

Verbundkatalog Kalliope

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CLASS PROGRAM

NAME _____ ADDRESS _____

SCHOOL _____ CLASS _____

		PERIOD 1	PERIOD 2	PERIOD 3	PERIOD 4	PERIOD 5	PERIOD 6	PERIOD 7	PERIOD 8
TIME	FROM								
	TO...								
MONDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
TUESDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
WEDNESDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
THURSDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
FRIDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								
SATURDAY	SUBJECT								
	ROOM								
	INSTRUCTOR								

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(1943)

New York, June 5

The glowing city

Complications of the weekend trip. (The Friday evening inspection; First Sergeant wants to see how my footlocker "is arranged"; smiles, magnanimously, "Very nice".)

With Tomski: the absurd bus to Hagerstown; train to Harrisburg, from there to New York. Almost 10 hours altogether. Yet, worthwhile. These two "days off" seem endless like "grosse Ferien"

.....
Telegram, to Z.'s birthday:

"Looking forward to a new year in your biography full of such interesting prospects as the end of a dull tyrant and the birth of an extraordinary novel."

.....
Telephone conversation. F. tells me Wilfred Israel was on the Lisbon-London plane in which also Leslie

Howard was killed. E. flew with the same line, just a few days before.

American anti-Semitism.

The old Bedford doorman (rather sweet old chap; Canadian; speaks French): says he hope you'll get a commission soon: "It seems that quite a few Hebrews get commissions, these days. So why shouldn't people like we have a chance too ..."

[The incident at the Ritchie "P.X." Drunken sergeant, to refugee named Alfred Wolf: "You're a Jew - one of those refugees. When I see a Jew, I feel like punching his nose ...". Starts fight, etc. - Went to issue a "memorandum" about this sad episode, for Major Phillips, who will be slightly embarrassed.] But there are many alarming symptoms about which I can't write

memoranda ----- The castan incident
with the two uniformed females
(WAAFs lieutenants?), for example,
to whom I offered a ride, in
a taxi cab in Washington, 4 weeks
ago. When I said a few words,
one of them — noticing my foreign
accent — remarked: "You're in
the wrong army, it seems ..."
I: "I hope I'm in the right one."
She: "I don't mean to say you
should be in the opposite army:
just in another army — that's all."
.....

"What are we fighting for?"

I literally withered with embarrassment:
went, this afternoon, in a news-
reel theater, where a short film
of this name was running. A
ill-tempered American asks suddenly,
"What are we fighting for?" A
German refugee woman answers him:

in Germany, Gestapo — here, Liberty,
etc. Nothing wrong about the idea.
But how stale! how complacent!
how clumsily done!

.....

Finished reading, "Put out more
Flags!", by Evelyn Waugh (N.)
Key novel, about Brian Howard, Eddy
Gatherer-Hardy, etc. (Paul Leake
recommended it to me, lent me
his copy.) Brilliantly written; sparkling
with malice and esprit. Striking epis-
odes (like the one about the nasty
"evacuees"); but, as a whole, diffuse
and without focus and climax. The
two leading characters — Basil +
Ambrose (= Eddie + Brian) too similar
to each other. Basil's pranks too
wicked (not "politic" but out-
right crimes) Besides, what is the
author driving at? What does he
want to prove? The picture he draws

of wartime England is melancholy and cynical. Yet he seems to enjoy himself while dwelling on all those decadent antiques.... (An unusually readable book, by the way.)

June 4,

Camp Ritchie

In New York: Saturday night with Lagave. Supper chez "Pierre"; for an hour at the "Blue Angel", waiting (in vain) for that unreliable Kenneth McPherson; Times Square. x x x

Sunday. Lunch at the Walters. Movie, with Lotte: "The Seven Graves of Caio"; rather well-made picture; Stroheim - impressive, if somewhat overdone; the newly discovered Götz (= Peter) Beck.

Friedrich. Supper with him + Gumpert. The difficult journey back to camp. With that Russian kid, Chava-chavcheg. (A.)

Tomski's depressing behaviour, (in connection with Riess ...) Me faut en finir [Wrong again]

June 9

The sudden, ~~very~~ depressing news of my transfer to Camp Crowder, Missouri — as a radio-repair man!! Was supposed to leave yesterday, but departure has been delayed. Rather nervous and apprehensive. Telephone conversation with Colonel Looker. Letter to Elmer Davis. Interviews with Major Phillips, who remains reliably nice and helpful. Unsuccessful attempts to discuss my situation with Post Headquarters. [The unapproachable officers. Lt. Sundheimer's (!) insulting gesture — pointing with his thumb at the door: "Get out of here..."]

Farewell - supper at the "Fox Hole" — yesterday with Tomski, the day before with Bubie K. Talks with Engen McCown, Alexander (the Catholic), Van Loom (Lt.!), Woolley,

who got his discharge at last.

[Remember Woolzy! His sloppy softness - not without virile charm Monstache, etc. His hate of the Army. Love for foreign languages. Reads Bible in Italian, Spanish etc., but does not believe in God.

Intelligent but muddled. His book on Mallarmé. Good Canadian family; no money. Prone to self-pity. Anti-Semitic. Lazy. Sensual. Nerve. Not without evil features]

Harrisburg, Pa.

June 11

The "war of nerves" in Ritchie, during these last days. Orders, counter-orders, rumours, uncertainty. My idiotic assignment - canceled, re-affirmed, etc. Interview with Captain Zimmerman, who seems pleasant enough - but in vain. Farewell - talks with Tomski (who tries to be comparatively gracious), Bubi K., Sporgino

Sforza, Eugene MacCorm, etc.

Et me voilà en route, "in charge" of a 6-man group (the quaddelsoons, aggressive, unpleasant Crisamino; the gentle but peevish De Vugner; Rimbold - nice chap, crazy about girls, etc.) The jammed trains, (too many soldiers, everywhere ...); argument in Baltimore about whether or not we can risk to stay off a few days. Forced to spend the night here, for want of any train accommodations. Army life is at once the dullest and the most fantastic affair in the world.

Camp Crocker, Mo.
June 13

Another camp

The journey - complicated and cumbersome. A few hours in St. Louis; a night in some little hotel in Kansas City. Soldiers, everywhere

Radio music. (Greek) "This is the Army, Mr. Brown",
etc.)

It is hot. The barracks look very much
like those in other camps. Yet each post
has its individual atmosphere, its
specific rites, taboos, slogans, etc.

Another "P. X."; another Orderly Room...

Intense feeling of loneliness, although

I arrived with 5 other "guys."

So far away from everything.

Far away - from what? There is no place
or group or person to whom I belong.

I feel more disconnected, uprooted, isolated
than ever. The concept of GOD - ~~which~~

however vague, however frightening - is
more real to me than all human

things. The more devoid of spirit
the reality, the more unreal it becomes.

That is why everything in the Army
strikes me as utterly chimerical -
like a Kafka nightmare

.....

Reading, on the train:

Prokoshin's "The Conspirators." Intensely full

of his peculiar, unmistakable charm and sensual aroma. Compelling scenes and images — landscapes, the ocean, the city of Lisbon, the thunderstorm, the scene with the three naked soldiers, the opening scene near the prison tower. But as a whole — as a composition it definitely lacks in both structure and message. The motives behind Vinzenz's murder are now really explained.

The whole suspense is artificial — not organic and legitimate. Hence the anti-climactic quality of the last ten pages.

..... Also, Prokoshin's translations of "Some Poems by Friedrich Hölderlin."

Many of the magnificent lines are admirably re-formulated in English. It is interesting, however, to notice the shortcomings even of these excellent adaptations. [May write an article about this poetic experiment.]

.....
Forgot to mention that I saw the other day — in Harrisburg — the film

'Mission to Moscow', (missed the beginning and the end, but saw the main parts of it.) A well-made picture, no doubt; but as political propaganda much too obvious; (the glaring simplification of the complex Trial!) Besides, I think it's wrong — from an artistic point of view, to show living celebrities — Churchill, Stalin, etc — represented by actors. I remember Radek's red-bearded face very distinctly. The fellow who plays him in the film looks altogether different. — Objectionable mixing of two spheres. (Upton Sinclair does the same thing in his novelistic surveys of current history.)

June 14.

The fantastic formations of the clouds on these Southern skies. Colossal horses, human bodies, faces, mountains, monsters
.....

Conversation about Habe. Strange, how much hated, for all his eagerness to please.

It seems there is only thing making a man even more unpopular than failure - namely, success.

Nightletter to Robert Sherwood. And now I have to do some letter-writing (Lt. Herz, etc.).

..... Man in the Supply Room, inspecting my "dog-tag", asks me, suspiciously: "Have you no religion?" ("Wie hast du mit der Religion?") - I, rather offended: "Of course, Protestant ..."

June 15

Continued uncertainty of my status. Waiting for an interview with the C.O. (= Commanding Officer). Writing letters - to Colonel Looker, etc.: repeating, in various versions, my old request: "I want to be used!"

.....
Good strategic news (the fall of those Italian isles of whose existence I've never been really aware ...) The political scene, however, less encouraging. (Lewis and his miners; the racial scandals in Los Angeles - "Zoot suit riots" -; in Algiers, De Gaulle vs. Giraud.)

Certain of victory; afraid of peace

June 16

Dark green wool blankets hanging out of the barrack windows like heavy flags soaked with rain

..... Soldiers discussing girls. Their ardent ambition to "lay" as many of them as possible as quickly as possible - and their disappointment when they succeed: "If she lets me fuck her, she'll allow the same thing to the next guy ..."

..... Soldier slang. "Let's go! Let's get out of here!" - with a nervous abruptness - impatient, disgusted, as it were, even if the place where they are happens to be all right, and there is no need to rush to another place.

.....

Reading, a short story by Noël Coward, "The Kindness of Mrs. Ratchiffe." Fairly well-done, humorous, entertaining, in the good English traditions; suggestions

of Somerset Maugham and the early
Huxley. But how smooth! how convention-
al! how devoid of mystery! Returning
to Proust, "Sodome et Gomorrah" (in
the excellent English version). Right the
opening pages — Charles' meeting with
Yvonne — is compellingly bold. What
a difference between great literature and
— literature!

June 17

The daily gas mask drill: rather sinister. Difficult
to breathe through the long tunnels. Causes
headaches. Fear of suffocation. And what do
you do when the nose itches? (What a dilemma,
in case of a veritable gas attack!)
The blend of the horrible and the ridiculous
in these contemporary devices

.....
The new "detail" with which the First Sergeant
entrusted me: to write the History of the
825th Signal Repair Service Company. A
queer task — just to keep me busy.
The Captain (C.O.) admits frankly: "We

still wonder why you've been sent here ..."
So do I.

June 20

Letter from Michèle, quoting the rather disheartening
(and, in fact, rather disgusting) letter 2. had
from Bidale as regards my citizenship affair.
This whole matter becomes indeed increasingly
alarming and incalculable in its possible
consequences However, I am still
enough of an optimist (in such minor
things!) to believe that everything will
work out nicely — somehow, in the end
..... This goes also for my military career,
although things look pretty messy just now.
The O.V.I. (my main hope!) seems in a
state of violent crisis.

Leading a rather ~~meagre~~ empty and yet
~~empty~~^{busy} life. Writing letters, doing sense-
less jobs. Waiting

Reading a little. (Every day some
pages Proust. "La Princesse de Guermantes
revisée" — Glanced through the auto =

biography of Brunetto Cellini. Refreshingly
naive and dynamic: his radiant self =
assurance, his rapid quarrels, his arrogance,
his genius....)

