

Monday the nineteenth of August.

There are one or two things I did not have time to mention last night, being tired - as usual - and lazy: and, after all, I spent over an hour adding photos to the Tagbuch

Last Sunday, in Elfried's company, I paid the Nymphenburg Palace a visit. I was tempted, at first, to go inside - at a high cost - but refrained after catching a glimpse of one of the entrance hall, which Elfried claimed to be typical of the entire palace. It was of a renaissance style, but - as ever in Bavaria - was white all over, with stark gold contrasts round every picture. This no longer appeals to me: it is like a nursery to me, a hospital ward, however beautiful some people may think it is. The whiteness gives the place a stark and exposed look, hunted, cold, too open, a reticent openness. So I made do with the exterior of the Nymphenburg, the gardens, the small garden houses, the lakes.

I have discovered a new church only a minute or so's walk from where I live. I was first attracted to it by the tower, plain, simple and a trifle revolution-ary. The outside of the church is disturbingly boxlike, without the slightest decoration, of red brick, plain and unprepossessing. The interior, however, is of interest - though Frau Walter professes an extreme dislike towards it, saying it is plain and dirty and cheap. I found the simplicity intriguing, even in such details as open confessionals, with a mere small screen separating two stools: I doubt whether I should ever want to confess there, but I believe it ought to breed the right type of atmosphere The pillars are nothing more than pillars, of concrete, absolutely plain, yet they have - to my mind - an effect of their own, which impresses. The altar, too, is simple and imposing, squat without being unartistic and ungainly, and the square cross overhanging the altar is also not without dignity. Such minor adornments as the lamps - of fan shaped glass wings - and simple black candle-sticks, windows of a most pronounced depth - being in shape like deep boxed segments, each section nine or ten inches deep, maybe more - are also part of this intriguing modern edifice, obviously designed partly on economic grounds, yet at the same time experimental and cre-ative. I have also been struck by the Matteus church - as I said yesterday, which goes to the extent of being a luxury palace with candelabras, vast roods, armchairs: and it is an evangelical church, unlike the other building of a commun-ist simplicity that I have been describing above.

I have been in an inexplicable mood today, ever since seeing Cupid in the late morning, back from Verona. She was swarthy with sunburn: am I merely jealous? I really hope not. I feel that I have missed her very much over the week-end, and her bicycle has been constantly reminding me of her, which is a shame - seeing that being reminded of her makes me sad at her absence. The more I feel I love her - and this morning my sadness went a long way towards convincing me of that - the more I miss her and feel bitter with myself and life. I suppose this is a mere passing mood as usual: Cupid reproached me - as Herr Woerner has also done in the past - of not living up to my philosophies. I seem to be a great one at inventing theories, but seem just as incapable at constantly maintaining them. Life is rather interesting, at times. Cupid, it was, who said on Thursday night that her happiest moments were fraught with sadness: maybe she is right after all. For me, however, sadness comes not in a moment - usually - but over a period, in a state of emotional happiness or change or expectation or aftermath. I was very much tempted this afternoon to remain in München another month, for September as well as August, when I remembered that Cupid will be on holiday then: so there would be no point to it



Nymphenburg: view of front.



Nymphenburg: the back and gardens



A Nymphenburg waterway



Nymphenburg: the front



A Nymphenburg waterway



Rathaus



Die Universität



Maximiliansplatz



Interior of new church off
Leopoldstrasse

Last Sunday but one in München. (Written on Saturday, a day in advance)

A rainy week again: there seem to be quite a few now a days. I had a nasty shock on Wednesday evening when I collected my laundry: I was faced with a bill of eight marks, or sixteen shillings. Why? Because I had a few shirts ironed and not just washed, as last time: Frau Walter had kicked up a fuss at my doing my own ironing. So, from Wednesday onwards, this week has developed into a thrift and save campaign, with good results.

On Thursday evening I had an even worse shock. I left the house as usual, in the morning, and returned for supper at half past six or seven. The decorators had arrived: Frau Walter informed me that I would have to find some new digs fast, and that I had until Saturday, no longer. I blew off the remainder of the evening in Herr Woerner's company, roaming the streets of Schwabing, discussing people with whom I might put up on my having to change rooms: he suggested Herr Dr. Baumgart, and then we remembered that he has gone off with Dr. Graf to Zurich for the week-end; so that was out. I thought of Cupid, with her two homes, but decided to wait until the morrow before committing myself to disappointment. I slept a little worse than usual in the course of Thursday night.

On Friday morning I spoke to Cupid about the situation, and she promised to try and help. After lunch I learned that all would be alright, that I could stay in one of her two homes, though as to which it would be she was still a little uncertain. I took courage and rejoiced.

Yesterday evening - Friday night - I had dinner with the Cupids. It was a good meal, of soup and apfelstrudle: later on in the evening there was wine too. Of course, I would go and spoil everything as usual by catching hay-fever from Mitsi the kitten, thus reducing myself to going out for a half hour walk with Cupid and a little boy friend of hers called Wolfgang (born circa 1952). He was a sweet boy, fair-haired and frightfully full of life. His father died a few months ago. In a week's time Cupid will be taking her annual holidays with this little boy, looking after him and cooking for him and so on. Well, to return to last night: I have never seen Cupid act so delightfully, at one and the same time as full of spirits as a school-girl and as loving towards Wolfgang - whom she seemed to have nick-named Spatsilein - as a mother. I was touched. I felt tragically hurt when there was no time afterwards for me to accompany Cupid to her other home: her feet were paining - as she was wearing shoes far too small - and so she decided to cycle back at once. I walked home by myself, feeling a little despondent. I dreamed of Cupid until two in the morning - but what complicated dreams! I had to wake up at two in an effort to work out the complexities into which my dream was taking me

Today: I slept half an hour more than usual, then packed myself into the bath for a short interval, finally doing my cases up: it was ten by then, when I had recourse to a short-course breakfast and a bare two slices of bread. At ten to eleven, armed with my sack full of books, another sack full of tea, sugar, cocoa and eggs, and a case, I took a strassenbahn to the Verlag and put in an hour's work at a crazy translation by Angus Davidson of an Italian book - which is really boring and slow moving; I believe it is called 'A light for fools' but I cannot remember the author's name. Herr Woerner claims she is a woman, but she looks awfully like an aesthetic man to me

At half-past twelve, with Cupid more than delightfully carrying my case for me on the back of her bicycle, I made for the Augustenstrasse dwelling. The sky was overcast; it had just been raining once again, and was due to rain again at three in the afternoon, just when I was on the point of returning to the Leopoldstrasse house for the other case.

I had some lunch of potato soup and apfelstrudle at the Cupid's, then wrote a letter to my parents in Paris. At half past three I went to the Leopoldstr.

house to collect my other and larger trunk. While at this job, I slipped down to the Schwabing post-office and sent off the first package of coffee for exiled Addy. Returning to the house, I took my leave of Frau Walter - promising to ring her up now and then on the subject of post - and collected a number three strassenbahn to Ludwigs-Theresien Strasse. This time I was charged double fare because of the case - nasty woman ticket-giver; this morning I was only charged for my own passage, and then I had any number of packages and cases. On changing trams at Ludwigs-Theresienstrasse, I boarded a thirty-seven and this time was only obliged to pay my own fare. Very irregular. I reached my new home at about six-fifteen, and then settled down to some more photo-mounting.

The sun was shining into my room on arrival: delicious impression. This is also the fifth story - for me unprecedented - and the view, though far from being beautiful, is impressive. My room is small - it was here I was entertained on my first visit to the house, some three or four weeks ago I suppose - with little furniture: and thank goodness too. There is nothing I dislike as much as a room absolutely overcrowded. What matters is that the walls be clean - and they are - the floor be decently carpeted - and it is - and the furniture, if the house be modern, should also be as modern as possible: this room fills all these requirements perfectly. It is a cosy room, that inspires work without fuss, without wasting time in making oneself comfortable.

Cupid dropped in for a few minutes in the course of the evening; her skin is now a light brown. When she returned from Verona she was pure red: then all the skin peeled off - and I believe that it is still doing so in places - and now, at last, it has assumed a respectable colour. Yet, God knows she looked as beautiful as ever through each of these many stages, however awful they may have seemed to her. Little was the time: I gave her a butterfly farewell-kiss; glad.

Have I mentioned it? I have developed the weakness - since some five weeks - of bringing Cupid roses to the Verlag; I rack my brains for hours now trying to think of - and find - roses of different hues: they tend to rise alarmingly in price when reaching shades of true interest.

I have been struck this week by the cleanliness of the streets and the pavements: in France and Spain - and probably Italy - the pavements are often fairly evenly littered with old vegetables and dirt: in England they are littered with paper and empty bags: here there is nothing to break the cold dissymmetry of the chunky, unevenly laid block pavements.

Herr Woerner told me that there was a 'Halbstark' - or Teddy Boy - battle in Schwabing yesterday night, not long after I had reached the sanctity of my soon-to-be-deserted home in Leopoldstrasse. It appears that the battle involved some two hundred of the idiots, and skirmishes only came to a sudden and sticky halt with the advent of the all-efficient German police in large numbers.

Monday the 26th. of August: late evening.

Yesterday I got up at about eight - having spent a rather sleepy and asthmatic night - and took an uneasy breakfast in my own room. At five to eleven I made for the nearest church - St. Joseph's - to try and attend a Mass. Wrong time, of course, as each München church seems to keep utterly varied hours of attendance, unlike in more systematic England or Spain. I went home for some twenty minutes more and washed up the breakfast things, then had another go at St. Joseph's. This time I met with a little more luck. The church was of a renaissance style, beautifully simple, classical in everything save the cupola over the entrance tower. The Mass, too, was wondrously simple, not a word being audible in the course of the entire service; it meant that one could pray in peace. The church was packed - as seems to be the case with every Catholic church in this city.

I was invited - in spite of myself - to lunch with the Cupid's, which I very

much enjoyed. Afterwards I made tea for us all and, towards three-quarters four, went for a walk with Cupid to the English Gardens. Here the fun started.

Cupid wanted no 'tenderness': in other words, I was not to give her my hand as we walked along together. I was puzzled and a little hurt - both by her statement and the remainder of my asthma and the tablets at work within me. A few minutes later I again suggested that I be allowed to hold her hand, insisting that, in itself, holding hands does not have to mean more than mere friendship. She point blank refused. I tried for a third time to convince her later on, and without success. At that, I suspected there must be a rather strong misunderstanding; and so there was. We argued it out to the full.

