

Sunday after Sts. Peter and Paul.

I find myself once again in the city of Munich, city I remember well for the rain that so consistently dogged my every step last time I lived here - a mere two or three days.

I left Kochel, and my masters there, and the other students who were staying on for a further term, and the Gasthaus and Frau and Herr Resenberger, all on Friday, after lunch. I was very sorry to have to leave, but the term was indeed at an end; the weather was beautiful - the first time for a week - and I was well; so I was yet sorrier at having to leave for the life of the city, where no birds sing. There was a terrific farewell at the station, those staying on lining up to give us a farewell salute; Frau Resenberger came to see me off too, having invited me to stay in her abode for the night whenever I might be in Kochel again.

Since arriving in Munich, with all too many cases to carry, the weather has been atrociously wonderful, breathlessly hot and dry. I have been out several times to lay in supplies of butter and bread and apples and so on, and, for the remainder of the time, have been at work on the first book to be supplied as part of my labour by Piper and Co. I have visited Elfried twice - and yesterday had a lunch of omelettes and strawberries in her room; I had an interview with Dr. Graff of Piper's yesterday morning, and arranged to start work there on Monday, as I have still not received a permit for the East Zone.

I am living in Frau Walter's house, in her bedroom for the time being; she is away until this evening, having left on Friday evening, a few hours after my arrival; so I have been exploring the house somewhat in her absence, and have made good friends with the girl student, Faustina, also residing with Frau Walter. She is studying to be an interpreter, is Italian, and speaks excellent French and some Spanish, and, needless to say after two years in Munich, good German. Though not strikingly beautiful, she is very agreeable, and her looks are not at all bad. Yesterday night I had supper with her and a French Studentin on the back balcony; all around was dark; we had a small table-lamp out here - where I am now typing this note - and we ate fruit salads and other good dishes as concocted by Faustina. It was ten-thirty when I took my leave of the pair, evidently the greatest of friends, and made for the refuge of bed and some sleep. On Friday I had gone to bed somewhere round midnight, and so was a trifle sleepy in the morning. Exactly the same thing happened in Kochel, when, after a long night out with Johannis in the Prince Ludwig, playing chess which I won, I went to bed in the late hours, and overslept by one hour twenty minutes on the Friday morning, departure day. I was furious ~~then~~, as some of the students had already left by then, and I had not bidden them adieu.

Yesterday, being shown the way to the nearest Catholic Church by Faustina, I was pleasantly surprised at the masses of people in the streets, at the gay dresses and the beautiful girls - at least some of them were beautiful. I miss Kochel, but, truth to tell, it was rather the end of the world as a place in which to live and work! I liked the country, and still do, and even miss it; but I also love the sight of the shops and the restaurants and the theatres and cinemas, the broad streets and the busy traffic, the masses of people with not too much to do. Frankly, however, I do not like the German menfolk very much, with their bullet-shape heads and oily black hair, faces usually far too red from beer. I also find German a heavy language - you see that at once in the songs, and when spoken loudly; the songs are almost sad, such is their heaviness.

I have just had breakfast now, with Faustina and the French girl, on the balcony; the sun is shining once again, and I have the agreeable prospect of a very full day's work with letters to be written and book to be read - by Pio Baroja, maybe by tomorrow. So this is good-bye typewriter Munich, until a further day when something may have happened to me, of interest: I am already looking forwards to the sun and lunch and silence de la muerte.

Sunday, 7th. (?) of July.

I have now had my first week's work at Piper and Co., Verlag, of Georgenstrasse, München. The first time in my life that my work has been so concentrated, and that it has been directly connected with the earning of money, even in a not-so-large proportion. It has been a most interesting week, with its monotony, its strains, its previously unknown pleasures, its surprises and friendships, and the normal events of a normal life.

I have been getting up at about ten to seven every morning, to wash and make breakfast in time to get to work at eight-thirty. At school I used to grumble and fret furiously at having to get up at ten past seven; my ideas have now had to wake up a little. Breakfast usually consists of toast - or plain bread - and a great deal of butter; I believe that butter is quite healthy; I never grudge myself as much as I want - provided that I have had the money to buy it first. With the toast, some sliced apple on top, with sugar to complete the setting. I refuse to eat toast when it is not absolutely hot, when the butter will no longer melt on immediate contact with the surface. It is then that toast is at its tenderest, its warmest, tastiest. I always, without fail, brew the best tea I can manage, and, at times, if all goes well, I also boil myself an egg. I enjoy breakfast tremendously, out on the balcony, at times accompanied by Frau Walter; the weather, guardian of pleasures and sorrows, has been perfect every day of the week; that tends to help.

Speaking of the weather, my greatest enemy, I have been more than alarmed - and at the same time delighted - to see the temperature soaring up into the heights, going every day higher, in shade and out, from a mere forty in the sun at the start of the week, to forty-nine and a half yesterday; it might have reached greater heights yesterday, had not some white clouds gone and placed themselves obstreperously between sun and earth. Yesterday I was too uncomfortable in the sun: not that I was hot, but that I was sweating extravagantly. Not a drop of rain since my arrival here in München; barely a cloud. It has been unpleasantly hot at night too, which does not incite much sleep into one's tired being.

To return to Piper. At about five past eight I leave the house, sometimes walk in, sometimes take a tram, which costs twenty-five pfennigs - medium fare. I hope to arrive at my destination at twenty-five past the hour; so far, only late once. There is no sort of check-up for clocking-in: I suppose one is trusted to use one's head and one's conscience when working with a Publishers. I start work as soon as I arrive. We stop for the lunch interval at twelve-thirty, termed half-one here, and make our ways, usually in small and isolated groups, towards a small, very small restaurant-canteen in Kaulbachstr. We have previously been issued with reduced rate tickets, so that lunch only costs some two shillings, perhaps a little less. It is not a very pleasant lunch, the one redeeming factor being the sun and the conversation. After lunch I hasten back to the Verlag, and brew some tea in a delicate-looking, modern tea-pot I purchased on Tuesday or Wednesday. It takes half an hour for the water to heat: it is exasperating to wait. Then work again at two o'clock, ending at five-thirty on most days, at six on Tuesdays and Thursdays; that is because we have every second Saturday completely free, on the others only working until mid-day. In the evening, the day still very hot, I make for home, buying bread and butter and fruit en route; I am quite tired when I reach the rest of home, and settle down to the making of supper - an imitation breakfast, but eaten more leisurely, sometimes with Faustina as company.

