochel, walking fairly fast in the general direction of München. I soon picked a lift on a motor-bike, that took me some 15 to 20 kilometres on my way, dropping me carefully at a junction. Then I had a longish walk, during which not a single car came along in my direction: I seriously doubted whether I was still on the right road. And then it began to drizzle, and the wind blew furious. Finally, a lift in a car, for another twenty kilometres, dropping me this time at a Landpolizei station; I had qualms. The driver was friendly, though he looked a little raw and unwell-dressed: he only spoke German, but spoke a great deal of that; he was the most loquacious speaker I have come across yet in a German car. We discussed the rotten weather for most of the time. Apparently, in Munich there have been quite a few fine days recently: time we had one here! Afterwards I again had a long walk, in slightly heavier rain, along a bare and windswept road, falling away on either side - thus leaving me fairly exposed. I did not want to put up my duffle-hood, lest it scare away would-be-friendly drivers! So my hair was windswept and rainswept, and I walked and waited morosely, though trustingly as ever. I was, eventually, crammed in to the back of a tiny Volkswagen full of red-cross workers: they tested me pretty acutely on my status in Germany. They were all dressed in grey, looked businesslike and well-fed: I felt a trifle out of place, though as ever glad of my luck. When I emerged I was faced with the prospect of a large village to be crossed, in the rain: I faced it, and obtained a motor-bike lift on the other side of the busy little town. This driver was interesting, and we spoke a great deal on the remainder of the way into Munich. We discussed the three vices - smoking, drinking and something else: we discussed life in Germany, and spent quite a time on British engines: the driver was keen on them, belonging to a German car firm himself. We also discussed the weather, the state of German roads, and his, the driver's, position as regards school-work straight after the war; he wanted to complete his interrupted-by-the-war studies, but could not, for lack of funds: he had to find a job. This reminded me of Herr Wurtz and his helping to rebuild Munich University so as to be allowed to study there afterwards.

This motorcyclist dropped me rather on the outskirts of Munich, and I walked for a while before catching a tram right to my destination; my shoes were not much improved by this second motorbike lift! In the end I caught a number six from a deserted island platform in the centre of a circle, and asked for Georgenstrasse: the woman conductor promised to tell me when to get off: it was a long wait, though the fare was only thirty pfennigs: it appeared that Georgenstrasse was off Leopoldstrasse

and I was considerably amused at the way all my friends seem to be concentrated in about one square quarter mile of Munich, vast as it is. In the end we were there, in a quiet part of Munich, some two minutes' walk from Frau Walter's or Elfried's: but I made straight for my destination. I was not going to bother anyone more than I could help.

I found Piper's, the Publishers, and made my way to the innerdoor: I rang, and soon a man in overalls opened the door for me, and showed me the way to the secretary and her room. She was quite charming, and went off in search of the man to whom I had a letter of introduction. He came, tall, towering, and very friendly in his brown tweed jacket: he took me to a book-filled room, bade me take a seat, and we then started discussing the future, and the prospects of my working with the firm. I am afraid I was not very much on form, for some unknown reason. I was not a wash-out, but I felt I did not have enough to say for myself, that what I did say I did not give enough details of, and so on. A pity, for the man to whom I was speaking was obviously trying to be as helpful as possible. After about twenty minutes I left, caught exactly the same tram out of the city as I had taken to enter: this was most fortunate, as I had no idea of the name of the station where I had boarded the tram in the first instance. So I just asked the conductress - who was amused by now - to tell me when to get off on our reaching the same station as earlier in the day, when I had boarded the tram. I recognised it for myself this time, and was O.K. An oddity that I should catch an identical tram - with the same driver - and also enter the rear section every time, in one morning. Often that does not happen for months: to-day it was fortunate for me, and saved me a lot of explaining and talking. Walking, walking, having rejected one lift because it would have taken me in the wrong direction, my hair flopping in my eyes, the wind howling all around, I was picked up in a red car driven by a Grocer. He looked a little seedy at first, and I was not all that sure that everything would necessarily turn out right: but things went well enough. From criticising German roads, and discussing English roads, I learnt firstly that it was Hitler who built the autobahns, and secondly that the driver had spent three years in a German prison - or concentration camp - for his political dislike of Hitler. The driver was interested in the English attitude towards Germans now: I told him, speaking from my own point of view in part, that we did not in the least mind Germans in England. I told him that, of course, we still remembered the war, but that we were as keen as anyone else to try to forget as much of it as possible. I told him we did not dislike the Germans as a whole for the war they inflicted upon us, but mainly Hitler and his Nazi supporters and other followers: and that these by no means represented all German opinion. We then discussed German and English food, the cost of living in England; the driver intends to visit England in a year's time or less. I was temporarily at a loss as to how to define porridge, other than by calling it a very thick 'oat' soup, which he could make neither head nor tail of. In the end I got out my dictionary and found the word.

He eventually dropped me at the beginning of a little village, which I have met before. I decided to wait where I was, rather than cross the whole place. After a while a woman driver stopped - the first woman driver ever, as far as I was concerned -: unfortunately, very much so, she was going in the wrong direction. Or maybe she did not like my face? Who knows? Then I had a lift with a happy, music-loving couple on the way to visit a friend, and they took me within five miles of Kochel. They were a cheerful pair, no doubt about it, with decorations all over the car, the wireless ever on, shopping-bags and presents everywhere, clothes and trinkets in every corner. They had had to partly clear the back seat for me to be able to fit in: I sat next a shopping-bag, ever in danger of falling over: the driver had very blue eyes, as I saw in the mirror: I admired him for that virtue. After this worthwhile lift, I had my last of the day in a fast, red, untidy and slightly evil-

- smelling car, with the wireless absolutely screaming. There was a woman also in the front, next the pock-marked driver: she was rather better looking than the long-faced, sallow, gaunt driver, though her hair-style verged towards the plain. I was fairly glad to get out at Kochel.

I made straight away for the Gasthof: it was two-twenty, and I had the nerve to ask whether I might, even at this late hour, have some lunch free, belonging as I do to the Institut. Everyone was more than willing to do me the honour; I was mystified at this willingness, for it was really a little late. I wonder whether a missing person's meal is always kept thus until the person claims it? I was served very soon, first with soup, then with some good meat, boiled potatoes, and some dessert mixture. But I was grateful to have a lunch, at this time of the afternoon, and appreciated the gesture. I took the used plates back to the kitchen in person, in return. After this welcome and unexpected meal, I bought some white bread and some butter, some cheese and nothing else, then returned to the chalet. Frau Resenberger was mystified at my hiking luck. I do have good luck, but I also wall a great deal, and to-day the weather was anything but agreeable, truth to relate. I took off my trousers, put on my windcheater, and curled up in bed for two hour's sleep. An amusing idea, and I benefited from it. Panos - who came in once - was thunderstruck. He had, by the way, nine mistakes in his test, which he did not like, in spite of one or two hints I had given him on the previous evening.

At five-thirty I redressed and made for the Gasthof and supper. There were already some people there. I sat at the English table, still deserted, and had some very clear soup. Then the others arrived. Peter had a haircut, and it looked as though someone literally shoved a basin on his head and cut right round: the five-star Indian was nearly bald: it was worse than a crew-cut. I dread having my hair cut! Yet the not-so-beautiful American thought they looked smashing; she needs her own looks revising, if you ask me! The Vienna Schmitzel was good, but thin as ever. There were cold potatoes to accompany the meat and salad: Edith was in a white-cold temper at the greasiness of her meat, and its thinness; she really looked sour! She should have gone to an English school, then she would appreciate the cooking, good but scarce that it is. I pocketed some bread and made for the church. I had not yet said my penance. Now I could at last concentrate.

Back home, eventually, I typed, and ordered some water for tea: I felt I would die without it! I washed out the cup and pot afterwards as reward. I ate some of the Gasthof bread, finished the Austrian butter, and thought. My feet were cold. To-morrow, if the weather is fine, I shall either go to Innsbruck for the day, or else to the Kochel See. But it will have to be really warm for the Lake, as I shall probably want to swim once I get there. On the other hand, at Innsbruck I shall be tempted to spend money!

Sunday evening.

I went neither to the Kochel See nor to Innsbruck; it has rained all day, from the time I got up until this present moment. Infuriating. I arose at ten to nine, having had a quite agreeably long sleep, though it could have been an hour longer without my minding. I dressed rapidly, quietly; Johannis, still in bed, asked me to make the sign of the cross for him once at church, and then I made off, with the duffle again.

It was a High Mass, and this time the ritual was as in England for most of the time; a relief. I recognised the German versions of the Pater Noster and the Ave Maria for what they were, and understood the German rendering of the Gospel, as well as chunks of the sermon. This week we left women alone, and moved to prayer, perfect prayer, intense prayer, and the answering of prayers. It was an interesting sermon, and made me think twice concerning my personal theories of the power of the will as in itself being able to direct the future. By intensive prayer, using the aid of God, we have the missing link - or a possible gap - in my will theory. Interesting.

I received Communion after the Mass was over - by asking the priest in person, and then made back for home and the dry and the relaxing and the appetising.

I managed to entice Johannis to get up, had some water heated, and cadged two vast slices of home made cake off Frau Resenberger. It looked as appetising as it tasted, heavy, honeyish to the taste, damp and filling and savoury. Johannis and I had breakfast together, he still in pyjamas, I in grey flannels and a windcheater. I felt strongly tempted to go back to bed! There was home brewed tea - good in spite of the weather - and bread I had bought on the previous day, and rolls I had saved from breakfast yesterday, and some of Johannis' solidified honey, and butter. I enjoyed the meal - it was a meal in capacity - and looked out of the window at the cold and the wet outside. A Greek came in half way through the meal, to my irritation, though well concealed, as I would have preferred Johannis' company alone. I washed up afterwards, and then wrote home, to Mother and Daddy.