The heart of the matter consisted in Cupid's maintaining she does not love me and that it is, ergo, her duty to prevent my loving her. I claimed it is most certainly her right to go on not loving me as long as she chooses, for hers is free-will: however, she has no rights over my free-will, and therefore, in my mind, lacks any right to try to prevent my loving her. Gradually I discovered that she feared I might be badly disillusioned if she let me go on loving her, that she might be giving me the impression of being in love with me, thus fostering love for her. She claimed she was trying to think of my future, look after my happiness. I told her to look after her own happiness and future, which should be more than enough for anyone to cope with, and that I would look after my own. She then claimed that I was trying to make her love me, that my loving her had, as an end, the belief that I could persuade her to love me, maybe eventually marry me. She was suffering from a guilty conscience, letting me love her while not loving me, endangering - so she thought - my future and happiness, as well as her own future. She refused to believe me when I said that I found pleasure in loving her, even should no love be returned. She then claimed that I had been looking sad for many weeks now and that, if this indicated love, she did not in the least appreciate it; my sadness had been making her sad as well, and, ergo, it was once again her duty to prevent my loving her - then I would be happy and she too. I claimed that I had only been sad on one occasion - the morning after my visit to her Augustenstrasse home, an occasion when I had a brief spasm of asthma - and that at other times she must be mistaking sadness for something else: I am always inclined to think about Cupid when in her presence and, when I think, am apt to look abstract and a trifle doleful. Well, that made two things she refused to swallow: my being able to love her without asking love in return, and my denying sadness in her presence. She has been mistaking thought for sadness for five or six weeks and has been thinking that I have been attempting to make her fall in love with me. As far as I am concerned, either she loves me or she loves me not: if she loves me later, it is up to her: I shall look after my love - which may, obviously, mean the giving of tenderness and roses - and she may look after hers.

Eventually I hit the right nail: previously she had been growing ever more incredulous. By now we were seated at the Cadore, drinking Capuccinos. We had had our walk - stormy and wretched - through the English Gardens, and were now resting for a short while. I thought a coffee might help us both. I kept on the subject, determined to sort things out; why her disbelief in my actions and conduct? Why did I claim that I would not necessarily be sad on leaving her, would not necessarily want her to marry me? I said, at last, because I had resigned myself from the day I had learnt of her age of being at her discretion, of falling in with her desires rather than inflicting my own. On that day I had realised that it would be crazy and illogical on my part were I ever to let my love for Cupid - my senior in years certainly - drive me wretched or make me angry: I had no right to be angry or sad, logically speaking, as I had nothing to expect from her. My logic forbid my taking offence from a senior; I was glad

enough when Cupid in the first place allowed me to love her, let alone make her love me. I simply asked - did not demand - that Cupid go on allowing me to love her, without letting this seem to put her under the obligation of loving me reciprocally. The test of whether I could take the shock of having to leave her in a week's time would prove my philosophy on this subject - a philosophy that allows no misery. Personally I realise that this is idealistic, but I do not regard it as impossible. In any case, what seemed to content her, was my saying that I had been for a long time resigned to love unloved, that I would not allow myself to be made sad by her non-love, that my apparent sadness in her presence in no way reflected her attitude towards me, but simply implied that I happened to be thinking at the time, not necessarily in a sad vein at all.

I always need something to love: either God - when I am feeling religiously minded - or a person. By being able to give love I receive immense happiness, I satisfy my own out-givingness. So I asked Cupid to allow me to love her further - even were it only as a favour - and remain a firm friend at least, afterwards. I warned her that it would be better to look after her own worries and feelings in future, that it was really more christian were she to attempt to know herself better before trying to know others. She had jumped to many wrong conclusions as far as my person had been concerned: she should especially remember to respect other people's free-will, and let them love: each person is, essentially, his own responsibility. Cupid had regarded herself as responsible for me.

We made for home. She was limping badly, with her small shoes again; I was once more holding her arm. Back home we had tea together in the greatest of great possible spirits, and she asked if she might read my account of what I wrote on her visit to me last Thursday - Feast of the Assumption. She stayed until almost nine: she allowed me to give her 'tenderness' and I was more than happy. She sure leads a busy and fast-moving life, with all respects... I do, however, rather like her, and try to overlook the fact that she will be left here in München when I have to leave next Sunday for Düsseldorf.

Late in the evening, accompanied by her mother and sister, I saw her to her other home and bade her farewell for the night. I was feeling a trifle asthmatic after the strenuous events of the afternoon, and made for bed. I felt extremely cheerful in spirit, though. We did quite a bit of thinking this afternoon, and more than I have mentioned here - let alone emotions, which were often very mixed; we even got as far as religion and Verlag atheism

Today I went to work at ten, and then wrote a letter in French to M. Romain Gary on his 'Racines du Ciel', concerned, obviously, with business points. After lunch I made Cupid the usual tea and, at five-thirty, accompanied her on part of the way to her other home. I settled down in Augustenstrasse to supper, then sought my typewriter at the Verlag in the late evening: this involved looking for Dr. Graf, searching the Verlag, again looking for and finding Dr. Graf, returning to the Verlag, returning to Dr. Graf, then home. And now it is nearly eleven, and I am still typing. Shocking and inconsiderate: I must stop.

Tuesday evening, August the 27th.

I arose after a not so bad night at ten to seven, packed my bed sheets off into the sitting-room to be collected later by Frau Külbs, washed and dressed and made my breakfast tea once again. I also let Frau Külbs and Christl partake of the tea - for I am here for ever being treated as a guest of honour, with slices of cake, soup, and a hundred odds and ends. At ten past eight I left for the Verlag, where I arrived pünktlich at the half hour.

In the course of the morning I discovered that Cupid will not be free this evening as she had led me to expect - and, consequently, I felt rather morose

for the remainder of the time preceding lunch. Afterwards, my usual tea with Cupid took place, accompanied by a red rose of love. During the afternoon I worked first in Dr.Graf's upstairs room - where I settled down some six weeks ago - where, too, he has now returned from his temporary stay in Dr.Hansen's downstairs room: I then moved downstairs into the now vacant Dr.Hansen's room - for that venerable doctor has been ill since Easter - when Dr.Graf received a visitor and asked to be left. So I had the whole of Dr.Hansen's vast room to myself; all I lacked were some secretaries

I accompanied Cupid to the Augustenstrasse dwelling after work, had a very brief tea with her in my room - as well as vast plates full of cake as supplied by her mother for our consumption - and then she had to go and join her father for supper at her other home. We had a few minutes happiness together, nothing more: but I appreciated that much.

Tomorrow evening I hope to go to Peter's for an hour or so, as I have already done many a time in the past. I would have gone today, but was feeling too tired; I have not slept well enough for three or four nights, and need some rest for once. There was far too much walking to be done yesterday night.

I love Cupid, her Mother and sister: they are all so gay, and Cupid is the gayest of them all - chirps like a sparrow, smiles or laughs ceaselessly, and is beautiful. She is frank, not affected: maybe too frank, not realising the crushing effect of her simplest refusals - which leave others, and even sometimes me - dazed. I believe she often hurts Peter's feelings, because of her play-full humour, perhaps too unrestrained, perhaps unfeeling for some. She is unaware of the danger lurking in her own voice, coming from a girl - she looks often more like a girl than a woman - who strikes one at once as utterly innocent, sincere, untouched, and charmingly harmless. So when a refusal from her mouth emerges - as, for instance, when Herr Woerner wanted her to show him the photo I had taken of her, and she refused - people are left for some time overwhelmed, dazed, stupefied. She looks too dainty and pretty, too open and exposed, too tender, to refuse anything in the world; yet her every action or word belies her, for she has a strong will - I have even noticed it here, when she speaks to her mother, or when she speaks to her father. She looks the image of the all-yielding mermaid, and conceals something very different within; she has strength of character. Yet I love her all the more for that, as it makes me respect her at the same time.

Thursday the 29th. of August.

On Tuesday evening I had a long conversation with Frau Kùlbs, about many, many things, just including Cupid at the end. I was not sure of her attitude, or else I would have embraced the subject much sooner.

Yesterday morning I took some more laundry along to the Wascherei: should be ready to-morrow evening. At the end of the day's work Cupid accompanied me home, and heated up a supper left for me by her mother. Unfortunately, a friend called to see her for a few minutes while she was thus engaged, and, consequently, I was unable to enjoy her presence during the course of my meal. She came in to say good-bye - being on the way, by motorbike, to yet another friend, this time female - and was wearing grey, white-striped slacks; her legs were beautiful. It was most unfortunate that I should only see her thus attired for the matter of a minute or so, as she roused great desire within me. Consequently, when I went to Peter's for the soirée I was already melancholy. We had some wine, talked politics and elections, Germany as a neutral country, Cupid, love, literature, travel and departure. The wine was rather sweet - which I enjoyed - only it heated me intensely and I was compelled to leave soon, a state brought about by the mingling of wine, heat, melancholy and love and conversation. I was sorry for

my unsociableness. I wonder whether it is as painful to love without being loved, as to be loved without loving? Does the second of these two states, in fact, cause any feeling at all? And, if so, happy or not happy?

Today I got up at three-quarters seven, made tea, made my bed, washed and dressed, and left for the Verlag at ten to eight, in the hope of meeting Cupid on the way: I did not. I bought her a large bunch of mixed flowers on the way. Herr Woerner remarked upon the flowers in Cupid's Verlag room in the course of lunch

Cupid was sad today: apparently her mother is angry with her: later on it appeared that this had its cause in her travelling by motorbike yesterday evening, a type of conveyance of which her mother very much disapproves. I had a talk in Spanish with an Agent in the morning, agent of the Zunzunegui books I read of late, and did not highly recommend. Dr.Graf also came down to Dr.Hansen's room - where I was working - and partook in the conversation, but this time in German. Not so long ago I had a telephone conversation in French with a Mme.Arnaud of Paris, concerning the Romain Gary 'Racines du Ciel'. That went well also.

This evening Cupid accompanied me home, to try to make amends to her mother, or, at that stage, still find out what she had done wrong. Talks broke down. That reminds me of home life in Oxford, or United Nations conferences..... I made supper of cocoa and bread and butter, was presented with some cakes by Frau K lbs. She really treats me superbly - better than Cupid at present, unfortunately. I am sorry for Cupid; I wish there was something I could do for her, to relieve her lot.

In a sense it is a relief that Cupid does not, so she said a week ago, love me. It does at least not utterly turn my last days into tragedy and pure dilemma. I at least know that I do not leave her any the unhappier for my departure; as for me, theoretically, I can look after myself; but she is so sweet, charming, ever in hot water with someone, ever putting her foot into something, always in trouble, always angry, then repentant. That makes me love her all the more, makes her very human, full of feelings, maybe a little too brisk and lively, but feelings all the same.

Friday evening, 30/8/57

I had a wonderful stroke of luck yesterday evening: a chance in a hundred. After having supper, and writing a few notes in the diary, I made a quick pot of tea for the Cupid's and took up my duffle and went for a walk - to the Cupid's amazement; for it was very cold at the time. Winter is setting in here. Awful thought, no? I wonder what Salamanca will look like in the snow? Well, I went out, with the intention of passing by Cupid's home. I thought that, should the light be on in her room, I might try to attract her attention for a minute or so and chat from street level or ask her down. I started very well by losing the way, but eventually picked it up again. I have been losing my way quite a lot recently. I found the house - and there was Cupid in the street, in front, bidding a girl-friend of hers adieu. She recognised me at once, almost before I was sure of her identity, and invited me in. So in I went for half an hour, and chatted with her Father and her, Mitzi all the while gambolling about the floor and raising Cain. Even Cupid was sniffing and spluttering, and my own nose was not long in taking the cue; then I left. I suppose it was about twenty past ten then, and I was still due to have a bath back home before bed could be mine - and Frau K lbs could have her nocturnal repose in all tranquility. I did not lose the way home - after having given Cupid a fond though not lengthy goodnight kiss. I was still nose blowing at twelve o'clock or thereabouts. I had the bath: Frau K lbs had waited for me.