My work at Piper's is also fairly interesting - I am presuming that the day's routine was also interesting - and varied. I was presented with some five books on the Monday, and told to plough in; by Thursday there were some ten books on my desk, and, on Friday, about eight. These books were in English, French and

Spanish, and I read them at anything from twenty to forty pages an hour. I also spent one day writing out translations of book reviews from the Argentine, translating from Spanish into English; the book in question was 'La Caida', by Beatriz Guido. The Verlag is considering translating it into German, but, first, they want to make sure it will prove popular. Concerning the books I read on the other days, I would have to write an essay, some five hundred words in length, on these books, treating each separately - of course -. In these summaries, I had to make a synopsis of the themes, analyse the books and say whether or not, in my opinion, they were suitable for translation into the German. I have enjoyed this work tremendously, though, after a few hours' reading, one's eyes tend to start hopping, start unfocusing.

When that happens, I start talking. For the first few days, I was downstairs, working in the same room as a woman, very beautiful, eighteen year old, with lovely dark brown eyes and black hair, a very fair skin, a face not thin, and well-proportioned. She is charming. As far as I could make out, her main duty seemed to be to answer the telephone, and connect calls from outside to the correct members of the staff within the building. Besides that, she had a great deal of typing to do; whenever she was really beginning to move, the telephone would start ringing. Whenever she typed, and if I happened to be typing at the same time, we would both make our mistakes at the same time, and we would compliment one another on our talent. She is a charming girl, called Kups - or something like; I call her Cupid, which rings truer, delights more, and suits her very well. She always has a brilliant little sparkle in her eyes, and is for ever laughing. Cupid has now been working here for a half-year, I think. We got on very well together, until I was moved to a second story room on Wednesday, because one of the Lektors suspected that the perpetual buzzing of the telephone might be preventing me from doing as much work as otherwise would have proved possible. I was woebegone at having to leave, although the Lektor is a charming man; it is now with him that I work, only seeing Cupid for a few moments after lunch, when I bring her a cup of my special brew. That, of course, is just an excuse for visiting her! I would very much like to make a close friend of her, but I think I would do better to wait a few days until my 'novelty' has worn off, and I can then study her reactions to my person: I presume that hers will be some sort of reaction.

The Lektor is a pacifist Prussian, which strikes me as rather an interesting phenomenon. We have had several long debates on military service, the rôle of Germany in world politics; he suggests that life would be better for him were Germany a neutral country, without an army. Personally, I think that is suicide. We have also had long discussions - one of two hours duration - on literary form and content. He has written several books, has studied philosophy at München, and was then taken on to the staff of the Verlag as a 'firm' author. When lunch comes round, which it invariably does, we usually go down together; at lunch we continue our debates. I was shocked to hear that D.H. Lawrence has a bad reputation over here, in Germany, for obscenity; utter rubbish. He is on a sort of 'Index' and is not to be found in any of the libraries. Yet, Pipers have decided to translate Carpentier's 'Pasos Perdidos'; they claim that, if suitably translated, the obscenity and sensuality will no longer strike quite as bluntly. Odd tastes over here.

I have discovered that Pipers translate about ten books a year, mainly from the French, and do about thirty German books. I would have thought this to be very little; Pipers claim that this is more than any other German Publishers. I have also discovered that Pipers have not got their own printing press, and that the entire staff consists of some twenty-five people, or is that too many?

In my free time, in the evenings, I sometimes go out for a walk; once with Elfried, through the English Gardens; we had an ice opposite the Rialto afterwards.



My Lektor, Gert Woerner.

Mother of one whom
I grew to love very
dearly: Frau Külbs.



Lunch in
Kaulbachstr.,
with Gert
Woerner and
other friends
from the Verlag



On an other occasion, I went out with Faustina, for quite a long and most delightful walk, past the University and then back; we called in at an Italian ice-house, and partook of chocolate ices, which were not at all bad. It was already after eleven and, when, afterwards, Faustina had shown me some of the 'locales' in a brief tour, it was twelve, and we were in bed at midnight plus a quarter. On the following morning I had to get up at the usual time for work!

Yesterday, again, I went out, this time with Faustina and her French friend, Thérèse. We tried a few of the locales, but they were too stuffy; the one we ended up in was cooler, but consequently less exciting. In spite of the beer I had to drink, it was a delightful evening. I danced five or six times, mainly with waltzes, and either with Faustina or Thérèse; she was joined by a friend early in the evening, so all went well. It was a quarter past two when I reached bed! An exciting life here in München.

Apart from these three events, I have done little. I bought a pair of sandals on Saturday morning, after paying a brief visit to the Verlag, to see Cupid and wish her the best with her work - it is her work-Saturday this time, unfortunately, seeing the wonderful state of the weather. I also bought some sun-glasses, at seven shillings, but fine, rim-less, pale green, very, very pale.

Today, after breakfast, I sliced up much fruit, and, at lunchtime, made myself a most successful omelette - having been shown how last night, by Thérèse; I had the fruit and cheese-paste afterwards, followed by tea and typing. I would like to go out and, at the same time, would like to stay here! The weather is fine, oh so fine: thirty-seven in the shade, and the Lord knows how much more in the ever-nearing sun.

Saturday 13th of July.

I have little time: actually, I am tired, having just written home, to Granny, and my one-time confessor, Father James. I shall be over-ridingly brief, to the point.

Work has gone better this week: I am enjoying the work more, and am suffering less headaches. There was a novel 'Hurricane Season' by Ralph Winnett, an American, and 'Hear and Forgive' by Emyr Humphreys - the author's name was something like that. Besides that - these two novels were good - I spent an evening translating directly from the French into English, final copy first copy, on a Greek writer called Karagatsis; seven long pages to translate: I precied. I spent two days comparing a new and an old edition of "Les 48 Ameriques" by a certain Carpentier: that was a sickening task, ever jerking my head from side to side, occasionally being tempted to read the odd paragraph on Mormonism and Senator so and so, from Taft to Dixon and Stevenson and many another. On Friday I slit up a French book hot from the printers - 'La Douve' by Loys Masson - and that took about three hours, also having to number the pages usw.