Breakfast had been at ten-forty-five, and at two-twenty I had a lunch of bread and cheese and buns and tea, alone. I was feeling cold by now, especially in the feet, and decided to go for a walk. My finances were good - Frau Resenberger having refused point-blank to accept anything for her cake, and having only wanted one mark for this month's tea-water-heating - so I felt good too. I did not reckon with the weather.

It was raining when I left home, and still raining when I obtained a lift in a faulty-engined, wooden interior car, to Benedictbeuyer, a small village some ten kilometres from Kochel. The driver had played in a soccer match, and was on the way home, to Munich; the gas-system was out of order, and it was hard work going along the level or up hills. At Benedict Village I emerged into the rain, and went in search of the Abbey, which I presumed would be run by Benedictines. It was not: Salesians were in charge, the Benedictines having left in a political crisis just over a hundred years ago. Still, from speaking with one of the brothers, I was introduced to a Brother Charles O'Malley, Irish to the hilt, who took it upon himself to show me round the Abbey. I had gone to Benedict Village so as to ask for advice concerning a job, in the eventuality of Piper's failing me completely: but, as the Abbey was no longer Benedictine, I dropped the question, having received the information that *Suddeutsche Zeitung* would furnish me with all the information there-upon that I might need.

Brother Charles - called Charlie by the other brothers - was very helpful and sympathetic, giving me details of the architectural development of the Abbey from its start in the eighth century. He showed me the Gothic cloisters, the Baroque converted cloisters, and then the old, fully developed Baroque Chapter house, with the white plaster, the inset paintings of the Seasons, the heavy-headed cherubims, the heavy hanging clusters of white oriental and tropical fruits, the thick, over-plated vine-leaves. Everything was heavy and rich in ornamentation, white or light green in colour. Brother Charles showed me the Dining-Hall, one-time library, the ceiling decorated in many places with mathematical and scientific apparatus, everything well-balanced: here the ceiling was white, with trellis-work, in true Rococco style, and inlaid, three-dimensional pictures of the Virtues, the Seasons, the Elements. It was a spacious dining-hall, clean, beautifully simple and white, and, in contrast, the fantastically ornate plaster ceiling above, perfect in all proportion, delicate after the baroque work of the cloisters. The Church was even better; it was a jewel of decoration, all white, again; plaster-work clung thickly to every wall and pillar: everywhere could you see the vines and the laurels, and, regularly, a small, inset, carefully painted tableau. Besides having a long nave, it was a broad one, leading up to a classical-type, doric pillared altar, silver candlesticks so very solid gracing the altar-stone, a beautiful, thick carpet in front, velvet coverings everywhere, the marbe starkly black after the predominant white purity and simplicity of the plasterwork elsewhere. Maybe it was a good thing that the plaster work had been in white, like the walls; otherwise the richness of

the decorations would have been too overpoweringly forceful. This church struck me as being much like a Cathedral, certainly richer in decoration, if ever so little smaller in size. I was amazed at the workmanship. In Spain the architecture is designed to impress and overwhelm - with simple majesty, with Gold and black and white effects, with dark purples and darkness or light. Here the detail is tremendous, like a palace of an unearthly kingdom, picturesque rather than impressive, yet impressive à force de détails.

After the church, and spending a minute or two admiring a marble-effect painted wood, set in pillars round the three altars of a side chapel, all rococco, with delicate nuances of shadows, pale reds and pale pinks, and light and fairy cherubs floating upwards, and a dome ceiling upon which were painted delicate angels and archangels - after all this, I was shown a concert-hall, Baroque and heavy. Small, light pictures were set systematically along the side of the heavily ornate ceiling, with baroque vines and rococco trellis-work in the background. The concert stage was hung behind with heavy folds of dark drapery, and on one side you saw out over the neighbouring countryside where the rain fell ever more heavily. I was then shown the newer Chapter House, with its stalls on three sides, a Gothic, sheathed in silver-spike-Madonna, and a heavy, Baroque dome over everything. The stalls were simple, and stately. But Brother Charles did not have all day, though it really looked as though he would have liked to have spent many an hour showing me the many wonders of this countryside, long lost wonders of a Benedictine Congregation, the wonders of an unknown village in a remote South German Village.

We had to take our leave, and I made off again in the rain, back to Kochel. I was lucky in having a lift for some seven or six kilometres of the return journey, but then had to walk the remainder of the way in the rain. The charming, all in white, rococco couple - very young, and probably engaged - who gave me the first lift, and the last, stayed in their car where they dropped me, parked by the side of the road. They were making themselves comfortable when I last looked back: I both envied them, and pitied them because of the filthy weather. I wondered what Ingrid would be doing now.

I made Kochel at about ten to six, and settled in the Gasthof to an omelette - that was delicious - soup and salad. The whole cost two-twenty, which was good. I must remember to have omelette again next time I come! I then returned home, and changed shoes and trousers, and pulled the window-shutters too, and typed in pleasant comfort, alone. I thought a deal of Benedict Beuyer; a dream palace of a church; and Brother Charles had been very important in making the place so interesting for me to see. How could I thank him? I have no car in which to take him out for a spin! I must return one day, and find him again, and again see the church of porcelain, and the vast banquet rooms, and the old cloisters, white and clean and interesting.

Monday.

Every day, on waking in the morning, I hope that the weather will be somewhat, even only a little, better. But it rained again, when I made up for the Institut at the usual time of day, having got up at the usual time, called Jaques as usual, washed and dressed as ever, with the rain beating down outside, more or less as ever.

I switched on the wireless, obtained some sort of musical noise out of the Short wave, for the first time. At breakfast I sat next to Edith, who complained bitterly throughout of a cold from which she was suffering. I did not remark it: I just ate, and she gave me some of her butter towards the end of the meal: I was glad of the aid to my eternally fruitful appetite. After breakfast we began work, and a cold began to reveal itself within me, all of a sudden. I was furious, and it annoyed me; it was a nose cold, nose only, and all my nose, and I only had one handkerchief.

In the interval I was tremendously delighted at the receipt of a letter from Ingrid, quite long and extremely interesting and revealing. I read it slowly, just outside

HAMBURG - OTHMARSCHEN

PARKSTR. 47a

den 24. Mai 1957

My Darling Bruno,

Don't you think it would be better not to write so many letters, I might miss them later on. But thank you all the same, I enjoy reading them tremendously. Your German is getting better each time, although it sometimes reminds me of Taube Gabrielle, who never talked in anything but a German-English mixture. The next time we meet I want to talk with you about Goethe in a fluent German. Do you know very much about him yet? Not only because you live in a Goethe-Institut, but because it is really worth while knowing everything about him. I believe he was a genius. Perhaps you will start reading Goethe when you have a little more time and know a little more German.

If ever you come to Hamburg or I come to Munich we should try to fit it in with our holidays so that we are both able to show one another round.

In your letter from the 20th of May you wrote 'all but you I despise.' etc. How utterly ridiculous. You go into the extreme saying you would not sleep with

a woman just because it is someone feminine.
When I read that part of your letter a picture
came into my mind: you eating e.g. Apfelstrudel,
something which you like very much, eating it
everyday and despising or neglecting all the other bits
of good food round you, until you get absolutely sick
of Apfelstrudel. You should not start eating Apfelstru-
del everyday until you know how the other delicious
food tastes and then, I believe, you are able to
appreciate the flavour of Apfelstrudel, or else you've
found out that ^{e.g.} cheese might be better for an
everyday food. Perhaps you know what I mean,
but you might just as well think I am absolutely
round the bend!

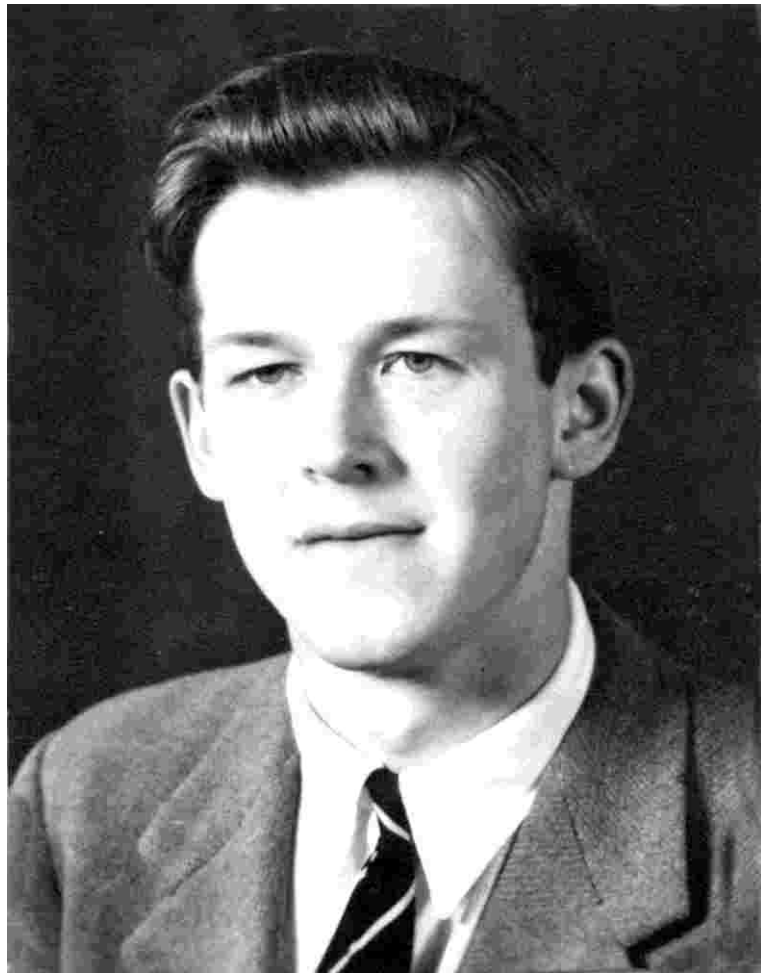
By the way: in a letter you start Du, Dicko and
Sie with a capital letter. So as, ~~ich~~ ich liebe Sich!
(which is true). Thank you very much for that ~~little~~
photo of yours. It is quite good. I observed that,
if I cover half of your face it looks, on the
right hand side, like you smiling softly and looking
openly into the world, in a word: charming! The
other half does not seem to smile at all, your
lips and eyes are pessimistic and laden with
all the troubles of the world. Very characteristic!
Thank you again! When are you going to the
DDR, don't get lost! I would love to go with
you everywhere and to libel-like to Jurebuck!