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Saturday afternoon: 31/8/57

What a day yesterday! Last day at the Verlag. In the morning I finished reading an American novel by Elizabeth Spencer, wrote up a summary on it, and also made out a list of all the books that I have read for the Verlag since the day of my arrival here. Then came lunch - last lunch at the lousy Königin Garagien - and I took my leave of Herr Woerner; I wished him better luck with Herr Wolff, with whom he has been working on an architectural book for many a month; he is now in danger of missing his holidays in Portugal, all because Herr Wolff has so little time in which to assist at correcting his own book.

In the afternoon - which, Dr.Graf had said, was free for me - I wrote a page analysis of 'La Casa del Angel' by Beatriz Guido, a book I read two days ago. I had my last tea with Cupid - there were quite a few roses about the room - and had biscuits as well. I washed out the teapot for the last time, and gave it over to Fräulein Germann's custody, to look after it until Fräulein Höhne comes back from her vacs: she asked me if she might have it, as she collects porcelain: crazy. Apparently, according to Fräulein Germann, she meant to pay for it, but I refused. Instead, I stipulated that she should provide Cupid with two cups of tea immediately after lunch for Cupid's last two weeks here - at the end of September. Good idea. I wonder whether Cupid will notice that it is Fräulein Höhne and not I giving her the post-lunch tea in two weeks time? I think so.

I then took my leave of everyone I knew in the Verlag: that took just over an hour. There was Dr.Graf and Dr.Baumgart, Fräulein German, Peter, the workers in the Buchhandlung and Auslieferung and the Packers. Eventually I had seen everyone who mattered, had written a letter to be given Herr Piper - still on holiday - and made my way out at five-fifteen. I made for the Augustenstrasse home and a light supper of bread and tea.

At eight, along came Cupid to take me out to supper in the town. We went, and we had supper. The place was pleasant, the food extravagantly over-abundant; I was unable to eat more than half my pancake, though Cupid ate up her supper quite easily. What an appetite! Afterwards we went for a walk: two and a half hours we walked, sometimes stopping to kiss, sometimes just kissing en marche. We saw the quiet back streets, the central squares, some places well illuminated, some badly. We saw Bavaria - where the Oktoberfest takes place - and Cupid told me about her mother and father and sister. Her parents are, after all, divorced, and have been since ten years. The mother married the father out of pity, largely, as the father's fiancée had just died and he had taken to drink. Then Cupid was conceived, and so they married: an unhappy marriage. We spoke for a long time on marrying without passion, on passion of the mind and passion of desire. We discussed Herr Woerner, his prospects for the future: we decided he is too fond of throwing plates about and dressing well to be a genius, though he may not be all that bad in spite. We discussed Peter, who has often in the past been cruel to Cupid, has teased and harassed her. Cupid told me of her first months in the Verlag, wretched months, without friends, despised - so she thought at the time - by all. It seems that she has only been happy since March. Cupid told me about her school life, her bad reports for indiscipline, her bad three weeks at the interpreters' school which would appear to be haunted by snobs.

Cupid revealed herself as being potentially highly nervous: I felt she could do - and could in the past have done - with a great deal more affection. So I kissed her for the time being, and we were extremely gay until one o'clock in the morning. We walked some ten kilometres, then had a coffee at Odeonsplatz, then walked further, homewards. We walked slowly now, our feet sore, our spirits lulled, waiting for the separation until the morrow, trying not to think of the

31. August 1957

Dear Bruno,

I want you to know, that
there is a friend of yours
who likes you very much
and esteems you because
of your really good and
genuine character.

May God bless you and
give you much happiness,
this is the wish and
prayer of your
Cupid.

next, more lasting separation, due on Sunday.

Sunday afternoon: 1/9/57

I saw Cupid leave for the country this morning, leave for her vacations, leave for a long time as far as I was concerned, not two weeks but, perhaps, years.

I got up with the alarm at ten to seven, washed and shaved with cold water and then cycled to Cupid's home in the other street; I used her cycle, which she again lent me yesterday, and which I had left here over night. I reached her home at twenty-five to eight. She waved to me from her bedroom window and opened the door. I took the cycle upstairs, and then started making much desired conversation, first in her bedroom - as she made her bed - and then in the kitchen as she prepared breakfast. Cupid, it was, who seemed sad this morning. I was attempting moderately successfully to appear cheerful and be it too: I had my fits last night, fortunately over for the moment: she had still seemed fairly gay last night, but was now no longer so.

She made the breakfast - her father was still getting up and getting dressed - and we spoke for the last time in private. I gave her a long farewell kiss, to which she responded well; she was sadder and sadder now. Her cheeks are so soft, her skin really smooth, her eyes round and dark; I felt sorry for her. I wanted to bid her adieu thus in solitude before her father's appearance, some five minutes later.

Breakfast went well, with boiled eggs and cheese and bread and some good coffee. Afterwards, the car came to collect Cupid on time: maybe better so. She took up her many bags and parcels, and I accompanied her downstairs; we embraced for a last time inside the main house door; my spirits and cheerfulness deserted me. My heart felt frozen, numbed, as she at last stepped out of the door, a small, sad smile playing gently on her cheeks, her mouth a trifle compressed. She was gone. I returned upstairs, and saw her leave in the car, from one of the bedroom windows; she waved again from within, and the car was away, round the corner.

I am haunted by the image of her face as we kissed in Maximiliansplatz on Friday evening, or, rather, at about eleven that night - if not later. It was a face plunged in darkness, with the contours of her cheeks, her mouth, her nose, her eyes, round and smiling, a calm, warm, Latin smile, imperturbable, loving and lovable, loyal, enchanting and tender. We were surrounded by trees, were in a twenty yard wide, centre-of-the-street garden, and we were warm. We had time in hand, and we were entirely happy.

I am haunted too by the image of her face yesterday night. I had retired to my room for a few minutes recollection: I was sad, and had put the light out, and was dejectedly looking out of the window at the ground far below. Then Cupid had come in, leaving the light off, and I had turned to see who was there, and I had seen her two large eyes, fixed, the whites silverwise surrounding the large pupils: two large and tender-speaking eyes in perfect darkness. I had loved her madly then, and late into the night when she had gone.

She had been at a friend's home for the evening. Frau Kilbs, Cristl and I had supper together at the father's home, and then I went with the mother to pick Cupid up from her evening party and take her to Augustenstrasse. We found the place fairly easily - in a flat-block-city - and the house, and entered. The smoke was murderous, and, after some fifteen minutes in the company of Cupid and four other girl friends of hers, I left, taking the mother and Cupid with me. This put me in a slight temper for a while: I had not particularly liked the other girls, who struck me as snobs and idle post-teenagers of a mentality quite alien to Cupid's.

Yesterday morning I payed the Cupids of the other house a brief visit, taking some stores for the household on behalf of Cupid's mother; but I only remained for a brief while, fearful of catching the hay-fever bred by Mitzi. I then cycled round München, bought a pot of flowers for Frau Walter. She was not in at the time, so I left them in the custody of the concière or Hausmeister. Next, I swept round three-quarters of München in search of a good art shop, which I eventually found, just off city-centre. I spent about an hour and a half in the place, making the woman in charge - her husband was absent - show me more or less everything she had. At first I wanted something by Van Gogh, but they had nothing of great beauty; I know that Cupid likes Van Gogh. I then tried for Degas, and there was nothing by him. The lady tried to make me buy a painting of a woman in Paris, quite well executed, but not good enough: it had an unpleasant ersatz look about it: the painter was unknown to me. I made enquiries after the Englishman Blake, then Goya: nothing. I tried the classical artists, and Bruegel, and Dürer too, without luck. I was looking for a picture that would fit in with, that would suit, Cupid: something simple, strong, maybe partly intellectual, religious: not purely sentimental, not beauty for the sake of beauty, but beauty with a meaning. The Dutch masters were too heavy for her - I thought of her slender figure - and Dürer too mathematical for her, photographic rather than artistic, true to life, not imaginative enough. I did not want a landscape, for, though beautiful, it has no meaning as a gift from one individual in love with an other. I wanted something with a strong human element, with repose, yet with clear, simple, warm colour. I found the solution in an Austrian Madonna from a certain Egger - of whom I had never heard - from Lienz. The picture - already framed as I saw it - cost twenty-eight marks, and I could not afford that. I had already been in the shop for a very long time however, and it was plain to the lady in charge that I badly wanted a very specialised picture, for an Italian looking Münchenerin of beauty and a lovable nature: for Cupid. So we set out in search of a different and cheaper frame to the Madonna, and we found one, though slightly off as regards size: the next half hour was spent in changing frames and slightly cutting the picture which was now too large. I ended up paying twenty marks, and felt delighted at the picture I had found.

I deposited it in the Augustenstrasse home - Frau Kälbs liked it very much - and then bought a pot of Alpenblumen for Frau Kälbs herself and a pot of cactii for Cristl. They were delighted. I still wanted to buy Frau Kälbs something else, but knew not what.

Yesterday night, when Cupid returned home after a very brief visit here, I was in tears for three hours or more: until half past twelve. I thought of the future: that, after tomorrow I shall maybe never see her again, may see her only in one year or only in five, and, then, may love her still, or may not, and she may still not love me. What am I to do? If I wait for her for how-ever long it may be - some five years should I marry her - she may, at the end of this period, be quite indifferent to me. Now she claims to like me very much, as a sister she once said: but that is still not the same as love. If I waited thus, without luck, I would feel like killing myself afterwards. If I knew she loved me now, I would have the courage to wait: and then, of course, one must remember time, and forgetting which made me bitterly wretched. If she loves me, and I leave her for someone else, then she will be left with a lowered opinion of life - and she needs love and affection. I kept on remembering her happy face, her happy character, the happiness she has given me while I have been here in München: I would never have done as much work as I did in the Verlag had it not been for her and her affection. Could I forget her? Time is so cruel, and I wept in aching silence. Frau Kälbs did her

uttermost to help me, telling me more about Cupid and her ways, good and bad, wishing me well for the future and my future relations with Cupid. That was last night, wretched.

This evening I went for a walk with Frau Külbs and Cristl - after a very good lunch with them first - and then attended Mass in a Church near the father's home. I think it was served by Dominicans. The church was packed. As usual in München, one single priest officiated, and all was in silence. Occasionally the organ played, and a choir sang, but the congregation did not participate. It was a moving mass in a simple, baroque church, and I felt much happier throughout the service. Afterwards I again felt as though somebody had died: I felt empty, deserted, hopeless. I felt as though a long vigil lay ahead. I thought ever of Cupid, her gayness, her naturalness - as natural when offending as when delighting, yet none the less thoughtful of nature for all that. I shall never forget her smiling face, face of pure happiness, her small voice, full of animation and courage, speaking of love whether or not deliberately.