The weather has returned to normal - cool, rainy at times, sunny at times, but never hot. I have taken to making cocoa for supper, and have given up apple on bread for the time being. So much for food.

I went to the theatre on Thursday with Fräulein German, from the Verlag, who writes criticisms of plays for the Munich mercury. She had two tickets, and so she took me with her. The play was in English, performed by the King's Players of London University: it was by Christopher Fry, and was called 'The lady's not for burning'; it was a hilarious performance, which enjoyed to the every word. The Theatre, with its hard wooden seats, was packed, mostly with students; next to Fräulein German sat a Scottish lady from the Cultural section of the British Embassy, with whom I spoke for some minutes in the course of the intervals. She exhorted me to pay the cultural section, with a library of ten thousand books, a

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Hamburg - Stummsch
Farkubasse 47a

My Darling Bruno,

First of all a thousand thanks
and a thousand kisses for your letters and
those beautiful photos, or better, the beautiful you
on the photos. They are excellent! Sooner or later
my brother will take one from me, but he seems
to be too busy with his adored one at the moment.

My congratulations to your
exams! Didn't I always say you are a genius?!
I think it marvellous that you have learnt German
in such a short time (it took me far longer to
learn that bit of English); and now you can
converse with Mrs. Walter. How wonderful that you
can live there for such little money. Please,
give her my love and tell her I will write
to her and that I am very naughty not to
have done so earlier. I hope you have forgiven
me that I have not written to you at once,
but I am slowly going nuts here (not only
because of this terrifying heat!) and much
too tired at night. So I could hardly think
about you and hope that we see each other
soon. How is the job going? Do you like it,

honestly? What a pity. That your diary has been rejected. But please, do not stop keeping a diary and try not only to write down happenings and definitions of characters, but why, e.g., this or that person is taking part in this or that action why this one is bad or good. Look for reasons, causes, give way to your opinion. Before you do that you should look around much more. Talk with people of all kinds and listen. There is no particular need, at the beginning, to look at the people, but to listen! And you, as a man, can go, see and hear ~~at almost everything~~^{please}. But you are absolutely free to think and say I am mentally deficient.

Please, go on writing!!!

On the 27th of July T. Gabrielle is coming to the wedding of her niece in Hamburg.

I think it might be possible for me to come to Munich at the end of August, when I have taken my 1. exam and Daddy is gone to Switzerland. Of course, you might just as well come to Hamburg, but I suppose you have to work.

I wish you would do a jolly good step into life and then be a genius of life, too!
Take all my love and kisses

Ingrid



visit some time.

Yesterday evening I went 'spazieren' with Cupid - also called Elfried - through the town, then back to the Siegestor, where we had chocolate: not good, I fear. I enjoyed the walk tremendously, as I think Cupid did as well. I felt quite exhausted afterwards; two hours and a half of pure German, on all kinds of subjects, mainly mundane. There was far too much traffic about the place, and Cupid had to strain her voice a great deal to make me understand everything: she made a point of only speaking her best German with me, and no English. Unfortunately, she is twenty-one. A shame, but beautiful none the less, with her brown eyes, black eye-lashes (natural) and so on. She joined the Verlag straight after school; her wage is scanty - some two hundred and fifty marks a month, maybe twenty pounds or so. She has one sister, much younger, and strikes me as an ideal daughter: she must be frightfully obedient, even at her age, having to go home every night at ten or thereabouts, preferably earlier, so as to wash and iron and do domestic chores. She likes life, though; Gert Woerner says she would make an ideal wife, and I am inclined to agree: she is most helpful.

I had work at the Verlag to-day, being my second Saturday: next Saturday is free. I could not work well this morning: I was unable to concentrate, it was too muggy and warm, without much sun, but without wind, and not cool enough. I went to bed at eleven yesterday.

I was hurt to see a man trying to get on a tram yesterday - I was in it, going to the central police -: a lorry passed between the pavement and the stationary tram and, when he had let the lorry pass - it should have stopped - the tram left. He was furious, old that he was, or middle-aged. There is nothing as pathetically disheartening as an impotently angry person, and angry in his right. I noticed that there had been an accident in front of our house yesterday: quite a crowd: it involved a motorcyclist and a cyclist. The motor-cyclist was bleeding in face and hands. His motorbike was lying in the centre of the road; ten minutes went by before the efficient German police came to the rescue.

Life is good but too full; there is little time for thought - if I am capable of that! No letter from home for the time being.

Sunday 21st. of July.

An exhilarating week in its every aspect - work excluded. The work, too, might well have proved good - but I have not had an interesting choice of books for the reading of late. First, there was Loys Masson's 'La Douve' which kept me very thoroughly bored for two days, and at the moment I am on an American book by a certain 'William du Bois' of New York, called 'Dangerous Season' or something of that nature: on the cover it claimed to be guaranteed to 'please' any reader and so on, saying that, should this not be the case, the book should be returned and exchanged u.s.w. That was enough to upset me at the very start: I call that most distinctly 'killing' literature; I have found out in the meantime, though, that the book is pretty shoddy in any case. I read a good, but unliterary, book in French after 'La Douve', called 'Le Domaine des Beaux-Messieurs', by Michel Davet or some person like that.

On Tuesday there was, as reward for a year's good work - not on my part - a staff outing for the day: it turned out to be for a good part of the night as well. It was an extremely pleasant occasion. We left München in the morning, at eight, from the city centre. We had a good coach, and I found myself seated between two of the male officials of the Verlag - Herr Schtnemann, or Peter as he likes me to call him - and the man in charge of the Spanish and Italian books, somewhat older, who has studied at Glasgow and Cambridge and speaks excellent English. Our first stop was in a small village, for white sausages and drinks. I had never tasted such things





Betriebsausflug: second attempt at the Wieskirche.



Betriebsausflug: on the Staffelsee with Fräulein Germann and Fräulein Höhne.



Betriebsausflug: friends from the Verlag: scene sited near the Wieskirche.