Almost everything is going on quite well here. On Monday my room is going to be redecorated and I hope to feel more comfortable after that. Father is very agreeable, takes me to the theatre and opera and fulfills nearly every reasonable wish of mine. This friend of his has quite a good influence on him. Let's hope they don't depart so quickly, she is a very hearty widow indeed! My brother is still surrounded by girls, he, too, learns English quite well. I hope to meet the rest of ~~the~~ family sooner or later. It became quite a bore to tell people about England. It is

so difficult to generalise and they always ask in the presence of my father whether I like being home again, and he would indeed be very much hurt if I would boldly say "no." You always have to be so damn diplomatic.

My cases arrived yesterday and I could put up your beautiful pictures and think of you and love you in my imagination. Love you and kiss you without limits

Fyrid



the house, before dashing to the chalet for some extra handkerchiefs. It was raining when I went down, and raining harder when I made my way back to the Institut with Jaques. He had informed me just in time that our Passports were wanted, for some obscure reason - perhaps in connection with the forms we had to fill in about two weeks ago. Jaques was in the very hell of a mood because of the weather: he was swearing away liberally, and using all the most appetising words I myself know of as existing in the English language ! And he's French ! I was angry too, but I thought I was resigned.

At lunch-time, to let the others collect their passports from their homes too, lunch was put back an hour - to my irritation. So I made for home, and temporarily changed shoes and read some Spanish bull-fighting papers. At a quarter to one I made for the village, called in at the chemists, ordered an other two copies of my passport photo, and then attended lunch. I sat opposite Herr Fischer, and the food was abominably cool and tasteless; we discussed the weather, English Punch, the food, and German. I was feeling desperate with my cold. Straight after lunch I returned home, took off my flannels and went to bed until six o'clock. Bed was delightful and warm and dry. All my clothes are wet, my feet were cold, my nose was in a bad state, my head had a minor headache, and I felt justified. So I missed classes for the first time since coming to Kochel. I thought that, by attending them, I would learn little, and be iller on the morrow.

At six o'clock I went over to Jaques' room, and we had a long talk together: he, too, is down in the dumps with a cold and so on. He wanted me to make him some tea, but, unfortunately, Frau Resenberger was out, and all the cups and saucers and tea-pots and so on were out of sight. So we just talked. He wanted to know about University life in Oxford, about schools in England. I told him what I could.

We made off together for supper at a quarter past the hour. On the way, we discussed my French pronunciation, English lawns and English language. Having just spoken of English lawns, the successes of centuries' patient gardening, we had the honour of seeing some eight or nine cows come stampeding across Kochel High-Street, run round one or two private gardens, run delicately across the flower-beds, and then disperse wildly in half a dozen different directions. The village was aghast. A few minutes later a cowherdsman appeared, but too late: I wonder what happened ?

Supper I had next to Herr George, speaking little if at all. There were fried eggs, and bread, and cold, oil-with-vinegar potatoes, and salad; I felt glad of the eggs, sad of the potatoes. Everyone else was in a hysterical state at the - as they thought - rotten meal. I quite enjoyed the eggs. After supper I returned home, saw Panos make for bed too, with a cold and a headache, and then made for my room. Johannis was there. On an impulse, I showed him my passport photo in the light of some information from Ingrid, enclosed within her letter. She had been startled at the effect of covering one half of my face, and then the other. Johannis was even more aghast. One half of my face might be the face of a criminal, the other good and hopeful, the face of someone kind, gentle, ambitious but healthy. I thought: could that be a symbol of the good and the bad within me, the eternal conflict within every man of good and evil ? One half of my face is half satanic, the other beautiful. Are my emotions always in so violent a state of conflict, such a bitter conflict ? Am I really liable to murder someone, to take at any moment to crime and vice ? Which side of me will conquer - and at what cost ? Frightfully interesting as a discovery - but I am sorry at the shock Ingrid must have had when she discovered this unknown and so-far hidden truth ! One of my traits - one half of my character wants to be shot, the other is safe; what a horrible resulting character I must result as ! I must keep myself under control. I always suspected there might be some more unpleasant side, a Hyde, to me ! Now I know the worst, at least as far as my face is concerned !



Week-end, good weather class, with - from left to right, Turk, Indian, Egyptian, a Turk again, Stollis the Greek (in my chair), a Turk, Staveris a Greek, and yet another Greek, a Thailander and a Turk.



Don Paco, the Spaniard, with Aparicio and a sweet young thing from Switzerland.

Some friends of Johannis came along later in the evening, and I brewed tea in their honour; afterwards I put on my pyjamas and took to bed: I was too cold to stay up, and my feet were threatening once again to freeze . . . The friends left at five to ten, and then Johannis, too, went to bed and sleep - after a few minutes conversation and music.

Tuesday.

Another unpleasant morning, but it had the decency not to rain; it was cold in revenge, however. I got up as ever, had quite a job trying to arouse Jaques, then washed and dressed and went up to the Institut for breakfast. Some music, and I discussed - with Jaques - the prospects of getting to Paris by thumbing one's way there and back; Jaques expected to be able to do the journey in three days return! Maybe, . . . but very unlikely. He intends to go tomorrow, come back on Monday or Tuesday; I wish him the best. But I fear that Kochel - Paris is no main line as far as traffic is concerned.

I sat, for work, in Mike's usual place, at Herr Wurtz' table, as - I suspect - he had a cold and preferred to remain quietly somewhere in the background. I could thus see the board better, for instance, and was no longer pestered by the terrible Turks. Mike sure had a cold all right!

In the interval I had a letter from Salamanca: not, really, a letter, but a note and a thirty-five page small-type circular in Spanish. I could not make head or tail of it all, so involved was it. Aparicio tried to help, but not terribly successfully. It was all about university courses, and there was too much from which to be able at a glance to sift the goodness and the to-the-point. *Tempis.*

Lunch was unpleasant, and consisted of green-yellow rice, half cold, lettuce and cold sauerkraut and onions. No one else seemed to relish it; Peter gave me all his onions and beetroots, so I did not run short of flavouring. But it was no tasty lunch by any means. Afterwards I returned home. Johannis had a friend in for a while; when he left, I took to bed in an attempt to warm up. Useless, and half an hour later I was up again, cooking some tea for Jaques and myself. He is a very sociable person: we discussed Spanish grammar, English University exams, French Exams and so on, until ten to three; then we returned for some more work and the evening's classes.

The fire was on in the classroom to-day; we have been warned that we may have to pay for it later on! Nice afterthought! Later in the first class, Panos nearly passed out from the effects of concussion headache. Herr Ekonomou and I took him outside, and sat him - he sat himself - on the step for a while. He was shivering violently, and felt flabby all over. Eventually we fetched Johannis, a great friend of his, and moved Panos upstairs into Herr George's sitting room, where it was warm and comfortable. Then the doctor came, he was given an injection, and taken home by car. When I saw him again, after supper, in bed, he was better, but looked a trifle dazed and unwell.

Supper for the rest of us - in the Gasthof - was good, and consisted of roast spam and chips; I again managed to obtain plenty of the chipped potatoes, being one of the first into supper, and the first to finish his soup. Bill, beside me, who came much later, had his time cut out attempting to obtain some more of the chips: the maid was very unfriendly, always turning her back to him when he made a request. Bill by no means appreciated her attitude; I do not blame him, for he has by far the best manners of us all. On going home - first with the Greek girl, who reminds me a bit of Ingrid - and then with Mike, with two pullovers on as I, too, have, and then finishing the journey myself, I found Panos propped up in bed, staring glumly at nothing. I tried to cheer him, but had nothing to give him to eat; I returned him his wireless from our room, and then along came Johannis and a crowd of fellow citizens, with food and comfort. Soon afterwards, on the point of being tied up in a political Enosis argument, I left for my own room and some typing.

44

It was more than uncomfortably cold there, and, as soon as I could manage it, I made for bed and warmth; even in bed it took a long time to warm up. Johannis and I endeavoured to find some music on Panos' wireless, but with little luck. We soon switched off and made for some sleep.

To-day, ten-thirty p.m.

The weather, first item of major importance, has vastly improved. It has been quite warm, and there has been no rain at all; the sky has been blue at times, at times fairly speckled: never pure blue, never black. No wind to speak of.

When I got up I was glad of this change for the better, so long overdue: I dressed more willingly than of late - having been awoken in any case at six-thirty by Jaques' entry into the room to return my alarm, borrowed for this morning, when he hopes to thumb to Paris (!) - and made for breakfast up at the Institut. After breakfast - which for me ended at ten past eight - I went down with one of the Egyptians to the Post-Office, to post Ingrid's letter. The Egyptian also had reasons of his own for going to the Office. We discussed Egyptian and English economics, the cost of living and so on.

I had no letter for a change in the interval, and at lunchtime felt moderately bored; everything was going well for a change: I was dry and warm, and my work not beyond me in any way. I sat next to Herr Wurtz for lunch, with Herr George opposite: thus was I able to speak quite a bit of German. Poor old Johannis, betted Herr Wurtz he would beat him at Table-Tennis, lost, and had to pay up a large beer for his lunch: Johannis is too optimistic. Herr Wurtz appreciated the beer very much.