I try even to work a little (article
about Prokosch's Hölderlin translations);
but it's difficult, under the circumstances.
..... The worst thing about life in the
Army is not the discipline, the monotony,
the lack of privacy, but the terrible
waste of time.... It's almost 6 months
now that I am in the Army, and only
during the 9 weeks basic training have
I done anything worthwhile.

June 24

Some military training today: drill
with gas mask; "dry" anti-aircraft
firing practice.

Still working on the "Company History."

The utter monotony of the material mirrors
the monotony of my present life.

Writing many letters but receiving few.
(Always this feeling of being forgotten,
betrayed by everybody....)

Some reading. "Passport for Treason", by
one Alan Hyde. Vulgar writing but ex-
citing facts. (Nazi agents in this country;
German sabotage schools, etc.) Could be
by Curt Riess; (or is it a little better?)

.....
All my thoughts are charged with pain as high-
explosives with dynamite. To think of T., or of
J., or even of E (so far away, so deeply
entangled in her own drama) — to think
of any being I love or of any matter
really essential to me, means anguish,
agony.... (Miriam is, perhaps, the one
exception. But, then, there is Z.) —
At the end of every day I wonder how
I managed to ~~live~~ live through it. Every
night I hope, when falling asleep,
that I won't have to wake up any-
more. Every morning is a bitter dis-
appointment....

June 23

Anti-Aircraft firing, out on the range. Suffering
from heat and thirst.

As depressed as ever.

June 24

One of those senseless interviews, at Training Headquarters, about a not-yet-activated "secret" unit which I might join, if I were naturalized ---

The papers full of ominous news (or hints) concerning the state of the (American) nation. The race riots in Detroit. Incited by the Nazis? Maybe. But how easy it is to incite their atavistic, destructive, anti-humanitarian, anti-cultural instincts! I can't help noticing, in this camp as anywhere else, the complete absence of any political consciousness. What prevails is cynicism and weariness. The War is generally considered a gigantic nuisance with which one has to cope, somehow. (Not to overlook the moral advantages of this anti-militaristic attitude!)

- This country would be doomed, if it were not for its colossal strength and vast dimensions. From ~~its~~ its very size and power result both the unshakeable

self-assurance and the fundamental good-naturedness of its people. (Contrast to France.)

To analyze the deeprooted, dogged aversion of all American soldiers against the very notion of "propaganda."

June 26

Torrid heat — paralyzing.

Empty, dreary days.

Some friendly letters — from Mielbrin, Golo, Babir, Friedrich, Albert Guérard — which have a refreshing effect on me. (Nothing from Tomski, almost needless to say.)

But my "status" here remains abnormally mysterious. No news from the O.W.I. Sent another telegram to Robert Sherwood, a long letter to William H. Hake (chief of the German Department in N.Y.)

Evenings in the Service Club; reading Poems by Rupert Brooke, for instance.

Very curious impression — at once moving and embarrassing. Resemblance with (and

contrast to) parallel figures in German literature (Otto Braun). Less profound and less intense but more civilized than Péguy.

Equally nationalistic. — Interesting: his highly emotional reaction to the experience "War", in contrast to our more matter-of-fact attitude. His (authentic) enthusiasm sounds strangely naive, after three decades of "debunking".... His deep-rooted aversion to anything German — long before the war. (Poems: "Wagner", "Capit des Westens." Mordantly malicious.)

"The Great Loss" (p. 124) — anticipating certain accounts of the early Werfel (= "Der Weltwind.")

June 27.

Another weekend in camp....

Last night, in the Service Club, glanced through several books — for instance, Woolcot's anthology, "The Second Reader."

Amused by some vivid prose sketches by Dorothy Parker. "Arrangement in Black and White," the quasi-"liberal" bourgeoisie

and the Negro celebrity, a veritable genius for catching the undertones and mannerisms of people's jargon — reminding me definitely of Turcholsky (in the "Wendling" series, for instance.)

A group, Negro: a series of truly revolting and most disquieting photos about the Detroit Race Riots, in "P.M."

Also, a factual and revealing report of the same scandalous incident, in "Time" aptly called "Deep Trouble." Hints at Ku Klux Klan influences, (more likely, in this particular case, than Negro machinations.) — Similar goings-on in Beaumont, Texas, where 3000 workers in the Pennsylvania Shipyards dropped their tools one night, marched on the city jail, seeking a Negro reportedly held there on a white woman's charge of rape. Stopped by "leathery, six-foot" Sheriff Bill Richardson, "a holstered .45 gun on his hip, a Tommy gun cradled in his arm: "I haven't any

such man Now get back building ships,
where you ought to be."

Deep trouble, indeed!

Ah, the "home front"!

Roosevelt's veto to the "anti-strike-" (= anti-labor) bill, triumphantly overridden by the House. The fight against the D.W.I. — typical of the general animosity to any political education. (Characteristic story in "Time": the surprise of Russian soldiers, in Algiers, about the "lack of political interest" among Americans)

.....
A propos Victor (— Victor: ages ago, in Ward 116, Station Hospital, Fort Dix...):

"The most unhappy people on Guadeloupe are the Negroes and their leaders. They hate the obstinate Virhyite Admiral Georges Robert, who abolished the island's General Council and had its full-blooded Negro president Valentino interned on Devil's Island in French Guiana." (Valentino subsequently freed; led an ill-starred uprising against

Robert, early this month.)

.....
.....

gambling: losing their pay
of a minute, out of. screw based on

Sunday in the barracks. The soldiers —
half-naked — sleeping, washing their
shirts and underwear, sleeping (with
sweaty faces), studying comic-strips
(sitting on the toilets). — Good boys, most
of them, though.

.....

V-mark letter from Hery (Captain Martin F.
Hery) — very cordial, indeed, affectionate. Wants
me to rejoin the "First Mobile", which is exactly
what I want to do.

Rather excited about this new development.
Write immediately a long letter to
Phillips, quoting Hery's note. This hideous
naturalization matter now more vital
than ever....

Letter to E, with a good feeling of warmth
and nearness.

June 28

A new feature in camp: the Waaes. Most
of them frustrated spinsters; others, not without

a certain trip a ~~Ma~~ativeness.

Material for an Army novel. (Shall I
ever write it?) -

The anecdote about the touchy Negro lieutenant whom Bill Bancroft failed to salute in Little Rock. Partly chap, rather handsome. Slightly drunk. Surrounded by girls, whom he meant to impress. — "But you did salute all the other officers." (There were none.) — "Sorry, Sir ..." — "Now, you'll salute me"

The same night, the scene with the hysterical Negro girl in the bus. Yelling and weeping: "... nothing but humiliations!" (Under the influence of Marisana?) - How yellow little face; her ugliness.

..... Hero: boy à la Komm. (Family
tragedy; the financial scandal ruining
his father. Father's second wife. Betrayed
by best friend. Mother, sisters in California
— with their last Reminds. * One sister
religious. Her influence.)

His wife, à la M^{rs}. How death.
(Bicycle.) Crisis.

K. as ant dealw.
L: Me galwy in Hollyhosu.

Yvise! "The salt of the earth!"

..... T. (as a type). (Ym Ritchie.) His rabid outbursts. "Want to keep my dough..." (Faked brutality.) — Nevertheless, attracted by ~~his~~ the complete absence of affectation and vulgarity in his character.

..... Habe. Snave and shrewd..... Is the colour of his hair authentic? (K. rather likes him...)

..... Tent-mates (Basic training.) Marko with. Cutting silhouettes, with the motions of a professional magician... "It's no child's play..." "Now let's study the situation!" "Everything under control." — "My profession in civilian life? I was a sculptor..." (casual, absent-minded.)

The Czech peasant boy. Inarticulate... ("K. — good for nothing. Factory!")

..... The hypodist from New Orleans.

Catholic. Church-going. His malice; (but he tries to be good...) — Delays

(or prevents?) K.'s conversion...

His wary smile... His forced gaiety "in public"; his sudden silence or monotonous complaining "at home".

At first, personal vengeance K.'s sole
motive. (To punish the man who betrayed
his father ...) - Purification through atone-
ment ... [Last scene, with the redemption
in Berlin.]

Marceline (= Mido), as K. will accept. -
Rescued her when she got herself into trouble,
in Loyalist Spain (1938), then remained there
for some weeks, writing for French paper, which
subsequently turned out to have been
backed by Soviets. Hence his difficulties
to become citizen.

They get married on the day after K.'s induction
(Grand Central Palace.) 2-week furlough. Hysteria
time. M. escapes from hospital, has to be
chased in rainy night: hence K.'s bronchitis
and subsequent hospital experience. (Visiting
"Mr. 5 by 5".)

Mother grieves for Clippie when informed
of marriage. - Marceline - hypocritically;
on K.'s first furlough in town - : "Well,
mother thinks I ought to go home -
for a few weeks ..."

Scene with mother. She considers M.'s

friends as also criminals. —: "Not to
speak of the racial difference... " This
is the only occasion when M. opens her
mouth — very timidly —: "But, mother..."

.....
Army slang: "G. Y." "On the ball"
("On the beam.")

"Early show." "On the double." "A
shit detail." "Your dog-tags." "Hell, no."
..... "Gigger" "Dammed night."
..... "Clowning"

June 29

Yesterday: V-mail letter to Herz, after
an interview here, with an sergeant at
Post Intelligence, concerning my citizenship.
Today, after a short conversation with
Lt. Petritis (personnel officer), composing
an official application — to be sent "through
channels" — for re-transfer to Ritalie
(from where I have no news what-
soever, except a nice telegram from
Bubir.) — Also, long letter to Friedrich,
asking him to contact a lawyer on
my behalf — just in case my natu-
ralization should be definitely refused...
Harassed, tormented by these problems.

Unable to concentrate or relax, dunning
through camp — haunted by these mono-
tonous misgivings and calculations. (Will
Phillips answer this time? And if not,
why? What is the reason for Zimmerman's
silence and inactivity? What can I
do if,? etc.)

.....
The only thought that has a certain stim-
ulating and diverting effect on me, is
that of the new novel I might write, one
day, if.....

The composition begins to take on shape.
"T." will be introduced — not as a soldier,
as I thought yesterday — but first as
a musician, crossing the Atlantic with
"K." T., accompanied by a little French
girl (a dressmaker?) who adores him.
Friendship between K. and T., notwith-
standing their constant arguments.

(Disagree about everything: politics,
art, religion...)

They become partners in K.'s little
art gallery, 54th Street. The opening

party. T. forbids his mother to come.

(His mother complex; mother mystery... K. never meets her.) Makes the acquaintance of Princess Paly, K's lady friend at the time. T. takes Princess over, which does not mean much of a loss to K., as he falls in love with M.

(M's dirty little Ford car. Her fingers, stained with ink - school-girl-like. Her childish stinginess. K. thinks at first she is good. - Her aversion to T. Out of a paradoxical resemblance? Both ashamed of their wealth, etc.)