And so I returned home. This morning I was fairly gay for a while, then grew reflected: then accepted, but no longer do so. As last night, so tonight: I am faced with the future. It seems incredible that I will not be seeing Cupid again soon: it is cruel. I wonder how she is feeling - or does Wolfgang manage to let her forget all? When I returned to Augustenstrasse this evening, it was empty: it felt dead to the bone: there was no longer the prospect of Cupid's appearing, smiling, loving. There was only the prospect of her not coming, smiling, carefree, blithe. A heart is at its saddest when faced with a negative, a not, a no longer, a no more, not to be changed, cruel and immovable, without feelings: the not of absence, of not finding. Such is the despair of the damned in Hell, where God is known of, and his absence drives bitterly, cuttingly into the forsaken soul.

Thursday, September the 5th.

Sunday evening almost broke my spirit: on Saturday night I had felt heavy and sick at the thought of my departure, and Cupid's: I had been quiet and wretched, had stifled the tears within me. On Sunday night I no longer succeeded, and gave way to my feelings. Later that evening I had tea with Frau Külbs, and we spoke once more on various subjects concerning Cupid and the future. We stayed talking until a quarter to twelve. Frau Külbs made me the present of a München teaspoon - on my having asked, in the afternoon, as a matter of interest, how much they cost. There had been a teaspoon from some other part of Germany in the sugar-basin, and this had excited my curiosity: I had not dreamt of the subject a moment longer. This will add to my souvenirs of München - so far, only the photos in my diary - and, especially, of Cupid.

On Monday morning I took my leave of Frau Külbs, then Cristl, and waited for the Mitfahrer to collect me and take me to Düsseldorf. He came an hour late, and I spent a lousy time alone in the flat awaiting his arrival. There was only Mitzi to keep me company: last representative of a family I very much like, one member of whom I passionately adore. It was a sad wait, and, indeed, the whole trip to Düsseldorf was, for me, sad on that account. I spoke rarely if at all.

The trip went quickly - four hours faster than by train. It took us some seven and a half hours for the entire journey, whereas the train takes some twelve and costs some thirty shillings more. So I economised. The Mitfahrer, driving his new Goliath, went at a frightful pace, overtaking on the inside and the outside. After the first hundred or so kilometres, he kept his hand more or less constantly on the horn, which was nerve-racking. We were on the Auto-Bahn, and travelling was rapid. There was a great deal of traffic round the large

cities, and, when overtaking, we drew ahead either on inside or outside, which was murderously dangerous.

Sigrid - a split image of Elfried minus eleven years - was the only member of the Heinemeyers to welcome me, the others being in the country at Westerwald. She showed me into her brother's room, where I shall be staying - and am already - for this week, and then we moved back downstairs for supper. Gerd, the missing brother, appeared, and joined us for a while, then left for a rendezvous at some obscure place. Later that evening, after showing Sigrid some of the photos I took in München, I unpacked and made for bed, a pack-upable affair, that swings back into the wall discreetly after use: most convenient for a large room. It was about midnight then.

On Tuesday morning I wrote a long letter to Cupid, half in German and half in English; it lamented her absence very bitterly. After lunch - with Gerd in attendance - Sigrid showed me round some of Düsseldorf centre, modern, very much so - maybe too much. Everything small, precise, almost finicky. The noise of passing traffic was frightful, the noise of builders at work even worse. There were far too many people about, and one could hardly move in peace, let alone speak in peace.

As in München, perhaps even more so - the houses of today are square and squat in appearance in spite of paint and varnish, newness and tidiness. Maybe, the many tiers of pretty little economic windows make the houses look yet squarer than they need. I tried to photo a stretch of the Rheine, but the sun disappeared on the spot, not to reappear for some hours. My luck, again

In the evening, Gerd showed me slides of England and Westerwald on his projector. Those to do with England were either tourist or studies of modern English architecture, those of Westerwald were Nature slides, and some of them extremely beautiful. Unfortunately, parents started arriving half way through, and we had to pause for an hour or so to help with unloading the car: rifles, wine, crockery, and cases and cases of unknown objects

Yesterday morning I helped Sigrid wash up the Mercedes-Benz saloon car, which took up about half an hour. Afterwards we went for a short ride in it, and she demonstrated the controls. Later in the morning we tore round Düsseldorf in an attempt at locating one of the missing family Volkswagons, out on a business tour. This car was to be needed for the afternoon programme. We met with no luck, though with an incomplete new, modern, Catholic cooked-egg church which was extremely interesting and, to my mind, from the interior certainly, beautiful.

In the afternoon we found another spare Volkswagon after all and made off to Wuppertal, accompanied by Frau and GrossMutti Heinemeyer. It was a short journey, with good weather. I now saw the mother's town at last, at last. With its flying railway and modern buildings, it looked like a city out of Mars: yet this flying railway has been there for almost sixty years now. It looked as though it could do with a spot or two of paint. In places, it seemed as though someone had tried and had then given up in the attempt.

There was tea at the Webers - Frau Weber went to school with my Mother long, long ago - and then I went off with Sigrid on a brief tour of Wuppertal, which included the locating of my grandmother in Emilienstrasse. The first time: astonishment was intense. We stayed for half an hour, promising to return for a longer period at a later date - perhaps next Tuesday. Then back to the Webers, a delicious, at-ease, supper, and a brief visit to the Weber factory of elastic and so on breeches, bands, tapes and ribbons, with the modern automatic shuttles in long rows, untended, working of their own accord although this was night. There were two attendants present, not more: one of the many reasons for modern unemployment: machines that put hundreds out of work, but bring the owners fortunes within a short time. Late in the night - at about eleven - we drove back to Düsseldorf, tired and typsy. Bed.

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Today I arose at half past eight and wrote home: yesterday morning I had written a medium length letter, all in German, to Frau Küllbs: my parents have been sadly neglected of late. Afterwards I washed and went down to breakfast, which ended jerkily at half-past nine on Sigrid's informing me that there was a post collection due nearby at the time: it turned out that it was already too late. It started raining as I returned from the letter-box and, by lunch-time, the sun was shining gloriously. In the afternoon we took a Volkswagon and visited the Rheine by Kaiserfalls: I fear I was rather sleepy all of a sudden, until we had recourse to coffee and cakes by the river. Then came the journey home, by ferry over the heavily charged river - charged not with drowing and manslaughter, but with traffic from Switzerland and France and all over the world. We had to wait in the ferry for half an hour before we were able to cross the river, such was waterway traffic; no sun by now, once again.

In the evening I met the father, at supper, for the second time: I had seen him for the first 'real' time this afternoon, after our lunch, as I helped Sigrid with architectural plan painting.

I like Sigrid, but my passion remains very much so for Cupid: I like Ingrid too, but she fades away: I have not written for so long I hope that I can see Cupid again at Christmas, during the hoped-for interval between the two Spanish semesters. But the travel will cost a great deal - unless I hitch-hike, which is not always so agreeable in winter time. But, if the passion continues to hold true - never worrying about the fact that, I think, Cupid does not love me, nothing should deter from my end.

Here I am happy: I am glad that all goes well, or else I would be in more than a bad state after München. This should also help to bridge the gulf that will appear on my returning to Oxford by and by. Here I am overfed, given far too much entertainment and attention; I fear all the time that I am putting people out: I hope that this is not the case. Sigrid is very friendly. I suppose that this is quite natural, seeing that her mother and my mother went to school together here some thirty or forty years ago Very odd. Ideally, I take it, I ought to love Sigrid What a chaotic life, everything so very much durcheinander. Goodnight.

Sunday the eighth of September.

I am now in Westerwald: it is ten in the morning, and I have just brought breakfast to a lengthy end in the company of Sigrid, her mother and grandmother, Gerd and another friend. They spent last night - Gerd and his friend - shooting various species of wild animals, and returned at about eight o'clock today with four queer birds.

We made Westerwald yesterday evening at about five o'clock: it had been a scorching day, in the course of which we visited Köln Cathedral and a vast garden exhibition in that same city. The Cathedral impressed me from the outside for its massiveness, the structure that seemed to be massive at the base, tapering more and more the higher it rose. The whole was a dark grey, which certainly helps not a little in making a building look larger by far than it should. The twin towers were beautiful with their elaborate gothic stone tracery, black against the blue sky. From within, all was much lighter in colour, more delicate, extremely well proportioned, high, so high. The Cathedral - seat of a Cardinal - was full of abominable tourists like ourselves. The stained glass, partly modern, sometimes good, sometimes mediocre, rarely old, was interesting: what there was of the old glass was exquisitely rich in reds and purples - yet there lacked that whole of design which so struck me in the foliage glass of León. The high altar was simple, and, for

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4. 9. 1957

Dear Bruno,

just now I am lying in my bed and wanted to sleep.
But the night is so wonderful. From my bed I see the
mountains and the trees and the houses in the moonlight. I
see the stars, I hear the running water, really a romantic
night. And I do not know why, but I have the feeling
that I must write a letter to you. If you think that this letter
is funny do not forget that there is the atmosphere of
a starlit night. —

My dear, now you are away and I don't see you any more, I am
often thinking of you. I never could imagine, that I would
miss you so much. It is only two months that I know you and
in spite of this I feel that you are perhaps the best friend
I have. I am not sure that there is another that likes me
as much as you do. But please, please believe me, I do not despise
it. Concern your feelings on better subjects. I always wanted
to persuade you that I am not good. But I fear you were
blind. But I hope not to lose your friendship even when you
are no more blind. How are you? I hope you are not sad
and not desperate. There is no reason for you to be sad or
dejected. You have a very full life before you. There is your
study first in Spain with all the new impressions and then
your time back in Oxford. You will learn a lot of things.
And I am also sure that you have the talent to become
a good author. And therefore you ought to learn a lot.
You must learn scientific things but you also must have

an experience in many human things, in happiness,
sadness, hope and despair, in love and friendship
and so on. you see, there is really a lot to do. It would
be the greatest danger for you to concern so much on one
object. Your feelings must be wide and for many things.
I am not convinced that it would be the best thing for
you to have a wife and a family. Perhaps am I wrong,
but I think your spell is to become an author who gives
much to the others. And to be ripe you first must go through
all stadiums of life, high and down and only afterwards
you could lead a normal life without a danger for your
"genie". I think you have only the choice between two things

the life of an author or the life of a family - father.
You see from your father's example that both things are not
easy to unite. I am not very versed in literature but I
think that all good authors could not lead a mediocre life,
they had greater pains than other and always greater and
deeper happiness. — But perhaps all this is nonsense
influenced by a wonderful moon - night. —

I have here in Weyscheid wonderful and useful holidays.
We have much fun with the little boys. Here lives an other
kid off two years.

My dear Guno, I pray that you would not be very sad,
I wish you all happiness you want and you need an all
the love you need so much. — Maybe, one day will meet
again — and then... God knows, what then will be.

You know, *le sera, jell?* *Zehüt Dich Gott* *Deine little and stupid
Cupid*

Please excuse the mistakes. I do not want to read what I said here. God bless.

The next time I will write you a reasonable letter. By daylight!

that reason, beautiful. It was adorned with a vast casket of red and gold, which, Sigrid said, contained relics of the Three Kings.