I had bought some bread and butter and cheese for the morrow, just before lunch, and struggled back home therewith afterwards: a group of Greeks almost took a fancy to the foodstuffs. That does not say much for the Gasthof lunch!

At home, I mowed some more of the front lawn: it was hot work, but I enjoyed it, having set it as a task of my own free-will. Afterwards I put on a lighter blue shirt, my 'bright tie', brewed some tea, and made a latish way up to the Institut. As the class started late, I was in time. I have never yet been late, as far as I can recollect; to-day I was ready for the worst!

We had a written exercise on 'dass' for the first period: I did it very fast, had four mistakes: I must have finished about twenty minutes earlier than the others. In the afternoon interval I played a half-hour game of volley-ball with the more serious of the two Thailanders: that lasted for about a quarter hour, and then I played with Mike. For once, the missile was on form, and the games, consequently, were also worth the playing. For the last period we took down words from another of the Grammar book stories, then broke up until Friday morning. I did not go straight down to the Gasthof, but stayed behind and played threes at table-tennis, together with the smaller, thin Indian and Angel the terrible Turk. It was after half-past six when I reached the Gasthof, and settled down to supper, the once-a-week cold one, with tea. I ate well, but was alone for most of the time, the others having finished almost before my arrival. The Village priest dropped in, and confirmed a rendez-vous this evening, in his house, at eight o'clock. I had hoped to leave to-night for Innsbruck, but decided to cancel the not-so-bright idea. I made for home, mowed some lawn, and then went down to keep the meeting. It was a good evening, and I momentarily regretted this rendez-vous: ~~tempis~~.

Reaching the Priest's home, I was welcomed in and shown into a dark and coolish study, with stove, desk, table, sofa, chairs and many minor ornaments, including a number of highly ornate crucifixes. There the Father began to ask me a whole string of questions on England, my past life, my hopes for the future: on English schools and English economics and politics and the cost of living. After about twenty minutes of this - speaking ever in German or Latin - I was shown into another room, warmer, lighter; I was put out for some minutes by the presence in front of me, behind a table and to my right, of five Kochelese girls, well dressed and young.

Only one of them was beautiful; only one, in a word, did I like. Still, my purpose here was, I soon discovered, not to make friends, but to speak business, and we started right away. For the first five minutes the Priest repeated, for the benefit of the five members of the panel, all I told him previously, so far as he could remember. Then he set me yet newer questions, on the Royal Family, the Queen and Prince Philip and public opinion, on the wages scale, on the National Health Scheme, on pay for teachers, and on British Income Tax. It was public opinion upon most of these subjects, rather than detailed statistics, that he wanted, and this I tried to give him. He was also interested in the political status of Catholics in the British Isles, in British Industry, in the effects of German bombing during the War. As with most of the people I have spoken with since my arrival here in the land of Germany, he was interested in the reputation Germans have established for themselves in England since the war. He was interested in the pay given to women working with families in England, and the reputation as regards work that they may or may not have earned in the course of time: by women, I refer to German girls who have just left school in Germany.

We went on thus for a long time, I trying as best I could to answer all he asked: on some points I could give no answer, not knowing anything worthwhile on the topic; for instance, the reputation of Adenauer in England. I am too full of my own personal admiration for the German Chancellor to be able truthfully to repeat anything others may have said on him. In any case, I have never heard anyone discuss him, except for the two Americans I met on the train on my way to Munich. So, on this as on other points that cropped up from time to time, I told the priest I was not really ready to answer. At ten o'clock the priest brought me a glass of French Bordeaux, and biscuits, then went out for a few minutes, and I was left alone to talk with the 'Five' for a while. They asked nothing particularly out of the ordinary, and, at about a quarter past ten we broke up. The Priest thanked me profusely for what I had done - called for now and then from students from the Goethe - Institut, but only occasionally - and I went home, accompanied for part of the way by the girls. Three, I discovered, were sisters. Olga, not one of the sisters, was the one I rather liked. I felt a trifle light after my glass of wine; it is odd how little it takes to put me off!

Back home, I did a little typing, until Frau Resenberger's return, then went to bed and slept.

Thursday, holiday.

I seriously wondered, this morning, whether to go to Mass or not. Such have been my sins of late, that I wondered whether it would in any way 'compensate' or prove worthwhile going, or whether, once in sin, only confession would pay the way. But in the end I had breakfast with Johannis, of bread, butter, cheese and honey and tea, and then made for the church; God's mercy is great, I hoped. It was a more than beautiful morning; it was hot and cloudless. I was wearing my light blue shirt, my bright tie, my strong-creased trousers and my suit jacket and brown shoes; interesting combination.

On the way to Mass I met Paco, talking with Mitra: they separated, and Paco then came to Mass with me. We were some five minutes late, and deemed it wiser to go upstairs, rather than stand downstairs and be stared at all the time. I understood little if anything of the sermon - not hearing the priest's voice very clearly over the sound of half a dozen Bavarian Teddy boys' chatter in one corner, - and, well, truthfully, not really concentrating. There was some singing today, and a woman or girl, somewhere downstairs, read out passages all through the Mass in a small, child-like voice that slightly irritated me. This time I had some change when the collection-boy came round with his 'Gruss Gott's'. I thought at first that Paco had nothing for the offering, having lost twenty-five pounds yesterday night at

roulette, away in the village of Garnish: but he did, I think, put something in the purple sack. In any case, would it have mattered if he had not ?

After Mass we made our way together - plus the tall, blonde Italian, -oto Bill's, where we conversed over the fence for some ten minutes; Bill was wearing slipper-socks, a typically unusual and practical American invention. He was working when we arrived: I was impressed at his industry, especially in such fine weather. A few minutes later we moved on, and I left Paco and the Italian and returned to nearby home. I was just dying to make proper use of the beautiful sun, before its disappearance. At home I put on white shorts - which I was later to change for my swimming-trunks - and took off tie and shoes and jacket. I lent Johannis my camera for the day, borrowed a deck-chair from Frau Resenberger, and bypassed her visitor, beautiful-legged woman from Bonne, related somehow to Herr Resenberger: she was basking almost in the nude in the back-part of the garden. Rather a pleasant sight. Unfortunately I felt it my duty to make for my part of the garden - if I have a so-called 'part', round by our verandah - and there settled down to some sleep for a few hours.

At about half-past one Frau Resenberger summoned me back to my room, and presented me with a plate of lunch - mutton, boiled potatoes and vegetables and gravy - which I had not asked for or in any way expected. She said it was for the 'mowing' and industry I had shown on behalf of the garden. So I settled down to a warm and very unexpected meal. Afterwards I ate two of my doughnuts, relaxed again in the garden, and slept until nearly five o'clock. I also did a little mowing at some stage, when clouds obscured the sun; but only a little.

At about half-past five I went to Confession at the village church, summoning the tired Parish priest from his abode for the purpose; I felt I must make another fresh start fast ! This time the confession went more smoothly, and I managed it all in German. Maybe it was a trifle less long than last time: I hope so ! I felt much the better for wear afterwards. We again shook hands afterwards, and I made for the Institut to see if there might not have been some post in the morning. I met the small Indian of last night, and we went together.

There was no post. Herr Schmidt and Mrs. Schmidt and Frau George were playing with the George' baby, and the weather was good. I suppose the child needed some fresh air after the fortnight's rain we have just had. To cut a long story short, I had a set of Table-Tennis with the Indian, losing, I fear. I then made for home and tea, not in the least disturbed.

It was a good evening for tea on the verandah, and that was where I had it. Frau Resenberger and her husband and the visitor had just returned from the lake over on the other side of the mountains, where they had gone at lunchtime, and so I was O.K as far as tea was concerned. It was a fascinatingly pleasant evening, the sun gradually disappearing behind some nearby tree-tops, the sky passing from blue to yellow in the process. Some of the Turks went by the chalet as I sat there; I am sure they would have liked some of the tea I was drinking too ! It was good - and I helped myself to some of Johannis' honey, and reflected on nothing. Later on I put in some more mowing of the vast lawn, then washed up the dishes I have used in the course of to-day. Panos was at home, and we spoke for a while together, in his room. He went also to this beautiful lake over the hills and far away, and said it was good, but the water cold - when I asked him whether or not he had swum over there. Panos is better now: keen on catching up with lost work as far as I could tell. He offered me some Pumpernickel, but I soon recognised the old taste, a bit on the heavy side, and soon ceased eating it. It is more than a heavy food. In the end I made home for my room and got on with a spot of typing.

In a sense I have done little to-day, other than redden my face and eat and mow ever more lawn. But it has proved more relaxing, for a change, than the perpetual hitch-hiking or writing of letters. I felt I needed some sort of a complete day's pause to continue straight in the future.

Friday night, latish.

I am feeling pretty tired, having just finished the last three week's laundry. I got up this morning at the usual time, dressed and made for the Institut: not so much for the Institut, however, as for breakfast there. It was not a bad morning: nor rain, nor sun: I hoped that things would clear a little as time progressed.

I did not bother to switch on the wireless to-day, but left that to whosoever might feel like doing so; even when I do find some good music, it is invariably changed for the worst after a very short interval. The Turks met in a body, and decided to leave for Munich for the day: something about cheap tickets for ten, I think. Herr George could be heard somewhere in the background admonishing them all; to no purpose, though.

I had a letter from Elfried in the interval, and a Telegraph from home; but that I only received after lunch, for I was playing volley-ball with some friends- who included one of the three Egyptians at the time - when the post was being distributed. My own fault, I suppose.