T. drops his little French girl rather brutally (which shocks K. much more than his affair with the princess.)

1939, 1940... T's frantic tirades against conscription, intervention, etc. "You foreigners try to talk this country into war..." etc. (His anti-political, asocial mind turning political = isolationist, Fascist.) - Yet, almost a year before Pearl Harbor he enlists. (His

involved, paradoxical motives: pride, fear, secret love for military discipline, and so forth.) — His new line, toward K.: "You'll never be in the army... All you can do is, to talk..." etc. — His rabid hatred of Roosevelt; holds him responsible for the war. — At the same time, he turns rather nationalistic. Abandons the goddess abruptly, for an American god. [His essential innocence and disarming naivete', for all his bad behavior and ostensible cynicism...]

To begin with a Prologue: Physical Examination at Grand Central Palace. — Meeting at the Draft Board. En route to the "Palace." (Typist: the jester, etc.) Waiting on benches. First "show." The examination: ears, eyes, heart, feet, skin, sex, blood pressure, "mental" interview; equilibrium, etc. The macabre incident with the epileptic. (bloody foam...)
— "Accepted."

Then, ~~with~~ beginning with Chapter One, a resume' of K.'s past — leading up to the date of his

induration. And so forth....

.....
.....

Homesick for Europe. Tired of this country.
(Maybe the result of my reading Proust. Europe
at its best.... But shall I find it again?)

June 30

Army slang: "to take off" "to fall out"
(resp., in) "payday" "to break a guy"
(= to deprive a man of his stripes)

"a break" (= pause, intermission)

"I don't give a fuck" (shit, etc)

"I'll get a good dating" "All fucked up"

"You'll find out..." (threatening, ominous,
sardistic: to scare newcomers.)

"Come and get it"

"Gold-brig" (a.)

"Chow-hahn" (a.) (= gluttonous fellow)

"Bullshit" "Don't give me that shit"

"That's a bitch"

"In the groove" "That's a cinch"

"A ten-mile hike, with full pack, etc."

"I put you on K.P. for a week..."

"Get up on those toes!"

Types: "Casanova from Brooklyn." (Italian.

On the beginning, K. thinks the Army consists almost exclusively of Italians from Brooklyn...) — Gets a kick out of ~~throwing~~^{spitting up} "big words", to impress the girl. His favourite word: "paranoia". ("Sgt. Y, too, has a slight touch of paranoia...") "Sadism" (= "to get sexual excitement out of cruelty"; in other words: to get a hard on when you're beating up a girl.") — Casanova — beaming.

Markovich, acting as K.'s publicly manager. Often in ~~the~~ ^{bar} harassing. (His face: "goodnaturedly diabolic.")

.....
.....
Interviewed, by a reporter of the Camp paper, "The Message" — a certain Epl. Bardon (former "playwright", journalist etc.)

Pay day. But money, to me, becomes altogether unattractive, indeed, meaningless, as soon as there is no chance to spend it — immediately and pleasantly.

..... Terrible half-horse in a film with
Clark Gable, whose rocky and brutal
"charm" is literally sickening to me.
The Yankee version of the book, Hans
Allers.

Hollywood is poison (almost without
exception.)

July 1

Heartening speech of Churchill. There
is a strangely moving, endearing
quality to his powerful, if somewhat
quaint, oratory. - Also, good fast-track
news. The U-Boat threat seems
practically checked.

.....
.....
Waiting for news from Ritchie. If
they make up their minds to call me
back to that camp, everything is
fine; I may be naturalized
before long and eventually we
join the First Mobile or get
into the overseas branch of the

O.W.I. (after all...)

If they decide to forward my pending naturalization act to this Post, I still would try to be patient and confident. I might work, in this case, for "The Message", get a fur longh, and hope for further developments.

If, however, my application should be outright rejected - against all justice and reason - SUICIDE would be indeed the only logical, almost inevitable reaction. I am writing this in a quite detached and realistic frame of mind. This rejection would mean, under the circumstances, a moral humiliation and an actual handicap of truly deadly dimensions. Being found unworthy of becoming an American citizen, I would not want to stay in the American Army,

in which to serve I was (and still am) so sincerely eager. Now could I go to England or volunteer for service with the Czechs: my moral prestige would be nil if I came as a kind of outcast from the United States. Moreover, such a gesture on the part of the American authorities — to refuse the citizenship to me while granting it to any Tohn and Müller — would represent a symptom of the most ominous, most disheartening nature. For those gentlemen know perfectly well, of course, that I am not a "communist" or a dangerous debauchee. They are fully aware of my actual character and background, and seeing my loyalty to the cause of the United Nations. What they really mean to hit by offending (or destroying)

an innocuous, well-meaning individual
— namely, me — is the very spirit
of internationalism, progress, imaginative
independence. I may become ~~the~~ a
victim of the same sinister campaign
that tries to abolish the
O.W.I. and threatens, or openly
persecutes, all liberal tendencies
and individuals in this country.
My suicide, then, would be
meant as a gesture of political
protest, rather than as a gesture
of extreme weariness.

I want to make this as plain
as possible, right now. For — if
and when the time comes — I
would probably not leave
any explanatory statement,
in order not to embarrass
my family. It may be that
the same consideration will
prevent me from doing what
I ought to do, if ----

[But I still trust, at this point,
that everything will be straightened
out and that my misgivings
are exaggerated. It is true, though,
that Biddle's letter and the
silence of the Ritchie officers
suggest the very worst ... I

July 2

Yesterday: very sweet letter from Millem. She
feels about my maturation affair exactly
the way I do.

Evening with Bill Flinn (friend of a
friend of Christopher's; photographer; rather
pleasant.) Bus ride, first to Neosho, then
to Joplin. The first time I left camp
in almost 3 weeks; the first whiskey,
the first steak dinner (fairly good,
for that).

.....

.....

Have, as a character in my novel.

"I am extremely vain..." (with a disarming smile.) — K.: "Why, I suppose we all are..." — H.: "Not so vain as I am. I am unusually vain..." — Almost frightening when he suddenly loses his poise. His nervous fidget because he has to pack and carry a full field pack, moving out to the Post of Embarkation. Doesn't know how to handle the damned thing. "I was so sure I wouldn't have to carry it anymore..." (He knows that he is to be commissioned soon.)

.....
Talk with Lt. Ransom (Special Service) regarding the possibility of a (temporary) job with the camp newspaper.

Reading papers ("P.M.", etc.) Apprehensive looking: this "crisis on the home front" is by no means harmless...

Dedicated copy of Bruno Frank's new novel, "Die Tochter" (published in Mexico.) Spend the evening reading, (the first German book, incidentally,

~~Since~~ Since — how many months?.)

— No word from Ritchie. Puzzled and alarmed.

July 3

Walter Lippmann, "U.S. Foreign Policy" (Condensation in "Reader's Digest.")

Very concise, lucid, judicious. Interesting remarks about the American past. (The lack of an American foreign policy in the 19th century, because none was needed, from 1823 [= Monroe Doctrine I] to 1898 [= Spanish War I].)

Striking formulations, impressive warnings.

"Unearned security" — a good formula.

"... the vacuum of the American mind..."

The danger of "deadly conflict at home and unmanageable perils from abroad."

..... He becomes somewhat unfair and irritating in his attacks against the "pacifist ideals" which he holds responsible for the present disaster.

What he calls "pacifism" is really corruption, lack of vision and courage, nationalistic selfishness, complacency, greed, stupidity..... His scheme of future

developments has the advantage of being sober and realistic but is strangely lacking in any inspiring appeal. However, in comparison with Henry Luce and other prophets, Lippmann is a paragon of constructive intelligence.

.....
.....
.....

Plouist..... Those psychological flashes — miniature revelations. For instance, when analyzing the effort to remember a name; the torment of waiting (for Albertine). "When we are waiting, we suffer so keenly from the absence of the person for whom we are longing that we cannot endure the presence of anyone else." — "When we are waiting, from the ear which takes in sounds to the mind which dissects and analyses them, and from the mind to the heart, to which it transmits its results, the double journey is so rapid that we cannot even detect its course, and imagine that we have been listening directly with our heart."

The character of Frangorise is even more admirable, perhaps, than that of the Duchesse de Guermantes. [The delightful scene when she announces Albertine's visit, late at night - "her neck bowed with meekness and obedience." - Albertine, of course, remains the most flimsy figure in this incomparable Comédie Humaine. Being a boy in disguise, she fails to become lively and lovable. There are excellent hints at the mysterious complications of her life "entrenched behind five or six lines of defence." But when Proust continues, "... so that when you try to see the woman," the word "woman" sounds disturbingly false and hypocritical.

.....

Finished Bruno Frank's novel ("Die Tochter"). Certainly not startling, from an artistic point of view; but engaging and even moving, by virtue of its beautiful craftsmanship (it's indeed extremely well-made) and the authenticity of its emotional im-
part.

July 4

Six months in the Army

Fanny, to think back -----: Fort Dix, the hospital; then the dismal time in the barracks. The terrible ~~long~~ journey to Arkansas. Camp Robinson - the best time, perhaps, I had in this Man's Army (but also the toughest, most strenuous one). Ritchie - the weeks with the "First Mobile"; Halle, Wallenburg, Havy, Peter Voreen, etc. The fiasco in Baltimore (April 30); the departure of the unit, next day. Then, the dreary time in Ritchie, E Company - interrupted by the erroneous transfer to school (May 16-18). The "imaginary job" with Major Phillips; Tomski, Bubba K., later Eugene. Finally, this absurd assignment. What next?

.....
The thought of T. is not painful anymore. It is true, I still think of him more often than I ought to, but it no longer upsets me. I am through with him. He has gone too far. The

evil elements in his complex character have become frightfully predominant. The most fervent, most consistent effort in my life, to win - to keep a human being, ends as a glaring failure. It must be my fault, too. It must be my fault.

I am longing for new developments, essential changes (if the Lord does not yet grant death to me.) I want to go to Europe. Another period of my life (1938 - 1943) is over.

..... Lonely evening in Yoplin. The few existing bars and "cafés" closed: Sunday prohibition.... What peculiar places! - those small, or medium-sized, towns in the neighbourhood of big Army camps. The weekend invasion of idle, pleasure-seeking soldiers....

July 6

Yesterday, decidedly suicidal moods and intentions again - tormented by the lack of news, the awful heat, boredom, and general melancholia. Somewhat better today.

Letter from Capt. Medoff (from Major Phillips' office), which - without bringing any really comforting information - means a kind of comfort in itself. Feel energetic enough to do some work; ("Suggestions" and a review of "Passport to Treason", for "The Message", which is probably not going to use it, and a letter to Capt. Zimmerman, who is probably not going to answer...)

Evening in the Service Club - the "cultural oasis." Music (phonograph.) The sophisticated elite gathering around the instrument. Each soldier brings his favorite records. My choice for tonight - Mahler's First, which I do not regret. Considerably impressed by the tempestuous romanticism of this at once highly cerebral and truly inspired youth. - Listening, afterwards, to Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (Mendheim) and to the Leonora Overture. Strongly moved by the latter - mostly because the emotional connection this splendid

piece has for me wife E. Thinking of her with infinite sadness and affection. Thinking of her life — how many things she has done, how many she has missed. Her rich, intense, disorganized life.

July 8

Firing at the rifle range. Standing, kneeling, and sitting positions — slow and rapid fire. Score: 99; not good enough to "qualify" but considerably better than the last time. — Rather enjoyed myself during this solitary day; didn't even mind the rifle-cleaning.

The consequences of having a typewriter. Follows approach you with odd little requests. This afternoon, for instance, I typed the captions for somebody's photo album: "Jennie (a dog), Lexington, Ky., August 1942 ----" etc. Very much like the professional Writer in a primitive community.