Betriebsausflug: Staffelsee Island and Fräulein Höhne.

before: they tasted vegetably and spicy, not as fat and heavy as I had dreaded: in fact, they were distinctly good. Afterwards we re-embussed, and stopped after a while to inspect an interesting piece of architecture in the form of a village church. It was just like a child's birthday cake inside, though, outwardly, a most simple and discreet Baroque. The interior was fantastically overladen: it was nauseatingly rich in frills and lesser decorations. Every single pillar was studded with tracery of symmetrical points and squares and circles. I was for ever being reminded of Alice in Wonderland; this church, inside, was no piece of architecture: it was a conglomeration of black and white and gold, always in large quantities, but never used over a wide area. The effect, then, being of a sickly mosaic. Most of the Verlag seemed to be of the same opinion. I thought, though, that the local people were probably immensely proud of this, their one and only church, large, to them exquisitely beautiful

We moved on to the Staffelsee, following dangerous and tortuous, badly-made country-roads. The wind was strong when we arrived, but everyone insisted that we really must bathe: apparently, a Verlag tradition. I must admit, the water was remarkably warm, but, outside, the air was bitter for a time. I think I must have stayed in a little too long: all I know is that my ten - all ten - fingers were dead afterwards, to everybody's mirth, and my face a graceful light blue, to everyone's amazement. Fortunately, it was lunchtime, and I settled down to some warm soup and a late coffee: my fingers gradually returned to normal - to everyone's relief. I was sitting at Herr Piper's right, and we spoke together for a great deal of the meal, discussing English Publishing firms, points at stake in the choice of books for translation, the use of pocket editions.

After lunch I embarked upon the Staffelsee, with two friends to accompany: being, Fräulein Hohner and Fräulein German - with whom I went to the C.Fry's performance. It was still a little windy, but not as bad as in the morning, and the sun was, by now, making sporadic appearances. We crossed over to the island in the centre of the lake, and there took a siesta - not my idea. I shared Fräulein Hohner's coat, at her welcome invitation, and we took a short rest before making back for the mainland.

In the evening we went over to the Wies Church, which I saw for a second time. Having plenty of time in this timefull day, we also did several other things, which included sitting out in the green country for an hour or so, and then seeing the Wiessee, which was fairy-like in the evening sunlight. I would have liked to swim, but my trunks were in the coach: too bad. We re-embussed, made a slow way back to München, ever savouring the evening landscape: you can trust Verlag people to have taste! We paused on the way for dinner - which was not very good, followed by wine, that was better. Everyone was tipsy afterwards: Cupid - under Herr Gert Woerner's patronage - my Lektor - - had to be carried at intervals. We only made München at twelve-thirty, and then I went straight home, whereas the others had another drink at a pub until two o'clock. Work on the following morning began at the same time as usual, you see....

On Wednesday evening I was invited out to Herr Schünemann's room on the outskirts of the city. He was a delightful host. There was tea, first - he knew what I liked best in life - and then wine, some strong Beaujolais, perhaps too strong. Peter played his Radiogram~~me~~ meanwhile, with records of Beethoven and Louis Armstrong - my acknowledged favourite musicians and composers, and we spoke until half-twelve on English and American literature, the novel and poetry. He is very keen on Faulkner and Wolf(e), and played back a record of Faulkner's speech of acknowledgement on receiving the Nobel Prize: it was a stirring speech, in the South American tone that I rather like, also the tone of an old, dried, warring man.

On Thursday evening I went out with Faustina to the Regina Hoetl, where there was an end of term Student's International meeting, with dances, sketches from various

groups. I had three dances with Faustina, then went home: it was already half-past twelve. She stayed with some Italians until three o'clock in the morning. I really felt like staying longer too, but, work

Yesterday I avenged myself, and went out with Cupid until after eleven, which, for her, is late. We went for a delicious walk along the backstreets of the Latin Quarter, where all was dark, quiet, where the smell of new-cut grass and flowers predominated, where we could speak in peace, without having to shout over the sound of roaring traffic. She had come to the rendez-vous by the University Fountain fifteen minutes late: she had jammed in the closing doors of a Strassebahn! - and got out too late. It was a romantic evening, very dark, moonless: till almost eleven, starless as well. It was cool, but I felt warm; it is good, too, to be with someone who, on the whole, fears men and has nothing to do with them. So I respected her, and enjoyed the experience: she mistrusts men; thought that, when I admired her, I was only flattering. I always feel the same, I admit, when people do the same to me. She has a firm will and attitude to things, claims to be self-conscious often, through trying to be herself; I think I, too, am self-conscious because I try too much to be myself and not play a rôle. We had coffee in an Italian place: it was a good coffee, and she had a Capucino. We had to be quiet, as the others were watching a Television Programm; but we spoke nevertheless, and gaily enough. She has decided to have a photograph of herself after all. I took one at the Staffelsee, having just asked her permission and been refused it: so I took it on the sly, from waist-level. The odd thing is, it came out fairly well, though it was a trifle underexposed. Cupid says that she has never willingly allowed anyone to take her photo: she thinks she is not beautiful enough! Nonsense. Her eyes really sparkle: they don't glitter, they sparkle, gaily, whimsically, dark brown, under black eyelashes and eyebrows and dark brown hair, with a pale, terribly pale pink, face, not round as with most Germans, but oval to long: she has a good figure too.

I accompanied her home, arm in arm, slowly, talking, discussing, arguing, being ourselves and happy: the stars were beginning to appear, and we moved to French literature. It was a long way to her home, maybe three kilometres - thirty minutes walk and more, maybe an hour's walk, I cannot recollect. I was glad it was a long way: so we were together longer. She looks less than twenty-one: maybe eighteen; and she keeps repeating that I look twenty or twenty-one at least. It appears that Peter is under the same illusion: I shall have to disillusion him! Then I bade her farewell: I would have liked to kiss her, but dared not: I merely kissed her hand in the Spanish manner: she is growing accustomed to that. And then I made homewards, extremely zufrieden at heart.

Sunday the 28th of July, 1957

I fear I am rather restless: at six o'clock - in two hours time - I have a rendez-vous with Cupid by the University fountain.

This week has not been as exhausting as the previous one. On Wednesday evening I went out to Peter Schünemann's for the second time, and heard some records with Kathleen Ferrier to Brahms music; I wish it had been Handel, not Brahms: his music is too rich and heavy, making Kathleen sing rather low and morosely. It was a good evening, with a great deal of Macbeth and Julius Caesar! Peter had another friend, one Heinrich, a woman of some twenty-three or four years, who did not seem to be in the best of best possible states; she had to leave at about eleven-twenty, complaining of malady somewhere - in the head, I suppose.