The Garden exhibition, which we reached by means of swing chairs over the Rhine, proved beautiful in variety but tiring for the heat. There we had a lunch - in the course of which the waitress spilt a bowl of soup over the ground and my shoes, smashing countless pieces of crockery. We took a ride round the gardens in a Lilliput train, which was nothing out of the ordinary, but was amusing.

On Saturday morning - yesterday - I was awakened by Frau Heinemeyer in person, as I was sleeping far too well. I had gone to bed at one o'clock in the night, after spending some five hours in the cellar of a pub playing bowls and drinking beer. This was a type of skittle club, consisting of Gerd and some other ten or twelve people of about the same age - between twenty and twenty five. They had their president and chairman and God knows what. At times they were all deadly serious - like an English club, - at times really crackers in my opinion. They would stand up together and whistle three notes four or five times, with ten second pauses, then sing two or three words several times, then drink to one another's health. It was almost idiotic at intervals.

On Friday afternoon Gerd went into town to shop, and I accompanied him: he spent most of the time in shooting shops discussing architectural problems queer. In the morning I helped in the house, and mowed a couple of lawns: not bad, but too hot and too much like hard work.

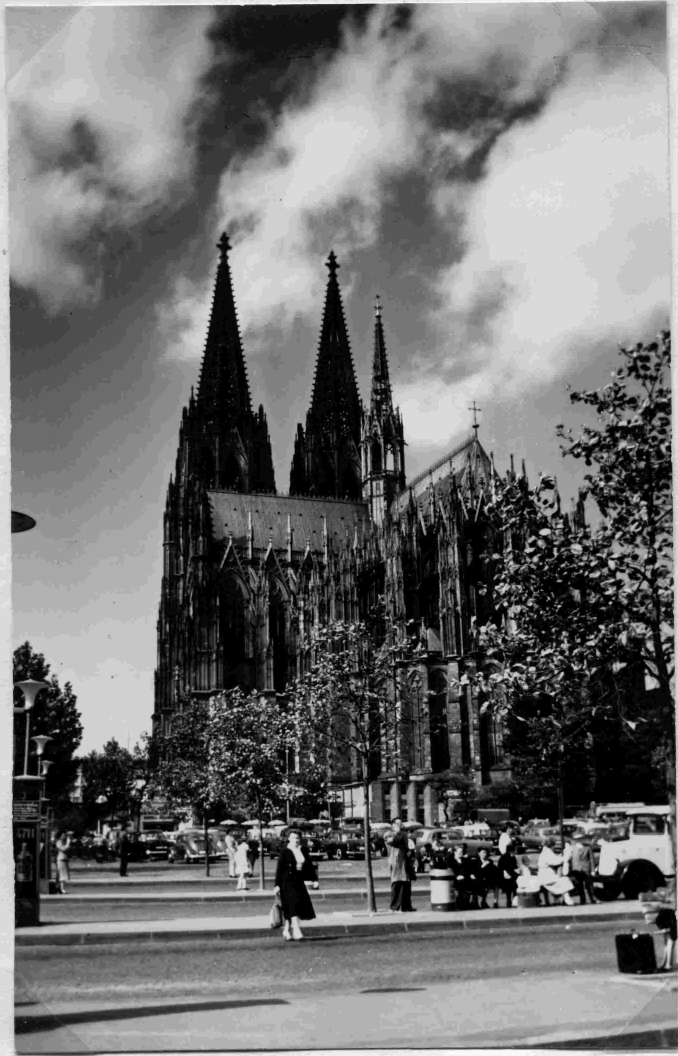
It was fine here last night. Sigrid took me down to the other hunting lodge, which was closed, as Gerd still had the keys. We met up with a couple of young deer, but we were unarmed. It was sunset, and clouds soon blotted out the beautiful view - typical of Yorkshire, but with too many trees. The land is very green here - remember the Rye Valley back in the North Riding?

We went to bed at about eleven, after playing some weird game on the verandah, with an outside fire to help: it was twenty degrees. Gerd and his friend had already left for the shoot. Today there is no sun: bloody. I have also had some stomach ache since arriving at Düsseldorf: eat too much now.

Wednesday, September the eleventh.

A wet week-end. On Sunday morning I took my first driving lesson from Sigrid: after some twenty minutes I knew what there was to know, and had practised at everything. Unfortunately, Sigrid wanted me to drive into the front garden, through the gate - at a very sharp angle of about one hundred and thirty, and the front left mudguard remained a little the worse for wear. I felt disconsolate for the remainder of the day. In the afternoon I went for an extremely long walk with Sigrid through the woods, down into the valley below, to the little burn.

The sun shone irregularly, and we were alternately tired. First Sigrid wanted to sleep, and I left her for the burn: she caught me up. By then it was I who was tired, and so I took half an hour off while she roamed: then on, and on, up the steep hill again, along the side when already near the top, through dense, damp woods, along damp paths, finally emerging along a spiny ridge of hill, doubling then back, and to home. Then rain. We spoke of the past and the future, we joked, were not very serious: only when confronted with a sudden glimpse over the valley, to the Krupps Shoot, with all still and silent, with no birds' song, no wind, no sun, no rain, did I for a few moments sit still and reflect on this moment in time, a time when people neither die nor are born, when one awaits the future, hoping the best and expecting the worst, looking back on a dead past, now not really living - just passing ever on, with, maybe, something terrible ahead, when this earth shall no longer exist, this earth shall be annihilated, to give way to a better.



Kölner Dom.



Köln and the Rhine: view
from a Garden Exhibition
swing chair.



Köln Garden Exhibition.



The Heinemeyer Westerwald Jagd house.

Sigrid: taken at the
Köln Garden Exhibition.



In the evening I slept three hours, then supped - and Gerd put much mustard under my bread, which caught me unawares - then took a short walk and sat out on the verandah and watched it raining: it was cool, but I was well dressed: it was raining solidly, and there was a slight breeze.

On Monday I went in to the village several times with Sigrid by car, to buy various merchandise, then took an other short driving lesson, without any accidents; all well. After lunch we left for Koblenz. We visited a small pilgrim church on the way - very sad, with red brick and flint shrines, and much green moss and greened stonework, grim: I did not appreciate the sight, nor did the others. At Koblenz we had tea - and I won a mark on a bad-luck gambling machine where you press a lever and hope a good number will be yours - and then strolled along the river bank for a while: the Rheine again, a trully beautiful river. I was angry that I had left my camera in my case this morning, for the sun was now shining - the moment we leave Westerwald !

We made Düsseldorf at about half past eight in the evening - having seen the post effects of a good accident on the Autobahn - and I cooked omelette for the family. Then bed.

Yesterday I left Düsseldorf at half ten, by car, for Wuppertal: Sigrid drove me to the flying tram, and there I helped myself to the necessary station for Emilienstrasse and Grandmother. On alighting, I remembered to avail myself of some flowers, with which I made my appearance at Grandmother's at ten to eleven. She was waiting O.K. After a second breakfast, I accompanied Aenna - my mother's sister - to grandfather's grave, on the city outskirts, where we left some flowers. The first time I have been by a grave in any way connected with our family: he died five years ago.

I was glad to see the Grandmother: we had lunch together, and then I went out with Aenna to the Zoo, for a walk and talk rather than for any other reason, and we returned home one and a half hours later, for tea. Grandmother was very much waiting. She seemed terribly glad to see me today: she was well dressed, cheerful, in spite of eighty-two years. We drank much good coffee together, and talked, discussing Mummy and Daddy, and Grandmother and me, and many things concerned with us and the past of the family and the future: Grandmother has still never seen Daddy, and suggested that I must look like him a little, as I am not so entirely like my mother.

I left at six, took a tram, then a train: Aenna accompanied me: she very much ressembles Mummy, though she is far plumper - but not fat any longer as she used to be. Aenna I saw some six years ago, circa. The train was choked, and late. I had half expected German trains to be on time, seeing the character of the German peoples.

I made Düsseldorf again in the evening, had supper with the family at half past nine. I took a bath - washed my new-cropped hair (cropped at the station on returning from Wuppertal) (3 new cheeses: Rosental, Ementhal, and Wuppertal) and made for bed.

Today, this morning, I went with Sigrid into town, collected some not so good photos, battled against a ferocious wind and rain - which put the new-washed hair in glorious disarray - and then had lunch of sausage and red cabbage back home. After lunch I proceded to write Cupid a letter expressing my tenderest feelings on her behalf, thanking her for her letter of Saturday morning: this I posted at three, then settled down to a little of this above mentioned page. It is odd how hard it is both to live a full day and to find time to write something worthwhile - not this trash - on it afterwards. I would very much like to give more details, express myself more imaginatively - but that calls for more print, paper and time: where am I to find it. On Westerwald I could say much more - but when ? and on Cupid, and Sigrid, and the playful brother, and the overworked father, and life in this gay family.....

Thursday the twelfth of September, 1957.

Election campaign under full sail now, propoganda left, right and centre, with plenty of calumny and slander and the Lord knows what else. Posters at every street corner, on railings, telegraph poles, houses, hoardings and, just about, on the people themselves.

The S.P.D. keep on quoting Conrad Adenauer and his hits of five years ago, when he was against the remilitarising of the country. The S.P.D. claims it will bring about Germany reunion by means of leaving NATO, by demilitarisation.

The CDU/CSU party union call the S.P.D. reds and communists, and claim that Moscow is backing the S.P.D. with money and propoganda. I wonder.

I dread the advent of the S.P.D. into power: it is extremely leftist, and all Communists will vote for it. I believe that, as in Spain, a core of die hard Communists can easily gain control of the cranky idealists who form the present spearhead of S.P.D., and will then sell German freedom to Russia, will of course thus gain German reunity, and will make Germany another Communist satellite.

I regard the CDU/CSU as realists: I dislike remelitarisation, but believe it is necessary: it is the only thing, the one and only point, the S.P.D. can bring up against the CDU/CSU. Were it not for this military point, I believe that ninety per cent of the country would be behind Conrad: as it is, I believe only about fifty per cent, maybe not quite that much, support him - and all because of this military question, Nato, and God knows what else.

I believe that idealists cannot rule a country: the SPD are very much idealists, but, behind this party, lurks the Red shadow, ready for anything, and capable in all things. So was it with the Spanish Republican party, idealist, but undermined by a handful of power seeking Reds. God save the CDU/CSU before it is too late. I feel that all the other, minor parties, have more or less had their time now in this coming German election. Wonder what the outcome will be ?

I wonder what Cupid is doing, where she is at the moment ? And Ingrid ? I wonder when I will next write to Ingrid, for write I really should, if not out of love, at least out of friendship.

Yesterday night - I slept for most of the afternoon, waiting for Sigrid to be free for a coffee in town - Sigrid showed me her brother's Egyptian slides. They were extremely good.

I keep thinking of Cupid's 'Gell' and 'Meinst': funny words. Here one says 'wohl' instead of 'gell'. I wonder whether I shall make München at Christmas ? It is far away, and the weather will not be up to much for hitch-hiking. I want to make München, however, and that should help not a little.