It rained during lunch, was fine afterwards. I had bought myself a bottle of cider at fifty pfennigs just before the meal: not so much for the sake of the cider, as because of the beautiful shape of the cider-bottle. Lunch I took on the large, non-English-speaking table, with Herr Fischer on my left and the silent American - whom I have always mistaken as an Italian - opposite, Herr Wutz further down on the other side. We spoke nur in Deutsch, and a great deal. Opposite I also had the Swiss girl, who seems either to fancy me, or this particular table: wonder which it is? She obviously has not so far conceived a great dislike for me! There was fish for the eating, and discussions in German on the Latin forms of pronunciation, on genders and German and a multitude of petty but amusing effects. Afterwards I made for home and a spot of grass-gathering from the dry looking lawn. I had been under the illusory impression that the grass was withering because of my energetic mowing: in fact, the dead effect was due to the dead grass on top. It meant a long time spent patiently sweeping the whole place, ending up with me taking my shirt and vest off to cool down: the heat was great, the sun warm, the work tiring. After doing a fair share of the lawn, and having sipped some of my delicious tea, and read some of the wonderful Telegraph - I could not decide whether or not to go to the Institut. The weather was not beautiful, but I was hot and tired - to a pleasant degree - and the sun shining plentifully, with the prospect of quite a bit more sun in the course of the afternoon. In the end I went to work: my conscience would not have allowed any other course of action. I did not have enough and powerful reasons or excuses for not working.

Before class I lay out for a while in one of the deck chairs. Panos and the beautiful Greek came up - she is his best friend - for me to settle a dispute as to whose a silver cigarette-holder was, hers or his. She winked broadly, wanted me to say it was hers. I had played volley-ball with her in the morning, and found her quite friendly, though with precious little knowledge of the German language. Well, judging that, as Panos was already smoking with a holder in his mouth, the silver one need not be his, I awarded a decision in the beautiful Greek's favour. She was charmed, and offered her hand for me to shake. I shook it. Panos was not put out, but smiled sedately as ever.

We tackled passives with the woman teacher for the first and the second classes, and the interval saw me playing fours at table-tennis, with Mike, Stollis the hard-faced young Greek, Angel: I won the first set, playing with Stollis, and won the second set, playing with Mike. Seeing that this is so, and that I was one of two on my side, and the only one on the side to win twice, I think I can give myself fair credit. The games were good. We had Edith and Peter in a state of suppressed hysterics for most of the time; Angel seemed to suffer from an invisible hole in his bat, and Mike kept on slamming and missing altogether. It was fun. Then it rained

for a while, and we took the table to pieces and packed it up inside: it was time for work anyway.

I cadged a roll of the fatter, older maid after the last class, munched it contentedly on the way down to supper, talking erstwhile with our lady teacher on I know not what - I think it was on travelling to Hamburg - where I hope one day in the near future to meet Ingrid again. Then the teacher made for her digs, and I continued on my way to the Gasthof. I bought another bottle of drink on the route, but with a different label - the sake of variety. I also bought an appetising chocolate cake at one mark thirty. I have not eaten a proper cake since arriving here in Kochel, and felt entitled to something for once. Supper was good, and it consisted of Kaiser Schmarren, with sultanas and suite. I had Herr Fischer opposite: he complemented me on my rich sense of humour. I think I must have excelled this evening: I kept much of the table, down to Herr Wutz, in perpetual suspense, and unintentionally. I thought little, and, consequently, I suppose, my jokes were less worked than usual.

At half past the hour I returned home for some gardening; while so engaged, I seriously wondered whether or not this was the best time of my life, with no worries for money, exams, pay, or family. I felt inclined to a positive answer. It was a good sunset this evening, and warm, and I worked briskly and coolly and efficiently as I possibly could. I finished cleaning the lawn just as Frau Resenberger returned - in time to heat some water that I might do my laundry. All very well arranged. I then set to work on three shirts, two underpants and two pairs of socks. I also washed my feet, rinsed everything twice, and Frau Resenberger kindly put my stuff through her drying machine, for what good that may do them. Then we hung the washing on the S...d line: it was ten to nine then, and dark. I began my night's typing. To-morrow we have the weekly Prüfung: I ought to put in some revision. ¡ Qué mala suerte! Il y a toujours beaucoup trop à faire.

The Week-end.

I had my Prüfung as usual, on Saturday morning, and collected five Fehlers in the process. Not bad. I think I came second or third in the form. Some people made mistakes right into the twenties, and I do not blame them; the last section of the paper, with comparatives and superlatives and adjective declension, was a stinker, and I made four or five corrections, on a second reading, in my own paper before handing it in: these four or five corrections were appropriately made, and every one in this adjective part. In the interval I did not receive any letters; to make up for this momentary disappointment, I played four games of table-tennis with Paco, and only won one of them. He's a slick player: this was the first time I had played him.

Most of the others in the class went down to the Station to see a railway modernisation display, in miniature, at eleven, and I was left almost alone with Herr Wutz. So I tried to help him with his correcting of our papers; as usual, I had finished my paper easily long before anyone else. Yet, I feel, if I did the paper any slower, I doubt whether I would manage to eliminate the mistakes. I had an excellent game of table-tennis with Herr Wutz after the marking, before he left for Munich for the week-end. I managed to beat him in one of the three games, because my English tactics of sly play, using head rather than speed and force, baffled him.

At a quarter to twelve I was back home, packed some odds and ends, and made off for the village. Stollis and Panos had just informed me that our Passports were not up at the Institut, but in the hands of the Police. So I made for the Police Station, knowing it would close at twelve: without Passport I could not enter Austria, and would have had to go to Munich and follow the North route instead of returning once again to beloved Innsbruck. The Police, in efficient style, at once came to the point, and redirected me to some neighbouring offices, behind the

Prince Ludwig. It was already twelve, and I was by now in a lather. I found the new place soon, after trying the wrong buildings for some three minutes, and obtained the Passport on promising to return it on Monday. I then made for the Gasthof and lunch. With Herr Schmidt I discussed intellectual Communism and Human Nature: he had called Bill a damned capitalist, and Bill had remarked that most intellectuals seemed now a days to be socialists, like Picasso; I pointed out that Picasso, to the best of my knowledge, was no socialist, but a pure Communist. And so weiter!

Afterwards I made for the main road, and my first thumbed car took me somewhere near Garnish, near the frontier. The driver cursed at Hitler, and told me that his job took him right round Germany, travelling great distances every day. He was in some remote way connected with Chemicals. He was friendly, and we spoke a good deal: excellent for my German, as he spoke not a word of English, French or Spanish. Unfortunately, the Walthensee was not as beautiful as last time, the sky being half clouded over. Otherwise it was a fine day.

My next lift - also a first car for the thumbing - did not take me far. There was a couple - middle-aged - in front, and they seemed to be taking a tortuous route towards a place I had already bypassed. And, after this lift, what a long, three kilometre walk, not a car stopping! It was the road from Mittenwald to the frontier, empty, with mountains on one side - in fact on both sides - and a stony, green river rattling a creaky way for itself the length of a narrow valley, ever on my right. Not a car would stop. I once tried to rest by the wayside, but the ants gave me no peace, and I was compelled to resume. Eventually, after about two hours from the time of my previous lift, I was taken aboard a middleaged car, going for ever at forty kilometres an hour, driven by a fat, cigar-smoking man. In the rear was a woman, presumably his wife, silent as the driver himself. We had a long wait at the frontier, when the driver emerged to change some money. Meanwhile I had the privilege of seeing a coach-driver shaving in his coach, with an electric razer; amusing. He was waiting, too, for his people to change money at the frontier bank. I stopped outside Innsbruck, hoping to get a lift past Innsbruck, perhaps on to Venice; not a chance. In the end I was glad to be given yet another lift, just into the town of Innsbruck itself. I registered at the Bierhalle once more, then went out and had a haircut. It was an antique place.

I had a long time to wait; another customer was having his hair cut, his hair washed, and his face shaved; yet another person was also waiting in the queue, reading the local papers on a holder. Interesting invention. Even one of the people having his hair cut was reading a paper in the process. In the end I was dealt with too, though not as well as I had hoped - though this I only discovered on returning to Kochel and seeing the back of my neck and head. I paid about three shillings, tipped the barber an extra sixpence or ninepence, and bought some bread rolls and biscuits in an interesting little lane just off the main-street, Maria Theresa way. There was not much choice for cakes, and I was being economical: odd problems that presents.

I returned to my two-bunk cabin in the hostel, ate three of the rolls, cheese and butter brought with me in a liquid state from Kochel, and drank some of the apple-juice from Kochel, warm still. I tried to add some sugar-lumps from breakfast, but they would not melt, although the juice was warmish. Then I went spazieren for two or three hours.

I met the Innsbruck brass band, with some forty men or more, all in green, with national dress, tall, feathered hats, shorts, stockings and white shirts, beating a musical way through the town; I followed them. They came to a halt in a square, with the old shopping cloisters all around, and started on their evening's concert. I stayed for quite a time, then walked through the older streets of the town, where the walls of the houses slope outwards as they near the ground, where the houses are built of vast blocks of stone, where the streets are cobbled, the windows grilled, the doors of old and cracked wood, barred. The sound of violin players - perhaps

lone students - reached me from high over-the-street rooms, small and dark. One could see the occasional girl, high up, sitting in a window, looking wearily down to the street below; some were beautiful, some not so. All were well dressed. After thus savouring the charms of the older streets, seeing one or two marvelous baroque churches, dignified and artistic, vast blocks of grey buildings to be taken as cloisters or parts of institutions, flowing fountains and floodlit squares, I made for the Halle. I gazed earnestly at menu sheets in restaurants, but refrained. At home - if the Halle can in any way be termed such a thing - I washed and went to bed - a bunk, rather, with the blankets warm but too short and narrow.

This morning, on waking for the five hundredth time, I dressed and washed; it was ten past nine, and I wished to attend Mass at nine-thirty; last time here I came too late, and then could no longer be bothered to attend any service. On getting out of bed, I was hurt to see that mice had been at my butter, which I had stupidly put on the floor for the night. They had nibbled through the silver paper, then through the greaseproof paper, and eaten some of the life-giving substance away. I carefully cleaned up the mess, scraped away what might have been infected butter, and made for church. I was on time, and attended the entire programme. I was interested to see that, while the sermon was being given, Mass did not come to a dead halt, but went on as ever. As at Kochel, some junior read out sections of the Gospel and so weiter; I could have read them better. The congregation seemed not disturbed in the least. After Mass I went out into the warm and made for the outskirts of the town.