On Tuesday, or Monday, I wrote my first poem for over a year: it was inspired by Cupid's eyes, and I rather like it: but, maybe, it is not poetry, just good sound... if that. Cupid was charmed by it, I suspect. I composed it by the scientific means I used for 'Desert Sun', a year and a half ago.



Cupid: photo taken
in 'my' Augustenstr.
room in evening sun.



'Fons Amoris', noch
einmal.

Ode to Cupid's Eyes.

Eyes superb, soft strong and mystic,
 Grapes dark dancing in a summer sunlight.
 Sun-kissed cherries, musical and deep,
 Your Cupid's eyes, pure symbols of your soul
 Reflect the innocence of sleep.
 Great, glorious, I love them
 as I love you:
 Tender, as the harvest mellow,
 Enchanting as a fountain of delight,
 Dark, mysterious and gay
 As a warm windswept lake
 in a starlit night.

That 'poem' took about an hour to write, which is not all that long: but maybe it could be much improved in the second half, I know not.

Work has been going well: I had Beatriz Guido's 'La Caida' in the course of the week: I really think it an excellent novel. It is wonderfully economic, well-built, and charming through and through. Dr. Graf and the Director were in Zurich all week long, and, consequently - I suppose - there was a kind of holiday atmosphere latent in the Verlag for many days. A change, and welcome too. I did about as much work as usual.

I had letters from Father William and Father James of late, which delighted me very much indeed. I seem to be receiving a letter a day, which is satisfactory.

Frau Walter left for Paris on Friday, and returns on Saturday next: short but fruitful trip, I take it. The weather has been abominable for a fortnight now: today it is nastily windy, but not too cold, and there is a bit of sun occasionally. Yesterday, and the day before, and before and before, it just rained in buckets.

I had lunch with Elfried yesterday, in her room: not bad. I was rather put out by the state of the weather, and so had little to say. To make matters worse, I had to leave soon, to buy week-end provisions before the shops shut at two.

There were three hours of ironing on Tuesday evening, which nettled Frau W: I presume she had her mind on the electricity bill! I had my mind on my exhaustion! The charge for all the washing came to about five marks, not too much, anything but too little.

I have no news of value: it has been too rainy in the evenings to go out, so I have profited by taking some extra sleep. Yesterday evening I payed a visit to the house by St. Ursula - where I attend Mass on Sundays - to enquire about Confession. There were no priests available, all being on holiday, so I went to the Benedictine house in Kaulbachstrasse today, instead. I had to wait three-quarters of an hour first: but, as reward, I confessed in the English tongue, a luxury in this Teutonic land.

Finances good: I am trying to economise, even on my meanish mode of life as it stands at present. Quite a feat, truly. I would like to write some poetic prose, but have no subject. Only the raging wind, whirling spasmodic blasts round this dark green, luscious courtyard, tree-ruled, grass-bent, birdless, warm and sunblessed for the passing hour, the short-lived moment of a single day. Life is sweet - at times: those times are not too abundant. I wish the week-end rest were a trifle longer! I hoped to visit Kochel yesterday, returning to München in the course of heute, but such was the weather Disgusting, really.

Sunday 4th. August.

A pleasant week, in which, on Monday, my typewriter - so sacred an object - succeeded in breaking down most satisfactorily. I had to have it mended: but, though ten marks in cost, I did not suffer: the Verlag payed. I felt much relieved when everything was done with.

On Wednesday evening I relocated Cupid's second house, but did not disturb her: she was not in anyway, and, on Tuesday, I attended a celebration in honour of an aged Schwabinger Poet called PPA, in the Seerose drinkplace, somewhere in the Schwabing area. I went with Herr Woerner, at Fräulein Hübne's invitation. We arrived fifteen minutes late - as Gert thought this was the German custom. Thanks to it, the place was full, and there were no more seats: we had to import some with great difficulty and stick them in corners. There were - as one may deduce - many people, most of them young writers. We settled down to beer, drunk to the accompaniment of a bell and various speeches which proved quite inaudible to all. Eventually there was a drink of Feuertunerbole, or something similar, which called for a fire, much sugar, lemons and rum. It was good. I left

at ten, not being able to understand a single speech, and feeling a trifle bored.

On Thursday night I payed Gert Woerner a visit at his home, and stayed until twelve o'clock. There was music - R.Straus, Que sera sera, Louis A. and some other people, including a modern rendering of Mediaeval music on love and Nature, which was extremely rich in themes. Gert gave me many stamps, which I today and last night presented to my former landlady in Kochel, Frau Resenberger. I went there, hitch-hiking with appalling luck, in six and a half hours, yesterday morning at half-eleven. They were delighted to see me, and asked me at once to spend the night there, which I did. I had supper of many eggs, and today, at ten in the morning, a good breakfast of bread and coffee, with the sun blazing outside and everyone most gay. Lunch, too, was given me, and consisted of a delicious ham steak, with good juice, chips, beans and wine ! I left at half-two for München, where I arrived at four, which is not bad. I was glad to be able to revisit Kochel, and I was delighted at my reception. I met many of the former students there, studying for a further two months and learning disastrously little. The Turks were all there, and also the Indian, and a few Greeks. Johannis was not to be found.

On Friday night I took Cupid out to the Königshof Hotel in the Stachaus place. I had received twenty marks for eating purposes that morning, from Summy in Sandham, and decided to enjoy life, and let Cupid enjoy it too. She wore her yellow toga, on request and at suggestion of her own, to please me. After a good but costly meal, we went for a long walk through various parks, and eventually settled for a bad coffee: to make up for this - we were extremely gay by now, and intoxicated with happiness - Cupid took me to another site, and we had good fruit ices together. It was now half past eleven, and I then accompanied her slowly homewards. It was a warm evening, in all senses; the first time I have dined so well on my own merits, as it were.

My finances, oddly enough, are improving daily: but I am running drastically short of tea. My work is going on well in the Verlag: there was a long first-type copy of the 'Road to Revolution' for the reading, coming from Cassels, and now, in free time, I am reading Love in the South Seas: good.

I moved into a larger room in the same house a few days ago, on the departure of the German chemical student for the annual vacs. This room is darned good, with an appetising desk and a large bed and table; I can eat here regularly now, instead of having to use the kitchen as a poor pauper. I feel older and more vigorous and more mixed-up and more confounded every day. I still lack the all killing urge to write a good novel, to have good ideas. I wish I could write poems oftener.