The wind is tearing at the trees, and memories are tearing at my heart: those memories of many loves, and one last that was so unquenshable, that met with no answer in the same name. Am I happier so, now that my love was not returned - I am led to believe that it was not returned - than had it been returned ? Do I starve more for lack of a love unknown, than I would for a love known ? Which lives the longer, the love fathomed or the unfathomed, the answered or the un-answered, the love that gives rather than accepts and seeks, or the love that can only live when nourished by the beloved ? Yesterday I was sad at this question whose answer I knew not. A man born blind, does he not suffer less than the man who goes blind ? The man born without a foot, less than the man who loses his foot ? The man without love, more than the man who loses love. I should then, suffer less than had my love been answered, and were I now to find myself alone, deserted. But does that mean that I shall love better, longer, now ? I hope so: I hope it means that I shall be more faithful - and shall suffer less. I do not like suffering, seeing it or experiencing it.

Friday the thirteenth of September.

Yesterday afternoon Sigrid and I made for town in the old Volkswagon, and I industriously watched her choose the next five years underwear for her own person, then watched her buy other objects in other places. In the end she took me to my famous old British Rhine Bridge, where I spent some ten minutes trying to cross the road before taking my photo with the help of the sun for a change; on all previous occasions it fled away at the moment of my wanting to snap.

Afterwards we had a coffee together at a milk bar. This entailed entering the building in the first place, and that, in turn, meant waiting in the car for an immense rainstorm to come to an end. It also entailed listening to a crazy drunkard bawling on modern German politics from the pavement near the milk bar: maybe he thought he was in Hyde Park: only the geography and the audience was different: only four or five laughing - not earnest - people were lending him their ears. The coffee I had was mediocre, and served in a minute cup, while Sigrid's banana shake was also middling. The cakes could have been much improved upon. Nor did I feel very much at home in the newish building, where other people - not many - spoke in whispers, and where everyone was trying to hear everyone else's conversation. There were too many sausage dogs about the place for comfort, too

I ended the afternoon dangerously, by investing in a packupable umbrella, which I would have done well to buy four months ago, instead of now, in my last week here. I expect Spain to be cold, but not wet. Still, if it does not break up with use, this should be a useful investment.

This morning I peeled the potatoes after breakfast - thirty or forty of them - and then fetched the milk from nearby. The heating has been turned on today, as the air is ice-cold, it is for ever raining, and the first snow has fallen not so far from Düsseldorf. Heating should only become necessary on the first of October: queer weather.

After lunch I slept for a few hours - quite a hobby of late - and then blew away at Gerd's horn for another interval - yet another hobby of late - and ended up by tramping into town for some photoes that were being developed. It was good weather when I left home, and started raining again - heavily - just as I returned. Thank God I did not take the stroll along the Rhine that Sigrid had suggested. Sigrid had to stay back home to type for the Father, her boss in all things. The photos were not too bad.

In the evening I peeled plums - destoned them - and arranged them fairly artistically on top of yet another of many recent plum cakes, this one still to be. Then came supper, hilarious as usual, everyone cheerful, including the father, who was present for once. Later on I showed him my photos, old and new - but all taken in the German Fatherland - and then Sigrid showed me slides of Italy and Switzerland, coloured as usual. They were good.

Election time draws near: today the main bulk of written, post-sent votes arrived. Voting starts on Sunday, and, as far as I know, probably ends on the same day. They say that Conrad will poll forty-seven per cent of the votes, the S.P.D, some thirty per cent, and that the remainder will either go to the Democrats - Heuss' party - or will float. I wonder.

The weather is being most undemocratic in its turn: they say that a polar cloud is settling over the land: dreadfully truly feels like it too. It is now colder by far than England in January. I really expect snow to fall instead of rain: maybe I honestly expect neither, but ice instead. I wish there would be some post for me. I suppose I ought to write some letters I am looking forwards to showing Sigrid Oxford - and even more so to showing Cupid the old town next summer - if we still love one another: who knows? Maybe more, ... and maybe less

Tuesday the seventeenth of September.

Saturday saw me doing little, other than accompany the Heinemeyer females to a place near Wuppertal where we visited the Heinemeyer Opa and Oma: it was desultorily raining the whole time. Afterwards we again dropped in at the Webers of Wuppertal. I tried my hand at making up cold dishes, then tried my tongue at partaking of them all: good mayonnaise and shrimps and other curious and delightful concoctions. Then home, through the town, the country, and home again.

Sunday morning made me good for a brief while, and I attended Mass at a nearby Catholic Church, modern, but not complete as far as decorations were concerned. There was far too much singing - in striking contrast to the silent service of my last Sunday but one in München - and the Sermon - which may have been political for the little I could understand of it - lasted half an hour: and I was standing all the time

Later on Sunday morning - election day - I gathered apples of varying categories in the garden, meeting many unpleasantly large spiders in the process: horrible indeed. It eventually started raining once again, and so I packed up for shoe-cleaning and self-washing before lunch. After lunch we obtained use of the better Volkswagon, and made for a queer place in the hills called Schloss Burg - redundant, one would have thought. It was an early Mediaeval Castle, strong and sturdy, with oak panelled walls and thick tables, with balconies running at heights along the walls, on the inside, balconies where the soldiers once stood when they fired their bows through the small wall slits at the hordes below. There was armour to be seen - not as strong or good as the English - and rooms furnished after various styles. On the whole, the castle was interesting though not sensational: from outside it was impressive: everywhere it was cold, with thin, narrow, winding passages and steep, narrow stairs - down which Sigrid managed to fall, but without breaking any of the old stone steps - or herself, I suppose. Afterwards we bought some quaint bread pieces - which afterwards turned out to be old - and made for a nearby - twenty kilometres off - cathedral church, shared by Evangelists and Catholics (Roman Catholics of course). I was interested: the window over the main doorway was extremely finely made, with golden colours. Otherwise, however, the church did not so much impress me: the contrast between the pale yellow and the borders was too stark, the stone too clean, with a pseudo neo look that forbodes no good. The church originated in the thirteenth century, fell into disuse, and was rebuilt by an Evangelical King a few hundred years ago. The Church has, since then, been shared by both Romans and Evangelists, an interesting combination. I did notice the collection boxes at either side of the main doorway, on the left as you go out the Romans', and on the right the Leftists'.

We subsequently had coffee and high tea nearby - I was feeling a little sick from an unfortunate cake eaten en route, in the car: but that feeling passed away with the aid of ham and eggs. Then home.

On the way to the Schloss of Burg, passing through Solingen, I was struck by the prominent disfiguration of all C.D.U. posters, and by the vast numbers of S.P.D. adverts. Solingen is obviously a Socialist state town, and hates anything that may smell of the right: yet I did not at all approve of the treatment meted out to Adenauer's old face.

Yesterday morning - I arose very late - I learnt that the C.D.U. won its place back into power, by an increased majority, and for the third time: the voting was fifty per cent C.D.U., thirty-one per cent S.P.D., and - as I had

Schloss Burg



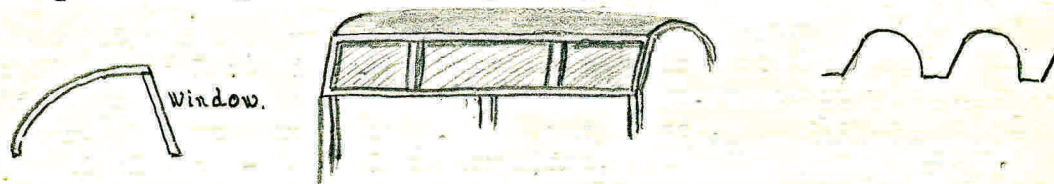
My Grandmother, from Wuppertal

Düsseldorf
Rhine view, as
from the English
Bridge.



expected - the lesser parties were almost submerged: some ceased to exist, and had rapidly to link up and coalesce and unite with C.D.U. for survival. Coalition is the word of the moment - most of the small, minute, speck sized parties are expected to join up with C.D.U. for the time being. I am very glad that C.D.U. managed so absolute a majority: or is it too much of one? The socialist papers and politicians are admitting that the country seems to support Adenauer, that he has won himself a place as a figurehead of a stable regime.

Yesterday, at about ten in the morning, having barely put an end to my late breakfast, I accompanied Herr Heinemeyer to some of his building sites. The first of them was a light industry factory, where it is hoped that trolley-bus machines and apparatus and other similar appliances for electric transport will be made in the near future - rivalling the Siemens firm. The building was about half completed. The roof was divided into some nine strips. Each strip was concave, bulging out towards the sky: half of the bulge out to the blue was a perfect semicircle, of ferro-concrete, six centimetres thick, and, the other half, designed to hold normal glass. Such was the construction, that no sunlight should ever penetrate directly into the factory, that the workers should always enjoy the light of the North. Here is the approximate shape of one strip of roofing.



A very rough drawing - what? - as it is now late on Tuesday night, and my memory is far from perfect. I saw the workmen strip away the giant wooden semicircles from the drying concrete, saw them string up the vast wooden under-structure for the next strip of roof. They completed - so the foreman told me in perfect German - one strip a week, which is a great deal: each strip of roof calls for elaborate woodwork, elaborate metal-laying, then spraying of liquid concrete onto and into the wire structure: it calls for the seven day setting of the cement, then for the baring of wood away from set concrete, which involves pulling and wedging from underneath: all is delicate, as the roof is only six centimetres thick - designed thus lest the roof need too many supports from underneath. The span is not wide across, but is extremely long, and has but one support in the centre for some thirty yards roofing, all in ferro-concrete. I admit that the building looked extremely agreeable.

I learnt that the workmen earn some two marks fifty an hour, having first of all studied three years for the trade. I learned about trade union power in Germany - strong - and strikes - not many, as pay claims are always met.

Afterwards, Herr Heinemeyer took me to a school for orphans or children with bad family backgrounds, a building he completed some three years ago, but to which he intends to add in the near future. It consisted of some four houses, joined by glass sided corridors. The whole was well and gaily decorated, and the furniture tickled me for its fairy-tale charm; I only feared for the damage the children would wreak upon it - and had already, in places, done so.

Lunch back at home was taken in fifteen minutes - at three in the afternoon, - and then I was whisked to a normal school, about threequarters complete, outside Düsseldorf. There was not much doing here, but much time was spent. The school was designed for three hundred people, and I was struck by the size of the size of the class rooms - enormous.

I took a photo of the place, then hung around, then sat in the car and waited, and read Cupid's letter of the day: charming. In the evening light we made back for home and supper, visiting an old castle - very delapidated - en route, and I picked up much information concerning Herr Heinmeyers personal career, his property in Hannover, his position as architect. He claims to have built some four thousand buildings - mainly near or in Düsseldorf, some small, many large, for several hundred people, as well as factories and schools and churches. Wherever we went, were buildings of his, new, pre-war, and early post war.

Later yesterday evening I went out with Sigrid to see the city centre in the dark - not to make love, as my heart is elsewhere, and I mean that. We peered along the Kö, into the shops, and ended up with a coffee together. We made home at a quarter after the eleven of the night, to my horror, and fear at what Frau would say: she didn't.