Letter from Tomskir. Already I regret what I wrote here about him, some days

ago. How easily reconciled I am! (Or is this "reconciliation" the normal state of mind, while my suspicions, my anger and bitterness were due to a morbid irritability?)

.....
My next novel - if I'll ~~ever~~ live to write it - should be much more chaotic than ~~the~~ my previous things or than I indicated before. The "Retour à l'ordre" - formula has become, or is on the point of becoming, obsolete: it leads to sterility, in other words, to Fascism (as Cocteau's example proves...)

A novel dealing with this terrible time of ours has to be terrible: violent, complex, rich in glaring contrasts, shot-through with obscurities, trance-like visions, fragments of discussions about politics, metaphysics, artistic and social problems.

The religious development of the hero is to be presented clearly as the central theme. His way from skepticism

to a rigid Jewish orthodoxy (racial rather than religious); from there, to Catholicism. The Discovery of Christ.

[The episode in the syphilis ward is to be included, with "K." acting there as ward orderly, detached from the Medical Dept. I

July 9

Soldiers sing: "When the war is over, we'll all enlist again..." Whereupon the chorus answers: "Like hell..."

(I heard soldiers say: "Who wants to be a good soldier?" And: "The only ambition I have is, to be a civilian...")

..... A part of our company is moving out, overseas. Officer addressing them, giving advice about insurance, last will, power of attorney, etc. I hear him say, "If you get killed, you want your wife be entitled to" etc.

.....
I don't like at all the news about the new ~~Russ~~ German offensive at the

Central Russian front. It is appalling how dynamic and resilient those monsters turned out to be when we were already on the point of considering them exhausted, almost dead....

[Not to forget: the Melvin Douglas - myth in Camp Robinson! Movie star's basic training. "Makes a guy feel better to think that a guy like M.D. was washing dishes here too..." (Incidentally, he never did, in reality. Was made a platoon leader and thus exempted from K.P. and other "details." - Took it well.... (Was harder on him than boys training. Whispered to a fellow-prisoner - former theatrical manager: "If I have to climb this hill once again, I'll collapse...")]

July 11, 1943

Kansas City, Continental Hotel

Meeting here with Golo, yesterday. A lot

of things to talk about, for the last 36 hours.

[During the trip from Nicosia, watched a prisoner with his two M.P.-guards. Apparently on very good terms with them. The nervousness of his movement. Fooling around with his hand shackles. His raucous laughter; violent dark eyes. I wonder what kind of crime he may have committed....]

This afternoon, with Golo, seen "The Human Comedy" — film version of Saroyan's novel. Rather charming things, but in other parts embarrassingly sentimental. However, those scenes which are the most reflective ones in the book (like the visit of the two little boys to the Public Library or the frightful puppet-like man in the store window) are impressive enough in the picture too.) — — Swimming, in the pool of the hotel.

Great news: the invasion of Sicily.

July 19

Last night, long and good conversation with Golo, who comes back from the station — his train being 4 hours late. About death, faith, religion; fear and hope ... I confess to him that I am tired of life, looking forward to death. He says, that he is afraid of death and therefore wants to live ...

..... Today, working (the speech about conditions in Europe I am supposed to deliver next Thursday); somewhat difficult as I forgot to take my Benzodrine along, but it goes all night. Strolling through the torrid city. Stop at a "Baths and Massage" — establishment but am repulsed by the dismal announcement, "Strictly ethical."

July 13 Camp Chander

Rather melancholy night trip in an over-
crowded train.

Here, nothing new. No word from Ritchie.
Hope to start with the newspaper job
tomorrow.

The news from Sicily remains good
and exciting [The sole reaction of
the soldiers seems to be, that it
may shorten the war. One fellow
remarks, at the breakfast table,
"the war in Europe will be over
this month ..."]

Overflowingly cordial telegram from
Bruno Frank, answering my letter
about his novel.

Big mail (E - from London - , Melvin,
Burt K., Colin, etc.) Written a lot of
letters, to Melvin, Tomsin, Golo, etc.;
at length to Kesten, about the changes
and omissions in the Anthology (which
are indeed rather drastic) and to
Fanny Schönbauer, about his preface
to the German group (which is now

fairly adequate, though I still find some revisions to suggest.)

July 14

The reading of any newspaper yields a profusion of curious material. This morning, for instance, the story about "First Captives Taken at Sicily Land in Africa" — "1000 ragged, poorly-dressed and weary Italians and 4 Germans."

The Italians — "principally from coastal defense divisions which apparently are far from being the cream of Mussolini's army" — had little to say and mostly gazed vacantly at the North African landscape. "These Axis soldiers were seized so quickly that they didn't have much time to get together any personal belongings. A few had musical instruments."

On the editorial entitled, "Italy whines at Bombing", quoting the appalling statement of Vittorio Mussolini, who

called the bombing of Ethiopians "exceptionally good fun." "One group of horsemen," young Mussolini said, "gave me the impression of a budding rose unfolding as the bomb fell in their midst and blew them up..." Marinetti's sickening style. — The editorial end — very much in the Anglo-Saxon tradition —: "Those who live by the bomb, shall perish by the bomb."

..... The English press alarmed about what they term "the break between the President and Congress." Consider the American "home-front" situation graver than the conflict between the Soviets and the Polish Government in Exile or the French quarrels in Algiers.

..... [To describe: those austere, almost forbidding-looking chapels. Signs, reading: "Come in! Pray and meditate!" The peculiar function

of the chaplains in the set-up of the Army hierarchy. Their dignity as high-ranking officers (many of them are majors) and also as representatives of something as officially recognized as religion. Yet they are somehow not taken quite seriously. Every soldier is entitled to bother them with his complaints and worries; but the commanding officers are hardly impressed by the chaplain's advice]

[That fat Irish fellow - in Camp Robinson - who worked as personal servant of the officers. Professional clown. Colourful past - including Hollywood, sailor's career, and so forth. Claims friendships with celebrities. His bunk, lavishly adorned with portraits of movie stars. Effeminate; insidious; clever, lazy, dishonest, humorous. Glibster and intriguer. Rather influential. Gets away with nearly everything. Steals officers' whiskey, etc.

But one day, he may "hang himself."
(May it'd be fun to write a short
story about him? For the "New
Yorker," perhaps?]

[Films about sex hygiene. The ridiculations seem
with the Italian shopkeeper who prepares
big party, decorates his shop, in ex-
pectation of son's birth. Baby dead:
dad turns out to be syphilitic. Collapse
in the grand old style. Fatherly doctor
takes him to hospital; reveals to
him the miracles of modern medi-
cine ---]

[Latrine rumors ---]

[K.'s sister, lost husband in ship
wreck. Mom's drama. Era H. -
type. Older than he is. Becomes spiritualist.]

[My quarrel with Hans Siemsen.
Germany, "the finest country", etc.
"You don't know Germany --- Haben
ja keine Ahnung," etc. K.'s fury.]

["Pin-up Girl" Orderly room adorned with
pictures of young ladies in risqué poses -
from "Esquire" and other publications...]

..... Writing, during most of the day. (They leave me pretty much in peace, these days.) Finished a review of Bruno's novel, or rather, of its coming American version, "One Fair Daughter." Letters to E, Bubi K., Colin, etc.

Evening at the Service Club. Listening to Beethoven's Piano Concerto; acquaintance with a rather civilized young man, named Andersen, who discusses eagerly Kant, Leibniz, Husserl etc. (Alvin did little college in Texas.)

A new Franco-American quarterly, Hemispheres, sent to me by Joan Gold. Rather mannered and precious; very much "cotery" (the semi-Surrealist clique around "View"; Charlie Ford, Parker Tyler, George Baker, etc.) The somewhat forced cult of Saint-John Perse — "notre barde, notre forte-parole." — The strongest impression from the verse of a young Belge poet, Alain Bosquet (now in the U.S. Army).

Struck by his "Ode à la Malediction" - full of real anguish and a violent, desperate beauty. Right the opening lines have a compelling accent: "Je m'en vais à nouveau: ma route est là, bâtie de remords pétrifiés" And, again:

"Je m'en vais à nouveau;
il ne me reste qu'un sentier: c'est la tempête;
il ne me reste qu'un pays: c'est l'océan;
il ne me reste qu'un bâton: c'est la flamme de feu."

And:

"Ceci est mon seul royaume: l'exil."

.... "Ceci est mon vrai royaume: la fuite.
Toujours en avant!
toujours des chiens à mes trousses!
.... etc."

And:

"Je m'en vais.

Je ne reviendrais plus:

donnez mon visage à quelque pauvre passant..."

And so forth. Yt's rather frightening, sounds pretty familiar, too.

July 15

Delivered my little speech for the "Orientation Course": "How Hitler united the Fortress of Europe - against Germany." (The program - recorded this afternoon - will be broadcast tonight.) (Embarrassing experience of hearing my own voice ...)

.....
The melancholy little drama of our First Sergeant, who caught a venereal disease and, consequently, had to "break himself" (as a dishonored nobleman is compelled to commit suicide...) Appears now as a humble private, with the traces of his former glory - his stripes - still visible on his sleeves. Was the nicest First Sergeant I've ever seen - at once efficient and friendly. Rather graceful, too - ~~with~~ the way he turned his head, proud and vigilant, like a bird

July 16

Modern types: that war correspondent - John

Thompson, of the "Chicago Tribune", the only American newspaperman to have made a parachute jump with air-borne troops. He first descended on African soil last year, and last week he jumped again from a transport plane over Sicily. He was carrying a heavy typewriter under one arm. He suffered a wrenched knee and fractured rib on hitting the ground, but insisted on staying on his job What a mythic picture! The journalist, falling from heaven, with typewriter and everything Something for Kurt Kraus.

.....
Curious: I have plenty of free time - in fact, almost nothing but free time - , under the present conditions; but somehow I seem incapable of using it. I don't feel like working: I don't know what to write about. Maybe it is because of the constant nervous strain under

which I live — the expectation, the fears,
the uncertainty. Besides there is an
element of bad conscience involved.
I seem to feel kind of guilty
as soon as I am not working
for the Army, which makes so
little use of my good will and
capabilities. (The kind of thing
I did yesterday, for the Orientation
Course of the Replacement Center,
I could do every day, and a lot
of other things, too)

July 17

Reading, Hermann Bondard's novel "The Con-
spiracy of the Carpenters" (preface by
Franz Werfel), which I am to review for
the Chicago "Sun." Interesting (although
not "great", as Werfel suggests) from an
artist's point of view; politically highly
equivocal, if not outright inimical
..... Interviews about my newspaper job
(with pleasant Lt. Ransom) and about
my naturalization, at the Post Intelligence
Office.

... Letter from Eugene MacCorm, rather gossip
and amusing — with one revealing, revealing
sentence: "In New York I heard that
the merest grounds for the refusal of
naturalization or employment in
confidential units is 'Premature
Anti-Fascism.' Isn't that cynical and
shocking? Maybe this is your new cate-
gory " It probably is. "Cynical and
shocking" are polite expressions

July 20

Working at Post Headquarters, for old Colonel
Pratt, on the staff of the Camp Crowder
"Message". Yesterday I wrote a piece for
them, "Camp Crowder turns international" —
about the "colourful crowd" in our PX —
Chinese, French, etc. Today, an appeal to
the farmers of McDonald county to con-
tribute to the swap drive directed by
Camp Crowder. Also, worked out a
very elaborate "Case History" (concerning
my naturalization, the "First Mobile", etc),
which I took this morning to Lt. Ransom.
He — very kindly — took me immediately
to old Colonel Steele, of Post Intelligence.