Saturday August the tenth.

I am growing to like München, and the Verlag; I have been liking Cupid for quite a time, so I shall not mention her just yet. One of my complaints as regards Germany, consists, however, in the Police. This strikes me as being almost as bad as Spain. At every corner there is a policeman: I have often seen as many as five members of that dangerous body in the local Feilich Plaz, a small traffic - cross-over. I am for ever seeing members of the Police writing down notes on people under public street interrogation. I can't say that I like that. Yet, I can't see why, there are atrocious accidents every day here. I see one myself daily, either in the morning on the way to the Verlag, or in the evening on the way back. The traffic moves at fantastic speed, and there is a great deal of it: cars have no ^ocurtesy at all, and cyclists or motorcyclists are not much better. Of trailer-pulling lorries are there hordes, rumbling, crashing, creaking, roaring affairs that clank and scream through the entire city, leaving behind them a wake of dust, deafness and bewilderment. It is frightfully putting off. The traffic



Fräulein Külbs, or, as I chose to call her, 'Cupid'. Photo taken without any permission, and entirely unobserved. Staffelsee in the background.



Cupid, 'with permission': an enlargement of the photo beneath, in front of the Verlag.

Cupid, about to go home after the day's work: permission to shoot allowed.



does not decrease once night falls: it remains more or less steady, and simply steps a little more than usual on the gas.

In the course of the week I have purchased several Piper Bücherei art books, which I think are rather good; they only cost me quarter price or thereabouts, so I am feeling rather proud of them: I suppose I have the right. I now have twice as many books as when I first came to Germany. I shall have trouble when packing up for home.

In the course of the week there was an election meeting from Warminster Strauss in a local pub, larger than most; I believe it was the same as the one used by Hitler when first engaging in politics. Well, so I have been told, Strauss met a fiasco. After about forty-five minutes speech, he was interrupted, and, on hearing himself being interrogated in the middle of his speech, he angrily asked the audience to chuck out the noisy churl; there were hisses, and that was the end of his speech: he was whistled out. Later - or earlier, I know not - he was presented by the students with a paper bomb, the replica of the one used to kill Hitler. Inside was a letter and a rubber, stating that Strauss should use that rubber to rub out Russia! Peace motives, no doubt.

On Wednesday night I met at Peter Schünemann's again, and he helped translate the sub-titles of the Piper Bücherei edition on Daumier and Bosch, two of the six books I had that day purchased. We drank tea again, heard Louis and some Russian Cossac music, chatted on the structure and building of poems, and then parted.

Yesterday evening I had a beer over the road, at the new pub. It is very modern, but very bourgeois in its off-form attempts at art. It could very much do with some music, and the getting-rid of much fancy brasswork; there were few clients present, and, outside, it was raining hard. I only went to give the place a try. A couple of people behind me were chatting loudly on the unmerits of Kochel, where something was wrong either with drinking water or the baths - I could not understand the broad bavarian.

Another reason for my giving this place a try, is that one can never have a moment's peace in most well-known places. Bavarians are apt to gather in little family groups of fifteen or twenty, and sing the house down subsequently: people sitting alone are usually frowned upon, for they do not drink as much as the rest or make as much noise: in other words, they spoil the rich Bavarian atmosphere.

Here everyone is talking of the elections. In the Verlag, I believe that they are all going to vote for parties other than the CDU, which is Konrad's. They refuse to vote for him, saying he is obstinate, narrow-minded, and never comes to the point or answers questions. For instance, when questioned on the arming of German troops with atomic weapons, he is stated to have answered rather in this fashion: "As I have said so many times before, in such a wise that it barely bears repeating - no traffic shall proceed through main streets of the larger German towns at more than a maximum of thirty kilometres an hour" and so on. Maybe this beispiel is a sarcastic joke on the part of Herr Woerner and my friends at the Verlag, but I am inclined to suspect that there is a grain of truth in it. Personally, I am militarist in sympathy, right-wing, Catholic, am against the Queen but for Philip and the Royal House, for the British upper classes but against the lower aristocracy, and for Konrad. Only Herr Piper has more or less the same beliefs: everyone else in the Verlag differs widely.

The summer student term is at an end: has been for some time. The streets are full of tourists instead; I went to the English gardens this afternoon, and most of the people there were young lovers or Frenchpeople. Unfortunately, the grass was a little on the wet side, after all the thunderstorms we have been having of late. Frau Walter is away again, for the week-end. Tomorrow I am hoping to be honoured with Cupid's presence here. Her sister is getting engaged today, though two years younger than Cupid. Au revoir - !

Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady

Cupid has been here this evening - having been unable to come as arranged on Sunday. She came one hour late, at five to six and not five to five, but has proved more charming than ever nonetheless.

Not being hungry enough to partake of the little somethings I had bought for the occasion, we started with a long walk round the English Gardens: the weather was good. I thus managed to build up within her the semblance of an appetite and, at the same time, we were happy together, conversed - she does most of the talking thank God - and then returned home.

We had toast, cakes, biscuits and cocoa: Frau Walter would not let me make an omelette, because she was ironing in the kitchen. I can not work out the reason, though I dare say there is onehum. Cupid was delightful this evening, though sad: that gave me the opportunity to try making her happy, which I enjoyed doing. She complained that she is always sad, though without reason: she tries to make others happy, though sad, thinking that in so doing she will one day become happier. Yes, her parents love her, she loves them - which makes her sadness all the more incomprehensible. I tried to persuade her that it is her duty to be happy, that she certainly has the right to be happy: she seemed to doubt this. I said that it was God's wish that we be happy: is God - who is supreme goodness and mercy and fairness and love - happier when we are sad or when happy? When happy. Therefore she has the duty to be happy, as a good Catholic. Nor can she hope to make others happy when herself unhappy, I said. One can not give light when one has not light within one: one cannot take the mote out of some one else's eye when there is one in one's own: one cannot quench one's thirst with dry water. If Cupid really wants to make others happy, she must be happy herself first of all: not only should she be happy so as to make others happy, but with her own happiness as an end, a duty to herself. She can only give happiness when there is happiness there to be given: one can not give what one has not got.