Having some Austrian money still in hand, I bought two more postcards of the city, then a glorious cake, with strawberries and cream, which I ate on a steel bridge that spanned the green, violently flowing river. Passersby were amused, but not hurt, and pretended to not notice what I was doing. Then came the inevitable return journey.

I only reached Kochel at three, though I left Innsbruck at eleven-fifteen, more or less. It was a bad journey, with a long walk over exactly the same ground as yesterday, even further. I had my best lift on a motor-bike, from Mittenwald to Kochel, driving fast through a light rain. I had no coat, but we went so fast that the wind dried me as fast as I grew wet. We were followed by a sister-vespa, with a smiling woman on the carrier. We kept on passing and being passed, exchanging words and so on. I think there was a close amitié between the drivers. The lifts previous to this one had been shaky and useless, over a matter of kilometres every time. At the frontier, crossing on foot, the customs grinned widely at my passport photo, taken when I was nine or eight, very different in appearance to what I have turned out to be.

Glad to be home in Kochel, I returned to the chalet and had tea brewed, and read my Saturday or Friday received paper to a finish. Frau Resenberger and the beautiful guest seemed glad to see me back, and we had a long conversation; the house, otherwise, was empty. After the tea, I mowed lawn, only wearing white shorts - for such was the heat. I mowed very vigorously for about an hour, then swept away the debris, then washed completely, over all. I enjoyed this much-needed wash; by now the house was quite empty. I spruced myself completely, and then typed out on the balcony. I was tired - and still am.

As usual, I have been ever at work on something. When not hiking, walking; when in a car, speaking German; in Innsbruck, walking and observing; in the Halle, trying to sleep; at Mass, trying to attend and concentrate and understand, and, since then, suffering the onslaught of the elements - heat and rain - and the caprices of an unfavourable fate. My hiking has not had much in the way of luck this time. But I am glad I returned to Innsbruck; it is lovable and life is not impossibly costly. The cake I had today was wonderful, and the town as I saw it last night was enchanting; The weather, too, was still good, as on the occasion of my first visit there.

This evening.

An interesting day, with its ups and downs. I awoke Johannis at half-past six, that he might leave for Munich, where he has an appointment somewhere round ten o'clock. He intended to hike there; the weather was good. I myself arose at ten to seven, paced slowly round the lawn in slippers and pyjamas, enjoying the glorious sunshine. The ground was soaked with dew - I suppose it was dew. I called Panos, then dressed and washed and cleaned my sandals, in bad need of a clean. I left the chalet very early, today, for the Institut. I must have arrived there at twenty-past the hour. I was wearing white shorts and my blue aertex shirt. I took some of my remaining butter with me, and thus enjoyed a first-class breakfast for a change - even better than usual.

Work went well enough, and I collected two letters in the interval - I was playing table-tennis at the time, so one of the Greeks brought me my post. People tend to be very considerate round here.

I left the last morning class early, went home for a few minutes and paid Frau Resenberger her rent of one hundred and sixty marks for the looking after of four students for one month. Frau George had issued us all with pay-packets in class this morning, amid general consternation at the amounts of notes flying about so freely. Frau Resenberger was pleased at the receipt of her rent; she even forestalled my announcement ever so slightly. I took my Pass-port back to its office, then ate my dessert in front of the Gasthof, speaking with Herr Wutz, just ending his week-end holiday - which he spent in Munich, visiting the Theatre and attending the Opera. Lunch itself was good but insufficient; I did not feel very talkative in the course of it, even with Herr Fischer beside me.

I returned to the chalet afterwards, brewed tea and did some written homework sentences for Herr Wutz, to be in by Wednesday. I then mowed a bit of lawn, cleared the debris, and posed unwillingly - embarrassed, rather, - for two photo~~ofs~~s by the beautiful guest. I was only wearing shorts and sandals - but, in any case, I ever feel uncomfortable in the presence of the camera, and even more so after Ingrid's news from Hamburg. Still, I posed, finished my tea, washed the cup and saucer out, and accompanied Panos with the beautiful Greek up to the Institut. We were late, but so were classes again.

In the afternoon interval I played feather-ball with the Greek Herr Stollis; and then one of the Egyptians - the one for ever immaculately dressed - came with a camera-on-tripod and took my photo, together with Stollis'. I seem to be having a lot of photo~~ofs~~s taken to-day, all without the asking! The feather-ball game, which I have called in the past volley-ball and other names, did not go too well; first, as the rubber head lost itself in the grass, secondly because of the wind. I took my shirt off because of the heat.

I did not feel well during the last period, but, nevertheless, played table-tennis with an Indian afterwards. I lost. I honestly felt rather bad. I accompanied him down to the Gasthof at a later than usual hour, trying to answer all his questions on the places in England he ought to visit in October. I will probably be in Spain, for otherwise he would be welcome at home in Oxford - one of the two places I so much recommended his visiting. At supper I felt more than lousy. My stomach was killing me. I tried to eat an omelette, but gave up half way through; Frau George ordered some mint-tea, but it was too hot, and I was in too much pain to wait any longer. I went home as fast as I could - which was slowly - with Bill and Panos very kindly accompanying me there. Once home, I went to the toilet for some time, took some medicine brought from his home - Bill's - and went to bed for half an hour. I then felt nearly normal again. The beautiful guest visited me in bed, took her leave - for she returns to-morrow to Bonne, where she works in the Finance Ministry. She was charming; I shall miss her, and that even though I have never spoken to her at great length; she has a beautiful body, beautiful legs, and goes about all day in the next best thing after a bikini. I was sorry to hear she was

leaving. I could think of little opportune to say, as usual; I don't seem to have been endowed with wit to be used on special occasions; for me, it is usually accidental wit.

I got up later, dressed - but stayed in slippers - and went to the Gasthof in the hope of finding some of my supper still awaiting me. I was far too late; it was already eight, and everything had been cleared away; so I did without anything, and made my slow way home. I chatted with Panos and the Econome and another Greek on the way - who were all sitting under a village tree and gossiping. Back at home I spoke for some time with Frau Resenberger and her husband on the excursion we may be having to-morrow; she intends to give the mattresses an airing. I then, unwillingly, typed, shaved, washed and went to bed. I tried to eat some bread - but the apple-wine was too disgusting to accompany it on the way down; I gave up and tried to sleep. In the middle of the night Johannis returned, having taken five hours to reach Munich and seven to return. It appears that mine must be tremendous luck!

Tuesday.

I awoke to switch off the alarm at six-thirty, but fell asleep again until twenty to eight. It had been raining when I switched off the alarm, and thus I had drawn the happy conclusion that there would be no excursion, and that I could sleep for a while longer. I slept too long, and awoke finally with a headache. Poor old Johannis, whom I had promised to awaken at six-thirty for the excursion! He, knowing I am infallibly on time in all I do, had also fallen asleep again when he saw me recumbent, knowing I would wake him at the right moment.

It was raining hard when we both made for the Institut at ten to eight and settled down to a latish breakfast. There was no excursion, so I managed to eat a bit by half-past eight, finishing time. Then I returned home, my head humming gently at the front from the effects of a headache; I had had dream after dream last night, and woken often feeling very feverish. I went to bed. Frau Resenberger remade my bed, and I slept well, though with the perpetual headache, until after one o'clock; I was very hot. At sometime after one, in came Johannis with some lunch for me from the Gasthof; he is an angel as regards thoughtfulness, as regards minor but important details for the caring of people not too well in health. I was very grateful for his action, and tried to eat some of the meat and the two apple-fritters provided. Afterwards I slept a bit more, then dressed and had tea and made for the Institut and work again. Frau Resenberger was not feeling too well by now; she also has to accompany her guest to the station later on, and the weather is not so good. Last night there was a glorious storm at some distance from Kochel. You might have thought there were bombs exploding, from the nature of the lightning flashes, low-down, violet and orange and deep.

I felt gradually better up at the Institut, at work. It rained all the time. We did a new exercise for the last period, writing out in our own words a story read for us three times by Herr Wutz. Karafalos, a Greek, often absent and rather lazy, almost gave up the ghost in disgust at the effort needed to fulfill this experiment. I finished quite soon, and then made for home, collected the lunch dishes, and re-turned them to the Gasthof.

Supper was not wonderful; the soup - according to our lady-teacher with the odd eye shadows - was sour, and the meat was stone cold and hard; the mayonnaise was also rather sour. I left after a while - wondering whether to have another course, but having decided against this - and bought some biscuits for ninety pfennigs at the Konsum across the road. I was hungry. At home, Bill called in after a while to see how I was improving, had tea with me - and several other Greeks also present - and conversed. The room was rather full. Frau Resenberger was by now in bed, with a temperature; we tried not to make too much noise; it was still raining, and I was feeling a little dissatisfied with affairs. Eventually Bill left - having made friends with the dog - who usually tries to eat strangers!

I tried hard to type, in spite of the noise caused by the many Greeks' chatter; the result was many mistakes all over the page. Later on in the evening, when only Johannis and one friend were left in the room, Johannis started looking at all my many collars, with an eye to being given one or two. At about ten to ten the last remaining Greek went away - the one usually quite respectably dressed - and Johannis and I made for bed. He beat me to it; I wash too thoroughly.

To-day.

Lousy: more and more rain. This place is quite revolting as far as the weather is concerned. I got up on time, washed, and returned to my room to find my bed ready made by Johannis; thoughtful action on Frau Resenberger's behalf, for she is still ill in bed. I then made up to the Institut alone, as Johannis told me of his intention to shave for once; he had quite a mustache. A propos, I have given up with mine. I had it going for three and a bit weeks, but it never managed to pass a certain ungainly, half-length stage.