Cordial but futile conversation.

Some "civilized" acquaintances at the Service Club. George Sandor (from Budapest), who is indeed a remarkable pianist. Listening, yesterday, as he played Bach, Schumann, Liszt, Chopin.

The bombardment of Rome. The "disgrace" of the Holy Father. (What a nerve!) - Fighting continues in Sicily. Knox warns, war with Japan will last until 1949.

.....

(The story about the smart soldier who told his First Sgt. he had to go on a sick call suffering from an Oedipus Complex. "Oedipus Complex?" said the Sergeant. "Sounds pretty bad" Later enlightened by laughing officers. Mad.)

(The Chinese boy whom I watched making his beautifully intricate hieroglyphs. Told me that he knows 30,000 different signs. As I appeared impressed: "But we have to know so many. How could we otherwise read the classics?")

Seldon Rodman, in a letter I had from him yesterday: "In spite of myself, the army life has the effect of making the pleasures and comforts of life seem much more important than they did in civilian life. I often wonder whether after the war I will have the same impulse to reform the world I had before. I'm afraid travelling, writing poems, playing tennis and drinking long, cool drinks on a sandy beach will seem the most important things in life. But that may be entirely the reaction of this enforced service, the way a mirage is the result of desert heat."

.....

July 25

This murderous, merciless heat, day by day....
..... Working at Public Relations (Colonel Pratt). Yesterday, interview at the hospital with a Captain in charge of the new "Rehabilitation School"..... Similar stuff of the kind....

Yesterday, Michelin's 60th birthday. Sorry
I can't be with them.

E somewhere with the American Forces in
the Middle East (Cairo?). Curious, you
never thought it possible that we'd ever
lead so completely different lives -
so far apart from each other ...

A few days ago, evening in Gophin
with Colonel Rosenberg, in the house
of Rabbi Smaller (C.).

Today, dreary Sunday. Spent most of
my time (it's about 3 PM now)
by composing another lengthy "Case
History and Application for Transfer"

- feeling the utter futility of all
this while writing ... (My last applica-
tion for transfer to Ritchie has been
returned from Headquarters here: they
want to keep me for that "liaison"
unit, for which I am not accept-
able as only citizens are admitted ...)

..... English edition of "Turning Point"
accepted by Gollanaz, who suggests

idiotic changes to Friedrich, because of English libel ~~the~~ laws.

..... Paralyzed by sadness and heat

.....

July 28

Transferred to "Station Complement" (= Head-quarter Company = Public Relations.)

.....
.....

The sweeping events of these last days. Mussolini's fall. So this time it's really the beginning of the end Waiting now of Roosevelt's speech.

July 30

The queer kind of work I'm doing for the Public Relations Office. A story about a WAAC training pigeons (a "pigeoneer"); a story about a nurse who invests her whole pay in war bonds and cashes only 30 cents a month (which she doesn't spend); more stories about the scrap drive, etc.

The new issue of the Camp Newsletter "Message" out, with my story on the "Rehabilitation School" at Station Hospital; my American-

History quiz, etc.

.....

Struck by the following dispatch (from the Camp-Stewart paper):

"... Temple, whose father is a colonel in the Nazi Army, said that his ambition is to meet him on the battlefield, I want to kill him."

— The Stewart soldier, regarding top billing on the Army Overseas program, described in detail how his father used to beat him up, and finally threatened to put him in a concentration camp, because young Temple was half Jewish on his mother's side. Finally, he and his mother secured passports and came to America "

May have an influence on the shape of my novel

July 30

Letter from Archibald MacLeish about the Rimbaud manuscripts found in Abyssinia. I had written to him, in regard to these

manuscripts, about 2 months ago, from
Camp Ritchie. He answered me, at the time,
to the effect that he doubted the truth of
the newspaper dispatch in question. Now he
says that the news appears "plausible",
although he couldn't verify it as yet -
and adds something like, "You probably
know how intensely interested I am
in Rimband"

.....
.....

The stout fellow in his bannack - middle-
aged, stubborn-looking - who reads "The
People's Voice" and keeps lecturing - in
a goodnatured, if merciless way -
about the unions, the "reactionary
press" which omits vital news, the
case of Bridges ("he's sure sharp
as a whip!") etc. His audience,
politely bored. Last night, sitting on
the bed of my bunk-neighbour,
he delivered a lengthy speech about
the C.I.O. and the war effort - sitting
there motionless while his "listener"
falls gradually asleep

August 2, 1943

Yesterday, long afternoon, and improvised supper in the kitchen, with Colonel Rosenberg, in Yoflin. Discussion of my naturalization and general status. No striking revelations. The evening before, with one Cpt. Loewenberg (N.) - from Magdeburg. Great admirer of Z., etc.

My review of Bodhardt's "The Conspiracy of the Carpenters" ("the most reactionary book since Metternich") in the Chicago "Sun."

Written, for "The Message", a comparatively amusing piece about "New Books in our Service-Club Libraries" (Walter Lippman, Stephen Vincent Benet, Prokosch, etc.)

Reading in Hemingway's "Death in the Afternoon". His abrupt outburst against the "foxes" (El Greco [et], Whitman, Wilde, Gide) is indeed surprisingly, shockingly mean and vulgar. Besides, this rabid hatred is apt to arouse suspicions. Qui s'excuse, s'accuse....

August 7, (Fur long)

Pacific Palisades

Left Camp Crowder on Tuesday night (August 3). Moving slowly toward Kansas City - via Neosho, Goplin (crowded night buses; waiting ...) - The Santa Fe train, Kansas City - Los Angeles, mobbed, hot, dirty. Standing in line for every meal in the diner. Long nights, sitting up, with two ~~at~~ fussy old ladies in front of me (Remarkable patience of the people. Americans are good-natured) Quite a bit of reading, during the long, dreary voyage.

H. G. Wells, "The Invisible Man" (the softer version of which I remember having seen, years ago ...) Very well-made, rather exciting, if slightly "corny"; engaging in virtue of a certain naive, popular-fantastic quality

A short story by Sinclair Lewis, "A Letter from the Queen" - rather

primitive and problematical from a psychological point of view; yet, pleasant reading Other short stories (in "The Pocket Companion"): "Night Club" by Katherine Brush — rather lively and clever; "England to America", by Margaret Prescott Montague — shamelessly sentimental, but in a pleasant way; made me cry a little

.... New issue of "Tomorrow", with my review of Emil Ludwig's "Beethoven"; Schönberger's "Simplicissimus" reminiscences (quite vivid and unassuming), etc.

In "Reader's Digest", a very unpleasant piece by Henry M. Taylor, "Booming on a Global Basis" (from his book, "Men in Motion"): hypocritical, insidiously anti-Administration, deviously and cunningly isolationist (as is "Reader's Digest" policy altogether).

Refreshing stuff in "The New Yorker"; good short stories, amusing articles.

The best American magazine.

.....
Miriam, meeting me at the station -
brown and sweet. Here, Zambor, Moni,
Onkel Peter. Long talk after supper;
ten-hour sleep, until 11 AM; swimming,
on the Santa-Monica beach, "en
famille" (including Nico). Good to
be here.

Discussed, formulated and sent last
night a lengthy telegram to Francis
Biddle - asking for a "vitally im-
portant" interview in Washington (which
he will probably refuse...)

.....
Evening: "Vogel"-party at ~~H~~ Eva Hermann's
(house-warming party, in her very
pretty new home). Bruno + Liesl;
Heinrich with wife (she, relatively
dignified); Lion Feichtwanger with
wife; Ernest and Karin Leyden;
Ludwig Marcuse, good-natured
lion head; familiar faces,
familiar talk, rather cozy

August 8

Promising rumors from Germany:
imminent coup against Hitler, etc.

On the other hand, ominous impatience
in Moscow, concerning the Second
Front. The nearer, the more certain
our victory - the more doubtful its
impact ---- [Much discussed here:
the manifesto of German refugees
and prisoners sponsored by the
Kremlin - demanding a "strong,
democratic Germany", and so forth.
Does this mean a future alliance
between Red Army and Reichswehr,
against Great Britain and the U.S.?]
However, Brecht, Fichtwanger, Heindt,
etc., endorse the manifesto ...]

..... Tea at the Walters (Kargi, Margi,
Lotte) - with Mielke, Moni, Onkel
Peter.

Reading all kinds of stuff (from
Golo's library) - in G. Chr. Lichtenberg's
"Aphorismen", for instance. Says he:

"Swift möchte ich zum Barbier,
Sterne zum Friseur, Newton beim
Frühstück, Hume zum Kaffee
gehabt haben ----"

And Lichtenberg for a glass of wine,
after supper ----

Also, some of my own old things
at which I haven't look for ages
My article, "Wiederbegegnung mit dem
Deutschen Romantiker" ("Mass und
Wert", July, 1938.) Not so bad: in
fact, not bad at all Well-
written (in German); much more
intelligent and scholarly than I
remember ever having been

August 9

Last night, Z. reading to us (including
Harkhinsky with wife), opening chapter
of the new novel, the first allusion
to which excited me so much when
he made it in a letter, several
months ago. Very strange and impressive.
The biological-fantastic prologue with
the prodigious butterflies, water drops,
ice flowers, artificial plants, etc.
Strikingly new presentation of old themes
(problematical character of genius and
inspiration) — The title — "Doctor Faust"
— does not seem fortunate to me.

.....
Golo in the Army. I suppose he, too,
wanted it so.

August 11

Telegram from Biddle - comparatively encouraging. Decide to venture on the painful journey East (to see Commissioner Harrison, in Philadelphia). Spending a good deal of time composing a detailed "Memorandum" to explain my case and refute all nasty rumours. (Feeling very Michael-Kohlhaas-like while occupied with such things ...)

— Pleasant days here, but too few of them Day-before-yesterday, with Eva and her Swiss "boy-friend" (54 years of age, still fairly handsome: a suave mystic, astrologist, etc.) — Last night, Bruno + Liesel here, after supper. Z., reading some more chapters of his "Trübsalser = Schicksal"; (portrait of the hero's mother, description of his birthplace, etc. Very curious and suggestive, rich in profound allusions and precious details Not quite so intense as the beginning, though)

Read, Maupassant's "Melle Fifi." Excitingly timely - the lively and malicious description of the Prussian officers in the French chateau. What hatred! And at the same time, what elegance and casual craftsmanship

.....
Russia not represented at the forthcoming Churchill-Roosevelt meeting in Canada. The nightmarish possibility of a separate peace between the Soviets and Germany, resulting in a Russo-German alliance directed against the West. Not likely but by no means out the question - considering the criminal stupidity of certain circles in London and Washington, and the unpredictable cynicism of the Kremlin. Apocalyptic prospect

.....
August 17,

New York, "The Bedford"

Living in road-cars, for the last 6 days or so - a rather strenuous form of existence

Los Angeles - Kansas City - Chicago:
3 days and 3 nights (always sitting

up, to be sure); Chicago - N.Y., another
20-hour trip. Arriving here the day-
before - yesterday (= Sunday, August
15); spending afternoon and evening
with Christopher Lagare, Gumpert,
Friedrich. Yesterday (Monday),
trip to Philadelphia; there, inter-
view with the Commissioner of
Naturalization, Harrison - a
urbane, fairly young chap who
receives me with the most cordial
courtesy. Yet he remains non-
committal, and I am only
half-satisfied. Continue my
pilgrimage to Baltimore, where I
pay an improvised visit to the Im-
migration & Naturalization Service.
Am told that my pending case
is being dismissed from the
Baltimore court and transferred
to Kansas City, which sounds
fairly encouraging ... Returning
to N.Y.; evening with F.