Today, nothing: a wash-out, thanks to the rain, or, rather, drizzle. In the morning I took a middle-late breakfast, then shopped milk, then peeled the spuds, then had lunch. Eventually, I wrote a missive home and slipped into the centre for some photos from Ziem's - which were, of course, not ready. Later, after some tea and bread and butter back home, I accompanied Sigrid to the city post-office, then to the movies for one hour - news movies, with cultural chips too, at the station - a German travel feature, it appears. Later, home for supper and some bugling and work. Donnerwetter: está tarde ce soir, isn't it? So meine ich, y me despido pour une nuit de plus: - jusqu'à demain, cheers to the Queen!

Thursday the nineteenth of September.

Still in Düsseldorf, and due to leave on Tuesday: time is most certainly flying. My time seems to be spent in peeling potatoes, peeling apples, picking apples, washing myself, sleeping, and collecting photos from Ziem's in the city centre. Time other than my own, seems to concentrate on raining and grumbling at the rain.

I read in the paper today that the S.P.D. is considering chucking Ollenhauer out, because he is not leftist enough, but more on the lines of the the English Labour Party - God knows, however, how leftist some of that party is! I think this is rather thick on old Ollenhauer - and, probably, just because he failed as against Adenauer. The fact that Adenauer came out with all flags flying, and Ollenhauer minus a few, does not necessarily mean that Ollenhauer is a bad fellow: it simply means that Adenauer attracts more and has more voting appeal: for all I know, Ollenhauer may be a very devout person, very humble, very sincere - whereas Adenauer, though pious as being a Catholic, belongs to an industrial family, has many industrial connections - and industry often stinks. For all I know, Adenauer may be concerned with the enriching of one class, while Ollenhauer would be concerned with the enriching of another class: but maybe Ollenhauer - as befitting an idealist - would seek to enrich and not impoverish - which the Labour Party so successfully did in England: merely impoverish, and bring down the standard of living.

I spent all day yesterday at work on a letter to Cupid: for the first time in my life I made a copy of a letter: without carbon paper, by hand. In the late afternoon I slipped into town with Sigrid and her mother, made enquiries at the Reisebüro concerning a safe return to England, bought my Mother a present of six breakfast knives - good and expensive - and then slipped down to that place Ziem's for some enlargements. Later in the evening, so delighted was Herr Heinmeyer with my photo of the country house at Westerwald, that he ordered six large Vergrößerung(s) of it: I was delighted too. The Köln

Wegscheid, den 13. Sept. 1957

Griß Gott, my dear Grand,

to day I received your second letter. I thank you
so much for both. They were wonderful but those
that writes a „little poet“. I want to answer
you immediately because now there is time enough
to do so. In some hours probably my mother
will arrive and then on Sunday I go back to my
home and on Monday to the Verlag and everywhere
is a lot of work^{is} waiting. & I am afraid there
would be no time for writing and I do not know
how long you stay in Düsseldorf and can get my
letter. Now it is five o'clock in the afternoon, the
sun is just setting behind a mountain and sends
her last warm beams to me, who ^{am} sitting on

the balcony, beside me there is something so soft
and I feel quite well, as you can imagine. The
weather here is not so bad as in Juppeldorf. Yesterday
we had a very stormy and cold day but all the
other very partly wonderful and partly quite a bit.
Yes, and I had a wonderful time here. I was very
lucky, but I think this is allowed in the holidays,
gell? Last week - and my mother and my sister
were here and on Sunday also my father and there
and Frau propman. With my mother and me
everything is in order, we are again the best friends.
I wrote to this Verona - friend that we cannot
meet and see and telephone again, the friendship
is finished and now my mother is content. Per-
haps it is better so, meinst nicht? — How seems,
I have a prayer: in both your letters there was

such a lot of flattery. I am sure that you
believe for 80% what you are writing but I fear
you don't realize that you are kind, kind with
love may be. And you know, Juno, here in the
dangers that I could become conceited. And then
there is an other thing: I am not good, there are
some things very bad with me, you don't know
them, perhaps one day I will tell you, but if you
knew them your opinion would change and every
time you say such things I feel so ashamed
and like seater in the face. When you come at
Christmas, I hope it, it would be fine, I will tell
you details because I think that you, certainly
the best friend I have, should know and have a
right to know the truth. You see, I am not good
and I am very weak. — Bruno, in your last

letter you wrote that you think I know you pretty well, but we were mistaken: I was astonished to see how much you love me. Bruno, this makes me happy and sad. I accept this love but I really, really do not deserve it. My mother likes you very much, she was very upset and unhappy about your fate and she is your best advocate and wishes very much that I love you as much as you do. My darling, I love you much more than I thought in the beginning, it is the love of a friend, of a sister, of a mother but not the love of a woman, no passion. But in further times I shall no more speak about this. Our feelings must have time to develop. Now we are good friends, yell? and ^{what} the future will bring we don't know but we shall and must accept it. — I wish you a good time at home with your parents, I hope we shall see at Christmas and now good bye, my Bruno, be happy, this wishes your cupid

Mittwoch, den 18. September '57.

Bei Frau Heinemeyer

Düsseldorf 1

Eller - Lierenfeld

Darling Cupid: my little flower:

Schweidnitzerstrasse 8.

Ich habe mich gefreut auf deinen Brief (oder 'über' deinen Brief ?), den ich am Montag bei mein^{em} Frühstück bekam. Du sagtest, dass ich ein kleiner 'Poet' wäre: aber nun fange ich an zu denken, dass du das auch bist: oder bist du nur bissel romantisch - noch einmal ?

Nun weisst du dass, ob du romantisch bist, oder ernst, oder lustig, ich immer etwas in dir finde, das mich sehr froh macht: ich liebe dich unter vielen Sonnen, in vielen Wegen, für vielen Gründen (oder viele Gründe ?): in jeder Laune liebe ich dich, oder finde ich etwas zu verehren: wenn das nicht so wäre, dann wärest du mir nicht so lieb~~x~~ wie du es bist - und du bist mehr als lieb~~x~~, du bist meine Passion, meine Leidenschaft, die nur die Zeit töten oder erfüllen kann.

Du sagst, dass du bissel schlecht bist; ich finde dass das nicht wahr ist: ich finde dass, wenn du denkst, dass du schlecht bist, und recht hast - dann bin ich schon seit sehr lang ein verlorener Mann. Mein Leben, meine Gedanke, mein Gewissen, lassen mich nie in Ruhe. Meine Seele ist seit schon lang halb krank - halb stark: aber ich weiss es, und probiere das zu verbessern: ob ich Erfolg finde oder nicht, nur Gott es wissen kann - und ich, aber nur selten, und, vielleicht, betrüge ich mich. Vielleicht - so sagst du - hast du etwas in deinem Leben schlecht getan - und tust es immer schlecht: das weiss ich nicht. Nur weiss ich, dass mein Geist gar nicht ohne Schuld ist, dass ich sehr weit von zufrieden mit meinem selbst bin, dass es viel gibt, das besser sein sollte. Mein Wille ist schwach: in vielen Stellen ist meine Morale altersschwach: ich weiss es - vielleicht hast du es nicht bemerkt. Es ist, vielleicht, natürlich dass du es noch nicht bemerkt hast: es ist natürlich dass ich meine eigene Schwäche nicht zeigen möchte: aber, auch weiss ich, dass in der Welt von Heute es nicht mehr so viele Leute gibt, die darauf Wichtigkeit legen. Diese sind, aber, Leute die schon überwältigt sind, die schon Gewissen haben, die Missbrauchen getötet haben. Ich sehe was schlecht in mir ist, und es tut mir leid, und macht mich traurig, und ich probiere es zu verbessern. Du sagst, dass du schlecht bist: wenn du daran recht hast, dann, aber, kannst du deinen ersten Sieg willkommen - weil die meisten Leute auch nicht wissen, dass sie Schuld haben, dass sie drinnen schlecht sein können, - und meistens sind.

Hoffentlich rede ich nicht zu viel durcheinander: ich möchte nur zeigen dass ich auch schlecht bin - und dass es gut ist es zu wissen. Wenn Mann es weiss, ist es etwas wie Mann schon in Purgatorium wäre, und nicht mehr zur Hölle gehen muss. Wenn Mann es weiss, willkommen Mann den ersten Sieg: danach kommt noch ein Krieg - aber es ist gar nicht unmöglich dass das Ende gut wird. So sollst du Vertrauen in dir selbst haben, so sollst du immer mit dir selbst streiten - dafür hat uns Gott gemacht, dafür gibt es eine Zukunft - vielleicht ein Himmel und eine Hölle mit Engeln und Feuer, vielleicht nur einen Himmel und eine Hölle der Geist, der Gedanke, der Seele.

Wenn du schlecht bist, macht es mir nicht: erste weil ich dich liebe, und zweiter weil ich sehe das Leben wie einen Krieg, wo es Sieg und Niederlage gibt, wo Mann vergeben und ermutigen muss: dritte (ohne Auge), weil ich auch Schuldbar und -voll bin.

Darling Cupid: this Brief is exhausting me: I have been at work on it for some two or more hours - I think 'more' hours, and have had to look up jeder second word in the bloody Lexicon. Please forgive my mistakes - I hope there are not too many (who can correct this letter? - no-one.) - and I hope you can understand the main theme, the main ideas, what I have been driving at. Or is it such a jungle?

I am leaving for home 213 Woodstock Road, Oxford, England, on Monday morning, frth. The weather is being atrocious, though I hear that it is improving down South - where you are, of course! I do not possibly understand how the sun dare hide itself when you are there, smiling, to greet it all the time.

I hope that your holiday came to a good end out in the country: I hope you are happy, as I try to be: one should not be angry or sad when one cannot change something. There is, however, a time for everything: I have shed many a bitter tear at your absence, but I feel that I should pull myself together for a while, or all will go kaput. I hope very energetically in the future, and I know that you are more than to be trusted. Whatever the future does bring - I hope it brings love, but one cannot tell - I shall continue to adore you very much, painfully and gladly. Let us trust in a good end.

Your temperament is lively, nervous, moves rapidly and changes all the time: but I feel that my temperament is not all that stable either; that I, too, suffer from moods and tempers and bad and good humours. I think we should and would get on well together: there is much in common. I know that, should we later share our lives together - Time and trust and love will decide that - we would have a very lively Life, with Passion good and bad, and I know that, being so lively and nervous, things will go very well and very badly. I know too, that our temperaments would always remain in accord. And, if Love is ours, based on friendship and growing to passion, nothing can separate us. I believe, personally, that a friendship can and even should, on the whole, give the best grounding to a Passionate love - which you, and I, regard as vital in marriage.

Cupid: I very much want you to remain as gay and courageous and individual as when I first met you: let your work not drag you down: if it does, you must struggle afresh and free yourself from your bonds. You must always fight for your freedom - freedom of your person, your body, your emotions - and freedom of thought.

I send you my love, and would ask you to give a little of it, on my behalf, to your parents who were so kind to me when I stayed with you, and were so before and are, I am sure, still with me in sympathy and friendship now. I would like to write to your Mother, but time is a nasty friend/enemy, and leaves me ever at a loss.

Love from me again, and all the kisses of Creation:

Bruno

SOS: leaving here on Monday night, as my mother's sister may be coming from the East Zone for a day.

Cheers: health: a long life and more love and happiness deep in your heart, where it should always lie: gell? Wohl?

A few more kisses

Bruno

Cathedral photo also came out not at all badly.