I used to believe that my aim in life was the search for truth and perfect beauty. I now think it is the mission of making others happy. I try to be happy myself, for only thus can I succeed in my task. I am sure God likes one to be happy, that one is a credit to one's maker when happy. An unhappy Catholic is a bad Catholic or a mistake. How does one make oneself happy? By seeing the good side to everyday things; by really appreciating the good, by finding good qualities even in things apparently bad. Also by being broad-minded, by accepting the inevitable, only changing the changeable. Cupid is sad at being confronted with the inevitable. I think it is wrong to be sad at the inevitable: that must be accepted, and happily. I told her she had no right to lament the inevitable. She need only be sad at the evitable, which she is too lazy to change or does not want to change - and even then that leaves her without the right to be angry or sad. One should be one's own master, not be sad at one's own actions or thoughts. One must discipline oneself to do right and think right, to do and think what one will not later regret. It is man's duty to himself and God always to be content and, if possible, happy. One must turn everything to one's best advantage, and it is certainly not to one's advantage to be sad.

Be no Puritan, I tried to convince her: life is to be enjoyed as much as possible; accept the inevitable, which should not make one sad, as it is not in one's power to change it, and therefore one is not to blame for it; accept the evitable: that can one change, and it is one's duty to change it for the best.

We discussed Herr Woerner and Peter, discussed marriage and love, passion and mere liking, happiness and tragedy. I love her, and she likes me: she let me kiss her, which I did impulsively, not after deliberation; out of love and not tact, out of instinct and genuiness and not predetermination.

14/8/57

Dream in the other world

Last night I dreamed a strange dream, almost sensible for once. I have forgotten the details, even some of the main part, but the apparent essentials seem to have reconstrued themselves easily enough.

I was in another world, on another planet. I had suffered violently at the hands of my father - not my father as I know him, but a symbol, an image after another likeness, of him - for some obscure reason. He had acted as he regarded normal: people disapproved of my behaviour, my attitude, and he was punishing me on their behalf, which he saw as a natural thing to do, the only possible thing to be done. I was punished brutally, coldly, without feeling: it was a mechanical penance, given automatically and without an afterthought.

I was, in fact, on a world where there was no such thing as free will. Only I, the terrible I from this world called Earth, had come to break and destroy the peace, armed with my free will. This new world was ruled by the same god as rules our own planet earth. God had tried an experiment: on our planet he had given us free will to see the results, and here he had not given it. I, in my crass ignorance, had chosen between two lines of action in some matter of very minor importance; my new 'father' had been horrified at seeing me choose and ponder, in a case where thought and choice did not come into the question. So I was punished for daring to consider alternatives, for exercising free-will.

On the other hand, life on this free will-less world was first-rate. Life was luxury, with every imaginable pleasure, with tremendous scientific progress, with space-travel, with a modernisation inconceivable in our own planet Earth. I remembered continuously that things were going badly 'at home' with war and poverty and strife and lack of modernisation, with prejudice and injustice.

I saw this new world with eyes of wonder - in spite of my suffering for the daring use of free will. At the same time it hurt me unbelievably, and quite inexplicably, to come across human beings without the gift of free will; I was tragically sorry for them, while admiring their civilisation and obvious happiness and prosperity.

I was in a dilemma, faced with a happy people for whom choice and decision do not exist. Their minds were 'fixed', and they saw only the truth, the facts of life, what they should do, as first instilled within them by God, their God. They were to me as robots, yet in their own eyes they were the perfect beings, their life was the perfect life. They knew of the planet Earth, and derided it for its backwardness. They could have stepped on Earth at a moment's notice, but despised the very idea; it did not enter their heads to land. They lived a life of their own, predestined, luxurious; to me they were as slaves, but happy, while we were the masters of our own freedom and fate, but unhappy and unfortunate.

She was as a child in her lonely sadness, inexplicable but acceptable, in her inexplicable-to-herself affection for me, and in her awareness of its danger to both herself and me. She said she is too egoistical, because she wants to be happy: I reminded her of her duty to happiness, for her own sake as for those whom she seeks to render happy.

At five to ten she had to leave for home, by bicycle, although raining. She was too tired to walk she said.

Sunday, August the eighteenth.

Especially thanks to Cupid's coming for the evening on the Feast of the Assumption, this week has proved delightful. Yet her coming here was not the only event of interest.

On Monday night I had dinner - of sandwiches, tea, white wine and then Greek red wine - at Dr.Graf's home, in the company of Fräulein Höhne, Fräulein German, Herr Woerner, a Schwabinger writer of - as yet - tender years, but with an awful accent, broad and slurring: then, finally, there was Cupid. When Herr Woerner learnt that I was coming to this evening ensemble, he had petitioned Dr.Graf - without my knowing it - that Cupid be allowed to come as well. Herr Woerner has for a long time been aware of my affections for Cupid I collected Cupid from her home about twenty minutes before the start of the soirée, and we went together to Dr.Graf's. It was a fine evening - though it had been raining earlier on. The evening went very well, with the discussing of Verlag affairs, politics and love, suicide, people and many odds and ends. The discussion never became specialised, which was, maybe, a good thing. We remained at Dr. Graf's until one o'clock: music had, by then, replaced conversation. The music was a kind of swing popular, verging occasionally on jazz. I believe it came from the endless waves of Radio A.F.N. Afterwards I took Cupid home - I had not yet reached the stage of kissing her on the lips: I was still at the forehead, though that in itself was quite enough perhaps. Cupid was touching, saying she was afraid of falling in love with me, as I might suffer disappointments ad infinitum afterwards. She hoped I would only like her, not love, for my own benefit. She feared we were seeing one another too often, that she was spoiling me, and that I might be wretched later, when I had to leave München. She claimed I was too good for her; yet she also claimed I was still young: she regretted that she still loved me very much as a sister, not otherwise. I tried to argue that this might be the best of possible beginnings and so on. I cannot remember all we said: all I do remember is that I loved her very much that evening: why is it that melancholy underlies all the greatest and happiest moments of one's life? Yet it is a fact. We kissed adieu - or, rather, I did - and departed. It was three by the time I was in bed, a little tired.

On Wednesday evening I invited Peter to my room, and made him a light supper of omelette, toast and cakes. We spent a long time discussing free will and pre-destination. Frankly, I found his beliefs a little naive: firstly, it took me some time to convince him of the difference between predestination and foreknowledge. Then, it took me a ridiculously long time to explain that God cannot do the illogical - the creating of square circles, which are contradictions in terms. Peter insisted that God's sense of logic is different from ours. I said that we were made in his image, and that our sense of logic, love, justice, though lesser and not as perfect as his, cannot be so far astray. He tried, I thought a bit lamely, to conclude on the note that such questions are impossible for us to solve, therefore why be so precise....