This morning, letters to Melvin,
Harrison, Bob K. (who expected
me in Ritchie, yesterday. However,
I changed my mind - being in-
formed, over the telephone, that
both Phillips and Zimmerman are
gone, alas ...)

August 19,
Kansas City, Hotel Continental

Two more nights, sitting up in those
crowded trains ... Yesterday, a
few hours in Chicago. Too weary
to call Medir, Spectoriski, or
anybody else; just roaming
about; looking for a "bain de
nappeur" I used to frequent -
finding it closed (why? by
whom?)

.....
How many things I observed, during
these long, tiresome days of
traveling! Most of the people I
watched seemed so patient, so
good-natured. And how quickly

they make friends among each other.
It's impossible, in this country, to
judge whether two persons — boy
and girl, two soldiers, two elderly
ladies, two businessmen — have
known each other for years, or
just met. Or in a state of
drunkenness, or when they are
asleep, they show sometimes,
terrifyingly, ugly or tragic
features Types you like
to remember. That fine Negro
girl, for instance, to whom I
offered my seat for a few
hours, last night. (Three Negro
women on the same bench with
me: the fat one with the
fantastic hat; the older one,
with a strangely twisted and
morsous face; the young one —
maybe her daughter — tall,
strong, unsexed, rather boyish
with her strong wrists and proudly

erect head; simple ~~black~~ blue dress
with prominent shoulders; red
hat and hand bag; smooth hair
— "entkändiselt"; beautiful, rounded
face with languid, sensual eyes,
the heavy mouth painted a very
dark red ...) On, that
roguish little girl, about 6
years of age — a perfect little
lady, just very small — dwarfish
rather than childlike. Dark com-
plexion; tiny aquiline nose;
swift, observant eyes — mouse-
like; neatly dressed in a
red wool thing; flying around
like a butterfly, flitting with
all the soldiers and sailors.
As I admire the red paint of
her tiny fingernails, she
smiles proudly: "My toes
are fixed the same way ..."
Later she pays a visit to
me, just in order to ask:

"O bet you don't know my mamma's name? Well, it's Mary..." As I tell her that Mary is indeed a lovely name, she runs away and briskly returns with the message: "Mamma wants me to thank you..."

..... How tedious! - to become a part of this amorphous, anonymous mass oneself! Just another soldier, traveling in a coach car; waiting, sweating One fellow asks me to watch his suitcase, in the Chicago station, and, coming back, presents me with a pack of cigarettes. ... The M. P. in Los Angeles, who confiscated the harmless bottle of wine Milburn had added to my supplies of sandwiches and cookies: "A soldier is not supposed to carry any liquor." I am sure the son-of-a-bitch

enjoyed drinking my Californian
Burgundy ----

----- Quite a bit of reading.
With intense interest, Joseph Conrad's
"Victory." The first book by him
I've read in English, Fascinated
by his style — and encouraged by
the idea that to him, too, English
was a strange language --- (although,
of course, he never wrote in
Polish ---) — The novel itself is
probably not one of his best
— in fact, the last part is
a trifle absurd and muddled.
Yet, full of striking and compelling
things. Heyst's character is first-
rate. Mysterious fascination of
his cool and polite detachment.
(" He suffered. He was hurt
by the sight of his own life,
which ought to have been a
masterpiece of aloofness.") (His
father advised him : " I advise you

to cultivate that form of contempt
which is called pity. It is perhaps
the least difficult — always re-
membering that you, too, if you
are anything, are as pitiful as
the rest, yet never expecting
any pity for yourself.")
".... invulnerable because elusive."

Yet he is touched, wounded,
saved by Lena's simple affection.
The humble triumph of her
love As for the minor
figures, Mr. Schomberg — the
tenacious innkeeper — mean,
gossipy, towardish — is excellent;
so is his wife — seemingly
half-idiotic, in reality not
without a certain desperate
intelligence. The criminal gang
("plain Mr. Jones", the
feline Ricardo, the ape-
like Pedro) seem equally
successful in the beginning,

but later have a touch of the
absurd — especially Mr. Jones,
the "merry skeleton", who is
probably meant to be homo-
sexual. His violent dislike of
women is all the more sad-
prising. His fury about Ricardo's
flirtation with Lena doesn't
come quite off — a failure which
spoils the concluding chapters —

..... Wonderful descriptions of
landscapes, skies, silences.
Remarkable psychological insight.

.... "For the use of reason is
to justify the obscure
desires that move our
conduct, impulses, passions,
prejudices, and follies, and
also our fears."

.....
Also, in a collection of "American
Critical Essays." — William Dean
Howells, about "Realism and the

American Novel." Rather corny. Praises truthfulness, but disapproves of too much sex, which — he says — is not so very important in life itself, "as we know it in England and America." (!)

— Much more satisfactory, Henry James' reflections on "The Art of Fiction." Most elegantly written; very shrewd and instructive. I like what he says about the novel:

"It seems to me to give him a great character, the fact that he has at once so much in common with the philosopher and the painter; this double analogy, is a magnificent heritage."

And, again:

"Experience is never limited, and it is never complete; it is an immense sensibility, a kind of spider web of the finest silken threads suspended

in the chamber of consciousness,
and catching every air-borne
particle of its tissue ---- "

.....
For an hour or so in the movies, to see
Grainy Berlin's "This is the Army"
(or rather, a part of it, which is
plenty ----) Technically fairly well-
made, but altogether unpleasant —
without a touch of what is the
strange reality of Army life
(so difficult to describe ---) Yet,
there are some interesting aspects;
for instance, the affinity between
Army discipline and the American
style of dance (the Ziegfeld
girls are indeed quite "Prussian");
also, the queer kind of popular
humour manifest in the scenes
in which soldiers appear dressed
as women. It's worse than our
good old "Eldorado" ever was....
How "vicious" those primitives are!
— unwittingly so, of course, and

and heartily cheered by an unsuspecting audience.

.....
Rumors from the Quebec conference. The invasion of Europe appears imminent. I am as eager as any stupid, bloodthirsty "dough boy" to go "over there" — better today than tomorrow

August 22

Camp Crowder

Again the oppressive boredom of this dismal place Working at "Public Relations". Col. Pratt wants me to be permanently transferred to the Headquarters Detachment, which is nice to know. I told him, however, that I want to postpone any decision, as long as I may hope to get re-assigned to the First Mobile, once I am naturalized. — Rewriting my application for transfer; also, letters to Major Zimmerman, Capt. Herz, Sgt. Medoff (Ritchie), interview with Col. Steele (Post Intelligence Officer here), and other Michael —

Kohlhaas-like activities.

Long letter to Miss Athey (L. B. Fisher),
with revisions of my "Heart of Europe"
preface.

Letter from E — "Shepherd's Hotel,
Cairo." She seems happier than she
was for years, which is one of the few
good things to think of, in these dreary
days. — Also mail from Miriam (very
sweet), Kadidja, Babu K., two
enthusiastic readers, etc.

Reading, "Under Cover" — John Roy Carlson's
"amazing revelations of how Axis
agents and our enemies within are
now plotting to destroy the United States."
A highly meritorious book, no doubt;
but not quite so startling as one
~~unwisely~~ might have expected, considering
the great hullabaloo about it. Sad and
alarming facts, but nothing essentially
sensationally new.

It might be amusing to write a
little "causeuse" about the hierarchy
in the army. The mysteries of "T/5",

"T/4", i.e. "Technical Sergeant", without T.
My theory that "T/4" is better than
Sgt.; T/Sgt., better than M/Sgt.; Lt. Col.,
better than Col., i.e. — Why is
Lt. General more than Major Gen.
Why is gold more than silver?
(Lieutenants; Major — Lt. Col.)
..... Captains are nervously ambitious
— eager to advance to Majors.
Majors and Lt. Colonels — distinguished,
satisfied. — And Lt.'s — heroes in
the theaters of war, slightly ridiculous
in camp. And so forth.
.....

August 30

Things begin to move.... Today, a long interview with a rather good-natured (if not very brilliant) young man from the Military Intelligence. Also, word from Ritchie Headquarters, concerning my application for transfer to the First Mobile.
More lively activity at the Public Relations Office, in connection with the War-Bond Drive and my plan to auction autographed books and photos.

Not unamusing weekend at the farm of
Mr. Haldeman-Julius, near Pittsburg, Ks.
Taken there by that melancholy and re-
bellious, half-intelligent Cpl. Ruggle.
Haldeman - mongoloid-Jewish of type -
rather extraordinary with his private press
that produces millions of 5-cent booklets;
his materialistic philosophy; his chickens,
ducks and pigs; his handsome, devoted
young wife. Discussing God and the
world. Tickled by the cheerful vulgarity
of his "free-thinking" platitudes.

September 5

Reading, Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Montaigne
on the Skeptic." A brilliant essay -
most timely and thought-provoking.
"The philosophy we want is one of
fluxions and mobility." Interesting:
"Gibbon reckons, in these bigoted times,
but two men of liberality in France
- Henry IV and Montaigne." (Heimrich,
in his "Henry IV", expresses the same
idea) "Talent makes counterfeit
ties; genius finds the real ones."
About the artist's inevitable individualism.

"But all the ways of culture and greatness lead to solitary imprisonment." —

"... the excellence of each man is an inflamed individualism which separates him more." In the end, faith, notwithstanding all skepticism: "The world is saturated with deity and with law." — And, again: "Through the years and the centuries, through evil agents, through toys and atoms, a great and beneficent tendency irresistibly streams." — Also, James Russell Lowell on Wordsworth.

.....
Began to read Allan Seager, "Equinox" — a semi-literary sensation, on account of the "daring" subject (incestuous relationship between father and daughter). Very cleverly made; somewhat in the line of Cain ("Serenade", etc), but more sophisticated. But, I suspect, hardly more than clever....

.....
That special Military Intelligence agent, who interviewed me the other day,

asked me indeed the most peculiar questions. Is it true that I ever claimed (in a conversation with a lady "back East") that there is no vice I did not use to practice? A gross exaggeration Confused and ridiculous rumours about things I supposedly wrote about E. I suggested that these fatuous fabrications may have somehow to do with good old "Wälsungenblut." (Or are there any blurred and distorted reminiscences of "Anja and Esther" involved?)

.....
Busy, during the whole week, with writing letters in connection with that War-Bond stunt - almost 70 notes altogether; to every body from Mangham, Upton Sinclair, and Pearl Buck over Willkie and Shiver to Hedi Lamarr, Luise Rainer and Garbo.

.....
All liberal observers (including myself) alarmed about the ominous goings-on in Washington, especially the apparent deadlock of Anglo-Saxon-Russian relations. The "designations"

of Sumner Welles and Litvinov are certainly most disquieting symptoms. Roosevelt's tendency to the right. His character and career, described very intelligently and objectively in the "New Republic" ("Roosevelt in 1943"). In the same issue, a fine article by Albert Guedard about the necessity of a European Federation. But will benevolent, middle-aged intellectuals of his type have any influence on the shaping of the post-war world?