I found some French jazz on the short-wave, and then settled down to plain tea and bread, as ever. No marmalade to-day; only the choice of apricot jam and strawberry jam. The Canadian and the Americans were most offended at this. Work was dull but far-reaching in its consequences. I had quite a few mistakes in last night's story, but not altogether too many. We then moved on to 'zu' and 'not-zu' with infinitives; it took some explaining on Herr Wutz' part for the class to understand.

In the interval I received another pamphlet from Spain, called the Greeks into giving me some of their stamps, and then made for home. I ^{called} ~~paid~~ Frau Resenberger a curtesy visit, gave her the stamps, deposited the pamphlet in my room and returned to the Institut. So far, no rain; so far, not too bad.

After the last morning class it rained again, and I tried to share a coat with Johannis for part of the way home, before going off at a tangent to find my own. I had barely gone into my room, put on my coat and gone outside again, when the sun began shining. I was furious. I met the lady teacher with the shadows, and went down with her to the Gasthof, discussing the abominable weather here in Kochel, and the comparatively better weather to be enjoyed in England. I called in at the Konsum and returned the bad cider-bottles, collected fifty pfennigs, collared a free advertisement pamphlet and went over to the Gasthof and lunch.

I made a good decision and had an omelette instead of the not so nice meat all the others were having to abide; it was a delicious omelette. The teacher beside me was quite envious of my good luck. I suppose that omelette was the optional course to be had, but which few people knew was there for the asking. The lady teacher also helped to explain some of the German jokes in the advert paper from the Konsum. Herr Wutz termed the paper 'Konsum literature'. Probably derogatory. Afterwards - seeing Bill add sugar to the rice meant to be eaten with the potatoes - I returned home and typed. I did some oral Greek reading out on the balcony, and then it rained once more, and heavily. Frau Resenberger was still in bed.

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Thursday.

It was fairly fine, though rain did threaten in the middle distance, at about a quarter to seven in the morning; sick no longer, I was glad that the possibility of an excursion lay in store to-day. I dressed rapidly, then washed and tried to shave. I was somewhat slow to-day in this task, and was mortified to see Johannis and Panos leave the chalet before me. I went up to breakfast with Jacques instead: he was not so sure either about the weather prospects. I wore my white shirt with the swept back collar, my blue grid-iron tie and my newer jacket and duffle-coat, in case there be rain.

Breakfast was good, though eaten at a rapid rate; Bill is not coming on the ex-

-cursion, having already seen all there is to see. Afterwards I hastened on my way back to the chalet, deposited my coat and hoped for the best as regards weather, collected my camera and returned - via the Institut - to the main road. There, was most of the Institut ready assembled, waiting for the buses. I joined the throng.

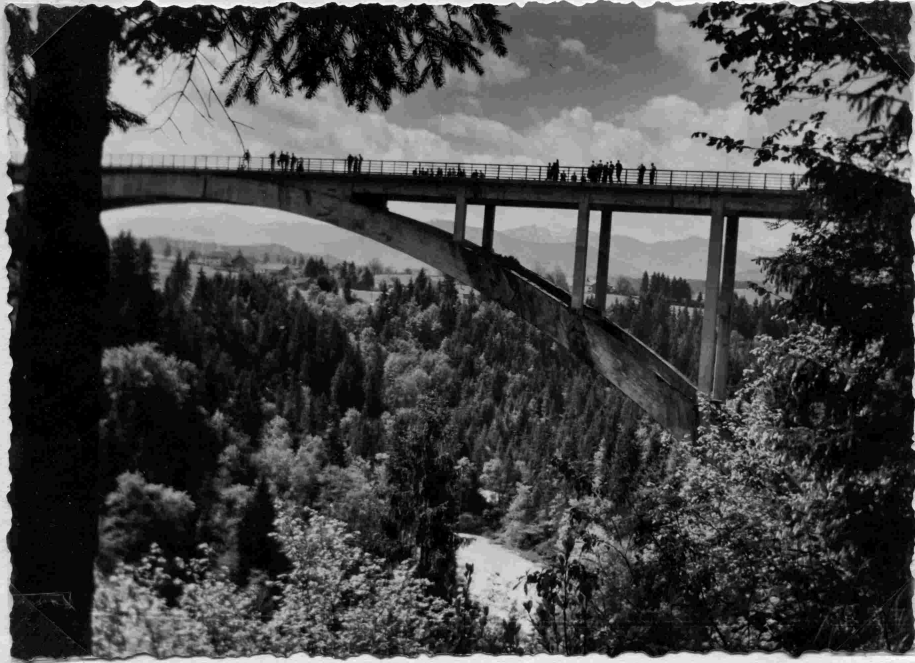
Eventually a good, glass-domed coach appeared, and we entered. I found myself a good seat beside a small and more harmless - less dangerous - Turk, but most of the Greeks, Mike included, had to wait for the next vehicle to come; they were, in the end, conveyed in a large-sized Volkswagen. I was sorry for Mike's prospect, sharing the day with a dozen very hilarious and free-mouthed Greeks! He complained afterwards of the perpetual Babel of voices.

The coach left soon, and we made our way to the first stop - a large, single-span concrete pillared bridge - and then the miracle church of Wiesß. This was good. I had often been advised to come here, for the rococco art of which this church so well boasts; even Brother Charles of Benedict Beuyer had told me about Wiesß. There was a Mass in progress when we arrived, and the church was pretty full. Though outside not particularly interesting in form, the inside was as a jewel in contrast, as a work of art and colour and beauty. The centre of the church - or the nave - was more or less circular, with white, rectangular pillars rising in a ring on the outside, leaving a narrow space of passage between them and the wall; thus the nave was dominated by a vast, shallow dome, decorated in light, pale pink and red, gentle nuances of white and gold. There were the usual, rococo inset pictures at regular distances, and the whole combined to give a tantalisingly delicate and fine, not-too-overladen effect, as too often happens with Rococo.

Edith complained afterwards that there was not enough in the way of decoration, Wiesß church coming for her after the churches of Mexico; I wonder whether she realises that richness of decoration is not always such a wonderful benefit or so pleasing to the eye. What I liked about Wiesß church was precisely this taste in the decoration, this ability of the white to counterbalance the rose and gold, the white of the pillars and the walls and larger spaces, off-set by the rich in delicate-colour scenes in the dome; and then there was the extravagantly beautiful altar for rich colours and delicacy. I thought of Spain, and the Baroque of San Estéban in Salamanca, with the furiously heavy, majestic snaking, writhing creeper all in gold, climbing, with vines and grapes and leaves heavy-hanging to dizzy heights round a vast and massive pillar, one on each side of the altar; I thought too of the pure classical simplicity, the solemn purity of style of the Escorial, and I thought all at once of the French slenderness of the pillars of León, so slender and thin and fine and trembling. Wiesß had something of them all; a delicate baroque, a simple taste even in the elaborateness thereof, a purity and pleasure to the eye. Though a small church, Wiesß was a pearl of balance and harmony; everything was of interest, and I was thrilled by the porcelain-fragility of the white statues, snaking and fluttering and light and angelic and ethereal.

After Wiesß and a heaven of delicate colour and pattern, we made for Füssing and the royal castle there, high in its romantic setting on the pinnacle of a hill, so very high. We had a long walk up to it, for we left the coach at the bottom of the climb, to be collected three and a half hours later. Peter and Edith and one or two others hired a trap for the journey, at the cost of about two marks; I walked up behind them; Jaques - also in the trap - had quite a job keeping others from amongst the students from invading; he had the use of the whip to help. We reached the summit eventually, hot but not too tired, with miles of valley below, and yet higher mountains just opposite, on the left. Through the porch, under the now-gone portcullis, paying our entrance fee, we proceeded under the eye of a female Führer to see the sights of the castle - modern but romantic and richly decorated.

The styles of this nineteenth century castle-palace, prison-home of the so-called mad King Ludwig, went from Romanesque on the ground floor, to Gothic and Byzantine



Apparently a technically interesting bridge, which we saw on the outing.



Another bridge, with water-fall, near Neuschwanstein.



View from Neuschwanstein Castle.

further up. It was, in a sense, rather pleasing to find so magnificent a palace all new and unworn-out, the stone fresh, the decorations whole and untouched, with the Gothic at its richest and the Romanesque simple, the Byzantine rich and still fresh-painted. The woodwork everywhere was exquisite, finely and richly worked, perfectly preserved; on all the doors were stainless steel locks and staples, vast and proud, the washbasins were of silver, there were systems of electric light and electric bells. One had the ancient and the modern, all new, side by side, in beautiful harmony.

In a way I felt sorry that this so beautiful castle should be modern, have no legends, no history, that the stones should not be worn and rounded; but you can not have everything - and the mad King wanted modernity and comfort as well as beauty and harmony and splendour of decoration. The state rooms, and the King's bedroom, and the sitting and dining-rooms and work-room, were all finely-wrought; over the King's bed was a magnificent canopy of gothic steeples and spires and minarets. Even the servants' rooms, though plain, were magnificent in their simplicity and fineness; all woodwork, slightly dark, Spanish in nobility and purity. The ballroom - or concert-room - was perfect, fine-floored, glass-sided, light, all in wood carved and all modern - yet after traditional styles. The throne-room tended to the Byzantine, exquisitely rich in gold and mosaics, with a solid, very massive chandelier hanging in the centre, the twelve apostles round the empty throne semi-circle; the throne itself had not been built at the time of the King's suicide, and so never was. The kitchens, again, made me think of Spain, black and white contrasting, simple and practical and full of dignity, but clean and new as is nowhere to be found.

The guide was helpful, spoke in English with an American accent - and we spoke a great deal in private, using the German tongue whenever I could manage it. She has to polish the floors every morning, before the arrival of tourists, and then take about eleven tours round the castle every day. Our group - especially the Turks - were cracking jokes all the time, on zimmers zu vermieten, and so weiter.