I spent part of two mornings in the course of the week at the Ettstrasse Police Station, trying to have my Aufenthaltserlaubnis prolonged. I was distinctly amazed at the unruly bad manners of the officials in that vast block of offices: they

were all thoroughly cross with everything, their fellow men, life, the weather and, I suppose, police bureaucracy. I was glad when, at last, my aims were satisfied - a matter of three or four hours and much travelling backwards and forwards in the rain.

Yesterday I spent the whole time cycling round München on Cupid's bicycle, which I collected from her home on Friday evening. Cupid will be in Verona until Monday, so I made the decision to borrow some means of faster passage though this infernally wide city. She was most willing when I asked her on Friday - the night after her coming here! - and so I collected it from her home on the same day. While doing so, I was invited in for an hour to partake of tea and cakes: this was her mother's doing - she looks a split image of her elder daughter, Cupid, though Cristal - the younger daughter - looks quite different. Cupid looks more thoughtful, more a person with emotions and deeper thoughts, while Cristal looks more sensual, physical, soft, budding - if you like. I enjoyed the time I spent there, maybe an hour, talking about America - whither Steve returned yesterday - and England, where I shall be returning in a month. Cristal was knitting, the cat scratching infuriatedly at the glass door, and Frau Kilps looked reflective and glad.

To get back to yesterday - leaving the day before - I spent some time in the English gardens, took a few photos of the Evangelical Matteus Church, and returned home for a three egg lunch. In the afternoon I extended my tour to the banks of the Isar, and the shadier back streets of near-central München, round about the neighbourhood of Sendlingerstr. with its Asan Church. I am struck by the three contrasting types of München architecture - modern and beautiful, nineteenth century and heavy, and the bombed ruins, light and hopeless. Very often one finds an example of these three types side by side, and repeated many a time, in the course of a single street. I am also beginning to be impressed - maybe for the worst - by the hundreds of Adenauer heads all over the place, always in blocks of twelve or more, a terrific grin spread over his entire face. This seems to me to encourage cult worship, not democracy - but the ideals and habits of a dictatorship. This does not appeal to party election, but to one-man power. They are still all against Konrad up in the Verlag. I cannot make them move an inch from their dogmatic disillusion. Herr Woerner wants Germany to have no army - therefore Konrad is not for him; other people want reunification, and think Konrad is too rightist to attract hopeful prospects. Some dislike him - as I have said before - because he smacks of a dictator: some, because he is too old: some because he is pro-America, some because he is an American puppet: some because Germany belongs to N.A.T.O., which they dislike, and some because the economy is not good enough. In fact, I seem to see little light for an Adenauer re-election - or is that just because my surroundings are those of left-wing intellectuals, all disgruntled, idealists, and so on ?

Yesterday evening I saw 'Kind Hearts and Coronets' with Herr Woerner, in a famous film studio off Schwabing. I listened, off course, to the English. I liked the piece. Afterwards we had Appflesaft in the new place just across from where I live, then moved to a place of Herr Woerner's, where he always used to go, but has not been for some time. On the way he told me of his past love affairs, which all fell through because of his eccentric way of life; he often throws crockery about the room, and margarine too, even at people. The wall is in a bad state right now. The tavern was very smoky, very businesslike, without the unnecessary table-cloths that litter up the new spot across the road and make it look so pretentious and bourgeois. I left at one o'clock, as the smoke was quite overpowering for my eyes, and made for bed.

Today I got up at twelve, and paid the Haus der Kunst a visit in the early afternoon: it only contained recent German art, heavy and lacking in delicacy. I was disappointed. I cycled round München languidly, then made for home: rain.



Mathäus Kirche
Exterior



Mathäus Kirche Interior



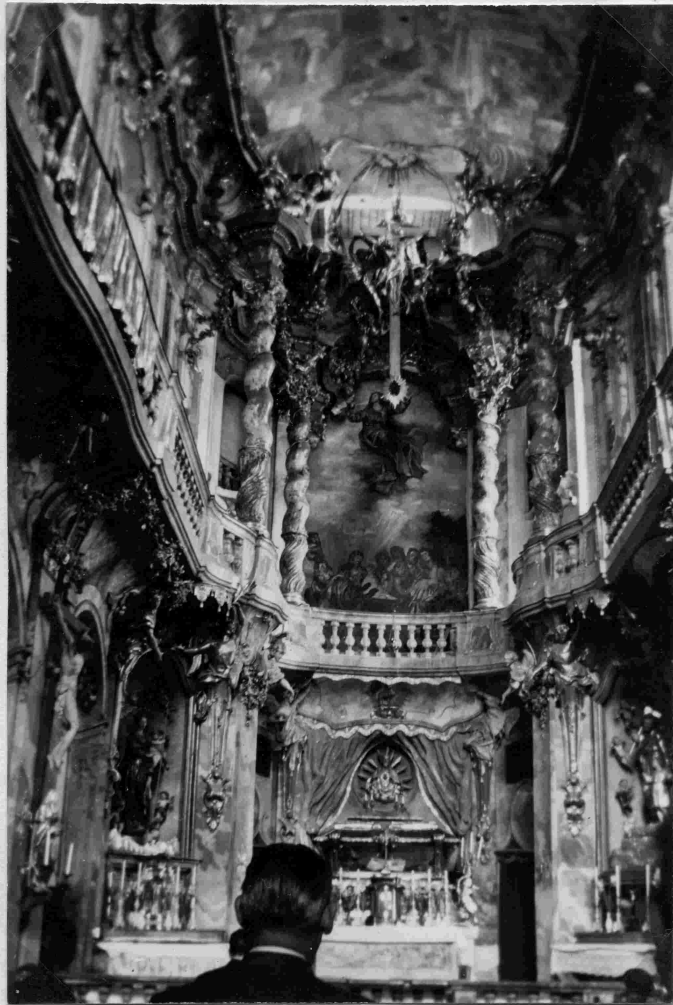
Mathäus Kirche Interior, towards altar.



Mathäus Kirche, altar.



Die Mathäus Kirche, exterior.



The Asamkirche.

München view up
the Isar.