.....
.....
.....
Thomas Paine, "Age of Reason" (in Haldeman-Julian's little 5-cent edition). There is undoubtedly a good deal of common sense and fine progressive passion in his grim attacks against the Two Testaments, on oath, against religion as such. Yet I find it difficult to take him altogether seriously. His angry arguing remains strangely ineffective and irrelevant. — "The most detestable

wickedness, the most horrid cruelties, and the greatest miseries, that have afflicted the human race, have had their origin in this thing called revelation, or revealed religion. — Maybe so. But "this thing called revelation" has a more profound persuasion, a more inspiring appeal than Paine's angry nationalism.

(Different in the case of Nietzsche, whose anti-Christian fury has a truly religious intensity ...)

.....
Speaking of "nationalism": amusing what Paul Elmer More says in his essay, "Victorian Literature: The Philosophy of Change", about Darwin as the most influential spirit of the XIXth century; (acclaimed as such unanimously in a symposium arranged by a London daily, about 1880). "The Origin of Species" as the book of the epoch. The "cause-mechanical" doctrine as an effort to solve and rationalize the mystery of the universe. Pragmatism; the economic theory of

"laissez-faire"; even Marxism, as deviations of Darwin. One of More's noteworthy remarks is this:

"Yet it is a notorious, if paradoxical, fact that the effect of science on art and literature has been to reinforce a romantic impressionism..."

THE NOVEL which I may want to write, begins to take on a more definite shape - quite different from what I had conceived at first. The whole story is to be told in the first person singular, told by the hero after his death - as a kind of report or confession addressed to supernatural authorities. An astral-body speaking. (He does not yet quite belong to the sphere which we are to enter after death but lingers between the spheres, in a kind of interim - already outside of our time and space, but not yet completely detached from our conflicts and sufferings ...)

To open the book with a sentence like:
Death is indescribable. Death Life
has many columns, but death has
a column which life does not have.
Life has great bitterness and great
sweetness, but death has a different
kind of bitterness and a different
kind of sweetness — bitterness and
sweetness beyond words."

..... The hero's ("Anyan") father — Pringhorn-
type: "visionary" scholar; author of book
about "The Art of the Yrsane"; in
love with everything abysmal, irrational;
ending in insanity himself. Cheats
his (Jewish, wealthy) wife with dynamic
dancer à la Mary Wigman ("legs
like dynamic pillars...") — Hero's
hatred of father — disgust with father's
promiscuous love affairs — cause his
inhibitions toward women. His intense
friendship with Tomski-like boy, without
homosexual touch. Similarity Tomski —
Annemarie: the first woman with
whom hero goes to bed (except for
whores). Parallel between his "father-"
his "mother complex."

September 19

Last night, in the movies, Walter Disney's film "Victory Through Air Power." Much more successful, artistically, than his "Fantasia" or other horrors. Some very striking images and gags (although the whole thing is somewhat too long and a little repetitious.) What fascinates and perturbs me most, however, is the indirect implications of Sevsky's message. The flying monster as prophecised by Sevsky, and produced by Disney, suggest a kind of world which unmercifully transcends human civilization. Those apocalyptic giant birds and dragons seem to emerge from pre-civilized (or post-civilized?) epochs. They may be able to destroy Berlin and Tokyo. But who dares to promise us that they will stop there? Once unchained, they may continue their devastating flights — thus

annihilating whatever of our civilization
may be left, after Hitler's fall. —
The disquieting discrepancy between
man's technical capabilities and
his moral weakness.

.....
Rather busy at Public Relations. The
books for my War-Bond auction begin
to come in. Nice answers from Van
Loon, Fadinan, Carson McCullers,
Dale Warren, Maurice Samuel, and
others. — In the last "Message",
the first article of my series "Cities
in the News" — "Hamburg." Written
a second piece, about Tunis, for
the next number.

Lonely excursion to Joplin — for a steak
and whiskey. — One evening with the
Red-Cross people. That jolly Mrs.

Mitchell, some other females, and two
captains & 6 medics), one of them rather
attractive. (Studied in Munich, read
"Turning Point", wanted to meet me.)
Quite a lot of liquor. (Cautious goings-
on between jolly Mrs. M. and the attractive

captain, on the way home, in the dark
car.

Tonight I have to make a speech
(about what?) at the Red Cross,
for the patients, who would much
rather look at strip-tease girls.

.....
The sweeping developments of the week.
Italy's surrender and complete dis-
integration. This, then, is the ultimate
outcome of that bloody hoax, Fascism.
The trains arrive in time in Fascist
Italy? If there are any trains

September 19

The events of the week:

Sunday (Sept. 12): speech at the Red Cross (Station
Hospital; fairly well attended);

Monday, in Gophin, to discuss the War-Bond
auction with the local Drive-chairman — one
Mr. Board — and the concert agent, Mrs. Jay
Wilden — finding only mild enthusiasm

Wednesday: another V-mail letter from
Capt. Hery — very cordial; describing the
situation of the "First Mobile" in a
very sincere, rather amusing manner.

Thursday, the "Message" out, with my

"Tunis" article. - Made another "Orientation" speech, over the loudspeaker system. ("Europe after Italy's Surrender.") - Evening with Ruggles - probably the nicest and most interesting one among my new companions. - Weekend with Newton (that Belgian Jew - good-natured, rather civilized, but unintelligent, snobbish, somewhat irritating), in ~~Blaug~~ Ginger Blue - a nice, idyllic spot in the Ozarks. Met there a Lt. Houghton (A.), who presents himself as a friend of "Tom Curtiss." (Tomskir, incidentally, called me up from New York, just a week ago. Pleasant and reassuring to hear his familiar voice ...)

Autographed books and pictures still pouring in for my senseless little collection. During the past few days: Stravinsky, Lotte Lehmann, Harbormann, Van Paassen, Muriel Rukeyser, Selden Rodman, Pearl Buck, Cinkov, Wendell L. Willkie, etc.

Finished "Equinox" - a rather fascinating but at the same time unsatisfactory book.

Brilliantly written; full of striking details; but most problematical, not to say downright clumsy, as a psychological structure. All the decisive developments - the turning points of the drama - are impossible. Mary (the incestuous daughter) would never divulge ~~her~~ her secret to Margery (her father's abandoned mistress) as obviously as she does; Margery would never marry Verplanck; Miles would never consult Verplanck, the husband of his former mistress; Verplanck - being presented as a "villain" - would never act as intelligently and humanely as he actually does. - Curiously, none of the critics who reviewed the book seems to have noticed any of these evident shortcomings.

September 21

"The Obstacle Course" may be a possible title for my novel "in spec." (Symbol of the terrible fence over which one is compelled to climb; the labyrinth, the merciless deizes....)

To show, the gradual transformation (dematervializa-
tion) of the hero, in the course of his
narration. In the beginning, he is still
entangled in trivialities; dwells on extraneous

fact; is selfish and confused. Step by step, he becomes more detached, more lucid, more transparent In the end he is able to receive the drama of a human fellow-being as if it were his own. (Capacity of compassion.) He soars; leaves this sphere behind Transfiguration beyond words.

September 23

"The Message", with my "Berlin" article ("Cities-in-the-News" series.)

Opening my little exhibition of autographed books and photographs, in the Blue Room of Service Club Two. Newton and Werner Löwenberg help me arranging the stuff. Looks quite nice, I think; but who cares? So few people come to look at it that I skip the ~~to~~ "short introductory speech" I prepared. However, some appreciative visitors - including Lt. Einstein (friend of Kadigia, etc., who I knew in Paris, 12 years ago - he says); Capt. Evans, and the other "interested" captain-doctor from Station Hospital.

September 25, 1943

Naturalized at last.

Uncertainty up to the last moment. Mr. Lence, from the Immigration & Naturalization Service, arrived from Kansas City - without my name on his list. New anxiety; telegrams, etc.

Very kind and helpful attitude of Col. Pratt and Col. Steele, who act as my witnesses. The ceremony, on the parade ground, rather solemn - with music band; the Post commander (Col. Teachout) making a speech; the chaplain praying for us to become good citizens; the Court (from Neosho) opening with the traditionally nasal, "Oh yes, oh yes, oh yes" etc. Radiant sky.

Sent cable to Capt. Herz:

"Naturalized hope request me by cable."

..... Strange coincidence that I become a citizen exactly five years after my last arrival here - on September 25, 1938.

September 27

Made an "orientation" speech (current events; European situation) for a WAC company. Girls seemed to appreciate it.

Writing, "Moscow" - article, for the "Cities - in-the-News" series; review of "The Torch of Freedom" (Emil Ludwig's anthology of exile-biographies), for the Chicago "Sun"; beginning a longer article, "Writers in the Army."

"Infiltration Course" September 28
: crawling on muddy ground (100 yards), under machinegun fire (live ammunition) Barbed wire. Explosions. Quite an experience. Rather enjoyed it. Pratt wants me to describe it in a few paragraphs.

October 11

E - "much stranger than fiction" - suddenly back in New York, about a week ago. No letter from her as yet, just two telegrams.

.....
The rather triumphant weekend in Kansas City, in the home of President and Mrs. Clarence R. Decker. Saturday evening, the auction (for War Bonds) of my "collection", climaxing in the \$1000.000 bid of Mr. Grant, of the Business Men's Assurance.

Forced to be charming, from 4 in the afternoon until midnight. — Sunday: morning visit of Mr. and Mrs. Grant — modestly Puritan old millionaires. — Luncheon party given by the British Counsel General (Price?), on the occasion of the opening of a R.A.F. — exhibition. (The damage done to German cities.) — Sitting next to a brother of General Eisenhower (a banker.) — Visit to the wife, the children, and the studio of Thomas Benton (with the master being absent, painting submarines). Mrs. Benton, charming — in a very Mtatian way (but charming, nevertheless); the boy, playing the flute, rather touching. The whole milieu, very sympathetic. But his pictures fail to impress, even under these ideal conditions. The portrait of his son (14-years-old), with dog, has engaging qualities, but also a touch of "Kitsch." Other products are outright embarrassing.

Before leaving, visit to the much-vaunted library of Dr. Piccard, in the building of the Kansas City station. Rather stunning, in these surroundings. The doctor (of Russian origin),

a garrulous original, not without wit, remarkably well-read.

Most ~~very~~ pleasant impression of the Deekers, especially Madame. It's only thanks to them that my auction-stunt turned out to be a success, after all. (3 long stories in the K.C. "Star", etc. - Col. Pratt considerably impressed...)

.....

Writing: "Naples" (last Thursday's "Message"); "Munich", for this week's.

Another review of Frank's "One Fair Daughter", for the Chicago "Sun."

Heaps of letters.

.....

Reading: Mangham, "Ashenden, or The British Agent." Enjoying his sovereign skill, elegance, humor, effortless brilliancy.

"The Invasion of Germany", which Riess sent me, although we are "cross."

Nothing new to me. In parts very clumsily written. Yet, comparatively solid and factual....

In "Free World", Gide's Tunisian diary; his "liberation" by the Allied troops --- Moving, to hear his familiar voice again. Good that he is still alive.

Rilke (in Kansas City.)

..... "Happiness, this premature profit of an imminent loss".....