Last thing last night (forgive and forget repetition) I posted Cupid's letter at the local Post Office, some half kilometre distant: it was half-past eleven when I was home again. I was obliged to make for the Post Office, as I had not a stamp in the house, and everyone was already in bed: hell.

Today saw me, in the morning at least, with a strong cold, washing and peeling myself and potatoes and apples - rotten apples - and then having a frantically rapid lunch, as Herr Heinemeyer wanted to dine alone. After lunch I retired to my room and slept - until half past six. I had hoped that Sigrid would have some free time in which to go spazieren with me round town: I can but presume that she did not have time for such things. At six-thirty I slid downstairs and took a quick coffee, helped pick more apples, supped, and considered earnestly what I ought to buy Daddy as a home-coming present.

Judging from a hasty letter yesterday received from Addy, East Zone Germany, it would appear that she may be coming hierher for the week-end: but nothing at all definite enough for my liking. Just like Aunt Addy to turn life upside down. I shall now have to write home telling its residents that we will be coming twenty-four hours or so later than arranged.

Saturday morning, half-past seven.

I have just been for a short ramble round the garden, having in the first place arisen at seven o'clock sharp - I do not quite know why or wherefore. Maybe this is the influence of the weather, which has taken an admirable turn for the better - since yesterday, and more or less three weeks late.

Yesterday morning, first day's good weather, helped me off at an early hour into town to collect more photos from that place Ziems. Straight afterwards, I bought my Father some bow ties, and myself a ball-point, ink containing pen; my pen has not been in use or fit for use since Christmas. In other words, I needed a new one.

Back home, I proceeded to wash the potatoes and then peel them. Afterwards, Sigrid having committed some very minor offence, I dropped her in the bath and kept her there, at the same time inserting plug and filling up with water: she got a trifle wet. Hell of a thrill. I have been wanting to do something of that type for years, and have never had the opportunity or the excuse.

After lunch I picked more lousy apples from their native trees, which, this time, involved the use of a ladder and all my climbing ability over the course of approximately an hour and a half. By then my white shorts were no longer truly white, nor was my shirt, nor my face - and Sigrid's neither, but that for many reasons (!) - excepting love.

This little task safely and hatefully fulfilled, I and Sigrid dropped into town, bought my Mother a coffee machine - on Sigrid's Mother's part, as a present on arrival for my Mother - and some maize, then came with me for a walk along the Rhine; but that was only when we had already dismissed a good coffee and some cakes in the 'Old Town'. Needless to say, the place where we had this coffee, in the true heart of 'Old Town', was twentieth century modern.

The walk was agreeable, the sun near to setting, the Rhine fairly quiet: but there were rather a lot of people. Home, I cooked supper of fried potatoes, laid the table and brought tea-brewing to an end for the day. I took a bath, and then had Sigrid visit me twice. I sorted out hundreds of photo negatives, went for a walk round the garden at a quarter past twelve of the night, and then took to bed; it was one o'clock, and cool.

In the evening of before-yesterday I wrote to Home and to Ingrid back way at Hamburg: I felt I ought to write to her, explaining - though God knows, I am in enough of a tangle amatorially myself. I believe I love Cupid, and think that

I may have loved Ingrid: now, of course, I suspect this love to have been friendship only, though a warm one. It is easy to say that something in the past was only an illusion, but, somehow, that does not ring quite true. The excuse of denial comes too easily. It is possible that I did not love her, certainly; I seem to remember that any warm feelings we had for each other were, in the first place, based on cool friendship, whereas my feelings for Cupid seemed to be termed love from the very start. What a muddle. Can one love two people at the same time? Cupid I love: Ingrid? From her letters, I fear, it looked as though she loved me

Sunday midday.

Yesterday, for weather, started well and turned into Hell. I accompanied Sigrid into town to buy a case, and then came home with her; we were still due to drive to the country so as to deliver the Volkswagon to the Pastor of the new school I visited a few days ago in Herr Heinemeyer's company. Then came the Gewitter - but not, thank God, on the Kochel scale. Here it meant very heavy rain, with extremely distant thunder and slightly nearer lightning for about an hour. Afterwards, into the car and off to the country for delivery.

I decided we might walk back as far as Kaiserfalls, a small town some three or four kilometres away. I thought it might be fun if we went along the Rhine. It was Hell. The path was boggy and slippery and wet and muddy, and I had my thick duffle coat on, and was carrying umbrella and camera: it was murderously hot, and I was soon fuming. Not satisfied by the onslaught of a sudden wet heat wave, Sigrid added to the attack by walking five times as fast as necessary - in case another Gewitter should come! We eventually reached Kaiserfalls, wet and hot with perspiration, took a tram into town, changed at the Station, and were once again home.

In the evening I made a protest strike, because Sigrid always eats so fast, and then I am for ever left, alone, to eat the meal to a close; I stopped eating when she stopped, having eaten three-quarters of a slice of bread: she had already put away some four slices. Yet she is nothing near fat: she is almost thin. Incomprehensible.

I actually went to Mass again today, at ten o'clock: the sermon only lasted twenty-five minutes (only) but the singing was as plentiful and loud as ever: and I had to stand, for the place was packed.

I am waiting for Addy to come: not a word from her, although I sent off a telegraph on Wednesday or Thursday afternoon. She has already muddled everything three or four times - in Kochel, München twice, and now here - does she intend to do so again? No-one knows whether she is coming or not, nor when she will come, nor how long she wants to stay. My Aufenthaltserlaubnis expires in three days time, so I must leave Düsseldorf and Germany on Tuesday at the latest.

Gerd is away for the time being; Sigrid is ironing; Frau Heinemeyer, I think, is cleaning a pair of shoes, and I am typing, waiting for lunch. I am a little sleepy, having only gone to bed at one, and, the night before, at the same time or even later. I have many letters to write

Later:

Lunch having been taken, and the dishes washed up, I took to bed for the duration of one rainstorm. Then Frau Heinemeyer summoned me and, with Sigrid at the wheel, we made for the Rhine and open country - or as open as one can get it in the Ruhrgebiet. There we took ship, ferried upstream, dropped off on the far bank and walked slowly round an old town called Sonn (Zons?): coffee and cakes put an end to the afternoon, with its sinking, cheating sun and many rainstorms, and we took ship once more for home - and supper.

Monday evening, September the 23rd.

The last few hours in German territory. Sigrid washed her hair last night: all the two and a half feet of it: she looked so romantic with it flowing down, down to her breasts and past, not quite to her waist.

I only got up today at nine thirty, as it was raining very hard, very long, and very monotonously, and I could not stand the idea of another day's rain: my last day - and, again, with rain! After breakfasting, I peeled a few potatoes and packed my cases. The cellar eventually proved to be underwater, and so another hour was then spent in moving all my laboriously picked apples to the attic, four stories up! What a grind, in subtropical weather too, wet and warm, almost hot, and windy; my shirt soon clung limply to my skin - although I had abandoned my pullover at break of dawn, and had already stowed it out of sight at the bottom of my case.

Lunch was had and, at about four, we moved into town in Gerd's Volkswagon to buy our tickets to England. There was a brief lull in the rain: Sigrid started off on a cold.

Nothing has happened today: not all that much has happened since my arrival at Düsseldorf. I have been to Köln for a few hours, to Westerwald for two nights, twice to Wuppertal and little else to show than that. This has been my year's holiday, I suppose: the weather has not been exactly helpful.

When I first came to Germany, I was struck by the apparent severity and grimness of the people. They are, indeed, grim looking in public: the people here - that includes Cupid and the Heinemeyers, with whom I have been out a great deal - are very self-conscious when out in the street, where they can be seen and overheard. People even often whisper in public, speak into each other's ears, mumble and only speak in a stilted telegraph style. Yet, in private, things are not the same.

The Bavarians love beer, love communal gatherings, communal singing and dancing. That is not so apparent in North Germany, in Düsseldorf. The Bavarian is a thickset man, short and stocky and strong looking; they say, here, that he is only fit to look after the cows in the fields: here they say that Bavarians are not, on the whole, very intelligent. The inhabitants of this part of the world are almost all thin, tall, individual, with a quaint sense of humour - extremely lively humour, or, I wonder, am I just judging by the Heinemeyers? They are certainly full of spirits, always on the move, mentally and voraciously.

The weather has not exactly helped me to see much of Düsseldorf; all that seems to have made a mark is the Königsallee, and a street not far away where every single house is new, modern and artistic. The Rhine lends Düsseldorf - and all the neighbouring towns - a touch of wildness and nature and life: here it is a wide river, very wide, and, I fear, a little murky: but not as bad as the Thames at London

I have enjoyed my time in Germany: maybe Kochel was a trifle trying, both because of the amount of work to be put in and because of the lack of any type of amusement to be found. Maybe, too, because I made no very deep friendship there, as I believe I have done in München. That is what brought München to life; the streets at night, the shops at night, the cafés, the squares, all with Cupid. The waiting for the week-end, to be able, again, to go out with someone I loved: the bringing of roses to the Verlag many mornings of the week, the taking of tea with a beloved, every day, after lunch. My evenings at Peters were also very entertaining and pleasing: the music, the talk, part serious - on literature - and part lighter - on love. And, then, the wine, the late return homewards, at midnight or after.

Here, I have found my long-lost sister in the person of a very friendly - maybe too friendly - Sigrid; that, too, has cheered life after the inevitable leave-taking from München, and Cupid. I hope, though, to see Cupid again, perhaps at Christmas. How is it that I always make friends with people so much older than I? Interesting and mystifying problem.

I have learnt German well: Deutsch habe ich bestimmt sehr gut gelernt, und ich weiss es; es braucht niemand, es mir zu sagen. Hier kann ich mich gar nicht schlecht mit den Leuten unterhalten: ich verstehe alles, und sie verstehen auch, was ich sagen möchte. Ich habe interessante Wörter gelernt, ein paar Bayerish, ein paar Düsseldorfer Plat -- wie, zum Beispiel, ' sett dek ens en klatte '. That was picked up last night on board ship - the Rhine ferry boat. Gell ?

I only hope I do not forget my German as fast as I have learnt it: that would not be a shame: it would be tragic.

In two or three hours we leave for the station; these may be the last words to be written in this diary: a diary that has given an account of my work in Germany, my learning of the language and my apprenticeship, short though it may have been, in a Publishing House; it should give an account of my love, my attraction to various members of the Goethe Institut of Kochel: but only a shallow attraction, an attraction of sight, dress, mannerisms; it should show how I loved Cupid - Elfried - from an early start: it should show why I loved her; it will also show the waning of another love - love for Ingrid. To fall in love is great and sad: to wane in love is only sad, and dejecting.

I take my leave of a romantic, picturesque Bavaria, with its picturesque, Volks art: I take my leave of a student city - München - and a gay friend there. To all of them I hope to return.

Some of Germany will come home with me; will I still say 'Grüss Gott', and other quaint exclamations, including 'Quark', 'Quatch' and 'Yank' - meaning rubbish, nonsense and 'get out fast or else' ? The Heinemeyers are coming to England with me: the Teutonic influence is going to follow me, dogg my steps in a satisfying and pleasing way for a long time yet. And I am glad that this should be so.