If the castle had been older - and if I had spent longer there - it would probably have more than enraptured me; as it was, I felt appreciative and thrilled. It is good to find a type of art in perfection, even two or more types, mingling and blending, all in the best surroundings, given the best position a castle could be, and new and clean, as when first by the artists' hands moulded and worked. On the other hand, nothing as delightful exists for me as what is old and, - not necessarily going with that - originality, and a striving for the new and better. Here one feels one has reached the summit of a style, that it can be carried no further; and in a sense that is saddening; here was a repetition of something long ago discovered and developed: had it not been for the blending of the styles, and the perfect state of everything, and the cleanliness, and the romantic atmosphere - I would have more than scorned this Castle on a hill, by the sides of mountains, in spite of the view and the money spent.

Afterwards I returned to the valley below, and, together with one of the thinner Indians, small and loquacious and friendly and frank, and an Indonesian, silent and thoughtful, I had coffee and strawberry cake and cream. It was hot in the sun, and we enjoyed our hour or so here, waiting for the coach to leave for home.

We tried to visit Oberammergau on the way home, but all was shut, as we were too late; I wanted to have a statue in wood of Our Lady, but She cost too much! So I went without. Through Ethal, past the monastery which we had not the time to visit, and then back to Kochel, the wireless on, chasms on either side, everyone very happy, the sun dying out after a wondrous day. Wies clung tenaciously in the back of my mind, and with it the romance of King Ludwig, and ancient architecture in a new setting, pleasant. Then we had supper in the Gasthof, then tea with an Italian and the thinner Indian at home; and it was a wonderfully satisfying day.

Tuesday 11th of June.

I have ceased to keep this Diary as a day to day account of my actions; I want to have some change in this self-imposed, now monotonous routine. Besides, I have too many letters to write, and, well, the time spent keeping this every day up to date might, just possibly, be spent somehow other.

There was a fascinating storm on Sunday evening, with plenty of thunder and lightning - being in fact continuous for two whole hours - and hail and rain; the temperature, too, dropped something terrible, from blazing heat to chilly icedness. When the ten minutes solid hail came to an end, I filled a large basin with hail-stones, large white globules, pure white in the centre and more transparent on the outside, at least half the size of farthings. I put two packets of half-melted butter in the middle, where they remained until the following morning. In places, the hail-stones were inches deep; the front lawn was about two inches under water, and the road just outside a swirling river. The occasional odd people, caught unawares by this quite unexpected storm, would come at a limp quick-walk through this river, shoes in hand, making for Kochel and home. It was both pathetic and very amusing: none of them even had so much as rain-coats. After the first and primary force of the Gewitter, in the course of a ten minute or so interval, the ground everywhere was thick with steam, which rose to a height of six or seven foot, and could be seen rolling heavily along with the wind to help; so much for the so violent a change in the temperature !

Yesterday was Whitmonday, and I was lazy. In the morning I went with Jacques to the Kochel See, and we hired a boat for an hour and a quarter. We rowed out near the middle, and I had three separate swims, for it was too cold in to stay there long any one time. But the weather was glorious - and this state of affairs went on all day. Jacques went in once, and came out very fast indeed ! He thought it a trifle cold in ! In the afternoon I lazed in the garden, in the deck-chair, then wrote a letter to Ingrid, and went down to the See for another swim, by the Church this time, and the point where the two rivers enter the Lake and feed it. Kochel was very full of visitors.

This week-end Johannis and I had all our meals together, the first time since I came here. We had breakfast, with Jacques as well, in the garden, the sun above, plenty of tea to be drunk, plenty of bread and butter and cake. Lunch was with only Johannis and I, eating omelette and meat and bread and tea, sitting now on the verandah. In the evening we had a very late supper, as Frau Resenberger had been out for much of the time, and I was unwilling to start without any tea to drink. We had the wireless and some agreeable opera by the verandah, Johannis' table-lamp out on the verandah-table, everything most highly romantic and cosy. I was sorry for passers-by; I am sure they must have envied us !

Nearly the whole week-end I did nothing, except enjoy the rare sunshine. On Sunday I read Daninos' "Carnets du Major Thompson", and on Monday I was at work on my Quijote, with the help of the dictionary. After the Quijote, and supper, I went with Johannis down to the Prince Ludwig for a beer. We sat in a corner and drank, then resorted to a game of Chess, which Johannis just won; I was a fool. The place was full of half-tipsy people, ranged the length of long wooden tables, singing or playing cards. They were all dressed quite well, all looked tired and gay; the wireless was on far too loudly, deafeningly. Afterwards I was light, and, with Johannis, made for home and sleep. But we met a friend of Johannis on the way, with two good girls from Hamburg, so we were kept out for another hour talking German and flirting in an attempt to win favours ! It was half-past twelve when we got to bed, very much the worst for wear; I was burning from the singing effects of the sunburn, and the interesting evening out - for the first time for months. I slept well.



Herr und Frau Resenberger,
relaxing



Jaques: he invited himself along
to tea on Sunday mornings.



Johannis and Jaques: the thunder-
-storm has just ended.

Last Saturday in Kochel.

Time has been moving very rapidly indeed in the course of the past three weeks. I have done a great many things, enjoyed a wide variety of experiences, and suffered just as much.

Why suffered? Because I have had near-continuous hay-fever for ten days, and the skin is peeling off my chest and shoulders; too much sunburn. I am fairly brown in places, that thanks to one or two really violently hot days when I found myself more or less confined to the garden.

Oddly enough, when confined to the garden, it was not because I needed sleep, nor because I was ill. I was sent a French book and a Spanish book, the former by Zoé Oldenbourg, called 'Réveillés de la Vie', and the latter by Alejo Carpentier, called 'Pasos Perdidos'. I had to read them in the original languages - and both books were almost four hundred pages long - and then summarise the themes, analyse the themes, and say whether or not these books would suit the German taste. So much for Piper & Co, the München Publishers; an initial exam, I suppose this might be termed. This task took from last Saturday morning - when I missed work on purpose and with permission - until Tuesday night, eleven-fifteen for precision. I was reading the French book at about twenty pages an hour, and the Spanish at some thirty an hour, the pages being shorter. It was an interesting job, but my hay-fever put me at a tremendous disadvantage. I went in to München, hiking, on Wednesday morning with the work ready, handed it in, and then had lunch with Elfried in her room. At about two o'clock I began looking for a room in München; at four, thinking I had met with success, I left for home. Hiking to-day took two hours either way; excellent luck, even for a bad Catholic.

Last Friday we had a party, the whole Institut assembled together, in the Gasthof. There was coffee or chocolate or tea, and three very large cakes of our choice apiece. The tables had clean white table-clothes, and many of us were wearing our better clothes, if not suits; there were visitors from München. After eating and drinking our fill, we took it in turn to entertain the others, splitting up into National groups. With Bill and Mike, I sang Tipperary, Waltzing Matilda, Alouette, Swing low, Dublin Fair City; they went very well - though I really can not sing, and the English speaking songs were a success. We had practised them previously, once up at the Institut, and once out on the Lake. To-day everyone was very cheerful, and when the entertainments came to an end, the whole Institut forced Mike to conduct a other half hour's singing of Alouette, song of the day. The Greek's singing was good, too, for theirs is the talent and the bass voices. The Turks had some singing and dancing, as had the Spaniards: Aparicio was ravishing in her dancing with Don Paco, gaunt-faced, small, with the perpetual cigarette drooping at a dangerous angle from the corner of his mouth.

I have learnt to appreciate Kochel more and more since my arrival. Even the weather has become definitely interesting. When it rains, it rains for two days. When it is fine, it can be fine for two days too; but, as often as not, towards the end of the first good day's weather, along comes a Gewitter, and then two days rain. When it is fine, it is impossibly hot, and you are burnt within a matter of hours. I have been out on the Kochel See quite a lot recently; once, Mike and I were driven in by an imminent, but deceitful, weather disturbance in the form of the usual Gewitter.

In the sunshine, Kochel is a beautiful place, calm and peaceful; it is quite true that there is a lack of theatres and so on, but, if there were any, I am still not so sure that I would be able to afford them. As it is, my finances prosper daily more and more. I wash all my washing, do all the ironing alone, and everything is for the best. On Sunday I ate fruit and Pumpernickel, all sliced into immaculately tasty-looking designs, had some beer as presented by Herr Resenberger, the landlord, and my own, usual tea: and I was content. In the evening I had a chocolate at the Prince Ludwig, and in the afternoon made up on letters, long overdue: I also thanked Sir Read for rejecting the 'Sixth Former's Diary'!

(4)

My Darling Bruno,

Please forgive me for not writing earlier, but the fact is that I am simply stuck in piles of work.

Unfortunately your letter came a little late; we are going away over the weekend to visit an uncle of mine in Mellisen near Kassel.

The trouble is that I am not getting any holidays until the end of August. I have to take two other exams in English: Correspondent, Wirtschaftsdolmetscher (Interpreter) another exam in shorthand and one in type-writing and this wonderful Portuguese I have to learn, too. It is very much different from Spanish indeed.

Thank you very much for the suggestion of staying in Kochel. I will try my

best. ~~But~~ you will then probably be in Munich
where I could stay at Mrs. Walter's. You
will hear from me!

My brothers and sisters came to stay over
Whitsun. We all had a very gay, amusing
and interesting time and I found out
many things about that wonderful lovable
way of living of which I must tell you
personally.

Today was the first hot sunny day for a
long time and I got a little sunburnt,
because we had school in the garden.

My Darling, I wish I could arrange some-
thing sooner! but it can't be. But I will
think of you and love you in my dreams
so much that you shall dream of it, too.

I must sleep now, because I have to get up
every morning at 6 o'clock.

I wish I could really feel your lips and
kiss you in your proper way.

I love you now more as a friend
Yours, Ingrid