Unduly fascinated by the filthy nonsense scribbled on the walls of a toilet (here, at the P.X. A terrible story — drastically illustrated — about somebody's mother (!) who is in the habit of sucking off her son and enjoys to be fucked by his "nigger pal" who has a 10-inch prick.

My own sex-life — or rather the complete lack of it, for the past four months — begins to become somewhat alarming. Masturbating rather frequently — not too often, though; about twice or three times a week. Stereotype sadistic images while doing so. Monotonous and somehow humiliating, although physically quite satisfactory — even rather thrilling, at times.

.....
.....
If E doesn't write to me, it's of course because she is terribly busy. I shouldn't mind it at all.

Tomski's consistent silence, however, is intentional and definitive. (Thinking of him today, while writing to E with von Stroheim.)

.....
The young soldier in the bunk next to mine whom I watched every night kneeling down, as soon as the lights went out, and remain motionless in his prayer (hiding his face in his hands). Wondering what kind of invocation he may address to the Lord. Maybe a thorough survey of his doings during the day just past? (A kind of silent confession...) Or just routine prayers, ready-made? — The first time I noticed his ritual, he had knelt down while the lights were still on. A drunken fellow pointed him out to me: "What's he doing?" — rather anxiously. Asked me whether I prayed regularly. As I denied it: "Neither do I. Anyway, I don't kneel down. All I do is, to think of God, sometimes..."

October 17

Past Wednesday, as the Wednesday before,
in Yoplin, with Art Milavetz, to watch
him making the lay-out of the "Message"
and to help him reading the page-
proofs (in the offices of the "Yoplin
Globe.") This week's issue carries my
"Mumukshu" article (the nicest piece in
the series, I suppose) and the story
of my War-Bond stunt (quoted from the
"Kansas City Star.") Lunch at the
Common Hotel; dinner at Wilder's,
with a few drinks (not too many!)
A reasonably pleasant day, one
should think ----.

However, on my way back to camp - by
myself in the bus - , overwhelmed,
shaken by sadness. Terrible feeling
of loneliness. Whispering, "I want to
die ... Je veux mourir ... I will
sterben ... " Then, praying, "Let me
die! Please, PLEASE let me die!!"

But God - instead of releasing me
from the awful burden of life -
suggested that I join the Catholic
Church.

Throughout the following days I spent wondering whether I understood Him correctly. I am not quite sure as yet. Maybe it's all a miscomprehension. However, I took a chance and addressed a letter to the Catholic chaplain, asking him for an interview and disclosing my intention to him.

.....

No answer from the "First Mobile" to whom I sent a second trans-Atlantic cable. — Col. Steele startles me with a sudden confidential announcement that I may be assigned to a secret, "hazardous" overseas duty (which will probably never come through). — Another puzzling event: the interview with two Military-Intelligence men (the young man in civvies who interviewed me before, and a captain from Kansas City). Subject: Grace Heissel, the pleasant Little-Rock girl, who seems to be somehow suspicious. Most surprising indeed. Probably all a mistake. [Was very careful not to mention to anybody either interview.]

October 22

New rather intense "campaign" to speed up my overseas transfer — if possible to the "First Mobile." Series of interviews and conversations: Capt. Mann; Mark Barton (who is indeed a very pleasant, decent chap); Colonel Rosenberg — in his gothic home, past Wednesday, after having done my proof-reading at the "Globe"). R. recommends me to Capt. Kennedy, "Aide-de-camp" to General Prosser, who promises me that everything shall be done Today, working on a new application to be submitted "through channels." — One has to be doggedly patient and obstinate

Night letter from E — rather apologetic, somehow sad, and a bit disquieting.

.....
Lunch with one Cpl. Hirsch (from Stuttgart), assigned to the Prisoners-of-War Camp. Curiously fascinating, to hear about those stranded Nazis

October 29

Lecture in Carthage, Mo., for the Methodist (M.) Men's Club. "Family — against — a — Dictatorship" theme. Friendly reception.

October 30

Evening with William Van O'Connor (author of "Climate of Tragedy"). Intelligent; somewhat pedantic.

Writing: "Europe" — concluding piece of "Cities in the News."

October 31

In Gophin, with Werner Löwenstein, to hear the "debate" between Simclair Lewis and Lewis Brown, about the good and evil aspects of the machine. The machine debate, surprisingly flat and dull. Both speakers, however, surprisingly nice and cordial, afterwards, in person. "Celebrity dinner", at the Common Hotel, with them, Haldeman-Julius, Mrs. Wilder, etc. I, too, have to make my little speech.

November 1

"Orientation" talk for a WAC company. Quoting — humorously — E's article "Waiting for the General" (against the WACs).

November 7

Most interesting experience of the week: yesterday's visit to the Prisoners of War Camp (with Col. Pratt and Johnny, the photographer). The Nags boys seem extremely pleased with their present plight; everything is spike and spade - barracks, P.X., the mess hall, where we have luncheon ("Casa: blanca-Essen": a jocular allusion to the beans they had to eat day by day, while in Casa: blanca.) Their snappy discipline and somewhat servile politeness appeals greatly to the American officers - especially Major Jenkins, in charge of the PWs. When the prisoners marched by - coming home for "chow" - he observed, in the presence of a prisoner who understands English! - "They're the best outfit on this whole post..." (!) One of the boys makes his portrait in oil (the nicest one of the whole bunch, incidentally; German-romantic type; studied art in Munich; rather attractive, with melancholy eyes.) Others seem to me rather sinister - that arrogant chap, for instance, who speaks some English, having been at Oxford.... My own position there (in American uniform) rather dreamlike -

half-amusing, half-embarrassing ...

.....
Evening (in Neosho) with that rather pleasant
Navy officer, LeBaron Boyle (?).

Discussions in the Service Club, with Miss Thompson
(the blond, cheerful librarian), William Van
O'Connor, my new friend "Johna" Pimper
(of whom I am indeed rather fond) and
that obstinate little Marxist, Helman,
(Slavic-Semitic type; narrow-set eyes).
Those orthodox party-line boys compel me
to contradict them, constantly and sharply -
which makes me appear, paradoxically, as
a kind of professional anti-Marxist and
red-baiter.

.....
The boys, in my radio-room here, discussing
the War situation: fall of Kiev;
Stalin says Nazis on brink of catastrophe.
One of the boys remarks: "If Stalin
says so, he ain't shitting. The war in
Europe will be over about Christmas..."
(E's prediction...)

November 30

Tired of keeping track.... Just try to remember a few dates and names:

November 13, lecture in Goplin, for the "Association of University Women" ("Family against a Dictatorship.") From there, to Pittsburg, Kansas; weekend in Girard, with the Haldeman-Julius.

..... November 21, lecture in Carthage, for the "Knights of Pythia" (the same old story - combined with musical program).

About two weeks ago, two more V-Mail letters from Capt. Herz - the second one saying that I have been "requested" from the "Psychological Warfare Branch", in Algiers on Italy. At first, rather puzzled and perturbed (as usual), because of the new delay. Somewhat reassured, however, by the visit of two officers from the War Department (last Wednesday: November 29).

Things seem to move - if slowly... Correspondence with Elmer Davis; Z. with Robert Sherwood, etc. Writing - quite a few things for "The Message;" ("The German Riddle", in two parts, etc.) - Outline for E's book, "I, of all people..." - Finished a short story, "The Monk", on which I was laboring for quite some time.

(Colonel Fink (in Goptin);

Evenings mostly with people, Werner Löwenstein; Cpl. Hirsch; the "gang" from our office; Lt. Boyle (the sophisticated navy officer, with Oxford accent and all...); that wriggled girl Evelyn V. (book reviewer) in Goptin (one dinner in her home, with her rather sweet old parents); and, most than all the others, Johna Pimper, Post Photographer, whose childish problems and grace affect me more than is good for my ~~deep~~ emotional equilibrium....

December 2, Kansas City,
5101 Roxhill Road

Meeting, at the Deckers' home, with Mirelin - Z. Last night (coming late, from Goptin) with M. and the D's. Today, with both parents, walk; visit to the Art Museum (some splendid Greek torsos; Italian primitive of the Fra Angelico school; remarkable Oriental collection); talking, sitting together....

December 3

With Z. + M. - To the railroad station, to meet E., who arrives from Dallas, Texas. "Family reunion" at the Deckers. After the 5 o'clock tea - moving to the Hotel Muehlebach, as the D's

are leaving for New York. Supper, à quatre,
in the Muehlbach "Grill." Then, in Ellen's
apartment. Farewell. Zamboni: "Yoh bin sich
trauring, dass ihr nun so geht ..." (—
in reference to my own pending "shipment"
and E's somewhat alarmingly mysterious
projects ...) — Saying goodbye, he embraces
me — which has never happened before.
Michien's eyes, full of tears.

Taking E to the station, she continues
her trip (to St. Louis). There was not
enough time to talk about half of the
things we ought to have "reviewed."
While her train begins already to move,
I say, "Well, maybe y'll see you again
on the other side ..." Unwittingly am-
biguous.

December 4

Left K.C. early this morning. Arriving here,
I am told by Art Milavetz and Johnnie
Camp. Crowder
(and later also by Col. Pratt and other
officers) that my orders have come through
at last. It seems I am to leave here
before the end of next week.

December 5

Evening with Mr. & Mrs. Blair (owner of the Joplin "Globe"), in Carthage, at the home of a family Williams. Dinner: wild ducks, ~~quack~~ shot by Mr. Blair. Music (the lovely Brahms variations of a Haydn theme). Rather pleasant. Only that Mrs. B., whom I had thought ~~to~~ a fairly nice person, turns out to be tyrannical, utterly reactionary, with a disturbing touch of anti-Semitism (à propos Haldeman-Julius, whom the "Globe" people consider a "pink" and a "charlatan").

December 6

Little expedition with Lt. Kunze (that school-girlish, rather pleasant WAC Lieutenant now working in our office) to Neosho - inspecting the cabins occupied by the wives of Negro soldiers stationed on this post. Shocking misery.

[The Negro problem in the U.S. Army: something to think, and to write, about...]

December 7

Preparations for my imminent shipment.
(Physical, dental examinations; inoculations; clothing etc.)

Lecture in Yoplin (Common Hotel; Kimama Club):
"The German Riddle." (Lunch. — Speaking for almost an hour.)

Evening with Lt. (Dr.) Kayser, who had written to me and whom I happened to meet at our company infirmary when I went there for my physical examination. Russian-Jewish; friend of Chagall; nice enough chap.
..... Letter from Golo, who is with "Strategic Services" in Washington, D.C. — rather depressed about it. He, too, may "go across" before long. Poor Michael.

December 8

It's time that I close these notes and pack this book with other superfluous things into a box, which will go to Pacific Palisades and probably will be lost The six months at Camp Crowden weren't so bad, on the whole. The first three or four weeks were bitter — empty and dismal, haunted by the suicide ~~etc.~~ obsession. But then things gradually picked up. Col. Pratt was indeed very good to me: I would have been lost without him. It was good, too, to know "Yohna",

the first person to whom I "responded"
(emotionally), since the troubled days of
Johnny.... (where is he?).... (for what
T. gave me, during the past 2 years,
was only pains....)

It seems that I am going to get the
kind of work and adventure I want.
We are going to win this War —
before long. It will be not without interest to
watch further developments.

*

"Brasconia is wrong."

P. T.

V. O. K. M. K.

